

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## The Catholic Record.

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### CATHOLICITY IN FRANCE.

The Buffalo Union and Times has in an editorial on the death of President Faure a few words which should not pass unchallenged. It says that "It is well enough for French women to go to church, but for men they have no time for such nonsense. Three or four times is enough for them—viz., when they are baptized, make their first communion, are married, and when they are brought there dead."

Such statements are food for the anti-Catholic press. Would the fact that some Americans do not go to church justify us in placing all American Catholics in the same category? We know that some Frenchmen have thrown aside all religion, but we know also that many Parisians even are as loyal and devoted to the Church as any Catholic in Buffalo. Masonry has banished God officially—but the heart of France is as Catholic now as when she gained the title of Eldest Daughter of the Church. She heads the list of contributors to the Propagation of the Faith, and her sons and daughters are in the very forefront of the army of civilization.

We deplore even as our esteemed contemporary the evils that tarnish the fair fame of that country, but we should like to estimate its Catholicity by some thing better than by those who have proved recreant to the faith of their forefathers.

### A VERY DEAR FRIEND.

One of our dearest friends is an old man grey haired, but with heart as young as in the golden olden days of his boyhood. And when we are tired and worried, heart-sore with buffeting and struggling, we seek him out, and his very presence tones us up and serves to make us braver and stronger. He has seen much, but he is a very child in simplicity: he has suffered much, but there is not a trace of cynicism in his nature. A kind thoughtfulness of charity is his, and with a terse, direct way of speaking that bespeaks the man. He has one thing which he cherishes as his dearest possession. It is an old violin picked up during his travels, marked with many a quaint device and tracing and bearing here and there inscriptions on its sheeny surface. And now the old man handles it! He fondles it in his arms as if it were a thing of life. He tells us that it speaks to him of many things and brings up before him visions of the long ago and awakens sleeping memories. And we believe that, for we heard it speak to him.

We watched him as he had moved over the strings. His face was afire with enthusiasm—and the music welled up from the old violin—music that at times wrung the heart for its sadness and at others seemed as if every note were bathed in sunlight and burdened with peace and happiness. Sometimes its voice spoke with a sharp yearning and then died away crooning, it seemed to us. The old man seemed to sleep. Then he put it in the case and sat silent for a few moments. We were about to thank him for the pleasure he had given us when he said: "We are like old violins. There is a wealth of music locked up in us—music that could set this world dancing with joy. But we keep it shut up within us. There are hundreds who want to hear it. The music is before us and we leave its harmony untouched. God's fingers sweep over our soul strings and we give no sound, because they are limp and rotten with cowardice or selfishness or pride."

### NOTES BY THE WAY.

Lord Charles Beresford has come and gone, leaving behind him some desultory utterances on the Alliance question. It was strange that he should come on such a mission, but the Beresfords have been doing brainless things for many a long day. He was accorded a very gracious welcome by the people of Chicago. He was interviewed and dined and wined. He was so extolled as a great soldier and statesman that decent citizens closed their ears against the flood of fulsome flattery and mendacity. Our cousins may be very democratic, but they be-

come unduly elated over a live lord. The fact that one of their daughters is the wife of the Viceroy of India may account for it, but it will not excuse their attitude of servility before "Fighting Charlie," who has done absolutely nothing, either as warrior or statesman, to merit commendation. He ran the Condon under the guns of the Alexandrian forts, but this does not entitle him to a place on the roll of fame. He was eloquent on the "open door policy"—that the door of Chinese trade be held wide open so as to give free way for the entrance of British goods. The Americans will of course enjoy equal rights, but we venture to say that some time will elapse before they have any leisure in the East to busy themselves with commercial schemes.

The Right Reverend Ordinary of Duluth says that the Indians who are educated in the secular schools soon become the prey of the "meanest of all white men, the whisky seller." It is a hard saying and who can bear it. It will be remembered and oftentimes quoted and it will grate on the teeth of the individuals who are a menace to the prosperity of a nation. We feel a sincere pity for the young men who give themselves to the business. There is nothing in it to uplift or ennoble them; but there is everything to debase them.

To pass one's days amidst the fumes of liquor—to dole it out to sons and fathers—to listen to maudlin talk—to know and feel that the curse of the wife and child is upon it—is the most pitiful life that can be imagined; and yet there are some young men who go into it for the sake of a few paltry dollars! For this they throw away the limitless possibilities of life, and step into the ranks of those who are pledged to fight the army that bears the standard of Christ. It is a lazy business. It demands no physical or mental exertion save the mixing of various kinds of rum and counting up the profits, and arranging their wares so as to attract the foolish and unwary. No wonder that the Bishop called the whisky-seller the "meanest of all white men."

### "THE TWO STANDARDS."

"The Two Standards" is the title of the new book written by Rev. Dr. Barry. The reverend author is well known to the reading public. It will be remembered that he gave the New Antiquo to the world in 1887 and has since then been a frequent contributor to the leading magazines in both Europe and America. Some very good people were, if we may believe them, rather startled by the New Antiquo, and these will, if mental worry over their neighbors has not brought them to a premature death, look askance at "The Two Standards."

But it is a brilliant work, worthy of the high reputation of the author. It may not become popular, but it will be appreciated by all who know aught of the vigor and beauty of the English language. Many of the passages are literary mosaics, carved and chiselled with a master hand. Some of the characters are not limned as distinctly as one would wish, but we forget that in the reading of one of the most fascinating and scholarly novels that has come into our sanctum for many a long day. The heroine, Marian Greystoke, is a young girl of nineteen, "perverse, wilful, obstinate and proud," chafing under parental rule and longing for a glimpse of the great world. She marries in time a millionaire, without loving him. The gayeties of London fall upon the young wife, and the indifference to her husband develops, upon the discovery of a bundle of love letters written to him years before by an Italian actress, La Farfalla, into hatred. They part, and she becomes infatuated with a musical genius named Gerard Elven.

"Marian sighed for life that should be free from commercial taint—neither coveting nor in want of it. And since the religion in which her experience had been so futile was no more than a dead language to her, she felt blindly about, as one might grope after food in the dark, feeling hungry to desperation, and not knowing where to look for a light." In conversation with Elven, Marian asked him why he wrote in German. Elven makes answer in words that thrill one like a strain of

exquisite music: "The German you hear people speak is one thing; the German of our poets is another. I don't feel sure that we have any prose—not much, at all events. Goethe is a mellow pipe, playing soft pastorals, clear as that blue sky and almost as passionless. 'Werther' was a tropical spring soon past. Lessing blows great martial music out of bronze—classic bronze; he borrowed from the Romans and is beyond imitation. Then there is Heme—golden armour stolen from the middle ages, with a harlequin's jacket to damp and perplex the gleam, and a Hermes' wand wreathed about with roses and deadly nightshade."

Marian finally resolves to accompany Elven on an operative tour to America. This scheme is thwarted by a brother of Elven, who believed in keeping the infatuation on platonic lines, and Marian, under the name of Mde. Jamin, went alone. While in Chicago she hears that her husband has been reined by Latimer, a disappointed suitor. Latimer had sworn on the day she discarded him to devote his life to the exposing of the dishonest schemes of Harland. He keeps his word and has the satisfaction of seeing his rival branded as a common felon. Then Marian seeks him out and gives him the love she denied him in the days of her youth. She supports him, too, for Harland's wealth has disappeared and his sojourn in prison, robbing him of health and mental vigor, has placed him beyond active work.

And so Marian learns on the eventful life that peace and happiness come only from war with oneself—from fighting the base and corporeal appetites that enchain the spiritual element. She had given her allegiance to the world's standard and had gained everything that it could give her; and then found only by the bedside of a man whom she might have won to a higher life the answer to life's riddle.

"The first great truth upon which all else depends, is that a man exists for a certain, definite, unmistakable purpose; that he has an end or meaning, and consequently a task which he is sent into this world to fulfil. What is that end? The Saint (Ignatius) replies, 'Man was made that he may praise God, do Him reverent service, and thereby save his own self. All other things whatsoever—sickness, health, poverty, riches, life and death, are ordained to help him to that end.' In brief, 'Abstine, Sustine,'—the ancient stoic rule, is the rule of reason, if we know ourselves to be in an ordered world of which God is the explanation, the First and Final Cause."

This is a very brief outline of a fascinating story told in graceful and majestic diction, and fragrant with the odor of most delicate appreciations of music and literature. It is the work of a scholar—but it is also the work of a man sensitive and tender-hearted who knows the world, even its seamy side, and leaves its judgment to God.

It is a book to buy and to keep and to read and to remember.

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### THE CENTRAL FACT IN THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.

The devout contemplation of the Passion of Our Lord is essentially a good Lenten practice. The Passion of Christ is the one central fact in the history of religion. It was foretold, prefigured and described under the Old Dispensation; it is the one stupendous mystery we are ever commemorating under the New. When the people in the wilderness began to be weary of their journey and labor, and murmured against God and Moses for keeping them out of Egypt to die in the wilderness, God sent among them fiery serpents, which bit them and killed many of them. "And when Moses prayed for the people, the Lord said to him, 'Make a brazen serpent, and set it up for a sign; whosoever being struck shall look on it, shall live.' Moses, therefore, made a brazen serpent, and set it up for a sign; and when they that were bitten looked upon it they were healed." The brazen serpent which Moses set up in the desert was declared by Our Lord to be a sign and type of Himself, Who was to be lifted up on the Cross and, to bear our sins in His body on the tree, in order that He, who had been bitten and wounded with sin by the infernal serpent might not perish, but, by looking on Christ crucified, might attain eternal life. By His Passion we are redeemed; by His death on the Cross we are saved from death; by His bruises

we are healed. But if that death is to be a fountain of life and healing to us, it is on condition that we turn our eyes towards it, and look upon it with faith and hope. This is why the Church sets up the crucifix on her altars, so that it may be ever before our eyes and ever speak to our hearts, telling us that God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son; that He spared not His only-begotten Son, but delivered Him up for us all. This is why she veils that sacred image on Passion Sunday, and solemnly unveils it on Good Friday, that we may gaze upon it, and fall down in adoration of that stupendous mystery, and then approach and in spirit kiss the feet of our crucified Lord. This, again, is why the Church encourages her children to assist at the daily commemoration of that great sacrifice, and to dispose themselves for receiving the sacraments, through which the fruits of Our Lord's Passion are communicated to their souls. Let us revive our faith and feed our devotion by attentive reading and devout consideration of Our Lord's Passion as it is recorded in the Sacred Scriptures, so that it may produce in our souls most salutary fruits. Who can read and think about that marvelous patience with which Our Blessed Lord endured pains of body and mind beyond all conception, and not experience some desire to be more courageous in bearing the trials of life. Who can cherish proud and rebellious thoughts after contemplating the adorable Son of God humbling Himself and becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross! Who can consider the unspeakable love which the Infinite God has lavished upon us sinners, in delivering Himself up to death for us, without desiring to respond to that love with some degree more of generosity than heretofore? Who, in fine, can think as he kneels before the crucifix, of the price that has been paid out for our salvation, without being convinced of the value of a human soul and the importance we ought to attach to the work of its salvation?—Sacerdos, in American Herald.

### INGERSOLL.

Howard Saxby, the Well-Known Writer, Scores the Blasphemer.

Catholic Columbian.

The foul-mouthed Ingersoll delivered his much-advertised "latest lecture" in Cincinnati last Sunday evening. From printed reports, this so-called lecture must have been one of the most indecent and vulgar effusions that ever disgraced the Grand Opera House. There was a time when it was considered "smart" to hear Ingersoll, when he made some pretence at argument and oratory. But to listen at the present day to his filthy ravings, is enough to stamp one as belonging to the disreputable and vulgar class. "Pagan Bob" has earned a new name; it is now "Filthy Bob." No better pen-picture of the notorious infidel was ever written than that by Howard Saxby, in the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, which is as follows: "The Boss Blasphemer of the Age has come and gone. His manager assures us this will be the last time he appears in Cincinnati. If this is true, our city is liable to be better and purer in the future. No mother ever thanked Ingersoll for any word he has uttered; no pure woman ever shook him by the hand to acknowledge any god he had done her sex; no child will ever cherish his memory, nor will any good citizen ever welcome him to our midst again.

"He is a Disturber, a diabolical Deformer and the only star the devil has on the platform, either on a certainty or on a percentage. Ingersoll does not aim to do good; his only object is to blaspheme his God and to draw the duets from simple-minded, sordid souled, conscience-stricken soreheads. His smartness is satanic, his wit inane and his illustrations incoherent. Still he is catered to. Why? Simply because he has sold himself to the devil and people are only too eager to grasp the hand of an imp who, for money, has taken upon himself the task of belittling his Maker and caricaturing his Creator.

Ingersoll has abused the Roman Catholic Church, but his revilings against that oldest form of Christian religion have about as little effect as the efforts of a flea to tickle the rocks of Gibraltar into spasms.

"When Col. Ingersoll dies his demise will be a blessing to the community, and his putrid plagiarisms will be interred with him.

"His charity is charlatanism, his so-called big heart is but blasphemous blubber, and his alleged cry for liberty is the only way he can earn a livelihood for his loricated self.

he is not to be trusted; he is unscrupulous as a logician and metaphysician; he is beneath contempt; he is a mere galvanizer of old objections long ago refuted; he is theologically ignorant and superficial—full of gas and gush; he is a philosophical chalanat of the first water, who mistakes curious listeners for disciples and applause for approval.

"The glib little whiffets of his shallow school pretend to admire him because they are too insignificant intellectually to admire anything else.

"Denial is a two-edged sword.

Ingersoll seems to have taken it into his head that Christian admit anything and everything that brings grist to his titular mill.

"The Christian grants Ingersoll nothing. But why waste pen, ink and paper over such a professional poltroon? Ingersoll's aim is to do harm. He loves to lessen the latitude of the true liberality of man; he delights in destroying the dictates of conscience; he revels in making religion as revolting as possible; his whole life is taken up in robbing mankind of honor, hope, honesty and holiness. He has been called to deliver orations over the bodies of infants fathered by tanatics and mothered by miserable mad jesters.

"Never has he been known to say a kind word to the most benighted beggar unless he has received a fee in advance, and given a receipt therefor. This very oration over his own brother's coffin was written with a view to future publication, and worded with the language of an advance circular.

"He is passed on the railroads, and deadheaded by hotels because his demagogical demonstrations are listened to by brainless idiots and low-browed bunglers who try to follow in his muddy footsteps.

Ingersoll has mistaken his vocation. His life has been a failure.

"No one respects him; none really believe a single word of his miserable mutterings. May he live long, for when he dies it will be a gala day in hell, and a picnic in heaven. So much for Ingersoll.

"Howard Sanby."

### FAITH, A GIFT.

"My New Curate," a serial running in the American Ecclesiastical Review, is not only an interesting and amusing recital, but a wonderfully clever one as well. The author seems equally at home in those light and delicate touches which depict character and in the serious discussions concerning matters of faith and of the weighty problems of life. We quote a conversation between Father Dan and Mr. Reginald Ormsby, a well disposed young man who is walking in the darkness of atheism, though he would fain see the light:

"My heart is with you; if only my head would follow," Ormsby had just remarked.

"Even that won't do," I said. "The head might follow and you might be as far from us as ever."

"I don't understand," he said, "in a bewildered way. Surely all that's wanting now is a conviction of the truth of your teaching."

"There's your grave mistake," I replied; "conviction is not faith. There are thousands of your countrymen filled with conviction of the truths of Catholicity; but they are as far outside the Church as a Confucian or a Buddhist. Faith is not a matter to be acquired by reading or knowledge. It is a gift, like the natural talent of a great painter or musician—a sixth sense, and the pure gratuity of the All-Wise and the All-Good."

This appeared to him to be a revelation which he could not comprehend; it seemed to be such an inevitably logical sequence—conviction and profession.

"I am attracted by everything," he said, "in your Church. The whole thing seems to be such a well-connected scheme, so unlike the religion in which I was born and educated, where you had to be forever searching after a missing link. And then your Church seems to be founded on love—love of a supernatural kind, of course, and almost unintelligible; but it is the golden chain in the golden chain in the string of pearls. You will have noticed how rapidly sometimes the mind makes comparisons. Well, often at our station over there, I have thought, as I searched the sea, that we Protestants look at God through the large end of a telescope throw Him afar off and make Him very small and insignificant; whilst you look at Him through the narrower end, and magnify Him and bring Him near. Our God—that is, the God in whom I was taught to believe—is the God of Sinai, and our Christ is the historic Christ; but that won't do for a humanity that is ever querulous for God, and you have found the secret."

I was quite astonished at the solemn, thoughtful manner in which this young fellow spoke, and his words were so full of feeling and self-sympathy for his great privation. He was silent for a long time, smoking freely, whilst I was pondering many things, mostly in humility for our slow appreciation of the great gift of divine faith. At last he said:

"I do not quite follow you, sir, in your remark about a sixth sense; for

this is not a question of sense, but of the soul."

We were not getting into deep water, and when an old gentleman hasn't opened a book of philosophy for nearly thirty years, he may be well excused for a certain timidity in approaching these deep questions. But "keep to the metaphorical" has always been a great rule of mine, which never failed me.

"Let me explain," I said. "Have you ever been to an ophthalmic hospital or a blind asylum?"

"Yes," he replied, "principally abroad."

"Well," I continued, "you might have noticed various forms of the dread disease of blindness. Some are cases of cataract; in some the entire ball is removed; some have partial sight behind the ugly film. But the most pathetic case to my mind is that of the young boy or girl who comes toward you, looking steadily at you with large, luminous eyes, the iris perfectly clear, the pupil normally dilated, and even the white of the eye tinged with that delicate blue that denotes perfect health in the organ, but in one moment the truth flashes upon you—that poor patient is stone blind. Now, where's the disease?"

"The optic nerve is destroyed," he answered, promptly.

"Precisely. And now if you were to pour in through the dark canal of the pupil the strongest sunlight, or even the flash of your electric searchlight, would it make any difference, do you think?"

"None," he said, "so far as sight was concerned; but it might possibly paralyze the brain."

"Precisely. And if you, my dear young friend, were pouring till the crack of doom, every kind of human light—philosophical, dogmatic, controversial—upon the retina of the soul without the optic nerve of faith, you will be blind, and go blind to your grave."

Somehow this appeared to be a relief, though it looked like discouragement.

"It is something to know," he said, "that the fault is not altogether my own. But," after a pause, "this demands a miracle."

"Quite so. A pure light from God. And that is the reason that my excellent curate is storming the citadels of heaven for you by that terrible artillery—prayers of little children. And if you want to capture this grace of God by one tremendous coup, search out the most stricken and afflicted of my flock—Bitra has a pretty good catalogue of them—and get him or her to pray for you, and very soon the sense of faith will awaken within you, and you will wonder that you were ever blind."

"Ten thousands thanks," he said, rising; "I had no anticipation of so pleasant and instructive an evening."

### OUR UPSTART FAST YOUNG MEN.

New York and Brooklyn are cursed with a useless class called "fast young men," who try to make vice fashionable and sin respectable. They are, for the most part, the sons of parents who, by industry and frugality, amassed wealth. An investigation of the causes which makes the respectable boy become a "fast young man" will show that there is something wrong in the system of training up the youth in this country. The want of that solid instruction which can only be given at the fireside and in the daily acts of parents and guardians, that inculcates the duties each owes, first to his Creator and next to his fellow-man, has led to the penitentiary many a man, who had devoted his youth to some useful purpose, would be an ornament to society.

The petted boy is in danger of developing into a fast young man. Having every want supplied, every wish gratified, he soon loses his balance, associates with vicious companions, frequents the theatre and the gambling hell, and before manhood swears like a trooper and wallows in the mire of impurity. He looks on his father as an "old fogey," and is not a little ashamed of his origin. Late hours, vicious companions and dissipation complete his character, and he is ready for any crime. The local columns of the daily press are constantly filled with the doings of fast young men. The evil example of this class is working unutterable injury to society. Parents and those who have the care or guardianship of youth should never permit "a fast young man" to enter their houses. We fear that parents too frequently forget the duties they owe to their children. We would remind them that, though the civil law does not take cognizance of a dereliction of duty in this respect, there is a higher, holier law, before whose dread tribunal they will have to render a rigid account of the trust placed under their care.—American Herald.

It is probable that Americans will soon have the opportunity of judging for themselves the musical genius of the young priest-composer, Porzi. The words of his "Resurrection of Lazarus" have been translated into English, and will shortly be heard, with the music, in this country. His manner is said to resemble that of the sixteenth-century masters.—Ave Maria.



THE PRE-REFORMATION CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Rev. D. M. Barrett, O. S. B., in American Catholic Quarterly Review.

PART I.

In a letter remarkable for the pastoral solicitude and tender charity towards "all the churches" which mark the present occupant of the Papal throne, Leo XIII. recently addressed the Hierarchy of Scotland on the subject of the re-union of Christendom, with more particular regard to "our separated brethren" in Scotland. After alluding to the seeds of Christianity sown by St. Ninian—sent from Rome 200 years before Augustine came to England—watered by St. Columba and other holy missionaries, and fostered by the saintly Queen Margaret, the Pope reminds Scotsmen of the advantages bestowed upon their land by the Catholic Church when she reigned supreme there. It is proposed in this paper to take a glance at some of these advantages, in order to show the loss which Scotland sustained, over and above the loss of the true Faith, in what Leo XIII. terms "the terrible storm which swept over the Church in the sixteenth century."

Anything like an adequate review of the thousand and more years during which Catholicity grew and flourished in Scotland would be an evident impossibility in an article such as this. It would, therefore, seem more to the point to take our stand at the period which was the apogee of its external greatness and power—the early part of the sixteenth century—and thence view in detail the benefits bestowed by the Church upon the nation at large. It was a time when the power and prestige of the Church were most conspicuous; since, although heresy had dared now and again to rear its head, it was scarcely regarded yet as an enemy to be feared.

Glancing from our standpoint down the vista of past ages, we come in sight of many a saintly figure. Faithful Ireland had sent her missionaries—Columba, Drostan, Brendan, and a host of others, to evangelize the land. Scotland herself gave birth to others—Serf, Mungo, Ternan, Blaen, Nathalan, Duthac—to carry on the holy work. The blood of national martyrs of Donnan and his companion monks, of Maclrubha and Adrian and Magnus—watered the soil; thousands more, the secret of whose sanctity is known only to Heaven, pleaded for the country, and enriched it with streams of grace. Through their prayers and merits religion has flourished, and the Church has grown up to be a mighty tree, whose branches overshadow the land.

At the period we are considering, the Catholic Church energizes through thirteen episcopal sees. Stately cathedrals, monasteries, collegiate and parish churches stud the realm. God is worshipped within them with a magnificence of ceremonial not fully realized, and scarcely appreciated in a nineteenth century, when ritual is often bound to give place to practical utility. Prelates, distinguished not only for wisdom and holiness, but often by noble, and even royal blood, uphold the Church's dignity; in the primatial See alone, no less than six of royal pedigree have occupied the episcopal chair during a century. In Scotland, as everywhere and at all times, the Church has ever been at the nursing-mother of learning and science, the patron of the liberal and mechanical arts, the faithful guardian of the rights of her children, defending them against oppression, relieving their hunger with lavish charity, harboring the homeless, cherishing the sick, providing, as far as lay in her power, for all their wants, both spiritual and temporal. It is the attempt of these pages to show in detail how, through all these channels, the splendor of fabric and ritual powerful prelates, learned men, tender and sympathetic lovers of their kind—she was the truest benefactor Scotland ever possessed.

David I., whom Scots love to designate "Saint," though a less generous successor to his throne styled him "a *saint* for the crown," was the first of a series of pious and enlightened rulers sprung from St. Margaret. To this great King Scotland owed not only a host of monastic foundations—Dunfermline, Kelso, Lesmahago, for Benedictines; Melrose, Newbattle, Dundrennan, Kinross, for Cistercians; Holyrood and Jelburgh, for Austin Canons; Torphichen, for Knights Hospitaliers, and the rest—but she was also indebted to him for the introduction of method and order into the parochial system. His enthusiastic biographer, Aelred, the saintly abbot of Rievaulx, says that David found only three or four dioceses existing and left nine behind him: these further multiplied in succeeding centuries. To attempt any adequate description of even one of the cathedrals of these dioceses, as they appeared in the sixteenth century, would be vain in so brief a review as this. The primatial See of St. Andrews boasted of a church 358 feet long, with a lofty central spire, numerous decorated pinnacles, and copper roofs blazing in the sun—its interior resplendent with polished pavements, carved images, and costly windows of painted glass. Then there was Glasgow Cathedral, enshrining in its unrivalled eastern crypt the body of St. Mungo; Aberdeen, with its granite church—the only cathedral in the world built of that material—and its exquisite wood-carving, of finer workmanship than anything of its kind in Europe. To enumerate would be tedious, but at the risk of trying the reader's patience we cannot forbear a more detailed description of Elgin Cathedral—"The Lantern of the North"—which perhaps bore the palm.

It was 282 feet long and 87 wide, and stood on a cruciform ground-plan. Its architecture was in the purest early English style, with later additions in French flamboyant. The great western doorway, under a beautifully carved and moulded arch, was divided by a central pillar to form a double entrance. It was flanked on either side by a massive square tower, each one rising to the height of more than a hundred feet. A fine central tower and spire at the junction of the transepts measured twice that height. Entering the great nave, the visitor beheld, dividing off the choir, the grand Rood screen of carved wood work, painted and gilded, with its beautiful crucifix above. Beyond were richly carved stalls for the canons. Minute and exquisite carving everywhere abounded: beautifying the pillars, the window-tracery, the numerous lateral chantries, the magnificent octagonal chapter-house. Stained glass filled the windows; that over the western entrance measured 27 feet in height, and a unique cluster of lancet lights in double tier, surmounted by a beautiful wheel window, fitted the entire wall-space at the eastern end of the choir. One of the Bishops, speaking two hundred years earlier than the sixteenth century, called it "The special ornament of the land, the glory of the realm, the delight of strangers and foreigners who came to see it, a praise and excellency of praise in foreign countries for the number of its ministers, its sumptuous decoration, its pious worship of God, its lofty bell-towers, its splendid furniture, and countless jewels." What, then, must have been the beauty of this vast building when two centuries of further benefactions had still more enriched its splendors?

But the glorious cathedrals were rivalled and often surpassed by the monastic and conventual churches scattered over the land. Some seventy abbeys and priories of monks and nuns, about a hundred houses of canons and friars, and forty collegiate establishments presented a varied and beautiful spectacle of architectural display. Dunfermline—the "Darham of the North"—sheltered under its massive arches the shrine of St. Margaret, its first foundress. Arbroath, its glorious rival, possessed a splendid church of rose-red sandstone, built in the style of Chester and Lichfield cathedrals; it stood on a wind-swept height, overlooking the sea, and its nave and choir stretched to the length of 265 feet, while its roof rose 67 feet above its pavement. Kelso had a church of thirteenth century style, with graceful lofty arches, rich arcading around its walls, and beautiful windows. Then Melrose was conspicuous for its lace-like tracery and delicate carving. Sweetheart—the memorial of Dayrigilla's wifely affection and of her husband's heart enflamed within it—had its noble clustered pillars and graceful wheel windows. Of all these Benedictine and Cistercian churches we will single out one for more minute description.

MATERIALISM IN MARRIAGE

We present in another column a most interesting compilation on the ever pertinent marriage question. Our long-reputed, newly-adopted cousins over sea are fond of publicly discussing what might be called whole sale family topics. A multiplicity of like individual interests speedily becomes one general interest. On the question of marrying and giving in marriage humanity is simply one great family, eager to contrive ways and means of match-making. The redundant sentiment of the eighteenth century, a sentiment as often meretricious as wholesome, has given place to a practicality which in these closing years of the nineteenth century manifests itself in a mercenary spirit of calculation admirably adapted to the conduct of commercial matters, but totally out of place in affairs of the heart. Dan Cupid cannot very well soar high when his plummy wings are weighted by money bags and "prospects." Love's prospectus! Who can set down perfect happiness in figures of black and white? Truly, "I were but little happy if I could say how much." Call it sesterli, ducats, piastres, thalers, francs, pounds sterling, dollars decimal, scrap-iron or what you will, wealth, so our Babel-tongued wisemen of all ages have advised us, is no purchaser of happiness. Time's tested wisdom is verified in the cold, hard eye and the miserably empty heart of the money lover, in the bliss of a sanctified and contented poverty, which, though bare of larder and scant of purse, may be overflowing with the highest happiness God-given to man. Love at its best is not to be depicted by tongue or pen; its definition has escaped poet and philosopher. St. Paul does not hesitate to use a lofty figure of speech when he speaks of matrimony, likening the husband to Christ, and the wife to His Church. "This is a great sacrament, but I speak in Christ," says the Apostle, reverently. Love in marriage is a consecrated estate, its hallowed precincts invisible to profane eyes. Materialism is common-sense run mad. The craze for evidence of worldly prosperity tends to loveless marriage or selfish isolation, to unwarranted extravagance and dishonest indebtedness. Comfort is sacrificed to an appearance of luxury, happiness is immolated on the altar of unworthy ambition. Plain, simple, cheerful living and provident frugality, though most material to present and future comfort, are despised by the progressive materialist—to whom it is forbidden to say Thou fool!

One cannot serve God and worship Mammon; one cannot at one and the same time be a Catholic and a materialist. Catholics are bound to regard marriage as a sacrament. Its prelude should be reverent. Money considerations, personal beauty, family connections, distinguished talents, have little to do with making marriage happy. The loving husband looks upon his wife as perfect, even though she be as unattractive as Dr. Johnson's idolized spouse; the devoted wife considers her husband a model of manly worth; the very faults of each are by the other condoned into endearments. Happy marriage is first of all a union of souls; its temporal affinities are secondary. We are surfeited with Malthusianism, success worship, progressiveness and a score of cults mental and physical, the latter often insultingly disservice. The reaction is about due. We need a return of healthy, old-fashioned, unreasoning sentiment. Truly wise people still love and marry and live happily ever after in the good old way. These that remain single from worldly materialistic motives, or that marry with the same sordid views, do serve to be miserable, and usually get what they deserve.—Standard and Times.

WHERE ARE OUR YOUNG MEN.

The re-reading of that admirable life of Frederick Ozanam, founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, by Kathleen O'Meara, has brought home to our mind with great force the important question: Where are our Catholic young men? Ozanam was a model Catholic layman. He was no mere formalist. His religion was not a cloak to be put on or laid aside at convenience. There was in him no compromise with the world. He was a devoted, wholehearted Christian. He clung to his faith with undoubting, unyielding tenacity, and he was fired with a noble ambition and an earnest, unselfish enthusiasm to defend that faith from the attacks of infidels, to revive it in the hearts of tepid brethren and to recommend it to the world outside the Church.

Ozanam lived at a period when the Church was suffering from the disastrous effects of the French Revolution of 1830. In contending against the prevalent infidelity, St. Simonianism (which was very popular among the young men at that time) and the timidity, lethargy and ultra conservatism of Catholics, he gathered a small company of kindred spirits about him, and they commenced a determined campaign of opposition to all these adverse influences. Ozanam was only seventeen years old when he silenced the public attacks of the famous infidel Joubroy, who could not help respecting the extraordinary talent, Christian zeal, independence and devotion of his youthful antagonist.

But the general hostility continued, and Ozanam became convinced that the need was for actions, not for words. "It is all very well," said he, "talking and arguing and holding one's own against them, but why can we not do something?" The St. Simonians, who claimed to be a sort of Christians, glorifying the past history of the Church but maintaining that it had done its work and was no longer adapted to the spirit of the age in its present form, taught the young enthusiast with "Show us your works." The result was the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, whose history we need not stop to give at the present time. Suffice it that Ozanam became thoroughly convinced that what they needed as consistent Catholics, in order to revive the spirit of piety in others, to save their own souls and to recommend the Church to the outside world, was to engage in works of active, practical charity.

The originators of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul were young men. As the Society spread, it, of course, embraced all classes, but the active, energetic element of the Society in France, as well as in other countries—for it has spread throughout the whole world—is and always has been, the young men; of every station in life, indeed, but principally the more intelligent and educated class—the students, professional and business men. But how is it with the Society in this country? We do not know how it may be with other parts of the country, but so far as our experience and observation go, in this region the young men are conspicuous by their absence. Where are they? What are they doing? Our educated, college-bred men, our professional and business men, who are constantly multiplying and occupying leading and influential positions in society, where are they? Is there any good reason why they should not engage in practical works of charity for their own souls' good and for the recommendation of Holy Church to outsiders? Why should we be less zealous and disinterested, less self-denying and devoted to our religion than the young Frenchmen? We have the same faith, the same motives, the same duties and obligations; and we have the same high ideals, the same promptings to noble and disinterested self-sacrifice that they had. Can it be possible that all this is being overlooked and forgotten by our young men; that they are so absorbed by the business and pleasures of life—the ambitions and struggles for mere worldly prosperity and distinction—that they have no time or inclination for all that appeals to the higher instincts and nobler and more spiritual aspirations of youth? Have they no sympathy with their kind, no charity for the poor, no desire to contribute by personal effort to relieve some of the untold misery by which we are surrounded and to elevate our suffering brethren in the social scale? We may well ask, too, have they no

loyalty to the truth, no ambition to be instrumental in extending the blessings of their faith to those who are deprived of them, by setting an attractive example of the real spirit and aim of our holy religion? We all admire the beautiful example of Ozanam and his zealous young companions, why should we not be ambitious to emulate their example and follow in their footsteps? If there are any special reasons why our young Catholics generally should not be members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul we are not aware of them, and we confess we should be glad to see that glorious, beneficent society rejuvenated by a liberal infusion of young blood.—Sacred Heart Review.

IF SHE HADN'T SAID IT!

They were hurrying along the street, those two young women, and as they passed a man one of them was saying: "I'd give the world if I hadn't said it, 'or now—'" "O those quick tongues of ours! Those sharp tongues of ours that wound our own and make bitter memories for those we ought to love! When will we keep them in check? When will we make them very slow to utter unkind words?"

That girl would give the world now to have put a restraint on herself when she blurted out the remark that now she regrets; but then, in her quickness to say whatever came into her head, she let fly the cruel utterance that stung like a whip in the heart of a friend and that can never be plucked out. She is not alone in having let her tongue do mischief; nor in now regretting its evil work. There are others. There are millions of others whose speech has wrought suffering to others and brought sorrow to themselves. Blessed are they whose words are weighed in the balance of charity and used only to promote the welfare and the happiness of all concerning whom they speak!—Catholic Columbian.

LIKE CHILDREN.

Sir Brasil, a brave knight, was very tired on one occasion, having hunted the entire day. The falcon that rested on his wrist was tired too; and so the knight, when he sat down to rest, released the bird. There was a crystal stream of water issuing from a rock near by, and Sir Brasil, making a cup of the bugle he wore, filled it from the spring and would have carried it to his lips, but the falcon, with sudden dexterity, dashed it from his hand. Again he filled the cup, and again the falcon prevented him from drinking. Enraged at this, he cried: "I will wring thy neck if thou dost that again!" Then he filled the cup a third time, and a third time the falcon threw it to the ground. At that Sir Brasil struck his feathered friend, and he fell dead. Then, looking up, the knight saw that a large serpent was dropping venom from its fangs into the spring. "The falcon saved my life," said the knight, sadly "and I have deprived him of his."

We often rebel when some cup is withheld from our lips, not knowing that it is kept from us out of the purest love; like children, unaware of what is good for us; or like Sir Brasil, enraged with him who would instruct and save us.—Ave Maria.

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When Archbishop Bruchesi was in Rome, there was indeed a telegram sent by him, as a Canadian citizen and one of the chief representatives of Catholic opinion, requesting that the proposed Education Bill should be withdrawn for the time being, so that certain features which appeared to be likely to lessen the influence of the clergy in school matters should be reconsidered and revised, but there was no intention to prevent any real improvement of the school system, in regard to which his Grace certainly feels at least as deep an interest as any citizen of the Province of Quebec can possibly entertain. But the Archbishop is undoubtedly opposed to any school law which would impede the teaching of religion or lessen the importance of religious teaching as part of the school curriculum. But the Review must be aware that though a cable despatch did state that the Archbishop's despatch was really from the Pope, another despatch immediately afterward acknowledged that this was not the case, so that the Pope did not send any mandate on the subject to the Quebec Government, as the Review asserts. From this falsehood the reliability of our contemporary's other statements may be judged.

Oh what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practice to deceive!

We must now say a word in reference to the alleged illiteracy of the Province of Quebec. It is true that the census reports show a somewhat larger number of adults there who do not read or write than in the other Provinces, but this certainly does not arise from any effort of the Catholic Church to keep the people in ignorance, as the Review represents, for it is well known the efforts of the clergy have always been directed toward keeping the schools of the Province in an efficient condition, and they have succeeded to such an extent that the proportion of those who receive a higher education has been greater than in Ontario. But there have been causes at work which made it more difficult for parents in Quebec to keep their children at school, the chief of which have been the comparative poverty of many of the people which compelled them to adopt precarious modes of earning a livelihood, large families, and the scattered population in many districts.

It must, besides, be remembered that the Public school systems now in vogue are comparatively recent, having been established only within the last fifty years. It is to the credit of Ontario that it has had a good start in this educational race, but it would be pharisaical to boast that the reason for this is its superiority in race or religion, and, besides, it is not at all sure that Ontario's lead is a fixed and permanent fact, for the school statistics of the Dominion show that the average attendance of children at school in Quebec at this moment is very much better than in any of or in all the Provinces of Canada. From the Dominion Year Book we find that whereas the average attendance of children at the Public school in Quebec last year came up to 70.7 per cent. of the registered attendance, in Ontario the average was only 59.3 per cent. For this reason the actual attendance at school was greater in Quebec, in proportion to population, than in every other province, and this has been the case for many years past. We can safely say, therefore, that whatever start in the race Ontario may have, Quebec is in a fair way of catching up, if not of taking the lead in this matter before many years pass.

As far as the statement is concerned that there are municipalities in Quebec wherein not an adult can read or write, we cannot believe it without some better evidence than the random assertion that some nameless legislator made the statement on the floor of the Local House. At the same time we may say that even an Ontario man has no right to throw stones while living in a glass house. We have known school trustees in some localities in this province who could not read or write, and very often we have met trustees whose knowledge of these two accomplishments was very little better than nothing.

**A SECULAR PAPER'S TRIBUTE**

(From the Buffalo Commercial, March 1.)  
There may be no occasion for immediate alarm in regard to the condition of Pope Leo XIII. but the old Pontiff is reaching the line that he must cross from time to eternity—to-morrow, March 2nd, is his nineteenth birthday. When his earthly career is finished all impartial men will gladly see his name placed high on the roll of those who have been loved, honored and revered for their devoted service to the State, to the Church, to humanity, and to God.

**ABBE PEROSI.**

News comes from Rome that Lorenzo Perosi, the great Italian priest composer, is to go to England in the spring for the first time since his newly acquired fame suddenly made him one of the men everywhere talked about. No foreign visitor has in recent years been awaited with greater interest. He is said to be small and insignificant in appearance except when seated at the organ, or conducting the performance of one of his oratorios. Then his face lights up, and one sees the indications of the genius which has lately made him prominent in Italy.

His own country looks now to him, as it once did to Mascagni, for its renaissance as a musical land. Perosi is twenty-six years old, and was born at Tortona, where his father led the choir in the principal church. He studied music along with, and for the sake of music went to Rome. It is said that he also studied for a while in Germany. He was selected for the post of choir-master at St. Mark's in Venice, and while there composed his first oratorio. He still lives in Venice in quarters situated in the Cardinal's house, although he is soon to go to Rome to undertake the duties in the Sistine Chapel to which the Pope has assigned him.

Perosi is short, and conducts always in the long black cassock worn in the streets by Italian priests.

**"STRIKE, BUT HEAR ME"**

Archbishop Keane's glad and prompt appreciation of the Pope's letter on "Americanism" makes opportune the following extract from the first sermon delivered by him as rector of the Catholic University. He said: "Politicians may, for their own ends, denounce our Holy Church as inimical to our country's institutions—as they have done of late on both sides of the water—and many of our fellow-citizens may be inclined to believe them. We will find comfort in remembering that our dear Lord was also reviled as an enemy of the public peace; and from our country's prejudices we will appeal to our country's common sense by an argument which will not fail to be appreciated—in our practical lives we must show that we are better citizens than our slanderers.

"Our country may think us unfriendly because we tell her of her mistakes—because we warn her that, by a system of Godless education, she is training generations that, for want of proper religious moulding and principles, will be as unfit to be good citizens as to be good Christians. Wedded to their views and plans, she may denounce us as enemies for our advice. Our conduct and answer must be like that of the Lacedaemonian hero, Themistocles. At the opening of a great battle he respectfully offered his commander-in-chief an advice contrary to his plan, but on which the fate of the contest clearly depended. The commander, enraged at receiving an unwelcome advice, approached threateningly, as if to strike him. 'Strike,' said the hero, 'strike, but hear me! So must we act and answer.'—*Sacerdos, in American Herald.*

**BIBLE READING.**

Following is the text of a Brief recently issued by a Roman Congregation:

His Holiness Leo XIII., at an audience on December 13, 1892, with the undersigned Prefect of the Congregation of Indulgences and Relics, made known that he grants to all the faithful who shall have devoutly read the Scriptures for at least a quarter of an hour an indulgence of three hundred days, to be gained once a day, provided that the edition of the Gospel has been approved by legitimate authority. Furthermore, the Sovereign Pontiff grants monthly a Plenary Indulgence to all those who shall have read in this way every day of the month. It can be gained on the day of the month when, after confession and Communion, those who have fulfilled the conditions shall have offered up the customary prayers for the intentions of the Holy See.

This creates an interesting situation. At the very time when Bible reading is "going out" among non-Catholics, the Holy Father seeks to make the Word of God the daily spiritual food of the faithful. And, curiously enough, the means which he employs is indulgence—one of the bugaboos of Protestants, and, historians say, the chief occasion of the "Reformation." From this timely decree non-Catholics may learn two important lessons, once for all: first, that the Church is the best friend of the Bible; and, secondly, that indulgences are not bought but earned by spiritual effort. Doubtless these lessons will be missed by many; but we may expect to hear on all sides the imbecile statement that "Rome has changed her front," that "Modern thought is permeating the Vatican," etc., etc., *ad nauseam.*—*Ave Maria.*

**SORRY FOR SATAN.**

Mr. Tollemache tells in the Spectator of London the following story of a little girl, which he had, he says, at only one remove from her own father: The child once went in great distress to her mother, saying that she had committed a sin which could never be forgiven and which was too bad to be repeated. By dint of a little coaxing she was induced to make a full confession, which was in this wise: "I felt so sorry for poor Satan and wanted to give him a little comfort; so I got a glass of cold water and poured it down a little hole in the kitchen floor."

Many an outcast from society, many a Magdalen without Magdalen's repentance, many a swindler, nay, many a murderer, can trace their fall to the evil influences of the devil's pen in the "yellow journals."—*American Herald.*

**PROTESTANT BIGOTRY IN ENGLAND.**

*Prejudice and Intolerance Still Reign—A Review of the Subject.*

From the impassioned outburst of insane religious bigotry now raging in Protestant circles in England, it is evident that the cruel spirit of the penal laws had never died out in that land of error and prejudice. It only slumbered underneath the surface where it had been driven by the advance of civilization and intelligence belonging to this advanced age of the world.

The vulgar and brutal classes in Britain inherited the evil taint from ancestors whom no civilizing power could influence or enlighten; hence the astonishing rapidity with which the flame of Protestant ignorance and brutality has overspread the country upon the bare mention of partial justice to the Catholics of Ireland in the matter of university education. But this is not the only pretext for the wild outcry of hatred and intolerance. The ritualistic scene has also inflamed the minds of the intolerant bigots in the higher circles in and out of the Church. It is the cause and misfortune of error, and imperatively of religious error, that it should bring confusion and unrest upon its hapless victims. English Church clergymen have been feeling the dreadful consequences of their errors for years past, but they had neither the grace nor the courage to openly confess their unhappiness and error, with a view to repentance and reconciliation to the one saving fold—the Catholic Church.

They felt the stings of remorse and the painful uneasiness that springs from a conviction of deceit and wrongdoing; but they would compromise with their conscience, their belief and their honor. They would keep friends with the world while pretending to draw nearer to God by introducing into their religious worship some of the Catholic practices. In a word, they would serve God and mammon at one and the same time—a thing which the Redeemer Himself declared to be impossible. They would not abandon their wives and rich livings and parsonages, but they would decorate their altars after Catholic fashion, and not only recommend confession, but make it compulsory. The reverend Anglicans who act in this way are rather to be pitied than blamed, for in this striving towards Catholic belief they are actuated by the moving spirit of grace which naturally draws all hearts to the saving principle of truth. But the reverend strivers are handicapped by the weight of error and unblessed transmitted to them from erring ancestors, and from their own inherent power they are not able to grasp the truth all at once. But having taken the first steps Romewards, as many of them are sincere, according to their lights, will get grace to go forward until they are privileged to kneel at the very foot of the altar steps of the true Church. This, of course, will be reserved for those who are really contrite of heart and spirit, and who pray for the dispersion of the erroneous delusions from their minds.

The half-hearted compromisers will stumble and flounder in the sea of religious illusion and deception until rescued by a ray of light from the throne of mercy itself. At the time Lord Halifax made his desperate efforts to induce the Pope to recognize the validity of Anglican orders in the ministry, many weak-kneed Catholic laymen thought that the Pontiff had been too frank in declaring the absurdity of the claim of the followers of the religion manufactured by the adulterous Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and that such frankness would stop the onward march of the ritualistic army in England; on the contrary, it has had the very opposite effect, and logically and naturally so, for if men are sincerely looking for spiritual truth and guidance, they don't want to be deceived in a matter pertaining to everlasting happiness or else eternal reprobation.

The Pope could not shift his ground an inch to please or conciliate kings, nobles or sects if he had to do it at the expense of the sacred deposit of the faith, confided to his keeping as the lawful successor of the Fisherman, who had received it direct from the sacred hands of the Saviour Himself. Error is a pernicious thing under any condition, but is it not horrible to think of its misfortune when it comes to the blinding of men who are in search of the way that leads to salvation? To tell a man who is going in the way of evil that he is nearing a ruinous precipice, is but pure charity, if the knowledge of his danger can save him from certain destruction. Protestant England has a black record to recall of the horrible deeds of the penal days of persecution and slaughter, but rather to join in the supplications for her conversion and return to the Church which she once wantonly despoiled, robbed and desecrated. It is a heinous crime to have to answer for, but the blackest guilt is washed out by true and sincere repentance. Those hundred or more of Anglican parsons who have declared their intention of sticking to the lighted candles on the altar, of saying Mass according to their own fashion, and inculcating the necessity of confession, will not draw back under the threats of parliamentary edicts or the frowns of episcopal rulers. They will rather go forward in their religious strivings, and that hundred will induce another hundred to do the same, and the good work will go on until religious illusion and error shall not have a leg to stand upon. We are not sanguine enough to hope for this glorious result all at

once; but it is evident that the awakening has come, and the more the delusive and dangerous doctrines of man-made forms of worship are looked into the more dreadful will they appear, and conscientious seekers after the true faith will no longer rest in peace in the possession of their errors, much less face the shores of eternity weighted with such soul-destroying crimes unatoned for. In regard to the wild outburst of prejudice against Catholic Ireland, that will subside, too. She may not get her Catholic university now, but it will come in time, as will Home Rule itself, and then the people will be able to erect their own educational institutions, as they will be able to make their own laws and governments. It is coming to that in spite of Britain's perfidy and treachery to the dependent nation. The local Government measure, late applied in Ireland, gives the people a foretaste of what Home Rule verily means, and having once tasted its benefits they will not rest contented with less than a full measure of self-rule. John Dillon's resignation paves the way for a reuniting of all the Nationalist forces in Ireland and in the House of Commons, and this being once effected, the representatives of the country will be able to demand justice for their people. The bigots of Ulster and the landlords of the country will oppose any scheme for the relief of their fellow-countrymen, but the voice of intolerance and prejudice will be silenced by the overmastering voice of four-fifths of the people calling for the concession of simple justice so long denied them.—*Wm. Edlison in Buffalo Union and Times.*

**POPULAR CHURCH HISTORY.**

Mr. Nye's Church Defence publications have already received some attention in an article by Mr. J. H. Round in The Contemporary Review. The following is from the current issue of The Saturday Review:

The Church of England has no worse enemies than those too ardent champions whose zeal, unchastened by adequate knowledge, associates her defence with perversions of fact and the interests of fanaticism. If the "popular" literature of "Church Defence" is represented in style, temper, and substance by the works of Mr. C. H. F. Nye, we think the Church has good cause to pray for salvation from her friends. We ourselves yield to none in our loyalty to the Church of England which we value as the most beneficent of the national institutions, and revere as the true representative in this country of the historic spiritual society founded by the Apostles. For this very reason we resent the degradation of the Church's cause involved in the circulation by authority of such publications as this "Popular Story of the Church of England," which has now reached its eightieth thousand.

The pamphlet attempts to give a consecutive history of the National Church, from the earliest times to the present day—a millennium and a half in ninety-one pages. The style is loose and declamatory, and the standpoint that of a half-educated High Churchman, who impartially hates "Romanists" and the Liberation Society. We might excuse the style in consideration of the exigencies of "popular" composition; and the standpoint is so naively confessed and so constantly kept in view, that we can hardly escape blame if we omit to make the usual allowance. Our censure is provoked by the perversions and, even more, the suppressions of fact, the utterly false perspectives of the history, the wrong impression left on the reader. These faults are only justly estimated when it is remembered that the persons for whom this pamphlet is designed must be supposed to be quite unable to criticize or correct its statements.

Wherever Mr. Nye has the good fortune to get hold of a sound text-book he keeps fairly straight, but once bereft of this guidance, his historical incapacity comes promptly into view, and we must add, wherever he allows himself the luxury of commenting on the facts, or what he thinks are the facts, he sinks into the crudest partisanship. Dr. Bright's "Early English Church History" preserves him from the worst blunders during the first chapter, although he succeeds in seriously deranging the proportions of the history. Perhaps it follows from the necessities of popular writing that the picturesque should always overshadow the important. On page sixteen we have the statement that the Diocletian persecution raged in Britain on a great scale, though the precise contrary is asserted by the fourth century authorities, and no modern historian allows more than small local disturbances which Constantine, then governing the island, could not restrain. Mr. Nye, however, is much influenced by architectural considerations. We gather from a creditable "Pen and Ink Sketch by the author," which admits the beginning of the pamphlet, that he himself is an artist, and we attribute to the fact his curious subordination of narrative to architecture. Thus, in the present instance, he has in view a description of St. Alban's Cathedral. The legend of St. Alban, the still more shadowy legend of Aaron and Julius, and the fiction of a general persecution under Diocletian, are but steps to this end.

ANTI-ROMAN PREJUDICE  
The worst feature in the pamphlet is the anti-Roman prejudice which always colors and often distorts the "history." "Romish" corruptions, and the errors of the Papacy, which we call Popery, are of comparative [sic] recent date, and had no existence in the Roman Church in the time of Augustine" (p. 25.) "The claim of

the Bishop of Rome to be Universal Bishop was entirely unheard of for eight hundred years after Christ." "The claim of Papal infallibility was not made until the present generation." These, and many similar statements which are freely distributed over Mr. Nye's pages, are worth anything to the Roman controversialist. They contain an element of truth: some Romish corruptions were subsequent to St. Augustine, and St. Gregory did repudiate the name, though certainly not the substance, of a Universal Episcopate, and the dogma of Papal infallibility only dates from 1870, though the claim is far older. But they are more false than true: and they convict the writer of the ignorance which incapacitates, or prejudice, or both. The action of Rome in the earliest stages of English Church history is minimized and often ignored. Theodore of Tarsus, we are shortly told, "was chosen Archbishop;" we are not told that he was chosen by Pope Vitalian, and consecrated with great solemnity by that Pontiff; nor are we reminded that the Archbishop carried out his great work of organization under the authority of, and with constant reference to, the Apostolic See from which he received his commission. Theodore describes himself in the preamble to the canons passed at Hertford in 673 as "ab apostolica sede destinatus Dorovernensis Ecclesie Episcopus." Mr. Nye is careful to relate the disastrous fate which befel Wilfrid's appeal to the Pope, and to draw a grotesquely excessive inference (p. 36). He can hardly be acquitted of dealing dishonestly with his readers when he keeps back other facts which absolutely prohibit the conclusion to which he desires to lead them: viz. "that, up to this time, the Church of England was independent of the jurisdiction of the Pope of Rome." His ignorance is the less excusable since his authority, Dr. Bright, very carefully discusses, in connection with Wilfrid's appeal, the actual relations between England and Rome at that time. We doubt whether Mr. Nye altogether appreciates the meaning of the words he uses. The Conqueror's refusal to do fealty to Gregory VII. is alleged as proof that "up to the time of the Norman Invasion the Pope had no jurisdiction over the Church or Crown of England" (p. 39). We learn that during that period the Church "was wholly independent of the jurisdiction of Rome," and not "in organic relationship with the See of Rome." (p. 41.) What would Alfred have said to such a statement, or Dunstan, or the long series of English pilgrims—royal, noble, and obscure—who thronged the ways to Rome, and died in the sacred city, or the missionaries like B. Winifred, himself the protagonist of extreme Papal claims, or the scholars like Bede and Aelfric? This will not do. It is the worst advocacy of just Anglican claims.

Medieval history is still more crudely treated in the same spirit. There are no gradations of light and shade. Always attention is fastened on Papal oppression, never directed to Papal services. The Popes are presented as the habitual tyrants of the National Church, which maintains a preposterous Protestantism. Stephen Langton is the opponent of the Pope's assault on English liberties; we are told that he was himself the Pope's nominee (p. 41.) S. Anselm is not mentioned at all, and "Becket" is dismissed in a half-contemptuous paragraph. Yet both were champions of Papal power and national liberty, causes which, in the twelfth century, were not so incompatible as Mr. Nye supposes, though we freely admit they became widely enough parted at a later date. We advise Mr. Nye to read the Bishop of Oxford's judgment on the Becket controversy, and the remarkable conclusions to which Dr. Abbot has arrived on the same subject. The sooner English Churchmen wash their hands of a theory of Church history which exalts Rufus and Henry II., and Edward III., as the exponents of the national conscience and consigns to obloquy S. Anselm, S. Thomas, S. Edmund—indeed all the honored churchmen of the middle ages—the better for their own reputation as historians, and their own success as "Church Defenders."

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE PAPACY.  
Mr. Nye's account of what he calls the "Re-formation" is handicapped by his grotesque theory of the medieval English Church. He imagines that the Church of England always claimed independence of Rome, "was never at any time a part of the Church of Rome." The truth is that the position of the Church of England toward the Papacy was in no respect different from that of the contemporary Church of France or other continental churches, save only that, for various reasons, the Papal authority had a rather a freer hand here than elsewhere. That the Roman theory of the Papacy has undergone a portentous development, which would not have received the acceptance of medieval theologians, is true, but to draw a distinction between the English Church and any other within the Roman supremacy in the Middle Ages is a vain undertaking. Indeed, Mr. Nye proves as much, for he oscillates between assertions of Anglican independence and descriptions of Roman tyranny. The whole account is a very strange performance.

We have scraps from a speech of Mr. Gladstone, and a pamphlet of Professor Freeman, and a controversial work of the late Lord Selborne, a glowing account of the "Morning Star" of the Reformation, and a curious version of the Reformation itself. When John Wycliffe is condemned, and his Bible burned, we are bidden to exorcise the obscurantist zeal of "the Romanists" (p. 51): when the foundation of colleges and schools is narrated, we are

reminded that "the Church was foremost in the education movement" (p. 53). It never occurs to Mr. Nye that the munificent William of Wykeham was a member of the hierarchy that condemned Wycliffe, and is known to have joined in the action against the Reformer. Perhaps the oddest passage in this very odd "history" is the account of Henry VIII.'s action:

"The King, who was much younger than his wife, was greatly disappointed at having no son to succeed him, and he therefore declared that his marriage with his brother's wife was an illegal act. There was another lady attached to the Court who expressed herself ready to marry the King if she could only do so legally, thereupon the King asked the Pope to release him from his marriage tie. The Pope could or would not consent. The ceremony had been blessed by a former occupier of that See, and it was a delicate matter for his Holiness to interfere with, and the messengers sent to Rome by Henry came back with various excuses. The clergy and people, groaning under Papal intolerance, threw their influence on the King's side, and eventually the King proposed that the clergy should acknowledge him to be 'the protector and only supreme head of the Church and clergy of England next to Christ.'" (p. 54.) We can imagine no better fortune for Roman controversialists than to have such a theory of the Reformation placed by authority before the people of England. It is, indeed, lamentable to find such inconsequent and ignorant work commended by the majority of the English Bishops. The concluding chapter of this pamphlet sustains the historical character of those preceding, with this difference, that the Non-conformists take the place of the "Romanists" as victims on the altar of "Church Defence." The last ten pages are little more than an expanded and rhetorical version of parts of the "Church Year Book." Work of this kind published in the professed interest of the National Church must be repudiated. We yield to none in our desire to maintain the Church of England in full possession of her status and endowments, but we cannot degrade the cause to the level of such "history" as Mr. Nye's. It may be popular, but it is not honest, and we will have none of it. "Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis."—*London (Eng.) Tablet.*

**CONVERSIONS.**

"I shall never be a Papist," said Dr. Samuel Johnson, "unless on the near approach of death, of which I have a great terror." When death came, the doctor, like many another who postponed his conversion, had not the grace to become a "Papist;" but his dread of God's judgment was terrible to his friends. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, writing in The Month, records his answer to one who sought to allay his fears by reminding him of his services to religion and virtue, of the good his writings had done, etc. "Every man," roared the anguished doctor, "knows his own sins and what graces he has resisted! And am I, who have been a teacher to others, to become a castaway?" Johnson's Catholic tendencies—his defence of prayers for the dead, the invocation of saints, etc.—are well known, as is also his comparison between converts from Protestantism and those who leave the Church. "A man who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere; he parts from nothing, and he is only superadding to what he had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held as sacred as anything he retains—there is so much laceration of mind, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting." And once when he heard that a certain clergyman had sacrificed his prospects to become a Catholic, he exclaimed, "God bless him!"—*Ave Maria.*

**FATHER CHINIQUY.**

The following question and answer are from the New York Sun:  
"Did the Pope of Rome during the Civil War of 1861 issue a statement that he was in favor of the Southern cause and thereby cause about one half of the Sixty-ninth Regiment to desert?"  
James Conolly.

The Pope did nothing of the sort. Half of the Sixty-ninth did not desert. More than a thousand of its men were killed, wounded and taken prisoners, and the Sixty-ninth lost more men in action than any other New York Regiment.

To these might be added a few more questions and answers which might be worded somewhat as follows:  
Q.—Seeing that this story of the Pope's declaration in favor of the Confederacy is an infamous lie, what would you call the man who invented it?  
A.—Obviously, an infamous liar.  
Q.—Who was that man?  
A.—Charles Chiniquy.  
Q.—What does the Presbyterian Witness call Charles Chiniquy?  
A.—A "dear old saint."  
Q.—Can a man who is an infamous liar be a "dear old saint?"  
A.—Evidently, in the opinion of the Witness he can, provided his infamous lies be directed against the Pope and the Church of Rome.—*Antigonish Casket.*

There is so much wretchedness in the world that we may safely take the word of any mortal professing to need our assistance; and even should we be deceived, still the good to ourselves resulting from a kind act is worth more than the trifles by which we purchase it.—*Hawthorne.*

The human mind is capable of great things, but unaided by intellectual grace and revelation, it cannot solve the mystery of its own being.—*American Herald.*



FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

JESUS OUR HEAVENLY MODEL OF MEER-NESS.

"I have not a devil, but I honor My Father," (John 8, 49.)

Can human depravity go farther than we have seen in the example of the Pharisees in the gospel of today? The innocent Saviour is told to His face that He has a devil. So great an insult is offered to Him, the All-holy Son of God, who could ask His greatest enemies: "Which of you can convince me of sin?" and they had to remain silent. And yet, what answers our Lord to such a blasphemy? Does He call the lightning from Heaven, on His calculators? Does He command the earth to open and swallow them? Had our Lord acted thus, would He not, as God, have had the power and the right to do so? But no, the Sacred Heart of Jesus knows no revenge. It breathes only love, meekness and pardon, and this love opens His lips to utter these touching words: "I have not a devil, but I honor My Father." Verily, He who can speak and act thus, and with such self denial, pardon the greatest insults, could indeed say in the sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land." (Matt. 11, 29.)

How do we act, when insulted, reviled and contemned? Are we, like Jesus, immediately prepared to forgive? Have we, for our enemies, only words of love and reconciliation? Ah, could this be said of all Christians! But, how often is not the contrary the case! We call ourselves disciples of Christ and have solemnly promised to be faithful, and yet, at the least insult, our proud soul blazes forth like the fire of the forge, when acted upon by the bellows, and the tongue is ready to retaliate with still greater invectives. But, sad to say, are there not degenerate Christians for whom it needs but an inconsiderate word or a harmless joke to transform them into furious animals, so that they break forth in curses and maledictions against the offenders of their dignity, and for weeks and months they nourish the deep hatred in their heart, seeking to injure them by calumny, injustice and malice of every description.

O, revengeful Christian! must you not blush for shame when you consider the meekness of Him Whom you call your Redeemer? Are you, poor sinner, greater than the son of God, the three holy? You curse, your Saviour blesses, you wish to annihilate your enemy, and Jesus preserves and bestows benefits on him! What can you expect from God in life and in death, when, by revenge, you trample under foot the divine precept of loving your enemies, that most important and inviolable commandment, which obliges you, under pain of eternal damnation? Behold, then, you deprive yourself of the grace, the love and heir-ship of God, you transform your heart into a detestable abode of Satan. Then, each of your prayers becomes an abomination before the Lord, every confession, every Communion a sacrilege. You have, in one word, no longer a claim on God and Heaven, since, by your deeds, you make an irrevocable choice of the flames of hell.

Oh! be, therefore, warned by the words of the wise man: "He that seeketh to revenge himself, shall find vengeance from the Lord, and He will surely keep his sins in remembrance. Forgive thy neighbor if he hath hurt thee; and then shall thy sins be forgiven to thee when thou prayest. One man keepeth anger against another, and doth he seek to be healed by God? He hath no mercy on a man like himself, and doth he entreat for his own sins? He that is but flesh, nourishes anger, and doth he ask forgiveness of God? Who shall obtain pardon for his sins? Remember thy last things, and let envy cease. Remember the fear of God, and be not angry with thy neighbor." (Ecclesi. 28, 1-9.) Behold, these are the words of God! Oh, let them not only be heard, but let them touch the heart. Forgive the insult with your whole heart, forget what has happened, for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ. Pray often for your enemies, salute them friendly, do good to them whenever an occasion is presented, and the angels in Heaven will rejoice over your repentance and conversion.

Fortify yourself also for the future with the armor of holy meekness, and whenever you are insulted, should you be tempted to take revenge, take immediate recourse to prayer, struggle, exert yourself, look at your crucifix and pray with heart and mouth: "For the love of you, O Jesus, I will forgive with my whole heart. Though my brother be unworthy of forgiveness, yet, for your sake, I will pardon him. Do you also forgive me my sins! Amen."

A NOTABLE CONVERT.

Hon. Walter McHenry, son of Judge W. H. McHenry, of Des Moines, Iowa, has been received into the Catholic Church. The McHenrys are a family distinguished for their mental endowments. They can trace their ancestors back to the famous Patrick Henry, of Revolutionary fame. Walter McHenry, who last week entered the true fold of Christ, is a young man in the prime of life and a rising star in the legal profession. His conversion is noticeable from the fact that all his early associations and youthful companions were trained in a school hostile to the faith of the Apostles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True blood Purifier, Great Nerve Tonic, Stomach Regulator. To thousands its great merit is known.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Childhood.

"Johnnie," said his papa one day, "try to think where you left my spectacle-case." "Please, Pa, I haven't learned to think yet," replied the child. Many little folk now-a-days learn to think too soon, either because their parents are anxious that they should be paragons of knowledge at ten or because the canker worm of want has gnawed into their very cores and ripened their reason before its time. The result is that what should have been the most charming time in their lives is a void in their memory, and when wearied by the cares and trials of life they may not refresh themselves with the remembrance of happy childhood days when they believed in Santa Claus, and thought that all the world was good.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood!" And why? Because they are associated with the happiest days of our lives. When we visit the old home we are stirred by emotions inexpressible in words. When we look upon the quaint old fireplace where long years ago the ash logs crackled merrily while in circle round with sisters and brothers we listened in childish wonder to some fairy tale, the tears glisten in our eyes. And why this emotion? Because those scenes awaken the recollection of the many blissful innocent hours that we spent beneath that roof. With unwilling step we leave endearing scenes to view the old school-house. At a lingering gait we tread the well known path that long summers ago, barefoot boys, we followed at a hasty pace. We loiter by the winding brook where in company with our youthful playmates we used to stretch ourselves on the grassy bank and watch the waters ripple in the sunlight. The place is very dear to us; for here we formed our first friendships, which perhaps proved more enduring than any of later years.

No matter how much Fortune may favor a man he always looks back upon his childhood as the happiest time in his existence. The great Napoleon when at the height of his fame was asked what day he considered the happiest in his life. All expected that he would name the date of Austerlitz or Marengo. But he answered, "The day I made my first Communion; for I was then an innocent child."

Few men preserve during life the innocence of childhood. It is then that the soul, free from all attachment to the world, communes freely with God. Happy the child that early learns to love Jesus and Mary and reverence things sacred. Even years of sin will not entirely efface those first good impressions. Every beginning is important, and the beginning of life is three important, for

"A pebble in the streamlet scant His turned the course of many a river A dewdrop on the baby plant May warp the giant oak forever."

F. O. S.

WANTED—A SCORE OF TIPTOP HYMNS.

When the representatives of the Y. M. C. A. recently met in Memphis they had several rousing rallies at which they sang with resonant enthusiasm some of the many fine hymns that Protestants have. When the delegates to the C. Y. M. N. U. lately met in annual convention they did not sing at all, they are not used to choral singing, and they have not a full repertoire of beautiful hymns known to all of them from which to make three or four appropriate selections.

Many Catholic hymn books are published bulky with pages on pages of words and music. But of hymns in the vernacular, mighty few are of any account. If "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" and "I am my Love's and He is Mine," be put to one side, where are the hymns that, possessing poetical diction, sane sentiment and exquisite melody, are worthy to rank with them?

Have we no poets and composers who will write us a score of fine hymns lovely in language and harmonious in tune?

Even if we had a thousand and one gems of sacred song, Catholic young men, for lack of training and practice, would not sing them. Yet congregational singing is a powerful influence and a magnetic attraction for young and old; with none is it more delightful than with young men.

Give us the hymns and give us vocal music lessons in all our schools for boys. Then sometime in the next century the national conventions of the C. Y. M. N. U., the Knights of Columbus, the Y. M. I. the Foresters, and the Knights of St. John, will be stirred and thrilled and roused to a high pitch of enthusiasm by the singing of half a dozen noble canticles, giving expression to their highest aspirations and their fondest love.—Catholic Columbian.

There are many who want me to tell them of methods and systems and secret ways of becoming perfect; and I can only tell them that the sole secret is a hearty love of God, and the only way of attaining that love is by loving. You learn to speak by speaking, to study by studying, to run by running, to work by working; and just so you learn to love God and man by loving. All those who think to learn in any other way deceive themselves.—St. Francis de Sales.

The Spring Months Are most likely to find your blood impure and lacking in the red corpuscles which enable it to carry nourishment to the nerves and other organs. Therefore you feel weak, tired and listless, and are troubled with spring humors. Relief is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood.

Hood's pills cure biliousness. Mailed for 25 cents by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

God bless the cheerful person—man, woman, or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely, exclaims some one. Over and above every social trait stands cheerfulness! What sun is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean on Him, are cheerful persons, in the house or by the wayside. They go unobtrusively, unconsciously about their silent mission, brightening up society with the happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit beside them; we love to see the sparkle of their eyes, to hear the tone of their voice. Little children find them out, oh, so quickly, amid the densest crowd, and passing by the knitted brow, compressed lips, glide near, and laying a confident little hand on their knee, lift their clear eyes to those loving faces. To all of which we give a fervent Amen.

To Labor is a Duty. "Six days shalt thou work" is as much of a command as "the seventh thou shalt rest." A life of idleness is a life wasted.

Don't Pick it to Pieces. You say you thought the sermon very good when you heard it, but when you came to take it to pieces you were surprised how little there was in it! How foolish, then, to take it to pieces! Take a steam engine to pieces, and how little there is in it! Take your own face to pieces, and your mother will be ashamed of it. Take a rainbow to pieces, and see how much remains to be admired! We must judge by the effect of the whole, and not by pieces and sections.

Drugs and Stimulants or Exercise. Beautiful spring is coming on with its sunshiny sky, showers, balmy air, mud, malaria, and tired feeling. Instead of drugs to dose the sordid body or stimulants to goad the system to spasmodic efforts, the better thing is to force one's self to the gymnasium and to make the body work until perspiration comes, then a shower-bath and a rub down. Drugs and stimulants are only to be used in emergencies. A live body, quickened, strengthened, sustained by proper foods, not gorged, blood serated by plenty of oxygen drawn in deep breaths. Every organ vital with quickened life. The pores of the body opened in perspiration and cleansed by running water will laugh at disease, and death will stand aside until fallage.

To Master the Wheel. This is the season for beginners in cycling, and here are some good suggestions from an instructor who is regarded as one of the best in the metropolis: 1. Grasp the handle bars lightly and do not stiffen the muscles of the arms or shoulders. 2. Turn the wheel gently in the direction in which you feel you are falling; never jerk it. 3. Do not be afraid to bear down on the pedals; the faster you go the more easily you will find it to control your wheel. 4. Always look ahead, or rather toward the point to which you wish to go; if you look down you are almost sure to get "rattled," and if you fix a terror-stricken gaze on any object you wish to avoid you are almost sure to run it down.

To Those Who Write for the Press. It would be a great favor to editors and printers, should those who write for the press observe the following rules. They are reasonable, and likely to gain general editorial approval: Write with black ink on white paper, wide ruled. Make the pages small. Note size preferred by the printer. Leave the second page of each leaf blank. Give to the written page an ample margin all around. Number the papers in the order of their succession. Write in a plain, bold hand, with less respect to beauty. Use no abbreviations which are not to appear in print. Punctuate the manuscript as it should be printed. For italics, underscore one line; for small capitals two; capitals three. Never interline without the caret to show its place. Take special pains with every letter in review every word, to be sure that none are illegible. Put directions to the printer at the head of the first page. Never write a private letter to the editor on the printer's copy, but always on a separate sheet. Never roll up your manuscript. Fold it flat and with as few doublings as possible.

What makes a Gentleman. In all questions of manners a young man should always remember that, while politeness is a good trait to acquire, courtesy is infinitely better. Politeness is manners, but courtesy is heart. Mingling in good society can give us that veneer which the world calls a polish of manners, and true politeness is not to be made little of nor scoffed at. Politeness is a fine art, but is an art pure and simple, even at its best. Infinitely better is the cultivation of that courtesy or refinement which enters into the feelings of others and holds them sacred. What we want our young men to have is courtesy of manner not regulated by social code or professional censor. It is idle to say that courtesy is a relic of old-fashioned days and is no longer looked for. It is as much the current coin of good society as it ever was. More than

any other element or grace in our lives, it is instantly felt and recognized, and has an unfailing influence. It calls for respect as nothing else does. Courtesy of manner and courtesy of speech are the gifts a young man should cultivate.—Edward W. Bok.

To Do And Not To Do. Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If anyone speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortunes excepted) within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquility of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of anyone. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young and spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

The Piety of a Great General. The celebrated Marshal Pelissier, one of the bravest and most successful generals that France can boast of, was as good a Catholic as he was a soldier. Sometimes, when it happened that no one was at hand to serve Mass, the Marshal himself would step forward and humbly take the acolyte's place. This he often did, and with such humble simplicity and piety that it edified many and made others ashamed of their moral cowardice.—Ave Maria.

CHILDREN AND PRAYER. How Parents Should Teach Their Little Ones to Pray Aright. Most children are apt to perform the duty of prayer in a careless, superficial manner which is owing to their natural giddiness and inattention to everything serious. Wherefore it is the duty of parents to teach them how to pray. They should instill into them a high idea of this essential duty and show the necessity of it from our total dependence on God as to the goods both of this life and the next. For example, let them often say to their children: "We must never forget to pray to Almighty God, because He is the giver of all good gifts. It is He alone who can supply us with all things necessary both for soul and body." At other times: "We can never arrive at the eternal happiness of heaven unless God help us by His grace. Now He will help us by His grace if we ask it by humble and fervent prayer."

Let them often admonish their children of their duty when going to prayer as follows: "Remember you are now going to speak to God Himself, the sovereign Lord of Heaven and earth. See that you do it with great reverence, modesty and attention. In order to impress on the minds of children a due sense of the presence and majesty of God they must first say their prayers aloud, in a mild, humble and moderate tone, upon their knees and with downcast eyes and their hands joined, and they should never be allowed to huddle over their prayers as is often the case, nor to look about here and there while saying them.

After prayer, say to them occasionally: "Did you think on Almighty God? Was your heart raised up to Him, to adore Him, to praise Him and to beg His blessings? Without attention your prayers, instead of pleasing God, will only offend Him." Parents should, as much as possible, hear their children say their prayers morning and night, and in hearing them should not be employed about the business of the house. If they cannot themselves perform this duty, they ought to intrust it to such servants only as are truly pious and who will see that the children perform it in a proper manner. It cannot be expected that children should be duly impressed with the importance of this duty if allowed to perform it in a careless manner, or if they see their parents equally indifferent about so essential a point.

Don't Wait for the Sick Room. The experience of physicians and the public proves that taking Scott's Emulsion produces an immediate increase in flesh; it is therefore of the highest value in Wasting Diseases and Consumption. The Brightest Flowers must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

THE DEVIL'S TEN COMMANDMENTS.

- From the Christian Advocate. 1. Live to thyself. Mind thine own things. This is the first and great commandment, on which all the rest hang and to which they serve and is the same as be thine own God. 2. Let thy will be thy law. Thou art thine own, thy tongue is thine own, thy time is thine own, thy estate is thine own; mayst thou not do what thou wilt with thine own? 3. Make the best of the time present and of present things. Lose not a certainty for uncertainties. Who knows what may be hereafter? Eat and drink, for to-morrow thou diest. Be merry while thou mayst, spend while thou hast it; make hay while the sun shines. 4. Stand fast in the liberties of thy flesh. Come not into bondage. Be not a slave to a strict life when thou mayst use thine own liberty. 5. Continue in sin because grace hath abounded. Christ died for sinners; God is merciful. Why shouldst thou then fear to take thy course? 6. Do as others do. Go along with the multitude, fashion thyself to the times, be not singular. Why shouldst thou think thyself wiser than others? 7. Do no more religion than needs. Be not righteous overmuch. Be not over forward; a little faith, a little repentance will serve thy turn. 8. Do not trouble thyself about small offenses. Thoughts are free, words are but things of course. What man is there that lives and sins not? Why shouldst thou keep such ado about thy sins; are they not little ones? 9. Be not over hasty. If thou must repent, it is time enough yet; torment not thyself before thy time. When thou art old thou wilt have little else to do. Be not old while thou art young. 10. Trust God with thy soul rather than man with thy body. Choose inequity rather than affliction and self-denial. Venture no farther in matters of religion than thou mayst with safety.

A LITTLE FUN AT HOME.

Be not afraid of a little fun at home. Do not shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a laugh should shake down a few of the musty old cobwebs that are hanging there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left at the threshold, without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in the gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation; if they do not find it at their own hearstone they will seek it at less profitable places. Therefore, make the home delightful with all those little arts parents so well understand. Do not repress the buoyant spirits of your children. Half an hour of merriment within the doors of a home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them in the world is the influence of a bright home.—Sacred Heart Review.

A HOUSE DIVIDED.

From the London Truth. Although people have long grown accustomed to the internecine warfare in the Church of England on questions of faith and ritual, it is still, I imagine, something of a novelty to find rival divines attempting to "prove their doctrine orthodox by apostolic blows and knocks" delivered at one another on successive Sundays from the same pulpit. This is the edifying spectacle that has lately been afforded to the congregation attending Durham Cathedral. A Sunday or so ago Archbishop Watson preached an impassioned sermon in vindication of prayers for the dead. He quoted many authorities in support of his views. On the following Sunday Canon Tristram with equal fervor proceeded to demolish all these authorities and to denounce prayers for the dead as a mischievous superstition. The Archbishop listened from his stall and in due course he will, I suppose, deliver his rejoinder.

In a recent sermon Father Yorke, of San Francisco, said: "One of the first lessons of the war is that, in accordance with their usual habits, the political preachers are not standing by the truth when they are deliberately proclaiming from their pulpits that the United States is a Protestant nation, for out of some 75,000,000 people in that country not more than 20,000,000 go to church, and out of these 20,000,000 more than half are Catholics."

A man who is not in his place is like a dislocated bone; he suffers and he causes suffering.—Abbe Roux.

COUGHS BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat Effectively Relieved. John L. Brown & Son, Boston.

SACRED PICTURES.

We have now in stock some really nice colored crayons of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Sacred Heart of Mary—size, 2x2. Price, 50 cents each. Good value at that figure. Same size, steel engravings, 75 cents each. Extra large size, (steel engravings), \$1.50 each. ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA Colored pictures of St. Anthony of Padua—size, 12x16—at 25 cents each. Cash or accompany orders. Address: Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ontario, Canada.

Belief In Christ.

The Rev. John M. Fleming, O. S. A., of Lawrence, in a recent sermon, said: "You might as well expect a man to live and think whose head is severed from his body, or a dead rose bush to flourish and blossom, as religion or virtue, heroism or patriotism to endure without a firm belief in the divinity of Christ. A year or two ago a French Protestant of high literary attainments and vast erudition wrote a brief and a very commendable life of Cardinal Manning. In the closing words of his introductory, speaking of the meanderings of higher criticism, he says: 'It presents to us an impalpable, intangible Christ, a sort of twilight phantom fallen at the same time from his humanity, without historical reality in the past, without supernatural reality in the present, without sacramental reality in the sacraments. The cup that is offered to us is full of a deadly beverage. Let us reject this poison. Like the woman in the Gospel, rather than let Christ escape, perhaps it will be necessary for our generation to take hold of the hem of His garment; perhaps it will be necessary for it to follow in the footsteps of His disciples, even were it only to be touched by that shadow of Peter healing the sick of Jerusalem.'"

Free and easy expectation immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

The People's Faith

Firmly Grounded Upon Real Merit They Know Hood's Sarsaparilla Absolutely and Permanently Cures Whom All Others Fail. Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia and a little Iodide of Potassium. Besides these excellent ingredients, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Pipsissewa. Nor are these all. Other very valuable curative agents are harmoniously combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is carefully prepared under the personal supervision of a regularly educated pharmacist. Knowing these facts, is the abiding faith the people have in Hood's Sarsaparilla a matter of surprise? You can see why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, when other medicines totally, absolutely fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion.

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TENDERS. CEALD TENDERS, marked "For Mounted Police Provisions and Light Supplies, Yukon Territory," and addressed to the undersigned, will be received up to noon on Wednesday, 9th April. Printed forms of tender containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application to Superintendent A. B. Perry, N. W. Mounted Police, Vancouver, B. C., or at the office of the undersigned. No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque or draft for an amount equal to five per cent of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the service contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained from FRED WHITE, Comptroller, N. W. M. Police, Ottawa, 21st February, 1899. "Subscriptions for 'Our Boy and Girl's Own' received at the Catholic Record office. 75c per annum

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

(Special to the Catholic Record.)

Three thousand one hundred Confraternities... 100 women, 1200 men and 300 children...

DIocese of Hamilton.

March 7th being the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas... Bishop Dowling's patron saint...

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C. O. F.

The regular meeting was held on Thursday evening, March 11th... As announced the previous meeting...

(For the Catholic Record.)

BALLADE OF THE SWEET GAELIC TONGUE. To Rev. Eugene O'Grady, Prince of Irish Scholars...

OBITUARY.

MR. ARCHIBALD A. MACDONALD, IROQUOIS. Archibald Alexander Macdonald was born in 1847 at St. Andrew's, Pictou county...

DIED.

At Three Rivers, Quebec, on Tuesday, the 11th inst., on the eve of his birthday...

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. London, March 16.—Grain, per cental.—Red winter, \$1.13 to \$1.15...

VOLUME XXI

The Catholic Record

London, Saturday, March 25, 1920

RENE VILATTE.

Rene Vilatte has turned up again... "a recanter." The old humorist...

DIFFICULTIES OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS.

By Rev. James McGulick, Bishop of Duluth, Minnesota. The recent outbreak of the Indians in Northern Minnesota has helped to call public attention to two facts...

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CASTLES IN SPAIN.

When the west is aglow at the close of the day... And the shadows are falling all ghostly and gray...

WELCOMED HOME.

When a young man returns home, after many years, an ordinary man... Ready to go forth and preach and teach...

ST. PATRICK'S CHILDREN.

Patrick's name is revered in every land... In court, in camp, in pupil, on the bench...

BATTLE OF THOROLD CEMENT.

From the North-West Farmer, July, 1888. An adversary which has made rapid advancement among the farmers in Canada during the last year or two...

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

We quote this paragraph from the London Academy. It deserves to be called a pastel, if that is the name to be given to the best writing of its kind...

FATHER HECKER.

In reply to a correspondent who wishes to know something about Father Hecker, we beg to state that he was born in New York in 1819...

COMPLIMENT TO MR. WATERS.

Ottawa Journal, March 7. The Catholic Record of London in its issue of the 24th inst., printed in full, with due acknowledgment...

LEO XIII'S POEM.

TRANSLATION OF LATIN HEXAMETER VERSE. JUST BEFORE HIS LATEST ILLNESS. Rome, March 13.—Pope Leo, just before his illness, wrote some beautiful hexameters in Latin...

THE MADNESS CONSECRATE.

Lo! Christ is nigh and His delight is in Christ your love. His spouse, sweetest name—Who in an holy pact to Him is pledged...

ESTATE OF JOHN BATTLE.

MENTION THIS PAPER. On M. B. A.—Branch No. 4, London, Ontario, Feb. 27, 1899, it was moved by Brothers O'Mara and Maloy and unanimously resolved that the members of this branch do hereby...

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