

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XVI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1894.

NO. 814.

Our Lady's Bells.

Chimed bells announce the birth of morn.
At morn's clear their tones resound,
Through twilight stillnesses are borne
Their anthems of each darkling bound:
Whereat, in vision, bright arises
The Archangel being with the word
Whose thrill a humble maid surprises,
Hailed blessed Mother of our Lord!

As cool wells taste to lips athirst,
As food is prized by one who needs,
As sunbeams seem to buds new burst,
As outcasts value kindly deeds,
To me more rare this sacred hearing,
Flows fall to down the world's turmoil,
Alone most holy memories bearing,
Which raise my thoughts from themes that soil.

No tuneful warbler soaring high
Twixt rifted clouds, or perched in dells,
Chants harmonies that gently sigh
Such soothing transports as these bells,
I wish their prayerful peals would flow
Persistently my course through life,
So might their chaste suggestions hallow
The weary stress of daily strife.

Loud in all lands, unknown death,
Sweet chiming ring out our Lord's praise,
And harkening ears wide over earth
Are soled by the tribute lays.
Oh, with their music, dulcet measure
Esteemed of millions, let each thought,
Word, act, of mine, in pain or pleasure,
Inservient much, be always frauncht.

—MAURICE W. CASEY in Ottawa Owl.

INGERSOLL SCORED.

A Correspondent's Scathing Rebuke to the Infidel Lecturer.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Catholic Times.

Frequent comments have been made in the public prints of late to the effect that these disastrous and trying times, which have proven so ruinous to schemes of material prosperity, have resulted in a general revival or awakening of religious feeling in various parts of the country. It is generally the case that when men are brought to a realizing sense of the uncertainty of the things of this life that their thoughts tend toward the subject of their relations to their God and their dependence upon Him as their Creator. This might be termed almost an axiomatic truth, at least so far as well disposed minds are concerned. It is also a truth that when the all-wise and merciful Creator seeks by chastening providence to draw mankind closer to Himself, the adversary of men shows himself most expert in stirring up his agents to renewed activity to prevent the escape of souls from evil control.

The recrudescence of Bob Ingersoll and his present activity in the lecture field is doubtless thus explained. Or is it that the hard times have financially straitened the worthy Colonel to the extent of compelling him to resume his trade of lining his pocket with "devil's pence," contributed by willing devotees, who thus sustain their chief in the practice of that "gospel of good living" of which he is the boasted exemplar—good living, which in his case means living on the best markets afford and growing fat on sardonic laughter at the expense of the multitudes of unfortunate poor souls, whom he seeks to rob, as far as lies in his power, of their only consolation in time of misery and distress, viz., their spiritual belief.

I have read with mingled feelings of indignation and disgust the published reports of this man's latest amended lecture, entitled "What Shall We Do to be Saved?" It does not in any wise belie the well-known utter shamelessness of his character. The question naturally arises, "What shall a long-suffering public do to be saved from Bob Ingersoll?" We are told by the papers that while delivering his characteristic witticisms the Colonel feels highly amused at himself and "laughs in his usual boyish style." This is the keynote to the whole situation. We thought we had to do with a man, and it appears that we are only dealing with a child. Ingersoll is a sort of overgrown "Peck's bad boy," at whom one might afford to laugh were it not for the fact that both fools and children are capable of monkeying with gunpowder, handling sharp-edged tools and of pulling the triggers of "unloaded" guns after aiming them at other people's heads or hearts.

Bob Ingersoll is undoubtedly the representative "naughty boy" of the American people. Not yet arrived at man's estate, he enjoys his own folly with all the unthinking and undignified levity of the child who is quite content to cut up any foolish caper so long as he succeeds thereby in attracting if only for a passing moment, the attention of older and wiser heads. Colonel Bob in his capacity of the "champion American bad boy," embracing as he does so well, "the wicked bad boy," "the lying bad boy" and "the pusillanimous bad boy," deserves to be thoroughly spanked by the American public.

As "the wicked bad boy" Bob stands pre eminent in his utter disregard of the holiest feelings of the community in which he lives. The utter indifference he manifests in ruthlessly attempting to destroy the spiritual beliefs of a Christian people recall to mind the description given of Martin Luther by one of his so-called fellow-reformers. Zwinglius, the Swiss reformer (or rather deformer), refers to his fellow-deformer Luther thus: "I think I see a nasty swine grunting around and tearing up the sweet flowers of a fine garden. Luther cannot speak of God and holy things but with great procreancy, ignorance of theology and impropriety." Whether

these words of Zwinglius do not thoroughly describe Ingersoll I will leave to a Christian public to determine. In my estimation they are just to the point. Ingersoll seems to be a sort of spiritual "Jesse Pomeroy" and might with equal propriety be put under the same restraint as that precocious youthful murderer were it not for the fact that soul murder in these days of enlightenment is not a crime of which the State is competent to take cognizance, the highest function of our enlightened American State being to protect the body of a man together with his pocket-book; as for his soul, that may go the devil.

As "the lying bad boy" the Colonel simply "takes the cake." Lying with him has evidently been reduced to a fine art. It is just as easy for him to prevaricate as it is to roll off of a log. It does not matter to him how often his mendacity is exposed, he is always ready with a fresh supply of convenient fibs. Bob is, in fact, a thorough disciple of Barnum. He acts upon the aphorism of the great Yankee showman, that "the American people love to be humbugged." Barnum never humbugged the American people to a greater extent than when he excused his own imposture by making people believe that it was all a joke, which they were pleased to have him perpetrate upon them at their expense. American people are in many respects as foolish as any upon the face of the earth; witness the support and countenance they give to a man like Ingersoll—being an American to the manner-born; I claim the right to the proverbial freedom of speech which is supposed to be an American's greatest birth-right, but American people do not love to be humbugged any more than those of other nationalities. They are, however, grievously deficient in the manly spirit which resents humbug and deception, and prominent among their weaknesses and follies is that which makes them tolerate Ingersoll's lying effrontery because they think he is funny and "smart."

While this blatant infidel and reviler of Christian men and women amuses himself by trying to destroy the faith of the weak-minded and to win the cheap applause of the unthinking, the vulgar and the vicious as he stands vaunting his good health in the face of the sick and the suffering, his prosperity in the face of the poor and the starving, his animal spirits in the face of the dispirited and toiling masses, the Catholic Church points with pride to the Misses Abel and Drexel and a host of similar self-sacrificing ladies, to the Sisters of Charity, to the Little Sisters of the Poor and kindred associations, together with innumerable men of God, who, forsaking ease and wealth and health, devote their lives to the sick and suffering, the unfortunate and the leper for the love of that Divine Master whose teachings Ingersoll dares to characterize as "despicable."

Place Father Drumgoole in the scale with ten thousand such men as Ingersoll and it would tip the beam in the priest's favor with such suddenness as to hurl them out of sight. One Father Drumgoole and there are hosts of such men in the Catholic Church is a sufficient refutation of all of Ingersoll's lies. What has this blatant infidel ever done for sick and suffering humanity? What has he done for the poor and the outcast? Has any one ever heard of him in the roll of a philanthropist? In comparison with George W. Childs he simply fades out of sight into insignificance. Who ever heard of him engaged in any good work for the benefit of others? Over thirty-five thousand children have been taken care of by the mission established by Father Drumgoole and he has done more for the good he was doing or of his great love for children. Whose children does Ingersoll love?

The American people as a rule are averse to the use of invective. It rather repels them than otherwise. Not that they are more charitable or gentle than people of other nationalities, but rather because they have by pursuing a false system of education unduly pushed to an extreme the development of a cold intellectuality; while at the same time opening their hearts and minds to the invasion of all kinds of opinions and errors, they have deadened their sensibilities until they have lost the power of acute feeling. The sense of sacredness is fast becoming obliterated from their bosoms, and the thrill of indignation proceeding from wounded sensibility rather awakens in them a mild sort of astonishment. In some respects, however, they possess a morbid sympathy for the wrong-doer, and this feeling occasions many to ignore the moral crimes of Ingersoll, and even makes them resent his being called too harshly to account. But upon such a man argument is wasted. He requires to be handled without gloves as a man who is devoid both of principle and decency. For the candid unbeliever we have gentle reasoning; for the sincere skeptic we have patient consideration; for the mind wandering in darkness, joined to a spirit which yet retains some sense of propriety and decorum, we have sympathy and kindly feeling; but what ever Christian charity we may retain

in our hearts for a man of Ingersoll's stamp we cannot but express for his methods indignation, scorn and contempt.

It was impossible for such a man to conclude his lecture without a fling at the lives of holy women. Catholic institutions in which women retire from the vanities of the world to devote themselves to work for humanity, after having consecrated themselves to God, are not to his liking. The Sisters of Charity, the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart are not to the taste of the gross-minded Colonel. He wants to see all women enjoy life. Judging from the vast host of divorce scandals in this country, the Colonel's plan of female happiness is not a success. Ingersollism is the "gospel of health" (according to his assertion), which means that healthy people should seek the companionship of healthy people and enjoy themselves; as for the sick, they may go to the dogs; or, as he perhaps would express it, "let the sick take care of the sick," on the principle of "let the galled jade wince, our withers are unringed."

Pere Lacordaire, the great Dominican preacher, once electrified his audience in his defense of monasticism when he stated that "it was not sufficient to ask what positive good had a man done after assuming the monk's garb, but also from what evil had he been restrained." Many a man who fails to become a positive moral force is by the influence of his religious profession restrained and prevented from becoming an evil factor in the community. Ingersoll is his own best reply to his criticisms regarding the beneficial effects of the institutions he condemns. Thousands of women as nuns or Sisters live pure, holy, calm, well ordered and self-sacrificing lives whose only fate otherwise might have been unhappy marriages, terminating in separation or "in suckling fools and chattering small beer."

This wretched man, so gross minded in his perceptions as to be spiritually little above the level of the beasts of the field, refers to the Church of God as "the Church which keeps in direct communication with heaven through a large number of decayed saints." In the same issue of the paper which reported this remark appeared a brief biography of Father Drumgoole, of whom Commodore Gerry spoke "as an uncanonized saint," and of whom Lord Rosebery, the present Premier of England, wrote: "I never leave your house without feeling that I had got an insight into a higher and holier life than men are generally privileged to lead or indeed are capable of leading." The little priest's statue had just been unveiled that day in Latayette place. The infidel felt envious and jealous. He was well aware that no statue would ever be erected in his honor by any decent body of citizens.

In Philadelphia, where he has just lectured, reposes the body of the saintly Bishop Neumann in the Church of St. Peter, Fifth and Girard avenue. On Good Friday last, a quarter of a century and more after death, his remains were exposed to view and found incorrupt. The body of the beautiful Saint Cecilia, in the custody of the Church these fifteen hundred years, has twice been uncovered during that period and found incorrupt, preserved by the hower of Almighty God, whom she loved and for whom she offered up her young life in defence of her faith, that faith which Ingersoll seeks to destroy. The Catholic Church glories in being the custodian of the bodies of innumerable saints, the sanctified earthly caskets of departed souls now reigning in heaven, whose heroic virtues and supernatural sanctity have benefited those to a participation in the beatific vision, whose memories are fresh and green upon earth, whose lives and examples remain as powerful influences, affecting the faithful of all ages, and who will still continue to lend fragrance to the Church of God, filling it with the odor of their sanctity long after the body of Colonel Ingersoll has decayed in the earth, which his unsanctified corpse is likely to pollute long after his mortality has become food for worms and his name and memory a spiritual stench in the nostrils of the people. There are some instances in which "a living dog is better than a dead lion," but the comparison does not hold good in this instance.

It is quite apparent that this infidel lecturer not only believes in God, but that he also fears Him; that he not only believes in a hell, but that he looks forward with dread to its coming terrors. His prospective standing up in the midst of his anticipated torment and magnanimously forgiving his Creator for punishing him is partly a piece of boyish bravado, a sort of whistling to keep up courage on the part of the Colonel, and partly a pusillanimous way of begging for pardon while keeping up an assumption of merit. The Colonel's pride is as yet in excess of his manifest fear, and still prevents him from getting down upon his knees and making the honest confession, "Lord, I know that I am a despicable wretch, utterly undeserving of any favor from you, but as I desire to save my wretched soul, I hope you will have mercy upon me, and give me

at least standing room in the heavenly kingdom." One cannot but pity this man in spite of his perversity. One cannot but wish for his conversion for his own sake, that he may escape the dread fate which he evidently feels is in store for him.

The Colonel, however, undoubtedly exaggerates his importance. He seems to think that he is deserving of special torments, and that an offended Deity will contrive unusual punishments for him. We opine that the Almighty can well afford to pass by the flippant Ingersoll (should he remain unrepentant to the end with silent contempt, contenting Himself with driving the wretched soul from His presence, consigning it to no greater doom and inflicting upon it no greater punishment than the eminently just and well-deserved one of being compelled to pass in eternity in the company of the souls whom he has duped.

Certainly the most rigid Presbyterian could wish for the Colonel no worse a fate. Stripped of his vain pretensions and his hypocritical mask of superior virtue, his hollowness and rottenness thoroughly exposed and understood by his miserable and unhappy victims, we can imagine that it would not require any addition of material fire to render the Colonel superlatively uncomfortable.

That the Colonel may escape the fate which he evidently fears (and which is certainly in store for him unless he mends his ways) should be the prayer of every good Christian. As much as we are compelled to detest the conduct of this man, Christian charity forbids our despising him. We must hate the sin and yet love the sinner. Vile and despicable as he is, it is not allowed by Christians to hate him for the injury he does to the cause of Christ nor to cherish resentment against him because of his insults to the followers of Christ. As disciples of Him who, while hanging crucified on the tree, could still love His revilers and murderers, and exclaim, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," so it is for us to say, "Lord have mercy upon this man's soul and convert him from the error of his way."

It is pitiable to see a man of such fine natural gifts flaunting himself in the face of his Creator and using those gifts to injure the Giver. Speed the day when, like Saul the malignant and persecutor became Paul the apostle, this man's gift of natural eloquence may be joined to manly conduct, mature reasoning power and supernatural illumination and be placed at the service of his Creator, not exercised for the ruin of souls. English-speaking people are generally aware of the fact that John Bunyan, the author of "Pilgrim's Progress," was once a blaspheming infidel, of so low a life that even a common prostitute refused to be seen in his company. There is evidently hope for Colonel Ingersoll. How many blasphemous infidels of his type has the Christian world not seen, in all lands and in all ages, who, after a life spent in abusing the gifts of their Creator, have been brought, humbled, to their knees, crying out, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner," and after asking the pardon of their outraged fellow-men, have remained as living monuments of the love and mercy of the God whom they had once despised. Alas! how many others also have sinned away their day of grace and remaining reprobate to the last, blatant and boastful in their day of physical health, have gone down into the pit of death bewailing in impotent rage their helplessness and their loss of eternal happiness, monuments of the wrath of an outraged and offended Deity.

We may sincerely hope that when the hand of God strikes the Colonel, robbing him of his boasted health, causing him to feel that life belongs to the One who gave it—when the low, sweet voice of his Saviour sounds interiorly in his ears, "Robert, Robert, why persecutest thou Me?" he may have the grace to fall upon his knees exclaiming, "My Lord and my God." There is no other ending fitting to a career like his, except it be that of Judas, who went and purchased a rope and hanged himself. May a merciful God avert from the Colonel a like ending. God will not the death of the sinner, but rather "that he would turn from his wickedness and live." It is to be trusted that Colonel Ingersoll will not continue as "the fool," who says in his heart "there is no God," for it is evident that his head gives his heart the lie.

Philadelphia, April 21.

On account of bad roads and the unavoidable absence of the pastor, Rev. Philip A. Best, of New Germany (Snyder), who is called to Pittsburgh, Penn., the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, Dr. Walsh, has decided to postpone his visit to New Germany until the middle of July when he will be sure to receive a "Caed Mille fatha."

The fastest action of our human life is seen in a reversion to an injury. For who forgives, without a further strife. His adversary's heart to him doth he And 'tis a fiercer conquest, truly said. To win the heart, must overthrow the head. —ELIZABETH BARRETT.

St. Philip tells us that it is a bad sign if we do not experience a notable fervor and sweetness at great feasts.

THE SORT OF FAITH WE NEED.

Though it is true that we do not live in quite an irreligious age, and that many men are still earnestly striving after the truth, it is also a fact that those who have arrived at its possession do not cherish this priceless boon with the ardent love which it deserves. We often place God on an inaccessible throne and worship Him too much at a distance. He is for many the Jehovah of the old dispensation who issues mandates to His people to be obeyed in fear and in trembling. The lightnings of Sinai still play around Him and inspire us with awe. We approach Him with timidity, when we do so at all, and we supplicate Him as a ruler more than as a father. Is this the idea of God which the loving Jesus would have us entertain? No! The God of the Gospel is not a tyrant but a friend, a father, and most compassionate and considerate judge of the frailties of mankind, and through the temptations that beset us through our tearful journey here below. He carries balm in His right hand to stanch the wounds which our moral nature daily sustains, and, if we would but repose a loving trust in His goodness, He would wipe away kindly, gently and lovingly, the tears of sorrow and of suffering which our sins entail.

Our faith in God should be fresh, a fervent and a living faith, it should enter into every fibre of our nature, and should fill our hearts as well as illumine our souls. It should be the most constant factor in our lives, be at the bottom of our motives and give valor to the actions of each hour. This was the faith of Saint Paul, and for that matter indeed of all the saints, for they thought of nothing but God even while they concerned themselves most about the affairs of this world, since they looked at everything in the light in which God would have them view it. Their God was indeed the God of Israel, but they knew Him far better than as the Israelites knew Him. He was the God whom Socrates worshipped in private, and after Whom Plato gaped in the gloaming of his soul, but who differently did He appear to those for whom the clouds that darkened the shadow of the valley had rolled away, and whose souls were bathed in the light of revelation! God did not come down to them, but they were lifted up near to Him, and the light and beauty of His attributes flowed in upon their souls in such abundance that the taper rays of reason were all but quenched in its splendor. So near was God to them, so constantly did they bask in the light of His presence, that they loved rather to view all things in that luminous grandeur than in the feeble light of reason alone. Those truths even which reason by itself is competent to prove, became transformed, illumined and beautified, when looked at through the crystal clear medium of the God-head; they lost their dimness, they emerged from the domain of uncertainty, and speculation, and shone in upon the soul with the glowing light of heaven.

The immortality of the soul has been the theme of all the great philosophers of the world, from the days of Pythagoras, Plato, and Cicero, down to our time, and many and glorious things have been said and written about it, but how feeble is the conviction which the most ingenious displays of reason is capable of producing touching this fundamental dogma, compared to the simple and unwavering faith of the fervent Christian who says, at once and without hesitation, "I believe in God for God has said it." It is not that we would belittle reason in its own domain nor proclaim its inadequacy to investigate the noblest truths of the natural order, for reason is a God-given faculty, the brightest badge of human dignity, and the link that binds us in likeness to God, but we do hold that those truths, especially those of the moral order, which reason is competent to establish, take on a brighter lustre and an added beauty when we accept them on the authority of God. On this account we would have the proofs of reason always supplemented by those of revelation, when the subject matter permits, for this faith is fostered in our hearts, God becomes a more decided factor in our lives, our religious instincts are strengthened, we realize more vividly God's fatherhood rather than His mastery over us, and, referring to Him so often and so trustingly we learn at last to love Him tenderly, so good and beautifully do we daily discover Him to be. Reason then may be likened to a sort of subsiding of the intellect, or a rough and remote preparation for the growth of truth in the soul, while revelation may be regarded as the top dressing, or fertilization of the soul, which fits it, at once, to bring forth a fruitful crop of truth, with all its fragrance and beauty. Or it may be compared to the sap by which the tree lives and grows and gives us flowers and fruits in abundance, or the crimson tide that rushes through arteries and veins and keeps alive the spark of life aglow in our bosoms. Thus viewed faith is a force which constantly influences our lives for good, and draws us nearer and nearer to God, the fresher and more fervent it is. Such faith is prolific of results, it is the motive that supplies

aims and energy to our actions, and intensifies the purposes of our lives.

On the other hand those conviction which rest upon reason alone, however deeply rooted they may be, are, for the most part, ineffectual and barren of results. They are chiefly confined to the speculative aspects of truth and rarely trench on the domain of the practical. This was not the sort of conviction that impelled a Drumgoole to go out into the byways and high-ways of New York, and fill the vineyard of the Lord with countless waifs of society, converting the most vicious products of city life into white-robed children of purity and grace, snatched, like brands from the burning, to become, the warp and woof of sturdy Christian lives. This is the sort of faith which chiefly stand in need of now-a-days, and not that sluggish form of faith that feebly asserts itself on Sunday and goes quietly to sleep for the balance of the week.—Catholic Review.

ENGLAND'S IRISH JUDGE.

Sir Charles Russell, who has just accepted the position of lord justice of appeal of what is practically the highest appellate tribunal of the British Empire, was born in Ireland sixty one years ago, of an old Catholic family, his brother being a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus in Dublin. He also has a sister who is superior of a convent in California. His appointment puts one of the foremost of living Irishmen in the office of lord of appeal in ordinary, which place was made vacant by the death of Lord Bowen. Prime Minister Rosebery, in bestowing new dignity upon the brilliant advocate, had in mind not only his great talents and worth of character, but also his service in the cause of liberal doctrine—an advocate that has made him friends on both sides of the Atlantic.

For years Sir Charles has had the cream of the practice in the richest field for a lawyer in the world. His report says his fees have averaged between \$200,000 and \$300,000 a year. As a speaker he is almost without a rival at the English bar. He has been the only orator in the courts who puts a certain amount of dramatic force into his speeches. His dramatic power could be observed not alone in his effective gestures and Shakespearean quotations, but also in the manner in which he held his beloved eyeglasses, used his revered snuff box, and flourished his bandanna handkerchief at the end of each clear argument. The tones of his voice, tinged with a brogue, added to the pleasure of listening to him, and his mobile countenance, yielding to every emotion that animated the speaker, increased his power over a jury.

His eloquence is wedded to logic; his cleverness is accompanied by industry; his persistency is allied to tact; and his knowledge of law is joined by a wide acquaintance with the world. His power of work is due to his habit of concentration. "I do one thing at a time," he exclaimed on one occasion. "I concentrate my whole attention upon the matter in hand, be it reading briefs or eating oysters." He has made mistakes, but on the whole he has used his great power wisely and well.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

Circular From His Grace the Archbishop.

To the Church Committee in Portsmouth: Gentlemen,—I am glad to know that you are about to work earnestly for the liquidation of the debt of \$3,800 lying upon the beautiful church of the Good Thief in your village. The amount is small in comparison with the splendid work that has been accomplished. I hereby, in compliance with your request, give you permission to solicit contributions from the good citizens of Kingston, who, I am confident, will cheerfully assist you in liquidating the debt now lying upon the church, and also, because of the benefits they have received from their intercourse with the people of Portsmouth, religious and business affairs. The Catholics, especially, cannot fail to remember that your church belongs to the parish of Kingston, and you are their fellow-parishioners, entitled to assistance from them in finishing the noble work of Portsmouth church, which is so creditable to your village and ornamental to the city of Kingston.

I remain, gentlemen,
Yours most faithfully,
JAMES VINCENT CLEARY,
Archbishop of Kingston.

The Palace, Kingston, 15th May, 1894.

Immediately after Mass last Sunday the gentlemen of the congregation of the church of the Good Thief in Portsmouth held a meeting for the purpose of appointing a committee to await on His Grace the Archbishop and solicit permission for the people of the village to visit the citizens of Kingston and ask them to assist in liquidating the debt now lying upon the church.

His Grace not only consented to their proposal but very kindly gave the gentlemen of the committee the above letter. He recommends the collection in a special manner to the good Catholic people of the city. He reminds them that the church of the Good Thief belongs to the parish of Kingston, and that up to the present they have not been asked to do anything toward its erection.

Besides the debt on the church, a great many things will be required in order to furnish it in a fitting manner for Divine worship.

We are sure the people of Kingston will respond generously to this first and only appeal that the Catholics of Portsmouth are making to them.

Conscience is as it were the oracle of God within us. It is His judgment seat set up already in our hearts, and giving sentence upon our action.—Father Faber.

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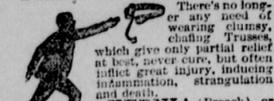
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There's no longer any need of wearing clumsy, binding trusses, which give only partial relief at best, never cure, but often inflict grave injury, inducing inflammation, strangulation and death.

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TUMORS, Ovarian, Fibroid and other varieties, without the perils of cutting operations. PILE TUMORS, however large, bleed, Fistula, and other diseases of the lower bowel, promptly cured without pain or resort to the knife.

STONE in the bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, and washed out, thus avoiding cutting.

STRICTURE of urinary passage is abundant, relieved without cutting. Abundant, relieved without cutting. Abundant, relieved without cutting.

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DEAR SIR:—I write you to say that for some time I had been suffering from acute indigestion or dyspepsia, and of course felt very great inconvenience from same in my usual business. I had been told of B.B.B. and I bought a bottle of it. I found it was quite another man, for B.B.B. is entirely cured me. I have also used it for my wife and family and have found it the best thing they can take, and from past experience I have every pleasure in strongly recommending B.B.B. to all my friends.

I write you because I think that it should be generally known what B. B. B. can accomplish in cases of indigestion. Yours faithfully, GEORGE READ, Sherbrooke, Que.

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FLORENCE O'NEILL,

The Rose of St. Germain; or, THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

By AGNES M. STEWART. Author of "Life in the Cloister," "Grace O'Halloran," etc.

CHAPTER XVI. WITHOUT HOPE.

The day following the indisposition of Florence, she was summoned to attend the queen; the latter had vainly endeavored to ascertain if she were at all acquainted with, or had taken part in, the conspiracy. Of one thing she felt assured, and that was, that Florence had really intended to return to France in the vessel hired by the conspirators; had she then been able to discover that she was mixed up with that fatal attempt, Her Majesty would have sacrificed her to her wrath with all imaginable calmness.

"I hear that Sir Charles is about to return to the country," she said, after expressing regret at the indisposition of Florence, "I have invited him to the palace in order to spare you, as you are still poorly, the trouble of going thither. The king has been much pleased with his loyal behaviour; he has given freely of his wealth towards defraying of the expenses brought upon our Government by these risings of foolish people who wish to overthrow our rule in these realms. How fortunate it is for you, young lady, you did not return to France under the conduct of John Ashton and his colleagues."

Florence started and her face turned pale. Mary divined her agitation and its cause. "Be thankful I have taken you under my protection," she said, "that the Lord, in His mercy, has spared you the sin of mixing yourself up with these evil-doers, and of bringing yourself, perhaps, to the fate which awaits them."

Here the queen paused, and Florence, too shocked, as well as too intimidated, made no reply. Well she knew that in some way the attempt of the brave Ashton had fallen through, that he was probably even now under arrest, with many others sharing his own fate.

The queen again spoke: "You will not be able to return to France for some time, perhaps never; were you still inclined to marry St. John, you would wed an outlaw and a beggar, whose estates are already confiscated to the crown. Here, under my patronage a better destiny awaits you; there must, however, be no ostentatious display of the principles in which you have been brought up. You will learn in time, I hope, to imitate the example of your aged relative, Sir Charles, who remembers that the Scriptures saith, 'The powers that be are ordained of God, wisely render them obedience.'"

"Time-server," thought Florence, the words almost trembling on her lips; but the consciousness of her own danger kept her silent, and the next moment she remembered that her uncle had not the power to resist William's demands. The moments passed on like so many hours, sorrow for her uncle, for herself, for Ashton, pressing like a weight of lead upon her heart. The queen was busy at her everlasting knotting of fringe, and Florence almost mechanically proceeded with her embroidery, her eyes blinded by the tears she vainly tried to force back, so that on laying down her work for a moment, the queen sharply called her attention to the fact that she had chosen the wrong shades of silk in a Forget-me-not she was embroidering in her scarf, saying, with a touch of irony in the tones of her voice, as she noticed the particular flower in which the mistake was made.

"The sooner you get rid of sentimental, maiden, the better; in this world

we are forgotten much sooner than we think for, or than one's self-love likes to admit: depend on it, the traitor St. John has forgotten you ere now, as well as others, whom your heart vainly aches to see."

Florence had not become a reluctant visitant at the queen's palace, and failed to discover that Mary was arbitrary, exacting and severe. She had first become aware of these points in her new mistress's character, by her treatment of the Princess Anne, which she did not care to disguise even before her ladies, for just at this time the former had given the queen mortal offence by her solicitations for a pension, so as to free her from being the mere dependent on the bounty of her sister, and the king, as also in her obstinately keeping her unworthy favorites, the Marlboroughs, about her person.

Impulsive and haughty as was the nature of Florence, the restraint imposed on her liberty was fast becoming insupportable, yet she was without hope, humanly speaking; unless Providence interposed in her behalf, she could see no help; to escape to France was out of the question, to seek an asylum with her friends in Ireland, equally impossible; to ask permission to return with her uncle to the country, to the last degree, impracticable; for, by so doing, she should be dragging him into trouble, even brought over as he now seemed to be to the interests of the Prince of Orange. Were he inclined to further her wishes, knowing as she did, that as the queen chose to be assumed that she kept Florence near her from kindly motives, the offence would be instantly taken, and her departure visited on herself, perhaps, by the incarceration the queen so often inflicted on those who offended her.

Meanwhile, to her astonishment, the morning passed over without that visit of the old baronet which Florence had been bidden to expect, and in lieu thereof, came a letter to the queen full of humble apologies, alleging as an excuse that by an attack of the gout, which would necessarily delay his return to the country. When at length she received her frame of mind were happier than her own. It was one of those days in which, as she remarked in one of her letters to William, "she must grin when her heart is breaking."

She was distressed at the news of the conspiracy which had broken out just as the absence of the king had left her at the helm of the government. The quarrel with the Princess Anne was at its height, and she felt an aversion to Florence, whom, nevertheless, she had determined on keeping at her own court, though under a species of surveillance, hoping later to extract from her tidings of the movements at St. Germain, and also enjoying the thought that she had separated her from the ex-queen as well as from Sir Reginald.

CHAPTER XVII. CONDEMNED.

The agreement concerning the hire of the vessel had been a successful one. The thirtieth of December was agreed upon as the day on which the little party would leave London, and as time went on, Ashton became extremely anxious at neither seeing nor hearing from the young lady whom he stood pledged to Mary Beatrice to chaperone safely back to St. Germain.

At length he decided on sending a note to Sir Charles, and then heard, to his surprise, that she was detained for an indefinite period at the Court of Queen Mary.

Meanwhile, the day drew nigh, and the perfect silence of Florence warranted the idea on Ashton's part that she was under a degree of surveillance which forbade her from holding any correspondence with him.

There was then no help but to leave Florence in England. At last the thirtieth day arrived, a murky, gloomy day, a yellow fog laden with smoke hanging over London.

They were to set sail in the evening, if possible, and many earnest prayers were offered that they might speedily arrive in safety on the coast of France. One thing excited the surprise of Lord Preston and Ashton: it was that Mrs. Pratt had never appeared to claim her reward for her instrumentality in securing them the hire of the vessel.

At last they bade farewell to all they held dear, and during the first hours of the early winter evening they went on board.

The fog had cleared off, but there was an utter absence of wind, and as they paced the deck in company with a Mr. Elliott, a Jacobite gentleman, who had joined them, and counted the hour of 6 sound from the clocks of the city churches, they each invariably prayed that a strong wind might ere long waft them on their way. But, alas, there was not sufficient breeze to disturb the thick locks which clustered over Ashton's anxious brow.

After some time spent in earnest consultation, they decided that it would be best to drop the anchor, and after a while, snatch a few hours rest until a favorable wind should perchance arise, either during the night or on the following morning.

Lord Preston's slumbers were deep and heavy, but the sleep of Ashton was far otherwise, his imagination being disturbed by frightful visions; now, he was in the torture chamber a witness of the cruelties inflicted on his old friend Nevill Payne, then, he was himself writhing beneath the hands of the executioner; again the scene changed, and he beheld himself separated from his wife and children, and

on the point of being led out to suffer capital punishment.

The horror of his dream awakened him; his face was covered with a cold perspiration induced by the terror he had suffered, and it was with no small satisfaction that he beheld the first dawn of morning stealing through the cabin windows. He was also aware by the motion of the vessel that they were on their way from London. Unwilling any longer to risk encountering again the horrors by which his rest had been disturbed, by yielding to the drowsiness he felt, he arose, dressed himself, and going upon deck, perceived to his gratification that they were some way beyond Woolwich. He had not been long on deck before he was joined by Lord Preston and Mr. Elliott.

"And so you could not sleep, Ashton," said His Lordship in answer to Ashton's remarks; "as for myself, I rested right well. In case of any sudden surprise or mischance, I had before I left home tied a piece of lead to the package entrusted to my care, you know what I mean," he added significantly. "I put it under my head when I went to sleep, resolved that, on the first intimation of danger, I should throw it overboard; then I troubled myself no more about the matter and had a good night's rest."

"I wish I could say the same, my Lord," was Ashton's reply. "I know not why our natures should seem changed, but you now possess all the fearlessness which I thought you wanted in the earlier stage of this affair whilst I am depressed and anxious."

"Nay, Mr. Ashton," said Elliott, "pluck up some of your usual spirits. See, a fair wind has sprung up; we shall soon be out of the river. What say you both of our going below to breakfast?"

"Agreed," replied his lordship and Ashton, and they remained in the cabin in conversation for some time after they had made their morning meal.

When they returned on deck, they found that the mist of the early morning was gradually dispersing, a fine wind had risen, and everything looked well as far as the weather was concerned, and the cloud on Ashton's brow began to pass away.

"We shall soon be clear of the river," thought he, for they were nearing Gravesend. As he turned in his walk along the short deck of the little barque, so as to face London, he suddenly started. A vessel of good dimensions, and with several men on deck, appeared in sight. He had previously observed it in the distance, but as it gradually became more distinct it assumed the proportions of a large vessel.

It seemed to be following in their own track, and Lord Preston noticed the nervous restlessness with which Ashton regarded its movements.

A little longer and Gravesend was in sight. It was as fine a morning and as bright a sunshine as ever lighted up the blue waters of old Father Thames on a mid-winter day, and the white sails of the vessel fluttered gaily in the fresh, sharp breeze that wafted them on their way.

But Ashton heaved nothing but this vessel. He stands riveted, as it were, to the spot, leaning over the deck, and watching intently the movements of the larger craft. He now counts four men on deck, and he fancies he saw many more than these, and that they must have gone below. He is quite convinced, too, that in one of these men he recognizes a Captain Billop, one of the Government officers.

Nearer, yet nearer, in ten minutes, or less, they will pass Gravesend. Nearer, yet nearer, too, comes the stronger vessel. Still, unless it is a feint to deceive those who man the smaller craft, she does not appear as though she were in pursuit.

Seven, five, three minutes, and Gravesend will be reached. A motley group are on the shore watching the vessels as they steer proudly on their way, or stop, it may be to take up fresh passengers.

The larger vessel is now nearly alongside the smaller one, it is certainly following in her wake. A cold sweat breaks out on Ashton's forehead; Elliott and Lord Preston seem still cool and free from fear. Suddenly Ashton remembered the packet the latter had said he had placed beneath his pillow, and hastens to the cabin to see if he had secured it. There it still was, in the spot Lord Preston had named, and securing it in his breast-pocket, Ashton again went upon deck, and signed his friends to follow him to the further end of the vessel.

One short moment of intense suspense, the little barque has stopped, she has touched at Gravesend, in obedience to a peremptory command issued by the master of the larger vessel.

Its occupants confer a few moments together. The next moment they are on board of Ashton's little craft, and he knows his hour of trial has come. Approaching the side of the ship, he thrusts his right hand within his breast-pocket, intending to drop over the edge of the vessel the dangerous papers he had unfortunately concealed on his person; but even as he nervously clutches the fatal packet, his arm is withheld by a powerful grasp, and he and his companions are commanded, in the name of King William and Queen Mary, to consider themselves under arrest.

Then came the search, and in Ashton's trunk, concealed amongst his clothes, were found papers containing evidence of the birth of the Prince of Wales.

The packet he had taken from Lord Preston's pillow included letters from the Bishop of Ely, Lord Clarendon, and

other persons of rank and consideration, with proposals to King James to reinstate him on the throne if he would undertake to provide for the security of the Church of England, bestow employments on Protestants preferably to Catholics, live a Catholic in religion, but reign a Protestant as to Government, and bring over with him only so much power as would be necessary for his defence, and to rid the country of the foreign power that had invaded it.

Under a strong guard the unfortunate Ashton and his friends were conveyed back to London as soon as the tide served, Lord Preston being sent to the Tower, Ashton and Elliott to a prison. An agonizing fortnight and two days elapsed, and then Lord Preston and John Ashton were tried at the Old Bailey, the indictment setting forth that they were compassing the deaths of their majesties, the king and queen.

In his defence Lord Preston urged that he had no hand in hiring the vessel, that no papers were found on him, that the whole proof against him rested on mere supposition. He was, however, declared guilty.

Ashton was confronted by Mrs. Pratt, she being the chief witness against him. Pale and care-worn, indeed, he appeared as he stood at the dock, hoping nothing that his life would be spared, when he found himself brow-beaten by the bench and the jury, and pretty confident, from the line of defence adopted by the craven-hearted nobleman, Lord Preston, that he was prepared to ensure his own acquittal, even if by so doing it procured Ashton's condemnation.

The counsel for the prosecution then set forth that as Ashton's body were found papers containing the whole gist of the conspiracy, being a design to alter the government by a French power and aid; that the letters would be found, when read, to contain a black and wicked conspiracy to introduce, and, by means of a Popish interest, settle our laws, liberties and properties by a French army; and if the plot had taken effect, of course we should have had all religion and laws the French king might be pleased to impose.

When the counsel had concluded, Mrs. Pratt and the other witness were called, and after they had given their evidence Ashton was asked if he had anything to say in his defence.

A breathless silence pervaded the whole court when he began to speak. He behaved with intrepidity and composure, though several times contemned by the bench. He solemnly declared that he was ignorant of the contents of the papers that had been found on his person, complained of having been denied time to prepare for his trial, and called several persons to prove him a Protestant of exemplary piety and irreproachable morals.

It was of no avail; the papers, it was insisted, had been found in his possession, and though it is an axiom of the boasted English law that no man shall be deemed guilty till he has been tried, the judges and the jury had, however, convicted him in their own minds from the first, and sentence of death was accordingly passed against him.

The reaction took place when poor Ashton was removed to the gaol, and received the visit of his distracted, heart-broken wife. Elliott was acquitted, without a trial, there being no evidence against him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Hours are golden links, God's token, Reaching heaven; but one by one Take them, lest the chain be broken Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

—ABELLA E. PROCTOR.

Noble Catholic Women.

No more congenial soul exists where in every grace and virtue many live and bloom than the heart and mind of a good Catholic woman, whether she be wife, mother, daughter, or sister, says an exchange. She is the glory of the Church in every age and clime, and to her, above all others, has God given the command and exalted mission of redeeming the world. She has done it once, and we believe she can and will do it again. It may not be her place to stand on the pulpit to preach the beauty and the necessity of temperance to admiring, applauding multitudes, but in the recesses of her own household, at the fireside, and by the side of the simple grade, she will give expression to words that for grandeur of effect and durability are second only to the immutable judgments of God Himself. Yes, the greatest agents for good given by God to man are good Catholic mothers, daughters, wives and sisters. It is by them we must sink or swim, and who will say that, while battling for their own virtues, which are most threatened by the vice of intemperance, and for the redemption of their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, the holy cause of temperance will fail and go down before the powers of darkness?

Pulmonary consumption, in its early stages, may be checked by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It stops the distressing cough, soothes irritation of the throat and lungs, and induces much-needed repose. Hundreds have testified to the remarkable virtues of this preparation.

Colic and Kidney Difficulty.—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J. P., Lafargeville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Parlee's Pills afford me great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used. In fact so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body."

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Hallway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

For the RECORD, AZILDA SYLVESTER.

A Story of The Vesper Hour.

By JOHN MAHONY.

The twilight of the November evening had not yet deepened into night. It was an hour for musing and dreaming and all things retrospective.

At a window in a house in the most fashionable quarter of the city, Montreal a young woman of two or three and twenty stood, with her hands clasped behind her, and her eyes cast upward at the great and gloomy twin towers of the church of Notre-Dame. Her figure was superbly formed. Her hair and eyes were dark and lustrous. Her face and brow were pale, thoughtful and highly intellectual as became the most brilliant graduate of the celebrated Ursuline convent of Quebec. Her mouth was wonderfully sweet, sympathetic and expressive. Looking at her one unconsciously recalled the words of Mr. Gladstone: Remember that a woman is most perfect when most womanly.

The room in which she stood was most luxuriantly and yet most tastefully furnished. It was her father's library and her favorite haunt. She loved to be among books and pictures and all things that inspired her with the ideas and ideals of the true, the beautiful and the good. At her feet, on a rough bear-skin her great shaggy, noble St. Bernard dog, figured prominently. She loved to sit there, not thinking of books, nor pictures, nor of the magnificent animal whose grandly proportioned head rested on her dainty shoes. Her thoughts were with the towers and the church of Notre-Dame. She was picturing to her mind a scene that had occurred in her life in that church, fully ten years ago. She could recall it all so clearly, as if it were but a few hours, the church was full of worshippers; the procession of priests and altar boys; the vast congregation and the delightful harmony of the deep-toned organ and the sweet voices and the great choir; the chanting and ascending and filling the mighty edifice with the classical music of the tongue of all ages. Then the service came to an end; the throng of worshippers dispersed; the lights on the altars were extinguished and the walls were extinguished and the sanctuary lamp alone threw its "dim, religious light" o'er the sacred place.

Silently she prayed and as she fancied that angel wings swept the locks from her childish brow and that the spirit of her Maker broke through the tabernacle and glorified the whole assembly, she bowed her head and wept for joy in her soul's exaltation. With her hands clasped in her hands she was praying to her holy mother, in thanksgiving when a dark figure passed by her and entered the pew before the one in which she knelt. She looked up and saw that it was a man. He fell on his knees, placed his hands on his head and moaned aloud, and then cried out, "Oh God have pity on me, a sinner!"

The agony and remorse with which the words were uttered moved her heart and tears unbidden rose to her eyes. "Oh, Mary, mother of Hope," she softly murmured, "intercede for him!" Then she quietly arose and making her genuflection, silently walked down the aisle until she reached the main entrance, where she stood for a moment to bless herself at the holy water font. She had hardly done so when she heard a step behind her and turning she saw the man who, just a moment ago, had asked his God to take pity on him. She perceived that he was young; that he was tall and strong and handsome as a Greek god, but that his face was white and drawn and haggard and that his eyes were strained and bloodshot and full of unbearable misery. In a vague sort of way her childish mind grasped all this and then her little heart sent words of sympathy to her lips and she said, "Sir, are you hungry or sick?"

And the man turned and looked at her in wonder, and laughed, and then as he read her expression he became sad and grave and thoughtful, and said, "Why do you ask, my child?" She remembered her saying in answer to him that she had heard him moan in the church and ask God to pity him and that she had prayed that his petition might be granted. She did not forget how his lips quivered and he said brokenly, "You're the only one in all the world to pray for me, my child; pray for me always; I am a child of God, but I have been bad and foolish and almost insane, and I should not be talking to an angel of purity like you. Good-bye and God bless you." She turned at once, unfastened a small gold ring from his watch chain, and handed it to her saying, "Keep this, child, to remind you of your promise to pray for me."

She then asked him if he was going away over the sea, and he answered yes, and as the word fell from his lips she asked, "Have you a prayer book?" He answered yes, and she said, "I will pray for you, my child; pray for me always; I am a child of God, but I have been bad and foolish and almost insane, and I should not be talking to an angel of purity like you. Good-bye and God bless you." She turned at once, unfastened a small gold ring from his watch chain, and handed it to her saying, "Keep this, child, to remind you of your promise to pray for me."

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II. The moon was beaming down on the dying and the dead. The work of carnage still went on. Two of the greatest of the South American Republics were at war; the smaller ones were attacked, as their sympathies or interests influenced them, to one or the other of the contending Republics. The cause of the war was a protest for the confederacy of all the South American Republics. The most powerful of the two, Argentina, insisted upon having the new federal capital within its domain. The rival Republic made a like claim, and out of the bitter controversies engendered, and of questions concerning the constitution, not yet completed, a long, a cruel and a most bloody war was precipitated. Happily it was nearing its end. The president of South America were to be brought under one supreme form of government or to remain as they were, unsettled, discontented, cutting their commerce by their squabbles, disturbing the peace of their people and presenting a most pitiable spectacle of unrest and impotence to all the nations of the world. But everything mundane must come to an end. The turning point came. Far into the night the soldiers of the like demagogues they would neither receive nor extend quarter.

When the first faint streak of dawn... The east... The west... The north... The south... The east... The west... The north... The south...

III. "Oh, aren't you delighted?" exclaimed Miss Maud St. John to Miss Sylvestre, in the latter's...

And what? asked the Hon. Mr. Sylvestre as he entered the room. "And that he had succeeded where other men would have failed," replied Miss Sylvestre, with a brilliant light in her fine eyes.

"Yes, sir," said the irrepressible Miss St. John, "and a very good subject of conversation he is, don't you think so?" "Indeed, I do," said Miss Maud. I met him in New York, a few weeks ago, at the governor's house.

"Oh! you met him, Mr. Sylvestre? You really and truly saw him in the flesh, you lucky man! I should like to tell him, sir, please do."

enough money to buy a strip of land from the Government of A... He also purchased a few cattle and sheep... It is said that while tending them the great scheme of confederating the Republics dawned in his mind.

"I should like to hear him," said Miss Sylvestre. "Please let us both," Mr. Sylvestre was a dear good man.

"You have been the angel of my salvation," he said. "You have saved me from myself and from the world. But it is not here and now that I am here and now."

They parted without another word. The man to meet her father and her friend. The man to go to his home and his family.

Those that are so busily calumniating the Catholic Church in this country by accusing it of lacking in patriotism and regard for our national honor and glory, would do well to read the address which the Catholic bishop of Montreal recently made at the dedication of a monument to the memory of the French soldiers, who fell during the Franco German war of a quarter of a century ago.

Premising the Church loves peace and always endeavors to promote its maintenance, the Marcelline prelate declared that she recognizes that war is at times inevitable, and preferable always to peace purchased by shame and cowardice.

It is a fortunate day for a man when he first discovers the value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood-purifier. With this medicine, he knows he has found a remedy upon which he may rely, and that his life-long malady is at last conquered.

Why will you allow a cough to aggravate your throat and lungs and run the risk of being a consumptive? Why will you allow the pain of a cold to be prolonged and the danger of pneumonia to be increased?

THAT WIFE OF YOURS.

Promises of the Sweetheart Days that Alas, are too Soon Forgotten.

Young husband have you an idea that you have anything like a just comprehension of the nature of the being whom God has given you for a companion? If you have, you labor under a very serious mistake.

"The affections are infinite, and cannot be exhausted," and it is through her affections, and through the deepest of all affections, that happiness comes to the bosom of your wife.

So, in conclusion, you owe to your wife a reasonable portion of your time and society, the very choicest side of your nature and character when in her society, and your fullest confidence in all the affairs connected with your business, your ambitions, your hopes and your fears.

MARY AS A PROPHETESS.

"All Generations Shall Call Me Blessed."

Now, how are you dealing with this wife of yours? Do you say that you have all you can attend to in your business, and that she must look out for herself?

Do you fail to remember that you took her out of a pleasant family circle, away from the associations of her childhood, and that she has no prizes in the whole world which she prizes so highly as yours?

That husbands and wives may entertain perfect sympathy there should be the closest confidence between them. The wife need not be told to give her husband the most perfect confidence in all affairs.

It would be sad, indeed, and entirely foreign to our conception of the justice and benignity of God, if, after having built for Himself an earthly temple, and adorned it with most precious and becoming treasures, and made it the scene of the profoundest of His enactments, He should relegate that magnificent object of His particular love, and instrument of His corporal union with the human race, to an inferior common position in His limited creation.

economic herself, but will point out

loakages in your prosperity for which you are responsible rather than herself. The desire of a young and sensitive husband to give his wife all the money she needs is commendable.

And this matter of confidence between you and your wife must be carried into everything, for she is your partner—your next soul.

So, in conclusion, you owe to your wife a reasonable portion of your time and society, the very choicest side of your nature and character when in her society, and your fullest confidence in all the affairs connected with your business, your ambitions, your hopes and your fears.

peculiar to itself.

So eminently successful has Hood's Sarsaparilla been that many leading citizens from all over the United States furnish testimonials of cures which seem almost miraculous.

Here's a Pointer When you ask for a 5 cent plug 10 cent plug 20 cent plug

DERBY PLUG Smoking Tobacco

does not induce you to buy any other in order that he may make a larger profit.

wards, through no fault of hers, deprive her of the honor attached to that dignity by treating her as an ordinary mortal.

Death itself could not rob Him of His human existence, for after the third day He arose again from the dead and appeared to His apostles, saying to them: "See My hands and feet, that it is I myself; handle, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as you see Me have."

By the above evidences we see that, in addition to the many other endearing titles with which we as Catholics are familiar, the mother of our Divine Saviour is also entitled to those of "Prophetess" and "Revealer of the Truth."

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London, Saturday, May 26, 1894.

THE FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

The Church celebrates the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus on the Friday immediately following the octave of Corpus Christi, which will occur this year on June 1.

The object of this devotion to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus is the Adorable Heart of our divine Saviour, and His infinite love for mankind; and its purpose is to return the love of Jesus, and to make reparation for all injuries committed against Him. The injuries thus to be atoned for include unbelief in Him as our Redeemer, blasphemies of all kinds uttered against His holy name, and against the most holy sacrament of His body and blood, and all sins committed against the three divine virtues of Faith Hope and Charity, especially inasmuch as these virtues regard the person of our Blessed Lord, the second person of the most Adorable Trinity.

We have said that the object of this devotion is the Heart of Jesus. By this is to be understood the living Heart of Jesus as the God-man, His heart of flesh which is the principal portion of His body, united with His whole Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity to form one person who is both God and Man.

The Heart of Jesus is that from which flowed the blood by the shedding of which the world is redeemed and saved from eternal destruction, and heaven opened to mankind. Symbolically, the heart is the seat of the affections, and it is in accordance with this symbolism that the devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been established; but this symbolism is not a mere arbitrary thought. It is a fact in physical nature that the emotions of affection have a peculiar effect upon the heart, and the circulation of the blood through the heart. Hence, just as the blood is the symbolical seat of life, the heart is the seat of love, and the devotion which has for its object the love of Jesus for mankind is naturally directed towards his Sacred Heart.

This reference to the Heart as the seat of love is sustained by innumerable passages of holy Scripture, as when God requires our love, with our whole heart, and our whole soul. (Deut. x. 10; St. Matt. xxii, 37.) And again: "Now, therefore, fear the Lord and serve Him with a perfect and most sincere heart." (Jos. xxiv, 14.) So even the love of God the Father is represented as emanating from His heart, incorporeal though He is. Thus the prophet Samuel when informing Saul that the choice of a successor to the kingdom of Israel would go outside of his house, said: "The Lord hath sought a man according to His own heart, and him hath the Lord commanded to be prince over His people, because thou hast not observed that which the Lord commanded." (1 Kings xiii, 14.) If it were possible to make a distinction between the propriety of one passage and another in the word of God, we might say that with still greater propriety we may speak of the Heart of Jesus as the fountain of God's love for man, for Jesus has in His incarnate person truly a corporeal heart, of which He Himself speaks as the seat of His affections and emotions: "Learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest for your souls." (St. Matt. xi, 29.) When also Jesus conversed with some of His disciples, after His resurrection, they declared that even though they knew Him not, "their hearts burned within them while He spoke in the way and opened to them the Scriptures." (St. Luke, xxiv, 32.)

But the Heart of Jesus is in itself a proper object of devotion altogether independently of its being symbolically the seat and centre of divine love. It is an essential organ of the sacred body of our Lord, and is hypostatically united with His divinity. It is, therefore, properly, on account of this union with God, an object of our adoration;

and in a hymn in the office of the Sacred Heart as used in some countries the words occur, "Come let us adore the Heart of Jesus, the victim of charity." In the celebrated Pontifical Bull *Auctorem Fidei*, those are condemned who assert that the Sacred flesh of Christ, or any part thereof, or His whole humanity are not to be adored." It is then explained that the union between Christ's body and His divinity is inseparable. On the other hand, devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is a powerful incentive to us to love God, even as He has loved us. This devotion to the Heart of Jesus is based on the same foundation as devotion to the Body and Blood of Christ in the Holy Eucharist, and as devotion to the Blessed Eucharist is the very soul of Catholic devotion, so also is the devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus admirably calculated to increase our love for God. This is expressed in several hymns of the Church which have special reference to this devotion, as:

O Jesus, Victim blest,
What else but love divine
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That Sacred Heart of Thine?
Light immortal! Light divine!
Visit thou these hearts of thine
And our inmost being fill.

The Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was at first instituted in the year 1686, and was permitted to be celebrated by degrees in various countries according as this special devotion was spread, until it was made a feast for the whole Catholic world by Pope Clement XII. The feast was instituted on the solicitation of Blessed and Venerable Margaret Mary Alacoque, a nun of the Order of the Visitation of the Blessed, to whom the duty of propagating this devotion was committed by Christ in a revelation made to her in the year 1675.

THE COMING CONTEST.

The Ontario Legislature has been dissolved, and the 26th of June has been appointed as the day of polling for the ensuing election. The date is probably as convenient a one for the generality of the electors as could have been selected, and the few weeks that are to elapse before polling day will be employed by all the parties interested in preparation for the contest.

The writs for the new election have not yet been issued up to the time of our going to press, as the law does not permit this to be done earlier than twenty-seven days before polling day, but they will undoubtedly be issued within a few days.

Already nearly all the constituencies are furnished with candidates, and there are more varieties of parties represented than have ever before presented themselves to ask the suffrages of the electorate at a general election. Besides the usual parties, the Conservative, Liberal and Independent, we find the Patrons of Industry and the Protestant Protective Association having candidates in many constituencies, so that votes will be divided to a greater extent than has ever occurred in the history of the Province, or of the Dominion.

We do not find that in any case so far the Liberals have accepted the candidature of a P. P. A. man to contest a constituency in their name. During the last eight years, while there were two general contests, at which the no Popery cry defined the main issue, the anti-Catholic element appears to have gravitated towards the support of Mr. Meredith's followers to such an extent that it is now a unit against Mr. Mowat's Government.

In the present contest, though as yet the party of Mr. Meredith have not so openly as heretofore declared their animosity to Catholics, enough was done in the way of anti-Catholic speeches during the recent debates in the House on the question of a compulsory ballot for Separate schools to convince the P. P. A. Aists that the regular Opposition is composed of men after their own heart, and hence there seems to be generally a thorough understanding between the pronounced P. P. A. Aists and the Conservatives not to oppose each other, and in many instances the same candidate openly professes to run on both these tickets. This is the case in West Durham, South Essex, Centre Grey, East Hamilton, West Hamilton, Lincoln, Muskoka, North Norfolk, Peel, West Simcoe, East Toronto, and North Wentworth, while even in London, the most prominent parties who figured at the nomination of Mr. Meredith himself, were the most noisy P. P. A. men of the city. There are a few constituencies, also, where a Conservative candidate and a P. P. A. Aist are opposed to each other; but it always occurs that local circumstances bring out candidates

of the same party to oppose one another in a few places. The number of places in the present contest in which such opposition between the Conservatives and the P. P. A. Aists occurs is not more than might be expected under ordinary circumstances, if the two formed but one party; and as a general rule there is little attempt made to conceal the fact that these two parties are playing into each other's hands.

In next issue we will deal with Mr. Meredith's reference to Separate schools, made in his address in the London Opera House on Monday, 21st instant.

TWIN DISTURBERS OF THE PEACE.

Kate Field, who is one of the most witty and observant among the writers of the press in the United States, has an article in the last issue of her review, *Washington*, published in the city of the same name, wherein she solemnly warns all patriotic people of the United States against the danger which threatens the country from the workings of that secret association "the aim of which is to array Protestantism against Roman Catholicism."

It is, of course, readily understood that the organization of which she speaks is the A. P. A., which she declares to be "unconstitutional, un-American, and which would defeat its own object, as it would solidify the opposition, and possibly lead to a conflict of religions, than which nothing can be more deplorable."

Among the evils which have already resulted from the organization, she makes special reference to the bloody riots of which it has already been the cause, and to the municipal elections which took place on May 2nd, at St. Paul, Minnesota.

Miss Field is a thorough Republican, and she regards the Democratic party as the source of almost all the evils which can menace the well-being of the State, and as being a party of very "bad odor." Hence she regards any triumph of that party as a great evil; nevertheless she acknowledges that the recent sweeping victory achieved by the Democrats of St. Paul was a direct consequence of the support given by the A. P. A. to the Republicans. Yet she acknowledges honestly that the Catholics of St. Paul did just what was to be expected from the hostility shown towards them by Republicans, who coquetted with the anti-American organization.

Two years ago the Republican candidate for the mayoralty of the city was elected by a majority of 3,800; and on the present occasion the members of the A. P. A. openly boasted that the seven thousand members of their association would defeat the Democrats for allowing any Catholic names on their ticket as candidates for municipal offices, and that the Catholic candidates especially would be overwhelmed. The effect of this boast was to unite the Catholic vote in favor of the Democrats, and Miss Field adds that it solidified on the same side "all personal liberty votes." Mr. Robert A. Smith, the Democratic candidate, was elected Mayor by a majority of 1,003, a Democratic Treasurer and judge, and fourteen Democrats out of twenty members of the Council being also successful.

Miss Field declares that "this is no time for religious dissensions. The life of the nation is in danger, not from Roman Catholics, whose Church teaches respect for law and property, but from imported and home-made anarchists and half-educated or utterly illiterate cranks and adventures whose demands upon the Government are little less than insane." She then points out that "the Coxseys, the Brownes, and Kellys, and Fries, and Swifts are not Roman Catholics."

She admits that a large proportion of the immigrant vote of the United States is Catholic, and a large proportion Democratic, but adds that Protestants, and not Catholics, are responsible for what she calls "the abominable naturalization laws that allow these aliens to vote before they are naturalized." She adds, in reference to those of the aliens who are Catholics, that the influence of the Church upon them is always for good, and instances the deplorable riot which recently occurred in Detroit through the thoughtlessness of a mob of foreigners, who were, however, brought to their senses by a proclamation issued to them by Bishop Foley.

She remarks also that Irish and German Catholics formed a large proportion of the rank and file of the Union Army, so that the union is greatly indebted to them. It is not against them, but against demagogues, the arch-enemies of the country, that true patriots should combine. In conclusion, she says:

"God, and home, and national honor are arrayed against anarchy, ruin and bloodshed. Shoulder to shoulder, let patriots of all creeds and no creeds consolidate to wage war against the red flag and its mad army."

Miss Field's remarks might well be taken into thoughtful consideration by those in Canada, and especially Ontario, who are endeavoring to raise dissensions under pretext of zeal for

religion. It is well known that the bulk of those who have raised the religious cry that Protestantism is in danger from aggressions on the part of Catholics, are those who have but little religion of any kind. They are swayed only by hatred.

It is much to the credit of a large section of the most independent and influential Protestant journals of the United States, both secular and religious, as well as of the Protestant clergy, that they have uttered no uncertain sound on the un-Americanism of the A. P. A., yet it has been very truly stated by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop in the *North American Review* for May, that by far the greater number both of the clergy and the papers have remained silent, and have thus given a tacit approval to a "religious proscription which if attempted against any Protestant denomination would arouse a din of remonstrance from every leading journal."

We cannot but remark that in our own Province of Ontario the situation is very similar to that which exists on the other side of the boundary line.

Many Protestant ministers have denounced the bigotry of the P. P. A. as it deserves, but many others have either encouraged it by their silence, or by actively joining in the cry that there have been aggressions against Protestantism on the part of Catholics. A certain section of the press have also joined in the crusade. Thus we have been told over and over again by the *Mail* and those who follow the lead of that journal that Catholic aggressions are the cause why P. P. A. Aism has been started in this Province; though it is notorious that this is not the case.

Two events especially have been assigned as the aggressions which have been the cause of the anti-Catholic agitation: one, the amendments made to the Separate School Act since Confederation, and the other, the passage of the Jesuit Estates Act in Quebec. This is a mere pretext. The Jesuit Estates Act did not concern Ontario at all. It was a settlement of a real claim which the Jesuits had against the Government, and the settlement was a most advantageous one to the State, and especially to the Protestants of Quebec, who, having no claim whatsoever, were nevertheless recompensed by being paid for their educational purposes the full amount they would be entitled to if the sum appropriated for the purpose of making a settlement were merely an appropriation made for ordinary educational purposes. In fact a settlement under such circumstances can scarcely be regarded as a settlement at all, only that it was accepted as such by those who were chiefly concerned; but nothing is more unjust than the representation of the matter as an aggression by Catholics.

It is equally unjust to regard the Separate school amendments as an aggression. The pretence of the *Mail* repeated to nausea, day after day, that they are "coercive," is simply an impudent misstatement—neither more nor less. Their only effect was to give Catholics who wish to support Separate schools, the opportunity of so doing with less trouble than was needed before they were passed. They merely assimilated the Public and Separate school laws, and simplified the operation of the Separate school laws already existing, and the Government of Mr. Mowat deserves credit for having had the courage and honesty to introduce them into the Legislature, and secure their passage.

There is every appearance that the P. P. A. will be an important factor in the approaching provincial elections. What Kate Field says of the A. P. A. in the United States is applicable to the P. P. A. with equal force. Its triumph would be a misfortune to the country. In many constituencies it has its own candidates; and it is remarkable that in every instance these candidates have the support of Mr. Meredith's Protestant supporters, just as the A. P. A. and the Republicans worked in harness together in Minnesota.

We would be pleased if we were able to carry out the plan we always laid down for ourselves for the conducting of the CATHOLIC RECORD, to abstain from interfering between the two political parties of the Province, but we cannot close our eyes to this practical alliance which has apparently been effected between the promoters of fanaticism and Mr. Meredith's followers; for not only do the latter support the P. P. A. candidates, but in other constituencies where the P. P. A. Aists do not feel themselves strong enough to bring forward candidates of their own, they are doing their best to secure the triumph of the Conservative nominees. The two parties seem to understand each other perfectly well, and to be quite satisfied with each other's policy. It remains to be seen whether the result in Minnesota is an indication of what is going to happen in Ontario under circumstances so very similar. Will "the personal liberty votes" of Ontario—the votes of those who have so loudly proclaimed themselves friends of Equal Rights to all—be cast in favor of the proscription and persecution of Catholics? We shall see.

Mr. Pringle Nichol, a graduate of Oxford, who has just been received into the Catholic Church, is the son of John Nichol for many years professor of English literature at Glasgow University, and author of "Byron" in the "English Men of Letters" series.

The Chapter of the Carmelites of Canada and the United States meets at New Baltimore, Penn., on May 25. The Monastery at Niagara Falls will be represented by Reverend Fathers A. J. Kreidt, Dominic O'Malley and Philip A. Best.

GENERAL HERBERT AND THE ZOUAVES.

In the eagerness of a portion of the Canadian press to inflame the animosity of that very considerable section of the Protestant population of the Dominion which is always disposed to raise a cry of indignation against Roman Catholic aggression, there are many newspapers which are always disposed to make the most of very trivial circumstances which will afford any kind of a pretext to increase the ill-feeling entertained against Catholics.

An occasion of this kind has recently presented itself, and as usual it has been commented on with all the vigorous denunciation which hatred can inspire.

Major-General Herbert, in addressing the Sixty-fifth French Canadian Battalion, gave them some words of praise, and at the same time congratulated them on having in their ranks some veterans who had proved themselves brave and courageous heroes on the field of battle in another land.

It is certain that if these words had been pronounced in praise of men who had fought under any foreign flag, except the one under which Captain Lerocque and the other soldiers referred to had fought, the General's words would have been regarded as a graceful compliment both to the battalion itself and to the nation in whose army they had been enlisted; but in this instance the army referred to was that of the Pope; and this was sufficient reason why the *Toronto Mail* and *Evening News*, the *Quebec Chronicle* and the *Montreal Witness* should find fault.

Captain Lerocque and many other French-Canadians enlisted as Zouaves in the Pope's army in 1861, and served the Holy Father till 1870, and of course resisted the invasion of the Pope's territory by Victor Emmanuel's army in the latter year, and it was to the battles then fought that Major-General Herbert referred. He said that these men, "justly called the crusaders of the nineteenth century, performed at one and the same time a military and a religious duty on the battlefields of Mentana and Monte Rotondo, and at the very gates of the Eternal City. It is therefore your duty to be at the front and to display the military qualities of your race and its hereditary devotion to your native land."

Certainly there was nothing in all this of which the most fastidious should complain. It is true the General is a Catholic, but he does not necessarily speak here as a Catholic, for the same words might justly have been used by any General, even though he were a Protestant.

Could not a Protestant officer assume that these Zouaves had entered the Pope's army, conscientiously believing that they were engaged in a good cause, and in the performance of a religious duty? Having once enlisted, it was their military, equally with their religious, duty to fight for their sovereign, all the more especially because if ever there was a just cause, that of the defence of the Pope's territorial rights was so, founded as they are on a title which goes back for at least nearly twelve hundred years.

We say, then, that any General, however firm he might be in his Protestantism, might very fairly have used General Herbert's words, and have congratulated the battalion for having such heroes in their ranks. Heroes the Zouaves really were, for it was attested that they fought nobly, though they were defeated by numbers, inasmuch as the army which King Victor Emmanuel led against the Pope consisted of 70,000 men.

But these journals tell us that King Victor Emmanuel was friendly to Great Britain, and some have even called him Great Britain's ally, and, therefore, they say, the General was not justified in praising the courage of those who fought against him. Victor Emmanuel may have been friendly to Great Britain, but we are not aware that he ever manifested any peculiar friendship in that direction; but he certainly was not her ally, and at all events, at the time the Zouaves enlisted, there was no question of Victor Emmanuel's marching upon Rome. The enlistment was, therefore, against the Garibaldian freebooters, and not against any power, whether friendly or unfriendly to Great Britain. Still, once enlisted, the soldiers were bound to fight the Pope's enemies from whatsoever quarter they came. This was their military duty, and any General of any country, whether Protestant or Catholic, would freely commend them for fulfilling it. It is only because these journals are anxious to find some fault with General Herbert

and the French Canadians that any complaint has been made. The General, however, stands too high in character for manliness and integrity to be injured by those who have criticised him.

These French-Canadian Zouaves, after having acquired the experience which actual warfare gave them, returned to their homes and gave their services to their own country and flag, and many of them fought in the North-West troubles, where they gained the praise of their superior officers for their courage and soldierly conduct. But such facts as these are not palatable to the Ontario Francophobists, who cannot imagine that a French Canadian deserves anything but abuse.

We may add that even if the cause in which the Zouaves had fought had been a strong one, it would not have been desirable that General Herbert should criticise it, as his closing words turned the matter in such a way as to lead the soldiers to be more than ever devoted to Canada. Patriotic intentions would have been sufficient to excuse him for putting forward the best possible construction on their conduct.

THE DARK AGES AND THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

It has been long fashionable to speak with thorough contempt of the ignorance and superstition of the dark ages, and of course it must be acknowledged that education was not diffused then as it is now; and even those who were learned for the age in which they lived had not the accuracy of scientific knowledge which modern discoveries have made characteristic of the nineteenth century.

The discoveries of one age became a basis for those of succeeding times; and, furthermore, the increase of population in later ages sets more brains at work for the making of new discoveries at the very time when knowledge is greater and more widely diffused.

The progress of knowledge, in fact, might be estimated on the principle of the barley-corn and the chess-board. Many of our readers will remember that in some old arithmetics it was stated that the inventor of the chess-board demanded for his reward a single barley-corn for the first square, two for the next, and so on, doubling the payment for each square till the sixty-fourth was reached. The total number of barley-corns received in payment would need twenty figures to express it, being nearly eighteen and a half quintillions, the value of which would be many times all the gold which has ever been taken from the earth.

It will be understood from this that there is less reason for surprise that the progress of this century has been so great, than for the fact that during the dark ages there were so many truly learned men whose knowledge might be envied at the present day, even by the most erudite.

But it does not appear that in morals, or in the science of spiritual things, the same progress has been made as in other departments of learning. The reason for this undoubtedly is that this is a sphere which belongs peculiarly to revelation. The human intellect by itself cannot make new discoveries here, nor is it capable of correcting the errors of fantastical dreamers. Hence superstition is at least as rampant as it was during the darkest of the dark ages, and it is at the same time less amenable to correction. In the so-called "dark ages" the authority of the Catholic Church was recognized; and thus all dealings and communications with devils were forbidden, and inquiries after things lost, hidden, or to come, through fortune-tellers, wizards, or the summoning of the spirits of the dead.

The doctrine of the existence of a spiritual world is not a superstition; it is a revealed truth, and reason cannot refute it. Yet it was at one time the fashion of those who dabbled in superficial learning to deny all spiritual things. Later on, it appears that a series of inexplicable facts brought back to these same people the conviction that there is a spiritual world, and, after a time, ghosts seemed to have become the playthings of the very class who before denied their existence altogether, and there are actually now several religions existing which are based upon pseudo-revelations given by supposed dancing or tambourine playing spirits who have habitually shown the most utter ignorance of the first principles of religion and morality! Among these religions may be numbered modern Spiritism Theosophy.

The latest fake in this line is to be found in an announcement made in a

recent issue of the London *Daily News* to the effect that since her death, the spirit of Madame Blavatsky has paid several visits to Lady Caitness, and has made revelations to her; and now Lady Caitness, who is an "adept in Theosophy" is about "to issue invitations to an angels' and devils' fancy ball."

"We might search in vain through the history of Christian families of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries for any event nearly equal to this in absurdity and impiety."

A DIABOLICAL SECT.

Some time ago a terrible sacrilege was committed in the church of Notre Dame, and after investigation it was traced to the Luciferians or Devil Worshipers. The object of this sacrilegious sect is to dishonor the Blessed Sacrament. Its members procure consecrated Hosts, and subject them to every indignity which satanic fury can devise. It was imagined at first that the sect existed only in the imagination of sensational writers, but incontrovertible proofs convinced the world that it was a sad reality.

Hugsmann, a writer of considerable prominence, made it the subject of a romance entitled "La Bas." In an interview lately he disclosed some startling facts with regard to the workings of the Luciferian sect.

"In a part," he said "of the canton of Fribourg called the Grande Fontaine there exists in the rear of a house of ordinary appearance a sort of grotto cut in the rock. This house is occupied by the tiler of the Masonic Lodge, La Regenerere. Those who belong to the satanic sect meet on certain days in the grotto, which is decorated like a Catholic church. The ceremonies are worthy of the demon to whose service the members are devoted. Hosts that have been stolen from some church are desecrated and torn to pieces.

It must be said in justice to the French Government that it has undertaken the suppression of this diabolical organization.

A BITER BIT IN WASHINGTON.

Mr. Sterling Morton has administered a sharp rebuke to a certain Rev. Dr. Hershey, who undertook to tell him how to run his department. It appears that the Sisters of Charity are accustomed to visit the Department of Agriculture on pay day and to accept relief for the institution under their charge, from the generous employees. This so enraged the rev. doctor that he felt it his duty to warn the secretary of the iniquitous proceeding and to counsel him to have it done away with immediately. His zeal prompted him to tell Mr. Morton that he would hold him up to the scorn of an aroused American people. But the doctor's bluster and childishness have drawn down upon his devoted head the wrath of Mr. Morton, and, without claiming any prophetic gift, we may say that Dr. Hershey will hide himself away to some distant parish, and forget in solitude that he ever penned his threat to Mr. Morton.

The doctor told Mr. Morton that "the abuse must be corrected, and will be."

"I am very much surprised," says Mr. Morton, "to have a Presbyterian clergyman who vehemently protests against the interference of the Roman Catholic clergy with political affairs, instruct me as to when pay day will transpire in the Department of Agriculture. Your mandatory clause 'this must be corrected and will be' seems rather the imperial edict of a Czar than the expression of a meek and lowly follower of Christ, who taught the beauties of persuasion instead of the brutality of force. I have charity for all and malice toward no sects which mitigate human suffering and bestow blessed alms upon the sick and poor."

Manly and ringing words that will be printed in every paper in America! And Dr. Hershey will be remembered only by the castigation he received at the hands of Mr. Morton. Americans will resent this onslaught on defenceless women who have consecrated themselves to the care of the sick and poor. They are unwearied in their labors, and if they do solicit alms it is that they may be able to relieve the wretched and indigent. They represent the principles of purity and unselfishness—principles for which this throbbing, impure, grasping world has a reverential respect.

It is scarcely credible that a man with a spark of manhood's fire in him should have devoted himself to the inglorious task of wresting bread from the mouths of

the poor, and such is our confidence in human nature that we would not have believed it had not the letter of the rev. doctor been placed before us.

The Sisters of Charity are respected by even those who repudiate the tenets of their creed, and but recently have we heard a prominent Protestant denouncing their maligners. They have earned a right to the gratitude of Americans. In the bloody war of secession she was a familiar figure in the hospital and in the field of battle and many a boy in blue and many a boy in gray lived to bless the ministering hands that snatched him from death. These things will be remembered when any maligner of the Dr. Hershey stripe strives to bar the Sisters in their ceaseless rounds of charity.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Musicians are awaiting with much eagerness the reported Encyclical of Pope Leo on Church music. They feel that some attempt should be made to exclude the airs that savor of the profane and theatrical and that the beautiful prayers of the Church should be rendered in a manner befitting their dignity and solemnity. We sincerely hope that the change may be effected very soon. One weariness of music that has no bearing on the words of the prayer and serves only to display the vocal culture of the singers. Why not have congregational singing? We believe that it could be done with little difficulty. It has been tried in other places with success.

The Paulist Fathers of New York inaugurated the movement and they were rewarded for their patience and earnestness with very gratifying results. It has been the means of inducing indifferent Catholics to attend the services. They came but perchance through curiosity, but they came again; and no one lingers long within the precincts of a house of God without feeling an impulse to nobler and higher things. The congregational singing educates our people; it gives them a knowledge of our prayers, which indeed they know, but whose meaning they but too often fail to understand. We have attended a service which was sufficed by the congregation, and we confess that its memory is with us still, so beautiful and inspiring was the scene.

One might carp at the lack of training noticeable in the majority of the voices, but the reverent earnestness and the enthusiastic and whole-souled outpouring of melody amply compensated for the technical defects. They seemed to understand what they were singing. There were no repetitions, no operatical flourishes, no high C's so dear to some hearts, but simple words that we could understand. They were singing of the love of God, and the rapt, transfigured faces made us think that it was doing them more good than the learned compositions so often heard in our churches.

We believe that they who are our spiritual guides fully appreciate the advantages of congregational singing and that they await but a favorable opportunity to introduce it.

FANATICAL INTERMEDIERS.

The Protestant Alliance of London, Eng., has a decided faculty for interfering in matters which are none of its business, and for being in consequence snubbed by the high authorities in the land. The deserved rebuff given to the Alliance by her Majesty the Queen, when they protested against the election of Sir Stuart Knill as Lord Mayor of London might have been a lesson to them to curb their bigotry, but it seems they are unteachable.

Last January the soldiers of the Munster Fusiliers, who are nearly all Irish Catholics, being stationed at Rathmines Barracks, Dublin, were permitted by their officers to attend the Forty Hours' Adoration, in the Rathmines Church of Our Lady of Refuge, and to assist as a guard of honor in the Corpus Christi procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The soldiers at the Carragh of Kildare, which is only a few miles distant from Rathmines church, were also allowed to assist at these devotions, a permission of which they gladly availed themselves, for soldiers are usually devout in spite of the evil influences which so often surround them.

This pure act of devotion, the high-minded members of the Protestant Alliance, the boasted vindicators of civil and religious liberty, could not endure; for just like the similar associations which masquerade in Canada under such names as "Equal Right-

ers," "Protestant Protectors," "Sons of England," etc., the only liberty they can endure is the liberty for themselves to trample on those who do not agree with them in religion.

The Alliance, therefore, complained to the War Office that the attendance of the Catholic soldiers at public Catholic worship is a threat against the stability of the British Empire, and should be prohibited under the Articles of War!

Protestant soldiers may attend Baptist dipping exhibitions, Salvation Army parades, travesties of the sacred rites of marriage, and Alliance processions, but if Catholic soldiers take part in an act of pure devotion, fanaticism is aroused to attempt to curtail their liberty.

The Secretary of State for War, Mr. Campbell Bannerman, knew how to appreciate the zeal of these busybodies, which made them appoint themselves guardians of military discipline; but he considered that the officers at the barracks knew their duties quite as well as these fanatics, and so he gave them to understand by his reply, which was as follows, being signed by one of his assistants:

"Sir—I am directed by the Secretary of State for War to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th instant, and to acquaint you, with reference to previous correspondence, that Mr. Campbell Bannerman has, after full inquiry, given every consideration to the memorial addressed to him by the Committee of the Protestant Alliance, and finds nothing calling for any action on his part. He regrets that he is unable to furnish your Committee with a copy of the report submitted by the Commander of the Forces in Ireland on this subject."

It is a custom with bigots on both sides of the Atlantic to endeavor to curtail the liberties of Catholics, and they always express great surprise when Catholics resent their interference. They appear to be of the opinion that Catholics should bow down meekly under the yoke they would impose upon our shoulders and around our necks. Thus there are a few journalists, and several prominent politicians in our midst, who are constantly expressing their indignation because they are accused of fanaticism and bigotry for endeavoring to curtail the liberties of Catholics. These are the same parties, for the most part, who were snubbed as effectually by Lord Stanley when they desired to prevent the settlement of the Quebec Jesuits' claims, as Mr. Campbell Bannerman has done with the Protestant Alliance. They were snubbed also by the electorate of Ontario when they desired to interfere with the Separate school system, and to impose harsh treatment on the French school districts of Ontario. In spite of the lesson thus taught them, there are strong indications that a similar policy is to be tried at the forthcoming provincial campaign. Notwithstanding the claims which our adversaries have made that we should sit by in silence and apathy while they should be permitted full liberty to encroach upon our rights, we shall be on the alert to sound the alarm whenever these encroachments are attempted. Perpetual vigilance is the price at which liberty is to be purchased and preserved.

A momentous question was decided at the Methodist deaconess conference held a few days ago at Chicago. The costume committee recommended that the young ladies engaged in the office should wear black gowns with gathered or plaited skirts, bishop sleeves and round waists. Turn down collars and white cuffs were also suggested, and apparently the costume recommended was accepted by the ladies without much objection; but when the recommendation was made that the hair should be worn plain, with no jewelry solely for ornament, there was quite a breeze. The report states that the girls with "frizzes, montagues, and other pretty fixings" declared that it was "too horrid for anything" that they should be obliged to plaster their hair down flat. Doctor North, of New York, came at once to their defence and said it was "his great delight to look at a crowd of deaconesses with fuzzy hair," and when the vote was taken, the fuzzy hair carried the day by a considerable majority.

The Rev. Dr. Baum, who, as our readers know, undertook to prove that St. Patrick was a Presbyterian, has met with disasters sore in the Maritime Provinces. The learned doctor developed the dangerous habit of forgetting to pay for the hire of his lecture halls. When the discourse was over, the doctor, like the Arabs, folded his tents and silently stole away. Unfortunately, however, the minions of the law pursued him, and he was treated as any common evader of just debts. "Verily the children of this generation are wiser than the children of light."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

At the funeral of the late George W. Abell, president of the A. S. Abell Co., publishers of the *Baltimore Sun*, Cardinal Gibbons paid a most eloquent tribute to the worth of the deceased. Referring to the press, he said "The press is the great vehicle of public thought in our day. It is a colossal engine of truth and of error. It is like the field mentioned in the Gospel, in which good seed and cockles are sown. It penetrates every walk of life and its influence and circulation are daily increasing."

The celebration of thanksgiving in honor of the introduction of the cause of beatification of Joan of Arc took place at Notre Dame of Paris amid circumstances that will go far to render it an epoch-making event in the history of France. Those who imagine that most Parisians pass their

leisure moments in fashioning schemes to thwart and nullify the actions of the Catholic Church will be surprised to learn that fifteen thousand people thronged the cathedral and that fifty thousand were massed in the great square outside. The solemn Mass was celebrated by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris. The most distinguished men of France were present. Chavettes, with a contingent of Pontifical Zouaves, graced the occasion with his presence. It was indeed a scene that will be long remembered, and it was an object lesson to the French Government.

It is pitiful to see some around us "appearing saints when most they play the devil." Such is the scandal-monger, the civilized buzzard.

RECENT reaches us of a very touching incident in connection with the Spanish pilgrimage to Rome. A number of Spanish masons, seeing that some new buildings were in course of erection on the grounds of the Vatican, asked the authorities to give three days holidays to the workmen. They volunteered to fill their places. This manifestation of enthusiastic loyalty to the Holy See so impressed Pope Leo that he ordered a gold medal with his effigy to be given to the masons.

The betrothal of the Princess Alix of Hesse to the Czaritch of Russia, which has recently taken place, is regarded as a triumph of German diplomacy, as it is supposed that there will now be so close a tie between Germany and Russia that the French alliance with the latter power will be broken up, making void all the feastings of the Russian naval officers with French magistrates and officials on the occasion of the visit of the Russian fleet to the various French ports. A curious feature of the contract is the fact that the Princess has agreed to become a member of the Russian Church. This is not the first agreement of the same kind, as it appears that there is a crop of German Princesses who are willing to embrace any new faith for the sake of a husband of high rank. It would seem that a temporal crown is valued by them as of greater worth than an eternal one, as they are so ready to profess faith in what they do not believe for the sake of an earthly crown or a title of nobility.

The *Canadian Magazine* for May comes to us with some charming illustrations. Thomas Champaign writes under the caption of "Popular Superstitions." He alludes to the belief of the Athenians in an unknown God, as an evidence of how the minds of men may adhere to the figments of imagination. We confess our inability to agree with the writer. The belief in an unknown God was the yearning for a life better than the one they possessed, the striving of the human mind to find one who might solve the mysterious problems of their origin and of their destiny. It was no vain superstition that induced the men of Athens to uprear an altar to the unknown God. The versatile Eugene Davis has an entertaining article on French journals and journalists. The other articles are well written.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

The Feast of Pentecost was celebrated with great solemnity at the cathedral. The choir rendered excellent music both morning and evening. At solemn Mass the Bishop officiated, preached and gave the Apostolic Benediction. Mgr. McEvay acted as assistant deacon. Father Hineley, deacon, Father Murphy, sub-deacon and Father Coty master of ceremonies. Before dismissing the congregation His Lordship requested the people to remain a few minutes longer whilst the Holy Sacrament was taken from the tabernacle for exposition and an act of reparation made in atonement for the sacrilegious conduct of the unfortunate wretch who disturbed the service the previous Sunday. The Bishop concluded by giving the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. In the afternoon the Bishop visited eight classes of St. Mary's school. During the week the Bishop, accompanied by Rev. Father Coty, visited all the classes taught in St. Vincent's school by the Ladies of Loretto, and the several classes of the Sacred Heart, St. Thomas, St. Lawrence and St. Patrick's assembled in the parish hall to receive their premium cards and certificates of progress, attendance and good conduct.

On Tuesday morning His Lordship ordained Mr. Anthony Wachter, of Berlin, sub-deacon, and on the following Saturday deacon in his private chapel. On the same morning he officiated at St. Joseph's convent chapel at a reception of postulants and profession of novices. We copy from the *Standard*:

The solemn ceremony of receiving postulants into the order of the Sisters of St. Joseph took place this morning at St. Joseph's convent in the presence of a large gathering of the relatives and friends of the postulants. Four young ladies turned their backs upon the vanities of the world and embraced the religious life, taking the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. The names they have borne in the world, and those which they have assumed, are: Miss A. Carty, of Brantford; Sister Celestia; Miss Lynch, of Pembroke; Sister Anastasia; Miss Donaghy, of Hamilton; Sister Francis Carty; Miss Enright, of Arthur; Sister Madeline. Three Sisters took the final vows—Sisters Euphemia, Delphine and Reta. Rev. Mgr. McEvay celebrated Mass, and

Archbishop of Lyons had exhorted them to receive the ministers with respect and to attend the opening of the exhibition. It is certain that had it not been for this advice and the dignified forbearance of the Archbishop the popular manifestations against the Cabinet would have been more emphatic, to show that the people will not endure such tyranny as the Government has shown in its recent treatment of the Archbishop and other members of the hierarchy.

It is estimated that the charitable and reformatory institutions conducted by Catholics, Protestants and Jews in the State of New York, save the State annually \$2,500,000 which would have to be spent for similar objects if these institutions were closed. The State aids them to the extent of about \$2,500,000, but the work could not be done by State officials for less than \$5,000,000, and then it would be done very imperfectly; yet there are always persons to raise an outcry against giving any State aid to these institutions, the real reason being that a larger share of the work is done by Catholic institutions than by those of any other denomination according to population.

There is being held at New York, under the auspices of the Catholic School Board, an exhibition of the educational work being done by the Catholic parochial schools, colleges, academies and children's asylums of the Archdiocese. Mgr. Farley, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese, has principal charge of the exhibition, several prominent priests being associated with him in the work. Sixty-one parochial schools take part in the exhibition, representing forty thousand pupils, besides St. John's, Manhattan, and St. Francis Xavier's Colleges, De La Salle Institute, sixteen academies, the Catholic Protectorate, and a large number of Asylums and special educational institutions. Entertainments will be given every night for a fortnight by the bands and orchestras of the schools, varied by drills and calisthenic exercises. As the New York Catholic schools have for many years in succession proved themselves to stand in the front rank of the educational institutions of the city and the surrounding country the exhibit cannot fail to be the most interesting educational display ever made in New York.

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WHIT SUNDAY SERVICES AT ST. MARY'S BERLIN.

Whit Sunday of 1894 will be a memorable day in the lives of many members of St. Mary's church, for yesterday forty or more children received their first Communion. The Catholic Church recognizes Whit-Sunday as one of the most solemn occasions in the Church year, and it is one on which its always impressive services are conducted with unusual religious pomp and ceremony.

Sunday was a typical May day; sunshine and sweet scented blossoms everywhere—symbolical of the youth and innocence of the young hearts about to make their first Communion. The interior of the church was beautifully bedecked with flowers and fine linen, making a cheerful festooned scene. At 10 o'clock the church doors were opened, and the celebrant, Rev. Father Kleopier, entered the church and began the opening ceremonies of celebrating a solemn High Mass, assisted by Rev. John Kosinski, as deacon, and A. Waechter as sub-deacon. At a certain stage in the proceedings the college band, stationed near the school building, struck up a sacred selection, and the forty children who for weeks had been receiving instruction from the Sisters for this great day of their lives, marched by twos towards the church, the boys neatly dressed in dark suits and the young girls in pure white with white cloth head-dresses, and carrying a large wax taper, adorned with roses. Arrived at the church door they were met by the celebrant and his attendants, when all marched up to the fore-part of the church and the ceremony was resumed.

Rev. Father Kosinski delivered an appropriate sermon in English, after reading a portion of the gospel and in which he pointed out in very forcible terms the real meaning of man's service to God, Christ's work for man. His welcome to those who worship Him, the young hearts of an occasion of this kind when forty children are about to offer their young hearts to the Saviour and their services to the church, and what thoughts this scene must recall to their parents and friends of the time when they themselves made their first Communion.

After the conclusion of the sermon the celebrant administered Holy Communion to the children; sweet appropriate music being given during this, as well as other parts of the ceremony, and the whole forming a scene that will never be forgotten by those young hearts met by their friends.

The Rev. Father Kleopier then spoke to them in German, very kindly and so simply that the youngest could understand him, impressing on their minds the nature of the act just performed, and exhorting them to be faithful, loving followers of Christ their Lord.

In the afternoon a concluding ceremony was conducted in the church, but none in the evening so that the children who have been studying for many days might enjoy the unbroken round of home life, after so important a season.

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On Tuesday the Bishop visited His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, who is expected to honor with his presence the dedication of the new church of St. Joseph, the most magnificent which takes place on Sunday, the 21th of June.

CONFIRMATION AT DUNDAS.

On Sunday last (Trinity Sunday) His Lordship visited Dundas. Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the people, Monsignor Heenan for the first time in full canonicals in his own parish. The Monsignor was assisted by Father Maligan deacon and Father Coty as sub-deacon. The Bishop presided at the throne and was assisted by Monsignor McEvay, who also wore his purple. It was a red letter day for Dundas, and the people showed their appreciation, as the large church was packed, notwithstanding the inclement weather. After Mass the Bishop examined the children, preached, and complimented pastor and people, confirmed one hundred and ten candidates, including several adults and converts, and concluded by imparting the Apostolic Benediction and Plenary Indulgence in the name of the Holy Father.

In the evening the Bishop returned to the city and visited St. Lawrence church, where he assisted at Vespers, preached a sermon on the Blessed Eucharist, and concluded the pastor and people on the piety of the parish as proved by the fact that between five and six hundred had received Holy Communion during the last three days, and concluded the exercise of the devotion of the Forty Hours by carrying the Blessed Sacrament in procession through the church under a splendid silk canopy borne by six gentlemen of the congregation. The exercise closed with a grand Te Deum by the choir. Father Brady was ably assisted by the four priests of the Cathedral parish, who heard confessions during the week. The Bishop afterwards presided at a meeting of the men of the parish in the St. Lawrence hall. The Lawrence parish continues to increase and prosper under its indefatigable pastor.

THE FORTY HOURS DEVOTION IN BRANTFORD.

On Sunday, May 14 the forty hours devotion in honor of the Blessed Sacrament was begun in St. Basil's church. Although all were looking forward to the exercises for the first time held in this parish, none were prepared for the general enthusiasm the devotion called forth. From High Mass on Sunday until after the High Mass on Wednesday morning there was no time when the church was upon that there were not many worshippers on their knees before the sanctuary. On Tuesday and Wednesday mornings there was Mass at 5:30 o'clock, at which hundreds received Holy Communion, and at High Mass at 9 o'clock. On the three days of the exercises there were large congregations present. The priests who were here to assist in the work of the devotion nearly all preached sermons at some of the services. On Sunday at High Mass Rev. Father Henneley, of Brantford, preached; and in the evening Father Murphy, of Ingersoll—on Monday morning Father Lynch, of Caledonia; Father Murphy, of Brantford, on Tuesday evening; Father Halter, of Berlin; Tuesday morning, Father Burke, of Oakville; Tuesday evening, Father Corcoran, of La Salette; on Wednesday morning Father Cosgrove, of Elora closed the services. All the sermons were most appropriate, and the church was crowded at every service. The visiting priests were occupied in the confessional from 5 o'clock in the morning until midnight; upwards of one thousand people received Holy Communion. While at first seeming to be designed as a means of encouragement to those who had been dilatory to comply with the duty of paschal Communion, the devotion developed into a mission, which, though of short duration, was fuller of ardor and enthusiasm than any ever held in the parish. It proved more needed than the altar upon the Catholic religion in Brantford, and not injured those at whom they were aimed here we have it in abundance. After a year of the bitterest agitation we have known, in a town where the most questionable characters could get an audience, our people are firmer in the faith and more ardent in its practice than ever before. The priests who were here to help us, all from neighboring towns less in size than our own, impressed us strangely by their ability and devotedness, and left with us the impression that the Catholic religion in this portion of Canada is in charge of men of the greatest piety, purity and ability. Every detail of the forty hours devotion was most perfect. The opening and closing services included the chanting of the Litany of the Saints, and there was High Mass each day. The sanctuary was beautifully decorated with a natural flowers tastefully arranged. Our people will long remember the occasion, and will welcome the announcement of its repetition whenever it occurs.

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OUT OF THE CHURCH NO SALVATION.

Philadelphia Catholic Times. There is no doctrine of the Church that has met with more vigorous and indignant protest than that expressed in the above heading; and yet, when properly understood, no doctrine is more evident and reasonable on the hypothesis admitted by all Christians that the will of God is the supreme law for His rational creatures.

We propose to enter somewhat into details and free this doctrine from misconceptions and at the same time show that every one who believes Christ to be the Eternal Son of God and that He established a Church on earth, must also believe that Church is the only ordinary means of salvation, and that those who are not within it are not in the way of salvation.

The teaching of the Church on this subject is: First, that God wills the salvation of all men; second, that no one can be saved but by the merits of Jesus Christ—there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved (Acts iv., 12); third, that he who hears not the Church must be regarded as a heathen and a publican; if he will not hear the Church let him be to the heathen and publican (Matt. xviii., 17); fourth, that he who hears the Gospel preached by the properly commissioned ministers of the Church, according to the order established by God, and who thus hearing refuses to believe, will be condemned. "Go ye," said our Lord, "into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

He that believeth not shall be condemned; fifth, that he who hears those properly commissioned ministers hear Jesus Christ; that he who despises them despises Him, and he who despises Christ despises Him who sent Him. "He that heareth you heareth Me. He that despiseth you despiseth Me. And he that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me (Luke x., 17); sixth, that the Church of God is one, both as to doctrine and pastoral ministry; that whoever breaks the unity of doctrine by heresy or the unity of ministry by schism ceases by the fact to be a part of the Church, outside of which there is no salvation.

The reason why there is no salvation outside the Church is simple; thus, he who despised the authority of the Church despises Jesus Christ; he who is a rebel against the Church of Christ is a rebel against Christ Himself; he who rebels against Christ is a rebel against God, and he who is in revolt against God and perseveres in his rebellion cannot be saved. This principle is incontestable. All who recognize the existence of a Supreme Being and His providence, Jew and Christian, Mahomedan and Pagan, recognize at the same time that they cannot resist His commands with impunity.

Much as they disclaim against it, Protestants themselves have recognized the maxim, "Out of the Church there is no salvation."

According to the Helvetic confession of 1566 "there is no salvation outside the Church no more than there is safety outside the ark; if you wish to have life you must not separate from the Church of Jesus Christ."

The Saxon Confession (Art. 12) says: "It is a great consolation for us to know that there are no inheritors of eternal life except in the assembly of the elect (in the Church)."

The Belgic Confession says: "We believe and confess one only Catholic Church (in the Protestant sense). Whoever forsakes this true Church manifestly revolts against the ordinances of God."

The Scotch Confession says: "We firmly believe that Church is one. We utterly detest the blasphemous of those who pretend that all men, by following equity and justice, whatever religion they otherwise profess, shall be saved. For without Christ there is no salvation."

The Catechism of Geneva teaches that "There is nothing but damnation and death for him who is out of the Church." * * * Yes, without doubt, all those who separate from the communion of the faithful, to form a separate sect, must never expect salvation as long as they remain in that state of separation.

Calvin in his Institutes, book iv., chap. 1, says: "Out of the bosom of the Church there is no hope of remission of sins or of salvation."

Pearson, Anglican Bishop of Chester, in his Exposition of the Creed, says: "The Lord has not made two ways to go to heaven; He has not established His Church to save some persons, while others are saved in a different manner."

By "the Church" all these Protestant authorities meant, of course, the Church or sect to which they severally belonged. But that makes no difference. The principle "out of the Church, no salvation," is the same. In this they were perfectly logical, so long as they believed the Church to which they belonged to be the true Church of Christ.

We come now to the meaning of the maxim. We must determine what is meant by "out of the Church," and who is responsible for being out.

It is not true, as Protestants and Infidels are fond of asserting, that Catholics condemn all those who do not belong to the body of the Church. They condemn only those for being out of the Church who are voluntary heretics, schismatics or Infidels: those who will not hear the Church, who despise the Church, and who, knowing its teachings, remain separate from it. They, in obedience to the command of Christ, condemn only those who are obstinately disobedient to the Church of Christ. "If he will not hear the

Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican." [Matt. xviii., 17.]

The maxim then, "Out of the Church no salvation," means simply that those Infidels, heretics and schismatics who know the true Church and refuse to enter it become guilty of obstinacy against the will of God. The Church goes no further than this.

According to Catholic theologians, the Church has members hidden in the sects separated from unity. The grace of baptism may be preserved, or, if lost, recovered by the repentance and perfect contrition of those whom good faith, prejudices of early education and morally invincible ignorance still hold in heterodox communions.

The theologians of the University of Paris hold that "children of uneducated parents partake neither of heresy nor schism; that they are excused by their invincible ignorance of the state of things; that they may, with the grace of God, lead a pure and innocent life; that God does not impute to them the errors to which they are attached by an invincible ignorance; that they may thus belong to the soul of the Church with faith, hope and charity.

This explanation is not new or suggested as a means of removing an objection, for both ancient and modern doctors of the Church have taught that one can be in error without being a heretic or without his error having the effect of separating him from the Church. Only those who obstinately remain in error are heretics. He who does not know the doctrines and decisions of the Church is not a heretic, even though he professes heresy. Heresy of this kind is like the sin which one commits through involuntary ignorance; for instance, the breaking of a law of whose existence one is ignorant. In this case the sin is only material, not formal, and is therefore in itself not an obstacle to salvation.

"We must not," says St. Augustine, "rank among heretics those who carefully seek after the truth, and who are in a disposition to embrace it as soon as discovered."

"If," says Challoner, "error comes from invincible ignorance it excludes from sin of heresy, providing a person be ready to embrace the truth immediately it shall present itself to him."

When these authorities say that those who are in error through no fault of their own are not heretics, they mean that they are still members of the Church. Hence Nicole says: "It is, therefore, true, according to all Catholic theologians, that there is a great number of living members and true children of the Church in communions separated from her; since there are so many infants, who always form a considerable part of them, and since there might also be some among the adults, although she does not pay attention to it because she does not know them."

Commenting on these and other like statements Bishop Trevern, author of the Discussion Antidote, says: "Religion teaches Catholics to judge the doctrines and forbids them to judge the persons of men. Of course, therefore, they maintain the principles and never allow themselves to condemn those who are out of their Church; they leave them to the judgment of God. He alone knows the bottom of the heart and the graces that He gives; He alone can judge the actual disposition of the souls that He calls to His tribunal. This doctrine is conformable with the spirit of Christianity, and shows to great advantage the extent of Catholicity, whilst it forbids us to mark out its precise boundaries. It also fully exculpates Catholics from that imputation of enmity and spirit of intolerance which people are fond of lodging against them."

What has been said thus far relates to those who have received the sacrament of baptism. We will now consider the case of those who are not baptized, such as Jews, Mahomedans and Pagans. The unbelief of those may be of three kinds, namely, positive, private and negative. It is positive in those who despise and reject the teaching of the Gospel when it is made known to them; private in those who are culpably ignorant of the divinity of Christianity; and negative in those who never heard of Christianity. Those of the first and second kinds are not free from guilt, because their unbelief is voluntary, deliberate, formal. Of these two classes of unbelievers our Lord spoke when He said: "If I had not come and spoken to them they would not have sin; but now they have no excuse for their sin." [John xv., 22.] That is after the Gospel had been preached to them. The nature of their sin can be seen from the following text: "All the day long have I spread My hands to a people that believeth not and contradicted Me." [Romans x., 21.] Those of the third class, that is, whose unbelief is negative, are not to be condemned, because their unbelief is the result of involuntary ignorance of causes over which they have no control. Referring to this last class, St. Paul asks: "How, then, shall they call on Him [the Lord] in whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?" [Romans x., 14.] The Church has solemnly condemned the proposition that purely negative infidelity is a sin in those to whom the Gospel has not been preached.

In reference to unbelief the Church condemns only those who despise and reject Christ in rejecting the Gospel when announced to them.

It can be affirmed without fear of running counter to the decisions of the Church that unbelievers who have not

known the gospel are in the same state in which the Gentiles were before the coming of the Messiah. They have no other duties to fulfil in religion and morals than those which they know from the natural law and from traditions, more or less mutilated, concerning God, Divine Providence, the promise, more or less confused, of a Redeemer and the existence of another life. The Saviour came not for the destruction but for the salvation of the world. We cannot suppose that salvation became impossible to whole nations from the moment that the Redeemer consummated the work of the redemption of the human race.

The unbeliever who accepts as coming from God all that he knows of the true religion, and who sincerely desires to know the will of God, believes by that fact implicitly what Christians believe. And his faith, however imperfect, being the effect of a grace denied to no one, can absolutely suffice to salvation. If then he knows the law of God, so far as he knows it, he will work out his salvation. But he will be saved in the Church, to the soul of which he belongs by the interior gifts of grace.

It is true he cannot enter into the kingdom of God save by baptism. But theologians, according to the spirit of the gospel and the teaching of the fathers, distinguish three kinds of baptism—the baptism of water, the baptism of desire and the baptism of blood. Now the baptism of desire, or the desire of baptism, in him who loves God above all things, supplies the sacrament. The Council of Trent teaches that baptism is necessary in fact or in desire—in *revel in voto*. (Session vi., ch. iv.) An implicit desire of baptism is that desire one has who, having no knowledge of baptism, is disposed to do all that God requires of him as a means of salvation. Many doctors of the Church can be cited in support of this view; among them St. Thomas and St. Liguori, who require in default of baptism an implicit desire of the sacrament, together with a perfect love of God.

In affirming the necessity of baptism for the spiritual regeneration of man, the Church regards it as necessary only from the time the Gospel is promulgated; *post promulgatum evangelium*, says the Council of Trent. Now this promulgation has not been simultaneous but successive. The law of baptism could not then have been obligatory on all men at the same time. Could so many people who could know nothing of the Gospel or of baptism until many centuries after the death of the apostles be left without any means of salvation? Did the primitive remedies which the patriarchs had against original sin suddenly fail everywhere the moment baptism was instituted or from the moment of its promulgation in certain places by the apostles? We may believe that these primitive remedies retained their validity among the Gentiles as long as the law of the Gospel was not sufficiently promulgated among them. The blessings of the Gospel which we possess have not made the condition of those who know not the Gospel worse than it was before the coming of the Redeemer.

In conclusion the Church condemns only those who are formally, that is voluntarily, infidels, heretics or schismatics; only those who through pride reject the Gospel and refuse to hear that Church of which Christ said, "He that will not hear the Church let him be to thee as the heathen and publican." Such is the sense of the maxim "Out of the Church no salvation."

The Month of May.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin has been, from the earliest ages of the Church, considered one of the most important points of Catholic doctrine, and one of the most efficacious means of obtaining the grace of God. It is founded on the cardinal principle, that, as all honor comes from God, those who have been most highly favored by the Most High, deserve the highest reverence and respect from their fellow creatures. And as Mary, by becoming the mother of Jesus Christ, who was at once God and man, was exalted above and beyond the rest of the children of Adam, she is necessarily entitled to the greatest veneration of the human race. By honoring her, we do not detract in the slightest from the supreme worship which we pay to God alone; on the contrary, by giving Her our love and respect, we indirectly praise the Lord, who has seen fit to elevate our human nature, by raising one of the daughters of Eve to the high office of Mother of God.

Hence, following the example of the Archangel Gabriel, who saluted Mary with the title "full of Grace," the Church has at all times evinced an anxious desire that Her children should pay a fitting meed of respect to Mary, Mother of God.

Of one thing we may rest assured and it is, that there is no more effectual way of acquiring the blessing of perseverance in the grace of Jesus than by devoutly honoring and piously invoking the help and protection of Mary, His Mother.

We should, therefore, resolve to make good and earnest efforts to spend this month of May in holiness of life and purity of conduct, in imitation of the example given us by the Saints of God, who were all devout clients of the Blessed Virgin to whose intercession they have attributed their continuance in the holy work and their triumph over the snares of evil. And we, too, if we but follow their example in this respect will experience, in abundant manner, the power and efficacy of her who is justly, styled the Help of Christians and the Refuge of Sinners.

THE BIBLE AND THE SUPERNATURAL.

The New York Sun, commenting on the tendency to skepticism and unbelief in the supernatural, says:

"The transformation in Protestant belief, more particularly during the last ten years alone, has been unexampled in the history of Christianity."

This is no doubt true, but the Sun errs in accounting for it. A writer in the Forum attributes this change to "a slow but perceptible movement in the direction of the intellectual and somewhat away from the more emotional aspects of the subject." The Sun, commenting on this proposition, says: "That means that it has been away from faith." Now it is not true that a movement from the emotional towards the intellectual is a movement away from faith, for faith is not an emotional but a purely intellectual act, an assent to the truth for adequate motives, a conviction resting on the highest evidence that can be presented to the intellect as a motive of inference.

The writer in the Forum is equally wrong in attributing the decadence of faith in the Protestant world to a change from an emotional to an intellectual view of religion. The decadence of faith is the logical result of the fundamental principle of Protestantism, private judgment, the rejection of a supernatural authority in things supernatural. From the time that this principle was proclaimed there has been nothing but discord among those who adopted and put it into practice. A false principle once implanted in society will sooner or later pass through the process of evolution, and work out logically its evil results. The false, like the true, has its laws of development, the one for evil, the other for good. If the false principle of private judgment in matters of religion, introduced by the so-called reformers of the sixteenth century, has not as yet landed in pure skepticism it is because of the positive and preservative influence of the Catholic Church in the Christian world.

The Sun, continuing its criticism, says:

"Instead of believing without question, even people of spiritual attentiveness are now examining the evidences of the supernatural in a cool, intellectual and scientific spirit which is essentially opposed to faith."

The assumption here that the faithful must believe without question is gratuitous. Every one who has the intellectual capacity to believe anything whatever must have some reason, good or bad, for doing so. He must question and find some reason for giving his intellectual assent or he cannot give it. This is a law of the mind, without which it cannot act, whatever may be the subject of its contemplation.

The assumption that faith is essentially opposed to a cool, intellectual, scientific spirit is equally gratuitous and can be accounted for in the Sun only by the fact announced by telegraph that Mr. Dana is in Berlin. It is a modern fal, this attempting to make skepticism identical with a cool, intellectual, scientific spirit of inquiry.

Speaking of what it regards as the "cool, intellectual and scientific spirit," the Sun says: "It disregards the source whence that belief (in the supernatural) is derived by discrediting the Bible as a book written by inspiration of God."

This statement is evidently not the result of that cool, intellectual and scientific spirit of which the writer speaks as if it were an old neighbor of his; for if he had reflected he would have recognized the fact that the Bible is not, and from the nature of things cannot be, the source of belief in the supernatural. Belief in the Bible presupposes a belief in the supernatural, as revelation presupposes a revealer, the act agent. The truth, then, is precisely the opposite of what the Sun asserts, namely, belief in the supernatural is the source of belief in the Bible. It is this belief in the supernatural that makes belief in the supernatural origin of the Bible possible, for one cannot believe the Bible to be the Word of God until he believe that God is; and as God is the supernatural—and all there is of it—to believe in Him is to believe in the supernatural. Hence, if Dr. Briggs and other skeptical critics were to destroy the Bible as a divine revelation, they would not in the least effect logically the belief in the supernatural, though no doubt they would give a severe blow to the faith of those who believe in the Bible alone as the sole rule of faith, as the only means of knowing the will of God.

The Sun continues thus: "Under such circumstances it is inevitable that the faith in the future life that is derived solely from the Bible and based on Scriptural authority alone, should give way to mere speculation, the subject being one of which men can know nothing except by inspiration from God."

Here the writer confounds belief in the supernatural with a knowledge of the will of the supernatural. Belief in the supernatural does not depend on the Bible, nor does it depend on revelation at all, in the ordinary acceptance of that term. Men believed in God before He said to Moses, "I am who am." God affirms Himself directly to the intellect, otherwise He could never be known, for no created medium could affirm Him to the mind, as the finite cannot induce the idea of the infinite. It is in the light of this divine and immediate affirmation that human reason can apprehend the Supreme Being without the medium of book or prophet. God can be known by reason. But while reason can lead to the knowledge of the existence of

God, it cannot lead to a full knowledge of what that existence implies; in other words, it cannot lead to a knowledge of the will of God. To know this revelation is necessary in some form, written or unwritten.

We have italicized certain words in the above quotation to draw attention to the difference in the position of the Catholic and the Protestant. The Sun is certainly right in saying that a belief in a future life which depends solely on the Bible, on Scriptural authority alone, must fall when belief in the Bible fails. On the Protestant principle there is no other means of knowing the will of God; that means failing, the connection is broken. With the Catholic it is different. He believes that the Son of God established a living Church to teach all nations, with His authority, a Church cannot err. He believes all this independently of the Bible as an inspired book. He believes all this not with credulity, but with reason. Hence he is not frightened by the critics. If all the Bibles in existence were suddenly annihilated the catastrophe would not effect his faith. The Church of Christ will stand till the end of time, teaching all nations.—Philadelphia Catholic Times.

Eucharistic League.

A society of American priests and prelates has been started, the object of which is to promote the Eucharistic life. They have adopted the name of the "Priests' Eucharistic League." The members pledge themselves: 1stly, to spend at least one hour every week in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament; 2ndly, to further, by all means in their power, practical devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

Arrangements have been made by the bishops and priests who are members of the league for a conference next summer at Notre Dame, which is likely to result in a Eucharistic Congress in 1895. Those who are aware of the admirable results of the congresses held in the Old World will rejoice to hear of the proposed convention, and pray for its success. No set programme has yet been arranged for this preliminary meeting; but we learn that on the first day Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, and a sermon preached by the Right Rev. Bishop of Covington. In the evening there will be an hour of adoration in common. The day following, a Pontifical Mass of Requiem will be celebrated by the Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne. The convention will close most appropriately with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

It is none too soon to arrange for a Eucharistic Congress next year, and it is assuring to know that the preparations for it have been conceived in the spirit of the first promoters of the movement. There will be no outcry in the newspapers, but silent prayer before the Tabernacle; no noisy harangues, but only spiritual conferences.—Ave Maria.

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CHAPPED HANDS AND LIPS, cracked skin, sores, cuts, wounds and bruises are promptly cured by Victoria Carbolic Salve.

Cottolene

A SHORTENING.

Down the street through the busy way A lady passed on marketing day.

Who, pausing at a grocery store, Stopped quickly in at the open door. With bated breath and anxious mien She queried: "have you COTTOLENE?"

The grocer, leaving off his work, Interrogated every clerk; But none up to that time had seen An article called "COTTOLENE."

"What is it?" said he to the dame, "That answers to this curious name. What is it made of? What's its use? My ignorance you'll please excuse."

"You're not the merchant for my dimes, I see you're quite behind the times. For COTTOLENE, I'd have you know, Is now the thing that's all the go, An article of high regard; A healthful substitute for lard. Its composition pure and clean; For cooking give me COTTOLENE."

As from his store the lady fled, The grocer gently scratched his head— On his next order, first was seen, "One dozen cases COTTOLENE."

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Second Sunday after Pentecost.

INGRATITUDE.

A certain man made a great supper, and invited many. . . And they began all at once to make excuses.

You know, my dear brethren, the parable given by our Divine Lord in the Gospel of today. The principal point of it is in the words which you have just heard.

You know this parable, and I think you also know well its meaning. As our Saviour uttered it the coldness and ingratitude of those whom He had come to save rose up before Him.

And, in particular, He foresaw that the crowing gift which He had in store for His rebellious and ungrateful children—His own Body and Blood, which He was to leave them in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, and in which He was to remain with them even after His work was done and the time come for Him to return to His Father—would be rejected by the greater part even of Christians with the same indifference with which His other sacrifices were to be met.

Alas! my dear brethren, children of this God and Father who has done so much for us, I fear that some even of you who hear My words have once more thus grievously His heart and despised His love. In all this long time of Lent and Easter which has just gone by you have missed the duty to which the most sacred and solemn of all the laws of the Church has called you.

But still our Lord has not yet treated you as you have treated Him. He has not yet said to you, as the host said in the parable: "None of you that were invited shall taste of my supper." No; once more, in this great festival of Corpus Christi, He makes yet another appeal to you, to put aside your excuses, and to come to Him with all your heart and soul. Do not, I beseech you, continue to insult and despise Him who thus humbles Himself before you, and still tries to remind you of His goodness and mercy. Come to Him without delay, and make amends for your past neglect: all will be forgiven and forgotten. But remember, if tempted to reject Him once more, and to postpone your return, that even His infinite mercy will at last have to yield to His justice: that His loving Spirit cannot strive with you forever.

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The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time; on the contrary they want the best. Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion is the best form of Cod Liver Oil.

Send for "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrappers bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner than a Man?" to LEVER BROS., Ltd., 49 Scott Street, Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising, and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market, and it will cost less postage to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

About two months ago I was nearly wild with headache. I started taking Burdock Blood Bitters, took two bottles and my headaches have now altogether disappeared. I think it is a grand medicine.

MISS A. DOWNIE, Manotick, Ont. HOAST is the old Scotch name for a cough. The English name for the best cure for coughs is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

My Daily Cross.

If souls could know the priceless worth of every daily cross, The crosses sent by Providence To cleanse the gold from dross.

If they could feel with every pang, A Father's gentle hand, That soothes the irritated wound, And holds the healing band.

If they could see, when terrors chill And stormy clouds o'erspread, A Father's eye directing all, A Father's smile o'erhead.

In every harsh, unkindly voice, If they could learn to hear A Father's accents whispering low, "My child, am I not near?"

In every hard, distasteful task, To recognize His will, And bravely kiss the proffered cross, And sing their "Fiat" still.

To all but sin their "Fiat" cry, To all their will resign, Who then, but God, could count their wealth Their treasury divine?

A little while and even here God's grace, His presence and His love— To these they would be heirs.

Courage, my soul! attempt the height, Can ought be counted ill, That comes through God's dear Providence, Is sent by His sweet will?

The Knight of Hapsburg.

Twice morning, clear and cold, the sun shone brightly on the lofty peaks of the Alps, bathing their glistening heads in its light. On the side of the mountain a noble stag was resting. Suddenly the silence on the mountain-side was broken by the baying of hounds.

The antlered monarch sprang up, tossed his head high, listened for a moment, then, fleet as the wind, sped away to the thickets in the plain. Ah! well for the deer that he fled with such haste, for on his track was the renowned hunter, Sir Rudolph of Hapsburg, at the head of a hunting train.

Catching sight of the stag, the hunter gave a joyful shout, and with spur and rein urged on his gallant steed leaving the other hunters far in the rear.

On he pressed: the din of the chase became fainter and fainter; he was about to sound a bugle-call, when a soft sound struck on his ear, the silvery sound of a bell; he reined in his foaming charger, and gazed up the mountain pass. Ah!—Sir Rudolph dismounted in haste, took off his plumed hat, and reverently bent upon his knees.

Who approached? The knight of Hapsburg was Lord of all that land, but a mightier Lord than he drew near, and before him he bowed in submission. An aged priest with bowed head and clasped hands carrying next his heart the King of kings, Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, toiled across the rocky way. A little boy ringing a bell, walked in advance. When the priest reached the spot where Sir Rudolph knelt the knight arose and requested the priest to mount his horse.

"For the sake of Him you bear grant me this signal favor: ride the steed of mine," he whispered. "Nay, Sir Knight," the priest replied, "that must not be, your train await you in the plain below." "My train must ride without me to-day," the knight made reply: "it would not be worthy of a knight to ride while his Lord passed by borne on foot—his Lord who bore the cross for him."

The priest demurred no longer, but mounted the horse, and Sir Rudolph with careful step and reverent mien, led the way down the rugged path. Noble Sir Rudolph, gay as a boy, in the chase, bravest of all in the battlefield, whose sword would leap from his scabbard, in the cause of right, yet never struck a fallen foe, gravest at the council board, yet never was he a truer knight than when as page to the servant of his Lord!

They reached the house of the sick person. The dying sinner was prepared for his journey to eternity. The priest, with Sir Rudolph at his bridle-rein, returned again to the place where they had met; here the priest was about to dismount but the knight stayed him, saying: "I shall never mount again the steed that bore my Lord. Be pleased to keep him, Father. In the holy Mass remember my poor soul." One moment the priest paused then raised his hand, blessed the knight, and said: "Brave knight when nine years have run their course thou shalt be well rewarded for thy service to-day."

The nine years sped quickly by, and the youthful Lord of Hapsburg had reached the full flush of manhood, nor did he belie the promise of his youth. He was still brave, chivalrous and Catholic to the heart's core. The throne of Germany became vacant, and by general assent Sir Rudolph was chosen emperor. The gay hunter of the Alps, the royal head of the German land! On the day of his coronation as he knelt before the altar, the words of the aged priest came back to his mind. "Thy loving Master shall reward thy service of to-day."

allied English and Dutch fleet of more than a hundred sail, under the command of Admiral Russel, appeared before the town of Sables d'Olonne, on the shore of the Bay of Biscay, with the intention of bombarding the place. Daniel Fricand, a native fisherman, had previously been captured while at sea in his fishing-smack.

When the admiral's vessel had approached as close as the depth of water permitted to the town, the poor fisherman was brought on deck and ordered, under penalty of instant death, if he disobeyed or deceived his captors, to give to the gunners, who stood waiting at their guns, information regarding the shape and extent of the city, which would enable them to destroy it.

Sables d'Olonne, being built partly upon a sandy peninsula, and partly upon and behind rocks of a higher elevation, were unable to judge for themselves, and were forced to depend on what they could learn from their prisoner, the fisherman.

But he was a poor, ignorant fellow, who appeared greatly terrified at their threats, and they did not believe he would dare attempt to mislead them. He pointed without the least hesitation at a cluster of buildings near the wharves, telling them that behind these lay concealed the greater part of the town.

At once the thunders of the fleet broke forth, and bombs were hurled by hundreds at the place thus indicated. In a short time smoke and flame arose, and increased so rapidly in volume that the triumphant enemy were assured they had caused a terrible conflagration; but if they were delighted Daniel Fricand was astonished.

He had not for a moment entertained the idea of giving over his native place to destruction, and had pointed out a quarter in which he knew there were but a few boat-houses, sail-lofts, and fishermen's huts, not all of which burning at once would cause such a blaze as he beheld. But he held his peace, and when the bombardment was over, he was allowed to return to his fishing-smack and come safely to shore, while the fleet sailed away in the full belief that they left behind them a city in ashes.

He found on his return that his quick-witted fellow-townsmen, perceiving that the bombs were falling where they did the least harm, and fearing that if the enemy saw no result they would seek and find a more destructive line of fire, had hastily heaped huge bonfires and lighted them within range of the guns.

This ruse had prevented his own trick from being discovered, and besides assisting to preserve the city had in all probability kept the neck of Daniel Fricand from a rope run up to the yard-arm of Admiral Russel's ship.

A bomb, fired from the fleet in the attack, has recently been mounted upon a neat pedestal with a simple inscription, and serves as a monument to the Biscay fisherman of two centuries ago.—Youth's Companion.

Some are by the sands are flowing, Some are on the mountains rising, Some are coming, some are going: Do not strive to grasp them all. Do not by one thy duties wait, Let thy whole strength go to each: Love no future dream, but love the day. Learn then first what these can teach.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR. Words of kindness we have spoken May, when we have passed away, Head, perhaps, a spirit broken, Guide a brother led astray. —J. HAGEN.

MAY THOUGHTS.

Seated on my door-step this balmy evening I gazed at the beautiful sky all aglow with colors caught from the setting sun; soft cloudlets tinged with crimson are floating high up in the ocean of blue.

The voice of spring has sent forth its breezy call, and out from their graves where he laid them, Nature's children start again to life? They answer the awakening call of spring. "I come," say the crocus the grasses, the leaves and the flowers all as they fling out their delicate fragrance to be borne away by the balmy southern breeze.

May has come to us this year, all her old-time sweetness, trailing her robes of pale green brocade and starred with various tints and hues. The soft wind whispers down into the ears of the flowers that May is here, and the "beauteous sisterhood" are arising quickly from their lowly beds to deck with beauty the grassy meadows. The warbling of birds, and the hum of the bees, is heard from the leafy boughs of the budding trees, that lately stood bleak and naked, but now re-clothed in loveliness, like the dry bones of the just when they wake in Paradise.

Surely with her budding flowers, her leafy trees, and sweet mild air, gentle spring is Nature's resurrection angel, calling, with genial voice, her beauties from earth's dark bosom. So shall it be one day with us when the Angel shall call us from our lonely graves to a happy new life.

Ah! that will be a glorious awakening which shall last for eternity, not as the flowers, to wither and die again, but to dwell in bliss forever. But hark! the bell from our dear, little church breaks my evening dream. "Come, children, come, gather at Our Lady's shrine," it says. Obeying its call the people are flocking to the church, where in those sweet May evenings our venerated pastor speaks to us of love for God's Holy Mother, our own dear Queen of May, and of confidence in her. I fancy as we kneel for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament that our thoughts are kindled by our sides and afterwards ascend to Heaven to lay at Our Lady's feet the spiritual garlands we twine for her, and she, fond mother! smiles lovingly down on her faithful children. Therefore let us try to gather many flowers of virtue for her from the gardens of our hearts, and weed out all noxious plants of sin, so that when our eyes closed in death, we shall hear from our Master, "Well done! good and faithful servant," and be received into our Mother's arms, with unutterable tenderness, and with her dwell forever in God's fair home. ALICE.

ALPLAUDED IN CHURCH.

All Soul's church, Chicago, was not large enough to accommodate the throng that came to hear Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, last Sunday. Mr. Jones spoke on "Contributions of the Catholic Church to Our Civilization" and applied his arguments and deductions to the A. P. agitators. His listeners seemed in full sympathy with him and toward the end of his discourse became so enthusiastic as to lead to the somewhat unusual incident of hearty applause being injected into a Sunday morning religious service. Mr. Jones said in part:

The Catholic Church has tried to throw its encircling arm around all classes, from pauper to emperor. It has sought to rear the crucifix in every latitude and in all longitudes. Its dream is as comprehensive in time as it is in space. Its venerable arches seek to bridge the chasm between the ancient and modern worlds. Its vernacular reaches from the most barbaric tongue of the South American Indian to the classic tongues of Greece and Rome.

But: indeed is the mind that can contemplate such an ideal unmoved. And then think of the devotion and toil that for eighteen hundred years have struggled for the realization of this inclusive ideal. Shallow and hard is the mind that can dismiss with flippancy or contempt or sarcasm the Catholic Church in the presence of its stupendous history. How beautiful is its dream of spiritual life—a power that can silence worldly ambition, hush the storm of human passion, bid the inquisitive agitations of reason be still, wrap the soul in a mantle of trust and fill the heart with communion with the unseen and eternal verities of heaven.

It is not given to the human soul to realize its ideals, but the Catholic Church has succeeded in embodying more of its ideals than are given to most human dreams. Its antiquity is in question. Would that we might realize what this means. How rare are the things that survive a century; and yet here is a Church that has withstood seven centuries upon a constant thread and wears them like a necklace of pearls upon her bosom.

More than any other institution, the Catholic Church has succeeded in breaking down the aristocracy of blood and the pride of wealth. A peasant has worn and may still wear the miter and the triple crown. Maid and mistress, master and slave, do kneel side by side at her altars to-day as they do not in any other Church in Christendom.

Times Have Changed.

It is easy to imagine that the bones of Cotton Mather, and the other worthies in old Copp's Hill burying-ground, must be rattling in futile indignation at the strange going on in that stronghold of Protestantism, Harvard University. For the first time in its history a Catholic priest has preached in Appleton Chapel; and, what is more, received most earnest attention and reverent appreciation from students and faculty, without regard to creed or lack of creed.

And this is not all. When the Legislature of Massachusetts did away with that hollow mockery, and annual Fast-Day, it took the opportunity to elevate the 19th of April to a holiday, in which persons may go fishing if they choose without incurring the displeasure of the authorities, their employers, or their own stern New England consciences. So the day on which the historic shot heard 'round the world,

was fired has an official distinction, to celebrate which the Harvard boys this year duly enacted the "Phormio" of Terence. For the unlearned a libretto was readily enough prepared. To illustrate it suitably was more difficult. The Vatican manuscript, on which their hearts were set, was apparently inaccessible. But they were kind friends at court, and through them twenty-six of the illustrations of the "Phormio" made in the tenth century were placed at the disposal of the enthusiastic actors, who promptly photographed and returned the precious manuscripts.

The Pope and the Cardinal Librarian of the Vatican are duly thanked in the preface of the libretto by the grateful wearers of the crimson.—Ave Maria.

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