

The Catholic Record.

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

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NOTES FROM MALLOCK.

Some years ago Mr. Mallock in his work entitled *Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption* essayed to convince the Anglican of the utter untenability of his position. In a recent article dealing with free-thought in the Church of England he shows that the neo-Anglican argument, instead of affording a foundation for any particular faith, is, on the contrary, an instrument of general scepticism. The Broad Church party he dismisses with consideration, for the simple reason, we suppose, that it is not Christian at all. And so, for the purpose of discovering traces of free thought in the Church of England, he inspects the opinions of the ablest and most scholarly of the sacerdotal or High Church party. As a representative of these he takes the Bishop of Worcester, and in a rejoinder to a critic who accused him of shocking the orthodox by proving the Bishop a heretic, and of amusing the heterodox by exhibiting him as a fool, he says: "The one important question which I have sought to raise in this discussion is not any question as to what private conclusions a particular Bishop draws from critical premises which he avowedly shares with other divines and scholars, but what are the conclusions drawn from them, or likely to be drawn from them, by others—firstly, by his brother churchmen; and, secondly, by the general public."

After referring to the attitude of the High Church party towards the Bible the writer goes on to say that the central miracle of the Incarnation was until yesterday supposed to be proved by a number of other miracles, the reality of which was vouched for by the testimony of an infallible Bible, and a general assent to which was the postulate of Christian argument. These other miracles, amongst them the infallibility of the Bible itself, being supposed to render the miracle of the Incarnation indubitable. But now, according to the Bishop of Worcester, it is an *a priori* conviction that the miracles of the Incarnation are indubitable which alone makes such other miracles as he elects to retain believable.

The initial question brings itself down to this: how is a belief in the Godhead of Christ reached? And the neo-Anglican school answers, by a subjective experience of its truth. Anglicans start with assuming that Christ was a supernatural Person and that as such these specific miracles—His Birth, the Resurrection and Ascension—must have taken place in connection with Him. Convinced *a priori* that wonders must have happened somehow, they consult the Biblical records, and they there find it stated that the class of events they look for did actually take place in certain ways. But though the advocates of this school concede to the Bible inspiration in some sense or other, they are far from admitting that this inspiration tended to protect the sacred writers from errors of the most astounding kind. They admit likewise that the Gospels, however true as a whole, are vitiated by mistakes due to imperfect information and here and there to the over-zealous faith of the Evangelists. Thus the miracles for which the evidence is convincing are accepted and the rest are cast aside. Hence the Bishop of Worcester sees no evidence for the appearances of the Angel Gabriel. The events recorded in St. Matthew's Gospel—namely, the colt beside the ass; the thirty pieces of silver; and the mingling of the gall and vinegar—are regarded as modifications of fact, and, says the Bishop of Worcester, the Evangelist got his facts at second-hand from the memoranda of other writers and then worked them over in his interest in the fulfilment of prophecy. Mr. Mallock asks how all this will affect the ordinary man? If subjected to critical tests this secondary miracle are found wanting. Shall the primary articles fare any better? The devout Anglican will give an emphatic affirmative, but when ordinary men have learnt from their leaders that the Evangelists have worked over pre-existing material in the interest of preconceived ideas they will regard the evidence for the primary miracles as worthless. If, he says in conclusion, the critical principles of neo-Anglicanism are accepted, it is inevitable that to an increasing degree the ordinary educated public will reject the miraculous doctrines of Anglican orthodoxy altogether. But, as he said in his

former work, only the Roman Church can be a reliable interpreter of the Bible and shows us what Christianity really is. And before that the Church's primary doctrine is her own perpetual infallibility. She is inspired, she declares, by the same spirit that inspired the Bible, and her voice is, equally with the Bible, the voice of God. Equally to the point is his declaration of some years ago, that any supernatural religion that renounces its claims to absolute infallibility can profess to be a semi-revelation only. To make it in any sense a revelation to us we need a power to interpret the testament that shall be equal in authority with the testament itself.

Because Protestant Christianity is not that authority we are at last beginning to see in it neither the purifier of a corrupted revelation, nor the practical denier of all revelation whatever. Again, the cry wells up from anguished hearts. Why don't we do this and that? Why do we lament by the wayside while others march onward to the land of prosperity? Why do we allow the places conquered for us by the pioneer fall into stranger hands? Why? But why continue these doleful queries?

OUR FAILURES.

Some of us doubtless are fond of conjuring up the spectre of bigotry as the barrier to our advance or as reason for our failures. We admit that in some sections of this country the bigot lives, and can and does act as a brake on our progress. And he, by the way, is not so willing to disclose his place of campaign as in times past. He gives over frontal attacks and, master of the mysteries of tortuous strategy, uses the smile instead of the growl, the suave accents of the well-wisher instead of the hostile words of avowed opposition—and he arrives. When aided by the Catholic who is fearful of doing anything that may imperil his chances of position, he moves along jauntily and amuses himself by hurling anathemas at all who venture to show dissent or to make a move towards getting a seat beside him. But, giving the bigot due credit, we may not use him always as a screen for our inaction and disinclination to self-improvement. And we don't think it is going too far to say that in some communities the approval of the non-Catholic is one of our chief assets, and that we are inclined to be grateful to them that they don't massacre us out of hand. We don't seem to think that the competition for prizes which this country has to offer is open to every citizen. To obtain them we must show the necessary qualifications. Because others have walked timidly is no reason why we should imitate them. In one word, we must rely on ourselves, avail ourselves of our opportunities, or else we may be expected to be crowded into the ranks of the hangers-on, and to be appraised at our own valuation. We advise the young man who believes that he is on this planet for a better purpose than to indulge in "pipe dreams," or to hearken to the harangues of the shillies and self-interested, to remember that upon his own shoulders lies the burden of his fortunes.

YOUNG WOMEN AND EDUCATION.

An esteemed pastor has requested us to again call the attention of those concerned to the policy of allowing the boys to become anything, and the girls to have a bowing acquaintance with the "ologies." We may be on thin ice, but we cannot help saying that a good deal of what is styled higher education is to little purpose. It looks well in paper and sounds well too, especially when buttressed by the names of women who were professors of acknowledged prowess in days gone by. But to apply the term to smattering of foreign languages, to piano or violin playing which may pass muster within the school and home, is misleading to say the least. At all events a girl who, depending on the earnings of brother or father, may be thrown on her own resources at any time, will eke out a very precarious livelihood by these accomplishments. She may be dowered with a fine character, but that is no passport to an income. We believe that many of the young women who make heavy drains upon the family exchequer for their education would be more serviceable and contented beings were they to content themselves with a common education, and a post graduate course with the mother.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.

Certainly the boys should not be turned into the street at an early age. They should get some chance to rise. They should not be sold in the market place for a pittance. And we do sell them. We take the boy with heart and mind unformed and throw him into servitude and bid him with many a pious platitudinous take care of himself. But after his day's work—that is, pottering around offices and lifts and learning the language of the street and its evil, he may be entertained by his sister playing rag-time.

THE DISCIPLINE OF ACQUIRING.

The late Bishop Creighton, we are told, hated gush. Writing of the phrase, "the heart of the English people," he called it "a very nasty place to go to, the last resting place I should wish to be found in—a sloppy sort of place, I take it." Again: "In future times this age of ours, judged by its literature, will be called 'the Crazy Age.'"

No subject so much repays our study as the development of the young mind. We see in it the germs of the future, and the sight strengthens us to look more trustfully, more hopefully on the present."

To those who look askance at Latin and Greek the following words may be useful: As I look back, said Sir James Paget, I am amazed in thinking that of the mere knowledge gained, none had in my after life any measure of what is called practical ability. The knowledge was useless; the discipline of acquiring was beyond all price.

WHO IS FRA IGNATIUS?

(A couple of weeks ago the daily press contained a sensational story of a miracle which the self-styled Anglican monk, Fra Ignatius, of Llanthony Abbey, Wales, claimed to have performed. A distinguished writer in the London Tablet thus throws some light on Fra Ignatius and his claim to be a Catholic.)

Forty years ago I first saw the Monk of Llanthony, as he describes himself. Some things regarding him I have had the honor to write down in former papers in the Tablet. I heard his first London sermon in St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Munster square, in Advent, 1865. And, in 1864, I paid a visit to him, and enjoyed kind hospitality at his convent in Norwich. In the dormitory at night a light was kept burning, which, like Carlyle, I disliked; but it was (I was told) in conformity with Benedictine custom. I could not get very close to him, but as it was January, and very cold, perhaps I rather liked this omission. In the early hours before dawn I listened—laetantur in ecclesiis suis—to the chanting of Matins and Lauds, heard in bed at a respectful distance. I attended Office and Masses and Benediction, and was edified by vigorous sermons in the heady arrangement of chapel. The popular service was complete, sung in English. Being always the saint, everyone knew it and everyone sang; it was a "cheerful and hearty" service. It took a walk with Ignatius, O. S. B., one Sunday afternoon, and narrowly escaped martyrdom. I visited the Church of St. Lawrence, then being transmogrified from chilling Anglicanism to the "beauty of holy Catholicism." To this development I broke one to pieces, and some other people broke the rest. And so St. Lawrence's became what is called a "leading church," and continued so for a time at least. What it is like now I do not know. I recollect a good natured religious dog who spent a great deal of his time in the chapel, and a well-fed, who was less religious, and spent his (or her) time in the Abbot's room. I remember hearing of a church warden who refused to allow Ignatius, O. S. B., and his monks to go to Communion at St. Lawrence's, and who died suddenly; and also of a child who was attacked by the streets, and shot at Ignatius, O. S. B., "Go up! thou bald head—get!" The singing and hymns at Norwich were pleasing, for the Abbot is a musician and a poet as well as a preacher. The music and words of one Eucharistic hymn haunt me still. I write down from memory a bit of it:

Ring not yet, thou altar bell,
For when you ring, he goes;
In this dark vale of woe;
He is forever would I kneel,
And when I feel so lonely,
Speaking to My Love,
Listening to the songs of praise
In our home above.

On the whole I spent a very happy ten days at Norwich, refusing, however, to join the "Third Order" to which Ignatius, O. S. B., invited me to belong, because one of the rules was that no account could I enter a "Roman Church" in England. I do not think that Ignatius, O. S. B., rigidly observed this rule himself. Ten years afterwards I did enter the "Roman Church" in England, and, unhappily, as some of my friends think, remained there. After the break-up of the Norwich establishment there came a long interregnum so to speak, which culminated in another settlement, after many varied vicissitudes, at Llanthony. Of this latter foundation I know nothing except what I have read in the Life of my accomplished and versatile friend.

Ultimately, I find from the book, it may come into the possession of real Benedictines, which seems an odd arrangement considering the restrictions about "Roman" churches referred to above. The Life of Ignatius, O. S. B., has not been a bad book. There have been endless disappointments and difficulties enough to daunt a less courageous man. I think there was a good deal too much in his career, as there certainly is in this book, of his father and mother. The latter I know, a very good-looking, agreeable, and sagacious woman. But somehow, the perpetual cropping up of her parents in the affairs of a monk who has "left all," or is supposed to have done so, jars upon one, and does not leave a pleasant impression. And as to the miracles worked by the Monk of Llanthony, I say, because I know nothing, and one should never prophesy unless one knows. They do not interest me in the least and so I pass on to what really is of importance, namely, the ecclesiastical position of the Rev. Joseph Leicester Lyne.

Now, one thing is quite certain my friend is a deacon of the Church of England. He says himself that he is also a Benedictine Monk, and wears the habit. To do this, as the late Bishop Burnford of Chichester cruelly observed upon a monk who had been allowed to wear the habit as a deacon, is the uniform of a British Admiral. And thus X. himself reminded Ignatius, O. S. B., that the cow-doesn't make the monk. No Anglican Bishop has ever taken my friend seriously, qua monk. A deacon if you like, but a monk—risum tenentis. No doubt he has been allowed to preach here and there in Anglican churches, wearing the Benedictine dress, but he is regarded by the Bishops as a deacon, eloquent and earnest, and the O. S. B. habit is, after all (people say), a sort of black gown, and, as I heard one Anglican clergyman observe, if the deacon pays his tailor's bill and complies with the laws of decency, his dress does not matter two straws. And at Church Congresses and similar gatherings the Monk has always been introduced by the Bishop presiding as "Mr. Lyne," and not as Ignatius, O. S. B. And this difficulty has deterred any and every Church of England Bishop from ordaining Mr. Lyne as priest. But it has not deterred Mr. Lyne from becoming a priest in a somewhat singular fashion.

A few years ago there happened to come to Llanthony a young and rising Bishop of some Eastern schismatic communion possessing, I believe, like most Oriental churches (separated from Rome, from the Greek Church, and from one another) valid orders. Ignatius, O. S. B., greatly wished to be a priest, as being in deacon's orders only, he was unable to do a great things which he desired to do. So the young prelate in question conferred priest's orders in the Abbot. This was, as Mr. Sqaers once remarked, a most delicate Anglican deacon in an Anglican diocese became at once a full-blown priest ordained by an intruding stranger who knew little about the Church of England, and about whom the Church of England knew and cared less. The Bishop of St. David's, in view of the fact that it was perhaps preferable to an Anglican Bishop's laying of hands, as the orders of the roving prelate are indubitable, whereas Anglican conferred orders would be regarded as, if not null and void, at least doubtful by every Christian body in the world except the Church of England herself. To Ignatius, O. S. B., who is in deacon's orders of the Church of England, this remark can hardly be deemed complimentary or consoling, and I am surprised at his allowing it to appear in print. In early life, however, my friend seem to have doubted not Anglican orders but Anglican baptisms, as, before he was ordained deacon, he took care to be conditionally baptized. A deacon of the Church of England, ignoring and ignored by his own Bishops, becomes a priest of some semi-barbarous schismatical and heretical sect, and belongs to two churches—not in communion with one another—at one and the same time. We may make a present of this episode to what good Catholic minded men, such as Lord Halifax or Mr. Spencer Jones, think of this confusion worse confounded, and to ask why the E. C. U., which made a dreadful row when a Protestant Archbishop of Dublin intruded upon the diocese of Toledo and consecrated Bishop Cabrera, did not protest against the arrogant and unwarrantable intrusion upon the diocese of St. David's detailed in the above lines?

In another part of the interesting life of the Monk of Llanthony we are gravely informed why he does not see his way to become (what he would call) a Roman Catholic. He agrees with a great deal of the teaching (and certainly imitates a great deal of the

practice) of the Church of Rome. This is most kind of him, and I am sure all the Pope's spiritual subjects must feel very much obliged to him. But he cannot stomach indulgences—which seems to me to be a case of sour grapes; he has his own views upon Purgatory, and as regards Papal Infallibility he is not disposed to believe that every Papal Edict derives inspiration from the Godhead. Nor am I, Nor is, so far as I am aware, any other Catholic. And if Ignatius, O. S. B., knows as much of other theological questions as he appears to do of Papal Infallibility, I think the Anglican Bishops were quite right in declining to ordain him a priest, and leaving him to remain a perpetual deacon.

Not many years ago a Catholic friend of mine happened to be pottering about in Holborn, and found himself in the neighborhood of St. Alban's Church; he entered and sat down, and enjoyed the excellent music, and admired the elaborate and careful ceremonial which accompanied some function then going on. But the effect left upon him was (he told me) one of painful unreality. Not, of course, to the officials or congregations, but to himself as an onlooker and outsider. It seemed, he said, like play acting. The same impression was produced upon me on reading the story of Ignatius, O. S. B., Monk of Llanthony. No one questions his sincerity, zeal, devotion, or the good he possibly does; but I see the same of General Booth, or of Mr. Campbell, of the City Temple, or of the monk who always nobody but himself, who is not recognized, qua monk, by his own Bishops, and who has to resort to some obscure foreign ecclesiastical order to obtain ordination, does not present an edifying spectacle, and his conduct seems to be subversive of all Church order, law and discipline. That Ignatius, O. S. B., is to a large extent Catholic-minded, I wish to believe, but a submission of will and intellect to an authority which he regards as Divine, is impossible. He can hardly regard the Anglican body as Divine, else why his recourse to some other body for ordination? And, to paraphrase Newman in his Letter to Pusey, the greatest compliment I can pay him is to say that he ought to be a Catholic, and the best salute I can offer on his behalf is that he may become one, even now when it is with him, as with me, "towards evening." (Rev.) GEORGE ANGLUS.

CATHOLIC TEMPERANCE REFORM.

A temperate, if not a total abstaining England, constitutes a problem which has long occupied the minds of practical politicians. Just now, when the Christian world celebrates the great religious festival with so much surrounding excess, it is not inappropriate to be reminded that the question of Temperance Reform is to the Catholic world pregnant with possibility and great responsibility.

A very able contribution to this consideration was provided at the recent Australian Catholic Congress by His Grace the Coadjutor Archbishop of Sydney, the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, who, viewing the ravages of drink, declares that "adequate means, rightly employed, will achieve, in all circumstances, complete success or at least proportionate success." Naturally enough—and there are multitudes outside the Catholic fold who will agree with him—the remedy from the Catholic point of view must be radical and mainly spiritual. His opinion is clearly in the direction of elevating the heart and soul of the Catholic enslaved abuse to a sacred appreciation of his manhood and the responsibilities of the individual citizen, so well enforced at a Catholic gathering a fortnight ago by President Rosevear. Legislation can certainly do a deal to control excess, but, as Dr. Kelly points out the question to the Catholic is one of morals. The wills of the erring must, he holds, be restored to temperance by the following means: "First, by the zeal of pastors; secondly, by voluntary abstinence; thirdly, by religious organization. . . . Let the people see in the light of the quality excess of the unscrupulous vendor, the scandal of encouraging or pressing others to drink, the necessity of shunning occasions and the fatal effects of strong drink upon womanhood and faith."

On the best and most suitable policy to be pursued regarding reform there will always remain room for difference. But there is no getting away from the substantial fact that England could well part with her confirmed drunkards, and do much more than has yet been accomplished to save the rising generation from the open pitfalls in our social organization.

In every part of the land the various societies connected with and directed by the Church should constitute the watch-towers aiding the clergy to save those in danger, for it must be kept in mind that the problem of rational temperance reform is one in which the laity can render much useful service.—London, England, Catholic News.

What's in a Name?

"A feeling of sadness creeps over the Catholic," says the Catholic Advance, "when he reads in a Kansas paper that Miss Braddy, a member of the Baptist Church, and Miss Conaway of the Presbyterian Church, are visiting Miss Mallonee, a member of the Episcopal 'communion' and that Mrs. Cassidee and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sullivan, devout members of the Christian church, are superintendents of the Sunday school. Don't say a word about mixed marriages."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Cathedral schools of Helensburgh, Scotland, were last given the highest Government grant in their history, namely, \$1,390.

All the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Canada have sent a collective letter to Cardinal Richard expressing their sympathy with the Church in France.

Pope Pius X. disapproves of the custom of using churches for the performance of oratorios, and has decreed to erect, at his own expense, a great concert hall in the centre of the city of Rome. The direction will probably be confided to the Abbe Perosi.

Deep interest has been aroused among Catholics and Americans resident in England by the announcement that Miss Evelyn Van Wart, granddaughter of the late Marshall O. Roberts of New York, has been converted to Catholicism and received into the Church.

The Pope on Tuesday received in private audience the Right Rev. J. C. McDonald, Bishop of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island; the Right Rev. Timothy Casey, Bishop of St. John, New Brunswick; and the Right Rev. Paul LaRoque, Bishop of Sherbrooke, Quebec.

An Apostolic Band has been formed in England, on about the same lines as the now well known Diocesan Band in the United States. Five of the English community (which is known under the title of Our Lady of Compassion) are converts, Father Maturin, Chase, Filmer, Grimes and Sharpe. The other two are Fathers Arentjisen and Vaughan.

Miss Mary Hasselbald, the Swedish-American convert, received the veil from the hands of Cardinal Macchi among the Brigittine nuns on Nov. 25. The ceremony was performed in the church of Santa Brigida, and there the nun will pass her life in strict enclosure. Pope Pius X. sent an autograph benediction to this, the first American member of the community.

There appears to be good authority for the statement that the betrothal of King Alfonso of Spain to Princess Marie Antoinette, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Duke Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, has been decided upon by their respective families, and will take place in February during the King's visit to Germany. The Kaiser is said not only to approve of the marriage but to have actually originated the plan. The young princess is a Catholic.

By the death of Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P., which occurred last week, the Dominican Order in London, Eng., has lost another distinguished member. The deceased priest was born in March, 1839, and was the son of H. W. Wilberforce, an Oxford Don, who was converted to the Catholic Church at the time of the Oxford Movement, and who was a personal intimate and friend of Cardinal Wiseman. Father Wilberforce was a nephew of the great Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, the Anglican Bishop of Winchester.

The Australian Catholic Congress passed the following resolution: "That this Congress, in the name of God and His Church, heartily welcomes the many results of sound scientific truth in our own age; and recognizes in all its triumphs the goodness of Almighty God. This Congress is assured that both theology and human science, when pursued with a single eye and in a reverent spirit, are intended in their several spheres to lighten the path of life for man, and in perfect harmony to reflect the glory of Almighty God."

There were over two thousand men in the church in Seranton, Pa., on the recent occasion of the Holy Name Society, and there were many others who could not obtain seats. But it was when the men began to sing that the spectacle became truly inspiring. The congregation itself was a study. There were men from all the walks of life represented. The day laborer brushed elbows with the business man, and the toiler in the mines sat side by side with the physician and the lawyer. All joined in the singing, and all were animated by a common purpose. Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., who was the speaker of the occasion, declared that it was beyond all question the finest gathering he ever witnessed. "I can hardly find words," said he, "to describe my sense of unbounded joy at this magnificent demonstration in honor of our common Saviour. This is surely an epoch making day in the history of this city." Father Pardow said that it is a splendid thing for men to assemble together so that they might realize that they were not alone in fighting the great battle for Christ. He then took up the spirit which should animate the members of the Holy Name Society.

A Profane Gentleman.

We recently sat next a man who in conversation with his companion interlarded his sentences with a most blasphemous expression, the profane use of the Sacred Name, before which the angels in heaven and the devils in hell bow. This man would have deemed himself insulted if told he was not a gentleman. And let it be confessed in an inexpressible shame that in religion he called himself a Catholic. A man may hope to gain by deceiving another. A drunkard or a glutton satisfy his appetite. But what profit or gratification can there be in swearing? Is a man wiser, more brave, more of a gentleman, more to be believed, or to be trusted, or is he more of a man because he swears. An old writer said: "Most sinners serve the devil for pay, but swears serve him gratis, whom he rewards by dragging down to hell."—Pittsburg Catholic.

gather they had... who were buried... (aging service... olate church. In... fathom the myst... against the walls... the singing then... listeners vowed... the voice of a Pa... every one know... From Bruges, s... sians removed... tery was suppl... the second half... tury; the last... manly, Prior... land, at Little... have been over... ago, showed the... Parkminster the... monastery of Sh... venerable relic... fore us as we r... wents the Infan... Lady and St. f... formed the coat... of Bethlehem... at Sheen, was... Bruges and to... when we persue... the history of... sians under H... nearly four hu... French brethren... British soil, th... were entering... heritage. Once more, white robes mo... English surrog... former monas... passed into his... St. Hugh's m... nistered, who... have regained... watered by the... brethren. Once a week... to take a look... this occasion, of... silence that... at other time... robes, former... eyes, the Car... sian lanes and... at first they... surprise has... sympathy. The... The French... their express... they do not... mode of life... toleration for... As we ta... seated unde... trees before... "Chartrouse... sally away, t... that separat... to the stat... sord, when... driven the... Bruno. We... chapels, the... late aspect... prayer," "I... of praise an... bered how a... a source of... moral, for... silent recoll... on hearts f... and we m... policy, the... lating men... government... indeed, like... and kill th... and blood... they are a... cruel in its... results. History... repeats its... hanted Eng... laymen, the... regions a... works and... same freed... It is, in... devotion o... this happ... progress... England... Spiritual... that sacri... prayer, an... proportion... tenth ce... way to the... tion of th... they were... interrupted... traditions... within th... tery, and... the same... that train... the Lon... Magazine... MANY A... People... all alone... cures for... look up... concern... We re... one of... herd to... and if y... and if y... the Pon... job, th... good s... ever tr... Patron... gain to... ful frie... and hel... source... is this... consid... You... as a... restore... given... where... and pe... nounce... shall n... but giv... sustain... Now... Saints... wars.

A MIDNIGHT CALL.

Miss Mary was sitting on her hat before the little blurred mirror in the kitchen. The sun shined in through the drawn green shades of the south windows, making speckled patches on the bright rag carpet, and the cat basked in a letter square of sunlight before the screen door. Out on the stonken steps of the back porch, faded blue a humped figure in checkered jeans, his shoulders hunched over, his elbows upon his knees, meditatively chewing and gazing into space. "Glory be to God, Hank!" cried Miss Mary, peering out at him. "Isn't it an awful thing? Every day alike to you and never your foot inside a church on Sunday!"

The man on the steps granted. "It's the sorry woman your poor old mother'd be if she had lived to see this day!" went on Miss Mary, a bright red spot showing on either faded cheek. "You that never goes to Mass and hasn't knoeled your knee to a priest in twenty years - her only son I wouldn't mind if you had a good safe job" - Miss Mary coughed and breathed sharply. "Glory be to God!" she cried again, raising her voice in anger to hide its quiver. "You won't go to Mass, and you don't know the hour God'll call you away without warning!"

"Tend to your own soul, Mary Ann, and don't mind me!" said the man, sulkily. "It's none too good you are yourself!" He got up, sideways, and shambled down the steps and into the backyard, out of hearing, where he stood smoking his shoulders still hunched up, one hand grasping and holding up the elbow of the hand that steadied the pipe in mouth. Miss Mary sighed and muttered in useless anger. She put on her worn silk mitts and took up her parasol. The cat stretched in the sun and followed her lazily to the front door.

"Good morning," she said, timidly, "going to Mass?" A gleam of sharp humor came into Miss Mary's eyes and her thin lips twitched; where else would she be going at this time of a Sunday morning? Then she frowned coldly, and her old face hardened. Miss Mary had a feeling of enmity toward the little dressmaker, and even her sense of humor would not let her unbend for an instant. "Good morning," she said. "Yes; I'm going to Mass."

The little dressmaker fell into step beside her. "I'm going, too," she said. "It's a real pleasant day, isn't it?" Very much the same scene had been enacted on this very corner every Sunday morning, rain, hail or shine for fifteen years now - ever since the little dressmaker had first come to Sayre and hung up her shingle on a cottage far from the house into which Hank and Miss Mary had moved, but a year or two before her coming. From her front window she could see Miss Mary leave her gate, and there, as Miss Mary suspected, the little dressmaker stood, Sunday after Sunday, gloved and bonneted, waiting for Miss Mary's appearance, when she had just time to meet her at the corner. Miss Mary had been frankly surprised that first Sunday morning; she had never dreamed of the cautious existence that was the only son of her mother, and she a widow, and he was a good son, for whom the farm life and Christian obedience and love for Kitty Klein made up the sum of a very happy life. The year passed in sunshine, and the light storms of youth; the crops prospered and brought rich returns, and Kitty Klein began to make her wedding-clothes. Antoinette Miss Mary's oldest sister, had married and gone to live in the city. They were glad that she was happy - and it made more room for the coming of Hank's wife. They got a new team and new farming implements, and Miss Mary and her mother bought new parlor furniture. Those were sunny days, and Hank's spirits ran high.

And then, troubles came, as sometimes happens - not singly, but in battalions. Ever afterwards Miss Mary turned from the memory of those days with bitter tears. Little Cassie, the youngest and best beloved of their home ones, sickened and died that spring. The doctors could do nothing to keep her on earth, and there were those who said that she was too good to live. Her loss was a blow to them all, and the widowed mother drooped. She was ill, too, during the summer, and the doctor's bills multiplied. That season a long period of drought was followed by incessant rains, and the crops were well-nigh ruined. Some of the cattle were visited with distemper, and died. Little wrinkles of trouble crept into Hank's face, and, never a patient fellow, he railed at their increasing ill-fortunes. The farm had to be mortgaged. The widow bowed her head to God's will and went out into the kitchen and the diary and the farmyard with Miss Mary - a thing she had not done in years. Hank, grown suddenly sober and preoccupied, repeated his nightly rosary with less and less fervor. Hank had to disturb him a matter more potent - to him - than the farm. He and Miss Kitty were to have been married that spring, but he had had to put it off. Miss Kitty, vivacious and self-willed as she was, was vexed. She pouted and sulked and flirted with former lovers. Hank's heart was sore. Until this time Hank had never touched liquor, and he had always been a good practical Catholic. No one can blame Miss Mary because she laid his fall from grace at Kitty Klein's feet. It was one Saturday night. It was late when he got home - so late that Miss Mary had fallen to sleep on the lounge while waiting for him, and if her eyes had not been half closed when she let him in, she might have noticed how wild and white was his face. He went upstairs without a word, and Miss Mary could hear him pacing up and down his room as she sank to slumber.

Sunday morning dawned clear and crisp, and Miss Mary and her mother were dressed and had breakfast laid, but no Hank came downstairs. At 10 o'clock the horses were not harnessed - and Miss Mary had gone out and fed them - and Mass was said five miles away. His mother went upstairs with a slow tread. Hank lay in bed with his eyes closed, his head pillowed on his arms. She called him, gently first, then sharply when he did not answer. He opened his eyes and looked at her. "Do you know what time it is?" she asked. "Yes," he said. "It's after 10." The widow's eyes opened wide with surprise. "Would you be late for Mass?" she cried. "I don't care, he said, sullenly, "I'm not going." The widow walked with a cane. She stood and stared at her son for one speechless second. Then she thumped her cane upon the floor. "Get up!" she thundered. "What ever the cause of this madness, you shall go to Mass while I live!" Hank got up and harnessed the horses and drove with them to Mass. Next day Kitty Klein went away on a visit, and on Tuesday Hank went on the first drunk of his life. Would to God that it had been the last!

Things went headlong to ruin then, despite his mother's and Miss Mary's efforts to keep up. When, in a month, a repentant and sobered Kitty came home to reclaim her lover, it was too late. That last quarrel had been the bitterest thing of Hank's life. He had run away from the scene of his unhappiness and was tramping the country, "looking for a job." The railroad invariably gets those rambling ones, and Hank became a switchman in the yards at Sayre. Something in the reckless risk of this life no doubt appealed to the man's weak misery. The following year the mortgage was foreclosed, and the widow died. Kitty Klein was there when she died. In spite of the coldness and disapproval with which they treated her, Kitty clung to these relatives of her lost lover. Hank had not reached her dying bed. Her fading old eyes sought bravely to outstare death until he should come. The priest stood by, the last sacraments having been administered, reverently reading the prayers for the dying. The widow's face was calm but for that one straining; she was ready and glad to meet her Maker. Her breath became more labored, and death dew gathered on her forehead. It was all too evident that she could not last until her son came. She sought Miss Mary's grief drawn face and turned from it to sobbing Kitty Klein. Her eyes said much, but they were softened and pitying. "Tell my son - I will - watch - over him," she said, and died.

Kitty Klein did not see Hank to deliver that message, for Hank would not see her. Even when she had followed them to Sayre after the death of her parents and a consequent change of fortunes, her one time lover so managed it that he never encountered her. Miss Mary, with all a woman's unforgiving pride, had little sympathy for poor Kitty in her lonely state, and for fifteen years Kitty had not been able to break through the wall of Miss Mary's cold disdain. Hank had not gone to Mass since his mother's death, and it was twenty years now since he had gone to his duty. Miss Mary's sad old face bore marks of the heart-sick worry which this had caused her. Every prayer and act of her life was wholly for his redemption. It was the one boon that she craved from God. "If nothing more, let it be the grace of a happy death, dear God," she prayed again and again.

Hank knew that she was incessantly praying for him. Sometimes he scoffed at her. The railroad had hardened him until he was a bit of unreasoning mechanism. He had drunk until he thought that he could not live without it, and he had lost all pride in his personal appearance. At forty, Hank was unbelievably changed from the gay, handsome, healthy youth whom Kitty Klein had first loved. To day Miss Mary was even shorter than usual in her replies to the little dressmaker. There had been a big smash up in the freight-yards the night before, and some one had been killed. It hurt Miss Mary to think of it. Dear God, how near Hank was to death every night of his life! And his soul - ah! that was the worst of it!

An old white haired lady in faultless widow's weeds was going into church just ahead of them. She walked with a cane, which she hit upon the ground, determinedly, as she walked. Miss Mary and the little dressmaker exchanged a sudden glance; the same thought had come to both of them. "How like -" Kitty Klein began, impulsively. Miss Mary's mouth set hard, with a click. She turned from her companion and swept into the church, her cheeks burning with resentment, her eyes bright with sudden tears. The little dressmaker could not catch

up with her after Mass. Miss Mary could not bear to see Kitty just then.

It was that very week that Hank was to lay off and did not. There was no good reason for his postponing this desired vacation. The hand of God guided our acts. The little dressmaker was making a bride's dress, and she had sat up late into the night to finish it. It had been very not all day and evening, and the big kerosene lamp in her room had drawn added heat and many flies. These buzzed around her now and made her nervous with their droning noise. The clock ticked monotonously and the heavy night breeze blew the window curtains at her back with a rubbing, rattling sound. Off in the freight-yards the engines shrieked and clanged their bells, and the switching cars came together with intermittent crashes. She snivelled at each new crash and patted down with caressing fingers a fold of the wedding gown. She had wept many bitter tears. The memory of her own wedding gown folded away in lavender blossoms lived very dear to her heart.

Kitty Klein was not a brave woman. She was a timid one, and now, as she sat alone at night, she had barricaded her opened window with a curious arrangement of chairs to thwart any intruder's attempts to enter. She blessed herself when a belated wayfarer's step passed along the broad walk beneath her windows, and she breathed more freely when it had echoed away into the distance. The hollow ring of the clock made her heart quicken; and when suddenly, without a warning step, a knock sounded at her door, fear seemed to drive the breath from her body. She crushed her hands into the wedding-gown and sat, unable to stir. The clock said 3.30. Who could it be at this unearthly hour?

The knock sounded again, impatiently. It was a light, feeble knock, like a child's. "Who's there?" she called. She stood up, grasping the table, and her knees shook her whole body. There was no answer. "Who's there?" she called again. The knock was repeated and pro longed with feeble strength. Kitty grasped the scissors in her right hand and the lamp in her left and went to the door. She unlocked it with trembling fingers, and opening it cautiously, with her light held up, peered out into the porch. The night was without moon or star, an inky blackness. A small, thin boy stood in the porch. He had on overalls with a bib over the shoulders and a pair of little bare arms. His hat was tattered around his face. He was unmistakably a railroad's child, but the little dressmaker did not seem to recognize him. "What do you want?" she exclaimed. "There's a man been hurt under the big bridge, and he wants the priest," the child piped. "I seen your light, and I'm afraid to go alone."

"You poor darling!" cried Kitty. "I'll go right along with you!" She turned and hurried back into the room, searching down the light as she went. She set it on the table and ran back to the door, just as she was, without waiting to throw a wrap over her perspiring shoulders. The dying light of her lamp shone into the porch and showed it empty. She called to the child and ran to the gate, but she could not see him. Fear choked her. The freight cars in the yard just then came together with a mighty crash, and somewhere a yardman yelled an order. His voice was terrible in the night air. It seemed to give wings to Kitty's feet. The child had said that a man had been injured under the big bridge and that he wanted a priest. She tore open the gate and ran out over the uneven board walk. At the corner she turned toward the church.

She had been running some minutes before she heard the footsteps beside her. She turned and she felt that she was running with her, but she could see no one. She looked over her shoulder and ran faster. She was no longer a young girl nor lithe, but fear spurred her onward. In a little while she knew that footsteps persistently kept beside her, and before she reached the corner she heard the labored breathing of a spent runner at her right. The little dressmaker fell up the parochial steps and pounded upon the door. "Father, Father, Porsch!" she cried, "a man is dying in the yards and wants you!" The good priest had put his head out of the upper window. "Why, why, Miss Kitty!" he cried, "I'll be with you in a moment."

Kitty threw herself about, her back against the door panels, and peered into the darkness. She called, but no one answered her. She could see no human thing. "I must be going crazy!" thought the little dressmaker. The priest joined her in an incredibly short time, and they started back toward the yards on a run. "Who is it that is hurt, my child?" he asked. "Oh, I don't know, Father!" she cried. "A child came to the door and told me that a man has been hurt under the big bridge and that he wanted a priest, and when I stepped out to come with him to get you the child was gone!" The priest looked at her strangely. He took her arm to aid her tired steps, for somehow it seemed quite natural to both of them that she should be going with the man of God on this strange night mission.

And now again as she ran, on her other side, the little dressmaker heard a third person running, a little ahead of them this time, as if guided and urging them onward. She would if the priest heard the footsteps, too. His face was white and strained, and his brows were knitted. The uneven boards trembled beneath their feet, and now and then a dog barked at them. Down the main street they sped and turned down the black, bush-lined path

that led beneath the great bridge. Lights were moving about on the ground before them, and there was a curiously hushed confusion all about. Kitty's throbbing heart grew suddenly still with choking horror. She had remembered all at once that Hank's shanty was here, beneath the great bridge.

An engine was snorting at the brink of the ditch beneath the bridge and beside it, a man was upon his knees holding the head of a prostrate comrade. "It's poor old Hank Murphy," a grimy fellow told the little dress maker, kindly, surprise at seeing her stamped upon the shining black face. "The engine just struck him backing up." "Just struck him!" cried Kitty. "Not a minute ago," said the man. "We all saw it, but we hadn't time to do a thing!"

The men gathered back, respectfully, toward Kitty and the shanty and for the first time in twenty years, Hank was alone with a confessor. Miss Mary's prayers were answered in God's own way. "Didn't you send a little boy for the priest?" persisted Kitty dazedly. "He was just hit," the men repeated, staring at her. "Blue Pete struck out in a minute for the doctor and Hank's sister, but he ain't had time to get back yet."

"Hit just now," the dressmaker repeated to herself, as though awakening from a dream, "hit just now!" Then, somewhere on the night breeze behind her, a voice floated to her ear: "Tell my son -" It said, "I will - watch - over him." When Miss Mary, awakened by the kindhearted railroad, came stumbling down to the tracks, a wrapper thrown carelessly over her nightdress and opened at her shrivelled neck, and her sparse gray hair straggling about a wild face, the doctor was already bending over Hank. The priest was beside him, too, kneeling in the cinders, praying as only a priest can pray. The men had brought up the stretcher. Miss Mary brushed against it as she rushed forward. "O my God!" she shrieked and threw out her old hands to Hank. The doctor put her aside roughly. "Hurry, boys, the stretcher!" he cried, in a strange, ringing voice, "and get this man to my office as quick as you can! It looks like only a few ribs broken -" He stopped and checked, nervously; he was a soft-headed man. "It's not often, boys, an engine strikes a man and lets him live to tell the tale!"

The men picked up the stretcher with unspeakable relief writing on their rough faces, and Hank was borne away, groaning a little, but with such a look upon his face as is had not worn in twenty years. The priest followed them. "By God!" cried the remaining switchman, in his rough, coarse way that meant so much less because it was but part of the iron boss life that he led. "I believe that Hank ain't done for yet, Miss Mary! An' I dunno what saved him!"

Miss Mary stumbled away from the track. The little dressmaker rose up from the darkness and confronted her. "I went after the priest, Mary!" she cried. "Your mother came to the door with a little boy and sent me after the priest! I couldn't see her, but I saw the child, and I heard her running beside me all the way, and I could hear her breathe! Oh! Mary, Hank's been to confession and he is dead!"

Miss Mary shook her head in dumb bewilderment and mumbled wildly. Her breath gurgled in her throat, her eyes were dry and staring, and a feverish red had crept into her blanched cheeks. She stumbled past and up the black, bush-lined path, looking straight ahead and Kitty Klein followed her weeping hysterically now. Once she looked down and saw that Miss Mary's feet were bare and bleeding from the shanty cinders. At the doctor's steps they met a man coming out. "The ribs on his right side and his right leg are broken," he said to Miss Mary in a kind of awe-struck voice; the railroad didn't often leave its victims thus. "They're going" to set the leg now, and then the doctor says he can be carried straight home."

Miss Mary answered him, incoherently, an uncomprehending look of fear upon her wild face. Kitty had her own shoes off and was upon her knees, forcing them on Miss Mary's bare feet. "I'll go right home for you and get his bed ready," the little dressmaker was saying. "You go in and hold his hand while they set his leg. Poor old Hank!" she added, wistfully. Miss Mary turned upon her, fiercely. "I guess I can get his bed ready myself!" she choked. She stood looking down at the little woman kneeling at her feet. The wild look went slowly from her face. "And Hank ain't killed?" she murmured dazedly. The little dressmaker sobbed anew. "Ain't God good!" she cried. Miss Mary stooped and lifted the little dressmaker to her feet. "I wouldn't have hysterics!" she said in her old sharp way. "Go on and hold his hand yourself!"

She gave Kitty Klein a gentle push toward the doctor's door; the years had dimly pulled away. And Kitty Klein went into the doctor's office, her pale, faded face all pretty with a new light. Hank would live and the past was past. The men turned curious eyes upon her. They didn't know, but that didn't matter. She went to Hank, and he put out his hand to her. Outside, Miss Mary was hurrying home to get things ready for the coming of Hank. Her face had not held a look like this for many years. - Jerome Harte, in Benziger's Magazine.

THE CARTHUSIANS IN ENGLAND

BY COUNTESS DE COUBRON. A few months ago we had the good fortune to visit the fine monastery where a certain number of exiled French Carthusians have found a home. When we say "visit," we mean that while the gentlemen of our party freely explored the interior of the building, we, who belong to the "devout female sex," were made welcome at the comfortable little hostelry that stands outside the precincts of the cloister.

The country where the exiles from France have pitched their tent is in the fairest part of Sussex, an undulating, wooded, park-like district, which, when we saw it on a cloudless June day, presented an image of peace and prosperity. Cottages buried in flowering crocuses, hedge-rows bright and fragrant with clustering wild roses, emerald-green meadows, and, in the far distance, the breezy uplands of the Sussex Downs made up an ideal picture of English rural life.

The Parkminster property upon which the Carthusians have bought their monastery was bought in 1874, nearly thirty years ago, by the French Community of "La Grande Chartreuse," in Dauphine. Their object in acquiring this large estate was twofold: they wished to provide a refuge for themselves and their continental brethren in case of emergency, and, also, by founding a Carthusian monastery on English soil, to pick up the broken threads of a glorious tradition - threads that had been roughly severed by the so-called Reformation.

The Parkminster estate belonged to an Englishman, Mr. Boxhall, who, after building a country house on the property, made up his mind to sell it - a fact of which the French Carthusians were informed by a priest whose parish lay close to Parkminster. Three of the Fathers, dressed as laymen, came over to Axholme, visited the property and decided to buy it on behalf of their community. One of these was an ex-Lusitan General, Baron Nicolai. When he signed the final agreement as to the sale, he gave as his place of residence, La Grande Chartreuse.

"Do you, then, live in a village near the Chartreuse?" inquired Mr. Boxhall, a prejudiced Protestant. "No, indeed," was the reply, "I live in the monastery itself." "You are a monk!" was the horrified exclamation. "Had I known this I would not have consented to sell my property to you!" In the end, however, Mr. Boxhall, upon becoming more closely acquainted with the newcomers, felt his prejudices melt away, and the past and present owners of Parkminster lived on cordial terms with each other.

As may be expected, the exiled French religious were peculiarly interested in the monastery that, after nearly four hundred years, they have been permitted by Providence to restore the Order of St. Bruno on English ground. Until that fatal hour when Henry VIII dissolved the monasteries that covered the ancient Isle of Saints, the English Carthusians were deservedly popular and flourishing. They possessed, altogether, nine monasteries: Coventry, Sheen, London, Witham and Axholme, and seem to have been, as a rule, excellent religious.

The London Charterhouse of the "Salutation of the Most Holy Mother of God" was a perfect example of a fervent community. Father Maurice Chauncey, who eventually sought refuge abroad with some of his brethren, belonged to the London Charterhouse, and has left what Froude calls "a loving, lingering picture of his cloister life." The same writer, who cannot be charged with an undue partiality for Catholics, acknowledges that monastic traditions in their best and highest form were firmly implanted among the London Carthusians: "St. Bede or St. Cuthbert might have found himself in the house of the London Charterhouse, and he would have had few questions to ask and no duties to learn or to unlearn."

A thousand years of the world's history had rolled by, and these lonely islands of prayer had remained still anchored in the stream, the strand of the ropes which held them wearing now to a thread and very near their last parting, but still unbroken. The Prior of the London monastery was John Houghton, a man of good birth and education, dignified in appearance, whose unusually holy life was the fitting, though unconscious preparation for a martyr's death. Chauncey, in his history of the last days of the Charterhouse, tells us that the "Gloves of Fire" and other alarming signs of which Chauncey speaks were really supernatural manifestations, or merely hallucinations caused by extreme mental tension, it is certain that a general feeling of anxiety prevailed, and even the Carthusians, although cut off from worldly affairs and interests, felt that danger was ahead. By degrees, they were brought face to face with the evil that for some time past had threatened the Catholic Church in England.

restriction: "So much as the law of God doth permit," but there his concessions were at an end; his loyalty to the Church was now at stake, and the path of duty lay clear and straight before him. With the penetration of a singularly holy soul, he realized that this path led to a violent death, and in his exhortations to his brethren he strove to prepare them for the fate that awaited the community. Froude, a prejudiced Protestant, owns that "with unobtrusive nobleness did these poor men prepare themselves for their end. There is no cause for which any man can more nobly suffer than to witness that it is better for him to die than to speak words that he does not mean."

At the command of their Prior, the monks celebrated a solemn "triduum," or three days' prayer, which was closed by a High Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost. Chauncey tells us that during the Mass a "whisper of air" passed through the chapel, followed by the unearthly echo of "a sweet, soft sound of music. We all remained stupefied," he adds, "hearing the melody, but knowing neither whence it came, nor whither it went."

In April, 1535, Prior Houghton was arrested and removed to the Tower, together with two other Carthusian Priors who had come to seek his advice as to the line of conduct they must pursue: Robert Laurence, Prior of Beaulieu, and Augustine Webster, of Axholme. The three were tried before the court of Westminster, found guilty of high treason because they rejected the King's spiritual jurisdiction, and condemned to the hideous butchery which, at that time, was the punishment of treason.

On the 4th of May, they were led forth to die, and from the window of his cell Blessed Thomas More, a prisoner for the same cause, wistfully looked after the little group: "See, Meg," he said to his daughter, "these blessed Fathers going as cheerfully to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage." Clad in their snow-white robes, calm and collected, the three Priors, accompanied by a Bridgettine monk and a secular priest, who shared their fate, lay down on the hurdles that were to draw them to Tyburn. The journey lasted three hours, during which - the procession having stopped - a brave woman, another Veronica, devoutly knelt by the martyrs; whose heads almost touched the ground, and wiped off the dirt and dust that covered their faces.

A pardon was offered to each as they mounted the scaffold, if, even then, they consented to yield, but the five finally refused, and Prior Houghton, in clear voice, explained to the assembled multitude why they declined to obey the King: it was neither from "malice nor rebellion," but simply "because their consciences" forbade them to do so. Within the Parkminster monastery, there are, we are told, large pictures, terribly realistic in character, that represent the execution of the three Carthusian Priors, but however painful they may appear, these paintings do not in any way, exaggerate the horror of the ghastly butchery that went on under the eyes of King Henry's courtiers, who were present at the scene.

It was even reported that the royal Mount Grace, Hull, Epsworth, Beaulieu, Coventry, Sheen, London, Witham and Axholme, and seem to have been, as a rule, excellent religious. A more lingering agony awaited some of the martyrs' remaining brethren. Three of the chief members of the community were executed at Tyburn in the June that followed Prior Houghton's death, but nine others, among whom were six lay brothers, perished of starvation and misery in the dungeons of Newgate. They were chained upright against the wall, unable to use their hands, and left thus to drop off, one after another, from weakness and want. A touching incident is related of these brave confessors; during a few days, Margaret Clement, the adopted daughter of Mr. Thomas More, succeeded, by bribing the jailer, in entering their prison; going from one to the other, she fed them by putting bread and meat into their mouths, and then cleaned the dungeons as best she could.

Unfortunately the King having expressed surprise that the prisoners were still alive, the jailer became alarmed for his own safety; and refused to allow Margaret to continue her charitable ministrations. Many years later, at Malines, in Belgium, Margaret Clement, who had "Red beyond the seas" to practice her religion in peace, lay on her death-bed surrounded by her confessor, her husband and her children. Suddenly, her eyes brightened, her lips moved, and, as she gazed at her invisible object, her whole countenance expressed unutterable joy. Around her bed she explained, stood the Carthusians whom she had last seen in the darkness and filth of their London prison; mindful of her charity, they had come to take her home and, smilingly bowing her head, she obeyed their summons.

The story of the Carthusians who survived if less tragic, is scarcely less pathetic: they were kept close prisoners in their own Charterhouse, deprived of their books, and treated with such severity that some of them, worn out by cruel privation, consented to take the oath. When Queen Mary ascended the throne and the Catholic faith was restored, the monks belonging to the different Carthusian monasteries so ruthlessly destroyed by Henry VIII, assembled at Sheen, and chose as their Prior Maurice Chauncey, who, although he had in a moment of weakness taken the oath, afterwards bitterly repented and appears to have been in other respects an exemplary religious. Upon the accession of Elizabeth they were again forced to leave their home, and they retired to Bruges, where they lived in community. Prior Chauncey died in Paris, in 1581, and Roger Thomson, the last of the old monks who made their novitiate in England, died a year later. A well-known English Catholic of the day, Sir Francis Knollys, who frequently visited the English Carthusians at Bruges, related to them the following curious tale. Some of his tenants, who lived near the old monastery at Sheen, assured him that for nine nights to-

gather they had... who were buried... (aging service... olate church. In... fathom the myst... against the walls... the singing then... listeners vowed... the voice of a Pa... every one know... From Bruges, s... sians removed... tery was suppl... the second half... tury; the last... manly, Prior... land, at Little... have been over... ago, showed the... Parkminster the... monastery of Sh... venerable relic... fore us as we r... wents the Infan... Lady and St. f... formed the coat... of Bethlehem... at Sheen, was... Bruges and to... when we persue... the history of... sians under H... nearly four hu... French brethren... British soil, th... were entering... heritage. Once more, white robes mo... English surrog... former monas... passed into his... St. Hugh's m... nistered, who... have regained... watered by the... brethren. Once a week... to take a look... this occasion, of... silence that... at other time... robes, former... eyes, the Car... sian lanes and... at first they... surprise has... sympathy. The... The French... their express... they do not... mode of life... toleration for... As we ta... seated unde... trees before... "Chartrouse... sally away, t... that separat... to the stat... sord, when... driven the... Bruno. We... chapels, the... late aspect... prayer," "I... of praise an... bered how a... a source of... moral, for... silent recoll... on hearts f... and we m... policy, the... lating men... government... indeed, like... and kill th... and blood... they are a... cruel in its... results. History... repeats its... hanted Eng... laymen, the... regions a... works and... same freed... It is, in... devotion o... this happ... progress... England... Spiritual... that sacri... prayer, an... proportion... tenth ce... way to the... tion of th... they were... interrupted... traditions... within th... tery, and... the same... that train... the Lon... Magazine... MANY A... People... all alone... cures for... look up... concern... We re... one of... herd to... and if y... and if y... the Pon... job, th... good s... ever tr... Patron... gain to... ful frie... and hel... source... is this... consid... You... as a... restore... given... where... and pe... nounce... shall n... but giv... sustain... Now... Saints... wars.

21, 1905.

gether they had heard the dead monks who were buried in the churchyard.

From Bruges, the English Carthusians removed to Ninport, where they remained till their monasteries were suppressed by Joseph II.

Once more, after a long break, their white robes moved freely to and fro in English surroundings, and though their former monasteries have long since passed into alien hands, the high spire of St. Hugh's noble building at Parkminster proclaims the fact that they have regained a footing in the land watered by the blood of their martyred brethren.

Once a week their rules allow them to take a long walk together, and on this occasion, to break through the rule of silence that so severely binds them at other times.

The French religious are loud in their expressions of good-will towards their Protestant neighbors, who, if they do not always understand their mode of life, are full of broad-minded toleration for the foreign exiles.

History, it has justly been observed, repeats itself: four centuries ago the English Catholics, priests and monks, fled across the seas in search of religious freedom; to-day, the exiled monks and nuns from France seek the same freedom on British soil.

It is, in great measure, to the self-devotion of our martyrs that we owe this happy charge, and the splendid progress of the Catholic Church in England within the last few years.

YOUR PATRON SAINT.

MANY ARE UNAQUAINTED WITH THEIR HEAVENLY GUARDIAN. People sometimes say that they are all alone in the world and that "nobody cares for them."

You know that Heaven is described to us as a place where good names shall be restored, where good names shall be given back to those who had lost it, and given honor and renown, and influence and power, which were willingly renounced on earth for Christ's sake.

Now there is one thing that the Saints, from our Blessed Lady down to the lowliest, shunned more than anything

else, and that was what we call darning anybody. They never would be patroned. Someone once said to St. Philip that the Oratory that he had founded, was doing a good work.

But now, all is altered. It is God's will that they should be patrons, that they should have power over the nations and rule cities. And when God places anyone in a position He gives them the grace and the desires which fit that office.

Are you obliged to earn your daily bread by the toil of your hands? So was St. Isidore. Can he not feel for you, who worked all his life so hard to keep himself and his wife?

Are you a servant girl? Look at St. Zita scrubbing as you scrub, getting up early in the morning, as you get up, receiving reproaches which were not deserved, as you sometimes receive.

Again, "all the Saints ended well, but they did not all begin well." Look at St. Mary Magdalene and St. Margaret of Cortona. Are they indifferent to the struggles and falls of those they were once so like on earth?

Have you a bad temper? Do you suppose St. Francis of Sales cannot feel for you, who fought his bad temper down, and became the sweetest Saint in the Calendar?

Difficulties in prayer? Has not St. Teresa something to say to that, who could not pray for years, and then became the greatest teacher of prayer the world has ever seen?

No—the Saints have entered into their Master's Life, and like Him are the very people they were on earth, and are the same "yesterday, to-day and forever." But perhaps you will say, "I really don't know what Saint to choose. I know so little about them."

Well—first, God has chosen for you. He has given you your "name" Saint. The name of your baptism and the name of your confirmation. Have you made of this maintenance of the heavenly guardians? Have you read their lives, talked to them, tried to imitate them?

Poor St. John! Poor St. Catherine! Many a John and many a Catherine have lived, and struggled, and sinned, and repented, and wept, and laughed, and then died, and, thank God, were saved, but missed all the help and sympathy they might have had on earth, and the higher place in Heaven in consequence, because they never thought of the friends who were bending from their thrones, and longing for their love!

And then, are you not very lonely? Perhaps you are poor, alas! the poor have not many friends,—or are you old, and have outlived your friends? The Blessed Saints love the poor and never grow old.

Then, secondly, do not your own life, difficulties, temptations, sex, position, point to a choice? Ask your confessor to help you, if you are really undecided, and cannot think of one, and if your name Saints do not interest you.

IMITATION OF CHRIST

HOW A DESOLATE PERSON OUGHT TO OFFER HIMSELF INTO THE HANDS OF GOD. Behold dear Father, I am in Thy hands: I bow myself down under the rod of Thy correction.

Make me a pious and humble disciple of Thine, as Thou wert wont well to do, that I may walk with Thy every beck.

To thee I commit myself, and all that is mine, to be corrected by Thee; it is better to be chastised here than hereafter.

Thou knowest everything, and there is nothing in man's conscience hidden from Thee.

Thou knowest things to come, before they are done; and Thou hast no need to be taught or admonished by any one of those things that pass upon earth.

ITS POWER GROWS WITH AGE.—How many in childhood are seized as paralytics for all human life have come and gone since the Thymus, Electric Oil was put upon the Thymus.

Cucumbers and melons are forbidden fruit to many persons, so that if they eat them they are followed by attacks of colic, cholera, dysentery, griping, etc.

Now there is one thing that the Saints, from our Blessed Lady down to the lowliest, shunned more than anything

SACRAMENT OF HOLY ORDER.

Holy Order is a sacrament by means of which power is granted the ministers of God's Church to perform their holy offices and also grace to do them well. Therefore, it is a sacrament ordained by God for the well-governance of His Church.

In the new order all spiritual power is derived from Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. For the perpetuation of His mission on earth He established a Church and instituted the sacrament of Holy Order, transmitting spiritual power to His Apostles that they might ordain Bishops and priests to succeed them and carry on the work.

There are seven degrees in Holy Order by which one proceeds to the priesthood. The occasion will not permit us to treat of them at the present time. Later on we shall review them in detail.

From this brief review of the sacrament three lessons may be readily drawn. First, the grave duty resting on us to honor and respect our spiritual superiors; secondly, to obey them, and finally to assist them in every possible way in our power.

Not one of us but journeys from Jerusalem to Jericho and so on by the roadside some one stripped and wounded. In a way, that is the common journey from day to day. The number of those we meet who need help and care would prove this, if nothing else did.

ODIOUS COMPARISONS.

Lincoln, Mazzini, Lumsden, Living the thing that others pray: Cromwell, St. Francis and the rest, These are the sons of sacred flame, Their bones in the secret name: The consorts of souls supreme, The consorts of the mighty Deam.

The foregoing is an extract from a Thanksgiving poem by the author of "The Man with the Hoe." Here is seen again that ineptness of mental vision which perceives in the marks of laborious toil in the French peasant the symptoms of a debasement, whereas no existence save in the subjectiveness of a morbid imagination. Think of it: St. Francis, Mazzini and Cromwell! By what distortion of reasoning could such names be placed in the one record? The man of the dagger, the butcher whose hands were imbrued in the blood of women and children praying at the foot of the Cross!

Attilion mellow the heart and opens it toward humanity, makes us more gentle, more charitable, more forgiving, more patient, with other men's feelings.—Rev. Dr. Bristol.

Every to-morrow has two handles. You can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or by the handle of faith. Don't you see that it makes a great difference in the comfort of to-day, how you "take hold" of to-morrow? There is a handle of faith; do let us take that.

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A 50c. Bottle of Ligozone and Give it to You to Try.

You want to know about Ligozone, and the product itself can tell you more than we. So we ask you to let us buy you a bottle—a full-sized bottle—to try. Let it prove that it does what medicine cannot do. See what a tonic it is. Learn that it does kill germs. Then you will use it always, as we do, and as millions of others do.

We Paid \$100,000

For the American rights to Ligozone. We did this after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, after proving in thousands of different cases, that Ligozone destroys the cause of any germ disease.

Loyalty.

"Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth." My King and my Leader, put into my heart so strong a love of You, that I may be eager to follow You everywhere, even to pain and shame. Let the reproach that was flung at Peter be my glory. Let my highest ambition here be "Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth."—Mother M. Loyola.

Not one of us but journeys from Jerusalem to Jericho and so on by the roadside some one stripped and wounded. In a way, that is the common journey from day to day. The number of those we meet who need help and care would prove this, if nothing else did.

"SAVED MY LIFE"

—That's what a prominent druggist said of Scott's Emulsion a short time ago. As a rule we don't use or refer to testimonials in addressing the public, but the above remark and similar expressions are made so often in connection with Scott's Emulsion that they are worthy of occasional note.

SCOTT'S BOWNE Chemists Toronto, Ont. 50c. and \$1; all druggists.

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hilating, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we put it on every bottle an offer of \$1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetable; and Ligozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetable matter.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Ligozone attacks the germs wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

Loyalty.

"Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth." My King and my Leader, put into my heart so strong a love of You, that I may be eager to follow You everywhere, even to pain and shame. Let the reproach that was flung at Peter be my glory. Let my highest ambition here be "Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth."—Mother M. Loyola.

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50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Ligozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-sized bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift made to convince you; to show you what Ligozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

For this trial, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-sized bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift made to convince you; to show you what Ligozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, Dec. 19, 1904. 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.

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

Blessing you and wishing you success. Believe me to remain, Yours faithfully, J. D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Ottawa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 21, 1905.

TO STAY AT HOME IS BEST.

Now and then we read reports of the Canadians who have reaped dollars and fame in the fields across the border.

These stories have a certain interest for all. For the old they revive memories of the days when they too set out to conquer the world, and to the young they are as fascinating as any tale that ever came from a writer.

But the young see but endeavor crowned with success. They notice not the long and toilsome preparation for it; the rebuffs and difficulties and obstacles, in waiting and disappointments, the self-sacrifice and grit before it was achieved.

They forget there are hundreds of Canadians in the great centres of the neighboring republic who are never far from starvation. They forget that for the one picture that alleges them statewards there are hundreds of others of sombre hue wrought out of the misery of the toment herders who slave for a pittance and for whom the future holds nothing.

Better far for a young man to stop where he is known than to go forth to the stranger. Liberty he has, far more indeed than would be his portion across the border. Opportunities are his for the making; and he can count upon sympathy, which is unknown among the scramblers for a living.

That a high wage is the reward of the competent is true. But for every remunerative position there are a hundred applicants, and the successful one will not be an unknown Canadian. That the city is yearning for the services of the talented and energetic does well enough in fiction. But the fact is that such glut the market.

They come from all quarters of the earth. They live and starve anywhere, and accept at last any kind of employment, if haply it be offered them. We have it on good authority that the Canadian who, armed with a certificate of character, sallies out to seek his fortune among the alien, is courting failure. He may succeed, but the probability is that he will live to haunt the free lunch-counter.

The story of the penniless stranger who always finds a good Samaritan to give him a foothold, or of the energetic youth who blazes a way through all manner of opposition, is overdone. The Samaritans have enough troubles of their own without seeking a new brand. He is not usually on hand to welcome the newcomer and, due to experience perchance, not unduly anxious about befriending the stranger. The energetic will find themselves among the army of the energetic, and will discover before many moons for what a poor price they bartered the peace and content of home.

TAUDRY RHETORIC.

We believe the exodus of Canadians is due in some measure to the mouth-artists who descend on the greatness of the States and laud them as the worst field for the display of enthusiasm and ability. Taudry rhetoric every bit of it. Bishop Spalding says that American capital is fast becoming the most inhuman, the most iniquitous tyrant the world has ever known; that the greed of Americans, their superstitious belief in money as the only true god and savior of man, hurries them on with increasing speed into all the venalities, dishonesties and corruptions, into all the tricks and trusts by which the people are disheartened and impoverished.

THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY.

Canada has no dearth of opportunities. Catholics here enjoy more liberty than their brethren across the border.

Americans dilate on their liberty, and compare it, much to their advantage, with that enjoyed by the natives of other countries, but it is merely an exhibition of loquacity. It has little foundation on fact.

LAY ACTIVITY.

Despite the letters referred to a few weeks ago we have seen but little evidence of lay activity. The old guard, however, is still at its post. By this we mean the devout layman who gives a responsive ear to every service in the Sunday school and parochial work.

The others—and there are many of them—may wake up and astonish us by joining the workers.

DEVELOPED BY WORK.

The present day child is, judging from the amount of attention given it, a wonderful piece of mechanism. The pedagogical eye scrutinizes it carefully to see how it should be managed.

We have learned dissertations about it and copious advice as to how to enable it to move along smoothly. Coddled and pampered in the schoolroom, allowed to make a fool of itself at entertainments for charitable purposes, it is, when it ought to be running on schedule time, generally side-tracked in a sleepy hol low of laziness and good-for-nothingness.

It may be a poem in motion in the school-room, but in the cold world, where the road bed is not always of the best, its machinery must also be in working order to make any kind of a runner. And this machinery is the thinking and judging ability. These are developed by work and not by coddling.

The school-masters of long ago taught that effort was a condition of mental development, and the pedagogue of to-day will do well to be guided by their counsel in this matter.

COURAGEOUS WORDS OF A FRENCH BISHOP.

Bishop Touchet of Orleans, France, spoke nobly at the recent closing session of the Lille Conference of the Catholics of Northern France, and the spirit of his audience was raised to the highest enthusiasm by them. He addressed them on the Concordat, showing that this agreement between Napoleon I. and the Pope had been faithfully observed by the Pope throughout the troubles under Pope Leo XIII. and Pius X., and the governments of Premiers Weldeck Rousseau and Combes, but that these Premiers had grossly violated it.

They had endeavored to force the Popes mentioned into some violation of the Concordat by their harsh and persecuting measures, that they might have some excuse for the violence with which they acted towards the religious orders of France, but they had not succeeded, and the burden was thrown upon them of violating a solemn compact which should have been kept faithfully by both parties, until it should have been dissolved by mutual agreement.

Monsieur Touchet said: "We are Catholics, and we are citizens. We are resolved to have our rights under both aspects. If our enemies do us an injustice, we will give them neither rest nor peace till they have with drawn it. If they refuse us liberty, we will seize it. Catholic Ireland had an O'Connell. Catholic Germany had a Windthorst. Catholic France will produce heroes also who will marshal us under his banner and lead us against the foe. The people will follow him. The priests will be at their side; and I swear it by the cross I bear and the union I have received, Bishops will not be absent from the fray. The French Church will stand together, shoulder to shoulder, in the coming battle."

The Bishop is known to be a man of courage and determination, and it cannot be doubted that he knows thoroughly the people of his district, which is in the department of the Loire, and is near to Paris itself, which is the key to French opinion. We have no doubt that he feels confident that, with an able leader of good parliamentary experience, the departments on the Seine and Loire could be won back to the Catholic cause, and that France itself would follow the lead, but we must say with regret that a leader suited to bring the Catholic forces of France to victory seems to be very difficult to be found.

We have never hesitated in our belief that a bold and determined leader could bring victory to religion in France in a fair contest between the Catholic and infidel forces, but we are forced to admit that such victory has been delayed much longer than we thought would be the case. A few men, however, animated with Monsieur Touchet's vigor, would rouse the Catholic spirit of France, and drive off that apathy which seems to have enveloped the Catholics of the Re-

public as in the fumes of some narcotic which has deprived them of energy. Let us hope that Monsieur Touchet's words will rouse them to action, and restore France to its position as the eldest and most vigorous child of the Church.

The recent dissatisfaction which the nation manifested against the horrible spy system, inaugurated by Premier Combes, ought to make the present a favorable moment for a successful attack upon the whole policy of the present government, if only the man can be found who will take a leading part in the campaign.

General Andre was thrown over by Premier Combes as the scape goat for the ministry when the utter meanness of this spy system was exposed in Parliament, and Combes himself escaped; but he was the man primarily responsible for the enormity, and on him, instead of on General Andre, the public vengeance should have been wreaked.

A THUNDERBOLT FOR M. COMBES.

A blow has fallen upon the head of Premier Combes of France, which was as unexpected as the famed thunderbolt from a clear sky. By vote of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Doumer has been elected president of the Chamber by a majority of twenty-five in a full house.

M. Doumer is a resolute opponent of M. Combes; and his election shows that the Premier has lost control of the House. Despatches from Paris state that the Premier himself feels the weight of the blow strongly, and is considering the necessity of resigning in consequence thereof. It is supposed that Messrs. Millerand and Rouvier will be called upon to form a Government in the event of M. Combes' resignation being handed in, and that M. Dolcasse, who is the Minister of Foreign Affairs, will continue in office in the new Ministry.

There can be little doubt that the virulence of M. Combes' measure for the separation of Church and State counted for much in the election of a President of the Chamber and that even the present anti-Catholic Chamber is not disposed to follow all the Premier's whims.

The "Bill of Separation" as M. Combes' measure has been called, aims at the complete disorganization of the Church's hierarchy. Every parish is to be regarded under it as a separate religious association which is to be under the supervision of the civil authorities, who will give or withhold permission for the exercise of public worship without reference to the Bishop, and each priest will have to consult the committee of the religious association of the parish for every act of public worship, inasmuch as the committee will be held responsible to the civil authorities for the priests' acts of public worship. In fact, this lay committee is to take the place of the Bishop.

The whole spirit of the law is to break up the hierarchical constitution of the Church, when the Concordat is abrogated. Of course, obedience to such a law is impossible, and the result of it will be a constant conflict between the priests and laity of each parish, and the civil authorities.

A more infamous attempt at destroying religion throughout France could scarcely be conceived; but we are confident it will not succeed. A new government is at the present moment likely to succeed that of M. Combes, as we have mentioned above, and it is to be hoped that the Bill of Separation will be dropped, as the resignation of M. Combes appears to be a necessary consequence of the severe defeat he has sustained in the election of a president of the Chamber of Deputies from the ranks of the Opposition. At all events, a new Government cannot be worse than that which is going out of power, and most probably it will be a great improvement.

The Bill of Separation makes no distinction between Protestants, Jews and Catholics, and thus the Budget of Worship will be abolished for all. The Protestants, however, as a rule, hailed the Bill with joy because, as they calculated the matter, a greater amount of injury would be inflicted upon Catholics than upon them. But when the Bill was brought forward, they too became alarmed at the subtle decentralization of religious bodies which was provided for, and a deputation of Protestants waited upon Premier Combes to remonstrate against this feature of the law, and they were assured that they should have nothing to fear in the administration of the law. Certainly not. Every one can see that the law was aimed at the Catholic Church, the purpose being to destroy the hierarchical system, but the Protestants, though constituting but a small minority of the people, will have every point stretched in their favor. The law is aimed only against Catholics.

In fact, toward the close of the eighteenth century, there were two

million Protestants in France, but within a century, all civil rights being accorded to them, with peace and liberty, they have dwindled down to about six hundred thousand. Salaries have been paid to the Protestant clergy which, on account of their families, were larger than those paid to Catholic priests, and yet they have not spread, but have decreased in number.

The salaries paid to the Protestant clergy since the Concordat has been in force were gratuities, as the property of the Protestant Church was comparatively small at the time of the great Revolution, and was for the most part untouched by the Revolutionists of the Reign of Terror. Besides, the terrorism of that period was directed against the Catholic Church, and not against Protestantism, which in the beginning, at least, sympathized with the Revolution, and was treated as a friend thereof. But the salaries given to the priests were a slight compensation for all the Church property confiscated in 1792 and the remaining years of the 18th century. This was specially stipulated in the Concordat. The suppression of the salaries of Protestant ministers in France now will be merely the suppression of a number of gratuities; but the suppression of the priests' salaries is as really a repudiation of a national debt as was the repudiation of the assignats or paper money, by the French Government in 1795, only six years after they were issued. This was an immorality which has never since been equalled by any civilized Government until the present attempt of M. Combes to repudiate the national debt due to the French priesthood.

It is true the deed is not yet consummated, but the only way in which the consummation may be averted appears to be by the overthrow of the Government—and this seems now to be a very likely event which may occur at any moment.

THE CHURCH UNION PROBLEM.

The movement for union among the Protestant sects or organizations is still agitating the denominations of the United States to such a degree that it is now stated that fourteen different sects have agreed to assemble in a great conference to be held in New York city next November to take the first practical steps towards forming a federation. The General Assemblies of two Presbyterian Churches, the General conferences of the North and South Methodists, the Convention of the Baptists of America, the Reformed Dutch Church, the General Council of the Congregational Churches, and others have already agreed to send delegates to this conference, and hope is expressed that the Lutheran Synods and the Protestant Episcopal Church may also consent to take part.

As the Protestant Episcopal Church has hitherto maintained a firm position on the question of Episcopacy, it can hardly be expected that it will yield that position now by admitting to an equality with their own clergy, whom they claim to have a succession from the Apostles, clergymen who have admittedly no such succession.

Some of the Lutheran Churches are in a similar position, and the proposed Confederation would completely destroy all the claim which Lutherans and Episcopalians make on this point.

It is true, there are sections in both these Churches which make little of the claim to Apostolic succession; but these are undoubtedly a strong feeling with many and perhaps a majority in both Churches which persistently assert this claim. Surely it will be difficult to induce these powerful sections of both Churches to give up what they have so strenuously maintained to be one of the essentials of an ecclesiastical organization, claiming to be the Church of Christ. Nevertheless, the unexpected frequently happens, and it may occur in the present case; but should it occur, there is every prospect that there will be another great division in these Churches, so that the number of sects will be increased rather than diminished by the proposed union, at least so far as these are concerned.

We cannot conceive that a number of discordant sects can be brought to agree upon calling themselves one Church of Christ under a so-called Federal union. This Federal union in a Church really means disunion. It can only take place by the sects concerned agreeing to recognize as of no account their doctrinal and essential disciplinary differences, as these must be set aside and declared non-essential in any such union which may be brought about.

How different will be a Church thus constituted from the Church of the Apostolic Age and the ages immediately following the Apostles, which was truly one in doctrine, one in discipline, and one in subjection to the Great Head of the Church whose authority was recognized by all!

Thus St. Optatus of Milevis in describing the Church of Christ in the

fourth century, but a few years after the three centuries of persecution which the Church endured under the Pagan Emperors of Rome, and while the Church even according to Protestant polemical writers, undoubtedly preserved its purity of doctrine wrote:

"The first among the marks (of the Church) is the chair, wherein, unless a Bishop sit, the second, which is the angel, cannot be added; and we must see who first filled the Chair, and where (he filled it)."

It will be remarked that the "angel" here referred to is the angel of each of the seven churches of Asia to whom St. John the Evangelist wrote by command of Christ, as recorded in his Apocalypse or Revelation 1 20, and sequel. By this angel was meant the Bishop of the Church.

St. Optatus continues: "To err knowingly is a sin; for the ignorant are sometimes pardoned. Thou cannot deny, then, but thou knowest that in the city of Rome, on Peter, as the first, was the Episcopal Chair conferred, wherein might sit the head of all the Apostles, Peter, whence also he was called Cephas; (Syriac of Rock); that in that one Chair unity might be preserved by all; and that the other Apostles might not each contend for a Chair for himself; and that whosoever might set up another Chair against the Single Chair should be deemed a schismatic and a sinner."

"Peter, therefore, first filled that in dividual Chair, which is the first of the marks (of the Church). To him succeeded Linus, to Linus a Clement, to Clement Anacletus, etc."

He continues the line of Roman Pontiffs to his own day when Siricius occupied the Roman See.

We might quote Saints Cyprian and Irenaeus, who wrote respectively about one hundred and two hundred years previously, in a very similar manner, as well as others both before and after St. Optatus; but the mention of the fact will suffice here as showing that the belief of the Church of Christ, is, and always has been, that Christian unity is to be found only in the one Church which has the successor of St. Peter for its Head, and which is submissive to his authority.

DIVORCE PROBLEM'S SOLE SOLUTION.

IT IS RELIGION IN MARRIAGE, SAYS REV. THOMAS J. CAMPBELL, S. J. Lecturing in Loyola College Hall, Baltimore, last week, Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., declared that "religion in marriage is the sole solution of the divorce problem."

Cardinal Gibbons was present at the lecture, and applauded the speaker vigorously. The hall was crowded with young and old of both sexes.

In the course of his remarks Father Campbell said that the courts have no legal right to grant a divorce, and that the divorce evil threatens the destruction of civilization. He also took occasion to reply to the statement of a prominent Episcopalian that the Catholic Church had introduced a more dreadful thing than divorce in the annulment of marriage by the Pope.

The lecturer was formerly provincial of the New York Maryland province of the Jesuit order, and is well known as a writer and lecturer on social problems, especially the divorce evil. He was introduced to the audience by Rev. John F. Quirk, president of Loyola College, who thanked the Cardinal for his presence, and said that the large audience was both a tribute to the speaker and an illustration of the importance of the topic.

"MAY BE SO CIVILIZATION." Father Campbell said in part: Speculations are rife as to the probable outcome of the struggle at Port Arthur. If the Japanese are successful in the war now being waged in the East, will there be a "yellow peril?" Will there be a tidal wave of pagan invasion that will shake the foundations of civilization? Probably not. But if the people of America keep on in the way they have been moving for past years, so far as marriage and divorce are concerned, there will be no civilization to destroy. Where there are no Christian families, there is no Christian civilization. France is now engaged in a relentless war against Christianity, but America is doing more in the matter of divorce to destroy Christian civilization than all Europe.

Last year saw 60,000 divorces granted in the United States, and during the past thirty-four years 700,000 divorces have been granted in this country. What does this mean? It means that 1,400,000 men and women have had their homes broken and that at least 1,400,000 children have been robbed of their parents. Is not this more to be feared than any "yellow peril?"

What right has the State to grant a divorce? We are told in answer to the question that the State has the right to annul a contract, and that marriage is legally a contract between two parties. Granted. But the State has no right to change the nature of a contract, and in granting a divorce it does this. A marriage is by nature indissoluble, and the State has no right to change its nature. The State is formed for the sole purpose of safeguarding the rights of individuals, and in granting divorces the State violates the sacred rights of individuals.

AN EPISCOPALIAN EDITOR'S POOR MEMORY. The assertion made at a mass meeting of Episcopalian of New York by Dr. Silas B. McBee, editor of the Churchman, that the Catholic Church could afford to help against divorce because it had introduced a thing more dreadful—the annulment of marriage by the Pope—comes with very poor judgment or poor memory from one whose whole Church was built on a marriage annulment. The Pope had refused the annulment of the marriage of Henry VIII. with Katharine. It transcended his

power, whereupon Henry annulled it himself and instituted the Church of England.

If there ever were an occasion when the Pope ought to have yielded, it was then. The northern nations of Europe had revolted against the Church; discontent was seething in the rest, when the King, who had just been named Defender of the Catholic Faith, announced his intention to drag England into schism unless his request was granted. Though the Pope was advised that he could do so by Bishops, universities and theologians and urged to it by every motive of public policy, he refused, and England was forever lost to the Church. Instead of declining against annulments of marriage, Anglicans should be partial to them.

To say that Catholic annulments are more dreadful than divorces is to claim that they have done more harm, in the United States, for instance, than the 60,000 divorces of last year or the 700,000 in thirty-four years, not to speak of the rest of the world. But no one has heard of anything like a corresponding 60,000 or 700,000 annulments, the statement cannot be taken seriously. Nor is an annulment to be considered more dreadful because Mr. McBee assures us that "no Catholic knows whether his marriage may not be annulled."

THE CHURCH'S FIGHT.

Catholics are not alarmed by any such possibility. They know perfectly well that the whole fight has been from the beginning to get men married and to keep them so. Bishop Doane, who regretted not being at the meeting, is the authority for the assertion that the reasons for annulment are innumerable. The wonder is if the reasons for annulment are innumerable are not innumerable. Or are the Catholics so fond of marriage that they neglect such multitudinous opportunities of freedom?

As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as an annulment of marriage, or the disruption of a complete and valid marriage, but there are judicial declarations that certain essential conditions have not been fulfilled, with the result that the marriage never was validly contracted, just as the flaw in the title deed of a house or a defect in a business arrangement may have rendered them invalid from the beginning. Even children with their catechisms know these impediments, and Catholics take care to avoid them. If, in spite of the care with which it is contracted, a Catholic marriage is discovered to have a cloud on it because of some defect of which the party or parties were ignorant, the Church does not destroy the contract, but heals the defect in the root and prevents separation.

THE DISPENSATION BOGEY.

Marriages outside the Church are not invalid, else converts would be obliged to remarry, which is not the case. The terror about the number of Catholic dispensations is quite groundless. Dispensations do not dispense from marriage, but from impediments which prevent the marriage, or precede it, and non-Catholics who in spite of their pronounced admiration for the Bible, haven't the slightest concern for consanguinity or affinity, and who marry their cousins and aunts and nieces and other men's wives should not object to letting Catholics have some of the liberty they themselves enjoy without stint.

The Church always regrets dispensations, for impediments were made for the good of humanity. They are not a matter of pure convenience, but a matter of the payment of a fine. They are not for the rich; the poor unfortunately obtain them as well. If, in certain cases, we are unable to understand why a dispensation was granted or even a marriage declared invalid, it may be because we do not know the facts of the case, and, in any event, modesty ought to compel us to suspect that the Pope and his counselors have quite as delicate a conscience as our own.

So long as men are irreligious we can never get proper legislation against divorce. Religion in marriage is the sole solution of the divorce problem.

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS QUINN.

THREE SONS SING SOLEMN REQUIEM FOR THEIR FATHER AT ST. CATHARINE'S CHURCH.

Rev. James J. Quinn, pastor of St. Catharine's Church, received news by cable on Tuesday of the death of his father, Thomas Quinn, who passed away fortified by the last sacraments, at his home in Ballindine, County Mayo, Ireland, in the seventieth year of his age. His death occurred on the first anniversary of that of his wife.

Three sons of the late Mr. Quinn, are members of the priesthood in America, the Revs. James J. Quinn of this city; Thos. F. Quinn of Clyde, and John S. Quinn, Cheshertown, Ont. They all assisted at the Solemn Requiem Mass which was celebrated for their father Thursday morning at St. Catharine's church. Father John Quinn was celebrant; Father Thomas Quinn, deacon, and Father James Quinn, sub deacon. Rev. Dr. Farrell was master of ceremonies, assisted by Mr. James McFadden of the seminary. Messrs. Edward Reilly and Bernard P. Peon, of the Seminary, were acolytes. The Rt. Rev. Bishop was present and preached a consoling sermon, taking for his text the first Psalm. He also gave the last absolution at the catafalque erected in the church. Attending the Bishop were the Right Rev. Mgr. T. P. Thorpe and G. F. Houck. Other clergymen present were the Revs. John MacHale, James O'Leary, Frances Malloy, P. J. O'Connell, T. P. Mahon of this city, and J. J. Johnston, of Lorain.

The full choir rendered the Requiem and the church was filled with the sympathizing parishioners and friends of the bereaved pastor.—Cleveland Catholic Universe, Jan. 6.

There is only one good time for each of us to die, and that is at the exact hour at which God wills that death should find us.

THE BAPTIST

THE MISSION OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH ON Monday evening John Gervais, on "The Catholic Missionary Peril."

Mr. Justice well-attended. There were Moyer, Dr. A. and Mr. Muni.

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ATION BOGUS. the Church are not erts would be obliged is not the case. The number of Catholic itegroundless. Dis- sponse from mar- ediments which pre- They do not follow they proceed to, and in spite of their tion for the Bible, eed concern for com- nity, and who marry aunts and nieces and should not object to have some of the selves enjoy without

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R. THOMAS QUINN. SOLEMN REQUIEM FOR AT ST. CATHARINE'S

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THE RATIONALIST PERIL.

THE MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

At the Cathedral Hall, Westminster, on Monday evening, the Rev. Father John Gerard, S. J., delivered a lecture on "The Catholic Press and the Rationalist Peril."

Mr. Justice Walton presided over a well-attended meeting.

There were also present Monsignor Moyes, Dr. Aveling, Father Bannin, and Mr. Munih.

Father Gerard, who was received with applause, proceeded with the delivery of his lecture, in the course of which he said that no one of them could be blind to the spirit of irreligion which was so striking a feature of the times especially in France, where it was violent in its methods. Even here it was far too rampant. Was it not a fact that when, the other day, the question was asked in the Daily Telegraph: "Do We Believe?" the vast majority of the replies showed that the writers held modern enlightenment to be destructive of the belief in Christianity.

Rationalism was well named from the pre-eminence it assigned to human reason, but the Rationalism of our own day was a war-horse admirably adapted for purposes in physical sciences of whose marvellous advance we were so proud that we commonly gave it the name of science. Another element was the appeal to man's natural desire to find in himself the measure of all things. How universally such a spirit was abroad need hardly be said. Such ideas were undoubtedly everywhere around. They were adopted by the vast majority of those they daily met and were disseminated by a certain class of speakers and writers with persistent and unwearied determination and energy. The organization established for this end, the Rationalist Press Association, was a limited liability company, whose sole object was to propagate free-thought. With what giant strides it progressed its authors jubilantly informed them. Their great weapon was

THE PUBLICATION OF A THOROUGHLY POPULAR PRICE

of works which attacked Christianity; belief in God, the spirituality and immortality of the soul and the freedom of our will.

Such was the situation they (Catholics) had to face, and they had to adopt themselves what methods must be adopted. The situation was of the utmost gravity, but the more acute and instant was the peril the better was the opportunity afforded for the Church to show herself in her strength. It was even at such crises the greatest champions have been raised up to achieve the most signal triumphs in the Church's service.

While it was true the issue was in God's hands, it was imperative that they should by every means play the part which He had assigned them, and do their duty in the fight. In what manner could they hope to render effective service? At present he would only speak of the part the Catholic Press—the reviews, magazines, and newspapers—could play, for it was mainly through them that the great mass of the people must be reached. They should ask how could those entrusted with the function of supplying such a need acquit themselves of their responsibility?

In response to such a question he would presume to do no more than offer some considerations which to himself seemed all-important.

In the first place, they should remember that

VICTORIES WERE NEVER WON

by acting only on the defensive, and that it was a poor sort of strategy which limited itself to repelling in detail the assaults delivered at particular points of the enemy's own choice. To change the metaphor, they could not exterminate the weeds in the field by sowing good grain that would strike deeper and stronger roots and stamp out the tares in the struggle for existence. Their great endeavor must be by every means in their power to reveal the true character of the Church to those who were estranged or repelled only because they did not know Her. As Cardinal Newman told them in his "Lectures and Essays": "In all contests, the wisest and largest policy is to conduct a position, not a negative opposition, not to prevent, but to anticipate, to obstruct by constructing, and to exterminate by supplanting." In their campaign they must never forget it was the cause of Truth they were fighting, and that in whatever guise she came to them Truth was their friend and best ally. They would indicate a fatal flaw in the enemy's position, and they would allow themselves to enter an uncomfor- able suspicion, that Truth as established by reason could possibly run counter to what, on Divine authority, they held for Truth. Thus was introduced

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT FUNCTIONS

which their Press could attempt to discharge, in training people to ask themselves not only what such assertions were worth, but what they could in reason be supposed to mean.

What the Press might profitably address itself to, for the benefit especially of the man in the street, was to teach him to think for himself; and next to be informed as to the true state of the case in regard of matters about which everybody talks, and those especially in whom knowledge of them is lacking, such as the origin of species or even life itself—concerning which neither party has any knowledge at all.

The subject was too large to admit of treatment in detail, but they must never lose sight of Truth as the great object in view, and in the name of Truth, for the sake of science herself, even more than of religion, it was necessary that men should be taught to distinguish far more carefully than they usually did, between the results of scientific research which were actually established, and those which a large number of so-called "scientists" declared to be so. It was commonly those who had least claim to speak with authority, who spoke with most confidence, and laid down the law most peremptorily—and not unfrequently conclusions of the utmost gravity were widely accepted as final, which all real

men of science knew to be but hypotheses more or less plausible or possible. There seemed to be considerable danger lest some Catholics, who had given no special attention to such questions should consider unqualified acceptance of all such conclusions, as a proof that they were quite up-to-date in scientific matters regarding those who, on purely scientific grounds, declined to follow their example as observantists and reactionaries, actuated only by unreasoning prejudice. Here was another direction in which good work might be done by their Press, in supplying trustworthy information to assist in forming correct judgements in such instances.

There was, however,

A CONTRARY DANGER

which might be said to spring from the very strength of their own position. The faith of a true and practising Catholic did not depend upon any scientific process argumentative, but upon something quite different and far higher—namely, his own personal experience in the exercise of his religion, and above all, in the gift of supernatural Faith, bestowed upon them, as the Catechism taught, that they might be enabled to believe without doubting what God had revealed and the Church proposed.

But just because a Catholic has never been himself compelled to trouble over the kind of doctrines and arguments which perplexed or misled the minds of those to whom such privileges as his had not been vouchsafed—he was sometimes apt to have no patience with them or their belongings, and to assume that although he had never had any scientific training, his possession of religious truth entitled him to pronounce doctrinally upon scientific subjects, on the simple and easy principle that he was safe in contradicting everything from which an argument against his Faith had been anyhow produced.

Such undisciplined zeal was often as embarrassing to the defender of the cause it vain would serve, as elephants have usually proved in battle, causing far more confusion and consternation in the ranks of friends than foes. There was

A GREAT WORK FOR THE CATHOLIC PRESS TO DO

in face of the Rationalist peril, and one of urgent necessity. It was a work to be undertaken by those alone who were duly qualified, both by knowledge and temperament, to do it properly. They should, while loyal sons of the Church, well instructed in her regard, be in thorough sympathy with Science and ready to look all the facts she presented fairly in the face. They should be competent to distinguish, and to teach others to distinguish, between solid truth and specious fallacy, between established facts, and interpretations of them. They should rely entirely upon the clearness and cogency of their arguments, eschewing every thing that savored of vituperation and invective.

Their work would be more effective in proportion as they treated their subject in a broader and more philosophic fashion, aiming at the presentation of truth, more than mere confutation of error.

Finally nothing would so powerfully contribute to success, as by every means to exhibit in her true colors the divine Institution which alone upon earth could secure to her children that feast of soul, which was a gift passing understanding, affording upon earth a foretaste of the Jerusalem which was on high.

Mgr. Moyes proposed a vote of thanks to Father Gerard. He said the lecturer was so much face to face with the great questions of the day that his lecture possessed undoubted authority. With the lecturer, he believed in the work that could be done by the Catholic Press, but the opinions thus expressed are more or less ephemeral, and he would like to see Catholic apologetics placed in a more lasting form.—Father John Gerard, S. J., London, England, Catholic News.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

THE TRAVELLING APOSTOLATE.

Our scholastic year at the Apostolic Mission House ended in the early part of June. I need not picture the melancholy feelings which took possession of me at my departure from a home, where under the kind direction of our Rev. Superiors, we enjoyed a model missionary training. "Farewell! May God bless you in your apostolic work. Such were the words addressed to me when I left; words that proceeded from the hearts so upright and sincere that they could not fail to make a lasting impression. One more glance at my brother missionaries who had accompanied me to the depot, and my train began its speedy course. I looked around to find a familiar face. I was among strangers. Presently, left to my own thoughts, I receded to the past so happily at the Catholic University. Looking forward to the future, I saw a vast field of work as missionary in northern Alabama and sister States. I cannot explain how, but suddenly one of the many good counsels given us in the lectures seemed to appeal to me especially in that moment, and its practical application could not have been more favorably presented to me than in the earlier part. "Don't be too distant," our missionary professor used to say. "Speak kindly to non-Catholics about God and His Holy Church whenever you have an opportunity to do so." This opportunity was before me sooner than I expected, in the person of a well educated man who graduated from one of our leading universities some years ago. After a few commonplace remarks, our conversation took a religious turn. With all his education and studying, I really had to pity the man; for he was a down-right unbeliever, denying anything and everything concerning God and religion. "You are a Catholic priest, if I am not mistaken?" "Yes, I have the happiness to be one," I answered. "Are you acquainted with any Catholics?" "I continued, "O, yes, Father," he said. "I had the pleasure of meeting quite a number of your people. I even said to my curiosity by being present at your Sunday services several times.

DUNS SCOTUS.

DEFENDER OF THE DOGMA OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

The fiftieth anniversary of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception will be celebrated next week with the most solemnity.

The Visible Church will vie as it were with the Church Triumphant in honoring her who is the Queen of heaven and earth. From every altar in every land will arise a chorus of praise, of joy, of thanksgiving, for Mary was the lily among thorns, which, watered by the dew of divine grace rose spotless from the dark soil of earth and blooms forever in the garden of eternity.

DUNS SCOTUS.

It was the Immaculate Conception, the greatest privilege ever accorded to created being which Pius IX., in accordance with the belief of ages, decreed an article of faith just fifty years ago; and it is natural at this joyful time to revert to the most earnest defender of Mary's dignity, to the learned and saintly Duns Scotus of the Order of Friars Minor. He was transported by her celestial beauty and combated by the subtleties of the schools when the Immaculate Conception was assailed, declaring her always free from sin. He was Mary's knight when her honor was questioned and his *flammaria verba* will shine through the ages with the brightness of inspiration, piercing the darkened intelligences of men till they, too, acknowledge: *Peccata, deicit, ergo, legit*, "He (God) could preserve her (Mary) from original sin, it was becoming that she should be preserved, therefore he did preserve her." Scotus beheld her, beautiful as the morning star, when roseate hues mingle with the golden, and in trembling awe, yet joyful recognition exclaimed: "Who is she that cometh forth as the rising morn: fair as the sun, bright as the sun?" Mary was indeed the one great love of his life, after her Divine Son the seat of all his wisdom, and there is a legend that on one occasion her statue bowed in reply to a prayer for aid in the argument.

HIS LIFE.

This eminent theologian was born in 1274. His birthplace was uncertain, but it was most probably Dunstan, near Alnwick in Northumberland. His education was at a Franciscan in 1300, expounding the philosophy of Aristotle at Merton Hall, Oxford. In 1304 he was in Paris, the defender of the Immaculate Conception, receiving the title of *Doctor Subtilis*. It is said he propounded two hundred propositions in reference to this doctrine. The existing works of Duns Scotus comprise twelve volumes. He was secretary to the University of Cologne in 1308, where he was welcomed with great honor, his fame having spread throughout the whole of Europe. The brilliant scholar passed away at an early age, after having done much for religion and the Order of Friars Minor, and shall we not believe that as the shadows of death encompassed him, then lifted in the light of an eternal day, that Mary became his Morning Star, she had been his Stella Maris throughout the storm of the sea of life? The Christian world would rejoice if this year of jubilee witnessed the canonization of this devoted son of Mary Immaculate and brilliant member of the *Prati Minori*, as they are called by the Church which loves them.

THE ORDER.

To study this order is to study the lives of men so holy, so learned and withal so humble, so filled with the truest spirit of God that it is to be indulged into a different world from that in which we live, a world whose joy is poverty, whose ambition is the Cross. There is the greatest of all founders, St. Francis of Assisi, whose example drew the hearts of men in the thirteenth century and for whom the world longs to-day. There is the greatest of all mystic theologians, St. Bonaventura and the saint of the twentieth century, Anthony of Padua. And it is not one of the least of the glories of the order that its most illustrious men have given their lives and their best works to Mary Immaculate. They have made use of their learning and their erudition to defend that which in the middle ages was called the "Franciscan opinion," namely the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. The "Golden Page" of the annals of the order is the day on which the Blessed Virgin, under the title of her Immaculate Conception, was chosen the special patroness of the entire order at the general chapter of Toledo in 1615. From that time on the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God became the earnest desire of these true followers of St. Francis.

So from the early days of the order, when few in number, they intimated the life of Christ in very deed, to the present time, when they are spread over the whole world; some occupied with missionary labors, others with pastoral duties, or in the quiet of the cloister studying or preparing those works which rank them among the strongest defenders of the faith, one hymn of praise has always resounded in Franciscan churches, cloisters and colleges, *Tota pulchra Maria, et macula originalis non est in te.*

FRAUDULENT TEACHERS.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbot has, in his long lifetime, made many ridiculous flaps, but his latest performance outdoes them all. He now declares there is no God, but an Energy which is called a God. That he no longer believes in the authority of the Scriptures it is not very surprising; by degrees he has been working what stands him for a mind up to that climax. Why does he not, if he be an honest infidel, renounce his title of "Rev. Dr.," and sail as plain Lyman Abbot—the Abbot of Misrule if ever there was a true one? The utterance which brands him (rightly, in even his own opinion) as an infidel was given out at Harvard Theological Seminary. He said: "The Ten Commandments did not spring spontaneously from Moses, but were, like all laws, a gradual growth;

and a man is a creature of evolution, not a creation.

"I believe in a God Who is in and through and of everything—not an absentee God, whom we have to reach through a Bible or a priest or some other outside aid, but a God who is closer to us than hands or feet.

"There is only one energy. That energy has always been working. It is an intelligent being. No scientist can deny it.

"My God is a great and ever present force, which is manifest in all the activities of man and all the workings of nature."

Self-impostor arises from much the same cause as the fall of Icarus. He endeavors to fly when in reality he is unable even to walk. He puts his little mind up as a measure of God, and, dazed by the immensity of his task, falls stupefied and stultified. There is not even originality in his ridiculous confession. Mr. W. H. Garrison points out in the Sun (New York) the absolute identity of his pronouncement on divinity with that of the blatant infidel Theodore Tilton. He writes: "The Commandments carry no internal evidence of divinity with them; they contain some good moral precepts, such as any man qualified to be a lawyer, or a legislator, could produce himself, without having recourse to supernatural intervention.

"In fine, do we want to know what God is? Search not the book called the Scripture, which any human hand might make, but the Scripture called the Creation."

"The only idea man can affix to the name of God is that of a first cause, the cause of all things."

"Do we want to contemplate His power? We see it in the immensity of the Creation. Do we want to contemplate His wisdom? We see it in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible world is governed."

There is no fear of Abbott being branded as a heretic, as the Sun scathingly points out. "The Presbyterian clergyman who threw overboard the Westminster Confession is not hailed for trial as a heretic, but held tight in the embrace of his prosbytery. The Union Theological Seminary constructs an indefinite creed of its own, and there is no outcry in the religious world. The miracle of the Incarnation is explained away in nominally orthodox pulpits and reduced to a merely symbolic, a purely imaginative significance, yet no trials for heresy result."

Another "teacher" of much the same school of heterodoxy, the Rev. Dr. Miot J. Savage, says: "If all the ministers should come out of the old churches that don't belong to us, we would have a religious revolution in this country." This amounts to an accusation of the most serious kind. It means that there are a crowd of men taking money for preaching what they do not believe in their own hearts, and are therefore simply religious frauds.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

FATHER JOGUES AND THE DUTCH PROTESTANTS OF NEW-AMSTERDAM.

The possible canonization of Father Jogues, the martyred missionary of the Mohawks, is a subject of surpassing interest to Catholics. Father Jogues was the first Jesuit missionary who entered within the borders of what is now the State of New York, and the first priest who visited Manhattan Island. He was captured by the Mohawks in 1642, and treated with great cruelty. He was beaten with clubs and stones; all his finger nails pulled out, and the fore-finger of each hand gnawed by the captives. He journeyed five weeks to reach central New York, he and the other prisoners being obliged to carry the baggage of their persecutors. Here Father Jogues had the thumb of his right hand cut off by an Indian woman, at her chieftain's command, although she was a Christian. Here also René Goupil, a lay brother, who accompanied Jogues, was killed by the blow of a hatchet.

On these days of religious bigotry and race hatred were strong in New World. All the more reason then it is pleasant to consider the relations of Father Jogues with the Dutch Protestants who then settled New York, and to dwell upon the Christian kindness of those Dutchmen to a Catholic priest.

The Mohawk Indians were the allies of the Dutch, and Van Curler, a mag-nanimous Dutchman, learning of the captives in the hands of the savages, called together the chiefs of the different Mohawk tribes. He recalled to their minds the friendship and alliance which had so long existed between them, and demanded the release of their captives, offering, at the same time, for their ransom, presents to the amount of six hundred guilders, which, to their honor be it recorded, the Dutch settlers of the colony, forgetful of all differences of creed, had generously subscribed to purchase the freedom of their Christian brethren. The savages, however, were not to be moved, either by appeals to ancient friendship, or by the Dutchmen's presents. They were willing to grant to their allies whatever was in their power, but on the point under discussion they would remain silent.

In a few months the warriors of the several nations would assemble, and the captives would be finally disposed of. All Van Curler could effect was to persuade the savages to spare the lives of their prisoners and to promise to restore them to their country.

Father Jogues continued now to solace his captivity by spreading the light of Christianity through the benighted region into which Providence had cast his lot. Though his labors were most

signally blessed, and numbers of converts were brought into the fold, the hearts of the principal savages continued hardened against him. In one of his visits with some Indians to Fort Orange, he learned that intelligence had been received that the Mohawks were defeated by the French at Fort Richelieu, and that he, on his return, would assuredly be burnt. The commander of the fort counseled him, thereupon, to escape. A vessel was about to proceed to Virginia. There he would be safe. Father Jogues demanded until the morrow to consider this proposal, "which greatly surprised the Dutch." The offer was finally accepted, but it was not so easy to evade the vigilance of his savage companions. Innumerable difficulties followed. He at length succeeded in secreting himself in the hold of a sloop in the river, whose close air and horrid stench made him almost regret that he had not remained among the cruel Iroquois, who now, enraged at the escape of their victim, demanded, with violent gestures and angry words, the surrender of their prisoner. The Dutch were yet weary of persecuting the fugitive; after considerable wrangling, the Indians accepted this offer, and presented to the amount of about one hundred pieces of gold were accordingly delivered to them. Father Jogues was sent to New Amsterdam, where he was most kindly received and clothed by Director Kieft, who gave him a passage to Holland in a vessel which sailed shortly after. But Misfortune was not yet weary of persecuting the Christian missionary. The vessel was driven in a storm on the coast of Falmouth, where it was seized by wreckers, who, as merciless as the savages, stripped Father Jogues and his companions of every article of their wearing apparel, and left them bruised and naked to pursue their journey as best they could.

After many adventures the good priest at last reached France, and was received with great honor. He wrote a description of New Netherlands. Three years later he returned to Canada, and, venturing again into central New York, was killed by the Mohawks. —Sacred Heart Review.

ONE SURE REFUGE.

How little we know of our nearest friends! How little we know of us! What riddles we are to one another! Our inmost souls are unread, and others judge of us wholly from their own points of view. They cannot enter our hearts and stand side by side with our yearnings. We are alone in that inner holy of holies, and there is none to offer his incense before that mercy seat. Our sorrows and our joys, the depth and height of our nature, are beyond the veil even to sympathetic eyes. There are beaches along whose pebbly strand they have never trodden. They have not heard the moaning of the bar. Their best intentions do not reach our hearts. Their counsel, though kindly meant, falls far short, and they wonder why their tender ministries are so un-availing.

There are times when we are absolutely alone as if cast upon some uninhabited island. There is no fellowship except when we look up. We know there is none but God who wholly understands, and with tears and absolute confidence we throw ourselves in His encompassing arms. Oh, it is a great comfort to the heavy in heart to know that God is true, and that from friendships which fall short and from sympathies which fail we can turn to Him and find repose!

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCCXXXV.

We have been parted for quite a while from our friend Lansing, and really we must renew our acquaintance with him until we have finished up his entertaining book. We can alternate between him and the correspondent, until we have concluded with both. Lansing is a blackguard (not in himself but towards the Catholics), and the correspondent is a gentleman, which will make the occasional exchanges to the latter more agreeable. The ignorance, even of Lansing, is hardly so profound as Coffin's, but it is more comical. Lansing's shallower nature renders him incapable of Coffin's trenchance, and of John Christian's diabolical ferocity. Yet as his book, I understand, is still hawked about at Conferences and Synods, it still remains worthy of attention. We have already dealt with the most of it, but there are some fragments of it yet awaiting remark.

Lansing, of course, joins in the common cry, that Rome teaches the divine right of kings. What does this mean? It means, of course, that the only legitimate government is absolute monarchy; that subjects have no right of armed resistance to any possible tyranny of a sovereign; and that to attempt his dethronement, for any conceivable reason, is hardly less impious than to attempt the dethronement of God.

Now it is true that there has been such a school of unmitigated Absolutism, the only such school, I believe, (except the early Lutheranism), since Christian divines began to treat of these matters in the Middle Ages. Unluckily for your Lansing, of the Church of Rome, but of the Church of England.

Filmer, an Anglican writer of the earlier seventeenth century, taught as follows: Republics, which have always been such, may be tolerated in fact, but kings only are properly speaking the ministers of God for civil rule. Their authority is uncontrolled. No possible harshness or unreasonableness of the monarch's commands can justify a subject in refusing obedience to him, as he is not asked to commit sin. Such a demand exceeds him from active, but never from passive obedience. To secure no possible good and to avert no possible evil may he ever lift his hand against the officers of the Lord's Anointed. On no imaginable plea of the public good may the nation vary in the least from the established order of succession. A successful usurpation of the throne, if it is made in full possession of their rights and renders void all oaths to the usurping line.

The Lansings allow that Rome encouraged subjects, if oppressed, to appeal to her, but Filmer's theory, of course, had no such mitigation. Yet it was taught for several generations (not always, I suppose, in full rigor) by most of the Anglican divines. Indeed, there is even yet a vanishing remnant of this absurdity in England. The members of the White Rose Club affect, in private, to speak of King Edward as merely "Prince Albert Edward of Bavaria-Coburg," and to style the Bavarian Duchess "Queen Mary II. They render themselves, of course, liable to the pains of high treason, but their utter impotence is their protection. The Government would no more think of prosecuting them than of calling a ghost into court.

Now there is a Roman Catholic school, represented at present by the eminent Jesuit Cathrein, which agrees with Filmer so far as this, that kings are not the delegates of the people, and that it is not lawful, even for the government, to dethrone them. Although it may be lawful to resist them. However, Cathrein owns that this has never the prevailing theory in the Catholic Church. He shows that the Schoolmen teach that kings are the ministers of God by reason of being first the delegates of the people, and that the nation, which immediately gives them their mandate, may, for grave reason, take it away.

Cathrein shows also that the great Jesuit theologian since the Reformation holds the same theory in both parts. Indeed, between the Schoolmen and him, Las Casas, addressing Philip II., reminds him that a Catholic will hardly deny (although he does not say that he must admit *sub peccato*), that a nation may always, on full advice, change its polity from Republicanism to Monarchy, or from Monarchy to Republicanism, and may always, for substitute misgovernment, dethrone a king, or a line of kings. The action of England, therefore, in deposing the Stuarts, who could never be reconciled to constitutional rule, was strictly agreeable to Catholic theology, although it made an end of Filmerism. The question of religion was secondary. Had the Catholic Elector, Charles Lewis, occupied his cousin's throne, he, with his careful attention to the mind of the people, would have transmitted his crown in peace to his descendants.

Indeed, as early as 1485 or 90, Innocent VIII., in his bulls confirming the title of Henry VII., expressly disowns the theory of the indecisive claims of a particular family. The undoubted heir, by seniority of descent, was Henry's wife, Elizabeth Plantagenet of York. Yet the Pope not only gave her no encouragement to claim the place of Queen Regnant (of which, indeed, she never thought) but declared that Henry's heirs, by a second marriage would be as truly in the succession as hers. Moreover, without raising the question whether the House of Lancaster had not originally usurped the crown, Innocent declares that its occupancy had secured a fair title for it, for Henry Tudor as its representative, especially, added his competitor Richard in law to war, and above all, as he was accepted by his Parliament and People.

Here, we see, Rome lays the final stress, for confirmation of a regal title,

on the national choice. From the divine right of kings in the ignoble and superstitious sense in which it was taught under the Stuarts she turns away with disdain.

Therefore the Blessed Thomas More, that wisest of Englishmen, and his fellow-martyr, Cardinal Fisher, although they could not own Anne Boleyn for a true wife were ready to own her child Elizabeth, for a true heir, even in preference to her legitimate and Catholic sister Mary. Nay, there is little doubt that, had he lived, they would have been ready, if required, to own as prior to both their half-brother the Duke of Richmond, although he was confessedly the child of a double adultery.

Indeed, in prison Sir Thomas said to that contemptible man, the attorney-general: "Master Rich, if Parliament declared you King, I would own you for King." He would not even insist on descent from the blood-royal.

Sir Thomas, accordingly, that great philosopher, great jurist, competent theologian and great martyr, stands on a much higher level of Christian democracy than those two English demagogues who assured Elizabeth that allegiance to "the ancient customs of the realm" showed no way of obviating Mary Stuart's succession except by the axe. They had fallen back from More's lofty ground into the abjectness of an unreasoning devotion to mere proximity of blood. Not until 1688 did England gain courage to come up finally upon the position of the illustrious martyr, and to declare, with the Canon Law: "The true Rex shall henceforth be Lex."

The eminent Catholic Lady of Munich has recognized the soundness of this canonical constitution, though of a Protestant realm, by sending over her son Rupert to congratulate her Guelphic kindred on the felicity of their rule.

Thus, at every point of doctrine and of history, Rome retunes the charge that she teaches the divine right of kings in any other sense than in which she teaches the divine right of Commonwealths.

I may remark that Cathrein, although dissenting here from the prevailing teaching of Catholic theologians, which has been approved, although not enjoined, by Paul V., Pius VI., and Pius IX., yet expressly acknowledges the same sacredness for republics as for monarchies.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass. (Cathrein's opinion may not be fully enough stated in the text. Cathrein criticizes what he designates as the general opinion of the Middle Ages, namely, that civil power always came to rulers from the people. He is of the opinion that it ought to be understood that civil power is derived from the people, but that it is merely expressed as if it came from the people, for instance, justly exercised civil power, though they received no mandate, or were not elected, or chosen, or appointed, or invested by a President, or by a King, is precisely of the same nature; that this power, though divine, is conferred on the ruler, or on the President, or on the King, and may be withdrawn for the proper cause from King or President alike, by the people. See Robert Filmer's theory as presented in the "Dictionary of National Biography" in exclusively in support of the divine right, and admits as right in the people to abolish or withdraw civil power.

The right of a people to overthrow by force an existing government is a complicated question, not so easily settled, as we ourselves expect during our Civil War.—Ed.)

OUR DAILY PRAYERS.

Few things are of more importance for our considerations at the opening of a new year than an examination into our daily prayers. What is prayer? What are our prayers? How much time each day, do we give to God in prayer?

Prayer means to speak with God. It means that we put aside from our worldly affairs, pleasures, active duties, for a while, to spend a shorter or a longer time, as it may be, in talking with Him Who gave us all the time we have. There are different kinds of prayer, vocal prayer, meditation, contemplation. Each has its use, its meaning, its important place. Yet all, finally, may be classed under the one precise head of talking with God, because even in the highest kind of prayer, we are holding intercourse with Him. Though they may be no sounds of words, He is understanding us, we are understanding Him.

But we must never, in any case, lose sight of the importance of those daily, ordinary prayers to which we learn first at our mother's knee. The Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Creed, the Confession, the Gloria, these are like so many signs or tokens of the faithful Catholic; they are words that he should want to carry with him all through life, to the very hour of death. Now do we always remember to say our morning and evening prayers, or do we sometimes forget them? Do we say them reverently, slowly, thoughtfully? or do we hurry over them in a slipshod fashion, not thinking what we say? Do we omit our morning prayers, even though we say our night prayers? Do we love to pray?

It is an old story, but it is always worth repeating, how St. Bernard told a man once he would give him a new horse if he could say an Our Father without one distraction. The man began with much assurance; it seemed so easy to say a little thing like that! Yet, ere long he had to acknowledge: "Ah, Father! I found myself thinking what sort of a saddle I would get for that horse."

On the other hand, there was the old woman who came in perplexity to St. Teresa to tell her that she feared she did not say her prayers rightly, for she could not get past those two beautiful and fascinating words "Our Father." Only to think that she had GOD for a father—to love her, care for her, think for her! "Our Father," so holy, so wise, so good, so kind! An excellent prayer, St. Teresa told her. Do we perceive the difference in these two cases?

Well, for most of us possibly, the new saddle for the new horse, in some guise or another, haunts our daily prayers, but does it spoil our prayers? Oh, no! Let us put aside any such discouraging, painful idea as that. God wants our will, our love. Even if a hundred distractions annoy us, still let

us persist in kneeling down, night and morning, and spending a little while with our Heavenly Father. At the beginning of the new year let us ask ourselves how we have been acting in this regard; and let us make one firm resolution that, with God's help we will never omit our daily prayers to him, but will try to say them always as peacefully, lovingly, and carefully as we can. For, when we come to consider the matter, how can we ever be proud, in eating fruit, the part that does you good is almost counterbalanced by the indigestible pulp.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

Second Sunday After Epiphany.

PROFANITY.

To-day, my dear brethren, as you know, the Church celebrates the festival of the Holy Name of Jesus; of that name which is above all other names, at which every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess the glory of Him to Whom this great Name belongs.

Yes, the Holy Church does indeed reverence this Holy Name, and we, her children, do not fail to honor it. Following a pious custom, we bow the head when it is mentioned, and it is to be hoped that we also make at the same time with our hearts an act of homage to Him Who bears it, and thank Him for all that He has done for us.

And yet, strange to say, some of these very Christians who pay to the name of their God and Saviour, at least outwardly, this tribute of honor on certain accustomed occasions seem to take at other times a pleasure in trampling it, if I may so speak, in the very dirt under their feet. To see them in church, you would think that they would hardly dare even to take at all upon their own lips this Holy Name which they hear from those of the priest; but outside, on the street, and even, it may be, in their own houses, they show a horrible familiarity with it. This Name above all names is coupled with every foolish, passionate, and even filthy word which the devil can put into their hearts and on their tongues.

Do I say this is strange? Ah! that is far too weak a word. To one who will stop and consider, even for a moment, it seems incredible, impossible that a Christian, one who believes himself to have been created by the great God whose name he bears, and to have been redeemed by Him from the power of the devil, at the cost of His own Precious Blood; who has knelt in prayer before Him; who has received from Him the pardon of his sins; who has received Him in His real and true Presence on His tongue in the sacrament which He has instituted with such infinite condescension and love—I say, that such a man should be so familiar with the Name of the earth, on whom so many and such surpassing favors have been showered by the Divine Goodness, should, with this very tongue on which His God has rested, outrage and insult the name of this God, and that the Name which above all others tells how good and merciful He has been. It seems as if even the infinite patience and love which Our Lord has for us could not brook this indignity, this spite which in His face, by one who did not know who He was, but by those who from childhood have known full well all the truths of their holy faith, and who well understand that it is the Divine Majesty which they despise.

Indeed, my brethren, believe me, even the Infidel shudders when he hears in passing along the street the Holy Name of Our Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ, of Him Whom even he respects above all other men that have ever lived on earth, the one that he cannot but believe Him to be far more than the best and greatest of men; who invoke Him as One who sitteth on the Eternal Throne, before Whom the angels veil their faces, to Whom is due benediction and honor and glory and power for ever and ever. Even the Infidel, I say, shudders; and he wonders how it can be, if what Christians believe is true, that the God Whom they thus insult suffers them to live.

But you may say it is a habit you have got; that is the excuse which seems good to you, and which you seem to think that God ought to accept. Suppose you had a habit of spitting on your neighbor's face or clothes by preference to any other place, how long would he endure it? It is a habit, yes; but it is one which you can amend and get rid of altogether, and which you are most urgently and seriously bound to get rid of, if you would not have to this insupportable habit outrages and defiles.

Take care, take care, take care, I warn and beseech you, for God's sake, for the sake of those who hear you, and for your own sake, that this habit come to an end. Watch, keep guard against it; punish yourself should you even inadvertently fall into it, that your offended God may not have to take the punishment into His own hands.

No "Stage Irishman" to be Seen.

An English traveler in Ireland, recently, was on the alert for that type of Irishman which he had frequently seen on the stage in London another city; but he was grievously disappointed in not being able to behold such a character in the old land itself. He says: "There was no sign of the stage Irishman in the train, on the road, at Mass or anywhere else. Not a single Irishman said 'Faix' or 'Bedad.' Not a single Irishman walked on both sides of the highway at once with a bottle of whisky sticking out of the pocket of a green-tailed coat. Not a single Irishman wore knee breeches, or green stockings, or buckles, or a silk hat made of cloth. Not a single Irishman brandished a shillelagh or fell over a pig, or called me 'darlint,' or begged a drop of the 'craythur.' It was true. The stage Irishman was of the stage, stagey, and Connaught knew him not at all."



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Miss Jennie Barrows, Rigault, Que., says: "I write to thank you for the wonderful benefit your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me. I am now 22 years of age, but from the time I was fourteen I did not enjoy good health. A couple of years ago, while attending school I grew worse, and the sisters in charge called in a doctor. After treating me for some time, without any improvement, he told me that I must discontinue my studies. When I got home I was sent to Caledonia Springs. The first month I was there it seemed to help me, but like all the medicine I had taken the help was only temporary, and I relapsed into my former condition. I grew so pale and weak like that strangers called me the wax figure. My heart would beat so violently that I could hardly hear the noise it made. I was so weak I could not walk a block without support, or without resting two or three times. My head would sometimes ache so violently as to almost drive me wild, and at times I would grow so dizzy that I could not stand. All this time I was taking treatment, but all the time was getting worse and worse, and I hardly hoped ever to be better again. At this time I read in a newspaper of a somewhat similar case cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I determined to try them. By the time I had taken a half dozen boxes I had improved a great deal. From that time on, week by week, I gained in health and strength, until by the time I had used eleven boxes I was enjoying better health than I had done for years. I am now well and strong, and thank God for the blessing of good health you wonderful Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has conferred upon me. I would strongly advise every weak and ailing girl who reads this to lose no time in taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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Sighing for an Index.

Dr. Campbell Morgan, of Westminster Chapel, lately preached a sermon on literature. In the course of his sermon he said:

"We smile in our broad-minded way at the Roman Catholic index of forbidden books. I often wish I could make an index of forbidden books for our young people."

The old Church can teach the world the ways of wisdom. She has the divine commission and the guidance of the Holy Ghost.—From the Catholic Universe.

The Catholic Physician.

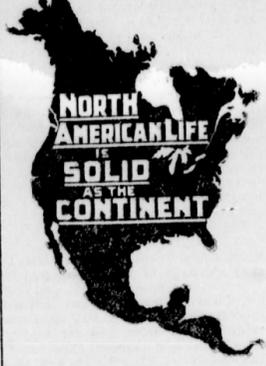
A paper bearing this title, read by the Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J., before the medical section of the Second Australian Catholic Congress, held recently, bids Catholic medical men to take care that no patient, whether a newborn child or a dying adult, is permitted to pass away without receiving the last rites of the Church, and to be especially heedful not to let the use of anaesthetics cloud the mind of the dying man or woman at the moment on which a happy eternity may depend.—From the Medical Record.

THEY WAKE THE TORPID ENERGENS.

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Uodue Honor to Mary.

The Catholic idea of the Blessed Virgin is admirably explained in a recent pastoral by Bishop Hedley. Combating the objection so frequently urged by ignorant Protestants that the Church looks upon Mary otherwise than as a creature, he declares that if proof were needed to the contrary it is only necessary to turn to ecclesiastical history. "For in the fourth century when a certain sect called the Collyridians paid an undue honor to Mary and offered a kind of sacrifice to her, they were confuted by St. Epiphanius, who was a most ardent defender of the honor of the Blessed Virgin; and, that is more, their conduct was condemned by the Church, which declared that sacrifice belonged to God alone, and cannot be offered to a creature. Hence it is the firm teaching of God's Church that although Mary was called so full a great and wonderful office, still she is a creature of God and in no sense divine."

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INDIGESTION CONQUERED BY K.D.C.

HEADACHE, STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, TO BE HELD IN FULL ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

CHATS WITH

If we only knew in supreme moments—erises—depend and acts that keep vigilant watch that make their in our hedges, venial sins that we in this world a great obstacle kept in tune quality, and we wait wondrous his baton, we make discord, always, we must with the best us. And the best we good books. "Lectures on the

An Example of

The trolley of one of the most compelled to a two young fellow of the nation. They one topic suggest, business will go. Final "Is it true about to resign home?"

"Yes, it is pity, for he has with a good firm."

"Why does he?"

"Because his fashioned course sense of duty, anything at the is set on getting little business, will amount to ing for a family Hamilton to the shop while after he's dead. Son idea on a "Well, why did that justify, and if there and strictly opp the party would have made this city."

"It looks like 'O, I don't does look beautiful in selfishness and ilton is the e the 22. The really a little were two that who has an in- gning to fat- plans that his the business, the other ar

"And what bridge yet, a about it now, he'll probably come clear."

"Exactly. His father's employment man was gr pro had give were all know. But the young lege by the had gotten a life and felt fortune. So scolding has could't see of his sisters and bookkeeper was unknown, not, and had turn. That ailment by his friend has. He could see never produce lent for a family. He after. Why "Exactly, why should "To that one answer obtained his was something before he was there, since, from here pro answer prom came. We hurt."

"What was the comb letter from his father with the chance ble of the words—"I father"—see his memory from his fav Christmas a

"Because so. The fourth Com men imagine they reach a long time him like a eats needed would give had just en through lon them. The him through hope that I ago. And and forsake amassing more to his people? To be taken friendship? prospects that had oc

security which provide positive for your de- a policy of eu- American policies have profit results. investigate be- LIFE ONT. BLAIKIE, President, Secretary.

Jewels

WE HAVE made careful selection of Jewels mounting, and you will find those "rich and rare." Our Rubies are especially strong in red and chain connections, and we claim they are the best new-bered to the trade. In pure quality of size of No. 1: Amethyst, Topaz, Crystal, Ruby, Tiger-eye, Moxed Crystal, Garnet, Carnelian and Emerald.

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INGER Permanent Cure Guaiacum, X-Ray, Anodyne, Inconvenience. Write for book.

INDIGESTION CURED BY K.D.C.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

If we only knew how much our actions in supreme moments of life—in times of crises—depend on the little thoughts and acts that preceded them, we should keep vigilant watch on the little foxes that make their way through the gaps in our hedges. It is the carelessness of voluntarism that makes mortal sins easy. We in this world are like the violin in a great orchestra. If we are not kept in tune we lose in fineness of quality, and when the great leader of this wondrous earthly orchestra waves his baton, we are found wanting; we make discord. To be at our best always, we must keep ourselves in tune with the best of the instruments near us. And the best of these instruments are good books. Maurice Francis Egan, "Lectures on English Literature."

The trolley car was crowded. I was one of the men jammed together and compelled to stand. Back of me were two young fellows who begged the sedition of the ride by means of conversation. They talked of this and that, one topic suggesting another, grave or gay, business or personal, just as that will go. Finally, the younger said: "Is it true that our friend Hamilton is about to resign his position and go back home?"

"Yes, it is true, and in one way it's a pity, for he has an excellent situation, with a good firm, and would be sure to rise."

"Why does he throw it up?" "Because he's endowed with an old-fashioned conscience that gives him a sense of duty. It's a mighty unpleasant thing at times for a man to have who is set on getting ahead, but the man who has it and is faithful to it, makes a sterling character. It is one of the best things about Hamilton, and on account of it you can depend upon him every time to do the right thing, as soon as he sees it, cost what it may."

"What's his conscience got to do with giving up a fine position?" "It's almost as good as a story. Hamilton's home is in a country town a hundred miles or so from here. His father owns a dry goods store and does a nice little business. But, of course, it never will amount to more than a decent living for a family. The father wants Hamilton to start there, help him run the shop while he lives, and carry it on after he's dead—a sort of Dombey & Son idea on a small scale."

"Well, why doesn't he do it?" "That's just what he's made up his mind to do. But it was a hard pull, and if there hadn't been a well-trained and strictly-obeyed conscience to back up the paternal wishes, Hamilton would have made a career for himself in this city."

"It looks silly." "O, I don't know about that. But it does look dutiful and therefore most beautiful in these degenerate days of selfishness and greed. You see, Hamilton is the eldest of the children, and he's 22. Then come three girls, and finally a little chap of ten years. There were two that died. The old gentleman who has an incurable disease, and is beginning to fail, always put down in his plans that his big boy should carry on the business and keep up the home for the mother and the girls."

"And what about marriage?" "Oh, Hamilton hasn't come to that bridge yet, and therefore will not worry about it now. When he has to cross it, he'll probably find that the way will become clear. But I'm getting ahead of my story. When Hamilton disappointed his father's expectations by seeking employment in the city, the old gentleman was greatly shocked. His main prop had given way. His arrangements were all knocked into sixes and sevens. But the young fellow, by going to college and by traveling during vacations, had gotten an outlook into a broader life and felt an ambition to achieve a fortune. So, concealing his intention, he decided to go to the city. He couldn't see that he was needed. One of his sisters was acting as both clerk and bookkeeper. His father's malady was unknown to him then and it had not, and has not yet, taken a serious turn. That concealment of a painful ailment by the father shows that our friend has his "grit" by inheritance. He could see that the business would never produce a profit more than sufficient for a comfortable living for the family. He had his own future to look after. Why should he stay?"

"Exactly, why should he stay and why should he now return?" "To that question he could see only one answer eight months ago when he obtained his present position. There was something of a "flare-up" at home before he left. He has not been back there since. He has had few letters from home probably because he did not answer promptly or cordially those that came. We all feel sore when we're hurt."

"What made him change his course?" "A combination of three things—a letter from his mother, telling him that his father was beginning to fail visibly; the chance reading lately of the parable of the Prodigal Son, in which the words—"I will arise and go home to my father"—seemed to burn themselves into his memory, and a personal invitation from his favorite sister for him to spend Christmas at home."

"Well, why should he stay?" "Because his parents wish him to do so. The old law of obedience. The fourth Commandment that most young men imagine doesn't concern them after they reach their majority, and, by Jove, a long time before that, he came to him like a flash, so he told me. His parents needed him. For their sakes, he would give up the career on which he had just entered. They had built a hope that he would be their stay in old age. And he had disappointed them and forsaken them with the purpose of amassing riches. Was money worth more to him than the happiness of his people? Was the love of his father not to be taken into account? Nor his friendship? Could his extra pay and prospects compensate for the ill-feeling that had come up between his parents

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY. BY LOUISA EMILY DOBBER. THE CROWNING OF OUR BLESSED LORD WITH THORNS. CYRIL'S WISH.

There was supper instead of a late dinner all through the holidays, and when the household had opened his valise and taken out his possessions, Cyril shut the door and got ready with very unaccustomed feelings of trepidation. He was extremely angry with himself for not being as self-possessed as usual, and started just as his aunt would have done when a thud came to the door. "I thought you wouldn't know your own way down," said Bob, with a suspicious twinkle in his eye. Cyril's heart rose at the unexpected kindness, and thanking his cousin with a heartiness that arose from a genuine sense of relief, he accompanied him down the wide staircase.

"There, in there," said Bob, indicating a large room where the door stood ajar, and as Cyril opened it farther, down came a waste-paper basket filled with rubbish on his head, followed by shrieks of laughter simultaneous with a duet of barking and excited leaps of the dogs.

Cyril tried to laugh but failed utterly, and Mrs. Dering entered at that moment not one whit disconcerted at the papers strewn over the drawing-room floor. "Up to your tricks as usual," she remarked, calmly lifting up her dress as she made her way over the disorder. "Too bad of them the first night, Cyril, I will protect you; come and sit by me and tell me about Switzerland—fancy, I have never been abroad in my life; oh, you want a brushing, in that it is in the hall you will find a brush, I believe. I can't say positively, for things have a way of rambling in this abode."

The dog sounded again just as Cyril had brushed off the remains of the rubbish, and then they all sat down in the long dining room, and he noticed Bob wink at Phil as he made the sign of the cross at his grace.

Cyril was very silent all through supper, and had very little appetite. His aunt tried to make him talk but he seemed shy, and so after a while she let him alone, and the conversation proceeded among the rest. Cricket and games generally seemed the absorbing interest, and much that they said was perfectly unintelligible to him. The moment supper was over every one went out again. Cyril was taken up to the nursery to have a peep at baby asleep in her cot, and as he was tired from his long journey he thankfully acted on his aunt's suggestion that he should go to bed early.

Locking his door, Cyril knelt as usual for his prayers, and, tired as he was, said his ten decades of the Rosary which he had done daily ever since he could remember. It was all so strange and new, the past few hours seeming more like years in duration, that there was a calming influence in doing what he was accustomed to doing, and when he had finished he noticed a small table near the fireplace where he decided he would place his crucifix and images the next day. He had forgotten to ask where the church was, but he would do so on the morrow.

Getting quickly into bed he drew up his feet, and he had suddenly gone down to find he had an apple-pie bed. Another trick! There was no help for it, up he must get, and re-lighting his candle made the bed again, and as he did so he could hear the chuckles of his tormentors outside his door.

"Aunt Dora, where is the church?" he inquired the next morning, as he found himself after breakfast alone with his aunt.

"Just outside the back lodge gate; The boys will show you the way; it is only half a mile off."

"Is there daily Mass?" "Yes, at eight—why, do you want to go?" "I always do go at home," said Cyril.

"I am afraid you are none of us very pious," said Mrs. Dering with a laugh, "but of course there is nothing to prevent your going if you wish it."

"I should like it," said Cyril decidedly, and the next morning he went. Plenty of chaff awaited him when he came into breakfast, and he bore it all with a kind of superior way which served to egg on the others. "You don't catch any of us in the week, you bet," said Ber.

"Perhaps he is going to be a monk," said Bob without waiting for an answer. "Do you really want to go more than you must?" asked Jennie, who was as thoughtless as the rest.

"No accounting for tastes," said Phil. "Beastly bore having to go at all," said Bob. "I don't go more than days of obligation and—"

"You may be pretty sure that you do that, my boy, while you are under this roof," remarked Dr. Dering looking up from his newspaper. "Yes," said his wife, "why of course you must all be good and never miss your Masses of obligation."

Cyril had not been long at Holmewood before he quite settled in his own mind that as far as religion was concerned the family, boys and all, did what they were obliged to do and not anything more. The sweet-toned bell of the pretty church sounded for daily Mass, none but Cyril ever going, and as for Benediction on Sunday or weekday that was evidently unheard of.

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Windsor Salt For the table, for cooking, for butter-making. It is pure and will not cake.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

THE FRENCH IDEA OF A "FREE CHURCH."

"A free Church in a free State" has an alluring sound, but there are varying conceptions of freedom, and the phrase in the mouth of M. Combes has a far different meaning from that which it has in the mind of the average American. People in this country, for instance, who imagine that the disestablishment of the Catholic Church in France will set her free to do her beneficent work unhampered by the bonds which hold her at present in subjection to the State, are much mistaken.

The draft of the French bill for Disestablishment just published shows this unmistakably. This bill is divided into four parts. Part I treats of the suppression of expenditure on religion, the distribution of the property, and pensions; and the first clause is sufficiently indicative of the nature of the whole. It runs: "From the 1st of January after the promulgation of this Act all public expenditure for the exercise or maintenance of any religion; all salaries, indemnities, subsidies, or allowances granted to the ministers of a religion out of the funds of the State, the departments, the communes, or public institutions, are and shall be suppressed."

What is the Westminster Confession rejected by Dr. Carter? It is a confession of faith and a summary of doctrine in 33 articles set forth by the Westminster Assembly in 1646. Deacon Stanley said: "It is that famous confession of faith which alone within these islands was imposed by law upon the whole kingdom; and which retains of all Protestant confessions a hold upon the minds of its adherents to which its fervor and its logical coherence in some measure entitle it."

The Westminster Confession of Faith was formulated after years taken up in disputes, quarrels, frauds, tricks and manipulations. It produced a system adopted by the Old School Presbyterians, the New School Presbyterians, the Associate Presbyterians, the Associated Reform Church and the Cumberland Presbyterians. The Confession is the implicit if not the explicit platform of faith for the Congregationalists and the Dutch Reformed.

Protestantism is as much the victim of the times as the fashions that emanate from Paris. It is ever trimming its sails to float with the popular breeze. It is not to-day what it was yesterday, nor will it be to-morrow what it is today. It has not the permanency of truth, but is marked by the changeableness of error. Its ministers proclaim its progressiveness, forgetting that they at the same moment pronounce its logical condemnation.—Catholic Universe.

THE CHURCH IN THE PAST YEAR.

The Catholic Union and Times, commenting on the complications likely to arise from the present Russian-Japanese conflict, says: "While, however, the skies seemed surcharged with manifold disaster when viewed from merely a human standpoint, it is pleasant to dwell on the blessed, fruitful reign of the Church of God through the past eventful year. Assured of her miraculous perpetuity, that her Lord from the heavens still smiles on her struggles, she peacefully pursues her mission of mercy to the nations with a zeal similar to that which fired her young bosom as she whispered her consoling teachings amid the chill chambers of the Catacombs. And her Pontiff, the heaven-sent Pius X., gloriously governs this kingdom of God on earth; a d d although stripped of all worldly power, and poor indeed, he hath yet an influence never wielded by earthly monarch, which, piercing through every barrier, makes itself felt at the ends of the earth, and contains a singular charm for the hearts of over two hundred millions of human beings."

NOT A BLOOD-MAKER.

Can blood be made from alcohol? This is a very important question and one on which there is a great diversity of opinion. Paracelsus first made use of pure alcohol for the preparation of his elixir vitae. Thousands of physicians to-day recommend that motherly invalids and other feeble persons drink wine and beer, with the idea that these liquors make blood. Perhaps this notion grew out of the similarity in color of wine and blood. At any rate, it is the red wines that are largely consumed for this purpose.

But wine cannot make blood. Wine interferes with the blood-making process. To be converted into blood a substance must contain some of the properties of blood. Wine does not resemble blood. It is diluted alcohol. Hence it cannot be converted into anything so radically different from itself as blood is. Blood is just as much flesh as any other part of the body. It is liquid tissue; it is liquid flesh; it is a vitalized fluid and as much alive as the brain or a nerve. Alcohol is lifeless; consequently it cannot be changed into blood.

Nothing but good food—fruits, grain and nuts—can make pure blood. These foods become blood through digestion. Examinations of men who have drunk alcohol have revealed the liquor in the brain, liver and muscles. Indeed the whole body was saturated with alcohol as a sponge with water. The poison has been detected in the perspiration and in the secretions of the kidneys. By distilling the breath of such persons given to me, I have found a vast amount of alcohol. It remains for the Presbytery of Nassau to say, how it stands upon the subject. I think it is quite as much on trial as I am before the people; and the same thing can be said of the church in general.

We regret that an excellent article on the use of time, which appeared last week in our department Chat With Young Men, was not credited to The Catholic Column of Columbus, Ohio, one of the best and brightest of our exchanges.

Where there is no reverence for sacred things there will be little honor in secular things.

DIocese of London.

ADLAIDE. Sunday, Jan. 15, will be long remembered by the good people of this diocese, as it marks the occasion of the death of His Lordship the Right Rev. Bishop of London, immediately after the death of Rev. Father Aylward of London. At the age of 84, he had been a priest for 50 years.

High Mass was sung in St. Charles Church, Cambridge, on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock by the Rev. Fr. McLaughlin, assisted by Rev. Fr. McLaughlin and Rev. Fr. McLaughlin. The church was filled with worshippers, and the service was most impressive.

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Facts About Flour Of Special Interest to our Women Readers.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD MAXIMS. A cook is only as good as the flour she uses. A poor cook can make better bread with Royal Household Flour than a good cook can with poor flour.

Royal Household Recipes make bake day the pleasantest day of the week. There are two kinds of flour, "Royal Household" and the kind that has not been purified by Electricity.

"This flour is just as good as" begins the grocer. "Send me "Royal Household" never-the-less" interrupts the woman who knows. "I have tried 'just-as-good' flour before."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. NEAREST GROCER:—We are always glad to send to our correspondents the name of the nearest grocer who handles Royal Household Flour.

HOW MANY RECIPES:—We sent the ten recipes that one of our correspondents asked for last week for her neighbors. We are always glad to send as many recipes as are needed.

THE BEST PAYS BEST:—The reason grocers find it pays to push Royal Household Flour is not because the profit is larger per barrel—for it isn't so large—but because it pays to please the customer.

HARD WHEAT VERSUS SOFT WHEAT:—Royal Household Flour is made of the best grade of hard wheat. Hard wheat is the best spring wheat grown in Manitoba. Soft wheat is winter wheat—inferior for flour making.

FOR SALE. A FIRST CLASS GROCERY BUSINESS. A fine old established grocery business in a large and well-to-do Catholic neighborhood. The stock is worth \$15,000. Stock and fixtures about \$12,000. At one hundred cents on dollar and spot cash. Don't answer unless you mean business. Write for details to Box A Record Office.

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THE BEST TEST IS YOUR OWN TEST, IN YOUR OWN HOME. Your test, Mrs. Home Baker, is final. If you find "Royal Household" best in your baking, there is no argument.

Every day many Canadian women write us how pleased they are with Royal Household Flour. —that it is all we say for pastry as it is for bread.

—that it's quicker, easier, simpler to bake good bread and good pastry with Royal Household Flour, by the "Royal Household" Recipes.

TESTIMONIALS:—Last week we received nearly five hundred testimonials. "The Flour for Me." "Royal Household" is the flour for me. I have used the popular brands, but none can compare with Royal Household.

"There is too much bad flour." "Royal Household" is what the people want—a better flour. There is too much bad flour put on the people of this country at the present time.

"I had an idea Hungarian was as good flour as it was possible to make, but I find "Royal Household" a great improvement, particularly in requiring much less kneading and making a whiter and lighter bread."

"A SPOILED PRIEST." By Rev. Father Sheehan. This, the latest work of the celebrated Irish litterateur, is now on sale at the Catholic Record Office. Mailed to any address on receipt of one dollar.

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DIocese of Peterborough.

RECESSION AT MOUNT ST. JOSEPH, PETERBOROUGH. On January 3rd a beautiful ceremony took place in the handsome new chapel of the Sacred Heart at Mount St. Joseph. Nine young ladies, who had been in the community of St. Joseph always sacred and devoted to the service of the sick, were admitted as novices in the community.

When the present community was formed for the diocese of Peterborough fourteen years ago, it was a small and simple congregation. It has since grown to a number of twenty-two, and during the past year it has received a large number of novices.

High Mass was celebrated by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor assisted by Father McLaughlin, the cathedral and Father Phelan of Yorkville. The sanctuary was decorated with flowers and the altar was adorned with a beautiful arrangement of flowers.

MOTHER M. VINCENT O'HAGAN. The dawn of the new year was marked by sorrow for the Sisters of St. Joseph, Hamilton. The last hours of Christmas were yet young when Mother Vincent O'Hagan, who had been in the community for many years, passed peacefully away.

GOOD CATHOLIC HOMES ARE WANTED. For a number of children boys and girls, under six years of age. In homes where there are no children or where the children are grown up, these children would make themselves welcome and would be a great blessing to the home. Write for details to the Catholic Record Office.

TEACHERS WANTED. CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 2, Grand and Humberwood, immediately. Salary \$50 per month. Small village. Good accommodation. Sitings. Address: The Secretary, Basement School, Box 215, Strathcona, Alberta. 1905.

LADY TEACHER WANTED SECOND. A lady teacher wanted for a school in a small village. Salary \$50 per month. Small village. Good accommodation. Sitings. Address: The Secretary, Basement School, Box 215, Strathcona, Alberta. 1905.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. No. 4, Kemptville, Ontario. Salary \$75. Applicants will kindly send testimonials and references to Rev. C. B. Beaton, Donawville, P. O. 1905.

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Advertisement for a gramophone. \$12 Buys this \$20 Outfit. Includes a gramophone, records, and a cabinet. Guaranteed for five years. Testimonials from satisfied customers. Why we can make such a liberal offer. Coupon for a free trial.

Professor Coe of University, Ill., has been on the cause. He is, and has been, a great educator. He is, and has been, a great educator. He is, and has been, a great educator.

Nearer home we the Canada Law. He is free to maintain eternally as the emblem of his God, moral education, intellectual education, culture. It is the two that develop position with authorities he we "Conceding, professing Christ let us consider why for its promotion. Now, are we some one answer fine religious atmosphere. Pine atmosphere ply to our domestic rule it is in our modern children attend present day schools, while admit that, for moral training, egged to the some experience them as being tion as the India a new lock, s them wonder from me to di little band of women who are keep the Sunday into decay. I until at least achieved, name voluntary or parents or guardians under sixteen acquisition of religious in the moral sown broadcasted mutuality to day fall to meet them. "And their public school may well there's the the outset of head, that it this paper a vinctial Education against the teachers. Its public school for systematic authorized province, is understood of O more concern than the moral body of inte