The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1907.

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The Presbyterian says that Canadian officials must be men of clean hands and blameless lives. But when its editor attempts to befoul the Presbyterian home it is making its own contribution to the turbid stream that arouses its indignation. When he glories in the publication of Hocking's " Woman of Babylon," and approves this mass of misrepresentation and vilification of the Church as fit reading for the Presbyterian home, he is recreant to his responsibility as an editor and is perpetuating prejudices and antipathies which are a greater menace to us than the immorality of public men. He may descant on godliness, but when he allows an anti-Catholic scribbler to caricature the creed of thousands of his fellow-citizens, we are tempted to look upon him as being either hypocritical or inconsistent in this matter. If interested at all in the morality of the homes which trary to the Bible. He also obtained constitute society he should give them a paper unsmirched by slander. Protestant writers deprecate treating Catholics with shameful ignorance and unfairness. For instance, the distinguished Louisville editor, Henry

"No thoughtful man can look upon the Church of Rome save with reverent respect. Nor can any such believe that its downfall would mend human

But, as we said before in these columns, some editors of non-Catholic papers cling to methods, which, to say the least, are unadorned by either common courtesy or Christianity.

THE " SCRAP BOOK " PERIL.

In one of the Munsey publications, "Scrap Book," for May, we are told that if Harney, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, had lived before the Reformation, he might have shared the fate of Galileo.

As the late A. Ward would say, " this is another example of knowing things that ain't so." The editor should use his blue pencil on such items of misinformation which are more suitable for junk-heaps than scrap-books. We may remark that, according to Hallam, the best physicians of the sixteenth century were either Italian or French. They were encouraged by the Roman Pontiffs, and were the recipients of the bounty of Peter's successors who have been the staunchest supporters of anything that could benefit and

blood we should not forget that Catholic scientists gave him invaluable assistance. A student at Padua, he was taught by Fabricius that the valves of the veins open towards the heart. The naturalist, Malpighi, the father of microscopic anatomy, showed him the nature of the circulation. And before him Cesalpino had written about the circulation of the blood in the lungs. As has been remarked, Dr. Zahm says, "Harvey's merit consists in the circulation of the circulation of the blood ' -that is, of publishing it to the world.

HISTORY VERSUS FABLE.

As to the fate of Galileo history records nothing gruesome. True, in deed, that non-Catholics have been nourished with stories of racks and dungeons, and of Rome's hostility to scientific research. But all this is melodramatic rubbish. Galileo was condemned, not for his astronomical researches, but for his indiscretion and recklessness. He was not content with the earth's motion around the sun as a theory astronomically true, but he would insist on its physical certainty, though he could not prove it. He dragged the Bible into the controversy and set up himself as its interpreter. In this connection Bellarmine wrote

"We cannot so bend the interpretation of the Scriptures as to suit your system of astronomy: but this, I tell you, when the demonstration shall be found to establish the earth's motion, it will be suited by the suite of the stable of the suite of it will be proper then to interpret the Holy Scriptures otherwise than they have hitherto been in those passages which mention the moving of the heavens and the stability of the world."

True, he was "imprisoned" in the Vatican, but in one of its most beautifal apartments. In a word, Galileo was never subjected to either contumely or torture, but until his death was conored by the learned and distinguished. We may add that the pen-sion given him by the Sovereign Pon-blasphemy and spoliation are "extreme"

tiff was never withdrawn. Dr. Whe- but reasonable measures." He champwell (History of the Inductive Sciences,) ions the pagan principle of State

"Gallieo's behaviour provoked the interference of the ecclesiastic authorities, and that the controversy must be looked upon rather as a question of decorum than a struggle in which the interests of truth and free inquiry were decoly concerned."

THE NON-CATHOLIC AND THE SCIENTIST.

What Rome thought of the astronomical theories which are linked with the name of Galileo is set forth clearly in their treatment of Nicholas of Cusa and Nicholas Copernicus. The first was made a Cardina!; the second a professor of astronomy in Rome, and was aided in other ways by Pope Paul III. A contemporary of Galileo, however, had his studies branded by the Danish court as not only useless but noxious He found a munificent patron in Rudolph, the Catholic Emperor of Austria. Kepler, the German Protestant, had his discovery condemned by the Protestant Tubingen University as conthe recognition of Austria and was welcomed by the Jesuits.

AN OLD STORY. The Anglo-Canadian's letter (Outlook,

London) sent us by a correspondent needs but little comment. The assertion that the Acadians were "an intriguing, restless, disloyal set of malcontents ' is proof enough that Anglo-Canadian lives in one of the burgs of Ontario that

take kindly to the wisdom of the saffron-hued paper and to oratory of the school of Hughes and Sproule. In other parts of the country the people do not seek history in fiction and special pleadings. They have, so far as the Acadian question is concerned, outgrown Parkman, Hannay and Smith, and prefer documentary evidence to the mere assertions of those who hold a brief for the English Government. And this evidence, collated by Mr. E. Richard, in his admirable work "Acadia," shows that the Acadians were loyal to great Britain, and, despite the cajolements and threats of the French, made no attempt to violate their oath of allegiance. Let one quotation suffice. In a letter, dated July

ernor Mascarene writes : "The Acadians of this river have kept hitherto in their fidelity and in no ways joined with the enemy, who has killed most, and the priest residing among them has behaved also as an

2, 1744, to the Secretary of War, Gov-

With Laurence, however, began openly the policy of the buccaneer. On the assumption of Harney's being From the beginning of his career as the discoverer of the circulation of the Governor he treated the Acadians with defending the holiness of marriage them to acts which might be construed as disloyal. But the Acadians were patient. Not so Laurence, who wished to despoil the Acadians of land and property as speedily as possible. Accordingly he gives instructions to Colonel Monkton, of Beausejour, as to the seizure and deportation of the Acadians, not because they were disloyal, but because they had the best tracts of land in the province. He orders the Colonel to burn villages, to distress the people, but to save their cattle. And our readers know that thousands of innocent men and women -the simple Acadian farmers who dwelt in the love of God and manwere harried and persecuted and robbed of their homes and driven into exile and to death in many cases by a

rapacious despot. The descendants of the Acadians, however, are waxing prosperous in the province once cursed by the rule of Laurence. Again they are " under a mild and tranquil Government," giving of their love and energy to the common weal. Their sons are in the sanctuary, in the arena of public life, and the faith that consoled them in the days of stress and storm, consoles them to-day and manifests itself in their homes and

NOT INDIFFERENT.

The Freeman's Journal, New York, comments on the indifference displayed by the Protestant churches in regard to the persecution of the Catholic Church in France, and says that Protestant sentiment throughout the world as not made itself felt in condemnation of the attempt to substitute atheism for Christianity. In Canada we have one paper, The Christian Guardian, not indifferent, indeed, but eloquent and earnest in the service of Clemenceau and his tribe. The editor of this

are sorry to see the editor who has of ten amused us with his pipings about conclusion too suddenly. There is a periletc., in the camp, as it seems to us, of

UNHAPPY HOMES.

THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF SERMONS ON "HOME" BY REV. ROBERT KANE, S. J .- ELOQUENT JESUIT TELLS HOW

At Liverpool, England, rece tly, Rev. Robert Kane, S. J., delivered the Rev. Robert Kane, S. J., delivered the third of a series of sermons on "Home." The eloquent Jesuit devoted his third discourse to the subject of "Unhappy Homes," taking for his text the words "Husbands love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church, and delivered Himself up for it, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, nor any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." (Ad Ephes., c. v. v. 25, 27).

v. v. 25, 27).

"We have thought," he said, "of how happy home should be. That glorious ideal in all the bright and the simple and endearing charm of its nearness to the heart, floods with rap-ture yet girds with strength the souls of those whose souls are happy; but it haunts with the uncomprehended pain haunts with the uncomprehended pain of a loss actually felt, though only vaguely known, the lives of those who sadly, perhaps bitterly, contrast their dream of that ideal with the reality of their unhappy home. Must this be so? Is such unhappiness always inevitable? Nay! nay! many and many a home now dreary, dismal, disconsolate, might easily be blessed and brightened. There is no home so unhappy but that upon it there might yet fal! a gentle ray from heaven, bringing to 16 patience if not peace, generous unselfish-ness if no mutual sympathy, and noble

devotedness if not love. A TRIPLE OMNIPOTENCE.
"Now, to remove all the causes of un happiness you have given into your hand from God a triple omnipotence, divine, indeed, in its efficacy, yet human in its ease; against sin you have the strength of Christian holiness; against uncongenial character you have against uncongenial character you have the balm of a tender grace; against selfishness, you have the power of true love. Meditate a while with me upon all that this may mean for the full and enduring happiness of your home. All nations have always looked on marriage as a necessary safeguard of morality nor can even Christian holiness do without its help. St. Paul emphati-cally declares that one end of the great sacrament of matrimony is the shielding of virtue by the avoidance of vice. On this point St. Augustine eloquently against the brutal heresy of the Manicheans. It has been very truly remarked by an old English author that 'marriage was in the world before sir, and is now the greatest natural pre

"Much more in our days is holy marriage needed, not only for personal righteousness, but also for the common weal. Our modern civilization has made the occasions of evil easy, often inevitable. It has multiplied them million fold; it has set them every where. Again, it has relaxed almost

all restraint upon the freedom, caprice, or indulgence of the young. "Furthermore, our modern civiliza-tion has shifted its moral principles to suit the whim of pleasure, and it has widened its moral patronage so as to approve of or at least tolerate, vices that are scientifically controlled, if they be respectably cloaked.

they be respectably cloaked.

'Now, with all these wild winds of temptation, with all these swift, though unseen, currents of passion; with all these rocks around and shoals beneath; with no religious aim to guide the course; with no high thought to trim the sail; with no resolute holiness to grasp the helm; with no home of its own as harbor of refuge; with no love of its own as safe anchorage, how will the its own as safe anchorage, how will the young heart escape shipwreck of its

BACHELORHOOD UNNATURAL. "The state of bachelorhood is an unnatural state, and, unless it be chosen or accepted with resolute holiness for a high motive, it is a bad state. Many cannot marry, to whom God will give cannot marry, to whom God will give greater grace; but they must them selves have greater earnestness. But parents who prevent, for the sake of their own selfsh gain, or from some sordid or stupid or worldly motive, the early marriage of their children, will on the day of doon behold with horror and dismay the depths of iniquity into which the souls of their sons were hurled by their cruel crime. hurled by their cruel crime.
"Passing on to a description of the

evils arising from domestic infelicity, Father Kane said it was a sad fact that the unhappiness of some homes arose from a cause which appeared to be irremediable, namely the antagonism of na ural unfitness or the clash of un-congenial character.

"If young people," said the preach

but reasonable measures." He champions the pagan principle of State omnipotence. To make out a case for the atheist he drags the Christian Brothers and the nuns of Nancy into the mire of calumny. Not indifferent, indeed, this gentleman, but jubilant to all seeming, at the official expulsion of God from France. His paper is certainly a Guardian of Clemenceau's interests, but that it is Christian in this matter may well be doubted. We are sorry to see the editor who has

ous period in early married life, when the novelty wears away, when mutual deference is forgotten and mutual consideration overlooked, when the matter-of-fact routine and unsentimental monotony of daily life occasion difference of the control of the contr ference of opinion and danger of quarrel.
It is the time when they come first to see and feel each other s little shortcomings and trivial defects. If during this short, perilous period they exercise mutual self restraint, mutual patience, and mutual broadmindedness, they will only become more true and fast friends than ever they had been before.

"At this point, let me offer to those newly married an advice of most grave moment. Mutual forbearance and much moment. Mutual forbearance and much enduring patience, with mest tolerant sympathy and with most forgiving affec-tion are most absolutely needed when the first glamor of early fondness be-gins to wane, when the first novelty of new acquaintanceship begins to weary, and when close, constant intimacy brings under each other's notice the shortcomings, the failings, or the faults of husband and of wife.

A PERIOD OF CRISIS.

"This is a period of crisis. If they be narrow, unsympathetic, exacting towards each other, the little rift will widen into discord, and mayhap end in disaster. If they be mutually broadminded and big hearted, this crisis will only bind their hearts more closely together with the tender bond and en-dearing charm of mutual gratitude for mutual forgiveness, and mutual trust in mutual generosity.

"Listen to the wise words of a quaint

old author: 'Husband and wife are much concerned to avoid all offenses of each other, especially in the beginning of their married life. Every little thing can blast an infant blessom, and even the breath of the South can shake the tendrils of the vine when first they begin to curl like the locks on the brow of an infant boy. The early affections of marriage are watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and care-ful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. For infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenest but in the succession of daily inter-course, and they are not set down to chance or weakness when they first appear, but to want of love; and what appears ill at first usually affrights the unfair conjectures on it, and fancies mighty sorrows out of the proportions of a slight forgetfulness.'

or a sught forgetfulness."
"Plutarch compares a new marriage 'to a ship before its beams are riveted, when a slight shock may dissolve its tender compagnations. But when the joints are stiffened by a firm compliance and proportioned bending, scarcely can it be broken but by the fury of fire or

GRACE OF THE SACRAMENT. "If, however, there be no gainsaying the fact that the two are absolutely unsuited to each other, we must see for some heroic remedy and for a divine balm. There is a balm that is divine. It is the grace of the holy sacrament of marriage. It has the omnipotence of God and it has the winningness of Christ. This dear and blessed grace can create the power of love. You must help its divine action; not only by your earnest and incessant prayer, but also by lifting up your patience to unselfish generosity, and by enhancing your human considerations with the heroic devotedness of a divine duty. Begin by gentle patience and considerate thoughtfulness. Begin your courtship all over again. Win now the love which you have never won before. Neglect no trifling artifices of love. Use each possible attraction of love. Give all the love you can, and you can win all the love that belongs to you by the divine right of the plain gold ring God will be with you. Be generous in your thought and action. Be devoted in your duty. Generous devotedness to your divine duty will develop a new, strange, strong love within your own heart, and this human love of yours, born of a divine grace, will give you the resistless power of love to conquer, and in conquering to bless.
"There is something more precious

than gold, something more noble than rank, something more beautiful than grace of form or bloom of feature, something dearer far than life — it is love. You cannot buy it with all your treas: ure, nor can you conquer it with the sword. A crown on your head will give you no claim to it, nor will the orders you no claim to it, nor will the orders or medals that flash on your bosom bring it nearer your heart. It cannot be measured in miles, counted by years, nor weighed with gems; no law can coerce its coming, and no prison can fetter its freedom. It may escape from you beyond the clouds, or it may meet you in a cottage. No science can catch its secret nor can art cony its catch its secret, nor can art copy its spell. No elequence can utter its meaning, and music is only its echo.

meaning, and music is only its echo.

GOD IS LORD OF LOVE.

"Love is so great, so mysterious, so divine, that God is love, and all true love, when human, is the likeness of God in a heart. Ah, brethren, brethren, would you reap the sacred fruit-fulness of life? Would you recal in

the sunshine, without which there is no brightness, no blessing for wedded life? Would you win a worth more rich than wealth, a joy more sweet than pleasure, a triumph more rapturous than honor? a triumph more rapturous than honor? Would you secure the boon which makes the heart happy and the home a heaven? Ah, did I say that love is never bought? Nay, it is not bought of man, but it may be bought of God. For God alone can bid the soul to thrill, or tell the heart to throb. God alone is Lord of Love. Now God, the great Lord of Love, will give true human love to those who, wedded by the sacred sacrament of love, implore of Him that they may truly love each of Him that they may truly love each other. For marriage, with its duty of devotedness, brings its tender grace of affection, and to those who offer at God's altar their gifts of humble worship and of earnest prayer shall be granted by God the full force and warm flood of the endearing and faithful friendship of the plain gold ring.

"This leads me to another thought, the crowning thought of all, as it is of all others not only the foundation but the fulfilment. It is this: the real root of unhappiness in home is that there is selfishness where there should be affect tion. It is that love is misunderstood. Love is sometimes understood to be the passing glow of mere outward admira-tion or the superficial effervescence of mere sentiment. But love to be real must be rooted in deep esteem of char-acter, and it must be fed by the sym-pathy of kindred souls. Too often love is only feeling or emotion, and love like this is tainted with selfishness. There is an utter difference, often overlooked, etween affections that are selfish and those that are devoted.

SELFISH AFFECTION. "An affection may in a sense be true, and yet be self-centered. It may give much, but it may require more. It may warmly love, and yet it may only love in order that its love may flow back again with increase to itself. It will bestow no tenderness except for strict recompense of the tenderness. It is, above all, a bargain. It goes out from itself, but only in order to gather harvest of fondness and garner it within its own store. Hence it is, in a sense, selfish. For such a love separa-tion means forgetfulness, and 'goodbye is a sentence of death. It can no longer bask in the sunshine of a beloved smile. It can no longer listen to a voice the tones of which had become a bewitching music to its inward ear. It can no longer

so bright and home so happy. It can no longer live, for it has lost the breathing influence that kept its love aflame. Thus, when it leaves, it TRUE LOVE. "There is another kind of love, the love that is devoted. It gives, yet never counts the cost. It toils, yet never asks reward. It suffers, yet it will not seek to trouble others for balm to heal its wounds. If love be

Even the pain of banished presence makes it more attached. In absence it loves not less, but more. As it does not serve for guerdon of outward sign, as it does not serve for pay of inward fondness, so it cannot be measured by miles nor can it be hindered by ab-

"It does suffer pain, intense pain, at "It does suffer pain, intense pain, at parting, because it can no longer be near to help, or to comfort, or to gladden. But, when the union of material presence is sundered, it can soar to a higher region, where, above the change or clash of material circumstance, even when 'good-bye' is said, even when there is one home no more, yet through the union of human sympathy triends remain one heart for ever

friends remain one heart for ever.

Does this ideal seem too high?

Nay! it is the only ideal of the love of Christian marriage. 'Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church, and delivered Himself up for it.' Did Christ count the cost? Did Christ stint His Heart's Blood? Did Christ measure the devotedness of His love? Wherefore, Christian husbands, love your wives in every great and noble way, in every way kind, courteous, considerate, unselfish.

PERPETUAL COURTSHIP.

"Never forget that married life must be a perpetual courtship. Be always patient with woman's mood's; be al-ways thoughtful towards woman's ways. Thus shall you draw her love ever to-wards you, and bind it each day with warmer bond and fuller fondness to your own heart. Thus shall you pre-sent her life to yourself, 'not having sent her life to yourself, 'not spot or wrinkle, nor any such thing, but it shall be holy and without blem

ish.'"So, too, Christian wives, reverence your husbands. Let your affections twine round your husband's life with gentle tendril and perennial bloom to make it beautiful, till with strange power quiet as the growth of grass that pierces the rugged sod, yet strong as the gravitation that steadies the stars traest, tenderest, mightiest friendship of earth shall knit your two hearts into the one love of home, so that even in this vale of tears you shall journey in happy peace hand in hand heaven-ward."

Prayer is one long victory, by means of which we gradually possess God more

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Rev. Dr. Durham, a clergyman of the Irish Protestant Church, has become a

Catholic in the Eternal City. Rev. Pedro Gordon, S. J., recently appointed rector of famous Stonyhurst College, England, has just died of pneu-

A few weeks ago Archbishop Sbarretti, the Delegate Apostolic to Can-ada, presented all the students of the

Canadian College to the Pope. Adolph Rette, the well-known Parisian atheist, has abjured the error of his ways, become a fervent Catholic, and is about to enter a monastery. He will publish a book descriptive of his con-

on the gigantic edition of St. Thomas' works, which is nearing completion. They are: Fathers James Lyttleton, Peter Paul Mackey, Constance Suermondt and Gabriel Horn.

In Santander, Spain, recently, Don Miguel Martinez Lopez, a 33rd degree Mason, abjured his errors on his deathbed and returned to the faith of his youth. In 1893 he stood at the head of Masonry in Spain.

Paris papers say that the Joan of Arc celebrations in Orleans were a flat fail-ure, owing to the elimination of the religious features, the procession neither arousing the enthusiasm of the townspeople nor attracting visitors from other places.

The cornerstone of a \$200,000 Home The cornerstone of a \$200,000 Home for the Aged was laid in New York on May 5, by Msgr. Lavalle of the Cathedral. It will be one of the most convenient homes in the country when completed. The Little Sisters of the Poor will have charge.

Some hours after the birth of his son King Alfonso received from the Pope a telegram couched in affectionate terms, expressing his delight, wishing prosperity to the infant and asking the blessing of heaven upon his august

M. Briand, Minister of Public In- apstruction, has notified the British Government that in consequence of the Separation of Church and State law, it is proposed to suppress the Irish col-lege in Paris, which has existed for three centuries.

After a period of over three hundred years' absence, the Grey Friars, or Minor Conventual Fathers, who are the custodians of the holy bodies of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Authony of Padua, have returned to England and taken charge of the Church of St. Joseph, Portishead, near Bristol.

In the Trappists' cemetery at Gethsemane, Kentucky, rest the remains of Abraham Lincoln's first teacher, Zachariah Riney, who died in the monastery at the advanced age of ninety six years. He retired to the monastery two years before his death and was a very earnest and zealous Catholic. -Catholic Columbian.

It is one of the signs of the new times in Russia that the Catholics of the Muscovite Empire are to be allowed balm to heal its wounds. If love be rendered to it back for love, it treasures it with wondering gratitude. Not for this does it love. It loves that it may give. It loves that in may labor. It loves, and only asks for this, that it still be allowed to love. Such love is love indeed. It is self-sacrificing. It is devoted. For love like this there is no forgetfulness. the results to Catholicism of the new era of religious liberty inaugurated.

Last Tuesday witnessed a great day in the capital city of Pennsylvania. With all the pomp and ceremony of the Roman ritual the new St. Patrick's Catholic Cathedral was dedicated in cathone the presence of a distinguished pany of church dignitaries. Every parish in the diocese of Central Pennsyivania was represented, as well by laymen as by clergy, while a dozen Bishops added dignity to an occasion graced by a constant of the presence of Archbishop Ryan, of added dignity to an occasion graced by the presence of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. It was a proud day for the rector, Rev. M. M. Hassett. Bishop Shanahan shared in the happi-ness of the day.

By the will of the late Reverend Father John Nicolas Poland, S. J., filed for probate in St. Louis last week, e-tate valued at \$50,000 at death of his mother, is bequeathed in trust to the Rev. Father Joseph Grimmelsman, S. J., Provincial of the Jesuit Province of Missouri, and the Rev. Father James F. X. Hoeffer, S. J., rector of St. Louis University or their successors, to be applied for the "education, maintenance, care and support of such students scholastic and ministers of the Society of Jesus, as may be under the control of the Jesuit Province of Missouri."

The Convent of the Sacred Heart, which for almost half a century has stood in Taylor street, Chicago, will be torn down, and a mammoth factory erected on the ground. This convent was founded in 1860 by the late Rev. Mother Galwey, and counted among its pupils the daughters of some of the most prominent families in the city. When the convent was built it was a long distance from the business portions of the city, but with the passing of years, this reached out to it, and its desirability becoming apparent, another location was sought and found at Lake Forest, to which the academy has been

A Christian who is convinced of his own nothingness will constantly seek and obtain from God by humble prayer and obtain from God by number the strength which he cannot resist which he cannot resist temptation or do good, and with which he can do all things. "The prayer of him that humbleth himself shall pierce

GIENANAAR

A STORY OF IRISH LIFE

BY VERY REV. CANON P. A. SHERHAN, D.D. AUTHOROF "MY NEW CURATE," "LUKI DELMEGE," "UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STARS," "LOST ANGEL OF A BUINED PARADISE," ETC. CHAPTER XIX.

A FLIGHT AND A RETURN.

Three years had rulled by, and, although the tragedy in the homestead at Glenanaar was still fresh in the memories of the people, and was often a topic of discussion around the winter's hearths, it was east into a background of utter insignificance when the great national tragedy commenced; and after many a hope and fear, it was seen that, without doubt, famine and all its ghastly train of evils was far and wide upon the land. Looking back on that appalling period in our history, the great wonder is, not that so many perished in the famine, but that so many lived, and lived in comfort, in the years previous to that dread visitation. When old men point out to-day places where whole villages then existed, each with its little army of tradesmen—nullers, spinners, manners at tradesmen—nullers, spinners at tradesmen—nullers, sp A FLIGHT AND A RETURN. men point out to-day places where whole villages then existed, each with its little army of tradesmen—ullers, spinners, masons, stone-cutters, carpenters, etc., we, whose economic ecn ditions are not yet up to the normal standard of living, ask ourselves in amasement how did the people then live. The land is as rich to-day as ever; the population has dwindled down to one-half of what it was then. If to-day the struggle for existence is still keen, what must it not have been then? And yet, the remnants of the assertion, that the men of those bygone days, nurtured exclusively on potatoes and milk, were a far more powerful race than their descendants; could endure greater hardship, and accomplish greater work. But when the people, we can imagine what a horror, slowly creeping on their minds, finally seized them with utter panic, when, in the autumn of '48, that strange odor filled the atmosphere, and told of the deadly blight. Even to-day that word has an ominous significance. Men seem to grow pale at the thought of it. The farmer or laborer sniffs the air on one of those sweet autumnal evenings, and goes into his cottage a depressed man. of those sweet autumnal evenings, and goes into his cottage a depressed man. A newspaper report from the far west of the country, that the "blight" has of the country, that the "blight" has appeared, makes men still shudder. What must it have been in these far days, when no other food was to be had; when the granaries of the great prairies were yet unlocked, and a whole people might perish before the hands of the charitable could reach them.

And they did perish; perished by And they did perish; perished by handreds, by thousands, by tens of thousands, by hundreds of thousands; perished in the houses, in the fields, by the roadside, in the ditches; perished from hunger, from cold, but most of all from the famine-fever. It is an appalling picture, that which springs up to memory. Gaunt spectres move here and there looking at one another out memory. Gaunt spectres move nere and there, looking at one another out of hollow eyes of despair and gloom. Ghosts walk the land. Great giant Ghosts walk the land. Great giant figures, reduced to skeletons by hunger, shake in their clothes, which hang loose around their attenuated frames. Mothers try to still their children's cries of hunger by bringing their cold, blue lips to milkless breasts. Here and there by the wayside a corpus stares at the passers-by as it lies against the there by the wayside a corpse stares at the passors-by, as it lies against the hedge where it had sought shelter. The pallor of its face is darkened by lines of green around the mouth, the dry juice of grass and nettles. All day long the carts are moving to the grave-yards with their ghastly, staring, un-coffined loads. In the town it is even worse. The shops are shuttered. Great fires blaze at the corners of streets to purify the air. From time to time the doctors send up into the polluted air paper kites with a piece of meat attached. The meat comes down putrid. At the government depots, ere and there, starving creature their hands into the boiling maize, or Indian meal (hence and forevermore in Indian meal (hence and forevermore in Ireland the synonym of starvation and poverty) and swallow with avidity the burning food. A priest is called from his bed at every watch of the night. As he opens his hall-door, two or three corpses fall into his arms. Poor creatures! here was their last refuge! Here and there along the streets, while Here and there along the streets, while the soft rain comes down to wash more corruption into the festering streets, a priest kneels in the mud over a pro trate figure. He is administering th last rites, whilst a courageous stander holds an umbrella above head to guard the Sacred Species. but pits, as after the carnage of a great battle, are dug in the cemeter ies; and the burial service is read over twenty corpses at a time. Those who have managed to escape the dread visitation are flying panic-stricken to the seaports. They heed not the comaship, nor the sea-perils before them. Anywhere, anywhere, out of this pest iferous, famine-stricken Gehenna! The ships are full. Those who are compelled to remain behind on the quays send up a wail of lamentation. The dread a wail of lamentation. The dread spirits of fever and famine haunt them. There is no enorcism so powerful as to dispel them. There is nothing but flight, flight! The panic has lasted

one dark, iron-gray, bitter evening in the month of March, 1848, Redmond Casey was looking through the smoke-begrimed pane of grass which lighted the smithy. Work was dull; and he had time to dream. And his dream was the dream of the last three years, the figure that had so often darkened that mountain road befere him in annthat mountain road before him in sun-light and moonlight, and the face that had made the sunshine and the moon-light brighter. He had been a very lonely man these three years. His fancy which had painted all kinds of lovely things, with Nodlag the central radiance, had been rudely dashed to the hand of fate; and the tragedy at Glenanaar, which had almost ceased to interest the people around, was as vivid as ever to him on account of his great personal loss. Work, of course, that blessed panacea, more or

less had dissipated the memory of his sorrow; but now and again this would come up with startling clearness to remind him of the swift and sudden calamity that had made barren so many years of his life.

As he looked out over the cold, bleak As he looked out over the cold, bleak landscape, he saw the closely shawled figure of a woman coming up the road with slow, painful steps; and then, after a moment's pause, turning into the little boreen that led from the smithy to the road. Here, evidently, her strength failed, for putting out one hand, as if she were blind, she groped for the ditch, and then fell against it heavily. Redmond rushed into the cottage, and cried to his mother:

"Run out mother! There's another

"Run out, mother! There's another of thim poor crachures in the ditch! "The Lord betune us and all harrum," ried the mother. "Will it ever ind?" oried the mother.

oried the mother. "Will it ever ind?"

She took up a porringer of milk (into which she poured a little hot water) and a piece of home-made loaf, and went out. Making her way with some dread and caution, she came within a few feet of where the fainting woman was lying; and afraid of the fever to approach nearer, she placed the food on a large stone, such as is always found near a smithy and shouted:

"Hare, poor 'nman, here is milk and

"Here, poor 'uman, here is milk and bread for you! Thry and rouse up, alanna, and God 'ill give you the strinth."

strinth."
She turned and passed into the house, alraid to remain longer in such a dangerous vicinity; and the unfortunate woman, making one last effort for dear life, raised herself by a great effort, tried to walk forward a few steps, and fell. Then, after a few moments, she raised herself on hands and feet, and thus crept and crawled along the ground towards the now thrice tempting food. She had to pause a few times, and Redmond, watching through the smithy pane, tried to catch a sight of her face. But she held her head so low that he could not see it. At last, after many painful efforts, she came within reach of the stone, and was just putting out her hand to selze the porringer of milk, when a huge, gaunt sheep dog leaped over the neighboring ditch, upset the milk, caught up the bread in his lank, gaunt jaws, and sped up the boreen towards the road. The woman raised herself from her stooping posture, and flinging up her arms with a gesture of despair, fell appeales to the She turned and passed into the house posture, and flinging up her arms with a gesture of despair, fell senseless to the

Just at the moment, however, that Just at the moment, however, that she lifted face and hands to heaven in the agony of a final supplication, the young smith caught a glimpse of eyes that were unchanged amidst the general and terrible transformation of famine, and of one stray lock of auburn hair that had freed itself from the hooded shawl; and with one wild leap he tore through the smithy door, along the boreen, and in a moment had the fainting girl in his arms. He raised her weakened and emaciated form as if it were a child's, and bringing it into the house, he laid it on his mother's bed, house, he laid it on his mother's bed. and shouted in a suppressed whisper:

"Mother, quick, quick! A little milk at wanst. An' a dhrop of sperrits in it! The mother, amazed at his temerity

was too panic-stricken to remonstrate. She only moaned and lamented over

the fire:

"Oh, Lord, Lord! he has lost his five sinses, an' brought the favor and aguey into the house! Oh, Red, Red, what's come over you at all, at all?"

"Mother," he cried in a hoarse whisper, bending down his face to hers, "if Nodlag dies, I'll never forgive you, living or dead!"

"Nodlag! yerra, glory be to God! your sinses are wandering, boy. Nodlag! what Nodlag?"

But Redmond saw no time was to be lost in asking or answering questions. He put a small tin vessel of milk hastily on the fire, and went over to the cupboard to get the bottle of whiskey. As he did, he took a swift, secret look at the poor girl. To all appearance she was dead. Her shawl appearance she was dead. Her shawl had been flung aside, and her features were now quite visible. But, oh! what a dread change! Beneath the cheekbones, her face had sunk in in dread ful hollows, and her neck was thin and withered. There was a blue line across her line. Her forshead (though her her lips. Her forehead (though he temples were sunken), and the thick masses of auburn hair that crowned it, masses of auburn hair that crowned it, alone retained their graciousness. The young smith poured some spirits into the black, hollow palm of his hand, and rubbed the blue lips lightly with his fingers. This he repeated several times only interrupting the process to go over and dip his grimy finger into the vessel sontaining the milk, to test its warmth. After some time he had the satisfaction of seeing a slight color come back to the marble face. He than took up the vessel of milk, and come back to the marble face. He then took up the vessel of milk, and said to the weeping and distressed

mother: " Mother, for the love of God, keep quiet! This is no time for keening.
Here, lift Nodlag's head, and lemme
see if I can get a drop of milk into her
mouth!"

The mother, with some fear, yet with many an endearing Irish expression, raised the head of the poor girl, whilst Redmond tried to force a little milk between her lips. For some time the attempt was inefectual, and life seemed to be distance and on the head of the seemed attempt was ineffectual, and life seemed to be flickering under the broad wings of death, as a candle flame flickers blue and thin in a strong wind. But at last she swallowed a teaspoon of the milk, she swallowed a teaspoon of the milk, then another, and another, until at length her eyes opened, and fell first upon the face of the young smith. She continued to gaze at him earnestly for a few seconds, then she whispered, "Red!" and lay back wearily, yet referabled on the pillow. Though it was freshed, on the pillow. Though it was like the opening of the gates of Para-dise to Red Casey, he went out and

wept like a child.

All that night mother and watched the poor famine-stricken All that hight motors watched the poor famine-stricken girl, until, coming near the dawn, she fell into a deep sleep, so calm and with such regular breathing that Mrs. Casey

be my daughter three years ago, sure she ought to find her mother still." And Redmond kissed his mother, and

And Redmond hissed his mother, and said:

"Mother, you were always good, and I have never been as good as I ought to you."

A few days rolled by, and the magni ficent constitution of this mountain girl, reared in hardship that strengthened and purified, asserted itself, and she was able to go about again, and do little bits of household work. As her strength came back, there came with it a new and more spiritual beauty, as if sorrow and hunger had worn away all grosser tissues, and left her a kind of transparent and almost unearthly loveliness that made Redmond afraid to look at her. There grew up between them, too, a kind of shyness, that made Redmond afraid to be alone with her for a moment; and Nodlag, on her part seemed to court the society of the mother rather than the companionship mother rather than the companionship of the son. And one day, a few week of the son. And one day, a few weeks after her providential rescue, Nodlag took down her black shawl, whilst Redmond was from home on thusiness, and after kissing the old woman, who never noticed how expressive it was, she passed out of the humble cottage and the mould again.

passed out of the humble cottage and faced the world again.

Red Casey was thunderstruck when he returned home. This was the second time his hopes were blasted. In his anger, he attributed Nodlag's flight to everything but the real cause. He blamed his mother; he blamed Nodlag; he blamed himself for having allowed so alone and sulendid an emportunity to

blose and splendid an opportunity pass. Then he became suddenly pricel. He asked his mother which w Nodlag went. He was determined to follow the girl, and bring her back, or follow the girl, and bring her back, or lose her forever. The old woman could not say whither Nodlag went. She thought she only went down to the well. Red, at once, tore off his leather apron, burnt here and there by the smithy fire, and putting on a rough cap over his sooty, red hair, he sallied forth. He went up the hill quickly, and leaning a gully, he ascended an forth. He went up the hill quickly, and leaping a gully, he ascended an abrupt height, whence he could trace the roads for miles. He could see no trace of the girlish form of Nodlag. Sad at heart, he retraced his steps, and moved down along the western road, his head sunk on his breast, and no hope in his mind. He had passed halfways across the bridge where old Edmond Connors had challenged Nodlag's mother, on that snowy evening when mond Connors had challenged Nodlag's mother, on that snowy evening when Nodlag was but an infant, and the mother in her wretchedness was debat ing with herself whether her child would not be happier there in the death of the torrent than in the dreadful life that stretched sullenly before her. Something dark caught his eye, and in a moment he saw the girl sitting on the bridge wall. She looked pale and frightened, as if she had been guilty of some crime, and this disarmed the some crime, and this disarmed the anger of the young smith. He came over, and sat down on the parapet near her. She was trembling all over.

"I couldn't stay, Reddy," she said.
"Indeed I couldn't. 'Twouldn't be

right."
"Did me or me mother trate you

"Did me or me mother trate you badly?" he sald, stimy.
"N-no," she sald, weeping, "God knows I am ever so thankful. I'd be in my cowld grave to-day but for you, Redmond Casey, and your good mother; and how could I forget that?"
"Thin somebody has been putting some quare things into yer head," he said. "As if the bit you ate, and small enough it is, God knows, could make a differ to me mother or me."
"It isn't that auther." she sobbed.

" It isn't that ayther," she sobbed "Sure I knew ye never begredged me. But I couldn't stop, an' I'd be far away now, only the wakeness kim on

"Thin, in God's name, can't you come back to where you're a hundred times welkum?" said Red, utterly failing to comprehend the girl's delicacy of feeling. "An' av you think you're a burden, sure we'll make you

work for the bit you ate."

"Oh, no, no, no!" she wept. "I can't go back at all, at all, Redmond Casey. I'll go along, and maybe some wan of the farmers round about will employ me. There are few handy for work now. God help us!" God heln ns !"

work now, God help us!"
"Well, whatever you plase," said
Redmond, rising up, and looking down
on the white face of the girl. "But,
before we part. Nodlag, I'd like to

clare up wan thing." Nodlag looked up. Noting looks up.

Noting looks up.

To like the looks are the looks and the looks are the looks are

mounting to her face.

"An' what did you say?" said the young Smith, watching the play of her features as if life and death hung upon her word. She was silent.

"Did you say yes?" he demanded.

"You know I did, Redmond Casey;

but why do you torment me now? "Tis you're tormenting me," he re-plied. "If the same question were put to you now, would it be the same

"How could it be, when things are

so different now?" she replied.
"How are they different?" he de-"I didn't know all thin," she re-

plied, "till that dreadful night. I know all now. How can I be the wife of any honest man?" That depends on the man himself,

"That depends on the man himself," said Redmond, gaily, as he felt he was gaining ground.

"It manes sorrow and shame to him to have me his wife; it manes every finger pointed agin him; it manes that 'twill be thrun in his face at fair, at Mass, and at market; it manes that need will some nixt or nigh him; it Mass, and at market; it manes that no-body will come nixt or nigh him; it manes—"here she stopped suddenly short in her self accusation. "An' if wid all the manes and the

"An' if wid all the manes and the manings," said Redmond, "he wants you still to be his wife, an' if he will put his smutty fist in the face of the wurld" (here Redmond put a literally smutty fist in the face of an imaginary world), "an' if he takes you, as the priest says, "for betther for worse,"

right of command, and said simply, A few minutes later she entered the

A few minutes later she entered the house as its mistress.
"I found Nodiag, mother," said Redmond, "and the divil is in it, if i lave her go agin."

Before the week Nodiag changed her old name forever (though we have taken the liberty to retain it), and became Mrs. Redmond Casey.

CHAPTER XX.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL. This then, was the history of Nodlag, told me, from time to time, there in the twilight of his sick-room, by her son, who still retained, after all his travels, and the many and varied experiences that tend to harden the human pearst, the tenderset, and most chivaltravels, and the many and varied ex periences that tend to harden the human ceart, the tenderest and most chivalrous love for his mother. Her strange history—that of a pariah amongst her own tribt—seemed to separate her in his imagination from all other beings with whom he had been brought in contact; and the singular birth-taint which he had derived from her, and which, as he imagined, would cling around him to the end of life, identified him in so mysterious a manner with her, that he had come to regard himself and her as beings apart, with the destiny of a common misfortune, not of their own making, but inherited. But here, as his own personal experiences commence, I shall give the narrative in the first person, and as far as may be, in his own words. He had read a good deal, picked up a knowledge of some languages, and had cultivated the art of speaking, as most of his countrymen in America strive to do. But the narrative was a sad one. It was Ishmael telling the story of Hagar and himself in the wilderness.

"My earliest recollection of my in the wildern

" My earliest recollection of mother was of a tall, thin woman, very gentle and affectionate, but very reserved in manner. I particularly remember her very bright blue eyes, and her hair, which she always were in tiny memor her very light state year, and the her hair, which she always wore in tiny waves of auburn low down on her temples, and caught up by a fillet behind her ears. She never went from home, but to Mass on Sunday. She seemed to find all the pleasure of life in her domestic duties, in the love of her husband, and the care of her children. When reason began to dawn for me, I was the only child remaining. My two sisters had gone out to service, for owing to emigration and the famine, servants were not to be had except at enormous wages. My only brother, too, was apprenticed to a carpenter in the County Limerick. I was the only one left at home, and I got a good deal of petting, which I repaid a hundredfold by such love as son never had before such love as son never had befor

Here he stopped, not for the last time, for his emotion subdued him.
The shame and sorrow that had hung around his mother's memory had made her dear, very dear to him.

her dear, very dear to him.

"I only remember," he resumed,
"her face and figure, and one small
habit she had, of listening at strange
times, as if rapt in a dream, listening
as if to the sound of far-off bells, or to
a voice calling, calling out of the night.
You know, Father, that we who have
travelled and seen the world get rid of
a good many of these old superstitions;
but, somehow, since I came back to
Ireland, the glamor of the old times
seizes me, and I am really afraid I'd
turn back if I saw one magpie on the turn back if I saw one magple on the road. But my mother had that strange habit. She would lean down and listen with her hand to her ear; and some-times my father would make great fun of it, and say: 'Nodlag! Nodlag! who's calling now?'
"But I had little time to note

things, for as soon as ever I got through Voster and Carpenter's Spelling Book, I was taken from school, and put at the anvil. I had a taste for it, for I re-member, when very small, how I made from the floor, and when, after many days' trial, I succeeded, I remember my father shouting 'Hurrah!' and my floor when I bemy father shouting. Hurran I and my mother kissed me. Then, when I became able to lift and swing the sledge, my father said I had book-learning enough, and now I should do something

"Ah! how well I remember that forge and its surroundings—the great black walls, hung here and there with horseshoes and all kinds of rusty ironwork; the deep night of its recesses that was only lightened by the ruddy blaze from the great fire; the huge bellows which sent sparks dancing all over the coal-strewn floor; the horses coming in, some terrified, some submitting quietly to the operation of shoeing; my father, litting up the hoof into his leathern apron; the smell of the burnt cartilage, the tap, tap of the hammer; the shrinking of the poor beasts: but, most of all, the metallic music that echoed all day long from the arvil, and which beat time in my mind to many an old tune or song about Ireland and her sorrows. "Ah! how well I remember that

"For that was the first lesson I learned—long before I knew my prayers or my catechism—that Ireland had suffered, and had been wronged in an appalling manner; and that it was the bounden, solemn duty of every young Irishman to fight for that sad mother land, until her wronger were avenged. land, until her wrongs were avenged and her rights achieved. Ah me i how it all comes back, in the light of exper-ience and memory, and how now I understand a hundred little things ience and memory, and how how hounderstand a hundred little things which even then were a puzzle to me. For the very rebel songs that I hummed as I beat out the long iron rods on the anvil—' The Risin' of the Moon,' 'The Wearing of the Green,' even the simpler love melodies, such as 'Come, piper, play the Shaskan Reel,' I noticed were never heard in my father's cot tage. Neither did he ever take part in the furious debates that were held in the forge by the boys who used to drop in for a chat or on business. He was a silent man; nevertheless, I couldn't understand why he never railed against England, nor broke out into enthusiasm about Ireland. He listened, worked, and said nothing.

such regular breathing that Mrs. Casey now completely over her fright, ordered Redmond to bed.

"Lave her to me now!" the good mother said "Lave her to me! Sure, whin God sint me back her I wanted to look, for now he took upon him the substitution on the such as the face of an imaginary world, and said nothing.

"I about Ireland. He listened, worked, and said nothing.

"I, on the contrary, was a furious priest says, "for betther for worse," will you still say no?"

She looked up into his sooty, honest face, and there was something in that face, and there was something in that look, for now he took upon him the

Davis, Emmet. I chaunted the most furious sword-songs I could discover. I electrified every one (at least, so I furious sword-songs I could discover. I electrified every one (at least, so I thought) by my declamation of Meagher's Sword Speech. I lay awake at night, plotting and dreaming how I could fling shells and dealming how I could fling shells and balls into whole British regiments and annihilate them; I saw myself the hero of a hundred fights. Somehow my enthusiasm was taken coolly. It fell flat on the souls of these young fellows, whom I knew to be sworn Fenians. They would listen to my most furious oration, look at one another, and smile. I didn't understand it then; I understand it well now. They did not believe in me. How could they with all they knew?

"I had grown a great, tall lad of sixteen years, when the famous rising of '67 took place. For weeks before, we young fellows had been out on the hills, not so much engaged in active service ourselves, but as acouts or plokets to give warning to the Fenian detachments, in valley or wood, of the approach of the police or the redcoats. Many a moonlit night did we watch, shivering in the icy winds that plerced us through and through, and no thought of danger in our minds, only a fierce jealousy of the sworn soldiers in the great Irish Republic, and a far off ambition, which set our pulses bounding, that we might attract the notice of some one of the Irish-American officers, of whom at that time the country was full.

of whom at that time the country was "I well remember the night poor Crowley was shot in Kilchoney wood. I remember his funeral, down through Crowley was shot in Minimus with the common the funeral, down through mountain, town, and village, amidst a mourning population, to his grave by the sea. I; was an awful evening, and we were gone clean mad with hate and anger. It was then I committed one of the worst sins of my life."

"The Yank" turned round, as if to describe my wath.

deprecate my wrath.

"I cursed, hot and heavy," he continued, "the priest who refused, for some reason, to have the chapel bell tolled that evening as we passed, a deep, serried mass of men, through the streets of Fermov."

deep, serried mass of men, through the streets of Fermoy."

It brought up at once to memory a picture that had been fading and alumbering away; and, as the whole scene flashed back, I could not help starting with surprise and, perhaps, a little enthusiasm.

"We were mad, mad," he said, regretfully, "and we did curse the Government and that priest."

"He wasn't altogether to blame, my dear fallog." I said, laying my hand on

dear fellow," I said, laying my hand on

"What? How?" said the Yank.
"Do you think he was justified in refusing such a little mark of respect to
the dead patriot?"

"Perhaps not. I was as mad as yourself about it——"
"What, you? Surely, you weren't

there!" he cried in amazement.
"I was," I replied. "I remember
that black March evening well. We that black March evening well. We a lot of raw, young students were massed on the College Terrace; and I remember how we watched with beating hearts that great silent, moving multitude of men. But when the yellow coffin containing the mangled remains of poor Crowley came in sight, swaying to and fro on the bearers' aboulders, we lost ourselves out and shoulders, we lost ourselves out and out. We saw the bedy, or thought we saw it, rent and torn and bleeding from English bullets; and some of us were crying, and some of us were cursing, and more wanted to scale the College and more wanted to scale the College walls in spite of priest and Bishop. But I heard afterwards, when we had come to the use of reason, that there were at least extenuating circum-tances in the Administrator's Case." "Perhaps so," he said incredulously. Then after a pause:

"But I was about to say as a set-off that I ever after enshrined in my heart of hearts the memory of that young curate, who, more or less at the risk of his own life, knelt by the fallen Fenian, and had his anointing hands stained—no, by the living God!" he exclaimed, sitting up suddenly rigid, and flinging out his right arm whilst sparks seemed to leap from his eyes, "not stained, but consecrated, with the blood shed for Ireland." risk of his own life, knelt

The paroxysm was so sudden, I was struck dumb, and could only watch him—his livid face, and the blindness nim—nis livid lace, and the blindness of battle in his eyes. Presently, the tension relaxed, and his soul came back to his body. But it was an elequent revelation of What-night-have-been. revelation of What-might-have-been. In that mood, and under that spell, these men of '67 would have stormed

the gates of hell.

For a few minutes he remained silent. Then, turning around, and clenching his right hand until it was quite bloodless from the pressure, he said sharply :

"Father?"
"Yes?" I replied.

"Bind your people to you chains of iron and links of steel. with The

chains of iron and links of steel. The day the priests are torn from the people is wee, wee to Ireland!"

He paused again, and his great hand relaxed its tension, and the pupils of his eyes contracted, and I saw he had come back to reality once mere.

"Pardon me," he said, passing his hand across his forehead, "where was I? I was talking about something. Oh, yes! I was about to say that wherever we were on vedette duty, on hill, or mountain, or valley, I was never left alone. Other lads were sent out, one by one, and kept their solitary watch, a mile or so apart. I had always a comrade, who stuck to me like a leech. Fortunately, I had such a dislike for peelers and soldiers, and these me like a leech. Fortunately, I had such a dislike for peelers and soldiers, that I never spoke to one in these days. If I had been seen alone in conference with them, my life would have been forfeit. And, here is the curious feature of my story. Not a breath of suspicion ever attached to my father. He was implicitly trusted by the chiefs of the organization. He knew all their secrets. I thought this was because he was so silent and cautious. Possibly. But I know now that suspicion attached only to my mother and me, so tremendous is the importance the Irish attach to 'blood.' His marriage made no difference to Red Casey, so far as no difference to Red Casey, so far as the public opinion of his honor and integrity was concerned. My parent-

age made all the difference in the world to me. I had tainted blood, and nothing will ever get the Irish imagination over that."

"Oh, nensense i" I said. "We've outgrown all that a long time ago. These things are now forgotten or exploded."

ploded."

"I wish I could believe it, Father,"
he 'replied. "Do you remember my
nervous auxiety, that neither my name
or history should be known?"

"Perfectly; but I thought and still
think it abourd. Events now succeed
each other so rapidly, and the news,
papers supply such daily relays of most
interesting intelligence, that we have
ceased to linger on the past."

"I don't know," he said, dubiously.
"The old saying is there, ready to be
quoted against me any moment—

quoted against me any moment— What's bred in the blood will break out in the bone.' Isn't that it?''

out in the bone.' Isn't that it?''
There was little use in trying to dissipate such foolish fears. I let him proceed.
"The strangest thing of all was that

"The strangest thing of all was that my father shared the superstition or suspicion. Although deeply attached to my mother, she shared none of his secrets. He left his housekeeping altogether in her hands; but political or other secrets he rigidly withheld. And though I think, nay, I am sure, he loved me, for, being like him in appearance, and for my great strength and agility, somehow he never trusted me. When I broke out into my rhodomontades about Ireland's misgovernment and England's perfldy, he was montades about Ireland's misgovernment and England's perfidy, he was always silent. He never encouraged me. And I knew even then that he had arms concealed in the haggart—a coffin-load of rife barrels, well-greased, with cartridges to match, but I knew no more where they were than you do."

"I think he was quite right not to trust the discretion of a mere lad," I said.

"It wasn't that," he replied. "He trusted me in all kinds of business mat-ters, but he was silent as the grave there. But the strangest thing of all was, that neither by word nor sign was over the slightest hint given me that ever the slightest hint given me that my birth was tainted. You'd imagine that somehow it should transpire. Never. When I heard my father call my mother 'Nodlag!' I thought it a pet name. That was all. And you know we were brought up so rigidly, and in strict seclusion from the com-pany of our elders, that there was no chance of my ever discovering the secret. But I often wonder that not one of my schoolmates in a temper, or one of my schoolmates in a temper, or through mischief, ever hinted at it. one of my schoolmaster in a terrible and ineradicable birth-taint.

"But it was almost a joke, though a lose of the same a lose

from taunting me with such a terrible and ineradicable birth-taint.

"But it was almost a joke, though a grussome one, that I should be always so fierce against the detested tribe of informers. Just then the State Trials of the prisoners who had taken part in the rising of '67 were proceeding in Cork, and my cordial detestation of the Crown Prosecutors, especially of "Scorpion Sullivan," was nothing to the hatred I had for the wretched approvers who had turned Queen's evidence against their comrades. How I stormed and raged I remember now with a smile. But my companions only listened and said nothing. I called them white-livered poltroons for not fiaming up, like myself. They never resented it. They only smiled. I consoled myself by the reflection that I was the only genuine patriot in Ireland.

"A pretty common delusion," I interjected, "and not limited to ardent and impassioned youth but the attribute of every age and condition. Well, if it is not exactly modest, at least it is not gnoble. Go on!"

"No." said he, with a meaning

not ignoble. Go on i"
"No," said he, with a meaning
smile, "even Sam thinks he is the only
one left of the race of Emmet and Wolfe

"Sam has at least one attribute of another kind," I replied. I was glad of the little interlude. "I caught him listening at the keyhole the last even-

ing I was here."
"The Yank" was very what's the use? Sam will be Sam to the end of time. He had made sundry ineflectual attempts to get in to our little conferences. He had several times knocked at the door with the

query:
"Did you ring, sir?"

"Did you ring, sir?"
A few times he suggested:
"Do you want say not water, sir?"
which I resented, as an imputation.
And a few times he charitably and
solicitously reminded "The Yank"
that "this was the tolme for his midi-

But I nearly stumbled over him the last evening I was going out. He was on his knees on the door-mat, his ear glue; to the keyhole, but he jumred up in an instant, and began demonstrating with the medicine bottle and glass, which he had taken the precaution to heing with him. bring with him.
I looked at him severely, but he was

unperturbed, and merely wiped the wine-glass with the napkin. I was

wine-glass with the napkin. I was genuinely angry.

"Sam?" said I.

"Yes, yer reverence," he said.

"Sam," said I, "yon are a good young man, and a rious young man, and fairly sober, except when yo. take that 'liminade' which is bad for you."

"The docthor said, yer reverence—"he replied, but I shut him up.

"I know, I know all that," I said, 'you have a 'wake stomach,' etc., stc.; but what I'm coming to is this. The Catechism says, 'we ought always to pray,' and I perceive you are trying to carry out the recommendation. But in future, when the pious fit comes on you, I would recommend you to seek any other place in the hotel, except this door-mat—"

"'Pon me sowkens, I was only shtoop-in' down—"

"That'll do," I said. "But remem ber, one word from me to the American gentleman—"

"You wouldn't harrum a poor bye like that, yer reverence," he pleaded. God knows --

"'Sh," I said. "I want no more asservations. But less prayers, Sam,

and a quiet tongue, w harm."
For I head he had report around the par Yank " was making a " sion," and that he must be the way the state of the s

JUNE 1, 1907.

sion," and that he "divil's own bhoy," talready been at it the would probably conti eeks longer. But I must come ba tive, which had now be TO BE CONTI

JACQUES FAUBERT.

It was the spring of It was the spring of poleon was preparing for sian campaign. Every out France soldiers we to take the place of fallen in the previous was in the little village the Jura Mountains all and uproar, for a conscibeld, and on the day of the recruits were to le and follow the flag of I it might lead them.

Amongst those who
a little lad of thirteen

Faubert, the only son whose husband had be one of the companies decimated in the bal two years previously, a soldier of France. struggle for the wid her only boy, but a father wished him to I she herself — as were French mothers of the with that intense love France and the Emper to hold the nation in a "Don't cry, mother when it was decided "I will come back aga haps may be a captain sword—who knows, you shall live in a gra have to work hard as

This was the day b would have been har the occasion was a j Jacques was unable t spite of his stout he threw his arms arouncek and kissed her The drums had sour "Good-bye, moth don't weep; I will never fear!"

"Ah, my son," exci
"who can tell? Goo
boy and do your do
great God in heaver
and guard you!" A minute more as was at his post. He window as he marche mother waving a har so he held his head gave a loud roll on his know that he saw soon out of sight, and

now he was indeed his mother looked at bed, and sank on her Jacques did. not was all fun. of hard work to do very early in the the drum for the reve to march with the and often during par besides this, had to ments clean and in or been accustomed fr fatigue, for his dut watch the flocks on that he was able t

But the march th not without its de Cossacks continual army, and many a sl as they advance duty, beating his dru the bullets whistle saw his comrade Fortunately he was every night before every night before tent he would that care of him, as he mother he would could not help cry thought of his how down the tears before him, and remember soldier, and that so

At least he thought One dull afternoon guard, when sud sians appeared in fro was no time to rebody, so an attach Jacques beat his might, and marche rest. But the caval whirlwind, and in drummer was born bleeding and sensele

How long he lask ow, but at last o returned to him. and could see not dark, not even a s His head ached fear feel that there was temple. "What si thought; "I shall d night, and I don't Just then he reme story he heard to of a favorite drum precipice in the march across then comrades who con know where he wa the reveille as lo held out, and unti him in the deadly he never woke aga by his side; his d and his sticks were up and beat a roll Judge of his surpri few yards in front of horses and the was afraid he show but soon found the away from him as A few minutes at known voices behin We've

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e," he said. you are a good dious young man, pt when you take h is bad for you.

m white t flaming up, and a quiet tongue, will do you no

For I head he had circulated the eport around the parish that "The ank" was making a "gineral confesion," and that he must have been the sion," and that he must have been the "divil's own bhoy," because he had already been at it three weeks, and would probably continue for three

works longer.

But I must come back to the narrative, which had now become very fascinating to me.

TO BE CONTINUED.

JACQUES FAUBERT, THE DRUM-MER BOY.

It was the spring of 1812, and Napoleon was preparing for his great Russian campaign. Everywhere throughout France soldiers were being sought to take the place of those who had fallen in the previous wars.

In the little village at the foot of the Jura Mountains all was excitement and uproar, for a conscription had been held, and on the day of which we write the recruits were to leave their homes and follow the flag of France wherever it might lead them.

and follow the hag of France wherever it might lead them.

Amongst those who were chosen was a little lad of thirteen years Jacques Faubert, the only son of a poor widow, whose husband bad been a sergeant in whose husband had been a sergeant in one of the companies which had been decimated in the battle of Wagram, two years previously, dying as became a soldier of France. It was a hard struggle for the widow to part with her only boy, but she knew that his father wished him to be a soldier, and she herself — as were so many other French mothers of the time — was fired with that intense love for the glory of France and the Emperor which seemed to hold the nation in a trance.

"Don't cry, mother." said Jacques.

to hold the nation in a trance.

"Don't cry, mother," said Jacques, when it was decided that he must go.
"I will come back again soon, and perhaps may be a captain, and have a big sword—who knows, mother ?— then you shall live in a grand house and not have to work hard as you do now, any

more."
This was the day before the departure. When the morning arrived, it would have been hard to tell whether the occasion was a joyful or sad one. Jacques was unable to help crying, in spite of his stout heart, and as he threw his arms around his mother's neck and kissed her for the last time, he subhed as if his heart would break. he sobbed as if his heart would break. The drums had sounded in the street to fall in and now he must indeed go.

"Good-bye, mother," he cried, "don't weep; I will come back again, never fear!" never fear!"
"Ah, my son," exclaimed the widow,
"who can tell? Good-bye; be a brave
boy and do your duty, and may the
great God in heaven watch over you

and guard you !" minute more and the drummer A minute more and the urumus was at his post. He looked up at the window as he marched by, and saw his window as he marched by, and saw his mother waving a handkerchief to him, so he held his head up bravely, and gave a lond roll on his drum, to let her know that he saw her. They were soon out of sight, and Jacques felt that now he was indeed a soldier; whilst his mother looked at the little empty bed, and sank on her knees beside it.

Jacques did. not find that being a soldier was all fun. There was plenty of hard work to do; he had to be up very early in the morning, and best the drum for the reveille; then he had

wary early in the morning, and beat the drum for the reveille; then he had to march with the regiment all day and often during part of the night, and besides this, had to keep his accourrements clean and in order. But he had been accustomed from childhood to fatigue, for his duty at home was to watch the flocks on the mountains, so that he was able to march long distances without getting tired.

But the march through Russia was not without its dangers. Bands of Cossacks continually harassed the army, and many a skirmish was fought as they advanced. In some of these Jacques took part and bravely did his duty, beating his drum whilst he heard the bullets whistle around him, and saw his comrade falling at his side. Fortunately he was not wounded, and every night before he lay down in his tent he would thank God for taking care of him, as he had promised his mother he would do. Sometimes he could not help crying a little as he thought of his home, but he choked down the tears before anyone could see him, and remembered that he was a soldier, and that soldiers never cried. At least he thought they never did.

One dull afternoon in the latter part At least he thought they never did.

One dull afternoon in the latter part of August he was with the advance guard, when suddenly a band of Rus-sians appeared in front of them. There was no time to retreat to the main body, so an attack was ordered, and Jacques beat his drum with all his might, and marched forward with the rest. But the cavalry came down like a whirlwind, and in a minute the little drummer was borne to the ground,

bleeding and senseless. How long he lay there he didn't know, but at last consciousness slowly returned to him. He looked around and could see nothing; it was pitch dark, not even a star was in the sky. His head ached fearfully, and he could feel that there was blood on his left temple. "What shall I do now?" he thought; "I shall die if I stay here all night, and I don't know where I am."
Just then he remembered a touching story he heard told by the camp fire of a favorite drummer who fell over a precipice in the Alps, during the march across them, and who let his comrades who could not reach him know where he was lying, by beating the reveille as long as his strength held out, and until the cold wrapped him in the deadly embrace from which he never woke again. So Jacques felt by his side; his drum was still sound beld out, and until the cold wrapped him in the deadly embrace from which he never woke again. So Jacques felt by his side; his drum was still sound and his sticks were still safe, so he sat up and beat a roll with any minutes, I know, sergeant; you must tell my mother that I died bravely you will, won't you?"

Where is your wound? Let me of the Symbol in Sormons. 75 1 days of no arry you with me."

"No; it is no use. I shall not live dealing pitch,' the evil of seeking the was a fraid he should be ridden over, but soon found that they were going away from him as fast as they could. A few minutes after he heard well-known voices behind him, and running the said Jacques.

"I'm sorry I'm going to die, then," said Jacques.

"I'm sorry I'm going to die, then," said Jacques.

"I'm sorry I'm going to die, then," said Jacques.

"Where is your wound? Let me of the Symbol in Sormons. 75 1 duestions of the Day, Vol. II... 75 1 deeling the major the major the base of the Mass. 75 1 duestions of the Day, Vol. II... 75 1 deeling pitch,' the evil of seeking their material interests under the shadow of religion, committing simony with subtle art, it certainly is this of our should be ridden over, with subtle art, it certainly is this of our should be ridden over, with subtle art, it certainly is this of our should be ridden over, and he will be sent to any place in the Dominion to discuss preliminaries and give estimates.

The Symbol in Sormons. 75 1 deep the Apostles. \$1.516

Catholics Most BE ON THEIR GUARD.

"I'm sorry I'm going to die, then," life said Jacques.

"Where is your wound? Let me "I'm symbol in Sormons. 75 1 deep the Mass. 75 1 deep the Symbol in Sormons. 75 1 deep the Mass. 75 1 deep the Mass. 75 1 deep the Mass. 75

ed ?"

ed?"

"A fortunate thing for you, and for the French army. The Russians were stealing down on us unobserved, but your roll has made them think they were discovered, and they are now retreating, and we are in pursuit. Another minute or two and they would have been upon us. But you are wounded; go to the rear and see the surgeon." surgeon.'

Jacques obeyed, and he scarcely felt his wounds, his heart was so light. At last he had been able to do something which his mother would rejoice to bear of. In the course of a few hours the French returned, having driven the enemy from the field, but by this time fatigue had overcome the little drummer and he was fast asleep.

What was his surprise next morning to find an aide de-camp standing at his side and telling him that he was wanted by the Emperor. He walked as if in a dream until he saw the great Napoleon standing amongst his officers, and then he knew that he was awake. The Emperor smiled as he drew near, and said to one of his generals. to one of his generals.
"So this is the little man who saved

us from an attack last night ?' "Yes, sire," replied the officer.

"Come here, my boy," said the Emperor, kindly, placing his hand on Jacques' head. "You are a brave lad,

percr, kindly, placing his hand on Jacques' head. "You are a brave lad, and have done France a good service. What do you wish for as a reward?" "To die in your service, sire," replied the little drummer. "Ah!" said Napoleon, with a sigh, "there is plenty of time for that yet: better live for the present. Well, we won't forget you; you shall have a commission when you are sixteen, and here is something to remind you of my promise"; and he drew from his pocket a plece of gold and gave it to the happy boy. Who so proud as Jacques as he marched back to his post, with ail his comrades cheering him? Oh, if only his mother could have seen him at that moment! To have spoken to the that moment! To have spoken to the Emperor, and to be promised a com-mission! Ah, what a pity it was that he would have to wait such a long time

he would nave to wanted the before he was sixteen.
But Jacques' hopes, like those of many thousands more, were destined to be disappointed. It was not very long before the Emperor was defeated at Leipsic, and in the spring of the fol-lowing year (1814) he abdicated and re-tired to Kiba. Our hero still remained in the army, but obtained permission to visit his mother towards the close of the year. Who can paint the joy of the widow in clasping her son in her arms after so long an absence! You may be sure she made him repeat a hundred times the words the Emperor had said, and was never weary of look-ing at the gold napoleon which he had given him. Jacques had bored a hole in it, and his mother gave him a piece of ribbon with which to fasten it around his neck.
"I'll always wear it, mother," he

said.
"Yes, my boy, they won't take that away from you, although you won't be an office now, I suppose."

" Never mind, mother, there will be another war some day, and I may have

another chance."

The fortnight's leave of absence soon

standing idle.

"Never mind, Jacques," said the veteran, "our turn will come soon. Part of the reserves have already been

advanced."

The signal came at last, and the lines moved forward at quick march as evening drew on. The march soon changed to a charge, and down the slope of the hill they ran, Jacques beating the charge valiantly, his heart aflame with excitement. But a storm of bullets rained into them; man after man rolled in the dust, and suddenly Jacques felt a terrible pain in his man rolled in the dust, and suddenly Jacques felt a terrible pain in his shoulder, and fell to the ground unconscious. The cannon roared like thunder, the cries and shrieks of men thunder, the cries and shrieks of men and horses rent the air, but the little drummer boy did not hear them; he lay silent and motionless whilst his beloved regiment rushed on the foe.

"Is that you, Jacques?" a voice asked.

The little boy opened his eyes feebly and saw the old sergeant bending over

towards them, found himself in the midst of his own regiment.

"Is it you, little Jacques?" cried his flask, which revived him a little, but it was only for a moment. His strength was fast failing, and he could only whisper now.

"Yes, it is I; but what has happened?" "Fast inside my isolate." he call

only whisper now.

"Feel inside my jacket," he said.
The sergeant did so, and found the napoleon which the Emperor had presented him.

"I shall never be an officer now,"
and the how with a sad smile. "Give

said the boy, with a sad smile. "Give it to my mother," he continued, pushing the treasured coin into the old man's hand, "and tell her I send her a kiss. Stoop down, sergeant, closer,

closer."

"You've been very good to me,"
whispered Jacques; "kiss me, sergeant. Good-bye."

The old man could not speak, but he
pressed the brave boy's forehead with

his lips.
"Good-bye!" murmured the lad once more. "Good-bye, mother! — good-bye." His voice ceased.

The drummer boy was dead.—Every Boy's Monthly.

DO NOT FORGE WEAPONS

STITION.

AGAINST RELIGION. ISTINGUISHED ITALIAN PRELATE WARNS AGAINST DEVOTIONS WHICH, AMONG THE UNEDUCATED, TEND TO SUPER-

The translation into English of a pastoral by a distinguished Italian Bishop, Mgr. Bonomelli, of Cremona, warning his flock against superstitious practices for which the Church is in no practices for which the Church is in no way responsible, is timely, and cannot fail to effect great good.

"Oh," exclaims the Bishop, "that our holy religion, so sublime in its origin, so pure in its worship, may be preserved from falling miserably into ridicule, or so low as to recall to mind the heather superstitions!

the heathen superstitions! "If you will consider the origin, spirit and tendency of certain devotions, you will find that not infrequently they have for their object the obtaining of certain concessions, some material favor, some removal of this or

that evil, e. g., to keep away hail-storms, to obtain rain or fine weather, to drive away obnoxious insects; that the cattle may not take a disease, that the harvest may be abundant, that business may be prosperous, and so on without end. "Is it lawful and right to ask tem-

poral favors of God, and to ask them through the invocation of this or that through the invocation of this or that saint? Yes: it is right and lawful in itself to do so. But in what way? Never under the serious impression that the devotion itself or practice can be infallible, or almost so, as so many of the faithful, pious rather than educated, lead one to fear they believe. God may listen to them; their faith may be rewarded by Him, but the result is not necessarily bound up with the devotion as grace is allied to the sacraments, and even to think so is sacraments, and even to think so is both a presumption and a gross error. The devotion must always be subject to the condition that it pleases God, and that it shall turn to benefit in what is of most importance, namely, the real

of most importance, namely, the real good of the soul.

"Ah, even among good Christians, among those souls so dedicated to devout practices, how little the words of Jesus Christ are remembered, who said, 'Seek ye first the kingdem of God and His righteousness, and these things shall be added to you.' On the contrary, they first seek other things; that is to say, temporal benefits, deliverance from bodily ills, and afterward seek, if they seek them at all, the spiritual ones. These are the real objects of not a few of these devotions, if one may judge by what one sees and hears.

hears.

THE POISON OF PRIVATE INTEREST.

"A subtle, deadly poison," Mgr.
Bonomelli declares, "oftener than we
think instils itself, almost imperceptibly, into these devotions, the poison of
private interest. There are the interests of self-love, vanity, a desire to
make one's self prominent in the eyes make one's self prominent in the eye of the people or of one's superior, to be spoken of by the populace as a zeal-ous priest, to form a clientele for one's self, to open out for one's self a way to get on. There is the low, base interest, which in the time of St. Paul caused him to blaze forth in wrath against certain men of the primitive against certain men of the primitive Church as being 'greedy of filthy lucre?' Because under the appearance of piety and religion their eyes were really fixed on the money which they were striving after and for which they made merchandise of holy things. Before St. Paul, too, our Lord Jesus Christ chastized merclessly those microble men who under pretence of miserable men, who, under pretense of long prayers, devoured the houses of midows. * * *

widows. * * *
"I observe that all these devotions and pious societies for devotions, of all sorts and everywhere, always ask for money, some little offering, either in a direct or indirect manner. I know that ortain honest and necessary expenses must be provided for, and are so far good. But do all the offerings go to-ward the expenses? And these ex-penses themselves, do they not conveniently transform themselves into profitable industries alongside of the devotions? Again, how many ways are there by which, without raising any suspicion, the promoters and ad-ministrators of the offerings can derive him.

'Yes, it is I, I am shot. I'm glad you've come before I died. Is the battle over?''

'Yes,'' said the old man hoarsely, and I still live when all brave men should be dead.

'More in the offerings can derive advantage to themselves from them? I am not accusing anybody. I merely point out the possibilities which exist of material advantages derived from certain devotions, worked with singular ability, sometimes individually acceptance. "and I still live when all brave men should be dead. We are defeated—the Emperor is flying."
"I'm sorry I'm going to die, then."
"I'm sorry I'm going to die, then."

cal hatreds now so obstinate and pro-found, the slightest falling on our part is made much of and converted into a weapon against religion. The regular unimpeachable conduct of twenty or fifty priests and religious is overlooked in order to point at and cry out against one who is guilty. It is unspeakably unjust on the part of the world, but so it is, and it is useless to protest against it. All the more is it our duty

against it. All the more is it our duty as Catholics never to give an opening to such accusations and calumnies, and to render it impossible to make them."

This is one of the great difficulties which the Church has to contend against, viz., to convince the un-Catho-lic world that what they object to is not a part of Catholic belief. Then devotions are multiplied and so much attention paid to these new devotions that the great central object of true and solid piety and faith, viz., the Blessed Sacrament, is overlooked by the simple-minded and those who are against, viz., to convince the un-Catho superstitiously inclined.

THE VOICE OF PETER.

THE HOLY FATHER'S SOLEMN CONDEMN-ATION, IN THE PUBLIC CONSISTORY, OF THE LATEST FORM OF HERESY.

(Translated for Freeman's Journal.)
We accept with the keenest pleasure the sentiments of filial devotion and love, which, on the occasion of being honored with the dignity of the Car. dinalate to which you have been called you in your own name and the name of your beloved colleagues have expressed for us as well as for the Holy See. Whilst accepting your thanks we ought to say that the eminent virtues with which you are adorned, the works of zeal you have performed, and the other zeal you have performed, and the other signal services you have rendered the church in various fields of activity render you worthy of being admitted to Our Sacred Senate. We are happy in being able not only to entertain the hope, but the certainty that clothed with this new dignity you will continue as in the past, to devote your strength and your talents to aiding the Roman and your talents to aiding the Roman Pontiff in governing the Church. If the Roman Pontiffs always have

If the Roman Pontiffs always have had need of the help of others to accom-plish their mission, this need in our days is felt more keenly on account of the grave circumstances confronting us and on account of the continuous as-sault to which the Church is subjected

by her enemies.

Do not suppose, venerable brothers, Do not suppose, venerable brothers, that we refer to the events, however deplorable they are, which are now taking place in France. They are largely offset by precious consolations, by the admirable Union of a Venerable Episcopate, by the generous disinterestedness of the clergy, by the pious and the unswerving resolution of the Catholics to suffer every sacrifice in defence of the Faith and of the glory of their fatherland. Once more it has been demonstrated that persecuit has been demonstrated that persecu-tions emphasize and show the virtues of the persecuted to the admiration of all. Persecutions are like the waves of the sea, which during a tempest dashing themselves upon rocks, cleanse the latter of all the mire that defaces

You know, venerable brothers, that for this reason, when the edicts of the Caesars let the early Christians understand that they would have to choose between death and the abandonment of the worship of Christ, the Church enthe worship of christ, the Chief christen christen and no fear, for from the blood of the martyrs came new adherents to the faith. But the terrible war which made her repeat: "Behold in the time of peace my bitterness is most bitter," is that which having its origin in

mental aberration causes men to con-demn her doctrines and raise throughout the entire world a cry of revolt, for the raising of which rebels were all theological explanations, of defini-tions of Councils and the maxims of asceticism; in regard to the emancipa-tion of the Church in their new-fash-

ioned way without openly revolting so as not to be placed outside the Church, but still without submitting so that they may not be disloyal to their own convictions; finally in regard to falling in with the times in all things, in the in with the times in all things, in the manner of speaking, writing, and preaching about charity divorced from faith—a charity which is very con siderate of unbelievers, but which opens to all, the way to eternal ruin.

You see, venerable brothers, whether we whose duty it is to defend with all our strength the deposit confided to us

our strength the deposit confided to us have not good reason to be anxious before this assault which does not constitute a heresy, but the epitome, the
venomous essence, of all heresies—an
assault which would undermine the
fundamentals of the faith and annihilate

for these modern heretics, the Holy for these modern heretics, the Holy Scripture is not a sure source of all the truths concerning faith, but an ordinary book. For them inspiration reduces itself to dogmatic doctrines understood in their own fashion, and differs but little from the poetic inspiration of Aeschylus and of Homer. According to them the legitimate interpreter of the Bible is the Church, but the Church subject to the rules of sothe Church subject to the rules of so-called critical science which dominates and enslaves theology. As for tradi-tion, everything is relative and subject to mutations, consequently the author-ity of the holy Fathers is reduced to a ity of the holy fathers is reduced to a nullity. All these numerous errors are propagated by means of pamphlets, reviews, books on asceticism and even novels. These errors are wrapped up in certain ambiguous terms and in vague forms in order that there may be always an opening for defense, so as not to incur a formal condemnation whilst at the same time the unwary may be taken in the toils. We rely, venerable brothers, on your

assistance. Whenever you and your suffragan Bishops learn that there are sowers of cockle within your jurisdic-tion, unite with us in combating them. Let us know of the danger souls are exposed to through them. Denounce their books to the Sacred Congregations of Rome. If the occasion for so doing should arise, make use of the faculties granted you by the Sacred Cannes to condemn these books in the most solemn manner thereby discharging the solemn obligation you have assumed to help the Pope in the government of the Church; to combat error and to defend the truth even to the shedding of your

blood.

As for the rest, we, beloved sons, trust in the Lord Who will give us in due time the help we need. May the Apostolic blessing you have invoked descend copiously upon you, upon the clergy and the people of your dioceses, and above all upon the venerable Bishop, and the beloved sons who have graced this solemn ceremony with their presence and upon your and their relations and may it be to each and all a source of the choicest graces and of the sweetest consolations.

CREED CHANGES TO SUIT CHURCH MERGER.

Beginning Tuesday next, Joplin, Mo., will entertain the State Association of Congregational Churches. The most important matter which will be presented for consideration will be that of a merger of the Congregational body with the Protestant Methodist and the United Brethren denominations. A minister of the first named denomination is quoted as saving that "the

ination is quoted as saying that "the creed has been prepared, and has been adopted as satisfactory to all, but there has been a little trouble over matters of polity." In other words, all matters of belief for the consolidated bads had been accorded.

all matters of belief for the consolidated body have been agreed upon. But differences of opinion exist as to the constitution of government which shall guide the new body.

From this it would seem that essentials have been sacrificed for non-essentials; fundamentals have yielded to accidentals; doctrines have given away to rules of expectant adhesion. From the statement quoted, religious convictions are of very minor considerconvictions are of very minor consider ation. In fact, the readiness with which our Protestant brethren surrender, or exchange them, indicates that they are not convictions at all but merely indifferent religious senti-

What a ridiculous, irreligious and positively absurd treatment of the word of God, such action indicates on the part of individuals calling themselves Christians! What a convincing proof, also, of the pliability of Protestantism! What a complete refutation of its claims that it is the driven out of heaven.

Rebels too truly are those who proclaim and propagate under subtle forms monstrous errors in regard to the evolution of dogma; in regard to a return to a pure gospel; in other words, to a gospel stripped, as they express it, of of religious truth, its emptiness of authority, and its total disaffiliation from divine establishment!

"The creed has been prepared, and has been adopted as satisfactory to all." has been adopted as satisfactory to all.

But is it satisfactory to God? Is it
the complete and unchanged gospel
taught by Christ? Does it possess
His doctrines? Has the new creed
those uneffaceable marks with which
He stamped His Church? Is it 'the Church established by Christ? When did man, or a set of men, get the divine

commission to prepare a creed?

These are more important questions than "matters of polity," over which the proposed merger is experiencing some little trouble. They are matters of truth and conscience. Matters which concern eternal salvation. Matters which must satisfy God. There That hacking cough continues

Because your system is only your powers of real part, are worthless, so far as in the part, are worthless, are worthl fore, all mergers of churches, or church bodies, in which they are not an essen-



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aid. "But remem ne to the American

, I was only shtoop.

"I want no more less prayers, Sam,

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 18th, 1905.

Coffey : Mr. Thomas Coffey:

My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more. (as holice barries influence reaches more as its wholesome influence reaches more as its wholesome influence reaches more catholic homes. In therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work and best wishes for its continued success, Yours very sincerely in Christ,

DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus,

Apostolic Delegats. oe coming to Canada I have

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner is which it is published. Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirate pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful Elecaing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain. Mr. Thomas Coffey :

ain.
Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ
† D Falconio, Arch. of Larissa,
Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1907.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIETIES.

We see by one or more of our United States' exchanges that the question of the Elks is coming before the ecclesiastical authorities. If the following facts are true it will be well for the Elks to rid their association of such-illdevised displays :

" It must be admitted that in some sections of the country the Elks frequently have gone to extremes unheard others in the East. In many cities of the West and South, some years ago they were singularly active in promoting fall were singularly active in promoting fall feativals, and introduced into these some features that were offensive to Christian paperly people, especially Catholics. re-introduced the shameless Oriental dance and were chief patrons of atreet weddings in which gourdgreen young people were put upon a table and married before gasping hun-dreds or thousands, the Elks furuishing the minister and marriage license free Last fall, out in an Illinois town,

promoted the 'marriage' of a half-witted man to a chimpanzee." What sport rational beings can flad in this conduct we leave for clearer eyes to see. One thing is certain, that the Church or any of her authorities will not be even a silent party to her children taking part in it. Matrimony is sacred. To turn it into ridicule, to make a theatrical farce of its solemn rights and life-long responsibilities, is with the slightest earnestness or the least reverence would thus travesty the highest union between two indiveven tolerated. The Elks must rid societies as a general thing, they are like the little systems which have their day and cease to be. They start fairly well. They have no wish to be insubordinate. But after a time they aim to go higher. Ritual is commendable, because prayer is a good thing any way. Accordingly a ritual is introduced. No thought is paid to the fact that all ritual is subject to the Church's approval. How important, therefore, that the society be approved of by the Church ! There is no question in the case. We are Catholics because we have a soul to save. Whatever precautions, therefore, the Church wishes us to take, whatever commands she has to give, we must take the one and obey the other. It is not wise or prudent for us to minimize our Catholicity, to see how near the precipice we can approach without falling over. The Church is the great society to which it is in reality sufficient to belong. But if we do seek associations of a semi-temporal character we ought to choose those which are approved of by the Church, and which will not compromise our standing as Catholics or weaken our faith. There are plenty of societies which have the encouragement of our Bishops and priests. These associations deserve our help, for where the clergy and laity are combined, there will the Church be strong and prosper. These societies need the growth and addition of new members, in order that their mutual aid may be of real benefit and may continue. One of the dangers threatening Catholic societies is their too great number. But that is nothing compared to the in such a special relation to the Worddangers of associations flying Catholic made flesh, she must occupy a special colors and yet constituted in an un-Catholic manner and whose programme contains most un-Catholic items.

OUR BLESSED LADY. Now and again, certainly not too often, we hear a minister paying trib ute to Our Lady in a way which, if it is not fully orthodox, shows an instinct pointing in the right direction. The latest example is that of the Rev. Mr. Livingstone of this city. In a lecture upon Woman he expressed the wonder hat more was not heard of the Virgin Mary (so he put it.) "Is it," he " because the Catholic Church has deified her? Is it because in their Catholicism they have made supplication to her?" He wished to know whether his congregation thought that Catholic women had lost through their devotion to her. For his part he thought not. But further he considered that the Virgin Mary as the Mother of Our Lord was entitled to more consideration than Protestants, as a rule, were accustomed to give her. Notwithstanding the discordant tone of these remarks they have a certain ring of truth in them. The rev. gentleman is quite right in acknowledging the debt of gratitude which Catholics of both sexes and of all ages owe to the Blessed Mother of God. Right also is he in that Protestants do not treat the Blessed Virgin with consideration and respect. Under pretence that honor to the Mother or the favored servants would derogate from that which should he hestowed upon Our Lord Himself, the so-called reformers, not only did a wrong to truth but robbed their followers of all the good they might have derived from the invocation and imitation of the saints. The theory was false in principle, and destructive of piety in practice. Once the Incarnation took place idolatry became impossible-divine honor to any creature out of all question. Images might be multiplied, pictures sketched in countless varieties and shrines placed on every hill. These were for the servants. The Master was known. He was born in Bethlehem and died on Calvary. He is God. And it is of His plenitude all have received. No grace ever came to repentant sincer-no vision to raptured saint-nor even gift to the ever blessed Mother that did not spring from the fulness of Him Who was anointed far above His fellows. What is true of the least in the kingdom of God is true in so many ways of her who is the Queen clothed in variety, whose beauty is from within and whose reflexion of d.vine graces and perfections is the fairest of all creatures. Mary is the mother. Let us go over the ground again. Once the Incarnation is admitted the motherhood of Mary is asserted. She stands to "the Wordmade flesh " in the unique relationship of mother. The servants and fervent worshippers, the martyrs and witnesses of the Christ may be multiplied indefinitely. Not so the mother. She stands alone, nearest and next to Him, Deipara, Mother of God. Her office, her minis to act the pagan. No Christian people tration in the Incarnation proclaim the truth of the Son as they testify honor to the mother. She conceived and bore Him in her sacred womb, she folded iduals. As for Catholics, they cannot Him to her embrace, she watched His continue identified with a society in life ebb away on Good Friday's weary would fill a much larger volume than nich these irreligious ceremonies are afternoor. How in all her years she reminds us of Him Whose mother she themselves of such elements. Taking was and whose glory she sought with point of learning. However, it is good all the purity and humility of her pure and humble soul. Privileged she should be, for her relation was beyond all others. Pure she should be, for within her and from her would be formed the sinless flesh and precious blood. Humble she should be, that all the glory might be His. Suffering, too, should be her portion, for she should be most like unto Him of all that had gone before or should come after. Therefore did Christ's redeeming grace go out to her with preventing love to greet her at her first entrance into the world and protect her from the least stain of sin. Thus was she rendered sublime in her person. She was more blessed in that

she heard the word of God and kept it

than that she was His Mother. She

she should begin where others end-

the serpent's head by her sinlessness.

is very far from meaning what is im-Jerusalem. She is exalted like a cedar of Lebanus and her branches are of honor and grace. In the oreed and worship of the Church the dignity and beauty of the blessed Mother have been extelled in hymn and sacrifice of praise. They have been the defence of truth and the light of life. Her intercession has been the strength of the weak, the comfort of the afflicted and the help of Christians. Admirable as mother and prudent as Virgin, she is ever the tower of David and Vessel of Singular Devotion. Thus does the Church exalt her, not, as the Rev. Mr. Livingstone insinuates, delfy her. Idolatry is destroyed. Apotheosis died with paganism. Christ is the Emmanuel, the God with us. Infinitely above all creatures, even His own chosen Mother, He is God blessed for ever. But if He is God Mary is His purest creature. If He is the sun, she is the moon reflecting His light. If He is the uncreated wisdom of the Father she is the created wisdom. So runs the harmony between the two. Catholics invoke her because of her prerogatives of office and her privilege of sanctity. They invoke her because of the confidence she inspires and the sympathy she ever shows the pilgrims of this vale of tears. As Mother of God and Mother of men she becomes the one intercessory power sufficient yet needful. What a terrible loss to struggling souls that Mary should be put aside and thrust entirely from the great plan of redemption and sanctification. Protestantism shows it. on and Mother stand or fall together. Ideas on the Incarnation, teaching upon the atonement, theories of sanctifics tion have grown dim and weak. Belief in Jesus Christ has lost its hold on modern thought and modern conduct Much of this, if not all, is due to the revolting humiliation measured out to our Blessed Lady by the reformation. When the sects place her upon her lawful throne, when they learn again to call her blessed and see in her the Queen of Heaven, then may we hope for their immediate union with the Church of God which, illumined by the Holy Ghost, has ever for her own sake and that of her divine Son held her in due

honor, love and devotion. CATHOLICS AND THE Y. M. C. A. The February number of a small magazine, the Blue Banner, has a lengthy article upon Catholics and the Young Men's Christian Association Its tenor is by no means to be praised and its argument is not at all convincing. It starts with a statement manu factured out of whole cloth, saying that a Roman Catholic should not enter the Y. M. C. A. or Protestant religious service because his spiritual directors tell him not to enter. "There is no appeal to the young man's life, con science or manhood, no reason based upon the moral law within or the will of God in relation to his life, but, on the contrary, a priest assumes fu. charge and dictates the course to be followed." The Blue Banner is a good deal beside the mark. What it does not know about spiritual direction the contents of its limited knowledge. It has not even reached the dangerou to put on a bluff ; for these are days when that game succeeds. But would the B. B. tell us how in this advice of the young man's spiritual director it sees no conscience, no manhood, no searching of God's will? It is all very fine to put a case, and in the solution find fault with the hypothesis laid down. The B. B. places the condition, puts the case, and solves it all by its little self. From this narrow premise it wants to draw the conclusion that "the wisdom of the Roman Catholic Church in practical life is supposed to be in complete surrender of thought and respensibility to the Pope." The chain runs thus: A young priest with slight knowledge of the world has full guidance for the temporal and eternal welfare of the young man, the priest to the was more blessed in her detachment Bishop, the latter to the Archbishop, from creatures, in her devotion to God, and he in turn to the Pope. The B. B. in her virginal purity, in her fulness of sees in the Papacy the most subtle grace than even in her maternity. It enemy of the kingdom of God. If the was fitting that she who should be such B. B. poses as a friend or officer of an instrument for His presence on the kingdom satan need not worry earth, for the work of redemption and much. If the kingdom were built upon sanctification should be a chosen vessel the loose way described by the of grace. It was fitting that she should Banner it would not have lasted triumph where Eve had failed, and that one hundred years. Spiritual direction is one thing, but the hierthat she should be the lily amongst the archical relations of the Papacy thorns, the woman who should bruise and the episcopate are in a different class. Order and obedience there must She was from the first instant of her be if society is to continue. The conception clothed in sanctity, endowed Church centres in the Papacy the with perseverance and incessantly emsource of all power and jurisdiction. ployed in meritorious acts to her very But by what law in logic does the Blue last breath. Such is Mary's rich Banner conclude that Catholics regard prerogative of holiness. It was all for the Pope as standing to the individual the sake of her Son : "Thou shalt soul in the relationship of God and conceive a Son, and thou shalt call His Saviour? True, our Lord said to St. name Emmanuel." Now if Mary stands Peter that He would build His Church upon him-and that as the Father had sent Him so He would send His Apostles, and that all power had been given Him, dreds of other children, no matter how place in His Church, His Mystical lished and her power is in the new so did He bestow it upon them. This well they may be cared for.

puted by the Blue Banner to the Church or the Papacy. True, our Lord Globe, seems to be very much exercised, bade us hear the Church. It looks and to us it appears justly so, at a misvery much like obedience and order. carriage of justice in the province of True is it also that the Apostles noted Ontario. A person indicted for a very and established some doctors, other interpreters, and so on. It is, however, sheer ignorance to conclude from the constitution of the Church that any number of its hierarchy, high or low stands to the individual soul in the relationship of God and Saviour. Beside the power and constitution of the Church vested in the various members of the hierarchy, there is the subjective disposition of the individual. He has a conscience, a free will. The hierarchy cannot trespass upen these. What the hierarchy can do is to make laws conformable to the general law of the Church. A Bishop has a perfect right to make a law forbidding the members of his flock to join the Y. M. C. A. It does not belong to us to criticize the Bishop for so doing. No doubt the Bishop has good reason for his action, but as children of the Church we obey Such obedience, so far from humiliating or degrading us, does us honor. To criticize the law, to turn and disobey is nothing but the old satanic spirit re-

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

vived in Protestantism : I will not

serve. Why is the Y. M. C. A. so

anxious to have Catholics? Why do

they insinuate their religious rites into

what ought to be purely social? Where

is the liberty or charity or respect for

conscience here? What reason based

upon moral law encourages young men

to do what their conscience forbids

them? It amounts to this, that the

Blue Banner knows nothing about a

delicate conscience, the Catholic Church

or the first principles of Christian

charity, which commands us to do as we

would be done by.

The Americans have given us an example, which might well be copied, of a most excellent plan to provide for orphan children. We are told by the New Orleans Picayune, that orders for three hundred babies have been placed with the New York Foundling and Orphan Asylum by Louisiana families, and are being filled as rapidly as possible. Already one hundred and seven teen boys and girls have been brought through New Orleans on the way to the homes of their future parents in Southwest Louisians, and other children will reach their adopted homes as soon as the agents of the asylum can bring them. Two carloads of the babies deatined for Louisiana homes have been placed this year. There were sixty babies in the car when it arrived in New Orleans. Three were left in New Orleans and will be adopted by New Orleans families, while fifty-seven, the remainder, went to Opelousas, from which point they will be distributed to various places in St. Landry parish. The average age of the babies was three, one and two years. They were looked after by two trained nurses, two Sisters of Charity and a Mrs. Bowen,

a wealthy philanthropist, who takes great interest in the work of the asylum. The authorities of our Canadian Orphan and Foundling Asylums could, we think, with advantage, adopt course on somewhat similar lines. Many of our orphan asylums are overprowded, and those in charge have in most cases a very difficult task before them in providing help for the large amount of work which proper attention to the little ones entails. Besides this the asylums very frequently find it no easy task to provide funds for the proper maintenance of the institution. It is only by the most strenuous efforts on the part of the religious, oftentimes requiring the onerous labor of a house to house canvass, that the little dependent ones can be supplied with the necessaries of life. To us it seems that these children, even though they be of a very tender age, might be sent out to good Catholic families who would be willing and anxious to give them a comfortable home and bring them up as members of the family. We think it is a mistake to hold these children until they have attained an age varying from twelve to sixteen years. Put out to work in families, when they are approaching manhood and womanhood, there will not be the same affection and care bestowed upon them as if they were to come into the home at a tender age. There are many cases, we know, where this course would not be advisable, from one cause or another. Each case should be dealt with on its merits. A very large number, however, could be provided for in the way we have outlined and their prospects in life would be materially enhanced. This, too, would lighten the burden of the charitable institutions. Taking a broad view of the matter, we think that few will gainsay the fact that a child of tender years is much better off in a good Catholic family than in a large institution with hun-

IS IT SECRET SOCIETY WORK. Our Toronto contemporary, The

serious crime entered a plea of guilty, and was allowed to go on suspended sentence. The punishment ordinarily applied in cases of this kind is a long term of impresement in the penitentiary. In one issue or our contemporary their chi dren's life. And whilst our it was mooted that perhaps social or political influence may have had something to do with the case. Our reason for drawing attention to the matter at all, for we seldom have to do with the proceedings of our criminal courts, (and, inded, there is altogether too much space given to criminal news in the press of the day) is to draw attention to a phase of our modern life which may, to some extent, be responsible in this and many other cases for an acquittance when strict justice would have demanded a verdict of guilty, and when the punishment would have been in accordance with the seriousness of the offence. We do not think there ever was a time in the history of the world when society was so completely honeycombed with secret cath-bound combinations of one kind or another. The city in which our contemporary is published is a striking example. It is no secret that, to obtain a position of any kind in Toronto, the candidate must, as a rule, be a member of a string of these dark lantern uninterrupted thanksgiving. organizations. Many a man is recommended for a position, not because he is qualified for it, but because he is Brother So and So. Is there not reason to suppose that this influence is often Bill, introduced by Mr. Birrell, in the exercised also amongst some of the legal English House of Commons, received fraternity and amongst some of those who hold seats in the jury box. We trust the sign and the password will never reach the bench. A sad day lish in another column a report of the would it be for Canada were such the case. Our judges, save in rare cases, have been above suspicion-have been men of great attainments and remarkable rectitude of character. We trust such will ever be the case. Will our contemporary please take up this aspect of the question. It might be well, also, to give some consideration to the extent to which some of the oath-bound conclaves of the day are responsible for the bribery and the graft which we hear and read so much about nowadays. To provide a remedy is worthy of the consideration of the pest minds of the country. Perhaps a cure could not be had, but a little probing might be productive of much good, and it would be well to put the searchlight especially on the acts of the Grand and the Most Worshipful Dignitaries about whose actions is centered a mystery that will but clog the wheels of progress and generate a distrust that bodes ill for Canada's

FIRST COMMUNION.

This is the season when young children are being prepared for their First Communion. A more important time is hardly to be found in all their life, important for themselves and their future life, important also for their parents a important for their pastor and their parish. The importance arises from the value of the gift and the appreciation which these young souls make of it. This appreciation will largely depend upon the care in their preparation both of parents and of pastors. The former nowadays are more concerned about their children earning money for them than about the relig ious education of the little ones. Even their first Communion has more worldly than spiritual attraction. They are more concerned about the white dress and the trimmings than about the recollection of soul and the virtues with which their children should adorn that upper room where for the first time they are going to eat the Pasch with their Blessed Lord. Such should not be the way. It shows a worldly spirit. What a day for a good family when one of its number is about to make his or her First Communion. Peace came to the house of Zaccheus when our Saviour visited him. So is it with our Lord's coming. With what faith, hope and love ought both father and mother to be moved. No ordinary guest is He Who comes that day into their child's heart. It is He, the King of Kings, the Shepherd, the Life, the All. He comes for the one purpose of uniting Himself to that soul. He stoops down to elevate it. He gives nothing short of Himself in order that that child may give itself up more to His sanctifying and transforming action. What a day! It throws its light upon the rest of life. Most serious preparation does it need and no less precaution afterwards. Too frequently life's piety Communion. So far from this being right it involves a greater injury. Not administration. It has happened quite

those numberless communions in between. It is not enough to beg n well, the child must continue well. Here is where the parents' example and authority come in. How many & young soul prepared faithfully and zealously for his first Communion, and received with innocence and earnestness, soon grew careless. Many a one would like to start again at that early running post. Parents, therefore, have the gravest obligation at such times in blessed Lord will do His share in the work, by far the greatest share, yet shildren and parents must do theirs. Our Lord does not stay with us but a short time in holy Communion. He leaves his grace behind. He wishes as to correspond to His gift. Parents. then, must encourage their children to avoid evil and do good, to persevere in the good resolutions they took at their first Communion and renew the prayers for special graces which they made on that happy day. It is not at first Communion virtue is severely tried. It is later, when passion is rising and character forming, that danger is greatest. Then must be brought the sweet remembrance of first Communion, and its frequent renewal, in order that, clinging close to the Prince of Virtues, the young may establish their soul in faith, purity and patience. Prayer, example and a life of faith are the preparation which parents should make for their children at the time of first Communion, and ever afterwards its

THE BILL DENOUNCED. As anticipated, the Irish Council

the unanimous condemnation of the

Irish National Convention held in

Dublin on the 20th of May. We pub-

roceedings. Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the Convention, comprising, as it did, representatives not only from Ireland, but from England and America, and composed of men of note in all these countries, was its calm and judicial treatment of the question under consideration. Indeed, one of the strongest arguments that could be advanced in favor of giving Ireland a local Parliament was the manner in which business was conducted at this great meeting. It gave abundant proof that those who have raised the cry that the Irish people cannot govern themselves are either insincere, ignorant or bigoted, or again, those whose personal interests lie in the opposite directions We firmly believe that in this our ages papers like the London Times, convicted libeller as it is, and statesmen such as Lord Landsdowne, whose Irish holdings are large and profitable and which might depreciate were an Irish Parliament House in College Green, and the Ulster faction, who fatten on Government favors, will have lost that influence which they once possessed in the Councils of the Empire. The stand taken by the Dublin Convention is a manly one and will commend itself not only to the Irish people all over the world, but to all who love honor and justice. It is generally conceded that the deliberations in Dublin will have the effect of killing the proposed measure introduced by Mr. Birrell, and it remains for the future to disclose what will be the next step taken by a Parliament noted for its bungling expedients in the government of Ireland. It seems to take John Bull long, weary years to discover that the hand of scorn is pointed at him by the whole civilized world for permitting one of the fairest portions of his dominions to be ruled and ruined by men whose patriotism is of the pocket

stamp. ENFORCE THE LAW.

We are pleased to be able to notice that a step is about to be taken which will put a stop to a scandalous practice prevailing in our Canadian cities. We have reference to the appearance on our bill boards of pictures, which approach very closely to the immoral, advertising certain shows which are given in our opera houses. In regard to the plays themselves we are advised from Montreal that the joint city attorneys have given a decision to the effect that the city council has the right, without asking permission from the federal or provincial governments, to appoint a censor of plays, and such an official will be immediately appointed in re-ponse to a request from Archbishop Bruchesi.

His Grace, the Archbishop of Montreal, is to be commended for the stand he has taken, and we doubt not the end he has in view, namely, the purify. ing of the stage, will be attained.
The laws of Canada in regard to matseems to ebb very quickly after first ters of this kind are very stringent but the weakness is to be found in their only is it our first Communion which is frequently that some of the most scallimportant; it is our last Communion and dalous pictures have been brought into

he country and for this of cials we think are They have the power certain books and other come to us from the U but we seldom hear of the with the show poster abor hope ere long to see the r weakness in the adminis law. The officers of th action only when compl duly attested, signed, se livered. The average ci This is none of my passes on. The officials pelled to take the in ever a breach of the lav their notice, or whenever advice of such from a ci AN AWAKENING

Truly a "dog in the n is being pursued by the the English House of Co of the English papers no rejection of the Home R the National Convention government a difficulty ginning to oppress the n ly, how to deal with programme for this se ment. Now the ordinar boast of a fair share of will, upon reading this ask the question : " House of Commons is work, why do they not sideration of local ma bodies?" The pres simply indefensible; how wrong or how ridio there is a strong ele life which opposes a shape of a change sim only because it is a chi A DESPATCH from M

that on May 18th the to the Spanish throne, of the Astorias, was private chapel of the Pope was represent Rinaldini, the Papal Edward by Prince Art Emperor William by Hohenzollern, Emper by Archduke Eugene King Charles of Port of Oporto. The grea had been observed ov since his birth, spe ing been stationed outside the bed cha mony was a mos stately one, though ation. The Prince Alfonso Pio Cristino Guilermo Carlos Enr

ST. ANTHON MONT

A monument to

and indomitable w Canadian ladies in M

Dorchester street, tion of "St. Anth long felt want and faction to the Eng munity. The Irish Montreal should joi the enthusiasm povancement of "St. a delightful modern great and prosper the sick and poo young women can according to their home comfort; is cared for and for them; lady find the entourag tured. The courag tiring zeal of the ce of obsta mountable-cannot measure of su With a population daily increasing, English Convent to none in Car did institution necessity of its ters seeking Eng across the borderto Canada and a g worthy of their pendence and broa woman's foresight started in Quebec excellent results, Montreal, is flour The London C.

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LAW.

the country and for this .. customs of cials we think are bi. wrthy. They have the power to infiscate certain books and other things which come to us from the United States, but we seldom hear of their interfering with the show poster abominations. We hope ere long to see the removal of this weakness in the administration of our law. The officers of the crown take action only when complaint is made duly attested, signed, sealed and delivered. The average citizen will say, "This is none of my business," and passes on. The officials should be compelled to take the initiative when ever a breach of the law comes under their notice, or whenever they receive advice of such from a citizen.

AN AWAKENING NEEDED.

Truly a "dog in the manger" policy is being pursued by the law-makers of the English House of Commons. Some of the English papers now say that the rejection of the Home Rule measure by the National Convention solves for the government a difficulty that was beginning to oppress the ministers, namely, how to deal with the overloaded programme for this session of Parliament. Now the ordinary man, who may boast of a fair share of common sense, will, upon reading this item, naturally ask the question: "If the English House of Commons is overloaded with work, why do they not intrust the consideration of local matters to minor bodies?" The present system is simply indefensible; but, no matter how wrong or how ridiculous it may be, there is a strong element in English life which opposes anything in the shape of a change simply because and only because it is a change.

A DESPATCH from Madrid informs us that on May 18th the newly born heir to the Spanish throne, Alphonse, Prince of the Astorias, was baptized in the private chapel of the royal palace. The Pope was represented by Cardinal Rinaldini, the Papal Nuncio; King Edward by Prince Arthur of Connaught, Emperor William by Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, Emperor Francis Joseph by Archduke Eugene of Austria, and King Charles of Portugal by the Duke of Oporto. The greatest watchfulness had been observed over the baby Prince since his birth, special guards having been stationed day and night outside the bed chamber. The ceremony was a most gorgeous and stately one, though of a short duration. The Prince was christened Allonso Pio Cristino Eduardo Francisco Guilermo Carlos Enrique Fernando An-

ST. ANTHONY'S VILLA, MONTREAL.

A monument to the faith, energy and indomitable will of some Irish Canadian ladies in Montreal has reared itself on one of the finest sites on Dorchester street, West. The founda-tion of "St. Anthony's Villa" since tion of "St. Anthony's Villa" since
its inauguration six years ago has filled
a long felt want and given great satis
faction to the English-speaking community. The Irish Roman Catholics of
Montreal should join together with all the enthusiasm possible for the advancement of "St. Anthony's Villa,"

a delightful modern acquisition to their great and prosperous city. Therein the sick and poor young women can find accommodation according to their means, with every home comfort; immigrants will be cared for and employment found for them; lady boarders, too, will find the entourage refined and culund the entourage renned and cultured. The courage, patience, and untiring zeal of the ladies in charge—in the face of obstacles almost insurmountable—cannot fail of meeting with mountable—cannot fail of meeting with a measure of success commensurate with the grandeur of the work in hand. With a population of 400,000, and daily increasing, Montreal's first English Convent should be second to none in Canada. This splendid institution will obviate the necessity of its fair, clever daughters seeking English conventual life agross the border—an irreparable loss across the border—an irreparable loss to Canada and a gain to the Americans worthy of their grand spirit of inde-pendence and broad mindedness. With woman's foresight a mission house was started in Quebec three years ago, with excellent results, and like The Villa in

Montreal, is flourishing.

The London CATHOLIC RECORD extends its best wishes for the unqualified success of this beneficent undertaking.

A Beautiful Incident.

A beautiful incident is related by the Rev. James Walsh, of the arch-diocese of Boston, who learned it last summer from the lips of the venerable and venerated Abbe Christian Breand venerated Abbe Christian Bre-tenieres, superior of St. Frances de Sales college, Dijon, France. When his illustrious brother, a martyr for the faith in Corea, was nine or ten years old, he brought a rosebush from his mother to the Sisters of Charity at mother to the Sisters of Charity at Dijon. For twenty years it never blossomed, but the Sisters cherished it as a memento of the angelic boy, who meantime had become a missionary in Corea, and would not permit the gardener to destroy it. In the spring of 1866, about the time of Father Bretenieres' heroic martyrdom—he was be-headed after enduring frightful tortures—two buds appeared and devel oped perfectly. The bush lived on, but never blossomed since then.

WHERE ARE THE FRENCH RELIGIOUS?

MERICAN JOURNALIST TELLS OF SEARCH FOR MEMBERS OF SUPPRESSED ORDERS.
ONE SISTER FOUND AT DOMESTIC BERVICE.—HER PROTECTOR A NON-CALLIOLIC—INTERESTING TALK WITH THE "ABBE NEMO." ALL FRANCE UNDER THE SPY SYSTEM—SANOTITY OF PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE VIO-LATED.

Ernest L. Aroni's Paris Correspondence in the New York Evening Mail.

Paris, April 28.—One of the first questions which presents itself to an observer of conditions in France concerns the religious orders, suppressed and dispersed by the law of Waldeck Rousseau as administered by Combes.

"How many members of the congregations accepted the sentence of exile? How many remain in France? What are these doing? How do they live? How are they supported? What of their present and their future?"

These were among the first questions I asked of clerics and Catholic laymen; of radicals and Socialists; of people who were indifferent; of partisans of every side of the great controversy.

every side of the great controversy.

I was bailed at every turn. Every one confessed or professed ignorance. A few vague generalities were the only gleanings of a months queries.

The managing editor of an anticlerical newspaper to dme: "They are wiped out. Of course, a few of them are still here, but they are hiding like rats in their holes. Any Catholic can tell you about them, doubtless."

From Catholics I gained only reticence, evasion or frank admissions of

cence, evasion or frank admissions of ignorance of all save the generalities of which I have spoken.

of which I have spoken.

STATEMENT BY MGR. AMETTE.

Among the frank utterances I sounted that of Mgr. Amette, the Coadjutor Archbishop:

"I cannot give you the information you seek, sir, because I do not possess it. The schools, the younger brothers and sisters of the orders and the executives of the orders and the executive of the order utives of the congregations are estab-lished in other countries, throughout lished in other countries, throughout the world. Some of the members we were able lawfully to return to their place in the diocese where they were priests before they became affiliated with the orders.

"But many do remain in France. They bear their own burdens. They choose not to add to our troubles nor to prove any possible complication.

choose not to add to our treaties not to provoke any possible complication.

"We hear of them often by chance, almost always by hearsay. But I fear that you could not well exaggerate the misery of their condition."

NUN FOUND OUT AT SERVICE.

This was as for as I reached in all

This was as far as I reached in all paths of investigation. Most of them proved "no thoroughfare." But after a month I mentioned my difficulty in the drawing-room of an American woman who is an ardent Episcopalian—the faith of her family since long before the faith of her family since long before our Revolution, but who has lived in Paris for many years. She smiled and

"You wish to speak with a nun? You shall have your wish in two min.

She called a servant and said: "Ask Marie to come here if she is not occu-

pied."

Another servant entered—a woman of forty or forty-five years, meek and commonplace in appearance, in simple black gown, with cap and apron. Her mistress took her hand and moved as if to draw her to a seat beside her. She looked hurriedly from one to another of the four people in the room. other of the four people in the room, shrank back and hurried toward the door.

shrank back and hurried toward the door.

It is not a pretty sight to look upon a frightened woman who cowers as if expectant of a blow.

Her employer detained her with affectionate insistence; told her that I was a foreigner, and though no Catholic, not an enemy and would cause no trouble for her. But it was of no use. All I obtained in answer to my questions was:

can find accommodation haired Protestant American hostess: "There you have seen one of those terrible offenders. If I could afford it I could employ twenty like her any day I chose. But, alas! my poor bricabrac! I should have none left then instead of mounting only the vices. instead of mourning only the pieces

instead of mourning only the pieces that I do.

"She is foolish, of course. She is earning her living like any other wage worker, and breaking no law. No one can harm her. But you see her state of dread. She is a bad servant, of course. I get wrinkles planning cam paigns to induce her to absent herself once or twice a week, so that I can have her shortcomings repaired.

"But it would break her poor, dear, fistly heart if she thought she were

faithful heart if she thought she were not earning fully every franc that I pay her. She wished to be my cook. But there is a limit to sympathy, and I galing forcibly to all present, was the fair-mindedness shown to each element fair-mindedness shown to each element cannot starve my family and my

friends.
"This is the case with them," she continued. "When they were driven continued. "When they were driven from their convents, the young could stand expatriation and change. It is different with an older woman — different in a way that it is hard for a man to understand. IN ALMOST HOPELESS POVERTY.

"All they knew was the life and duties and daily routine of their vocation. Even when shut out from their only homes, they clung durably to the neighborhoods they knew. For a time it was not so bad. Their co-religionists had not been completely despoiled, and there was unofficial support for them. Confiscation is now complete, and the old must live on charity. But and the old must live on charity. But those of their sisters who are not phy-

those of their sisters who are not physically helpless in every quarter of Paris are hunting work.

"It is not easy to find. The preparation of their conventions did not treat them the grant of their conventions." ach them the flavors and the sauces teach them the flavors and the sauces that must be part of the knowledge of our cooks; their rooms were not furnished in a way to teach them the care of our vases and trinkets; they knew nothing of our frills and ruffles and laces to make them good laundresses and man's were too old to

and their way is comparatively easy, as with the artists and musicians among them. But the way of the others is

steek work, Not Charity.

"What are you to say when the poor dear comes to you, hiding, as she thought, her transparent secret, and rejects any offer of aid, saying. 'Oh no, madame, I am still young and strong. I will work hard, and I shall learn whatever I do not know. I shall be very willing and obedient. Charity is for the old and helpless, and I have two old aunts whom I must help. It is not for my food and lodging only that I am anxious; I must earn money to help my aunts.'"

At this point my hostess broke into illogical but picturesquely teminine comment upon certain aspects of the question of Church and State as viewed from the standpoint of her sex rather than her sect. Her remarks were in.

from the standpoint of her sex rather than her sect. Her remarks were in-teresting, as coming from a Protestant American, but were scarcely temperate and non-partisan enough for repetition

Her final words about her servant, owever, were interesting:
"She thinks I do not know what she does when she locks herself in her room at night: But I do. She just puts on her old robes and headdress and rosary and walks up and down, and sits for hours reveling in that guilty dissipation."

dissipation. This was my first real insight into the conditions of the members of the dispersed congregations. In later let ters I may tell of other things that I have seen and heard.

ROMAN EVENTS.

HOW VENICE CELEBRATED THE RETURN OF CARDINAL CAVALLARI — BISHOP O'GORMAN ON THE CHURCH IN AMERICA — REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF POPE LEO XIII.—NEW CARDINALS TAKE POSSESSION OF THEIR TITULAR CHURCHES-BRIEF NEWS NOTES.

When Cardinal Cavallari stepped from the train on to his gondola last Wednesday, a scene that recalled many

Wednesday, a scene that recalled many similar ones described so vividly in medieval history was witnessed in Venice. The days of the Doges almost seemed to be renewed.

Thousands of Venetians met their Patriarch at the station to congratulate him on his elevation to the Sacred College; the grand canal and the "streets," were dotted by myriads of gaily decorated gondolas for even yet the people dearly love colors. Men and women of every condition in life saw "Il Patriarcha" to his residence, and then insisted on making him appear again.

and then insisted on making him appear again.

After blessing his people and receiving the civil authorities and heads of deputations, guilds, etc., Cardinal Cavallari received his clergy, who read an address of congratulation and madega presentation. After which the reception committee presented His Eminence with 10,000 transe.

with 10,000 francs.

Perhaps there is no city that affords Perhaps there is no city that affords so suitable a setting for such a scene as Venice. The spirit of medievalism, which is not as yet effaced, the enthusiastic temperament of the Venetian, the sites of many long-passed scenes of triumph, carnage, frivolity and daring, the numerous isles on which Venice stands, surrounded by the Adriatic—all tend to make even a mediatre scene appear exceptionally bril-

atic—all tend to make even a medicore scene appear exceptionally brilliant and absorbing.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA.

On Thursday last many of the Irish element in Rome gathered anxiously in the Irish College, for a subject dear to their souls was to be lectured on by Mgr. O'Gorman, Bishop of Sioux Falls.

As a prelude, Dr. O'Gorman declared that, owing to press of business, he had been unable to give as much time to preparing his lecture as the subject re

information is to be gathered on the point from ancient manuscripts scattered over Europe). Mgr. O'Gorman rapidly sketched the part taken by Spain, France, England and Ireland in the building up of the Catholic Church in the United States. Including the "new possessions," and counting Catholics not taken into account, for certain reasons, in the Directory, the number of the faithful now under the flag of the United States of America is about 26,000,000 which total leaves about 26,000,000 which total leaves them the fourth power in the Church— Austria Hungary, France ("For I will call her Catholic yet," said the Bishop) and Italy nolding the first three

A special leature of the lecture, appealing forcibly to all present, was the fair-mindedness shown to each element that has gone to make up the great Republic and the ever increasing Cathille Charles and the control of the control

olic Church of the United States. Forecasting the future of the Church in America, Mgr. O'Gorman stated it as his conviction that within one cr two hundred years America will be ricans to-day hunger for religious truth, especially for knowledge of the tenets of Catholics. Each year sees many thousands of converts, and, since the missions to non-Catholics commenced, the number is rapid increase.

interesting conference was signalized by the hearty applause of a critical audience.

LEO XIII.'S LAST RESTING PLACE.

Many papers have wasted a good deal of space for the past few weeks treating of the funeral of the late Pope treating of the funeral of the late Pope to St. John Lateran's. The day was fixed in most of them, but someway or other the funeral did not come off. Did those journals reflect just one moment on the conditions of the Sover-eign Pontiff in Rome, they would have saved their space. When large mobs can shout almost beneath his bedroom window; when that indescribably obnothing of our frills and ruffles and laces to make them good laundresses window; when that indescribably obscene production, the "Asino" (for which "hoggish, brutish" are now wish, they spend themselves with common epithets), may caricature our generous enthusiasm.—Tidings.

Crucified Lord, His sacraments, the Prope, Cardinals, etc., without restraint when we recall the fact that the bones of Pins IX. were nigh thrown into the Tiber, we fail to see why the Vatican authorities should flash the hour of the removal over the world or, above all,

removal over the word or, above an, over Italy.

However, probably before this reaches Philadelphia the event will have taken place. As we write several thousand soldiers are drawn up in different parts of the city, for the 1st of May is observed by Italian Socialists to hold violent meetings, to cry out against Church and State, to call for anything and everything. It is therefore unlikely that the authorities will apprise the public of the minute they intend to remove Leo XIII.'s remains, for a repetition of the scenes incident to the last removal is not to be risked.

THE NEW CARDINALS. over Italy.

THE NEW CARDINALS.

His Eminence Cardinal Lorenzelli took possession of his titular Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme on Sunday last. Accompanied by several ecclesiastical dignitaries, the Cardinal was received by the abbot and Cistercian monks, who are in charge of this, one of the oldest and most interesting churches in Rome. After adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Cardinal Lorenzelli proceeded to the room Lorenzelli proceeded to the room where the great relic of the true Cross

where the great relic of the true Cross is preserved. Here, it is of interest to mention, are also kept one of the sacred nails, one of the thorns, the cross of the good thief and a large number of relics, including the entire remains of St. Theodore.

Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, took possession on the following day of the church from which he takes his title, S. Pietro in Vincoll. The one great relic of this ancient edifice is the chains by which St. Peter was bound in Jerusalem, and which Eudoxia, wife of Valentinian III. placed here about the year 440, after her mother Eudoxia Athenais, had brought them from the Holy City.

The students of the University of Louvain have arranged a welcome for Cardinal Mercier on his arrival. His Eminence was rector of the institution

until a few years ago.

Mgr. Budini, under secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, died in the Vatican palace on

the 28th ult.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has met in presence of the Holy Father for the reading of the decrees approving the miracles discussed for the canonization of Blessed Oriol of Barcelona.

Four hundred migrims from the hill

Four hundred pilgrims from the hill town of Castel Gandelfo, among the Alban hills, some fifteen miles from Rome, were received in audience by Pius X. this week. In Castel Gandelfo is the country palace of the Popes.

A banker of Friburgh, Julius Sallin, has been honored with the array of the A banker of Friburgh, Janus Sainin, has been honored with the cross of the Order of St. Sylvester by Pius X.—Veritas, in the Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

ON THE CATHOLIC T. P." FAITH.

The Irish people generally have good reason to be proud of their Parliamentary representatives, and Irish Catholics cannot help feeling proud of the thorough knowledge of the Catholic faith which the Catholic portion of these representatives display from olic faith which the Catholic portion of these representatives display from time to time to the envy and admiration of English Protestants, and especially of Anglicans, Mr. T. M. Healy's celebrated speech during the debates on Mr. Birrell's Bill is still to be heard apoken of with admiration in Protestant clerical circles in England. We referred to speeches of Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon last week. This week we are glad to be able to give in this connection the following passage from a speech made at Farnworthon, St. John

tion. He says that Cowper Temple teaching is unsectarian. It teaches no distinct formulary or doctrine of any one Christian body, and, therefore, it ought to be accepted by every Christian communion. How far that argument may be acceptable to Protestants I do not enquire, but it is testants I do not enquire, but It is absolutely repugnant to the Catholic ideal and faith. Cowper-Templeism, reduced even to simple Bible teaching, is to a Catholic, Protestant and sectarian. Such teaching goes against the very root and foundation of the difference of the whole Catholic system from the Protestant system. For the Protestant holds that the foundation of his faith is the Bible interpreted by the individual while the Catholic accepting like the Protest ant the sacred inspiration of Scripture ant the sacred inspiration of Scripture believes, at the same time, that its interpretation was not left to the individual conscience, but was intrusted to the divinely inspired authority of the Church. Bible teaching by the lay teacher and interpreted by the individual, which is Cowper-Templeism in its most irreducible minimum, is, therefore, Protestantism to the Catholic and sectarian, denominational, dogmatic. When, therefore, the non Conformist declares, that no man should pay for the education of children in the religious principles of another Church, we ask him to carry this principle to its logical conclusion. If it be wrong for Protestants to pay for it be wrong for Protestants to pay for Catholic teaching, by what process of reasoning, of fair play, of tolerance of Liberal principles can it be held right that Catholics should pay for Protestant teaching?"

Let Us Stand by Them.

Priests are human. They like friend-ships, attention, courtesies, fraternity, visits. They are cheered by encourage-ment. Their lives are lonely and full of

INTENSIFIED FRUIT JUICES AN IMPROVEMENT ON NATURE

A Discovery that is Revolutionizing Medicine.

Remarkable Success Attends the Finding of a New Medicinal Compound by Combining the Juices of Apples, Oranges, Figs and Prunes.

Fruit helps to keep one healthy, active medicinally than the fruit juices. Fruit, in itself, will not cure disease. Where eating fruit only helped to keep The medicinal principle—or that part of fruit which has a curative effect— disease. is in such infinitesimal quantities, To make it more valuable still, this bowels, kidneys or skin.

Just here is where science stepped in. An Ottawa physician did what nature could not do. He first found that some fruits were stronger medicinally than tablets — the most reliable cure for of the four fruits mentioned, this physician succeeded in replacing one atom of the sweet principle by one of the druggist does not handle them, bitter. This resulted in an entirely 50c for a box to Fruit-a-tives Limited, new combination being formed. This new compound was many times more

that it is unable to overcome a diseas- physician added the finest tonics and ed condition of the stomach, liver, antiseptics, and then, by evaporating the entire compound to a powder, made

others—and that apples, oranges, figs Constipation. Billousness, Stomacki and prunes contained all the healing Troubles, Kidney and Bladder Disease properties of other fruits. There are and Skin Affections. Being made from two principles in fruit juices-bitter fruit, "Fruit-a-tives" may be taken and sweet. After extracting the juices by women and children without fear of

ill-effect.

Don't take a substitute. If your

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NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

REV. A. P. DOYLE STATES RESULT OF IMPORTANT WORK.

Very Rev. A. P. Doyle, rector of the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, writes to The Visitor, as follows: writes to The Visitor, as follows:

"When speaking to an Archbishop recently of the growth of the mission work to non-Catholics, I ventured to quote some statistics of the movement. the movement 1,008 missions were given to Catholics, with 1,426,785 conversions; and there were given 1,468 missions to non Catholics, with 6,257 conversions actually received by the missionaries and over 60,000 left under instruction. All this was done by the told him that since the inception of instruction. All this was done by the diocesan priests, organized into the diocesan apostolic bands. He could hardly believe it. He was even skeptical till I showed him the actual retical till I showed him the actual reports in detail submitted by the various missionary bands. Then his remark was: Why, this looms up big as the most important movement in the Church in America to day. I had no conception of the wonderful proportions to which the work had grown.' And with all the work done by the dicessan priests the work of the religious communities has increased three or four times. Every missionary band is overtimes. Every missionary band is over-worked. The old Church is becoming

wonderfully aggressive." I There are many who have failed to realize the vast proportions to which the mission movement has grown, simply because the facts have not come to them in a synthetic way. They see individual missions and they know that the results are commendable, but they fail to see that these individual missions are part of a huge organization whose center is the Apostolic Mission House at Washington, and whose ramideations extend into every diocese of the country.

the country.

Just try to appreciate what these figures mean. There were 1,008 missions given to Catholics. It takes a week to give a mission. Ordinarily there are preached during the week from 15 to 20 discourses. It takes a "I am only madame's housemaid, sir. Yes, I was a religiouse, but I am only madame's servant' and she was gone.

Then came my talk with my white-haired Protestant American hostess:

"There you have seen one of those terrible offenders. If I could afford it I could employ twenty like her any day I chose. But, alsa! my poor bricanistated of monaging and the day of the discovery terred due not beginning that much information is to be gathered on the point from ancient manuscripts seattered over Europe). Mgr. O'Gorman instead of monaging and makes to the and the made at Farnworthon, St. John Patrick's Day, by Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

"Let me explain the difference between the Protestant and the Catholic point of view as to education, and I think it will be seen what it is. An entire information is to be gathered on the point from ancient manuscripts seattered over Europe). Mgr. O'Gorman instead of monaging and makes to Chicago's famous prison for women have to 20 discourses. It takes a mappende made at Farnworthon, St. John Patrick's Day, by Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

"Let me explain the difference between the Protestant and the Catholic point of view as to education, and I think it will be seen what it is. An entire in his Lordship's hands.

"There you have seen one of those terrible offenders. If I could afford it I could afford it I could employ twenty like her any day I chose. But, alsa! my poor bricanity and the confessions of the confessions of the confessions of these missions. The total country of her proselving makes to the paths of each under decontessions. A thousand missions were given, and 1,500,000 confessions were given, and 1,500,000 confessions were given, and 1,500,000 confessions. A thousand missions were given, and 1,500,000 confessions. A thousand missions were given, and 1,500,000 confessions. A thousand missions were given, and 1,500,000 confessions. A thousand market confedence of the confedence to the exposition of the Catholic driven to be in life. She simply says teaching. What ignorances were enlightened; what knowledge was given; us to be better." lightened; what knowledge was given; what prejudices were dissipated! And over 6,000 converts were made. Veryoften a convert makes the staunch est Catholic we have. He comes at very great sacrifice, and he enjoys the spiritual pleasure of his new-found religion. He becomes a radiating center of spiritual energy. There were 60,000 left under instruction to be received by the parish priest after the missionary had left the scene of his labors. Most of these were received later on, and helped to increase the 25,056 converts who are received every of spiritual energy. There were 60,000 left under instruction to be received by the parish priest after the missionary had left the scene of his labors. Most of these were received later on, and helped to increase the 25,056 converts who are received every year into the Church.

> to be able to do without is power .-George Macdonald.

CONVENT INSPECTION

The Protestant Alliance of Great Britain is agitating for convent inspec-tion. The Glasgow Observer voices the opinion of Catholics with regard to this demand:

"To all concerned, what Catholics

say of convent inspection is this — There is not the least Catholic objec-tion to the factory inspection of conrent laundries or other industries.

The Catholic cause does not depend upon unfenced belting nor sweated labor, and the fact is that of all convent laundries in the country, Catholic and Protestant (there are many Protestant convent laundries in England), the vast proportion of Catholic laundries have voluntarily sought factory inspection already. There is nothing to hide.

"As to convent inspection, that is a cree of another color. Catholics "As to convent inspection, that is a borse of another color. Catholics will not submit to convent inspection, because it is an insulting and unwarranted intrusion on private right. There is no more reason why a Catholic convent should be inspected than the property of a Protection ministrathe manse of a Protestant minister—
for crime is as rare in one as in the
other, and the existing law has the
same entry into both. Ignorant
Protestants are fed on stories of
convent atrocity' usually attributed to distant countries and never verified. But this is Great Britain, and the Catholics of the country are as much Brit-ish subjects as their neighbors, and they are going to stand out for the same rights and privileges. They will not have convent inspection.— Antigonish Casket.

THE ANGEL OF THE ANNEX.

The Angel of the Annex is the title The Angel of the Annex is the title that Miss Julia Gleeson of Chicago has earned for herself by her endeavor for past years to win the truant girl in-mates of Chicago's famous prison for women back to the paths of recti-

Wanted women to take orders for our To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.—
George Macdonald.

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OUR DUTY TO THOSE WITHOUT. Go out into the highways and hedges, and them to come in." (St. Luke xiv. 23.)

What are you doing to help your zeighbor, who has a soul to save as well as you? I mean that neighbor who has not the gift of faith. Has it ever occurred to you that Christ's religion is for all men, and is intended for those who are not in the Church as well as for her faithful members? Have the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," lost their meaning? Are creature," lost their meaning? Are met the spiritually poor, lame, and thind everywhere about us? Are not the highways and hedges full of people who would gladly come in if we would but tell them how?

The time has gone by when the mere dact that we hold the faith is sufficient dast that we hold the faith is sufficient as prove that we are forvent Catholics. No longer may we sit calmly waiting for the nations to come and ask us for the truth. The day is at hand when we must arise and go forth in the Spirit of Christ, and as His Apostles, to convert our neighbors and our fellowest tizens. When shall I start? If we are to follow out the injunction of citizens. When shall I start? If we are to follow out the injunction of Christ, now is the time. The harvest is at hand and it is great, but the Saborers are few. It is to the lay people of the Church that this message is sent as well as to the clergy; and now, when our ranks of clergy are none too full, we must call on the good lay people to help us.

fix this great country of ours dwell exixty millions of people, one-sixth of whom, at the most, are Catholics. Here is the work, then, before us—the conversion of America to the faith. It wan be done if we will set ourselves about it in earnest: and it must be can be done if we will set ourselves
about it in earnest; and it must be
done if we wish to prove ourselves
faithful Catholics. For the good Catholic not only desires to keep his faith
and save his soul, but he wishes all men

to have the same faith and attain salva-tion by the practice of that faith. Here, then, are afty millions of people who have not the faith of Christ. What shall we do to give it to them? What shall we do to give it them. To the lay people of the Church comes this call. Listen to the means which you may use to aid your neighbor who is without the faith to gain it.

The first great means is prayer. If every Catholic would say a short prayer once a day for the conversion of unbelievers in our land, the great work would take a new stride forward. If adalities, confraternities, and all religand alities, confraternities, and all religious organizations would at every meeting pray for the same object but one short Our Father and Hail Mary, conversions would become far more frequent. Again, suppose each devout member of a parish should take to praying for the same partially passed that ing for some particular person, that such a one might receive the gift of such a one hight received as such as faith, what a multitude would be converted in a few years! Prayer can do more than anything else, as it can bring more than anything else, as it can word.

the grace of conversion where words and study are powerless.

The second means of converting our seighbors to the faith is by our teachneighbors to the latter is by our escaping. We must be ready to answer their questions, ready to ask them questions whose answers will lead them to the light. This is a day when people are interested in religious questions, and if we can answer their objections solve their doubts and difficulties, we have in our hands a powerful means of advancing the kingdom of God on earth. Such ing the kingdom of God on earth. Such knowledge it is our duty to acquire in the best way we can. Read the books, then, which will make a well-instructed Oatholic out of you, and fit you to instruct others in the faith. If a lecture is given in the church, bring along the control of the state of the control of your non-Catholic neighbor; bring him to sermons. And thus you shall bring your religion into honor and respect and also contribute to the saving and also contribute to the saving of many souls. Great are the rewards to who is the means of saving ever one soul from death. If you spent \$1 a year for Catholic books, and another to pay for a Catholic nowspaper, you would do-well, nothing very heroic, but something towards spreading the light.

We must teach also by example, and show by our lives that what makes us sober, honest, and pure is our religion. Our lives ought to be examples of temperance, uprightness, and purity. No drunkard is fit to bear the name of Catholic. No libertine is worthy to be named among the faithful. No thief ought to be classed among the members the Church.

Let your zeal for your religion rouse you on Sunday, rain or shine, to attend Mass. Let it stir you up to your con-dession and Communion every month, at least. Let your life be an example of what your fite be an example what you profess. Be not a swearer, or a curser, or a drunkard, a thief, a liar, a scandal monger, a licentious was Be but a good-living, practical Catholic, that those who are without may be the sooner attracted by the re-ligion which makes you what they see you to be. By these means you may become fellow-workers with the clergy in the great plan of converting our

Dountry which God has determined on.

Put them in practice, these means of
prayer, teaching, and example, that
when our Lord shall come you and
many of your converts may go into the
marriage feast, where they shall bless your name for ever.

DRAWN TO AUSTERE LIVES

PROFESSOR DWIGHT'S SON FOLLOWS THE EXAMPLE OF MANY CHILDREN OF PURITAN CONVERTS.

Apropos of the entrance of Joseph Dwight, son of Professor Thomas Owight, of Harrard Medical school,

Professor Dwight, a direct descendant | within the depths of hell?

of the Revolutionary patriot of the same name, was a convert to the faith. "It is rather noticeable that these

"It is rather noticeable that these sons and daughters of the Puritan converts are drawn to austere lives in the Church. A near relative of the young candidate for the Trappist Order is a Carmelite nun, as is also another daughter of a well-known Boston convert, whose family were early followers of Channing, the Unitarian leader.

"The Rev. James Kent Stone, Union soldier, and later Episcopal clergyman and college president, has found his mission in the strict congregation of the Passionists, as Father Fidelis, now at the head of the Eastern Province. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Mother M.

at the head of the Eastern Province. Rose Hawthorns Lathrop, Mother M. Alphonsa, is at the head of a community of Dominican nears who devote themselves to poor cancer patients in the poorest districts of New York.

"Long is the list of those who have given themselves to God as Jesuits, Paulists, Visitation nuns, religious of the Sacred Heart, Sisters of Charity. There is plenty of iron in the New England blood, and that quality which made it well nigh irresistible in overcoming natural obstacles shows in the coming natural obstacles shows in the Catholic Church and in the religious life in its disposition to take the king dom of heaven by such short and stony paths as challenge its native grit."

A TRIBUTE TO FRENCH NUNS.

FORMER PRIME MINISTER MELINE, OF FRANCE, DEFENDS "ANGELS OF CHAR-ITY," AGAINST FREEMASONS HATRED.

The following translation of an edit-The following translation of an editorial that appeared recently in La Republique Francaise, the leading Republican organ in France, whose editor is M. Meline, former Prime Minister, is one of many splendid defenses of Catholicity and its institutions which have seen the light since the heading. have seen the light since the beginning

of the present persecution:
At the close of the Masonic confer ence Brother Bonnet uttered a phras that in impudence surpasses all the rest of his impudent addresses. He said that the next step in the work of emanthat the next step in the work of eman-cipation now going on in France should be the compulsory ending of the "ex-ploitation of public charity by members of Catholic congregations." Yes, exof Catholic congregations." Yes plotters! That is how this Freem treats our admirable Sisters of Charity, our Little Sisters of the Poor and all the miraculous legions of earthly augels, which it would be sufficient to mention to make the directory of all human miseries, for there is not one of these miseries, however terrible, how-ever repulsive, which has not called forth the infinite treasures of Catholic

forth the infinite treasures of Catholic charity!

Exploiters, thou, the most beloved, the most cherished of thy Father's house; thou, so kind, so beautiful as to be able to put into thy dream all the joys and the pleasures of this life, and who, turning from that dream thine pure eyes made the voluntary sacrifice of all the affections and joys offered to thee, and art to-day consuming all thine days and nights among the poor wrecks of this world, in whom are concentrated all the miseries and the frailties of manall the miseries and the frailties of man

Angel of charity, thou art an exploiter, for thou exploitest for thine in terest these miseries, these wrecks, these infirmities! Thou, of whom Dr. Desprez, a freethinker, but a man with a human heart, said amidst the plaudits of thousands of workingmen: She is placed above all women : she is an impersonal thing; her name no one knows, and under her white "cor-nette" she needs but one— Sister." Thou exploitest for \$40 per year our hospitals, our prisons and our barracks. And who says this? A Freemason, a chief, the official spokesman of that sect which has sworn to withdraw thee also from the post of devotion where thy faith and thy great heart have placed thee, and send thee, daughter of France to travel all thy life upon the sorrowful roads of exile, still wet from the tears of those who have preceded thee.

A Freemason? And what has he done, that man, to outrage with his in-solence the sublime charity of our Catholic fellow-citizens? What has Catholic fellow-citizens? What has his sect ever done? Where are its works of disinterested and generous charity? Where has the Masonic Sister of Charity ever been seen? Where the Brother of St. John of God, crossing himself with the triangle?
When have they given of their persons and of their money to lighten a misery, to dry a single tear? Let them produce their works! Ah, yes, it is true, they have an orphan lasylum, a single one in the whole of France. And it is exclusively for the rance. dren of the sect that this asylum opens its doors! No room within its walls its doors! No room within its walls for the orphans of the people. And they are not even able to support themselves their only institution. An annual appropriation of 30,000 francs from the treasury of the city of Paris is necessary to keep it open.

These, readers, are the usurers, "pingrees" the heartless, who are to day ruling, our country from the darkness of their lodge rooms and insulting unblushingly the charity of the majority

blushingly the charity of the majority of the people. And when they shall have succeeded in driving all the be loved Sisters out of France, what will they do? They will replace them by "apostles" of the big salary. Such is their highest ideal.

Why these insane substitutions? For the only cause which controls all their acts—the hatred of God, in the name of Whom these angels of charity make the voluntary sacrifice of all the pleasures of life. And there will be men, after this, who will persist in their denials of the existence of God? Say, readers, it is not often we trouble you with religion in the columns of this newspaper, Dwight, of Harvard Medical school, Boston, into the monastery of the Trappists, Our Lady of the Valley, Lonsdale, R. I., The Pilot says:

"Mr. Dwight makes trial of the life of prayer and penance and labor with the full consent of his parents, who they always been distinguished for the works of piety and charity. Program of the Paul Society in the Arch diocese of Boston. The mother of Professor Dwight, a direct [descendant] but answer, is the possible to hate so ferociously, so inhumanly, a being who does not exist? If God be only a chimera, how shall we conceive so much love on one hand and so much hatred on the other, one persecuting the other upon the field of human misery? For the thinker there is in the repulsive outrage of the Freemason and in the silent heroism of Catholic charity one and the same Credo. Does not the Soripture say that faith lives, even within the depths of hell? but answer, is the possible to hate

THE POPES ALLOCUTION.

The Review takes pleasure in presenting here with the full text of the Allo ention which the Pope addressed on Monday, April 15, to the Cardinals assumbled in Consistory:

The solemnities of the Passion of the Saviour which he recognities calculated.

The solemnities of the Passion of the Saviour which we recently celebrated in the spiritual joy of our heart have again reminded us that the Church, the Spouse of Christ, in pursuing the work of the regeneration of man, and with this object struggling against the world of darkness, is not destined to consolation on earth but rather to tribulation and toil. We have heard Jesus Christ, our Captain, say of Himself: "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things" (Luke xxiv. 26)? Now the self-same way trodden by the glorious Chief must be traversed by His mystical body: and this, we believe is true not only of the joys of victory but also of the fatigues of fight.

Here it is, venerable brethren, that

Here it is, venerable brethren, that faith animates us and sustains us among so many adversities, and so well that, with all our trust in God and none in cursulves. none in ourselves, we are ready the holy and full accomplishment the holy and full accomplishment of our apostolic charge to suffer all op-pression and all sorrows. None of you but is aware that amongst all the griefs which we suffer in Christ there is none more piercing to our soul than that which comes from the hard lot to which the Church of France is re-duced; and our sorrow is all the deep-er because of the great love we hear

duced; and our sorrow is all the deeper because of the great love we bear that noble nation. For we can in all verity declare that its sufferings are our sufferings and its joys are our joys.

Alas! those who now hold rule in France, not content with having of their own will broken most solemn pacts and conventions, violently despoiled the Church of her property and repudiated the dearest and most ancient glories of their country and are now straining every effort for the total up rooting of religion from the hearts of rooting of religion from the hearts of their fellow citizens. For the achieve ment of this end they stop at nothing, not even at acts most opposed to the old French courtesy, trampling under-foot all rights whether public or private. Add to this that by sowing slanders now against the Bishops so worthy of France, and their clergy, and now against this Apostolic See, they hope to set suspicton in men's minds, to shake their confidence in each other, in order, if that were possible, to de stroy the firmness with which we and they stand for the faith of Christ and the rights of the Church.

But this is not all. By the merest sophism they endeavor to identify their institutions and the established form of the Republican regime with atheism, with war to death against all that is divine; and this in order to be able to enounce as illegitimate interferen any intervention on our part in the religious sflairs of the country—an in tervention which is placed upon us by the sacred duties of our charge. They hope at the same time to make people believe that when we are defending the rights of the Church we are setting ourselves to oppose the popular regime, a regime which we have always accepted and always respected. Thanks be to God, once again have the words been verified: "They have searched after iniquities; they have failed in their

search" (Ps. lxiii.7.)
And, indeed, such has been the admirable concord of the chief pastors amongst themselves and their union amongst themselves and their union and that of all the clergy and the faithful with the Apos-tolic See, that no device, no lie, has been able to break it. This it is, venerable brothren, that gives up hope that better and safer days will dawn for the Church and people of France now oppressed by such a load of ills. As for us, we shall never for a moment cease to work for the welfare of this ration so dearly belowed. What we nation so dearly beloved. What we have done we shall continue to do. set any store by religion? how many We shall oppose hatred by love: erryr by truth; insults and cursings by pardon; desiring and asking only of God with prayers and tears that those who, with such obstinate fury, trample on the true glories of their nation may at length cease their hatred of holy religion; and that thus liberty estored to the Church all Catho lics and all those who in their hearts love what is just and honorable may join with us for the common weal and for the prosperity of their country.

What Peace is.

Peace is not the spirit of the age. It is not the wisdom of the world. It is not in this that the successful efficient ency of our national vigor or the devclopment of our gigantic prosperity consist. It is not man's standard of work or of success. But it is the beauty of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in our hearts. It is the indwelling of our hearts. It is the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, which always with us though less perceptable, we have almost beheld and handled in the peace end order and beautiful concord of this end order and beautiful concord of this occlesiastical congress. It is the spirit a Jesus, "peace I leave you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, do I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled nor let it be afraid."-Father Faber.

Each time you repeat the Lord's Prayer, think for a moment in what state of mind you are when you ask God that His Kingdom should come.—

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M. 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. References as to Dr. McTaggart's profession I standing and personal integrity permitted

oy:
Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice.
Hon. G. W. Ross. ex-Premier of Ontarlo.
Rev. John Potts D. D., Victoria College
Rev. Father Teefy. President of St. Michael's
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GODLESS PRODIGALITY.

During the last forty years immense sums of money have been given by rioh men in the United States for educational purposes. George Peabody in 1867 gave \$1,000,000 to the South; in 1882 John F. Slater set aside \$1,000,000 for the negroes; later on Carnegie devoted \$10,000,000 to found the Carnegie Institute of Research; Rockefeller at different times gave \$1,000,000, and in the present year \$32,000,000 for higher institutions of learning in the United States; and the last to help swell this enormous fund was Mrs. Russel Sage who has added \$10,000,000 to the treasury already at hand. Altogether about \$75,000,000 is now assured to facilitate research of every kind in the arts and sciences.

A strange thing in connection with

GODLESS PRODIGALITY.

every kind in the arts and sciences.

A strange thing in connection with all this magnificent thesaurus is that religion forms no part of it. Those who have given the money have been motived solely by the craving for personal honor—that honor which may be had while they are living and after they are dead by having people point at some monument in marble and say:

"That is the Carnegie Institute of Everywhere," or "That is Rockefeller's University of What Not." Already burdened with so much money that they cannot count it these heroes of finance imagine that they can perpetuate their names only by having petuate their names only by having them chiselled on some imperishable column which they have erected and paid for. A fire, an earthquake may wreck these columns but our millionaires cannot think of that. Doubt lionaires cannot think of that. Doubtless many of them would like to buy
heaven with all their wealth if they
could. They have deflied the law of
man and we ought not to be surprised
to hear that they considered themselves powerful enough to override the
law of God. Yet they grow old apace
with their wickedness, their declining
years beckon them to the grave and
compel them to remember in spite of
themselves a life hardened in avariee,
conversion of the poor, robbery of oppression of the poor, robbery of widows and orphans. They find then, no consolation in the thought of a life well spent in the service of God or of well spent in the service of God or of their country; they may hope for little praise from their contemporaries who know them for what they are; they cannot take with them their money to cannot take with them their money to the grave; so they needs must give it away before they die and it is taken from them. Therefore, they devote it to the noble cause of education.

Education! it is a broad, fine sounding word! It covers a multitude of sins nowadays. It is general as the casting air. It is emblazoned on our buildings of State. It permeates our public utterances. It is wrapped up in our national spirit. It is the support of our free institutions. It is the safe-guard of our national destiny. Hence we must have school houses at every corner, and compulsory attendance at class and free text books, and normal schools and city colleges and an abundant supply of teachers to impart every sort of knowledge from the every sort of knowledge from the original protoplasm to the laws of the planets. No—not every sort of knowledge—every sort except religion. That must be kept out of the schools since it is subversive of purely secular education, or at best dangerous to the tranquillity of our Public school system.

In other times than our own educa-tion had a well defined meaning education was the rounding out of the whole man, body and soul, mind and heart-education without religion was neart—education without religion was impossible. It would take long to prove by any theoretical dissertation that our forefathers were correct in their conception of education and that our present day schoolmen are mis-taken. An appeal to facts is a quicker and surer method of demonstrating what we should insist upon. First, how many outside the Catholic Church regard all religions as equally qualified to bring us to salvation? how many are Christians simply because their neighbors are Christian? attend one church rather than another because it is more "fashionable?" Secondly, what is the regard of the "average" non-Catholic for the sacrament of marriage? Does he or she revere it as a divine institution raised to the dignity of a sacrament by Christ Himself? or rather as a mere contract to be kept only according to the will of the contracting parties? Who maintain and encourage our divorce courts? Thirdly, how does our "average" business man observe the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal?" our public men I our aspirants to political office! Fourthly, what is the reason for the growth of Socialism and Auarchy and the other dangerous doctrines that are threatening the destruction of all human society? Do all these evils exist because our people are illiterate? Hardly, because many of our "leading" to bring us to salvation? how society? Do all these evils exist be-cause our people are illiterate? Hard-ly, because many of our "leading" citizens have been prominent to di-vorce scandals, and business corrup and the champions of Socialism tion, and the champions of Socialism and Anarchy are very often men of more than ordinary curdition. Or do not these evils flourish because our nation has been educated in the wrong ? because we have stuffed the min way? because we have stuffed the mind and left the heart to starve? because we have eliminated religion in the education of the young? Let the facts speak.

A man is not a better man because he knows the courses of the planets or the age of the world, or the nature of ions, or the laws of heat and light or the marvels of electricity. History is full of examples to prove that virtue and learning do not necessarily go hand in hand. Augustine was not a saint be-cause he had the greatest intellect of his time, or Voltaire a moral man be-cause he wrote books. What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?

The question which naturally suggests itself, then, is: What good will be effected by the enormous monies contributed by such men as Carnegie and Rockefeller to education? We and Rookereller to education? We think no good will be effected. Car-negle and Rockefeller who will be lauded day in and day out in the in-stitutions of learning founded by them

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THE NORTHERN LIFE

34 SHOWS SPLENDID RESULTS FOR 1906

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Government Reserve 488,257.32 Surplus security for policy-holders 257,854.51 Expenses decreased by three per cent. Interest income paid all death claims.

Eighty-seven per cent. of assets are interest bearing. Financial gain during year, \$53,068.65.

Surplus over all liabilities, including Capital Stock, \$31,142.01.

re not, certainly, examples of virtue their names must always be me with an apology to the seventh com-mandment. Nor will all the ologies that will be taught in such institutions that will be taught in such institutions serve in the least to make our people more law abiding citizens or our nation more enduring. We shall be fortunate, indeed, if the harm wrought by their Godless prodigality does not destroy what that prodigality is intended to make lasting.—Providence Visitor.

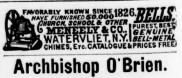
Cardinal Gibbons' Premise to Pope Pius X.

Especially interesting was the clos-ing portion of the address made by Cardinal Gibbons at the banquet fol lowing the investiture of Archbishop Blenk, of New Orleans, with the pal-lium. Having told of his part in the conclave that elevated the Patriarch of Venice to the Chair of Peter, Cardinal Gibbons continued:

'I went to see Cardinal Sarto to either offer my congratulations or my condolence, as his mood might be. I said: 'Your Eminence, I know you will have a heavy burden on account of the attitude of some of the European governments towards the Church, but I can make one promise, and that is that the Catholic Church of America has always been and always will, under

has always been and always will, under all circumstances, be a source of unbounded consolation to you.'

"Brethren, we all dwell in amity and unity. The Holy Father knows that he can rely upon his children in America, and that they will always be to him a source of consolation and felicitation."



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THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, CANADA

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JUNE 1, 1907. CHATS WITH Y

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retain."
Such a disposition mencement to any cray young man, he may ure in business, for business failures of of age. The youth and mother, begins of deference which earn all the more vider social relation civil and attentive superiors, saves h quarrel and angr stamps him gentlem be placed. He beco ready to take con The habit of defe and mother, lays of foundations of good a son will reverse honor the tribunals

will not allow his dwarf the possibil and regarding the only a wider and he will cherish the low citizens as tho So intimately home-life and the that he who has parents, who are home, can never b per respect for uthority over him lief, that in sun of any candidate the popular trust, the status existing ents and himself, into, as well as to of his life after majority. An youth would entar be trusted where tudes is at stal ple. Man is a Cr

Who will deny is a creature of h or bad according redominate in fail in life as woor bad ones. A cant that reduce a point where There is a mixtu every one of us. and even so-call some good habit to exist : for e Consequently wooverpowered by kills himself, or insane asylum. good habits (virt wer bad ones his power and co self and humani Yes, man is a

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Youth is the beginning of that period of personal responsibility which lasts as long as life. Though still under tutelage, the mind begins to act independently, and legislate for itself. Unfortunately, in this country, such legislation is so bold and defaut that wenth ventures to tyrangize over age. The Beginning youth ventures to tyrannise over age, and all thought of deference to the opinion of the elders, is cast to the opinion of the elders, is cast to the winds. Parents are no longer honored. Discipline is defied, and the fourth commandment is made to read, not "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," but "humor the son and the daughter, that thou mayst have peace in the home their generosity permits thee to setain."

Such a disposition is a bad com Such a disposition is a bad com mencement to any career. If found in a young man, he may look out for fail-ure in business, for nine-tenths of the business failures of the age, come, we are persuaded, from the dislike of youth to take counsel of the experience of age. The youth who respects father and mother, begins life with that habit of deference which will lead him to learn all the more readily lessons of of deterence which will lead him to learn all the more readily lessons of necessary experience. It fits him for wider social relationships, makes him civil and attentive to all who are his civil and attentive to all who are his superiors, saves him from many a quarrel and angry discussion, and stamps him gentleman wherever he may be placed. He becomes an example of forbearance and dignity to those too ready to take counsel of their pas-

The habit of deference toward father and mother, lays deep and broad the foundations of good citizenship. Such a son will reverence just laws and honor the tribunals of his nation. He will not allow his own selfishness to dwarf the possibilities of the State, and recarding the national relation as dwarf the possibilities of the State, and regarding the national relation as only a wider and broader home bond, he will cherish the interests of his fellow citizens as those of brethren.

So intimately connected, then, is home-life and the national existences, that he who has never honored his

that he who has never honored his parents, who are the legislators of home, can never be expected to evince proper respect for those, whom the operation of the Constitution sets in operation of the Constitution sets in authority over him. It is our firm be-lief, that in summing up the fitness of any candidate for a position under the popular trust, his home character,

Our thoughts form our actions, our actions form our habits, and our habits form our characters. From good thoughts we proceed to good actions and these develop into good habits out of which blossoms forth a good character. And the opposite takes place in the case of bad thoughts, bad actions, a bad character.

Boys, the sooner you start to form good habits and get rid of bad ones, the better you will succeed in fighting the battle of life. Some of the bad habits that drag a man down to perdition are the cigarette habit, the been habit, the whiskey habit, the playcard or poker habit, the gossip habit and the procrastination habit.

Boys that go to college often fail because they neglected to acquire the study habit. It is the study habit that distinguishes men. It is one of the very best habits a boy can acquire. If he learns nothing else at college it will be the me thing that will be of real, lasting benefit to him.

Read good books, biographies, historical and solentife books, but avoid novels and trashy papers.

Don's kill time. This is the worst

torical and scientific books, but a torical and trashy papers.

Don't kill time. This is the worst thing you can do. How much time have you wasted since New Year? How have you wasted since New Year? have you wasted since New Year and did you keep the good resolutions you made at New Year? Resolve to kill one bad habit and acquire the study habit .- B. C. Orphan Friend.

They Can Not Let Go.

Some people's minds are like a junk shop; they contain things of considerable value mixed with a great deal of able value mixed with a great deal of rubbish. There is no system or order in them. These minds retain everything, good, bad or indifferent. They can never bear to throw anything away, for fear it might be of service at some time, so that their mental storehouses are clogged with all sorts of rubbish. If these people would only have a regular house-cleaning at the beginning of the new year, and throwaway all the

rubbish, everything of a doubtful value, and systematise and arrange what is left, they might amount to something; but no one can do good work, with his mind full of discord and

Get rid of the rubbish. Do not go Get rid of the rubbish. Do not go through life burdened with non-essential meaningless things. Everywhere we see people who are handicapped, doing everything to a great disadvantage, because they never will let go of anything. They are like the overcareful housekeeper, who never throws anything away, for fear it may be of use in the future, and whose attic and woodshed, and every closet and corner in the house, are piled up with rubbish which "might be wanted some time" The habit of throwing away rubbish is of inestimable value.—Success.

A Quaker's |Advice. William Penn, like all Quakers, was a foe to intoxicating drinks, and was one day trying to induce a friend to

of inestimable value.—Success.

a los to induce a friend to abstain from them.

"But it is so hard," said the man.

"Not so," answered Penn, "it is easy as opening thy haud."

"Convince me of that," was the answer, "and I will never touch whiskey again."

"Well, my dear friend," said Penu,

"if thee finds a glass of liquor in thy hand, just open thy hand before the glass touches thy lips and, my word for it, you will be cured of & inking."

The man saw the force of the Quaker's ilogic, put it into practice, and became a sober citizen of the City of Brotherly Love.—B. C. Orphan Friend.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Transparent Valley. "My boy needs another visit to 'The Transparent Valley,' I think," said Mrs. Crawford, stopping to smooth away the frown on Jack's forehead. "If you only knew how cross you look,

Jack blushed and crept sight, behind the hedge to think it out.
It all started when his little sister
Beth saked him to share his apple with
her. Now I am sorry to say, although
Jack was a good boy, he was very, very

For a while he sat there hidden by For a while he sat there hidden by the green leaves, "fighting it out," as he expressed it. Two blue jays saudly peeped through the bushes at him, then flew away singing in a rasping tone. And once, a bunsy stopped for a moment to look, skitting through the leaves in long, frightened leaps when Jack turned his head.

"Expressibling accume affected of me." he

to swamp him.
"Yes, this is mine, and that, and

"Yes, this is mine, and that, and that. How they sweep everything before them! I couldn't build a dam strong enough to hold them, and if I wade in after the waves I'll be drowned Whatever shall I do?"
"Commence at the beginning!"
whispered something.
Just then the tide turned, and the waves rolled out toward the other shore.

waves rolled out toward the other shore.

"Oh, don't go away," he called pleadingly. "You may hurt someone, and I should feel so badly."

"Too late now," murmured the something in his ear. "You scarted us, and we must go on until you head us off."

On, on the waves rolled, one after another. Jack watched them disappear from view, going on, on, on, he knew not where.

"What a wicked boy I have been with my selfah acts; but I didn't know as it would make any difference to other people. Ughl how ugly theylook I know a way though, and I'll begin right away."

"Here, Beth i" he called running around the house where his sister was playing. "You may have the apple, all of it."

"Me lubs you, Jack, when you is dood," whispered the little tot. "Where have you been?"

"Why, to 'The Transparent Valley,'" he answered.

"Where is that?"

"Where is that?"
"Never mind, little sis; brother will tell you when you are older."—Our Young People.

speak pleasantly to older persons, to put every garment in its proper place, to remove their hats upon entering a house, to attend strictly to their own business, and to be as kind and helpful nt in its proper place, hats upon entering a to their sisters as to other

THE BODY OF THE FAITHFUL WITH
THE CRIMES OF OUTSIDERS.

"When a Catholic is in trouble,"
says the New Zealand Tablet, "the first thing he thinks of is the priest; and, as he is sure to be in need of either spiritual or temporal help, there is little likelihood of his denying his faith. It is otherwise with other religious denominations, and by a system of false declarations at the police office the Catholic body is continually being saddled with the arit nother. a system of false declarations at the police office the Catholic body is continually being saddled with the crimes and misdemeanors of the black sheep in other folds."

Our contemporary cites a striking case in point that occurred recently in a Sydney police court. One Edward Nathan, charged with illegally selling liquor was being examined by the Magistrate, and this colloquy took place:
"Of what religion are you?"

"Then why did you put yourself down on the charge sheet as a Roman Catholic?"

"When I was locked up I gave my religion as Roman Catholic."
"But why?"

"But why?"

"I always am a Roman Catholic when I get locked up."

It appears to be a cosmopolitan device, this being a Catholic when one gets "locked up." It is notorious that in the police courts of our own large cities, Catholics (and generally lrish) names are habitually taken by delinquents whose physiognomies give the lie to their chosen aliasses as emphatically as did that of Marion Craw. phatically as did that of Marion Craw pnatically as did that of marion Craw-ford's little Italian bootblack to the cognomen "Murphy" which he had proudly adopted. By the same token we notice that then name of "John Marion "marging law York the was given in New York the some police case. It developed later on that the name was an assumed one, and the clergyman a sectaria and the clergyman a sectarian preacher, not a Catholic priest. as would be the natural connotation of "the Rev. John Murphy." An authoritative record of "Who's Who"

in the police court would disclose some world misfits of names to nationalities and religions."—Ave Maria.

ple—as a stake—over young popular to continue that make a continue that make a continue that make a good about a stake of the process of the state of the process of the process of the state of the process of the state of the process of the process of the state of the process of the proce

WHY I BECAME A CATHOLIC." Of course, I became a Catholic through the grace of God and the faith which He gave me. As an Anglican I had been taught the unity of the Church as expressed in the creed, but I sought in vain for unity of faith in Anglicanism. Then I had presented to me the Branch Church theory—that the Catholic Church consisted of three branches, the Roman, the Anglican and the Eastern. But there again I was confronted with the absolute hopelessness of any sign of real unity in the three. They essentially differed from one another, and therefore, while one of the three might be the Catholic Church as instituted by Christ, all three could not form it.

Then I saw that if the, faith were to be one as given by its Divine Founder.

Then I saw that it the faith were to be one as given by its Divine Founder, there must be visible unity in the Church, a visible authority and a living witness capable of interpreting revelation necessitating the presence of a visible head. At that critical moment tion necessitating the presence of a visible head. At that critical moment there fell into my hands a pamphlet dealing with the supremacy of the Holy See. I began the study of Papal authority, and the more I studied the more convinced I became that Scripture declared it, history confirmed it and the Fathers and Councils were unanimous upon it. Ubi Petrus ibi Ecclesia and so I was led to make my submission, a step which, far from ever regretting, I daily thank God more and more for having taken.

More than ever do I see, in these times of rationalism and new theologies the bright light of the truth of Peter's supremacy, like a light house light ever burning steadily and clearly to guide mankind to the haven of eternal salvaion.—Dr. G. W. B. Marsh, F. R. Hist., Soc., in the London Monitor and New Era.

THE VIRGIN BIRTH OF CHRIST SOUND CATHOLIC DOCTRINE BY A SCOTCH

Sound Catholic dectrine was affirmed by Dr. James Orr, professor of apologetics and theology in Glasgow College, in Tremont Temple, Boston, on 29th ult.

things:
"If the end and the middle of that life had a supernatural element and quality, why not its beginning? If the Incarnation of the Son of God be allowed, why not allow the virgin birth? So interwoven are the two that their acceptance or rejection usually go to gether. The consensus of the best scholarship is overwhelmingly in favor of the virgin birth.

"The question at issue is primarily one of fact. The testimony of the manuscripts is unanimous. The narratives of Matthew and Luke are his torical. These sole accounts of Our Lord's birth attest that He was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, and while these narratirgin Mary, and while these narratives are not free from minor discrepancies and some difficulties, still both internal and external features show them to be genuine, authentic and credible.

and credible.

"The story of the virgin birth has an historical setting, time and place being fixed, pinning it down to Bethlehem in the days of Herod; and is told, not with the puerile accessories of an apocryphal myth, but in a tone of veriside, amid matter of fact genealog ies, independent, divergent, yet com-plementary and as an integral part of parrations circumstantial and palpably

"The character of the story, on the "The character of the story, on the face of it, is primitive, Hebraic, fitting in with that Old Testament atmosphere which hangs about the persons and events and psalmody with which it is interwoven, while a poetic spirit breathes through the record of the virgin birth and while that record bears marks of exaltation and rapture, the bedrof it is as sober a proce and

Professor Orr antagonizes the idea that the supernatural birth is a thing indifferent to the substance of the Christian faith, and asserts that in practice, belief in the miraculous conception and in the substance of the continuous and in the substance of the continuous continuous and in the substance of the su

ception and in the sinlessness of Jesus stand or fall together. He does not concede that the article of the miraon concede that the article of the miracu lous conception is an unescential one, but regards it as an essential part of the Christian creed, and believes the narratives of the nativity, which, in their ground traits could only come from the Virgin Mother herself, are true, historical and reliable. Luke (1:3) had perfect understanding of all things from the very first.

things from the very first.

John gives the divine genealogy of Jesus, and Matthewand Luke His human high. birth. Joseph stood to Jesus in loco parentis.

A TWILIGHT INCIDENT.

By John Kevin Magner in May Donahoe's And here is the third picture which the words of Mrs. Craigie bring to mind—a picture which haunts me more persistently than either of the fore-going, and with a pathos that is denied to them.

o them.

It is a dark autumn evening, and a student for the priesthood is kneeling in an alcove at the side of the sanctu-ary in an Irish Church. From where he kneels he can see into the body of the dimly-lit, poor little building, him-self remaining unseen. An old, old woman, whose life of sorrow and of poverty he knows, is alone before the Blessed Sacrament — or so deems her-Blessed Sacrament — or so deems herself to be. She is making her adieux
for the night to the sole Friend Whom
death and the emigrant ships have left
her. A slow and painful genuflection
— a slow and reluctant turning of the
bowed back upon Him she loved — and
then she turns again smiling, and holds WHEN YOU ASK FOR

SURPRISE HARD SOAP.

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

out withered hands to the Tabernsele. 'Good-night," she says aloud. night-Mayourneen!

Divorce in Mexico.

A writer in the New York Sun, speaking of marriages in Mexico, tells us in the following extract what the Mexicans think of divorce. He writes: Mexicans think of divorce. He writes:
"The divorce laws now in force in
the United States have been severely
and repeatedly criticised in private by
both men and women of the higher
class in this country, on the ground
that man and woman, once united in

matrimony, ought never to separate. "The theory is too deeply rooted in their minds to permit a man or woman to resort to the court of divorce in Mexico, but it is never ad hered to as a principle; it is simply a question of self-respect. The separa-tion of husband and wife excludes both from high society, and even their sons and daughters are made to feel the effects of public scorn; sometimes pars the son or daughter from matri-mony, while social intercourse become ssible for the divorced husband

The advocates of tandem polygamy that is becoming so common in the United States might take a lesson in morals from our Mexican neighbors.— N. Y. Freeman's Journal.



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CTURES rted Subjects ic. per doz. ndrec RECORD

NADA ****** A GREAT WORD JUST NOW-ITS RESPECTIVE MEANINGS IN THE NATURAL AND MOBAL ORDERS.

From the Monitor Newark Every one knows what atmosphere means in the natural order. It is the air which envelops us, which we hereathe, in which we live. It is an element which is a condition of life, when element which is a condition. When it is pure, it is a source of life and health, and adds to our comfort and happiness. When it is foul, it occasions discomfort, it breeds disease, it undermines health and is the prelude and forerunner of death.

and forerunner of death.

There is an atmosphere in which no human being can live, an atmosphere fixed with noxious gases and destroying vapors. From this general description we recognize the material atmosphere.

But there is a moral atmosphere also But there is a more standard and a more standard and in the same of the same o upon which they so much rely. This "atmosphere" depends on the condiand circumstances which surround the individual. It may be pure or it may be foul, just as the material atmosphere. It may conduce to moral health and development or it may stifle the soul by its deadly fumes. But cer tain it is that it is an element from

whose influence no one can escape, as it is a condition of life.

! Now, there is no age so much affected atmosphere as childhood and youth, the age of growth and develop-ment. A noxious atmosphere will un-dermine the health of the child, stunt opment, turn him into the world puny, delicate and handicapped in the race of

And if this be true in the material order, how much more so in the moral order and the religious order? There is nothing which counts so much in the tenting of a child, in the formation of training of a child, in the formation of his character, in the development of his moral and religious life as the at mosphere of the home and school. These are the chief formative elements in the life of the child, and their atmosphere ille of the child, and their atmosphere is the determining factor in the future of the boy or girl. For the present we leave the home aside and we confine ourselves to the school, and particularly to the school for boys.

We have noticed with regret a growing tendency on the part of Catholic

ing tendency on the part of Catholic parents to send their sons to non-Catholic colleges. We are told by these Catholic parents that the faith of their children is safeguarded by the fact that no opposition is made to the practice of the Catholic religion and no positive argument uttered in the class-room is against any religion. But we will waive these contentions for the moment and simply ask: "But what about the simply ask: "But what about the atmosphere of these non-Catholic col-

Augustine Birrell, an original thinker and writer of great power in one of his essays thus speaks of "Atmos-"Atmosphere is a great word just

Atmosphere is a great war for the work of the work of

And, mark you, Augustine Birreil is talking precisely about the atmosphere

what is the atmosphere of non Catholic where it is not positively non-Catholic where it is not positively indifferentist or infidel. * * * Unless of the from the foundation of the from the fro through extraord nary efforts home, which we have neither the right nor the reason to presume in these cases and even then often in spite of the up weak and stunted in his faith. What other result could we expect from such efforts of the parer an atmosphere?

Faith is a delicate flower; it demands Catholic principles and Oatholic examples. And, beyond all, it needs the atmosphere of the Blessed Sacrament, the inspiration of the tabernacie and all which this signifies and implies.

and all which this signifies and implies.

Catholic parents, it is the old, old question which lies before you, the question which your forefathers answered in the days of famine and persecution, the question which faces every man some time in his career, the historic question which will never

down: "God or the world?"

HOW DEATH CAME TO THE SON OF M. COMBES.

There is something at once pitiful and ghastly in the story of the recent death of Edgar Combes, son of the ex-President of the French Council, whose President of the French Council, whose name figures so prominently in the persecution of religion in France. This is how it is described by the Peuple Francais of Paris:

"The ex-President's son had been moved to the religious house in the Rue Maurepas to undergo the operation for composition. Puring the

tion for appendicitis. During the operation the surgeons lost all hope of saving their patient and fearing a catastrophe sent word to the family. Then, to avoid comments, the parents of Edgar gave orders that the dving man should be moved either to No. 9 Rae du Peintre Lebrun or to No. 1 Avenue de Picardie, the residence of his father in-law. But in spite of the haste made by the subordinates of ex-President Combes, when the ambulance arrived Edgar had already died in the house of the Franciscan Sisters of the Rue Maurepas. But this did not prevent the family from having Edgar Combes buried civilly or M. Varrault, the representative of the government at the funeral, from delivering over the grave a most violent discourse against the religious congregations!"

MODERN FAGINS.

In Chicago the other day an eighteen-year-old youth was arrested and confessed to more than a score of burglaries. It is not strange. burglaries. It is not strange. With cheap theatres the country over setting before the babies in the gallery hold-ups and burglaries, murders, divorce and almost everything degrading to the plastic mind of youth, the surprise really is that more young men do not resort to the mask and dark lantern as an easy way of making a living. No means appears to be available whereby the evit influence of the blood and thunder playhouse may be curbed. In this city last week at a curbed. In this city last week at a cheap theatre was enacted a so-called play founded on the recent shameful trial in New York. Those who attended the first performances say that the production was about as prurient as it was possible to make it. It was so bad that the authorities were obliged to interfere, after which it was expurgated to a certain extent. And the shame of it is that the place where this sname of it is that the place where this lewd thing was put on was patronized largely by women. Brazenly they stood in line for half an hour or more, waiting for their turn at the box office.

Were there mothers among them?

Then what are we to expect of the sons and daughters of such women?

Then for the more genteel youth who can afford something better than the 10-20-30 stands, we have the gentle manly Rafflus who gives a most explicit demonstration of the possibilities of burglars.

burglary.
But the low or the high theatre is not entirely responsible for the boy burglar. Just at present the clientele of that eminently respectable journal, The Saturday Evening Post, is being regaled with the brilliant accomplishents of a professional burglar. His aethods are set forth in detail—the making of skeleton keys, precautions necessary, accurate instructions for safe-blowing, everything for the suc-cessful nocturnal visit and escape with

the booty.

If it is true that publishers print what the people demand, then readers of the Philadelphia sheet must be said to be possessed of deplorably bad de-

Surely it is bad enough when boys are led astray by evil companions, but when so - called high - class journals undertake to teach the fastiduous art of house breaking they should be treated as is the housebreaker, and perhaps, the punishment meted out to Dickens' despicable Jew would not be too severe. — Buffalo Catholic Union and

ALONE WITH GOD.

In the series of articles that Oswald Crawford is writing for the Inter-Mountain Catholic, the author de-scribes a visit to a Catholic Indian school in Arizona. The heroic self-sacrifice of the Sisters in charge may be gleaned fron the following narra-

The drive from Tuscon to the mis-

sion is nine miles. To your left, with-in sound of its gurgling waters, flows the Santa Cruz that for 400 years has the Santa Cruz that for 400 years has filled a prominent place in the real and legendary history of Arizona. Springing from the floor of the valley the Tuscon range of mountains and hills rise majestically to the right and stretch southward to an interminable distance. Far away to the southwest — miles and miles away—the "Twin Battes," inflated with copper, tower in imperial isolation. Five miles from Tuscon the road suddenly miles from Tuscon the road suddenly rises and at once the bell shaped dome and the Moorish towers of the church of the Papagoes break the sky line to the south. Another mile and we enter the reservation and are received with an infernal dissonance of barks, snarls and growls from a yelping pack of unpedigreed curs of low estate. The road winds through and around Faith is a delicate flower; it demands pure atmosphere and constant nurture and attention. The slighest shock in the years of youth ofttimes injures it, lessens its strength, retards its life, mayhap blemishes its beauty. Above all things else, it needs a Catholic atmosphere. It demands Catholic life around it, and Catholic traditions and Catholic principles and Oatholic examples. And, beyond all, it needs admiration to the three Sisters of the community of St. Joseph, who for community of St. Joseph, who for years have devoted their lives to the ntal and spiritual uplifting of the mental and spiritual upitting of the Indian children of the reservation. I found the class rooms clean, a plenti-ful supply of blackboards and mural tablets and the walls ornamented with sacred and other pictures. The chil-dren were almost as dark as negroes, their coal black hair falling over their shoulders and their snake-like eyes piercing and searching me as if I were an enemy. What clothes they were clean and I found them as intelligent and as far advanced in their elementary studies as the chil-dren of white parents. "Sister," I "how often do you have Mass

"Twice a month, sir,"

"Twice a month, sir,"
"And in the meantime?"
"In the meantime we are alone with
the Blessed Sacrament."
"Oh! the Bishop then permits the
'Reservation' in your oratory."
"Yes, without the Blessed Sacra
ment we could not live here. We
three are alone. We have no amusements are society and outside of our ments, no society and, outside of our-selves, no companionship. We do our own cooking, our own washing, our own serubbing and teach these-eighty-five children six hours a day and give them an hour's religious instruction on Sunday. We all teach some of them music and all of them singing."

I shook hands with these heroic and estimable ladies, thanked them for their courtesies and as I passed across the "patio" to enter the church some lines from the exquisite poem, "The Sister of Charity," by my fellow countryman, Gerald Griffin, unbidden, visited my memory.

Behold her ye worldly, behold her ye vain, Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who give up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise."
—True Voice.

DRAMATIC DEATH-BED TESTI. MONY.

GOOD PRIEST SAW THE QUESTION IN THE DOCTOR'S MIND AND ANSWERED

In her biography of the late Magr. Segur, Katherine O'Meara describes a notable circumstance in which that good priest, in dying, testified to the faith that was in him, and reassured the wavering belief of the attending physician:

the wavering belief of the attending physician:

"The agony had begun and the body was in sore distress. Suddenly, a fleroe temptation seized upon the young medical man. 'Suppose,' he thought, 'there should be after all no future state, no immortality, no heaven to reward the life of sacrifice that is abbling away in pain and strife. Sup ebbing away in pain and strife. Sup pose that when the vital principle leaves this poor, struggling body, there is nothing beyond but annihilation.'
"The doubt clutched him like a liv-

"The doubt clutched him like a living farse; it was horrible, intolerable;
his whole being inwardly cried out
against it and prayed to be delivered
from it, but it held him as with a
physical grasp. At last, with his eyes
fixed on his dying friend, he said internally, 'Oh, if there be a hereafter,
if there be a heaven, and you go there
will you not come back and give me
some sign that I may believe? Scarcely had the thought present through his will you not come back and give me some sign that I may believe? Scarce-ly had the thought passed through his mind, when Msgr. de Segur, awaken-ing from the lethargy of death that was

ing from the lethargy of death that was already upon him, turned his head towards the young man and with a great effort, said distinctly, 'Believe, my son, believe, my child: believe.'
"Then, sinking back into the lethargy, he went on with his agony, and never spoke again. Only the soul to whom the mysterious words were addressed understood the meaning of whom the mysterious words were ad-dressed, understood the meaning of them; but to that soul they remained and must ever remain, a divine mes-sage of strength and consolation."

WHAT IS BUDDHISM?

Buddhism, considered as the body of Buddhism, considered as the body of doctrine attributed to Buddha, is not a religion, nor is it in sympathy with religion. Resognizing neither a divinity nor a heaven, it is a system of Oriental atheism; pronouncing man's existence as an evil, and his annihila tion bliss. It is moreover, an embodi-ment of oriental pessimism. The sum of its doctrines is, ethical culture with out religion. This is the "pure" philosophy of Buddhism. Buddhism was a modification, or—to

use a more modern word—a heresy of the primitive religion of Hindoostan. It sprang out of Brahminism. Brahminism was a religion of great antiquity, some of its standard authorities having been written prior to the time of Moses.

The Brahmin creed was a very lofty and pure Monothelsm. Brahminism recognized the existence of one supreme, eternal and infinite spirit, and its idea of God was wonderfully ac-curate. The moral code of Brahmin-ism was lofty in the extreme, and demanded profound admiration. Gradually this ancient and pure faith decayed and lapsed into the worship of God's work—nature. It was about this time that Buddha is supposed to have lived. What did Buddha do? He took Brah-minism as he found it and flung from it all its religion : he struck God out of it all its religion; he struck God out of it and made it atheism. In place of the theory of absorption in Brahma, he substituted annihilation. That was how he introduced light. He simply put out the light he found burning. What did he do with its morality? He took its code of morals and struck out of it God and religions he left the law. took its code of morals and struck out of it God and religion; he left the law, but took away the law-giver. He found ethical culture without religion, and put the light out, instead of giving more light. That was what the sensualist, Buddha, accomplished for humanity.—Father Hoeffer, S. J.

As the child sits at the table with his parents, so he should join with them in family prayer. When the parents pray with and for their children, their prayers have a special power.

DIOCESE OF LONDON,

PARISH OF WOODSTOCK PARISH OF WOODSTOCK.

Rev. J. F. Stanley, who had been for some years connected with the Cathedral in London, has removed to his parish in Woodstock, During Father Stanley's term in London he had endeared himself to the people of the Cathedral parish because of his zeal in the strict performance of every priestly duty, and the possession of those qualities which render a priest truly the father of his flock. That God's blessing may attend him in his new sphere of labor is the wish of his many friends in London.

DIOCESE OF PETERBORO.

PRESENTATION TO REV. DR. O'BRIEN. PRESENTATION TO REV. DR. O'BRIEN.
At the last meeting of the Ladies Literary Society of St. Peter's Total Abstinence Society, a very pleasant event took place. This was an address and presentation to Rev. Dr. O Brien by the society. The presentation consisted of a beautiful club bag with fittings and a purse of gold. Rev. Dr. O Brien is about to pay a visit to Ireland and one of the pleasarse of this visit we are sure will be a knowledge that he is so greatly esteemed in the pleasarse of this visit we are sure will be a knowledge that he is so greatly esteemed in the pleasarse of this visit we are sure will be a knowledge that he is so greatly esteemed in the pleasarse of this visit we are sure will be a knowledge that he is or greatly esteemed in the pleasarse of this visit we are sure will be a knowledge that he is or greatly esteemed in the Polacopal Colonial of the work of the William of t

ated.

Ab the closing meeting of the L dies Literary Society, of the T. A. S., beld May 3rd, the report of the past season's meetings was presented by Miss Coleman, who has most ably filled the office of secretary during the season just closed. Her report was a comprehensive review of the operations of the society during a season which has been successful in every way.

Davis - At Enterprise, Ont., on May 12, 1907, Mr. George Davis, aged seventy four years, May his soul rest in peace! O'REILLY —At Kingsbridge, on May 7, 1907. Mrs O'Reilly aged seventy six. May her sou



IRISH NATIONAL CONVENTION. UNANIMOUS DISAPPROVAL OF MR. BIRRELL

UNANIMOUS DISAPPROVAL OF MR, BIRRELL'S

BILL

Dublin, May 21.— The largest, most representative and most harmonious convention which ever assembled in Ireland to-day repudiated the plan for a limited Irish council, which was all the Liberal government had to offer in fulfillment of its campaign promises. This action killed the hope of any Home Rule legislation by the 'present Parliament, created a serious split in the government's forces and may have far-reaching results.

The temper of the convention was plain. No one had a word to offer in behalf of the bill, Home Rule or nothing was the unanimous sentiment and the resolution rejecting the measure, proposed by John E. Redmond commanded every vote.

The Irish Parliamentarians had been deluged with resolutions from town councils and other bodies, all denouncing the bill, The country spoke in an unmitstakable voice and the Irish members of Parliament cheerfully acquiesced to its will.

Three thousand delegates came here to attend the convention, and soon after the doors of the Mansion House were opened it was impossible to get into the building. The gathering lacked the spirit of the old Home Rule gatherings, when Davitt, Dillon, Healy and other flery orators thad the centre of the stage. The speeches were temperate and there was little deaunciation of the government.

The keynote of the orations and of several resolutions was that the bill was an insult to irreland.

As soon as the gathering opened it became

The keynote of the government.
The keynote of the orations and of several resolutions was that the bill was an insult to irreland.
As soon as the gathering opened it became known that the measure, as a result of gesterday's meeting of the Irish leaders, would be rejected, and that a resolution, to be introduced by John K. Redmond, chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party, settling the fate of the bill, had been prepared.
The floor of the rotunda was packed with delegates representing every part of Ireland, including many ef the Roman Catholic clergy.
MR. REDMOND PRESIDES,
Mr. Redmond, who presided, was greeted with great cheering.
His first words were: "The heart of every Irishman in the world goes out to John Dillon in the hour of his great affliction."
A resolution of sympathy with Mr. Dillon in the loss of his wife was adopted, as was another for the widow of Michael Davitt, who died since the last convention, recalling Davitt's imprisonment for Ireland's sake and the part he bore in raising the Irish peasant from a serf to a freeman." Telegrams of greeting from many Irish societies in America and elsewhere were read, after which Mr. Redmond reminded the delegates that Ireland's fitness for self government would be judged by their conduct at this convention.

Mr. Redmond then read the resolution on the Irish bill, which was clamorously cheered, as follows: "That this convention representative of

risn Dill, which was olamorously cheered, as follows:

"That the opinion, emphatically places on retaining the profound conviction that nothing can satisfy the national aspiration of Ireland or bring peace and contentment to our people, but a measure of self-government which will give the Irelah people complete control of their domestic affairs.

It is the sense where wavered in our belief that it is impossible to produce any logical or workable scheme for the extension and development of popular power and responsibility in Ireland short of the concession of Home Rule. at the sams sime all Directory of the 5th of Feb 1997, and with the public declarations made from time to time on our behalf, we have been willing to give fair consideration to any scheme prepared by the British ministers which in their opinion warper policy to which they would be pledged.

That having considered the Irish council bill introduced by the Government we declare that it is utterly inadequave in its scope and unsutifactory in its declare, and the production of such a measure by the British Government pedged to Home Rule as confirmation of the position we have always taken—that fany attempt to settle the Irish problem by mind measures would be onlyed the production of such a measure by the British Government bell in the House of Common sand press upon the Government with all their strength and power to introduce a measure for the establishment of a native Parliament, with a responsible executive having power over all purely active the Irish problem by all many the same proposal might be authorized in the proposal or our representatives in Parliament, and enable them to effectively press for the speedy and genuino settlement of the Irish question.

Summarizing her views, Mr. Redmond asserted the framers of the bill, or to the government and the ability to the proposal might be authorized in order to fulfill their promises and so that the grown many proposal might be authorized to the linear party is independent, iff can have a conventio

Mr. Benjamin Spedding, President of the Mail-Fit Clothing Co., of Montreal, leaves this week on a purchasing trip to the Old Country, He will visit all the big mills of Yorkshire and the South of Scotland.

TEACHER WANTED, WANTED TEACHER FOR R. C. SEPAR-ate school, No. 3. A Malden Duties to commence August 19, 1997. Apply stating salary and qualification of certificate to John Dufour. Sec.-Trees., North Malden P. O., Ont.

WANTED, TWO CATHOLIC MALE teachers for the Wikwemikong Bors In dustrial School, Salary \$25.00 a month. Duties to commence August 19, 1907. Good position, Board and lodging in the college. Absolutely no expenses. Excelent opportunities for private studies. Apply to Rev. Father Th. Couture, S. J., Wikwemikong, Ont. 1433 tf

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OF CANADA

NOTICE IS HEREBY given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent. (11%) for the current quarter, being at the rate of six per cent. (6%) per annum on the capital stock of this bank, has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the head office and at the branches on

and after Thursday the 16th day of May next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 1st to the 15th May, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board, Toronto, 30th March, 1907. D. M. STEWART, Gen. Mgr. London Branch-Opposite City Hall, F. E. KARN, Manager. London East Branch-635 Dundas St., W. J. HILL, Manager.

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An EVANS VACUUM CAP will be sent you for sixty days' free trial. If you do not see a gradual development of a new growth of hair, and are not convinced that the Cap will completly restore your hair, you are at liberty to return the Cap with no expense whatever to yourself. It is requested, as an evidence of good faith, that the price of the Cap be deposited with the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company of London, the largest financial and business institution of the kind in the world, who will issue a receipt guaranteeing that the money will be returned in full, on demand without questions or comment, at any time during the trial period.

The eminent Dr. I. N. LOVE, in his address to the Medical Board on the subject of Alopaecia lloss of hair] stated that if a means could be de devised to bring nutrition to the hair follicles (hair roots), without resorting to any irritating process, the problem of hair growth would be solved. Later on, when the EVANS VACUUM CAP was submitted to him for inspection, he remarked that the Cap would fulfil and confirm in practice the observations he had previously made before the Medical Board.

Dr. W. Moore, referring to the invention says that the principle upon which the Evans Vacuum Cap is founded is absolutely correct and indisputable.

An illustrated and descriptive book of the Evans Vacuum Cap will be sent, post free on application

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THE CATHOLIC EMIGRATION ASSO CIATION.

WHOSE HEADQUARTERS AND RE coiving Home are a Hintonburgh, Onto, have a limited number of little girls between the ages of four and ten, for adoption. Enquiries regarding them should, be made to Mr. Cecil Arden, Agent Catholic Emigration Association. St. George's Home, Hintonburgh, Ontario.

C. M. B. A.-Branch No. 4, London Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at 8 o'clook, at their hall, in Albion Blook, Richmond Street. M. J. McGrath. President; P. F. Boyle, Scoretary.

Just Out The Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament of Penance.

By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L. 15 cents post-paid

VOLUME XXI

The Catholic

LONDON, SATURDAY, JU CLEMENCEAU AND HI

In the Nineteenth Cent says that M. Clemenceau an opportunity of avowing and this system is no other and fast materialism-the of forty years ago in all i narrowness and overweer The son of a Vendean docto allowed his children to b he grew up a flerce revolu sta.nch atheist. He hate ity, which he always confu asticism and the self-slav cetics, but he preaches se charity. If he does, the not based on his avowe "Ought we," says anothe poses as a consistent de wanting in logic as the who have not the con martyrs or false material virtue is yet honorable o sceptics who doubt of e their own doubt." Or, Smith declares in one

"The authority of seems to me, is religion tion of its awards appear thing beyond temporal ity, or the dictates of absence of such a san there be to prevent a ma cent or murderous, keeps within the pale manages to escape the po The paganism of to-da

enceau, we are told, is a

is paganism which, sits Priapue, has newfangle vices, and, having drain sensuous gratification to fles despair and suicide. have called the modern charity and self-denial dead, putrescent cant. mental doctrine is the r the flesh with its vices cences. And one need into the domain of n literature without di many of its poets and novelists are of the slime school. Effemina note. Instead of religi epigrams and pretty pe of corruption. No w that Clemenceau, as th hates God and harps s "crimes of God." H himself to believe that really love human being mere pretence. That i the victims of his chari fellows, may be vouche which have not, we p his observation. The officials of the Dunkir some small-pox patient pagan charity—that is help them: two Sist however, looked upon dear brothers " and

A QUOTAT

In a work, " Christi Japan," by Ernest W from the press of the Publication Society, flad the following tri

"But as ever and Roman Catholic mission female, have been of work with complete d sacrifice in a quiet ar manner. . . The splendid charities. care for the helpless, than all the Protest bined."

WORTH REMI

Our readers shoul the foreign correspon the " French news advocate in behalf o ernment. By misrep ing the words of the suppressing the tru the false, phrasing th conciliatory policy of Briand, they contri worthy people belie must rest wholly Though we have pre in its true light, let time with Father G guide, lay before which should not be

1. After the Sta entire property of Separation Law was declares that build Catholic worship mu olio worship alone under which they depend wholly upo