

# The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1906.

### JUGGLERS AND PROPHETS.

The journalists who are juggling with the Pope's Encyclical to the French Bishops are but imitating in their own way the performances of the anti-Catholic correspondents of the great metropolitan prints. That many of these writers are special pleaders hired to make out a case against the Church, is well known. That their opinions are valueless, save to those whose eyes are blurred by hate, is admitted by the non-Catholic who has not parted with his reason. But they are quoted by scribes who wrap themselves in a vesture of seeming impartiality and weep over the ravages of yellow journalism. Just now they are emitting oracular platitudes over the tactlessness of the Pope's attitude towards the French Government. They would have the Papal policy to bend to every whim and caprice of men who, when dealing with the Church, recognize neither truth nor justice, and whose avowed design, in enacting the Law of Separation, was to disrupt all ecclesiastical organizations in France. If any one can read the provision of this law, without noticing its encroachments upon civil and religious liberty, his optic nerve, so far as justice is concerned, is in disrepair. It may be reactionary for Pius X. to object to rules fashioned by the professed enemies of the Church, but we suspect that the people who are fond of this word "reactionary" might protest against outsiders interfering with the government of their own sects and frame their protest in words egotistic of manliness and conscience. It is all in the point of view. Then the prophecy business has never been successful. "One after another," wrote a journalist, Mr. Vance Thompson, if we remember aright, "the centuries have come beating at the door of the Vatican, and the Roman Church, in the frail worn form of some old man, has come forth. 'What do you want?' 'Change?' 'I do not change.' Against this immobility political forces break themselves in vain. Others have ridden out before Jaures and his cohorts of socialism: stronger armies than the one led by Combes and oilerced by international financiers, have charged against it. The immobile remains."

### WHAT WE THINK ABOUT IT.

For our part, we believe that the Separation Law will rouse French Catholics from their inaction and fuse them into organized opposition to Government oppression. The indifference which allows them to be manipulated by a handful of Infidels may pass away when their shrines and churches are desecrated. We predict that the zeal of anticlericalism will discover that God has his part in the making of history. When Julian the Apostate's crusade against the Church seemed to be successful, one of the pagan leaders cried out to a priest of Antioch: "What is the sun of the carpenter doing now?" The priest answered: "He is making a coffin for the arch-enemy of Holy Church." And Julian, as his life ebbed away in the field of battle, saw and confessed the failure of his plans for the destruction of the Church. We mention him because the enemies of religion in our days adopt his policy, notably in their campaign against Christian education.

While waiting for the final act of the French tragedy, let us not forget, in the words of Mr. Bodley, that the French people are not exempt from human failings, but on the whole the mass of the people exercise virtues in their daily life. Intemperance, thriftlessness and the hopeless condition of the poor in our cities are stains on English civilization which have little counterpart in France.

### SPECULATION VERSUS FACT.

"But in this age of down-pulling and disbelief," said Carlyle, many years ago, "the very devil has been pulled down; you cannot so much as believe in a devil." What would dyspeptic Thomas say of our day, which has relegated the devil to the domain of the absurd and fanciful. Man's speculations do not change the fact that there is a devil. He may like to think that diabolic power is non-existent, but his thought is not proof against the authority of Scripture. The world, which brands poverty as a crime and paints the finger of scorn at nations which are not burdened with money, and dismisses gross sin as the mere breaking of

"conventionality," may draw a veil over the mouth of hell and so expend much imaginative power and time. But all this does not prevent God from dealing with sinners "according to their uncleanness and wickedness." It does not quench the fire which God has kindled in his wrath. It does not keep the devil from going about and blinding men to their immortal destiny.

### SCIENTISTS AND CHARLATANS.

In concluding a discourse on the progress of science in the last quarter of a century Professor Ray Lankester, President of the British Association, said: "Men of science seek in all reverence to discover the Almighty, the Everlasting. They claim sympathy and friendship with those who, like themselves, have turned away from the more material struggles of human life and have set their hearts and minds on the knowledge of the Eternal."

This language is different from what we hear from men of the Haeckel type. Scientists and theologians who understand their business are always friends. When, however, a scientist gives over the study of phenomena and their laws and wanders into the by-paths of scientific fiction, he is apt to be treated as a nuisance. As a matter of fact Haeckel has long been discredited among German scientists.

### MEN UNAFRAID AND GLAD.

We need the earnest Catholic—loyal and simple—the one who reverences authority and is aggressive as stands the man who knows where he stands and what he stands for. We are on trial every day; keen eyes are inspecting our way of living. If we are buoyed up with the hope of doing something for religion men will see the love and truth which we claim to possess. If we are in nowise different from our fellows, we may be dismissed as hypocrites or as harmless numblers of meaningless words. We pity the bad Catholic—that is, the one whose life, so far as the world goes, is at variance with the code in honour among respectable citizens. But he is looked upon, as a rule, as a nonentity or a fool or a mere tank for rum and the stories of the bar-tender. He is not one of the men who work and think. He is popular, as it is styled, because forsooth he is not in the way of anything or anybody. He is a disgrace to us, but it is the indifferent Catholic, who looms large in social and commercial circles, who is a barrier to the extension of God's Kingdom on earth. To him men look for evidences of the faith which they have not. But however intently they watch they can discern too often unfortunately but what is visible in the lives of their neighbours, and so the indifferent Catholic stumbles on criticizing his bishop, allowing his children to go to non-Catholic schools and colleges, and taking no part in parochial work. Alas, says Cardinal Newman, for those who have had gifts and talents and have not used, or have misused or abused them: who have had wealth and have spent it on themselves, who have had abilities and have advocated what was sinful, or ridiculed what was true or scattered doubts against what was sacred. Alas! for those of whom the best that can be said is, that they are harmless and naturally blameless, while they never have attempted to cleanse their hearts or live in God's sight.

### WHERE ARE THE SONS?

"What has become of the sons of Catholic millionaires in New York and San Francisco?" asks the Rev. Dr. D. S. Phelan in the Western Watchman. "We have often heard of their fathers," he writes, "but never of them. Their fathers were noted for their generous support of the Church and her charities, and they were edifying members of society. They have dropped out of the Church and dropped into the polluted 'swim.' The clergy of San Francisco tell the world that the benefactors of the Church of other days have left no heirs, and there are only the very poor left to rebuild the ruined structures of the past. The young Catholic millionaires have no money to spare, as their style of living demands every penny of their income. But it would be bad enough if this was all that could be said to their discredit. These Catholic young millionaires are as corrupt nearly as their Protestant companions, and are doing their full share toward corrupting the rising generation of boys and girls. Their life is a round of dissipation, and the trail of their immorality is drawn over the five continents."

The purest pleasure is to give pleasure, and the highest glory belongs to those who labor earnestly, both by thinking and by doing, to make truth, justice and love prevail. — Bishop Spalding.

### LETTER FROM FATHER MUGAN.

London, Eng., August 22, 1906.

We are in the whirlpool of the world. This is the city around which the commerce of the nations revolves. This is the greater Babylon which speaks all human tongues. This is the world's storehouse of wealth and power. This is the mighty citadel at whose beck and will the nations, the army, and the navies of the world, move or stand. This is a vaster city than has been. This is an overflowing caldron of humanity. This is the seat of empire of many nations. This is London.

From the hospitable heather-covered hills and valleys of Scotland we ere-waited took our way to the South, across the largest bridge in the world over the firth of the Forth, passed the Tweed and Clyde, the famous fields of Flodden and Bannockburn, the beautiful district of Argyll, the important cities of Dumfries and Carlisle and the Roman Wall of Adrian, into England, near the famous Gretna Green, a village so celebrated for English marriages under Scottish laws.

Most of England is a fine looking country, at least what is not covered with cities, factories and railroads, as very much is. The country is well shaded with green groves and hedge fences. Parts are fairly level but most of it is diversified with low rolling mountains, not so high or rugged as in Ireland and Scotland, fine wide valleys, clear streams and lots of wide spreading trees, most of the land in pasture, with considerable hay and a remarkable abundance of sheep and cattle, and absence of cultivation except in the South. The towns and cities of England are numerous and populous. There is Liverpool with nearly a million people living principally on its shipping and commerce with foreign nations. These is Manchester and Birmingham each with nearly 800,000 people in the midst of the mining regions, manufacturing iron and steel for building the framework of the vast cities, railroads, bridges, etc. The large cities of Leeds, Chesterfield, Nottingham, Derby, etc., manufacture English broadcloths, tweeds, silks, woolsens, cottons, linens, and other fabrics and furnishings almost to no end for the wide world. It is most interesting to watch and study the vast number and various kinds of looms and spinning machines in operation. Human genius and industry is here displayed. Those smoothly running machines, those countless myriads of revolving spindles and flying shuttles, all moving in obedience to their own laws and at high speed, are wonderful. From the raw wool of the sheep's back, from the products of the silkworm, from the raw flax and cotton, around the electric spindles, through drying and coloring vats, the yarn and thread is carried by the flying shuttles through the looms with such accurate and precise order and combinations as to roll out from the coarsest to the finest fabrics of most beautiful colors in plain, figured, floral, or pictured designs, that go to make up the contents of our dry goods stores. And there are the thousands of girls, yes, hundreds of thousands, I venture to say, even to say millions, employed in operating these factories of England year after year, each trying to make a living for themselves and others depending on them, and each having their bodies and immortal souls to take care of. Where are the boys and men? Very few are to be seen. They are gone in large numbers to make up the armies and navies of England. The cities of Sheffield, Leicester and Bedford are noted for their steel goods, brass works, porcelain, etc. Along the railroads in some parts it would seem an almost continuous city for forty or fifty miles at a time, town after town and city after city, long ranges of tall chimneys and immense factories far and wide, showing the enormous manufacturing industry of England. Wherever we penetrate into these churches, many fine structures old and new, but without the distinctive marks and signs we are looking for, but we are glad to say there are many also in every part, not with the paper advertisements outside the doors, but bearing the plain cross on high, and having the Sanctuary light perpetually burning before the tabernacle, showing the true house of God and Sanctuary of the Divinity. We visited many of these churches and said Mass in some of them, and prayed for the intentions of the Church and the welfare of our people. We are walking over history; everything has its history. The priests are kind, reverential and ever obliging. The people are ever courteous and accommodating. Everything is guarded with strict discipline. Our letters admit us everywhere.

Oxford! We come next to the seat of the world famous University of Oxford, about fifty miles from London. There are here thirty-two distinct colleges, each having its own faculty and government, and all clustered around and affiliated to the one examining body, which confers the degrees, called Oxford University. Many of the old college buildings have their stone walls, buttresses and doorways, eaten in honey comb fashion and scaling off with the weather; many more are newer and finer looking. All are solid with heavy towers and domes, built for time and with great variety of architecture. The different colleges are generally built in form of a hollow square, having a chapel on one side, which is the distinctive feature of each. The scientific halls, containing specimens of natural history, instruments, libraries and works of art, millions in number and endless in variety, are

an instructive study. We spent a whole day visiting some of them. The city of Oxford, with about 200,000 inhabitants has grown right in among the colleges, so that city and colleges make one compact body—with streets in squares, in circles, in triangles, in stars, in mazes, in labyrinths and every other mathematical figure; with small interior parks, lawns, roof and hanging gardens, interior courts, deer parks, zoological gardens and aquariums. Here the statesmen, the great orators, writers, rulers, historians, poets, divines, generals, kings, princes, monarchs and scientists of all nations and of all ages, from the time of Alfred the Great, who established the first college here in 890, down to the present, have studied. We must not depreciate the honor and merit due to Cambridge in its great work of education, but Oxford has always carried on its scientific courses in a more gigantic scale and attracted to its ancient walls more of the great scholars of the world. Both, however, it is sad to know, have grievously strayed from the path of truth in religious science and gone into the regions of error and schism. It is consoling, however, to see so many stars of transcendent brightness coming forth, Oxford throwing their light over the English world and true as the needle to the pole leading the brightest minds with countless numbers of followers, back to the true light and the true fold. These are the Fabres, the Wisemans, the Mannings, the Newmans.

London! One of our companions had left us about a month before at Dublin and gone on his special business to London. He had secured suitable accommodations for us so that on our arrival at St. Pancras Station in the great city we drove in a hansom direct to 68 Gower street, near St. Patrick's church, and were greeted at the door with a warm handshake in a most friendly and homelike manner by our host who was expecting us, and who recognized us at once by our bill of fare given by our advance agent. There were other Canadian and American guests in the house so we were at home at once. London claims over 7,000,000 of inhabitants. What can we say about it? It is not hot nor so cool at this season as Scotland and Ireland. It is mild and sprinkled with rain often and nearly always cloudy. We have seen scarcely a fly or insect since we left America. This is owing to the cool even climate. The temperature scarcely changes a few degrees day or night from one end of the week to the other. Everybody seems to have enough to eat and it is amazing how everyone gets enough to eat. The problem is partly solved by the train loads and boat loads of foodstuffs rushed into the great markets every day. The Covent Garden markets at sunrise is one of the most impressive sights of London. It is mostly under cover and covers some four acres in the heart of the city, near the river, and filled high and low with fruits and vegetables in barrels, cases, sacks, crates, etc. the most delicious fruits of untold varieties and mostly from the tropics at this season. Crows swarm; men, women, children, dealers, everybody getting their day's supply. Horses, wagons, carts, baskets, dogs, cats, rabbits, pigeons, birds, mules, donkeys, railroad trains, steamboats, tramways, everybody, everything over your head, under your feet, in the air, under the ground, bridges over bridges, tunnels and tunnels, a maze, a whirlpool of hungry humanity. There are many like this. The meat markets are prettier and just as busy. Acres of rows and rows high and low of dressed carcasses on different flats with just room to walk through.

The Billingsgate fish market is famous and has the honor of having manufactured and kept in use a large number of the emphatic words of the language.

Westminster Abbey is perhaps the greatest historical center. As we entered by the left arm of the cross which is the entrance to the coronation chapel of St. Edward the Confessor, in which the kings and queens are crowned, a great awe and a rush of eventful history came over us. Service was being chanted by the ministers and choir of the abbey in presence of a considerable crowd, apparently strangers like ourselves. Among many prayers and texts of Scripture they chanted in clear voice, "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, etc." The interior of the abbey is filled with statues, inscriptions and sculptures in marble, works of art, of great people and great things, good and bad. The abbey is divided by screens and railings into many apartments. Then there are the chapels inside chapels and chapels bordering around every side. In these are the tombs of the kings, princes, nobles and the great nations. We visited these with different guides trained for the purpose, who explain the history of each. There are large numbers. We visited them again and again to study closer. We lingered at the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots with awe, with respect, with sadness. We studied the inscriptions.

We read the ordinances and mandates of James I in regard to his mother, in what is said to be his own handwriting. The tomb of Elizabeth is in the chapel just opposite. The tomb of St. Edward the Confessor stands on high in the middle of the central chapel the finest one in the abbey. It alone is covered with a magnificent scarlet robe or pall embroidered with heavy gold lacework, fringe and tassels.

Westminster Abbey is separated at one end only by a middling narrow passage from the parliament buildings. We entered the parliament buildings

to get a short look at the House of Commons and House of Lords in session before they rise; enough to view these historic bodies. We afterwards visited the floors, the lobbies, the recesses, the galleries. The buildings are immense, but the House of Commons and Lords seem so small for the number of members. We went to the vane of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is 464 feet high. It is away above the city and the streets below seem crawling alive with insects which are the throngs on the streets.

The London Bridge is crossed by 22,000 vehicles and 110,000 persons every day. There are 30 other bridges nearby as busy. We visited the London Tower which was the scene of so many executions. There is the block and axe which executed Lady Jane Grey, Ann Boleyn, Katherine Howard, Sir Thomas More, Sir Walter Raleigh, etc., and there is the spot where thousands lost their heads. Here are monuments to many of them in the chapel of St. Peter in Chains and in St. John's chapel. In that part called the Wakefield Tower strongly fortified we are shown the crown jewels under brilliant electric light mounted in a very large circular case and guarded by the Coldstream and Home guards.

The jewels are Queen Victoria's crown with 2,783 diamonds and 310 gems. The St. Edward the Confessor's crown, in which the present king was crowned. The crown worn by the King on state occasions. Then the Queen's crown, the Prince's crowns and many of them, many coronets, royal maces, sceptres, crosses and orbs, swords, bracelets, buckles, etc., all emblazoned in gold, diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and precious jewels. It is a magnificent sight, holding one spell-bound for hours. There are also in the most honorable, the most exalted, badges and buckles of the order of this and the legion of that. We visited Windsor Castle and were conducted through the magnificent suite of state apartments, throne room, banquet hall, drawing and reception rooms, magnificent paintings, exquisitely wrought furnishings, etc., beautiful carvings, lawns and parks, high up on a cliff, commanding a magnificent view of the grandest part of the country around, and all covered with interesting, glorious, sad, disgraceful, and appalling history. We visit the Hotel Cecil, the home of our Canadian statesman, Downing street, and the state department, Buckingham gardens, and the royal chariot, Kensington Palace, the home of the unmarried members of the Royal family, the late home of Princess Eda, Marlborough Palace, the residence of the Prince of Wales. These palaces are all in and about St. James and Hyde Park, which are joining; about these parks, which are a short distance from the parliament buildings, are the palatial residences of the wealthy and noble, the titled lords and royal blood, the Royal Dukes, Dukes, and dukes, and the edge of the park, in a chosen spot, is the magnificent monument to Prince Albert, with its marvelous array of sculptured celebrities of the world, and gigantic, symbolic figures of all nations doing homage to the prince. The New Westminster Cathedral, in which we said Mass one Sunday stands not far from all this. It is a magnificent structure and when finished inside will excel anything in England. I doubt it will excel Armagh Cathedral. It is remarkable that its high tower stands directly between the rising sun and Buckingham Palace, and in truth it casts its shadow across the Royal Palace every morning when the sun shines.

Well, I must stop though I have not touched on a hundredth part of what we have seen in this awful city of London. My pen is worn out. I am bewildered. I refer you for more to its awful history and to the London Daily Times. It is reviving to see the mammoth presses of this newspaper in motion. Its illustrated sign shows a gigantic machine taking in 200 miles of paper a day at one end and sending a shower of newspapers over the globe with electric speed from the other end. Across the street is a brewery. There is also represented a large machine. They are turning the River Thames and bales of hops into it at one end and it is singing showers of drunken people out from the other end.

With highest respects, I beg to remain, Ever faithfully yours, JAS. G. MUGAN.

### THE LADIES OF THE CROSS.

Twenty four years ago, outside of the Catholic Church, the use of the Cross was pretty generally tabooed. In some sections of the country, about that time, for a nun to wear a cross was to invite jeers and sneers. During the A. P. A. insanity, a favorite pastime of the lodge-members was to raid Catholic cemeteries at night and smash the crosses that surmounted the graves of the dead. Even Episcopalians suffered in this respect in some localities.

For instance, the country has scarcely forgotten the action of that A. P. A. council at Louisville, Ky., that ordered an Episcopalian convent to be assessed for taxation. When taken to task by some of the more intelligent members of the lodges, who asserted that the convent was a Protestant one, the council replied in excuse that it thought it was Catholic, because it had a cross on it. A few months later the bigots entered the Episcopal section of the Louisville old cemetery and smashed every cross in sight. In this cemetery rests the body of George Keats, brother of John Keats, the world-famous English poet. Being an Episcopalian, a cross topped his tombstone. This, too, was knocked off, the idiots believing

they were desecrating a Catholic grave. Nowhere in the country was the symbol of man's redemption shown much greater favor than it was in the days of Nero or Domitian.

But how is it to day? Here in the East there is a tendency, on the part of many Protestant bodies, to put the cross on their churches. Often it assumes the form of mere ornamentation—a cross-like weather-vane, a cross-shaped flagpole, a lily-whorl in iron—yet still a cross. In New York City the Methodists are putting crosses on their churches in certain districts, and in Philadelphia there is a Baptist Church with a cross. In several cities one can nowadays observe Presbyterian churches with modified crosses surmounting them. Various non-Catholic bodies, like the Masonic Knights of St. John and Knights Templar, openly wear crosses as emblems. We are informed, moreover, that there is a new benevolent secret society called the Knights of the Cross; but whether or not it uses the cross as a symbol we do not know.

Where the cross most abounds, however, is at the throats of young women, apparently as an ornament. Usually it is of gold or its imitation, but sometimes it is of pearl, or glass, or other dainty material. Anyone who travels such on a train, or walks the streets of large cities, and whose eyes open is certain to be struck by the frequency of its appearance in the manner described. His first impression is that all these young women are Catholics, but if he make inquiry he will find that many of them are not—that they are wearing the cross merely because it is getting to be the fashionable thing to wear it. Jewelers the country over are now keeping small gold or pearl, or bright colored crosses, and it is conceded a pretty decoration for a fair well rounded throat.

How has it gradually won its way into favor in spite of the bigotry of a few years ago? We do not know but we can guess. During the last two decades the Catholic girl God bless her!—has been going out into respectable service in department stores, music stores, high class factories, as stenographer, clerk or similar. She carried the frequency of its appearance in the manner described. His first impression is that all these young women are Catholics, but if he make inquiry he will find that many of them are not—that they are wearing the cross merely because it is getting to be the fashionable thing to wear it. Jewelers the country over are now keeping small gold or pearl, or bright colored crosses, and it is conceded a pretty decoration for a fair well rounded throat.

What it will lead to we do not know, but surely it will have some effect in helping to make the United States a Christian country—even a Catholic country. It is at least cheering to find thousands of Protestant women laying aside their ancient prejudice against this symbol of Christianity, and the effect cannot be otherwise than good. If, as we believe, Catholic women, high and low, have, by their Christian bravery, contributed toward making the cross popular, they deserve high credit. Because they dared to wear it they have taught others how. Nearly one third of the women one sees in traveling, nowadays, apparently belong to the unorganized Ladies of the Cross.—SYRACUSE CATHOLIC SUN.

### CHARITY AND PHILANTHROPY.

So common is the tendency nowadays to transpose the relative economic values of philanthropy and Christian charity, so prevalent as the exaltation of the social worker in the city "settlement," and the minimizing of the religious worker in the Christian mission, that the following differentiation makes timely and profitable reading. We find it in the editorial columns of the Catholic Universe:

Between the religious and the social worker who give their lives to the work of humanity, there is all the difference between divine consolation and merely human service. One strives to uplift others to serve society, the other to serve God: one tries to bring heaven down to earth, the other to lead earth to heaven: one would improve the body, the other the soul; one would make conditions satisfactory to men, the other would make men satisfied with conditions. The difference is not so much in method as in purpose. The sociologist considers merely the betterment of this life, so summing up in his brief span the whole of existence that when he cannot cure an evil he must declare it incurable. To the religious, nothing is hopeless, no social malady is beyond relief. He is buoyed up by the knowledge that there is another world beyond the transient wants and woes of this—a higher destiny for human souls than human happiness. It is because only he who looks beyond this world can see it truly that society can never be served by any philosophy except that of religion.—Ave Marie.

When we are in the company of sensible men, we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, lest we lose two good things—their good opinion and our own improvement; for what we have to say we know, but what they have to say we know not.

It is not necessary for us to enter into minute knowledge of one's difficulties in order to lighten them. Sometimes a flower laid down in front of weary eyes causes the tired look to vanish. We have known a few kind words to lift a load from a heart, and leave bright the day that before held only clouds.



THE STAND OF PIUS X.

The following editorial by a Protestant on the Pope's Encyclical deserves attention: The Papal Encyclical upon the French Separation Law is a brave and uncompromising challenge. For this reason it has caused no small amount of irritation to that large section of opinion both in France and England which consciously or unconsciously holds that it is the primary duty of the Church to make its peace with the world. This Erastian and unchristian temper is the base of religion alike in England and in France, for in both countries it makes Caesar supreme over the Faith. Its forms and methods, of course, vary according to national characteristics. English Erastianism allows the State to legislate on matters appertaining to the Sacraments, and endows lay tribunals with the power of the keys. French Erastianism, at once more logical and more brutal, leaves dogmatic details alone, but makes the will of an atheistic Caesar supreme in the internal administration of the Church. So it comes about that the sort of French Catholic who in days past chiefly supported the Concordat on the ground that it subjected the Church to the State is intensely pained that the Pope should advise the Church to undergo temporal and even religious loss for the sake of a fundamental principle of Christianity. So keen is the vexation which exists in the camp of these Laodiceans, that Pius X., who takes his stand on a principle that is recognised quite as strongly by Calvinists as by Catholics, is in one moment denounced as an Ultramontane dreamer, and the next is pitted as the victim of some deplorable policy of that vilest of modern Liberalisms, Monsignore Merry del Val. If justification were needed for this Papal action, it would be found in these criticisms upon it. When professing French Catholics insist on subservience in matters spiritual to an atheistic State, it is time for a protest against their cowardice. The only subject for regret is that the protest has been delayed so long. If in days gone by the Papacy in its relations with the French State had stood more on principle and less on expediency, if it had not (we quote the words of the Encyclical) supported "injustice on its love for the proud French nation"; if it had not sacrificed the spiritual interests and liberties of the Church to the Bourbon or Corsican autocracy, this Erastian heresy would never have taken root on French soil, and French Catholics would not today be trembling before a persecuting and intolerant faction. The Encyclical, the bravest thing in truth that has come from France from the Vatican since the day when Pius VI. hurled the "civil constitution" of the clergy in the faces of the men of the First Revolution, should herald the dawn of a new era in the annals of French Catholicism, an era in which the Church will abandon the Erastian superstition that has been her blight in the past, and set up against the Jacobin's enthusiasm for the republican State the Christian's zeal for religion and ordered liberty. One thing is certain. The Church can not lose more by an appeal to principle that she has lost by her unwise and Erastian compromises of the past. The details of the Encyclical are of less interest than the principle that it proclaims. The Pope has foreseen and rebuffed in advance the charge that in refusing to recognize the associations cultuelles he is condemning in France a system that his Church tolerates in some other countries. It is true that on canonical principles there is no objection to the employment of laymen as the trustees of ecclesiastical property. In England and in other countries before the Reformation the laity either as individuals or as corporate bodies, exercised considerable powers in reference to the fabrics and temporal possession of the church, as the common law powers of our churchwardens testify. In the Roman Catholic Church in America today a similar state of things exists, and ecclesiastical associations of a like character are allowed in Germany. These precedents however have little application to the state of things contemplated by the French law. That law proposes to transfer Church property to "associations legally established in conformity with the general regulations of the form of worship which they desire to maintain." The function of deciding whether a particular association falls within this definition pertains to the Council of State, a body which is in great measure the creature of the executive for the time being. In the Senate it was admitted that the disapproval by the bishop of the association would not necessarily prevent its recognition by the Council of State. (The fact by which the law sets up such a secular and partisan tribunal to decide on grave questions of faith and morals is a proof that French Republicanism, while depriving the Church of all State aid, intends to preserve and exaggerate the worst features of the Erastianism of the Bourbons and Bonapartes.) This conception of associations of laymen for ecclesiastical purposes responsible to a Council and State and independent of the bishop is absolutely un-Catholic. When as in Medieval England or modern America the laity are trusted with ecclesiastical functions, they are bound to act in obedience to the bishop and to the ecclesiastical law. We have said that the principle of the associations is un-Catholic; no small proportion of Protestants would repudiate it as anti-Christian. Strange as it may seem to the ordinary Protestant, the Pope is to-day fighting with far better justification and far greater moderation the very war that Chalmers and the other founders of the Free Kirk waged in Scotland sixty years ago for the "Crown rights of Christ."

THE STORY OF A CONVERSION.

I was born and reared near a Catholic community and three miles from a Catholic church. I shall never forget my first visit to the Catholic church. My parents being strict Protestants, and much inclined to be prejudiced against the Catholic religion, the privilege of going to the church was seldom granted to us children. I was, as near as I can remember, ten years of age when I accompanied my elder brothers and sisters to witness the children make their first communion. I was so deeply impressed, young as I was, that I ever after felt a desire to know and to understand what it all meant, but no opportunity presented itself for a long time. Years rolled by, and I visited the church from time to time. A feeling of religious unrest always followed me, wearing off when a long period elapsed between the visits. My parents were very devoted to their own church, and very naturally sent us children to Sunday-school. Consequently I became schooled in the teachings of the Protestant church. But still, what I had seen of the Catholic religion kept me wandering and unsettled in my convictions. I remember asking my father once why there were so many different creeds, why, when Christ established the Church, it became so divided. Of course, the dear, good old soul answered me as a Protestant usually does answer that question. At one time books, written against the Catholic religion, were brought into our home. I was one of the first to begin the perusal of them, and I am not at all sorry to relate that I know I was the last. They were so corrupt and immoral that I soon decided our home had no place for them. I hid them, and my knowledge they were never found. I was then about fourteen or fifteen years of age. Some time after this I met a Catholic young man. We became warm friends, and as the old story goes, fell in love and we became engaged to marry. We did not stop to think of our difference in creed until the time arrived to think of marriage. Now, being brought up as I had been, coupled with the objections made by my people, caused me to hesitate. To become a Catholic merely for the sake of securing a husband I could not conscientiously do. After much serious thought, however, I finally decided to be baptized and married according to the rites of the Catholic Church. I had a hard battle to fight in gaining the consent of my parents, but they finally gave a reluctant consent when they saw how my heart was set on it, and realized that I did not wish to grieve them. They told me, however, that if I became a Catholic I would be disinherited, and would forfeit the affection of relatives and of friends. It was a hard test. My baptism took place, and shortly after I was married. I remember, after baptism, the good priest, taking my hand, asked me if I had sincere thought of becoming a Catholic, or if I had only been baptized to please my prosperous husband. I answered him honestly and unhesitatingly that it was not at all probable that I would have come to him for the rights of baptism if it were not that I wished to marry a Catholic young man; but furthermore, I added that I intended to make my religion a study, and if, after reading and being instructed, I could, with a clear conviction of its truth, become a Catholic, I would do so. He said to me: "That is right my child." After we were married we lived in a small town. There were quite a number of Catholics in and around the place. The same year we went to live there a little church was built and dedicated. When it was ready for worship there was no organist. I volunteered to act in that capacity gratis, providing they would accept me. They did gladly, and consequently we organized a little choir and were soon ready for work. And, although compared with the choir as it is now in the cities, ours would sink into insignificance, we did right well, and we were as proud of our little service as we could be. Now this afforded me the opportunity of studying and learning more of the Church. We lived in this place three years, and during that time I continued to act as organist. I learned much during those three years. We left there, much to the regret of our friends, and went to the city. Here I began to study the Church in earnest. I first read "The Faith of Our Fathers." Afterward I went to our pastor, Father Ewing, of St. Peter's Church, Columbus. I took him into my confidence and asked him to help me. He manifested a kindly interest at once and furnished me with books on the Church. I went to him twice every week for instructions. After that it was plain sailing, and I soon became a Catholic in practice, as I had been in belief for many years. Looking back I can see the weight of the influences which led me into the Church. I trace them directly to my first memorable visit, and the impressions which I then received. Though my early days were spent in an atmosphere of strict Protestantism, where everything Catholic was tabooed, my thoughts would turn unconsciously to the little church, the line of devout First Communicants, and the simple but beautiful services. No one but a convert knows what a wrench it is to give up the religion and friends and customs of your childhood. It is sometimes made all the harder by the sentiment which obtains in some places against the Catholic Church, due, of course, to ignorance and prejudice. But one thing that helped me was the thought that after all I was but returning to the faith of our forefathers. My unceasing prayer is that God will give me grace sufficient to overcome all my trials—a faith that knows no bounds, and that I may be able to live that others will see and know that I have found the true way, and perhaps I may be the means of helping some one to find it.—The Missionary.

UNCLE SAM WILL STOP IT.

THE ENDLESS-CHAIN PRAYER IS AGAIN TO THE FORE. As apparently trivial mistakes sometimes make a strong corrective, so things of not much moment originally frequently take on important proportions. This is the case with the "endless chain prayer," so frequently denounced in these columns, to down which the postoffice authorities have had to take a hand. The matter and the great increase in circulation of the alleged prayer has been laid before Postoffice Inspector G. V. Craighoad of Pittsburg, and he is investigating. Mr. Craighoad, says the method is a clear violation of the postal laws. He said if the names of the senders were placed in his hands he would enter suits. The following letter from a Zaneville subscriber relating to the prayer has been received: "Enclosed you will find a prayer with certain conditions attached. Please inform me through the columns of your paper if this is another form of that 'endless chain' prayer, that so much has been said about in the different Catholic papers, and which I have seen condemned in your paper. It has just been sent to me, but as it is different from others I have seen I should like to have a little information regarding it." The enclosed prayer is as follows: "O Lord Jesus Christ, we implore Thee, eternal God, to have mercy on all mankind, purify us from all sin by Thy precious blood, and take us to be Thy true servants. Eternal Holiness, have mercy on all mankind, pardon all offences and deliver us from all threats, through Thy precious blood. Amen." Accompanying the prayer is another sheet which says: "This prayer has been sent out by the Bishop of Illinois, requesting it to be sent to all people. He says he who will not pray this prayer will be afflicted with a great misfortune; he who prays this prayer for nine days and will distribute it to nine people for nine days, starting on the day it is received, and only one day, will have great joy after nine days." Sometimes the prayer and its accompaniment vary a little, dire punishment being promised the mistake individual who refuses to send it on its way to nine persons. Church goes all over the country, Catholic and Protestant, have been receiving these prayers for many months, and in order to put a stop to the annoyance Uncle Sam will refuse to transmit them through the mails and will undertake to punish the promoters of this peculiar style of worship.

AN IRENICON FROM AN "ANGLO-CATHOLIC."

Dr. Wirgman, of the Church of England, in South Africa, has recently published a book entitled "The Blessed Virgin and All the Company of Heaven; Some Words for Peace." Coming at this time, such a book is full of significance, particularly inasmuch as it has been written in a very special way commended by Canon Knox Little. The book is an irenicism, and it desires to extend the olive branch of peace and religious concord, particularly to the members of the Catholic Church. "Sirs, ye are brethren," are the words which express his mind and the mind which he desires to form in all whom he addresses. He attempts to answer the questions: Why should Christians remain divided? Is it impossible to explain our differences in a spirit of mutual forbearance? He would long that Canterbury, Constantinople, and Rome manifested the fulfillment of Our Blessed Lord's Prayer, "Ut omnes unum sint." He desires especially that Anglicans (or Anglo-Catholics, or whatever they would like us to call them) and "the rest of the Western Church" should set about understanding each other and removing every stumbling block in the way of union. Surely, all desires and prayers and efforts in that direction must be blessed by God. Canon Wirgman says most fairly that we ought not to accentuate our differences, or to use special pleading for the sake of proving our brethren in the wrong. And the particular purpose of his present volume is to set forth how much "the English Church" is in practical accord with the Primitive Church, in regard of belief and practice concerning the Blessed Virgin and to Communion of Saints. He maintains that the English at the "Reformation" did not follow the same lines as the Protestants on the continent, and that, if any "doctrina Romanensium" came in for condemnation, mere abuses were aimed at, and not the official teaching of the Roman Catholic Church. In long and learned and edifying chapters Dr. Wirgman explains the Catholic and ancient doctrine concerning her whose greatness is unique, Mary Immaculate, Mother of God, the Second Eve, altogether sinless, ever the Blessed Virgin (virgo concipiens, virgo pariens virgo moriens), and the Mother of redeemed humanity. He explains, too, the Catholic doctrine with regard to "All the Company of Heaven"; in other words, the doctrine of the Communion of Saints. And he proceeds, step by step, to show how not only modern members of the Church of England, but Catholic divines, and even early "Reformers," have written what is quite in harmony with the Catholic doctrine. Dr. Wirgman's book reminds us inevitably of Tract 90, but what a difference between 1841 and 1906! No hasty Heads of Houses will now accuse one who writes in an anti-Protestant sense of "evading rather than explaining" the sense of the official teachings of the Established Church. Indeed, the views so ably upheld by Canon Wirgman are almost official at this day. No wonder that when Newman died his old friend, Dean Church, wrote of him as the founder of the Church of England as it now is. Various reflections arise from the perusal of Canon Wirgman's beautiful work. As Catholics we cannot but thank God for the amazing change that has come to pass even in our own life-

TEMPERANCE PREACHED IN A BAR-ROOM.

A CRUCIFIX, WITH EXHORTATION TO REMEMBER HOLY THIRST, IN GERMAN "TRINK-STUBE." Rev. Louis J. Nau, of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, who has been for some time in Jerusalem engaged in higher Biblical studies, is now in South Germany. The Catholic Telegraph prints a letter written by him to a friend from which the following edifying paragraph, describing the Catholicity of Bavaria, is quoted: "I am especially well pleased with the intense Catholicity manifested on every side. In Bruck, a town of about 7,000 inhabitants, nearly every house is decorated on the outside with statues or pictures of the Virgin or some other saints. In the hotel a large crucifix hangs on the wall opposite the head of the table. Even in the "Trink-Stube," or bar, there is a crucifix, and below it an exhortation not to overindulgence, but to be mindful of the sacred thirst of the dying Saviour. Though at home I would not like to see such decorations in hotels and bars, because of the danger of prostitution, here, where it is an expression of true piety, these signs of religion and devotion are most gratifying." In regard to religious conditions in France, Father Nau adds: "The 'Kulturkampf' was not carried on so energetically in Bavaria as in the northern countries, but yet the experience of their sister states has awakened here a more militant attachment and love for the Church. When will persecution at length awaken piety in happy France! Her legislators of today are so engrossed with the question of Church and State, and so blinded in their hatred of Catholicity that all economic reforms and commercial expansion are neglected. In consequence the influence which France formerly had in the Orient is rapidly waning. In Turkey, Syria and Palestine the Germans are slowly but surely crowding out France; and in Egypt, England has already completely crushed French influence. Twenty-five years ago France held the mastery in these countries."

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time. Surely the finger of God is here. Such an "evolution," such a lifting up of a great mass of opinion above the level of the Protestant traditions of three hundred years, has not taken place without a special Providence and a special "Working of the Holy Spirit in the Church of England." Corpora atonem is too grand a dream to come true. Another thought arises, too. May we give expression to it, with all delicacy, and with the greatest possible respect for the author of the admirable "Words for Peace," over which we have lingered? Dr. Wirgman, very justly and touchingly, dedicates his book, "Pia et concorde opusculum," to the "Pia Memoria" of two venerable and resplendent names. For us there is no need to speak of Newman. But who can stand over Pusey's tomb at Oxford, in the shadow of Christ Church, with its Latin prayers for the eternal repose of his soul, or who can study his life, without reverencing in him a most conscientious and pious man, who was steeped in the doctrines of the Catholic Church? Nevertheless, we cannot forget by what a wide abyss Newman and he were separated. Canon Wirgman has not, perhaps, sufficiently considered that from the year 1845 Newman always looked upon "the English Church" as the *veritas* *nitentibus* (from a religious point of view) and as having nothing whatever to do (corporately) with "The Blessed Company of Heaven." When Pusey was thought to be on his deathbed in 1878, John Henry Newman sent this message (which it was not judged well to deliver): "If his state admits of it, I should so very much wish to say to my dearest Pusey, whom I have loved and admired for above fifty years, that the Catholic Roman Church solemnly lays claim to him as her child, and to ask him, in God's sight, whether he does not acknowledge her right to do so. . . . I cannot let him die, if such is God's will, with the grave responsibility lying upon me of such an appeal to him as I suggest; and since I cannot make it myself, I must throw that responsibility on some one else, who is close to him as you are; and this I do."—The Missionary.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 18th, 1906.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

My Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

I sincerely defend Catholic principles and rights, and stand firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country.

Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes.

I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families.

With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success, Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

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

Blessing you and wishing you success, Believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Aegae, Delek.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1906.

"THE HISTORIC EPISCOPATE."

A sermon recently appeared in the St. John, N. B., Evening Times, which throws some light upon the position taken by Anglicans and Presbyterians respectively on the "historic episcopate" which Anglicans claim to possess but Presbyterians repudiate as unnecessary and unscriptural.

There are certain passages of Holy Scripture which need the light of the tradition of the Church to make them clear and demonstrative of the truth, while others are perfectly clear in themselves.

The Rev. Mr. Duffy (Episcopalian) shows clearly enough that there were at least three orders divinely instituted for the rule of the Church, the orders of Bishop, priest and deacon. These orders are named in the Greek original of the New Testament, Episcopos, Presbyteros, Diaconos. In Phil. i. 1, the Apostle St. Paul sends his greetings and blessings to all the saints in Christ Jesus with the Bishops and Deacons. And why does he not mention here the priests?

The Rev. P. F. Duffy explains that the word Episcopos always meant a Bishop, and that it means so here, but he offers no explanation why the priests are not mentioned.

Such early Christian writers as St. John Chrysostom, Theophylact, Eusebius and others solve the difficulty by stating that through the Episcopal office existed as distinct when these epistles were written, there was no absolute distinction of name between Bishop and priest until some years later, as the duties of both offices were similar, both being actually priests, but of higher and lower degree, on account of extra powers fulfilled by a Bishop. St. Ignatius, who was of the Apostolic time, wrote to the Trallians and Smyrniens:

"Priests (presbyters) be subject to your Bishops." (Episcopos.) This saint was martyred in or about A. D. 107, so that he lived in the Apostolic age, and, in giving the usage of the Church in its entirety, while he lived, he certainly gave the usage of the primitive Apostolic Church.

Also the words of Acts xx. 28, "The Holy Ghost hath made you Bishops (episcopos) to rule the Church of God. Hence Episcopos of verse 28 and presbyteros in verse 17 of Acts xx referring to the same persons, might in itself imply that they who were presbyters or priests when sent for by the Apostle to come to see him at Miletus were bishops on their return to Ephesus, having been consecrated by St. Paul; but there is this serious objection to Rev. Mr. Duffy's interpretation, that St. Paul throughout his two epistles to Timothy speaks to him as bishop of the whole Ephesian church, which included territory beyond the city's limits, and there is nothing either in Holy Scripture, tradition or history to show that there was more than one bishop in

Ephesus, the same Timothy who was consecrated to the office by St. Paul himself, and the time when these words were written was toward the date of St. Paul's martyrdom, say in the year 65 or 66, thirty three years after our Lord's ascension into heaven.

In Acts i. 20 the word episcopos, which is the office of an episcopos, or Bishop, is applied to Judas. This is a quotation from the 110th psalm, verse 8, being applied to him on account of his treachery to our blessed Lord: "His bishopric let another take."

The office of Judas was that of an Apostle, and it is an Apostle who thus applies the text of the prophet to the traitor.

The Apostolic office is identical with that of Bishops, to whom it has descended by episcopal or Apostolic consecration. The priests who were ordained in every city according to Acts xiv. 23 by Sts. Paul and Barnabas, were subject to the Apostles, and even to Bishops who had been ordained by the Apostles. Thus the three epistles written by St. Paul to Timothy and Titus show that St. Paul gave to these an extensive authority in their respective districts around Ephesus and Crete respectively, and they had the power of ordination, which was never exercised by priests, but only by Apostles and their successors who were the Bishops of the Church. St. Patrick was a Bishop, Catholic and Apostolic, otherwise he would not have had any other authority than an impudent usurpation could have conferred upon him. To have any authority at all, he must have derived his mission from the Bishops of the universal or Catholic and Apostolic Church which was at this time spread throughout the world, and everywhere declared its submission to the Supreme Head of the Church, the Bishop of Rome, and thus he actually claimed it.

No one but the Pope ever claimed to be head of the universal Church, and indeed such a claim would have been ridiculous to the extreme, since no universal authority was given to any one if not to St. Peter, and such authority was never conceded by the whole Church to any other. Hence a non-Roman Church could not be anything else than an acephalous monster. An acephalous Church would be a body in which there would be no authority to teach Christ's doctrine, and it would soon wander away from the faith once delivered to the Saints. We can see this plainly from the recent acts of the Anglican Church, which keeps together only by owning no authority. Almost every Bishop and every cleric teaches a doctrine and uses a discipline and a liturgy which suits his own fancy. Did St. Patrick institute such a Church as this? If he did so the Church of Ireland was only a Babel of confusion. But he did not do this. He established a Church which held communion with the Churches of the world, all of which were in communion with the Pope and recognized the Pope's headship before and after St. Patrick's mission.

The Rev. Mr. Duffy, in order to make it appear that St. Patrick instituted a different Church from the universal Church of that day, declares that St. Patrick received his mission from St. Germanus, a French Bishop. It is true he was consecrated by St. Germanus, but this great Bishop held his office from the Pope and consecrated Patrick by authority derived from the Pope.

If the case had been otherwise, St. Patrick would have been a usurper when assuming to establish a novel Church in Ireland. His Church was Catholic and Apostolic because he taught the faith which was at that very time the faith of the whole Roman Empire and beyond the boundaries of that Empire.

St. Patrick studied for the priesthood in Rome at the school of St. John of Lateran, under the very eye of St. Celestine the Pope, and it was this Pope who authorized him to follow his inclination to go on his mission to Ireland and sent with him several Lateran students to assist him. He was consecrated by Bishop Germanus, according to his best historians. He refused to accompany the French missionaries who wished him to go to England to help root out the Pelagian heresy, as his heart was set upon the conversion of Ireland.

But it is true, as Rev. Mr. Duffy asserts so positively, that the French at this time constituted an independent Church, Catholic and Apostolic? There is not the least foundation for such a statement. St. Patrick went to Ireland in 432. The great Council of Ephesus was called to meet in 431, with the purpose of condemning the errors of Nestorius. The Bishops of the East and the West were present in force and the faith of Nice was re-asserted in the clearest terms.

The errors of Nestorius were condemned by an almost unanimous vote of the Bishops of the East and West, including those of France, though the

Eastern Bishops felt more concern than the Western in suppressing the heresy emanating from the patriarchate of Constantinople, and were more numerous than the Westerns at the Council. But in 430, the year before the Council of Ephesus was held, two French Bishops, Hilary and Prosper of Aquitaine, came to Rome on behalf of the French church to inform Pope Celestine I of the ravages made in France by the semi-pelagian heresy.

The Pope blamed in strong terms any who were tardy in suppressing this heresy. He said in a letter addressed to all the Bishops of France: "No one has the right to teach in your dioceses without your permission. To you the deposit of faith is committed, and how can the faith be maintained if you allow false teachers to spread their errors? If there are priests who have taught these false doctrines, you must all the more earnestly insist on their preaching the true Catholic faith."

In this style he continues his somewhat lengthy letter, which shows that the Church of France was Roman as well as Catholic and Apostolic, and, as Rev. Mr. Duffy admits, that the Irish Church, established by a Bishop who was consecrated in France, was Catholic and Apostolic, for that very reason it was also Roman, and unless this had been the case it would have been neither Catholic nor Apostolic. For this same reason, the Anglican Church has not these attributes, nor any other which refuses obedience to the divinely appointed head of the Church.

The Rev. Mr. Duffy lays great stress upon the fact that in aftertimes there arose a difference between the English and Irish Churches. This is true, but it occurred owing to the fact of broken communication between these two countries and the European continent, especially France and Italy; and it took some time before this division was healed, as the astronomical calculation of the time of the vernal equinox was not so accurately known fourteen centuries ago as it is to-day. There were, therefore, variations in the keeping of Easter which do not exist now, and which are not variations in faith.

But if this error in the computation of Easter was of such grave consequence as Rev. Mr. Duffy would make it appear, why does not his church follow the inexact computations of the second to the fourth century computations, instead of the date which is used by the Catholic Church of to-day?

But the alleged non-Roman character of the Church of Ireland could not give a non-Roman character to the Church of England before the Reformation, so there is little to be gained by arguing it to be so. The English (Catholic) Church before Reformation times was Roman, whether we take for its beginning the Church as established by St. Augustine, in the end of the seventh century, or that established by Fulgentius and Damianus in 183. In both instances the missionaries came from Rome, acting under the authority of the Popes, as may be clearly seen from the writings of Venerable Bede.

It will be seen from this review of Rev. Mr. Duffy's sermon, that this gentleman, while right in his thesis on the Apostolicity of the three sacred orders of the hierarchy, makes a serious error in maintaining that St. Patrick planted any but the Catholic faith in Ireland. We might add many other proofs to those we have given on this point, but our article would become too lengthy if we were to continue.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

We print in another part of this issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD a report of the ceremonies attending the consecration of His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, Archbishop of Halifax.

As was to be expected, the occasion was one of very great interest for the Catholics not only of the Archdiocese of Halifax, but of the Maritime Provinces, and, indeed, of the Dominion at large.

It brought together the representative of our Holy Father, Mgr. Sbarretti, and a large number of most distinguished Archbishops, Bishops, priests and laity from Canada and the great republic.

The new Archbishop has taken upon himself the performance of great and onerous duties the guidance and guardianship of the Church of God in a most important section of the Dominion. He follows a line of noble Prelates who have shed lustre on the sacred office of the episcopate. The most Rev. Dr. McCarthy begins his great work fortified by the confidence, the esteem and the love of the priests and the people over whom he has been placed. His blameless life as a priest of Holy Church, his indomitable energy, and his rare talents and scholarly attainments, give us assurance that his administration will bear fruit most pleasing to the Divine Heart of Our Lord. May his years be many! May his happiness be great in the knowledge that the love of his priests and people surrounds him! The publisher of the CATHOLIC

RECORD begs His Grace to accept his sincere congratulations.

THE CHURCH AND THE VERNACULAR.

CONTINUED.

Our English Catholic versions may not have that polish of language or that grammatical construction which others possess, but, to quote the words of an old song, "such empty phantom we freely grant them." However, there is one thing we do possess, and one thing we always shall possess, and that is, that, guided by the light of Divine Tradition, and living under the watchful eye of the Infallible Church of Christ, we shall always possess the word of God in all its purity.

Almighty God, by the prophet Isaiah, lays down the covenant He makes with Jesus Christ, and His Church, in these beautiful terms: "There shall come a Redeemer to Sion, and to them that return from iniquity in Jacob, saith the Lord. This is my covenant with them saith the Lord. My spirit is in thee and my words that I have put into thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and forever." Here we have it promised by God that the spirit of the Lord should never depart from the Redeemer nor from His posterity, and also that the words put into His mouth, and revealed by Him to his seed, should never depart from His mouth, nor from the mouth of His seed from henceforth and forever. Now the seed or posterity of the Redeemer are His followers, His Church. Consequently God has pledged His word that the Holy Ghost shall remain with the Church of Christ, and that the true doctrine of revealed truths shall never cease to be held and taught by her, for the words of God "shall never depart out of her mouth." And Christ Himself, speaking to His Apostles, said: "I will ask the Father and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever, the Spirit of Truth." And a little later He adds: "But when He the Spirit of Truth is come, He will teach you all Truth." And when the Holy Ghost did descend upon the Apostles, He did not come in the shape of pens, ink or bibles, but in form of fiery tongues, thereby symbolizing their mission to the world, that it should be with living tongues that the knowledge, love and mercy of God should be made known to the race of man. "Whatsoever I have heard of my Father," said Christ to His Apostles, "I have made known to you. . . . Go therefore to teach all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, behold I am with you all days till the end of time. . . . He that heareth you, heareth Me and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me, and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me." Here Christ asserts that He has entrusted to His Church, whatsoever He had heard of the Father, all the words which the Father had put into His mouth, that is the whole body of Divine Revelation, the written and unwritten word of God. And He plainly says that the sole teacher and interpreter of that Revelation is the Church, that her office as teacher and interpreter is perpetual and universal; that He, the Way, the Truth and the Life, the Eternal Wisdom of the Father would be with her teaching and safeguarding that divine deposit till the end of time; that He has set His seal upon the teachings of the Church, and that those who would hear and obey her, would hear and obey Him; while those who would despise her, would despise Him and the Father who sent Him, and that they should be treated as the heathen and the publican, that is, as worshippers of the devil and as people abandoned by God and given up to a reprobate sense.

The Douay version will be always held in veneration by English-speaking Catholics, for there is a halo around it that can never be dimmed. It was made by poor exiles in a foreign but friendly land at a time when their brothers at home were laying down their lives for the truths which it contains. We shall always turn to it and hearken to its teachings and its pleadings, as devoted children are wont to listen to the counsel and commands of their aged though less educated parents. Its imperfections will only serve to render it more dear to us, and as Isaac of old recognized the voice of Jacob and the hands of Esau, we shall recognize the voice of the Holy Ghost speaking to us through the Douay Bible, though its language be imperfect and its accents strange.

When a century and a half had rolled by the time the Douay version was made, the English language began to be altered, and a newer and more refined mode of expression was introduced. This necessitated new versions and new revisions. Dr. Nary of Dublin translated the New Testament, which was printed 1718 A. D., and Dr.

Whitham published another translation of it in 1730 A. D. It was the alteration in the language that urged the latter to make a new version, for speaking of the Douay translators he says that they "followed with a nice exactness the Latin text—at the same time always consulting and comparing it with the Greek, as every accurate translator must do, not to mistake the true sense—but what makes that edition seem so obscure at present, and scarce intelligible, is the difference of the English tongue, as it was spoken at the time, and as it is now changed and refined; so that many words and expressions, both in the translation and annotation, by length of time are become obsolete, and no longer in use."

Bishop Challoner also, who is the author of many pious books, and who did a great deal to mould and publish Catholic thought in England, and who made the great changes that were being made in the English language, and wishing to give the Scriptures in a more readable form to the people, concluded to make a revision of the Douay Bible. He accordingly set to work, and availing himself of all the best literary materials at hand, published his revision in five volumes in 1750 A. D. which is well nigh universally used by English speaking Catholics to-day.

Now if from the multiplicity of versions and revisions made by Protestants we, elsewhere, concluded that they have never offered to the people the pure word of God, how then can we claim that Catholics possess the Word of God in all its purity, since they too have made several versions and revisions of the Bible? We shall answer this difficulty as briefly as possible. Protestants assert that the Bible alone is necessary, since, according to them, it contains all things necessary to salvation; that it alone contains the true Word of God, and that outside the true Word of God cannot be found. Such being the case, we would like to ask them, which among their numberless versions and revisions is the true Bible?

In giving the history of the Protestant versions, we saw that every version that was printed was condemned as either untrue or corrupt, and that by Protestants themselves. We saw that the revisions were likewise condemned; we also saw that it was admitted by these very same people, that it is hard to find two editions which agree with each other, that it is even hard to find a chapter in which they read together, and that the "variations exist in spelling and punctuation not only, but in the summaries and text itself." It is not within the purpose of our argument to investigate how or why they arrived at these conclusions, suffice it to say, that divisions amongst themselves, lack of authority in religion, together with their prejudices to the Catholic Church, have been the fruitful source of much that is corrupt in their Bible.

It must be borne in mind that versions and revisions have a different meaning for Protestants than they have for Catholics; for the former they mean changes in the form and substance, that is, changes in language and in the text itself, while for the latter they mean changes in form or language only. That versions and revisions could and should be made in this sense, is not a matter of surprise; in fact it is self evident when we consider the great alterations the English language has undergone since the Douay Bible was first published. And while a revision of our present Catholic Bible is a desideratum, since it lacks that grammatical construction, that elegance of form and refined modern expression on which Protestants lay so much stress, and to which they sacrilegiously ascribe the truth of God's word; yet it is by no means absolutely necessary, for, as we said before, the Church, and not the Bible, is the divinely appointed teacher of mankind.

Saint Paul, writing to Timothy, says that the Church is the "pillar and ground of the truth," but we must not understand this to mean that the Church of itself and independently of Christ is the "pillar and ground of the truth," no, but it is such in virtue of its union with Christ, who is truth itself, and who promised to be with her all days till the end of time, and that the "Holy Ghost, the spirit of truth would abide with her forever, and teach her all truth." Hence we can argue a priori that if the church, to which was solemnly promised and actually given the plenitude of truth, were to translate or approve a translation of the Sacred Scriptures, which God has especially committed to her care, that translation, at least as far as the truth is concerned, should be the most perfect the world could receive. And this is actually the case, for the Latin Vulgate has been praised for its correctness by Protestants of every denomination, while our English Catholic version has found many learned Protestant admirers, and was praised by no less an authority than Bacon. English Protestant scholars, having set aside their religious prejudices, have in the

newest revisions of their Bible come nearer to the Catholic translation. However, even if the Protestant Bible were in all things like our Catholic version, they could not argue an identity of belief, for until they interpret the Scriptures according to the mind of the Catholic Church and in submission to her authority, there can be no identity of faith, no union, and the gulf that has separated them from the Church for more than three centuries would still continue to exist.

UNION TRUE OR DECEITFUL.

A letter which appears in the Montreal Witness of 12th Sept. from the Rev. James B. Freeman, Methodist Minister, of London, Ont., uses the critic's knife very sharply in regard to the principles which have been laid down by the union committees of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Churches, in the union agreement which was reached last summer by the assembled committees who undertook to make a compact which, after being duly discussed and voted on by the Presbyteries, Conferences, and Congregational assemblies or unions of the three bodies, should be finally voted upon by their General Assemblies, or by whatever body is used by each to signify their respective supreme ruling authorities, and should then become the law for the three bodies concerned.

We ourselves believed, from the time when this proposed union was floated in the atmosphere, that it was impossible for such a union to be effected unless by the yielding of doctrines, on the part of two at least of the negotiating bodies, on points which are believed or admitted to be, part of God's actual revelation to each denomination. And now that a basis of union has been decided upon, the Rev. Mr. Freeman openly declares that this is exactly what has been done. The negotiations are still going on; but from indications which have risen to the surface, we cannot but draw the inference that the parties to the agreement arrived at so far are becoming more and more conscious that all three must give up certain doctrines which they have hitherto held to be the immutable teaching of Jesus to His Church, of which Christ said to His Apostles: "Teach all nations, all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo! I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." (St. Matt. xxviii. 20.)

Will these denominations hesitate now that they have ascertained that they are on the brink of the abyss of total unbelief in God's truth?

From the frying pan to the fire it is but a short step, and it certainly appears that this step is about to be taken. Let it be once generally understood, after the three bodies above referred to have taken the fatal step, and it will soon be reasoned very plausibly; have we not already made our abjuration of doctrines taught by God, or which at least our denomination insisted to be taught by God? And what is there to prevent us now from abjuring other such doctrines when it becomes convenient to do this once more?

Here is the view taken by Rev. Mr. Freeman on this matter: "On the whole, we maintain the integrity of our doctrinal standards, and when we think of the other Confessions, this report (of the combined delegations) is certainly a great gain for the Arminian system: Indeed, when we recall the Westminster Confession, as we have studied it up, we wonder how the Presbyterian brethren ever assented to this report. The groundwork and superstructure of that magnificent system is built up around articles three, ten and seventeen of the Confession, viz.: on 'God's Eternal Decrees, Effectual Calling, and the perseverance of the Saints.' Of all these great doctrines, the backbone of the Confession, there is scarcely a vestige in the report."

"The only trace of the great doctrine of predestination is found in Art. 6, and that under the compassionate title of the Grace of God. In this article the evident intention of the joint committee was to give a simple statement of the two systems, Arminian and Calvinistic, without any attempt at reconciliation. And in this they have succeeded most admirably. They have placed the two systems together in two sentences. The first is a beautiful and satisfactory statement of Arminian theology. The second records the Calvinistic position, but it is couched in such mild terms, omitting all reference to reprobation, and so capable of being interpreted that the chosen people are those who will accept Christ, that even the Arminian cannot reasonably object to it. But apart from this report, we do not believe that the Presbyterian ministers themselves have any desire to perpetuate the bald system of predestination as contained in the old Confession of Faith."

The Rev. Mr. Freeman then explains that he is of the conviction, from other sources already known, that the Presbyterian ministers would sooner or later recast or eliminate the harsh statements of the Confession.

We do not ourselves doubt this. Independently of what certain stalwart



FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

BEHAVIOR IN CHURCH.

And He spoke a parable also to them that were invited, marking how they chose the first seats at the table.—Gospel of the day.

Our Blessed Saviour in this day's Gospel teaches us a lesson of good order and practical conduct which may be applied in many ways. I will make the application of it this morning to our conduct in church. We will consider the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass the great feast to which we are invited; the church the banquet hall, and the pews the places set apart for the guests.

There is nothing more conducive to the pleasure and purpose of an assemblage than the good order and proper arrangement of everything connected with it, and we often hear persons speak of some event in which they participated as being most enjoyable because everything was so well ordered and arranged. Now, all this applies with double force to the public services of religion. Catholics gratefully enjoy the public services of the Church when everything is well ordered and arranged, and there is nothing to distract them or jar upon them. For at every service there is the Divine Presence, and where perfect order reigns it soon makes itself felt: its calm peace steals in upon the soul, it commences sweetly, and worships "in spirit and in truth."

But in order to secure an external condition of things in our churches so essential to recollection and prayer, each one must know his place and occupy it without delay or confusion, and in our present system of church arrangement each worshipper is supposed to have his or her special place assigned, and the regular seat in church has become a requirement of devotion as well as a necessity of church finance.

Hence, to secure a permanent place in the church is a duty of devotion as well as something of an obligation; and we find that truly pious Catholics almost invariably try to secure seats in their parish churches, by their ever so humble. Indeed, Catholics who fail to do this are not apt to be very steady in the practice of their religion; and there can be no doubt as to the neglect of duty in the case. To contribute to the support of religion is as much a positive law of the Church as to attend Mass on Sundays, and the ordinary revenue for the support of religion comes from the pew rents. We insist, therefore, that every Catholic who can possibly afford it should have his seat in church; good order requires this as well as duty and devotion. It is poor business to be all the while occupying other people's pews, and sometimes, perhaps be required to vacate them. Pew-holders have their rights, and they must be protected in them. Nevertheless, to secure good order and harmony at the services of the church, pew holders must be willing at times to waive their rights and allow strangers and others to occupy the vacant seats in their pews. This is no more than politeness and common Christian charity demand. To refuse a vacant seat in church to a stranger is selfishness gone to seed, and they are few, I hope, who would be guilty of such vulgarity.

But while all who possibly can should have their regular places in church, there will, no doubt, always be a very considerable number who, through poverty or perverseness, will be pew-holders at large, and to them I would also address a few remarks. The Catholic Church is the Church of the poor! This is our glory and our pride. No one can be too poor to attend the Catholic Church. God is no respecter of persons, nor is His Church. The poor are always welcome in her grandest temples, and none should ever miss a single service of religion because they are too poor to hire a regular seat. In this Church, thank God, everything is free to them, and there are always vacant seats for them to occupy. We not only wish non-pew holders to occupy the vacant seats in our church, but we insist on their occupying them, for the good order and harmony of the services require that, as far as possible, all should be seated. The only condition we impose is the Gospel injunction: "Do not sit down in the first place" or in the place of another; and if you are told to move up higher, do not refuse. Crowding around the doors is more objectionable than anything else, for there is nothing else that interferes so much with the good order and arrangement of the services. Let me repeat then, in conclusion, the words of the parable: "Friend, go up higher," and don't crowd around the doors.

TALKS ON RELIGION.

CONTRITION.

The first condition of Contrition is that it be supernatural. That is, that our sorrow must spring from supernatural motives. If a person were sorrowful for the sin of drunkenness because by it he had lost a good situation, that motive would be merely natural. The proper sorrow for that sin would be because by it he had offended God, and endangered the salvation of his soul. It sometimes happens that temporal punishments are misfortunes that lead the wicked to see the evil of their ways, and they are thus the means to a true contrition and a proper repentance. We have an example of this in the parable of the Prodigal.

There are many motives for sorrow for sin which are very good in themselves. A person may grieve for his sins on account of a natural feeling that pain and sorrow are thereby brought on others; for the disgrace into which he has fallen, and for similar reasons.

These motives are useful because they lead the sinner to a true contrition, but they are not contrition, and will not suffice in its place. Real contrition comes from the Grace of God, and must be sorrow for having offended God and violating His commandments, and spring from a love of God, or fear of His punishments, or

from a consideration of the baseness of sin by which God has been offended. Not infrequently, the fear of God goes before the love of God. If we grieve for our sins because by them we have lost heaven and deserved hell, we are on the way to grieve for them for the love of God, who is infinitely good in Himself and infinitely good to us. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Another quality which must belong to contrition, is that it be universal. This means that the sinner must be sorry for all the sins by which he has offended God. It sometimes happens that people have a feeling of great regret for some sins, and are at the same time quite indifferent to others. They may be very sensitive to the disgrace which belongs to certain crimes,—to some of the offences which the world views with special abhorrence. If a man is really sorry for his sins because they have offended God, it is clear he will be sorry for everything which has grievously offended his Creator. It is therefore necessary to include in our contrition everything which has deprived us of God's grace.

There is another quality which a true sorrow for sin must always possess. It must be the higher kind of sorrow. It must be of a higher character than any other sorrow. If we love God at all, we must love Him above all things, and with a sense that we prefer Him to all things. In the same way, if we regret or turn away from sin, it must be as the greatest of all evils, because it deprives us of the Supreme Good.

Contrition has two parts. It looks to the past with regret and it looks to the future with a firm purpose of amendment. A sorrow for sin which does not contain a firm purpose of amendment would be a mockery. There are many things we may bitterly regret, even though we know that under the same circumstances we would do them again. For instance we may grieve for giving pain to one of our friends, and yet we might feel justified in having done so said what we did at the time. But sin is a thing which no circumstances can ever make necessary or authorize, and we must intend without any reserve to avoid it in the future.—Catholic Universe.

A FRIEND'S REMINISCENCES OF MRS. H. H. CRAIGIE, THE NOVELIST.

ONE WHOSE WORK WAS DONE WITH A CONSCIENCE.

An evidently intimate friend of the lamented Mrs. Craigie, (John Oliver Hobbes,) writes of this eminent author and most devoted Catholic as follows, in the London Tablet of August 18: The sudden death of Mrs. Craigie at the age of thirty eight years has made an impression on London for which even her friends may have been unprepared. Her career has been cut short, but the notices of her performance prove that it was in one sense, complete. She had accomplished if not all she had valiantly set out to do, at least enough to make her mark upon the English literature and the English life of her time. In fact she had been remarked as one who gave promise merely: her "Emotions and a Moral" was already a performance. If many dreams of a girl had gone to make it, they were fulfilled. The note of goodness and humour in a rare union was struck at once by a hand that, young as it was, was altogether in training for its task. That note was all her own, in her books, in her looks, in her daily round of duties industriously done and pleasures heartily enjoyed. As in life so in death. When her less body was found on Monday morning her Rosary was in her hand and her crucifix on her breast.

"I am opposed to nothing so much as to sham modernity," she wrote in a letter which lies before us. For herself she stood for the right and honorable modernity, and she loved it so well that she hated to see it corrupted by the novelties that were neither true nor really new. Her little book, "The Science of Life," the greatest of all her writings, and in some ways the wisest, puts us into possession of a good deal of her interior thinking. It is the witness of a disciple of St. Ignatius—among whose London sons she had a faithful helper and friend—and even it bears witness to that sweet quality of which we have spoken: for the loss of the Spanish gallant's love verses is lamented one who took into her blood his later moods and did not shrink from the sternness of the "Exercises." Her little sketch of modern girls—"they fall in love and out of it," they do not think enough about their souls," and all the rest of the passage, including the tender admissions of their gaily made self-sacrifices, must often have proved how persuasive an influence for good was hers with those to whom the set sermon has of late lost its power of appeal. Heart spoke to heart to her young friends. Because they could go so far together in pleasant paths they were the less likely to part when the way was thorny and steep.

When "The School for Saints" was published, the author sent a copy to Cardinal Vaughan, who—the story went—took it with him to his Retreat, having read no more than the title. When he found his mistake, he perhaps did not wholly lament it. The book that was the book of the season mingled orthodoxy with wit. It was a political novel addressed as Distract addressed "Cominbeby," to "The new Generation"—not, as so many modern novels are, to the new degeneration. "The two things that affect a career the most profoundly are religion or the lack of it," said this novelist and moralist—and marriage or not marrying—frankly these things penetrate to the soul and make what he called its perpetual atmosphere. The Catholic Faith, which ignores no simple possibility in human feeling and no process in those who hold it truly a friend of heart very hard to be understood by the dispassionate critic who weighs character by the newest laws of



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his favorite degenerate, but never by the principal acts of God." In that book are many words into which one felt that Mrs. Craigie had woven the very threads of her own life. "St. Augustine never pretended that earthly happiness was a delusion. He knew better. He said: 'Do not trust it, but seek the happiness which hath no end.'" Or take this as a bit of individual (certainly not general) experience as set forth in the diary of the convert hero: "But for its pious, the 'Imitation' is, I think, the most pessimistic book in the world. The Exercises of St. Ignatius (perhaps because he was a saint) produce quite an opposite effect upon me: they exhort us to action, hope, courage. They make one a citizen of both worlds." That, again, is her note; and, on a much lighter key, she, herself, a convert, says: "Orange avoided rather than sought the small groups which attempted to make the Eternal Church a Select Committee of the Uncommonly Good."

One passage more has a personal touch that is poignant to-day: "Uninterrupted contentment was never yet found in any calling or state; the Saints were haggard with combats; sleep, the most reposeful state we know, has its preaching moments."

Though Mrs. Craigie did not write all her books with the direct apostolate of the "Science of Life," she never wrote one which did not incidentally do good to somebody. Of all of them she has written, "They were executed with a conscience." And in talk she said often what one friend has put into these words: "I should have written a book for you of my hands with the feeling that it was likely to do anyone harm or in any way lower his standard of life. At the same time one must not be afraid to draw a bad or corrupt character, or run away from the philosophy he teaches. In fact you cannot write a story of life with a set of copybook maxims before you, for many copybook maxims are falsified in real life; and, if you attempt to preach a sermon, you will not be read at all." She used to speak in praise of the fairness of Sir Walter Scott, who though he himself knew only enough of Catholicism to dislike it, was able to draw the Catholic Quentin Durward with so sympathetic a hand.

Though her works had immediate success with the critics, Mrs. Craigie kept her head the head, by the way, that was very like Josephine's in the most beautiful of her portraits. She was humble enough to be encouraged by any real recognition of her aims, if in quarters which advanced her interest little enough in the technically literary world. Thus it was that, after reading a brief notice of one of her books in our own columns, she wrote to a friend: "The Tablet has made me very happy."

Other sayings contained in Mrs. Craigie's books seem appropriately to come back to the mind to-day. There was that little thrust at our opponents which she achieved when she wrote: "I know the case against Rome by heart; and from its accusers I have learnt its defence." Bridget, straight from her convent school, wears—may we say, without superstition, a marvellous security that there could be no danger of superstition in Mrs. Craigie or any approved creation of hers. It was a gold locked with a pink slip of paper on which the girl had written the Mother Superior's parting words: "be very silent. Trust greatly in the Sacred Heart, and not much in anything below it; least of all in friends. When the sun goes in they change color. But the Sacred Heart is the same yesterday, to-day, for ever." Again "St. Monica prayed for her son; she never lectured him."

AMONG HIS NON-CATHOLIC BROTHERS.

To attest the popularity of Cardinal Gibbons amongst his non-Catholic fellow-citizens the warm reception accorded him at a recent Mohonk conference and the flattering eulogies elicited by his masterful address there were not needed. Wherever he goes,

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M., 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. Reference as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice, Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-Prætor of Ontario, Rev. John Forté, D. D., Victoria College, Rev. Father Teofy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto, Right Rev. A. Sweatman, Bishop of Toronto, Rev. Wm. McLaren, D. D., Principal Knox College, Toronto, Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, CATHOLIC RECORD, London.

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North, South, East, or West, the welcome extended to his eminence by non-Catholics is hardly less cordial than that which he receives from those who belong to the household of the faith. In the city where he is best known—his native city of Baltimore—he is, of course, more popular than elsewhere with non-Catholics. That remarkably keen and very intelligent observer, the Abbe Klein, noted this when he paid a visit to the cardinal's archiepiscopal city some time ago. In the interesting volume in which he gives us the impressions of his recent visit to United States—"Au Pays de la Vie Intense." "In the Land of the Strangers Life"—he speaks of his astonishment at the cardinal's popularity in non-Catholic circles in the city of Baltimore. On one occasion, while his eminence and the French abbe were walking along North Charles street they passed a sectarian church from which the congregation were emerging after assisting at a religious service. Most of them recognized the genial face of the American primate of the Church, smiled and defied their hate. While passing another church a little further on, half a dozen carriages some containing ladies and others gentlemen, drove up to the cardinal and asked him if he would like to be driven home. "The people here are very fond of you," said the Abbe Klein. "None of the people you have just seen are Catholics," remarked his eminence as they walked on. "The church which we first passed is a Unitarian one; and the people who offered to drive me home are Presbyterians and Methodists." An idea of Cardinal Gibbons' liberality in religious matters may be gained from the fact that he had in his employ as doorman of his house for twenty-five years an old Methodist negro, who died a few months ago. The darky attended his Methodist church every Sunday; but no inducement could tempt him to leave the cardinal's service.—The Missionary.

"QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR."

BISHOP CONATY ON TOPICS OF VITAL INTEREST TO THE INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIETY.

The Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., Bishop of Los Angeles, delivered a stirring address to an overflowing audience recently at the Tent city, San Diego, on "Questions of the Hour," in which he dealt graphically with some of the salient evils and needs of our time and country. Under the four-fold head of "The Meaning of Life," "Spiritual Living," "Education," and "Civic Duties," the Bishop covered a broad and vital field of human interest and activity.

The following are a few of the gems, most of them, we are told, exactly as they fell from the Bishop's lips: "Life? What is it but living. What is living worth if it is not right living? We cannot exhort ourselves with the answer, Dum, vivimus, vivamus (while we live, let us live), for the true meaning of life, is more serious than that."

"Life is making ourselves worthy of the place we occupy. It is the building of character. It is doing right as well as thinking right."

"In the study of life, we come face to face with the greatest fact in all creation—God. Religion gives me the key to understand myself and to apprehend life."

"Forms of religion are almost as infinite as the stars of the heavens and as varied in their power. Fad and fancy, freak and charlatan, there is no one business in the world that has so many freaks as religion. Yet all this is an expression of this poor old nature of ours for something to guide it. We see men of apparent intelligence running madly after these freaks of religion. They think they have found teachers with authority. But teaching must be without contradiction."

"We have the Holy Rollers and the Holy Jumpers and the exponents of the 'limited life.' The trouble is, we want the unlimited life. We know that the gift of tongues was given of old, but we have serious doubt about the Holy Spirit teaching any man pigeon English."

"Tent after tent is raised and there are always people to fill the tents. What does it mean? It means that this poor human nature is looking for things spiritual—for life."

"When the Catholic Church teaches of miracles performed by the saints, the incredulous eyebrow is raised; but let some one with a long beard and a turban head declare he has obtained the gift of hands and all classes will follow the will-'y' wisp."

"True religion is different. It stands on the eternal rock of truth. It is founded on Christ Jesus, who taught us the limitless life."

"Never in the history of mankind have men been more generally schooled. Our State laws require education, and there are many who independently seek it."

"The school is worthy of the child only when it tends to make the child better. You can make a child better only by teaching him about God."

"Seneca and Marcus Aurelius and Socrates were worthy old pagans who wrote about right living; yet they were not good examples of what they preached. They had not in themselves the power to control their base appetites."

"We all have opinions on education. This is a free country, yet we are not free to accept error. Let us be honest with one another and give each other credit for honesty of purpose."

"The church of which I am a child is not a foe to knowledge. The pedagogical work of the Catholic Church has been omitted from many works on the history of education."

Whether you eat or drink or whatsoever else you do, do all to the glory of God.—(1 Cor. X-31.)

Advertisement for Good as Gold London Life Insurance Company. Includes text: "A Company with a Record." "The 'London Life' has been conducting its business for over 30 years in a quiet, unostentatious manner, but with the greatest satisfaction to its policy-holders." "For over 20 years with-profit policies have been issued, upon which the results are unexcelled." "Estimates of profits on rates now in force have been fully realized."

Advertisement for North American Life Insurance Company. Includes text: "An Income for Life." "Is guaranteed to the beneficiary under the Continuous Instalment policy issued by the North American Life." "It is written on the whole life and limited payment life plans, and also on the endowment plan, so that the insured receives the income himself if living at the end of a stated time. This policy gives absolute protection to dependents, and on the endowment plan makes a definite provision for the future." "Explanatory booklet sent upon request."

Advertisement for North American Life Assurance Company. Includes text: "HOME OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT." "L. GOLDMAN, A. I. A., F. C. A. Managing Director." "JOHN L. BLAIR, President." "W. B. TAYLOR, B. A., LL. B., Secretary."

Advertisement for Shredded Wheat. Includes text: "A Delicious Hot Weather Dish." "SHREDDED WHEAT." "With cream or milk—supplies in palatable and digestible form all the nutriment needed for the day's work. Makes the stomach happy, and keeps the bowels healthy and active. Try it for breakfast."

Advertisement for Blonde Lumber & Mfg. Company, Limited. Includes text: "Blonde Lumber & Mfg. COMPANY, LIMITED." "Lumber Dealers, Builders and Contractors." "Church building and plans a specialty. Manufacturers of church seating; altars, pulpits, confessionals and all interior church and house fittings." "Catalogue and prices sent on application. Correspondence solicited." "CHATHAM, ONT."

Advertisement for Breviaries. Includes text: "BREVARIARIES." "The Pocket Edition." "No. 22—48 mo.; very clear and bold type, few references; 4 vol., 44-24 inches; thickness 3/4-inch; real India paper; red border; flexible, black morocco, round corners, red under gold edges. Post-paid \$5.40."

Advertisement for Diurnals. Includes text: "DIURNALS." "Horae Diurnae—No. 39—4x3 ins.; printed on real India paper; weight bound, only 5 ounces. In black, flexible morocco, round corners, red under gold edges. Post-paid \$1.60."

Advertisement for Fabiola. Includes text: "Fabiola A Tale of the Catacombs." "By Cardinal Wiseman." "Paper, 30c.; Cloth, 60c., post-paid."

Advertisement for Callista. Includes text: "Callista A Sketch of the Third Century." "By Cardinal Newman." "Paper, 30c., post-paid."

Advertisement for History of the Reformation in England and Ireland. Includes text: "History of the Reformation in England and Ireland." "By William Cobbett." "Price, 85c., post-paid."

Advertisement for Catholic Record. Includes text: "Catholic Record, LONDON, CANADA."

Advertisement for Pearl Rosaries. Includes text: "SPECIAL Pearl Rosaries." "Nineteen inches in length. Post-paid. 50 Cents."

CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, ONT.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Catholic Young Man.

It is Sunday; about 7 o'clock I awake to the consciousness that I must go to Mass. To do myself common justice I admit the obligation and mean to go.

There are, I reflect, several choices; there is a short Mass at 8; another at 9, and then a long one with a sermon, at 10 o'clock.

But since, I argue, the priest can tell me in his sermon nothing that I have not already heard a dozen times, I choose the 9 o'clock Mass, deciding that my visit shall be a short one.

How gladly would I give that long-winded platitude, Dives, three, five, six hours a night, if he only asked me. But here there is none of the enthusiasm I showed on my visit to Dives, but with a bored and detached air I am brought into the presence of the Host of Hosts by no means as concisely as I do into a theatre, make my genuflection with infinitely less respect than I display when I raise my hat to Miss Dives, who, by the way, will one day have \$250,000 to her dowry, take my seat and resign myself to putting up with the ordeal for thirty minutes.

Of devotion—which in this case would balance the respectful enthusiasm I displayed—at the house of Mr. Dives—I show none for the reason that I have omitted to bring my enthusiasm with me to church. At the most solemn moments of the sacrifice I am still in my detached mood; my body is indeed present, but my mind is far away and so I hear the service out and am the first to rush away.

Now, though I speak of my own shortcomings, there are, I know, 20,000 just as careless as I. Let us change places, as the poet says, and point the moral for you.

After all, you are a young man, a Catholic, and, to be sure, wish to be as manly as you can. Can you not see the unmanliness of such church manners—their ungenerous and their unworthiness? In the presence of Dives, who, between you and myself, is a pompous mediocrity, and who, most though he be, will be sure to make you feel the slightest want of disrespect you may evince towards him, you would not for worlds neglect to excite his esteem by a courtesy that borders almost on the obsequious.

To his house you carry all the courtesy you are capable of. Not for all Wall Street, perhaps, would you fail to give a willing ear to his tritest action of the charity that is in the heart of hearts that his life is blameless of a thing or a saying really original.

But in church you will not pay your host the simple courtesy of your attention for three quarters of an hour—the truth being that courtesy, which is the outward and visible manifestation of the charity that is in the heart, is only a superficial, not a native, attribute in your nature, which you take on or cast off according to your company. To be candid, your courtesy is but a lively sense of favors to come; you are the worst of all undesirable, a man of company manners; you are on a par with the man who bullies where he has no cause to fear—you are, in fine, a young man without real manliness. Go and see the hidalgos of Spain enter the presence of their God and take a lesson from them; men whose forbears were illustrious when the Crusaders were fighting for the Cross and when your progenitors and mine must have been very mediocre. In them you will see a submissive respect and humility which not one of them would concede to all the majesties of temporal power. Know then that if you wish to be "full" in the manner Lord Bacon understood the term—i.e., a polished man, you will observe in church those manners you think would be most acceptable to your Host—manners born of the truest expression of the heart.—New Century.

Why He Never Got Above a Little One-Horse Business. He did not keep up with the times. He tried to do everything himself. He tried to save by hiring cheap help. His word could not be depended upon. He looked upon system as useless red-tape. He strangled his progress by cheese-paring economy. He did not have the ability to multiply himself in others. He did not think it worth while to look after little things. He ruined his capacity for larger things by burying himself in detail. He never learned that it is the liberal policy that wins in business building.

His first successes made him over-confident, and he got a "swelled head." His styles were always a little off. His goods always a little out of date. He thought it was nonsense to pay as large salaries to buyers as his competitors did; but they got his customers. He did not appreciate the value of good taste in a buyer, but thought what he saved on his salary was clear gain.

He was always running his business down. With him times were hard and money tight; business only just "so-so."

He was pessimistic, and and all his employees caught the contagion, making the whole atmosphere of his establishment depressing.

He put men at the head of departments or in posts of responsibility who lacked executive ability and the qualities of leadership.

He could plan, but could not execute, and he did not know human nature well enough to surround himself with efficient lieutenants.

He did not think it worth while to compare his business with that of his more successful competitors, or to study their methods.

He did not buy with his customers' needs in view, but bought the things which he liked the best himself, or which he thought would bring the largest profits.—Success.

If You Would Be Popular—Be helpful. Be sociable. Be unselfish. Be generous. Be a good listener.

Never worry or whine. Study the art of pleasing. Be frank, open, and truthful. Always be ready to lend a hand. Be kind and polite to everybody. Be self-confident but not conceited. Never monopolize the conversation. Take a genuine interest in other people.

Always look on the bright side of things. Take pains to remember names and faces. Never criticize or say unkind things of others. Look for the good in others not for their faults.

Forgive and forget injuries, but never forget lessons. Cultivate health and thus radiate strength and courage. Rejoice as genuinely in another's success as in your own.

Always be considerate of the rights and feelings of others. Have a good time, but never let fun degenerate into license. Have a kind word and a cheery, encouraging smile for everyone.

Learn to control yourself under the most trying circumstances. Be respectful to women, and chivalrous in your attitude toward them. Meet trouble like a man, and cheerfully endure what you can't cure.

Do not be self-opinionated, but listen with deference to the opinions of others. Never utter vituperations at the risk of giving pain or hurting someone's feelings. Be ambitious and energetic, but never benefit yourself at the expense of another.

Be as courteous and agreeable to your inferiors as you are to your equals and superiors. Do not bore people by telling them long, tedious stories, or by continually dilating on your own affairs.—Success.

A Fruit Breakfast. If you are bilious or gouty, if your joints are stiffened and blood circulates slowly and you have a general all-around torpid feeling, try going without your breakfast. If you think you cannot go entirely without breakfast eat nothing but fruit for the morning meal. This does not mean fruit and bread and butter, or fruit and pork chops, or fruit and cereals, but it means just simply fruit—nothing but fruit. Apples, oranges, grapes—these are the fruits to eat for breakfast. Eat nothing else but fruit until noon and see if your system does not unclasp a little, your liver take on new activity, your blood flow a little faster, your head feel clearer.

A fruit breakfast is a fine thing for most people, especially for the class above described.—E. P. in Medical Talk.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Sound Advice for All Our Boys and Girls. Oh, that young girls would realize that they are the rosebuds in the garden of life, and be content to shed their sweet perfume uncomplainingly, not wishing to be older or more worldly-wise!

"I'm only a young girl." Be thankful for it. You are one of the sweetest things that God ever exported to earth. Just think of your future—all hope. The years fly by as swiftly as a bird on the wing; so swiftly that those things seen this year are forgotten next.

Don't be jealous of those more advanced in years than you. All those sweet womanly graces are yours to gain, while she whom you envy is fast learning those sad lessons that are just so far removed from you.

Be joyous, be young, be natural. Your ideal is not yet known to be but fancy; your idol has not yet proved her close; there are no skeletons in your closet; no sorrowful memories to bring the bitter tears to your eyes; no vain repentances. For you there is no empty playroom to visit, with a bereaved mother's anguish, and vainly listen for the pattering of tiny feet that shall never again be heard.

Oh, happy girls, happy girls! Love this youth that God has given you, and forget not to thank Him for it. "If I could only be of some use in the world, or fill some place in it," cried Francis, impatiently. "I would not complain," suggested Cousin Patry, "making beds is very useful work, and your mother seems to need some one to fill the place of mother-in-law in the family. Why not begin where you are? I never saw anybody willing to be of use who couldn't be used right where he stood. And as for 'filling a place,' did you ever think that you are put in your own place so as to fill it? This business of wishing to climb out of your own place before you've filled it, to go hunting for an empty one somewhere else, never did seem sensible to me. Start at once to be of use, and you'll be useful, never fear."

It was a sensible suggestion. There are many useless people excusing themselves to day by saying that they would rejoice to be of use—somewhere else. Our own place, after all, is the only one we can ever fill. The moment we fill it full, we shall overflow it into wider bounds. Mending, and making beds, running errands, doing odd jobs—the large careers begin by these small usefulnesses and wider irrepresibly as the man and the woman develop into broader activities. "Begin where you are," is common sense. As a matter of fact, we cannot begin anywhere else. Only from what we are can we develop what we shall be; only from where we stand can the first forward step be made. Shirk and complaining belong together.

His Greatest Need. The little boy's wish, recorded in the Kansas City Times, we find echo in the heart of many a person whose superiority in the matter of years has not served to fill the need expressed by the little lad. The small chap, in scarlet-trimmed khaki, was lifted into a chair by the probation officer.

"This is a neglected boy, judge," said the officer. "His father lives in the west bottoms in a tent. He drives

a transfer wagon. His wife deserted him. There is no one to care for this child all day." The boy leaned his chin on the counter and greeted the judge with a cheerful and confident grin.

"I think you are a good boy," said the judge, "and I'm going to send you to a man named E. V. Roach, in Mill Creek, Indian Territory. I think he will be good to you. If he is not you must let me know. Can you write?" "Yes, sir."

"Can you write a letter?" "No I can write purty good on a slate."

"Well, the doctor will give you a card in a stamped and addressed envelope. If you need help, post that."

He was led away smiling. It is something to live in a State which provides a good foster-father. The judge followed him to the door.

"Say, mister," suddenly asked the boy, "will I get a maw down there? I need a maw sure bad, like other fellers."

"Well, perhaps."

The small figure toddled away, holding the officer by the hand, and happy in the thought that he was to have a "maw."

The Bright Side. Look on the bright side if possible, and if the dark side of life seems turned momentarily toward you, look for the bright spots that break the darkness.

The gloomy, humdrum spirit never rises above petty annoyances, while the hopeful, sunny nature seldom succumbs to heavy difficulties and trials.

And then, too, the buoyant spirit rises, and, as in the case of the little Swedish maiden, may soar away from annoyances and troubles to unexpected success and happiness.

This little maid—an orphan called Johanne—lived with an ill-tempered old woman called Sarah, in an almshouse in Stockholm. Whenever Sarah used to go to market, she would lock the door and keep poor Johanne prisoner till she came back. But Johanne was a little girl, and tried to forget her troubles by working as hard as she could. However, one fine day, she could not help crying as she thought of her loneliness; but, noticing the cat, neglected as herself, she dried her tears, took it up in her lap, and nursed it till pussy fell asleep. Then she opened the window to let in the summer breeze, and began to sing with a lighter heart as she worked. And, as she sang, her beautiful voice attracted a lady, who stopped her carriage that she might listen. The neighbors told her about Johanne, and the lady placed her in a school. Then she was entered as a pupil elsewhere, and, in course of time, under the name of Jenny Lind, "the Swedish Nightingale" became the most famous singer of her day. Think how different her life might have been if she had pushed her lonely cat aside, and thinking only of her own grief, had spent the afternoon in tears.

Unhindered by Blindness. Miss Helen Masow, a graduate of the California Institute for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, who is unfortunate in having lost the sight of both eyes, is an unusual girl for one so hampered. She is well known in Berkeley musical circles for the beautiful voice that she possesses and is now creating much interest in the college town through her participation in athletics.

For some time she has been an ardent horsewoman, riding through the streets and lanes of Berkeley with as much ease as her more fortunate sisters who have the gift of sight. Last week she created considerable comment by appearing at the skating rink on roller skates. At first she was rather timid and kept to the rail but as she felt more and more accustomed to the skates she grew bolder and ventured into the middle of the floor. She got along so well that she remained in the centre of the floor all evening.

Manliness of a Boy. Several days ago I happened to board a car which was crowded. A little man—perhaps he was twelve years old—offered me his seat with a charming bow and smile. He soon found a seat, but pipped up when another woman entered, pulled off his cap, which was fringed with rags, and with such a jolly, wide smile made room for the newcomer. Five times in as many minutes that smile broke over the face of the young traveler as he gave his seat again and again, and soon every one in the car was smiling in sympathy. No one thought whether his clothes were whole or ragged, but

some one said: "I wish my boys enjoyed being gentlemanly as much as he does," and a fine-looking man remarked quite loudly to his neighbor, "That's the sort of man I want that makes the great and good men."

The boy heard the remark and looked around to see who was manly.

A PAPAL BLESSING. Chicago Tribune. St. Francis of Assisi is reported to have delivered an eloquent little sermon to the birds, who were chief companions of his ascetic life, in which he commended them for their many virtues. He likewise commended them to human mercy, clothing with a peroration in which he bade them to continue being good little birds and resume their happy lives with assurances of the divine goodness to all creatures.

Though the Catholic Church has always taught kindness to the so-called dumb animals, the sermon of Saint Francis was the first unofficial expression in their behalf. The first official expression has just been made by Pius X in the form of a special blessing "unto all who protect from cruelty and abuse the dumb servants given to us by God." This particular blessing was issued by the Pope simultaneously with his approval of the excellent work accomplished by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Naples, which has branches in all the important cities and towns of Italy.

As this blessing has no reference to any special canon or doctrine of the Church, but was prompted by a broad and generous spirit of humanity, it may well be hoped that it will descend not merely upon "the merciful man who is merciful to his beast" within the pale of the Catholic Church, but upon all men everywhere who are merciful to animals. It is a pronouncement all human persons can approve—a blessing all persons, Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or pagan, should hope to secure, for—

His strength best who loveth best All things both great and small.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND DEVOTION TO OUR LADY. Much interest is taken in a letter which has been written by the Queen of Spain to the Archbishop of Saragossa, and published in "El Universo." Her Majesty says: "I have been a Spaniard ever since, for my happiness, I united my life to that of the King of Spain, and, as a true Spaniard, I cherish the devotion to the Mother of God planted in this noble soil by the Apostle who first brought with him the faith of Christ, which, since that distant day, has never ceased to invigorate the hearts of all the daughters of the Queen."

"Such being my disposition and desires, and wishing as I do to obtain the Divine favor, blessing and protection for each of the acts of my life, I pray the Virgin del Pilar to secure for me those gifts from her Adorable Son, to whose majesty I hope your Grace, custodian of the temple of the Queen of Heaven, will also appeal on my behalf. In the future, when circumstances

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ONE OF THE THINGS it is hard to make folks understand is the fact that, with "SURPRISE" Soap, it is not necessary to boil or scald the clothes. A tea-kettle of hot water is enough—and you don't rub hard. The soap does the work—loosens the dirt and it drops out. You can use "SURPRISE" Soap any way you wish, but this tea-kettle-of-hot-water way is the best because it's quickest and easiest. "SURPRISE" is a pure, hard soap of the highest grade. The first cost is n't any more than common soap.

and the will of my august husband permit, I confidently trust I shall be able to visit such a famous sanctuary, and be fortunate enough to kneel before the statue of the Virgin crowned by the Spaniards. "Meanwhile I must confine myself to expressing at a distance my veneration for such a notable image, rejoicing at the same time in having this opportunity of showing Your Grace the personal respect and esteem with which I kiss your pastoral ring."—London Catholic Times.

ANTIGONISH, N.S. I should have written before now about that precious Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, but I thought I would first see what effect it would have. I have used only one bottle this time and am happy to state that I have improved wonderfully. I was not able to leave my bed and could not sleep nor eat, and was in untold misery. Now I can sleep the whole night and am feeling better, and getting stronger every day. Had it not been for my faith in Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic my life would be too much to bear for the last while, but having used it before I know its value too well to doubt the God-sent relief it brings. Would that the world knew more about it, for it is just wonderful. MAGGIE McDONALD.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. PATER Koenig, of Port Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

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JUST RECEIVED Beautiful Photos of following subjects: Sacred Heart of Jesus. Immaculate Heart of Mary. St. Joseph. Immaculate Conception. Infant Jesus. St. Anthony. Size 4 1/2 x 2 1/2. Price 10c. each, Post Paid. CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, CANADA.

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CATHOLIC DOCTRINES AND CEREMONIES IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

If the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline in the Church of England has accomplished naught else during the twenty six months of its existence—April 23, 1904, to June 21, 1906—it has revealed remarkable approximation to Catholic faith and practice in a vast number of the Anglican churches. It gave a free field for all complainants, hearing witnesses in behalf of the Church of England League, the national Protestant Church Unions and the Church Association—a total of 164 witnesses at 118 sittings.

The number of churches on which complaints were received were 550. The Commission rejected 364 cases presented by the Church Association alone, and several other Protestant societies had like experience to their open dissatisfaction.

According to the Tourists' Church Guide—a publication issued in the interest of the advanced Anglicans who can learn from its pages just where in a given locality they can find a Ritualistic church and exactly how "high" it is—there are nearly 5,000 churches in England which in some measure might have called for the searchlight of the Commission. The Church Association quotes this big figure to show how wide-spread are the "abuses" of which the ultra-Protestants complain.

There are in England and Wales 14,242 Anglican churches, and when it can be proved that fully one-third of these are steadily approximating to the teachings and ritual of the Catholic Church, small blame, let us say to the Protestants for getting frightened, how ever much the Catholics may rejoice.

Archbishop Benson, predecessor of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, which is so rapidly changing the erstwhile Protestant aspect of the Church of England. He tried to show that the changes have no doctrinal significance. Yet to those who have followed religious events in England from the beginning of the Oxford movement until now, it must be clear that there never has been a material change in ritual which was not preceded by a corresponding reversion to the doctrine of the Old Church.

The ultra-Protestants, to do them justice, are not fighting phantoms. If they knew that the altar lights and the incense and the rood screens meant no more than the joyous hymns and abundant flowers of the Unitarian Easter in America they would let them alone. It is just because of the doctrinal significance involved in the quasi-Catholic form of worship that they are alarmed and angry. The ground is breaking up under their feet. Just as the change from the Catholic doctrine and ritual came gradually on the English people in their old parish churches in the sixteenth century, that they were robbed of their faith—to use the word of Cardinal Manning—before they realized the mischief, so, apparently, is the faith coming back to them.

We are not of those who dream of a corporate reunion between the "Catholic party" in the Church of England and the true Catholic Church in the near future but we believe with Father George Tyrrell that the Spirit of God is moving amid the great changes inside of Anglicanism itself. We see the fruits in the steady stream of conversions—that reunion by absorption of which Cardinal Vaughan spoke; and, in the preparation of the people of England by their introduction among them of the beliefs and practices of their fore-fathers, for an eventual large, if not national return to the centre of unity.

One of the forces preparing the way of the Lord is Father Robert Hugh Benson, son of that very Archbishop of Canterbury whose minimizing of the Ritualistic movement is cited above. Father Benson's trilogy of historical novels, "The King's Achievement," "The Queen's Tragedy," second in chronological order, but last in production; and "By What Authority," is giving the English people an insight into the tragedy of their spiritual despoliation; while his "Richard Royal; Solitary," reconstructs for them the England of pre-Reformation days.—Boston Pilot.

DEAD—AN UNKNOWN TRAMP.

In this day of skepticism there is a tendency to sneer at miracles. Every now and then one may meet Catholics even who are disposed to doubt if any cures are performed at shrines as a result of faith or prayer. A common practice, now is to explain all such occurrences as instances of automatic suggestion. There are no miracles any more. Since the general public has become wise, hypnotism and telepathy are made to account for all things supernatural.

On a train a few days ago, however, we heard of a remarkable case which the pseudo-scientists might have some trouble explaining. It was that of a young man, reared a Catholic by honest, God-fearing parents. After he got out into the unbelieving world, however, he gradually slipped into immorality and finally became a hardened sinner. For years he lived without faith, as he himself thought. Naturally he went down the social scale, finally becoming a veritable tramp.

Thus, he continued until one night he tried to steal a train-ride from a western city to a point in Pennsylvania. The conductor found him, in passing through an Indiana town, and put him off by force. The train was moving, the night dark, and when he was kicked out he fell under the wheels of a train going an opposite direction. Both legs were instantly cut off.

The point at which he was ejected was outside the little town and the mangled youth lay suffering all night in the darkness. Think of this, ye mothers who have sons wandering out in the world! In the morning he was found, and his first question was, "Is there a priest in this town? I must not die until I

see one." They took him to a hospital and sent for a doctor, but he still called for a priest. He was young and strong, and the doctor didn't believe he was near death neither did the priest when he arrived. At his earnest desire, however, the latter heard his confession and administered the last sacraments. Three minutes later the young man was dead.

Nothing extraordinary in all this? Well perhaps not; still why did this youth without faith suddenly recover it? Why did he not die before a priest could reach him? Why was he not ejected in a town in which there was no priest? A strong man and young why did he pass away, in spite of the doctor's prediction, immediately after he made his peace with God?

Rather obviously it was a case of God's mercy. In life he must have done some noble deed that God saw and, because of it, granted him the grace of a holy death. Specious explanations in plenty may be urged, but this is the most rational of any. If faith returned because he thought he was near death, why did it then? If he kept his alive until a priest came, why did he have hope? How did it happen that he was not ejected in some of the many towns along the same route none of which have a priest? If his courage kept him alive until he made his peace with God, why did it fail then? Why did he not go on hypnotizing himself until fully recovered? He died an unknown tramp among strangers, but somehow God gave him grace to die well.—Syracuse Catholic Sun.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD. THE SANCTUARY LAMP.

The vast church is wrapped in gloom; the tall pillars and arches of the chancel rise up forbidding and lose themselves in the darkness. A few bowed figures, "breathless with adoration," are prostrate before an altar where a tiny lamp flings a soft and fitful radiance. Outside the little zones of light impenetrable darkness, all the blacker by contrast; outside the few devout worshippers unfathomable emptiness, absolute silence broken only by a half stifled sigh from one or other of them, or the long drawn pleading utterance of a sacred name. What mysterious magnetism has drawn them to the focus wherein this tiny flame faintly glows? What force holds them captive within its radius, when business, pleasure, a thousand pressing projects, a thousand importunate distractions call elsewhere? Why is it day in day out the same hour brings together the same persons in the same place? They circle around and are drawn to that poor little sanctuary lamp with the same irresistible impulse with which the gulls are drawn to the gleaming light house. Surely, never the mere flickering flame itself exercises this fascination; no, but the Master whose presence this poor symbol shows. He draws them thither.

No great personage is here present; no King or minister; no notability of science, literature, or mammon; and so there are no thronging crowds, no dazzling lights, no apparatus of style or consequence to do him honour. No, it is only the Saviour Himself Who is here poor and lowly as He was at Bethlehem and Nazareth, no emblem of His majesty about Him attended by only a faithful few just as there.

And these few are to doubt somewhat similar to those who came around Him when on earth. A Mary is here all pure and spotless, worthy child of her holy Mother, who, though she knows it not, nor dares think of it, is fit to hold the infant Saviour in her arms. There is a Magdalen too beyond all doubt, with penitent love glowing to rapture, who cannot understand the sweet content, the overflowing happiness that fills her heart to express to her Saviour one half her gratitude for His "unspeakable gift." Perhaps too a penitent thief is here, an uplifted publican, both called unexpectedly "from out of the darkness into His marvellous light," and one who "has kept all the commandments from his youth," a disciple whom Jesus loves. "And who can doubt but there is a Martha here?—good, kind hearted, sterling Martha, a friend of the Saviour too, but who, while she looks to Him with one eye, never loses sight of worldly matters with the other. Yes, Martha is here. you may be sure, praying and praising her Lord, yet now and then worrying about this thing and that and asking Him to give heed to them.

This one poor lamp, these few devout worshippers are all the mighty city can furnish to do homage to its Lord. And is not the sacred edifice itself, with its wee circle of light and its vast impenetrable "outer darkness," a perfect image of the Church and the world?

In the great highways of the city where men buy and sell, busy crowds are passing to and fro intent on gain, straining every nerve and muscle to heap up perishable riches. The "treasure in Heaven" and the Master who gives it have no charm for them. In the haunts of pleasure, yes, and of vice, you will find a myriad attractions. Land and sea and mine and mountain are put under tribute to make those Temples of Sense as fascinating as possible, and the wit and fancy of man enhance a thousand fold the perfections of nature. There a brilliant and heartless throng disperses itself bent on its own gratification, indifferent to the wants and misery of others. Small danger of these—either the adorers of mammon or the votaries of pleasure—ever coming within range of the little sanctuary lamp, with its feebly glimmering flame round which the shadows tremble! But wait! some day or other each one of that busy and glittering throng will meet with misfortune; their health will wither, their ambition be disappointed, their friends prove false, their dreams and hopes fail. And then in those moments of desolation and world weariness, their thoughts will turn instinctively to the Tabernacle, their steps will wander to the Church, their eyes fasten hungrily on that flickering fading sanctuary lamp, so poor in appearance, so sweet in association, so typical too of what our lives ought to be.

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They will learn little by little One alone satisfies, One alone consoles, One alone draws all things to Himself; and that the greatest happiness consists in our consuming our lives in His presence and in His service in silent adoration, in thus burning ourselves away before Him as due the sanctuary lamp. W. K.

CATHOLICITY'S CONQUESTS IN A CENTURY.

The well known Jesuit, Father Forbes of Paris, a member of a distinguished Scottish Highland family, has erected a monument to his Church and his family in his admirable work "The Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century," a review of which in the pages of the Civiltà Cattolica (Rome) is sufficient to revive the faith of the most lukewarm member of the Church, inasmuch as it places succinctly before the reader the magnificent progress made by Catholicity within the past century. The work is practically a reprint with notes, addenda and introductions of a series of lectures delivered in Paris in various churches.

Says the Civiltà reviewer: "Father Forbes contrasts the State of the Church in the beginning of the Nineteenth Century with its condition now. The earlier picture was not a pleasing one: Pius VI. died a prisoner at Valence and the present Pope is a prisoner in the Vatican. But what a tremendous difference in the Church itself! Turkey has but 25,000,000 inhabitants to its 40,000,000 in 1800, from Afghanistan to China, liberty has made it possible for Catholic missionaries to spread the faith among 300,000,000 Catholic natives now numbering 2,250,000, as against 500,000 in 1800. In Indo China alone the indigenous Catholic population has risen from 300,000 to nearly 1,000,000. Australia and New Zealand, which were without priests in 1800, are now the home of 1,000,000 Catholics and the islands of Oceania can boast 100,000 members of the faith in their population of 5,000,000. Japan, since 1879, has added 50,000 to her original number of 4,000 Catholics, and China proper boasts nearly 2,000,000 members of the Catholic Church. Africa, which was almost entirely Moslem in 1800, was almost entirely Christian in 1890, except where it had come under English influences, and here the Catholics were persecuted, and here a following of the Church numbering 2,000,000 with six vicars apostolic and a splendid hierarchy.

"Marvelous are the progressive results in both Americas. The Catholic churches of South America, with their 40,000 members, have awakened from their torpor and give promise of a splendid increase. The Catholics in the United States numbered in 1800, 1 bishop, 40 priests and 40,000 Catholics. To-day there are 91 bishops, 11,817 priests and some 14,000,000 confessed members of the Catholic Church. Finally, in Europe, there is Germany with its 18,000,000 of Catholics strongly organized; Belgium, almost Catholic to an individual; Holland, which banished priests and persecuted Catholics in 1800, with 1,500,000 Catholics entirely free and a rapidly growing increase of Catholicity in Scandinavia and Switzerland. Even in the Balkan States in the last century, the Church gained many new adherents; in Roumania, nearly 150,000; in Bosnia and Herzegovina, over 275,000; Bulgaria, 26,000; Greece, some 15,000."

The Catholic Church in Germany, Father Forbes states, was long retarded in its advance by the hatred and persecution of Bismarck. "With out Windthorst," he says, "the Central Party in Germany could never have become what it is. He was a man of Providence and all modern German Catholicity and her grand organization moves practically on plans conceived by that great man."

According to the great Jesuit, the young Catholic Church of the United States will, it is morally certain, play in the near future, the principal role in the destinies of the world's Catholicity. America, he says, has disproved the maxim that "the law is atheistic" by declaring that she would stand for religious liberty, she by no means declared for atheism, as certain European nations have done. Her European religious progress is evidence of her good spirit. He recalls, however, what Leo XIII. said of the American Catholic Church in his Encyclical of January, 1875, that "however worthy the Catholic Church in America was of encomium it did not respond to the exact conception of the Church, and it could not be held up as a model of the best kind of Church. He goes as far as to express a great fear for the future of the Catholic Church in America. He says: "There are 800,000 Free Masons and millions of Spiritualists in the United States. Their hatred of Catholicity is intense and the energy they display in throwing obstacles in the way of its advance is equally great. Add to the fact that agnosticism is rife, the ecrol-

ary that Catholic emigrants, influenced by this agnosticism, rapidly fall into apostasy, and one sees the reason why the numerical strength of the Catholic Church in America is much less than it might have been. "In regard to England, Father Forbes expresses his belief that the Anglican Church is only waiting for the opportune moment to pass over to Rome. "In seventy years more than 16,000 conversions to the Catholic Faith have taken place among the Anglican clergy." As for France, he refuses to believe that she is "lost territory," "She is," he says, "certainly full of religious vitality even to day, and will do greater things in the twentieth century than she did in the nineteenth—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The Incontinent Sunday. We have it often proposed that the "Continental Sunday" should be substituted for the Puritan Sabbath, which is becoming too heavy a burden for the American of to day. It should be remembered, however, that the Continental Sunday means not only an afternoon of pleasure, but a serious attendance at church in the morning. This, at least, is the theory of it, though the practice may vary in different parts of the Continent. The

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trouble with many who propose the exchange is that what they wish is not a Continental but an incontinent Sunday.—Christian Register (Unintentional.)

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DEATH. HANLEY.—At her son in law's residence 95 Market street, Hamilton, on 18th September, 1906 Catherine Hanley widow of the late Daniel Hanley, of Ancaster. May her soul rest in peace!

STRITCH.—On Sept. 17, 1906, Mrs. Margaret (Crosby) Stritch, widow of the late Michael Stritch of Barrie, Ont. May her soul rest in peace!

DIXON.—On Sept. 1st, 1906, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Chas. Kavanagh, Oldcastle, Ont., Nicholas Dixon, father of the late Rev. N. J. Dixon of Ashfield, aged eighty six years and two months. May his soul rest in peace!

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