





er did the woman look? To the royal blood itself perhaps, for her pride was boundless. But certainly she would have preferred not to yield her girl till conquering beauty had at least one noble name lie before her thick as autumn leaves.

Meanwhile Lady Mabel was what the shut bud is to the rose. She sat by her mother as meek as the Verginella nel Tempio of a Florentine painter; and Beauty brooded above her moonlight face like a star. It was "Yes, your Grace," or "No, my Lord," no more than that, in speech softer than silver. But it was this very exquisite promise of growth, this still maidenhood, that rapt the hearts of the two men towards her.

Her mother would have sworn that she had no preference, that the beginning of a separate will was hardly born in her. Else she might have forbidden my Lord Cashel the door. But then Wharmcliffe had had no rival, and the pleasure that the contest between the two was to her would have ceased.

But once as the two gentlemen sat fingering their sword knobs and making speeches with the closest threatening of hate and jealousy beneath, and while the elder lady laughed and applauded the combat of wits, Lady Mabel bent her eyes an instant on Lord Cashel. For the minute the Duke was paying a flowery compliment to her mother, and neither was looking. It was for the merest shadow of time, but the gaze was so full of sweetness and joy in him that the man's senses reeled with the delight of it. He turned a little pale, and soon afterwards took his leave, but as he rode homeward he shouted and sang in the spring evening, and the song was an old one:

"Oh my Love, my Love is young."  
Meanwhile more momentous matters than horse racing were stirring the country. In the spring of that year the leaders of the United Irishmen were arrested, and immediately the land was in the throes of premature rebellion. The enrolling in the country about Ballaghadamore had not been general, and the terror and trouble were proportionately less there than in other parts of the country. But a few arrests were made, and among the first to be taken was the Whisperer. It would seem that in his faring up and down the country on his business he had had the opportunity and had used it for purposes of organization, and it was not his fault that the countryside was not in such a blaze as was Kildare, or Wicklow, or Westford.

He was spirited away one night at the dead of the night from his little room above the Blackbird's stable, and it was only the next morning that Lord Cashel heard what had happened. He was in the utmost despair, and sat with his head in his hands two hours by the clock. Then he sprang up, and calling for his horse, rode hard to Wharmcliffe Power. The Duke, who was not an early riser, was just finishing his morning cup of chocolate. My Lord burst in on him, hardly waiting to be announced.

"I am come to tell you," he cried, "that our match must be off."  
"Not so far as I am concerned," said his Grace, coolly; "but my Pegasus is the better horse."  
My Lord cursed the Duke's horse for answer. Then, he went on more quietly:

"My Blackbird's mount is in the county jail among the crows, and he will let no one else ride him."  
"Ah!" said the Duke, contemplating his handsome calf in its silk stockings, "many a better man is in like case. There is poor Edward Fitzgerald, with a festering shoulder, to keep him company, in his cell. Ah, Cashel, what a man!"

"Worth many of you or me," said my Lord shortly. "But our match, Wharmcliffe?"

"Ah, our match. I don't want to die till I beat you or yield to you. And they say there will be many a pair of bright eyes to wish success to the colors of one or the other of us."  
"But I tell you my Blackbird will never go to the post without his mount. He would not budge an inch, or he would break his back or his riders."  
"Tut!" said the Duke contemptuously. "What good is a mere peasant in this bog that it should interfere with the sport of gentlemen? Musgrave will lend him to us for the race. You'll guarantee that he'll ride your race, and not give Blackbird his head, and show the law a clean pair of heels?"

"He'll ride the race," said Lord Cashel with conviction.  
"Then consider the matter done."  
Captain Musgrave, the Governor of the county jail, was a giant officer, more at home in the stocks than in the keeping of rebels. However, a wound in his knee had finished his soldiering for ever, and he had had to accept the veteran's lot while not much over thirty, and the government of a jail rather than fields of renown. He had but the slightest acquaintanceship with the young beauty of the county, and it was with a deep sense of gratification that he received a note from Lady Mabel the morning after the prisoners were lodged in jail.

"Would Captain Musgrave so far please a woman," it ran, "as to let her maid who bears this have speech of a friend, one Miles Keon, now lying in His Majesty's jail in Captain Musgrave's keeping?"

deeply veiled. Miles stood up in surprise as she came forward through the obscurity of his cell. When she had come close to him, she threw back her veil.

"Gracie!" he cried, in such a joyful voice that the warden, who had retired and was peering up and down outside the door, stopped in amazement. It was not a place where the voice of joy often sounded.

"Miles!" she answered, calling him by his name for the first time, and blushing through her tears. "Did you think I would not come?"  
"Oh, Gracie Gracie," he said, "why should you come to me here except you love me? And sure I never lifted my eyes to you, as you say."  
"It wasn't my fault, then," she said, laughing, in spite of the place they were in, "you left it all to me, Miles Keon."  
He read the invitation in her eyes, and answered it with his lips on hers and his arms about her. Then he put her away a little and looked at her sorrowfully.

"I shouldn't have done it, Gracie Oge Maelree, it is for another man you are not for Miles Keon."  
"Never," she said. "I gave you my heart from the beginning, and I will never look at another man."  
"Gracie," he said, drawing her to his shoulder. "Do you know it's a hanging matter for me? I was in Kildare or Wicklow today, 'tis out of the branch of a tree I'd be swinging by this."  
"Oh, no, no," she cried, shuddering. "Your Lord has powerful friends, and my lady will do anything for us. It is through her I am here. And she has only to say the word, and the Duke will move heaven and earth for her."  
"Well, well, we will hope, avourneen. I want to live now," he said, "only God send that orders don't come to dispose of us before my lord and your lady have had time to do anything."  
The orders did not come and the day of the race drew nigh. They seemed to have forgotten in Dublin Castle that a handful of peasants were lying in jail in this remote south-west corner of Munster. And meanwhile the Duke had approached Captain Musgrave on the matter of lending him Miles Keon for the race.

"But what is there to prevent him?" objected Musgrave, "when he tops the stone wall, whither my mounted men cannot follow him, from heading his horse from the Dingle Hills? Once among the mountains he might snap his fingers at all the soldiers we could send in pursuit?"

"I have spoken with the fellow, and he is honest," answered the Duke. "The nearest thing to his heart at this moment, though he has a sweetheart, I am told, is to win his master the race. I wish there were any fellow of mine for whom I could say as much."  
"Ah, poor fellow," said Musgrave, "he has a sweetheart. Yes, I have seen her, a charming creature. But, your Grace, if he slips our fingers, it will be a serious matter for me."  
"Do you think I am not powerful enough to cover you in such a matter, if there were need?" Then, with a change of voice, "Ah, poor devils, it can be no pleasure jailing them, Musgrave."  
"You are right your Grace, it is no work for a soldier," answered Musgrave, gloomily.

The two Englishmen shook hands and parted. The day of the race came bright and beautiful. When Miles the Whisperer faced it out of the gloom of his cell, he blinked at it like an owl. He was flung upon a horse in the midst of a band of stout fellows and, hidden by a great coat to his heels, left the prison behind.

Lord Cashel had been with him, and had given him accounts of the horse. At first the Blackbird had looked for him and kept up a whinnying day and night, which told that he was not yet in despair of his friend's return. Later his mood grew vicious and sullen. He would rush at the grooms who came to feed him open-mouthed, and had torn the fittings of his loose box to pieces.  
"But 'twil be all right when he sees you, Miles, said his lordship. "You are his good genius and will drive out his devil."  
The horse had preceded Miles on the race course. He was in one of his most vicious moods, squeaking and trumpeting and trampling the grass of his little paddock as if it were flesh and blood under his hoofs. A fascinated crowd was watching him through the stout palings.

"'Tis the devil they ought to call him," said one, "and not the blackbird at all. Sure the blackbird's a decent little bit of a bird, an' nothing at all to do with the likes of that mad brute."  
"Wirra God help the poor boy's god to cross his back," said an old crone. "'Tis myself wouldn't be puttin' my nine bones in danger for the like of that beast."  
"Have done with wid your foolishness," said a man better informed. "'Tis the Whisperer that's to ride him, an' he has the power over any horse ever foaled. Let alone that you'd be a nice looking jockey to be putting your leg across the Blackbird."  
The course was three miles of an undulating pastoral country. The ground on which the stand was built sloped gently so that the course lay well within view of those who were on it or about it. It was a natural racecourse, with a brook to be leaped and a rough stone wall half way from home. All the country people had turned out on foot, or driving or riding rough nags, and there were a few carriages, among them being the big yellow barouches from Shelton with Lady Mabel sitting in it, by her stately mother. It might have been noticed that she shrank less modestly than usual from the admiring glances that fell upon her, seeming, indeed, to be rapt out of herself by some unusual excitement that lit soft fires in her cheeks and in her eyes.

Pegasus, a bay-horse, was being led up and down amid an admiring throng. Though his spirit made him prance and snort so that the laughing crowds scurried before him as children do before an advancing wave, it was a very different matter from Blackbird. The large, limpid eyes of the bay were so full of kindness as to invite caresses, and the difficulty of his rider was to keep a thousand hands from smooching the sleek cheeks and satin sides.

Blessings and good wishes followed Pegasus and the Duke's colors of blue and silver, whereas it seemed to be generally agreed that no luck at all could follow the Blackbird, an' sure what business had his lordship widd the like at all, riskin' people's lives for the sake of a brute of a horse that ought to have had a shot put in him long ago!  
Yet the Blackbird swung into favor, and left Pegasus forgotten, a few minutes later. The horses, the race, and everything went clear out of men's minds when the Whisperer rode up amid his excited people that Miles Keon was out of prison to ride the Blackbird and cheer after cheer rent the air. The escort drew to one side, looking rather sullen, and lighting down from their horses pretended to turn the entire attention to feeding and washing them. Lord Cashel was standing by to hurry Miles into the dressing-room and away from the handshakes many a one was giving him. It was noticed that, as he went in, he pricked up his ears at the whinnying of the Blackbird which all at once had succeeded the shrill, unnatural squeaking.

He came out in a few minutes so fine in his colors of green and gold that his poor Grace's heart swelled, where she stood quietly apart with love and sorrowful pride.  
He went straight to the horse, and the crowd which had deserted Pegasus, tumbled helter skelter to see the color. The Whisperer sprang lightly into the saddle, and the horse came stepping forth, holding his head high and seeming to spurn the earth from his delicate feet.  
A moment more and the two beautiful creatures were off. Lord Cashel watched the colors flash out of sight, and then turned and mounted the stand with a noise of armies in his ears.  
For a few minutes his sight failed him, so that he could not distinguish. Then it cleared a little. He could see the two brilliant specks floating away at the end of the Ten Acres by the hazel copse. The field was crossed in a flash and the horses were coming up to the brook. Pegasus was leading, the Blackbird a couple of lengths behind. "Miles is holding him in," Lord Cashel said, half aloud, "he will give him his head when they have taken the jump."  
"I would be hard on us, Cashel, if your fellow were to fly now," said a voice at his side.  
"Ah, Wharmcliffe, I had not noticed you were my neighbor. So it would be, but Miles will not fly."  
He was as pale as death, and his voice trembled. The Duke was gay and smiling.  
"Well done, well done! They are over it!" he cried, thumping the rail before him with his gloved hand.  
A roar had gone up from the people around and below them as the brook was crossed. A silence followed so intense that you might have fancied you heard the thunder of the horses' feet on the smooth turf a mile away, though they and their riders had dwindled to the faintest speck of color.  
At the stone wall Pegasus had risen and sailed over it. The Blackbird balked for a second. For the second men's hearts seemed to stop, and Lord Cashel bit his lips till the blood ran down. But no, Miles had thrown himself forward on the horse's neck and backed him a little, and horse and rider rose in the air, and swifter than the flight of an arrow were on the track of the bay, who, in the momentary delay, had got a dozen lengths ahead. Now Miles settled down in the saddle and gave his horse his head. With long splendid strides they gained on Pegasus and his rider. Closer and closer up. The wearer of the blue and silver glanced back uneasily and caught a glimpse of the Blackbird's staring eyeballs. He began lashing the sweating sides of the bay. Miles never lifted his whip. The heart of the horse answered too well the heart of the man. Now the horses were neck and neck, and the crowd began to moan like the surge of the sea. Hoarse inarticulate cries broke from the swaying mass. Lord Cashel heard ringing in his ears like a million bells. "The Blackbird wins! The Blackbird wins!" The green and gold were ahead now. He could see his colors flashing in the sunlight as the horses neared the winning post. A length ahead, two lengths ahead, three lengths ahead. The Blackbird shot past the post, and the first sound out of all that hubbub that reached my Lord Cashel's ears was the quiet voice

beside him: "Well won, by Jove, and well ridden. The match is yours, Cashel."

The two men went down side by side to the broad stretch of turf, where Miles still sat in his saddle looking happy and proud. He went to speak to Lord Cashel as the latter came near.  
"I've won you the race, my lord," he said, "and now I'm ready to go back where I came from."  
The escort, the one gloomy spot in a bright day, stood around him waiting, each man's foot ready for the stirrup. It was the Duke who waved them back. "Is the victor of the day to go without a bumper of wine?" he said, and at his gesture the mounted men retired once more.

But after they had drunk, the Duke still kept eyeing the horse as one fascinated.  
"Sell him to me, Cashel," he cried at last; "you shall name your own price."  
"You must buy the man, too, Duke," laughed my lord.  
"And that I will if I can buy his affections from you to me. What do you say, Mr. Rebel?"  
It was a strange sight to see these two fine gentlemen laughing and jostling in the sunlight with the man who had emerged from a prison grave and would return to it. Miles listened to the banter between the two with a grave smile and wistful eyes that looked far away to the hills.

Did the passionate desire of the man for freedom communicate itself to the heart of the creature that loved him? Who can say? But certain it is that suddenly the Blackbird grew restive. He began to rear and kick, and in a moment of space he had cleared himself a space with his heels. There before him was the sloping country with the hills on the horizon. Before any one knew what was about to happen the horse was off. The crowd opened for him as if by magic. People could see that his rider had little control of him. The utmost he could do was to keep his seat and steer straight. But before the clumsy escort had one foot in its stirrups the Blackbird had gained the open and that would be a rare horse that should follow. Then the fellows were so hustled and impeded by the crowd that had opened widely to let the Blackbird pass, that more minutes were wasted in setting out than they could ever overtake.

As for the Duke, he roared with laughter to see the troopers trying to mount.  
"As well follow the lightning," he said, and then, learning the Blackbird was out of sight he threw off a bumper to his safe disappearance.  
"I can swear to Musgrave," he said, "that that horse ran away with the man and that while he was in his power he was making ballads in his praise. But Miles did not return till the troubles were over, and then my lord's agents were enough to protect him. There were many stories where he had hidden while the mounted patrols were searching the country for him. Some said he was within the park walls of Shelton and fed with meats from the kitchen. But that, perhaps, was because he married Gracie O'Malley, the very day he and my mistress became Lady Cashel—Katharine Tynan, in The Irish Monthly.

We find in the Psalms a thousand utterances of hope and trust. Whenever we meet them let us elevate our heart to our Father in Heaven, and try to feel that if there is one thing in which we trust Him, it is in His leading us to Himself. "Thou, O my God, art my refuge! In Thee have I hoped. Let me not be confounded forever!"

A few days later the Blackbird was sent home, a small boy leading him, and in a truly sweet-tempered mood. Perhaps he was conscious that the people were making ballads in his praise. But Miles did not return till the troubles were over, and then my lord's agents were enough to protect him. There were many stories where he had hidden while the mounted patrols were searching the country for him. Some said he was within the park walls of Shelton and fed with meats from the kitchen. But that, perhaps, was because he married Gracie O'Malley, the very day he and my mistress became Lady Cashel—Katharine Tynan, in The Irish Monthly.

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**LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.**  
Apostolic Delegation.  
Ottawa, June 13th, 1908.

Mr. Thomas Coffey.  
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, its wholesome influence reaching 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 Ephesus.  
Apostolic Delegate.  
UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA,  
Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1908.

Mr. Thomas Coffey.  
Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its manner 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. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa,  
Apost. Deleg.

**LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1908.**  
**MESSAGE FROM THE HOLY FATHER.**  
Apostolic Delegation.  
Ottawa, August 10th, 1908.

Mgr. J. E. Meunier, Administrator of the Diocese of London, Windsor, Ont.  
Right Rev. and dear Monsignor,—On the occasion of the 5th anniversary of the coronation of Our Holy Father, Pius X., His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate sent a cablegram tendering His Holiness the profound homage and devotion of Canadian Catholics, expressing their earnest prayers and wishes for his august person, especially during this year of his golden jubilee, and imploring the Apostolic Benediction. His Excellency received yesterday the following message from His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State:

(COPY.)  
Roma, 9 Agosto, 1908.  
Monsignor Sbarretti, Delegato Apostolico, Ottawa.  
Santo Padre ringraziando omaggio filiale devoluzione imparte di cuore Apostolica Benedizione.  
(Firmato) CARD. MERRY DEL VAL.  
(TRANSLATION.)  
Rome, August 9th, 1908.  
Monsignor Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa.  
The Holy Father is thankful for the homage of filial devotion, and from his heart imparts the Apostolic Benediction. (Signed) CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.  
Would you be so kind as to communicate the above to the CATHOLIC RECORD of London?  
With kindest regards,  
I am, Right Revd. Administrator,  
Yours very truly in Christ,  
ALFRED A. SINNOTT,  
Secretary.

**ON VACATION.**

If one of the office hands will turn up the files of the — he will find the following notice to the subscribers: "The boss is away, and we done our best." Now that is what is the matter with the CATHOLIC RECORD. The "boss" is away, and we hope the boys are maintaining their part without violating quite so openly the laws of grammar. Holidays fly and thoughts are scarce. Here have we been writing answers to correspondents upon all kinds of subjects and from all parts of the country. It is our turn. We are going to write—not that we have much to say. But it is something for a weary newspaper "boss" to drop his scissors—leave his office—and take boat and train to get away from the dull surroundings of exacting duty. With mingled feelings of our own importance and the hope that we would not be missed we boarded the boat at one of our growing ports—the first stage in a long western journey. A steamer, ocean or lake, is a strange little world. No sooner are we loose from shore than passengers begin to look at one another in their inspection of saloon, cabin and deck. Wonder and curiosity freely knock up against one another. Confidence and fear strive for mastery in the hearts of the timid. For a long time the silence and solitude of not being acquainted keep people apart whilst their attention is taken up with the receding shore, the bracing atmosphere, and the charming scenes of the evergreen woods which rise in shelves from the stony foundations whose walls are nature's breakwater. Owen Sound is a beautiful sheet of water. And, pleasant on the hot summer evening it was to steam down its widening waters and watch the busy town grow dim in the distance whilst the background heights became darker as we sped from them and as the shadows of night

fell upon ship and sound and shore. Night throws the passengers of a ship more together. Man also is social. Nowhere do people meet with so easy a bond as on board a boat. The bond is easily formed and easily broken. Whom we met and what we saw and read—these are hardly themes of importance for serious readers or memories to be revived by others than the very participants. It was funny, to say the least of it, to listen to the stranger criticizing everything Canadian. He had just come from the tercentenary and he was full of it—not the celebration but the criticism. He knew all about it—the country, its institutions, its administration—its past history, its present position, its future prospects. Everything met with his stern disapproval. He found little or nothing—and his eye was keen—to commend in the broad acres or the varied interests of our growing Dominion. But there was one point upon which he waxed quite eloquent—a point upon which he was severest.

This was the condemnation of the manner in which Canadian judges treat witnesses. He had actually heard one judge tell a witness to shut up—an act which he, the speaker, regarded as most tyrannical. Thus ran the stranger's prattle, glad to hear himself talk, gladder that he had a grievance and most glad that he came from a country where witnesses were free to retort and even talk irrelevant nonsense. The dual language did not escape, nor even matters more sacred still. We left him talking and went below to enjoy the more agreeable company of a book we had provided for our trip. It was The Nun—the English title of Bazin's French novel, L'Isle. A very touching tale of the expulsion and secularization of a small band of French Sisters, it opens in the quiet enjoyment of peace and closes with the ruin of war. Five sisters, members of a teaching community, are taking their recreation after the day's work and the evening meal in the narrow court of a convent. Their history is told with charming appreciation of the devoted lives of these chosen souls. The vocation of the youngest, Sister Pascale, the nun who gives the title to the book, is portrayed with sensitive skill. The picture of a father and his only child—youth, fair, motherless—is drawn with perhaps too realistic a touch. It is more like a study. But Bazin is both artist and realist. How the young girl tells the father that she wishes to enter, and how the father takes it—and then how Sister Pascale gives herself up to teaching—and how her children love her and how she loves them are all the calm before the storm. The expulsion follows. The nuns are scattered. They who had sought peace in their convent working for others with unselfish sacrifice were rudely torn apart. They, who had found support in their community of prayer and life and rule were severed, each one to stand or fall by herself. It was doubly cruel—for one amongst the number had sought refuge in that religious retreat where innocence was more securely protected and virtue more deeply rooted. All was over. Sister Pascale had to find a home with a distant relative. Why call it home? The poor child went to it in dread. And well she might—for the tragical closing of her life was the inhuman act of one who should have been her protector. It is the saddest chapter of a sad book. What is hardest of all to endure is the thought that the story is real. It shows the cruel working of a most cruel law—a ruthless government making war upon its own people.

Back now to our trip and its company. What a tremendous country we Canadians have—land, river or lake—it is vast in its magnificent distances and marvellously rich in its natural resources. It is no less varied in its scenery. These were our thoughts as we steamed along the St. Mary River and drew near the Canadian Sault Ste. Marie, our first stopping place since leaving Owen Sound the evening before. Cutting across Lake Huron we had made straight for river and canal. How different was the passage of the old missionaries—the black robes—who crept along within the shadow of the picturesque shore and portaged over the rapids into the big sea-water. Now steam carried the steam vessel to the canal's gateway which electricity opened as by magic. Up we rose and on we passed leaving river and heat behind, to welcome the fresh breeze from the open lake. Of the many charming scenes in Canadian travel few can equal in splendor sunset in a clear sky on Lake Superior. At no hour does any sheet of water show so marvellously the jeweled setting of nature's beauty as when in the evening the sloping rays of the setting sun reflect their rainbow colors through the crested drops of the dancing waves. Sometimes it—the liquid surface—is a mirror into which the sun looks with lingering glance before retiring, as if to display its own lightsome glory whilst showing forth the radiance of the brooding waters. Especially is all this real-

ized on a summer evening upon our greatest lake. The apparently boundless dimensions of this inland sea and the clearness of the atmosphere both contribute to the solitary splendor of the scene. Sun, sky and lake are there alone with no land to reflect the light or distract the eye—golden sun, blue sky and deep dark water for background—sheen of diamonds and red of ruby—and all the other jewels of nature's richest evening robe—and the sun goes down in silent glory. Wonderful is God in His works. And if this be the magnificence of the natural world, what is the splendor of the world of grace and the crimson tide of the Precious Blood. Darkness was slow in settling down upon us, for the twilight lingered long through this northern sky as if loth to part with us. Night in a fog, and the warning horn continuously blowing, and an occasional answer from some neighboring vessel, which, like ourselves, is care, fully feeling its way, are ample reasons for restless sleep. We are in safe hands. Morning rose, and with it the fog lifted, showing in the distance Thunder Cape with its grave of the legendary giant and its realistic bluff of rocky grandeur. This we passed near noon to enter Thunder Bay, upon whose opposite shore we could discern Fort William and Port Arthur, with their huge elevators which stood forth like industrial light houses—beacons of a country's treasures, witnesses of a people's wealth. There they stand—those of the Canadian Pacific at Fort William, and two huge fort-connected elevators of the Canadian Northern at Port Arthur. In through the breakwater gap and up to the pier we passed. Here we landed to exchange boat for trains and proceeded more speedily upon our journey.

**IN THE WHEAT FIELDS.**

There is not much to see as a general thing from a railway train. Water is the nature's architect, and railway builders avail themselves of the avenues which were paved in the ages of the earth's formation. So our Canadian Northern uses the Kaministiquia valley to rise to the height of land which forms the northern breakwater of Lake Superior. Little is to be seen, although the river presents a variety of turns and isleth set in green. Winnipeg is reached by morning. Here is something new, a city where not a generation ago was a trading post. Its wide streets well paved, and its main thoroughfares crowded with splendid buildings. Talk about the ambition of youth; Winnipeg is filled with it. Perhaps the impatience of youth is also there. Confident in the fruitful soil whose countless acres surround it on all sides, glad in the sunshine of this warm summer so prophetic of a well saved harvest, these Winnipeggers are quite prepared to discount the more Eastern provinces. Slowly, young city—no one wishes you better than Ontario, whose soils are to be found in every one of your squares and in the rich acreage of these Western provinces. All eyes are upon this west. What a vision! Not from the city street or even the train window can this country be seen to advantage. But on, for we have far to go—eight hundred miles before reaching our halting place—Alberta's capital. The Canadian Northern is the most direct road between Winnipeg and Edmonton, passing through a great wheat belt and along the valley of the Saskatchewan. There is a vast difference between the actualities and the future possibilities of this country. We cannot quote many figures, for we are not out to gather statistics. Here we are in Edmonton and four hundred miles lie to the north waiting the ploughshare. We came through eight hundred and twenty-seven miles, with two thirds of the immediate property under cultivation. A hundred million bushels of wheat form the prospective exportation of this coming harvest. All along the line we could see vast fields of wheat and other grain—evidence that the figures are not much over-estimated. For the province of Alberta the prospective yield is as follows:

Spring wheat 4,000,000 bushels	average 22
Winter wheat 1,300,000 bushels	" 20
Oats 14,200,000 "	" 31.5
Barley 3,350,000 "	" 29.5

Sunny Alberta, as the patriotic settlers call their Province, is a vast agricultural plain, watered here and there by lake and stream. The tortuous Saskatchewan winds its screw-like way from west to north-east with a beautiful agricultural valley—fair to the eye and richly responsive to the culture of farming industry. By its official handbook Alberta contains 162,000,000 acres, of which 100,000,000 are suitable for cultivation. Not one per cent of this was under crop in 1907—thus leaving more than 90,000,000 acres yet to be settled.  
\*These are the gardens of the desert. These the unbroken fields, boundless and beautiful, whose natural grasses afford throughout the year nutrient material for pasture, and whose rich soil awaits but the ploughshare to display its possibilities to the yeomen of the west. When we compare the circumstances of the first generation of one of these prairie provinces with those of Ontario's settlers we

find a remarkable difference. No forest is here to cope with or road to be hewn out of the shadowing wood. No narrow plot of wheat slowly increasing year by year shows the industry of its occupant. In a single season and at most in a few the whole homestead farm is producing fruit. All that such a country wants is a sober, industrious farming population who understand agriculture, and who find contentment in peasant life rather than the dangerous city. Nothing but man's own perversity—nothing but the quarrels of capital and labor can keep such a country back. Here, as we write, as many as eight or ten thousand mechanics of the Canadian Pacific Railway are out on strike. What is the exact cause of quarrel it is hard to find out. It is not so difficult to see what will be the effect upon the whole country if the dispute is not promptly and amicably settled. The railway may say that it is indifferent whether these men work or not and whether they move the grain or let their crippled engines and cars lie idle. The men may walk away with no intention of further relations with the company. Neither men nor railway nor both are alone in this matter. The country is interested—so seriously that indifference is excusable only upon the ground of inability to suggest or provide a remedy. Ten thousand mechanics are not ready-made nor on the other hand can those ten thousand get work at the first application. If the men remain out it is likely to be a threatening obstacle to the moving of the approaching harvest, the consequences of which will be a national disaster. Capital and labor, if united, will build up this hopeful West to unprecedented proportions. If they pull apart and act with only selfish motives—whether they are engaged in the manufacture of goods or the distribution of products—the result will be the same—failure, discouragement and ruin. The Canadian Northern Railway, which is not involved in the quarrel, is prepared to move 24,000,000 bushels of crop, or about 30 per cent. Supposing the trouble to continue between the Canadian Pacific and its men it is very doubtful whether this line could move one half of the remaining 70 per cent—not to mention the difficulty and danger of moving passenger trains over such a long distance. Regret it as we may, we leave this dispute to be settled by the common sense leaders of both parties to whom the situation ought to appeal with the force of public and patriotic need of union, good will and fair play all round.

Here we are at Edmonton—a city prettily situated on the north bank of the North Saskatchewan, whose muddy waters fresh from the mountains rush in rapid shallow currents to join the main branch of the river. The banks are high and steep, whilst down beneath wooded flats have been formed on the north side by the lodging of sand. Like all cities Edmonton contains the usual variety of business places—the banks and the new post office being the finest of its buildings. The ground is being prepared for the new government buildings. Situated on a hill and overlooking the river and Strathcona, a town on the southern bank, these buildings will be an object of beauty and will afford a splendid view up and down the Saskatchewan and to the rising ground beyond Strathcona. Two Catholic churches, neat and tasteful, served by the good Oblate Fathers, provide for the English and French speaking people. Besides these there is an Orthodox Greek church with quite a congregation. Some of these are Poles, others Galicians, with a few Russians. There is also a Russian church in Edmonton—or, to be more exact, a United Russian church. One prominent feature which characterizes Edmonton in common with the other towns planned by the Hudson's Bay Company, is the width of the streets. Each of the streets is eighty feet wide. The residential streets are made uniform with a wide boulevard on each side, which is mowed and otherwise maintained by the city. The first cost devolves upon the residents. Edmonton is quite ancient, even though its heart beats with the vigor of youth. We do not wish to be understood as saying that it is antiquated. Perhaps we had better put it in another way. As capital of the Province of Alberta Edmonton is very young. Young likewise is it as a commercial centre and link between the north country of the Peace River and the south where the Canadian Pacific lands its freight. It is old, however, as a trading post and missionary centre, dating back one hundred and fifteen years. At least so we were told by Miss Laut, the authoress of "Lords of the North," who has made, and is now making, a special study of the early history of the missions of the Northwest. With laudable care and patience this lady, under the encouragement of some of the New York magazines, is passing through the country gathering the fragments of history which zealous missionaries and pioneer hunters left in their forward march. To us there was more than sadness when she asked us

why the priests did not do this work—it would be lost. How could she do it—a woman, stranger? The reason is clear—as we told her—the fields are white to harvest and the reapers few: priests are busy with the increasing burden of the present, they have no strength or leisure to spend upon the memories of the past, however glorious and saintly and valuable those memories might be. We were delighted that some one would search the records and pass over the trails and tell to us all the story of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, whose devotion is their glory and whose silent forgetfulness of self has left us so far without any account of their life and work. One thing seems sad, though it shows the practical view of the Church. It is that the people for whom these good fathers worked and suffered are fast passing away. Their occupation as hunters is gone. Nor do they take kindly to the exacting life of modern commerce and civilization. Others have taken their place, so that the Church is no longer the tabernacle traversing the vast country, but a stable organized institution with dioceses well established. But more of this in our next. Our thoughts have turned us away from Miss Laut, who was starting on a canoe trip from Edmonton to Winnipeg for the purpose of gathering material and forming an idea of the work performed for the souls of the aborigines and pioneer hunters of this country. We cordially wished her God-speed on her trip and success in her important task.

**BACK TO THE CHURCH.**

A despatch from Rome, dated August 9, tells us that Rev. A. P. Doyle, the distinguished Paulist, and rector of the Apostolic mission House at the Catholic University in Washington, has succeeded in creating interest in the non-Catholic missions in America. Father Doyle, we are also told, has submitted his plans of organization to the Pope, to Cardinal Merry del Val, and to other members of the Sacred College, and has succeeded in impressing all with the enthusiasm he has for the success of the enterprise. Mgr. Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, thinks that the time is particularly ripe for a propaganda among English-speaking peoples. Some observant non-Catholics had told him that very many English-speaking people would be prepared to accept in their entirety the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church did they but know them as they were. There is no manner of doubt that, with the spread of Catholic literature will come many conversions from our separated brethren. That conversions are not more numerous is largely owing to the fact that many non-Catholics know nothing about the Catholic Church except something to its disadvantage preached or written by those who have been expelled from its communion for cause.

**FREAKS OF FANATICISM.**

They have in England an association called the Protestant Alliance, the Council of which, it will be remembered, raised a storm in Parliament and elsewhere at the time King Edward visited the Pope. The Council of the Protestant Alliance seem to be the lineal descendants of the Tooley Street Tailors and John Kensit. They are ably represented in Canada by the Most Worshipful Sovereign of the Orange Order, Dr. Sproule. Whenever the Catholic Church receives honorable recognition in any part of the world over which the British flag flies, the Protestant Alliance in England and Dr. Sproule and his Orange brethren in Canada fling aloft a flag with the word "Danger" conspicuously printed thereon. The Alliance has sent a memorial to Sir Edward Grey, the foreign Secretary, protesting against an audience which it is asserted will be given by the King to the Papal Alabegate, Cardinal Vanutelli, at the forthcoming Eucharistic congress in London. It also calls attention to this projected violation of the Protestant constitution of the United Kingdom, and urges that steps at once be taken to prevent the King from paying this compliment to the Roman Catholic prelates of Europe and America, who are coming to attend the congress.  
The words of an editorial writer in the London Times, dealing with the Papal Decree recently issued, are particularly applicable in the present case. Says the Times: "Certain ultra-Protestant societies may still assemble their faithful adherents to denounce this fresh instance of 'Papal aggression,' but they will appear in vain to the masses of their countrymen."  
The most extraordinary feature connected with all this agitation is the fact that many of those who are actively associated with it profess to be Christian ministers. That species of religious intolerance which prompts men to promote strife where peace should reign is entirely devoid of the promptings of Christianity, and a very poor brand of citizenship. The fearsomeness that something would happen were the

Catholic Church to attain a stronger foothold among the people of England is akin to that dread which possesses the youth who has read "Bluebeard." They are serious-minded people, these members of the Protestant Alliance, as is also the Grand Sovereign of the Orange Order in Canada, but they hold a very low place in the estimation of those who are deservedly honored in the community. Were England a Catholic nation again, she would be just as "great, glorious and free," and still rule the waves.

**TWO POWERFUL CATHOLIC BODIES.**

There met recently in Boston the National Convention of American Federation of Catholic societies. The sub-committee on social affairs submitted a report in which Catholics are urged to keep up a ceaseless warfare against indecent books, periodicals, pictures, postcards and the like. It also urges every Catholic society in the United States to demand of prosecuting officials the punishment of such offences against public morality. In Canada as well as in the United States there appears to be a laxity in the enforcement of many laws intended for the public good. It is notorious that a bookseller may sell indecent books and postcards, and a bill-poster may placard the streets with indecent pictures, and the gentlemen whose business it is to take action in such matters sit in their easy chairs, fold their arms, and wait for some one to make a complaint. The document also urges a strong movement with the purpose of the purifying of municipal, state and national politics.

In New Haven, Conn., on the 13th, took place a meeting of the National Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union. It declares its allegiance to the Catholic Church and is in hearty accord with the recent Encyclical of our Most Holy Father on Modernism. The Union also declares that Catholic periodicals that cannot live without liquor advertisements should die. Let them, it continues, not drag the Catholic name down in their greed. Dealing with the liquor traffic, the organization suggests that Catholic societies which exclude saloon keepers from their membership, and which forbid the use of liquor at their meetings, should not tolerate the formation of clubs within their membership which despise the spirit of those laws that have been made for the honor of the Catholic Church.

It is encouraging to note the active interest taken by these prominent Catholic bodies, representatives of the very best element of American citizenship, in the work of defending and propagating Catholic principles. It means much for the Church in America, and, we may add, for the country.

**A DISTINGUISHED CATHOLIC SCOTCHMAN.**

The visit of Lord Lovat, Baronial Chieftain of the ancient Fraser clan, to Canada, to which we referred in our last issue, is a notable event. His presence at the Quebec celebration had special interest from the fact that three hundred years ago the Fraser Highlanders sealed the bluffs to the Plains of Abraham, and led Wolfe's men up the path to liberty. His Lordship extended his visit as far as Toronto, where he was given a right royal welcome by his countrymen resident in that city. Many addresses of welcome were tendered him by leaders of the various Scottish societies in Canada, to which he made eloquent responses, some of them in the Gaelic tongue.

A luncheon in honor of Lord Lovat was given on Monday, 10th instant, by the Catholic Union. Mr. W. H. Leacock acted as chairman. His Grace Archbishop McEvay proposed the health of the guest in a very happily worded speech, to which His Lordship replied with brevity and grace. The luncheon was entirely informal. Among those present were Hon. J. J. Foy, Sir Keith Fraser, Judge Anglin, Vicar General McCann, Alexander Fraser, Chief of the Fraser clan in Canada, W. A. Fraser of Georgetown, M. J. Haney and others.

At the luncheon Lord Lovat said that stable appeared at the hospital door the Catholics in England had made far fewer advances than in Canada. "You here in Canada have gone a great way farther than we have," he said, "in advancing our religion. You have settled the great question of schools for your children. We in the old land hope that at the end of the next session of Parliament the Catholics in England will be so united as to carry their point. Meanwhile we can only look across the sea and watch your successes."

AN AMERICAN abroad, who seems to be possessed of a goodly share of theory and but little knowledge of practice sent a despatch from Manila to the New York Sun, in which he states that the Philippino masses have again demonstrated their complete unfitness for the ballot by electing to membership in the municipal council of Manila Simco





CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Great Awakening.

A champion prize-fighter says that he does not train for his contests. "The weight question," he declares, "is the least of my troubles. I can make one hundred and thirty-three pounds with ease, and while it is not generally known to the public, I will get down to this weight by thinking about making it. I just keep telling myself that I've got to get rid of flesh by always keeping in mind that I must make the weight. I just keep telling myself that I've got to get down to the net. The articles leave nothing for me to do but to be at weight, and I will continue to keep this in mind."

As will be seen later in this article, the famous experiments of Professor Anderson of Yale University prove that the strength of muscles can be increased immensely by mental action alone, without any physical exercise whatever. We hear a great deal about the power of the mind over the body. Why, the whole secret of life is wrapped up in it. We do not know the A, B, C of this great, mysterious power, though the civilized world is rapidly awakening to its transforming force. The prophet, the poet, the sage, from earliest times have felt and recognized it.

"Be ye transformed by the renewing power of your mind," Paul admonished the Romans. "It is the mind that makes the body rich," says Shakespeare. "What we commonly call man," writes Emerson, "the eating, drinking, planting, counting man, does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect; but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend."

Today even the prize-fighter, the uneducated, as well as the educated, the man who lives on the animal plane even as the man who lives on the spiritual plane, in fact, all sorts of people, are beginning to see that there is some tremendous force back of the flesh which they do not understand. The rapid growth of the metaphysical movement, shows how actively this idea of man's hidden power is working in the minds of all classes.

Mind and Body Building.

Some of our best physicians, who only a few years ago ridiculed mental healing, are beginning to adopt the principle—so far as they know how—in their practice; especially the power of suggestion. They are finding that their patients are often more affected by mental medicine, by their calls, their encouragement and good cheer; than by their pills. They are finding, too, that the mental attitude of the patient has everything to do with the effect of the disease, that it often proves the turning-point in a crisis. The result of all this mental influence is a very marked falling off in the use of drugs. Many of our leading physicians give but very little medicine, because they have very little faith in it. It is now well known that scores of eminent physicians employ metaphysical healing in their own families and often for themselves. Even the regular medical schools are taking up the subject of mental medicine in their lecture courses.

Hampered as this great movement still is by the errors and extravagances of over-zealous followers, and also by the fraud of charlatans, who take advantage of the opportunities it offers to impose on the credulous and ignorant, there is no doubt that the basic principle of this metaphysical movement, has opened up many possibilities of mental building, character building, bodily building, and even business building, which are destined to bring untold blessings to the world.

We are beginning to see that we can renew our bodies by renewing our thoughts; change our bodies by changing our thoughts; that by holding the thought of what we wish to become, we can become what we desire. Instead of being the victims of fate, we can order our fate; we can largely determine what it shall be. Our destiny changes with our thought. We shall become what we wish to become when our habitual thought corresponds with the desire.

"For each bad emotion," says Professor Elmer Gates, "there is a corresponding chemical change in the tissues of the body. Every good emotion makes a life-promoting change. Every thought which enters the mind is registered in the brain by a change in the structure of its cells. The change is a physical change more or less permanent."

Changed His Disposition.

"Any one may go into the business of building his own mind for an hour each day, calling up pleasant memories and ideas. Let him summon feelings of benevolence and unselfishness, making this a regular exercise like swing dumbbells. Let him gradually increase the time devoted to these physical gymnastics, until it reaches sixty or ninety minutes per diem. At the end of a month he will find the change in himself surprising. The alteration will be apparent in his actions and thoughts. It will have registered in the cell structure of his brain."

There is nothing truer than that "we can make ourselves over by using and developing the right kind of thought-forces."

Not long ago a young man whom I had not seen for several years called on me, and I was amazed at the tremendous change in him. When I had last seen him he was pessimistic, discouraged, almost despairing; he had sinned on life, lost confidence in human nature and in himself. During the interval he had completely changed. The sullen, bitter expression that used to characterize his face was replaced by one of joy and gladness. He was radiant, cheerful, hopeful, happy.

The young man had married a cheerful, optimistic wife who had the happy faculty of laughing him out of his "blues," or melancholy, changing the tenor of his thoughts, cheering him up, and making him put a higher estimate on himself. His removal from an unhappy environment, together with his wife's helpful "new thought" influence and his own determination to make

good, had all worked together to bring about a revolution in his mental make-up. The love-principle and the use of the right thought-force had verily made a new man of him.

He is a fortunate man who early learns the secret of scientific brain-building, and who acquires the inestimable art of holding the right suggestion in his mind, so that he can triumph over the dominant note in his environment when it is unfavorable to his highest good.—O. S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

He Guessed "There's Two Kinds of Ladies."

As a young lady walked hurriedly down State street on a bleak November day, her attention was attracted to a deformed boy coming toward her carrying several bundles. He was thinly clad, twisted his limbs most strangely as he walked, and looked before him with a vacant stare. Just before the cripple reached the brick pedestrian, he stumbled and dropped a bundle, which broke open and emptied a sausage on the sidewalk.

One or two richly dressed ladies drew their skirts aside as they passed, and one of them exclaimed, "How awkward!" A lad stood grinning at the mishap, and a schoolgirl, amused by the boy's lack of blarney, gave vent to her feelings in a half-suppressed laugh, and then went on without taking any further interest.

All this increased the boy's embarrassment. He stooped to pick up the sausages, only to let fall another parcel, when, in despair, he stood and looked at his lost spoils. In an instant the bright-faced young lady stranger stepped to the boy's side and in a tone of kindness said, "Let me hold those other bundles while you have picked up what you have lost."

In dumb astonishment the cripple handed all he had to the young Samaritan and devoted himself to securing his cherished sausages. When these were again strongly tied in the coarse, torn wrapper, her skillful hands replaced the parcels on his arms, as she bestowed on him a smile of encouragement and said, "I hope you haven't far to go."

The poor fellow seemed scarcely to hear the girl's pleasant words, but, looking at her with the same vacant stare, he said, "Be you a lady?"

"I hope so; I try to be," was the surprised response.

"Was kind of hoping you wasn't?"

"Why?" asked the listener, her curiosity quite aroused.

"Cause I've seen such as called themselves ladies, but they never spoke kind and pleasant to boys like me, 'cepting to grand 'uns. I guess there's two kinds—them as thinks they are ladies and isn't and them as tries to be and is."

A "Band of Mercy" Girl.

A coal cart was delivering an order in Clinton place the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eyes, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow.

"I pity the horse, but don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I'm not the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I get him down along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl about eight years old approached and said:

"Please, mister."

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll stop I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole and let you rest while we're doing it." The man stood up and looked around him in a defiant way, but meeting with only pleasant looks he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said:

"Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort.—New York Sun.

Michael Angelo.

Two boys were herding swine in Italy. They were evidently discussing some very important subject, for they were earnest at it. A man approached, and the boys separated, each for his own side of the pasture. The man was angry and was shaking his hand at them. The boys said nothing; they drove their swine in and were quiet as a mouse about it. The man had said they should stay out until dark, and the sun had not even set yet. After they had driven the swine to their respective places each crept to his room and took his clothes and tied them in a bundle. This done, they both crept down and ran to the road which led to Rome. One's name was Peter; the other Michael Angelo. Both were poor boys. They were tramped and tramped, and the first thing they did when they reached Rome was to go to church. After they had rested and prayed they looked for employment. Peter received employment as the cook's boy in some cardinal's house, but Michael could find nothing to do, so he almost despaired.

He went to his friend Peter, who gave him something to eat and at night secretly let him into his room in the attic to sleep. This went on for a long time. Peter content to let his friend do this and Michael content also. Michael when in church had seen some fine pictures. One which fascinated him was "Christ Ascending to Heaven." Taking bits of charcoal, he went to Peter's room and drew pictures on the white walls. One day the cardinal had occasion to go to the room. Michael had meanwhile secured employment in the cardinal's kitchen. The cardinal, upon seeing all the pictures, was dumfounded with their accurateness. He called Peter and Michael upstairs and asked who had drawn them. Michael confessed he had, but said he thought he could rub them out again. The cardinal explained to

him that it was all right so far as the wall was concerned. He took Michael and sent him to a drawing master and gave Peter a better position. And Michael worked hard at his drawings, learned diligently and became the renowned Michael Angelo, one of the greatest painters of his time.—Catholic Telegraph.

SCIENCE AND THE PULPIT.

In his able article on "A Curious Heresy," in the American Catholic Quarterly, Mr. Simon Fitzsimons cogently assails the Protestant pulpit which is preaching infidelity in the guise of Christianity. Says Mr. Fitzsimons:

"Modern scientific philosophy has eaten into Protestantism to the very core. The Christian element in many Protestant pulpits is but the shadow of a shade. The historian Lecky it was who long since called Protestantism the half-way house between Catholicism and infidelity. The average Protestant mind has to-day left the half-way house far in the rear, and while yet retaining the name of Protestantism is fast nearing the infidel goal. The walls of the Pro-Jericho have tumbled at a mere shout from the scientific ranks, instead of the saving truths of Christianity, many Pro-pulpits now emit a rank infidelity and even a pantheism which Spinoza need not have disdained."

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON CHURCH SCANDALS.

(Anglican Monthly, The Lamp, Nov., '06.)

To those of our Anglican brethren that are super-sensitive about the bad morals of some Roman Catholics and too forgetful, we fear, of the saintliness of others, Cardinal Newman has bequeathed the lines which follow:

The Church has scandals, she has reproach, she has shame. No Catholic will deny it. She has ever had the reproach and shame of being the mother of children unworthy of her. She has good children—she has many more bad. Such is the providence of God, as declared from the beginning. He might have formed a pure Church; but He has expressly predicted that the cockle, sown by the enemy, shall remain with the wheat, even to the harvest at the end of the world. He pronounced that His Church should be like the fisher's net, gathering of every kind, and not examined till the evening.

There is ever, then, an abundance of material in the lives and histories of Catholics, ready to the use of those opponents who, starting with the notion that the Holy Church is the work of the devil, wish to have some corroboration of the leading idea. Her very prerogatives give special opportunity for it; I mean that she is the Church of all lands and of all times.

If there was a Judas among the Apostles, and a Nicholas among the deacons, why should we be surprised that in the course of eighteen hundred years, there should be flagrant instances of cruelty, of unfaithfulness, of hypocrisy, of profligacy, and that not only in the Catholic people, but in high places, in royal palaces, in Bishop's households, in the seat of St. Peter itself?

What triumph is it, though in a

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long line of between two and three hundred Popes, amid martyrs, confessors, doctors, sage rulers, and loving fathers of their people, one, or two, or three are found who fulfil the Lord's description of the wicked servant, who began "to strike the man-servants and the maid-servants, and to eat and drink and be drunk?" What will come of it, though we grant that at this time or that, here or there, mistakes in policy, or ill-advised measures, or timidity, or vacillation in action, or secular maxims, or narrowness of mind have seemed to influence the Church's action, or her bearing toward her children? I can only say that, taking man as he is, it would be a miracle were such offences altogether absent from her history.

ECHOES OF THE NEW YORK CENTENARY.

The wonderful display of strength of organization and number of adherents made by the week of celebrations in New York has been variously commented on by those who are not of the fold, and through all these comments runs the statements that the Catholic Church stands for the highest interests of the civic order and for the spiritual elevation of the individual soul. It is not only a helpful agency for human betterment, but it is absolutely necessary for our moral and civic welfare. It is no longer a negligible quantity, but it possesses prestige and there is no other moral agency that can do its work or take its place.

Exterior to ourselves is the Real Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; before Him are our souls, the souls of those whom He died to save, and for whom His Sacred Heart once broke in its passion of pain and love. One thing He asks in return—the union of our souls with Him.

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RUNNING TO EARLY MASS.

There are some Catholics who pride themselves on the fact that they never miss Mass on Sunday, and yet their attendance at that sacred function can scarcely be characterized as anything else than automatic.

They rush from their homes on Sunday morning, hurrying along as they catch the peal of the Mass bell from the distance, only to arrive at the church door as the congregation is rising for the reading of the Gospel.

THE CONTROVERSY.

ON THE BIBLE AS THE SOLE RULE OF FAITH—THE SPOKEN AND WRITTEN WORD.

Minister of the Pure Gospel tells us that Protestants accept the Bible as their rule of faith because they believe it to be the word of God.

With us the question is not "Is it in the Bible?" but "Did the Lord teach it?" It is true that the Lord rebuked the Pharisees for "teaching doctrines and commandments of men."

It is easy for the evil tendencies of the world around us, for one to fall into the number of the formally pious unless one be ever on his guard.

"Every Scripture inspired of God, is also profitable," etc. Can M. of the P. G. find an argument here for his contention that the Bible is the sole rule of faith?

He also quotes John v: 39: "Search the Scriptures: for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me."

It looks as if M. of the P. G. is making ready for a retreat. He wants no infallible teacher, whether Bible or Church; Christ, he says, did not intend that men should be held down to a definite system of truth.

It is a wise government that fosters religion, it is an admirable administration of law that forbids profanity. Let us Catholics be factors toward bringing about the adoration of God, the honoring of His name, the obeying of His commandments by being models ourselves of every Christian virtue.

THE NEWLY CONVERTED MINISTERS. The diocese of Philadelphia is to be congratulated. Six of the Episcopal ministers recently received into the Church, will enter the Overbrook Seminary in September to study for the priesthood.

IMPIETY AND PROFANITY. If there are two evils connected more closely than any other two, they are impiety and profanity. They are as counterparts, or the latter may be said to be a corollary of the former.

he does not esteem or respect. It is the vice of the infidel who proclaims his disbelief by his contemptuous feelings.

When Masons become Catholics. The Five Points of Fellowship is a Masonic motto published at Covington in Kentucky. In its July number it says: "His Holiness, Pius X. following the noble example of the long line of illustrious Pontiffs of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, has recently issued an encyclical condemning the latter of the Roman Catholic Church uniting with the Masonic Fraternity."

THE SACRED HEART. I love thee, God, amid the city's sighing. I love Thee in the solemn watch of night; I love Thee, Lord, when weary day is dying.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. O Sacrament where dwell my Lord Divine! How sweet Thy coming near our hearts which need Thee, when Thou in love dost come to feed.

WHEN AGE COMES ON. Love has no age, 'tis always young. Brows may be marred and heads bent down;

HIS HONOR JUDGE KEHOE. A Sault Ste Marie paper makes the following reference to the appointment of the above-named gentleman to the bench.

me to take up my pen—since circumstances hindered my engaging in giving them missions. One day alone in my cell, the thought suddenly struck me how great were my privileges and my joy, since my becoming a Catholic, and how great were my troubles and agony of soul before this event.

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Thinkin' Long. I come from out of Ireland An' I traveled round the earth, But never out of Ireland Have I found aught of worth.

The Sacred Heart. I love thee, God, amid the city's sighing. I love Thee in the solemn watch of night; I love Thee, Lord, when weary day is dying.

The Blessed Sacrament. O Sacrament where dwell my Lord Divine! How sweet Thy coming near our hearts which need Thee, when Thou in love dost come to feed.

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