LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6 1904

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The Catholic Record. LOYDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 1904.

THE IMPREGNABLE CHURCH. In a recent issue of the Atlantic Monthly a writer devotes a good deal of space to the subject of denomination of space to the space to the subject of denomination of space to the space t tional division and doubt within the Church. He is not perturbed at the sight of one hundred and forty-seven religious denominations within the Church. In fact, he says that in the may go by: that it has it is sufficient at present. It records the research of the control of the sufficient at present the result is sufficient. event of the sects baving to hold their own against the Roman Catholics, it is the Catholic Church in the present. It would be worse than idle, it would be calamitous, to oppose the Catholic Church in the present. that takes it up the better for all con-

long and bitter quarrel. We do not believe this view will find favor with any considerable number of people. Here and there may be found shouting watchwords which are meaningless to-day and perpetuating the hatreds which have inspired many sad pages of history, but every sensible in dividual is more anxious for peace than war; for union than disunion.

cerned, as it has all the elements of a

And we are also of the opinion that the call to arms is a trifle belated. We cannot conceive how the Catholic Church is to be held back by a small denomination quarreling long and bitterly with her. "The very existence of Protestantism," says a non-Catholic author, "depends upon this attitude: its negative character demands it:" but that any amount of it can prevent the advance of the Church is not so

Catholicism is old and experienced. It has met all kinds of adversaries, in every clime under every species of for the Churches to be led out of the government, and it still lives. And in this much vaunted age of the world, the action that lie behind them and enter up-to date thinkers, as they are styled, regard it, with Huxley, as the one great spiritual organization which is able to resist the progress of science, or, with Matthew Arnold, as the organization from it. The doubt and indifference the reason why? that will endure while all Protestant sects dissolve and disappear.

THE CHURCH EVER PROS-PEROUS.

Moreover, the history of Catholicism in the United States cannot, we think, give much comfort to those who wish to combat it to day. If it advanced in the face of tremendous difficulties it can be depended upon, now that the way is smoother, to get on passably well. It fronted prejudice and hostility, the power and prestige of a dominant race, and yet it has succeeded in gaining the allegiance of a considerable number of citizens. The Mayflower passengers, if again on the planet, might marvel at the standing of the organization wel at the standing of the organization they were wont to despise, but we do not think they would rush into a magazine counselling a long and bitter war against it. They did some religo war-like buisness in their time, but only when, as their descendants say, they

Any supernatural religious, says of his life to have the truths brought to the non Catholic people of his diocese. He would send these men into the diocese to preach the teachings of light to your faith is a source the rounces its claim to the non Catholic people of his diocese. He would send these men into the diocese to preach the teachings of light to your faith is a source the rounces its claim to the non Catholic people of his diocese. Christ and explain Catholic belief. Christ and explain Catholic belief. They should go into the smaller towns and hamlets, nay on the eross roads, and they would be sure to find a hearing.

They should go into the smaller towns and hamlets, nay on the eross roads, and they would be sure to find a hearing. Since the rounces its claim to the non Catholic people of his diocese. Christ and explain Catholic belief. Christ and explain Catholic belief. Since the rounces its claim to the non Catholic people of his diocese.

They would send the truths brought to the ore can diocese. Christ and catholic people of his diocese.

They would send these men into the diocese to preach the teachings of light to your faith is a source diocese to preach the teachings of light to your faith is a source diocese to preach the teachings of light to your faith is a source diocese. The would send these men into the diocese. The would send these men into the diocese.

They would be sure to find a hearing.

Since then Truths or all the treasures of the uncertainty and the would send these men into the diocese to preach the teachings of light to your faith is a source diocese to preach the teachings of light to your faith is a source the rounces its claim to the more cannot be the rounces its claim to the more cannot have the rounces its cla when, as their descendants say, they had a "sure thing."

THE EMBODIMENT OF UNITY. The sensible Christian, however, is

weary of schism and sectarian division. Without the fold earnest men are seeking some bond of union, and though we may deem their efforts futile, still we cannot but look kindly on their attempts to subdue the spirit of discord. Their dissatisfaction with things as they are-with charlatans foisting delirious imaginings on the Bible-with the utter failure of the theory of the Bible without an authority to preserve and interpret it-they may be induced to investigate the claims of the Church. They may be led to put aside the ideas which have come to them as a heritage, or which have been bred of environment and education, and to approach the subject in a judicial manner. They admit that the Church ought to be essentially and visibly one.

Day by day the child grew worse; I were a seminarist again.

Day by day the child grew worse; I were a seminarist again.

So you and she passed away. And now, began the dreadfullife of loneliness for the father. And it was this very loneliness that made him seek the company of the dead child. He knew that she was not dead to him in spirit. He told his grief to her. After the death of the mother many a time had be seen to be essentially and visibly one. to be essentially and visibly one. They are aware that Christ prayed for unity "that the world may know that Thou hast sent that she had found the mother once Me." All this they know, but when it again. It must have been indeed a comes to securing means to this end, surprise to his friends to see him going they hold conferences to talk about fundamentals and non-fundamentals and to fashion resolutions which serve only to distract minds for the time being from dissension and wrangling. Theological experts may exhaust all their resources in elaborating programmes, but when all is said and done these experts are fallible and are, as it is obvious, unable to effect that unity delineated in the Gospels. But when they begin to understand that the only unity is that provided for by the Redeemer, we may have hopes that the day of the one fold and one shepherd is not far distant.

AN ABSURD STATEMENT.

After some strangely unilluminating talk anent the causes of indifference and doubt, he says :

"And here we are brought to consider one of the most immediate questions be-fore us, that of the Roman Catholic own against the smaller the denomination clear that the smaller the denomination juncture of our affairs. It is full of superstitions, most of them harmless, while some hold a truth.'

We presume that the writer introduced this bit about superstition to placate those who might be angered at his praise of Catholicism. But he should have made clear what he means some clinging to ancient methods, by superstitions. If they are, as we think, based on a false belief, we fail to see how it would be calamitous to attack that belief. And, to use the language of insult, without vouchsating any reason for doing so, is infantile, to say the least, and unworthy of the favor of any respectable publication. And how can a superstition hide a truth? We suppose that the writer got the ideas of truth and the truthseeker slightly mixed, and so proved himself capable not only of insult but also of absurdity.

AN INADEQUATE DIAGNOSIS.

The whole article is of the thinnest kind of material. The writer's diagnosis of the disease which afflicts the sick is inadequate, and his remedy is regions of thought and methods of into the new world that time and knowledge have opened. This is certainly vague, and the individuals for whom it is meant will not glean much comfort methods of the times. They existed even in the earliest infancy of Protestantism and have been connected with it ever since. They are the fruitage of the rebellion against organic Christianity. Higher criticism may serve to make them more visible, but they are that harry the sects are not due to the

ism as such. A Church bereft of authority, and having no support save on formularies and confessions, must speak in a halting tone. It can have no doctrinal certainty, and has nothing but man's word to offer to those ing but man's word to offer to those who wish authoritative solutions to the problems which concern their vital in-

Any supernatural religion, says that is wholly natural. To make it in Since then His predictions have been any sense an infallible revelation, or, in other words, a revelation to us, we need a power to interpret the testament that shall have equal authority with the testament itself.

LED BY A CHILD.

There was a certain man, and his only child was a little girl, who became a Catholic with her mother. The mother died, and the heart of the father was embittered against God, as if He meant to be unkind, and against the Church as if it were responsible. Then the child The friends watched over her with

mean the utter destruction of his faith.

Day by day the child grew worse;
and she passed away. And now her steal away to the church; and there before the Blessed Sacrament, in Which she had such a sincere faith, he knew there, and kneeling before the altar of there, and specing before the attar of that God against Whom he had been so bitter in his heart before. Why did he go there? Because the soul of his little dead child was there. She was keeping company with the angels and the saints before the throne of Jesus Christ, the comforter of the afflicted. There was no place in the world where he felt himself so near to his Creator, and at the same time so near to the child he loved so well. There was a real conversion from hardness and bitterness of heart to faith and love. And the little dead shild did it. - Rev. P. J. Murphy

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

I am somewhat of a "Robinson Crusce" these winter months on a storm-beaten and weather-bound I-land of Lake E-ie. Yet, unlike my friend in the realm of fiction, I am not affrighted with the prints of a man's naked foot on the above. Now, I am 10 I was followed. I am somewhat of a "Robinson Crusce" these winter months on a the shore. Nay, Jan. 10, I was following those footprints on the snow which

A fine stone church greets you as you

step ashore—the Congregational buildas though beckoning one to enter. Its portice was brilliantly illuminated.
"Well." said I, "these people are
not as inquisitive as usual, or they
would be at the Catholic church"; thus I entered and found but a handful

of attendants.
Satisfied with that investigation, I renaired to the humble frame church beside a large Catholic school

"'Tis useless to try to enter," a man filled. The aisles are crowded and the vestibule is jammed." I hurried through to the sacristy into the quaint

sanctuary to find a sitting.

Father Martin had just begun his final lecture, citing reasons taken from actual occurences why people become Catholic.

It was an eager and attentive audience and I felt pleased in having con-vinced the pastor to hold such a mission. "'Tis a good thing," I had insisted on, ever since the Islands had been "worked" the past winter. Both Father Martin and myself roughed "it then, travelling over the

ice from Isle to Isle, and the people seconded our endeavors, "roughing" it also, for they attended, snow or storm. Intelligent questions were found in the question box at Lakeside, proving the fact that people do not ignore the

Church's doings, for they want to know The lecture over, in conversation at

make them more visible, but they are the logical consequences of Protestant-debt of gratitude to Father Kress of debt of gratitude to Father Kress of the Apostolate for keeping up such a

glorious work.
Then I recalled to wind the first non-

Father Elliot, the Nestor of non-Cath-

olic missionaries, was the principal speaker of the evening.

Bishop Horstmann also appeared on the platform and stated he felt it a duty of his life to have the truths brought to

realized.

Men like Hecker, Doyle, Elliot, Deshon and Kress have become beacon lights to the seminarists. Apropos, these thoughts recall some

hapropos, these chagnes recan sense incidents of my trips abroad.

Last May I spent several days in Paris. In the parks or art galleries I would find the "abbés" taking a consultation of the parks of stitutional—happy looking, plump, well pleased with themselves they appeared to me. I could not resist the tempta-tion of talking with such cheerful

people. "You do not look at all like a persecuted body of men," I addressed one I met at the Louvre. "Indeed, we are not persecuted, we are parish priests, etc. To be brief: 'France is not as etc. To be brief; France in yet lost. We are now to make special efforts instructing our children. I wish a seminarist again." "So you yet lost. I were a seminarist again." "So you are from the 'Great Republic!' Were France worthier of his efforts."
"Alas! yes; he is emigrating to Bel-

To which I replied: " Father Heck-To which I replied: Father Heeker's memory is held in νεneration. He
was a man of striking personality, a
typical American priest, the great
lines of whose personality we hoped to
see reproduced in the future priestly characters of America.'

"Is it true your priests preach to Protestants?"

"We know no Protestants over there, because the American non-Catholics no longer protest against the Catholic Church. We preach Catholic doctrine to them. They attend and are respectful. They ask questions of explanation, and we receive desirable converts.

"H'm, I can't understand it. Preach to Protestants, build churches and schools? I love your country and your ways. Au revoir."

of Christ, have made her more precond in her eyes. When the clouds of battle passed away the Gospel message shone with still more luminous splendor.

REFLECTIONS ON THE NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONARY WORK.

del Papolo—as the band would play national airs.

Sure, from the Monte Pincio I heard thousands of conversions have sealed their faith with their blood.

THE NECESSITY OF MYSTERY IN REVEALED RELIGION.

Nay, Jan. 10, I was follow-otprints on the snow which this morning." "Alas! but too true," ng those footprints on the snow which byvered the lake to reach the mainland in safety.

Our mutual friend Father Martin of children in the Missionary countries

work is still kept up.

Many readers await anxiously the weekly edition of the Catholic Universe, to find an account of the missions given in some part of that diocese.

The students of our Diocesan Semin-Wherever the lectures have been

given, the people are anxiously awaiting a regular course, each succeeding year, the best proof for their worth and timeliness.

(Rev.) J. T. SCHOENDORFF.

Kelly's Island, Ohio.

CHRISTIAN FAITH.

THE CARDINAL PREACHES AT CATHEDRAL ON ITS BLESSINGS.

Cardinal Gibbons preached at High Mass in the Cathedral on last Sunday morning and after the celebration held his New's Year's reception at the archiepiscopal residence. The stately old edifice was thronged with worshipers, who listened attentively to the Card-inal's discourse on "The Blessings of Christian Faith," and over six hundred men, women and children took advantage of the opportunity to greet and clasp hands with the prince of the

Catholic Church.
At the close of the Mass the Cardinal pronounced the benediction. His

raith, says St. Paul, is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. In meditating on the pages of the New Testament I have been again and again forcibly impressed with the frequency with which our Saviour and His Apo tles dwell on the blessings and ad vantages of the Christian faith, especially a living faith which is accom-panied by divine hope and love. In-deed, of all the blessings which a mera living faith which is accom deed, of all the blessings when a ma-ciful Redeemer has conferred on us in this world I cannot conceive any gitt comparable to the possession of a comparable to the possession of a strong and luminous belief in a divine revelation—faith in God and in Jesus Christ, an abiding faith in the verity of His Gospel message and in the blessed promises of eternal life. I would not exchange a single article of

vision. Faith does not supplant, but rather supplements reasor. Faith is the highest exercise of reason. You might as well suppose that a man dismight as well suppose that a man dispenses with the use of his eyes in using a telescope as that he discards his reason in using the instruments of faith. Faith is to you what the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night were to the Hebrew people in the deept. It guides you through your the desert. It guides you through your devious wanderings in the desert of life to the trne promised land of

Your faith gives you a notion of God as rational as it is sublime. It reveals to you a God Who has created all things by His power, Who governs all things by His wisdom, and Whose controlling Providence watches over the affairs of nations as well as of mankind. It proclaims a God infinite in justice and in mercy, infinite in truth

and sanctity.
"By the light of faith you acquire a correct notion of yourselves, you learn who and what you are, whence you came and whither you are going. It tells you not only of your origin and destiny, but also the means of attaining it. It has rescued you from the perdoubt in which the heathen world had involved its

votaries.
"The truths of Christian revelation have already successfully withstood the test of twenty centuries. During that long period they have been exposed to the searchlight of hostile criticism. The adversaries of Christianity have carried on a ceaseless guerilla war-fare against the City of God, assailing one stronghold after another. But they were foiled in their attempts, and only effect of their assault was to render the points attacked stronger and more impregnable than they had been

before.
"The marks on her battlements, like the marks of the wounds on the body of Christ, have made her more precious When men are friends there is no need of justice; but when they are just, they still need friendship. — Aristotle. ways. Au revoir."

ways. Au revoir."

In June, I spent several days in Rome. Sunday evenings, I was told, I would find large crowds at the Piazza every country of Christendom have paid known.

their faith with their blood.

"Your faith not only enlightens your intellect, but it also comforts your heart. It brings you that peace which surpasseth all understanding," that peace which springs from the conscious possession of the truth. 'You that heart they have the Lord. shall know the truth,' says the Lord, 'and the truth shall make you iree.' Oh, blessed is that freedom that delivers us from the bondage of doubt and error! Oh, the wail of despair that rises up in the hearts of men that do Our mutual friend Father Martin of the Cleveland Apostolate was then closing a weeks course of lectures to Non-Catholies at Lakeside. Lakeside is known the country over, like Chataugua, as a Methodist summer resort.

Sunday work is rather exhausting for the priest, yet I felt hale and hearty at any arrival on the continent towards.

Children in the Missionary countries are better instructed than our Camdays ago I received a letter from a cultivated gentleman residing in a your priests are even instructing Protestants in the Christian doctrine."

Intelligent Catholies in the city of Sandusky, where Father Martin had been once assistant pastor, are inquirated gentleman residing in a cultivated gentleman residing in a cultivated gentleman residing in a Northern city. He told me that life in a personal God. 'I have asked in a personal God, 'I have asked in a personal God, 'he wrote, 'if there is a God,' he wrote, 'if there is a God,' he wrote, 'if there is a good, that He would perform some mirror ing time and again, whether this good any arrival on the continent towards. referred him to the parable of Dives and Lazarus, spoken by our Lord in the Gospel, which exactly fitted his case. Dives is represented as suffering the torments of the damned. He thus ad ary, too, are interested in the work to them the questions are mailed.

Theirs is the task of answering them. Theirs is the task of answering them. Questions of history, questions about tandards of morality, questions of Church doctrines and discipline, or the ceremonies -questions not found in the shelved dusty tomes of the fourteenth century.

ham to send Lazarus back to earth that he would admonish my brothers to abandon their evil ways and so escape the tortures that I endure.' Abraham replied: 'They have Moses and the prophets. Let your brothers hear them.' 'But, Father,' rejoined Dives, they would be converted if some one risen from the grave were to appear to them.' Abraham said at last: 'If they will not hear Moses and the prophets

neither will they be converted if one were to visit them from the grave.'

Then I said to this gentleman: "You and I have Moses and the prophets to warn us. We have Christ and His Apostles to instruct us. We have the luminous miracles and pro-phecies of our Saviour to enlighten us. We have the glorious miracle of His resurrection set before us—a miracle attended by a cloud of witnesses. We have the abiding miracle of His Church daily confronting us. Hundreds of thousands in every age on the strength of these miracles have accepted the divine mission of Christ. If this evidence does not suffice neither will men believe though one were to rise from the grave. For if we do not accept the testimony of history neither will we accept the testimony of

our senses."
In concluding his sermon the Card nal said that the life and health of the body require the same sustenance in the way of food and exercise that the

life and growth of faith demand.

'Faith must be nourished by daily prayer and observance of God's pre-cepts. I pray that Christ may dwell in your hearts. And to Him be glory in the Church and in Christ I say unto generations world without end.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Rev. Henry E. O'Grady, missionary

I inquired if there were many copies of the book in the neighborhood, and was house was supplied. My instructions were well attended, notwithstanding

this opposition.

These books are circulated, as a rule, through the efforts and aid of the Protection of the protection of the mysterious testant clergy. When this concentrated effort is being made to injure the Church by the spread of bad liter ature, every good Catholic should rally around the International Truth Society and render every assistance possible. In helping Dr. McGinnis and his

associates you are helping the mission-aries who are in the field and at the front.

I preached in three churches for colored people this fall. On Sunday night, November 15, I preached in Zion A. M. E. Church, Greenville, Ala., to about 1,200 people, in the presence of their Bishop and five ministers. This was the first time that many in the audience heard a Catholic priest. Even the Methodist Bishop told me it

was the first time he had that pleasure.

The pastor in introducing me said he never thought he would live to see the day when a Roman Catholic priest would come to preach in a Methodist church. "We have with us to-night a pressed on me there. The clergyman impressed on me there. day when a Roman Catholic priest would come to preach in a Methodist church. "We have with us to-night a priest of the eld Mother Church," said

When I stood up to thank the pastor for his kind introduction, I did not fail to call their attention to the pas-tor's remark, calling the Church the old Mother Church, and to express to them the hope that the day was not far distant when they would come home to that kind, loving mother so patiently waiting for them.

After the sermon many came up to shake hands and to beg me to come soon again. For months and months these instruc-

tions will be the subject of conversation in their homes.

Prominent Peoria Convert.

Mrs. Bourland, a prominent club woman and society leader of Peoria, Ill., was received into the Catholic thurch last month, and made her first Communion on Christmas day in the Peoria Cathedral. Mrs. Bourland is a member of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of Peoria, and her conversion created something of a sen-sation, not alone in the city but through-out the State, where she is widely

The Reverend George Searle, C. S. P., the noted author of Plain Facts for Fair Minds, contributes to the January Catholic World a very interesting and valuable article for Catholics and non-Catholics, on a question that ever needs explanation—that cf mystery in revealed religion:

"Many people find great difficulty in accepting the dogmas of religion, because some of these dogmas are mysterious or incomprehensible. This diffi-culty, evidently, is found conspicuously in the teaching of the Church with regard to the Holy Trinity and the Real Presence of Christ in the Biessed

Sacrament.
"The actual dogma is that there are three Persons, with an absolute unity of nature. The difficulty with the of nature. The difficulty with the objector is, that he forms an idea of these matters are not clear. If you tell him that space exists in three dimenhim that space exists in three dimensions, length, breadth, and thickness, he has no difficulty; for his ideas on these subjects are, or at any rate seem

to him, clear. "The difficulty as to the Real Presence arises from a similar cause. The objector takes for granted that the presence of a physical substance any-where is entirely a matter of geometry. He regards it as necessarily extended, and having a definite shape. He may perhaps never have thought of the presence of the soul in the body, which his own consciousness must make at any rate extremely probable to him. The same consciousness tells him that his soul is individual or indivisible, and yet that it exists in every part of his body.
"Yes, this is the trouble; our minds

are not content with obscurity, but insist on understanding all about every subject presented to them, or at any rate that no subject shall present in-superable difficulties. Individually, we may acknowledge that some matters are beyond our own understanding, as no doubt is the case for most people with regard to the higher mathematics; but we feel sure that some minds understand_them clearly, and that perhap we ourselves could, if we would be willing to go through the necessary

"And yet even here, if we would had that make that study, we would find that there are limits which it would appear that no human mind will ever pass in this world. We see for instance, that space of more than three dimensions is what may be called an algebraical possibility; we can deduce formulas and conclusions with regard to it very similar to those which we obtain with regard to the space with which we are familiar. But when we try to realize what it would be like, to imagine it, we fail entirely. We see them that the apparent completeness of our notion of actual space is a matter of experience; that it comes from our physical senses, and that if we had been absolutely deprived from the beginning in Alabama, writes:

One day a man living a few miles outside the town brought me a copy of book called "The Devil in the Catholic Church." I thought "The Devil in Robes" was bad enough, but this book is the worst of the kind ever published.

Linewick if there were many copies of the certainty seems that if bility; but it certainly seems that if experience entirely new sensations to we are familiar, and that at present

Also it seems quite plain that the existence of the mysterious or incom-prehensible in what claims to be a revelation, instead of being an argument If there were nothing in it hard to be understood, it would seem to come from a source no higher than ourselves.

OBJECT LESSON FAILED.

John Spencer Basset, who has been forced to resign his chair at Trinity College, N. C., because he said that Booker Washington was the greatest man the South had produced since Lee, is a fee to bigotry and to all illiberal and narrow views. In a recent lecture Mr. Bassett scored religious intoler-

arose one Sunday evening in the fall with a fresh green walnut in his hand. He held the walnut up so that we could

all see it, and he said:
"'Dearly beloved, with this walnut I am going to give you an object lesson. See me now remove the nut's rind. This rind is soft, dirty, useless, profitless. It is like the—church. Now I come to the shell. It is a hard, strong shell, a difficult thing to erack; but there is no taste to it, there is no nourishment in it; it is valueless, a thing to be thrown away. This shell, my friends, is like the—church. And, finally, breaking the shell, we come to the kernal, which is like our own church. I church. I-

"At this point the elergyman took out the kernal, and found it rotten. He reddened, coughed, and pronounced the benediction, and I understand that he was, after that day, liberal in all his

Anarchy means a world without rule; and a world without rule means confusion and chaos. Socialism with God ignored, is a step-sister of aparchy and ultimately leads to similar destruction. -Union and Times.

CHAPTER V.

MR. WEEKS IS INTRODUCED TO CAPTAIN TOM PETERSHAM, AND IS INVITED THAT GENTLEMAN TO SPEND A DAY AT CASTLE GREGORY-HE ALSO HAS THE GOOD LUCK TO CATCH A

GLIMPSE OF MARY LEE.

The little eraft which so suddenly arrested the light-keeper's eye, as he turned to enter the lodge, was already within five minutes' sail of the long flight of steps leading up from the base of the rock to the lighthouse yard. She was a yacht of small tonnage, but elegantly moulded. Her white hull, sunk almost to the scuppers, and her light, raking spars, gave her a janty look, that seemed to please the Yankee exceedingly.

Why, by cracky, that's an American boot, rig and hull !" he exclaimed. "Ha! I swonnie!—had her built at

one of our ship yards, I guess."

"She was built in Cork harbor,"
replied the light-keeper. "Timber or
plank, mast or spar, there's not an
American chip in her."

Not, eh? " No, sir; she's Irish, every inch of her, from the truck to the keel. Tom Petersham wouldn't own her if she was

He wouldn't, eh ?" The light-keeper, now seeing a boat approaching from the yacht, advanced to the head of the stairs, and raised his hat to a gentleman who sat in the stern. The latter, as soon as the boat touched,

stepped ashore.
"Hilloa, there, Master Lee," he shouted as he ascended the steps; "I couldn't pass without calling to pay my respects to pretty Mary—to say nothing (O Lord! this is worse than Loughdearg for Father John—deuce take them for steps; they don't leave a breath in me)-not to speak of the numerous injunctions respecting a pro-mised visit from the saucy baggage. Heigh ho! I say, Lee,—this is steeper than the face of Gibraltar; and let me tell you—hugh!—you must provide falls and tackle in future, if you'd have me visit here. Forty-three steps! monstrous! But who the deuze!—eh, who is that?" he demanded, halting to take herest has he resched the form take breath as he reached the top, and wiping the perspiration from his face. "Who, in the name of all Malvolios, is he with all those gewgaws under his

"Hush," said the light keeper; he's

Nonsense! He's a cockney tailor come down to rusticate-eh? "No, sir; he's an American, and real Yankee in the bargain."

"A Yankee! The deuce he is!"
"A native of Ducksville, State of

Connecticut."
"Ho, ho! now I understand you: he's the C cohan man—cousin, or nephew, or something of that kind, to the Hardwrinkles. Very good; he's just the man I want to see; present me forthwith. Kate wishes to see him too, of all things, and swears she'll invite him to the castle herself, if I don't. Introduce me instantly; I'll see what he s
like, and then ask him to visit us."

"O, the young scamp!" exclaimed
the light-keeper, laughing; "she's got

some mischief in her mad pate, I warrant you. If the good gentleman only took a friend's advice, he would stay at home, and keep clear of her company. come ; l'il introduce you, at all

"Captain Petersham," said he, takcaptain Petersnam, said ne, taking off his hat, and motioning with the grace of a well-bred gentleman, 'let me present to you Mr. Weeks, of Ducksville, Connecticut, United States. Mr. Weeks, Captain Petersham, of Castle

Gregory."
The American bowed low, but without saying a word or changing his posi-tion in the least. Not so Mr. Peters-ham, who despised in his heart all kind of formality, save and except the form-alities of the duel ground; and these he understood well, and could practise

What the plague, man !" he exclaimed, "don't be so stiff with me. Nonsense! you're an American citizen, and that's enough, sir; give me your hand. Ducksville or Drakesville—I don't care a barley corn what ville you are, so you're a free American. Come, sir, let us be friends at once, and make no more pother about.'

'Excuse me, Captain Petersham you make a mistake. My name ain't Ducksville or Drakesville; my name is Weeks—Ephraim C. B. Weeks."

"O, hang the difference, man !-it's all the same—what matters it? Come, let's join Lee in his office—he's gone to order some refreshments, and I'm as dry myself as a whistle;" and running his arm into the astonished American's, he dragged him along, speaking all the while with his usual rapidity. "Pshaugh! it's all balderdash—what's in a name?—why, man, it don't signify a straw what you're called."

Well, no, not much, I reckon ; but if it's just the same to you, I'd rather be called Weeks-Ephraim Weeks.

Here's my card, sir, if you please—"
"Card! pshaugh—all humbug. Keep
your cards, my dear sir, for those fool ish enough to use the toities. But if you choose to be called Weeks, I'll call you Weeks, certainly, sir; and an ex-cellent name it is for an American."
"Well, it's sort o' handy like for a

business man. "To be sure to be sure—there's your secretary of legation, Mr. what the plague! I can never remem-per names—Mr.—Mr.—O confound it —Linkimdoodle—or something of that

sort .- well, sir, he's a fine fellow, that Linkimdoodle, a right honest thorough oing republican as I ever met in my life. He has an odd name, to be sure; but what of that?-No one minds it-anything, you know, will do in a it—anything, you know, will do in a country like yours, when you've no houses yet, or pedigrees, or things of that description to trouble you. And so you're staying at Crohan with the Hardwrinkles. Well, I can only say I'm sorry for it—they'll ruin you, that's all—ruin you, sir, body and soul."

"The Hardwrinkles are my cousins, Cantain Petersham."

honor." Captain Petersham.'

"Just so: I know; I understand all that—but you'll not be worth a rap farthing, sir, if you stay with them many months longer, notwithstand-ing."

'' You don't say so!" "You don't say so!"
"I do, sir. They'll first reduce you
down with psalm singing, till you're as
flat as dish water and as weak as a
wendle straw, and then finish you off wendle straw, and then finish you on with mock piety, private scandal, and weak tea. Take my advice, sir, and stay with them as little as possible. Come up to Castle Gregory, where there's some life to be had, and come as often as you can, too—we'll be al-ways glad to see you. So then here we are in the light-keeper's sanctum, and here comes Drake to welcome us. Hands off!—hands off, Drake—down, down, you old rogue; you're as wet as an otter—away, and bring your mis-tress here; I want to see her. But what's the matter?—how now! growling at your guest?—ah! Drake, Drake, that's inhospitable—what has come over you, man? never saw you act so un-Irish before. Excuse me, sir; but take a seat, take a seat, and don't be sur-prised to see me make so free in another man's house — it's our custom here. Heigh-ho!" he added, flinging himsel down in an easy chair, and his gold-banded sea-cap over his shoulder; "it takes me a full half hour to recover breath after climbing those villanous stens. Heigh-ho! and so you're an

American citizen."
"Well, yes; I have that honor, sir." "Right, sir—and it is an honor - no doubt of it. But how warm it is - ch?" and he snatched off his stock and wiped his face with his handkerchief. those outrageous stairs—eh! Besides, I'm not feather weight either, I suppose. Humph!" he added, glancing over at his companion' "you have the advan-

tage of me there, sir-jou're thin.' "Yes, rather inclined that way," modestly replied Weeks, playing with his watch-chain.
"So much the better, sir, so much

the better; you're in a more comfort-

able summer condition."
"Well, as to the Weeks side of the well, as to the weeks state of the house," observed the American, by way of explanation, "they were never what you might call fleshy people; but the Bigelows were about the largest boned men in all Connecticut. There was my mother's cousin, for example,

"By the lord Harry, he's at Nathar again!" came rumbling along the hall, in the deep tones of the burly lightkeeper, as he hurried in from the tower

to welcome his guests.
Fortunately, however, Mr. Weeks was at that moment in the act of speak-ing, so that it was quite impossible for him to distinguish the words; otherwise he had understood better the comic smile on Captain Petersham's face, a that gentleman twirled his thumbs and gazed over at him from his easy chair. "Let me see; you're somewhere about 5 feet 11 inches—ain't you?" "Yes, thereabouts."

"Yes, thereabouts."
"Weil — now, as to the weight, I reckon you're two hundred, or chock

"Very likely—I might be three, for aught I know," replied the captain, laughing.

Weil, cousin Nathan was taller by nearly two inches, and mother says be fore he lost his eye on muster day he weighed close on two twenty-five. Still, cousin Nathan—"

cousin Nathan—"
"Hilloa, there! hilloa, Roger
O'Shaughnessy," broke in the light
keeper again; "are we never to see
that brandy and water? Come along,
man; only lift your feet, and they'll
tall themselves."

hall themselves."
"Ay, ay," muttered the old man, shambling into the room in his old bottle-green livery with the faded lace and the two solitary buttons, carrying massive silver salver, on which a, peared three tumblers and a decanter with something resembling brandy on the bottom of it. "Ay, ay," said he, "it's always the same-just for all the he was at home in the ould Heigh! heigh! It's nothing but Roger here and Roger there-Roger, bring the venison; where's the champagne? Roger, bring the venison; Roger, the Burguidy? Roger, order this ger, order that lady's barouche. Heigh, heigh, heigh! Here he was seized by a fit of coughing which had the good effect of terminating his catalogue of complaints. och!" said he at length, when at length, when he re-le breath, "the Lord be covered a little breath, with the time, Captain Petersham, (bowing with great formality to that gentleman,) "when Roger had plenty of servants to assist him. But sure there's no help for it now, and as I burned the candle I must burn the inch;" and the old man turned to quit the room.

'Stop, Roger; hold on; what have ou got here?" demanded the light-eeper, holding up the decanter be-ween him and the light.

There, sir? "Yes, here, sir; look at it."

"Why, it's brandy, av coorse—what lise shud it be? But may be its's wine, er honor wants-ugh! ugh!-what ind iv wine id you like, sir? I'll ring it immadiately.

"Wine! you old schemer, you know there's not a drop of wine in the

"Ay, you; you know it well—no hasn't been these twelve months," "Och, och, the Lord luck to us!" exclaimed Roger, raising his hands in grave astonishment; "it's wondherful —wondherful, entirely. His mimory's clane gone, sir, (turning to Captain Petersham.) It's only the mather of four weeks, or so, since we got—let me see—ahem! ahem!—two pipes iv claret—one Madeira;" and he began to count them on his fingers—"ahem two iv claret—one Madeira—one—"

"Don't mind him, don't mind him, said the captain, rising from his easy chair, and good naturedly laying his hand on Roger's shoulder; he's enough to vex a saint. Well, Roger let him do as he pleases; if he choose to refuse us a glass of wine in this beggarly way, why, we can remember it to him—that's all."

"O, my heart's broke wid him, yes

"To be sure it is-you're a living

martyr, Roger. I declare, I don't see how you can stand it—it's insufferable —quite insufferable."
"Och, och! I wish to patience he was back in his own ould castle again,

yer honor, for since the docthors ordhered him down here for the benefit of his health, there's no comfort to be had wid him, night or day—but sure, if he didn't lose his mimery, it wouldn't be so bad, allthegither. And then I'm shamed out iv my life wid him. Why, if you'd only hear to him, Mr. Petersham — ahem! that's if you were a stranger, you know, sir, like that gentleman—you're most obedient, sir and didn't know the differ, ye'd think there wasn't a screed iv dacency left about him, at all, at all;" and as he thus went on to make his private com-plaints to the captain, still, however, in a voice loud enough to be heard by the American, he kept ever and anor glancing at the great silver salver or

the table, as if making a silent appeal to it for testimony against his master. During this little conversation with Captain Petersham, the light-keeper called him several times, but Roger was too much engaged to attend him. 'Roger !-are you deaf? Roger!"

the house? Answer me, yes or no."
Ahem! Answer you yes or why, av coorse I'll answer you-that is, if I only knew what you mane."
"Well, look here,"—and Mr. Lee

"Is this all the brandy you have in

stepped over to the old man, and shook the decanter within an inch of his eyes "You call this brandy?"
"Sartinly, sir, the best cagniac; it

cost just seven-Never mind the cost; you have here about three thimblefuls or there-

a bouts—for three gentlemen."
"No, sir, there's a good half bottle, and more-ahem! ahem! it looks little, but it's on broad bottom; hem, it's a

broad bottom, sir."
"Well, now, I want to know — you've any more of the same left?—that's plain enough, I think." "Why, dear me, such a question! Och, och — and two casks untouched

" Hold your lying tongue and answer

me, sir; have you? yes or no."
'Yes, yes, puncheons of it."
'Go fetch it then, forthwith—go now

instantly;" and he pushed him gently towards the door.
"Sartinly, sir, sartinly," replied Roger, moving off as fast as his old, shaky limbs would carry him, the long skirts of his old bottle-green coat oscillating as he went. "Most sartinly sir; its aisy enough to do that-I only knew what in the world ye were

coming at, all the time, I'd have it here "He's the greatest old plague, that, in the whole universe," said the light-keeper; "not a respectable visitor ever comes to see us, but he acts just in the ame way. He would make you believe, Mr. Weeks-Captain Petersham here knows all about him long ago-he would make you believe his master as rich as Crossus, and staying down here only by advice of his physician. the old bottle-green livery he wears well, he has worn that, to my own knowledge, five and twenty years, and in all probability, his father before him, for as many more. As for this antiquated piece of plate on the table, he brings it out on every possible occasion. The old coat and the old salver are in fact his great stand bys, and with these he imagines he can make a show of 'dacency,' were the house as pare and empty as the ruins of Baal-

"Poor Roger," said the captain; he's a regular Caleb Balderstone.

"Precisely—the only difference, perhips—that Caleb was a creation, and Roger a reality."
"Balderstone," said Weeks; let me see; Balderstone—warn't he something to the Balderstone of Shouthers.

to the Balderstones of Skowhegan, down east?"
"Ha, ha!" chuckled Captain Peter-

Well, them Balderstones of Skowhegan were tremendous smart men, I tell you; and cousin Nathan says they fought at Lexington like tigers and

No, no; Caleb was of quite another character," replied the light-keeper. "He was born of a wizard, and shall live as long as the world lasts. Some, indeed, go as far as to say, that he and Campbell's last man are destined to expire together.'

Well, he's not a mortal, I reckon. "No, sir, he's immortal as the gods. During this latter part of the con eturned as far as the room door, and emained standing on the threshold, for a minute or more, looking in. In the attitude he assumed he presented a striking appearance. His once tall and powerful frame, now bent and wasted with years—the old laced coat hanging from his attenuated shoulders in em folds—the white hairs that still mained brushed us on each side, and meeting in a crest over his polished scalp, gave him the look of a fine old ruin, tottering to its fall, with all its friendly ivy dead in the dust, save a ew weak but faithful tendrils clinging

last to it still.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lee, for interrupt ing you," said Weeks, "but the old gentleman here at the door seems to

"What! Roger-well, Roger, what's the matter?"
"Ahem!" said Roger, "ahem! about

the brandy, your honor."
"Well—about the brandy—where is t? why don't you bring it in?

"The key—aben! the key of the cellar, sir," said Roger, without venturing to look at his master.
"What of it?" "Ahem! It's not to be found, sir;

you or Miss Mary must have it."
"Me! I never touched the key in ' Dear me, then, what's to be done, your honor? The brandy's in the cellar, and there's no key to open it."

"I don't believe a word of it; but did you ask Miss Lee for the key?"
"She's not to be found, either, sir." " Ha, ha !- I thought so. I knew all he time it would come to that at last." and bidding him farewell, sprang round "If you could put up for this time the edge of the rock with the nimblethe time it would come to that at last.

with some of the best old Innishowen you can have a hogshead of it in

jiffey."
"Innishowen!" cried the captain
"Nonsense ap with it, too! Nonsense Roger, bring it in here in ' and put up with it, too ! nonsense! Roger, bring it in here in-stantly. Why, you old villain, it's worth its weight in gold. Compare French brandy with Innishowen poteen, indeed! Why, the Irishman who would do that should be sent to the stocks, and physicked with frogs and assa fætida. Begone, and fetch it instanter. Begone, and fetch it instanter.

Away! my time's up."
Roger soon returned with a bottle
of excellent whiskey, of which we must
not omit to say, Mr. Weeks declined to partake—nay, absolutely rejected in the most positive manner, as a thing entirely against his principles and habits of life. But the light keeper and his good neighbor, the lord of Castle Gregory, made no pretensions to such principles or habits; they filled their classes and drank to each other, and to the success of the Stars and Stripes, as a compliment to Mr. Weeks, in full bumpers of Irish grog, without fear or shame, reproach or remorse. Captain Petersham had scarcely

finished his draught, and flung the tumbler on the table, loudly protesting against all state temperance laws and teetotal societies, as being the provo-cation of half the drunkenness in the world, when a sailor, cap in hand, pre-sented himself at the door. "How now, Bradley—what's the

natter?"
"Mr. Ratlin says there's a blow coming up from the westward, sir, and in half an hour we'll have ebb tide. He waits orders.'

"Well, get the boat ready. I'll be

Well, get the boat ready. In be with you in a second."

He now approached the window, and glanced for an instant at the west.
"There it comes, Lee," he exclaimed, "tumbling up in lumps over Tory Island; you'll have it whistling about your ears here in half an hour. I must get aboard the Water Hen, and pack on sail, or she'll not fetch Ballymastocker to-night. But look here; who's that under the rock, there, speaking to Mistress Mary? He's a devilish fine-looking young fellow, eh!"

The light keeper hastened to the

window. "Hah! by George," he exclaimed, muttering the words to himself, the instant his eye rested on the person alluded to, "he is back person alluded to,

Who is he, Lee-eh? surely I've seen that young man before-who is

Mr. Lee smiled and shook his head. "O, hoh, tha'ts it, is it? Very well, if there's anything particular about him, keep it to yourselt."

And having requested Mr. Lee to make his apology to Mary for running away so abruptly, and invited Weeks to visit him as soon as possible, he hurried off, without further delay, to his yacht. The moment his foot touched her deck she was seen crowding on every stitch of canvas that would draw, and then gracefully bending under the gentle pressure of the evening breeze, the little Water Hen glided up the Swilly, and soon disappeared in the deepening shadows of Rathmullen Bluffs.

The light-keeper had accompanied his friend to the head of the steps to bid him good by and a fair voyage, and the American, taking advantage of his absence, instantly turned to the window, and there kept watching Mary Lee and her companion so intently, and with so absorbing an interest, that old Roger had picked up his silver card case which had fallen from his pocket, and laid it on his knee, without his having noticed it in the least. The spot on which the young couple stood conversing, was a small patch of greensward directly above the narrow channel called the Devil's Gulch and canopied by a long, flat, projecting rock. The place was some seventy feet above the roaring water, cut, as it were, in the face of the precipice and nearly on ly. The distance between was not more than thirty feet; yet near as it was, Weeks could have distinguished little more than their mere outlines, had not flood of light full on their persons, revealing every motion and feature

distinctly to his gaze. A shade of melancholy overspread the handsome face of the young man as he leaned on the boat hook, (with which he had climbed the rocks.) and conversed with his fair companion, His black, waving hair fell in profusion over his blue jacket, from the breast p which the silver mountings of breast pockets of of travelling pistols glinted in the clear as if the heat of the day, or his previous exertions, had obliged him to remove his cravat, and his whole bearing that of a brave, self-reliant, fearless young aer blue kirtle and straw hat, the picture of angelic loveliness. Her face, always smiling before, was now pale and thoughtful, as if the melan-choly which shadowed the countenance of her companion had touched her eart. Her petite figure, as she leaned eyes bent on the green grass at her showers over her shoulders, and above all, her unaffected simplicity of manner gave her a striking resemblance to those beautiful creatures which Raphael paints in his Espousals of the Virgin. Once or twice she raised her eyes to those of her companion; but she as often turned them away, as if the ness of his looks gave her pain. His gestures and motions were those of entreaty; but she, on her part, appeared to make no reply—save to shake her head and look up sorrowfully in his face. At length the voice of the sorrowfully light keeper was heard round the house. calling her in from the approaching storm, and she could stay no longer. As the moment of parting came, she drew from her bosom something re-sembling a medal or locket and chain, and pressing it devoutly to her lips gently threw it over the young man' She then gave him her hand.

ess of a fawn, and disappeared in an instant. Her companion followed her with his eyes as long as she remained in ight, and then carefully concealing the little treasure in his bosom, slowly

turned and left the place.
"Well," said Mr. Weeks to himself
as he moved over from the window and
leated his elbow on the table beside him, "she's a handsome gal, that—no mistake about it; and that feller looks to be a purty smart kinder chap, too, and not ill lookin either. But who in creation is he? There's some mystery about him, that's sartin. I could see that by the light-keeper, when the captain asked his name. But hold on for a bit; I'll soon learn the secret from Mother Curley. That was some sorter charm, I'll bet a fourpence, that thing she put round his neck—some papistry, I reckon. But ain't she all fired brazen faced to go up there right straight be-fore the window?—By cracky, they do —well, no matter, you understand me. I'm a single man, Mr. Lee, and have a up that kinder business sorter strange down here in these diggins—they're ahead of New Jersey, by a long chalk. But after all, perhaps it's her favorite retreat, and the feller found her there. She expected him-sartin. I saw that by her face when she came peeking in at the window, and I rather suspect she warn't aware of Captain Petersham's arrival either, or that Ephraim Weeks was in the office with her uncle. Well, she's handsome—that's a fact—and with those hundred and fifty thousand dollars I know of to back her up, she' wife enough for any man. Ha, she little thinks what belongs to her tother side the big pond—and she won't either -till she's got her nose up to the hitchin post. She'll be skittish, I guess, at first; but I'll take the old woman's advice, and coax her to it gently. She can only refuse, do her best; and when she does, why it's then time enough to put the screws on. They're poor as poverty, that's clear, and it won't be very hard to corner them up in a tight place. A month or two in limbo would settle the old chap's light-keepin, and then the girl, all-fired proud and all as she is, might be glad—"

He was suddenly interrupted in his reflections by the entrance of the two persons in whom she seemed to be so deeply interested.

"Here's an impudent, saucy little baggage, Mr. Weeks, who desires to offer you an apology for her dog's very bad behavior to-day," said the light-keeper, leading Mary by the hand. "Miss Lee, sir. Mary, this gentleman is Mr. Weekes, of Drakesville, Con-necticut, United States."

"Ducksville, if you please, Mr. Lee, not Drakesville," said Weekes, after one of his pro cund inclinations to the young lady; "the difference ain't much but still-

"O, excuse me, excuse me, sir," said the light-keeper; "so it is—I made a mistake—Ducksville, my dear, State of Connecticut."
"Allow me to offer you my card,"

said Weekes, smiling faintly and patron-izingly on the young girl, as he drew it slowly out from the silver case. "Thank you, sir," she replied. modestly courtesying and accepting the favor, without the least sign of surprise at the strangeness of the compli

"I regret very much, sir, the loss of

your fishing lines this evening," she said; "but if you permit me, I shall replace them." Pray, don't mention it," replied

Weeks, interrupting her. "You're exceedingly kind, Miss Lee, but I assure you I have lots of such traps to spare." "Drake is a very bold fellow in the water, sir, and don't mind his mistress in the least, when there's any thing like game to be seen. But then, he's so good and faithful that we must forgive him a great many faults. Drake, Drake, 'she cried, "where are you?" and as the brown curly hairedold fellow came in, wagging his tail, she ordered him to kneel down before the gentle man and ask his pardon. But Drake, instead of kneeling, as, no doubt, he was taught to do on such occasions. began to growl at the stranger, and would probably have sprung at him if Mr. Lee had not promptly interposed his authority, and commanded him to

leave the room. "How very strange!" said Mary,

speaking to her uncle; "I never saw him act so rudely before."

"Some kink the old fellow has got in But I fear Mr. Weeks will find his first visit to us down here a very disagreeable one, so many things have conspired to make it so. The loss of his fishing tackle and his fine trouth to boot; then the absence of the in mates here, and his having to sit s long alone before any one came to bid him welcome; and finally, the unkind and ungenerous behavior of Drake: why, upon my word, Mr. Weeks, you must think Araheera light a very barbarous place.

"O, don't mind-don't mind; I can get along, I guess, most anywhere. We'll make it all right yet. As for loss of the flies and casting line, I eel quite pleased about it, since it has ured me the acquaintance of evely and accomplished a young lady as Miss Lee.

Mary blushed, hung down her head. and tried to say something; but her confusion at so blunt and unexpected a compliment silenced her completely The light-keeper, however, came to her ssistance.
"If you talk to her in that style, Mr.

Weeks," said he, "you'll play the deuce with her—see, she's all over blushes already.'

"We ell, I generally calculate to speak to the point, Mr. Lee. It was always my habit to be frank with every one, and I can safely say, I would be most willing to lose all the fishing tackle I ever owned, for the pleasure afforded me by this introduction; she's a most beautiful and amiable girlthere's no mistake about it,—and I'm not ashamed to say so, though you are her uncle.

"Mary, the gentleman will set you crazy, if you stay here much longer—away with you," he added, patting her affectionately on the cheek; "away into some corner and hide your blushes Mr. Weeks will excuse your further presence;" and dropping her hand, he permitted her to shrink back and glide

away like a fairy from the room.

"Well, I guess I shan't wait much longer, either," said Weeks, picking up his cap and preparing to leave "I see the storm's coming on, and I've got somewhat of a walk before me; but I was just athing to gone down there

was just athinkin to come down here once in a while to have a day's or so, and a talk about the United States, at our leisure." The light-keeper smiled, and assured him he should be happy to see him at any time, and cheerfully do all in his

power to make his visit to the country, and particularly to Araheera Head, a and particularly to Araheera Head, as a recable as possible.

"And look'e here," said Weeks, buttoning his coat; "if there's any thing I can do to oblige you, in the way of friendship, don't hesitate an i istant, but tell me right out. It may happen you d want a friend's advice, a

than I've any particular occasion to use. Good afternoon, sir." use. Good afternoon, sir."
"Good-bye and thank you for your good will," said the light keeper, somewhat surprised at the stranger's liber-"I shall most assuredly consult ality. with you, Mr. Weeks, when occasion

leetle more at my banker's, I guess

requires it."
"I say—hold on!" said Weeks, again turning back when half way down the avenue; "that bird, you'll not forget to send it, eh?-all right; guess I can get it up for you in pretty good shape." And waving his hand, he set out on his journey to Crohan, the residence of the Hardwrinkles.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ONE WHITE ROSE.

THE SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE STRATEGY OF A MOTHER'S LOVE. By Edward B. Clark.

John Ledyard's mother intended that her son should lead a professional life, but John would not have it so. He was the only son, and his mother a widow. Moreover he was a devoted son, but he believed that as it was his own future that he must carve out he must take that for the carving which he thought was fitted for the cunning of his hand. So it was that John Ledyard, twenty-four years old and just twelve months out of college, told his nother one day that he was going on

the stage. Mrs. Ledyard was a woman of sense. She listened to what her son had to say and then without a word of remor strance she asked him simply to think over his decision for a month, then to see if he still clung to it and "if so, my son," she said, "though you know what my heart is set on I simply will wish you a Godspeed and say not one

word to turn you from your purpose.'
A month passed and John Ledyard went to his mother, kissed her gently on the forehead, and said: "Mother, 'm going on the stage and I am going to try and deserve well of the public

and to make you proud of me.' John Ledyard was a big, handsome fellow, an athlete and a man whose very appearance won admiration. His mother knew this. "John," she said, "you are going into a life of tremendous temptation. Not from the members of the profession you have chosen, but from the outside. I do not share the feeling toward the stage itself so many people seem to hold, but it is from the outside that your danger will come. If you succeed as an actor I know that will be flattered and courted, and sometimes flattery and what goes with

it are vericable pitfalls."

John Ledyard smiled a little. "It is because I am your son, mother, that you think flattery is to come my way. will try to remember your teachings," and then he kissed her once again, and

this time it was a good bye. John Ledyard had been on the stage just one year. He had not found much of the courting and flattery that his mother had spoken of, but that his ecanse he was in mine the time, though the managers been watching him, and now at the end of a year he was a leading man and in stage parlance "held the center." Then the flattery and the courting began. From the moment that he took his place as a star this big, athletic and competent actor found himself deluged with letters, and not many of them were from men. Flowers were sent him with delicately perfumed notes. He was what laymen call the "matinee gir.." "idol. It takes a strong character not to be affected by thing of this kind, and John Ledvard, though he had strength of mind with his strength of body, found that he was

becoming affected by the homage.

One morning at his hotel there was delivered by a messenger a long, narrow package tied neatly with a blue ribbon. John Levard opened it. He found within a box containing a white rose of exquisite beauty and fragrance. Just one white rose with enough of the fresh green leaves to frame loveliness. One rose, nothing else; not a line to show from whence it came. The rare loveliness of the flower attracted Ledyard, and while scores of blossoms had come within a week, he took this one rose and gave it a place of honor in a vase on his mantel's center. The next day there came another white rose the counter-part of

predecessor it was given the place of honor. When John Ledyard had received daily for two weeks a single white rosebud fragrant and beautiful beyond all the other roses that came to from whatever source, he felt a stirring of his curiosity to know some-thing of the giver. But trace the roses back of the florist he could not. other presents that came to him lost their interest and he thought only of the unknown sender of the fragrant

the one received the day before,

John Ledyard left Chicago and went to another city for a long engagement. The morning of his arrival there came to him at the hotel breakfast table a familiar package. It contained a white rose. For a year, wherever John Ledyard, successful actor and idol of the natinee girls, appeared, he received his daily white rose. Time after time He though only. Th about it. though its its stem, s fice mental John Le what peop There in a rich and word is something and repell he felt, w define, tha did not rin this with marry He yond all h never spe the work thought mother. One da great bu

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he knew t come. Sh some way with thes she had acting las At the red roses ose. Le ribbon tie side with blossoms. flashed in of John l "The The The The The

What

this whi

times of One n Ledyard he was I met at mother terday, brave, fo and cou A smile I would my son, the John

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source, but time after time he failed. He thought of this present, and of this only. There was something unique about it. That single white rose, soit though its petal and slender thought its stem, shattered many an airy edifice mentally built by the matinee girl.

John Ledyard found time to go to a little into society. He was welcome in what people called the best society. There in a great city he met a woman rich and respiendent, and the second word is used advisedly. There was something about her that both attracted and repelled. In John Ledyard's heart he felt, with a feeling he could hardly define, that in some way Helen Traverse did not ring true. He knew, also, and conceit, that he could this without marry Helen Traverse and be rich bemarry Helen Traverse and be rich be-yond all his dreams, yet the word was never spoken. He knew she was of the world worldly, and then—he thought of taking her home to his

one day there came to his room a great bunch of roses. They were as red as the lips of Helen Traverse, and he knew that it was from her they had come. She was a woman of sense in some ways, and on the card which came with these roses roses of battlefield red she had written, "A tribute to your acting last night."

At the moment of the arrival of the red roses there had come the white rose. Ledyard lifted it gently from its ribbon tied box and placed it side by side with the cluster of gorgeous red He looked upon the red and blossoms. then upon the white, and he thought of elen Traverse, and instantly there ashed into his mind the exquisite lines of John Boyle O'Reilly :

"The red rose whispers of passions,
The white rose breather of love,
The red rose is a falcon,
The white rose is a dove."

What would he not give to learn something of the unknown donor of this white rose! That daily gift had steadied his heart and his head in

times of trial.

One night just as the curtain had been rung down for the last time John Ledyard received a telegram calling him home. He left the city at which he was playing within an hour, and at noon the next day he was at the old familiar home of his boyhood. He was met at the door by a nurse. "Your mother had a stroke of paralysis yes-" Your terday," she said. "You must be brave, for she cannot live." He went terday," to his mother's room. She could speak and could move ner arms and hands. A smile of love came into her face as the son entered the room. "I feared I would have to fail you to day, John, she said, "but here is the last rose, my son," and she held toward him one of the exquisite blossoms which he had learned to know and to love.

John Ledyard bent over his mother and kissed her. "You knew the way," he said, "mother. It held me true." John Ledyard placed the rose upon his mother's pillow, but its petals were not as white as the cheek against which

THE CHURCH'S LIVING WITNESS.

Certainly it is a glorious thing on which to rivet our attention, and it is and to be borne ever very carefully in mind, the fact of the living intelligence and the unfailing memory of the Catholic Church, and of the clear witness have by her to the facts in her creeds borne by her to the facts in her creeds and in her history through all the ages. She knows what she has seen, d what she has done, and what God, her almighty Founder, has done for her and what He wishes her to teach.

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The Catholic Church of God knows for instance, the fact that the first man Adam was created by God in a state of grace, and that he fell from grace; she knows the fact of the virgin birth, and the fact of the resurrection, of Jesus Christ. She knows all these things precisely because, since man's creathere has been ever on earth God's chosen family, or people, or race, or household of the laith,—
"a remnant," if no more,—that was constituted by Him to bear witness to such face, and to head them down facts, and to hand them down to all time.

Only a Catholic can be expected to Only a Catholic can be expected to know fully the keen thrill of joyous conviction that goes through one's being, when the priest, standing at the altar, after the solemn consecration of his Redeemer's body and blood in the "tremendous sacrifice" of the Mass, goes straight back, in thought and word to the Passing on Calvary. and word, to the Passion on Calvary, and to the Resurrection in the garden and to the Ascension into heaven from Galilee's hill, and then to Eden. "Calling to mind" his fellowship with "Thy holy apostles and martyrs."—calling to mind "the Blessed Passion of the same Christ Thy Son, our Lord together with His Resurrection from the grave, and also His glorious Ascen sion into heaven,"—suddenly, in mag nificent witness to a chain of historical facts such as no other power on earth can show, the priest cries out to God to accept the supremely sacred gifts he is offering to Him, "as thou didst vouchsafe to accept the gifts of Thy just servant Abel, and the sacrifice our patriarch Abraham, and that which Thy High Priest Melchisedech offered

unto Thee.
Even the thoughtful non-Catholic for the dranger mark. The dranger mark was all lestration of the advertisement, and proved it to be a lying mockery. All the promises of strong drink of every kind are just like that." believe these facts in themselves, even apart from that special and divine force they have upon our spiritual lives .-

Beautiful lives have grown up from the darkest places, as pure, white lilies, full of fragrance, have blossoms on slimy, stagnant waters.

BEHOLD, THIS IS MY BELOVED SON, HEAR YE HIM.

It was with these unmistakable words that the Father in Heaven proclaimed to the world that Jesus of Nazareth, as He was being baptized by John in the Jordan, was the Messiah, the Expected of Nations, and this He reiterated on transfigured, saying to the three spostles who attended 'lim: "This is My well beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him." Our Lord was evidently to teach the world, and this He did all through the three years of His public life. How admirable His words; how convincing and consoling His doctrine, as taught us in His parables. How wonderful His Sermon on the Mount, and how full of instruction for every one. He opened it by telling who will be the happy ones in this life even, as well as the nex: the meek, the suffering, the needy the merciful, the pure, the peacemakers, the oppressed and the persecuted, and He closed by saying that: "Whosoever would hear His words and do them would be as a wise man who built his house upon a rock which neither the wind nor the waves could overturn.

How we should love to read God's words! How wise and holy would we become through knowing them! It is possible to get a fair idea of them as they are given forth Sunday after Sunday in the church, and made clear and practicable by the comments of the ministers of God. Our Lord is called the Word, the Wisdom of the Father, for He is the means, "the word having been made flesh," whereby the love and forgiveness of God were made known to a sinful world, and which crowned its wickedness by crucifying its Saviour. Our Lord wished to talk heart to heart with men, and so He is the Word, and His sayings are the seeds He would sow in the minds and hearts of men for their guidance, their consolation, and, above all, for their

eternal salvation. So runs the gospel, "the seed is the word of God," which brings forth fruit according to the character of the soil, the heart, therefore, into which it is sown. He declared His word to be the necessity of our souls, for "man, Our Lord, "liveth not by bread alone, but by every word that cometh out of the mouth of God." It is this blessed food—His word, His doctrine, His wisdom—that He would have us reverently receive, and by assimilating it make it our own. How well directed will he be who thus will have his mind and heart on heavenly things! Hence we will see by the sureness of his steps through life that the word of God is really for him what Our Lord declared it-a lamp to his feet and a light to hi

Our Lord teaches us on every line of the gospels, and we should delight to read them and be glad to hear them explained as often as we can. The Church is the oracle of God, and the priest is His representative. It is through the Church, and first through the Pope, the vicar of Christ, that the voice of God is known. "He that hears you hears. Me," said Our Lord, speaking of the apostles, and "He that Christ, and "Gharch, let him be to will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican." It is the gospel, the good message of Christ that the Church is ever proclaiming. From every pulpit is heard her voice announcing to all the joyful tidings of peace and reconciliation to men of good will. That God is a God of love and mercy and that "He wishes not the death of the sinner, but rather that he would be converted and live."

Oh, who would turn a deaf ear to words so consoling, or who would let the opportunity pass to avail himself of them! It is through His all-saving allconsoling word, as found in Holy Writ, that our Lord teaches and comforts the world at large, but for each individual man there is His private word spoken in the interior of his soul. Let us hearken to that loving voice ever speaking to us, reasoning with us against our natural folly, and striving to lift us up to the supernatural in Himself. "Walk before Me and be perfect," God said to Abraham, and this is what our Lord would have us all do. This is what He is constantly asking of me. "Son daught." is constantly asking of us, "Son, daugh-ter, give Me thy heart." He has, indeed, given Himself to us, but He leaves it to us to give ourselves to Him. To open our dull senses, to take our heart off ourselves and from the world and off ourselves and from the world and give it to Him—in a word, to seek Him and find Him down in the depths of our and that Him down in the urphus visual pleading with us, praying for us and striving with words of tenderest sympathy and with flames of infinite love to unite us with Himself here that we may reign with Him hereafter. Bishop Colton in the Buffa o Cathol on in the Buffa o Catholic Union and Times.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

The following little anecdote contains a significant lesson: "A gentleman was riding on a street car the other day when he saw on one of the advertizing spaces, printed in large, clear letters, easy to read, those words: 'Pure Rye Whisky — tones up the bridy, brightens the intellect, invigorates the soul,' After reading it, his eyes cropped invol-ntarily to the seat beneath the adver-isement, and there was a drunken man. His eyes were bleared, his face bloated

"Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men are born o succeed, not to fail."

STRANGE GODS.

From what has been said heretofore, it is evident that in the first commandment we are specifically enjoined with the duty of giving honor to God. Nor is this honor of that character which creatures show to one another. On the contrary, it is that honor by which we worship God as our Creator, Redeemer and Last End. Therefore, the suprem-est honor. "Thou shalt have no strange gods before Me. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven thing * * * thou shalt not adore them nor serve

Plainly, then, we are commanded first to render this supreme honor to God; and, secondly, we are prohibited from giving it to any other but God. Hence it is apparent that by this command-ment we have established what is true religion and prohibited that which is laise. They therefore who render to creatures and things the worship which is due to God are guilty of idolatry. Theirs is an unlawful worship because it is not in agreement with the prescribed law.

It is a fact, however, that we honor

the saints and angels and are given to the veneration of images. Are we not, therefore, as our non-Catholic brethren charge, guilty of idolatry? By no means. The mistake here made is that we do not, as they claim, pay to the saints and angels that supre which we give to God. saints and angels we adore but God. We honor our fellow-men because of the deeds they perform or the virtues they possess. This is lawful honor. they possess. This is lawful honor. How proper then to honor those who have attained eternal life with God? In honoring them it is in reference to God from Whom they have received all their merits. How proper, also, to ask their intercession in our behalf because of their greater power with God? We honor their relics because their bodies were the living temples of the Holy Ghost.

But it is also charged that we worship images, which is contrary to the commandment. Equally untrue is the accusation. It is not worship but honor and veneration which we exercise. is a veneration, too, not forbidden. In our homes are hung the portraits and sculptured figures of those we cherish most tenderly. But we do not worship them. In our churches are the pictures and images of holy personages. They are there the better to remind us of the holiness of their lives, to keep the mind free from distractions during prayer to incite us to imitation of their virtues while we turn our hearts to God. Hence such veneration is not a violation of the commandment .- Church

THE GAMBLING SPIRIT.

There is a lesson to be learned from gambling, and it is not taught by the tales of successful "plunging" in wheat, "coups" in Wall street and bank-breaking at Moute Carlo. That is a side of the question to which public attention is only too frequently directed. The real object lesson of the sin of gambling is to be found in the human derelicts that still love to linger about the rocks on which they have been wrecked. It is an object esson that is taught so plainly that he who runs may read. It is taught by the seedy, eager eyed men who have long since given up all idea of honest and who hang about the faro tables night after night "keeping tab" other players, rendering with cheerful humility whatever little services they can and eagerly accepting the occasional stack of white chips which is their only reward. It is taught by the prematurely aged men and women to longer welcome guests in the Wall street offices which nave absorbed their money, still huddle about the ticker, reading with feverish eyes the tale of the ups and downs of a market on which they can no longer bet and figuring out they only been able to borrow sufficient money for the initial venture. It is taught by the once trusted bank officials now living in forlors exile amid Canadian snows, shunned by their calculations and hungering after home for——in an nour. But I should like Canadian snows, shunned by their neighbors and hungering after home for—in an nour. neighbors and hungering after home and kindred and their old friends. It is taught by those who but yesterday was depent clerks or salesmen, with were decent clerks or salesmen, with wife and children of their own and moderate competence almost within their grasp, and who are now serving terms in prison because of embezzle ments made in the wild hope of recoup ing pool room losses. It is taught by the impoverished wives and daughters of the once wealthy men who sacrificed everything to an insane ambition to "corner the market," and it is taught by the ragged and homeless vagrants who have never been able to work since the hope of getting something for nothing first took possession of their brain.—James L. Ford in Leslie's for

Apostleship of Prayer.

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This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the grati-tude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers print, ills, and diesases which have defird the m dieal world and grown worse with ago, We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our exponse, regard less of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package.

Theo. Noel, Geologist.

C. R. Dept. YONGE ST. Toronto, Ont.

GAINST THE VAIN JUDGMENTS OF MEN. Cast thy heart firmly on the Lord, n, and fear not the judgment of man, when thy conscience gives testimony of thy niety and innocence.

It is good and happy to suffer in this manner; neither will this be grievous to a humble heart, nor to him who trusteth in God more than in himself. Many say many things, and therefore

little credit is to be given to them.

Neither is it possible to satisfy all.

Though Paul endeavored to please all in the Lord and made himself all unto all, yet he made little account of his being judged by the judgment of

men.

He labored for the edification and salvation of others, as much as he could and as lay in him; but he could not prevent his being sometimes judged or espised by others.
There he committed all to God Who

knoweth all, and defended himself by patience and humility against the tongues of those who spoke evil or thought and gave out at pleasure vain and faulty things of him.

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WINTER TERM COMMENCES JAN, 4TH.





Personal

Debisity; Two Years from Indigestion and Salt Rheum.

wish to tell what Vi'm Ore has done for in the hope that I may help others to b d as I have been. I had been suffering five years with General Debitity am raigla in my head, as a two y see ago as one troubled with Indigestion and

LANCASTER ONT For two years past I was in pain night a lay through an attack of Rheumatism th

IMITATION OF CHRIST. TRINITY COLLEGE POETS.

The modern poets of Trinity College, Dublin, are few, and their outfit scanty. Professor Ingram wrote one poem and then sank into silence. Now here is Professor Tyrrell writing another, and from the reception it has met it is likely that he will ever try again. This poem is remarkable as a fine epitome of Trinity's history and its spirit during three hundred years. It is as fol-

HOLY IRELAND.

HOLY IRELAND.

Is Erin of a tru h by go den bands
Bound to the feet of God! You spire elate,
Rear d nigh the squand scene to dominate,
Does it to heaven beckon suppliant hands!
Nay, rather a grim monument it stands
Of coid Observance, the incessions make
Of superstition, destined of bind Fate,
To draw the very marrow from the land's
Poor starving delivers, and in empty air
State their wasted energies. A ound
Les helbless destitution, ruin bare;
Is ugly nugeness scorns the common
ground

And points to heaven; but to seeing eyes, Each soaring steeple, 'hf.s its head and lies. R. Y. TYRRELL. Whether this college "Don referred" to any particular Unurch or only gen-

eralized, we cannot say. But his imfling at the typical Catholic Church is couched in terms so fittingly applicable to the story of the rise of Trinity College itself, on the ruins of Irish Catholicism and patriotism, that only a tool would have ventured to put such ammunition into the hands those whom he was temerarious enough to assail. The Bishop of Limerick launched a retort, in the shape of a re view of the rise and the reign of Trinity as a persecuting foundation, seemed to daze the muddle-headed pro lessor. He began to wall piteously that he meant no offense; that his best triends are Catholics, and so forth. Another professor (Protestant Episcopalian) rises to explain that Tyrrell sonnet does not reflect the "atmos phere" of Trimity College. He writer

o some friends of his as follows : As you will remember, the spirit of Trinity College is entirely alien to that of Tyrrell's unfortunate and foolish son-net, which aims blows, not at one form of Christianity, but at all forms.

ates that it should have been sent by him to their paper, for-of course—they could not refuse to print it. But it is disclaimed by every one to whom It is, of course, an attempt to put into

tion of the little boy who chalked up "no Popery" and then ran away. But his attack was not, as the anonymous professor declares, aimed at all forms of Christianity, but only at that one the monument of whose overthrow in Ireland it was intended Trinity's rise should be, but which may yet see the real overthrow of Trinity in turn. -Philadelphia Catholic Standard and

Shall I not call God the beautiful, Who daily showeth Himself to me in His gifts?—Emerson.

BABY'S DANGER.

The fact that so-called soothing medicines put children to sleep is no sign that they are helpful. On the con-trary they are dangerous and distinctly before the commission of a sin, the devil represents God as infinitely merciful; but after its perpetration, as inexamens.

"Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men are born of the promises of strong drink of every kind are just like that."

Extended by them to the villages, convents, hospitals and other institutions in that neighborhood, in which they were teaching catechism or preaching, it soon spread throughout France and was shortly after propagated in the foreign are extended by them to the villages, convents, hospitals and other institutions in that neighborhood, in which they were teaching it soon spread throughout France and was shortly after propagated in the foreign are extended by them to the villages, convents, hospitals and other institutions in that neighborhood, in which they were teaching it can be able to make the propagated in the foreign are extended by them to the villages, convents, hospitals and other institutions in that neighborhood, in which they were teaching it can be able to me has thrived and grown well and strong after taking the that will appear to the propagated in the foreign and in other European countries where these young men were sent by obedience or persecution. Identical in spirit and in its essential practice is the Apostleship of Prayer as it now exists. a box.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.
ORTAWA, CARAGA March 7th, 1900.
Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD,

ondon. Unt: ar Sir: For some time past I have read eatimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, congra ulate you upon the manner in hit is published. The matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend Hiesatog you and a

o faithful.
salug you, and wishing you success.
Believe me, to remain.
Yours faithfully in Jeaus Christ,
† D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa.
Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 1904.

COL. ANTHUR LYNCH'S RELEASE

Just a year ago Colonel Arthur Lynch, who had been elected member of Parliament for Galway, was tried before the Lord Chief Justice in London on the charge of high treason, and was found guilty by the jury after half an hour's consideration of the case. When asked if he had anything to say why he should not be sentenced to death, he replied: "Thank you, I will say nothing."

There was no attempt on the part of the defence to depy that Lynch had supported the Boers during the recent war in South Africa, but his counsel contended that his naturalization as a Boer burgher was prompted solely for the advantage he would thus secure for journalistic purposes, and not with treasonable intent. Subsequently he actively supported the Boer cause in the belief that he was a legally naturalized subject of the Transvaal Republic.

Sir Edward Carson, the Solicitor General, maintained that Col. Lynch joined the Boer army as a "discontented Irishman, committing thereby a most cowardly and most serious act of treason. His naturalization," he said, 'was a flimsy pretext which could in no way excuse him."

The Lord Chief Justice summed up the case very briefly, stating that, whatever the purpose might be, it is an unlawful act for a British subject to join the King's enemies in time of war, and naturalization during war-time affords no excuse for acts of hostility to the British forces." In regard to overt acts of hostility, he said, "there was abundant evidence that Arthur Lynch had committed them."

Justice Wills, in pronouncing sentence, said: "No civilized community had ever failed to punish severely every defection from loyalty, whether in the way of open warfare or secret intrigue. Lynch had joined the country's loes in the darkest hours of his country's fortune, and had shed the blood of his fellow-subjects who were fighting for their country, and had sought to dethrone Great Britain from her place among the nations, the only palliation which could be offered being that it has been the fashion for some years to treat lightly matters of this kind, and men had been encouraged to play with sedition and treason. The nation had treated with contemptuous indifference speeches and acts of sedition; but it is one thing to talk sedition, and quite a different thing to bear arms in the ranks of the country's foes."

The Colonel was sentenced to be hanged, and later on was declared to be incapable of serving in Parliament, to which he had been elected for Gal

By the King's mercy the sentence of death was commuted to imprisonment for life, though it was expected that after some time he would be set free.

The sad condition of Ireland was in the meantime recognized by all parties in Parliament, and the land tenure was changed by the recently passed Land Purchase Bill, which gives to the Irish tenantry that interest in the land of their country of which they have been deprived for centuries, and it was generally deemed a sufficient reason for showing further elemency to Col. Lynch, that a peace between England and Ireland had been effected by the passage of the Land Purchase Act which had removed forever the greatest of the grievances under which Ireland had

It was admitted by all that Col-Lynch's acts of disloyalty were the consequence of the sufferings which Ire-

suffered for centuries.

the Land Purchase Act that clemency should be extended to one who thought that, by fighting against England in Africa, he would be promoting the cause of Ireland. Accordingly, the Colonel has now been released, the term of his imprisonment having been actually one year.

Besides, a general amnesty was extended to the Boers at the ending of the South African war, and it was deemed unnecessary to keep one prisoner alone in durance for having fought in that war, and therefore Col. Lynch has beed released. It is understood that the King himself was anxious for this ending of the matter, and that he was fully determined on the Colonel's release.

Colonel Lynch was sent to South Africa by a Paris journal as its war correspondent, and in this capacity he was allowed as a non-combatant to pass through the British lines to the Boer headquarters. It was then that he became naturalized as a Boer, in the hope that he might be allowed to pass right in saying that their continuity freely from one army to the other in hangs by a very slender thread. the interest of the paper by which he was employed. Soon after this he became desirous of taking an active part in the war, and he organized an Irish brigade for service in the Boer cause. This brigade, however, was very largely composed of foreigners of every country of Europe, so that it was an Irish brigade only in name.

After the war, Col. Lynch was elected to Parliament for Galway, though it was well known that he could not safely return to the country. Yet he seems to have imagined that the charge of high treason would not be urged against him; and he actually did return with the intention of taking lis seat in the House of Commons. He was arrested as soon as he set foot on British soil, and his trial followed as a matter of course. It may be presumed that he would not have been disturbed at all only for his election-and probably he would not have thought of returning to Great Britain at all if he had not entertained some hope that he would have been allowed to take his seat in Parliament.

Previously to his election for Galway, viz., in 1891, he had made an attempt to enter Parliament as member for the same constituency, but he was unsuccessful, failing by 50 votes to gain the seat.

REV. DR. BRIGGS AND ANGLI CAN ORDERS.

The Rev. Dr. Briggs, formerly proessor of Biblical Exegesis in the Presbyterian Union Theological Seminary of New York, but who was more recently ordained by Bishop Potter as a " priest " of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, recently startled the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church Club by a statement which he made in regard to Protestant ordination in general, and Anglican orders in particular. He said :

" I am quite ready to accept ordination by the Pope of Rome. I believe my Presbyterian ordination was valid, and that it was a humiliation which the Protestant Episcopal Church ought not to have put upon me when it required me to start as a layman, even to be confirmed, in order that I might enter into the ministry of one of the two Churches to which I now belong. I am onvinced that if the unity of Chris tians depended upon ministers of all bodies submitting to ordination by the Roman Catholic Bishops that almost all of them would submit. I would for one. The Protestants do not regard the ordination of their ministers sacrament and a sacrifice. I wish they did in the same sense that Rome regards it."

Continuing, the rev. doctor said he agreed in substance with the judgment of Pope Leo XIII., that Anglican orders are invalid in the sense that Episcopalians consider them, and he urged the Club to use its influence to have the Episcopal Church get down off its pedestal and begin to recognize other people who, ecclesiastically, are fully as good as they are.

He said further that " in the matter of continuity, Anglican orders hang upon a very slender thread," and in his belief " it was the act of God in cutting short the life of Queen Mary, and not any act of holiness or wisdom on the part of early Anglican leaders that gave the Church of England Bishops, and made it national."

There is a good deal that is incomprehensible in these utterances, yet there is also a vein of truth running through them which gives them pung-

The claim of the Church of England to possess orders which are superior to those of Presbyterians is preposterous. It is founded on the hypothesis that the first Anglican Bishops received their orders from one or three of the Catholic Bishops who were deprived by Queen Elizabeth of their sces. This claim bears on its face its absurdity. It is true that an attempt was made by Matthew Parker, the first Anglican

land had so long endured, and it was Episcopal consecration from the Bishop divorce of Henry VIII. from Queen believed to be a suitable sequence of of Llandoff, Wales, but the latter was Catharine of Arragon, and by premittterrified from acceding to Parker's re- ing the polygamous marriage of Philip quest, by the threat of excommunication by his superior, the Primate of Canterbury, and there is no valid evidence that any orders were received by Episcopal consecration at the hands of any Catholic Bishop. The Lambeth Records, which were produced as evidence of this half a century later, have internal and external marks that they were fraudulent, and convicted for the purpose of supplying a missing link in the chain of evidence which should make the new claimants to Episcopacy, Bishops according to law. The required link was, however, supplied in another way, which certainly did not supply Apostolic succession, though it enabled them to take possession of their sees by force. This was the Act of Parliament which declared them to be truly Bishops, and they and their successors were thus made Bishops by Act of Parliament, and not by succession from the Bishops of the Catholic

> It is true also, as the doctor virtually says, that Presbyterians are as truly ordained to the Christian ministry as the so-called Bishops and priests of the Church of England. Both are clergymen by the civil laws of their respective countries, Scotland and England, and by no other way. Neither can truly claim that they received ordination after the manner in which the Apostles transmitted the authority to "dispense the mysteries of Christ." This mode of the transmission of orders is declared by St. Paul in his epistle to Titus.

Church. Dr. Briggs is, therefore,

" For this cause I left thee in Crete that thou . . . shouldst ordain priests in every city as I also appointed

thee.' In reference to other matters. Dr. Briggs is evidently very much astray. Catholies do not call ordination "a sacrifice;" but it is a "sacrament." Priests are ordained to offer sacrifice, as St. Paul says, (Heb. viii. 3,) Every high priest is appointed to offer gifts and sacrifices : wherefore, it is necessary that he should have something to offer;" but their ordination s a sacrament, not a sacrifice.

The priesthood of the New Law have the sacrifice of the Mass to offer, which Christ instituted at His Last Supper, saying: "Do this for a commemoration of Me," and "as often as you shall eat this bread and drink this chalice you shall show the death of the Lord until He comes. ("St. Luke xxii. 19:1 Cor. xi, 25, 26.)

It is also clear that the rev. doctor is ministries of all Christian Churches stand upon the same footing, as the Catholic Church can unmistakably trace the uninterrupted succession of its Episcopate and priesthood from the Apostles and from Christ, which none fact that he received his largest vote of the Protestant sects of which he speaks can do.

Another thing which we must class mong the incomprehensible things stated by the rev. doctor is the statement that he now belongs to "two Churches." We should have supposed that he laid aside his Presbyterianism when he became an Episcopalian, but it seems we were mistaken. We suppose he is now to be regarded as a Presbytero-Episcopalian. a new pecies of religionist which naturalists have not yet described.

THE DIVORCE EVIL.

A large number of the ministers of New York and Rhode Island of different denominations, but especially of the Protestant Episcopal Church, have formed a league with the object of making it a difficult matter for divorced persons to marry again. The line, however, on which this effort will be made is not uniform. One hundred and fifteen ministers of Rhode Island have declared that they will marry only the innocent parties to divorce suits, which means that only the parties who have sustained the wrong on account of which the divorces were granted will be remarried by them. Eighteen ministers will not remarry divorced persons under any circumstances: sixty-three to the rules of their respective Churches, ought not to have sought for a divorce.

In New York similar methods are to be followed, according to the rules of the Churches to which the ministers belong.

We have no doubt that these resolutions will work for good so far as they go, by producing some moral effect; but as very few ministers can be expected to fall into line when the movement is limited to the voluntary action of individuals, we cannot expect that the divorce evil will be really stayed or checked to any consideration degree

by this partial movement. The mistake was made when Protest

Landrave of Hesse.

It is not possible to undo the evil thus begun unless the Catholic teaching of the indissolubility of marriage be fully adopted, a thing which Protestantism can never effect; and further, it must be admitted once for all that polygamy is not to be permitted under any

THE ELECTION OF POPE PIUS X. AND THE AUSTRIAN VETO.

The Diary of the Roman Curia publishes the official report of the ballots cast for the election of a Pope after the death of the Holy Father Pope Leo XIII.

According to this report, there were seven ballotings. This agrees with what was published already at the time of the election. There were sixty-two Cardinals present, all of whom voted at each balloting.

At the first ballot, Cardinal Ram polla received 24 votes, Cardinal Gotti 17, Cardinal Sarto 5, and the remaining 16 votes were divided among 10 other embers of the Sacred College.

At the second ballot, Cardinal Ramolla received 29, Cardinal Gotti 16, Cardinal Sarto 10, and the other 7 votes were scattering.

When the third ballot was about to be taken, Cardinal Puzyna announced that the Emperor of Austria wished that Cardinal Rampolla should not be elected to the Roman Pontificate.

Though this was expressed as a wish, it was well understood by all the Cardinals that it was intended as a veto on Cardinal Rampolla's election.

The Cardinal himself thereupon declared that it would be most pleasing to himself that he should not be chosen, but he strongly insisted that no layman had any right to interfere with the unrestricted right of the Cardinals to elect whomsoever they thought proper. Cardinals Oreglia and Per rand also protested in vigorous language against such interference. The vote being then taken, Cardinal Rampolla received the same number of votes as at the previous ballot, 29, but Cardinal Sarto's vote was increased to 21.

At the 4th ballot taken in the evening, Cardinal Rampolla received 30 votes, being one more than in the morning, while Cardinal Sarto's vote rose to 24. From this forward Cardinal Sarto's vote increased till on the 7th ballot he received 50 votes, being 8 more than were necessary for his election, as a two thirds' vote is necessry under the law by which the in error in his supposition that the election of the Supreme Pontiff is regu lated.

It cannot be known whether the veto of Austria had any effect in preventing some of the Cardinals from giving their votes to Cardinal Rampolla, but the after the announcement of the veto makes it probable that the announcement had but little weight; yet it may have been that some of the Cardinals would not desire to enter into conflict with a powerful Catholic monarch like the Emperor of Austria, and that the veto thus had some influence. It is greatly to the credit of the body of Cardinals that the right of veto was repudiated by them and that when a Portland paper, The Press, an acveral Cardinals protested against it. the applause was general. However, the matter did not end here. On December 16th Count Golochowski, addressing the Hungarian delegation, declared that the three Catholic powers, France, Spain and Austria, had exercised the right of veto for centuries, though he admitted that it was not conceded by any ecclesiastical law but custom, he contended, had con firmed the right, and he added that "Austria has no intention to abandon its right."

But will the Holy See yield the point? There is every reason to be lieve that it will not. Within a few days of Count Golochowski's announce ment, the Holy Father called together the Cardinals of the Curia to deliberate whether or not the Veto had become a right established by custom, and whether it should be abolished. The Cardina's agreed that the Veto is an will not remarry those who according abuse, and that it had never become a right to any State inasmuch as it was never consented to by any Pope, and without the Pope's consent it could never become a law or a right. In fact, the Veto has been specially repudiated by Bulls issued by Pius IV., Gregory XV, Clement XII., and Pius IX., though it has not been named as a Veto in these Bulls. Pius IX. was especially explicit on the point, as he declared that Papal elections should be conducted "without any interference of lay power of any degree or condition whatsoever."

The Cardinals of the Curia, after stat ing these facts, besought the Holy Father decisively to put an end to a usurpation which under the present antism in the first instance opened the circumstances of the Church in its re-Archbishop of Canterbury, to obtain way to divorce by authorizing the lations to civil powers, has become in-

tolerable, and they have even asked that the sentence of excommunication, to be incurred by the very fact, shall be pronounced against any person, whatever his dignity may be, who shall presume to convey, to any future conclave, a Veto issued by any civil potentate or authority.

It is stated that the Holy Father has already drawn up a document embody. ing these views of the Curia in their entirety; and though this document has not yet been promulgated, it is said that it will be promulgated before another Conclave is held; and thus it may be taken for a certainty that the Veto shall never again be brought before the College of Cardinals when they assemble for the election of a Supreme Pontiff. The defiance of the Austrian statesman has thus been met by a counter blow with a promptitude unexampled in history, and that counter blow must be as effectual as it is direct.

It is stated that Italy was also pre paring to claim the Veto right, which it never yet exercised; but the Pope's promptitude will effectually stop any such new claim, as it abolishes even the claims which have some pretension to antiquity.

There is no State which has pro tected the Holy See since it has specially needed protection; and it would be the greatest of incongruities if the Holy See were bound to grant a privilege which was never even tacitly allowed to any state which had not honored and protected the Popedom to an eminent degree.

The Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, answering recently an interpellation by Senator Paterino, declared that the Italian Government had no part in any negotiations for the exercise of the Veto. Notwithstanding this denial, there is good reason to believe that it emanated from the triple alliance, and that Austria fulminated it because coming from a Catholic power in fairly good odor at the Vatican, it would be more likely to be efficacious. However this may be, it is somewhat satisfactory to find that the Italian Government now openly repudiates having had anything to do with the matter, as it will thus be more difficult hereafter for Italy to claim such a right which it deserves less than any other power, Catholic or

ANOTHER STRANGE SUPER-STITION.

There is a "Divine Healing" community at Shiloh, in the woods of the State of Maine, which, though not connected with the Eddyite and Dowieite frauds, is in several respects similar to both of these, and especially so in this feature, that in them all in the healing of diseases and infirmities, all recourse to physicians and the use of medicine are strictly forbidden. This sect is called by the strange name of the " Holy Ghost and Us Community."

The Rev. F. W. Sanford is the authority in this sect, and, hidden in the woods as it has been, this modern Moses has exercised an absolutism over his deluded followers which throws into the shade the doings of the Chicago Elijah, John Alexander Dowie, but with this difference, that Sandford has not the money power of the Chicago impostor.

Somewhat over a year ago the Rev N. H. Harriman of Boston published in count of the doings at Shiloh. He belonged to the community, but became disgusted with it for the reason that its chief exercised over his devotees rule of terror to such an extent that they had become physical wrecks, and were in consequence completely incapacitated from offering any resistance to their stern ruler.

The Rev. W. C. Stiles was sent by a New York paper to investigate the condition of the people of the "Holy Ghost and Us" sect, and his report bears out fully the statements of the Rev. Mr. Harriman.

The temple of the sect is a great building on Beulah Hill overlooking the Androscroggin river, and some smaller buildings are near by in which most o the people of the sect live, though others are at greater distances. These buildings were erected by means of incredible sacrifices on the part of the Rev. F. W. Sandford's dunes: some women having walked from Boston to add the amount of their fare to the building fund.

Many members of the sect were turned adrift after giving all their possessions into Sandford's hands. One man was expelled because his soas had run away from the settlement, and he could not induce them to return. This man had to pay \$8,000 into Sandford's hands. He was sent forth penniless and ragged, wearing an old pair of slippers made of pulp waste, and died in an old forest camp of smallpox, contracted at Shiloh. The people of Lisbon Falls supplied his widew with food and shelter to save her from starvation, but not a devotee of the "Holy Ghost and Us" community ever enquired to learn the fate of man or woman.

Miracles are said to have be

wrought by the Rev. Sanford, such as the growing of shortened limbs, cancer cures, consumption and other cures, and even one dead woman was said to have been raised from death; but these cures could not be verified by any authentic testimony.

Sandford arranged many times for funds to be brought to him at a particular moment when it would seem that the funds came in answer to his prayers.

He would assert that God would provide a certain amount, say before 12 o'clock, noon. A meeting would be held before the appointed hour and he would call upon the brethren to pray, thus :

"Shall we let the greatGod be proved a liar? Pray, brethren pray.' So they pray, they groan, they mean on their faces, they call hysterically on the Almighty. Four minutes, three minutes, two minutes to twelve! Then; hallelujah! the telegram! rushes up to the desk with it. less silence! 'Praise the Lord. Unknown benefactor says he will give all that is lacking.' Hysteria reigns, and this blasphemer gets glory to himself as a man who holds the very keys of the Kingdom of Heaven."

Rev. Mr. Styles declares:

"There are in every Church, perhaps, restless emotional spirits, overstrained, visionary and millenarian in their views. Some of them, apart from these workers, and tendencies, are good nearly always they are sincere. these people who need judicious checks supplies instead, the spur. They are excitable: he excites them. They like wild singing, noise, out ofdoor meetings: he arranges and con-ducts them. Many of these people, left unmolested, would remain ethically and spiritually safe under the ordinary influences of the gospel. hypnotism of Sandford they fall on their faces, they groan aloud, utter moans like dumb animals in pain, rise and fling their arms about wildly. shriek and dishevel their hair . . . the evidences of diabolic obsession ap pear at these dreadful meetings.

Surely all this is evidence of diabolic rather than of divine influence, nevertheless weak-minded persons are duped into the belief that they are under the influence of the divine spirit while these things are being enacted.

It is surely true that there is no religious fraud which will not have its dupes where once every man is left to follow the impulses of his own imagination, instead of the divine authority of the Church which Christ established on earth to teach His gospel unerringly to all mankind. This authority is found only in the Catholic Church which He commands all to hear under penalty of being as the heathen and the publican.

Rev. Mr. Styles states that in that small Shiloh community, where it is claimed that miracles were more frequent than were performed by Christ and His Apostles, there is a higher death-rate than in any city in Maine. Twenty deaths occurred in twenty months: six of small-pox, two of diphtheria, and others of various curable diseases.

Within a few months sixty persons were turned penniless out of this community after being deprived of all their earthly possessions.

One man had given a white chariot and a pair of white horses to the supreme prophet, and not being allowed to take them away, he sent an officer to get them, whereupon they were given up without resistance. For the most part, these deluded people received nothing back of all they had given to the prophet. They are too much broken down in health and spirit to demand their rights. Here again there is a likeness between the cases of Landford, Dowie, and Mrs. Eddy, insomuch as all are wealthy from the hard earnings of their dupes; but Sandford has few votaries in comparison with the other two, and is therefore less wealthy.

CHURCH MUSIC IN THE NEW WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

The Most Rev. Dr. Bourne, Archpishop of Westminster, was received by the Holy Father Pope Pius X. in a farewell audience on Dec. 11th before the Archbishop left Rome for Milan. The Pope took special interest in the character of the music which should be used in the new Westminster Cathedral, expressing his wish that the historically Catholic Gregorian music should be used, and not the figured style which is more suitable for theatres than for Churches. He desires that special attention should be given to the training of a body of choristers whose chant should rival the Anglican choirs at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, and it is said that the Archbishop intends fully to carry out the plan laid down for his guidance by the Holy Father, and indicated in the Holy Father's recent decree on Church music.

MARRIAGE.

M., Cornwall, Ont., asks :

"If a Catholic person be married to a Protestant by a Protestant minister, can be or she be admitted to Holy Communion in the Catholic Church?" It is always wrong, and a sin, for a Catholic to be married by a Protestant minister; for he who does this recognizes and joins in a false system of worship, and practically denies Christ before men, in consequence of which Christ will deny him before His Father who is in heaven. (St. Matt. x.

But for all sins pardon may be ob. tained by penance, and this sin may also be forgiven through the sacrament of penance, and the person doing the wrong may become reconciled by penance to God and the Church, whereupon he or she may be admitted to re ceive Holy Communion.

The nature of the penance to be enjoined in this case varies according to the discipline in force in the various dioceses, and even the validity of the marriage depends much on the circumstances of the particular case. When such a case occurs, therefore, the safest rule which can be given is that the party concerned should consult the tears, lifted themselves toward heaven. pastor as to the course to be followed to become reconciled to the Church.

A NOTED CONVERT'S PLEA

ATTITUDE OF EDUCATED PROTESTANTS

TOWARD THE CHURCH. Rarely has the attitude of the en-lightened Protestant of New England toward the Catholic Church been so stated as in the following accurately paper. His acknowledged ability and vide acquaintance with educated non-Catholics give added weight to the testimony, which Mr. Robinson offers testimony, which Mr. Robinson offers as to the need of correct and complete statement of Catholic truth in dealing with those without the fold. The author is a well known convert to the Catholic Church, and previous to his acceptance of a chair in the Law School of the Catholic University, held a similar position at Yale University, New Haven, Conn.
The conclusions hereinafter stated

are based in part upon the following items of personal experience:

WRITER'S ANTECEDENTS. My youth and early manhood were spent entirely among Protestants. All adult relatives and nearly all my neighbors were members of the Meth-odist, Baptist, Congregational, or Epis copal churches. They were a devout prayerful people, diligent in searching Scriptures and in teaching its pre cepts to their children, rigorous in their adherence to the stands of Christian morality, earnest in every good word and work. A few of them Those who have died de parted this life in joyful submission to the will of God, and looking for salva tion through the merits of their Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

A CONVERT. Since I became a Catholic (now about thirty years ago) I have lived in constant and intimate association with non-Catholic authors, teachers, clergymen and lawyers; the men who for the public opinion of the day on social, ethical and religious questions, and indirectly on political questions also. Many of these are active members of the Protestant churches; a large pro portion of the rest are religiously dis-posed—in will, if not in intellect and profession — submitting themselves to the guidance of Christian law and doctrine. Of most of them I do not hesitate to say that they are sincere, upright and conscientious men, men who, so far as they perceive and com-prehend it, are loyal to the truth and ready to make whatever personal sacri-

such loyalty may entail. comparatively nothing. Her external history, as an organized society, they perhaps to some extent discern, but of her inner life, her discipline, they have as yet not even a remote conception. Their antagonism to her, as a church, is negative rather than positive, result-ing from that false idea of her purposes and methods which was transmitted to them by their ancestors, but which they ever show themselves ready to whatever be their race or social standis almost always generous and friendly.

KNOWLEDGE NEEDED. 1.-Confining that which follows to persons thus described, maintain, in the first place, that what they need from us is knowledge and

Divine truth bears such a relation to illuminated by the the human soul, illuminated by the light which lighteth every man that is born into the world, that whenever the truth is clearly perceived the soul in clines toward it, and unless hindered by a perverse will, accepts and believes As the body does not reject food created for and adapted of God as the mind does not refuse the knowledge of exterior facts communicated to it by the organs of sensation; so neither does the soul of any man of good will repudiate a divine truth which it has once fully apprehended. To persone thus disposed, the exact and intelligible statement of a truth is in itself s its divine origin, or of the divine authority of its proclaimer, is not indispensable to its acceptance. The truth affirms itself to acceptance. The truth allirms used to the soul as light to the eye, or music to the ear.

ARGUMENT ANTAGONIZES. So far as argument tends to explain the truth it is merely another form of statement, and may be serviceable; but when it passes beyond this and be omes an effort to compel conviction, however sound and impregnable it may be in itself, it rouses an antagonism in the will which is inconsistent with clear spiritual vision, and creates side issues the truth presented is often opelessly obscured. Every one who has engaged in, or has witnessed relig us controversy must have been pain fully impressed with its futility, if not with the actual hindrances it presents to the reception of the truth. And, on the other hand, no one who has observed the instant, spontaneous adhesion of the candid mind to truth clearly and completely stated, can doubt by sion, but none of them can ever answer dinal Manning.

what method assent to it is most readily

AN INCIDENT.

To illustrate my position I may be pardoned for narrating an incident which occurred within my own experi-Some twenty years ago a devout old Methodist woman, expostulating with me on account of my belief in various articles of Catholic faith, ma her last and strongest attack upon the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. "No reasonable man, above all no Christian man," said she, "could believe such idolatrous nonsense as that." "What do you mean by the Immaculate Conception?" said I. To which she gave an answer ludicrous enough to Catholic ears, but which would probably be the reply of nearly every Protestant in the world. "Listen a moment," said I, when she had finished; and I then explained to her, as simply as I could what the Church teaches on the sub ject. As I went on the aspect of he and as I stepped she said, speaking to herself rather than to me. could it be otherwise? How could i

PROPER ATTITUDE.

Numerous instances, similar to this, lie along the path of every intelligent Catholic who comes intimately into con-tact with the earnest, conscientious multitudes around us, and forces upon multitudes around us, and forces upon his mind the conviction that their great need is light and knowledge, and that the duty of the Church toward them in their present condition is to place before them a correct and complete statement of her doctrines, in language so simple and intelligible that they cannot fail to understand. The day passed when attacks on so-called "Pro cestant errors" can serve any useful our, ose. It is time to recognize, purpose. It is time to recognize, practically as well as theoretically, that the honest adhesion of the human soul to error is a manifestation of its disposition to adhere to the truths and that the error is "never accepted for its own sake, but because it is fortuitously associated with an apprehended

EARNEST ZEAL REQUIRED.

Earnestness in seeking, fidelity in professing, zeal in promulgating any religious doctrine are thus the strongest possible evidences of that good will to ward the truth which renders its accept ance inevitable when once it is per ceived: and of these evidences Protestant world is full to overflowing. To define the truth which they already possess to extricate it from the error by which it is obscured, to add to it those other truths which at once interpret and complete their doctrinal sys tems, and thus present to them divine truth whole and entire, as God has re-vealed it for the illumination of the human soul, for the solution of all its doubts, for the inspiration of all its energies, and for the perfecting of its knowledge of the Infinitely Good and Beautiful and True, this is the work which through the pulpit or the press (but under present circumstances, principally through the press) the Catholic Church must do if it would gather in this wonderful and precious harvest of of loyal, loving souls. State truth correctly and completely.
II.—I have said that what the Church

owes to the sincere souls that are with out is the correct and complete statement of her doctrines in language se simple and intelligible that they can not fail to understand. I wish to phasize both members of this sentence Any statement of Catholic Church to be really serviceable to the people, describe, must be not only correct but The doctrines of religion complete. The doctrines of religion are not isolated truths, each independent of the others and capable of comprehension separately from them. Or the contrary, they form a system or body of truth sn which each element is so related to the others as to be no merely incomplete but unintelligible without them. As there is not an organ in the human body, however con cealed or insignificant, whose anatomi-cal and physiological character can be abandon when its falsehood is discovered.

Their personal attitude toward those Catholics who are true to their religion, sition of divine truth receive its definition and interpretation from the others and is truly known only when they are also understood. Who, for example can apprehend the doctrines underly ing the sacrament of baptism, or th distniction between heaven and hell, unless he has a prior acquaintance with the doctrine of original sin, or attain this without a previous knowledge of the relations between God and man, both in nature and in grace?

MAIN CAUSE OF PREJUDICE. Here seems to me to lie the main sause of that almost universal ignorance, among otherwise well informed Protestants, concerning the inner life, the teachings and the discipline of the Catholic Church. The Catholic truths with which they have already come in contact are fragmentary, de tached from their proper setting, un explained by their necessary antece un dents and consequently they have neither been prese ted rejected by them in their Catholic nse. Their hostility to the Church. such as it is, is based upon the mise ceptions thus engendered, and in their welfare against her they are constantly fighting "men of straw," figments of fighting figments of discipline and dogma which have no existence in her creed or moral law, or anywhere else except in the erroneous constructions they have ignorantly put

upon her words. WHOLE BODY OF TRUTH.

The removal of this ignorance quires a statement of the entire body of Ca holic truth, including not merely every doctrine which is matter of faith, but also such as are of general recognition in the Church, and such proposi tion of philosophy as must be present in the mind before the definitions and con-clusions of theology can be understood. Nothing less than a statement of this can, in my judgment, character meet the current emergency. berless are the uses of sermons, tracts, magazine articles and other forms of limited and fugitive discus-

their purpose. Not until the candid inquirer has within his reach, in a single volume, a succinct but neverthe-less complete exposition of the truth as taught by the Catholic Church can he expected fully to perceive any truth or to yield that assent which the comprehension of the truth compels.

ANGLICAN "SEMI-PROFOUND THINKING '

Reviewing Wilfrid Ward's "Problems and Persons," recently noticed in our own columns, the London Athenaeum

is a common belief among those who think themselves educated people that the Roman Church is a belated survival of medievalism, hopelessly ob scurantist, as intellectually contemptible as it is politically astute. A little reading of the works of the higher mind in that body would remove such a superstition

The Athenseum looks upon Mr. Word's book as just such a superstition-removing work, though it intimates that among these "educated" people above referred to, the reading of Catholic works is not deemed necessary in order to arrive at a judgment of the Catholic Church. "But Mr. Ward," remarks the Atherseum, "has the ear of the general public and may make an im-pression where others have failed."

Our London contemporary then goes on to praise Mr. Ward for the clearness of his style, and for his "more than repectable" acquaintance with both cience and philosophy; and the first spectable thing that strikes this Catholic literary journal is "the width and range of the author's knowledge and the fearlessness of his thinking. Among other passages of interest in the Atheneom's review of Mr. Ward's book is this, which is hardly compli-

entary to Anglicans:
"It is a curious fact, but none the less a fact, that for semi-profound thinking and discussion of difficulties which just fail to get down to the bottom, the Anglican Church, in the person of many of its representatives, is without a rival. Of course there are days, and we are not thinking of specialist investigations. The Englishman, in theology as in other matters, is too much of an amateur, and it may be doubted whether there are any laymer who are sincere Anglicans who could surpass or even approach Mr. Ward in a knowledge of the development of European thought and culture and its relations to ecclesiastical institutions. —Sacred Heart Review.

SHOULD NOT BLAME THEM.

OURCE OF THE ABSURD NOTIONS HELD BY SO MANY NON CATROLICS CON-CERNING THE CHURCH.

When we consider the surroundings antagonistic to the Church in which most of our non Catholic fellow-citizens have been reared, writes Father Croning in the Catholic Union and Times, we should not blame them for the ridiculously absurd notions they hold con-cerning the Catholic Church and her putative doctrines. From their very nursery days they were taught to regard Catholicism as the scarlet lady of abominations, and Catholic priests as horned emissaries of satan; and their ideas are but strengthened in after years by the books they read, the sermons they hear, the lectures they attend, and even by the very social at mosphere they breathe, without ever having an opportunity to know the Church—what she teaches and what she does not teach - the soul-satisfying fixity of faith, the peace and happiness

to be found in her hallowed bosom. it any marvel that those thus brought up should be bitter in their antagonism to the Catholic Church? The wonder is that they are not even more We may mention here that most of the brilliant stars in the intellectual world, both in our own and other lands who were led by God's grace into the Church, held that Church and all her belongings in utter abhorrence during many barren years. We may instance the great Newman in proof of what we But when through the mercy of the Light of Lights, the scales fell from their eyes, oh, then like St. Paul, they were caught up into the third heaven and given a taste of the paradisal bliss that awaited them beyond the

These are thoughts which we should not forget in our dealings with our non-Catholic fellow citizens. We should fold them to our hearts in the bonds of charity and show them, by our edifying Christian lives, what a happy and Christian lives, what a happy and blessed thing it is to be a consistent

THE SACRED INFANCY.

The mysteries of the Sacred Infancy, as they gradually unfold themselves, now bring us in sight of a very tender and deep devotion, which has long been dear to interior souls and has often brought forth wonderful fruits in the spiritual life, devotion to the life of lesus in His Mother's bosom. The whole mystery necessarily draws our thoughts to the life of the Eternal Word in the bosom of the Father, of which adorable mystery His dwelling in the bosom of Mary is the copy and the manifestation; and we must have some understanding of the one in order to comprehend the other. Theology leads us to contemplate the Eternal Word in His everlasting and perpetual generation from the Father, a generation infinitely noble, infinitely pure. unbeginning, unspeakable, and incom-prehensible. The bosom of the Father is the mystical name which we give to His divine repose. It brings before us, in imperfect words, the idea of a home, and thus enables us the better to figur to ourselves the Son going forth from that bosom, though in truth He never left it, and His sojourn among men; 'for none hath come down from heaver but the Son of Man Who is in heaven. -Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.

Honor inspires a certain indignation against all paltering with truth .- Car-

A PUZZLING SERMON.

WAS NOT UNDERSTOOD, BUT IT LED TO A FAMOUS CONVERSION.

In the interesting reminiscences of a long missionary career which the Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O. M. I., is contributing to Donahoe's Magazine, the following incident is related

A telegram arrived from Aldenham

one Saturday forenoon to announce to Father B— that one of the two Fathers

there, the only one who could preach

in English, had been stricken down with fever, and to beg him to send another Father to help him over the discharge of the Sunday duties. ther B —, without hesitation, said : I will go myself." "But," they re "I will go mysell." But," they replied, "you cannot preach in English."
"I will try," said he. So he took the train for Bridgnorth, carrying with him a copy of Reeves' Sermons for Sudays and Holydays." He studied the rmon appropriate for the day and mmitted to memroy while in the train, and at the Mass on the next day de-livered it to the best of his ability. After his thanksgiving he went to the beautiful little cottage where the Fathers resided, not far from the Hall, to get his breakfast and preare for his return to Mary Vale. Sin ohn Acton, the owner of the place, was but a boy at the time. He belonged to to the well known Cardinal Acton. After his father's death his mother, who was remarried to Earl Granville, celebrated British minister. The generally resided at Aldenham, no alone because it was a spacious and beautiful house, but because it pos-sessed the finest private library in the mpire. Lord Acton, whose lamented eath took place but lately, left this brary to his friend, Mr. Morley. At he time of our Father B--'s sermon he hall was full of visitors, at least half of whom were Protestants, but they all came to Mass. At the lunchcon, a little later on, a discussion arose about the preacher and his ser-mon. Lord Granville declared that the sermon was not in English, for he on, a little could not understand a word; Lady Granville said it was not Spanish; the old Duchess was certain that it was ot German; the young Sir John coul ot recognize it as Italian; and Lad Georgiana Fullerton the sister of Earl Georgiana Fullerton, the sister of Earl Granville, pronounced that it was not French. "But," added she, "I don't care what he said, nor in what language he spoke. I am con-vinced that he is a saint, and after luncheon I meant to go over and have a talk with him before he returns to

tion and had a full hour's conversation in French, of course, with Father Not long afterwards she be came a Catholic, and if that interview was not the immediate cause of her con version, it was at least its remote cause, as she herself often acknowledged.

She carried out her inten

WHEN EVENING COMES.

his home.'

BY REV. P. A. SHEEHAN. Everywhere the turbulent riotousness f summer is giving way to the rigid rder of winter. The hatches are being fastened down, and everything must be snug and tight before the rain, and the snow, and the storm. The time is coming for the merry fire, and the beloved book, and the tea-urn, and the curtained and carpeted luxuries of home.

And outside-housed, too, for evermore against all the dangers and viscissitudes of life-the beautiful, mysterious dead sleep on in their silent cities. The moonlight throws dark shadows of shrub or cross athwart their The seasons come and go, and graves. they are swept round and round in the swift diurnal march of Mother Earth. But they are at rest. Theirs is the peace of eternity. Theirs, the fruition. Ours, still the faith and the hope-in God, in His eternal laws, in our own -" Under the Cedars and the Stars."

GENERAL LONGSTREET.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF THE GREAT A MEMBER OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AFTER THE WAR.

General James Longstreet, who died he other day at Gainesville, Ga., was at the time of his death the ranking Confederate officer. A West Point graduate, he distinguished himself in the Mexican War, and at the opening of the struggle between the States he was, in military defense of the South, promptly appointed to high rank and advanced gradually but swiftly to the very highest below General Robert E. Lee. After the war General Longstreet became a member of the Catholic Church, and, in the words of Bishon Kelley, who preached at his funeral "to his dying day remained faithful to her teaching and loyal to her creed."
"He was a born soldier, so to speak,

and no harder or more stubborn fighter in war ever lived," writes James R. Randall, the well-known Southern cor respondent, in the Catholic Colum-"He was an opinionative and sometimes hard to be controlled by his superior in command. He had a large self-esteem which was apt to ele vate his own achievement and judg ment in opposition to the plans and de his companions in arms, but signs of he gave, in a history of his acts, very plausible reasons and conduct. In all of the great battles he participated in he was conspicuous for valor and tenacity. He has been severely criticized for not earlier attacking the Federal army on the third day at Gettysburg, but he made vigorous and ingenious defense, and s General Lee magnanimously took

of Negro and carpet-bag iniquity. He made a clear defense of this matter, but for a considerable period it was a sore thing at home. During that period of aversion he was as the ohrase goes.

'cut' by many of his acquaintance but it proved a spiritual blessing.

TOUCHED BY CATHOLIC KINDNESS. "He once told me that up to that time he was an Episcopalian and had no intention of aligning himself with any other church, but when, even in the Church, he was snubbed, he wo where people, no matter what their political prejudices might be, possessed and practiced brotherly char ity and love. So experimentally, as it were, in New Orleans he went to a Catholic church and was received kindly by all the members, although many of them n doubt disapproved his course politi cally and some, as old soldiers, grieved over it. At any rate, this kindness over it. At any rate, this kindness touched his heart, and after much study, reflection and instruction along with the grace of God, he became a Catholic, lived one practically and died in the peace of God, blessed by the priest, eulogized by the Bishop and will be prayed for by our people.'

THE UNCONVERTED WORLD.

In the January Catholic World the cell known writer, Father Joseph Me-orley, C.S.P., contributes an article which he deals learnedly and well with a difficulty often experienced by non-Catholics against the Catholic formation from Catholic heighbors. The Catholic neighbors.

Differ as we may in our estimates of the Catholic Church, one and all must agree that the work she calls her own, the task she claims to have been set her by Christ, is still unaccom-

fact begets a serious difficulty. They feel driven to choose between the alternatives of a very ugly dilemma. To them the Church's failure to win over all honest souls seems to imply either that Catholicism holds no sufficient credentials of its divine origin, or else that man has been left by God without the practical ability of arriving religious truth. But after care fully analyzing the instincts involved and recalling how frequently and how significantly other anticipations have been corrected by experience, we shall be more likely to conclude that the historical shortcomings of Catholicism, so far from being inconsistent with a claim to divine origin, present an exact analogy to conditions generally prevalent in the world. enerally prevalent Wherever God's design has been entrusted to man for fulfilment, wherever human co operation has been required as an element in the establishment of harmony, there is perfection wanting. Surely all this is a disappointment to heaven-born anticipation, quite as truly as the discovery that the Church appears to live a human rather than a divine life. Deep in-stincts have bidden us presume that every being which issues from the of God will be sublimely good and beautiful and true. Yet what is more painfully evident than that the universe is not all good, not all beau tiful, not all orderly? And from this what other inference can be drawn than that the visible world, though absolutely dependent on God, has been interfered with and partly spoiled by the action of wills not controlled by the divine will; that it has been defaced by creatures endowed with the amazing prerogative of opposing and, to some

extent, balking the divine intention and foiling the divine plan." And this is the inspiration and the call which the writer gives to every Catholic upon whom rests the great responsibility of representing his Church to the unconverted world:

'The moral worth of Catholicism its power to better lives, the embodi-ment of sublime ideals in the persons of its representatives,—these are the facts that will preach best to the unconverted world. Each of us, willingly, or unwillingly, is always gathering scattering, standing with Christ or

BECAME | against Him. "Hence, in a very potent way, this missionary vocation of the laity can realize itself, not alone by explain-ing doctrine, distributing literature, encouraging attendance at service, and incessatily praying for conversions; but with equal truth, by resisting temptation, by striving for holiness, by spurning the solicitations of evil. Each earnest effort to progress spiritually, is less like a blow struck in private quarrel, than like an impulse ripples out in ever widening circles, to pread knowledge and love of God as ar as the very boundaries of human kind.

PBEACHING BY WORKS.

NO PERIL HAS TERRORS FOR THE TRUE MAN OF GOD.

A minister who will face death to succor suffering humanity, or who will risk his life to give consolation to dying men, preaches by his acts a more elo quent sermon than has ever been heard from a pulpit. The Charleston News and Courier recites this instance:

"There had been a disaster in the subway tunnel; tons of earth and stone had fallen, crushing beneath them the men who had labored there. The cry for aid had come out of the great black hole under the busy city and rescuers had hastened to the relief of their fellows. Along with them came the Rev. Thomas F. Lynch. The extent of the disaster was still unknown.

It was at the peril of their lives that the relief party went about the work of rescue. It was then that broad shoulders, Longstreet was not successfully assailed, the more so, even tests of the spectators who were rethe priest delivered the message consuccessfully assailed, the more so, even if he had been attacked early, the issue would have been doubtful and perhaps disastrous to the Confederates. But what made him unpopular with a large number of his people at the South was his joining the Republican party during the reconstruction period, and his official opposition to the people of New Orleans when striving to rid themselves

them, while no man knew that he might not be the next victim of a similar disaster, while the huge boulders continued to fall about him at intervals, Father Lynch held aloft his cross and recited the litany for the dying. It was a religion that speaks an universal language, and its doctrines never have to be explained to anyone.

When warmly commended for his action, Father Lynch said: "Dear me, t was nothing out of the ordinary, othing at all. We all do the same thing. Why down at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in Four-teenth street, where, I was once stationed, the priests yied with other in going out to a case of smallpox, cholera or other contagions dis-They all wanted to be take the danger. It is a priest's duty, that is all."

GOOD POINT IN FAVOR OF CATHO LIC NEWSPAPERS. "How often has not every priest been asked what Catholics are to think

of certain statements, alleged facts, or false principles read in the newspapers heard from the lecture platform, urged in conversation by men and women, ignorant or prejudiced as it may be, but too influentiat to be ignored? The priest regrets that ignored? The priest regrets that his information or exposition in the case is given only to one person. He rightly wishes he could reach all Catholics likely to be perplexed by such utterances and through them all the non-Catholics who honestly seek inneighbors. The Catholic newspaper gives him the opportunity of carrying gut his wish. The contribution of an occasional article on such practical questions will bring the priest who does to keep closer watch over statements and opinions.' ished. damaging statements and Rev. M. I. Stritch, S. J.

The Right Spirit,

From Youth & C mpanion. When the editor of a newspaper published in a New York town exposed cor-ruption in local politics, the politicians intimidated many advertisers into withdrawing patronage, and declared that they would drive him out of town. But the Roman Catholic priest threw bombshell into the camp of the ringsters by announcing, in church, that he should give half his year's salary toward support of the editor, that he should take pains to patronize the merchants who advertised in the paper, and this he hoped his parishioners would also do. "I do this in the name of fair play, of decency and of a common hood," said the clergyman. "H Protestant and I am a priest of the Roman Catholie Church, but we are brother Americans, and I fight at his side." That is the right spirit, worthy to be commended in Americans of every as race and creed, and to be followed by

> Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

C. O. F.

St. Mary's Cour., C. O F. No. 1352. St. Mary's Cour., C. O. F. No, 1332.

At the regular meeting of the above Courb heid wednesday, Jsn. 20, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously pessed:
Whereas, it has beensed almythy Goo in His infinite wisdom to remove by death the bro her of our est-semed Bro. Denis Dayle Resolved, that we the members of St. Mary's Court. 1332, hereby expression thearfers sorrow for the loss our worthy bother has sustained, and to extend to him our most sincers sympathy and condolence. Also be it.

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this meeting and a copy be presented to Bro. Denis Doyle and inserted in the Cartholic Record.

S. Chas Graham Rec. Sec.

C. M. R. A.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE. At a regular meeting of Branch 309, Chester-ville, Ont., the following resolution was moved by Bo. J. T. K-arrs, seconded by Bro. Thes. McMahor, and unanimously carried. Whireas it has piesaed Almighty God in His infinite and inscrutable wiscom to romove by death Mrs. Juliana 20 inn, mother of our esteemed and kied passor and spiritual addeath Mrs. Juliana Quian, mother of our escenced and kird pasior and spiritual adviser. Rv. Jann B Quian we, the members of Branch No. 309, of the Catholic Mutual Bone-li. Association of Canada, assembled at our list regular meeting after the sad news was cabled him from Ireland, by to effer our rev. brother our deep and hear felt sympathy in the irreparable loss he has sustained by the death of such a mother. Decased has evidently exhibited the traits of the ruc Christian mother. See has given three worthy sens to the Church to serve G at the altar and one daughter for the Caristian education of the young.

Reselv d ther fore that we, the members of Branch 3 9 on this occasion, tender this resolution of condolence to R.v. Faher Quinn and also his father, and Rev. brothers and family, and numbly beg God to give him and them Christian resignation and fortique in this hour of their offlerin.

Resolved also that a copy of this resolution be sent to the CATHOLIC RECORD Canadism, The Can-dian Freedman and our local paper The Chesterville Record.

Lindsay, Ont., Jan 25, 1964.

Lindsay, Ont., Jan 25, 1904. At the last regular meeting of Branch 77, heid Jan 12, the to lowing resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas God in His goodness has called to Himself the mother of our esteemed Bro., J. MacDonald,

Himself the mother of our esteemed Bro. J. J. MacDonald, Resolved that we, the member of Branch 77. ext nd to Bro. MacDonell and the other members of his family our heardest sorrow in his sad bereav, ment.

And further, that a copy be sent to Bro. M. eDonell, and tosert d in the minutes, and to the Catholic Record and The Canatian for publication.

LEWIS A. PRIMEAU, Sec.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 371, held Jan. 26th, the following resolution was

held Jan. 20th the following resolution was un mimously adopted, that Wastessi a spleased Almighty God to re-move by death Mrs. Frank Weigil, wife of our worthy and highly respected marshal, Bro. move by death with the producted marchal, Browerthy and highly respected marchal, Browerthy and highly respected marchal, Browerth, Resolved that we, the members of this B an h.37, hereby express our heatfelt sorrow for the loss sussimed by Brow Weigliand his finily and extend to them our mose similar as supportly and condolence in their sad affliction, as mpathy and condolence in their sad affliction,

Father Bergin Dead

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHO-CLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCLXXXVII.

The Baptist editors of the Diary, in reply to the complaint of their Catholic contemporary of the same city—which for a slight disguise we will call the Heliograph—that they display ex cessive animosity against the Catho-lies, say: We do not doubt that if Church had her old power, she would persecute us as of old.

It is hard to see what pertinency such an answer has to such a plaint. Have I a right to exhibit oit-terness towards my neighbor, or to deny his present worth, because per-haps his grandfather persecuted mire, or his posterity, in circumstances by no means likely to recur, might con-ceivably take up the obsolete quarrel against my descendants?

By such a showing I should have a right to demean myself as an Ishmael against all mankind, my hand against every man, and every man's hand against me. There are no two men, or families, or localities, or churches, or societies, or governments, that may not, under conceivable conditions, come into mutual collision. What a strange reason for their refusing to each other, at present, mutual amenities, and for with h lding even mutual veracity and equity! By such a showing I should have

veracity and equity!

We can imagine some such dialogue
as this between the editor of the Helio-

graph and the editors of the Diary.

Heliograph: You tell your readers
that almost all the Filipines are heathens or Mohammedans, when you know
that about seven tenths of them are

Catholics.

Diary: True. We remember Father Luther's advice, to make free use of "edifying and salutary lies," in the cause of the Blessed Reformation. Your Church persecuted us once, and Your Church persected us once, satisfied the Middle Ages return, might persecute us again. Therefore, as towards her, holy Luther has granted us a dispensation from all the obligations of truth, charity and justice.

Heliograph: But you attack even private character. When a Catholic elergyman lately died, leaving a considerable estate, you screamed out that here was wealth run up by extortion from his people, without pretending the slightest evidence of your charge.

Diary: True. As Luther says again: "A man that will shrink from a good plump lie for the sake of the true religion is a poor stick." And again: "Every opposer of my doc trine is possessed of the devil, and therefore is aiways meditating all possible mischief." Perhaps this priest was not an exteriorar, and gained his was not an extortioner, and gained his wealth by inheritance, or honest in-

However, being a Popish priest, he was of course always doing or plotting evil as he could. We called him an ex-tortioner, because the pretext was obvious. Had it been equally apt, we obvious. Had it been equally apt, we might instead have called him a murderer, or adulterer, or forger, or coiner, or highway robber. We took the most convenient epithet, because, as Luther shows, you can not possibly slander an active Papist. The case against him is always as broad as it is ong. If it is not convenient to call him one hateful thing, call him some thing else just as bad, and you are sure to be in the right of it.

Of course we own that we ought al-

ways to wait until a servant of anti Christ is dead, and can not sue us for libel. Otherwise we should be conveying the wealth of Israel into the camp of Moab. We mean that our courage shall still be allayed with prudence.

Heliograph: Perhaps you have special principles in dealing with the

Diary : Certainly. In other cases we manufacture the facts, and then apply the epithets. In the case of the Pope we apply the epithets without re gard to the facts. For instance, if another man asks a \$1,000,000 for some thing, and then, when the price has doubled, asks two, of course this is straightforward dealing. If he is a Baptist, then of course all his dealings are holy, and pure, and upright, and honorable, and benevolent, as witness our illustrious brother John D. Rockeour illustrious brother John D. Rocket-feller. But if the Pope should ask a million, and then, when the price has doubled, two, this would be edious covetousness and craftiness, because the Pope is anti-Christ, and anti-Christ. who is simply an incarnation of the devil, can not act otherwise that covetously and craftily. In other cases, we judge of the man by the deed, but as concerns the Pope we judge of the deed by the man. As a valued contributor of ours has lately said Own Rome to be anything else than anti-Christ and Babylon, and you are no true Protestant. The sacred authority of James Anthony Fronde has said

Diary: Don't we? For corts reasons we must pretend to make distinction, but how much difference

my ladder, I am always meaning to get to the top of the haystack. Heliograph: If you are afraid that some day we may persecute you again why may not we be afraid that som day you will persecute us? At the Reformation you swept the Catholic Church and worship by violence out of Scandinavia, Northern Germany. tern Switzerland, out of Scotland, England. You could not quite accomplish this in Ireland, but you reft ! Christ goes on.

away from us our churches and glebes and drove us out into clay cabins or upon the open hillsides. And when, for five years, we had a Catholic Queen for five years, we had a Catholic Queen to support us, we simply took back a part of our churches, without disturb-ing you in your persons, or in your worship. What we did not attempt with the fierce Mary at our back, why should we attempt in these times? Which side is it, in Ireland or in Canada, that most frequently chooses men of the opposite religion to represent it? Is it we that within a century plotted to exclude the rightful heiress from the throne, in order to seat her

Orange uncle upon it? And in Germany how is it that no And in Germany how is it that no-body is disquieted when a Catholic is first minister of the Empire, and that in Saxony the rights and possessions of the Lutheran church have been jealous-ly guarded for two hundred years by a line of Catholic monarchs? And how is it that when in Sweden Catholic wor-ship was forbidden expant to the foreign ship was forbidden, except to the foreign legations, private Americans and Englishmen were comfortably worship-ing at Rome in Protestant chapels, under the protection of the Pope?

And in France again, after correcting the wildness of popular exaggerations by authentic Huguenot statistics, how by authentic Huguenot statistics, how is it that the Calvinists, relatively to their numbers, are found to have been nearly or quite as bloodthirsty as the Catholics, or even more so, being at the same time infinitely more diabolic ally cruel in the slow torments of their butcheries? Why do you charge upon our religion what adheres equally to all the parties of one intense and intolerant race?

How is it again that in Austria, when Catholic Church was at the very height of her power, from 1855 to 1870, the Government, without one word of dissent from the priesthood, took the opportunity to remove the last traces of religious inequality from the laws concerning the Protestants? See Dr. Schulte. Surely then we have as much reason to fear the future from you as you from us.

Diary: My good friend, do you think you are going to get these things into the heads of our Protestant people into the heads of our Protestant people in a hurry? Not while we keep them so well primed with Merle d'Aubigne's history. He wisely leaves out all these inconvenient facts, and gives us the early Protestants, not as they were, but a, we wish our people to imagine them, as a body eminent for the saintliness of their lives and the stainlessness of their morals, solicitous that the Catholics should have all their rights, carefully abstaining, like the Apostles, from all outrages against the established religion, only asking that they might be free to worship God in their modest temples. Perhaps you may get a very different image into the general mind by the year 2000, but we are pretty free from anxiety for a few generations

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

THE CHURCH NEITHER DEAD NOR SLEEPING.

The people who imagine that the Catholic Church is dead or sleeping are very much mistaken. It is true that, at times, the Church does not seem to be much in evidence. Every little one horse sect in the country seems to be making more of a stir in the world than she. If the Ladies' Auxiliary of Little Bethel have an oyster supper, lo! there are flaring headlines in the local paper about it; and people imagine that Little Bethel is monopolizing all the religious zeal and energy in the community. But the Catholic Church is working strongly, steadily, quietly, effectively. The Catholic Church does not fuss. For eighteen hundred years it has been learning wisdom. It has been learning how to do the Lord's work in the Lord's way. It knows that an oyster supper while a good thing in its way, is not the whole of the law and the prophets. Neither whist parties, nor dancing parties, nor those things of the parties of the catholic family that has a father who knows his religion thoroughly and practices it whist parties, nor dancing parties, we discontinuous telegration to roughly the discontinuous transfer and the continuous transfer and t fringes, as it were, of religion. By no means are they religion itself.

Even parish reunions or picnics, no matter how well attended, should not be taken as the criterion of the Church's work. There is another way to calculate the deep and lasting foundations of religion which the Church lays in the community. Here is the way to dis-

It is in the hidden ways like this that such of the Church's work is done Let not outsiders imagine, therefore, that because no great account is made n the press about the progress of the Church in any given place, that she is dead or sleeping. On the contrary, while other denominations are sleeping, quietly but persistently the work of

FIVE-MINUTES SERMON.

Fitth Sunday af er Epiphany.

RESISTING THE DEVIL.

'An enemy hath done this." (Matt. xiii. 28.) To-day's Gospe! is explained by our To-day's Cospe: is explained by our Lord Himself a little further on in answer to a question of His disciples. He tells us that by the good seed in the parable are meant "the children of the kingdom"—i. e, good, faithful, the windred the kingdom of the kingdom to the kingdom of the kingdom practical Christians; that the wicked are the cockle appearing in the field of the Church.

There are some who trouble them selves about the question why God should ever have permitted evil to should ever have permitted evil even go so far on that account as to impugn the wisdom oi God. Why, they ask since God is almighty, should He have permitted evil to exist when He could have prevented it, especially since the result of it all is the loss to so many of His creatures of the end for which they were created? Now, while to day's Gospel suggests

this problem—a problem that has troubled man's mind for ages—the same Gospel suggests also the solution; not, indeed, that it gives a complete answer to every question we may ask, but the solution of the problem so tar as its practical bearing on the difficulties in our own daily life and work is concerned. And why should we seek to fathom the depths of the eternal coun-sels of the Creator, asking why He-does not root up the cockle in His creation? We know, and it is enough for us to know, that there is an Al-mighty, All-wise, All good, All loving God, and, on the other hand, the fact of the existence of evil is evident to

Whether the reasons we can give for this fact are satisfactory to us or not, the fact itself remains as it is. The enemy has sown his bad seed, and the mixture of good and evil is there and stares us in the face, wherever we go and whithersoever we turn.

Whether we understand the reasons for this or not, of this one thing we may, in any case, be sure, that for everything God does or permits He has His own sufficient reason. It is blind folly for us to seek with our puny minds to penetrate too deeply into the minds to penetrate too deeply into the mysterious side of God's providence. Let us then be content with the ex-planation of our Lord, that the cockle is allowed to remain for the good of the wheat. It is through combat with the powers of evil that we are made

strong and perfect.

History tells us of a great generals who was informed by his aide de camp that a certain regiment directed to take possession of a hill could gain no take possession of a hill could gain no foot of ground, owing to the tremendous fire of the enemy's artillery planted on top of it. But the chief commander, knowing what his soldiers could do, coldly turned his back on the messenger with the words: "Forward, then; let them first take the battery."

And the record turther tells us that this was done not without great loss this was done, not without great loss on the part of the attacking force, yet

done it was at last.

And so shall it be with the battle we have to fight, if we will but re member that our trials and difficulties, however great they may seem to us, are only such as thousands before us have suffered and surmounted. We have first to take the battery. The battery the enemy uses against us is

our own passions.

If we overcome our evil inclinations the victory is ours. "He only earns his freedom and existence who daily conquers them anew." The conflict conquers them anew. The condict with evil may be under disheartening conditions, but there is never any reason to despair. The steady pro-gress of good and righteousness proves that the struggle is not made in vain Remember, threefore, the words of St. Bernard: "That which tires the mbatant crowns the conqueror.

THE CATHOLIC FATHER.

can give reasons for his belief. supernaturalizes his life by every day ont of a divine motive and by the frequent reception of the sacraments. He can say with that it is not he that lives but Chri t who lives in him.

The Church to him is a living fact

whose priests are to be reverenced, and whose regulations are to be ob

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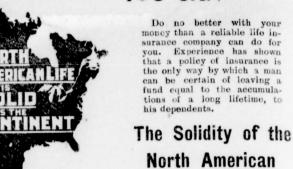
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CHATS Moral

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Moral power is the only enduring grandeur. It is the power that grows in the dark, in the years of unpaid labor and unrequited pain, and that, unobserved, indefatigable, survives the fret and storm of life. God searches through the years, carefully picks out through the years, carefully picks out and burnishes the beroic. All else He brushes into oblivion. Into the tissue of this mighty august Humanity enters the long tried patience that cries not, that meekly endures, and, unseen, unrequitted, does its brave work. — Rev. C. F. Bradley.
Spasmodic Enthusiasm.

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Young people are often subject to completely swept off their feet by new ideas, and think that they will accomplish wonders with them. For days they think and dream of nothing else. It may be the making of a cart or some toy, the taking up of a special study, a plan to improve the home or the farm, or to work out some pet theory, or determination to engage in some partic-ular kind of work. But in most cases the enthusiasm cools, the zeal evapor-ates, the fire dies out, and nothing is

made up his mind that he would be a lawyer. He would bend all his energy lawyer. He would bend all his energy to the study of law for perhaps a few weeks. At the end of that time he would throw his law books down in dis-gust and decide that the writings of Coke and Blackstone are dry picking

before his fanciful imagination.
Young people who are completely un-Young people who are completely un-balanced by new ideas, and who do not Lake of the Two Mountains, stop to consider whether they are feasible or practicable, rarely have the persistence to follow one to a conclusion. Victims of transitory enthusiasm, they change about from pillar to post until youth and opportunity lie behind them. They work as clerks for a while, teach school a term or two, work in factories, half-learn this trade or that, waste a year, perhaps, in the study of medicine, another in that of law, or a few months in attempting to master the foundation principles of architecture, or in studying some art or science that strikes their fancy for the moment, and almost before they realize it, they are no longer eligible for success. Their lives are made up of fragments which do not belong together, and which no in-genuity could make into a complete

If erratic people of this kind would stick to even the humblest thing they attempt, they would accomplish something; their lives would make some sort of finished pattern, however homely, instead of a mass of disconnected fragments. Nothing can be made out of fragments of different kinds. A beautiful mosaic is made up him but how are of the same tiny bits, but they are of the same

If all the knowledge and unbalanced enthusiasm which so many young men waste in trying scores of things could be put into one worthy endeavor; if every day's work were made to help out that of the previous day; if every bit of experience were made to count upon the one great object of their lives, their power of achievement, their pos-sibilities of increased usefulness and of weaving a beautiful life-pattern would be increased a thousandfold.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. COAINA THE ROSE OF THE ALGONQUINS.

By Anna H. Dorsey CHAPTER IV.

" BEWARE OF THE SNAKE, TO-HIC." It is well for the reader of this narrative to keep thss fact in view: that had chief of the Algonquins nited himself in marriage with Winonah, it would have increased the dignity and consequence of her mother's family, as it would have secured to them the chieftainship and grand totem of the tribe. Bitterly disappointed in their ambitions and selfish aspirations, angry and disturbed in mind, they were prepared to unite with Altontinon in y plan she might suggest to them to off a marriage so disastrous to eir schemes of arrogance and pride. It seems strange to associate the vices of civilization with the characters of an ndian story; but believe me, friends, hat human nature, unless wonderfully lignified and hallowed by grace, is the same latent savage everywhere, which only requires circumstances, in a greater less degree, to rouse him from his lair in the heart to seek his greed or revenge. Let us not, then, be too much surprised, however much we may feel grieved at the depravity of these disappinted people, or deem incredible the events which follow. It was not long before whispers began to float about to the injury of Coaina, which at first only excited a scornful expression of denial from her friends. She, all unsuspicions of the plots against her happiness, was as blithe as a bird, wondering often, her sweet humility, why she should e so blessed! Her eyes, like a young loe's, grew softer and more luminous, and her voice, ever thrilling in sweet cadences, I ke the wild birds of the orest, became more low and gentle, and was only heard when her full heart sought to give expression to her grateful happiness, singing the beautiful litanies and touching hymns of the mis-

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Not the least rejoiced of all her friends was old Ma-kee, the unbaptized, who would sit watching her — often in her aunt's lodge; sometimes on the shore; sometimes at the door of the shore; sometimes at the door of the chapel, while she adorned the shrine of the Lady with flowers — his withered the Lady with flowers — and pleased exchapel, while she adorned the shrine of the Lady with flowers — his withered face wearing a grave and pleased ex-

pression, and only breaking the silence to take his pipe from his mouth, and say: "Ugh! it is good!" The affection of this old pagan for Coaina, I have sometimes thought, in connection with her sad story, was a grace bestowed upon him for that act of charity showed by his grandmother to the martyr Bre-

Of those most enraged at Coaina's approaching marriage, was Ahdeek, the Iroquois, who found a ready sympath-izer in Altontinon, and readily enlisted in the service to aid in the accomplishment of that which would finally throw Coaina, helpless and defenceless, in his power. He was now frequently seen at Altontinon's lodge. This was not agreeacute attacks of enthusiasm. They are completely swept off their feet by new pecting any designs against his betrothed, nevertheless so despised the low vices of Ahdeek, that he could not bear to know the air she breathed was good. contaminated with his presence, and desired her to hold no intercourse with

The frosts had tinted the leaves with the most gorgeous hues of crimson and left but embers and ashes.

I have known more than one youth to be so fired by listening to some great greens of cedar, pine and hemlock, gave to the forests the appearance of a great green. Nature seemed to be preparing her robes for a grand festival, instead of a burial. There is something sublime in this glorious passing away of summer, as if in thus gathering about her departure a splendor symbolic of a glad obedience to the law of the great for a boy who delights in action. His enthusiasm for the law had received a deathblow. His mind was ready for some other diversion. He saw a successful physician hurrying about in his of a resurrection to come. Taking their carriage, and thought that medicine is the ideal profession, so he decided at strange that the Indians, in the primit once to become a doctor. But a very short experience with the dry bones of anatomy was sufficient to dampen his their eyes fixed in hope on the setting andor, and he quickly followed some other will-o'-the-wisp which danced luminated the pathway to the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit.

Lake of the Two Monntains, were preparing for two great events—one was the marriage of events - one was the marriage of their chief, which Father Etienne desired should be celebrated with great solemnity, not only to impress upon his people the dignity of the sacrament but to offer to Tar-ra-hee and Coaina tribute of respect, which he considered them eminently worthy of; the other was the annual migration of the tribe to the hunting grounds of the Northwest.

The young ladies of Montreal, who had known and loved Coaina at the Convent of Notre Dame, sent her a magnificent bridal present of a dress of blue velvet, made in the style of the icturesque attire she wore when they first saw her, embroidered with silver, and a veil of blue crape covered with spangles. They knew her singular de-votion to the Blessed Virgin, and thought, justly, that the present would be more acceptable if composed of her colors. It the same box, neatly packed, and directed to their beloved pupil, was a wreath—made by the nurs, with the permission and approval of their superfeather flowers, among which were woven clusters of Roman pearls. Directed to Father Etienne's care, he no sooner opened the box than be sent for Coaina, to whom he presented them with genuine pleasure.

"My father," said Coaina, looking upon the costly presents spread out before her, "these are very rich and beautiful! They are too fine for me. I should be ashamed to were them. I eve prepared a more simple and befitt-

"Coaina, my child, these things must be worn, according to the intenmust be worn, according to the intention which prompted the gifts. You cannot refuse to do so without appearing proud and ungrateful, which you are not. If I thought they would give birth in your heart to one single throb of vanity, I should at once advise you to burn them shall not be dishonored by having his shall not be dishonored by having his will be dishonored by having his will be dishonored by the deadly moccasin creeping in the grass!" Then Ma-kee wrapped his hall not be dishonored by having his will be dishonored by that is this shadow that comes "What is this shadow that comes are thought the face of the sun sometimes. It is nothing strange—but between the according to the face of the sun sometimes. It is nothing strange—but be their wings in the face of the sun sometimes. It is nothing strange—but be that gray close the same of the snake, To-hic; beware of the s up. But wear them, my child—it will please your good friends in Montreal; choose," said Father Ettenne, my

"Yes, my father; but something has happened—I am troubled—may I speak to you?" said Coaina.

to you?' said Coaina.
'Yes—yes. But. my child, what is
the meaning of all this? I confess that
you perples me!' said Father Etienne, perceiving, as he looked up, that Coaina's eyes were full of tears.
'What is the trouble?''

"There is something, I do not understand what," she said, timidly, "that causes some, who were formerly my best friends, to curl their lips at me as trey pass; they have no greeting for me when I salute them, but look me full in the face, and, with a toss of the

nead, turn away.' "Tut! tut! my good child! I fear that it is a little envy on their part. and a little imagination on yours. Did you never hear, Coaina, that when one s about to marry, all one's faults are trumped up and magnified, and when one dies, all of one's virtues are only remembered. So don't give yourself annecessary trouble about one's looks. Looks can't burt one. So that your conscience is clear, and each duty per-formed with a view to the approval of

will be your refuge and protection."

"That is my hope!" she replied, with a smile that irradiated her countenance—"that is my hope!" Then. kneeling, she received Father Etienne's blessing, and went away loaded with the rich gifts which she was to wear at a supreme moment, but not as a bride. She had never hinted to Father Etienne anything relative to the unkind treat-ment which she had for a long time re-ceived from her aunt and Winonah, because she not only feared to wound charity thereby, but believed, in her

Ahdeek to him, not caring to trouble him about trifles; and in fact, although the effect of these annoyances was so disagreeable and serious a matter to her, there was scarcely anything tangible or grave enough in them to justify an angel to Father Etienne, he was an appeal to Father Etienne; he was, therefore, at that time, entirely ignorant of all the undercurrent of deceit and wickedness that was going on, to the prejudice of Coaina. Altontinon and Winonah approached the sacraments regularly. Alas! yes; they dared to fine for the bride of an Algonquin Christian. and Winonah approached the sacraments regularly. Alas! yes; they dared to approach the august feast of the altar, as Judas did; they dared invite Jesus Christ into their hearts, which were the said, scanning her for a moment with grave scorn, from head to foot, then passed on with quick, angry the abode of devils; they dared again to crucify Him by their malice towards His faithful servant, who, in return, prayed for them night and day, and frequently offered her worthy Communions for their temporal and spiritual

One evening, Coaina, having remained later than usual in the chapel, where him, but leave the lodge whenever he came into it, which she invariably did.

Day after day rolled on, and the month of the falling leaves had come.

she had received much consolation in prayer, returned home, and found her aunt and Winonah in raptures over a month of the falling leaves had come. superb mantle of mole-skins, fringed richly with gold, and lined with cloth. Coaina had never seen anything which struck her as being so magnificent, in her life, and she expressed her admiration with simple earnestness, without once inquiring to whom it belonged. If she thought about it at all, her idea was that it belonged to her aunt. What, then, was her surprise when Altontinon threw it over her shoulders, saying:
"Tar ra hee knows how to make princely gifts to his bride. The Queen of England might be proud of this

> 'Oh, how I wish I were you, Coaina!" exclaimed Winonah, closning her hands. "For me! Oh. it is too grand, too costly for me! When was Tar ra hee

"This afternoon, while you were at the chapel. He will not be back until to-morrow evening. He has gone, in his cance, to fish, up the Ottawa, and the word he left is that you meet him on the shore when he returns, with his gift, this superb mantle, about you,

aid Altontinon.
"How foolish is Tar-ra hee to have me make a show of myself," she said, with a low laugh, as she smoothed the velvety fur with her small dusky hand. "I shall, however, do as he wishes; really I am ashamed of such grand

"It is not too fine for the bride of our sachem, Coaina! Why, gold, and silver, and precious stones, would not be too grand for you! But what have you got there?" said Winonah.

"Something which I will show you by and by," replied Coaina, who had felt Winonah's sneer, and then, gathering up the mole-skin mantle with the other things which she held in her arms, she retired to her own apartment. Then Altontinon and Winonah embraced each other, laughed and danced as if they were wild, and making other signs expressive of triumph, pointed towards Coaina's apartment with fiendish glee.

The next evening Coaina folded the nole-skin mantle and hung it upon her arm, then threw a gray cloak about her in such a manner as to conceal its gold fringes and scarlet lining, and was about leaving the lodge to go down to the lake to wait for Tar ra-hee, when her aunt accosted her with a discom-

"To wait for Cyril, as he left word," she mildly answered.
"Oh! But where is the mantle?

He was very particular in his wish for you to wear it," said her aunt, anxious-

ly.
"I have it here," replied the un suspecting girl, as she lifted her cloak, that Altontinon might see it. "I could not wear it through the village without exciting too much observation, so I thought I would put it about me after I

wishes, as well as his bridal present, slighted in that way. Shame upon please your good friends in Montreal; it will please Tar-ra-hee and your people to see you splendidly dressed on your wedding day. After that, you your wedding day. After that, you can wear them for penance, if you choose," said Father Etienne, laughsistance, she had put it around her, and fastened the showy gilt clasps over her bosom. "Now go," she added, "you are too poor-spirited to be the wife of our chief."

What was it that, like a strain of clear music, suddenly whispered to Coaina's heart: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of hearen?" She availated the little of the state of the strain of She could not tell, but, re peating the words to herself, she walked from the lodge, forgetful of all else, while her eyes wore that same far-off expression which we have before decribed. She did not see the scornful looks directed towards her, or the low uttered sneers as she passed the various groups collected in front of the lodges in the village, on her way to the lake; still less would she have inderstood them even had she them.

The soft music of the waves rushing swiftly to the shore, and melting upon the sands-the cool, crisp wind, and the broad track of gold and crimson light thrown across the lake by the de clining sun, roused Coaina from her far-off dreams, or rather from her introverted communings; and, selecting a sheltered seat upon the gnarled roots of an ancient maple, whose branches, Almighty God, why should you be disturbed? Go home, my child, assured that she who is the 'Help of Christians' lake, she folded her hands upon her knees, and awaited the coming of Tar-ra-hee. At length, afar off. and in the very midst of the sun's golden track, canoe appeared upon the dancing waters; nearer and nearer it sped lik an arrow, under the sinewy strength of the young chief's arms. Coaina could of the water, looking as if they were plated with burnished gold; then they were drawn in, and Tar-ra-hee stood up, his symmetrical form showing in noble relief against the bright sky; his eye swept the shore; Coaina waved a bright scarf with which she had covered her head; he made a glad gesture with his hands, again resumed his seat, and by a now see the paddles flashing in and out

few vigorous strokes of the paddle brought his birchen canoe gliding swiftly up upon the sands. Securing some of the finest and largest of his fish, he sprang upon the shore and hastened towards Coaina, who, with a smile of welcome, modestly advanced to meet him, when he suddenly halted—his face

step. Here was sudden darkness for Coaina! His own gift, worn at his own command to show her value for it, to excite such cruel anger! It was a mystery which was inexplicable to her. Tears gathered in her eyes, her hands trembled, and she was obliged to sit down while she tried to unclasp the mantle. Bewildered and grieved, she returned slowly homeward, the mantle hanging upon her arm, and when she was once more within the solitude of her own little apartment, she tossed it into an obscure corner, and, with a It into an obscure corner, and, with a feeling of desolation, knelt, weeping and sorrowful, to lay her griefs where she had ever offered her joys, at the feet of Jesus and Mary. By and by she grew more composed, and began to hope for the best. Guileless herself, she suspected no evil in others—far less did she imagine the existence of less did she imagine the existence of any base designs against her. After a while Altontinon came in under pretence of borrowing a needle, and asked :

"Did Tara-ra hee come?"
"Yes, he came," replied Coaina. "Were you there in time to see him?

"I saw him." "How did he think his bride looked in that royal mantle?" asked Altontinen, with an evil glitter in her eyes.
"I believe he thought it, after all,

too fine, 'she said, looking down.
"The unreasonable! But, child, it
was no use to cry about that. Tar-rahee is only like all other men—none
are constant," said Altontinon, with a

"I think that Cyril is. Nothing can shake my faith in him. We must not judge him rashly," said Coaina, gravely. "I won't dispute the point with you.

Settle it yourself. But did you hear that there's great sickness among the Iroquois?"
"No. Poor people! What is it?"

"A sort of dreadful fever. Father Etienne has gone up there to baptize some of them who are dying. It is worse up near the forest, where the un-baptized ones live."
"Ah, may God bring them safely into His fold before their departure?" exclaimed Coaina, forgetful of her own

sorrow, as she thought of the needs o the dying. "And," continued Altontinon, "that

filthy pagan, Ahdeek, has been here blubbering like a woman, and looking like a scare-crow, because his mother is ill and won't let the medicine man come in to her. Then he told me to ask you to talk to the White Mother for her."

"I will, most gladly," said Coaina, who was only too happy to be engaged in a work of charity. Then she bathed her face, and wrapping her gray cloak about her once more, started to go down to the chapel to pray for the sick. and particularly implore the assistance of the Blessed Virgin for the conver sion of Ahdeek's dying mother. Near the chapel she met old Ma kee, who stopped her to inquire where Tar-ra-

hee was.
"At his lodge, I suppose, Ma-kee. He has just returned from fishing."

"He is not there, To hic. He started an hour ago for Montreal," said the old Indian. "Ugh! Black clouds open their wings in the face of the sun sometheir wings in the face of the sun sometheir wings.

What is this shadow that comes darkening my heart?" thought Coaina "I thought it was gone forever, but I feel the chill of it again. O, Great Spirit," she cried, prostrating herself before the altar, "Thou sendest us joy; Thou sendest us sorrow; whatever Thou doest is right; only keep me by the hand while the danger passes; let me cling closer to thee, sweet Mother of Jesus, that I may not perish in the dark vaters!

Two or three days passed by, and Coaina saw but too plainly that her people looked askance at her. Som refused to notice her at all—others re-turned only a haughty nod to her salu-tations, and once, when she met Father Etienne, she imagined that, although he spoke kindly, he received her with stern and troubled expression of untenance, neither stopping, as usual, say a pleasant word, or lay his hand o say a pleasant word, or lay his hand pon her head in blessing. Even the ttle children began to shrink from er, and stood back, gazing wonder-ye'd at her, whenever she addressed hem, or sought to gather them about er. She felt bewildered by the trangeness of itall, but Father Etienne ad told but that corphons "it was half had told her that perhaps "it was half envy on the part of others, and half imagination in herself"—therefore it imagination in herself —therefore it might be so; she would not resent it, but bear it patiently, in the good hope that God would accept her humiliation, which she offered in the true spirit of penance, in satisfaction for the many faults of her life, and in His own good time disperse the cloud which gathered so loweringly over her. Altoution so loweringly over her. Altontinon and Winonah were jubilant, and affected to be extremely kind to her, while Coaina, nothing doubting their sin cerity, received their extraordinary attentions. tentions with gratitude, and felt comforted that they at least clung to her. TO BE CONTINUED.

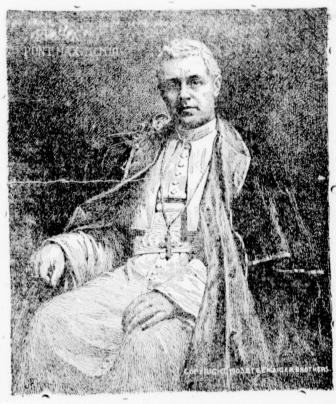


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ARCHDICCESE OF KI GSTON.

And the Carlot of the Carlot o

time between the retiring pastor and his parishioners of Williams To night my dear friends of Parkhili, you are here, Catholics and non Catholice. I am glad to see you, happy to meet you assembled here, before my departure tomorrow months. I am not going far away, and is his most happy to see any or all of you as Goderich, and renew the friendly relations of the past. The kind feelings and sent ment of the past. The kind feelings and sent ment a typessed in your address touches my heart. I feel that I am undeserving of such a pressed in your address touches my heart. I feel that I am undeserving of such a pressed in my behalf. I have labored a long amongst you, it is true. My carness of the past of the part of the pa

of Guelph, Ont., brother of the groom, and the groomsman was Mr. James Pargo. During the ceremony appropriate music was rendered by the choir. A reception was held at the residence of the bldes parents from 4 to 8 p. m. at which about one hundred guests were present. Mr and Mrs. Dryle left by the eventual to the will return to Kings Mills, where they will be at home after Feb 1 t.

BRIAND POWE BOLAND POWE

they will return to Kings wills, where they will be at home after Feb. 1.t.

BOLAND-POWE

One of the happiest ev. mts of the season was that which took place in S. P-trick's church, there as to o'clock flueday morning, when James Boland, one of Mount Carnel's most popular young men. was united in his bob bonds of matrimory it Miss Mars Powe, daughter of Mr Michael Powe Long be the bridal pary arrived, many friends and gather of to wimose the impressive ceremony Promply at the hour appointed the bridal super do with the meled one strains of the wiceling march and proceed to the main altar where they were mostly the y come of government. The ceremony was performed by the Revy Father McM. namn, and immediately after a Nuptan High Mass was celebrated.

The bride was eleganly attired in white duches eatin triumed with calloped according pleating and shirred that fine forgular to the main altar where they were met by the y come of your many free of the bride was eleganly attired in white duches eatin triumed with calloped according pleating and shirred that fine from the total was gracefully arrange of in he come of a pleating and shirred that fine accher of S. S. No. 5. Dover wore a brautiful grown of pair blue silk with cream trimmings and a cream silk hat with white oscito plumes. She carried a shower bouquet rulk and scheer for S. S. No. 5. Dover work.

Music for the occasion was furnished by the choir of S. Paul & church under be lader ship of Mass A. McGrath, and was of a high order of merit. After the cernany the bridain pat ya companied by the Rev Fa her McMen a sumptuous repast awaited them.

The many costly presents proved the esteem in which the bride and goone, where a sumptuous repast awaited them.

The many costly presents proved the esteem in which the bride and groom come, couple, smid the hearty congratibitions of their many friends, left for Durch, Saginaw and other western points. The bride was a pretty travelling suit of gray cloth and white satin picture hat.

M. S. Andrew's church, Oakville, on

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LONDON, ONT

part in the many elections contested in South Oxford. He leaves a widow and eight children—five sons and three daughters. The elects on is a physician in St. Catharines; the second son a dentist in New York city, the third is in his final year in medicine in Toronto University; the other members of the family are yet quite young.

Mr. Sneahan was an active member of the C M. B A., and for years trustee and treasurer of the school section in which he lived.

May be rest in peace!

JAMES BRIODY JR CHICAGO

JAMES BRIODY JR CHICAGO

The sad news has reached Londen of the death of James Briody, clidest son of the late days a stocke of paralysis about two weeks before this death which took place on Jan 20 1944 at the home of his son, Walter of Chicago. Drawad was born near Port Samley six y turce years ago, but spent most of his time in London, having moved to Chicago three years ago with his family. He leaves to mourn his sed less two sons Walter and Frank, and one daugrier. Gritude, sli of Chicago, before a two six of the late of th

James M. Ryan, a New York Central train-James M. Ryan. a New York Central trainman, sent to its owner who lives in Ma quette Mich., a rosary wor h \$500 which had bere lost on the ocean and in three countries and was found here. It was purchased in Keme and blesseed by Pope Pius X. The owner lost it in a Paris cafe on his way home. The proprietor returned it to the owner. The rosary was next mislaid in the dining room of the Hotel Cecil, London. Again it was returned to the owner upon calling for it On the seamer Umbria the rosary was lost for a day and a had. On Thursday Mr. Ryan found the case containing the rosary under the seat in a train and returned it on learning to whom it belonged.

Mr. Hunt, who a few days ago, was alosted.

the lossly diluter the seat in a train and returned it on learning to whom it belonged.

Mr. Hunt, who, a few days ago, was elected to Parliament at a bye-election in England, is a convert to the Catholice Church. There are only four other Catholice in the British House of Commons representing British constituencies, making five for the whole of England and Sociland, which have altegerler five hundred and sixty-seven members in the Commons. Five Catholice in five hundred and sixty-seven does not show any great-religious toleration in a country that boast so much of "civil and religious liberty." The Irish do not boast so much, but they do better. In the Nationalist Parliamentary party there are upward of a doz. n. Protectains, all of them elected in distitutes where the overwhelming majority of the electorate, as well as of the population, are Catholics.

Bishop Gravel Dead.

Bishop Gravel Dead.

Bishop Gravel Dead.

Montreal Jan, 29—Righ: R v. Elphege Gravel first Catholic Bishop of Nicolet. died at the Bishop's p-lace, Nicolet, yesterday. He had been alling for some time.

Bishop Gravel, who was one of the best known presates in the Province of Quebec, was born in 1838. He was ordained to the priest-hood is 1870, and site holding various charges, in 1885 was appointed Bishop of the newly creates diocese of Nicolet, his consecration as such taking place at Rome Aug. 2, 1885.

May he rest in peace!

FROM REGINA

There are at present four Sisters who reside here and attend the High School. Reverend Sisters St. Benjumin, St. Alam. St. Victor and S. Philipp. In December Rev. Sisters St. Peter and Sylvester who attended two Normal sessions here, after very creditably passing their examinations returned to their respect them. their excuminations returned to their respect to convents the former to St. Louis the later to Downens, wis Duck Lake. Though they live in retirem at, many of ushave m t and learned to love those Angels of Mercy who have gone as well as those who still remain. Always busy, yet they find time to comfort the still otted or lend a helping hand. I think their sejurn among us will make all the more anxions to have a convent of our own in R. gina. Jan. 27, 1994.

A. O. H.

Toronto, Jan. 24, 1994.

It is with very great regret that we chronicie the demise of ar old and highly esteemed member of the A. O. H., Mr. James Richardson Mr. Richardson was actively connected with the A. O. H. from its organization. He was always noted for his love of the old lawd and for his earnest desire to identify himself with overy movement which had for its object the betterment of his feliow country men. Mr. Richardson is survived by his wife and six children, also his muther, four brothers and four sisters. Rev. Father Richardson of Uxbridge is one of his brothers. The nall-bearers were: Brothers Owens. Traverse. Kelly. Daly, Loy and O'Meara—all members of the A. O. H. May his, soul rest. In peace!

J. McCAFFREY,

Sec. Divison No. 5, A. O. H.

MARKET REPORTS.

London. F b 4 — Grain, per cental. Wheat per cental, \$128 to \$1.30; aata 89 to 91c; corn. 90 to \$1.00; barr., \$8 a. 30; pers., \$9.00 to \$1.50; cors. sheat 75 cors. \$1.00; pers., \$1.00;

Torento Feb 4.—Wight-Ontario No. 2 red, white and nix d are unenhance at 80c te 8to, for milling; spring is steady at 76c, for No. 2, east, Mani obs. Price are steady; No. 1 hard is unchanged at 4c; No. 1 northern at 9tc; No. 2 terribert at 8to, and we have steady; No. 2 terribert at 8to, and we is quoted ern at 8to, on the nat 8to and we is quoted ern at 8to, on the steady. Torento Feb 4.—Wileys 1. Datasto No. 2 red, because yet in Wast furthed by the three for our halo celebrated R quiem High M as or to be death of secased. Listenest take the bapey death of secased. Mark the bapey death of secased. Mark the bapey death of secased. Mark the bapey death of secased. Secased by the section of the early Irish nettlers was removed by the death of the secased was remarkably the section of the secased was remarkably to section of t

AVE MARIA, by Mase gni...
O SALUTARIS BY ROSENI.
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