

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### LONDON'S POOR.

Speaking at a public meeting in London a short time ago Sir Harry Johnston, the explorer, said he had travelled extensively in Africa for the purpose of putting down the slave trade, and he could say from experience that there was more destitution in London than in any one separate part of Africa.

And before him Ruskin wrote: "Through we are deafened with the noise of spinning wheels and the rattle of the looms, our people have no clothes; though they are black with digging fuel, they die of cold; and though millions of acres are covered with ripe golden grain, our people die from want of bread."

These facts should exercise a disturbing influence on the eloquence of the gentlemen who hymn the praises of battleships and gold and tell us that England's prosperity is due to the "open Bible."

The spectacle of England's thousands clamoring for bread should remind the publicists that Russia is not the only country where misery is rampant. The want is bad, but so is starvation; and we cannot see that the lot of Englishmen who live without hope and in degradation is preferable to that of the Siberian prisoners. And as to autocrats, what man has more power than the directors of trusts? The robber barons who replenished larder and treasure chest at the expense of their neighbors were as children compared to the barons of coal, etc. And the man who claims the swaying throne of the Romanoffs must marvel at freedom-loving Englishmen covering beneath the lash of their taskmasters and starving in the midst of plenty. But England is civilized, and Russia is not, though information given from time to time about the educational and social agencies instituted by the Muscovite government warrant us in believing that some publicists have a highly trained imagination. The facts, however, are that there are thousands houseless, breadless, friendless, without shelter, raiment or hope in the world.

### ONE RESULT OF THE REFORMATION.

This is one of the results of the Reformation that was born of lust and waxed strong through robbery. When England was "Merrie England" men cherished the Christian idea of property in the sense of stewardship, and not as in the days of the Reformation in the sense of absolute ownership. We know how Henry VIII. and his minions pillaged the monasteries and stole the patrimony of the poor. We know also that wherever the Reformation made headway the poor suffered and the world heard the new doctrine, "Blessed are the rich." And this doctrine is preached by not only Protestants but by those Catholics whose ideals are of the earth, who would barter their pitiful souls for place and pelf, and who, when they achieve the success of a bank account, talk and act as if they were pagans.

### A COMPARISON.

Compare, however, the England of today with Catholic England described by her Thomas Rogers. Admitting that the rate of production was small and the duration of life short, he says: "But on the whole there were none of these extremes of poverty and wealth which have excited the astonishment and indignation of philanthropists and are now exciting the indignation of workmen. The age, it is true, had its discontents, and these discontents were expressed forcibly and in a startling manner. But of poverty which perishes unheeded, of a willingness to do honest work, and a lack of opportunity there was little or none. The essence of life in England during the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors was that everyone knew his neighbor and that everyone was his brother's keeper."

### THE MONKS OF OLD.

Historians tell us of the role played by monks and nuns in the days when men saw Christ in the poor and brotherhood was not for verbiage but for helpful action. Kemble in his Saxons in England, vol. II., says: "They were permanent mediators between the rich and the poor, between the strong and the weak. . . . They alone had the right and the means of arresting the rough hand of power, of mitigating the just severity of the law of showing a gleam of hope to the eyes of the slave and of finding even in this world a place and means of existence for all those forsaken ones whose existence was ignored by the State."

Lecky and Maitland are not chary of praise to the monks. Mr. Thorold Rogers, quoted by Francis Aidan Gasquet, D. D., in his Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries, says:

"The monks were the men of letters in the middle ages, the historians, the jurists, the philosophers, the physicians, the students of nature, the founders of schools, authors of chronicles, teachers of agriculture, fairly indulgent landlords and advocates of genuine handiwork towards the peasantry."

In the words of an old writer, says Dr. Gasquet:

"The monks taught and preached the faith and good works. . . . They made provision daily for the people that stood in need thereof as sick, sore, lame or otherwise impotent. They made hospitals and lodgings within their own houses, besides the great alms they gave daily at their gates to every one that came for it. . . . And if the price of corn had begun to start up in the markets, they made thenceforth with loads of corn and sold it under the market price to poor people, to the end to bring down the price thereof. . . . All sorts of people were succored by abbeyes."

The Reformation, which non-Catholic historians of the Galdrinet type trace to a very ignoble cause—the infatuation of a married man for an adventress—changed all this. A horde of despoilers was unleashed, and forthwith the patrimony of the poor—the foundation—funds of schools and colleges were swept into their capacious pockets. They did their work in true pirate style. And the poor, who had been befriended by generations of God-fearing Englishmen and fed and housed and respected by the monks, got, in exchange for their property, workhouses and poor laws.

With England the "Dowery of Mary," there would not, we venture to say, be such poverty in that country.

### THE LOUD LAUGH AND VACANT MIND.

Lack of space prevents us from quoting more non-Catholic tributes to the monks. But they would be of little use, we fear, to those who measure ages past by a twentieth century ruler or who believe that money is the sign of progress and true success. We can bear, however, with some degree of equanimity the assertions of those who still cling to nursery yarns. But what mystifies us is the apathy which allows the monks to be slandered by imbecile caricatures. We laugh at these manifestations of ignorance and support the dealers who have them for sale. While the non-Catholic records their services to civilization, we, who are supposed to know our own, permit them to be targets for ribald jest and idiotic buffoonery. We are a peace-loving people, but the peace that is bought by ignorance or cowardice may well be a badge of shame. We are told that some of these pictures are reproductions of famous paintings and are commended by competent critics. But there are critics and critics. Some of them acclaimed a few weeks ago a drama that William Winter, a cultured gentleman and an authority on things dramatic, branded as a "dramatized stencher." But whatsoever critics may say, the fact remains that many of these "monkish" pictures are colored calumnies. And when we decide to boycott the shops wherein they are exhibited, we may expect them to disappear.

### TRUE TO OUR COLORS.

As our societies cover the social and benevolent field very well, we may say that the Catholic who cannot find rest in any one of them must be of very fastidious taste. The announcement that So and So won a "magnificent pipe" at a "suchre party" may frustrate the hopes of one who is on the lookout for a literary club. These dancing parties may turn away the middle aged. But the Catholic can find in any organization some work to do either in giving it new ideas, or in keeping it faithful to its principles, or in persuading a few of the members that life is one "eternal guffaw."

So far as we can learn, the Catholic who seeks solace in alien organizations does so because he believes that membership therein is a passport to a position of some kind. If true to his faith he will obtain no favors; if not, his recreancy may purchase him some thing. We say "may" because a sensible non-Catholic can have no confidence in a man who is false to his creed for mercenary reasons. He may use and exploit him, but when his purposes are served he will drop him as a thing vile and unclean. Such a thing has happened ere this.

We mind us, too, of the ignominious

exit of a Canadian Catholic from the political stage. Equipped to play a leading part, he became as nothing. With every prospect of making history, he was lost in the army of failures. And the reason was that the man was a "trimmer." His uncertain tone on questions affecting religious principles aroused suspicions of both Catholics and Protestants, with the result that he was relegated to obscurity. The voters had no respect for an individual who was too afraid of man to confess his faith and too afraid of the devil to desert it. And so the ship that set out with favorable wind for the haven of Success is anchored now where rot the hulks that were manned by cowards.

### A GOOD INVESTMENT.

As a business policy it pays to fly our colors. The Catholic snobs who send their children to the Y. M. C. A. gain nothing. They may talk, as they do sometimes, about things Catholic; but the knowledge that their sons are in Protestant colleges and organizations minimizes the effect of their eloquence. We pass over in silence that awful thing, the female snob that dotes on well-groomed gentlemen, though they may be the greatest "rounders" in town, and cackles over our bad manners.

The resolution for the New Year should be: Our societies first, last, and all the time.

### HER WEDDING GOWN TO THE CHURCH.

The Catholic Union and Times notes the fact that Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., of Chicago, who has the sympathy of many in the recent death of her young husband, gave her wedding gown to be made into Church vestments. After her return from the honeymoon trip Mrs. Field sent the gown, a magnificent white satin imported creation, exquisitely embroidered in silver, to a Kansas convent of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, who are renowned for their fine needle work.

The Sisters made the gown into set of church vestments, which were presented by Mrs. Field to Dr. Butler, who was then rector of St. John's Church, Eighteenth and Clarke streets, Chicago.

They were at the time the most beautiful and costly set of vestments possessed by any church in the city and so prized were they by the rector of St. John's that he never wore them. In 1897 Dr. Butler was elected to the episcopacy and created Bishop of the see of Concord.

When leaving for Rome to be consecrated the bishop elect took the vestments made from Mrs. Field's wedding gown to wear them for the first time at his consecration, but his consecration never took place. He was taken suddenly ill on the eve of his consecration and died in Rome in June, 1897.

As it is customary to bury priests in their church vestments, the set the bishop elect carried with him was used as his burial robes and with him interred.

Mrs. Field did not become a Catholic until shortly before her marriage. Her mother, Mrs. Louise C. Huek, while making a European trip, was attacked by fatal illness, during which she became a convert to the Catholic faith, at the same time imploring the two daughters who accompanied her to follow her example—which they did after their return to America.

### OLD ENGLISH TRADITIONS OF REVERENCE FOR THE PALLIUM.

Under Saxon rule every successor of Angustinus, despite distance and hardship of travel, either sent to Rome for the pallium, or went thither to receive it; among those going to Rome were the great saints of those centuries, Odo, Dunstan and Elphege. When the Norman seized the scepter of England there was no charge in the Church of England. From the days of William to those of Mary seven and thirty archbishops of Canterbury, successors of St. Augustinus, received the pallium of Rome in token of their union with and of their submission to the Pontiff of Rome. The great Saint Anselm walked with bare feet to meet the legate Walter bringing to him the pallium—unshodden, too. Thomas a Becket went forth to salute the bearer of his pallium—so well did scholars and saints understand the meaning of the consecrated wool; so deeply did they feel in their souls that Peter spoke through the pallium, and that Christ spake upon his shoulders in Westminster the pallium received from Rome and swore "to be faithful and obedient to the Bishop of Rome"—a perjurer, it is true, in his heart, but unable to break away from the traditions of ages, and unwilling as yet to defy the olden faith of the people of England. Again Cardinal Pole wore the pallium—the faithful servant of Rome; but Pole dying, dark days came to England, and the pallium no longer shed its effulgence over English-speaking peoples—the people of martyred Ireland excepted—until it lifted its symbolic glory over Carroll in Baltimore and over Wiseman in Westminster.—Archbishop Ireland.

### CHICAGO PROTESTANT MINISTERS' EULOGY OF JESUIT FATHER MARQUETTE.

(From Rev. E. P. Goodwin's address at Memorial 1878 N. Y. Freeman's Journal, 1897.)

Rev. Dr. Goodwin's address, which was impromptu, is very highly spoken of. We have no room to reproduce it entire, but the following extract will give our readers an idea of the high regard in which a Protestant Minister holds the great Jesuit explorer and missionary. Dr. Goodwin says:

"I have no doubt that, as one of these gentlemen has said, he never thought of himself. He had no expectation of a monument. No man is great until he forgets himself. Pere Marquette always forgot himself. He lived a true, noble and divine life. If we had one Pere Marquette among the American Indians to-day, with the American government as much behind him as the French government was behind Marquette, the Indian question would not trouble us many years. (Applause.) If we had one such man in every State at the head of its affairs, trusted as such men would be trusted, for one such man in all the States that trouble us, north or south, through the failure of self-politicians, with rebellion against honesty and a rebellion against the government, perhaps, we might sheath our bayonets and call home our police officers, and sleep nights without thoughts of mischief or marauders, and dreams of peace which in the daytime would come true. What our times need—what all times need—are men who slake their interests in the interests of their fellows, in the interests of truth, in the interests of humanity—men who are just as willing to die to-day or tomorrow as a hundred years hence if their work is done as God wished it. What mattered it to Pere Marquette, floating home in his little canoe after that long and wonderful voyage of discovery, if the mission he loved so well was not to be seen again? He had his reward in the fulfillment of his conception of duty that had been performed with an humble trust, and fearing God. We as American people ought to treasure such a memory, and ought to be guided by such ideas. Those old pilgrims who crossed the ocean on a journey of peril and hardship were not seeking greatness, were not seeking simply the privilege of worshipping without hindrance."

"Pere Marquette joined hands with Livingston. The one discovered a continent for civilization to take possession of with Christianity in his hands; the other did a similar work two hundred years before. You do not measure men by the jewels that flash in their crowns, or by the empires over which they wield the scepter. You measure them by their loyalty to the great thoughts which move the world. It does not matter whether it be a slave sold into an Egyptian dungeon, God has a kinship to him. Napoleon's history gathers rapidly a certain kind of infamy as the years go by. There is a greatness about it, but it is not a greatness that kindles men's hearts. There will be less homage paid by humanity to the Caesars, Alexanders, and Napoleons, as the years go by, each time their names are repeated. There will be more and more homage paid to men whose brows are knit thinking of problems that may cheapen goods for men and multiply manufacturers, or who visit hospitals, or seek to lift the prisoner out of his dungeon, or to Christianize political institutions, or to bring freedom and purity to the race. Pere Marquette was in the line of the true builders. It is well enough to plant a monument here, but the monuments of such men are in the myriad hearts of those who spread the love of Christ; their real glory is in the flushing of the many starved crown that awaits them. May God give us many more such men! May God give us, as somewhat, each of us, according to our capacities, the power to follow the example of such lives! The world needs not great poets; it needs simple men and women filled with the spirit of that true-hearted missionary hero, content to be isolated from everything that is pleasing, and delighted, so that they may lay the hands of benediction on the souls of men, bind up their wounds, cheer their breasts and lift poor humanity out of its selfishness and sin into the brighter, happier world in that better time when there shall be peace on earth and good will toward men, and if that time shall come, it will always come in just that way and by just such men. (Applause.)"

### TOLD OF A NEGRO CONVERT.

A BISHOP'S TOUCHING NARRATIVE—MRS. T.—AND THE BOYS WHO WERE "MISSING MASS."

From the Ave Maria.

It was at a dinner in the presbytery, and toward the end the conversation turned on Negroes. A Bishop among the guests, who once had charge of a colored congregation, in answer to the question, "Can converts among them be trusted to persevere longer than a month?" told a little story, "right fair and sweet," as "The Golden Legend" frequently describes such narratives. The Bishop is not one of those who imagine that the action of divine grace is restricted in the case of people whose skin is not white; and he prefaced his story with the remark that he would cheerfully exchange his diocese for the little colored parish which he organized. "The soil was so good, the labor so consoling, the harvest promised to be so abundant." That little congregation, by the way, began with two persons and had increased to two hundred—converts every one. Not all were so saintlike as Mrs. T.; but, as a whole they were faithful and fervent, well instructed in their religion and eager that others should share in its blessings and consolations.

Mrs. T. had a pew under the gallery, which at one of the Masses was occupied exclusively by the boys of the parish school. There was a sextageance among them—perhaps more than one; how ever, no complaint of misconduct on their part reached the ears of the pastor until Mrs. T. came to the sacristy one morning and expressed the fear that all the little boys in the gallery were not hearing Mass. "I thought you might want to say a word to them some time, Father, if you knew about it."

Remembering the situation of the old lady's pew, the pastor wondered how she could be cognizant of any disorder in the gallery, and pressed her for an explanation.

"Well, it's this way, Father. Where I kneel is just underneath, and all through Mass—that is most of the time they keep spitting down on my head. Of course that ain't nothing. Our Blessed Lord was spit upon, and I'm only a poor old colored woman. But it was right in the church and the Holy Mass going on. I don't know who they are; and if I did, it wouldn't be right for me to tell the faults of my neighbor. You see, I was just afraid of some of those little fellows might be missing Mass, along with misbehaving in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament."

Much of the point as well as of the tender charm of this story is lost in the retelling; but, as related by the Bishop, it served, not only to remove prejudice against the black race, but to show the heights of holiness to which grace has sometimes elevated Negro converts. The incident was impressive enough to produce silence on all who heard it, and in the eyes of more than one listener there was a suspicion of tears. The spell was broken when the questioner was reminded of the cigars.

### AN INQUIRY FROM A BISHOP.

A Bishop in the West was making some inquiries recently about the result of the Mission work for non-Catholics. He did not know whether it would be prudent to designate it as a diocesan work. Mr. Doyle, the Rector of Apostolic Mission House, made this reply to him: "My experience now goes over a decade of years, and as the outcome of it all, I am convinced of one fact. It is this: If a non-Catholic Mission is properly conducted—strictly forbidding controversy and confining its work entirely to the explanations of Catholic doctrine, its result is representative of all religions bitterness. We admit that it is possible for a missionary to come into a town and by his quarrelsome manner or unwarranted statements, stir up trouble, but such a missionary has no business in a non-Catholic Mission field and the sooner his career is at an end the better for the work. The training at the Apostolic Mission House teaches one to eliminate the controversial temper and to substitute for it the explanatory attitude. We believe that if the Catholic truth were but known in its beauty it would be readily embraced. It has been overlaid and distorted by so many misrepresentations that it appears anything but lovely."

### CATHOLICS AND CREMATION.

From the Glasgow Observer.

The Manchester Guardian hits the mark pretty closely in its comment on the funeral of Sir Henry Irving:

"As the remains of Sir Henry Irving have been cremated, the bearing of his ashes to the abbey in a coffin instead of the customary urn suggests that the coffin represents the Anglican middle course between the 'pagan' urn and Rome's rigid prohibition of the practice of cremation. Under the rigid Roman rule the remains of Sir Henry Irving would not be permitted to rest within the abbey, not because he was an actor, but because his body had been cremated. There are two decrees of the Holy Office bearing on this question. That of the 19th of May, 1886, forbids Catholics to belong to cremation societies or to cause their own bodies or the bodies of others to be cremated. That of the 15th of December, 1886, permits the services of the Church in cases where the body of the deceased has been cremated without his assent or direction, but orders that Christian burial be refused to those who direct that their bodies be cremated and do not alter their decision before their death. Rome has two main objections to the practice of cremation. The first is that it is a departure from Catholic usage from primitive times and is pagan in character; the second is that the practice has been so largely associated, on the Continent at least, with attacks on the Christian religion and the doctrine of a future life."

To which it might be added that the universal practice of cremation would hush up forever many a murder discovered through chemical examination of exhumed remains. Such cases are most common.

### A THOUGHT FOR SOME ONTARIO PREACHERS.

Australian exchanges mention an instance of Christian tolerance and charity that makes very pleasant reading. At a recent meeting of the Congregational Union in Adelaide, the Rev. A. D. Sykes, a Congregationalist minister, read a paper in which he frankly condemned "the Protestant propaganda against Rome, as sometimes manifested." Archbishop O'Reilly thereupon sent the minister a courteous and eloquent acknowledgment. "With my thanks," wrote his Grace, "you have, I am safe in assuring you, the thanks of my co-religionists. For non-Catholics I may not speak with authority. But Australians are high minded and generous, and I can give no offence in stating my conviction. Many thousands of non-Catholic Australians will approve of your honest outspokenness, and be glad of the spirit of kindness that breathes in your words."

That the Archbishop estimated correctly the spirit of many, at least, of his non-Catholic fellow-citizens, is clear from this editorial comment of the (Protestant) Register:

"In the eloquent letter addressed to the Rev. A. D. Sykes, thanking him for his kind references to the Roman Catholic Church, Archbishop O'Reilly manifests a spirit which ought to be emulated by members of all Christian communions. As he remarks, the interests of this generation lie with the present; and people should be allowed to live in peace and amity—to foster the friendship, to cultivate the good-will of those whom they daily see and meet and hear. The Archbishop has given such varied and ample proof of his unselfish devotion to the South Australia's welfare and his generous sympathies toward all classes of citizens that his luminous exhortation will assuredly produce an excellent effect."

Our doing little things that God sets us to do is better and more than our undertaking of our own motion or conviction of great things that we have no call of God to do. Not the work performed or attempted, but the spirit of loving loyalty to Him Whose we are, and Whom we serve, is what God looks at, as He watches us and others.

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

CHAPTER V.

A MESSENGER TO COME FROM FRONTENAC. Pleasant it was to be at home again after our three years of absence. Of the many friends and relatives who greeted our return none gave me a warmer welcome than little Barbe, who now, forsooth, assumed toward me a half-perversive, half-coaxing humor, a pretty coquetry wherewithal, it being evening in the little maid.

Yet I tried my patience, too, and caused me to be more thoughtful than the pranks of the honey-mix that was merited by so frivolous a subject. What vexed me the more was that Robert de Reaume gave over attention to her moods. I should have been better pleased to see him haterlingly peevish with a demurely suited to him in age, rather than threatening to snatch a kiss from little Barbe at every opportunity. To be sure, she was ever so swift that he never won the chance, but there was over much parody about the matter, especially since, save for her greeting to me upon my home coming, she would never let me have a kiss either. This was truly absurd, for erstwhile, when I visited Beaupre, for ever came with me to the house door, and insisted that I bend down and kiss her rose mouth ere I rode away.

Such airs do young maids put on when they turn from their merry games and romps to glance into a mirror and discover that they are agreeable to the eye. My faith, how they then do magnify their own importance! Soon, however, I had scant leisure to remark upon the whims of a much-indulged child. The welcome to Therese and myself was scarce over, when the sensation created by our arrival was forgotten in the greater excitement of the news that I lamented it had not been our fortune to bring. One drowsy afternoon there was, all at once, a stir in the town. I had taken my bat and was about to go out to see what it meant, when my father came upstairs from his warehouse.

"Hein, Normand!" he said, "here is startling intelligence. It seems, while you were held by the corsair, an Indian has been making his way overland from Acadia. His story is that the Abenaki have learned, from a pale-face woman captured near a village called Portsmouth, that a fleet has sailed from the south, under Sir William Phipps, to attack our city. Warning of the danger which threatens us has been cried in the Market Place, and a messenger has been despatched in all haste up the river to Montreal, where the Sieur Louis de Barde, Comte de Frontenac, but recently established himself at the head of his forces."

"This is weighty information, surely!" I cried, starting up and down the floor and making my sword in its sheath. "Still, our Royal Governor is more than a match for our white foes and the five Nations combined. Keen is my impatience to see the great man again. During his former term of office I, as a boy, looked on him with reverence as the representative of the Sun King."

"Ay, ay, now above the murmurs of his opponents, you were ordered to wait the river below the village. The seignours brought with them their caudars. Early and late the streets resounded to the tread of armed men, some but rudely equipped with farm implements, which nevertheless had ere now proved in their hands formidable weapons."

The commissary was busy provisioning the place; tradespeople and housewives laid in supplies, notwithstanding the anxiety dominant in every heart, the Market Place was a scene of gaiety and thrift, of barter and gossip, of meetings of old acquaintance, of flirtations between the soldiers and the bright-eyed young maids of the humbler order—for where is the woman, gentle or simple, whose fancy is not caught by the color of a military coat or the cockade of a soldier's cap?"

One morning, soon after sunrise, I was aroused by a confusion outside my window, a cry that swept through the Lower Town like the current of the river lashing against the Rock after a storm. Throwing open the casement, I saw that the thoroughfare was thronged with eager townspeople, all hurrying to the Esplanade.

"What is it—the enemy?" I shouted to a stout bourgeois who lagged behind his fellows. "The enemy!" he echoed scornfully. "Do you think I would run myself into the risk of an apoplexy for an enemy, civilized or savage? No, it is Comte Frontenac coming home. His bateaux have been sighted on the river."

Fourthly I dressed, intending to fare forth also for the quay and with no thought of other command than my trusty rapier; for what better society should be desired by a gallant who has seen both danger and adventure than the good sword that has served him well? As I passed out, who should catch sight of me but saucy Barbe, who thereupon cried to me in her most coaxing tones, and her voice was as sweet as a bird's in spring.

"Normand, Normand, take me with you!" "Tee, Mignonne, it is no time for little maids to be abroad, when high ways and squares are filled with rough folk, answered with sternness. "You would be treated with scant courtesy, meet with rude speech, and maybe even lose yourself amid the uncouth populace."

"How can I lose myself?" returned the mischief, perily. "But if you please, my chevalier of the raven locks, is not equal to the test of protecting me from the unseemly gruffness of our humble good folk to you, or your own so weak you cannot keep me from being battered about like a shuttlecock among the crowd, how can I believe the stories Therese tells of your courage, or but laugh when I see you taking on the airs of a hero?"

Now, this was audacious of the baggage, for well she knew I am not one to boast, or take to myself credit for the intrepidity which others admire. I have ever displayed in time of sudden extremity or stress. As the prick of a sword will stir the blood of a man so that he rushes madly into any encounter without stopping to question whether it be rash or no, so the sharpness of her woman's wit, even though it were but like to the sting of a honey-bee—if the honey-bee stings—permeated me out of my good judgment. "Oh, welladay, Mignonne! I am not so impatient. You say a right, it were no very heroic position to constitute myself the squire of a giddy little lass into whose foolish brain has entered the wish to cast aside her puppets and follow the music of life and drum. But if you persist, were the crowd a rabble of foreign soldiers or in such a band of Iroquois, I would join you that my claim to valor, poor as it may be, does not rest merely on the idle gossip of my good sister, though perchance, if what she says be not true, she would not be here awaiting the return of her husband, who thought will enough of my spirit to commit to my charge her protection and security during his enforced absence in France."

Of a surety, my mood was no encouragement to the child to burden me with her company. Yet, with a merry laugh, she gayly caught at my permissiveness, bade me wait until she should get over a rich new bonnet that Aunt Guyon had bought for her on the arrival of the recent ship from France, and, returning a trice, flitted before me into the street. Once out of doors, however, her mood changed, and she walked beside me with a maidenly sedateness that took me by surprise and yet pleased me well, for I saw how in annoying exigency a young maid's natural dignity and innocence might be to her an armor and defence against rude speech and usage. Thus the unwonted gravity of little Barbe interested me by its strangeness even more than her roguish pranks had teased me—since all the while, as we pursued our way, she chattered as blithely as a bird sings. After all, I was glad I had humored the child; it was very pleasant to have been since the day of my home-coming, her whipping beside me thus, and altogether I was more content than I had. With the throng, we made our way to the promenade on the river bank planted with trees, where in those days the King's ships lay. The fleet of galleons bearing the victory and his company of soldiers had been sighted afar off upon the broad waters of the St. Lawrence, and now the troops from the fort, followed by the populace, came down to welcome the one man who had the power and resource to render their defeat impossible. It was a fine sight indeed—the long row of glittering bayonets filing down from the Upper Town; the brave French soldiers in their blue and white uniforms, tall caps, and long queues; the gorged officers, the gleaming halberds in the hands of the sergeant. The street rang with the notes of tambour and flageolet, and as the marching men broke into a grand chorus, singing with spirit the martial song which rehearsed the glories of our great King, Louis XIV, I experienced a thrill of enthusiasm, and little Barbe's heart beat faster. I venture to say, as she clapped her hands and her cheeks grew the color of a wild rose. Now the chief canoe reached the shore, and the Governor landed. We could not see him, because of the throng, but from the shouts and cheers, and the waving of caps, we knew that he had stepped ashore, and presently discovered that he would go at once to inspect the fortifications, albeit great was his need of rest and refreshment after his long voyage. For, having been met by a canoe from Quebec bringing the message that the English had verily been seen above Tadoussac, he had sent back word to Callieres, Governor of Montreal, to come down to our aid with all the forces at command, and then urged his Indian boatmen onward through the pelting autumnal rain storm which had continued for three days. Now, however, it was a glorious morning. Forever in my memory is stored the picture of the fine old man as on foot he climbed the steep ascent of Mountain Street. If I but close my bodily eyes, I see again with the eyes of my spirit the brave and fiery soldier whom the citizens greeted with joy as the deliverer who would help them in this hour of trial, and to whom they cried out, doing their caps— "The King can have all we possess and ourselves too, Monsieur de Frontenac, if you will save us from the Bostonians." (So the French termed all their English neighbors of the southern provinces.) To these exclamations Monsieur le Comte inclined his head with a graceful air that would have become royalty itself. Often afterwards, recalling that day, I have not wondered at the ardor which the usually stolid Indians themselves showed upon another occasion when, the Governor having gone to make them a visit of friendship, they lifted him in his canoe upon their shoulders and bore him in triumph, singing and crying out, through the forest and along the margin of the rapids. The imposing array of troops was no

novel sight to Barbe. Many a time she watched the morning drill in the Place d'Armes. With the appearance of His Excellency she was familiar too, having seen him, Sunday after Sunday, take his place with state in the elevated royal barge, or, perw, in the channel of the cathedral; or grazed after him as, escorted by his body guard, he passed through the streets on his way from the Castle of St. Louis to the meeting of the Council, at the Palace of the Intendant. Nevertheless, she now grasped my arm as he approached, and her bright glance fastened upon his face with an expression of enthusiastic confidence not unmingled with awe, as though her child heart said that since he had come she would be no longer afraid, even were the Bostonians in the very act of laying the golden shield of the fleur-de-lis, we pressed forward, and, by virtue of our commissions were permitted to pass the guard and gained admittance to the assembly hall. In those days the spacious audience chamber was not so magnificently appointed as now, but presented a curious contrast of splendor and redness, its adornment suggesting nearness to the forest, as well as the refinements of civilized life. Among the rich tapestries that screened the oaken wainscoting of the room were to be seen, now and again, a brown falcon skin, or the pelt of a fox or beaver; above the wide doorway hung the strog flat antlers of a moose; over a rich painting here and there were disposed, like garlands, parti-colored strings of wampum; while amid the swords, muskets and halberds that ornamented the walls, appeared an Iroquois tomahawk and flint-tipped Indian arrows. But on this occasion I gave not a second thought to the furnishings of the salon, for we found ourselves among a most distinguished company. Here were gathered representatives of the wealthy and prominent citizens, the civic authorities; French and Canadian officers, some of them of the famous regiment of Carignan-Salieres, Mari court, Sainte Helene, Villebois, Valrenne, Iroville, made gorgeous pictures in their gold-laced uniforms, perques and powder, plumed chapeaux and crimson sashes. Upon the elevated platform at one end of the chamber sat the most important personages of New France—Champigny, the Intendant; Mousseigneur de Laval, who three years before resigned from the active labors of the bishopric; and Monsieur de Frontenac, who occupied the throne like a captured chair of state in the centre and a step higher than the others. In so illustrious a throng I was soon crowded to the wall; but I was content, since my obscure position was an excellent sign of vantage, whence I could observe all that might take place. The sergeants with their charge had already halted at the foot of the dais. Involuntarily he recalled a pace or two drew his hand across his brow, and then stared in wonder around the august assembly, before which he was evidently greatly surprised to find himself. He was a handsome man, scarce more than a lad, straight and strong, and soldierly in his bearing; and the thought passed through my mind that verily an antagonist such as he was worthy of my steel. Quickly recovering his self-possession, the young Bostonian bowed to Governor and said deferentially, yet with something of brusqueness— "Your Excellency, I would that the duty assigned me were of a more agreeable nature. I am the bearer of a letter from Sir William Phipps, Knight-General, and Commander in the New World by Land and Sea of the Forces of His Majesty, William and Mary of England, to Comte Frontenac, Representative of the King of France in Canada."

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throne of Britain, was living in the Palazzo Savorelli, with his wife, Maria Clementina, daughter of Prince Sobieski of Poland. Their younger son Henry had been lately (1747) created a Cardinal. The visitor from a distant country, might have met Alphonsus Liguori, then a priest, come up from the Kingdom of Naples on the business of his new congregation of the Holy Redeemer, on the subject of his great work on Moral Theology, then in progress. Assemani might have been found at the Vatican Library, and Paul of the Cross was erecting monasteries for the first Passionists in the Pontifical States. In the Roman schools Lagomarsini filed the chair of Greek, the illustrious Boesevich was anticipating the discoveries of modern science, and building up his ingenious theory of the Constitution of Matter, in the chair of Philosophy. The Scots College was at that time in a state of more than usual efficiency. The office of rector was filled by Father Lorenzo Alziezoli, S. J., one of the best superiors the college ever had. On April 2nd, 1758, Mr. Hay received the order of priesthood from Cardinal Spinelli, in his domestic chapel. In the near prospect of his return to his native country, Father Hay dedicated his former acquisitions, as a medical practitioner, to the service of religion, by a vow which he took, March 27th, 1759, never to accept of any remuneration for medical assistance rendered to anyone in his future labors at home.

On Friday, April 27th, 1759, Father Hay, accompanied by two college companions, bade adieu to Rome and started homeward. Their voyage was somewhat adventurous, and among other incidents the Genoese barque in which they were bound for Nice, was taken by an English privateer, near the island of Albegna, on suspicion of having French goods on board; but after a detention of three or four days, it was found impossible to prove the goods to be French property, so the barque was permitted to enter the Bay of Villa Franca, and the travelers sustained no loss. As they approached their own country their difficulties much increased. Besides the imminent risk they incurred of being taken by the British Government, and punished as Catholic ecclesiastics, they had, as British subjects, to face the additional danger of being taken prisoners by the French. After visiting Paris and proceeding thence by way of Douay, Lille, Ghent, and Antwerp, partly on foot and partly by coach, they set sail from Rotterdam on Aug. 9th, in a Dutch vessel bound for Leith. After a voyage of six days they entered the Firth of Forth late at night; and next morning the wind being contrary, they anchored at Buckhaven, a small fishing village on the coast of Fife. An excellent opportunity was then afforded Father Hay and his companions of landing without being subjected to the rigorous examination which awaited them at Leith. The inhabitants of Buckhaven took them for merchants who had smuggled goods on board, and everyone they met was civil to them in the hopes of getting a good bargain. They walked along the shore to Wemyss where they engaged horses to Kighorn, and reached Edinburgh by the ferry the same night, nearly four months after leaving Rome.

On his arrival Father Hay was appointed to the charge of the parish of Rathven, in Banffshire, and to his residence at the village of Presmore. Father Hay restored the old chapel which had been abandoned since its pillage by the English soldiers in 1746, and after it was reopened for divine service, he was, one Sunday, standing at the altar, vested and about to begin Mass, when news was brought to him by some one who, as usual, had been set to keep watch outside, that a soldier was seen approaching. Father Hay immediately withdrew into the vestry adjoining, till he was informed that the alarm was a false one; the bright scarlet waistcoat of a worthy citizen had been mistaken for the military uniform. Father Hay's whole time was systematically divided among his various avocations, and as long as his health permitted he performed with his own hands the menial offices about his room, such as dusting it, making his bed (which consisted of a mattress and two blankets, without sheets) and kindling his fire. He never wore linen nor any garment with the slightest pretensions to fashion, though he was always scrupulously neat and clean. His food was of the most frugal kind, yet those who knew him best affirm that his manners were cheerful and engaging; in lively conversation and humor no one excelled him; in the art of telling an amusing story he had few rivals. The appearance of his countenance indeed was at first sight somewhat austere; but the severity of his lines was soon forgotten when his varying expressions began to give effect to what he was narrating, accompanied by appropriate gestures. Children were fascinated by his stories; and the boys of the seminary, of which he was for years the rector, used to contrive to meet him in his walks, and draw some amusing anecdote from him. In the play room of an evening games were thrown aside when the old man came among them and began one of his charming tales. He excelled in music, both vocally and on the violin. On one occasion at a social party at Edinburgh Father Hay was invited to sing. He gave the company a song from his own "Collection," entitled, "O the Year's Many, Many Years, that I Have Lived in Vain," arranged to an excellent Scottish melody. Mr. Alexander Wood, an old medical friend, who was present, was affected to tears, and at the conclusion of the song remarked, while wiping his eyes, "O Geordie man, I didna think ye had sae muckle po'er ower me." Father Hay played on the violin chiefly for his own recreation, with great truth and feeling. His playing of Scottish airs was especially beautiful.

In the month of August, 1767, Father Hay was transferred to Edinburgh, and a few months later was consecrated Bishop of Daulis, in partibus, and coadjutor to Bishop Grant, who was in charge of the north-eastern district of

Scotland. In 1778 Lord North's Government thought that the time had come for doing something to soften the rigors of the Penal Laws against Catholics, and thought it more prudent to begin their negotiations in Scotland. The confidential agent of the Government was Sir John Dalrymple, one of the Scottish Barons of Exchequer. Sir John was acquainted with Lord Linton, eldest son of the Earl of Traquair, a Scottish Catholic peer, and in order to procure an introduction to Bishop Hay, he employed the good services of Rev. Alexander Gordon, the principal of the Scots College in Paris, whom Sir John had formerly known intimately in the French capital. Negotiations were thus commenced. Sir John waited on the Bishop and expressed his wish to know the sentiments of the Catholics on three points: (1) How were they generally disposed to regard the war with America? (2) What grounds were there to expect that they would enter freely into His Majesty's service if invited? and (3) What ameliorations in their social condition would they look for as an equivalent for their services?

In the course of an answer to these queries, the Bishop assured the government agent of the loyal sentiments of the Catholics, and that, although they were incapacitated by law of serving their country, either as military men or as civilians, their honest endeavors were directed to the discharge of their private duties to their country as good citizens. "As to the conditions which might be requisite to engage the Scottish Catholics to enter in a body into His Majesty's service," Bishop Hay continued, "it is not easy to determine. Were the whole of the Penal Laws against them to be repealed, and they restored to all the rights and privileges of their fellow-subjects, this would doubtless attach them wholly to His Majesty's person and Government forever. But as a total repeal is not to be thought of in the present situation of affairs, the removal of three impediments would suffice to effectuate what you propose, and would be necessary for that purpose. First, a repeal of the old sanguinary laws against all hearers and sayers of Mass. While these laws are in force, which make it death or banishment to be supposed that they would enter cordially into the affairs of the nation, or that they would consider themselves as looked upon in a friendly light by the Government. Secondly, a repeal of those statutes which enable the Protestant seller of an estate to take it back from the Catholic purchaser. Thirdly, that that part of the Attestation Oath which regards religion, be taken away, and those who enter military service be required only to swear fidelity to the king, and obedience to the laws of the King."

Lord Linton's opinion, which Sir John had obtained independently, agreed with Bishop Hay's in every particular; and it was decided to make their opinion the basis of further negotiations with Lord North's ministry. The last week in April we find Bishop Hay in London with Lord Linton, deeply engaged in those important negotiations. By the death of Bishop Grant, on December 3rd, 1778, Bishop Hay became Vicar Apostolic in the Lowland District of Scotland. The knowledge that measures were seriously in progress for passing the Relief Bill added fuel to the flame of agitation that raged against the Catholics in Scotland. The "Friends of Protestantism" put themselves in communication with Lord George Gordon, who was at the head of a similar fanatical party in England. Counsel were engaged to oppose the passing of the Bill at the Bar of both Houses of Parliament, and handbills of the most inflammatory character were circulated among the people. When a Catholic was recognized on the street it was the signal for outrageous cries: "There's a Papist; knock him down; shoot him!"

Bishop Hay's house in Chalmers Close, was on Saturday, January 30th, surrounded by a mob of idle persons who broke the windows and insulted the Bishop's servants, and anyone who went in or out. Next day an alarming report spread through the city that the mob had arranged for the burning of the new church which the Bishop had built, and for the destruction of the church and priests' house in Blackfriars' Wynd, together with the shops and dwelling houses of the principal Catholics in the town. At this time Bishop Hay was absent in London on the business already mentioned. The provost and magistrates were applied to by the threatened victims of popular fury, who besought them to adopt vigorous measures for their protection. The provost and magistrates in general, if they were not actually in collusion with the mob, manifested the greatest apathy and indifference. About noon, on Tuesday, February 2nd, the mob again assembled around the Bishop's house in Chalmers' Close and began to pelt the inmates with stones, the priest and servants escaping with difficulty. The mob then forced the doors of the house, and it was immediately filled with wild men armed with hatchets and stones, and the vigorous strokes of which the interior of the house soon became a total wreck. The open ground around the house, and all the avenues leading to it, were now filled with a dense mass of the rabble, and a general roar: "Set fire to it immediately!" soon decided the fate of the building. Straw and barrels of fire were distributed over its several floors, and the whole mass was speedily in a flame, which did not exhaust itself until 10 o'clock that night. On the first appearance of the mob around the house the clergy gave notice to the magistrates personally of the threatened danger, and were told that a body of the town guard would be sent down as soon as the conduct of the rabble seemed to justify the use of force. At last the provost went down with a few of the magistrates, and his lordship hung round the rioters from a window in the house, telling them that the odious Relief Bill had been abandoned. He was answered by a shower of stones. More of the town-guard arrived together with Fencibles from Edinburgh Castle; but during the

rest of the outrage the magistrates and military were spectators of the scene and nothing more. The Riot Act was read, but no extra force used by the officers commanding the troops could prevail on the magistrates to use the military force placed at their disposal. Simultaneous attacks were also made on the shops and dwellings of various Catholic tradesmen in the city, and the wife of one of them was violently assaulted by the rabble as she fled to the Castle with her infant in her arms.

Intelligence of these things considerably diminished the zeal of the Government in behalf of repeal of the Penal Laws. The Scottish members were paralyzed by the popular clamor, and withdrew their support from the Bill altogether. Bishop Hay hastened to Scotland to give his poor flock all the encouragement and support in his power, and only enough arrived in Edinburgh at the time the flames were devouring his new church. He walked from the inn at which he had stopped, with his saddle bags on his arm, towards his own house, utterly unconscious of the catastrophe which had befallen it. He observed, however, an unusual crowd in the streets, which excited his surprise, and it seemed to increase as he went on. At last he stopped an old woman near the foot of Blackfriars Wynd, and asked her what it all meant. "O sir," she replied, "we are burning the Popish chapel; and we only wish we had the bishop to throw into the fire." Bishop Hay's papers had by good fortune been saved from the fire, but his furniture and a valuable library, the accumulation of three of his predecessors, had nearly all fallen a prey to the flames, and had been partly distributed by public auction among the riotous populace.

In the course of a debate in the House of Commons on the Relief Bill, Mr. Burke, the famous Irish member, read extracts from a scurrilous pamphlet, then circulating in Scotland, and denounced with burning indignation the project seriously discussed in this pamphlet, of compelling magistrates to put in force the severest penal laws against Catholics—a project which he justly described as a disgrace to every human feeling of the species, an insult to the malignity of demons than the acts of some of the most savage races of mankind. Bishop Hay was in the lobby of the House of Commons during the whole of this debate. His efforts to secure the object in view were indefatigable. We find him on one occasion meeting the Attorney-General and the Lord Advocate in a coffee room at a consultation; at another time he had an interview with Lord North in the Spence, and offered to charity, a proposal nearer akin to the malignity of demons than the acts of some of the most savage races of mankind. Bishop Hay was in the lobby of the House of Commons during the whole of this debate. His efforts to secure the object in view were indefatigable. We find him on one occasion meeting the Attorney-General and the Lord Advocate in a coffee room at a consultation; at another time he had an interview with Lord North in the Spence, and offered to charity, a proposal nearer akin to the malignity of demons than the acts of some of the most savage races of mankind. Bishop Hay was in the lobby of the House of Commons during the whole of this debate. His efforts to secure the object in view were indefatigable. We find him on one occasion meeting the Attorney-General and the Lord Advocate in a coffee room at a consultation; at another time he had an interview with Lord North in the Spence, and offered to charity, a proposal nearer akin to the malignity of demons than the acts of some of the most savage races of mankind.

Whether the bishop was at home or on a journey, however early in the morning he was called, he was always found at his prayers, either in his own room or in the chapel. His reputation as a physician was widely spread in that district of the country, and indeed wherever he went, and the memory of his skill survives to this hour. The bishop often made his visits to the remote parts of his diocese on horseback, attended by his servant mounted on another horse, and having behind him on the saddle a large leather valise filled with necessaries for the journey, often so full as to hang down as far as the rider's feet on either side, and to require a very wide stable door, indeed to admit both horse and valise at the same time. The bishop's visits were often arranged for Saturday evening, or the day before a holiday. Notice was then given to the Catholics in the vicinity, that Mass would be said next morning. The corn kiln (every farm-house had two barns; one larger and rather cleaner, called the kiln, and the other a common one for threshing corn) was usually fixed up on these occasions as a temporary chapel; an altar hastily arranged, was erected at one end, a blanket serving the purpose of a reredos, and another as a canopy over the altar. Sometimes the bishop prolonged his stay for several days, hearing confessions and giving advice to numbers of people, both Protestants and Catholics, who had flocked to consult him on matters of health. His valise on these occasions was found to be well supplied with medicines—a boon of no ordinary value in a district where a physician was unknown. The variety of patients received to him in addition and the bishop's friends used to tell him that they believed some of his patients invented ailments in order to appeal to his charity.

An amusing anecdote will illustrate the inclinations of Bishop Hay: he was fond of purple colored clothes, though their material was usually of the coarsest. Once, however, instead of purple, he ordered by mistake a suit of lilac, utterly unconscious that this color was a very fashionable one for gentlemen's coats. A clever old lady took occasion one day when she met the bishop, in his new suit, to remonstrate with him on his frequent denunciation of fashionable attire in others, especially in ladies. "What the worse are you yourself, my lord, for instance, though you are dressed to day in the height of fashion?" He asked her what she meant and then discovered, for the first time, the secret of his mistake. The lilac coat never again saw the light.

In the year 1797 Bishop Hay leased the farm of Aquorthies, in Donhead, Aberdeenshire, for a new seminary. The house alone without offices cost one thousand pounds sterling, a large sum in those days. It was calculated for the accommodation of thirty students, besides teachers and servants. With the usual idleness of householders, the bishop found that the actual cost far exceeded the estimate, and he required every spare shilling of his own to set the establishment going. It was not enough for him to superintend, he must take an active part in

the daily work as long as he was able. In the time of recreation the bishop would frequently mix with the students in the playground or in the grounds. Even when he was very old he might be seen looking on at a well-played game of hand-ball, with all the interest and vivacity of one of the boys. Throughout the winter season the bishop usually joined the boys after supper in the playground, where they often made a semi-circle with the benches in front of the stove. The bishop would then take his seat in the middle, that everyone might see him; and the fascination of his stories by him, he told them so graphically and to the life. The hour for evening prayers often seemed to come too soon, so to interrupt the flow of anecdote. On one of these evenings spent round the fire, the bishop gave the boys a narrative of his father's profession, in 1715, for his attachment to the Stuarts and of his escape. The tears were running down the bishop's face as he related the story. When the boys were sick, the bishop not only prescribed for them, but administered the medicines with his own hands. If they were confined to bed he would often remain in the room with them, saying his prayers and helping them by turns with the tenderness of a nurse. He saw they were better. The children in the neighborhood found the old man equally charming. He was very fond of telling of the Jacobite times and used to amuse the family circle with stories of his own adventures in the Prince's army.

In the annual letter to Propaganda (1803) Cardinal Borgia, the Prefect, was informed that Bishop Hay's memory was so much faded that he could no longer venture to preach or say Mass in public; but while his mental powers decayed his physical strength rather improved. One day, in October, 1805, he walked several miles to see a workman who had been run over by a cart and severely bruised, and returned to the seminary in less than two hours. While one of the Scottish Bishops was on a visit to the seminary he was invited, as usual, to accompany Bishop Hay to dine at his residence. Bishop Hay rode on a little pony and, happening to wave his hat to his companion, who was on foot, the pony being rather lively, took fright, and threw the Bishop. The accident, though not serious, renewed a good deal of the pain occasioned by a fall some years before, by which several of his ribs had been dislocated. His health failed rapidly after this incident. When the little steeple over the fireplace in the room struck the hour of 12 and of 6 in the evening, the old man, with the instinct of half a century's habit, would kneel down as if to repeat the Angelus, and sometimes would remain kneeling for a quarter of an hour, fidgeting the buttons of his cassock as though he were saying his beads. His whole demeanor, when in repose, was pure and simple as a child's. At last the end arrived on one of his favorite anniversaries, St. Teresa's day, 1811.

In the pleasure grounds of Fetterneer House, near which the Bishop's seminary stood, a picturesque little burying place of ancient date, overhangs a steep bank round which the river Don sweeps; the manner of its waters filling, without disturbing, the quietness of the sequestered spot. It was here that they laid the remains of our Bishop. Since that time a new chapel has been erected there, and the Bishop's grave is now enclosed in the south transept of the building.

The fountain opened in the heavenly Jerusalem for the sin of man is open day and night, always full of power and grace. Jesus Himself is there, the Lord of all power. It is not the first, or one alone, that is healed; but all comers, and all sufferers from all lands, and of all hours. And no man takes away another's absolution, nor does any one need another's hand to help him to go down into the pool of the Most Precious Blood.—Cardinal Manning.

rest of the outrage the magistrates and military were spectators of the scene and nothing more. The Riot Act was read, but no extra force used by the officers commanding the troops could prevail on the magistrates to use the military force placed at their disposal. Simultaneous attacks were also made on the shops and dwellings of various Catholic tradesmen in the city, and the wife of one of them was violently assaulted by the rabble as she fled to the Castle with her infant in her arms.

Intelligence of these things considerably diminished the zeal of the Government in behalf of repeal of the Penal Laws. The Scottish members were paralyzed by the popular clamor, and withdrew their support from the Bill altogether. Bishop Hay hastened to Scotland to give his poor flock all the encouragement and support in his power, and only enough arrived in Edinburgh at the time the flames were devouring his new church. He walked from the inn at which he had stopped, with his saddle bags on his arm, towards his own house, utterly unconscious of the catastrophe which had befallen it. He observed, however, an unusual crowd in the streets, which excited his surprise, and it seemed to increase as he went on. At last he stopped an old woman near the foot of Blackfriars Wynd, and asked her what it all meant. "O sir," she replied, "we are burning the Popish chapel; and we only wish we had the bishop to throw into the fire." Bishop Hay's papers had by good fortune been saved from the fire, but his furniture and a valuable library, the accumulation of three of his predecessors, had nearly all fallen a prey to the flames, and had been partly distributed by public auction among the riotous populace.

Whether the bishop was at home or on a journey, however early in the morning he was called, he was always found at his prayers, either in his own room or in the chapel. His reputation as a physician was widely spread in that district of the country, and indeed wherever he went, and the memory of his skill survives to this hour. The bishop often made his visits to the remote parts of his diocese on horseback, attended by his servant mounted on another horse, and having behind him on the saddle a large leather valise filled with necessaries for the journey, often so full as to hang down as far as the rider's feet on either side, and to require a very wide stable door, indeed to admit both horse and valise at the same time. The bishop's visits were often arranged for Saturday evening, or the day before a holiday. Notice was then given to the Catholics in the vicinity, that Mass would be said next morning. The corn kiln (every farm-house had two barns; one larger and rather cleaner, called the kiln, and the other a common one for threshing corn) was usually fixed up on these occasions as a temporary chapel; an altar hastily arranged, was erected at one end, a blanket serving the purpose of a reredos, and another as a canopy over the altar. Sometimes the bishop prolonged his stay for several days, hearing confessions and giving advice to numbers of people, both Protestants and Catholics, who had flocked to consult him on matters of health. His valise on these occasions was found to be well supplied with medicines—a boon of no ordinary value in a district where a physician was unknown. The variety of patients received to him in addition and the bishop's friends used to tell him that they believed some of his patients invented ailments in order to appeal to his charity.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Appreciate Deliberately, Ottawa, June 18th, 1905.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country.

Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes.

I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families.

With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Quebec, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1905.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

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

Blessing you and wishing you success. Believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONI, Arch. of Livorno, Agent, Belg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1906.

RELIGIOUS VAGARIES AND STATISTICS.

The impression is widespread that in Germany there are very few dissenters from the Established church, which is now generally called "Lutheran," though it has been formed by a compromise between Lutheranism and Calvinism, and is really "Luthero-Calvinistic."

This church exists in most of the States of Germany as independent organizations under the regime of the local ruler, and not of the Emperor, except in Prussia, which is its special kingdom.

Throughout the Empire there are at least twenty-three sects named in the census outside of the Established church, the names of some of them being, United Evangelical, Evangelical Lutheran, Old Lutheran, Immanuel Synod of Old, Lutherans, Huguenots, Hessian Covenanters, Free Lutherans, Calvinists, Zinglians, Waldenses, etc.

These have all some pet doctrine on which they differ from the others, but the Herod and Pilate forming a friendship through their common hatred of Christ, all agree in hatred of the Catholic church. The Church will still exist, however, when these sects shall have disappeared entirely.

It is somewhat strange that in a country like Canada, with comparatively a small population, the number of sects should be much greater than in Germany. The census of 1901, which was the last taken in the Dominion, shows 112 distinct denominations. There are even 30 more than this number the number of whose adherents range from 1 to 8, making a total of 149 individuals, but these are so insignificant that it was not deemed necessary to take account of them in giving the total number of religious bodies or organizations. There are probably a few instances where a sect is mentioned under two different names, but such instances are certainly rare, as every denomination has generally its distinctive title by which its adherents know it and speak of it.

Our readers are all familiar with the names of the larger bodies which exist in all parts of the country. Among these the Catholics stand first, with 2,228,997. The Methodists number 916,832; Presbyterians, 842,301; Anglicans 680,346; Baptists and Free-Will Baptists together number 310,724. The other sects do not come at all near these numbers, there being 92,394 Lutherans, and 23,283 Congregationalists, who may in the future join into one church with the Presbyterians and Methodists.

Some of the names are of heathen sects such as Brahmanists, Buddhists, etc.; but nearly all are of Protestant denominations. Some of the most remarkable of these are Christadelphians, the Church of the Age to come, Church of the Firstborn, Daniel's Band, Doukhobors (Spirit Wrestlers), Faringtonites, Hornetites, Memiconi,

with ex. the Espi. "What hind his fe. "The fully. 2,228,997. self into th. Comte Fr. bateaux river. For fare."

Millennial Dawnites, New Lights, Restitutionists, Reincarnationists, Pre-millennialists, River Brethren, Salustians, Silents, Star Charch, Staven Church, Syenicals, Titans, Tankers, Transmigrationists, Watch Towerists, Zionists or Dawloites.

In all Canada there are 1,579 acknowledging themselves as Agnostics and 211 as Atheists. Of these 634 are in Ontario, 512 in British Columbia, 85 in Quebec, 336 in the Maritime Provinces.

The remaining 203 are in the territories, including the two new provinces.

A TEMPERANCE PASTORAL.

The pastoral letter and mandament recently issued by His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal on the temperance question will be read and admired in every section of the Dominion. It is a powerful presentation of the case of temperance reform. In it the Archbishop advises that temperance leagues be established in every parish and in all the colleges and that St. John the Baptist be taken as the patron of such leagues. The Canadian people as a whole should take to heart the dire consequences of intemperance. Temporal as well as spiritual decay follows in its wake. We sincerely trust a determined stand will be taken to arrest its ravages.

IS BRITAIN DECADENT?

The Count K. Hirovawa, of Japan, who eleven years ago finished his education in England and returned home to assist in the work of introducing modern ideas into his own country, has come back to England to make observations on the progress made during the last eleven years. The Count is not optimistic in his remarks, for he asserts that the English people have distinctly deteriorated in character, habits and religion; and in fact he declares that it is owing to the decay of religion, and the entire devotion of the upper class to unlawful pleasures, that the evil example has permeated the masses of the people and caused a most notable decline of patriotism in the nation, which must relegate her to a lower position among the nations of the world than she has occupied for many centuries.

The Rev. Herbert Handley, an Anglican clergyman, has also enunciated very similar views, and, strange to say, he is in unison with the Japanese Count in regard to the cause of England's supposed decadence.

There are always prophets of ill who are ready to take a pessimistic view even of the real progress of a country, and we ought not to accept criticism of this character blindly. In England, too, as well as out of it, there have been other critics before the two gentlemen named who have similarly declared that the English people are fast deteriorating, yet it is very doubtful if these forebodings were correct.

Nevertheless, we ought not to be so self-conceited as to despise altogether friendly warnings such as both these gentlemen have given, for both have spoken from a friendly point of view, and regretfully, of the deplorable fact they profess to have discovered.

Japan has been recently engaged in one of the greatest of wars which have probably ever occurred in the world's history, and her people have developed an amount of patriotic feeling which has surprised the civilized world. It was never dreamed that the Japanese could possess such thorough patriotism till it was called forth by circumstances which made its manifestation necessary, and we believe this fact has made Count Hirovawa a sharper critic than he would otherwise be. But we believe that if the circumstances were to arise which would call forth the latent patriotism of the English people, that lofty sentiment would still be found not to be lacking.

Yet it may be, and we are inclined to believe, that the religious feeling of the people of England has really declined. There has been so much irrelevant criticism of all which has been held sacred in the past that, with a large portion of the people, religious feeling must have been rudely shaken, and as patriotism must have its basis in religion, it is quite within the possibilities that real patriotic sentiment has diminished.

And what is the remedy? Evidently the only remedy which is available is that on the part of the public there should be more attention paid to the knowledge of religious truth, and on the part of the clergy more zeal to make the truths of religion known to the people, and put it into practice.

The Catholic church has progressed wonderfully in England during the last half century. Even Protestantism itself has testified to the innate power of Catholic faith to elevate the noblest sentiments which arise in the human soul. We cannot interpret otherwise the return to Catholic doctrine and practices which has occurred among High church people during the last

half century, and to some extent even among those who have styled themselves "Evangelicals," or adherents of Low church principles.

If the decline of religious feeling has been the cause of a decline in patriotic spirit, the restoration of its proper influence to religion and faith will be the only means to correct the evil. We cannot expect any immediate return of the people of England to the Catholic faith; but we may reasonably hope that, through the zeal and devotedness of the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood, this return may be effected in time; and, if this be the case, patriotism and every other virtue which is necessary for the progress of the country will attain new vigor under the regenerating influence of the true religion.

No other power can bring upper and lower classes back again to virtue, when they have wallowed in materialism and unlawful pleasures.

MORE LIGHT ON THE GALICIAN MARRIAGES.

The statement of Mrs. Chisholm, of Winnipeg, made at the recent convention of the W. C. T. U., and virtually approved by that body, inasmuch as it appointed a special committee to look into the moral conduct of the Galicians, Germans, and Poles of the North-west, and to convert them from the errors of their ways, has brought upon that lady a cyclone of indignant contradictions.

We have already given in our columns a complete refutation of Mrs. Chisholm's statement to the effect that the settlers of the North West of the nationalities above named are habitually "sold into matrimony by their parents at the ages of 13 or 14, for a consideration of from \$25 to \$30;" and that "the Protestant ministers refuse to officiate at such marriages, but Roman Catholic priests do so."

We proved, let, by the customary procedure of Catholic priests, that the whole story is utterly untrue: 2ndly, we received from a prominent priest in Edmonton, in the district of the largest settlement of the Galicians a letter to the same effect: 3rdly, we gave a statement which was made by Mr. Philip Harvey, of the Dominion Immigration Department, to a representative of the Winnipeg Free Press, that such a statement is foundationless.

Mr. Harvey is thoroughly acquainted with all the settlements of the North-West where the three nationalities named are found, but he never heard of such a thing as the pretended fact stated by Mrs. Chisholm: 4thly, the Commissioner of Immigration said of the despatch which made a statement similar to that of Mrs. Chisholm, but referring only to the Galicians:

"I regard the despatch as entirely untrue and misleading."

5thly, The Rev. Father Kulaway, who has had for years pastoral charge of the Galician and Polish settlers, also totally denies the truth of these charges.

But since our article appeared in the CATHOLIC RECORD there have been certain communications published in the Winnipeg Free Press which throw a new light on the subject. One of these is from Mr. Theo. Kochan, who lives and teaches a school in the large Ruthenian (Galician and Slavic) colony of Stuartburn. This gentleman declares from his personal knowledge "the Ruthenian girls are more particular about marrying strangers than are girls of any other nationality, and it is generally impossible for a stranger to take a Ruthenian girl from her parents, however poor they may be, or how much money might be offered." He adds that "it would be interesting to know where Mrs. Chisholm got her information." It is clear, therefore, that the W. C. T. U. committee of Ruthenian evangelization and civilization will have a secure, unless they find some other work to do beyond that for which they received a commission from the W. C. T. U.

But the Germans as well as the Galicians were misrepresented by Mrs. Chisholm, and a German girl from Hun's Valley, Man., is among the correspondents of the Free Press. She says that the W. C. T. U. "Committee on resolutions and plan work," before attempting to remedy the supposed evil of forced child marriages "should enquire into the reliability of the information supplied by Mrs. Chisholm. If they will investigate they will discover that their German, Polish and Galician sisters are not led to the marriage altar as cattle to the slaughter house, but in fact they have the same measure of freedom accorded them as is accorded their Anglo-Saxon sister on the selection of husbands, and in marriage they as a rule are true wives and resigned to the cares and duties of wifehood and motherhood. If all women of Anglo-Saxon origin could say as much, it would not have been necessary for President Roosevelt to turn moralist and teacher the other day and lecture the women of the United States on the sin and crime of race suicide." Here, then, is a field—a large and profitable

one—in which Mrs. Chisholm, and women of that ilk, who are continually posterizing the poor foreigner with their uncalled for ministrations, may find scope for the exercise of their talents. "Cast first the beam etc.," but why quote scripture to ladies who are supposed to have an overstock of it?

But there is an amusing side to Mrs. Chisholm's statement, which has not been hitherto brought out.

This lady intended only to strike at the Catholics of the North-West, but she mentioned the Germans in the same category along with the Galicians and Poles, and this is why a German girl from Hun's Valley answers her so sharply. But it appears from the statement of the Commissioner of Immigration that most of the Germans, at least of those who have settled in colonies, are Protestants, viz., Mennonites, and so little did Mrs. Chisholm know about what she was talking of that she actually represents the Mennonite girls along with the rest as being married by the Catholic priests, because the Protestant ministers would not marry them! And who ever heard of a Catholic priest marrying Mennonites or other Protestants, except in cases when one of the parties was a Catholic, which is not the case in point, as it occurs very seldom, whereas Mrs. Chisholm speaks of a usual occurrence?

Further, according to the commissioner's report given in our issue of 9th Dec., there are more German Mennonites in the North-West than Galicians, the numbers being respectively 54,000 and 40,000. Hence there would naturally be more Protestant than Catholic girl marriages under the conditions mentioned by Mrs. Chisholm, if her story were true.

There is still another feature in the case worth noticing, Mrs. Chisholm's story has excited to a great degree the ire of a Mennonite preacher, the Rev. Heinrich Doerksen of Chartiz, who takes up the cudgels in behalf of his Mennonite flock and the Mennonites in general, declaring Mrs. Chisholm's aspersions on them to be entirely without foundation; so that there is now evidence from quite an unexpected quarter controverting Mrs. Chisholm's assertion.

The Rev. Mr. Doerksen takes advantage of the opportunity afforded him to appear in print, to make a public declaration of the tenets of the Mennonites, but as this has nothing to do with the subject under consideration, we shall only say here that they resemble very much the teachings of other Baptist sects.

In fine, it is proper to say here that the Rev. Father Kulaway, in the more full account of his refutation of the slander, as it was published in the Winnipeg Free Press, says:

"I venture to say there was never one single case such as that referred to. The Galician people are known as a most domestic race. They are sincerely and deeply attached to their children. During my residence among them I saw the daily proof of the devotion of the people to their children, and I never on any occasion heard of anything of this character."

In conclusion, may we ask has not Mrs. Chisholm and the W. C. T. U. been victimized by a bogus ex-priest or a priest who for very good reasons was excommunicated? Pity 'tis that some of our Protestant fellow citizens are so easily duped as a consequence of their taking information about the Catholic church from its enemies.

IT IS COMING.

The latest advices from England lead us to the conclusion that, since the time of Parnell, the prospects of gaining Home Rule for Ireland has never been as bright. The Irish party presents an unbroken front, and, with eighty-four members in the House, it will be in a position to make a demand for the redress of Ireland's wrongs which cannot be refused or ignored. Never in the history of English politics has there been such an exhibition of arrant hypocrisy as the "Disruption of the Empire" cry raised by the Liberal Unionists. It is a case of flaunting a patriotic banner to solace a bad conscience. It is a case where the classes are making a desperate struggle to retain their grip on the control of the masses. It is a case where the landlords, who have for centuries been playing the Rockefeller game, are making one last desperate struggle to retain their ill gotten privileges and perquisites. We will be much mistaken if the people of England do not, in the coming elections, take a just and broad-minded view of the situation and relegate to obscurity once for all those politicians who have kept alive the anti-Irish crusade for the purpose of covering up deeds which will not bear the light of day. In the opposition to Home Rule we must also recognize the fact that, not only the politicians, but likewise a certain clique of manufacturers, imbued with the American combine fury, will work might and main with the object of keeping Ireland just where it is at present. A local parliament in Col-

lege Green will undoubtedly give an impetus to Irish manufacturing industries. And this just what many of the Birmingham and Manchester manufacturers do not desire.

To all persons having at heart the welfare of the British Empire, the pronouncement of Sir Henry Bannerman will be received with much satisfaction. Sir Henry declared, in Albert Hall, London, a few days ago, before an immense audience, that self government for Ireland was a cardinal feature of the Liberal policy. And this announcement, we are told, was received with immense enthusiasm. The election contests in the old country will be watched with intense interest on this side of the water. The granting of Home Rule to Ireland will not only mean much for the Irish people at home, but the splendid results flowing therefrom will be felt in every part of the British Empire. A few years more and we trust College Green will again rejoice in the possession of an Irish Parliament.

PARENTAL DUTY AND DIGNITY.

In a Lenten Pastoral by the late Cardinal Vaughan, fathers and mothers are reminded that they are honored and venerable in the office given them by God. They are doubly bound by the law of nature and the law of grace to teach their children to fear the Lord and to walk in His ways. In the early centuries of the Church the work of training and catechizing children devolved entirely upon the parents, who carefully explained to them what they had heard in the church from the lips of the priest. And many of the greatest Fathers speak with enthusiasm of the instruction they had received in this way:

"Ye are all of you apostles (cried St. John Chrysostom addressing himself to parents.) Your home is a church, the children your followers in the Gospel."

WHAT THE CHURCH THINKS OF CATECHISM.

The Cardinal goes on to note that the church after the Middle Ages found herself in the presence of new conditions, created partly by the carelessness of the clergy, partly by the discovery of the art of printing and the growth of population. He shows how the church set about con-voicing a General Council which, among other decrees, ordained that the clergy should teach Holy Scripture and Christian Doctrine not only on Sundays and Holydays, but during Advent at least three times a week. He points out that St. Charles Borromeo associated the laity with the clergy in the instruction and formation of the young; and that in 1571 St. Pius V. ordered Confraternities of Christian Doctrine to be established in every diocese throughout Christendom.

LAITY AND CLERGY TOGETHER.

Commenting on the dangers of secular education, of the press, on the influence of the world, the Cardinal says that we must follow the lead of the Church, and strengthen our moral hold on the young by closely associating the laity with the clergy in their religious training.

THE MOST VALUABLE BOOK AND HOW TO TEACH IT.

The Cardinal goes on to say that the catechism is for its bulk the most comprehensive, the most profound, the most logical book in the English language. It is a complete summary of all a Christian need know. The work of the catechist is to develop its life and full meaning. And what is that life? None other than the life of the Man-God, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. How did our Lord teach? By revealing Himself and by examples. How does a mother teach her child to know and love her? By personal contact and the constant manifestation of her wishes. It has been intended that we should all learn, children especially, through the senses with which God has enriched our nature.

HOW TO MAKE RELIGIOUS TRAINING AGREEABLE.

The Cardinal outlines ways and means to make the catechism interesting. For this he bids us get hold not only of their reason but of their imagination, of their affections and their will, of their innocent inclinations and tastes. Simply to learn the catechism by heart will never mould their character.

SOME PRACTICAL DETAILS.

The Cardinal gives a few practical details useful to parents and catechists. 1. Illustrate well all your catechism. Stories from the Scriptures and from Church history and Saints' lives will rivet their attention. 2. Good colored prints and pictures that tell parts of a story are wonderful helps. Talk about the picture, and then let a child explain it to the class.

The magic lantern may be used with profit. 3. Children should have their own religious functions, and as many as possible should be given part in them. 4. Especially in the case of singing. The Cardinal refers on this point to the importance attached to singing by the Fathers and missionaries. He tells us that Father Furniss, the most fascinating catechist they ever had in England, depended almost entirely on singing; the catechism in verse and appropriate hymns, in addition to stories and anecdotes and appeals to the imagination. One great advantage of singing is that it gives more time to think of the words. 5. Among other details he mentions the bestowal of tokens of approval. He exhorts his readers to put away as a fatal delusion the idea that religious training is mere memory and head-work. 6. We have summarized the Pastoral for the benefit of those who are emulating the Holy Father's love for the catechism. 7. The Irish people at home and abroad will be delighted to know that Lord Aberdeen has once again become Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. During his former tenure of that office he and Lady Aberdeen make themselves so agreeable, so courteous, so just towards the entire population that his resignation was considered a great misfortune. When we say that Lord and Lady Aberdeen found their way into the hearts of the people of the Emerald Isle we might also add that they were equally disliked by the anti-Irish attaches of the Castle. We have read and heard of many charming pictures of life in Dublin during that period. Without doubt the same pleasant conditions will now be restored. Indeed, it is but simple truth to say that Lord and Lady Aberdeen find their way into the hearts of the people wherever they go. As they were in Ireland so were they in Canada.

The Christmas number of the New World, of Chicago, is very creditable indeed. Many improvements have been made in the paper since Father Judge became its editor; and it now ranks amongst the very best Catholic publications of the United States. Such papers are a credit to the Church, and do a world of good in spreading the Faith.

THANKFULNESS TO ALMIGHTY GOD.

There is a cause for thanksgiving which may not always occur to the mind at first sight. We may, and we should, thank God for our crosses, pains and trials. Often these appear to us to be very hard to bear; God seems very far away from us; the joys of life are dim. But oh! let us look beneath the shadows; let us penetrate to the hidden joy and grace of every cross. How often the Cross reveals to us the goodness of our friends, their patience, their fidelity, their loyalty, their unselfish generosity, their readiness and gladness to not say the alms of God in our regard! What delicate attentions come to us, in our sorrows, from others who have their own trials to endure, and yet chivalrously make haste to lighten ours! What forethought often lifts for us the torturing anxiety for the future! What gentleness and courtesy dictate the encouraging and cheerful letter, or call out the animated, loving, uplifting word of sympathy, counsel, and an even more than sisterly or brotherly affection! Behind all our sorrows, our dark days, our heavy clouds the sun is shining. No matter how hard our cross, God surely cares for us. Let us thank Him for everything He sees fit to send us. Every-thing sent by Him is sent for some wise purpose, and especially to fit and prepare our souls for heaven's endless happiness and its unending and ecstatic songs of grateful praise. Let us practise thanksgiving here on earth so as to be more ready to continue its joyous exercise in the courts of heaven's high King; and while we praise Him with all our hearts each day of our lives on earth, let us never mindfully forget those also who have been His chosen and ready instruments in doing us good; and let us beg Him to fill them with rich treasures of His love and mercy now and forevermore.—Sacred Heart Review.

"With peculiar appropriateness to the season," says Dominica, "the Church utters in the new year by consecrating its first month to the Holy Name of Jesus—that Name which is above all names. That in the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in Heaven, on earth and under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of the Father." Myriads of celestial spirits ceaselessly praise this Sacred Name in strains of exquisite music—the echo of whose heavenly harmony awakens hope and love in those who still await their summons to the company of the Blessed."

Mrs. C. M. Schwab, who is a Catholic (a convert, we believe), said to W. Ellis Corey, the president of the United States Steel Corporation: "If you divorce Mrs. Corey and marry that actress, my doors will be closed to you forever."

Mrs. Schwab so spoke while facing Mr. Corey at the reception tendered to her at the home of Mrs. Dinkley, the wife of the president of the Carnegie Steel Company.

We congratulate Mrs. Schwab as a true "Daughter of the Faith."—Boston Pilot.

GEORGE IV.'S WIFE

AN UNCROWNED CATHOLIC QUEEN.

Messrs. Longmans and Co., London, have just published a work entitled "Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.,"

Mr. W. H. Wilkins, in which, by special permission of the King, is now made public the actual facts connected with the marriage of His Majesty's royal grand uncle to the good Catholic woman whose name forms part of the title of the work.

Mr. Wilkins is highly interesting, easy to read, and full of light on the complex characteristics of the famous monarch, who, having first sworn with profound blasphemy that he never would consent to Catholicism, yielded to the bland might of the people of Ireland, guided by the genius of O'Connell, and reinforced by the solidly determined Duke of Wellington.

unalterable friendship and esteem and believe me ever to be, my dearest Mrs. Fitzherbert, most faithfully and devotedly yours. EDWARD.

DAUGHTERS OF THE FAITH.

THE WORK OF CATHOLIC WOMEN AGAINST DIVORCE APPROVED.

The formal recognition of the Daughters of the Faith by the authorities of the Church was celebrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, Sunday afternoon.

The celebration was in the form of a Solemn Pontifical Vesper, and the church was crowded with women, many of whom are well known socially.

HENRY III. AND THE CHURCH.

PREJUDICE ON THE WANE.

The story of the Reformation in England, as told by the new Catholic historians, has of late years undergone a remarkable change.

THE BURNING OF VASSALAGE. Many were the appeals which were directed to the Popes by the clergy and people of England for relief from their burdens of vassalage.

RELIGIOUS UNITY.

The desire for Church unity displayed by the various Protestant sects is natural. It was what brought about the recent inter Church Conference of the Federation of Churches the membership of which was composed of the representatives of thirty beliefs.

EVILS IN FORTUNE TELLING THOROUGHLY EXPOUNDED.

HOLY SCRIPTURE CONDEMNS THE HEATHEN PRACTICE IN THE STRONGEST TERMS.

Can we lawfully presume to foretell events that will depend upon the free actions of our fellow men? It is not difficult on many occasions for a man of experience to foretell the approximate results of a political campaign.

an important distinction is certainly worthy of welcome.

AN ADMIRABLE WORK.

There has been published recently a book which, better than anything yet written in English, tells the story of how England was faithful in her loyalty to the Popes, her spiritual rulers, at a time when these same Popes, as feudal masters, made her feel the heavy burdens of vassalage.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND FIEFS OF THE HOLY SEE

Henry III. came to the throne of England in 1216, succeeding John Lackland who, three years before, had made surrender of his kingdom to Innocent III., the mightiest of medieval Popes.

FINANCIAL MAINSTAY OF THE PAPACY

in its crusading expeditions and quarrels with the Empire. To the papacy was added the English tax on the sale of indulgences.

HENRY HAD VIRTUALLY PAWNEED

his kingdom to the Pope, and imposed upon his subjects the unjust burden of paying the pledge money.

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those same Roman pontiffs. Despite the undeniable provocation to censure the two "Romes," the English of the thirteenth century knew how to distinguish; and in their most violent denunciations of the papal feudal policy they NEVER LOST SIGHT OF THE SPIRITUAL

PATRIOTISM

of those whom in temporal matters they felt to be their oppressors. It remained for the historiographers of the new church of the sixteenth century to introduce the confusion which would give color to their claim to previous ecclesiastical independence.

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It is, often, and thus the person consulting the fortune teller is guilty both of folly and sin—folly because he allows himself to be duped, and pays money for being duped; of sin for giving to a fellow man or woman the honor that belongs to God alone.

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and abroad that Lord become Lord. During his and Lady agreeable, is the entire nation was. When y Aberdeen hearts of the might also disliked by the Castle, many charm-ably during be the same be restored. Truth to say erden find of the people they were in ada.

of the New y creditable have been rather Judge now ranks st Catholic ted States. of the Church, preading the

ALMIGHTY

Thanksgiving occur to the may, and we our crosses, these appear bear; God from us; dim. But the shadows; a hidden joy cross. How s to us their patience ty, their un-readiness and ners of God delicate atten-orrow, from trials to eny make haste forethought during anxiety entleness and ousaging and of sympathy, Behind all our, our hearty No matter surely earnest-ism for every-ly. Every-ly to fit and even's endless and ecstatic Let us prac-on earth so as ue its joyous heavens' high-ise Him with of our lives on dful to thank on His chosen doing us good; all them with and mercy Sacred Heart

appropriateness to nica, "the year by con- to the Holy Name which is in the Name of bow, of those earth and under every tongue to Lord Jesus of the Father. He writes ceaselessly in strains of who ens how and I await their npany of the

who is a Cath-er), said to W. sident of the sident of the r and marry ill be closed to

to while facing tion tendered s. Dinkey, of the Carnegie

Schwab as a Faith." Bos-

LESSONS OF A DRUG STORE.

"I read your book I lay my hands on," said a young drug clerk to a customer, who had found a copy of an atheist's book on the counter, and who had warmed him of the character of the volume.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

The sooner that a young man learns that merely letting bad things alone will not make a man of him, the better. He must not only avoid the bad, but he must also choose to do the good. If he would become strong, he must do noble things, not merely avoid doing ignoble things. The best way to let bad things alone is to be so busy and preoccupied doing the good things that we have no desire to do the others. There is a tremendous explosive power in the ambition that dominates at the time. The greater affection drives out the lesser.—Success.

A Good Resolution.—and an easy one to keep—a very appropriate one to make at the outset of the new year, is just this:

See that no good influence, which has been with you during the past year, is absent from you during the coming year.

Or, if you can, add to your surroundings and set at work in your home additional good influences. Do so and be blessed by it. The practical lesson is this:

The way to heaven is simply a determination to cut off, year by year, evil influences, and to add one good influence after another.

Of special value is an influence which permeates the entire household, banishes bad and frivolous reading and cultivates a taste for good reading.—Catholic Citizen.

The Right Outlook.—It is impossible to estimate the value of the quality of our everyday habits of thought. It makes all the difference in the world whether these habits are healthful or morbid, and whether they lead to soundness or to rotteness. The quality of the thought fixes the quality of the ideal. The ideal cannot be high if the thought is low. It is worth every effort to face life with the right outlook,—a healthful, cheerful, optimistic outlook,—with hope that has sunshine in it.—Success.

Making the Most of Oneself.

One of the noblest sights this world offers is a young man best upon making the most of himself. Alas! that so many seem not to care what they become—men in stature, but not yet born into the world of purpose and attainment, babes in their comprehension of life! A cigar, a horse, a flirtation, a suit of clothes, a carouse, a low play or dance, and just enough work to attain such things, or going without work, how the spirits of the wise, sitting in the clouds, laugh at them! What an introduction to manhood and manly duties! One cannot thus start in life, and make himself master of it, or get any real good out of it. A part of his folly may ooze out as the burdens of life press on him. And necessity may drive him to sober labor, but he will halt and stumble to the end. It is a sad thing to begin life with low conceptions of it. There is no misfortune comparable to a youth with no sense of nobility. Better be born blind than not see the glory of life. It is not, indeed, possible for a young man to measure life, but it is possible to cherish that lofty and sacred enthusiasm which the dawn of life awakens. It is possible to say: I am resolved to put life to its noblest and best use.

If I could get the ear of every young man for but one word, it would be this: Make the most of the best of yourself. There is no tragedy like wasted life—life failing of its ends, life turned to a false end.

The true way to begin life is not to look out upon it to see what it offers, but to take a good look at self. Find out what you are, how you are made up—your capacities and lacks—and then determine to get the most out of yourself possible. Your faculties are avenues between the end of the world and yourself: the larger and more open they are, the more of it you will get. Your object should be to get all the richness and sweetness of life into yourself: the method is through trained faculties. You find yourself a mind; teach it to think, to work broadly and steadily, to serve your needs plainly and faithfully. You find in yourself social capacities; make yourself the best citizen, the best friend and neighbor, the kindest son and brother, the truest husband and father. Whatever you are capable of, do nothing within you go to waste. You also find in yourself moral and religious faculties. Bore down lest you suffer them to lie dormant, or but summon them to a brief periodic activity. No man can make the most of himself who fails to train his side of his nature. Deepen and clarify your sense of God. Gratify by perpetual use the inborn desire for communion with Him. Listen ever more to conscience. Keep the heart soft and responsive to all sorrow. Love with all loves divine capacity and quality. And above all let your nature stretch itself towards that sense of infinity that comes with the thought of God. There is nothing that so deepens and amplifies the nature as the use of it in moral and spiritual ways. One cannot make the most of oneself who leaves it out.

If these general purposes are resolutely followed, they are sure to yield as much of success as is possible in each given case.

The Defeat of Success.

The man who has nothing which he holds dearer than money or some material advantage is not a man. The brute has not been educated out of him. The abler a man and the more money he has, the more we despise him if he has gotten that money dishonestly, because of the tremendous contrast between what he has done and what he might have done.

What the world demands of you, whatever your career, whether you make money or lose it, whether you are rich or poor, is that you be a man. It is the man that gives value to achievement. You cannot afford success with a flaw in it. You cannot afford to have people say of you, "Mr. Blank has made money, but there is a stain on it. It is smeared. It has cost him

too much. He exchanged his manhood for it."

Every human being has it within his power to keep the foundation under him—his manhood,—absolutely secure under all circumstances. Nothing can shake that but himself. The citadel can never be taken until he himself surrenders the keys. Calumny, detraction, slander, or monetary failure can not touch this sacred thing.

Every man, whether in private or public life, should so carry himself before the world that he will show in his very face and manner that there is something within him not for sale,—something so sacred that he would regard the slightest attempt to dohauhch it as an unpardonable insult. He should so carry himself that no one would even dare to suggest that he could be bought or bribed.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Gold Medal.

I shall never forget a lesson I received when at school at A—. We saw a boy named Watson driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, and we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks.

The boys attending the school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look with disdain on a senior who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him. "I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day, "I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you?"

"Why not?" "Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all."

The boys laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear. If ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote.

"Not long since, some boys were flying a kite in the street, just as a pair of boys on horseback rode on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render service.

This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was grandson of a poor widow whose whole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was now helpless with his bruises. "Never mind, good woman," said the boy; "I will drive the cow."

"But his kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. I have noticed that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with," said he, "but I can do without them for awhile."

"Oh, no," said the old woman, "I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these we should get on nicely." The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial was discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you—was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule; you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.—The Children's Own.

"Too Late!"

There is a good moral in the following little story:

An angel passed over the earth one morning, and met a little child in a sunny field. "Little one," said he "do you love the Master?"

The child looked up with bright eyes and said: "Yes, I am one of His little lambs."

"Then," said the angel, "there is work for you to do; go, and do it."

"Yes, I will do it after a while," said the child; "it's only morning now; the day will be so long, and I do love to play."

And the child ran away after the butterflies and flowers. The angel on his way, murmured: "The day will end, the night comes, and it will be too late."

In a few years the child had grown into a schoolboy. The angel visited

the earth again one morning, and passing near the school, found the boys looking out, too late for school.

"My boy," said he, "the day is passing, night will come, and your work is not yet begun."

"Oh," laughed the boy, "there is plenty of time; the sun was shining so brightly I could not stay shut up in a schoolroom."

In a few more years the angel visited the earth the last time. He was passing down a hill one evening when he overtook an old man leaning on a staff. Slowly he plodded down the hill toward an open grave.

"My friend," said the angel, "have you completed the life-work which was yours to do?"

"The night is come," said the old man, "and my work is not yet begun; the day seemed so long, but now it is too late."

And he tottered into the open grave.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

THE AUTHENTIC STORY OF A WONDERFUL TRAIN OF CONVERSIONS.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

The recent death of one of the first "Children of Mary" to be received into the society inaugurated by the Sacred Heart Convent, Eden Hall, results to mind an account she gave a short time prior to her decease, of the wonderful conversion of her parents many years ago. To quote her recital:

The crowning blessing of the close of the first year of my father's married life was the birth of a little daughter, the same who is now entertaining you with the account of God's special good news to her and to all she held most dear. Naturally upright and honest, kind and affectionate, the only blemish on my father's otherwise faultless character was the absence of religious belief of any kind. Overflowing with gratitude for the advent of the little sunbeam that filled their home with joy, my parents sought some means of giving expression to their feelings. My father suggested as a suitable acknowledgment of the gift sent by God that he and my mother should join some religious sect, to which she readily assented, leaving the choice to him, as they were totally ignorant of the teachings of all. In this dilemma it was decided that my father should consult a co-laborer in the factory, a thoroughly conscientious, God-fearing man. The latter's reply was that there was but one true religion, which was the Roman Catholic. He offered to introduce my father to one of the missionary priests at St. Augustine's Church.

After consulting my mother it was decided that my parents should accompany this friend to St. Augustine's, and as it happened a mission was in progress which gave them the opportunity of listening to an explanation of some of the eternal truths, which impressed them deeply though for several days each kept silent on a subject so dear to their hearts. Finally grace triumphed, and my father announced his intention one evening of embracing the Catholic faith, come what would.

Now, there was a rich old uncle, who had always manifested his intention of making my father his heir, and my father thought it would not be honorable to take such an important step in life without his knowledge. Consequently he announced his intention to his aged relative, entering into a full explanation of his feelings.

The old man flew into a rage, and assured him that if he dared to become a Papist he should never touch a cent of his money. The infuriated uncle ended by ordering his nephew out of his presence. This might a crystalline pair sat in solemn silence, reflecting upon the dire consequences of their newly fledged resolution. It was no light sacrifice to forego the money always counted upon hitherto for future increasing responsibilities, their means being very limited. For a week's duration my father came and went in moody silence, the battle

between grace and sinuate waging holy in his heart. Finally he conquered nature and thus addressed his wife:

"Mary, God must be first. Let the old man keep his money; I am going to be received into the Catholic Church next Sunday."

"Not without me," said my mother. And dressing quickly she went post-haste to St. Augustine's.

To make a long story short, they were both baptized, and after due preparation received the other sacraments, and both were supremely happy.

My father had a hard time to support his little family, but he found comfort and support in his religion. Five years later he was hurriedly summoned to his uncle's deathbed. During the interval they had been as strangers, so he was rather surprised at the affectionate welcome extended to him.

"Quick, my boy," said the weak old man; "get me a Catholic priest. I want to die in the religion that gave you the courage to sacrifice everything for your convictions."

When the priest arrived and attempted to instruct the old sinner before baptizing him, the latter demurred, saying: "It is not necessary, for I believe all that my nephew believes. And I am truly sorry for my bad life," he added.

He was baptized and died before the priest had left the room. His wife, an old bed-ridden lady, begged to speak with the priest. She was an easy-going, quiet, and simple, but died very soon after her baptism. When the will was opened it was found that the uncle had left every cent of his substantial fortune to my father, whose courage he greatly admired.

When I was old enough I was placed at Eden Hall, Toronto, in which convent four of the happiest years of my life were spent. The good nuns were real mothers to me, even full of kind attentions for I was a sickly girl. My ambition was to become a Sacred Heart Religious, but Mother Hardy decided that my poor health was an obstacle. My father devoted much of his fortune to the decoration of our parish church and to works of charity. He died the death of a saint at the age of eighty-five. At least twenty of our relatives entered the Church at different times—all the fruit of my father's fidelity to that first grace.

It needs courage—often heroic courage—to push oneself into the path of duty and then walk in it and climb and struggle in it, and suffer and die in it. But it is the only courage worth anything, even in the estimation of those who do not follow it.

It is a strange thing that some men who cannot recall their sins of a month previous can recount every financial loss of a penny for a period of half a year? Proper appreciation of the enormity of sin would reverse these conditions.—Church Progress.

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EPH'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

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Capacity 40 to 80 bush. per hour.

Cleans Wheat, Rye, Timothy, Clover, Millet, Oats, Barley, Flax, Peas, Beans, Corn and all seeds.

Large Hopper. Screw Feed easily regulated. Agitator prevents clogging and distributes grain evenly on screen.

Lower Shoe keeps screens clean—no other mill has this feature.

End shake and adjustable side shake (three widths).

Sixteen screens and riddles, grading anything from finest seed to coarsest grain. Screens janned—can't rust.

Saves screenings for feed.

Works easily and smoothly, combines simplicity with intensity.

The Chatham Fanning Mill will pay for itself over and over in one year. It is the greatest economical and profitable investment on the farm. It ensures bigger crops of better grain.

It is the best investment you can make in the use of hundreds of thousands of farms in Canada and United States. Furnished with or without Bagging Attachment, as desired.

PRIZE AWARDS—Highest awards at World's Fair, St. Louis; Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, N.Y.; London, England; Toronto, Ontario; Winnipeg, Halifax, Charleston, Savannah and Jacksonville.

GUARANTEE—Every mill guaranteed for five years, Lasts a lifetime.

We send the Chatham Fanning Mill to any farmer on receipt of his order, at once, without any cash down, and the most liberal terms of payment.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS and Free Book. "How to Make Dollars out of Wind."

It Pays to Know the Exact Weight of Everything you Buy or Sell.

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Capacity 2,000 lbs.

You need a Scale on your farm. You need it right now—today.

Every day you put it off you lose money. Suppose you sell corn, beans at 5 cents a bush, and buy at your dealer's scales, which are 120 out. That means a loss to you of 30 cents on every 200 bushels.

Then you sell 100 bushels of grain at 75 cents. This dollar is only 140 out, but your loss is \$18.75 on the deal.

The loss on a few transactions of this kind would buy a dozen scales.

When crops are poor you need every cent they are worth. When they are good you can't afford to throw money away.

You need a scale on your farm at all times. Therefore you think you can afford it, the more you need it.

The important point is to get the right scale. The Chatham Farm Scale is built in three styles, each one strongly and honestly built, ready to stand the roughest kind of usage.

Capacity 2,000 pounds—sufficient for all farm uses. The knife edges are of oil-tempered tool steel—practically indestructible—insuring absolute accuracy—no matter how constant use.

The Chatham Farm Scale is easily converted into a useful truck. By moving the lever you throw the weight off the knife edges to the solid frame of the truck. This preserves the knife edges and gives solidity to the truck. When you move the lever to throw the scale into use again it automatically adjusts itself without any trouble to you. It is the only scale made in Canada that will do this.

The Chatham Farm Scale is absolutely accurate. Before we ship a Chatham Farm Scale we have it weighed and checked by the Government Inspector. If it is absolutely accurate he stamps each scale and balance with his official seal.

We will ship a Chatham Farm Scale anywhere in Canada. Don't send us any money. Just send in your order and we'll send the scale as fast as the railroad can get it to you. Our terms of payment are acknowledged to be the most liberal ever offered. Ask your neighbor to send you your name and address to a post-card and we'll mail you our booklet about the Chatham Farm Scale.

Time may mean considerable loss of money to you. Why not send the post card today, while you think of it?

Send for our handsomely illustrated booklet entitled, "How to Make Money out of Chicks."

THE FEAR OF RIDICULE.

Who are they who ridicule the faithful children of God? They are mortals who, when they appear before the great tribunal of God, on the last day, will cry out: "Woe to us fools who laughed and derided them, and now they are among the children of light!"

These workings despise us so who live not to amass the treasures of this world but to lay up everlasting riches in a happy eternity—when a few brief years of self denial will put them into possession of eternal joys, who care not to seek the short lived honors and empty favors of this world.

They despise you because you believe. Is there not every reason to be proud of being children of God, and obedient to that glorious voice which resounds throughout the Church? They ridicule the practice of prayer, knowing nothing of the sweetness contained in that union of the soul with its Maker.

They laugh at you because you assist at divine service, in their ignorance of the sublimity of that sacrifice which the Church offers up, and the graces contained in the reception of the most adorable Sacrament of the altar. Let not the revellings of men prevent you from remembering to God the homage that is due to Him.

As Christ was treated, my brethren, so will be treated all those who follow His divine example by walking in the sorrowful way of the cross. As life was persecuted, so will His devoted children be persecuted; as He was reviled, so will they be covered with scorn; as He was nailed to the cross, so must they expect to be nailed to the cross of mortification and ignominy. The discipline is much greater than His Master.—Rev. O. N. Jackson.

I am in a position to negotiate large loans on church property at low rates of interest. Prompt service.

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Price 25c. per bottle 30c. per dozen allowed for empty bottles when returned.

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DIAMOND JUBILEE OF NEWMAN'S CONVERSION.

OCTOBER 9, 1845, A DAY MEMORABLE IN THE RELIGIOUS ANNAIS OF ENGLAND. Writing in the London Catholic Times, F. J. T. Heald, says:

Monday, October 9, was a great anniversary for us converts, a day of gratitude and of thanksgiving, for this year is the diamond jubilee of the reception of the greatest of converts since the "Reformation." Sixty years have passed now since that October day in 1845, and the years that have gone have only added to its importance and made it a day long memorable in the religious annals of England, when Newman, the greatest of Oxford men then, knelt as a little child before Father Dominic and whispered the profession of faith with which all England was to be ringing ere many days were over. Till the very day of his conversion Newman's reception in the Church had been entertained by his Anglican friends that he might still repent of his intention; nor was the fact of his conversion believed even after it had occurred. Speaking of this same year, Dean Church says: "It was not till the summer that the first drops of the storm began to fall. Then through the autumn and the next year friends whose names and forms were familiar in Oxford one by one disappeared and were lost to it. Fellow-students, living, curacies, intended careers were given up. It was a great shock to the Church of England—a shock from which she can never recover. The heart of the nation was moved. Lord John Russell mourned over that occasion; Lord Beaconsfield said the Anglican Church reeled under the shock; Mr. Gladstone went on regretting it even to his last days; Dr. Pusey has told us the tale of his grief, and so also has John Keble, and men will go on to tell it, that remarkable event of October 9, 1845. And now that Newman had led the way, "the kindly light, from amid the encircling gloom," with what pleasure do we read of the others who followed. Among the many we may mention Ambrose St. John, Frederick W. Faber, Hope Scott, Ward, Edward Caswall, William Palmer, Thomas W. Allies, Stanton and Bowles, of the London Oratory. Converts came it crowds, too thick and fast almost to allow of recognition, until six years afterwards, in 1851, high above his fellows, rose the memorable figure of him Newman may be said to have cleared the path. The number who followed the great Tractarian was sufficiently large to produce a profound sensation. Never before had so large a body of the English clergy seceded since the "Reformation." No wonder, then, that the 9th of October is a great day for us: our thoughts naturally turn with love and veneration towards him who, like our fathers, has gone out "from among his people," along the narrow pathway which led him, as it has led us, through "pastures green" by "the waters of comfort," from the "City of Confusion" to the "City of God." By converts, whether of Tractarian or of later days, none so noble, none so great as John Henry Newman. He had been the pioneer of the great army which, leaving behind them friends, homes and human ambitions, has resolutely shut their eyes to the soft airy blandishments of "Anglo-Catholicism," to listen only to the wise and tender counsels of their true Mother, which led to the rest, and peace, and safety of the one true fold, "the Pillar and Ground of Truth," which can neither deceive nor be deceived, because God is her infallible Guide. He, the great leader, was home at last to where "his soul would have its rest," and he has himself told us that his admission into the Catholic Church was like getting into harbor after being tossed about on a stormy sea. Consciously or unconsciously almost every convert, I suppose, from Anglicanism has been influenced by that great mind and that great example; and we, like our leader, have gone out from our father's home, from kith and kin, to "the haven where we would be," and as it was with him, so it has been with so many of us, the exodus has been attended with heart-searching parting and severance keener than those outside it can think. The profound calm of these moments was like nothing else in life. The welcome stillness of the storm tossed ship coming into haven is but a feeble image of it, the rest of the body after long hours of pain but the material counterpart. No more doubt, no more fear, no more diving before wind and waves, no more sick sinking of spirit, no more strife and struggle between things as they are and things as we wish them to be:

THE WORKS OF THE CHURCH.

She has changed the face of the earth. She has knocked the fetters off the hands of the slave; she has broken the idols of Polytheism; she has civilized Europe from the Turk; she has preserved the Ancient Classics; she has opened up new literature; she has founded the universities; she has created a new calendar of time. She has ennobled woman; she has fostered the spirit of charity; she has sanctified marriage. She has been the salt of the earth; she has been the light of the world. She has been the chief cause and fashioner of the civilization of which the modern world is so proud.

Take the Catholic Church and her works and her influence from the world, and what would be left but desolation and chaos. The Very Rev. J. Ryan, S. J., Superior of the Society of Jesus in Australia.

A Little Humourist's Short Sermon.

A laborer lately told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which had had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him, in order, four rats. The first one was very fat and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what evil might follow, as it has been an unlearned blot to dream of rats denotes coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not help him. Her son, a sharp lad, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the saloon, that you go to so often. The two lean rats are my mother and me; the blind rat, father, is yourself."

ELECTROTHERAPEUTICS AT HOTEL DIEU OF MONTREAL.

This important hospital establishment has made important additions to its level of the most perfect and special establishment of its kind. Science has been able to make a more complete use of its resources, and has been able to improve its service to its patients. The most perfect of its kind in the world, the Hotel Dieu of Montreal, has been able to improve its service to its patients. The most perfect of its kind in the world, the Hotel Dieu of Montreal, has been able to improve its service to its patients.

DIODESE OF SAULT STE MARIE.

On Sunday, Dec. 17th, His Lordship Bishop Scollard solemnly dedicated a new Catholic church in the town of Sault Ste. Marie, Canada. The ceremony was followed by Pontifical Mass which was offered by His Lordship assisted by Rev. Father G. S. B., Rector of the parish, and Rev. Father G. S. B., Rector of the parish, and Rev. Father G. S. B., Rector of the parish.

the one True Church which claims to be "Mother of us all."

"And with the morn those angels faces smile Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

At the recent meeting of the Archbishops of the United States held at Washington it was decided to put up a building at the national capital for the residence and executive quarters of the Papal Legation to that country. Archbishop Farley, Cardinal Gibbons, and Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia have accepted the plans of a Washington architect, and work on the new legation will be begun immediately.

Bishop Cloutier of Three Rivers, Canada, has two brothers who are priests, and seven sisters who are nuns. Ten members of one family in religious life is certainly a remarkable record.

Petitions continue to reach the Vatican asking for the canonization of Pius IX. The Roman correspondent of the Freeman's Journal says that the initial process will, very likely, soon be inaugurated.

TESTIMONIAL OF A. McBAIN, OTTAWA, ONTARIO.

Chronic Constipation and Kidney disease cured by "Fruit-a-tives." I was a great sufferer for years with chronic constipation, and the usual remedies failed to cure me. I was advised to try "Fruit-a-tives" and after using a box I was completely cured. I was also suffering with a miliary eruption on my face, which the constipation had caused, and "Fruit-a-tives" have entirely cured that also.

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TEACHERS WANTED.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. NO. 3. March, holding first or second class professional certificate. Female preferred. Salary and experience. Duties to begin Jan. 1st, 1906. Address, Thomas Siddons, Secretary, Dunrobin, Ont.

WANTED A TEACHER HOLDING

second class certificate for separate school, No. 6 (six) add. class. Apply stating salary and experience. R. J. Brabant, Esq., 117 St. John St., Ottawa.

TEACHER WANTED ONE CAPABLE OF

teaching French preferred. Send testimonials and state experience. Apply to Rev. Donald C. McLean, Glenora, Ont. 1421 1/2

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JAMES MASON, MANAGING DIRECTOR

NEW BOOKS.

"The Writings of St. Francis of Assisi," newly translated into English, with an introduction and notes by Father P. Schell, O.P.M., published by the Dolphin Press, Ltd., London, Oct. 1905. May be had in paper or cloth. Price 1s. 6d.

FINLAYSON—At Buffalo, New York, Miss E. A. Finlayson, of St. Andrew's, died Oct. 10, in her 84th year. May her soul rest in peace!

MURRAY—At Dublin, Oct. 10, Mrs. M. Murray, in her 87th year of age. May her soul rest in peace!

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Now Knows That

CONSTIPATION

Can Be Cured

"Fruit-a-tives" also took away that severe pain in the kidneys.

No cathartic, purgative, pill, powder or salt will cure Constipation. "Fruit-a-tives" will. Cathartics and purgatives do not act on the liver. They irritate the lining of the bowels. This irritation does make the bowels move, but it so tires and inflames the muscles that they won't act again until irritated by another dose of purgative.

Bile from the liver is the only thing that makes the bowels move naturally. "Fruit-a-tives" don't act on the bowels at all. They tone up and invigorate the liver—enable the liver to send more bile into the bowels—and make the liver so strong that it will do this regularly every day. And bile is nature's only purgative.

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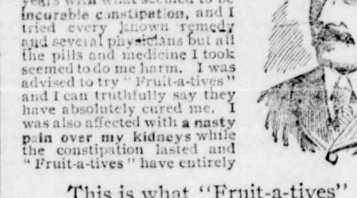
OTTAWA, AUG. 14th, 1905.

"I was a great sufferer for years with chronic constipation, and the usual remedies failed to cure me. I was advised to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and after using a box I was completely cured. I was also suffering with a miliary eruption on my face, which the constipation had caused, and 'Fruit-a-tives' have entirely cured that also."

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Druggists everywhere have "Fruit-a-tives." If, for any reason, your druggist has none, send direct to the company. Get a box or 5 boxes for \$1.50. Mailed postpaid on receipt of price.



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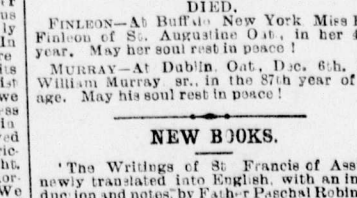
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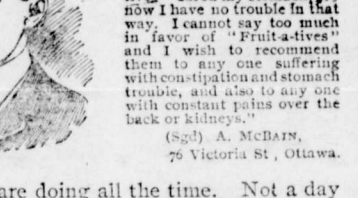
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Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.

TEACHERS WANTED.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. NO. 3. March, holding first or second class professional certificate. Female preferred. Salary and experience. Duties to begin Jan. 1st, 1906. Address, Thomas Siddons, Secretary, Dunrobin, Ont.

WANTED A TEACHER HOLDING second class certificate for separate school, No. 6 (six) add. class. Apply stating salary and experience. R. J. Brabant, Esq., 117 St. John St., Ottawa.

TEACHER WANTED ONE CAPABLE OF teaching French preferred. Send testimonials and state experience. Apply to Rev. Donald C. McLean, Glenora, Ont. 1421 1/2

Our Aim

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JAMES MASON, MANAGING DIRECTOR

NEW BOOKS.

"The Writings of St. Francis of Assisi," newly translated into English, with an introduction and notes by Father P. Schell, O.P.M., published by the Dolphin Press, Ltd., London, Oct. 1905. May be had in paper or cloth. Price 1s. 6d.

FINLAYSON—At Buffalo, New York, Miss E. A. Finlayson, of St. Andrew's, died Oct. 10, in her 84th year. May her soul rest in peace!

MURRAY—At Dublin, Oct. 10, Mrs. M. Murray, in her 87th year of age. May her soul rest in peace!

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Now Knows That

CONSTIPATION

Can Be Cured

"Fruit-a-tives" also took away that severe pain in the kidneys.

No cathartic, purgative, pill, powder or salt will cure Constipation. "Fruit-a-tives" will.

Cathartics and purgatives do not act on the liver. They irritate the lining of the bowels. This irritation does make the bowels move, but it so tires and inflames the muscles that they won't act again until irritated by another dose of purgative.

Bile from the liver is the only thing that makes the bowels move naturally. "Fruit-a-tives" don't act on the bowels at all. They tone up and invigorate the liver—enable the liver to send more bile into the bowels—and make the liver so strong that it will do this regularly every day. And bile is nature's only purgative.

Testimonial of A. McBain, Ottawa, Ontario.

Chronic Constipation and Kidney disease cured by "Fruit-a-tives."

To Fruit-a-tives Limited, 76 Victoria St., Ottawa, Ont.

OTTAWA, AUG. 14th, 1905.

"I was a great sufferer for years with chronic constipation, and the usual remedies failed to cure me. I was advised to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and after using a box I was completely cured. I was also suffering with a miliary eruption on my face, which the constipation had caused, and 'Fruit-a-tives' have entirely cured that also."

This is what "Fruit-a-tives" are doing all the time. Not a day passes in which someone, who has tried pills and tablets and salts in vain, does not have the same experience with "Fruit-a-tives" that Mr. McBain had.

"Fruit-a-tives" are a concentrated combination of fruit juices in tablet form. They contain no calomel, cascara, senna, jalap. They are nature's laxative and liver tonic. They cure Constipation in the only way that it can be cured—by making the liver healthy and causing the bowels to receive their daily supply of bile.

Druggists everywhere have "Fruit-a-tives." If, for any reason, your druggist has none, send direct to the company. Get a box or 5 boxes for \$1.50. Mailed postpaid on receipt of price.

