

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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FAITH CULTURE.

It may not be inopportune to call our readers attention to the fact that one's faith must be safeguarded and cultivated so as to be able to bring forth good fruit.

Without sowing there is no garnering. Indolence will not cover a field with golden grain. If in the even tide we are to carry home sheaves we must hie ourselves to work while yet there is light. The sun must bathe the ground in life giving light and the rain feed it ere nature begins to fashion with precision and perfection, root and leaf, scent and color. If too dry the flower languishes and perishes; too wet, it rots. So if pride sweeps over the mind, and passion lays waste the heart, faith is exposed to deadly peril. The proud wander in solitude because they wish to be alone, and singular in all things, to be either more noble, or more prudent, or more learned than all others. Unprepared they essay to cope with difficulties. They are self-reliant and imagine they have from themselves what should be attributed to God's bounty. Hence, de Lamennais tells us, in a celebrated page, that God deserts the foolish who rely on themselves. He abandons them to their pride, and then come the falls which astound us. But yesterday a leader showing the way up the heights; and to-day obeying every whim and caprice of pride and toying with phrases which arguments against all the fallen one had championed and loved.

FAITH'S ENEMY.

When the heart is peopled by the unclean, its love and confidence depart. No longer does it penetrate hell and heaven. It finds a hundred reasons to disbelieve. Its outlook is bounded by the horizon of the flesh. It is the puppet of passion, and out of tune with the hearts which magnify the Lord. True, that the stately cedar falls now and then; and shrubs also cumber the ground, and always in each case owing to a lack either of humility or of purity. Faith, solid and fruitful, is rooted in these virtues.

FAITH AND THE SCIENTIST.

The great Pasteur, for instance, was always humble. In deciphering the inscriptions written by God in the book of nature he was always a devout son of the Church. His deep research and scientific discovery and original thought were not incompatible with a Catholic life. Objections against religion did not disquiet him. The physical world made him, we may say, touch the supernatural, and above all phenomena he saw the First Cause whence comes all and which he saw in all. Men of this type live happily, and when death approaches, their serenity is but another testimony to the power of faith.

FAITH AND THE SCIENTIFIC FAKIR.

Some writers blaspheming what they know not, speak contemptuously of the lives of the poor whose toil is sweetened by the hope of heaven. Let us see. The poor man lives in a squalid tenement. From birth to death he wears poverty's shabby livery. To worldly eyes he is wedded to sordidness. He hears those who are heart-weary of injustice inviting him to join the ranks of the army, which regardless of the facts of human nature, is going to re-fashion Society. But, hearkening to his spiritual chiefs, he plods on, treading with bleeding feet the stones of life. Yet happiness is his, and peace above the comprehension of the world abides within him. His heart is responsive to the touch of humility and purity. His faith tells him that God weighs his tears and will recompense him. His faith is based on the same foundations as that of Pasteur. He knows the story of the Cross. He believes truths for which men gave their blood. That men should have persecuted the Church does not astonish him; near by him, in every day life, he sees signs of hatred of his religion, and hatred oftentimes united to impiety and debauchery. And he understands that, since the Church, despite the buffets of men and of the centuries, lives with unimpaired vitality and has been, and is, the altar of every sacrifice and the asylum of every misery. She must be the work of God. Faith opens up to him regions where God manifests His wisdom and power and shows him the value of life.

FAITH AND THE OBJECTOR.

Objections cannot shake him. But, after all, what have the men of the test-tube and telescope to say about the things which concern us the most. The half-baked Scientist offers theories; the Scientist of unquestioned prowess looks with awe-filled eyes on the world beyond, and declares that the question concerning our origin and destiny, dies without an answer, without even an echo upon the infinite shores of the unknown. And strangely enough we are asked to surrender principles, tested throughout the centuries, and which have blossomed and borne fruit in countless souls, to the vagaries of to-day that will be buried by the vagaries of tomorrow. We should remember, however, that great scientists are not given to the cocksureness and assertive dexterity which characterize the camp-followers and gong-beaters of science. But they trouble not the man of faith. He walks the earth accompanied by the angels of God. He sees them—the blessed spirits who minister to them—who shall receive the inheritance of salvation. When he uplifts his heart to God, he stands on holy ground, for there are angels to bear his prayer heavenwards. However the world may treat him he knows that around him are invisible beings to whose protection and sympathy and counsel he cannot appeal in vain. When the prophet Eliseus' servant feared for his master's safety his eyes were opened and he saw the mountain full of horses, and chariots of fire round about Eliseus. The heavenly messengers grieve, if we may so speak, when we sin, and rejoice when we do penance; they give us advice and protect us from both corporal and spiritual enemies.

THE RELIGION OF "GETTING ON."

We know that men who are opposed to Christianity do not directly impugn religion or deny the existence of God. They do not wish to affront the susceptibilities of any citizen. Moreover, they have learned that the pipings of those who have no standing in the scientific world are absurd to the many who know that men like Lord Kelvin acknowledge as the result of their researches the existence of a beneficent Creator. Instead of frontal attacks we have flank movements. But the aim is the same—to ignore God and religion as absolutely useless for human progress. Their religion may be summed up in one word—"getting on," though its principles are irrational and subversive of all advancement for the majority of men. They harp on social inequalities and capitalistic iniquity. And with much iteration they insist that the passport to peace and prosperity is the system which busies itself with time, leaving eternity to all who care to have it.

RECKLESS ASSUMPTIONS.

These writers and spouters, however sincere in their views, are far too generous with reckless assumptions. Christianity does not condemn the world. What it reprobates is the abuse of it—the centering of minds and hearts to the exclusion of God. While it does say that the interests of eternity outweigh those of time, it is not a foe to earthly comfort. She teaches economy and thrift and does good to all men. It is true that many so-called Christians do not heed her, but this is not her fault. That the rich know not zeal of charity and brotherhood, and the poor in great cities are broken on the wheel of labor; that sweat shops exist and are schools of shame and degradation are but proofs of sordid paganism. Christianity has no part in these conditions. The Gospel makes for social reorganization and betterment. If it fails to do this, the cause must be ascribed to the faithlessness of those who profess it. It denounces oppression, even as it guided man from serfdom to economic freedom. A Christian, St. Basil for instance, addresses the unjust rich as follows: "Wretches that ye are how will ye answer the Divine Judge. Ye cover the barrenness of your walls with tapestries but not the nakedness of men with raiment. Ye adorn your houses with soft coverings and despise your brother who is clad in rags. Ye let your grain perish in the barn, but deign not to look at those who have no bread."

Into the cup of sorrow that every man must sup, the Gospel injects the hope of future happiness. But take away from human life the stimulus of religion, forget the soul for the body, eliminate conscience and love, and the world would become the porch of hell.

We should remember that the time is short. . . . It remaineth that they that use this world, as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away.

IMPREGNABLE WALL AGAINST VIOLENCE OF GOD'S ENEMIES.

MEMORABLE ENCYCICAL FURNISHES SUBJECT FOR STIRRING ADDRESS OF CATHOLIC FEDERATION.

No more forcible pronouncement on the subject of Catholic Federation has been heard since the inception of the movement than that recently uttered by Most Rev. William H. O'Connell, D. D., Coadjutor Archbishop of Boston at the annual meeting of the Suffolk County (Mass.) Federation.

"From the beginning," said His Grace, "I have felt the most intense interest in the high and progress of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. Every student of public affairs and the rise and progress of great movements realizes that the power which finally stirs public sentiment to action is dual in its character; first, a principle, true, sound and sane; secondly, the numbers behind that principle. As Catholics, we shall receive the inheritance of salvation. When he uplifts his heart to God, he stands on holy ground, for there are angels to bear his prayer heavenwards. However the world may treat him he knows that around him are invisible beings to whose protection and sympathy and counsel he cannot appeal in vain. When the prophet Eliseus' servant feared for his master's safety his eyes were opened and he saw the mountain full of horses, and chariots of fire round about Eliseus. The heavenly messengers grieve, if we may so speak, when we sin, and rejoice when we do penance; they give us advice and protect us from both corporal and spiritual enemies."

"The pursuit of happiness? Here again all depends upon how men accept the term. Is it feasting and rioting? Is it the lust of the eye and the pride of life? If so, what is to become of civilization? Who will deny again that, at least by their actions, some of the population of this great country have accepted this conception of happiness? The shames records of the divorce courts prove it. The degeneracy, the moral pollution of our great cities give evidence of it. The diminished birth rates, the crowded insane asylums, and hospitals, and poorhouses are all witnesses of it. And it is growing and growing with each succeeding year. Who can deny that paganism is showing its frightful head in a thousand forms all over the land? Who can deny that from the house-tops thousands of voices are calling to the worship of base pleasures with the same formula which destroyed Egypt and Persia, and Greece, and Rome; eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die?"

When fashion's preachers have made of God a myth, a blind force; when by their preaching they only succeed in obscuring the certainty of a future life, who is to blame for the logical sequence in infidelity and belief only in the pleasures of the passing hour?

"Federation, with its million voices raised to protest against Baal, crying out to the doubtful and doubting millions, 'God lives, and true happiness is found only in Him,' must at last be heard. Clear living, honest dealing, voting without bribery and the docile observance of law, in that alone is happiness, the happiness which conscience alone can bring."

"This is the watchword of Federation, and, please God, we shall shout it one day so loud as to drown forever the shrill cry which is to-day leading millions to destruction. Thus in laboring for the common good, which consists in peace, prosperity and true happiness, we are making this land its debtor, with a debt which one day the nation will be glad to acknowledge."

"Let us go back, now, again to the wonderful sentence of the encyclical, which continuing, says: 'And may the union rise like an impregnable wall against the fierce violence of the enemies of God.' Federation, therefore, is likened to a wall which shall be stormed in vain; a wall all the more beautiful as well as powerful because the stones of which it is built are the children of many races—a splendid mosaic of precious stones, the solidity of the German, the brilliancy and genius of the French, the versatility of the Irish, the tenacity of the Pole, the ardor and poetry of sentiment of the Italian, the keenness of the Hungarian and so on with the strength and beauty of other races, all combining their heroic traits and mingled in the alchemy of their American citizenship shall stand as an impregnable wall against the fierce violence of God's enemies."

"Enemies of God! Are there men so rash as to make battle against omnipotence? Is it not insanity to brave the powers in the Infinite? Yes, surely it is insanity. But do we need fools that such insanity exists after hearing the cry of Viviani, who boasts that in France they have put out the lights of heaven? There is no doubting that such men are really insane, but insane men are not merely harmless fools. They are dangerous maniacs—maniacs driven by their insane illusions to use 'fierce violence' against God, Christ and His Church. And against this violence, fierce and dangerous as it is, not only to us, but to all that is sacred and best to the human race, who shall forbear to build a wall of protection? A wall impregnable because founded upon the solid foundations of the Church which cannot fall; a wall be-

hind which some day I firmly believe all sane men who value whatever is best in human life in this world, and the next will be glad to take refuge. "These are the words of the immortal Leo. Study them as I have studied them, until you realize all the fullness and the greatness of their wisdom. Go back to your homes, to your parishes, to your local organizations, fired with a new zeal to make this gospel of Federation better known and better understood. The Federation is a power for good, the nation's good and God's glory. Leo has prayed for it. Plus nous prays for it, and the prayers of Christ's vicars shall be heard—heard not only in the courts of heaven, but heard throughout the Christian world, and men with willing hearts and docile minds will at last unite for the common good, tied to no political party nor acting as one political party, but resting its power upon chastened and righteous public sentiment for the common good and God's eternal glory."—Church Progress.

There are those who will not allow that miracles occur at this day. There are others, unfortunately a growing number, who are disposed to assert that no miracles have occurred in any period of the world's history. The Catholic Church herself is extremely cautious in declaring miracles. No matter however startling a cure may be the faithful are not permitted to acclaim it a miracle. If it is an answer to prayer, it may be termed an answer; nothing more, and if a cure, simply that and naught else. That remarkable things are taking place daily, however, appears absolutely incontrovertible—especially remarkable cures. A correspondent writes us that a strange sight was witnessed on the day of the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, at Melrose Park, Chicago. A woman proceeded along the street five blocks with her tongue in the dust. Why?

Some days before, she had been accidentally shot in the eye. The doctors asserted that she would die in a few hours and apparently she did die for her children bought her funeral clothes and put them upon her. She, however, implored Our Lady of Mount Carmel to save her life for her little children's sake, promising that, if she were spared, she would go in the procession as described, so that the whole Italian world might know that the Blessed Mother had power if appealed to. She awoke healed and fulfilled her promise.

From New York another correspondent writes that there were several striking cures at the Shrine of St. Anne on her feast day, this year, and still another writes: "that he saw a woman cured of a malignant cancer on her face at the same shrine. Speaking of the recent pilgrimage from Central New York to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, the Utica Daily Press says: "The most interesting part of the trip was the witnessing of the miracles performed at the shrine. These are daily occurrences, and although the priest themselves hesitate to believe, the witnessing of them is convincing. One Utica lady saw a cripple go up, hobbling with the aid of a cane, leave the cane and walk away cured. A Rochester lady who was a member of the local party, a member of St. Michael's parish, had been suffering since birth with a paralyzed hand. She returned from the shrine to the hotel, went to sleep, and when she awoke she had the use of her hand. A lady from Syracuse was cured of cancer. On the day previous to the arrival of the Uticans a little boy, who is a son of a celebrated New York physician, appeared at the shrine with a maimed foot which his father and other New York physicians pronounced incurable. He left the bandages with a pile of crutches, canes and other articles there and was entirely cured. This boy as well as his father is a Protestant. A man was wheeled up in a cripple's chair. He stepped out of the chair and left it here."

Here is more about the Rochester True Witness of Montreal: "Miss Markel, a resident of Rochester, New York State, was rewarded for her faith in St. Anne when on the feast day of that good saint, Friday of last week, after finishing her novena and ascending the Scala Sancta on her knees, she returned to her boarding house, and after a few hours' rest, awoke, and to her great joy found her hand, the use of which she had been deprived of since her birth, open, and she was at liberty to move her fingers without the slightest difficulty. Overcome by her great emotion, she immediately repaired to the presbytery, with her companions, who had known her from infancy, where she acquainted the Reverend Fathers with the facts."

And here is a series of statements found in the Chicago Daily Tribune of last week. "Thousands of persons attending devotions of the novena at the shrine of St. Anne in St. Joseph's Church, Kankakee, Illinois, on the festival of the Mother of the Blessed Virgin, Friday last, July 20, saw several people arise and announce that they had been healed of infirmities."

"Miss Mary Pierce, twelve years of age, of Delphi, Ind., said that she had been afflicted with paralysis for four years, during which time she had been unable to walk. She left the Church without support."

"Miss Daisy Lamond, of Kankakee, almost blind for thirty two years, was

able to read without glasses at the close of nine days of prayer. "George Neary, of Lost Nation, Ia., and Michael McCormick, of Kinamau, Ill., both said they had been crippled from childhood. They walked from the Church Friday and said it was the first time they had walked since infancy."

Not miracles? No; perhaps not; but it is strange, most strange, the blind see, the lame walk, the dead rise to life again and Protestants as well as Catholics are cured. With one who doubted long ago many out in the world will exclaim, "Lord I believe, help Thou my unbelief."

SOME REMARKABLE RECENT CURES.

CRIPPLED PROTESTANT CHILD RESTORED AT ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

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CATHOLIC TEACHING AND EXAMPLE.

In the criminal courts of Great Britain and Ireland it is a custom that the sheriff presents the judge with a pair of white gloves at every session or assize at which there is no crime on the calendar, that is, no case of crime to be presented to the court for trial. This is a very rare occurrence—indeed, it is hardly ever heard of—in Great Britain, but in Ireland it is quite common—an event reported from several parts of the country several times yearly.

During the present year the judges got white gloves in the cities of Cork and Limerick, and in the towns of Carlow and Boyle, and later at the assizes in the first named city, there were only two trivial cases, condition of things which elicited from the judge a noteworthy tribute of praise to the people and a high appreciation of the work of the Catholic clergy and religious orders, to whose teaching and example he declared it to be entirely due. "Your city," said he, addressing the Cork Grand Jury, "teems with a population of rich and poor and middle-class, and necessarily, in classes of that kind, you must expect to find some evasion of the criminal laws. Here, with the two exceptions, there is nothing of the kind. I cannot think what has led to this extraordinary immunity from crime. I believe myself it is entirely owing to the hard work and honesty and self-denial of those ladies and men who, with a higher idea of the Christian life, devote their lives, by precept and example, to instruct those whom they teach, and amongst whom they live. All credit be to them. They hope for nothing in this world, but I believe they impress upon the persons whom they teach, and upon the consciences of those amongst whom they live, an example that has led to the almost stainless leaves of the Crown book."

Coming from a non-Catholic judge judicially from the bench, this is a weighty testimony as to the value of Catholic teaching, even in a social and temporal connection.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The first Catholic Church in China was built by the Jesuits in 1602.

About half his estate, which was valued at \$125,000 was left to charity, by the late James P. Rock, of Baltimore. Cardinal Gibbons was given \$6,000.

The missionaries laboring among the blacks of the Upper Niger in Africa have taught their thousands of converts to sing the Gregorian Chant congregationally.

Among the charities to benefit by the will of Isidore Wormser, the New York banker, is the Catholic Orphan asylum of that city, which received \$1,000. Mr. Wormser was a Jew.

Berlin, July 25.—Through the death of Father Erasmus Hering, the world has lost its greatest linguist. The noted scholar died at the Monastery at Landshut, where he had long been one of the monks. He was seventy-nine years old. Father Hering mastered thirty-three modern and ancient languages.

Jewels and state regalia to the value of \$250,000 were stolen recently from Dublin Castle. The jewels were those used in the ceremony of investiture in the Order of St. Patrick, and included the magnificent professional diamonds and the jeweled sword which is also borne in the procession at the investiture.

Announcement of the gift by Peter Larsen of \$25,000 in addition to a previous gift of the same sum, for the construction fund of the new cathedral to be erected in Helena, Mont., was made recently by Bishop Carroll. Mr. Larsen's gift, together with that of Thomas Cruise, of \$25,000, gives Bishop Carroll a fund in his hands at present of \$75,000 with which to start actual construction work.

By the death of Cardinal Domenico Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, the Church loses one of her most illustrious princes, the House of Savoy one of its most ardent ecclesiastical supporters of United Italy, and his Holiness Pope Pius X, a warm personal friend. He was born at Montegranaro June 13, 1831, and became a Cardinal May 18, 1891.

Rev. John J. Collins, S. J., formerly rector of Fordham University, New York city, has been appointed by the Holy Father Titular Bishop of Antipolis and Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, W. I. Father Collins will come to the United States for consecration, which will probably take place in St. Francis Xavier's Church, West Sixteenth street, New York city. Rev. Patrick Mulry, who is now collecting for the Catholic institutions of Jamaica ruined by the earthquake, will return to the island after the consecration.

LUKE DELMEGE

BY THE REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE," "CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

"Ah! but my dear Mr. Delmege, you quite forget that all this took place in Syria and in the close of the ancient cycle. This is England and the nineteenth century."

"Quite so," said Luke, appealing to a Canon, "but what says the Scripture—'The poor you shall always have with you'?"

"What, then, becomes of the evolution of religion?" shrieked a lady. "If there is to be no progress, where comes in your Christianity?"

"I think," said the senior Canon, "that Mr. Delmege is right and wrong—right in his interpretation; wrong in his application. The text he has quoted means: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

"Of course. And that embraces us all," said Olivette. "I'm sure, now, that sometimes I feel quite embarrased by these accessories of civilization. Can we not do, I say sometimes to myself, with less? Are not these ornaments of life unnecessary and a burden? I sometimes feel, that like dear St. Francis, I should like to go abroad and—see the world."

"How could you get on without your easel and brushes and palette?" said Clotilde. Olivette was the artist of the family.

"Oh! I should hire a little Italian boy to take them for me, and we could spend days on the Umbrian Mountains, and paint, oh! such delicious bits of scenery, and eat nothing but olives and grapes, and drink only water—snow-water from the fountain-peaks of the Apennines, and—ah—a little Falernian."

"And then, dear, said Clotilde, 'you could go down into the convents, and copy those dear crucifixions of Angelico, and the sweet 'Ecce Homo's; and oh! Olive, if you could bring me back one—only one copy of that divine 'Scourging,' by Corri!'"

Olivette shuddered, and said coldly: "No! not our Helme has stodd all that. No more painful realism, like the visions of Elmerich; but sweet-faced Agnes and Cecilia, and pearls, and now and again, a divine Juno, or the flower-face of an Oread."

So Luke's little observation drew down this admirable discussion on Scripture, political economy, art, etc., and Luke felt not a little elated as the giver of inspiration and the originator of ideas. Dear me! to think that he, the child of a member, but even a leader, in this select coterie in the centre of British civilization! And Carlyle took years to make the British public forget that he was the son of a Scotch mason! Luke was floating on the enchanted river.

He was accompanied to the door by the sisters.

"I really think I shall paint your pietistic beggar," said Olivette.

"No, no, dear, don't spoil your art-fancies," said Clotilde. "What would the 'Master' say?"

"Luke felt half-jealous of that 'Master.'"

"If you could spare time, he said, 'I should like much to have a picture of that ship in the 'Ancient Mariner,' the sea smooth as glass, the sky setting, and her skeleton spar-funnels a scaffolding against the daffodil sky!'"

"You shall have it," said Olivette.

"Good-night, brother! Don't forget the 'Atta Troll!'"

"Good-night, brother!"

"Brother, good-night! The Lutes for Thursday!"

"Bah," said Luke; "there's only a sheet of tissue-paper between the races; but politicians and pamphleteers have daubed it all over with ghoul and demons on both sides. When will the valiant knight come and drive his lance through it, and let the races see each other as they are?"

It was close on midnight when Luke reached the presbytery. A light was burning in Dr. Drysdale's room. Luke went softly upstairs. The old man was at the door of his bedroom.

from Ireland, called here to-day to inquire for you. She said you were deeply interested in her brother, Louis, a young medical student, at St. Thomas's. She had not heard of your removal to Aylesburgh, and seemed disappointed. She has come over to act as housekeeper and guardian angel to her brother. From a brief conversation I could gather that she is eminently qualified for both offices. I don't despair of the Island of Saints yet. I think there's one left. She wished that I should enclose to you her address."

The second letter ran: "My dear Luke—We expect you over without fail for your sister's wedding. Your protracted exile is causing some anxiety here. It is probable, as you have already heard, that Margery will enter in Limerick. You know that poor Father Tim has gone to meet his brother, Ecclesiastes, in heaven. He left you his Breviaries and a parting word—to hold your head fast."

"MARTIN HUGHES, P. P. 'Seaview Cottage, Knockmany.'"

Luke took up the Breviaries rather gingerly. The cover had been originally of red morocco; but the years had wrought havoc with red and gold. They were black, grimy, clammy, from constant use; for then, as now, the Breviary is the poetical anthology, the manual of philosophy, the compendium of theology and patrology to the Irish priest. Luke put down the volumes with a shudder, and then washed his hands.

CHAPTER XVII.

A LAST APHORISM.

'Twas true, indeed. Father Tim was dead. He had carried his little stock of wisdom, and merged it in the great unperishable Wisdom that guides, oh! so unerringly, yet imperceptibly, the little currents of our lives. There never was a man so proud of his philosophy as Father Tim; never a man who knew so little of the world. His happy consciousness of the former faculty, his happy unconsciousness of the latter defect, or blessing, made him a most lovable man.

During this spring the influenza, then quite an unappreciated novelty, was raging in his parish; and night and day he swept the mountains from cabin to cabin on his little cob. Then when the epidemic had ceased and the flock was saved, the pastor was struck down, and fatally.

Father Martin was beside himself with grief. Father Pat was too scientific to be over-solicitous about his friend. But he did all that a scientist could do; and wonderful were the pharmaceutical remedies that he prescribed. Alas! Father Tim was a fatalist.

"When a man's time comes, where's the use in putting back the hands on the clock?" he said. There was no possible reply to this.

And so, one evening in March of this sad year, Father Martin made up his mind to discharge conscientiously his duty as a friend and brother priest, and warn his good neighbor that the sands were running fast, and it was high time to prepare for the last great journey.

"Of course, Martin," said the poor patient, feebly, "it is a long road, and there's no turning back when you start. But there are no cross roads either, Martin, where a man could lose his way."

"That's true," said Father Martin. "Now we'll see about the spiritual first, and then the temporal."

The ceremony did not take long, and then he made his profession of faith.

"It isn't faith, Martin," he sobbed, "with me, bishon, thank God."

"That's true, Tim," said Martin, deeply affected. "I'm sure the Blessed Virgin herself will come for you."

"Ha! ha!" said the dying man, "no wonder she should—no wonder she should! She'll be very ungrateful, and that's not her way, you know, if she doesn't be standing there at the foot of the bed when the light is going out."

"And you're quite sure you're not afraid to die?"

"Afraid? Afraid of what, said I; and it is something to go before God with your senses about you."

"That's true," said Martin, gravely. "Now, about your will. Where is it?"

"There in the cupboard, such as it is," said the patient.

Father Martin went over, and after some careful searching amongst old receipts and rubbish, he found the will. It was written on a sheet of notepaper, and ran thus:

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Timothy Hurley, make my last will and testament. I leave my dear friends, Father Martin Hughes and Father Pat Casey, £50 each for Masses for my soul, to be said at once. *Bisidat qui citat.* I leave my successor £50 for the poor of the parish. *Dispersit, dedit pauperibus.* I leave the Reverend Mother of the Presentation convent, Limerick, £100 for the children of the convent schools. *Sintis parvulis os ad me rector.* I leave the Superiors of the Good Shepherd, Limerick, £100 for her poor penitents. *Erravit sicut ovis qui perit.* I leave my parish, with the Bishop's consent, to Father Pat Casey, because he's a silent man, and knows how to consume his own smoke. And my Breviary I leave to Father Luke Delmege, with the parting advice: Hold your head high, and always put a good valuation on yourself! My soul I leave to Almighty God and His Blessed Mother, for they have the best right to it.

Signed: "TIMOTHY HURLEY, Parish Priest of Gortagoshel."

Father Martin read the document without a smile. Then—

"There are a good many legacies here, Tim. Now, where's all the wealth lodged?"

"Wealth? What for? I haven't a penny, except you find some loose silver on the mantelpiece."

"But did the Bishop order us, under pain of suspension, to make our wills in three months from the retreat?" said Father Tim, struggling with the fading breath.

"Of course. But that supposed you had something to leave. You have been very generous with nothing, Tim."

"Well, I thought sure that a full measure is better than an empty sack. And sure, if there's nothing there, they can get nothing."

"Pat and I will take care of the Masses, whatever," said Father Martin.

"God bless you, Martin. I knew you would."

"I'm afraid, Tim, the Bishop will hardly admit that you have the right of presentation to your parish."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Martin, I never thought he would. But he's fond of a joke; and I said to myself: 'Well, now, Tim, when His Lordship hears this, he'll clap his hands and say, that's a good joke, and I won't balk him.'"

"Ah! but the preaching," said Martin.

"Look here, now, Martin, there's too much preaching altogether. If there's anything I'm sorry for, it is that I talked too much. Sure, 'tisn't the water that runs down the river that turns the mill, but the water that's caught in the mill race."

"That's true, Tim," said Martin; "but Bishops want men to preach, and if you remember your Selva, you know that it is laid down as the first duty of a parish priest."

"And you think the Bishop won't heed the joke?" said Father Tim, faintly.

"I fear not," said Father Martin. "He has been very hard on poor Pat for that same thing."

There was a long pause, during which the breath of the dying priest came only in gasps and sobs. Then for a moment it became easier.

"Yes, Tim."

"Mart! I'd go to leave you something, but the poor priest, with a sob, 'I wouldn't doubt you, Tim,' said Father Martin.

"Mart! we were always good friends."

"Always, Tim."

"Mart! we were always good friends."

"I won't take her, but on one condition," he said.

"What is it, Mart?"

"That you throw Tony into the bargain."

"God bless you, Mart! I knew I could depend on you."

Here it may be remarked that Tiny and Tony had been baptized in a Christian manner and with Christian names. They were the children of a young medical doctor who had come down to Gortagoshel, and after a desperate fight had secured a dispensary worth £100 a year. When he had secured this prize, and at the cost of his life, he was himself another prize, this time a real one, in the shape of a young wife, brought up in a Dublin hot-house of luxury and ease, and suddenly transferred to this Libya of the seashore. But they were very happy together, and very much happier when Christina was baptized on Christmas Day; and a year later when Anthony was placed under the direct patronage of his mother's favourite saint.

For she had a great devotion to St. Anthony, and always sealed her dainty letters with the mysterious S. A. G. Then one day the cloud came down. The young doctor took typhus fever in a mountain cabin and died. And the young mother could not be kept back from him even by the exceeding love she bore her children; but she, too, sickened and died. And she was straining between God and her bairns, it was Father Tim that took loose that sweet spirit for God by taking on himself the duty of father and protector of the motherless ones.

"Sure 'tis as easy to fill two mouths as one," he said; and they came home with him and grew into his soft and affectionate heart.

"I'll tell you what it is, Martin," said the faint voice; "you're doing too much; but God will bless you."

"I tell you what it is, Tim," said Martin, "I'll take the children home now, and come to see you again."

"God bless you, Martin," said the grateful heart in his sobbing.

Easier said than done, though, to borrow an aphorism. Tiny and Tony were done up by the housekeeper and brought in in solemn state. Tiny was gorgous in pink and white. Tony was almost supercilious. He had assumed the *top sirloin*, and by nature at instinct, had his hands plunged deep in his pockets. He looked curiously from Martin to his guardian, and at last shouted with joy when he was told to say good-bye, for he was henceforth to live and lodge at Seaview Cottage. Not so Tiny. When she was placed high up on the pillow to kiss good-bye to her guardian, she sobbed and wept and pleaded.

"Come now, Tiny," said Father Martin, "and we'll go home together."

"I'm afraid not. He generally leads, you know."

"If I hear him yelling, Martin, and if I see him twisting his head around to see are the people admiring him, 'Never mind him, Tim. He won't trouble you, I'll promise you.'"

"Martin."

"Would you read one of the psalms for me?"

"Which, Tim?"

"The *Benedic*—Martin. 'Twas you introduced me to it."

Father Martin took up the time-stained Breviary, and read that glorious psalm. He was murmuring along verse after verse, until he came to: *Quoniam miseratur pater florum, miserans est Dominus timentibus se; quoniam ipse cognovit figmentum nostrum. Recordatus est quoniam pulvis sumus; homo, sicut loann, dies ejus; tanquam flos agris, sic efflorebit.*

"Martin."

"My mind was wandering when I spoke about Daly. Give me another absolution."

Martin imparted the Sacrament again. Then, after a pause, Father Tim said:

"Martin."

"Yes, Tim."

"Are you here?"

"Yes, Tim."

"My sight—is leaving me. But—didn't I—tell you, Martin?"

"What?"

"That the—Blessed Virgin—would come for me?"

"You did, Tim."

"There—she—is, Martin!"

"Where?" said Father Martin, staring wildly.

"Look—there—over her—picture. Yes," he said, speaking to the invisible, "I'm ready. Never—refuse—a good—die."

And Martin was alone in the room.

There was a vast gathering at the obsequies of Father Daly did chant the *Antiphona*; and the most magnificent music of the Catholic ritual service; and I am afraid he did twist his head around sometimes to see the effect on his audience, but the silent sinner made no sign. These things were of no concern to him now or forevermore.

When the white ring of the ascetic's grave after the singing of the *Benedic* was all assembled only the dead priest and Father Martin remained, and the people closed around the coffin.

And then—

The men stood silently weeping; the women were demonstrative in their outbursts of sorrow. Some knelt and beat the earth with their open palms; some lifted hands to heaven; all cried: "God be with his people!" And you could hear strange stories narrated of his goodness and self-sacrifice; and his wisdom had passed into a proverb amongst a proverb-loving people.

"Many's the time he said to me: 'God is good; and He said He would.'"

"Ay, indeed, 'A stout heart for a long road,'" he used to say. "And sure we wanted the pleasant word for our spirits up."

"Darby, he used to say, 'Darby, never let a fox get on your shoulder to pluck the grapes. If you do, Darby, believe me very few will drop into your mouth.'"

"Wisha, what'll become of them little orphans, I wonder? Sure, they have no one now but the grate God!"

uncle?" said Barbara, anxious to change the subject.

"Yes!" said the uncle, whose many imprudences there now flashed on his mind. He thought Barbara was personating in her remarks.

"I want you, Barbara, for the—future to remain here. I shall give you up the keys of this—establishment—"

"I'm afraid, uncle, much as I should like to be your companion, and the quiet country life would have many attractions for me, I am called elsewhere."

"Mother can manage without you now, my dear child," he said. "And suppose you were to form a respectable alliance by marriage, she would have to dispense with your services."

"It is not mother that needs me, uncle," she said, weeping softly, "but poor Louis."

"Then you have heard something to cause great apprehension?" said the Canon. "I thought that Louis was promising to have a most respectable—"

He did not finish the diplomatic phrase. It hurt his conscience.

"I don't know," said Barbara; "but I have presentiments, and I am anxious."

"You don't think he has any tendency now towards—ah—well, evil companionship?"

"I don't know," she murmured. "London is a dangerous place."

"You would not suspect that he had any leaning towards—ah—I can hardly express myself," said the Canon, blandly, "towards—well—intoxicating drinks?"

"I hardly dare think on the subject," she said.

"And, of course," said the Canon, with that consummate diplomacy in which he considered himself past master, "it never entered into your mind that—that—ah—he might have—it is only a—suppositious case, you know—ah—contemplated self-destruction?"

"Oh! uncle! uncle!" cried Barbara, in a paroxysm of grief, "why did you not tell me sooner? Oh! Louis, Louis! I shall never forgive myself."

The Canon was greatly troubled. He hated scenes. They disturbed his equanimity, and left his nerves tingling for hours after. And he felt how unreasonable it was of Barbara not to have accepted his diplomatic suggestions in a diplomatic manner. Women are so unreasonable; their intuitions and instincts rush so far ahead of reason.

Now, Barbara, this is unreasonable, and not at all—ah—what I expected from you. A young lady brought up as you have been should have acquired—ah—more composure of manner."

"But, uncle dear, if what you have hinted at were only remotely possible it would be dreadful beyond endurance. Poor Louis! we have not treated him well!"

"Now, now, Barbara, please let us not continue the painful subject. I am not well. I am depressed, and—ah—these harrowing subjects are really—well—embarrassing."

"I'm sure I'm so sorry, uncle; but when could I go?"

"Well, dear," the Canon said, his natural benevolence conquering, "I think you are right. Indeed, I must say now that I suggested to your—ah—excellent mother months ago that Louis—ah—needed a protecting hand."

"Mother never told me—Oh! dear! Oh! dear!" sobbed Barbara, in her agony.

"Well I never mind, child; there is no harm done. You can make preparations at once; and leave for London as soon as—ah—you are able."

"Oh! thanks, dear uncle," said Barbara, "I shall leave to-night, with your permission. And you mustn't think me ungrateful, dear uncle, to leave you until you are quite beyond convalescence. But, you know—"

"Quite enough, Barbara," he said. "I understand you my child. I shall give you money for your journey; and there is a most estimable young—friend—or—rather parishioner of mine in London—a young priest—I think, by the way, you met him here at one time."

"You mean Father Delmege, uncle," she exclaimed. "Oh, yes, he has been very kind to Louis—that is, I mean, I think he has been—"

"Well, I shall give you a letter to that estimable young clergyman, and ask him to help you in the—ah—exceedingly arduous task you have undertaken."

There was silence for a few minutes.

"And, Barbara!" exclaimed the Canon.

"Yes, uncle dear."

other lodgers a few days later that "he hanged had come half the way from Hiredland to the purring gentleman," and that her honest conscience was at rest. And Barbara was very happy, for things were not altogether so bad as she had dreaded; and she knew that she had a great friend in London—the Rev. Luke Delmege.

And the Canon had a letter from his Bishop to the effect that his Lordship was promoting his curate, the Rev. Patrick Casey, to a parish in a far part of the diocese; and that he was sending him another curate. Who will say that a Bishop cannot enjoy a joke? Well, half-way! For Father Pat did not succeed to Gortagoshel, as his good friend wished; yet he got his incumbency at last, and he owes his benefice to that stray joke that found its way into the most absurd and informal will that even a Lord Chancellor could devise.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LITTLE KATIE O'CONNOR.

"Your sister will have to be removed to the hospital to-morrow," said Dr. Lawton, drawing on his gloves and glancing sympathetically at the pale-faced young man in the invalid chair, whom he was addressing.

"I know it will be rather hard on you," continued the physician, "when you cannot be near her all the time to know every minute just how the case progresses. But this is a very slow malady she is booked for, and the changes come at lengthy intervals, so you can be kept informed by telephone exactly as well as if you were at her bedside. She has typhoid fever, with the serious complication of a sort of nervous breakdown, and the hospital is the only place where she can have really proper treatment and anything like hope of ultimate recovery can be assured. If she were to remain here, it would be necessary to have a trained nurse and relief in constant attendance, and even then conditions would not be nearly so favorable as in a situation where ventilation, temperature and everything else is regulated—can be regulated on an exacting program. But cheer up, Mr. Hathaway, the young lady has a good constitution, and is just the age to be able to hold her own almost against any odds. With proper care, you may expect to have her home with you in from six weeks to two months more."

The youth who listened to the pronouncement sat alone a few minutes later gazing out through the gathering shadows of an early spring evening over a very dreary scene. The view within his range of vision was chiefly dingy house-tops, near at hand ill-kept back yards and alleys, with huge rubbish heaps here and there, and no break in the dismal monotony.

But dreary as the scene was without, in the perspective of the observer's mental view there were discomfort and gloom yet more disheartening. His wife, a cripple, had been thus for now five years, was entirely dependent on his cheerful, robust sister, Margaret, who was four years his senior. At fourteen this only brother had, by an accident, been thrown helpless on the girl's hands. But she was equal to the occasion. At the time she was just completing a course in a business college, and obtaining employment at a fair salary, she had been able to maintain a respectable and even cozy home for the two ever since.

But the girl's income, with the tax upon it constantly, never permitted any attempt at saving, so that when she was now stricken with grave illness there were no funds on hand and no means in prospect to provide the necessities required. "Margaret must go to the hospital," the doctor had said. "Yes, as a charity patient," the brother, with tears in his eyes, reflected. And he left alone! What was he to do? Where was the rent for their little flat to come from, not to speak of the food and assistance in various ways which he would of course daily require?

He could hear his sister in the adjoining room tossing about restlessly and muttering at intervals the fever grew in her opening eyes. The darkness gathered like a mantle about him in the room where he sat, but, ah, it was a cold, comfortless garment, yes, a shroud. Yet he would accept that gladly if it only meant release from the torture he was suffering. But, no, this was an appareling for a living death.

"Oh, why was he so helpless? Why was he, a man, almost twenty years more helpless than a young child? He beat his head with his clenched hands, wept and moaned in intense misery.

Suddenly a movement at the door attracted his attention. It was a stealthy movement, and almost noiselessly the knob was turned, the door pushed gently inward and a little girl's head thrust through the opening.

"Oh, you are in the dark, Mr. Hatway," said a little voice. "Shall I come in and make a light for you? I can make a light, Mr. Hatway. I can light the gas and a lamp, too. You needn't be afraid; I will take care of the match. Mamma often lets me; she says I do it just as rice as can be. Mamma sent me up to see if Miss Maggie wants anything. She will be up herself by and by, mamma will say to you."

"Thank you, dear," said the young man, "but I don't need a light just yet. Come in, little one, and let me see Margaret. Perhaps she is awake and may have a message to send your mother. If she is asleep, don't disturb her." In a few minutes the little girl, a child of about eight years, tiptoed out of the bedroom.

"She is asleep," she said, "and she didn't speak to me. Oh, you sick, too, Mr. Hatway? You look just as though you were crying." "Well, that is very silly, I suppose, for a big man like me. Your mamma will soon be coming up here, will she not, dear? When she comes, if she finds me asleep, tell her not to mind me; I guess I will get along all right to-night somehow."

Little Katie O'Connor, daughter of the kind-hearted janitress of the building, went down to her basement home,

anxious to secure to her mother in a green her busy mind was

"Oh, mamma, I know, I believe, Mr. and I want you to be supported. He says he has been crying, I must be hungry, I think?"

"Well, he might O'Connor, smiling at this time of day about a thing like doctoring his sister's sickness. He will fix him up a little bit of tea and to him, one thing at a time, he will not seem. He will find of tea all right, any of so in a very little good fairy Katie had visting repast spread table beside the girl.

To satisfy the child's awakened appetite the food, he ate and

"Now, I hope you, Mr. Hatway," said ant, as she removed am going to ask Miss Margaret in the row, and will be too, if you want me.

"In the prayer young man." "Why dear? I am afraid stand."

"Why, you see, in her tidying performance when we know any body tells Sister A's prayers; these were for them—altogether—and of course have something of something awful been expecting."

"Why, that is Lester Hathaway momentarily light countenance. Margaret and Margaret and Margaret, for we do get well and all happen."

"You are sure want if you stay later, Sister says, again, arrested."

"Mamma told me Catholic and the prayers like ours, catechism you m. Mary and say it is. It is real short, sure to get what you want."

"Certainly, dear man." "By all means book with the priest and say it can be sure, if it will good you promise heart would be content."

So Katie O'Connor thumbed catechism spread it on the chair, pointing out the subject of study the young man, body and heart, client afforded a saving diversion of his benefit.

"That night the confidential janitress, when tipt up to see what and his fever-racked, to rest, interview was a pro-nor's part to the doctor with the two invalids, and can know what the sick girl's under the circumstances."

When the doctor the

ter that "a way from gentlemen" "ence was at very happy, there so bad intervals, so in London—

anxious to secure the co-operation of her mother in a great deal of mercy her busy mind was contriving.

"Ob, mamma," she said, "do you know, I believe Mr. Hatway is hungry, and I want you to let me take him some supper. He says he is not sick and he has been crying, I know he has, so he must be hungry, mamma, don't you think?"

"Well, he might be," said good Mrs. O'Connor, smiling, "but I don't think at this time of day he would be crying about a thing like that. Perhaps the doctor has told him something about his sister's sickness that frets him. We will fix him up a plate of toast and a little pot of tea and you can take it up to him, one thing at a time, dear. Tell him to cheer up and eat all he can—things are not always as bad as they seem. He will find this nice fresh cup of tea all right, anyhow."

So in a very little while after the good fairy Katie had her simple but inviting repast spread out on the little table beside the grieving young man. To satisfy the child, and then with awakened appetite when he had tasted the food, he ate and drank with relish.

"Now, I hope you will feel better, Mr. Hatway," said the little attendant, as she removed the tea things. "I am going to ask Sister Agnes to put Miss Margaret in the prayers to-morrow, and I will have her put you in, too, if you want me to."

"In the prayers!" repeated the young man. "What does that mean, dear? I am afraid I don't quite understand."

"Why, you see," said Katie pausing in her tidying performance, "at school, when we know any one is sick or somebody tells Sister Agnes about trouble they are having, she puts them in the prayers; then we all say one Hail Mary for them—the whole school together—and, of course, they get well or have something good happen instead of something awful, the way they had been expecting."

"Why, that is very nice," said Lester Hathaway, a wintry smile momentarily lighting his wan, sad countenance. "Do, by all means, put Margaret and me in your prayers, then, for we do want to see Maggie get well and lots of good things happen."

terrible need. I have prayed little, very little, during all my life; and believed not at all in the power of your intercession. If the teaching of this little book be true, I am indeed, then a sinner—a sinner such as this prayer invokes you to have pity upon. Oh, Holy Mary, Mother, we are motherless, friendless, alone, my poor sister and I. We are now both stricken with disease, and grim death meets us at every turn. Oh, bear the prayers these children may say for us to-day, and to which I add the appeal of a poor, entreating sinner."

The next morning when the doctor came a young man, his nephew, accompanied him. The young man had met his uncle going the rounds of his patients, and as he happened to be proceeding in the same direction the doctor was then taking, and beyond the present stop, he accepted the invitation to ride and also the suggestion to come up and talk with the crippled youth while the doctor attended to the sick sister.

The visitor tried to engage the languid invalid in a sort of desultory conversation, but without much success. As he talked young Mr. Lawton idly fingered a large flat book lying at hand on the table close to which he was seated. Presently he inadvertently raised the cover, and, being attracted by the contents in the glimpse he got within, he asked permission to look over the book. As he did this his interest seemed to grow, and in a few moments he inquired with a tone expressive of eagerness:

"Whose work is this, Mr. Hathaway? Can it be possible that your sister has made these drawings?"

"My sister, no," answered the invalid addressed, in a voice of languid indifference. "I had a few drawing lessons when I went to school, and since then—since I met with the accident which laid me up I have pursued sketching at odd times as a sort of pastime."

"You made those sketches? Indeed! Well, well, that may be quite fortunate for you, Mr. Hathaway," said the other, almost excitedly. "say, what would you take for them, for some of them I mean, just now? Here are—let me see—three, four, five—five I am sure I could place for you directly. What would be your price for this lot?" and the visitor drew his chair nearer the invalid, specifying the sketches he desired.

Surprised and a little bewildered, Lester Hathaway answered:

"Why, I didn't know that those things had any value. Really, I would be willing to take most anything I could get for them."

neglectful." * * * * *

Looking in upon our friends a few years later, we find the little apostle of the faith, Katie O'Connor, a bit taller, but not changed otherwise, except that she can pronounce long words more easily and her baby lip is gone. Miss Katie is just now absorbed in very heroic efforts not to "break the retreat," as she put it, when trying to withhold ecstatic comments over the beautiful First Communion outfit she is to wear the coming Sunday which is to be the great day of her life.

The beautiful white robes over which the intended wearer is so enraptured, which are of the finest texture and daintiest make, though becomingly simple, are the gift of Mrs. Margaret Lawton—the Mar-aret we knew before as Margaret Hathaway. Mr. Lawton, the journalist, becoming the intimate friend of her brother, grew more than friendly toward her when she came upon the scene in restored health. So she is now the happiest of young matrons, presiding over a beautiful home and the centre of a wide circle of cultured friends. But in this prosperity the old-time friends are not forgotten. So Mr. O'Connor now holds what he calls "a splendid situation" in the mechanical department of the big newspaper over which Margaret's husband practically rules as chief. Mrs. O'Connor is no longer obliged to work beyond the home duties to help out the householding, and the lovely floral crown which is to rest on the head of the little First Communicant is "mamma's gift."

But the part of her outfit in which Katie delights more particularly and prizes most of all is an exquisite little ivory bound prayer book, with glistening silver ornaments, and a rosary of silver and pearl, these coming from an Eastern seminary, with an affectionate letter signed, "Your very grateful friend, Lester Hathaway."

Money, as is well known, is almost a miracle worker at times. Able to supply the means to pay for it, the cripple of years ago, receiving the most successful medical attention, gradually shook off his disabling affliction and was able to walk about once more with freedom, when strength and robust health soon followed. Keeping pace with physical recuperation, his artistic powers developed, and name and fame became his also as time went on.

It was therefore a matter of intense surprise to very many besides those who knew him personally that the artist should all at once put away his honorable retirement to prepare to assume the obligations of the Catholic priesthood. But Lester Hathaway learned many wise lessons from little Katie's catechism and other books of instruction he read subsequently, which finally brought himself and his sister into the Church, toward which Margaret is leading her husband gently but intelligently, and with all promise of success.

And the petition to the Virgin Mother, oft-times on the lips of the now aspiring Levite, since he made it his first catechism study, have brought richer fruit still—fruit the seed of which, let us hope, will one day bear abundant harvest. Lester Hathaway is a model of the uniformly model associates in the school of preparation for the high and holy office he is to assume by and by. Preceptors prophesy and friends pray that his ministry will be as a bright beacon light of the Church and bring to safe harbor many wandering souls.—Joseph F. Wynne in the New World.

CHRISTIAN ART.

Next to the reality is the copy, next to the grand creations of God are, in respectful distance and degree, the creations of men, and these attain their highest standards in Christian art.

The architect, the sculptor, the painter have reached their highest point of excellence in the great cathedrals of the world. Their conceptions were the loftiest, their productions were the finest ever given to an admiring posterity, and their fame rests enduring upon them. These great temples to the living God, with St. Peter's standing at their head, are the creations of mighty souls endowed by the gifts and grace of God Himself to give edifices worthy of His indwelling. The great Michael Angelo and the great Raphael are worthy leaders of a countless throng of artists, among the first of whom we find a Murillo, a Correggio, a Rabens, a Van Dyke, and here and there throughout Europe, while good copies of their works by lesser lights are to be found in all parts of the world.

In every kind of noble architecture exteriorly, and every kind of adornment interiorly, the Catholic churches excel where the means adequate to devout and generous people. Thus in many of the humblest villages temples that are treasures of beauty and adornment, and which great cities of our own country would be justly proud to possess. They were built and adorned by artists who labored more out of love than for gain, so that in these days of materialism and money-seeking it is only possible to reproduce them in large and rich communities.

Here in America it is only in the largest and most flourishing cities that

we can find something of the master artists of antiquity in an occasional magnificent cathedral copied after their creations, or some few originals of their paintings in the large art galleries, but thanks to the enterprise and art of a far less degree we have copies of their productions in the mould, on the canvas, in the etching and even in the lithograph or the printed sheet, ranging from the highest to the lowest price, which thus enables all of refined taste and noble aspirations, be they rich or poor, to be the possessors of fine similes of more or less merit of Art's greatest productions found, as they are, in Christian art. It is an infidel taste alone that can exclude such pictures and statues from the home, although prejudice on the part of some and human respect on the part of others, cause them to be wanting in many Christian homes. Though silent, art speaks to us. The great cathedral tells us of the holy of holies within the tabernacle, and its spacious portals invite the world to come in and adore Him. Its grand altars suggest the greatness of the all-world-wide and all-welcome sacrifice. The carved cross and the grand paintings surrounding them tell of the passion and death of the world's Redeemer and the mysteries of our holy faith. The statues and portraits of His Blessed Mother tell the incidents of her life and bespeak her powerful patronage. The storied windows of the saints recall virtue's highest exemplifications, as shown in the lives of confessor, virgin and martyr, whilst, crowning all, are the heaven-reaching spires carrying up the incense of prayer and bringing down God's choicest blessings and graces on the pious faithful.

All this, as shown in the originals, is inspiring and elevating and the copies reflect and suggest the same sentiments. The dome of St. Peter's, in its length and breadth, tells us of the faith encircling the whole earth, whilst its height shows it rising to heaven itself. The three thousand statues of saints crowning the roof of Milan's great Gothic cathedral tell of the height of sanctity which have been reached by mortals of every age, class and condition, and urge all to emulate their own respective spheres. The very perfection of the smallest details in the works of Christian art, be they in the great whole or smallest component part, teaches us the lesson that perfection is the union of many smaller virtues interwoven in a life that stands out a whole and which we sum up as one and all character.

As we are influenced by the books and papers that we read, second only to the effect made in conversation with those with whom we associate, so too, are we influenced by the paintings and figures which hang on our walls or stand upon our mantles in our homes and places of abode. If these subjects be noble and refining, we will be moved to be the same. If they tell of things holy and heavenly our thoughts and acts will tend that same way. We reveal our interior by what we have about us in our exterior surroundings.

A Christian should have something Christian in his home on which to gaze. Every Catholic should have something telling of his faith, his hopes of salvation through grace gained by the intercession of Mary, His Mother. There are, too, the saints, particularly one's patron saint, that cannot but influence our lives. Some such should be seen in every Catholic home.

As in all things religious where Christian art has place, everything else will take on a kindred character. Literature will be pure and wholesome, conversation will be charitable and edifying, pleasures will be innocent and enjoyable. The whole tone of the home will be noble and refining, for the Christian art tells of Christ and heaven and all things eternal, and is God the Father's way of working through men—His artists—to help bring mankind in general one day to Himself in heaven.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

THE "SLEEPING SICKNESS."

HEROISM OF CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES IN PLAGUE STRICKEN CENTRAL AFRICA.

"Philanthropy," says that New York Sun editorially, "has seldom been more nobly illustrated than by the Roman Catholic missionary station at St. Trudon, on the Congo. For three years this mission has paid to the natives one franc for every sleeping sickness patient brought to it. The unfortunate were being driven from the villages to perish in the forests when humanity interposed to assuage their sufferings, even though their lives could not be saved. The Catholic fathers and Sisters are still attending them in the hospital enclosure they provided, and every victim of the dread disease is made as comfortable as possible and receives a decent burial at the end."

The sleeping sickness is peculiar to Africa. While at present confined to the centre, it is rapidly spreading from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean and pushing north and south. It has already appeared in Darfrit and the Egyptian Sudan on the north; it has entered Rhodesia, and it is threatening Zululand. Even the most temperate regions of South Africa are not certainly safe from it. White men are no more immune than black. "It has been established," says the London Standard, "that an animal parasite, the Trypanosoma Gambiense,

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GRADUATES OF BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE are among the most successful business men and women in the world, to whom failure is unknown. The benefit received at our College proved a very material help to me when I started out on my own way in the world. Extract from a letter just received from a graduate whose salary is \$5,000 a year. For free catalogue, address: BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE, Limited, BELLEVILLE, ONT. 1901-18.

AUTUMN SESSION Opens Sept. 3rd in all departments of the CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto. Our catalogue explains our superiority in Equipment, Staff, Methods, and Results. You are invited to write for it if interested in the kind of school-work which brings best success. Address W. H. SHAW, Principal.

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FOREST CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE Members of Business Educators' Association. J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal, London. College re-opens September, 3rd. is the cause, and that the parasite is injected by the bite of a fly akin to the tsetse fly, so fatal to cattle. It has been established that the fly haunts regions rich in water and foliage. If the disease should penetrate into the white settlements its progress would be unprecedently rapid, for every district is linked up with another and not one would escape infection to a greater or less degree. It might even, if the worst happened, prove fatal to European colonization in Africa, for no epidemic so destructive is known. In the infected areas of U. and 200,000 have died. Uganda, it is true, is the most stricken of all, but the two other chief centres—the Congo and the Gulf of Guinea—are hardly less unfortunate, and everywhere the disease is mortal in every case. An international conference to deal with the plague opened last week at the Foreign Office in London. Plant into thy heart Jesus Crucified, and all crosses and thorns will seem as roses.—St. Francis De Sales.

LOYOLA COLLEGE Montreal An English Classical College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers Schools Re-open on Sept. 4th. For terms and other information apply to The Rector, 68 Drummond Street, Montreal. 1901-4

The effect of malaria lasts a long time. You catch cold easily or become run-down because of the after effects of malaria. Strengthen yourself with Scott's Emulsion. It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system. ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

to be removed. "Well, I suppose for a big mamma will soon be well she not, dear? If she finds me asleep, and me; I guess I will be to-night somehow." "Conor, daughter of the janitress of the building her basement home,

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$2.00 per annum. THOMAS COFFEY, Editor and Publisher.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 31, 1907.

THE CHURCH AND THE INDIVIDUAL.

Instability in institutions, lack of principle in thought, disorder in society, irreligion and moral laxity are at once the attributes of the age and the outcome of the false philosophy fostered by Protestantism and encouraged by modern ceasarism.

is My Go, My Father." It matters not that millions of others may say the same. The call is the same, so too are the gifts and the sacrifice.

RESULTS OF SUMMER SESSIONS.

Nothing could be more satisfactory or testify more earnestly the attainments of our religious teachers than the results of the examinations held at the close of the different summer sessions.

ANTI-CLERICALISM IN ITALY.

Vitality is keen or dull according as the body is sensitive. So it is with the Church. Any attack upon any portion ought to find a quick response through every member of Christ's mystical body.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM IN GEORGIA.

Universal suffrage has never commended itself to us. We have always regarded it as a weak expression of true popular will, as an engine very easily turned against the best interests of a country, and as the last card in the hand of democracy.

THE LIE FROM GIL BLAS.

FATHER BOARMAN, S. J., ON THE PARISIAN YELLOW AND ITS THREE THOUSAND PRIESTS WHO WISH TO TAKE WIVES.

UNCOVERING THE TRUTH.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST IT PARTIALLY UNMASKED BY A PROTESTANT WRITER.

century empire." In contradiction of this Mr. Lee finds "that religious zeal inspired the Spaniards more consciously and conscientiously than it stimulated his English contemporary."

PRESBYTERIAN APPROVED THE CONFSSIONAL.

REMARKABLE SERMON DELIVERED TWENTY YEARS AGO BY MINISTER LATELY DECEASED.

We all have our faults. So palpable is this truth that the saying has grown trite and commonplace. It is mostly used in the way of apology and to palliate the offender.

subsequent life and the little that comes of such confessions we would not attach much value to them.

THE FRENCH CATHOLIC PRESS.

It is hardly necessary to say, writes Father Lefanre, S. J., in Etudes (Paris) that during the present crisis our Catholics have lost no opportunity of preventing the Catholic press of France from doing its duty towards the remaining faithful and endeavoring to show them what were the real truths of the situation.

DR. LAPPONI ON SPIRITISM. We have still a readily accessible Catholic encyclopedia to the discussion of this subject. Hypnotism, and late Dr. Joseph L. ...

DR. LAPPONI ON BYPNOTISM AND SPIRITISM

We have still another valuable and easily accessible contribution to the discussion of subjects which now greatly occupy the public mind, in "Hypnotism and Spiritism," by the late Dr. Joseph Lapponi, well remembered as chief physician to Pope Leo XIII. and Pope Pius X. and also professor of practical anthropology at the Academy of the Historical-Judicial Sciences at Rome.

The book is well done into English by Mrs. Philip Gibbs, from the author's second revised edition and is published by Longmans, Green and Company of New York.

The book is written in the severely simple and condensed style befitting a medical and critical study. The author distinguishes between hypnotism and spiritism. In the book before us all that he sets forth about the former lies fully within the domain of positive science, especially physical and pathological. As to his explanation of spiritism, he would have the reader judge for himself whether the facts bear it out, and whether the interpretation following on a critical analysis is just.

Dr. Lapponi assigns a very ancient date to the beginning of hypnotism, and briefly sketches its modern recrudescences in mesmerism, magnetism, bradism, etc. He likewise gives his historical data for human attempts to enter into communication with the spirits of the departed or unseen beings of a higher order. It is a far cry from the olden priests of Brahminism in India and the magicians of Egypt in the days of Moses to the Fox sisters in the middle of the nineteenth century in Rochester, N. Y., but Dr. Lapponi shows that the ideas underlying attempted intercourse with the spirit-world have been in all cases the same.

The word, spiritism, however, came in with the modern form, and has been used to distinguish the sect that made a sort of religion of the attempts to form a bridge between the seen and the unseen worlds by means always to be condemned in themselves, and often grotesque and unworthy of any one with right faith in the seriousness of immortal life and the dignity of immortal souls.

Dr. Lapponi sets forth clearly the nature of hypnotism and its manifestations; also the nature of spiritism and its relative manifestations; besides explaining the analogy and the difference between hypnotic and spiritistic phenomena.

His conclusions on hypnotism are as follows: "If the unconditional, indiscriminate, and unlimited exercise of hypnotic powers is in no wise justifiable, it is very different in the case of the prudent use of hypnotism under special restrictions, with the view to effecting a cure. We do not in the least agree with those who would condemn hypnotism without reserve, and we are very sure that our views are the right one."

He makes no exception, however, in his condemnation of spiritism, which, he says, has all the dangers of hypnotism, without any compensation, "except the poor one of indirectly proving the existence of the supernatural, which is apparent in so many other ways."

Dr. Lapponi notes, in line with J. Godfrey Raupert, that the majority of the most famous mediums and a few of those who have practiced the various spiritistic practices, have eventually died insane, neuritic, or victims of progressive paralysis. There are moral dangers, also, which cannot be exaggerated.

With Raupert in his "Modern Spiritism," with the Rev. A. M. Lepicior, O. S. M., in his "Green World," Dr. Lapponi by no means dismisses all spiritistic phenomena as fraudulent. But in common with the two writers named, he attributes whatever is not fraudulent to the intervention of the "lying spirits" of the Scriptures, whom Professor William James has also recognized, but somewhat more mildly designated.

Dr. Lapponi, it may be incidentally noted, will not grant the "Anglo-Saxons" nor even the Frenchmen, that high place in the human march of progress which they have long assumed for themselves. Writes the Doctor: "It has been proved that spiritism has come to us in these days from countries where the mental instability, eccentricity, and love of the marvellous are common things. America, England and France undoubtedly take first rank among these countries." In America, at least, let us not get offended at this inclusion. Let us rather hope to disprove it by discrediting Spiritism, Eddyism, Sandorfism and similar follies.—Boston Pilot.

A REUNITED CHURCH.

A recent proposal coming from a secular minister, to have the Pope call a conference representing all the churches in an endeavor to find ways and means to stem the growing infidelity of the world and the consequent lack of common honesty and Christian ideals among the people, at least recognized by the Pope as the head of a mighty force for good. Whether a conference of this character would result in reuniting the Christian churches under the leadership of the successor to St. Peter is, of course, a question which only trying can answer. That the Christian world is not now as idealistic as it might be is only too evident to any one who observes the doings of the people. No doubt the leading cause for the suggestion that the Pope put forth this extraordinary effort is a recognition of the loss of spirituality as evidenced by disclosures of graft and corruption in civic and business life which have stirred the nation to its depths.

reformation. The reformation is an accomplished fact, and it has taken only four centuries of heretical teaching to bring the world into its present deplorable condition of infidelity.

For the good of society, to promote equity and justice, if not for the far more important work of the salvation of signers, the present status of the Christian denominational churches needs to be looked into. In the first place, their Christianity is a pleasant one. The people believe what they choose to believe. If one sect is too "narrow," they seek a "broader" church, one wherein hell is eliminated as being contrary to twentieth century enlightenment. Jesus Christ has been reduced from divinity to mere man and God is held as another name for Nature, all in the light of scientific knowledge, so called. Between the Catholic doctrines, as taught by Christ and his apostles throughout the twenty centuries of the Christian era and the most "liberal" church which calls itself Christian, one may find all shades of religious belief, a religion to fit nearly every conscience and furnish a mask for nearly every species of hypocrisy the world knows.

If the call for a conference is for the purpose of renouncing Christendom through a system of compromises, then will it prove a disappointment to those outside the pale of the Catholic Church. Firm in the knowledge that it is right, entrenched upon the Rock of Peter, the Catholic Church can make no compromise; it must go on to eternity, and it will go on as it is founded by the Son of God, "and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." But if the call represents a sincere desire to return to the teachings of Christ and thus present to the world a united force to combat the forces of the devil, then do we welcome it.

Reconciliation and reunion of all the churches can never be complete until a great unbiased mind carefully analyzes the causes leading up to the reformation. It must be recognized that the old union of Church and State was an accident in the development of civilized government and was not an essential part of Catholic doctrine; that the separation in no way impaired the divine side of Catholicism; that the temporal authority exercised by the Pope was sought by rather than thrust upon the people. If we had a careful analysis of the politics of the sixteenth century, a knowledge of economic conditions, could read the intrigues of temporal sovereigns to perpetuate their authority over their subjects, could see their wickedness and violation of all laws, human and divine, could hear the people cry out at the injustice, perhaps we might see the Church made the scapegoat for all the evils the people suffered, and the cry, "Down with the papacy," a means of hiding the real oppressors, the kings and queens and temporal rulers, who may have been not only primarily, but entirely, to blame. The emancipation of the oppressed and which the people believed would follow the disruption of the power of the Church came only after the reformation of temporal rulers. America is not the land of liberty because of the sixteenth century reformation, but because the oppression of the British king was overthrown. There was little temporal good accomplished by the reformation. People have since been oppressed even more sorely by rulers of different lands and by trusts and corporations to day, and the loss to the reformers of an infallible spiritual teacher has far offset any temporal good that might have been accomplished by the reformation. Can do no harm and it might result in great good. After four centuries of misguided teaching, a return to Christ and His Church would give the world a tremendous spiritual uplift, but it will take long years to overcome the evil growth which has been planted by four hundred years of heretical teaching.—Intermountain Catholic.

PLAIN SPEAKING TO THE LORD'S DAY ALLIANCE.

The Lord's Day Advocate, published in Toronto by the Lord's Day Alliance of Canada, added nothing to its usefulness by giving a column of its July number to a virulent slander against the womanhood of Latin Europe and Latin America. It was the old Byronic slander again; in Byron's case due to his own libertinism; in the Rev. Mr. Shearer and Company's, their inveterate belief that wherever Catholicism is the prevailing religion there is "virtually no religion," and "licentiousness and infanticide blacken the record." And yet they wonder that we do not care to have any dealings with them, and give them rather a cool reception when they come to us with a hypocritical smile inviting us to join with them in some work for the benefit of "our own common Christianity." We do not suppose that Mr. Shearer and his friends think the Catholic women of Canada a race of harlots, as they think the Catholic women of Spain and South America, but if they do not it is because they believe that the Catholicism of this country has been favorably modified by a Protestant environment. In other words we are in our best behavior because we are watched. But we will have none of this racial discrimination. The women of Spain or Spanish America are as pure as the women of any Protestant nation of the world. An English Protestant journalist wrote of Spain twenty years ago that there were not as many Protestants in the whole country as might be met in a single street of London or Berlin and that conjugal infidelity was a rare and exceptional occurrence. Things have not got any worse since then except with those Spaniards who have lost their Catholicism and become infidels. Of the women of Spanish America, an American diplomat wrote last summer: "There is less domestic infidelity in all Latin America than in the city of Chicago." If the Rev. Mr. Shearer and his colleagues do not know these things they ought to know them. They have no right to take a picture

THEIR HOPE IS IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE GREAT ROLE ASSIGNED TO HER BY MEN WHO HOLD THE PUBLIC PULS. (From Right Rev. Mr. George W. Mondello's baccalaureate sermon to the graduates of Manhattan.)

The thinking men of the time gaze with admiration at the Church founded by Christ. They recognize its wonderful power; they see that it is the only force that can stem the tide that every day grows stronger and threatens to overwhelm our civilization and plunge the social order into chaos. They admit that it is the only institution which is immovable and unchangeable in this age of rapid changes. Is this perhaps just a fancy or a boast? Less than two years ago I met on shipboard one of the men who are to day moulding public opinion, a conspicuous figure among the journalists of today. In the course of conversation he suddenly said to me:

"I was brought up a Methodist, but today I am nothing; I have absolutely no dogmatic beliefs or tenets. Unfortunately for the country, nine out of every ten professional or business men outside the Catholic Church are in the same position as I am to day. And this is a bad thing for the country. We men who hold the public pulse, we feel that a revolution must come; and we go back to positive belief, to revealed truth, to obedience to authority; and there is no institution, no church that can bring about that change but the Catholic Church."

WILL YOU PEOPLE BE READY? "That is the question, gentlemen; will you be ready? It does not depend on the Church; she is always ready. It depends on men like you, graduates of our Catholic schools and colleges. Are you ready now to do your share, even in a humble way, by clean, honest Catholic lives and careers to help bring about gradually this great change? Are you ready to make use of your talents, to barter with them, to do as much for your spiritual advancement, for God's cause, for the spreading of His Kingdom on earth, as you would for your material interests? It does not mean that you must accomplish what the world regards as great things. Your name need not be emblazoned large on the pages of history. It does not matter whether you have arrived at the top rung of the ladder and occupy a high place in the State, in your chosen profession or in business. But it does mean that what you have acquired, you have acquired honestly. It does not mean that money of the world be your god, but that you have used it successfully to prostitute your talents for an unworthy cause. And it certainly makes every difference if, to obtain fame or happiness, you have sacrificed that which your forefathers have preserved inviolate, which they have guarded even with their life's blood—your faith and the practice of your religious duties."

MEN OF SOUL.

A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO THE PIONEER PRIESTS.

What of the Padres—were they not here? As I ride off across the plain to the east the thought is of the heroism, the self-abnegation, the unflinching faith of those followers of Loyola and Xavier who came into this waste so many years ago. How they wasted all their energies almost in the annals of history. The accomplishments of Columbus, of Cortez, of Coronado were great; but what of those who first ventured out upon these sands and with dangers from man and nature, and with dangers from the cross and the slightest hope of reward here on earth? Has not the sign of the cross cast more men in heroic mould than ever the glitter of the crown or the flash of the sword?

The good Padres have gone and their mission churches are crumbling back to the earth from which they were made; but the light of the cross still shines along the borders of the desert land. The flame that through them the Spirit kindled, still burns; and in every abode of the good Padres there is a crucifix and a rosary. On the high hills and on the cross roads it stands, roughly hewn from mesquite and planted in a crack of the rock. The wind whistles through the branches, and the weather stained and sun-cracked, but still the sign of the cross is always there. How the bow head and whisper words of prayer. The dwellers beside the desert have cherished what the inhabitants of the fertile plains have thrown away. They and their forefathers have never known civilization, and never suffered from the blight of doubt. Of a simple nature, close to their mother earth, beside the desert they loved, and (let us believe it) nearer to the God they worshipped.—The Desert.—John C. Van Dyke.

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The aim of the Religious of the Sacred Heart is to give to their pupils an education which will prepare them to fill worthily the places for which Divine Providence destines them. The training of character and cultivation of manners are therefore considered matters of primary importance, and the health of the pupils is the object of constant solicitude. Active physical exercise is insisted upon. The course of studies comprises a thorough English education; also, if desired, the preparation for the Entrance and Junior Leaving Examinations. Special advantages are offered for learning French and Needlework. The Musical Course fits pupils for the examination of the London Conservatory. Terms and other particulars for board, half board or the day school, may be had by applying at the Convent or addressing:

The MOTHER SUPERIOR, LONDON ONT.

A Christian intention is that which proposes to itself, as the end of its action, the glory and the good pleasure of God. Every thought, every word, and every action of yours during the day should have such an intention.

O Heart of Jesus, live, reign in all hearts, for time and for eternity. May we be ever consecrated to Thy glory, ever burning with the flames of Thy love forever!

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PRIVATE JUDGMENT AND THE POPE'S INFALLIBILITY. Christian Advocate: "Faith in the infallibility of the Pope not only substitutes the judgment of the Pope for his own, but it requires him, as the late Wm. E. Gladstone, England's great statesman, declared, 'to surrender his mental and moral freedom, and to place his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another the deity of Our Lord for the infallibility of the Pope and see how your reasoning works. Faith in the divinity of Christ requires every Christian to substitute the judgment of Christ for his own freedom, and to place his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another. Let us substitute the deity of Our Lord for the infallibility of the Pope and see how your reasoning works. Faith in the divinity of Christ requires every Christian to substitute the judgment of Christ for his own freedom, and to place his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another. Let us substitute the deity of Our Lord for the infallibility of the Pope and see how your reasoning works. Faith in the divinity of Christ requires every Christian to substitute the judgment of Christ for his own freedom, and to place his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another. Let us substitute the deity of Our Lord for the infallibility of the Pope and see how your reasoning works."

Just above you told us that the Pope is only a part of the Church—a very important part, but only a part. You should reconstruct your two traditions so that they will not contradict each other. If the Pope be the head of the Church, he is the whole of the Church. It would indeed be bad for the Church if it were left to you to state her doctrines. Christian Advocate: "His (the Pope's) private judgment, however it may be expressed, is more powerful than the collective opinion of all the rest of the Church."

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THEIR HOPE IS IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE GREAT ROLE ASSIGNED TO HER BY MEN WHO HOLD THE PUBLIC PULS. (From Right Rev. Mr. George W. Mondello's baccalaureate sermon to the graduates of Manhattan.)

The thinking men of the time gaze with admiration at the Church founded by Christ. They recognize its wonderful power; they see that it is the only force that can stem the tide that every day grows stronger and threatens to overwhelm our civilization and plunge the social order into chaos. They admit that it is the only institution which is immovable and unchangeable in this age of rapid changes. Is this perhaps just a fancy or a boast? Less than two years ago I met on shipboard one of the men who are to day moulding public opinion, a conspicuous figure among the journalists of today. In the course of conversation he suddenly said to me:

"I was brought up a Methodist, but today I am nothing; I have absolutely no dogmatic beliefs or tenets. Unfortunately for the country, nine out of every ten professional or business men outside the Catholic Church are in the same position as I am to day. And this is a bad thing for the country. We men who hold the public pulse, we feel that a revolution must come; and we go back to positive belief, to revealed truth, to obedience to authority; and there is no institution, no church that can bring about that change but the Catholic Church."

WILL YOU PEOPLE BE READY? "That is the question, gentlemen; will you be ready? It does not depend on the Church; she is always ready. It depends on men like you, graduates of our Catholic schools and colleges. Are you ready now to do your share, even in a humble way, by clean, honest Catholic lives and careers to help bring about gradually this great change? Are you ready to make use of your talents, to barter with them, to do as much for your spiritual advancement, for God's cause, for the spreading of His Kingdom on earth, as you would for your material interests? It does not mean that you must accomplish what the world regards as great things. Your name need not be emblazoned large on the pages of history. It does not matter whether you have arrived at the top rung of the ladder and occupy a high place in the State, in your chosen profession or in business. But it does mean that what you have acquired, you have acquired honestly. It does not mean that money of the world be your god, but that you have used it successfully to prostitute your talents for an unworthy cause. And it certainly makes every difference if, to obtain fame or happiness, you have sacrificed that which your forefathers have preserved inviolate, which they have guarded even with their life's blood—your faith and the practice of your religious duties."

PRIVATE JUDGMENT AND THE POPE'S INFALLIBILITY. Christian Advocate: "Faith in the infallibility of the Pope not only substitutes the judgment of the Pope for his own, but it requires him, as the late Wm. E. Gladstone, England's great statesman, declared, 'to surrender his mental and moral freedom, and to place his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another the deity of Our Lord for the infallibility of the Pope and see how your reasoning works. Faith in the divinity of Christ requires every Christian to substitute the judgment of Christ for his own freedom, and to place his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another. Let us substitute the deity of Our Lord for the infallibility of the Pope and see how your reasoning works. Faith in the divinity of Christ requires every Christian to substitute the judgment of Christ for his own freedom, and to place his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another. Let us substitute the deity of Our Lord for the infallibility of the Pope and see how your reasoning works."

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The Ideal Laxative for Children

Mothers cannot be too careful in what they give their children to move the bowels. Calomel, cascara, senna, salts, cathartic pills, castor oil, and purging mineral waters irritate the bowels—upset the stomach—and eventually lead up to chronic non-action of the bowels—Constipation.

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tical. We do not know what remedy is best for that sort of trouble and not having the Pope's private judgment is to guide us we must decline to prescribe.—New York Freeman's Journal.

THE FAITH OF A CONVERT.

ONE THING I KNOW, THAT WHEREAS I WAS BLIND, NOW I SEE.

The Ave Maria quotes a striking passage from the "Memories" of Mr. C. Kegan Paul, the well-known English convert, which throws considerable light on the state of mind of those received into the Church in maturity: "Those who are not Catholics are apt to think and say that converts join the Roman communion in a certain exaltation of spirit, but that when it cools they regret what has been done, and would return but for very shame. It has been said of marriage that everybody finds that when the ceremony is over that he or she has married another and not the bride or groom who seemed to have been won; and Clough takes the story of Jacob as a parable representing this fact. We read Rachel as we think, and in the morning behold it is Leah! So the Church bears one aspect when seen from a distance, but extra, another when we have given ourselves into her keeping. "But the Church is no Leah, rather a fairer Rachel than we dared dream; her blessings are greater than we had hoped. I may say for myself that the happy tears shed at the tribunal of Penance, on that 12th of August, the fervor of my First Communion, were as nothing to what I feel now. Day by day the mystery of the altar seems greater, the unseen world nearer, God more a Father, Our Lady more tender, the great company of saints more friendly (I dare use the word), my Guardian Angel more close to my side. All human relations (as become holier, all human friendships dearer because they are explained and sanctified by the relationships and friendships of another life. Sorrows have come to me in abundance since God gave me grace to enter His Church; but I can bear them better than of old, and the blessing He has given me outweighs them all. May He forgive me that I so long resisted Him, and lend those I love unto the fair land where He has brought me to dwell. I will be said, and said with truth that I am very content. My experience is like that of the blind man in the Gospel, who also was cured. He was still ignorant of much nor could he fully explain how Jesus opened his eyes; but this he could say with unflattering certainty: 'One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.'"

May my whole being be no longer employed but in loving and serving and glorifying Thee, Who hast loved me even unto death upon the cross!

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. HUMAN NATURE IS MAN'S GREATEST STUDY.

Some men seem incapable of projecting system and order through their establishments. They may do their own work well, and then they strike their limitations. They are not good judges of human nature; their discernment is not sharp. They are misled by conversational powers, display of education, and often place a theoretical man where only practical talent could succeed.

People are continually being led into all sorts of unfortunate positions, entangling alliances, and mortifying, embarrassing situations because of their lack of ability to read human nature and to estimate character at a glance. Good people everywhere are being imposed upon and are losing their money in all sorts of foolish investments because of their ignorance of human nature. They are not able to see the rascal, the scoundrel behind the mask. They have not developed the power of discernment, the ability to see the "wolf in the sheep's clothing."

The knowledge of human nature as a protector of money, of character, as a protector against frauds and imposition is inestimable. Gullible people are proverbially poor readers of human nature, and hence they are always open to imposition. Oily, cunning promoters are keen observers of human nature, and they can tell very quickly when they strike a good nature, large-hearted professor, scholar, clergyman or artist who knows very little about business matters and who trusts everybody. They know that if they can only get an opportunity they can very quickly make such a man believe almost anything. They know he will be an easy prey to their wiles and their keener knowledge of men.

These promoters would not think of tackling a shrewd, level-headed business man for their nefarious schemes, because he is too keen, too sharp, too good a judge of human nature. Such a man would be likely to penetrate the mask and see the real motive beneath the oily, honeyed words, the smooth seductive manner. The ability to read people at sight is a great business asset. To be an expert in reading human nature is just as valuable to a young lawyer as a knowledge of law; it is as valuable to a physician as a knowledge of medicine. The man who can read human nature, who can "size up" a person quickly, who can arrive at an accurate estimate of character, no matter what his vocation, or profession, has a great advantage over others.

With some men the power to read people right amounts to an instinct. They look through all pretences; they tear off all masks. They see the man as he is, his reality, and measure him for what he is worth. A man possessing this power of character-reading pays little attention to what a person seeking employment may say of himself. He can see for himself. Human nature is to him as an open book, while to others it is a sealed book. They do not have the faculty of going back of pretensions. They are largely at the mercy of what he claims for himself, and they are always being duped. They make very poor employers.

I know a charming business man, a very able man in many respects, and much beloved by everybody who knows him, but he has always been the victim of his ignorance of human nature. He cannot read men, weigh or estimate the ability of others to do certain things. If an applicant for a position talks well, he immediately jumps to the conclusion that he is a good man for the position, and hires him, usually to be disappointed. He has a great weakness for clergymen who have lost their positions through failing health or for other reasons, and also for ex-teachers and professors. The result is that he has a lot of impractical people about him who know nothing of progressive, scientific business building.

It is an education in itself to form the habit of measuring, weighing, estimating the different people we meet for in this way we are improving our own powers of observation, sharpening our perspective faculties, improving our judgment. The ability to read human nature is a cultivatable quality, and we have a great opportunity in this country, with its conglomerate population, to study the various types of character.

What a wonderful school most of us are in! Practically all of the time, especially in large cities, where we are constantly coming in contact with strangers! What a chance to become experts in reading human nature, in studying motives!

The face, the eye, the manners, the gestures, the walk, all these are hieroglyphics which, if we can only decipher them, spell out the character. Sometimes a single glance of the eye, when one is unconscious, will give you a glimpse into his innermost soul and reveal secrets which he would never dare to utter with his tongue.

The facial expression and the manner, especially when people are off their guard, or unconscious that they are being watched, are great revealers of character.

A great scientist would give a new student some natural object, as a fish, to study for an hour, and then ask him to describe it. He would then tell the student that he had not yet really seen the fish, to take it away and study it another hour, and, at the end of that time, tell him what he had seen. The student would be amazed at the new things he kept discovering, which he had not seen at his first examination.

You will find, as you become an expert in face study, in reading character, human nature, that you will develop marvelous skill in seeing things which you never noticed before. You will be able to protect yourself from the pro-

motor, the insinuating man who is trying to persuade you into something which may not be to your benefit, but which will be to his. You will be able to discriminate between friendship and duplicity. You will be able to protect yourself from a thousand annoyances and embarrassments and humiliations which might cripple your career.

How many people are living in poverty, are wretched, homeless to-day because they could not read human nature and were robbed of their property and their rights! To discern the difference between the false and the true, to place the right values upon men, to emphasize the right thing in them, to discriminate between the genuine and the pretended, is an accomplishment which may be worth infinitely more to you than a college education without this practical power, and may make all the difference to you between success and failure, happiness and misery.—O. S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE BEST PICTURE.

There was once a very rich man, who spent a great part of his yearly income for the education and support of young artists. Indeed, he had established a large school for painting, the students of which it was his great delight to encourage and improve. On one occasion he offered a prize of a thousand dollars to the scholar who should paint the best landscape picture. You can imagine how anxious every boy was to get the large sum of money.

But in the whole of the school of which I am speaking there were only two boys who stood much of a chance to get the prize. The name of one was Christian and the other Anthony. They were both very talented and industrious; so it was impossible for their teacher to decide which one would come out best.

Christian was the son of poor parents who found it all they could do to support their large family by their daily labor. But Anthony's father was a very wealthy merchant, and lived in a house as large as a palace. Both of the boys were the very best of friends, and had been so for the last three years.

One day, when the time for deciding who should get the prize had almost arrived, Anthony made a visit to Christian's room. The ill-clad boy sat before his picture, with his back toward the door, and was so taken up with his painting that he did not hear the footstep of his friend. The visitor was as still as a mouse, and was careful not to make any noise by which to betray his presence.

A few minutes later, Christian made two or three strokes on the canvas with his paint brush, and then his hand fell down as if to break to work any more. He heaved a great sigh, and with a despairing shake of his head said to himself, not knowing that any one else heard him:

"I see I cannot do it! My strength and spirit is failing me, and everything swims before my eyes. Anthony will certainly gain the prize, and I—oh! I will have to give it up. Now, what will become of my journey to Italy? How much I wanted to go to that beautiful land, and study the splendid pictures there! And my father is too poor to send me or give me any assistance, and I have not a friend who can loan me any money. So I shall be compelled to know but little of my favorite art, and must finally go down to my grave without anybody's knowing it. Oh! if my opponent were not Anthony! He does paint so beautifully. If it were any other boy in school, I could hope a little; but as it is, I cannot take courage. What will become of me?"

Anthony stood all the while as still as a post, and even held his breath some time to prevent his unhappy friend from knowing that he was present. Then he drew easily back, and slipped off toward the other end of the hall. Afterwards he went down the steps of the academy, and walked slowly along the street toward his home. I will tell you of some of his thoughts; for he afterwards told them to me himself:

"Poor Christian is sorry that I too am trying to get the prize. I know he can paint a better picture than I, but he is so excited for fear he may fail, that after all I may get the thousand dollars. Now it is in my power to do him a great kindness. If I don't finish my picture, he will be victorious, or if I make some great blunder in it, it will turn out just the same. I have no need of the money, for my father is very rich, and has long ago promised to send me to Italy just as soon as I pass my examination. But then the honor of painting a better landscape than any other boy! Everybody would hear of it, and the king would have my picture put in his private parlor, for that is the promise he has made to whoever gets the prize. But how happy it would make Christian to gain so much money! He would feel like a prince, and he could then go to Italy, the country he has so often said he would love to travel over."

Thus he had conflicting feelings within him. He wanted to win the prize, not because of the money, but for the sake of the honor it would undoubtedly confer upon him. But suddenly he laughed aloud, and said: "What a daunce am I in! How do I know that my picture will be better than Christian's? I think I had better be certain that I am most likely to be successful before I talk much about the matter. But I will find out how the wind blows."

Three days afterwards, he met the director of the school in the street, and asked him if he would be so kind as to go with him and take a look at Christian's painting. He readily consented, and soon they found the young artist hard at work upon his picture. The director looked carefully at it, and in a very kind and friendly way replied: "This is a fine piece of work, Christian. Take courage, and I am sure you will in time be able to paint beautiful landscapes. All you want now is a year in Italy. There is a true school

of our art, and you would reap vast advantages from the great masterpieces there." Christian's face turned red at these encouraging words of the director. Hope again sprang up within him, and his brush was soon making vast improvement in his picture.

"You have praised Christian's landscape so much," said Anthony, as he and the director were returning along the street, "I would, indeed, like to have your opinion upon it, before I proceed any further with it. Pray, come look at it."

"Certainly," replied the director; "it will give me the greatest pleasure to do so."

Anthony placed his picture in a good light, and I can assure you that his heart beat rapidly as he waited for the director's decision. By and-by he heard him say these words: "Christian's painting is indeed fine; but I really fear that he will fall to win the prize, now that I have seen yours. There is not a great difference between yours and his, but slight as it is, it is in your favor. I am sorry for your friend, for I sincerely hoped that he would receive the \$1,000."

After a short conversation concerning the various qualities of the two pictures, the director took his leave. Then commenced anew the struggles in Anthony's heart, whether he would claim the honor of being the best artist in the school, or give the opportunity to Christian of making enough money to take him to Italy.

Finally the day arrived for deciding who should get the prize. There were a great many pictures from the different students, and they were all hung around the large hall in the academy building. The committee of examination came and spent the whole day among them. In the evening the scholars were summoned to the hall by the tap of the great bell. They were to hear who had gained the \$1,000.

Many a heart trembled as the chairman of the committee arose to call aloud the successful name. Every scholar hoped and feared; but none more so than Christian. His face changed from white to red, and then back again as quick as thought. His eyes glanced instantly over the wall, in order to get a glimpse of Anthony's picture. But it was not there.

Everything was as quiet as midnight when these words were slowly uttered: "The picture which most deserves the reward of a \$1,000 is painted by Christian Treman. To him we give the prize, together with our thanks, as a committee, for what he has done. His industry is only equal to the decision, from the great excitement of the moment, it was impossible for him to restrain himself. He scarcely knew what he was doing when he went up to the chief judge of the picture, and held out his hand for the purse full of gold. When he went home he counted it, and it was found to contain not only the \$1,000 as a reward for his labor, but another thousand wrapped up in a note to him, from the committee of examination, expressing their gratification at his industry and perseverance against all the obstacles of poverty."

Having thanked his Heavenly Father for the wonderful success that he had met with, he was just rising from his knees when he heard a rap at the door. It was Anthony, and soon the boys were in each other's arms, both weeping for joy.

When they began to talk, Anthony said to Christian: "I wish you much happiness, my dear friend. You have won the prize fairly and nobly. Your picture is far the best of all."

"But where was your painting? I looked all over the different pictures, and yours was not among the number. I did not expect such good fortune as I have met with. It is you, dear Anthony, who deserved \$1,000. Come now, tell me why your landscape was not to be found among the rest."

The answer that Anthony made to these words was: "My picture was not quite ready. In two or three days I might have finished it. But I will have it done in time for our exhibition at the close of the term."

"Oh, Anthony, I see your reason plainly. I know you would have taken the prize, but you wanted me to have it. Such generosity I shall never forget. You have done for me what no one else would have done, and you shall have my thanks to the latest day of my life. It must have been a hard struggle for you when you presented to give up the honor of painting the best picture in school. I know you would have been successful, for the director has told me so. May the Lord reward you!"

"Never mind, never mind. The honor belongs to you, and if you are as industrious as you have been, you will become one of the best artists in our whole kingdom."

Three months after this conversation, the two friends were on their way to Italy together. Both were as happy as you can well imagine. But who do you think was the happier? Not the one who gained the prize, and was \$2,000 richer by it, but he who had done a kindness.

There lived no young artist in Rome who had more pleasure than Anthony König—for that was his whole name. And in his life it always gave him now joy whenever he remembered his unfinished picture and Christian Treman's prize. Let it be the aim of all to do as much good to others as they can. He who does a kindness for another ought to remember that his friendly act will bring as much happiness to himself as to the one who receives it. Christian acted like Anthony, and you will have the pleasure that he had.—The Young Catholic Messenger.

THE MARTYRS' SHRINE.

On August 15th, the shrine erected near Georgian Bay, to the memory of the Apostles of the Hurons, Father Freibaut and his companions, was dedicated by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto. A large concourse of clerical and lay pilgrims were present to honor those missionaries who, in the middle of the seventeenth century, gave their blood for the cause of Christ.

Through the untiring efforts of the well-known archeologist, Father Jones, S. J., the exact spot on which the martyrs were massacred, on March 16th and 17th, 1649, was definitely located. This venerable spot, in early times the site of the Huron village, St. Ignace II, is situated on Lot 4, on the seventh Concession of the Township of Tay, Simcoe County. It is quite close to the Sturgeon River, and midway between Vasey and Coldwater.

The memory of these brave men, who in the early days of New France, left home and kindred to found the Canadian Church, will henceforth be kept green. Their heroic lives among the savage Hurons, and their precious death at the hands of the still more savage Iroquois, were the first fruits of the Church in Ontario.

Up to within a very few years, the records of their deeds had lain hidden in the Relations, which were practically inaccessible to the general public. Now that these documents have been gathered together and republished, through the efforts of Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, the heroism of the lives of these early missionaries will become matters of common knowledge, and will be sacred to all who value zeal and self-sacrifice.

Too long has this ground, crimsoned with the blood of martyrs, been neglected. But steps have at last been taken to atone for the indifference of the past. The shrine near Georgian Bay is the beginning of a movement, which, let us hope, will end only when we see these apostles of early Canada, venerated on the altars of the Universal Church.

A PRACTICAL LESSON.

The excellent article by Monsignor Vaughan on indiscriminate reading ("Dangers of the Day," V.) leaves nothing to be said on this subject; however, there is a practical lesson, admirably appropos of what our obliging contributor had to say on the obligation of shunning dangerous books, in the following story related by a contemporary French author:

One rainy day, I sat before an open fire chatting with a friend, a noted lawyer. The subject of our conversation was a new book which had caused a great deal of unpleasant comment. We both agreed in condemning it. "Have you read it?" asked my host. "No," I replied. "I have formed my opinion from what reliable critics have said of it."—"You are wrong there, my friend. You should judge for yourself," answered my host. I was about to reply as best I could, being somewhat embarrassed, when a kind Providence came to my aid. There was a rap on the door. Upon opening it, we saw outside an old peasant with a basket of mushrooms on his arm.

Now, my famous friend was very fond of mushrooms, though he could not tell edible from poisonous ones. He examined those presented very carefully; but, not feeling satisfied, he turned to me for a decision, while the old man looked on in surprise. To me all mushrooms are alike—that is, bad—so I was powerless to advise; but I recommended calling the cook. No sooner had she looked at the cryptogams than she pronounced them deadly poison.

"Throw them away!" exclaimed the master—"Wait a moment," I remonstrated. "Are you going to throw those mushrooms away without tasting of them? You should judge for yourself."—"Would you have me risk poisoning myself in order to make sure that they are bad?" cried my friend. "But you just advised me to expose myself to the deadly poison of a bad book," I replied gently.—Ave Maria.

ORIGIN OF THE ROSARY.

Few people are acquainted with the origin of the rosary. The ancient hermits and others frequently counted the number of their prayers by pebbles, grains or other marks. In the eleventh century the Abbot John Gualbertus directed those of his monastery who were not priests, and who could not read the Latin Psalter, to say a certain number of "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys," instead of each canonical hour of Divine Office. The rosary in its present form is due to St. Dominic. The beginning of the rosary is a profession of faith in all the truths taught

WHEN YOU ASK FOR SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP. INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It is composed of the Lord's prayer—the most perfect prayer which a Christian can address to God; then follows the angelical salutation, which contains in a few words the most beautiful eulogy, the most magnificent praise which has ever been spoken of the Blessed Virgin: "Hail, full of grace!" The mysteries which are announced at the beginning of each decade recall the wonders of the incarnation and the life of our adorable Saviour, in which Mary had such an important part. Thus the rosary is really a summary of the Gospel. It is also a prayer most agreeable to the Blessed Virgin and within the reach and ability of all the faithful. The humble and poor shepherd who counts each grain of his beads on the lonely hillside gives to our Blessed Mother the same homage, the same honor as the learned St. Francis de Sales, who piously recites his rosary in the quiet recollection of his oratory. St. Louis on his throne and the poor man in his humble cottage by reciting the rosary are united in mind and heart to celebrate the glories of Mary and to obtain her maternal favors.—Rev. Thomas F. Ward.

And we Refuse.

It is related, says the Ave Marie, that Mendelssohn once went to see the great Freiburg organ. The old custodian, not knowing who his visitor was, refused him permission to play upon the instrument. At length, however, after much persuasion, he granted him leave for "just a few notes." Mendelssohn took his seat, and soon the most wonderful music was bursting forth from the organ. The old man was spellbound. At length he came up behind the great master and asked his name. Learning it, he stood humiliated, self-condemned. "And I refused you permission to play upon my organ!" was all he could say. The author of "The Every Day of Life" makes this striking fiction on this old story: "There comes one to us and desires to take our life and play upon it. But we withhold ourselves from him and refuse him permission, when, if we would but yield ourselves to him he would bring forth our souls heavenly music."

Far from complaining of the crosses that our Divine Lord sends us, let us strive to comprehend the infinite love that makes Him treat us thus. What are His designs of love upon our souls? Ah, they will be wholly unveiled to us, only in that heavenly country where He shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.—Sœur Therese.

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LETTER FROM ROME.

A SAMPLE SCANDAL - CHARITABLE PRIEST ATTACKED BY ATHEISTS IS DEFENDED BY THE PEOPLE.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." What France has lost through her Masonic Government other countries have gained. She has lost her religious communities of both sexes, and other places have received them with open arms. Spain has the monks of La Grande Chartreuse; Italy, America, Ireland and even England have each got some of the homeless ones.

A procession of the Blessed Sacrament was held a couple of Sundays ago through the convent grounds in Uchel-dre Park, Holyhead. It was the occasion of the installation there of the Sisters of the Good Saviour, for whom the beautiful park was purchased on their expulsion from Albi, in France. Three hundred and sixty years ago the strains of the "Pange Lingua" resounded in the grand old place. They who forbade its repetition have long since gone to their place, and were thought of only by way of compassion the other day, when the Catholics of Holyhead sang the beautiful hymn in the Master's presence through the grounds. The community intend, we understand, opening a boarding school, in which French, Irish and English teachers will be employed.

A NOBLE PRIEST'S WORK. Some time ago, in Northern Italy, a priest, Don Giovanni Raschelli, organized a home for homeless children, with the intention of teaching them agricultural pursuits. His own modest salary as priest, honoraria, offered to him for extra sacerdotal labors, all were given to the object by which the devoted man saw he could do much good. Trusting too much to the generosity of subscribers, however, he ran into debt, with the result that his home and furniture were sold while the children and their kind protector were thrown on the roadside. The children were taken to other charitable institutions and all seemed as if at least no great harm had been done.

Nor had there been, either. The good priest's intentions were excellent; his charity was unbounded, and his kindness to the lit is one, according to their own testimony, an extreme. The only charge that he laid at his door was that he was too optimistic, too trusting in people not distinguished for liberality, even for the best object. But soon Liberal (?) and anti-religious papers began a crusade against the priest's character and object of the community. Sinister hints were thrown out about the priest, and finally an examination of the children was held by the proper authorities. The statements of the orphanage and the enthusiasm of the inhabitants succeeded in so bringing to light the merits and devotion of Don Raschelli that widespread indignation has been roused against those men who rarely have any regard for truth or justice where the name of religion or Church is concerned.

We give the above as a sample of what takes place frequently in Italy. Reports of "scandals" and the way to America in a most extraordinary fashion. Originating in the diseased mind of some rabid Socialist who has long since abandoned all ideas of religion, they are sent through the medium of a gutter press (of which nothing but its name is known outside its own province) to a Protestant country, say, England. Here they are received with open arms and proper notice. On landing in America, they are duly published, with two or three headlines sensational enough to delight the heart of even the most rabid anti-papist or anti-clerical. And there you have the latest bunce, catchy, sensational and up to date, just after making "the grand tour."

CATHOLIC AUSTRIA. What Lourdes is to France, Mariazell is to Austria, for to this shrine of the Blessed Virgin all Austrian Catholics turn. It is of special interest to the nation this year, as the seven hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the famous sanctuary is being at present celebrated, dating back as it does to the twelfth century, under the reign of King Louis of Hungary.

In the city of Vienna an annual pilgrimage has been organized for the past ten years by Father Abel, a Jesuit Father, whose efforts for its promotion have been tireless. This is confined to men only, and has proved a splendid success. Perhaps no better testimony of this clergyman's work can be adduced than the fact that three thousand men, headed by the archbishop and the Catholic authorities of Vienna, were conducted by him to Mariazell to receive Holy Communion the other day. The sanctuary itself is a beautiful thing. The miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin, standing on an altar of solid silver, and lighted up by thousands of tapers placed there by pilgrims, conveys an impression not easily effaced.—Rome Letter of Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

INDIFFERENCE TO THE SUNLIGHT OF FAITH.

An abundance of blessings sometimes causes them to become matters of custom, routine, or even indifference. Because of this, we often see Catholics who live, with Catholic influences and services on every side of them, indifferent as to availing themselves of their merits. The church is within sight, there is Mass every day, High Mass, sermons, vespers and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every Sunday and holiday; the priest is there ready at a moment's call to hasten to the confessional or to the sick-bed; the schools and the devoted, self-sacrificing Sisters are there to take charge of the greater part of the moral and physical training of the children. Day in and day out all this and more is before these Catholics, and at their service. It goes on and on continually, the rising and the setting of the sun; it goes on so regularly that it is taken as a matter of course. Few stop

to greet the rising sun; few stop to bid it adieu when it sets, confident that after a few hours they may enjoy its light and warmth again. But, supposing that there came a morning when the sun would fall to rise, leaving the world in continued darkness? And supposing that the sun would continue to fail to rise? Then, ah then, we would realize what a blessing, or rather a multiplicity of blessings, the sun had been. How gladly we would, if we but could, force from it, in its retreat, just a few, even one, of its rays of light! Could we but bring it back in its entirety, nevermore would we regard it with indifference. Every hour we would bask in its brightness; every hour we would thank God for allowing us to enjoy its blessings.

But too late would come our appreciation when once the darkness had set in. Henceforth we would need have to look eagerly for every rare time when even this sun might be a bit brighter. We might manage to keep alive in this poor light, but, also, we might not. At best, existence would be a miserable one.

You, who dwell in close proximity of Church and school, continually amidst the helpful influences of Catholic society and companionships, are enjoying the "sunlight"; there are others, many, many others, who long in vain for this religious sunlight; they have, perhaps, no Church at all, or, at best, a poor little chapel; have the visits of a priest once, or twice, perhaps twice a year, and have none at all of the helpful influences of good Catholic schools for their children, or Catholic society and companionships for themselves. You have the sunlight in such profusion that you fail to appreciate it properly; these others must make the most of their bits of moonlight; they grasp eagerly at every glow of it, and are thankful, oh, so thankful, for even that!

It seems incredible, yet it is true, that some Catholics, with the sunlight of their Church all around them, yet seek out the shadows, yes, the positive darkness, and come out into the sunlight only when the last ebbing spark of the life of their faith drives them into it. Some will go to the sacraments but once a year,—this once will keep them just within the ranks; they wish, as one may say, to hang on to the coat-tails of the Church, and let it drag them over to salvation. They attend Mass and other services on rare special occasions, because "it would not look well" if they did not; and they pay their little mites toward the material matters pertaining to the Church on much the same principle. Even the example of other Catholics who are true, live Catholics does not bring them to a sense of the vital necessity of their Church all around them, yet replied: "Oh, my wife prays enough for the whole family." Will also his wife's salvation suffice "for the whole family?"

Catholics should be Catholic not only once a year or on Sundays, but on all days, and in every hour of the day. The care of their souls is the most vital matter of their life; and only second to this should be their pride in showing to the world the effects of living the life that is taught by the Catholic Church.—Sacred Heart Review.

ENGLISH CATHOLICS AND THE IRISH PARTY.

A deputation mainly composed of prominent English Catholics headed by Most Rev. Dr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, recently waited on Prime Minister Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. McKenna, the Minister of Education, to explain and impress upon them the claims of Catholics on the Education question in connection with the Catholic Training Schools for teachers, with which pending Government legislation proposes to injuriously interfere. One of the deputation was Mr. John Redmond, leader of the Irish Party, and as showing the spirit of that Party in the matter of English Catholic education interests, his remarks are worthy of note. He said:

"I and some of my colleagues have come here on this deputation in order that you might understand, and the Government might understand, that in this matter the Irish Nationalist representatives are in complete and absolute sympathy with the views expressed by His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster. I may say that we have already, as you are aware, raised the very question in the House of Commons, and made a protest and petition that you might understand. That, of course, was only the commencement, and the President of the Board of Education (Mr. McKenna) will understand that he will have to face this question, in the House of Commons more than one occasion. We feel in this matter that we also, like the Bishop of Liverpool, represent the masses of the working people in Lancashire, and in other parts of England, too. We have a special reason for representing them. Most of them are men, or descendants of men, of our race who have come to this country and settled here, and we feel that we are bound by every means in our power to support their interests in the matter of religious education. I have nothing more to say. I have simply come here to make it plain to everybody that, so far as the whole Nationalist Party in the House of Commons is concerned (which, you will remember is not entirely a Catholic Party, but which is largely composed of Protestants), the whole of that party, Catholic and Protestant, are in complete sympathy with His Grace in the view he has expressed."

Some, if not most of the English Catholics on the deputation, the Duke of Norfolk included, are strong opponents of Home Rule for Ireland. The idea of gratitude for Irish services to Catholic interests in England apparently does not occur to them. The Tablet, however, in its editorial on the subject thanks Mr. Redmond for his public pledge that in this matter the whole strength of the Irish Party in the House of Commons shall be at the service of the Catholic cause.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

PROTESTANT MINISTER CRITICIZES PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The public schools received a severe criticism recently from the Rev. George B. Richmond, rector of the Protestant Episcopal church of St. George, Rochester, N. Y., who at the same time paid high tribute to Bishop McQuaid and the schools of the Catholic Church.

"We teach music, botany, chemistry and everything else but religion and morality," he said. "Our public graduates display the lack. I sat on the platform of one of our high schools at a recent commencement. For three hours we listened to girls and boys reading essays on 'The Beauty of Nature,' 'Where the Wild Rose Blooms,' 'The Glories of Swamp Life,' 'How to Look Nice,' 'How Lovely it is to have a Mamma,' or something like it. 'One of the members of our Rochester Board of Education sat near me at the time, and we agreed that such efforts on the part of our high school graduates were ridiculous and a shame. Not an inspiring moral note in it all. Nothing about loyalty to the Church or State. Nothing but fun, sport, good times, etc. Our citizens are growing tired of seeing on our streets the ordinary high school boys with tipped back, cigarette in mouth, air of defiance, and motions and spirit of a bar-room rowdy. . . . Our high schools in Rochester are breeding places for irreligion, weak morals and confidence in a 'got there' spirit."

"Seldom have I been so inspired as the other night when, in a great crowd of our Rochester citizens, I listened to the distinguished, forceful, and bewitching Bishop McQuaid, the Right Rev. B. J. McQuaid. It was at the graduation of Nazareth Academy. The honorable Bishop made a great plea for a recognition of God in education and for a spirit of reverence in all our life. He condemned in no uncertain terms the lax, imperfect and outrageous attitude of our public schools in regard to religion and morals.

"I had never heard Bishop McQuaid speak before. Some of my friends among the Protestant clergy of our city had told me that the bishop was 'daff' on our public schools, 'bigoted,' etc. Well, all I can say is this: I am still a Protestant and a lover of my own form of church, but it seems to me that our church needs a few bigots of the stripe of Bishop McQuaid, who stands, without fear of rebuke and seeking no favor, on the side of God and Christ.

"What a wonderful result we see in those days of our school graduations! From the school of Bishop McQuaid come forth young boys and girls with reverence and love for their priests and pastors and for those over them in authority. But in our public schools and Protestant families what do we find? Criticism of the pastor; irreverence for the Church and her sacraments, carelessness about Church attendance, except for a fashionable wedding now and then. Remember our Catholic boys and girls go to Mass on Sunday before they go to Glen Haven. "But our children of to-day never say prayers, never go to Church as a rule, are disobedient to parents, speak lightly of duty and sneer at authority. I am glad we have Bishop McQuaid and his splendid Church right in Rochester."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE MODERN LUST FOR GAIN.

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR THE ONE IDOL BEFORE WHICH THE ENTIRE WORLD BOWS DOWN.

Rev. M. J. Riordan, of St. Charles Borromeo's Church, Pikesville, Md., in a sermon at the formal opening of St. Dominic's Church, Harford, Md., of recent date, spoke of the purpose of the Church, and in the course of his remarks said:

"The Church that manifests an interest in man's earthly happiness will receive a more sympathetic hearing when addressing him upon the subject of his eternal welfare. Hence the watchful and zealous pastor will sometimes speak on subjects not mentioned in the Scriptures or the creed, while certain persons of feeble discriminating powers would have him confine his preaching to colorless statements which they vaguely term 'the Gospel.'"

"Never has the Church had a more formidable task than that which confronts it to-day. Civilization is in its swaddling clothes. Not one man in ten knows how to speak to persons of inferior position. Where is the Christian who seriously essays to curb his temper or to put in practice the teachings of Christ and St. Paul as regards patience, forgiveness, envy and egotism. How many persons are not content with an abominable modern lust for money which Holy Writ declares to be the root of all evil? Indeed, the one cult prevailing all nations is the worship of Mammon, and the one idol before which the entire world bows down is the 'almighty doll'r.'"

"It was less difficult to regulate the wild passions of the savages on the banks of the Rhine and the Seine than to direct aright the modern lust for gain and the fierce strife of competition arising from it. Men who are model Christians in private life refuse to accept the code of Christian ethics in business. They declare that a limited quantity of evasion, misrepresentation and questionable method is necessary for successful commercial life. The motto of not a few is 'Get money honestly, but get it.' They sneer at the Golden Rule, and loudly proclaim the maxims of David Harum and Dr. Lemmonsky."

"In Baltimore there are bookkeepers who are obliged by their employers to make false entries under penalty of dismissal. Some of Baltimore's most respected citizens are daily robbing workmen in Allegany county, inasmuch as the weighmaster employed by them at the mines is obliged to re-arrange the scale after inspection by the State authorities, and thus deprive the miner of his just weight and wage. Should the victims venture to take steps to prevent being robbed they are

ruthlessly deprived of their right to work.

"Certain of our wealthiest capitalists are furnishing object-lessons in avarice by wage earners. The head of one corporation snaps his fingers in the face of judicial authority, and the wealthiest man in our country casts ridicule on our courts by publicly evading and dodging their commands. The anarchy of corporate lawbreakers' is the phrase used by a well known university professor to describe their defiance of law. No wonder a venerable and conservative priest wrote recently that the only remedy for the existing relations between capital and labor is the reorganization of society.

"Patriotism, except in time of war or national peril, is extinct virtue. Political leaders do not hesitate to sacrifice or jeopardize party welfare to personal preferment while the majority of voters prefer party success to the public weal. Men of strong character and high mental attainments are seldom permitted to hold public office because they are not pliable and will not purchase their nomination by promising to hand over the appointing power to a clique of men holding no official position. Moral courage that speaks out fearlessly and condemns wrong specifically is a rare virtue. Prudence makes cowards of us all and retards the betterment of the world.

"To battle against these and other adverse forces you have erected this citadel of God. It will stand as a protest against the spirit of the world, the flesh and the devil; against idleness and luxury; against poverty and arrogant wealth. It will furnish effective motives and deterrents when ethical standards and ideals fail, and it will never cease to remind you of the supremely important truth that it profiteth one nothing to gain the whole world if one lose his own soul."

LARGEST UNIVERSITY IN THE WORLD.

The University of Paris is the largest educational institution in the world. The average attendance is 15,000, many of them women. Half of these women are foreigners. They go to the university from all over the world, Europeans being largely in the majority. The French girls are frivolous and do not take so deep an interest in their studies as the foreigners, who are pleasant and cheery companions but girls are especially serious, and most of them are very poor. They take up literature, medicine and the applied sciences in order to qualify themselves for teachers and for physicians. Russians are more numerous than any of the races except the French. Next come the English and Americans. As a rule, American girls have more money, dress better, and live better than the European students, but they do not have so much respect for the faculty, and are not so careful to obey the regulations. They are more independent, and know how to take care of themselves better than European girls.

SOME HEROES OF METHODISM.

We believe the Christian Advocate is regarded as a representative organ of Methodism. That system acknowledges God, and so recognizes the validity of at least nine of the ten commandments. These commandments forbid the bearing of false witness and prohibit murder. Now, two of the heroes held up for the admiration of Methodists by a recent issue of the Christian Advocate, broke one or both of these commandments and preached the doctrines of deceit and assassination as means to a political end. We refer to the two Italian Josephs—Garibaldi and Mazzini. Mazzini, it says, was neither Catholic nor Christian, yet he was "undoubtedly the greatest prophet and one of the principal founders of Italian liberty." It makes no mention of the fact that he was known as the "apostle of the dagger" because he taught the doctrine of secret political assassination. Garibaldi was more open; he took to the field in the daylight; but he was a friend and supporter of the "apostle of the dagger," all the same. When the Advocate overlooked the doctrines he preached and some of the results of the preaching. For instance, when Pius IX. ascended the Papal throne he at once entered on a series of reforms, and at first was almost worshipped by the populace. Mazzini also hailed the unexpected policy with enthusiasm, and wrote the Pope a friendly letter, and the Italian liberals sympathized with the Pontiff. But the revolutionary fever spread too fast for even a reforming Pope to lose the head of the Roman, and on November 24, 1848, he fled the city. Later, on returning, he reversed his policy, and the episode which brought him into friendly relations with Mazzini passed into history and biography.

This is the way in which history is written to-day — and it is a bold way, since there are still to be found those who can tell where it lies and why it lies. Who caused the good Pope to hate the love of the Romans, as this writer puts it? The fact that he was good in deed as well as in word in the cause of liberal government. The good Minister whom he had appointed to carry out the grand programme of reform with which he inaugurated his pontificate, Count Rossi, was struck down on the steps of the Legislature by one of the followers of Mazzini and Garibaldi. The lesson of the dagger had been only too well taken to heart. It was utilized to prevent reform as well as to procure it. The Pope was frustrated in his efforts for reform by those who only cried "reform" as a cover for robbery and murder. Truly, a double-edged weapon was the stiletto of Joseph Mazzini.

If such men be "prophets" in the eyes of the Christian Advocate, it is little wonder it finds itself unable to write history as it should be written. Garibaldi, the atheist filibuster; Mazzini, the apostle of the dagger—"these be thy gods, O Israel!"—Philadelphia Catholic Union and Times.

Father Vaughan.

Preaching on the miracle of the loaves and fishes, Father Bernard Vaughan made a happy application of our Lord's last words on that occasion. "Gather up the fragments of life," he said, "let there be nothing lost. Give thought to the distressed and poor around you, give your fragments of time and energy and prayer to great and good things. Let there be no waste, no waste of energy or substance. Learn to distribute to others. He who gives, gets back unto himself more than he gives. This is the high reward of service, that the fragments that remain are more than those with which you started. Service develops character, and the great need of men and women to day is character."—Casket.

THE WESTERN FAIR.

There will be many new and novel features at the Western Fair of this year prominent among which will be an Exhibit made by the Women's Art Association of Canada. This Exhibit will be especially interesting to the lady visitors and will be found in the Art Gallery. It consists of work of all kinds done by Canadian women in Canadian homes; it will be placed and looked after by Mrs. Dignam, a former London lady and her assistants. Do not fail to see the Home Industries and Handicrafts of Canadian Women.

There will be more Exhibits this year from the Merchants and Manufacturers of London than for some years past.

Ernie Bros. of Diamond Hall, Toronto, are offering medals which will in all probability be placed in the Dairy Department.

Everything seems to indicate a very successful Exhibition. The citizens of London should help to make it such. For particulars apply to the General Offices, Richmond St.

NEW BOOKS.

"Moments With Heaven." The new man of all prayers. Published by James Duffy & Co., Ltd., 15 Wellington Quay, Dublin. Price 4s. 6d.

"The Prince of the Apostles." A study by the Rev. Paul James Francis S. A., editor of The Lamp, and the Rev. Spencer Jones, M. A. author of "England and the Holy See," etc. Published by The Lamp, Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y., U. S. A. Price 75 cents net.

"The Princess of Gan-Sar," by Andrew Klarnam. Published by F. P. Foster & Co., Stationers, 150 N. York and Cincinnati Sts., New York and Cincinnati.

"History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal," by Thomas Hughes of the same society. Text, Volume 1. From the first colonial edition 1843. Published by The Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland. Price 15c. net.

"The Legends of the Saints. An introduction to Hagiography." From the French of P. H. Doleuvre, S. J. Translated by Mrs. V. M. Crawford. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London, New York, Bombay and Calcutta. Price \$1.25.

WANTED FOR SECOND BOOK CLASS IN the R. C. Separate school, Port Arthur, Ont., female teacher, holding second class professional certificate. Salary \$150 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 3, 1907. Apply as usual to John Hanley, Sec. Treas., R. C. S. S., Port Arthur, Ont. 1907.

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WEARY WAITING.

Some time ago we were in prominent laymen were e scheme for the Federation of public societies of Canada.

wanted, and have from t urged them to give us t their labors. But no sch and the enthusiasm of t to have disappeared. The may have other weighty m sider—or possibly may b the difficulties and danger seen by scribes who have imaginations.

It were a waste of time t the utility of Federation. T tend to bind us together a trate and direct to wort energy that is frittered awa tilities, is conceded. It w Catholic press and the Cat and give us men who are the time, and not only be tion, to carry our banner be a factor in the world's opinion and urge us to dv teaching of history, that our intellectual needs do loss of prestige and influen.

We may hark back to t without the fold