

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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The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, October, 27, 1900.

TIME WILL TELL.

A report that is receiving a warm welcome from R-publican prints is that Archbishop Ireland is the bearer of a message to the United States Government, to the effect that Pope Leo XIII. is well pleased with its relations to the Church in Cuba and the Philippines. Remembering that politicians of a certain stripe are ready to sacrifice honor, decency and truth to the good of their party, it is better to keep silent until we obtain more definite information on the subject.

WHERE IS HE?

We look in vain for some account of Captain O'Leary, sometime Governor of Guam. Possibly "the old man, broken by the storms of state, has gone to lay his weary bones among those who will look upon his edicts as epoch making deliverances." But we have always felt sorry that he was not sent to assimilate the Sultan of Sulu. He might have cut down the Sultan's monthly salary of \$250 and advised him as to his harem and slaves and the various other things that are associated with Oriental civilization. He would certainly make things lively in Sulu, where slavery and polygamy are officially sanctioned, and might possibly ere now be adorning the Sultan's private cemetery.

A PURE AND NOBLE HEART.

The announcement that the citizens of Drogheda are about to place a memorial slab to John Boyle O'Reilly in Dowth churchyard, near Dowth Castle, "the loveliest spot in the world," is hailed with delight by newspapers all over the country. Men still remember O'Reilly, and we hope that succeeding generations will realize, as we, that in very truth he was a "sower of infinite seed, a woodman that hewed towards the light." It is an old story now of his life on the prison hulk and in Australian forests: how he forged his way to the front in Puritan Boston, and, "branded convict" as his opponents called him was invited to sing the praises of Wendell Phillips, Crispus Attucks and Plymouth brethren: but it is a story that thrills us still with its record of dauntless enthusiasm and courage. We honor him indeed for his poetry, but we love him for his tender-hearted chivalry that championed the cause of the poor and the weak and the oppressed—for the kindness that seemed to be inseparable from his character. "We are growing old, Mike," he wrote to a friend, "and our turn will soon be here. May we be remembered with affection as they are—as all the kindly hearts are. After all, there is nothing so strong as kindness. Everything else—esteem, admiration, friends, is good—but there is nothing so pure and strong to hold our affections as the memory of a warm and sympathetic heart."

We may forget his labors in the literary field, but we shall never fail to remember as one

Who mourned all selfish and shrewd endeavor. But he never injured a weak one, never. When censure was passed, he was kindly dumb. He was never so wise, but a fault could come. He erred and was sorry; but he never drew. A trusting heart from the pure and true.

AN ANTIQUE CALUMNY.

Sir Alexander Bonnie is a sort of scientific Rip Van Winkle. He must have gone to sleep when tirades against Catholicism were in fashion and awakened utterly oblivious of the changes that occurred during his slumbers. Some years ago a man of distinction might, without any notable diminution of his reputation, venture to give utterance to the oft-refuted calumnies against the Church, but that time has passed away, and forever. Whatever men may think of us they recognize us belong to a religious organization that occupies a unique position in the world—that gives no place to ethical novelties and has no fear of criticism, and that is now, as in the past, the fostering mother of all that can tend to elevate and ennoble the human mind. A thousand facts bear this out. Every century has its own story of progress: at times it was slow, but its trend was ever upward

and onward. A glance at the past which speaks of the efforts of priests and Bishops to promote the interests of education at the great universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Salamanca, Paris, Bologna, Padua—that rang with the discussions of students from every clime and the eloquence of men of learning: at the grand old cathedrals, Westminster Abbey, York, Milan, Florence, Siena, Seville, Orvieto, upon which moderns gaze with wonder and despair—these, and other facts should make even a scientist think twice before saying that "the over ruling authority of the Church crushed out all enquiry into the nature of things, deeming it sufficient that men should either remain ignorant or devote their attention to a future existence."

And yet this ridiculous clap trap emanated from a gentleman at the annual meeting of the British Association for the advancement of science: It requires, to say the least, considerable hardihood to employ such an antique implement against Catholicism. We should expect to see a scientist wielding a graceful and up-to-date polemical weapon, and not one that has long since been relegated to the museum of controversial curiosities. But we presume he has been asleep or has been debarred by scientific pursuits from historical investigation.

Frederic Harrison, who is quite as distinguished as Sir Alexander Bonnie, does not forswear truth and scholarship in treating of the influence of the Church upon past epochs. Speaking of the faith as manifested by the thirteenth century, he says that it sufficed to inspire the most profound thought, the most lofty poetry, the widest culture, the freest art of the age: it filled statesmen with awe, scholars with enthusiasm, and consolidated society around uniform objects of reverence and worship; great thinkers like Albert of Cologne and Aquinas found it to be the stimulus of their meditations; mighty poets like Dante could not conceive poetry unless based on it and saturated with it. Creative artists, like Giotto, found it an ever-living well-spring of beauty. The great cathedrals embodied it in a thousand forms of glory and power. To statesman, artist, poet, thinker, teacher, soldier, worker, chief or follower, it supplied at once inspiration and instrument.

CUBANS AND THE BIBLE.

It is astonishing how much attention is given to Catholics by their separated brethren. Whilst appreciating their benevolent efforts, we should remind them that charity begins at home. According to authoritative statements from their leaders, their church-membership is declining, pulpit influence is on the wane and professions of belief once held in honor are turned over to committees to be amended and revised—and yet, instead of putting their household in order, they must needs evolve schemes for the conversion of Catholics. One of the latest is Mr. Charles Colton, who has appealed for funds in order to present the Cuban teachers with a copy of the Bible.

One of the Cuban teachers, Rev. Manuel Ruiz, asks in the Boston Pilot: "What have the Cuban teachers done to merit this insult to their intelligence or to their faith? It is possible that some of them at least have heard of the Bible, whose pages are pictured and sculpted on the walls and sible for any of them to mistake the imposed, perverted translation known as King James' Bible for the genuine word of God known to them from childhood. When the Cuban teachers want new Bibles they can afford to buy the genuine article—the Douai version for English and any number of translations of the vulgate in Spanish."

Possibly Mr. Colton has some Bibles that he wants to dispose of. But whether commercial or religious ambition has given birth to his novel idea, we should like to inquire how can that Bible, shorn of dignity and authority by the higher critics—a mere football on life's highway, to be kicked around by every blasphemous sceptic—be productive of good amongst the Cubans. Take, for example, the case of Hawaii as commented upon in the work of Rev. Father Young. In 1820 the American Missionary Board sent Messrs. Bingham and Thurston there for the purpose of civilizing it. And they did according to the most approved methods. They robbed the natives: filched their land from them and persecuted Catholics, condemning even women who would not embrace

Protestantism to penal servitude for life. Those goodly evangelists, whatever thought they had for the treasures of the future, had such a keen eye on the treasures of the present that, according to their own testimony, they compelled the natives to pay nearly \$1,000,000 to worthy citizens of the United States. Their record in Hawaii could not be whitewashed in a thousand years. Why does not Mr. Colton send the Cuban teachers a copy of Browning or Omar's Rubaiyat, which are looked upon with a certain measure of respect by the natives of Boston? "But, dear Colton," to quote Rev. Manuel Ruiz, "if you persist in insulting our faith by foisting a spurious Bible on our teachers, as your likes put robbers in our Cuban post offices, we shall honor the Almighty by burning them, as your King James' version ancestors burned witches up your way. We revere God's book, but not its counterfeit."

THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN.

The Reconciliation of Sinners to God at the Principal Office of the Church.

Freeman's Journal. Baltimore, Oct. 9.—Last Sunday was the first day of the Feast of the Holy Rosary, the beginning of the ecclesiastical month of pious rejoicing. The Confraternity of the Rosary was established in 1481 by Sixtus IV for the purpose of warding off by prayer the disaster threatened by the Turks. The Festival of the Rosary, occurring annually the first Sunday in October, is in commemoration of the victory of the Christians over the Turks at Lepanto in 1571.

In Baltimore the Month of the Rosary will be remembered at the Cathedral with appropriate devotions. The services on Sunday were auspicious and impressive. The forenoon was a perfect expression of Autumn weather, and large crowds were present at all the services. At 11 o'clock Mass the Cardinal was filled.

The sermon delivered by the Cardinal was the first since his return from his summer vacation. To the right of the sanctuary, the Cardinal occupying his throne, sat Father O'Brien, and to the left of the sanctuary sat Father O'Donovan and Father Russell. The Mass was sung by Nether Fletcher, assisted by seminarians from St. Mary's Seminary. The music for the Mass was by orchestra and choir, under the direction of Professor Hale.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' SERMON ON "THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN." The Cardinal's text was from the Gospel of the 18th Sunday after Pentecost. He said:

"The whole history of Jesus Christ is marked by mercy and compassion for suffering humanity. From the moment of His incarnation till the hour of His death every thought and word and act of His divine life was directed toward the alleviation of the ills and miseries of fallen man.

"As soon as He enters on His public career He goes about doing good to all men. He gives sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf, and vigor to the paralyzed limbs; He applies the salve of comfort to the bleeding heart and raises the dead to life.

"But while Jesus occupied Himself in bringing relief to the corporal infirmities, the principal object of His mission was to release the soul from the bonds of sin. The very name of Jesus indicates this important truth: 'Thou shalt call His name Jesus,' says the angel, 'for He shall save His people from their sins.'

SIN THE GREATEST EVIL OF MAN. "For if Jesus had contented Himself with healing the maladies of our body without attending to those of our soul, He would deserve, indeed, to be called our Physician, but would not merit the more endearing title of Saviour and Redeemer. But as sin was the greatest evil of man, and as Jesus came to remove from us our greatest evils, He came into the world chiefly as the great Absolver from sin.

Magdalen seems to have a consciousness of this. She casts herself at His feet, which she washes with her tears and wipes with her hair, while Jesus pronounces over her the saving words of absolution. The very demons recognized Jesus as the enemy of sin, for they dreaded His approach, knowing, as they did, that He would drive them out of the bodies of men.

"And, indeed, our Lord makes the healing of the body secondary to the healing of the soul. And when He delivers the body from its distempers His object is to win the confidence of the spectators by compelling them to recognize Him as the soul's physician. For instance, He says to the palsied man, 'Thy sins are forgiven.' The scribes are at once offended at our Saviour for presuming to forgive sins. He replies, in substance: 'If you do not believe my words, believe my acts.' And He at once heals the man of the disease. And after he had cured the man that had been languishing for thirty-eight years He whispered to him this gentle admonition: 'Sin no more, lest some worse thing may happen to thee.'

THE CHURCH ESTABLISHED TO PERPETUATE THE WORK OF JESUS CHRIST.

"As much as our spiritual substance exceeds this flesh which surrounds it, so much more did our Saviour value the resurrection of a soul from the grave of sin than the resurrection of the body from the grave of death. Hence, St. Augustine pointedly remarks that, while the Gospel relates only three resurrections of the body, our Lord, during His mortal life, raised thousands of souls to the life of grace.

"As the Church was established by Jesus Christ to perpetuate the work which He had begun, it follows that the reconciliation of sinners to God was to be the principal office of the Church. But the important question here presents itself—how was man to obtain forgiveness in the Church after our Lord's ascension? Was Jesus Christ to appear in person to every sinful soul, and say to each penitent, as He said to Magdalen, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee?' or did He intend to delegate this power of forgiving sins to ministers appointed for that purpose?

"We know well that our Saviour never promised to present Himself visibly to each sinner, nor has He done so. His plan, therefore, must have been to appoint ministers of reconciliation to act in His name. It has always, indeed, been the practice of Almighty God, both in the Old and New Law, to empower human agents to execute His merciful designs. When Jehovah resolved to deliver the children of Israel from the captivity of Egypt He appointed Moses as their deliverer.

"When God wished them to escape from the pursuit of Pharaoh, across the Red Sea, did He intervene directly? No; but, by His instructions, Moses raised his hand over the waters and they were instantly divided. When the people were dying of thirst in the desert, did God come visibly to their rescue? No; but Moses struck the rock, from which the water instantly issued. When Paul was going to Damascus, breathing vengeance against the Christians, did our Saviour personally restore the sight, and convert and baptize him? No; He sent Paul to His servant Ananias, who restored his sight and baptized him.

"When I think of this tremendous power which we possess, I congratulate the members of the Church, for whose benefit it is conferred: I tremble for myself and my fellow ministers, for terrible is our responsibility, while we have nothing to glory in. Christ is the treasure; we are but the pack-horses that carry it. Christ is the Shepherd; we are the pipe He uses to call His sheep. Our words sounding in the confessional are but the feeble echo of the voice of the spirit of God that purified the Apostles in the cenacle of Jerusalem."

A STRONG ARGUMENT.

The Written Statement of a Recent Convert to the Church.

Among the recent converts to the Catholic Church in England is the Rev. C. B. Chase. He has made a written statement to his friends of his reasons for quitting the so-called Church of England. It is an unanswerable argument for the primacy of the Pope, not only a primacy of order, but also of jurisdiction. He then refers to the lack of unity of doctrine among all denominations outside of the Catholic Church.

He says in conclusion: "What I feel about myself is that in the past I put on one side and passed lightly by passages from the Fathers, and I fear also texts of Scripture which refer to St. Peter and the See of Rome. How constantly and for how long have I prayed for the unity of Christendom! But how shocking it is to think that the Church of Christ can be broken up into three or any number of parts. If the Church be not one, then Christ's prayer, 'That they all may be one as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee,' has not been heard. Surely the Church of England is not one with the Church of Rome—as Father and Son are one I 'and My Father are one.' How then can there be one Head on earth, the Vicar of Christ, the Supreme Pontiff? How otherwise, in what other theory of the Church, but in the teaching of the one Church, Catholic and Roman, is one religion taught?"

"To me it was a strange sensation as well as a great joy when I went to see my Bishop, after I became a Catholic, to know that I was of the same faith as my own Bishop. It was a religion as my own Bishop. It was a condition of things I had never experienced before. Yet the unity of the Church was to be as our Lord prayed, the very mark of His Divine mission. 'That the world may know that Thou has sent Me.'"

Mr. Chase's conversion has caused a sensation in religious circles throughout Great Britain.

A NEW ARCHBISHOP FOR SCOTLAND.—The Right Rev. James A. Smith, Bishop of Dunkeld, has been appointed by the Holy Father Archbishop of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh. Dr. Smith was ordained in 1866, and after long service in Blair's College, Aberdeen, as one of the theological professors, he was appointed Bishop of Dunkeld in 1890.

RELICS OF THE PASSION.

Churches Where the Treasures of the Faith are Preserved.

Here is some information concerning the churches which possess the principal relics of the Passion.

The wood of the cross. The largest portions are in the basilica of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem at Rome, and in the cathedral of Paris.

The title of the cross. The tablet on which is the well known inscription, "I. N. R. I." (Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judaeorum—Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews) is preserved in the basilica of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem at Rome.

The crown of thorns. It forms part of the treasure of Our Lady of Paris, but is devoid of thorns, which have been granted to a great many churches. This relic, with the fragments of the cross, is born in triumph by twelve canons or cures of Paris in the solemn procession which is had at 8 o'clock Good Friday night in Notre Dame. The Church of St. Serutin, in Toulouse, has a fragment of the crown which was given it by St. Louis, through his brother Alphonso, Count of Toulouse.

The nails. One, history relates, was thrown by St. Helena into the Adriatic to calm a storm; the second is in the famous iron crown of the ancient Lombard kings (used by Napoleon I. in his coronations); the third is in the Church of Notre Dame in Paris. At Monza, near Milan, is a nail whose authenticity Benedictine XIV. is said to have established.

The sponge. It is at Rome in the basilica of St. John Lateran.

The lance. The point is at Paris and the rest at Rome.

The robe. It was given to the Church of Treves by St. Helena. It is known as the holy coat.

The tunic. Charlemagne gave it to the monastery of Argenteuil, near Paris, where his sister was a nun. The Church of Argenteuil has the relic to this day.

The different pieces of the winding sheet. The largest is at Turin. The Church of Cadoin, department of Dordogne, France, has the cloth in which the head was wrapped.

Rome has the linen with which Veronica wiped Christ's face.

The upper part of the pillar of the scourging is at Rome in the Church of St. Praxedis since 1223. The other part is at Jerusalem in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

MIRACULOUS CURE OF BROTHER NETHELMUS.

One of the Two Miracles Required For the Canonization of John Baptist de La Salle.

In a pastoral letter issued by Archbishop Buchet, of Montreal, ordering a triduum in honor of the canonization of John Baptist de La Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers, His Grace says:

"You must indeed be aware that one of the two miracles which were required for his canonization took place in our episcopal city in the parish of the Holy Name of Jesus at Maisonneuve. One of the members of the community, Brother Nethelmus, suffered from an incurable disease caused by an injury to the spinal column. This malady had reduced him to such a state of weakness that he was unable to walk a single step, or even to move his feet in the smallest way. Thus paralyzed and given over as incurable by the most skillful doctors, the sick man lets himself fall before the image of the founder of his order. With the ardor of filial confidence, he implores with abundant tears St. John Baptist de La Salle to look with pity upon him, and to assist him. At once a miracle is wrought: the judgments of the Church permits us to use this word: Brother Nethelmus feels his feet reviving, that strength returns to them, that he has power to move them. He gets up and walks. Supernatural intervention has cured him.

"Such is the pronouncement of his physicians: the diocesan authority, after a canonical examination, is convinced of the marvelous character of the cure; and finally, the Church, so prudent and full of circumspection, when she pronounces on the authenticity of the two miracles invariably required for the canonization of God's servants, the Church, I say, does not hesitate in this case. By her infallible mouthpiece, the Holy Father, she declares supernatural and miraculous the cure of Brother Nethelmus.

"This event was a source of great honor and rejoicing for Canada, but especially for Montreal."

THE POPES COMING ENCYCLICAL.

To Deal With Christian Socialism and American Democracy.

Rome, Oct. 14.—The Pope to-day received Archbishop Romero, the leader of the pilgrims from the Argentine Republic. His Holiness informed the Archbishop that he was preparing an encyclical to be issued in November, which will deal especially with Christian Socialism and American Democracy.

AN OLD NEGRO'S CONVERSION.

An Interesting Story Told by a Josephite Missionary.

Rev. Thomas Plunkett, who is at work in the Pine Bluff, Arkansas, Mission, relates an incident which shows, very strikingly, the great value of religious books in the conversion of infidels.

Father Plunkett, relates The Josephite, was once asked by an old negro if a certain religious work which he had in his possession was "authentic," or not. He could give no very clear description of the book except that it was a "powerful" exposition of religious truths. He had not been content to merely read the book, but he had begun to talk of it and to discuss its doctrines in the public meetings of his colored congregation. He had read the book over and over, and had learned, by heart, long passages, which he was in the habit of reciting, verbatim, in support of his religious arguments.

He, had, in a very short time, become very troublesome to his negro religious teachers. Through the knowledge that he had gained from the study of the book he was able to ask many questions which the preachers and deacons could not answer. So insistent did he become that the book was made an issue. He was told that he must either give up the teachings of the book, or leave the Church. After deliberation, he chose the book, and was expelled from the congregation. Every effort was then made to steal the book from him, but somehow he managed to keep it in his possession.

When Father Plunkett asked to see the book, the old negro went to his home and brought back a well-worn volume, very dirty, and full of thumb marks. He could not tell how the book had come into his possession, or who its author was, but he wished the priest to pronounce it "authentic." The book was a copy of one of the earlier editions of "The Faith of Our Fathers," written by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons.

The negro was baptized and became a truly religious man.

RECENT CONVERTS TO THE CHURCH.

Rev. J. M. Gleason in October Donahoe's.

The Japanese are an imitative and impressionable people. The recent graduates of high schools and universities, whose heads are abnormally swollen on account of the mass of knowledge absorbed, look as a rule with unceasing disdain on all forms of religion. They think this is intellectually the proper thing, and wear that air as they wear a cross in their European trousers. But their nerves have been jarred a little bit within the last few years by the numerous conversions to Catholicity of men whose names are paramount guarantees of intellectual acuteness. Little by little the Japanese student class are discovering that the greatest minds are only too proud to acknowledge the truths of religion. Mr. Irwin, the Ex-Hawaiian minister to Peking, and the Belgian minister and wife, became Catholics within three years. Within the Imperial University itself, Mr. Basil Chamberlain, the greatest name in Japan to-day, and Mr. Nedai, his fellow professor, a Japanese universally admired and respected, became Catholics since 1898. These are but a few of many who here in Japan have embraced the true faith and their example means a great deal towards leading to serious thought on this matter numbers who otherwise would never deign to notice Catholicity.

NEW WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

Cardinal Gibbons Will Preach the Dedication Sermon.

To Cardinal Manning is chiefly due the realization of the scheme of erecting the new Catholic cathedral in Westminster, which is fast approaching completion. It will be the largest building used for ecclesiastical purposes that has been erected in England since the Reformation. Its extreme length will be 360 feet, the width 156 feet, and no less than \$550,000 has been spent on bricks and mortar.

Cardinal Gibbons has accepted Cardinal Vaughan's invitation to deliver the sermon on the great occasion of the dedication of the new Cathedral. An English exchange, in commenting upon this, reminds us that the Cardinal, who is now sixty-five years of age, was made Bishop of North Carolina at the unusually early age of thirty-three, and he had the distinction of being the youngest of the seven hundred prelates who constituted the Vatican Council of 1870. At the age of forty-three he was Primate of America, and at fifty two a Cardinal Prince of the Church.

The deepest mysteries of life are explained, and the deepest problems of life are solved, not by thinking, but by living. . . . Genius can do much, but even genius falls short of the actuality of a single human life.—Hamilton W. Mable.

Surely there is no greater boon than peace. Our dreaming Heaven are all founded on peace. blessed rest peacefully on their la in the sight of the Lamb. "I them peace and rest eternal." Mourning heart's prayer for the ones, who have passed through shadows of time into the never to exist, without the crowning peace. This richest of blessings reward exceeding great, according those who devotion honor and love Blessed Heart of Jesus, as is just in the following narrative: Laura Weston had made, as friends admitted, a brilliant life. There was but one shadow obscuring the sunshine of her happiness. Belmont was wealthy, had won distinction in his political career, all predicted, had a great future for him, but he was not of her class. Alas! her resolve on entering a school, had been so firm never danger her faith by contracting old with one outside of the Church; but love, the greater of unguarded youth had overcome this determination she trusted more lovingly and in the protection of the Sacred rather than in the strength of human resolve, the result might been different.

She had a luxurious home, admiring friends, and a devoted band. Surely her happiness was complete! For a brief period, unalloyed and a plentiful source accorded to the trusting youth, but a long a tiny, but some threatening cloud obscured the horizon.

Belmont was twitted by his about his Catholic wife. He knew that such an alliance prove an obstacle to his attainment in his political career, was even now losing prestige, young man felt the full force of friends' apprehension. He moody and irritable; there was change, he thought, he could sacrifice his career for a woman. What mattered a form of bidden duty of the wife to her husband's just demands?

Laura observed the change young husband with sinking heart. Was love's fair dream to quickly? How blissfully moonlight evenings hitherto spent converse, in the forming of plans for the bright future, sat abstracted and gloomy, noticing her presence, and sad loving attentions by sought to cheer him.

"Oscar, what is the matter? You seem so depressed. Will you give your troubles to me? Can I sympathize with you a mine."

"Laura," answered he, "I will confide the trouble to you alone can end it."

"O, then, dear, cheer up, ready ended, if I can banish what could have driven you from your happy home."

"Your superstitious creed, and to his bewildered eyes, poured forth indignantly, his prospects wrought by Laura recoiled pale and tearful, his speech, he continued, "will you give up this v system, which threatens to prospects in life forever what you will but give up the substance of this superstition, must have some religion, the Episcopalian, it is the spectable."

"Oh, Oscar, have you your promises to me beforeriage? You guaranteed liberty in the practice of and."

"I know, I know, Laura no idea that it would be back to me. Do you wish career?" he asked sharply.

"No, Oscar, neither do I peril the salvation of my sense. Never mind the actions square and upright."

"But, Oscar, actions on religious motives and them."

"There is no use here. Will you assist me to see in my career or not? your decision."

"Not, dear Oscar, at salvation."

"Can't! Are you not human and divine boundests?"

"Not when there is obedience to the law of car, I shall never possess conscience, much as I love at every cost, remain God."

"Fool that I was to trust were the bitter words of moment rushed from the lips. Alas! her idol from the Belmont mansion. dependent at the tomb, hopes—her lost love, seemed ill at ease in home. His words were taunting. She slowly learned to shrink from their own narrow prejudice."

If a man has any brains at all, let him hold on to his calling, and in the grand sweep of things his turn will come at last.—Walter McCune.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; pure and efficient in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

Why go limping and whining about your corns when a 25-cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

A Fatal Resemblance

A NOVEL BY CHRISTINE FABER, AUTHOR OF "A CHIVALROUS DEED," "A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE," "THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY," "CARROLL O'DONOHUE," ETC.

In a little nook among the Catalik Mountains, where fifty years ago one might least expect to find a residence, comparatively inaccessible to the molder, taintless there stood an old stone farm-house. Recent coats of whitewash had daubed the exterior walls, but in many places the action of the weather had turned the white to a dirty gray and otherwise mottled the primitive-looking building.

A little distance from the house was a very roughly built barn, around which, on this bright summer afternoon of 1855, straggled a couple of cows. Beyond lay a patch of ground sparsely cultivated, a little farther away still were the many-erected trees of an extensive wood. In the background rose lofty mountains, now so covered by a blue misty haze that one could hardly tell where the mountains ended and the sky began.

There was a pleasant, restful look about the scene, and a drowsiness that might lure one to delightful unconsciousness, were it not for the advent of a lively little girl from the farm-house. She came out skipping and singing, and twirling her calico sun-bonnet round her hand instead of putting it on, and looking with her streaming hair, bright face, and step that hardly touched the ground, as if she might be some little mountain sprite who only showed herself in the sunshine. Skipping and singing, she took her way to the wood. Evidently it was no new or fearful place to her. The close ranks of the trees and the heavy shade of the interior that might have daunted the older and bolder hearts, had no terror for her young confidence.

She penetrated the dark recesses, springing from eminence to eminence, where the ground between some of the trees rose into hillocks, and she pushed aside—and sometimes it needed all her strength—the young branches that, having twined, obstructed her path. Occasionally she stopped to watch the ugly hop-toads that, scared at her approach, jumped by her, and to look at some great, long-legged, insect making its tollsome journey up a tree.

"How sorry I am for you," she said in one of those halts, "for I guess you must have been naughty, and God turned you from birds and butterflies into these ugly things. Just like the little girl that Dyke read about to me the other night, how the fairy turned her into a frog. He said it wasn't a true story, but it seems like as if it might be true, for folks that ain't good ought to be turned into ugly things. Try and be good, now, and God'll turn you back, and maybe God'll turn you back."

With which salutary advice she resumed her way. Arriving at one part of the wood where the trees seemed of larger trunk and higher top than those of the others, she paused as if she had reached the end of her journey. Far above her through the leaves shone a little patch of bright blue sky, while all about her was that intense solitude so oppressive to some natures. Neither the chirping of a bird nor the rustling of a leaf broke the silence, and after she had stood as if waiting for some sound, she put her little brown hand on the nearest tree, and said to it affectionately: "I couldn't come out here this morning because Meg and Dyke asked me not to leave her. But I can stay with you this afternoon, and I've lots to tell you, and a story besides—the story that Dyke read to me last night about a wicked old Roman king. I'll tell it all to you, only first I must speak to the other trees."

She went about to three or four of the stately maples, patting their trunks affectionately, and telling them she was glad they were so well and had so many bright green leaves, to which it is need less to say the trees listened in silence. As if impressed by that silence herself, when she returned to the tree she had addressed first, instead of beginning to impart her promised information, she stood looking up to the patch of sky that beamed down upon her blue and clear.

"O trees, if you could only speak!" she said at length, "wouldn't you have a lot to tell—way up there so high, it seems as if God was always talking to you. I wonder if He ever lets you see heaven, that Meg tells me about? I'd like to be a squirrel or some of them climbing things, and then I'd live on the top of the highest tree I could find, and so I'd hear, too, what God says to you all." A breeze was beginning to rustle the leaves. The imaginative child immediately interpreted it to mean a clamor from the trees for her promised news.

one was still more inclined to wonder that such premature intelligence should be united with such a simple and yet such an ardent imagination. The shadows had begun to lengthen and the patch of sky to grow dark, and warned by these signs that it was time for return, she made haste to kiss the trees as she had promised to do, and flinging back many a childish good-by, she retraced her steps through the wood.

The next morning, so early that the sun had not time to send his beams far down the mountains, and the inmates of the barn-yard looked as if even they had been rather unduly aroused, an awkward-looking, lumbering wagon, drawn by a horse so superior in aspect to the molder that it seemed a sort of burlesque to put them together, waited before the door of the little mottled farm-house.

In a few minutes there came out of the house the little girl whose acquaintance we have already made, and by her side with a florid face, good-natured looking woman of middle age. At the same time there came from the direction of the barn a country-looking youth of eighteen. He was country-looking in the fact that his hands the large and chubby size produced by country work, and his clothes a certain home-spun, rustic look.

A closer observation of his features and his manner, as he assisted in unloading the things in the wagon, revealed some things that were not common to coarse country lads. There was a native grace about his movements that could only come from some cultivation of mind, and an ingenuousness and nobility of countenance indicative of a soul that was far higher aspirations than the breed of cows or the price of pigs.

One of his companions we have already described, and save that her hair and much of her face were concealed by a large close bonnet, she looked the same as she did on the preceding day; the other companion, the woman, had nothing to distinguish her from the rest of her class, unless it might be a striking homeliness of countenance.

The drive down the picturesque mountain road, frequently by the side of steep and fearful-looking ravines, and at other times by thick growths of vegetation that in the gloaming might be construed into grotesque figures, was one to be enjoyed by even those to whom it was no novelty. And the eyes of the little girl, looking out with wondrous brightness from her close protruding bonnet, sparkled with delight at every new scene, and her little tongue hardly ceased from asking questions long enough to give Dyke a breathing spell. But he was nothing loth to answer her; indeed, it seemed to be as much pleasure to him to reply as it was to her to inquire, and he often turned round to look lovingly at the eager face.

They passed but few houses, and these at long distances apart, until they had ridden many a mile, and the horse from the mountain road behind them; then they came to straggling settlements, which were dignified by the name of villages, and rode through irregular openings that the few residents expected to become streets by-and-by; and sometimes they came to a small town, curiously staring rustic people, who looked as wonderingly as if a one-horse country wagon containing three people was a novelty to them. At length, they stopped to eat the bountiful lunch Meg had provided, and to feed the horse from a fodder carried in the back of the wagon, and to water him from a little bubbling stream near, in all of which proceedings the child took as much interest as Dyke did.

The remainder of the drive for an hour or two was along a hot, unshaded road, and Meg's substantial size and dark stout figure, attracting the heat most uncomfortably, sent that good soul into a teens of perspiration, drawing from her at the same time a volley of such ejaculations as: "Bless me, but it's hot! It was unnecessary of Mr. Edgar to send for us such a day as this. I'll melt, I know I shall."

Dyke was equally hot, to judge from his moist face, but his manner was so pleasant, and the little girl, though looking hot also, was still too interested in objects about her to mind that slight discomfort.

Meg at length succumbed to sleep, and Dyke halted to adjust her so that the jolting of the wagon would not pitch her about, and possibly throw her out, and then he took the little girl on the seat with himself and drove on. She seemed to have tired of questioning, and from her silence he thought she too was asleep, but as often as she stooped and looked under her bonnet her eyes were wide open.

"What's the matter?" he said at last, a little puzzled by this unusual behavior. "What makes you so quiet?" "Because I was thinking of that Mr. Edgar we're going to see. How funny that his name is just like mine, isn't it anything like that big dark man that came to see Meg ever so long ago?"

"What a memory you have!" answered Dyke. "Why, that's three years ago, when you were the littlet bit of a tot. Yes; it's the same gentleman, but he won't mind about him now until we get to his place. Let us talk about the birds and the squirrels. See! there is a little red fellow now running along that fence."

And the child, immediately interested forgot her former inquiry; a forgetfulness that Dyke fostered by beginning immediately a story about the chipmunks. By that time they had reached the place where a lumbering boat was to take them across the river, and as there was barely room for Dyke's horse and vehicle on the rough, narrow deck, necessitating especial care on his part to prevent an accident, Meg was aroused from her nap, in order to be placed with her little charge in safer quarters in another part of the boat. When they arrived at the opposite side, the sun had turned, and a delightful breeze was springing up; moreover, the rest of their way lay through a heavily shaded road, and the child was in ecstasies with the great old trees that loomed up on each side of her.

Dyke had to tell her their names, and how many years he thought they were growing, and whether the branches that were extended, as if to meet other branches, did not do so out of affection, all of which questions Dyke answered patiently, and to the best of his ability. Meg, quite refreshed by the cool breeze, adjusted her costume, and expressed her approval of the change in the weather, and by that time they had arrived at the entrance of a private carriage road, at the end of which, half embedded in trees, they caught occasional glimpses of a large stone house.

III. Dyke was in some uncertainty about the propriety of taking his lumbering vehicle any further, and he was debating with himself whether it would not be better to have his companions alight and walk up to the house, when a respectable, though country-looking man appeared, leading from a small dwelling just at the entrance to the road.

"You're the people that's coming to see Mr. Edgar, aren't you?" he said, going confidently up to Dyke; being answered in the affirmative, he continued: "Get right down, and come into my house here; I'm Mr. Edgar's gatekeeper. He told me he was expecting you, and you can make yourself at home with my wife until you rest a bit; then she'll show you up to the house. I'll take care of your horse, as Dyke stopped to pat the animal."

The offer was gladly accepted, and Meg took a great deal of pains in smoothing down her little girl's hair, and brushing it with a somewhat rumpled dress, in order to make her, as she herself expressed it, "at her prettiest." "For," she said, turning to Dyke, "there's no knowing what may happen, and it's our duty to bring things around if we can." Meg, who bowed and made no reply. The gatekeeper's wife conducted them to the house, the largest and the handsomest dwelling the little girl had ever seen, and she looked with wonder at the furniture, so different from what she was accustomed to see in her simple mountain home. Dyke also was a little curious and interested, but Meg acted as if such elegance was not at all unfamiliar.

Mr. Edgar came into the parlor to see them, and the child's description of a "dark man" exactly described him. He was a big, dark man, so tall and straight and lithe that his height seemed even greater than the six feet it must have been; and his complexion, eyes, and hair were swarthy enough to have justified the supposition of Indian blood in his veins. He bowed and smiled at his visitors, showing the gleam of large, even, and exquisitely white teeth through his moustache, and crossing to the little girl, he said: "You have grown very much since I saw you last; then he passed, during which his eyes went sharply all over her little person."

"What is this your name is?" he asked, somewhat abruptly. "Ned Edgar," said the child confidently. The gentleman's face lost its pleasant expression, and he turned at a displeased look toward Meg, who hastened to answer with a courtesy: "She likes to be called Ned, sir, and I didn't think it was any harm to indulge her."

"Perhaps not a while ago, but she is getting too big to be called by a boy's name now. Give me your name properly, my child." All the little sprite's self-will was aroused. With her impulsive, childish reasoning she could see no right in that dark stranger to interfere with her privileges. Dyke, who had the most right of anybody, never objected to her boy's name, and she certainly was not going to give it up to please this man. So, with a red temper in her eyes, she answered: "My name is just what I told you, Ned Edgar. Meg says my mother wanted me called Ned, because her brother that she loved so was Ned, and I liked anything else," stamping her tiny foot.

"Ah!" the gentleman said, turning his face away retreating, while Meg, having recovered from her horrified astonishment both at the child's outspokenness and her temper, rushed to her, and almost implored her to let the gentleman that her name was Edna.

"And please don't mind her temper, sir," apologized Meg; "she'll be sorry for it in a minute, and ready to beg your pardon." "Oh, it makes no difference," said Mr. Edgar coldly, "but I would like to see this young man for a few minutes," turning to Dyke, and then he led the way to another room, beginning abruptly when he had taken a seat, and motioned the lady to another.

"You are the nephew of this woman who with you, are you not?" "Yes; her sister's son," was the reply. "And you are acquainted with all the circumstances of that child's birth and life?" "I have heard them," was the brief response.

"And how much does the child know about herself?" The swarthy face had become calm and determined. "I don't know," he said, "but I would like to see this young man for a few minutes," turning to Dyke, and then he led the way to another room, beginning abruptly when he had taken a seat, and motioned the lady to another.

"Nothing; save that my aunt and I love her as dearly as though she were truly our flesh and blood." In proportion as the swarthy face grew quiet and eager, Dyke's open countenance became calm and determined.

"And if this child should be left with you, should indeed always remain unclaimed, what then?" Dyke rose. "Should such be the case, I would hail it as a fourfold blessing. My arms are strong enough to work for her, and all that I need to give newer and better strength to them is the assurance that she never will be claimed."

Mr. Edgar also rose, but instead of replying he began to pace the room. Sometimes he covered his face with his hands as he walked, and again he folded his arms and looked before him with the air of one in deep mental distress. He stopped at length.

"For an instant I thought for myself if I could give you such an assurance, but I dare not do it; the feeling here," striking his breast, "will not permit me to do so. I could curse him who has left me in such a horrid doubt."

For an instant his face became savage-looking; then, as the expression vanished, he continued: "I sent for you because I had not the time to go to you, and I wanted to see Edna before I started on a long journey abroad. I am almost convinced that she is not my child, and yet I cannot promise you that my feelings will not change, and that I shall not claim her as my daughter some day. However, until that day comes, until I have proof that she is my own, you may continue to have the care of her, and I shall see that you are paid a much larger sum quarterly than you have been heretofore."

Dyke's voice was a little tremulous: "No, Mr. Edgar, I cannot accept your offer. The little farm which we have upon the mountain affords sufficient support for us now, and as the care of Ned or Edna, slightly blinding because he had used the masculine diminutive, "is a work of love, no money can pay us. So, if you insist on our acceptance of money, we must insist on resigning the care of the child."

There was no gaineaying his firm determination, and Mr. Edgar, after a searching look at him, said with a half sigh: "Well, let it be so."

IV. Fifty years prior to the time at which our story opens, there resided in one of the country districts of England a gentleman by the name of Edgar. Haughty and reserved, almost morose, he seemed to derive little enjoyment from the vast wealth bequeathed to him as the sole remaining scion of a once titled family, further than was afforded by the collection of valuable paintings and statuary. He was always negotiating for the purchase of some celebrated work, and every apartment in the baronial-like mansion contained more than one piece of rare and exquisite workmanship.

How he spared sufficient time from his beloved occupation to woo and marry a lady from a neighboring district, we do not know, but they were hardly surprised at the rumors shortly after circulated that the lady was not happy in her new position. Be that as it may, she died in childbirth, leaving to her haughty lord and master stately twin-sons. Something of the father showed itself then, and for a time it seemed as if the springs of parental tenderness had swallowed up the moroseness and taciturnity that had marked his former life; but, as the boys grew up, and were away for long periods at college, the handsome, middle-aged gentleman returned to all his former ways.

The boys, though twins, were as unlike each other in disposition as it was possible for brothers to be. Edward, the elder, though something like his father in pride and reserve of character, had withal a frankness and generosity that endeared him to many. Henry, the younger, developed all the qualities of a dare-devil and bravado, without the traits which sometimes go far to redeem such a character. There was also a trickiness in his nature peculiarly repulsive and exasperating to his brothers. So it grew to have little in common, and at length to entertain for each other a bitter hatred. When they came home, the country about was speedily full of accounts of Henry's rollicking actions. Now it was a merry party of companions like himself who went tearing over the country at midnight, and who often left disagreeable evidence of their raid. Again, it was some hunt that wantonly trespassed on private grounds and brought exasperated rustic gentlemen to remonstrate with the father of the wild young man. But Mr. Edgar, with all his sternness, could neither subdue nor frighten that headstrong, wayward character, and at length, after repeated acts that had the whole district in arms, he settled a meagre allowance upon his younger son, and thenceforward renounced all relationship with him.

The young man was forbidden ever to step across the threshold of his father's home. He seemed to take the edict quietly enough, betraying neither remorse for his conduct, nor affection for his relatives. But, to a skilled observer, there was a look in his dark eyes and about his handsome mouth which betrayed a secret, yet deep and bitter vindictiveness.

To his brother, who extended his hand, willing and wishing to part from him, he presented a most striking countenance, and dashing away the proffered hand, he hissed: "Never; you are not my brother!"

A little while after, Edward Edgar married, entirely to his father's satisfaction, as if to bring discredit on the family name, his pretty daughter of a farm hand, but one of whom report spoke in a light and no guileless manner.

WHAT CLEVER WOMEN CAN DO. Appreciation by a Canadian Litterateur of the Noble Work of the L. C. B. A.

The following article is contributed by Mr. William Elliston, a distinguished Canadian litterateur, to the Catholic Register of Toronto. It will be read with interest by all friends of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association and its able officers:

Whenever we wish to look for great daring, fearless enterprise, fertility of resource, and notable achievement on the part of women we must turn to the United States, the free land of effort, of improvement and progress, and the nation whose women aspire to be co-workers with the men in matters pertaining to domestic and public life and all vital questions touching the welfare of all the people. I am not, however, going to involve myself in the legitimacy or otherwise of the much discussed question of "Women's Rights," time and patience will settle that problem.

It is of a great organization organized and administered entirely by women—the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association—that I wish to speak briefly. Although the organization is purely American in conception, operation and management, it will be of interest to Catholic Canadian ladies, who may one day aspire to have something like it in this fair Dominion. As far as I understand it the infant association, which was founded some ten years ago in Buffalo, had its trials, its misgivings and its initial difficulties.

Its scope and the plan of its practical workings were cleverly mapped out by the promoters and founders, Mrs. Elizabeth B. McGowan, of Buffalo, N. Y., being the central figure in the movement. This able woman was elected Supreme President at the start, and, having proved her fitness she has been elected again and again and worthily holds the onerous position now. She has associated with her, officers who are probably as able as herself, Mrs. J. A. Royer of Erie, Pa., Mrs. E. Recorder, Miss Alicia Blaney, sister of the Supreme President; this young

lady is clever at figures and statistics, and her compilations of the position of the society are models of clearness and information. She is one of the Supreme Trustees.

It will interest Irish readers to know that Miss Blaney and Mrs. McGowan are of an old Irish stock, from which the town of Castleblaney, in Ireland, derives its name. The Supreme officers are ladies of high rank and ability but I am unable to recall all their names at this moment. Stripped of technical phrases, the organization is an insurance company pure and simple, modeled on the surest and safest plan. Fraternity is its watchword, and that in very truth is the actuating principle of love and charity. Its constitution and by-laws are based upon fairness, reason and economy, its practical working is simple, open and efficacious. It is a veritable boon to Catholic households in America, and it has been the instrument that has kept the wolf and the dark shadows of want from many firesides in the hour of extreme need and affliction. It is the only large organization of the kind in the world that is exclusively managed by women, and it was the first to pay women a death benefit. The L. C. B. A. has on its roll 60,000 members, it has paid out more than a million of dollars in death benefits; its verified claims being paid within thirty days, it is successfully doing business in nineteen States of the Union, and has now on hand cash to the amount of \$80,000.

This is a very remarkable record for an association that started only ten years ago, conceived and operated by women who were supposed to have no practical knowledge of the ways and means of insurance. In a word, when the project was first mooted the feminine conception of a venture into the troubled sea of business that only belonged to man's domain was mocked at, and if the foolhardy attempt were made, failure was predicted as the inevitable outcome. The brave women who had thought out the scheme and who had confidence in their inherent abilities, were not to be daunted by the evil prophecies of men who egotistically supposed that all new business conceptions must originate in their brains and be carried to success under their direction. Subjected to this severe ordeal the lady hustlers put on full steam, but with extreme carefulness, making sure of their footing at every step. Their association was of modest dimensions at the beginning, but experience justified the venture and the society made for itself friends and supporters wherever it did business, and so rapid and solid has been its growth in its decade of operation that veteran insurance men are constrained to confess its success and popularity. Nor was this matter of wonder, who is better qualified to estimate the provident benefits conferred by such an association than the women of the homes, whose economical use of money means the peace and comfort of thousands of families? Again, women are more provident than men, and as directing heads of the expenditure of a household, they can better estimate the true value of a dollar, and are more strenuous to provide against the possible evil days of sickness and want.

The Supreme President and her official associates attend meetings in different parts of their field operations, and they deliver stirring addresses regarding the nature and benefits of the organization and create enthusiasm in the breast of every one connected in the good work. The ability to do this publicly and forcibly constitutes the valuable services of the smart ladies at the head of the affair, for most people need to be roused to action even in matters that pertain to their own welfare. The habit of indolence and putting off to another day is perhaps less marked in women than in men, but that it exists in the former to some extent is sadly illustrated in the case of the ten foolish virgins who left their lamps untrimmed, and thus missed the bridegroom's coming. All agents who have practical experience in the work of life insurance, complain of the habit of indifference and needless delay on the part of the people who need the protection that insurance confers, and who admit its usefulness, but cannot decide until another day. This indecision and weakness of the will arises from the belief that in each individual case death is a remote contingency. The misapprehension may appear harmless, but it works ruin to the happiness of many families in being delayed until the danger signals are too clear to admit of relief from insurance protection.

In the brief outline given above Canadian readers may be able to form an idea of what has been done by the Catholic ladies of America in their well conducted insurance organization. And what man has done men do, and the same of women. From this suggestion the thought might take root in the minds of progressive Canadian ladies, that what has been so successfully done by their sisters in the Republic, might be undertaken in Canada with fair prospects of success. The Catholic women of the Dominion are not familiar with platform public speaking, but their abilities, when properly applied to any business affair, will be found equal to that of sisters across the border, and if once engaged in an enterprise like the one above mentioned very beneficial fruits might result.

In speaking, however, of accomplished facts we can discuss results on sure grounds, what was started in Buffalo by American Catholic ladies ten years ago, was a venture purely experimental. It could not draw its guiding light from the lamp of experience, for there were no such organiza-

tion then in America nor in the whole world. At its initial stages reputable insurance men opened their eyes in wonder at the foolhardiness of the feminine projectors, and as many of them as gave it thought, predicted a short life for the new insurance enterprise. To-day the same prophets of collapse and disaster are changed into genuine admirers of the pluck and business foresight of the deserving Catholic ladies who have made of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association a complete success.

As the power of example is great this movement of the enterprising Catholic woman will lead to other benevolent undertakings in America and other countries.—WILLIAM ELLISTON.

A NEW TEST FOR THE MIS-TRUSTS.

No Cooks for Catholics From one Methodist Mission in New York.

New York Sun. "Cook hunting, at its best, is not pleasant work," said a New Rochelle woman, "and the more I have thought of a recent experience of mine the more it seems best to me to have it published. I did not believe that such a thing could occur in New York. Possibly its publication may save some other housekeeper from the annoyance which I experienced."

"A Methodist mission in the lower part of New York had been recommended to me as a place where I might secure a cook, and three weeks ago I went there. I asked for Miss Blank, the matron, and a woman of uncertain age and very positive features appeared and said: "Miss Blank is out just now, but I am Miss So-and-So, and anything that Miss Blank can do for you I can do."

"It does not matter who she is," said I. "I came here looking for a cook."

"We have only one girl just at present, and she is now talking with a woman who may engage her. If this woman does not engage her you may see her."

"Miss So-and-So was certainly not prepossessing and her manner was pert. I waited until the woman found that the girl would not work for the wages which she was willing to pay and she withdrew in my favor. Miss So-and-So ordered the girl to go upstairs, and then she began to cross-examine me.

"This cook," she said, "will not work for \$16 a month. Are you willing to pay \$18?" "Yes," I answered, and more if the girl is worth it."

"Where do you live?" "In New Rochelle."

"How many servants do you employ?" "I answered that question and half a dozen others, all the time waiting patiently to see the girl, when Miss So-and-So suddenly asked: "What is your religion?" "I am a Roman Catholic," said I, thinking that she was merely anxious to make sure that the girl was going to a good home. Miss So-and-So's severe countenance became actually frosty.

"A Roman Catholic!" she exclaimed, in much the same way as she might have addressed me if I were a Chinese Boxer; and you come here for a servant?"

"Certainly," said I in surprise, "and why not?" "Why didn't you go to your priest?" she asked. "Don't you know that we never send our girls into Catholic families? We never do such a thing."

"Why not?" I asked, still somewhat puzzled. "Catholics abuse Protestant girls. I know the Catholics thoroughly because I was once a missionary among them. They are bigots and will not treat our girls decently."

"If the woman had told me that I was afflicted with small-pox she could not have shown more horror. I told her that we did not mind Methodist missionaries in the least, and that I had never heard of such narrowness. I told her some other things which occurred to me at the time, but I was too disgusted and angry to do the subject justice. Just as I was finishing my comments in came Miss Blank, who was the head of the mission.

"This lady," said Miss So-and-So, pointing to me, "is a Roman Catholic, and she cannot understand why we will not permit our Methodist girls to go to Catholic families."

"Why, it is perfectly obvious," said Miss Blank in a superior way. "But it isn't obvious to me," said I, "and it is not worth discussing with either of you. I never had an experience of this sort before, and I did not know that such people as you are existed in New York. It would be a waste of time, however, to prolong this discussion or to tell you what I think of you."

"I left the house and I really felt as if these two women thought that I had contaminated it. I have engaged servants from all sorts of missions before, and I never had any such question raised. I do not know whether this rule is that of this downtown Methodist mission or whether it was prepared by these two women in accordance with their own narrow prejudice."

Laura's Prayers.

Surely there is no greater earthly boon than peace. Our dreamings of Heaven rest peacefully on their laurels in the sight of the Lamb. "Grant them peace and rest eternal" is the mourning heart's prayer for its loved ones, who have passed through the shadows of time into the never fading brightness of eternity. No happiness of earth is complete, indeed it cannot exist, without the crowning gift—peace. This richest of blessings is the reward exceeding great, accorded to those who devoutly honor and love the Blessed Heart of Jesus, as is instanced in the following narrative:

Laura Weston had made, as all her friends admitted, a brilliant match. There was but one shadow obscuring the sunshine of her happiness. Oscar Belmont was wealthy, had won distinction in his political career, and, as all predicted, had a great future before him, but he was not of her faith. Alas! her resolve on entering society after having graduated at a convent school, had been so firm never to endanger her faith by contracting an alliance with one outside of the pale of the Church, but love, the great conqueror of unguarded young hearts, had overcome this determination. Had she trusted more lovingly and humbly in the protection of the Sacred Heart rather than in the strength of poor human resolve, the result might have been different.

She had a luxurious home, hosts of admiring friends, and a devoted husband. Surely her happiness was complete! For a brief period, yes—bliss unalloyed and plenteous seemed accorded to the trusting young heart. But ere long a tiny, but sombre and threatening cloud obscured the horizon.

Belmont was twitted by his friends about his Catholic wife. Did he not know that such an alliance would prove an obstacle to his attaining eminence in his political career? He was even now losing prestige. The young man felt the full force of his friends' apprehension. He became moody and irritable; there must be a change, he thought, he could not sacrifice his career for a woman's whim. What mattered a form of belief provided a man were fair and honest in his dealings, and was it not the bounden duty of the wife to submit to her husband's just demands?

Laura observed the change in her young husband with sinking heart. Was love's fair dream to pass so quickly? How blissfully had their evenings hitherto been spent, in sweet converse, in the forming of rose-tinted plans for the bright future; now he sat abstracted and gloomy, scarcely noticing her presence, and the thousand loving attentions by which she sought to cheer him.

"Oscar, dear," she one evening inquired, "what is the matter? you seem so depressed. Will you not confide your troubles to me? No heart can sympathize with you as deeply as mine."

"Laura," answered he abruptly, "I will confide the trouble to you, for you alone can end it."

"O, then, dear, cheer up, it is all ready ended, if I can banish it. Speak, what would have driven the sunshine from our happy home?"

"Your superstitious creed, Laura," and to his bewildered young wife he poured forth indignantly, the evil to his prospects wrought by her religion. Laura recoiled pale and tearful; "and now speak," he continued vehemently, "will you give up this vile religious system, which threatens to blot out your prospects in life forever? Believe what you will but give up the practice of this superstition, and if you must have some religion, why there's the Episcopalian, it is thoroughly respectable."

"Oh, Oscar, have you forgotten your promises to me before our marriage? You guaranteed me perfect liberty in the practice of my religion and—"

"I know, I know, Laura, but I had no idea that it would be such a drawback to me. Do you wish to spoil my career?" he asked sharply.

"No, Oscar, neither do I wish to imperil the salvation of my soul."

"Both! that's all sentimental nonsense. Never mind beliefs, look for actions square and upright."

"But, Oscar, actions must be based on religious motives and controlled by them."

"There is no use bandying words. Will you assist me to secure eminence in my career or not? Let me have your decision."

"Not, dear Oscar, at the price of my salvation."

"Cant! Are you not by every law human and divine bound to my interests?"

"Not when there is a question of obedience to the law of God. No, Oscar, I shall never prove a traitor to conscience, much as I love you, I must at every cost, remain faithful to my God."

"Fool that I was to trust a Catholic!" were the bitter words with which Belmont rushed from the apartment.

They cut his young wife to the very heart. Alas! her idol was broken. From that fatal hour peace fled from the Belmont mansion. Laura mourned despondent at the tomb of her buried hopes—her lost love. Her husband seemed ill at ease in the once happy home. His words were bitter and taunting. She slowly and painfully learned to shrink from his presence. The roses fled from her cheeks, her eyes were heavy with unshed tears. Life had become a burden. How would it all end? An unsatisfactory marriage is quickly remedied by those who find divorce an available means of

undoing a false step, an undesirable alliance. It became evident to the lonely wife that her imperious husband was meditating something of the kind.

On a beautiful summer evening, she sat listlessly turning the pages of a favorite work, while the tears coursed slowly down her wan face. A card fell from the book, and as she stooped to pick it up, her eyes fell upon a representation of the Benign Heart of Jesus, with the consoling device, "I will give peace to their families." The words seemed glowing in startle radiance. "Peace to their families!" Peace O, blessed peace, that had fled from her fireside for months, now drear and sorrow-laden. Peace to their homes! This was the promise of Truth Eternal. It would not deceive her, as the vows of man had done. Suddenly hope revived in her heart. She was determined to hold the sweet Heart of the best of Fathers to His promise. She immediately placed on the shrine in her boudoir a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart. She prayed with all the fervor of her soul to the Prince of Peace, to Him Who had come from His throne of beauty in the highest heaven to bring peace upon earth. She prayed and hoped, not in vain.

Day by day her husband relented and ere many months had passed the love he had borne his young wife, and which still glowed faintly beneath the scathing flames of ambition, revived. He became again considerate, gentle, loving. Nor was this all. The prayers of his dear wife were more powerful in promoting his interests than all the schemes of ambition. He found that her religion, far from being a drawback, had been a help.

"All our success depends," as she was wont gently to assure him, "on the blessing of heaven."

Peace now wielded her fair sceptre over Laura's home, but the Heart of Jesus is the most generous of hearts. It would do more—and it did. The proud young statesman although he lingered long on the threshold of the Church entered at last, to the ineffable joy of his faithful wife.

A PATHETIC STORY.

Of the Sad End of One Who Loved Gold Overmuch—A Lesson for Honest Tellers.

I should like to set my simple, but touching story, in vivid form before the readers of the Catholic Union and Times, so as to give them, and all honest toilers, a true picture of the state of content that ought to be the portion of every man who is reconciled to his lot, and earns honestly enough money to supply his essential wants.

The illustration must, however, be in contrast to the career and ending of the unfortunate man whose fate supplies the text of this article. The individual in question was an Irish Catholic in the early fifties, without Canada in the early fifties, without cash and friends. It was, perhaps, his misfortune to settle in a part of Ontario largely peopled by Orangemen from the counties of Cavan and Fermanagh, and other parts of Ulster, wherein the very name of a priest was abhorred and even threatened with pains and penalties should he enter the district. It was a bad atmosphere for a young Irish Catholic to inhale, and as a natural consequence the person in question weakened in his faith, fell more into the ways of his Protestant employers and friends although he never lost entirely the germ of Catholicity he carried with him from Ireland.

Barring the dry goods and other personal belongings which he carried on his back, he had no means to make a start in life, but through strenuous effort and rigid saving he quickly earned a few hundred dollars, and that small capital he lent out to needy farmers and others who paid him a liberal interest. In this way in course of time, he accumulated considerable wealth, and was sometimes designated "the Rothschild of the locality."

Meanwhile the greed of gain and the inherent passion for more gold were growing stronger and stronger within him, and all the other essential realities of life seemed as nothing in fact of this one over-mastering desire. In his lendings, even when payments were guaranteed by mortgages and other securities, he met with dishonest borrowers, and made financial losses. He naturally grieved over this; and, in a word, his life became perfectly miserable. He was not what might be called an out-and-out miser, but the greed of gain had mastered him completely, so that social existence or any kind of diversion had no balm for him unless it contributed to increase his bank account.

It is always commendable in a man to make efforts to raise himself from a position of servitude and penury, to the danger of utter neglect of his other sacred duties of life sets in when the striver begins to regard the making of money his sole source of happiness.

Every desire or ambition, however, fair or legitimate, may become ruinous when by long indulgence, it grows ascendant in the mind and perverts the better qualities of our nature. In the case we are discussing, the victim of inordinate greed had neither wife nor family to provide for, yet he made himself miserable by thinking of his hoarded wealth and the injuries he had suffered from dishonest borrowers.

The outcome of it was that he pined away his life and happiness and died a few weeks ago in an asylum for the insane in Toronto. It will nevertheless be consoling to Catholic readers to learn that in his later and sane years he associated himself practically with his sound religious duties, and strove,

as far as in him lay, to make amends for earlier coldness or indifference.

It is philosophically held that a peasant is more attached to his hut than is a prince to his palace, so also in the scale of wealth the possession of a few thousands may serve to unbalance the owner's mind as much as would the millions of the Astors and Vanderbilts. It is on record that millionaires have snapped the thread of life because they fancied that Fortune had not been kind enough to them, or maybe through sheer envy of a richer neighbor. Some mighty kings have reckoned themselves poor because some inflated rivals held more of the world's goods.

From the immediate case we are reviewing, honest toilers who never attain to anything beyond a bare competence useful lessons may be drawn. The most important being the stern truth that the true principle of life and happiness does not proceed from the possession of money whether the fortune be large or small. The argument goes to show that the honest poor went goes to show that the honest poor man, who is blessed with health and cheerfulness of spirit, and earnestness to pay his way, is far happier than the bloated magnate who revels in riches and stultic indulgences that pervert his moral nature and leave him a victim and a prey to all criminal follies, which sooner or later bring him to destruction. Another aspect of the case is the degree of contentedness that is the lot of a man who is able to derive from his allotted place in life. If he is of a buoyant temperament, of sober and saving habits, industrious and conscientious in the fulfillment of all moral and religious duties, he will earn the just esteem of his fellow men, and in that conviction he will pursue his way through life calmly and modestly; being all the surer that in keeping that course he will reach his destiny and the end for which he was created. Still it were well to lay more stress on the consistent and faithful performance of the obligations imposed by the Catholic Church for the true guidance of life and conduct.

If we apply the instance in hand we may reasonably assume that the ill-fated man who has just died, as above stated, might have escaped such misfortune if, in the middle years of his existence, he had been in closer touch with the sacred ministrations of the Church. If he had persistently clung to that infallible teacher, counsellor and guide, and listened to the saving voice of the zealous priest, he might have had supernatural strength to resist the evil temptation of falling under the yoke of the golden mammon, which certainly embittered the best years of his manhood, brought affliction of mind and final ruin upon him.

As already stated, it was his ill-fortune on coming fresh from Ireland to locate in a neighborhood wherein Catholicity was spurned and utterly detested by the bigoted and ferocious Orangemen who gloried in its downfall, and it is yet something to the credit of the deceased unfortunate that he lived for many years in that rancorous region, with nothing in his ears but constant abuse of his faith, and without chance of hearing Mass and partaking of the sacraments unless on rare occasions, when he had to journey far from his abode. Under such conditions, that he preserved even a fragment of the faith of his fathers, is due to the zealous teaching which Catholic Erin instills into the youthful minds of her children.

In the wide lands of the American Republic there must be numerous cases akin to the one described, as far, at least, as regards the peril to Catholic faith arising from rank religious prejudice and open hatred of the one true God. That it should be so, on the eve of the twentieth century, is a sad reflection on the intelligence of living generations of men professing Christian principles.

The retrospect and the forecast emphasize the tremendous task before the Catholic Church in this new world, in which the early seeds of Catholicity did not get a fair chance to grow and fructify before being overpread and jostled by the corrupting sowings and harvest of error and religious imposture. Verily, over the wheat fields the fraudulent pretenders have plentifully over-sown pernicious cockle. Catholic truth is, however, making headway fast, and in virtue of her divine mission, will yet succeed in winning back the strayed sheep to the one saving faith.—Wm. Ellison in Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

A CATHOLIC HINDOO.

By Embracing the Faith He Forfeited His Inheritance—A Student in Baltimore.

The Josephite, a publication issued from Epiphany Apostolic College, Baltimore, gives the following sketch of an interesting convert:

Two years ago Joseph Visvanatti left his home in Kathirama, Ceylon, to go to London, there to study at the University of London for the degree of A. B. He had already received the degree F. A. at the University of Calcutta, and went to London to continue his studies, to see Western peoples and to observe Western customs.

His father was a wealthy planter, and his visit to London was made because his father desired that Joseph should enjoy educational advantages which are offered to few Hindoos, and those only of the wealthier class.

He was a true Hindoo, and all in-born ideas of caste and social position were strongly developed in him. Very soon after his arrival in London he was converted to the Catholic faith. Although he knew very well that this would entail the loss of much that he held dear, yet, through the influence

of Father Lawless, he abandoned the Brahmin religion. What he had feared came upon him swiftly. His father, upon hearing of his conversion, at once disowned him and refused to any longer send him money for his support. Through Father Lawless the young Hindoo was introduced to Lady Herbert, who befriended him and sent him to this country. He was received very kindly by Father Slattery, who placed him in Epiphany Apostolic College.

Joseph talks entertainingly of life in Ceylon and of the social customs in existence there.

"My father was of the caste known as 'Vellalas,'" said he. "This is the landlord class, and this caste ranks next below that of Rajahs or Kings. The Brahmins, or priests, form the highest caste in the social scale. My father owned large estates, but when I became a Catholic in London I was disinherited and entirely disowned by him."

Joseph is a strict vegetarian, and shares all the prejudices of his race against the destruction of any form of animal life. He would not kill even a fly or a mosquito.

"We have no right to destroy any life," he says.

He speaks in glowing terms of the natural beauties and advantages of his native land. He has a very poor opinion of our roads, our food and our fruit. He describes very minutely the superiority of level, hard packed Indian roads. He says that we have nothing equal to good rice and curry powder and that this is nowhere as well prepared as in Ceylon. He insists, too, that their mangoes, plantains, coconuts and oranges are real fruit—something of which he declares we know nothing.

He describes the Brahmin religion as one which has retrograded very materially and which is no longer as pure as it formerly was. The early Brahmin faith taught the existence of one God; now every caste has one or more gods.

There are eighteen castes in India, and by the law of caste a man remains forever in that caste into which he is born. He cannot escape this rule. If he happens to be born a "Pariah," one of the eighteenth caste, which corresponds to butchers in our society, a "Pariah" he must be until the day of his death. Joseph gives the names of the first six of the eighteen castes as follows: First, Brahman, or priest, caste; second, Rajahs, or caste of Kings; third, Vellalas, or landlords; fourth, Sudras, or assistants to landlords; fifth, Naivas, or climbers of trees, who pick fruit and nuts from branches of trees; sixth, Kovias, or household servants. This gradation continues until the eighteenth or last and lowest caste of butchers is reached. A man will always remain in the same caste, even if he rise by mental attainment far above the level of his fellows. For instance, if a pariah should study and become very well educated, so as to write very able books or scientific treatises, he would, nevertheless, live and die a Pariah.

As a result of the caste system there is no such thing as competition in Ceylon. No foreigner could ever become a Hindoo or embrace the Brahmin religion. Brahmins send out no missionaries. The only way in which a Hindoo could ever escape the rigid law of caste would be for him to withdraw from society and go away alone into the depths of the unbroken forest. As long as he remains in society so long must caste determine his daily life. But if he renounce society he may also renounce caste. Hindoos have a plurality of wives, and each planter generally supports several concubines.

When Joseph was asked what the Hindoo idea of Christianity was, he replied the educated classes had a very high regard for it as a religion, but that they considered the Christ to have been a mere man, like their own Brahma. Many of the higher classes believe that Christianity would be better for the Hindoos than Brahminism now is, but that its introduction would cause too great an upheaval in their social system by the consequent entire obliteration of the caste.

Joseph has lost his inheritance by becoming a Catholic. He is no longer a Hindoo, but a Christian. His own race would not receive him as an equal if he returned to Ceylon.

He is at present a student at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, where he is pursuing courses in philology, philosophy and political philosophy, and is a candidate at that university for the degree Ph. D. He is remarkably intelligent and studious, and is held in high esteem by his instructors.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

A Monastic Life.

Thou must learn to renounce things own will in many things, if thou wilt keep peace and concord with others.

It is no small matter to live in a monastery or in a congregation, and to converse therein without reproof, and to persevere faithful till death.

Blessed is he, who hath there lived well and made a happy end.

If thou wilt stand as thou oughtest and make a due progress, look upon thyself as a banished man and a stranger upon earth.

Thou must be content to be made a fool for Christ, if thou wilt lead a religious life.

The habit and the tonsure contribute little, but a change of manners and an entire mortification of the passions make a true religious life.

He, who seeketh here any other thing than purely God and the salvation of his soul, will find nothing but trouble and sorrow.

Neither can he long remain in peace, who doth not strive to be the least and to be subject to all.

Thou comest hither to serve, not to govern: know that thou art called to suffer and to labor, not to be idle and talkative.

Here, then, men are tried as gold in the furnace.

Here no man can stand, unless he be willing with all his heart to humble himself for the love of God.

HOPE HAD DEPARTED.

The Story of a Woman's Rescue From Great Suffering.

FOR YEARS HER LIFE WAS ONE OF MISERY—HER FEET AND LIMBS WOULD SWELL FRIGHTFULLY AND SHE BECAME UNABLE TO DO HER HOUSEHOLD WORK.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S.

It is appalling to think of the number of women throughout the country who day after day live a life almost of martyrdom; suffering but too frequently in silent, almost hopeless despair. To such sufferers the story of Mrs. Joshua Wile, will come as a beacon of hope. Mrs. Wile lives about two miles from the town of Bridgewater, N. S., and is respected and esteemed by all who know her. While in one of the local drug stores not long ago, Mrs. Wile noticed a number of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the show case, and remarked by the proprietor "If ever there was a friend to woman, it is these pills." She was asked why she spoke so strongly about the pills, and in reply told of the misery from which they had rescued her. The druggist suggested that she should make known her cure for the benefit of the thousands of similar sufferers. Mrs. Wile replied that while averse to publicity, yet she would gladly tell of her cure if it would benefit anyone else, and she gave the following statement with permission for its publication:

"My life for some years was one of weakness, pain and misery, until I obtained relief through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. From some cause, I know not what exactly, I became so afflicted with uterine trouble that I was obliged to undergo two operations. A part only of the trouble was removed, and a terrible weakness and miserable, nervous condition ensued, which the physician told me I would never get clear of. I tried other doctors, but all with the same result—no betterment of my condition. The pains finally attacked my back and kidneys. My legs and feet became frightfully swollen, and I cannot describe the tired, sinking, deathly feeling that at times came over my whole body. I became unable to do my household work, and lost all hope of recovery. Before this stage in my illness I had been advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but like thousands of other women, thought there could be no good in using them when the medical men were unable to cure me. At last in desperation I made up my mind to try them, but really without any faith in the result. To my great surprise I obtained some benefit from the first box. I then bought six boxes more, which I took according to directions, and am happy to say was raised up by them from a weak, sick, despondent, useless condition, to my present state of health and happiness. Every year now in the spring and fall I take a box or two, and find them an excellent thing at the change of the season. Other benefits I might mention, but suffice it to say I would strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all ailing women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills surpass all other medicines as a cure for the troubles that afflict womankind. They quickly correct suppressions and all forms of weakness. They enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pallid cheeks. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TELL THE DEAF.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and the great restorer of the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Paroel's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

HEMORRHOIDS, boils, pimples and all eruptions are due to impure blood, and by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla they are CURED.

COOL THE BLOOD. In all Cases of Itching Burning Humours with Cuticura Resolvent. While Cleansing the Skin and Scalp with hot baths of CUTICURA SOAP and healing the Raw, Inflamed Surface with CUTICURA OINTMENT.

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Boils—"I was greatly troubled with boils and bad blood and was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I followed this advice and the benefit I received was so great that I took a second bottle and was cured." M. L. Pett, Lyons, Ont.



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REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Editor.

THOMAS COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

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.

London, Saturday, October, 27, 1900.

A DESERVED PROMOTION.

We congratulate our friend, Mr. J. J. Murphy, of Toronto, who has held a position in the Ontario Government, on his promotion to the Chief Clerkship of Sales and Free Grants, made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Alex. Kirkwood.

THE IRISH PARTY.

By the recent elections the Irish Nationalist party has been made stronger, not by any increase in number, but by its greater compactness and unity.

THE ELECTIONS.

The British elections have closed with the result which had been anticipated, that the Government was sustained by a very decisive majority of 142.

A DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR.

Archbishop Chapelle, the Apostolic Delegate to the Philippine Islands, has entered a vigorous protest against the protracted holding of the college of St. Jose in Manila by the American Government.

feelings or by taking a hostile attitude toward the Church on some legal technicality which cannot be maintained in justice, for the sake of pleasing fanatics whose wish is "to make Rome howl," as they express themselves.

A MEMORABLE SPOT.

The corner-stone has been laid for the erection of a German Catholic Church on the site in Jerusalem which is known as "La Dormition de la Sainte Vierge," and which, according to tradition, was the abode of the Blessed Virgin.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

The festival of All Saints, which we celebrate next Wednesday, November 1, is instituted by the Church for the purpose of paying honor to all the Saints who are all the particular friends and servants of God, concerning whom the royal prophet David says:

ALL SOULS' DAY.

On Friday, November 2, the Church makes a commemoration of the faithful departed, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered for the repose of the souls of all the faithful who are suffering in Purgatory.

THE FESTIVAL OF ALL SAINTS.

The occasion from which the feast of All Saints arose was the dedication of the Church of all the Martyrs in Rome in the year 607. This was originally a heathen temple built by Marcio Agrippa, and was dedicated in the first instance to Jupiter the Avenger, in compliment to Augustus Caesar on his victory at Actium over Anthony and Cleopatra, in the year 31 B. C.

THE PRAYER OF THE JUST MAN.

The Holy Scriptures tell us that the continual prayer of the just man (on earth) is of great power. (St. Jas. v, 16.) The prayer of the just man, who are the saints of God, of course, is still greater power, and it is proper we should ask them to intercede with God for us, just as, by command of God, Job prayed for his friends, and the Lord was also turned at the penance of Job, when he prayed for his friends. (Job xlii, 10.) It is to afford us an occasion, and to remind us of the benefit to be derived from asking the prayers of all the saints, and especially of those who have not a particular feast day in the Calendar,

that the festival of all saints has been instituted.

The number of Saints of God cannot be estimated, and therefore there is room in the Calendar only for the special commemoration of a few whose heroic virtues make them specially conspicuous to us, and all Saints' day supplies to some extent a means whereby we may be reminded of the virtues of those Saints of whom we might otherwise seem to have no thought.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

The efficacy of prayer is admitted by all Christians. Even under the Old Law, the prayers of Moses for his people frequently averted the punishments which Almighty God had determined to inflict upon them, and on one occasion when they had committed the grievous sin of idolatry, God spoke to Moses saying:

PRAYER IS THEREFORE, A POWERFUL MEANS OF AVERTING GOD'S JUST ANGER, AND THERE IS NO REASON WHY IT SHOULD NOT BE APPLICABLE TO DIMINISH THE TERM OF PUNISHMENT OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

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by giving them provocation, bad advice or evil example. In such cases we are under special obligation to relieve them by our prayers and good works, or by having offered for them the holy sacrifice of the Mass, as Judas Maccabeus took care to have sacrifice offered in the temple of Jerusalem for the souls of the soldiers who fought under him for the deliverance of their country from an impious invader.

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THE NATIVE RACES.

The native races both on the Philippine and West Indian Islands increased under Spanish rule, which would not have been the case if that rule had been cruel and tyrannical. In this respect Spain's rule will compare favorably with that of the Americans, under whose domination the aboriginal tribes have almost disappeared.

SPAIN SINCE THE WAR.

Consul General Senor Bruselas Hellar, who takes the place of Senor De Uriarte, in recent interviews with a correspondent of the Montreal Witness, and some others in Montreal, made the satisfactory statement that already, since the close of the war with the United States, there is in Spain a revival of prosperity.

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INCENSE AND LIGHTS IN WORSHIP.

The debate on the lawfulness of Ritualistic practices in the Church of England has brought out an incident which is instructive as well as amusing, and may furnish food for meditation to the ultra Low-Churchmen and Kenittites who are embarked on the now raging crusade against symbolical ceremonial in the Church service.

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Our readers will remember that the English Bishops, urged by the violence of the agitation, and especially by the resolution passed in Parliament a little over a year ago to the effect that "the efforts now being made by the Bishops and Archbishops to secure obedience of the clergy are not specifically effectual, further legislation will be required to maintain the existing law of the Church and the realm," issued a decree against so-called "Papal practices" in the Church services.

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The Bishop informed the offender that the continued use of these things, in defiance of the Episcopal decree is "distinctly unwise."

The cleric thus admonished replied promptly that

"In the New Testament only two classes of people are specially termed 'wise'—the Wise Men who offered incense ceremonially, and the Wise Virgins who carried processional lights."

The reply has created considerable amusement in England, especially in High Church circles, and discomfiture among the Kenite party; for all feel that the Bishop has been worsted in the encounter; and in fact he himself apparently feels that he has been worsted, as he has deemed it prudent to retire from the contest, and the Ritualistic clergyman, for the present, at all events, is allowed to continue his practice if he sees fit.

The use of lights has always been deemed proper for the purpose of expressing joy and triumph, and there seems to be no good reason why they should be forbidden in the Church services, especially in view of the fact that they have been used from time immemorial in the Christian Church services, and even if the English Church Union's interpretation of the laws governing the Ritual of the Church of England be correct, the real tradition of the Church is in favor of their use.

The memorial adopted at last year's meeting of the Church Union, which numbers several Bishops among its members, states that "it was open to the rulers of England in the sixteenth century to have thrown in their lot with the foreign Reformers, and to have established a new religious body in the place of the ancient English Church. They did not do so. With one voice they rejected all idea of separating themselves from the Catholic Church. They disclaimed all idea of dissociating themselves from the Churches of Italy, France, Spain and Germany, except in such particulars wherein these churches had themselves departed from primitive antiquity."

In accordance with this view, the Church Unionists maintain that "when the use of the English Prayer Book was first enjoined, it was used by a clergy accustomed to the traditional way of performing the services of which the Prayer Book was, for the most part, a translation and adaptation. Such clergy would inevitably be guided in the use of the new Service Book by their practice under the old. What was legitimate then cannot be illegitimate now."

Hence they assert that they will maintain in the future as in the past the adhesion to these principles, and they "earnestly beseech the rulers of the Church not to use their spiritual power to curtail the glory and the splendor of the service of God's house on earth by imposing on the Church a narrow and disputed interpretation of the rubrics."

These expressions have direct reference to the ceremonial usages of which the anti-Ritualists complain, and cover the use of incense and lights in the Church liturgy. We have no doubt

of the reasonableness and accuracy of this view; but in face of the fact that these usages anger the Low Church party, as the exhibition of a red rag angers a bull, it is scarcely to be expected that the Low Churchmen will be mollified by this argument, and the usages must go unless the Ritualists are prepared to risk a split in the Church on account of their firmness to principle. The matter is much more likely to be determined finally by calm reasoning and logical argument.

While on this subject we cannot refrain from quoting the solid and beautiful reasoning of Professor Edwin E. Slosson of the University of Wyoming on the rational and physical foundation for the use of incense in divine worship. This learned gentleman wrote in the New York Independent some time ago:

"Of all the senses, that of smell has the most powerful influence in reviving past emotional states. A face or a building seen once is often forgotten. A tune or a voice heard once remains much longer in the memory; but a peculiar odor is rarely forgotten, although it cannot be described or repeated at will. Though but once perceived, it will be recognized years later. Probably every one has at some time felt a flood of youthful memories and feelings come over him suddenly and inexplicably, until he is able to trace it to the unconscious perception of the odor of fruits, flowers, or trees familiar to his childhood. Why is it that a smell is so much more certain and powerful in carrying association than sight or hearing, has not been explained. Possibly this sense, not being so hard worked as the others, is able to keep its fewer associations more perfectly, just as St. Gaetano had more time to act as protector to Pomplia's child, because he had fewer namesakes. Music comes next to odors in the power of emotional association and reminiscence."

Speaking, then, specially of the odor of the incense, after remarking that it was not used in connection with the Christian liturgy simply because the early Christians employed it to fumigate the Catacombs, but because it has a real place in worship,

"It has formed a part of almost all elaborate religious ceremonies from the time when the Babylonian Noah offered a sweet savor on the mountain top, and the gods gathered like flies to smell it. It appears to a sense neglected by Western nations, and decaying in this catarrhal climate, but still powerful in its influence on our feelings. If we drop incense because of its vague sensations of incense, we must abolish music for the same reason. Under the power of an eight-foot organ pipe, many a man has mistaken the shaking of his diaphragm for the trembling of his soul; but that is not a bad mistake. The illusion may bring about the reality. If a man does not respond to an appeal to his reason, it is permissible to approach him through his senses. The nerves are easily reached, and lead to the brain. If religion is morally touched by emotion, we have a right to use the most efficient means of getting this magic touch that brings the dead to life."

In reference to this argument, which strikes us as being founded upon a truly philosophical basis, we may here remark that it is no refutation of the utility or suitability of incense in divine worship to say that it was first used by Pagans. This may not be true, for it may have been used before the law of Moses was established, as in connection with the sacrifices of Abraham, Noah, and even Abel. But be this as it may, its use was not merely approved, but was commanded by God under the Old Law, and under the New Law we find it spoken of as being offered by angels before the throne of God to represent the prayers of Saints ascending upward to that throne. This is sufficient to justify its use in Christian worship. (See Apoc. Rev. viii, 3, 4)

Where God approves of the appeal to man's moral sentiment through his senses, it is not for man to forbid such an appeal.

THE INDISSOLUBILITY OF MARRIAGE.

Subscriber of Belleville, states that he has been told by a Protestant friend that some member of the Spanish royal family at some time which is not stated was divorced from his wife by the Pope, and that this fact was appealed to by Henry VIII. as a reason why a divorce from Queen Catharine of Arragon should be granted to him.

In reply we have to say that there is no instance in history of any Pope having granted a divorce to any couple whose marriage was validly contracted and consummated. This being the case, it is not possible for us to imagine what Spanish marriage may be referred to by our correspondent.

The marriage ceremony has sometimes been performed between parties, who, on account of some existing impediment, could not contract marriage. In these cases there was no marriage, and if such cases were brought before the Pope's tribunal the marriages were pronounced null from the beginning on account of such impediments. Then both parties were made free to be married to other persons; but there was no dissolution of a valid marriage in such cases, as there was no valid marriage.

Among the impediments which thus make marriage null from the beginning we may mention near relationship and affinity. There are also certain great

crimes perpetrated for the purpose of enabling parties to marry, and some other causes. Such are the crimes of adultery and murder, which, under certain circumstances, become an impediment to marriage between the parties who have committed the crimes for the purpose of marrying.

It is further to be remarked that the impediments which were certainly instituted by Almighty God cannot be removed by any authority on earth. But impediments which the Church has made may be removed by dispensation from the Pope, and sometimes have been thus removed.

In the case of Henry VIII., Queen Catharine had been the wife of Henry's brother Arthur, but the proper dispensation had been obtained for Catharine's marriage to Henry, and thus the marriage of Henry and Catharine was a valid marriage which could not be dissolved except by death.

We have used the word divorce here in its proper and exact sense of dissolution of a valid marriage. A separation of husband and wife may sometimes take place, that is, on account of adultery, or of great cruelties inflicted by one of the parties upon the other. This occurs usually when the husband is intolerably cruel to the wife. In this case they should return to each other when there is good reason to believe that the cruelties will not be repeated. But neither in this case, nor in the case of separation on account of adultery, can the parties marry again. This separation is sometimes spoken of as a divorce, but it is not properly so called.

STORY OF THE STORM.

Father Kirwin's Thrilling Experiences in the Galveston Tragedy.

A prominent journalist, a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, tells the following thrilling story of the Galveston storm as heard from the lips of Rev. J. M. Kirwin of the Cathedral:

"Part of which I was and all of which I saw," might well apply to Father Kirwin's story of the storm. The tall, pleasant-faced priest of the Galveston Cathedral told in a calm, measured way of thrilling experiences through which he passed, and of awful sights which came under his observation.

"Of the half-dozen churches in Galveston the Cathedral sustained the least damage. High up, visible from a considerable distance, the statue of the Blessed Virgin still stands. But the bell was blown from its fastenings, and tumbled down on the floor of the tower. The statue of the Blessed Virgin was placed in its position soon after the great storm of 1875, and the act was prompted by that visitation. The massive bell hung in an open tower. It was not lifted out of open sockets, but was torn from strong fastenings. Looking from the window of the parochial residence Father Kirwin saw evidences of the terrific force. The air was full of flying debris of every description. A frantic horse, he says, came dashing down the street. As the animal reached the front of the residence a heavy timber struck him, and he went down. As the storm grew more furious, the inmates of the house believed the end was near for them. Bishop Gallagher turned to Father Kirwin and indicating the several assistants, said: 'Prepare these priests for death.'"

"We knew little of what had happened," Father Kirwin said, "except in our immediate vicinity. Very early in the morning my assistants and I started out to go through the parish to see what we could do. The cathedral parish extends across the city. We had not gone far before the general destruction began to impress us. When I got back to the house from a hasty round I told the Bishop I thought that at least 500 persons must have perished. I had not seen the beach side of the city or the western section. Going down to the wharf where several of our people were taking a boat to cross the bay for the purpose of giving to the world information, I said to one of them: 'Don't exaggerate; it is better that we underestimate the loss of life than that we put the figures too high, and find it necessary to reduce them hereafter. If I was in your place I don't believe I would estimate the loss of life at more than 500.'"

"You will see from this how little we realized on Sunday morning of what had occurred. Now, after having seen every part of the city, and after having had to do with the collection of the bodies, I am convinced that over 5000 perished, and will not be surprised if the number reaches 7000." "Only after I had made an extended examination of the city, continuing until late Sunday, did I begin to appreciate what had really happened to us," Father Kirwin went on. "As I was coming back down town I met Mr. Morrissey. 'Father,' he said to me, 'we'll never be able to gather and bury all of these people. There is only one thing to do, and that is to put them sink them in the gulf.' It was decided that this course should be pursued. Bodies were collected from the streets and from places where they were partially uncovered. Some of our best men took the lead in this, to set the example. They went right out and helped pick up the bodies. But hard

as we worked, the more there seemed to be. It soon became so that men could not handle those bodies without stimulants. I am a strong temperance man. I pledge the children to total abstinence at First Communion; but I went to the men who were handling those bodies, and I gave them whiskey. It had to be done. Monday night came. The barges were loaded. Out on the wharves and up the street were the floats still loaded. I heard one of the men in charge say, 'My God! Don't bring any more.' Those who had been working all day were in no condition to continue. An armed guard brought up fifty negroes. The latter were driven on the barges, and the guard went with them. The barges were taken out into the gulf and remained there all night until it was light enough for the negroes to fasten the weights and throw the bodies overboard. When the barges returned those negroes were ashen in color."

All of the Catholic institutions of the city suffered, but utter annihilation overtook the Catholic Orphan Asylum. "I have been out to where the Asylum stood," Father Kirwin said, "and have tried to find traces of it. There is absolutely nothing, unless it be a few scattered bricks. The Asylum was not far from the beach. It was in that part of the city which was swept clean. The structure was large and strongly built. We have been able to find scarcely any part of it. At a distance of two miles down the island the other day I came upon the contribution box, which was in the parlor of the Asylum. There was still upon it the inscription, 'Remember the Orphans.'"

"Ten Sisters were in the asylum. One of the community survived. She had gone down the island in a wagon and found refuge in a family. The others were lost. All of the children perished, with the exception of three little boys, who crawled through a transom, climbed upon some floating material and drifted to a place of safety. The orphans numbered about one hundred. Yes, the story is true that we found the body of one of the Sisters with several of the children fastened tightly to her. She had evidently tied the children together and to herself, intending to save them or go down with them if the Asylum went to pieces. Only three of the Sisters lost have been found and buried."

"I had a very strange experience a day or two ago," Father Kirwin said, after a pause and with a deepening of tone, "A negro came to me. He drew out of his pocket the rosary and cross of one of the Sisters. He began to cry. 'Father,' he said, 'I found her. I took this from her body and I buried her. I have got the grave marked, and I will take you to it.'"

"One of the Sisters, it is supposed, was carried across the island and then across the bay. We have the report from Virginia Point of the burial there of some one in the garb of a Sister. The Asylum was conducted by the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word." Father Kirwin was asked to tell of two or three of the most marvelous escapes which had come to his knowledge and in which he placed credence. "Well," said he, "there is the case of Ben Meyer, the butcher. Meyer was carried out to sea on Saturday. At 10 o'clock Monday morning he was met down the island walking back to town. Saturday night and Sunday he had drifted about in the gulf. "Ayers, of the custom house had a very strange experience," the Father continued. "When the house was in became unsafe he took to a door. He was floating in the darkness when he came upon two children clinging to boards. He pulled the children to him and then discovered that the door would not carry them and him. He managed by swimming and pushing to get the door against the side of a stable about him was an opening into the hay mow. Ayers succeeded in boosting the two children into the mow. He clung to his door until the water went down, and toward morning made his way into the city, forgetting all about those children. The next day recall the incidents of the night, he remembered why he had pushed up beside the stable and why he remained there until the water went down. He returned to the stable and found the children. Not until then did he learn they were his sister's little ones."

Father Kirwin tells some curious facts about the effects of the storm upon the churches. St. Patrick's had a tower 210 feet high, erected at a cost of many thousands of dollars, and only recently completed. This tower fell so that it lay across the middle of the church, cutting roof and sidewalk to the ground. The altar, however, was scarcely disturbed, and there every morning since the storm the priest of the parish has held service. "The Ursuline Convent," Father Kirwin said, "was one of the most beautiful structures in the country. The interior adorning was very fine. A school was conducted there and quite a large number of the girls had arrived. The fall term opened a few days before the storm. Sixty Sisters and the pupils were in the building, which stood in large grounds surrounded by a massive wall eight or ten feet high. This wall was leveled almost to its entire length. Masses of the ruins of houses were washed into the yard, carrying people who had been in their homes when they collapsed. As cries for help were heard the doors of the convent were opened at the risk of those inside and people were dragged in from the storm. In more than one case persons rescued recognized the voices of relatives on the outside as they were borne on the floating ruins to the front of the convent. A woman said, as a shout was

heard, 'That's Jim's voice,' and so it proved to be. When the man was pulled from his raft and into the convent he was recognized as the woman's husband. The Ursuline Sisters moved the girls from one part of the building to another. At times they led the girls in singing to keep them composed. Along one side of the convent yard the ruins of houses and household contents are piled up thirty feet high. This great mass has not yet been overhauled for bodies."

One of these strange experiences was at the Sacred Heart Convent. The building sustained serious damage, but the community within was spared. "A statue of the Sacred Heart," Father Kirwin said, "stood in the chapel. It remained in place throughout the storm. In front of it the Sisters and the children gathered. 'As long as the statue stands,' the Mother said to them, 'we are safe.' The Sisters tell me that those who were present remained motionless and silent, with their eyes riveted on the statue, while the storm raged. Although the walls were partially demolished, not one of those worshippers was hurt."

Father Kirwin has visited all of the churches and other Catholic buildings. He puts the cost of repair and reconstruction at \$250,000. Father Kirwin saw some conditions which give vivid impressions of the destruction of human life. "In the western parts of the city," he said, "there is a place where a small railroad bridge crosses a bayon. When the waters went down, forty-three bodies were left hanging upon the framework of that bridge. They were in the strangest positions and presented a spectacle which was horrifying."

"There is a place in the western portion called Heard's Lane. A citizen named Heard built a dike and set out on the raised ground salt cedars. In those trees lodged over one hundred bodies. The horror of such spectacles was increased by the fact that all of the bodies were stripped of clothing. I know of but one body being found which was not naked. That was a freeman. I do not think that we have found nearly all of the dead. My hunch is that as the great masses of ruins are cleared we shall discover many more. In our parishes we are now at work trying to make up an accurate list of the dead. My belief is that not fewer than one thousand members of Catholic families died."

"The people," Father Kirwin said, "do not realize the losses of relatives. They are still stunned. A curious instance came under my notice. Working for me near one of the institutions, during the early search for bodies, was a man whose manner did not indicate that he was suffering deep grief. But I saw that every time a body was found this man dropped his tools, went to the place, got down by the remains and examined the mouth. After he had satisfied himself he returned to his work, took up his tools and proceeded as if nothing had happened. I inquired about it. The man had lost his wife. He knew the structural form of her teeth, and he was trying to find her. But he did not show grief in any of the usual forms. You will hear people talk without emotion of the loss of those nearest to them. We are in that condition that we cannot feel." W. B. S.

BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

On Wednesday of this week was celebrated the feast of this apostle of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. She was chosen to receive and propagate the promises made by our Lord. All the members of the League should have a particular devotion to her, and should ask her to obtain for them the gift of devotion to the Sacred Heart. The Blessed Margaret Mary was born at Autun, in France, in the year 1647. The first impulses of her childish heart were for a life of perfection, and her delight almost as soon as reason dawned was to kneel before the Heavenly Spouse to offer Him her heart and to vow her life to holy purity. As years went on, the hours of meditation were prolonged; her fasts and watching and other austerities increased. Many trials came, even from her own household, but her meekness and humility of heart made her more and more like the Divine Example that was ever before her eyes. She became a nun of the Visitation Order at Paray le Monial, and there the Lord led her to sublimer prayer. He dignified to appear to her frequently, and once while revealing His Sacred Heart with flames bursting forth from it and a crown of thorns binding it around, bade her to spread the worship of it throughout the world. At the age of forty one she died, with bitterest trials to endure to the last, but filled with heavenly consolations as she expired.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

It is now stated positively that Ex President Kruger is making his way to Holland on the Dutch cruiser 'Gelderland' having been taken on board secretly at 5 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 19. The reason for his secret embarkation is said to be that the Boers are very indignant at his having fled their country in its latest critical moment, and it was feared they would attack him. He embarked from the Customs pier instead of from the passenger's jetty. Desultory fighting is still kept up by small parties of Boers at several points on the Eastern side of the two late Boer Republics. Sir Chesham's Horse had a startling experience in the Setai district. They learned there was a Boer convoy near Sand River, and attempted to capture it, but owing to the fact that another British patrol which was expected to cooperate failed to arrive in time, the attempt at capture failed, though the Boers are said to have met with considerable loss in the encounter which took place. A native attached to the Strachans' troop, and one of the troopers were killed by lions after this event. Captain Steinaecker met with a very similar experience at Sabie Valley, east of Pretoria. He attempted with a small force to capture a

Boer convoy 400 strong, but failed owing to the non arrival of supports. He took the Boer commander Piet Marais a prisoner during this engagement. Here also, a trooper and a native scout were killed by lions. Possibly these two events may prove to be only one, related in two different ways. At Jagersfontein there was a fight on Oct. 26 between the British and a party of Boers who got into the town. The Boers lost 29 killed, and the British 11 killed. Near Bloemfontein also a small British force was compelled to retire after a sharp conflict with a Boer force. Near Verbynde a Boer command was captured by the British after losing 60 killed and 35 wounded. There were 25 prisoners. At Volksrus also Theunis Booja, a brother of General Booja, surrendered with a small force.

GOOD BOOKS WANTED.

A priest in a poor mission writes that he should be very glad to receive some good English Catholic books or magazines for distribution amongst his parishioners, who are, for the most part, unable to pay for them. This is a good opportunity for kindly disposed Catholics to help their poor struggling brothers in the Faith—and the mission in which we refer to is really deserving one. We know of no more praiseworthy undertaking than the disseminating good literature and thus aid in the spread of the Apostolate of the press. Address: Rev. Henri Martel, P. P., Bonfield, Ontario.

THE NUN IN THE BELFREY.

The following beautiful poem was written by a Protestant Episcopal clergyman on the malicious burning of the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, Mass., on Aug. 11, 1834, by the savage and intolerant Know Nothings of the time. In the accounts of the heinous outrage it is related that the mob finding that they had no resistance to face, entered the building and gave it to the flames by piling the furniture and religious articles and books in a heap and setting fire to them.

"O carry me up to the hilltop,
Said the dying Ursuline;
Up to the sunny Convent
Where the air is opaline.

"Yes carry me up to the Belfrey,
For Mount Benedict's far view;
O carry me, strength is failing,
My Sisters, down and true.

"They say that the widespread prospect
Is so beautiful and grand;
O carry me up this morning,
To see our Promised Land."

Then they carried her up to the Convent,
Up the dizzy Belfrey stair,
And placed the feeble reefer
In a Nun's antique armchair.

And then, as up on Pisgah,
Moses gazed o'er the Palestine,
The Nun from out the Belfrey
Viewed far and wide the scene

Below the Mount a village
Lay smiling scattered round;
And, closer, past the Convent,
The slow canal boat wound.

The shaggy heights of Malford,
And Prospect's storied Hill,
With Harvard's classic towers,
A noble distance fill.

The Ten Hills Farm in order
Its fields and furrows show;
While Bellingham its summit,
Lits crowned with springtide glow.

Augh the heights of Bunker,
So verdant and so free,
Told where the patriot yeoman
Pled his deadly mastery.

After the Tri-Mount City,
Held up its noble dome
And, full proud, the Modern Athens,
Told the culture of its home.

Beyond, the noble harbor,
Gemmed thick with shining isles,
Spread, land-locked safe to seaward
Nine broad and placid miles.

The waters of the Mystic
Mirrored many a charming scene,
And the Charles a silver serpent,
Wound through marsh and meadow green.

Thus shone the lovely picture
That filled the Nun's dim eye,
Nor dreamed the faithful Ursuline
An hour of rash dread night.

She little recked the torches
That lit the Sin of every Age,
Intolerance—was binding,
For the Bigot's purblind rage.

She knew not that the prospect,
So peaceful and so fair,
Would glow and thro' one midnight
With the burning Convent's glare.

She knew not that the Belfrey,
Which crowned Ursula's Hall,
Mid smoke and sparkling cinders,
Would blaze and writhe and fall.

But while she gazed, deep musing,
Her brow seemed all impaired,
With radiant, new-found beauty,
Shed from out another world.

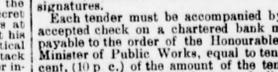
'Twas the favored gift of Heaven,
The resplendent aureole,
That shined around the forehead
Of the chosen Sainted Soul.

And thus the Nun, unmindful
Of the day of bale to dawn,
Came down the Belfrey staircase,
And rested on the lawn.

Again she viewed the landscape
So tranquil and so bright,
And deemed it but the garden
Of the Land of Endless Light.

While the Convent of Ursula
A type and pledge should be,
Of each true Nun's sweet cloister
In the true Nun's "Ain Country."

The poor are our friends, and, according to the Spanish proverb, "When a friend asketh, there is no tomorrow."—Lady Lindsay.



SEALED TENDERS ADDRESSED TO the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Drill Hall, London, Ont.," will be received at this office until Monday, 5th November, for the construction of a Drill Hall at London, Ont.

Plans and specification can be seen and form of tender and all necessary information obtained at this Department, and on application to W. Greer, Caretaker, Custom House, London, Ont.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted check on a chartered bank made payable to the order of the Honourable Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p. c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called up to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the check will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, JOS. R. ROY, Acting Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Oct. 26th, 1900. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for. 1149 2.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE DIAMOND BROACH.

"No," said Aunt Caroline, slowly, "it isn't very valuable."

out the box and went almost feverishly to work. It was dinner time and almost dark when she returned.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The wisdom of our forefathers condensed itself into the maxim: "Tell me your company and I'll tell you who you are."

eternal treasures. It may seem hard when only one member of a family is thus striving, making peace for those about him while he himself is suffering tortures from them.

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GOFFINE'S INSTRUCTIONS ON THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS. With the Lives of many saints of God. Explanations of Christian Faith and Duty and of Church Ceremonies; a Method of Hearing Mass, Morning and Evening Prayers, and a Description of the Holy Land. With a preface by His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons.

SACRED PICTURES. We have now in stock some really nice colored crayons of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Sacred Heart of Mary—size, 12x22. Price, 50 cents each. Good value at that figure. Same size, steel engravings, 75 cents each. Extra large size, (with engraving), \$1.50 each.

WORLD'S STANDARD Elgin Watches are tested and tried by extreme heat and cold at the factory and adjusted to withstand varying temperatures. Genuine Ruby Jeweled Elgins are sold by all Jewelers in sizes and styles to suit, and at reasonable prices.

