

TONIC
Effect

Lotus, Mo., June, 1895.
at doctors of this and
for ten years' suffer-
ing from nervousness,
and nervous attack; it
is a medicine of my own
experience.

is Studies.
Conc., August, 1893.
I had the first attack
of this disease, and
was advised by a
doctor to take Dr. Cass's
Nervine Tonic, and
after using it for some
time, I feel much better,
and my nervousness
has almost entirely
disappeared.

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The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY, 9, 1897.

NO. 951.

A Secret.

Dropping from her leafy bower
In the twilight's drowsy hour,
To wake each nodding flower,
Comes the lark on pinions gay;
Comes to bid the roselark greet
That the shades of night are fleeting,
That the sunbeams higher creep,
Tell the birth of cheerful day;
Comes to wake it from its sleeping,
To console it in its weeping,
And to kiss its tears away.
Swift the graceful rose makes answer
To the greeting of the lark!

Sweetest perfume, gently streaming,
From each petal softly gleaming,
In the morning's rose's beaming,
Tell the lark the rose's dreaming,
Through the hours so still and dark,
Tales of love and tales of pleasure,
Tell those perfumes all the day,
Ask the rose! 'Tis a secret,
Locked within its petal heart:
One sweet tale it tells to treasure
Dearer far than all the rest,
Nought but Death's unyielding fingers
Wrings this secret from its breast:
All through life it closes tight,
And the breath that first reveals it
Bears the rose a life away!

List the singing of the river
Flowing on through flowery dells!
Sweeter far than lily's measure
Are the tales its music tells.
List more closely, 'neath that music
Speaks a voice more softly clear:
Speaks of "let not 'Tis a secret,
Destined not for mortal ear!"

Ask the dove, his white mate wooing,
If his coyly gentle cooing,
No sweet secret doth conceal;
Has no deeper, purer meaning
Than to man it tells its tale,
Ask him—no! but ask his white mate,
And her fluttering heart will own
That that cooing heart a secret
Known to her and to her mate,
Known to them and them alone!

Heart of mine! hast thou no secret,
Naught thou wouldst forever keep
Locked from man's profaning vision,
Treasured deep, concealed forever,
Dying not, but sleeping ever,
Sleeping till death's sword shall sever,
Till that final secret to thee,
Till the moment dawn's wild straining
Burst and set the captive free?
Have thy sighs no deeper meaning
Than of querulous complaining?

Are they as the river's singing
Speaking e'er but never disclosing
One sweet dream in these responses?
Are they as the gentle cooing
Of the dove his mate wooing?
Speak and tell me, tell me truly,
Heart of mine, speak but to me,
Speak to me, and to no other,
Be it father, sister, brother,
Speak not e'er 'tho' 'tis his mother.

For to them it is a secret,
And that secret never to be told,
And thou never must reveal it,
Naught from them must ever steal it.
With it thou must never part,
Till death's hand shall sever it from thee,
As the icy breath of winter
Snatches life in richest fragrance,
From the rose's breaking heart!
—Timothy J. Dessey in Catholic Columbian.

THE BIBLE NOT A SUFFICIENT RULE OF FAITH.

A Canadian subscriber sends us a small pamphlet requesting that we make some comment on it. It is issued by a Protestant tract society of Toronto, and claims to prove that the Catholic Church is at variance with the Bible. The plan of the author of the tract is to first state what he believes to be a Catholic doctrine, then state the contrary or contradictory of it, and then endeavor to prove the latter from the Bible. The plan is a good one. It makes the issues clear and in few words. Some of his statements of words, Catholic doctrine are correct, others are incorrect and others misleading. In dealing with each we will refer it to its proper class.

The first proposition which the tract lays down as Catholic doctrine is this: "Holy Scripture does not contain all that is necessary to salvation." This we accept as a correct statement of what Catholics believe. In opposition to the above the tract gives the following: "Holy Scripture does contain all that is necessary to salvation," and endeavors to prove it from Scripture. These two propositions being contrary, it follows that if the former be true the latter is false, and if the latter be true the former is false. Therefore, if we show that the latter is false we prove the truth of the former, or Catholic proposition. Let us then consider the latter, namely, that the Scripture contains all that is necessary to salvation.

There is at least one thing necessary to salvation that the Scripture does not contain. This one exception is sufficient to upset his proposition. The Scripture in many places commands that the Sabbath, the seventh day, Saturday, be kept holy. "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labor and shall do all thy work. But on the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. Thou shalt do no work on it." (Exodus xx., 8, 9.) The Rev. Mr. Gardner will look in vain for any text of Scripture abrogating this command or giving a new one. Now, as he can find no authority in the Scripture relieving him from the above command recorded in the Scripture, he must admit one of two things—either that there is some authority not found in the Scripture to justify his disregard of the written law or that he has seen all his life disobeying the command to keep Saturday, the

seventh day, holy. In a word, that he has not been doing what is necessary to salvation, and is therefore not in the way of salvation. To justify his conduct he must go out of his Bible and appeal to Christian tradition. The Scripture, then, does not contain all that is necessary to salvation.

But there are other things in Rev. Mr. Gardner's view that are necessary to salvation and yet are not found in the Scriptures. He does not find in them any statement defining what constitutes the Bible, how many books complete it. There is no list of such books in the Bible. The only authority he has for the book as at present made up is that of tradition and the Catholic Church. He can find no authority in the Bible that any of its books are authentic, and no authority that the Bible as a whole is inspired, no authority that it has not been corrupted in the course of ages or that it has been correctly translated. As a matter of fact he has accepted the book as divine authority external to it, on Jewish and Christian tradition, and the authority of the Catholic Church. He has done this unconsciously, and never thought of analyzing the process by which he arrived at his present mental attitude in regard to the book.

But the Bible itself gives unmistakable evidence that it does not contain all that is necessary to salvation. St. Paul in his second epistle to the Thessalonians (ii., 14), says: "Brethren, stand fast and hold the traditions which you have learned by word or by our epistles." Here St. Paul makes a distinction between traditions handed down by word and the truths contained in his letter. Both are to be held as of equal authority. Where in the Bible do we find those traditions which the Thessalonians received by word of mouth? They wrote no book to tell us what they were. You may say they are in other parts of the Bible, but you have no statement in the Bible to that effect, and gratuitous assumptions do not go.

Again, St. Paul wrote to Timothy: "O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust. Hold the form of sound words which thou hast heard of me in faith, and the love which is in Christ Jesus." Where are these things committed to the trust of Timothy, where the form of sound words which he heard from St. Paul? Timothy wrote no book to tell us these things, and he is lost? No, they come down to us by tradition from the oral teaching of Timothy. They are in the sacred deposit of revealed truth confided to the Church.

Again, to the same Timothy St. Paul wrote: "The things which thou hast heard from me before many witnesses, the same command to faithfulness men who shall be fit to teach others also. II. Tim., ii., 2.) As we have said, Timothy left no record in writing of the things which he heard from St. Paul and which he was to teach to others. There is no evidence in the Bible that they are recorded there. We cannot assume that they were unnecessary things, for that assumption would impeach wisdom and the inspiration of St. Paul.

Again, St. John in his second epistle, verse 12, writes: "Having more things to write unto you, I would not by paper and ink, for I hope that I shall be with you and speak face to face that your joy may be full." And in his third epistle he repeats to Gaius almost the same words: "I had many things to write unto thee, but I would not by ink and pen write to thee. But I hope speedily to see thee, and we will speak mouth to mouth." (Verses 13 and 14) Where are these oral instructions of the Apostle to the lady Electa and her family and to Gaius?

Again, there are twenty-two books referred to in the Old Testament that are no longer found there, that are lost. For instance, the Book of the Covenant, cited in Exodus, xxiv., 7; the Book of the Just, cited in Job, x., 13, and in II. Kings, i., 18; the Thousand Parables of Solomon, III. Kings, iv., 32; the Thousand and Five Poems of Solomon, III. Kings, iv., 32; the Book of Nathan the Prophet, I. Paralipomenon, or Chronicles, xxv., 29; the Book of Gad the Seer, I. Paralipomenon, xxv., 29. We need cite no more. There are in all twenty-two lost books of the Old Testament, and there is nothing in the New Testament stating that it contains all the inspired writings of the Apostles. Now, in view of these lost books, what valid reason has Rev. Mr. Gardner for saying that the remnant that remains to us contains all that is necessary to salvation? From the beginning to the end of the Bible he cannot point to a single text stating that the book as now consti-

tuted contains all that is necessary. That, it would seem, is a necessary text, but it is wanting. And as he repudiates any authority outside the Bible, he has no evidence whatever that the Bible contains all that is necessary to salvation. His statement, therefore, is not proved, and as a consequence the Catholic proposition that the Bible does not contain all that is necessary, stands.

We will now consider some of the texts quoted by Rev. Mr. Gardner in proof of his contention, and see their bearing. He quotes St. Paul's second epistle to Timothy, iii., 15, as follows: "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith in which is Christ Jesus." The Scriptures referred to here were the books of the Old Testament. How many of the lost books were included in the Old Testament, for in the infancy of Timothy a good part of the New Testament was not written, and none of its books were at that time placed on the canon of the Scripture books. If, then, this text proves anything to the purpose it proves too much, namely, that the books of the New Testament are not necessary to salvation. Is Rev. Mr. Gardner ready to accept this result?

Again, St. Paul makes the profitability of the Scriptures known to Timothy in infancy, that is, the Old Testament depends on the faith which is in Christ Jesus. In other words, it is through the light of this faith in Christ that the Scriptures known to Timothy could make wise unto salvation. Timothy acquired this faith in Christ not from the Old Testament, which he knew from infancy, nor from the New Testament, which was not yet written, but from the oral teaching of St. Paul. He then acquired the true faith in Christ without either testament. Since faith, according to St. Paul, is necessary to an understanding of the Scriptures, this faith must precede a correct knowledge of them. It is a condition *quo non* of understanding the Scriptures. This is what the text proves. Rev. Mr. Gardner will admit that faith is necessary to salvation, since without faith it is impossible to please God. Since this faith precedes the understanding of the Scriptures, as is clearly indicated by St. Paul's words to Timothy, how can Rev. Mr. Gardner acquire it from the Scriptures, that they are inspired? He must first have that faith in Christ which St. Paul tells us makes the scriptures profitable to salvation. The scriptures, then, do not impart that faith that is necessary to salvation; they presuppose it. Therefore there is at least one thing necessary that is not found in the scriptures, namely, the faith in Christ referred to by St. Paul, and by the light of which the meaning of the scripture is seen.

When was this faith come? From the living Church which Christ built upon a rock and commissioned to teach all nations. It is the sanction of this Church that gives the Scriptures their value to us, because it alone can verify their inspiration. Rev. Mr. Gardner quotes this text: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished to all good works." (II. Timothy, iii., 16.) This text does not tell us what is meant by "all Scripture." It certainly does not mean all kinds of writing (scripture) for that would prove too much. It meant some definite books known to Timothy, but it does not tell us what they are, and consequently it affords no proof that all the books of the Bible as we have it now are inspired, nor does it indicate which ones are.

Again, there is a dispute as to the correctness of the translation of this text in the Catholic Bible, which is admitted by scholars to be a more correct translation than the King James Bible, the text stands thus: "All Scripture, inspired by God, is profitable, etc." This is very different from saying all Scripture is inspired by God. The late English translation corrects the text. According to this correction there is nothing said of the inspiration of any part of Scripture. But even if its inspiration be granted there is still required that faith of which St. Paul had just spoken as enabling Timothy to read with profit.

Another text adduced by Rev. Mr. Gardner is this: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converts the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."—Psalm xix., 7. No one doubts that the law of the Lord is perfect and His testimony sure. The question is, Where is that law and that testimony found? You cannot affirm that it is in the Bible until you have proved that collection of books to be inspired, uncorrupted, correctly translated and interpreted. As Rev. Mr. Gardner has not done this he is not justified in assuming, as he does, that the law and testimony of the Lord is found in those books. It is difficult for the Protestant mind to see that this assumption begs the question.

There are some other texts quoted, but like the above, they all beg the question, assume an inspiration that, on Protestant principles, cannot be proved. Rev. Mr. Gardner must admit that the texts he quotes prove nothing to his purpose unless they are inspired. He ought, then, to have seen that the first thing for him to do was to prove their inspiration. Until this is done by him the proposition, "Holy Scripture does not contain all that is necessary to salvation," stands untouched. Even if the Bible affirmed its own inspiration, the affirmation would not prove it, for the inspiration of the affirmation itself would have to be proved. If the mere claim to inspiration made a good title to it, the Mormon and the Mohammedan bibles would be inspired, for they both claim to be. Inspiration is a fact that must be proved by authority outside the Bible, or it cannot be proved at all.

There is one thing, then, necessary to the case, namely, that in the very nature of the case, cannot be found in the Scriptures—their inspiration. Hence, as a rule of faith, they are insufficient. —New York Freeman's Journal.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA.

A Letter From Cardinal Gibbons.

Cardinal Gibbons appears among the contributors to the New Boston publication, *The Church: A Journal of American Churchmanship* (Protestant) with the appended letter:—The history of the Catholic Church in the United States is a remarkable demonstration of her undying vitality. A century ago her adherents were but a few thousands, under the care of less than fifty priests. To-day her priests number more than eight thousand, and she rejoices in the possession of ten millions of children. Her churches, schools, and asylums of charity are increasing everywhere in the land. She stands day full of youthful vigor, one of the most potent factors in American civilization. If the Church has developed so wonderfully in this country it is in great measure owing to the fact that the spirit of Catholicism is in perfect harmony with the spirit of Americanism. That this harmony is genuine is often called in doubt by our dissenting brethren. But their misgivings are without foundation. The following considerations will, I think, suffice to show that the spirit of Americanism has nothing to fear from the Catholic Church, that, on the contrary, it has reason to look to the Church as its most powerful ally.

While the Catholic Church maintains that her divine authority, which resides in the episcopacy, comes directly from above and not through the body of the faithful, she still admits much that is truly democratic in her constitution. Her highest offices are not reserved for any privileged class. In the long list of Pontiffs the humblest are held in honor to the humblest of the laity. Most of the Bishops and priests now ruling in the Church have come from the middle class or from the ranks of the poor. In the administration of her sacraments there are no odious distinctions. At her altar the rich and the poor, white and black, kneel side by side. Her hospitals are thrown open to all without regard to age, sex or creed. Is not all this in complete harmony with the American spirit of equality and liberty?

One of the most striking characteristics of the American people is their strong individuality coupled at the same time with a deep regard for organization and united effort. Nothing is more characteristic of the American spirit than the idea that the citizens are simply so many units, existing solely for the State, who need to be moulded without regard to individual tastes and aspirations on the same unvarying pattern. It is largely for this reason that state socialism, so widespread in Europe, can find so little foothold here. On the other hand the spirit of solidarity is strongly developed in the American, and shows itself by the manifold associations that flourish in the United States. Now in all this the Catholic Church exerts a benign and favoring influence. No other form of religion insists with greater emphasis on the dignity of the individual soul, on the right which every one has to pursue his happiness, his perfection, his divinely appointed end. Nor does she fail, by word and example, to encourage men to build up fraternal unions for the attainment of common aims.

Another characteristic of the American people is energetic labor, not the brutalizing labor of the slave, but that which is in keeping with the dignity of man, which admits of needful rest, of legitimate recreations. We have a proof of this in the length of the working day, which in this country more than in any other has been reduced to the limits dictated by humanity and justice. Now from the very beginning the Catholic Church has been the champion of the rights and of the dignity of labor. She lifted it up from the servile state of degradation in which the paganism of Greece and Rome had placed it, and gave it a position of honor. She proclaimed it a necessity for man, but at the same time a source of happiness and perfection. She made it an in-

portant element in the constitutions and rules of her religious men and women. As the laborer has generally been exposed to injustice and opposition she has constantly interested herself in his behalf and has upheld his claims to a reasonable limit of labor and to a fair return for his toil. She has declared through the solemn teaching of her Pontiff, still gloriously reigning, that the minimum of wages must be determined by a higher principle than that of supply and demand. But while insisting on the rights of the laboring poor she has not gone to the extreme of condemning the rich. She blesses poverty as an element in the life of Christian perfection, but at the same time she recognizes that the wealthy have rights that must be respected. Theirs is the duty to make good use of their possessions, to contribute to the relief of want and suffering, to promote works of public utility, science and art; in a word to promote the cause of civilization, whose benefits redounded to the poor as well as to the rich. Here, too, we see how harmoniously these teachings of the Church accord with the American spirit.

Another distinguishing mark of the true American is the spirit of progress which stamps itself indelibly on all that he does, but which at the same time treats with due respect the order of things already existing. It is a progress that moves gently and carefully, that avoids violent disturbance. Hence the strong opposition to all radical movements that tend to a convulsive upheaval of existing conditions. Now it is precisely here that the Catholic Church exercises a most salutary influence in this country. While loving progress and contributing to it in her own religious, no less than in the civil order, she is at the same time extremely conservative. She takes changes to a better order of things and places slowly and gradually, yet steadily and securely, like the growth of a mighty oak. Hence it is that when at times the Church seems to some to be opposed to certain necessary changes, she is in fact simply moving forward with her characteristic deliberateness. One can easily see how invaluable a factor in American life is such a strong champion of conservative progress, such an unbending opponent of revolutionary order, and of violent disturbances of existing order. In Germany to-day the Catholic Church is recognized as the most powerful bulwark against the anarchical tendencies of socialism.

Another characteristic of the true American is the high regard he has for woman. The social and educational privileges which the American woman enjoys are the envy of European women. But at the same time it must be confessed that there are certain dangerous elements at work which tend to the disintegration of the family and the consequent degradation of woman. Firstly, there is a growing spirit of irreverence for paternal authority among American youth which is a most serious minds view of the future. Then, again, the family ties are being sadly relaxed through that baneful system of legalized adultery politely known as divorce. Now the Catholic Church exercises a powerful influence toward upholding and purifying the family life and protecting the honor of woman. She insists strongly on the sacredness of paternal authority. Her voice is raised aloud against the widespread evil of divorce. Almost alone she stands up for the main purpose of matrimony, the preservation of the human family. And thus, by contributing so powerfully toward maintaining the family in its integrity and fruitfulness, the Church renders an incalculable service to the nation.

The American nation is a Christian nation. This is manifest from its constitution, from its legislation, and from its observance of certain holidays such as Thanksgiving and Christmas. Now it is this very Christian spirit that the Catholic Church tries to strengthen in every way possible. Convinced that in her alone resides the fullness of divine revelation she desires to draw all to herself through the sweet bonds of charity and religious persuasion.

The American holds to the separation of Church and State. He draws a sharp line between things spiritual and things temporal. He does not wish the legitimate development of the one to be impeded by the growth of the other. Now the Catholic Church is quite ready to recognize that the sphere of action of the Church is distinct from that of the State; what she most strongly insists upon is that the Church and the State should not be strangers, still less adversaries. Both should work hand in hand for the common good of the nation, the Church willingly doing service to the nation by sanctioning and safeguarding the moral and civic duties of the citizens.

From these considerations it can be seen that the Catholic Church is in thorough harmony with the spirit of popular government which exists in these United States. The Church, thanks to the congenial freedom which she enjoys, flourishes here as she does nowhere else. This is why Catholics, notwithstanding false imputations to the contrary, hold these United States in such high regard, in such reverent patriotic affection. To be loyal to the Church means to be loyal to the State.

A Hymn to Our Lady.

PATRONESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

In 1846 the fathers of the Council of Baltimore elected the Immaculate Mother of God as the special patroness of the United States. This is, therefore, the golden jubilee of the consecration of that country to our Blessed Lady.

The stars on our banners are gleaming for thee,
Then, oh, take them, loved Queen, for thy crown;
Clear star of the Morning, bright Star of the Sea,
On our star-blazoned banner shine down.
Oh, shed on our tri-colored flag thy mild light,
Let its folds in thy radiance shine;
Oh, keep it the symbol of freedom and right,
'Tis the flag of our country, 'tis thine.

For deep was our love for Columbia's shore,
But now deeper's that love in our breast,
She's the Land of Our Lady, now and ever more,
She's the pure Virgin's Crown of the West.
We'll love and defend her for Mary's dear sake,
For her cause we will willingly die;
No looser a star from her banner dare take,
While we think of our Queen-Star on high.
Our banner is thine, Queen, oh, bless all its stars,
And undimmed through all years make them gleam;
With glory illumine thy White and Red Bars,
On thy gemmed field of blue ever beam.
—Rev. William P. Treacy.

SPREADING THE LIGHT.

A Proposed Movement Among the Catholic Women of Chicago.

There are in the city of Chicago probably five thousand converts to the Catholic Church—there may be twenty-five thousand. These converts are from all different non-Catholic sects. As a rule they are thinking people and consequently they are extending to them His grace to see the tinsel garment of error which they were clothed in. He enlightened their souls and endowed them with heavenly aspirations, which caused them to seek the truth at the Living Fountain, the Church—where only it could be found. There they found it and became children of the Church.

Are they doing their whole duty as children of the Church? Are they following the example of St. Paul the Apostle? Are they doing any missionary work in the interest of their former associates? In England, we are informed, there is an organization of ladies—all converts to the Church—the object of which is to hold social missionary meetings, to which the ladies of other denominations are invited, and the doctrine of the Catholic Church explained for their edification. It is needless to remind those who for years struggled in the surging rapids of doubt and error without making any headway towards a place of absolute security—liable to be swept over the falls of eternity with a cry of hopeless despair, "Lost!"—what their danger then was, and that, therefore, seeing others—former friends and perhaps relatives—in similar danger—it is their duty to make some effort to help their neighbor.

We who through the mercy of God have been placed in a position to secure our salvation—if we so desire—should try to help others. The conversion of one sinner covers a multitude of sins, we are told; and as the children of sinful parents are held answerable to the third and fourth generation, we should try to wipe out those sins. We have had correspondence with some of the most pious and intellectual lady converts in the city who will cheerfully cooperate with any organized movement of this kind. What good lady organizer will step to the front and take the active leadership in this missionary work? Remember you are enlisting in the service of God Himself—a crusader against His enemies. If we had half the zeal of the women of the Salvation Army—who are working in the dark and have nothing to offer but the trap of a drum, the tinkle of the cymbals, and their own unhappy experience in a sinful world, we would have a woman's missionary organization to instruct those people.

Many of those poor deluded followers of General Booth if they were in the Catholic Church would be devoted children, for certainly many of them are sincere. But they don't know how to reach God and they have no one to tell them. We must not be ashamed to serve God. When we see women like Mrs. Wesley entering the pulpit to preach error why should our ladies not organize societies for the purpose of promulgating truth. We use the word error understandingly. It may seem a harsh expression, but error is opposed to truth. The sects teach a doctrine opposed to a truth, hence Mrs. Wesley and all other non-Catholic preachers preach error, and that is the simplest name for it. We don't care to sugar-coat the term.—Western Catholic News.

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A WOMAN OF FORTUNE

BY CHRISTIAN REID. Author of "Armine," "Philip's Restitution," "The Child of Mary," "Heart of Steel," "The Land of the Sun," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

"THIS IS OUR WORLD—FOR A WEEK." And so Cecil had her wish; for it was known the next day that the ship was so much disabled that the captain was obliged to put into Halifax, and that the passengers would be sent from there either to Liverpool or back to New York, if they could not wait until the necessary repairs rendered the steamer able to complete her voyage.

When this announcement was made there was some chafing against the delay on the part of those who were anxious to cross in the shortest possible time; but the majority of the passengers were sufficiently grateful for their escape to bear the delay with philosophy. As for Miss Lorimer, she laughed when she was told of it.

"I feel like Jonah," she said—"as if I ought to be cast overboard. I don't suppose that my desire that the voyage should be prolonged had anything to do with the accident, but I have a sense of guilt, nevertheless."

"I hardly suppose that your desire had much to do with it," said Mr. Marriott; "but I would not advise you to accuse yourself in the hearing of some of the passengers. They might try the Jonah business, for they are not pleased at the prospect before us."

"They are very ungrateful, then," said Cecil. "They ought to thank you where they might be at this moment."

"Men don't think of such things any longer than they can help," observed Miss Marriott, who did not like to think of them herself.

The great steamer, with her smashed bowsprit, was therefore put about for Halifax, and most of those on board resigned themselves with patience to the prolongation of their voyage. Happily for their comfort, the weather moderated, the sea grew smooth, and the run was quickly and safely made. By the time they reached Halifax, Tyrconnel seemed quite one of the Marriott party; for they all adopted him cordially into their favor, and Mr. Marriott was delighted to be relieved of some of his duties as escort. If another man was willing to place chairs, to bring up shawls and rugs, and make himself generally useful, Mr. Marriott was only too happy to allow him to do so, while he took his own ease in the smoking-room.

He was not in the smoking-room, however, when they entered the Nova Scotia harbor, but was standing on deck, with his attention fastened on the town that lay before them, when Tyrconnel, whose eyes were elsewhere, suddenly turned to him.

"We are in luck," he said. "Yonder is the Allan steamer for England. I feared we should miss it. We must make our application for passage at once for she will be able to receive only a limited number of passengers."

"And it will be first come first served," said Mr. Marriott. "Thanks for the suggestion. I'll attend to the matter immediately. You are coming with us, of course?"

"Yes, I must get on as quickly as possible, if I should be forced to take a berth in the steerage."

But fortunately there was no such necessity. Owing to the promptness of their application, good though confined quarters were obtained for all the party; their effects were transferred from one vessel to the other, and when everything was satisfactorily settled there was still enough of the day left in which to see all that was worth seeing in Halifax. This speedily resolved itself into the view from the citadel; for the town, despite its magnificent situation, is of the most commonplace description. The rough streets and shabby houses were forgotten though, when the little group, having climbed the hill which the fortress crowns, stood on its greenward, and looked out over the vast expanse of the horizon. From this height and at this hour—for the sun was at an aspect of perfect calm and a tint of lucid, exquisite color, as it stretched away to the luminous sky, into which it softly melted.

"How charming!" exclaimed Cecil. "I am glad that our way lies over this great plain, and not away from it."

"I am glad that we are going to Europe," said Grace, who stood beside her; "but I confess I dislike this desolate ocean, that looks so peaceful now and can be so dreadful. What if we should meet more icebergs?"

"Are you afraid of them?" asked Cecil. "I think they have done their worst to us, and it has not been very bad."

"Our captain would not agree with you," said Mr. Marriott, looking down on the vessel they had quitted, which presented a sad sight, with her head-work carried away, her bow in splinters and her forecastle deck torn up.

"I think our captain is too good a sailor not to agree with Miss Lorimer," said Tyrconnel. "He is thoroughly aware how much worse the accident might have been."

"We might have been food for fishes at this moment," said Grace. "Of course one knows that, and it does not tend to re-assure one very much in going forth to meet more icebergs."

"I shall never choose this season for going abroad again," said Mr. Marriott. "But after one has got so far, it seems a pity not to go on."

"Would anything induce you to go back?" asked Cecil. "For my part I feel twice as much eagerness to pursue the voyage as I felt to set out on it. Difficulty and peril only fill me with the desire to overcome them."

As she uttered the last words she met Tyrconnel's eyes, and their expression was so unconsciously curious that she colored quickly. A minute or two later, when Mr. Marriott moved away, together with Grace, she turned to him.

"Do you think me very absurd to be talking of difficulty and peril?" she asked abruptly. "But, after all, the most prosperous and commonplace life—I grant that mine is both—must occasionally learn what they are, and I do not believe that I am mistaken in feeling that they nerve my resolution rather than weaken it."

"One need only look at you to be sure of that," he answered quietly. "You give me the impression—if you will pardon me for saying so—of a courage that is dauntless, and a resolution which it would be hard for any obstacles to bend. Yet—his voice changed a little—"there are obstacles in life before which one must bend, difficulties over which it is impossible to ride rough shod. I was wondering, when you spoke a moment ago, how your courage and resolution would serve you if you should be brought face to face with these."

He looked away from her as he uttered the last words, out over the ocean, toward the liquid sky line beyond which the Old World lay. Cecil was quick to receive impressions, and she felt that he was looking straight toward such obstacles and difficulties as those of which he spoke. A shadow came into his eyes, deepening their darkness, and his lips set themselves firmly together. "He has some great trouble," she said to herself, with a keen sense of interest. "I wish I could ask him what it is."

This being impossible, she answered his last speech after a slight hesitation. "There must, of course, be many difficulties in life which I have not only never known, but which I am probably unable to imagine; and there are complications which are harder and more trying than difficulties; but is there any possible situation in which courage and resolution would not help me?"

He looked quickly back at her again, and perhaps it was a reflection of her smile that seemed to banish the shadow from his eyes. It was not easy, indeed, for eyes to be shadowed while they regarded anything so fearless and so beautiful as Miss Lorimer appeared at this moment—standing in the sunset glow of sea and sky, with its light on her face, her head uplifted with the proud self-confidence which characterized her, and her deep gray eyes full of radiance.

"No," he said, replying to her question, "there is certainly no situation in which courage and resolution cannot help one. But you are right in thinking that there are complications worse than any dangers or obstacles—situations in which one is driven to hurting others or being untrue to one's self and one's highest conceptions of duty. Of course if one thought only of one's self, all would be very easy. There is a directness of aim, a singleness of purpose in selfishness that often settles such problems—brutally perhaps, but none the less effectually. But if one cannot put aside the thought of others—if one must admit their claim to consideration—one may find one's self in situations where courage is indeed possible, but not of much assistance."

Cecil did not answer for a moment. She stood looking at him, feeling as if his words had opened before her a vista of perplexity and complication altogether strange to her experience. She was trying to realize to herself the situation thus presented, when she perceived that Mr. Marriott and Grace were returning toward them, and she had only time to say, quickly:

"It seems to me that in such a case courage would be of great assistance. It would enable you to be true to your highest conception of duty, even at the cost of wounding others. And it must require a great deal of courage for that."

"A great deal indeed," he said, with a short sigh.

But he seemed to leave the weight of care which he had thus been led to speak on the high, wind-swept hill, where the flag of England floats and the guns of England frown over the Atlantic surges, and to be in the best of spirits as they walked down through the steep, uneven streets, and, shaking the (literal) dust of Halifax from them, went on board their new ship.

When Cecil came up on deck next morning they were well out at sea, and the coast of Nova Scotia was fading like a dream behind them. She seemed radiant with pleasure.

"How delightful it is to be at sea again!" she said when Tyrconnel met her. "There is such a glorious freshness about the ocean! I should not care if our voyage were going to last a month."

"Nor should I," he answered, with a very sincere accent. "So we, at least, will not regret the fact that this ship is by no means one of the grey-hounds of the ocean. We shall be a week in reaching the other side."

"So much the better," she said. "We don't know what annoyances and disappointments may lie in wait there. We will enjoy the sea, and not think of the land we have left, or of that to which we are going."

The young man looked at her with a quick light in his eyes. "You are wise," he said. "This, then, is our world—for a week."

It was a week of pleasure to these two, at least. The weather was fine, except that once, when they neared ice—sailing indeed for twenty-four hours through the midst of great bergs—it grew intensely cold. But not even this breath of the frozen North

could depress Cecil. Her vitality seemed proof against any lowering of the temperature. She enjoyed everything else, laughed at Grace's trepidation, went with the captain on the bridge to see the sun go down behind the great mountains of floating snow, and was the wonder of all the ladies, the admiration of all the men on board.

Admiration was an atmosphere to which she was well accustomed, however, and to which, as has been already said, she did not object, unless it became too pronounced in character. Of that there was no danger at present. The man of whom she saw most was one in whom her confidence increased with her knowledge. And her interest in him—in his adventurous life (which yet had not marred his refinement), in his present troubles, and in his unfolding character—grew as the days went on. It was an interest fully shared by Grace Marriott. Indeed, with the latter it took the form of vivid curiosity. As they sat on deck together, she let the conversations in directions likely to afford as much information with regard to him as possible. But, although he was ready to talk, and did talk most enterprisingly of the different parts of the world in which he had been—and he seemed to have been almost everywhere—there was a striking lack of the personal element in his narratives and reminiscences. He had been in the Southern Hemisphere for several years, but was now recalled to Ireland by family affairs which demanded his presence at home. So much she learned, but no more. Reticence was either a strongly marked characteristic or a carefully cultivated habit with him; and the temptation to talk of himself, to which most people so readily yield, was apparently no temptation to him at all.

The monotony of days at sea is apt to make them pass rapidly if they are at all pleasant, and it seemed to Cecil that the evening came very soon when they were told that they would make Fastnet Light by daybreak. In the general expression of satisfaction, her silence was probably unobserved; and she did not express her sentiments until Tyrconnel found her after dinner standing near the wheel house, watching the long track of foam in the vessel's wake as it stretched away to the horizon. The sun had gone down, but the lengthening twilight still held the world in a soft shade of beauty, while the moon hung in mid-heaven, waiting for the hour of her empire. As Tyrconnel approached, she turned her head and smiled.

"I am enjoying all that I possibly can of our last evening at sea," she said. "To-morrow we shall be in sight of land, and it will no longer seem like the ocean."

"Yes, our voyage is nearly ended," said Tyrconnel. He, too, leaned against the rail, and looked westward along the ship's broad pathway. Perhaps he was thinking of the days and hours he had spent on that track—so soon, so utterly to be effaced, and which no human eye would ever find again in the wide waste of tossing water. He was silent so long that Cecil finally glanced at him. Then she saw that the shadow which had been for a time lifted had fallen again over his face, and that he looked like the man she had first met, not like her companion of the last eight days.

"Everything that ends is short," she quoted, softly; "and pleasant things shortest of all. It spite of the icebergs, our voyage has been very pleasant to me, and I am sorry that it is over."

"If she meant to rouse him from his abstraction, she succeeded. He turned and looked at her, but the shadow was still in his eyes as they rested on her face.

"Do you remember," he said, "the evening on the other ship, when we were standing like this watching the sunset, and you said that you wondered why people were so anxious to reach the shore, where all their cares lay in wait for them—why they were not more glad of the brief respite of being at sea? After that I made a resolution to throw my cares aside, and enjoy the voyage as if it were not to end. Thanks to your suggestion—thanks to you in every sense—I have done so. But now the end has come, and, looking back, I have been trying to balance the good and ill. Was the pleasure worth the end? Will the memory of it be recompense for knowing that it is over? These are the questions I have been asking myself."

"One might ask such questions of every pleasure and every respite from care," said Cecil. "One must be sorry when a pleasant thing is over; but, notwithstanding the regret, it is good for us to have had the pleasure. It will be good for you to have laid your cares aside, even though you must take them up again."

"If the cares were all!" he said, speaking as if to himself. Then he went on quickly: "I do not know how to thank you for the kindness which has made this voyage all that it has been to me. I was just thinking that it is like that track of foam across the ocean—a pathway which I shall never find again, but which will remain always in my memory as luminous and as enchanted as it looks now."

Cecil's heart began to beat a little faster. After all, had her confidence been misplaced, and was the inevitable end of admiration and homage at hand? She glanced at him quickly, almost apprehensively, but the sadness of his face reassured her. He had looked away from her again, and was watching the track of foam as it was lost to sight in the far, golden distance.

"I hope that you will also remember your own kindness," she said. "If

acknowledgments are to be made, they should not be all on your side. We owe much to you. I shall never forget that night of the collision."

"Nor I. But I did nothing."

"You had the will to do much. I recognized that, and was grateful. If I am ever shipwrecked, I shall hope that you may be among the ship's company."

He smiled, as she meant that he should.

"If you are ever to be shipwrecked, I could ask nothing better than to be with you," he said. "But I fear that there is no such fortune in store for me. We talk often of the world being a small place, but it is large enough to admit of many different paths, which never cross. The people whom we wish to meet are those whom we do not meet. I have a presentiment that we shall never meet again after we part to-morrow."

Cecil did not answer for a moment. In fact, she was startled by her own sensations of regret, and by a burning inclination to say, "It will be your own fault if we do not meet again. A man can do what he pleases." But her favorite doctrine of the power of resolution to overcome all difficulties could plainly not be preached in this case. Besides, it suddenly occurred to her how little she knew of this man, of his circumstances or position, of the nature of the troubles that so evidently weighed upon him. To express a desire that they should meet again was, therefore, impossible. After a short pause she said, lightly:

"I have no faith in presentiments. I am sure that when I make my journey around the world, we shall meet somewhere—on shipboard very likely, where we can stand and watch another track of foam just like this. Meanwhile shall we go and look for Grace?"

The next afternoon it was a rather sad trio that stood on the deck of the ship as she lay in Queenstown harbor, and watched the small tug which carried their friend ashore. Even Mr. Marriott was depressed.

"I have made many pleasant traveling acquaintances," he observed, "but never one whom I liked so much. I hope that I shall come across him again some day."

"He was delightful," said Grace, regretfully. "How we shall miss him! The ship seems absolutely empty now that he is gone. But we shall certainly meet him again some day; don't you think so, Cecil?"

Cecil fluttered her handkerchief in answer to a farewell signal from the pier, which the tug had by this time reached, and then answered Grace by one clear, decisive word—

"No."

A Notable Conversion.

The "Foreign Mission Board" in Rome has received a terrible blow. These missionaries went to Rome to make Protestants out of Italian Catholics and to stir up bitter feelings against the Pope. It seems, however, that, instead of being able to make converts, they cannot hold their own. A correspondent writes of the conversion of a noted Lutheran lady recently in the Eternal City:

The shrine of Our Lady of Pompeii has been the scene of many celebrated pilgrimages and many notable events, but few can compare to the one witnessed a couple of days ago, when the Marchioness Dittmar Barbara di San Giorione, in a solemn and touching manner, abjured the Lutheran heresy and embraced the Catholic faith.

There were then, as always, crowds of persons present, many no doubt being there out of mere curiosity; but, thank God! the vast majority were devout pilgrims. The initial ceremony took place at the door of the sacred edifice. Then baptism was administered sub-conditional, and immediately afterwards the neophyte received the sacrament of confirmation at the hands of the Bishop of Salerno. Dressed in white, and with a long veil which covered her entire person, she then assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion for the first time. At the same Mass her little son likewise approached for the first time the sacred table. A more edifying sight had rarely been witnessed by the congregation.—Catholic Review.

The Time is Short.

Oh, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year, meaning to clear them up some day; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly upon the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men were dead to-morrow morning; you who are letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy which you mean to give some day—if you only could know and see and feel, all of a sudden, "the time is short," how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do!—Phillips Brooks.

"Old, yet ever new, and simple and beautiful ever," sings the poet; in words which might well apply to Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the most efficient and scientific blood-purifier ever offered to suffering humanity. Nothing but superior merit keeps it so long at the front.

DIVORCE AND FUTURE WAR.

A digression undoubtedly hinders the current of a narrative but it often furnishes very good reading, as for instance the five pages in which Mr. Crawford, leaving his *Century* story, "A Rose of Yesterday," drops into prophecy.

The Civil War in the United States turned upon slavery incidentally, not vitally. The cause of that great fight lay much deeper. In the same way the social war which is coming will turn incidentally upon religion, and be perhaps called a religious war hereafter; but it will not be declared for the sake of faith against unbelief, nor be fought at first by any church, or alliance of churches, against atheism. It will simply turn out that the men who fight on the one side will have either the convictions or the prejudices of Christianity, or both, and that their adversaries will have neither. But the struggle will be at its height when the original steady current of facts which led to inevitable strife has sunk into apparent insignificance under the raging storm of conflicting belief and unbelief. The disadvantage of the unbelievers will lie in the fact that belief is positive and assertive, whereas unbelief is negative and argumentative. It is indeed easier to deny than to prove almost anything. But that is not the question. In life and war it is generally easier to keep than to take, and besides, those who believe "care," as we say, whereas those who deny generally "care" very little.

It is probable, to say the least of it, that so long as the Socialists of the near future believe assertively that they have discovered the means of saving humanity from misery and poverty, and fight for a pure conviction, they will have the better of it; but that when they find themselves in the position of attacking half of mankind's religious faith, having no idea, but only a proposition, to offer in its place, they will be beaten.

That seems far from the question of divorce, but it is not. Before the battle the opposing forces are encamped and entrenched at a little distance from each other, and each tries to undermine the other's outworks. Socialism, collectively, has dug a mine under Social Order's strongest tower, which is called marriage, and the odium is beginning to shake from its foundations, even before the slow-match is lighted.

To one who has known the world well for a quarter of a century, it seems as though the would-be destroyers of the existing order had forgotten, among several other things, the existence of woman, remembering only that of the female. They practically propose to take every woman's privilege in exchange for certain more or less imaginary "rights." There is no apparent justice in the "conversion," as it would be called in business. If woman is to have all the rights of man, which, indeed, seems reducible to a political vote now and then, why should she keep all the privileges which man is not allowed? But tell her that when she is allowed to vote for the President of the United States once in four years, no man shall be expected to stand up in a public conveyance to give her a seat, nor to fetch and carry for her, nor to support her instead of being supported by her, nor to keep her for his wife any longer than he chooses, and the "conversion" looks less attractive.

The reasons why women have privileges instead of rights is that all men tacitly acknowledge the future of humanity to be dependent on woman from generation to generation. Man works or fights, and takes his rights in payment therefor, as well as for a means of working and fighting to greater advantage. And while he is fighting or working, his wife takes care of his children almost entirely. There is not one household in a hundred thousand, rich or poor, where there is really any question about that. It sounds insignificant, perhaps, and it looks as though anybody could take care of two or three small children. Those who have tried it know better, and they are women. Now and then rich mothers are too lazy to look after their children themselves. To do them such justice as one may, they are willing to spend any amount of money in order to get it well done for them, but the result is not encouraging to those who would have all children brought up "by the State."

Even if it were so, who would bring them up? Women, of course. Then why not their own mothers? Because mothers sometimes—often, for the sake of argument—do not exactly know how. Then educate the mothers, give them chances of knowing how, let them learn, if you know any better than they, which is doubtful, to say the least of it.

Moreover, does any man in his senses really believe that mothers, as a whole, would submit, and let their children be taken from them to a state rearing-house, to be brought up under a number on a ticket by professional baby-farmers, in exchange for the "right" to vote at a presidential election, and the "right" to put away their husbands and take others as often as they please, and the "right" to run for Congress? Yet the plan has been proposed gravely.

There seems to be a good deal to be said in favor of the existing state of things, after all, and particularly in favor of marriage, and therefore against divorce; and it is not surprising that woman, whose life is in reality far more deeply affected by both question than man's life is, should have also the more profound convictions about them.

HOW PETER...

Petronel's... it was so me... to be to... pretty little... bright sun... tried him... wondered why... were, and... ing started... had told it... He felt... days passed... away from... longer dist... garden. To his... peared for... the voyage... was so far... longer see... rather lo... still none... He looked... could not... how far it... from there... beautiful cot... he looked at... every mile... drew him a... the King... thought of... making str... "But no... more glory... will admi... greater rew... make a sin...

"Bravo," from a boat... Petronel... ment. The... his own lit... with only... boat was... Petronel lo... had seen th... and not pur... had given... there flower... on it in gra... not pure w... There was... The man... mask; but... cunning, a... tried to soft... "How d... asked Petro... going?"

"I have... returned the... garden, on... your boat... island. I... time.

"I never... mistrusting... King's mess... "No, not... a half me... own right... from his v... false gold... my crown." Petronel... fial glitter... felt a voice... not to lister... who had se... him come t... "Have y... of Fame?" curiosity g... "And can... Is it worth... way and ru... "Have I... man." "W... the chief... island ever... as to its be... of that. I... haps your... allow of y... "Indeed... haughtily, ... offended p... toward. I... danger, w... never fear... "Well,"... king. "I... I plainly... one of my... long on th... success, a... efforts to... meet again... "Farwe... to see wh... for the str... it, and ma... in the brig... "That... said the b... say I car... island."

Suddenl... lashed the... heaving th... ing circles... tossed up... he was at... must be g... he expect... neath the... foam. The... King's me... ploring th... and he cla... cried aloud... child in... crown of... wounded... light stre... face was i... He stood...

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

II. HOW PETRONEL STARTED FOR THE ISLAND OF FAME.

Petronel started with a light heart; it was so merry out on the deep blue sea to be tossed up and down in his pretty little boat, the gold shone in the bright sunlight, and the breeze carried him along swiftly. At times he wondered where his other companions were, and felt a little regretful at having started so hastily without reflecting on all the messenger of the King had told them.

He felt just a little lonely, too as the days passed by, and he was so far away from the shore that he could no longer distinguish the trees in the garden. To his surprise, no enemies appeared for some days; no storm arose, the voyage was calm and easy. He was so far away that he could no longer see the shore he had left, and he rather longed for adventures, but still none came.

He looked out for Genestal, but could not see him. Then he wondered how far it was to the island, and if from there he would be able to see the beautiful country of the King. Then he looked at his chart, and saw that every mile toward the Island of Fame drew him away from the country of the King. For a moment or two he thought of changing his course and making straight for the country.

"But no," he said to himself, "all the more glory to me to have accomplished the double voyage; surely the King will admire my bravery and give me a greater reward than those who merely make a simple voyage to His country."

"Brava, Petronel!" cried some one from a boat close behind him. Petronel turned round in astonishment. There a few yards away from his own little boat, was a large vessel, with only a man at the helm. The boat was tawdry; gilded; had Petronel looked attentively he would have seen that it was just gilded over and not pure gold. Like those the King had given the little boys. Here and there flowers and birds were painted on it in gaudy colors; the sails were not pure white, but bright scarlet. There was no cross at the mast-head. The man himself wore a painted mask; but his eyes were cruel and cunning, and his voice, though he tried to soften it, was harsh and rasping.

"How do you know my name," asked Petronel, "and where are you going?" "I have often seen you before," returned the man, "playing in the garden, on the seashore, launching your boat, or sailing toward the island. I have watched you many a time."

"I never saw you," said Petronel, mistrustfully. "Are you one of the King's messengers?" "No, not I," roared the man, with a half sneer, "I am a king in my own right. See, he added, drawing from his vest glittering crown of false gold and gem jewels, "this is my crown."

Petronel was dazzled by the artificial glitter, but at the same time he felt a voice within him warning him not to listen to another king than Him who had risen amidst boat and babe him come to Him.

"Have you ever been to the Island of Fame?" he asked the man, his curiosity getting the better of him. "And can you tell me what it is like? Is it worth my going out of the way and running the risk to see?" "Have I been there?" laughed the man. "Why, it is I who am one of the chief rulers; very few on the island ever desert my service. And as to its being worth while your going out of the way, yours the best judge of that. I should say yes; but perhaps your courage is not equal to allow of your facing the dangers."

"Indeed," answered Petronel, haughtily, his face flushing with offended pride, "no one can call me a coward. If it be only a matter of danger, why I will reach the island, never fear."

"Well," returned the pretended king, "I must go out my business. I plainly foresee I shall have you for one of my most devoted subjects ere long on the island. Wish you every success, and will a you in your efforts to land on the land. Till we meet again, farewell."

"Farewell," said Petronel, stooping to see what had happened to his boat. For the stranger's keel had scratched it, and made a long, slightly crack in the bright gold. "That does not look very nice," said the boy to himself, "but I dare say I can get it patched up on the island."

boat with his left hand. His right hand he stretched forth over the waves, and at his bidding they sank into peace. "My child," he said, when the boisterous wind was stilled to a whispering breeze, and the waves were gently lapping round the boat, "follow the course I have pointed out for you. Turn from the direction you had set your erring heart upon. Make for the land that is afar off—so beautiful that eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the glory and happiness there awaiting you."

And lightly crossing the boy's curly hair, he vanished in a cloud of golden light. "Really," said Petronel, musingly, "I think I will give up going to the Island of Fame and keep straight for the beautiful country."

He consulted his chart, and for three days pursued the course in which the beautiful Child had directed him, and felt glad to think he should so soon reach the King's country.

But one day as he was leaning over the side of his boat idly watching the fish darting here and there, having swimming matches in their gardens of scarlet coral and rainbow-hued sea anemones, he heard a voice calling him, and looking around, saw the man in the gaily painted boat, closely followed by a boy in a boat something like Petronel's own, which, however, had been painted over to imitate the man's, until very little of the pure gold could be seen.

"Why, Petronel," called the man, and his voice seemed rougher and harsher than before, "whither away so fast, and how about the Island of Fame?" Petronel related the events of the night of the dreadful hurricane, adding that he was now, by the help of his chart, steering toward the King's country.

"And the glorious Island of Fame?" queried the man. "And the renown that would be yours if you reached it? Are all your plans, your sentiments of valor, thrown to the winds? Has one little storm at sea struck fear to your heart?" "No, I am not afraid," returned Petronel boldly, "but the beautiful Child, who stilled the raging of the tempest, bade me continue in this direction."

"I am bound for the Island of Fame," said the other boy. "Glory of triumphing over all difficulties for me—something real, certain, and near at hand; while your country that you speak of, where is it? So far distant that it cannot be seen. Who knows that he will cross the perilous waste of waters between this and that? Who can count on gaining that far distant shore?"

"But the Child who helped me before will come again in time of danger," answered Petronel. "Surely if He is able to still a tempest by His word, He can bring me safely to the haven."

"I am bound for the Island of Fame," said the other boy. "Glory of triumphing over all difficulties for me—something real, certain, and near at hand; while your country that you speak of, where is it? So far distant that it cannot be seen. Who knows that he will cross the perilous waste of waters between this and that? Who can count on gaining that far distant shore?"

"But even so," answered the man, "why not go to the Island of Fame on the way? It is so very little out of the way. It is so glorious to have accomplished what has been too difficult for others; and think of arriving at that far-off country of yours with the victor's crown on your brow!"

Petronel wavered. "Think of Genestal, Nuran, and that little coward Irenaus seeing you arrive with the laurel crown, and of knowing that your name resounded in every corner of the earth."

"How long will it take to get there?" faltered Petronel, something within him telling him that he did wrong to parley with the tempter. "And can you tell me what it is like?" said the man; "but a very few days and you will be there."

"Come," said the other boy, "come along with me. Let us have a race for the mastery. Whoever arrives there first shall be counted as most worthy of fame. Come! On to honor and glory and renown!"

Petronel hesitated, looked at his chart, thought of the glory he would win by visiting the Island of Fame, thought of the Child with the crown of thorns, remembered the words of the King's messenger, and finally decided to change his direction and follow to the Island of Fame.

other—watching each other with envious eyes, forgetful of aught save the race for renown. All the lessons of his childhood, all the words of the King's messenger, all the whispering voices of unseen angels from heaven, were unheeded by Petronel in his one overmastering desire for glory.

They were very near the island, and could see the inhabitants in robes of purple and crowned with laurel, every leaf of which was an emerald glittering in the sun. But the little boats struck against treacherous rocks underneath the sea, and much of the pure gold was scratched and the delicate engraving effaced. An old man with a long beard passed by them in a boat. He had cast his crown into the sea, and changed his purple vestment for one of coarse brown cloth. His eyes were full of tears, and his voice was sad and gentle.

"My children," he called to them in passing, "be not deceived; there is no happiness to be found there. Turn ere it is too late, and come with me to that country where alone all is never-ending bliss."

But Petronel and the other boy called the old man coward and fool, and he passed away. Petronel was quite close now, but the inhabitants came and threw stones at him that he might not land; he was bruised and faint, but he would not give in.

At last he landed, and some of the inhabitants helped him to drag his little boat ashore. But oh! what mud was there: what splashes spoiled the brightness of the gold—splashes which would not rub off the boat, but ate into the purest metals, even gold and silver.

Petronel obtained a purple robe, and an emerald and gold crown from the academy on the island. He was so proud that he left his boat drifting about in the mud on the shore and went about all day with his crown on his head. But soon he found that the island was not so blissful as he had imagined. Envy and jealousy were rife; stripes and contentions arose continually. One would revile another, and cast mud and stones to tarnish the purple robe and bruise the very hair.

When there was a feast, each strove to be first; and each wanting to be king, spoke evil of him who was chosen. One king after another was dethroned, and sometimes the king was treated with the greatest cruelty. Petronel himself was badly treated, and instead of returning good for evil he fought and struggled as hard as any.

One day, when envy was gnawing at his heart, he resolved to be king himself. Now no longer he prayed, nor listened to the voice of his guardian angel. The thought of being first overmastered him; he must be king at any cost, and then he would start with his kingly robes and royal crown for the country of the Great King, where he would be welcomed as a sovereign. Poor, silly boy, how little he realized that the King of humility loved only the simple and lowly of heart, and recognizes no conqueror save him that overcometh the world and his own sinful passions!

So Petronel went about the island telling wicked stories of the king then reigning, and saying in what a wonderful way he had discovered the king's wickedness. The inhabitants, who were only too ready to believe evil of others, gave credit to all his stories, and a plot was made to take the king's life. But they would not give him one death blow; he should be tortured. A band of the most wicked entered his dwelling by night and made him prisoner. They led him to the seashore, and after inflicting wounds all over his body with daggers, they choked him with mud, and left him to gasp his last breath on the seashore all alone.

But when the king was dead a fearful confusion arose. Each wished to be king in his stead. But Petronel, by reason of some followers who admired him, and by dint of great exertion in the way of reasoning and holding his own merits to the light, was at last proclaimed king. "Now, at last," he said to himself, "I shall be happy."

He had never been so wretched in his life. He was haunted by the fear of sudden and treacherous death; he doubted the sincerity of every one who flattered or spoke kindly to him; his heart was sore and torn with the biting words of his enemies. At times he thought he would go and set sail for the King's country, but the sea looked so deep and so boundless, his faith in all things was shaken. He hardly remembered any of his old hopes and beliefs; the simple love and trustfulness of his character were uprooted from his heart; the innocence that had made his life so happy in the garden was sullied.

So he lingered on day after day, and by force of will made all men fear and obey him. And the man with the gaudily painted boat came and helped him govern, and flattered and deceived him into imagining that he was happy, or at least at peace. But all the time this false friend was poisoning the boy's mind and delighting in his miserable handiwork. Every day the pain at Petronel's heart grew more and more unbearable; he now thought with despair of the happy time he had spent in the garden with his little play-fellows, and wished that good little Irenaus—the Gentle, as they used to call him—were near.

One day when he went out into the streets a man called a disgraceful name after him. Some others took it up, and mocking him and calling after him and singing jeering songs, they pursued him to his dwelling. "It is all over now," thought Petronel.

"I have missed true happiness; I have lost my faith; I must die. The King will surely not receive me, as I sinned all His messages and warnings. My boat is disfigured and shattered, the pieces filthy and discolored; the sail is stained with the blood of the King; I helped—nay, caused—to kill; the cross is gone, I know not whither; I have lost my life."

He went to a cupboard, drew thence a little dark-colored vial, and raising it to his lips drained it to the last drop. The man of the painted boat came in soon after and found Petronel lying on his back on the ground dead, with the little vial tightly clasped in his fingers. And with a mocking laugh he bore Petronel away to his own unhappy country, where all is darkness, weeping, and gnashing of teeth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Stop That Vulgarity. An evil that was once more prevalent than it is now, but which, we are sorry to say, has not yet entirely disappeared, is referred to in the following protest from a highly esteemed "Irish-American Catholic" correspondent, which we received last Saturday:

"It is a matter of infinite pride and a pleasure to note the high order of talent which is constantly developed in our Catholic literary societies; and the good taste usually displayed in the selection of songs and recitations is made more conspicuous when some low degree comedian (?) intrudes a vulgar song or recitation on a refined Catholic audience. I was a witness to an instance of this kind recently in an entertainment given by one of our most prominent Catholic organizations, at which a number of our young people of both sexes were assembled, and the impression created was neither elevating nor edifying to the Irish race or the Catholic Church. All the other talent was of the highest order, and their productions of the most chaste and refined type; yet all were compelled to listen to what surely must have wounded the finer feelings of those who were present."

"I am sure that a word from your representative Catholic journal would cause such exhibitions to be eliminated from programmes of Catholic entertainments and consigned to the regions where they properly belong."

Not only do we think that our correspondent is right in making this protest, which is only one of several that we have received recently, but we wish that some one would take similar action in every case of such an exhibition. It is high time that every trace of vulgarity should be removed from entertainments given under the auspices of a Catholic society, especially as there is an ample supply of decent and refined humor to draw upon. —Standard and Times.

A Wonderful Story. One day a wonderful bird trapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home at Christania. Instantly the window was opened, and the wife of the famous arctic explorer in another moment covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses. The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen stating that all was going well with him and his expedition in the polar regions. Nansen had fastened a message to the bird and turned it loose. The frail courier darted out into the blizzarding air. It flew like an arrow over a thousand miles of frozen waste, and then sped forward over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests, and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress, and delivered the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously.

We boast of human pluck, sagacity, and endurance; but this loving carrier pigeon, in its homeward flight, after an absence of thirty months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to the amazement and admiration which must overwhelm every one when the marvelous story is told. Mrs. Nansen's pigeon is one of the wonders of the world.

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Advertisements must be paid in full before the paper can be started.

London, Saturday, Jan. 9, 1897.

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP FABRE OF MONTREAL.

His Grace Archbishop Edward Charles Fabre, of Montreal, died at the Archbishopal residence, during the night of the 29th December.

His Grace was the Metropolitan of the ecclesiastical Province of Montreal, which besides the Archdiocese includes the dioceses of St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke and Valleyfield.

Archbishop Fabre was the third Bishop in succession in the diocese of Montreal. He was a native of Montreal city, where he was born on the 28th February, 1827.

He received his education partly in Canada and partly in France. He received his preparatory studies at the Seminary of St. Hyacinthe, and continued his ecclesiastical course at Issy in France, where he was a classmate of the eminent late Archbishop of Algiers, Cardinal Lavergne, and others who were afterwards prominent in the Church.

He was ordained to the holy priesthood in 1850 by Bishop Prince, and had charge successively of Sacre and Pointe Claire parishes, and in 1854 he was appointed a canon of the cathedral of Montreal and was stationed in that city by Bishop Bourget.

In 1873 he was consecrated to be Coadjutor Bishop of Montreal and he succeeded to the See in 1876, on Bishop Bourget's resignation owing to ill health, and he was promoted to be Archbishop in 1886.

Recently his Grace celebrated the one thousandth ordination to the priesthood conferred by him, and in addition he ordained 1420 subdeacons, 1220 deacons, besides conferring minor orders and tonsure on as many more. He confirmed during his episcopate 320 500 children, and dedicated or consecrated forty-seven new churches. He also consecrated to the Episcopate Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, Bishop Lorrain of Pontiac, Bishop Emard of Valleyfield, Bishop Dacelles of St. Hyacinthe, Bishop Laroque of Sherbrooke, and Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface. Seven of the priests whom he ordained have since become Bishops, including Archbishop Langevin.

Mgr. Fabre was an indefatigable worker, and regularly made his visitations to all the parishes of his diocese, in which religion has greatly prospered during his administration. He was distinguished for his gentlemanly affability and Christian kindness, and he will be mourned by Protestants as well as Catholics throughout the Dominion, and especially in his native city.

The body of the deceased prelate was laid out in a catafalque in the cathedral, and the funeral took place on Tuesday, January 5. A large number of prelates and clergy were present and a great concourse of the people of Montreal of all denominations.

Requiescat in pace!

THE EMIGRANTS TO BRAZIL.

Our readers will remember that in September last three hundred Canadians, or rather residents of Canada, some of whom had been only a short time in the country, left Montreal for Brazil, induced by promises of the Brazil Immigration Company that they should have at once a free grant of land, immediate work, and aid from the Government and the Immigration Company which would enable them to settle comfortably at once in that country.

Several letters have been received from the emigrants since that time showing that none of the promises made have been kept, and that though they reached their destination safely they are now in great distress, and are in consequence appealing to Canadians, and especially to the Dominion Government, for aid to enable them to return to Canada.

There is no legal provision whereby the Canadian Government can send

them the assistance asked for; and though we are sorry for the hard luck the emigrants have met with, we do not consider that it would be a wise policy that the Government should have a fund wherefrom assistance should be given under the circumstances of the case. It is true, the emigrants have fared badly, but whatever may be their needs, they have chosen their lot in spite of representations of what they might expect having been made to them before their departure, and they must be contented to look out for themselves in the new home they have chosen, though it may be that some of them are worthy that charity from individual Canadians should be sent to them. If such be the case, it is a matter for private consideration, and not for Government interference, as the Canadian Government cannot be expected to be the special distributors of funds for the support of persons who have left Canada to make their homes in foreign lands.

Some of the letters sent to Canada describe the situation very graphically, and show that the position of the emigrants is very sad in comparison with what their condition was in Canada. Mr. J. O. Lefebvre of Ottawa, Secretary of the Public School Board, has received a letter from his son, Mr. Euclide Lefebvre, who was one of the emigrants, and who now requests his parents to warn Canadians who may desire to go to Brazil, that the country is most undesirable for settlement. He is himself employed on a plantation on which he receives \$20 per month, but while wages are so low, the necessities of life can be obtained only at prices which would be regarded here as fabulous, so that on the wages received it is impossible to eke out anything better than a starvation mode of living.

The whole letter is described as being a "tale of woe," and it is stated that the emigrants were auctioned off almost like slaves, at starvation wages, the hours of work being long, the work itself hard, and the pay poor.

The Canadian Government did all that was possible to prevent the emigrants from being duped by the Immigration Company, but in this free country it could not prevent their departure when they themselves were bent upon going. More than this the Government could not be expected to do, and while we feel deep sympathy for the unfortunate emigrants we do not see that the Government should send them funds to enable them to return to Canada, as this would be a bad precedent for future occasions of the same kind; and, besides, there is no security that those who have once acquired a taste for rambling would be the most desirable persons to assist in taking up their abode here, if there were funds for the purpose, nor is there reason to suppose that they would become permanent settlers here even if they were induced to return.

HIGH CHURCHISM AND CONFESSIO.

The London Daily News publishes in a recent issue a letter sent to it by a correspondent signing himself "Protestant," in which a bitter complaint is made of the extent to which the practice of auricular confession has been adopted in Anglican churches.

The writer of the letter in question encloses a printed sheet entitled "Copy of instructions given to candidates for confirmation: Grantham parish church;" on which also full directions are given under another title: "How to make your Confession."

The candidate for confirmation is informed that his actual sins "are forgiven by the sacrament of penance, that is, when we make our confession."

The instructions given for the preparation for confession have a general similarity to those which are to be found in Catholic prayer books, but there are some of these which will give new light to Anglicans, as when they are informed that the "commandments of the Church" oblige all to "be present at the Holy Eucharist on Sundays and holidays," and "to keep the days of fasting and abstinence appointed by the Church."

We are aware that there are certain feast days and fast days mentioned in the Book of Common Prayer, but we are not aware, and we believe very few are aware, that there is any obligation of observing these days in the manner indicated, imposed on members of the Church. As a matter of course if there were any such commandment, the Church would thereby claim the right to impose laws, and thus the boast would be a very vain one, which Anglican divines so fre-

quently make nowadays, that there is within the Church "a wise broadness of belief which permits the greatest diversity of doctrine to its members." We cannot consider this broadness as an evidence of truth, for the Church of God, described in holy Scripture as "the pillar and ground of truth," must be essentially one in doctrine, so far as doctrine has been revealed, and any departure therefrom, or laxity of belief therein, destroys the claim that the Church is that established on earth by Christ, and we find that the laxity in the present instance extends to the most essential and fundamental doctrines, such as the divinity of Christ, the inspiration of Scripture, the essence of the Christian ministry, the necessity and utility of the sacraments, the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist, and others of equal importance.

We are glad to see that Anglicans are beginning to realize that the Catholic doctrines on these points are those which have been revealed, and which have been believed from the beginning of Christianity, as the knowledge of this will inevitably lead to the return of many to the one true fold of Christ; but in the unfortunate absence of a real priesthood the present return to the old moorings will not be of any avail to them unless they act upon the new light they have received, and return to the Church in fact as well as in theory.

The extent to which these Catholic doctrines have been adopted may be judged from one of many incidents which have recently occurred. A lecturer against Jesuitism who was giving one of his addresses a few days ago at Oxford thought it proper to ridicule the Catholic doctrine of confession, but he was hissed down by his Protestant audience and not permitted to proceed. The practice of hearing confessions has in fact become a regular institution in the Anglican Churches of England. Of course this is a mere form, as only really ordained priests have the power of Absolution which Christ conferred upon His Apostles; but the practice will in time lead many to seek for the real sacrament in the Catholic Church, where alone it is to be obtained.

A CONTRAST.

The Protestant ratepayers of St. Gregory le Thaumaturge, near Montreal, have again brought their school grievances to the attention of the Provincial Government. A deputation consisting of a number of prominent gentlemen of Montreal waited on the Government on the 24th ult. for the purpose of obtaining redress of the alleged hardship to which they have been subjected, in being required to pay a tax for the support of the public or Catholic school of their district.

We already explained at length in our columns the nature of the grievance of which the petitioners complain. It is not now denied that the Quebec school laws give every facility to Protestants to establish Protestant or dissentient schools, but the St. Gregory ratepayers, either through negligence, or, as there is good reason to believe, partly in bravado, and in defiance of the law, omitted to take the steps required to make themselves dissentient school supporters, and in consequence the School Commissioners of the district are enforcing their claim to the taxes.

The total sum is large, amounting to about \$8000, as five years' taxes are in question. It was already explained at a previous conference between members of the Government and a similar delegation that the Commissioners cannot be expected to abandon their claim, which has been adjudged to them by the Courts, and that the only remedy possible is for the Government itself to indemnify the Protestant ratepayers.

The Government already stretched the law by an order in council making the petitioners for the future supporters of the Protestant school in the adjoining municipality of Cote Visitation, to which they desire to be attached, though they had omitted to take the legal steps for this purpose, even for the current year, and now Premier Flynn promises to examine into the present demand and to give it the most favorable consideration. This appears to mean that the Government will actually give a grant from the Provincial Treasury to cover the circumstances, and to satisfy the petitioners.

We see in this a striking example of the difference of treatment accorded by the Catholic and Protestant majorities

to Protestant and Catholic minorities respectively.

Efforts have been made from time to time to make it appear that the Protestants of Quebec are harshly dealt with under the school laws of the Province, the object being to excite the minds of the Protestant electors of Ontario and other Protestant provinces against the Catholics of Manitoba, so that their grievances might not be redressed. But every effort to this effect has been shown to be a misrepresentation of the case, as the dissentient school laws of Quebec are by far more favorable to the minority there than are even the Separate school laws of Ontario with which Catholics in this Province are fairly well satisfied.

Premier Flynn's generous promise to the St. Gregoire deputation stands in striking contrast to the harshness with which Premier Greenway rejected all the representations and requests made on behalf of the Catholic minority in Manitoba, where not the smallest concessions have been made towards granting common justice, to say nothing of generosity.

In the St. Gregoire case the Premier asked the delegation to prepare a full statement of the case so that the Government may have all the facts before them, that they may take immediate action towards giving full satisfaction to the complainants.

It is evident that Catholic Quebec does not require to be coerced into granting justice to the Protestant minority. Such coercion is needed only for those who have constantly on their tongues professions of love of fair play and "Equal Rights for all."

A DETROIT EXCUSE FOR DIVORCES.

A Detroit judge stated a few days ago in an interview with a newspaper reporter that most of the divorce suits which take place in that city are entered by Canadians. He said:

"We are living on the border of a country in which the obtaining of a divorce is accompanied with the greatest possible difficulties and an expenditure of more money than the average person can afford. Thousands of dollars are frequently sacrificed in order that the Canadian parliament will place its seal of approval upon the legal separation of a husband and wife."

"In Detroit, no matter what kind of a case it is, the court fees do not exceed \$10, and attorney fees range, according to whether the case is contested or not, from \$25 to \$100. It is rare that attorneys charge more than \$50 for a divorce case which is not contested, unless the clients are in good financial circumstances, when a charge of \$75 to \$100 is the rule. Foreign cases lumber up our docket and make our city appear the Mecca for unhappy married people."

Further on in the interview the judge said:

"Naturally, people desire to take advantage of the cheapest possible way to seek legal redress, and when they find that by residing here for a certain number of years they can find employment and save money and at the same time apply to court, they do it. That is all there is to it. After all, the only fault that can be found with the big divorce business of our courts is the geographical situation of our city."

The number of divorces granted in Michigan from year to year is about one-twelfth of the total of marriages, but we are convinced that the judge who makes the above statement is entirely mistaken in saying that the majority of these, especially of those granted in Detroit, are in the case of Canadians who go thither for the sake of obtaining divorces.

It is a fact attested by experience that lax divorce laws are greatly responsible for the desire to obtain divorces; and, large as the proportion of them is in Michigan, it is very little, if any, larger than in other States where the laws are equally lax; and we may well infer that the people of the State itself are they who usually obtain the divorces. There are, of course, many Canadians who have taken up their residence in the State, or have become citizens, and probably these have adopted the morality of their surroundings to a considerable extent, but certainly there are so few divorced persons in Canada that it cannot be said that resident Canadians make it a common practice to go to Detroit or any other United States city to obtain divorces. The difficulty with which a divorce is obtainable in Canada appears to have operated very successfully in checking the longing for divorce which has become a gigantic evil throughout the United States, to such an extent that patriotic citizens frequently of late declare that the welfare of the country demands that some means be found to put an end to it.

The judge says that no one gets a

divorce in Detroit except on legal grounds; but those grounds are frequently so flimsy that divorces are very numerous, and he admits this when he says:

"No matter what the ministers may think of divorces on these grounds from a moral standpoint, they must remember that the law is for judges to follow and we cannot get around it."

This may be some excuse for the judges, but it is certainly a poor excuse for the laws referred to. We cannot but think that the judge's statement was made simply to shift the blame of moral laxity from the people of the United States to Canadians.

DIOCESAN CHANGES.

His Lordship the Bishop of the diocese has appointed the Rev. Joseph Bayard, P. P. of Sarnia, to take charge of the parish of Windsor, made vacant by the death of the Very Reverend Dean Wagner.

Father Bayard, though not the oldest priest of the diocese, has served in it for the longest period of any priest in it. He was ordained in 1859 by the Bishop of Montreal with many other ecclesiastics who made their theological course with him in the Greater Seminary of St. Sulpice, but he served this diocese even prior to this, as he was secretary to Bishop Pinsonneault in 1856, the diocese being then the diocese of Sandwich instead of London.

Father Bayard was appointed parish priest of Sandwich soon after his ordination, and was removed to Ingersoll in 1868, where he remained for nine years, being then removed to Sarnia in 1877, where he has remained to the present time.

Father Bayard has always been a zealous and devoted priest, and to him is due the present prosperous condition of the parish of Sarnia. Among the works which will remain there as monuments of his zeal and piety, are a handsome brick church, a commodious parochial residence, and a well-furnished Separate school house.

Father Bayard's personal character has endeared him to all who are acquainted with him. He is affable and kind, and is besides a thorough musician and liturgist. The people of Sarnia will greatly regret his departure from them, and we have no doubt he will be welcomed in Windsor as a priest thoroughly competent to take charge of that important parish.

Rev. Joseph Kennedy will take the place of Rev. Joseph Bayard as parish priest of Sarnia. For some time after his ordination Father Kennedy was stationed at the Cathedral, having charge of St. Mary's church, Hill street. During his residence in this city he displayed much energy in administering to the wants, both spiritual and temporal, of the Catholics of his parish. A few years ago His Lordship the Bishop appointed Father Kennedy to the parish of Seaford, where he also displayed much administrative ability, earnestness and unceasing zeal in furthering the interests of his flock. Rev. Father Kennedy's successor in Seaford will find a parish in which nothing pertaining to the interests of the Church has been neglected. His promotion to the parish of Sarnia is well deserved and its people may rest assured they are receiving a pastor whose every thought and every act will be directed towards the furtherance of their best interests.

THE MILITARY DESPOTISM IN GERMANY.

Special despatches from Berlin to the Chicago Times-Herald announce several new instances of the brutality with which military officers now regularly treat civilians, and which if persevered in is likely to goad the German people into actual rebellion, as it is encouraged by the Kaiser and the Government. In one of these instances Editor Meitner was grossly insulted by two officers at the theatre in Olmutz. They ridiculed his personal appearance and demanded unapologetically that he should be put on the stage as part of the show. Meitner requested them to desist, but they called him a pig dog, and attacked him in order to chastise him, but the police interfered and prevented them from putting their design into execution. Two evenings later the officers by premeditation waylaid Meitner as he came from the theatre again, setting upon him with swords, and would probably have killed him only for the interference of the police. When news of the occurrence was brought to the colonel of the regiment, instead of reprimanding the officers he declared "it served the impudent hound right." Olmutz, where this occurred, is in

Austria, near the frontier, but all the parties concerned were Germans, and much indignation has been excited among the people of Germany by this new exhibition of military tyranny over civilians. It is expected that the wounded editor will recover, but it will be some weeks before the injuries inflicted will be healed.

Another instance occurred at Breslau, in Prussia, where four officers and five civilians were at separate tables in a cafe. One of the civilians gave an order to a waitress, at the same time putting his arm about her. This freedom, it is said, is common in Germany, but one of the officers took occasion to call the waitress to the officer's table to serve them and to leave "that long-nosed tramp."

The civilian, who was a shop-keeper, said to the officer: "She may wait on whom she pleases, but I beg of you to be more careful in your language." On hearing this the officers drew their swords and rushed upon the civilians. The chief offender apologized, but the apology was not accepted, and the officers savagely attacked the whole party of civilians, who fled to save themselves, but two who were not quick enough to escape were wounded.

Such incidents as these frequently repeated, have raised a storm throughout the country, and the most patriotic of the people are bitterly opposed to the Government for the decided encouragement given to these military tyrants. In the Reichstag many members have also protested against it.

It has been said of late that the Emperor is giving up his idiosyncracies, for which he has been remarkable during his whole reign, but his most recent utterances do not give us reason to suppose that he has yielded an inch in his desire to impose a military despotism on his people, as he continues to assert in effect that the officers carry swords to use them whenever they imagine that the honor due to the "king's coat" demands such action.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AN ERA of conversions appears to be setting towards the Catholic Church in England. A paragraph appeared in the cable news from London, Eng., in the Free Press of this city on Monday last which stated that during the past fifteen months nearly 15,000 persons have become converts to the Roman Catholic Church, of his number 2,000 is in the diocese of Westminster alone.

PARIS is always a little alert for a sensation, and it has now a genuine one in the fact that one of the Deputies to the new Chamber is a Mahometan who will wear a turban and full Oriental costume. He is doctor of Pontarlier, the district in which he was elected. He became a Mahometan in Algiers, and he makes a hobby of his queer creed, so that he has the reputation of being a crank on the subject. Nevertheless he is well liked in Pontarlier, as he is noted for kindness to the poor whom he attends professionally gratis. He appears to have been elected as a joke. At the first polling he received a few votes, but as no candidate received a majority a second polling was held, and the humor of the situation appears to have induced the people to vote for the Oriental, and he was elected.

THE Anglican of London, Eng., have not ceased to adopt Catholic practices since the removal of Bishop Temple to become Archbishop of Canterbury. It has been their practice for many years past to hold special Lenten services but this year Advent has been celebrated about as elaborately as Lent, in St. Paul's and several other churches of the city. This advance is the more remarkable as in past years it was the custom of Anglicans, equally with other Protestant sects, to denounce as superstitious any special devotions practiced by Catholics on festival during the penitential seasons of Lent and Advent. The devotions count in the Communion service in the morning and courses of sermons by celebrated preachers.

THE people of France appear to be awaking to dangers of anarchism, as at the recent elections which took place on the 11 inst. to fill one-third of the Senate seats which are vacant through the expiration of the term for which Senate are elected, the Socialists, who are also suspected of being anarchical to greater or less degree, were completely defeated all over the country. Ninety-seven elections were held, by which 69 Republicans, 13 Radicals, 10 Anarchists, and only 2

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