

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, August 12, 1899.

### THE JESUITS.

We are waiting to hear the names of the "creatures of the Jesuits" who have been appointed to the Catholic University in place of the "true men of science." Perhaps the editor has seen the error of his ways and is elaborating an apology for his unmanly and calumniating remarks.

Perrin tells us that he scrutinized the Jesuits of Hindostan with malignant temper, but that their virtue annihilated his prejudices, a knowledge of them convinced him they were men of prayer and of heroic self-abnegation.

Robert Louis Stevenson regretted that the Fathers who ministered to the converted savages were supplanted by land thieves.

Senator West, speaking recently on the Indian question, before the United States Senate, said the only gleam of light radiated from the Jesuit schools. "I do not speak," he said, "with any denominational prejudice in favor of the Jesuits. I was taught to abhor the whole society. I was raised in that good old Church which looked upon the Jesuit as very much akin to the devil; but I say that out of eleven tribes I saw—and I say this as a Protestant—where they had Protestant missionaries they had not made a solitary advance in civilization—not one: and yet where there are Jesuit missions, you find farms, civilization; the relations of husband and wife, parent and child scrupulously observed. One ounce of experience is worth a ton of theory—and this I saw and know."

Our brother editor has so far nothing but theory, based on the vagaries of an overheated imagination or a disordered liver. Some day, however, he may see that accuracy is the badge of scholarship, and truth an indispensable virtue for a Christian, and write sanely on things Catholic.

### THE WAR.

The American soldiers in Luzon are making for themselves a record of which barbarians might well feel ashamed. Women and children are butchered, and churches are desecrated and made the camping grounds for bands of conscienceless blackguards.

And this is war for Humanity! Even Kitchener's campaign in the Soudan pales into insignificance when contrasted with the deeds of the soldiers in the far East. To harry and to kill and to burn and to place blasphemous and obscene hands upon things enshrined in the faith and veneration of millions of their countrymen, are very dubious signs of an enlightened civilization.

The Americans who are not deluded by the claptrap of brainless editors will endorse every word of Mr. Benham's speech at Chicago: "I never had greater respect for mankind, or more confidence in humanity, than I have to day, for I see the Philippines maintaining against awful odds their struggle for liberty." He tells how the President deserted the policy of Henry Jefferson and Lincoln and declares that, under pressure of the cabal, he surrendered "the honor of the nation to the contractor and laid his executive power in the balance in favor of rapine and slaughter. Our conduct in this war has proved true every statement made by the Spaniards in regard to our real designs in the war for Cuba. We have out-heroded Herod: we have destroyed more lives in the Philippines in a few months than did the Castilian despots in their long and detestable tyranny."

### CATHOLIC MEXICO.

Mr. F. R. Guernsey, Mexico correspondent of the Boston Herald, has just published much-needed information for the benefit of our separated brethren. He is unostentatious in his eulogy of the priests who minister to the spiritual wants of the Mexicans. He cannot understand why men of culture should busy themselves with the poor and degraded and deny themselves the comforts of life:

"Sincere? Of course they are. Nobody plays that part in life for show, or in the hope of winning the applause

of men. When I see them walking in the rain, wearing coarse garments, their faces alight with the sunshine of an invisible heaven, I am sure that most of us are pretty poor specimens, and do not merit heaven in its remotest environs."

"I have no reason," he says, "to defend the Catholics, not being of their communion, and rarely entering their churches, but so many good and noble women have I seen among them in this country; so sweet are the Catholic women, so charming the homes of the Catholic people of Mexico, that when any one attacks them, I am ready to tell the truth about them. It is a cheap and silly weapon, this of slander; it is never employed by man or woman with the love of God in their hearts."

### PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH IN THE EAST.

A letter to the New York Freeman's Journal from its able and always interesting Roman correspondent, *Vox Urbis*, gives the interesting intelligence that the mission undertaken three months ago by the two Dominican Fathers Rhetore and De France among the Nestorians of Asia Minor, has had wonderful success. Fifty thousand Nestorians have declared their adherence to the Catholic Church; and, in addition, thirty thousand Armenians of the Gregorian Church have also recently embraced Catholicism. This intelligence has been communicated officially to the Holy Father by Mgr. Altmayr. This return of eighty thousand Schismatics to the one fold will be a great consolation to the Pope, who has devoted so much of his energy toward reconciling the Oriental Schismatics to the faith, and it holds out the hope that this great fact may soon be followed by still more extensive triumphs of the Catholic Church in the East.

### A DISCUSSION ON LITURGIES AND RITUALISM.

A flutter of excitement appears to have been created in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada by an overture presented by Rev. A. McKay of Lucknow, who protested against the introduction of anything approaching a liturgy into the Presbyterian Church. The two presiding officers who at the time occupied the chair ruled the overture and Mr. McKay's remarks out of order, on the plea that they were discourteous to a sister Church, by which expression the Church of England, which uses a liturgy, is designated.

In reference to this Presbyterian Review remarks that it has no great admiration for a book entitled "Aids to Worship," which was submitted to the General Assembly for the guidance of laymen in conducting occasional services. This book offers a certain ceremonial or ritualistic form which may be conveniently used by laymen when their clergyman is absent, but is objectionable to many Presbyterians because they are opposed to anything which in the remotest degree resembles Catholic usage. Thus the Review says:

"During the present year the Irish Presbyterian Church, the English Presbyterian Church and several other Churches outside the Presbyterian family, have not only tolerated speeches, but passed strong resolutions condemnatory of the Roman Ritualism rampant in the Church of England. And these bodies that there was aught of discourtesy in so doing. But, all the same, we cannot but think the (Canadian) Assembly was right in rejecting both the overtures and the speech."

The Review further informs us that Rev. Mr. McKay's speech and overture were sent to it for publication, but it declines giving them space "not because we do not respect Mr. McKay's position or motives—we sympathize with both—but because his argument is altogether wide of the mark, and does not really deal with the subject in hand at all."

The Canadian Presbyterian body has but recently attained to this respect and reverence to its sister Church of England. Surely when the famous Jane Geddes threw her stool at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh for reading the Anglican service in the Cathedral of that city, and thus inaugurated in Scotland the war against Prelacy, Anglicanism was not regarded as a "sister Church."

The redoubtable virago and her supporters regarded the Anglican service as no less idolatrous than the Mass, and objected strenuously that any

one should "dare to say Mass at their very lugs," but it appears that the Canadian Presbyterians have greatly modified the views of their anti-prelatic sires; and who knows but they may modify them still more after the lapse of a few years, to the extent that the real Mass may no longer be objectionable to them? It is clear that with the changes which are working themselves out, no one can tell what will be the Presbyterian faith in regard to the most important Christian doctrines and practices a century hence; and it would be satisfactory to know that the greatest changes which are taking place are towards a return to the faith of their forefathers, which they have so pertinaciously rejected and vilified for three and a half centuries; though we know that there is also a considerable section of that Church with which the tendency is in an opposite direction, namely, toward total unbelief. There is no doubt that the general tendency of the fundamental Protestant principle is toward unbelief; but there are some minds to which this tendency is an abomination, and thus there is likewise a reaction whereby many are led in the direction of more faith, and we may express the hope that in the contest between the two parties, that of faith may prevail.

The Review agrees with the Rev. Mr. McKay in maintaining the principle that "the Scriptures are the only final authority for the regulation of worship . . . and the Church is not free to prescribe or sanction anything not forbidden in Scripture, but may adopt only what is directly or indirectly commanded therein."

This principle has no ground to stand on, as it is not based either on Holy Scripture or tradition.

There is indeed good reason to regard the books of Moses as containing the whole ritual of the Old Law, for God Himself describes therein in detail the ceremonies which are to be used in public worship, the vestments to be worn by the priests, and even the accessory instruments which must be used in order that those ceremonies may be carried out with decorum.

In the New Testament there are very few details of any liturgical ceremonies left us by Christ Himself. Yet man's essential character is unchanged. He is just as susceptible to good impressions through the senses by means of symbols, as he was three thousand four hundred years ago.

Christ did not Himself establish any elaborate liturgy, but He left on earth a Church to which He gave all power both to arrange the order of worship and to teach mankind, just as He received all power from His Heavenly Father to the same end; for He says: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth," and, "as the Father hath sent Me, so do I send you."

The Review says: "The New Testament certainly affords no encouragement to ritualism or symbolical worship, save in the use of the two universal recognized sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper. On the contrary, it treats the abundant symbolism of the Old Testament as a thing obsolete and effete. But it would not be difficult to construct on the basis of the Lord's Prayer a passable argument for the propriety of a liturgy."

We freely admit that the Jewish liturgy has passed away. According to St. Paul it was a figure of the mysteries of the New Law, and it would not be suitable to the fulfillment of the work of Redemption. But Christ used symbolism to a much greater extent than the Review would have us believe. It admits that there was a certain simple symbolical ritual in the institution of the sacraments, and in the command for the use of the Lord's Prayer, and it even says, in continuation of the above extract:

"It is now certain since the discovery of the 'Teaching of the Apostles' that this prayer, at least, was used liturgically from the beginning of the second century, and probably from the middle of the first, though free prayer was allowed and encouraged as well."

What was it but symbolical ceremonial when Jesus stretched forth His hand to touch the lepers whom He healed from their disease? When He made clay of His spittle, and used it to anoint the eyes of the man born blind for the purpose of giving him sight? The Apostles of Jesus also constantly used certain ceremonies, some of which were undoubtedly learned from our Blessed Lord, and others of their own appointment, to preserve proper respect in the divine service and the administration of the sacraments, and St. Paul meant, that these should be observed when he wrote to the Corinthians (1 Cor. xiv. 40), "But let all

things be done decently and according to order."

The Review admits that Christ used a moderate amount of ceremonial in instituting the sacraments, and it cannot be denied that the Apostles used certain ceremonies also, some of which were of divine institution received from our Lord, and others were instituted by themselves for the respectful administration of the divine mysteries, such as the imposition of hands in invoking the Holy Ghost to come upon those who had previously been baptized, and in ordaining priests, the order for which is called in the Greek original "the imposition of hands." It is, therefore, within the province of the Church of God to institute such a ritual or ceremonial as she deems advisable to ensure respect for the sacraments and the divine worship, and those who cry out against "Roman ritualism" disobey the command of Christ to "hear the Church," under penalty of being regarded as "the heathen and the publican."

When Presbyterianism and other sects were established these rites existed, being authoritatively ordered by the Church, as it came down to us from the Apostolic age, and the rebellious spirit of the Reformation had no justification in rejecting them.

### A WARNING.

Under the above title, the Milford (Conn.) Citizen thus defends the Rev. Silliman Blagden from the attacks of an A. P. A. paper of Washington, which recently poured forth a torrent of vituperation on the Reverend S. Blagden because of his able defence of certain Catholic teachings and practices, and especially of the veneration due to relics of the saints:—

### A WARNING.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

There is a certain, comparatively little known, paper, in Washington; a sympathizer with, and champion of, that un-American and despicable band of abusers of the Holy Catholic Church, known as the "A. P. A." and also a sympathizer with Ingersoll, in that it recently advocated his election as President of Yale University—which has a sure sign that he is doing "the good work" of the Rev. Silliman Blagden, the advocate of Christian Unity. Because, forsooth, he champions the cause of sound and orthodox religion, and rallies to the defence of the Catholic Church, when blasphemy is uttered by the emissaries of the devil.

That the Rev. Blagden arouses the venomous slanders and libel of these wicked men is a sure sign that he is doing "the good work," and pleasing our Heavenly Father; for who ever pleases God, must necessarily displease the devil, and his clients, children, and followers.

Therefore the Rev. Blagden can rest assured, that the prophecy of Holy Writ, respecting his reward in the world to come, for patiently bearing persecution, will surely be fulfilled in his case, provided he remains faithful unto the end. But the Rev. Blagden having once been a lawyer, thinks that our outrageous abuse of one's name should always be blithely and lightly rebuffed, just as parents punish children, when they justly deserve correction, for the good of the children; therefore we are authorized to state that he hereby gives this above mentioned paper, due warning to retract, apologize, and make restitution, for the uncalculated and libelous wrong done him; and to stop at once, all discourteous and disrespectful use of his name; or he, the Rev. Blagden, will take the proper legal steps to enforce obedience to this necessary demand, for good behavior. The Rev. Blagden has not only the high esteem and respect of the Catholic clergy, but he has also the commendation and blessing of some of our prelates; as witness the following autograph letter from His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, respecting a previous outrageous attack upon the Rev. Blagden:

Cardinal's Residence,  
40 North Charles Street, Baltimore, May 10, 1899.

Rev. Silliman Blagden:  
My Dear Sir:—In reference to the hostile criticism pronounced against you, I do not think you should be much disturbed by those who impugn the soundness of your judgment in discussing the views you have expressed. It is much easier to assail a writer than to refute his arguments.

Faithfully yours in Christ,  
J. Card. Gibbons.

And that the Rev. Blagden has the good will of the High Church clergy of the Episcopal Church, note the following from the Brooklyn Standard Union, of May 29:  
AN INTERESTING AND SELF-EXPLANATORY LETTER.

FROM THE REV. PERCY T. FENN, AN EPISCOPALIAN CLERGYMAN, TO THE REV. SILLIMAN BLAGDEN.

Texarkana, Tex.,  
St. James' Rectory, May 16, 1899.

My Dear Rev. Brother:—

Your kind letter has just reached me, and I hasten to acknowledge it. It is so refreshing to hear from you occasionally. I congratulate you for what you have lately done to express your disapproval of the ordination of Dr. Briggs. It is a great pity that some of our ecclesiastical machinery could not have been put in motion to present such a sacrilegious farce.

My friend, Dr. Clendenin, is a brave man, and he is supported by a large body of the clergy; but alas! the evil has been done. What are we coming to when we deliver the Church into the hands of the unscrupulous Philistines? New York is full of them. In our Church we have Haber Newton, McConnell, Huntington, and many others. Never mind, the promise standeth fast forever: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

May God bless you abundantly in all your good work for Him and His people. I fear, however, that you are doing more than your strength will permit. Do spare yourself as much as you can. You will be glad to know that the Spirit of God is moving mightily

among us in this part of Texas. I had the honor of presenting a class of fifty-three persons for confirmation a few weeks ago. This was the largest class ever confirmed in this diocese. It was an inspiring sight, and it made me feel like singing a perpetual doxology.

Dallas.

Alexander Charles Garrett, D. D., L. L. D., Bishop.

The Bishop visited St. James' Church, Texarkana, on Low Sunday, and confirmed a class of fifty-three persons, prepared and presented by the rector, Percy T. Fenn, D. D., Ph. D. On Easter Day the rector received from his parishioners an offering of \$125, in recognition of the esteem in which they hold him.

Do let me hear from you from time to time, and if ever you come in this direction, be sure to pay me a visit. We always keep a spare room for the visiting clergy, and we will give you a princely welcome if you should design to honor us.

Praying the good Lord to bless you with all the blessings of His grace, and with much love, and all good wishes, believe me to be

Ever yours most sincerely,  
Percy T. Fenn.

### THE DEAD AGNOSTIC

It is a Question Whether Ingersoll Had a Clear Idea of What He Believed.

For some years before his death Robert G. Ingersoll had been falling away from public attention. He was growing old, and took a less conspicuous part in politics and other public affairs. This is a busy world, society lives fast and requires variety and novelty in its stimulants. The idol of today is apt to be relegated to the lumber garret to-morrow. It requires a great man to attract general public attention by his ability, a greater, in good or evil, to hold it long and a still greater to hold it permanently and pass his name down to posterity as a landmark in the rapid current of time.

After his lecture on Moses, and one or two others, the public became familiar with Ingersoll's whole range of thought on philosophy and theology. It was a narrow range, and his subsequent lectures and magazine articles were a repetition of Moses, ghosts, etc. Passing events gave occasion for variety in the way of digression, but on the whole Ingersoll's lectures for the last few years were a repetition of the first two or three that brought him to public notice. Had it not been for his great oratorical powers, his wit that amused and his gift of story-telling—so dear to an American audience—he would years ago have suffered the fate of forgotten actors, poets and novelists.

He was not an original thinker, nor a profound thinker on the thoughts of others. There are artists in Rome and other art centers of Europe who confine themselves to making copies of the masterpieces of great painters. By reason of their vividness and freshness these copies are preferred by superficial picture-buyers by age and dust somewhat dimmed by the original. To the great masters, the orator of agnosticism was to the infidel and atheistic writers of the eighteenth century. Their writings were his storehouse of argument and misinformation. His wit and rhetoric clothed their arguments in more modern dress and made them more attractive to the superficial by their freshness and piquancy. But the new paint added no element of strength to the originals.

It is a question whether Ingersoll ever had a clear idea of what he believed. His lectures and writings are almost exclusively devoted to telling what he did not believe. Instead of seeking something positive and permanent to hold to, he was forever fretting to find defects in what others held as positive and permanent.

His trend of mind was to destroy rather than to construct. To destroy one needs not to know the nature or constituents of the thing one destroys. The child with a match can destroy a palace, but cannot build a hut where the palace stood. A man can destroy a watch without knowing its intricate machinery, but without such knowledge he cannot construct it. Because of this mental trend, it is a question whether Ingersoll comprehended any system of philosophy as a whole, even that of agnosticism—if it can be called that—a system which he professed. His mental eye saw systems of philosophy and systems of religion as one sees objects in a broken or distorted state. He lacked that faculty by which systems and things are seen in their totality and in their due and proper relation to the universal whole.

Owing to this inability to grasp philosophical systems in their totality and as a whole, Ingersoll had no philosophical system. He took a principle from one system and another principle from another system, and failed to see that these two principles are contradictory of each other. Many instances of this indiscriminate selection of principles are to be found in his lectures. If there is anything he insisted on and reiterated more than another it is liberty, freedom of thought, freedom of will. No one has spoken more eloquently on this subject than he. But he did not see that another principle of his destroyed utterly liberty, freedom of thought and of will. We quote from his lecture on "The Gods" this doctrine of his that makes liberty of

thought or action an impossibility: "In the phenomena of mind we find the same endless chain of efficient causes, the same mechanical necessity. Every thought must have had an efficient cause. Every motive, every desire, every fear, hope and dream must have been necessarily produced. The facts and forces governing thought are as absolute as those governing the motions of the planets. A poem is produced by the forces of nature, and is as necessarily and naturally produced as mountains and seas. Every mental operation is the necessary result of certain facts and conditions."

This doctrine, uttered so dogmatically, is of course the death of all liberty. And yet he who proclaimed it believed himself to be a champion of liberty of thought and condemned Christianity as an enemy of free thought. "Christianity," he said, "certainly has not been the advocate of free thought; and what is free thought, and what is freedom worth if the mind be enslaved?" This is an instance where Ingersoll took a doctrine from a system of philosophy that advocates free thought and then took a contrary doctrine from another system that denies the possibility of free thought or freedom of any kind. How the same mind could hold these two essentially antagonistic doctrines at the same time as true is a very interesting psychological question.

Such inconsistencies are enough to show why Ingersoll, in the role of a philosophical teacher, was ceasing to be a man of interest to the general public. He was equally inconsistent in his opposition to Christianity. He did not understand it as a whole. He may be that he was not conscious of his many inconsistencies, just as a man who is color blind is not conscious of the fact and persists in calling a red object blue, because, by reason of his defective vision, he cannot see it otherwise. There is such a thing as intellectual color blindness. His antipathy to Christianity did not arise from his intellectual perceptions, but from his imagination, emotions and sentiment. These had been wounded to an insufferable degree by a false presentation of Christianity in his early youth. Puritan extremism that gave a false philosophy of life and a false idea of the beneficent Creator, gave his young imagination and emotional nature a shock that it never recovered from, a shock that left no alternative but despair or revolt, and he chose the latter. The Christianity he hated was not true Christianity as it is, but the Christianity that had been burned and scalded into his consciousness and memory. His feverish animosity to the Christianity of his imagination—the only Christianity he knew—was the result of pain from the wound that had electrized his very soul. This animosity grew with his growth and increased until it became the monomania of his life. This monomania accounts for much that he has said that will not stand the cold test of calm reason and common sense. Instead of being a curb his intellect became the slave of his emotions and his imagination, which accounts for its fitfulness and inconsistencies and for its perverted vision of truth and facts.

What of his responsibility for the evil he has done? God alone knows, for He alone knows whether the early shock to his faculties left him that liberty of soul which is essential to accountability. He alone knows how far he was free, and therefore how far he was responsible, and will judge him with infinite justice. It is because no man has or can have all the data to the problem of another man's life, and because no man can put himself in another man's place, that God has said "I judge not." He has reserved judgment to Himself, because His knowledge is infinite and therefore adequate. God alone knows whether Ingersoll's intellectual color blindness was great enough to free him from responsibility.

—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

### ART IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

Ave Maria.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, who has been visiting the old cathedrals of Holland, built during the Middle Ages; and he is not exhilarated, over post-Reformation developments. He laments because the uplift of a cross is gone, because the haze of swinging censers no longer blurs the vistas, nor the soft light of many tapers illumines their gloom. "There remain only staring white walls, rigid, naked columns, and hard, stiff backed benches, typical of sectarianism. We quote from his article in Scribner's:

I have always believed that duty and beauty should go hand in hand in our churches. To me there is nothing too rich in tone, too luxurious in color, too exquisite in line, for the house of God. Nothing that the brush of the painter can make glorious, the chisel or the sculptor's beauty, or the square of the architect's ennobled, can be out of place in the one building that we dedicate to the Creator of all beauty. I have always thanked God for His goodness in giving as much thought to the flowers that cover the hillsides as He did to the dull earth that lies beneath; as much care to the matchings of purples and gold in the sunset as to the black crags that are outlined against them. With these feelings in my heart, I have never understood that form of worship which contents itself with a bare barn filled with seats of pine, a square box of a pulpit, a lone pitcher of ice water, and a popular edition of the hymns.

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GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER I.

HORACE SHIPLEY (LIVERPOOL) EN ROUTE.

Towards the end of last September, I had recovered sufficiently from an attack of illness to be able to set out for Glencoonoge, a village which is near, and gives its name to a tract of land on the west coast of Ireland.

It had always found the best restorative after a visit of throat affection to which I was at one time very subject, but which returns, I am happy to say, at longer intervals than I get older.

My friends ridicule me, and the doctor smiles when I talk of Glencoonoge as my panacea. They say it is a fancy, and mention a dozen places in this country more accessible and better suited to my complaint.

As it irritates me all I argue, I leave them to enjoy their opinion and take my own way undisturbed. Yet now as I sit here reflecting, it occurs to me that fancy may have something to do with my predilection.

What of that? I read the other day that people often fancy themselves ill realities, and that sometimes the best medicines are powerless in the presence of fancies; so that fancies after all deserve to be taken into account.

Perhaps it is not alone the genial air which attracts me there, but the very fact of my being there, created by repeated sojourns there, which has done much to do with the charm which its mere name has for my ears.

At the word my spirits rise, and I am transported into another world—a world shut off by many a mountainous mile from railways and civilization; a world of opposites—of rocky highlands of wooded slopes, of ferny glens and rugged gorges, of noisy torrents and tranquil seas, of busy towns and quiet villages.

On this particular day some mounds in an upland field were the cause of my evening troubles. The mounds, said the guide-book, were the remains of a prehistoric settlement.

It was a clock somewhere near, he looked within and said almost immediately, "Five minutes past seven."

"You are, sir, five minutes from here," said the man, "I thought I was almost there. What time is it?"

"To be sure there is," said the elder of the old men, coming forward with a less feeble gait, and talking in clearer tones than I should have expected.

"Less," I struck in the brother, from his seat in the chimney-corner, "less," he repeated, "if you go by the fields."

"Let him go through the estate, folly the path till the decoy road, and he comes to the haystack by the cottage, till he comes to the haystack."

"It's likely he'd remember all that," interrupted the elder, with a chuckle. "Sure he'd be a fool that he'd ask that couldn't tell him the way."

"He might walk for an hour, and not meet a soul," said the gentleman in place of the tavern and into the road, where he proceeded with great fairness to put the alternatives before me—the short cut that might prove a long round, and the longer way that would turn out a saving in the end.

"And now that you've heard my brother," said the objector, who had come out, too, "just listen to me."

"The promise of a fair evening was belied as rain-clouds, blown rapidly by a freshening breeze, overspread the sky. As the wind darker rain began to fall, and the darkness, when light broke upon a band of light, I struggled on, however, and at the end of about four hours, as I thought, began to look out for the lights of Rathleek."

"At length a light glimmered in the distance, the sight of them gave fresh strength to my lagging steps, and in a moment I forgot the weight of my soaked overalls, the water from which was running down into my shoes."

"But it turned out that all these lights shone from one house, a long low building, past which the gleaming road ran again into blackness. I knocked at the door in despair; it was opened by a young man in the uniform of the Royal Irish Constabulary."

"Am I in the right road for Rathleek?" "You are, sir; 'tis four miles from here," "Four miles! I thought I was almost there. What time is it?"

"You are, sir, 'tis four miles from here," said the man, "I thought I was almost there. What time is it?"

"Rathleek!" said the passenger; "I told you I wanted to reach Castleborough." "The eight miles further on, sir."

"It would be impossible to get there to-night. The mare's tired out. She's been lagging the last three miles with the double load on all, and there's the dirty weather ahead with the wind and the rain."

"The hotel, sir? Sure there's no other stand here for? Drive on to the hotel." "The hotel, sir? Sure there's no other stand here for? Drive on to the hotel."

"It was a great relief to hear this, and I jumped off directly. My companion on the other side of the car followed my example with less alacrity."

"You can give us beds, I suppose," said I. "We can," said the man, after looking us over again, "if they're good enough for you."

"And can you give us anything to eat?" "Certainly," replied the man. "What, for instance?" we both asked together.

"Mike, as the jockey had called him, looked at his wife, who considered. "Tea," she said, "and eggs." "Tea and eggs. Anything else?" she shook her head.

"What! no bread and butter?" "Oh!" she said drawing herself up with dignity, "bread and butter in my house!"

"And potatoes," added the man, pointing to the smoking dish before him. "Let's have a look at the beds," said I, though it was a mere formality, for we would have been impossible to have gone further that night under any circumstances."

"I shall sleep soundly here to-night, that's certain," remarked the traveller, looking up at the rafters. "There was a great bustle going on in the kitchen. My companion laid aside his wraps and I took off my waterproof. The woman put a big kettle and a small pot on the fire. The man brought me hot water, and I was soon dry as a bone."

"I see you have every comfort with you," said my fellow-traveller as I fastened up my knapsack. He was regarding me with folded arms, and a small smile on his face. "Were you long under that rain? You must have been drenched."

"Never fear, sir," said the woman, "I am laying the supper down in the parlor below." "Down in the parlor below! There were unsuspected rafters there, the habitations of some of the mysterious mounds among which I had passed the morning and my thoughts regarding them rushed back on me."

"Gracious! Once a dungeon perhaps, the scene of wail and misery in the days of prime, now in its decadence the pride of the honest folk who own it, and the delight of tired travellers who hear that supper is preparing, 'down in the parlor below.'"

"The woman's words did in a vague yet pleasant way suggest all sorts of possibilities. I looked at my companion to see their effect upon him, but he, lost in thought, had turned his back on me, and was now looking into the fire, shading his face with his hands."

"At last all was ready. The hostess disappeared with her final load, and our host, holding a rush-light above his head, civilly informed us that he would now show us the way 'down to the parlor below.' But alas! it was only the people's way of speaking. We had not descended at all to get to the apartment; it was only a pace or two away, a recess behind the chimney, shut off from the rest of the cabin by a door, and in size something larger than a cupboard. The walls had been roughly papered, and pushed up into a corner was a little round table spread with a cloth, and we were to sit there with our backs to the other three corners which were near enough to look over our shoulders as we ate. Volumes of smoke were pouring from a small modern grate, an attempt had been made to light a fire, the dim light which our host carried did not make the room less gloomy to my eyes fresh from the roasting kitchen fire. As I looked around a protest was fast rising to my lips, and it was only checked when my eyes fell on the face of the proprietor, who was eagerly following our glances and looking from one to the other as if he would enjoy our surprise at so much luxury."

"Very comfortable," said the traveller in answer to the look; "all we want now to make us perfectly happy is to have that window open."

"I'm sorry to say it isn't made to open. But if you don't like the smoke I can leave the door ajar so that it will come into the kitchen. Is there anything else I can do for you, gentlemen?"

"We said there was nothing. So Mike retired with a last request that we would call for anything we might want."

"By the way," said I to my companion as we sat down, "what has become of the driver? I must not forget him, for he has done me a good turn to-night."

"You are indebted to me, if it is any one. But are very welcome, pray say no more about it."

"But I'll share the cost of the car with you. I insist on that."

"You are undertaking more than you bargain for," said his cracking an egg. "I have hired this fellow and his car for several days."

"You must do a great deal of travelling," I remarked, having sealed it in my mind that he was a commercial traveller. I had met many of them at the different hotels where I had stopped."

"I have travelled a good deal in my time."

"No doubt, sir, you know this part of the country. Can you tell me—"

"Ah! That's your man for that. He has never been here in my life before, but he knows every inch of the ground and the owner of every house and field. And he's willing enough to part with his information. But he claims to know so much that I suspect he trusts a good deal to his imagination for his facts. He has a cousin in this town whom he hasn't seen for some time—one reason I suppose why he was so anxious to stop. He has gone to put up his horse and car and spend the evening with his friends. They would never forgive him, it seems, if he were to stay any longer else."

"And a bit to the party with plenty to say and hear, and news to learn, and fun and laughter mixed with it all. I envy the Irish their sociability."

"The only grudge I have, that depends, I should think, on whether you happen to be in the humor for being sociable. If you are not, high spirits are his most wearisome things in the world, to my mind."

"A little astonished, and not sure whether this was intended as a shaft for my tactlessness, I waited till he might declare himself further; but he continued to eat and drink in silence; and I followed his example, considering the whole whether my benefactor was or was not too morose; his shortness favored the conclusion that he was; but on the other hand he had allowed his driver to go and see his friends; he had abstained from so much as a word of disparagement either of our homely quarters, or of our host's person, and I was not disposed to be so hard on a man's saying as little as possible in a smoky room, and I believe we were both equally pleased to exchange the miserable grandeur of Mike's parlor for the honest comfort of the kitchen, where we were far away from the smoking of a pipe, and far from the noise of a fire, and far from the noise of a furnace and scorching hot. With a rough cottee Mike placed a couple of chairs for us somewhat nearer to the fireplace than his own, taking care to mark in doing so the misadventure of a slip with a sick neighbor. And there the three of us sat, soberly smoking and saying little. My fellow-guest inquired about the room, how it was furnished, and how the water was, and rested presently on the fire, where he found much matter seemingly for consideration. The laborer was more disposed for conversation; but his attention to himself and his pipe, was soon exhausted. He told me that the potato crop had been good the year; that he himself could neither read nor write, had never been twenty miles beyond where he sat in his life; and (with much hesitation and wariness) he said that he had been in the army, and after several attempts to ascertain what his affairs were, he had not approved of politics. He had brothers and sisters in America, and nephews and nieces close by who were good scholars; but for his own part he didn't care for school, and he had not thought it was the best way to get on in the world, and he had no desire to see the world, for he knew them that had travelled abroad weren't a whit happier than himself. "Nor so happy," he added, after six meditative whiffs, which ended his pipe, "as I am laying the supper down in the parlor below."

"Down in the parlor below! There were unsuspected rafters there, the habitations of some of the mysterious mounds among which I had passed the morning and my thoughts regarding them rushed back on me."

"Gracious! Once a dungeon perhaps, the scene of wail and misery in the days of prime, now in its decadence the pride of the honest folk who own it, and the delight of tired travellers who hear that supper is preparing, 'down in the parlor below.'"

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A BIT OF BRIVALLRY.

General Young Butcher's Defense of Sister Anthony.

Catholic Columbian. This little incident, related by "Molina" in The Advocate, will be read with interest by all who admire the grand character of Sister Anthony, the "Angel of the Battlefield."

A bit of history connected with Sister Anthony's coming to Cincinnati, which has not been told before may prove interesting. In those early days Catholics of means were few and far between. Religious intolerance ran so high that a Sister appearing on the street in a religious garb was liable to insult, and it took a brave woman to go forth in public thus attired. Sister Anthony was not the least timid. Had she been, she never could have succeeded.

The old Fifth St. Market House, the famous market of trade, stood then where are now located our beautiful fountain and esplanade. On a market morning, when the market-house was in its glory, there was no livelier or busier spot in the whole city. The old time butchers were a great power in the community, and in many instances they were law unto themselves. Although many decent, honorable men pursued the useful and lucrative avocation of butchery, yet a good sprinkling of ruffians, rowdies and rickies followed were found in their guild. The market-house, unless necessity compelled it, was not considered a safe or desirable place to walk through.

Among the leading and prosperous butchers was a young man named R. an Irishman and a Catholic. Some people, through force of genius and perseverance, forge ahead in life. He had to literally fight his way through. He was a powerfully built young man, a perfect athlete, and as brave as a lion. Many attempts were made to take an unfair advantage of him, and cowards laid in wait for him, and again to take him unawares. But he was equal to every occasion and sprang out scathless, while his assailants for whole months were forced to nurse broken noses, cut lips and black eyes. He had one advantage over his enemies in those days—drunkenness and dissipation—he never touched a drop of liquor. He was industrious, too, and had the reputation of being strictly honest. He wondered that such a man could succumb to difficulties and go right to the front; and we may add that he accumulated quite a fortune here and in this city in 1857, going out to the west where he died with marvelous prosperity and met five years ago a multi-millionaire.

But to return to Sister Anthony. She started with about forty orphans, girls—and children, as all mothers understand, must have something to eat. If she had but the means to get some coarse meat and a few vegetables she might get along, for the Sisters are the best cooks in the world. She understood the art of making a good go far. Some one told her to go down on Tuesday morning bright and early to the stall of Mr. R., the butcher of the Fifth St. Market. It took never do it, but that was one quality in which Sister Anthony was never lacking. She procured a moderate sized basket and taking two of the orphan children by the hand set out for the market.

It was a rather unusual thing those days to see a Sister in the garb of her order on the street, especially in such a place as the market-house, and Sister Anthony was no exception. She had her colors under any circumstances. No wonder she gaped and stared at by the crowd, one had to listen to the vile, coarse remarks of the journeyman butchers. The Sister with her little girls pushing through the crowded passageway to reach the stall of Mr. R., located in the centre of the market, a big stout young butcher picked up a bull pup that was dazing under the benches and threw it into the basket which the Sister carried.

She gave a little scream of terror at rudeness and looked up appealingly to the coarse, leering countenance of her tormentor; but her terror was created when she beheld a snow-white young man, wearing a snow-white single bound; she then sprang right list swing out like a miller's man and land under the carriage of a ruffian with an ominous thud, a less than four seconds there were objects lying in a heap at her feet; the basket, the bull pup and the Sister. "You are one of the Catholic Sisters, I believe, madame, R., for it was he. 'Please step behind my stall,' and as he spoke moved the bench to one side, clearing a passage way for the really frightened Sister and her two orphan children.

"You must pardon my rudeness, fighting in your presence," said the young man, "but the dog had done me much as he does. This is a rather rough place for a come."

"It was the sheerest necessity," R., that drove me here, and the old time of her story of want and need. "I was directed to come to you, Mr. R.," she said, "to provide us with a little meat."

"Well, now, Sister," he answered, "you came to the right place; shall not want for meat while here; but that basket you brought, all broken, and is not large anyway."

Then he picked up a large handled willow basket that easily contain two hundred and telling one of his hired take one handle, he took the and, invited the Sister to accompany him as he wanted to introduce

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SADLER'S DOMINION SERIES

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER III.

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CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER VI.

AUGUST 12, 1899.

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But to return to Sister Anthony. She started with about forty orphan girls—and children, as all mothers will understand, must have something to eat. If she had but the means to buy some coarse meat and a few vegetables she might get along, for the Sisters are the best cooks in the world and understand the art of making a little go far. Some one told her to go down on Tuesday morning bright and early to the stall of Mr. R., the butcher in the Fifth St. Market. It took nerve to do it, but that was one quality in which Sister Anthony was never lacking. She procured a moderate sized basket, and taking two of the orphan children by the hand set out for the market.

It was a rather unusual thing in those days to see a Sister in the garb of her order on the street, especially in such a public place as the market-house, and Sister Anthony was not the one to furl her colors under any circumstances. No wonder she was gaped and stared at by the crowd, and she had to listen to the vile, coarse remarks of the journeyman butchers.

The Sister with her little girls was pushing through the crowded passage to reach the stall of Mr. R., located about in the centre of the market, when a big stout young butcher picked up a bull pup that was dazing under one of the benches, and threw it into the basket which the Sister carried. She gave a little scream of terror at this rudeness and looked up appealingly to the coarse, leering countenance of her tormentor; but her terror was increased when she beheld a handsome young man, wearing a snow-white apron, clear one of the high benches at a single bound; she then saw his right fist swing out like a mill hammer and land under the ear of the ruffian with an ominous thud, and in less than four seconds there were three objects lying in a heap at her feet, viz: the basket, the bull pup and the butcher. "You are one of the Catholic Sisters, I believe, madame," said R., for it was he. "Please step in behind my stall," and as he spoke he moved the bench to one side, clearing a passage way for the really frightened Sister and her two orphan children.

"You must pardon my rudeness in fighting in your presence," continued the young man, "but that blackguard did not get as much as he deserved. This is a rather rough place for you to come."

"It was the sheerest necessity, Mr. R., that drove me here," and then she told him of her story of want and suffering. "I was directed to come to you, Mr. R.," she said, "to ask you to provide us with a little meat."

"Well, now, Sister," he answered, "you came to the right place; you shall not want for meat while I am here; but that basket you brought is all broken, and is not large enough anyway."

Then he picked up a large, two handed willow basket that would easily contain two hundred pounds, and telling one of his hired men to take one handle, he took the other; and, invited the Sister to accompany him as he wanted to introduce her to

some of his friends, the butchers. They went from stall to stall and no butcher they approached felt like refusing a solicitor such as R., and so the basket was filled and piled up with excellent beef, for R would take nothing else, and sent it in a wagon to Sister Anthony's orphanage. While he remained in Cincinnati the orphans never wanted for meat; and although thousands of miles separated them at times, the friendship then founded was continued through correspondence for forty years. R. had been loose in the practice of his religion and married a Protestant lady whose family was extremely bigoted, but the prayers and influence of Sister Anthony brought about the conversion of R. and his whole family.

RELIGION AND THE STAGE.

Surprising Facts Recalled by Madame Modjeska.

Mme. Modjeska, the distinguished and cultured Polish lady, who, besides being the leading actress of heroic classic roles on the English speaking stage, is at the same time an exemplary Catholic, read an interesting paper on "The Influence of Christianity Upon the Stage," before the Newman Club of Los Angeles, Cal., a few days ago. Some of the facts she cites will be surprising news to a great many Catholics, both of the theatre going class and of those who abstain from that form of diversion. Among other things Mme. Modjeska said:

The subject is very rich and offers a tempting field to the student, but I fear my scant erudition can hardly do even slight justice to such a task; and instead of a few words long volumes would be required for the briefest exposition of the influence of Christianity upon the stage.

Besides the mind of the average woman is not much inclined toward abstract logical dissertations; it is more apt to draw conclusions from concrete facts.

Not being familiar with scholarly methods, I prefer to present you a few facts which will prove better than any arguments that the Christian spirit has exerted the same action upon the stage as upon all other manifestations of modern life.

We all know that the ancient theatre had a theocratic origin. Is it not from the Greek mythological mysteries and religious ceremonies that has evolved this magnificent array of tragedies and comedies, both Greek and Roman, admired by us as the ancient classic theatre? Outside of Greece and Rome dramatic genius has been

inspired by religion. The Old Testament contains what is considered until now one of the highest instances of dramatic dialogue in the Book of Job; and "Sakuntala," Kalidasa's magnificent tragedy, has equally its source in the worship of Brahma, and is placed among the sacred books of East India. In the Semitic races, among the Moslem races, the spirit of the drama never manifested itself beyond the limits of the temple. Even in the oldest civilization of America, under the Aztecs and the Incas, we find traces of dramatic performances combined with religious ceremonies. It is, therefore, nothing strange that the theatre of the Christian era has had its cradle in the Christian religion. It is only a natural consequence of the essence itself of dramatic art.

Before I pass, however, to any further reference to the Christian stage, I shall take the liberty of mentioning a fact with which, I confess, I became acquainted two years ago, through the kindness of a brother actor, John Malone, and which I presume is not generally known. It is one of those illustrative instances of which I spoke before, and which to a woman's mind has more significance than long dissertations. I refer to the martyrdom of St. Genesius, St. Porphyrius and four or five other actors. The most prominent among them is the first, St. Genesius.

ACTOR, SAINT AND MARTYR. The history of his conversion and subsequent martyrdom as told by the Bollandists, is one of the most striking and miraculous in the whole martyrology. At one occasion in the presence of the Emperor Diocletian he was performing a play of his own intended to ridicule Christian ceremonies and in particular the sacrament of baptism. The plot included a perfectly correct execution of the holy rite. Genesius was personating the man who had to be baptized. At the very moment the water was poured on his head a heavenly vision rose before his eyes. Immediately touched by divine grace he went in front of the stage, addressed himself to the Emperor and the audience, expressing his repentance for the sacrilegious horror just committed, praising Christ the Lord, asking the people to desist from their pagan practices and to join with him in his repentance. He was beheaded on the stage by order of the Emperor.

The effect of this event was wonderful. The miraculous conversion of this prince of actors, "princeps mimorum," was the occasion of many conversions. For two long years the Christian community kept sacred the memory of the poor showman in whose honor later a Church was erected which existed in the ninth century. I do not know the details of the martyrdom of St. Porphyrius and other actors who shed their blood for the faith, but it is a sublime consolation for us who belong to the craft, which has been for centuries and is some times even now an

OBJECT OF CONTEMPT AND AVERSION, to have these holy patrons of our vocations in the rank of the holy martyrs. I should only weary you if I related here the beginnings of the Christian drama. Its development is very well known. It was born in the cathedrals first in the shape of liturgical dialogues, later on in the so called mysteries which for a long time supplied the only popular entertainment for our forefathers whose pious minds they edified by episodes from the holy scriptures and from lives of the saints. I prefer to pass to another illustrative fact, which being less known may offer you some interest, and which, moreover, concerns a Christian woman.

I claim myself happy to have had the occasion of proclaiming the name in a paper which I read before the International Woman's Congress in 1893. I refer to the influence, however indirect, upon the drama exerted by the works of a German nun of the tenth century called Hroswitha, or, as she is better known,

THE NUN OF GANDERSHEIM.

This great writer and holy woman may claim the honor of having marked the first steps in the evolution of the modern drama. Well acquainted with the classic authors, especially the Roman playwright, Terencius, whose works were then frequently studied, and even performed in the cloisters, the only asylum for a long time of learning and literature, she felt, as the good Christian she was, a strong aversion towards pagan morals and lascivious pictures contained in the Roman comedies, and so she conceived the laudable ambition of writing a series of plays in which the literary charm of the ancients would be subservient to Christian ideas and pictures of Christian life.

Her works are of great literary and artistic merit. Full of poetic imagination, with a mind rich in the most delicate shades of sentiment, Hroswitha was the first to break with many traditions of the old classics, such as the rule of three unities, and to introduce into the dramatic literature new elements, elements due entirely to Christianity.

Strange to say, considering that she was a pure and pious nun, her conception of love between man and woman, so entirely different from the old pagans, may seem to have inspired our modern romantic poets.

It is only just to say that she stands between the ancient and modern drama like a solitary column, the only logical and genuine transition. For six centuries her works remained hidden

IN THE RECESSES OF GERMAN CONVENTS. It is only at the beginning of the sixteenth century that a German humanist, the poet Conrad Celtzer, had them printed in Wurtemberg, and offered them to public light. They created a strong impression and were soon translated into Italian, German and Spanish. The supposition that she impressed the Elizabethan writers, and especially Shakespeare, is justified by the fact that, as we know, the poet took many of his plots from the Italians, who on their part followed in some of their works the subjects treated by Hroswitha, among others the story of "Romeo and Juliet." Certain scenes, notably the whole plot of the fifth act called "Calpurnius." Of course, the very end is different; the lovers are brought back to life by a miraculous intervention more acceptable to the Christian audience of the tenth century than it would have been to the English people of the sixteenth and seventeenth century.

On the first occasion I spoke in public of Hroswitha, my subject was the connection of woman with the stage, my object was to show how much the drama is indebted to woman. It is a pleasure for me now to again glorify her name as a Christian, to proclaim how much we owe to her for having first used the drama as a vehicle for the highest Christian ideas, for having first brought into it elements of charity, purity, abnegation, forgiveness and the most delicate refinement.

After the Renaissance movement the drama had passed many ups and downs. Not only did its authors forget its Christian origin, but they often proved false to an artistic standard. The dramatic literature of the present century, while brilliant during the revival of romanticism, especially in Germany and France, became in the latter half a matter of pure handicraft, and was prostituted only too frequently in order to

PANDER TO THE LOWEST INSTINCTS, and catch the pennies of the greatest numbers. But the fault does not lie in the dramatic art itself. The so-called commercial spirit so aggressive in all manifestations of life at the end of the century has had a great deal to do with the degradation and with the deviation of the stage from its higher mission. Happily there is no lack of signs of a revolution for the better in its sphere. The public taste is already surfeited with the mediocre, idiotic, corrupt plays that were offered to it during the last decades, and it welcomes heartily any new works of a higher moral and artistic standard. I think we can safely look to a healthy revival in this direction, and I do not know anything that can help more to this result than such work as the Newman Club has for its object, the broadening of the minds and the improvement of the souls by the spreading of high Christian literature.

"He That Any Good Would Win" Should be provided with good health, and everyone who would have good health should remember that pure, rich blood is the first requisite. Hood's Sarsaparilla, by giving good blood and good health, has helped many a man to success, besides giving strength and courage to thousands of women who, before taking it, could not even see any good in life to win.

HOOD'S PILLS are gentle, yet effective.

A JESUIT ON THE LATE ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

(Remarks by Rev. M. P. Dowling, President of Creighton University, Omaha.)

I believe that the first thought of a Catholic on hearing of the death of Ingersoll will be to pray that in his closing moments grace may have been given him to regret the wrong done by his lectures to the simple faith of thousands, and that God may deal mercifully in the next life with one who in this outraged Divine goodness and set at naught revelation. An old adage bids us say nothing of the dead but good—*nihil de mortuis nisi bonum*—but as Ingersoll stood forth for years as the type of rampant, aggressive and offensive infidelity and gloried in the fascination of his power, it is certainly not out of place, whilst leaving him to a higher tribunal for judgment of his responsibility and motives, to characterize even after his death the teaching which still survives him for the undoing of believers.

Fortune dealt kindly with him and gave him the species of success he valued most highly: he possessed an unenviable talent for ridiculing sacred things. Now, however, that he has passed away, the question arises, has he made the world any better by his sojourn in it? Has he contributed not only to the happiness of his fellow man? Has he uplifted human nature? Has he made mankind any richer in the sap of self sacrifices which gives life to society? Has he left after him any legacy of good? Has he embalm'd in his teachings anything noble or ennobling? He was a spirit of destruction; he tore down without building up. His familiar thesis was that Christianity is a failure, yet he offered nothing to replace it. Whilst pretending to strike off the shackles of superstition he really stripped man of the elements which dignify his manhood. He debased public and private conscience; he haunted with harrowing doubt men and women who before hearing him were free and happy. His jests and gibes against religion cast down priceless ideals and did away with all reverence for the good and the true, while his eulogies of worldly prosperity sowed the seeds of discontent.

In the name of free thought and liberty of conscience he filled minds with a wild thirst for pleasure that was unattainable and with feverish unrest; he attuned hearts to the exclusive music of earthly gains and losses and aspirations; he saw nothing higher than the climbing of ambition, the nervousness of acquisition and accumulation; he taught his hearers the forgotten lusts and passions of human greed; he encouraged the spirit of revolt against all that was whenever it was Christian.

The legitimate consequence was the world without God, but the world with out God is man without a moral law, and that means anarchy, the rule of selfishness, the strong hand of power as the representative of right. If heaven and hell are myths, and there is nothing real on the one hand but the sorrow and want, the misery and degradation from which the human victim seeks in vain to free himself, and on the other hand the good things of earth, which he craves without being able to obtain without violating rights; if there is no hereafter and man cannot here possess as much as his more fortunate neighbor does; if virtue is a name and magnanimity a delusion, then life is not worth the living, and the sooner it is ended the better it will be. No wonder that under such tuition believers in the tenets of Ingersoll commit suicide, because they are "tired," "tired of life, of cant, of deception, of unsatisfied longings and unfulfilled hopes."

Ingersoll was an iconoclast, a fanatic of the broadest type, while denouncing fanaticism as self-righteous as any Pharisee of old; as infallible in his own opinions as the most tenacious scientist; intolerant to the last degree, while preaching toleration; furiously dogmatic, while proclaiming against dogma. He would condemn to future punishment, if there were such a place, anyone who did not believe as he did. He looked at one side of a question and absolutely refused to look at the other, though he blamed his opponents on the same ground. If he were so powerfully sympathetic as he would have people think he could have seen any night he lectured in one of our great cities sorrow enough to cast a shadow over the remaining days of a life that is now eclipsed forever. He would have found thousands, who, unlike himself, are not thankful that they have been born into this world; women poisoned by the leprous touch of lust, sunk in degradation and shame begun for a mouthful of bread.

With his rich gleanings from the purses of the opulent and deceived, what did he do to relieve such distress in comparison with the efforts of the meek and lowly followers of the Christ he rallied at? He would have found hearts breaking in agony, eyes red with weeping, cheeks scorched with burning tears. Have his teachings soled them or brought comfort to the doors of the sorrowing? He would have found gullible holding high carnival over the body of prostrate Innocence, gaunt Poverty staring through the pinched faces of half-starved children, broken hearted widows pointing with despair at their hovel homes and asking: "What are the joys of this world to us?" Could his gospel of fine clothes, good living, comfortable homes, stately and painting and music do anything for these despairing souls? Had he spent an hour in the home of the aged he would have seen what Christianity is doing to alleviate distress, and at the end of the hour I would have given him a pen which he might dip in the deepest gail

of unbelief, and I would wager my faith against his unbelief that he would have been compelled to write at last as of old: "Take the shoes from off thy feet, for the ground on which thou standest is holy." For one night's lecture Ingersoll received \$500. Half that sum would, in many cases, be a perfect godsend as a whole year's salary to those despised ministers of God, for whom he had nothing but sneers and contempt. He has played his part on the stage of life. For his own sake and that of the thousands who listened to his living voice we may well exclaim: Would that he had been a Christian!

Rev. M. P. Dowling.

WHY SHE SUCCEEDS.

Rev. Sabín Halsey, a Methodist minister of Janesville, Wis., recently preached from his pulpit a sermon whose subject was "Why Does the Catholic Church Win?" The following portion of his utterances will be found interesting and edifying. "One statement of fact," said Mr. Halsey, "which would help to prepare the way for an intelligent answer to the question under consideration is that whoever reads the history of past events with a desire to ascertain what influence any religious society has exerted upon the world's civilization, whoever can fully discern the signs of the times, must, if candid, admit that the Catholic Church has been for nineteen centuries, and is to day, a mighty power among men. Her influence has been felt in every land. Nations have felt her power, crowned heads have trembled in her presence, and rulers have bowed themselves at her feet. It is the part of wisdom to study a Church backed up by such a remarkable history. It is a question fraught with deep interest and one that demands the most careful thought."

"The first reason for the success of the Catholic Church is that she believes she is the true Church of Christ with a special divine mission to a world that is in bondage to the slavery of sin. She holds to the doctrine of a supernatural revelation given to the world through inspired men for the purpose of teaching the plan of human redemption, how to escape the fearful consequence of sin in time and in eternity."

"The Catholic Church believes in the Deity of Christ, in the guilt and peril of sin, in the necessity of hearty repentance and faith as the ground of forgiveness. Souls are exposed and must be rescued. Her services, her ordinances, her altars and sacraments, the ministrations of her priests, her holidays and festivals, the very chimes of her bells, tell the story of the sinfulness of the human heart and the necessity of forgiveness."

"Her organization gives her authority to command her people in all matters of faith and conduct. She stands first and supreme in every locality."

"She does not bow to the will of man or any number of men. Established services are not shoved off one side at everybody's request as of minor importance."

"Her organization enables her to give special attention to the work of training the children and youth of her fold to become zealous advocates of her doctrines and practices. In early life they are rooted and grounded in the faith. She rocks the cradle in every Catholic home, and has a right to do so. She sings her Masses in the ear of the child until the soul catches the spirit of them. She puts her creed into object lessons, and thus through the eye touches the heart and inspires religious emotions which never die."

"Another reason for her success is the intense loyalty of her people everywhere in every country, regardless of cost. They are in the Church, a part of the Church, and in the Church to stay until death takes them out of the world. Living and dying they are true to their profession. If they wander away they invariably retrace their steps and seek forgiveness. They are loyal to their system of doctrine. No one can be a Catholic without believing something without any effort at discount. Whoever tries to change the opinion of a son or daughter in the Church has a big job on hand, and will doubtless find his head white before the work is finished. The speaker had yet to find a Catholic going about the streets criticizing his Church, finding fault with her doctrines or defaming the character of those who serve at her consecrated altars. Their loyalty in this respect is worthy of commendation. Surely it is not difficult to see in this fact one element of victory. Catholics are loyal to the services of their Church. A little foolish whim does not keep them from the sacraments and from Mass, and in this they are right. They are Church-going people year in and year out. Through storm and sunshine, snow and sleet, they wend their way to the altars of their father, to the altars of their Church."—Sacred Heart Review.

SCROFULA

thin blood, weak lungs and paleness. You have them in hot weather as well as in cold. SCOTT'S EMULSION cures them in summer as in winter. It is creamy looking and pleasant tasting.

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Dyspepsia—My husband suffered with dyspepsia. Physicians did not benefit him. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla relieved him. My husband's father and our little boy have been wonderfully benefited by this medicine. Mrs. O. F. CHAMBERLAIN, Glen Sutton, Que.

Run Down—My system was run down. I could not sleep nights and my appetite was poor. Hood's Sarsaparilla restored an appetite and strength and has made me feel like a new woman. Mrs. S. E. DEVERE, Amherst, N. S.

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These poems are well worthy personal, being patriotic in spirit and popular in sentiment. The volume is attractively bound in extra silk finish twilled cloth, with design in gold and gilt top. For sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD Office, Price 75 cents. Address: Thos. Coffey, London, Ont.

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The Catholic Record.

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London, Saturday, August 12, 1899

THE FRUITS OF GODLESS EDUCATION.

Sir James Vaughan, who has recently retired from the active service of the magistracy in London, England, at the age of eighty-five, presided over the police court of Bow street for the last thirty-five years.

During that period he had an extensive and varied experience of the criminality of the great metropolis, and its causes, and his opinion on this matter is worthy of the gravest consideration.

It is reported to have said in an interview, that during recent years there has been a wonderful decrease in the number of brutal and violent crimes, while there is a large increase in the number of crimes which require brains and ingenuity for perpetrating them.

This curious change he attributes to the improved education given in the schools. He declares that he is sure that unless means are adopted to counteract the effects of education on the minds of those who are criminally inclined, the number of crimes which require cleverness will increase greatly.

It is but natural that this should be the case. Education without religious instruction has the effect of enabling young persons to adopt methods for the attainment of unlawful ends which the uneducated would not think of adopting.

The Catholic Church has all along been conscious of the necessity of uniting religious with secular education, so that youth may be educated morally as well as intellectually, and may thus be made into good citizens.

The Catholic Church differs from the sects in this that she has not changed her views on the subject, because she has always looked at it in the light of truth, having already experienced what happens under the circumstances indicated.

There has been another horrible lynching outrage at Tallula, a town of Louisiana, near New Orleans. The origin of the outrage was that Dr. Hodges, an American, shot a goat belonging to Frank Defatta, an Italian.

He must have trials and sorrows, for "he is the bondman of all, doomed to bear the burden of all;" but we wish to tell him that our reverential affection and docility are his forever, to make smooth the stony path that opens up for our Bishop.

We bid him welcome with all the joy of our hearts and hope that many fruitful years may pass by ere God summons him to his reward.

VICAR GENERAL BAYARD.

The announcement made by His Lordship the Bishop of London, at the conclusion of the ceremony of his consecration on Sunday last, that he appointed Very Rev. Joseph Bayard as his Vicar-General, was one of the pleasing features of this memorable occasion.

Father Bayard is one of the oldest priests in the diocese of London, and during his long residence amongst us, he has, by most admirable personal qualities, won the esteem of his brother priests and the laity.

We extend to him our hearty congratulations upon the high honor conferred upon him by our good Bishop, and we feel sure that the duties of Vicar-General of London will be performed by him in a manner most satisfactory to His Lordship, to the clergy and the people.

From the time of his ordination to the priesthood Very Rev. Father Bayard has ever been as true as the needle to the pole to the sacred vows he then assumed. His ripe judgment, coupled with his kindness of heart, his strict attention to duty and his unvarying courtesy, have been fittingly rewarded; and we trust his years will be many in the enjoyment of so well-earned a promotion.

RIGHT REV. F. P. MEVAY

CONSECRATED BISHOP OF LONDON ON SUNDAY LAST.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME BY ALL CLASSES OF THE COMMUNITY.

Right Rev. Mgr. McEvay arrived in London on Friday evening, August 4, by the 5:40 G. T. R. train, from Guelph, where he had been in retreat preparatory to his consecration as Bishop of London.

He was met and warmly greeted by the Administrator of the diocese, Very Rev. Joseph Bayard, Dr. Kilroy of Stratford, and the city clergy, as well as a deputation of laymen, including Messrs. D. Regan, James Egan, T. J. Murphy, Thos. Coffey (publisher CATHOLIC RECORD), Wm. Regan, John Forristal, Philip Cook, Hubert Dignan, and others, each of whom were in turn presented to the Bishop-elect.

Hearty congratulations being extended, Mgr. McEvay, accompanied by the rev. clergy, drove to St. Peter's palace.

Sunday, the 6th inst., the feast of the Transfiguration of our Lord Jesus Christ, will be a memorable day in the ecclesiastical history of this city and diocese of London.

In accordance with the announcements already made, it was the day on which the diocese of London received its new chief pastor, by the consecration of the Right Rev. Fergus Patrick McEvay, in St. Peter's cathedral, to be Bishop of the diocese.

Mgr. McEvay we have already spoken in our columns. As a priest he was learned, zealous, exemplary in every respect, and an excellent administrator, beloved by his flock in every parish in which he labored, and also by his brethren in the priesthood.

Admission to the cathedral for the Solemn Pontifical Mass of the consecration of the new Bishop was by tickets, which were distributed gratuitously as far as there was room in the magnificent cathedral. The vast throng of priests and laity who assisted at the beautiful urban asylum and home for the infirm, which rose in successful operation in the diocese.

All the priests of the diocese who were able to make arrangements that their parishes would not suffer the loss of the holy sacrifice of the Mass on Sunday, were present on the solemn occasion, and large delegations of the laity from many of the outside parishes, as St. Thomas, Stratford, Windsor, Chatham, etc., also assisted. Many likewise availed themselves of railway excursion rates to come to the city from great distances, even so far as from Chicago, Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo to be present on the solemn occasion, and the cathedral was thronged to its utmost capacity.

Amongst others we noticed: Bishop McEvay's mother and brother, his two cousins—Sister St. Dominic of St. Joseph's Community, Lindsay, and Miss Manie Corkery, Lindsay; Bishop Dowling's sister, Mrs. Kough, of Windsor, and his two nieces, the Misses Genevieve and Maud Coleman, of Chicago; Hon. J. M. Gibson, Crown Lands Dept.; Judge Barron, Stratford; Messrs. Adam Brown, P. M., Hamilton; John Brown, E. Furlong, H. D., M. J. O'Reilly, Dr. Baile, Fred Harris, J. J. Backe, of Hamilton; Mr. Ed. Collins, of Detroit, and many other prominent and representative persons.

The Church was beautifully decorated with old gold, red, green and white bunting, the colors blending together most harmoniously and producing a very pleasing effect. The high altar of marble, on which were placed flowers rich and fragrant, had a grand and pleasing effect, and the entire sanctuary, ornamented with flowers and hangings artistically arranged, manifested the good taste of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who had charge of the decorations.

The consecrator and celebrant of the Pontifical High Mass was the Most Rev. Datus O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto, formerly Bishop of London.

His Grace was assisted by the Very Rev. Father Marjion, Provincial of the Basilian Order in Canada; and the Rev. Fathers P. Brennan, P. P., St. Mary's; J. Gnan, P. P., Hesson; J. Beaudoin, P. P., Walkerville.

Mgr. McEvay was assisted by the Very Rev. D. Cushing, O. S. B., President of Assumption College, Sandwich, and Very Rev. Francis Solanus, O. S. F., P. F. and Superior of the Francis can Order in Chatham.

The assisting Bishops were the Right Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, and Right Rev. Richard O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough. Bishop Dowling was assisted by Rev. Fathers Mahoney and B. O'Connell; and Bishop R. O'Connor by Archdeacon Casey, Rector of Peterborough Cathedral, and Rev. F. Ryan, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto.

The Cross bearers were Rev. Fathers Whalen of Camden, and P. Langlois of Tilbury. Chanters: Rava. J. T. Aylward, P. of Port Lambton; Chas. McGee, P.

P. Maidstone, D. J. Downey, P. P., Mitchell.

The Holy Father's Bull appointing the Right Rev. Mgr. McEvay Bishop of London, and authorizing his consecration, was read by the Very Rev. Joseph Bayard, Administrator of the Diocese during the vacancy.

The ceremonies were directed by Very Rev. Wm. Kloefer, of St. Jerome's College, Berlin, first master of ceremonies, assisted by Rev. J. Schwelzler and Leducour, assistant masters of ceremonies.

The clergy present from various dioceses were the following: Most Rev. Datus O'Connor, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto; Most Rev. J. Duhamel, D. D., Archbishop of Ottawa; Right Rev. T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton; Right Rev. R. O'Connor, D. D., Bishop of Peterborough; Very Rev. Mgr. Hoenan, V. G., Dandus; Very Rev. Mgr. Laurent, V. G., Lindsay; Very Rev. Canon Rector, V. G., Montreal; Very Rev. A. Turgeon, S. J., Detroit; St. Mary's Church, Montreal; Very Rev. F. Saphman, S. J., Detroit; Very Rev. G. O'Bryan, S. J., Montreal; Very Rev. J. De Lavigne, C. S. R., Montreal; Very Rev. Marjion, C. S. B., Toronto; Very Rev. F. Mitchell, S. J., Fr. Minister, Detroit, Col.; Very Rev. A. Kreutz, Prov. of Carmelites, Falls View, Niagara; Very Rev. R. W. Kloefer, C. R., D. D., St. Jerome's College, Berlin; Rev. H. A. Constantineau, O. M. L., Rector University of Ottawa; Rev. M. J. Whelan, P. P., St. Patrick's, Ottawa; Rev. Archdeacon Casey, Peterborough; Rev. Dean O'Connell, Mount Forest; Rev. T. J. Tinsan, Pullman, Ill.; Rev. S. J. Crogan, C. S. S. R., Toronto; Rev. J. M. Manony, Hamilton; Very Rev. D. Cushing, Pres Assumption College, Sandwich; Rev. F. Solanus, O. F. M., Chatham; Rev. E. F. Murray, C. S. B., St. Michael's College, Toronto; Rev. M. V. Kelly, C. S. B., St. Michael's College, Toronto; Rev. D. Treacy, St. Michael's College, Toronto; Rev. F. R. Fracon, Toronto; Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D. D., Stratford; Rev. L. A. Campbell, Chicago; Rev. F. Seaman, C. S. B., Sandwich; Very Rev. W. Flannery, D. D., Windsor; Very Rev. F. Van Antwerp, Our Lady of Resary, Detroit; Rev. R. E. M. Brady, Hamilton; Rev. M. J. Brady, Windsor; Rev. F. Kibbe, New York; Rev. W. J. McCloskey, Campbellford, Ont.; Rev. J. Neven, Grand Seminary, Montreal; Rev. J. Schwelzler, C. R., St. Jerome's College, Berlin; Rev. A. Lorion, Riveston; Rev. B. Boubat, Chatham; Rev. J. Connolly, Ingersoll; Rev. F. Ryan, C. S. B., Anherstburg; Rev. P. A. Twohey, Westport; Rev. T. Davis, Perth; Rev. L. Backley, Owen Sound; Rev. J. B. Collins, Assumption College, Sandwich; Rev. P. J. Brennan, St. Mary's, D. Egan, ecdl., St. Michael's College, Toronto; Rev. M. D. Whelan, Caledon; Rev. J. P. McManus, Port Huron, Mich.; Rev. M. J. McGuire, Wooler; Rev. J. Kennedy, Saratua; Rev. L. A. Beaudoin, Walkerville; Rev. T. West, Goderich; Rev. G. R. Northgrave, Ed. CATHOLIC RECORD, LaSalle; Rev. N. D. St. Cyr, Stony Point; Rev. J. E. Munier, Belle River; Rev. J. P. Spratt, Wolfe Island (Kingston); Rev. M. Haim, Midway; Rev. A. McKoon, Strathroy; Rev. M. McCormack, Woodstock; Rev. J. Gnan, Hesson; Rev. P. J. Gnan, Wyoming; Rev. J. J. Gehl, Formosa; Rev. J. G. Magan, Corunna; Rev. J. Nonan (Bilaluph) Lucea; Rev. P. Langlois, Tilbury; Rev. D. J. Downey, Mitchell; Rev. E. C. Ladouceur, London; Rev. P. L'Heureux, St. Thomas.

After the consecration services His Lordship entertained the clergy to a sumptuous dinner at the Sacred Heart Convent. There were flower favors for each guest, and each was presented with a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as a souvenir of the Bishop's consecration.

The Rev. M. J. Tiernan, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, and Rev. Joseph Kennedy, P. P., Saratua, superintended the ceremony as a whole, and assisted greatly in the maintenance of the good order and decorum which graced the entire ceremony.

The music rendered by the choir was especially fine and appropriate to the solemn occasion. A large number of voices participated and the great organ of the Cathedral was played by Dr. Carl Verrinder, of Detroit, the effect of the whole musical programme being exceedingly grand.

At the end of the Mass the newly consecrated prelate was conducted by the assisting Bishops through the aisles of the Cathedral, to impart his Episcopal blessing to the congregation. Then the Rev. Father Tinsan, P. P., of Pullman, Illinois, entered the pulpit and delivered the following eloquent and impressive sermon on the Episcopal office and dignity:

REV. FATHER TINSAN'S SERMON. Most Rev. Archbishops, Right Rev. Bishops, and Very Rev. Fathers: "In the goodness and readiness of his soul he appeased God for Israel. Therefore He made to him a covenant of peace, to be the prince of the sanctuary, and of His people, that the dignity of priesthood should be to Him and to His seed forever." (Ecclesiasticus, xlv. 29-30)

To-day, my brethren, we have been witnesses in this splendid ceremony, of all those wonderful things which were done by God to princes of old. He has made to His servant here, a covenant of peace. "My peace I leave with you; my peace I give you." He has crowned him the prince of His sanctuary; He has made Him a ruler of His people; He has completed in him the

fullness of the Christian priesthood, which shall be to Him and to His spiritual seed forever. These are the wonders that take place in the consecration of a Bishop of the Catholic Church.

How impressive the language of the Church—Her sacred liturgy—through which she speaks her inward thought and feeling, and manifests to the world the richness of the treasures of truth and light and life and strength with which her Divine Founder has endowed her. Perhaps the pomp and circumstance with which she invests her ceremonial may appear to the seer and the captious as empty and meaningless—gilded snares to catch the vulgar and unlettered.

But the eye and the mind, illumined by the light of faith, discover in every portion of her beautiful ritual symbols of power, of wisdom and of mystery.

When God chose Aaron for the high priesthood in Israel He installed him with great pomp and ceremony, to impress upon the people the dignity of the high priesthood, and the respect and reverence due to him who held it.

"He girded him with a glorious girdle," says the Holy Scripture, a token of the power, the dignity and the strength of the sacerdotal office. "He clothed him with robes of glory," symbolizing the glorious mantle of grace and of blessing with which he would adorn the soul of His minister, and the great holiness of life which should shine in him. "He crowned him with majestic attire," that in His high priest should be reflected "the image of the Father," that in His own person under the Old Dispensation directed the introduction of His high-priest into His sanctuary, so through His mouthpiece the Church, He orders the ceremony of consecration for the high priest of the New. The rites which she uses unfold to us the nature and meaning of her holy office, and remind her ministers of the grave obligations which they assume towards her, and the fruits which they must bring forth in the exercise of their sacred calling. She must be reflected in them; for through her ministers she gives external evidence of her inward life, and are the pillars which support her. St. Cyprian tells us that the Church is in the Bishop, and the Bishop in the Church.

In the functions of the Episcopate we see mirrored the life of the Church—her oneness, her sanctity, her sources of grace, her universal and Apostolic character: those marks which point her out to the world as the bride of Christ, "a glorious Church without spot or wrinkle." In the insignia with which he is invested we see the dignity, the duties and the life of the Bishop.

She preserves her unity through her prelates, who guard the sacred deposit of faith and hand it down from generation to generation intact. They govern, feed their flocks in union with the chief pastor, the vicar of Christ, the centre and source of unity.

Through them the odor of her sanctity descends into the world. Through them she administers her sacraments, sources of grace, to the faithful; offers up the holy and adorable sacrifice of the New Law to God; infuses into the souls of men the seven fold gifts of the Holy Spirit, and teaches the world a doctrine which is most holy, "the bread of the world of life."

Through her Bishops she is truly universal; for they are and in all ages. They have taught all nations, and do now, and they have preserved all truth. Through them she has fulfilled the mission given to her by Jesus Christ: "Go into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature." And in truth and in deed she deserves the name Catholic. The Bishops are the successors of the Apostles, and through them the Church traces her Apostolic lineage. When the Bishop is made a member of the hierarchy he is given title to a noble ancestry. That glorious descent he can trace in an unbroken line to the days of Peter and of Christ. The doctrine of the blessed Apostles is his doctrine, their office is his office, their mission is his mission—to teach, to preach, to spread the kingdom of God and rule in it.

How significant the badges of his holy office! The royal purple, which belongs only to princes, well becomes him, a prince of the Church of God.

The Bishop is a messenger of the Gospel, the successor of those disciples whom Christ sent before Him as messengers to announce His coming. Their feet were shod with sandals; so are the feet of the Bishop. St. Paul gives the sandals a mystical meaning: "Having your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." He wears a ring on his finger. The ring is the crown of union. To the Bishop it is the seal of his epousals with his Church, to which he is inseparably united, and to which he pledges undying fidelity, freely giving his life for her if necessary.

The tunic, which is placed upon his shoulders, typifies the seamless coat of Christ, which, in the dividing of garments, remained intact, a figure of the Church and her indestructible unity. It becomes only the Bishop to wear it because of his close alliance to the Church.

Christ permitted His disciples to take with them on their journeys only a staff, not for protection but as a badge of their office—pastors of souls. The Bishop carries a crozier, whose ancient form mystic writers interpret as indicating the duties of the pastoral office. With the sharp prod of reproof and correction, he is to urge on the lax and lagging members of the

flock, and with the crook of patience and charity draw back into the fold the sheep lost and wandering.

The Bishop, as ruler of God's people, wears a crown, differing in form and significance from the crowns of earthly rulers. The double point symbolizes his two fold office, legislator and guide, for like Moses of old he is both a law-giver and a guide to his people. It represents, likewise, the wisdom of the two Testaments, the New and the Old, whence he selects his spiritual weapons with which to vanquish the enemies of Christ and His Church.

The cross, the sign of His Master's triumph, he wears on his breast, a reminder ever before him that his Divine Model went to His glorious victory by way of the Cross, and that victory awaits him only at the end of a similar journey.

From these few reflections, my brethren, we may form some idea of the dignity and grandeur of the episcopal office, and of the singular elevation to which it lifts a poor weak mortal. For "every Pontiff is taken from amongst men and ordained to those things which pertain to God." It carries with it, likewise, corresponding responsibilities—responsibilities to God, whose ambassador he is; duties toward his flock, whose shepherd he is. He is wedded to his diocese. His Church is in him.

It requires a strong man, a courageous man to be a Bishop. Meditating on those responsibilities, so great, is it any wonder, then, that men—holy men—in all ages have fled at the very thought of being called to bear them? The Bishop must first be that in himself what he would afterwards be to others. "The life of the whole flock," says St. Ambrose, "must first be found in the Bishop. For he is elected from all men, to preside over all men, and being exalted into the calm estate of peaceful judgment, he is the healer of all men."

St. Paul uses even stronger language: "Take heed to yourselves and to the whole flock wherein the Holy Ghost has placed you, Bishops, to rule the Church of God, which he has purchased with His blood." (Acts xx. 28)

His diocese, the portion of the flock entrusted to him, becomes his whole care and solicitude. The thought that in a strict accounting of that precious heritage, purchased with the blood of Christ, will be expected of him, will ever be present to him.

"Find the flock which is among you," says St. Peter, in the first of those glorious Encyclicals with which the Vicars of Christ have illumined the Church; "exercising the episcopal office not by constraint, but willingly according to God; not as lordly it over the clergy, but becoming a pattern of the flock from the heart."

The Bishop, then, becomes the pattern of the whole flock—"Sicut rex patrum et populi." He is the example both for priests and people. To his priests, the elder brother upon whom the inheritance has fallen; to the people, the heart of his clergy. To him they will go for a patient hearing; from him they expect to receive fraternal correction; with him they will gladly share an affectionate fellowship in the glorious yet arduous work of the ministry: "not as lordly it over them," says St. Peter. For to whom will they go if not to him in whom they recognize the shepherd appointed by the Holy Ghost? "Feed my lambs." He knows by experience the life of a priest, its trials, and its dangers, beset with enemies from within and without. The priest is a man born to human frailty, and by reason of his sacred office, the special object of the malevolent hatred of the prince of darkness, whose cry is, "percutiam pastorem, et dispergentur oves"—"a pattern of the whole flock," but particularly that of his clergy.

If the shepherd has his duties towards his flock, so have the flock towards their Bishop. St. Paul thus admonishes them: "Obey your prelates and be subject to them; for they watch as having to give an account of your souls, that they may do this with joy and not with grieving. For this is profitable to you." The Bishop, then, has a right to expect a return for his labors from the whole flock—loyalty, fidelity and respectful submission on the part of his priests; affection, gratitude, support and filial obedience on the part of the laity. It is thus that with joy he can give an account of the souls of his sheep; with joy and not with grieving.

Thus we see the Bishop in himself and his own immediate flock. But the significance of his office extends to the whole Church, and the Church is in the Bishop. What, then, is the Bishop, who represents the Church, in these closing days of the nineteenth century?

The Bishop, ever a high priest, in character and spiritual power, is always the same. His relations towards the world, however, assume varied features with the ever varying moods and conduct of the world towards the Church. In the first ages the Bishop presented his Master to the world as priest and victim, by being the first to suffer and die for the faith and lead his flock to follow his example.

Farther on, they were not only the teachers and spiritual shepherds, but the succor and defence of their flock from the rapacity and tyranny of secular princes. In these our days martyrdom is the exception. The princes and rulers of the world put on at least a pretense of justice and humanity in dealing with their subjects. Is there, then, peace for the Church of God, and rest for her ministers? Alas no! greater dangers break in the shadows of the ancient evils, and call for re-

doubled vigilance on the part of the watchmen who man the outposts of Israel. Greater evils and more dangerous, because less easily apprehended by ordinary people, and because they conceal their true character under the parhousial garb of these stock phrases, "modern thought," "enlarged liberty," "intellectual emancipation." Under this guise so catching the prince of evil is luring poor deluded humanity to its fall. With these weapons does he seek the destruction of the kingdom of God.

The minds of men are becoming gradually infected with false ideas of God, the human soul, man's destiny, the world about him, the cause and reason of its existence; in a word, with a false solution of the problems of this life and the life to come.

Poor, weak man, is striving with all his might—but in vain—to foster the idea begotten of his intellectual pride, that he is self-sufficient, that he can do without God.

He would make human effort and material results the metre of his measurement in everything—science, education, progress, civilization. "Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return," says the prophet, "thy soul is as vanity; as a passing shadow." Religion and its sacred obligations he would leave to women and to monks, as having no claims on the mind and heart of a man of the world and its affairs.

The Church of Christ, "the pillar and the ground of truth," whose pastors were sent into the world to be its light, to lead it in the way of truth and holiness, and to be its salt, whose savor would preserve it from moral corruption and decay, is hidden and as it were, as if emphasizing in a most striking manner the judgment of Christ upon the prince of this world, "With me you have not anything."

Nations professing to be Christian would banish God and God's representative from participation in human affairs, and take to themselves the regimen of the souls and consciences of men—usurping the power and the office which belong only to the anointed of God and the commissioned of the Holy Ghost. Witness the proof in the spectacle lately presented to us: the representatives of the civilized nations of the earth, gathered in convention to deliberate on measures for the preservation of peace amongst men, while the Vicar of Christ, the ambassador of the Prince of peace, is excluded from any part in those deliberations. With these dangers threatening it, are the sentinels of the army of Christ silent or asleep? Are there no champions of God's divine right? Are there no witnesses of His power, His justice, His creatorship, His providence?

Has the voice of God, sounding through the depths, "I am the Lord, thou shalt have no other Gods but me," been smothered by the foul measure of error, irreligion and unbelief? Has it found no responsive echo? No! God forbid. The eternal word of the Almighty, spoken through the mouth of his prophet Isaiah, comes thundering down the ages, warning feeble and foolish man of the vanity of his efforts to resist it. "I have placed watchmen on thy watchtowers of Israel, and all the day, and all the night they shall not hold their peace."

To this age of unbelief, to this age of troubled minds and to this age of sciences, the Bishop, says a prelate, "is the mouthpiece of God and represents the prophetic character of Christ."

Strong in the consciousness of his divine mission, and realizing his responsibilities, he preaches the gospel of Christ everywhere. He speaks as "one having authority," in season and out of season, fearless of the clamor and criticisms of men, disregarding, like the great Apostle, "the judgment of man's day."

He is the ruler placed by the Holy Ghost, to govern the souls and consciences of men according to the principles of the moral law; "telling them to observe whatsoever I have commanded you."

He will secure to God his portion out of the world, and consecrate it to His holy and divine service—His altars and His tabernacles, the sources of grace and good-will to men.

When and where in the history of Christianity, is a Bishop better circumstanced for the fulfilment of his prophetic and apostolic office than in these last days of the nineteenth century, and our country? Freed from the fetters which, mingling with secular affairs, had unconsciously forged around him, bound by no entangling alliances, he moves with all the dignity and freedom of a prince of God's kingdom; he shines in the true light of an apostle of Christ, he takes his rightful place beside his divine Master, to be the shepherd and the servant of the people.

Now can truly be applied to him the words of an eminent orator of the French Assembly at the close of the last century; "Drive the Bishops from their palaces and they will find refuge in the poor man's cottage; snatch from their hands the jeweled crozier and they will grasp a staff of wood." Yes, stripped of his allegiance to princes, he is the more closely allied to, and in sympathy with the people. He is immeasurably strong because he is free. Difficulties he has to contend against—yes, and almost to discouragement, were he not supported in the knowledge, "that he can do all things in Him who strengthens him."

But what are difficulties to a Christian Bishop? They seem only to develop his sacerdotal character, bring out his latent strength, plume his courage, and exercise every element of that spiritual energy which was infused into him at his consecration.

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RIGHT REV. F. E. McEVAY, BISHOP OF LONDON.

To such an inheritance, my brethren, has he, who this day has been consecrated your Bishop, fallen heir. Upon his consecrated head he wears the crown of highest honor, the prince of God's sanctuary, the ruler of God's people, the dignity of the high priesthood. Within it he wears his crown of thorns, for upon his shoulders has been placed the heavy burden of most sacred duty. Will he prove worthy of those honors, that dignity? Will he perform that sacred duty? God grant that he may so prove himself, that he may so labor.

A quarter of a century of unbroken and affectionate friendship gives me title to speak for him, though his well-known humility bids me silence. For I say it and I believe it, that, clothed as he is, with all the splendor and glory of the Episcopal office, he sits before you a humbler man now than when, a short hour ago he entered this stately temple a simple priest.

The honors and the dignity which are now his have come to him unasked, and not despised. He knows what honors mean. To quote himself in his reply to my note of congratulation to him on his elevation: "Honors are dangerous things, and they but too often seem to turn men's heads." He knows that the vain and the frivolous seek them as the child does its toys, to satisfy an ever changing fancy; but the man of sense and judgment sees in them only increasing responsibilities and weightier burdens. Will he prove worthy? "Goodness of soul" merited for the holy Israelite of old the honor to stand between God and His rebellious people, Israel. Goodness is akin to love. Love, in Christ, for one's fellowman, and a life-service spent for His weal, are the summa of goodness. Such has been the whole priestly life of your new Bishop. If the high priest of old merited God's favor because of his goodness of soul, will not he find favor also the one excellent trait of whose sacerdotal life has been the display of this same goodness. If God's favor be with him what care he, then, who is against him. Oh! Yes! I know he will prove worthy.

Will he perform his sacred duty? Ask his former Bishop, whose right arm he has been for so many years; ask his fellow-priests, who have been associated with him in the work of the ministry; ask the different flocks over whom he has been placed; they will answer—I need not. In every position which he has filled, whether high or low, whether in the humblest pastorate of a scattered congregation, or in office of honor and trust, he has been guided always by a high sense of duty. "My God My Duty," has ever been his motto. May we not, then, reasonably judge the future by the past? He comes to you to day as your Bishop, to assume the chief pastorate of this great diocese of London, to take up and continue the work so ably conducted by his illustrious predecessors. He comes to you, non neophytus, not a neophyte, but a man of ripe experience, thoroughly schooled in the duties of the ministry and perfectly acquainted with the wants of his flock. He comes to you sent by the Holy Ghost to be a prince in God's sanctuary, a prince of God's people; "a high priest taken from amongst men and ordained to those things which pertain to God: to offer sacrifice for sin." He comes to be the "pastor and shepherd of your souls."

I congratulate the people and priests of this great diocese, and I know you will bless the day on which the Vicar of Jesus Christ, moved by the Spirit of God, sent Fergus Patrick McEvay to be your Bishop. God bless his noble sires, who left him no avenue of escape from his Celtic origin! What is this day the loss of the diocese of Hamilton, in the person of one of its most worthy priests, will be the gain of the diocese of London in its worthy Bishop, the Bishop and friend of his priests and the vigilant and good shepherd of his people. You will receive him, then, my brethren, as the Galatians received St. Paul, "as an angel from heaven, yea even as Jesus Christ," whose ambassador he is. May the blessing of God attend his ministrations among you. My prayer for my dear old

friend is, "O God! give him Wisdom which sitteth at Thy throne, that he may be with him and may labor with him, that he may know what is acceptable to Thee."

The priests of the diocese of London next advanced to the Bishop's throne, and, in their name, the Very Rev. William Flannery, D. D., P. P., Dean of Windsor, read the following address, which was artistically engraved by the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, Windsor.

THE PRIESTS' ADDRESS.

To the Right Reverend F. P. McEvay, Bishop of London:

May it please Your Lordship—On this solemn occasion of your consecration to the high and responsible office of Bishop of the Diocese, the priests over whom you are called to preside desire to give expression to their joy and gratification. Though many are absent, owing to the sacred obligations which detain them in their respective parishes, yet all are here in spirit united with us in wishing Your Lordship a thrice hearty welcome.

From the altars at which they minister they are offering a sacrifice of thanksgiving to the Father of lights, from whom descend all good and perfect blessings, while we who are privileged to witness this solemn rite of consecration, join with them in gratitude for this crowning gift of God to our Diocese—a kind hearted, just and exemplary Bishop.

Your Lordship's antecedents are well and favorably known. His fervor and charity that marked your career in Peterborough, winning to you all hearts as Rector of St. Mary's and Vicar General of Hamilton, leaves no room to doubt that your labors in the Diocese of London will be crowned with equal, if not more brilliant success. The scope and extent of the new field in which you are appointed to bring forth fruits that shall remain as a permanent blessing, are in no way disproportionate to the holy zeal and well directed energy of which you have given ample proofs in the past. The gratifying recognition of your marked abilities has come to you in titles and dignities from the Holy See, preliminaries of the eminence to which in virtue of Apostolic letters you have been appointed.

Your saintly and illustrious predecessors have wrought marvels of industry and piety to us imperishable monuments of their pious zeal, but a more numerous clergy and an ever growing population will impose on your shoulders, and probably demand from your Lordship greater and more continued sacrifices. Willingly, then, and joyfully do we promise prompt obedience, with active co-operation in every work that may please your Lordship to undertake for the glory of God and the salvation of the souls committed to your Episcopal charge and paternal solicitude.

Allow us to express also our thanks to the Very Reverend Joseph Bayard, in whom we found, while the See was vacant, an able and painstaking Administrator. Our public testimony is due for his unvarying kindness and his satisfactory guidance.

In conclusion, we beg to repeat our assurance of deep respect for your high office, and to tender once more our undivided loyalty to yourself personally, while asking your prayers and the favor of your Episcopal Benediction.

The Priests of the Diocese of London. London, Ont., August 6, 1899.

The priests having retired to their respective places, Mr. James Egan advanced within the sanctuary, and read the following address on behalf of the Catholic laity of the city. He was accompanied by Mr. D. Regan, President of the Agricultural Savings Bank, who was appointed chairman of the lay committee, and about fifty representative Catholic gentlemen of London.

THE LAITY'S ADDRESS.

To Right Rev. Fergus P. McEvay, D. D., Bishop of London:

May it please Your Lordship.—Being aware long before your arrival among us, of your laudable aversion to any public demonstration, however well intended, we deem it a special privilege deserving of our heartfelt gratitude that you should have relaxed this rule in favor of the laity of your diocese, permitting them to voice their satisfaction which greeted the news of your appointment, and to bid you a hearty welcome to your new home.

Deep emotions are for the most part silent, and our hearts, stirred to their utmost depths by the solemn and beautiful ceremonies we gathered together to witness, find but feeble expression in words, which comparatively speaking, are halting and cold. My Lord, we trust that in the loyalty and good will we hereby pledge you, you will find a language more eloquent than that of graceful words or flowing periods.

While congratulating you upon the well-deserved recognition with which your merits and attainments have met at the hands of the Holy Father, we feel that we also are to be congratulated upon the appointments of so worthy a successor to the illustrious Archbishop of Toronto, Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, who for almost a decade administered the affairs of this See with marked ability and success, and who by his munificent parting gift so materially lightened the burden you are about to assume.

We dwell with special pleasure upon the fact that once again the virtues and achievements of a native Canadian have commended

themselves to the favorable notice of the Holy See, and through obedience and loyalty to the Sovereign Pontiff are of themselves sufficient claims to our devotion, the knowledge that you are a true son of this Dominion, keenly alive to its needs and advantages, and in hearty sympathy with its people and institutions, would be your future title to a generous and whole-souled welcome.

We also rejoice that the harmony and good feeling existing among the different creeds and classes of our Forest City—a harmony founded on mutual respect and largely due to the presence of two previous administrations—will be further fostered by one whose kindly heart and broad toleration have gained for him universal esteem in his former field of labor.

In conclusion, My Lord, we have but to beg your blessing on ourselves and on our homes. That on our part there may be nothing lacking in the holy relation thus solemnly inaugurated, we have but to reiterate our promise of earnest co-operation in such measures as you may deem necessary for the advancement of the interests of God and of His Church, and to wish you health and length of years in the diocese of London.

On behalf of the Catholic laity of London, Daniel Regan, Chairman.

THE BISHOP'S REPLY.

His Lordship replied feelingly to both addresses as follows. First addressing the priests he said:

Reverend and dear Fathers—It is a great pleasure for me to-day, on the solemn occasion of my consecration, to meet so many of my good priests, and learn from you that the clergy who have been detained by parochial duties have remembered me. Your warm words of welcome are most gratifying to me as your Bishop, and your expressions of loyalty and obedience are worthy of true priests of God's Church, who are loyal to their Bishop, not so much on account of any personal merits he may possess, but because we are taught by our holy faith that Bishops are the successors of the Apostles, and that they are placed by the Holy Ghost to rule the Church of God. As the exemplary priests of the London diocese have always been loyal and true to the wise, able and zealous prelates who have preceded me, your present Bishop, unworthy as he is of the high office, expects, and is assured by you, in your beautiful address, that he will receive the same good will, obedience and hearty co-operation. Continuing, he referred with gratitude to Pope Leo XIII., at whose consecration jubilee he had been happy to assist. The titles of distinction he had received from him came chiefly, he said, upon the recommendation of Bishop Dowling.

"I am glad to hear of the good feeling existing between Catholics," his Lordship said, "and those of other faiths in this country. As Catholics, we will always profess our faith openly, but we will also recognize the rights of others. I hope these charitable relations may long continue for the happiness of all."

His Lordship then responded to the address of the laity. What he had said to the priests applied also to them. He was glad that priests and people were one together. Although his abilities were limited, he hoped, with the help of God, to use them for His glory and for the good of the people whom the blessed Lord had entrusted to his care. He realized the responsibilities of his office, and accepted them with the hope that God would bless his work. He would strive to walk faithfully in the footsteps of the Bishops before him, to carry on the work which they so courageously began and continued. The result of their work was to be seen in the multiplication of schools and churches, and religious and charitable institutions. These were the best monuments a good Bishop could leave behind him. They told, too, of the generosity of the good people who gave of their means to erect these institutions. The co-operation of the laity was very necessary in all good works. They had every reason, His Lordship said, to show their gratitude to God, who they lived in this beautiful section of the country where people of different races were all dwelling together in unity.

The replies were concluded with a blessing. Each member of the clergy and of the lay committee knelt in succession and kissed His Lordship's hand, in token of obedience and loyalty to his spiritual ruler.

His Lordship then announced the appointment of the Very Rev. Joseph Bayard, Pastor of St. Thomas, to be Vicar-General of the Diocese.

In the afternoon His Lordship was made the recipient of an address from his former college classmates, of which the following is a copy:

CLASSMATES' ADDRESS.

To the Right Reverend Fergus P. McEvay, D. D., Bishop of London:

May it please Your Lordship.—The announcement of your elevation to the dignity which has just been conferred upon you has given more than ordinary pleasure to us, your former college classmates. It is a distinguished privilege, indeed, for us to be permitted to assist at your consecration as Bishop of the Diocese of London, and to be able to personally offer you our congratulations. Your selection to fill so exalted a position in the Church has in no way been a matter of surprise to us, who, but twenty years ago, with you, bade adieu to St. Michael's College—our Alma Mater. We who for years were your classmates, your companions and your friends, and who had excellent opportunities of learning your true worth, recognized in you those qualities, which, even in your boyhood, and early manhood, marked you as one eminently fitted to fill the position of honor, responsibility and distinction to which you have been called.

We feel no small degree of pride and satisfaction, not so much that you should be raised to the sublime office of a dignitary of the Church, but rather that your merits and virtues should, at the hands of Christ's Vicar on earth, receive the recognition which they undoubtedly deserve.

We are fully aware that your entrance upon the administration of a large and important Diocese brings with it a heavy burden of responsibility, but, knowing you as we do, we feel confident that the wisdom, prudence and zeal which you displayed in your college days, and which have been brought to maturity by years of earnest work in the holy priesthood, will render that burden easy for you to bear.

Permit us, therefore, to extend to you our most hearty congratulations and to assure you that the feelings of friendship, respect and love, which we have entertained for you

in the past, will always continue and coupled with these feelings will ever be found that of reverence due to you as a Bishop of the Catholic Church. In conclusion we fervently pray for your welfare and success in the fulfilment of the duties of your new office, and we hope that it may long be the privilege of the Diocese of London to acknowledge you as its head.

Signed on behalf of the classmates of 1879: M. J. Brady, Windsor; H. T. Kelly, Barrister, Toronto.

Dated August 6th, 1899.

The Bishop was very happy in his reply, and feelingly referred to the ties of old comradeship that time could never sever.

PRESENTATION FROM THE SISTERS.

On behalf of the Sisters of St. Mary's Academy, Rev. Dr. Flannery presented his Lordship with a beautiful episcopal sash, accompanied by a gracefully worded address signed by Rev. Mother Superior Alexander. In reply the Bishop said he would take the greatest pleasure in wearing the sash on the occasion of his first visit to the parish of Windsor and St. Mary's Academy.

In the evening at 7 o'clock, Vespers and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament were sung by the Right Rev. Bishop McEvay, assisted by Very Rev. Jos. Bayard, V. G., Very Rev. D. Cushing, and Rev. P. Brennan, Archbishop O'Connor, and Bishops Dowling and R. O'Connor were present in the sanctuary. Again the singing of the choir was exceedingly fine.

The Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S. J., of Montreal, delivered an interesting and eloquent sermon on the marks of the Church of Christ. The following is a synopsis of his remarks:

FATHER O'BRYAN'S SERMON.

Dear! Blessed Bethlehem—The ceremony we assisted at this morning was the conferring upon the Bishop elect of London the fullness of that sacrament which was instituted by our Lord for the perpetuation of His priesthood on earth, and the perpetuation of His priesthood suggests the continuation of His mission to man.

Christ came to give us faith, to awaken hope in our hearts, and to bind us to the Eternal Father by charity. His credentials were the sublime doctrine He taught, and the marvelous works He performed; and he appeals to them to compel belief in His teaching and mission.

He opened out before man new possibilities and put at his disposal means to actuate them. He gave him the elements of happiness here and the assurance of supernatural happiness hereafter. His whole life was a lesson of charity, the highest and most love compelling the world has ever seen; and by His unselfishness and devotedness to the cause of man He gained the allegiance of his life.

Such the mission of Christ, and such the mission of His Church. She in the world like her Divine Founder works ever through faith, through hope and through charity. Christ as supreme law-giver, founded a religion and made belief in it and practice of it a binding law. "He that believeth not shall be condemned." He established His Church to be the exponent of His religion.

This Church is one, as He and the Father are one, visible, to continue His own visible mission—Holy, as His life was holy; Catholic, as His doctrine was for all mankind and He deigned to call to the work of its propagation Apostles whom He endowed with powers divine.

The Church is in our midst to-day, and she gives us through the ceremony of this morning one who will carry on the work in this diocese which is being accomplished the world over. We find in the Church Catholic, which we obey, all the marks which from the earliest time have been recognized as the characteristics of the true Church. She is One in doctrine, One in dogma. The catechisms, the formularies of faith, the living word of the preacher, all prove this oneness of Catholic doctrine. The centre of unity, the successor of St. Peter, grants authority and jurisdiction to every Bishop, and so we have given to this diocese to-day one who is the link between us and the Holy See, and who, following the footsteps of the illustrious and saintly prelates who have preceded him here, will lead us to the heavenly life for which we are destined.

The Church is Holy in her doctrine, the doctrine of Christ, in the Sacramental means which she uses for the sanctification of her children who in every age and amidst all circumstances have given heroic examples of Christian perfection.

She is Catholic, too, in her extent, as by the will of Christ she should be: "Teach all nations." Catholic in her doctrine: "Teach all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Catholic in her continuation: "For behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

Comparing her teaching to that of the Apostles, as set forth in the Acts and Epistles of those who wrote, and in the traditions and monuments of antiquity, we see she is Apostolic as to doctrine. From Leo XIII. we can ascend step by step through every age to Peter, the rock upon whom Christ built His Church, and in this unbroken chain we recognize the protection and assistance divine, and the Apostolic succession. So even as our Master, she compels our faith.

She inspires us with hope by lifting us above our material surroundings, purifying our hearts, spiritualizing our lives, and keeping ever before us the untold blessings of eternal union with God.

She fills us with charity. Like her Divine Founder her mission here below is to inflame all hearts with love of God. We have duties towards her—to be proud of her, to be loyal to her, not

only in profession but in practice, to defend her, and advance her interests, not by word alone, but by the fullest realization in our lives, of the virtues and affections she teaches.

TELEGRAM FROM HIS GRACE ARCH-BISHOP BEGIN.

Sunday evening His Lordship received the following congratulatory telegram from His Grace Archbishop Begin, of Quebec. Quebec, it will be generally known, is the oldest and leading diocese of the Dominion of Canada, and more than ordinary interest accordingly attaches to the telegram. It is as follows:

Quebec, August, 5.—The Mother See of Quebec shares in the joy of the Church of London in the auspicious occasion of the consecration of her worthy pastor, and supplicates the Holy Spirit to grant him a long and fruitful career.

(Sgd.) Archbishop of Quebec.

On Monday, the 7th inst., those of the clergy of the diocese who could not be present at the consecration came to the city to pay their respects to the Bishop, and the whole body of the clergy dined with his Lordship and the visiting Bishops at the convent of the Sacred Heart.

In addition to those who were present at the consecration, the following came in on Monday:

Rev. J. O'Neill, Kinkora; Rev. H. G. Traher, Mount Carmel; Rev. J. J. Corcoran, Teeswater; Rev. D. A. McRae, Parkhill; Rev. J. T. Aylward, Port Lambton; Rev. D. P. McManamin, Bidgown; Rev. N. J. Dixon, Ashfield; Rev. P. Andrieux, Patoncourt; Rev. P. McCaba, Seaforth; Rev. P. Quinlan, West Lorne; Rev. S. A. Rochelleau, Bathwell; Rev. J. Cook, Stratford; Rev. D. Forster, Simcoe; Rev. C. McGee, Maidstone; Rev. Geo. Cleary, Dundas; Rev. F. J. McKean, St. Augustine; Rev. J. A. Kealy, Raleigh; Rev. W. Fogarty, Irishtown; Rev. T. J. Valentia, Zurich; Rev. J. Hogan, Sarnia.

HIS LORDSHIP CELEBRATES MASS FOR THE CHILDREN.

At 8 o'clock on Monday, the 7th, as previously announced, His Lordship celebrated Mass for the children under his charge, on which occasion the cathedral was crowded by the little ones, their parents and friends. At the termination of Mass the Bishop requested the prayers of the children—which request was and will be earnestly responded to not alone by the little ones of the flock but by his entire spiritual children.

IN THE EDDY'S WHIRL.

Christian Science is the vogue in the "religious" circles of the fashionable quarters of many of our Eastern cities. Boston was its first stronghold—the word strength can be used in any form of palpable weakness. Providence, or the upstart-tendron of Providence, they say, has been caught in the eddy—pace the prophets of Christian Science—of Boston's spiritual tide. Some apostles of beef steak morality and of virtue, that can be measured by the kilogram—men of name, "advanced" thinkers in New York—have given their adhesion to the new Science.

It is treated with ridicule; it is dis-proven; it is confuted. An effort is made to limit its activity by an appeal to the laws. It is vigorously denounced; it is generally exposed. Nevertheless, it grows; and there are those who are impressed by its rapid growth as if they had never learned the lesson of the mushroom.

The most astonishing thing about it is that those who discredit it should treat it so seriously. It is a fad and a fashion, and it will follow the course of fads and fashions. Did anyone ever die for the cut of his coat or the shape of his hat? Did ever a fashion—no matter what its rage—outlive a single healthy man who adopted it? That this has "taken" so generally is doubtless due to its coincidence with some of the results of "psychical research." When we are all "in the dark," shapes and sounds assume strange and weird forms and that which, in daylight, we should pass without notice, in the darkness, fills us with terror.

They think they have heard the whistlings of the garments of an immortal soul in a laboratory, they have felt the puff of its breath on their startled cheeks and this Mrs. Eddy with calligraphic words and a sheet over her head, has deepened their terror, allas "intellectual curiosity" and has knocked their heads and their knees together, and who shall say what she does with their pockets?

Presently it will be over and Mrs. Eddy will take her place with the famous Jimima Wilkinson of Rhode Island who a century or more ago, rode a white horse and her dupes till she died.

But "the spectacle to men and angels," which this fad has afforded is instructive, not so much because it is new as because it is recent. What high and mighty minds we have today! How vastly progressive! How impatient of dogma! How indignant at superstition! How badly they suppress their choler that any Church, especially the Catholic Church, should still exert an influence or receive obedience from the enfranchised souls of men. And yet these enfranchised minds, perched on the very cap of the liberty pole, are taken in by tricks that the dullest Imp might have played on Eve the first night after the Fall!

How true it is that life is like a circle, as the wise man says, and that in the end we come back to the place where we begin. We begin in ignorance and God's aid and light withdrawn, we end there if we do not rather in folly.—Providence Visitor.

"Go show yourself to the priests." (Luke 11:4)

If the spray of the body is a sad picture of the still more deplorable leprosy of the soul, namely of sin, then the admonition of our Lord to the cured lepers "Go show yourselves to the priests" is also addressed to us, and signifies nothing less than: Go, confess your sins; go, show yourselves to the priest in the tribunal of penance; wash your soul and cleanse it from all stains. Yes, my dear Christians, go to confession, not only once a year, but frequently; and if you always make a worthy confession, I promise you that you will lead a holy life, die a happy death, and after death, enjoy eternal happiness in heaven.

All those who try to lead a good and holy life, daily experience what the pious Job expressed so well in these few words: "The life of man upon earth is a warfare." (Job 7, 1.) Yes, life is truly a continued warfare against three great powers, the flesh, the world and the devil. We are in the midst of the battle, and alas, only too easily do we succumb to our frailty and weakness. Many are fatally wounded by the mortal sins which they commit and even the most valiant soldiers feel their weakness when by the commission of venial sin the beautiful garment of grace is tarnished. What, then, my dear brethren, can be more beneficial than the frequent cleansing of the soul from these stains, what wiser than the frequent reception of the spiritual strength of the soul, if we do not wish to incur the danger of suffering defeat in this spiritual warfare and thus losing our eternal salvation. Our Divine Leader, under whose banner we are fighting, knew so well our infirmities and our needs that He instituted His Holy Church, an asylum wherein the soul can be fortified, strengthened and healed. The soul finds there a laver wherein to cleanse itself from the stains with which it has become defiled, and a banquet at which it finds the means of strength when it has become weak. You all know this laver, it is the sacrament of penance, you all know this banquet, it is Holy Communion. During our earthly pilgrimage, these sacraments are always within our reach, and hence we should make frequent use of them, that our soul may remain pure and strong to battle for, and to obtain heaven.

To confine the reception of these sacraments to the performance of the Easter duty would be to do only what would be absolutely necessary to remain within the pale of the Church; but this would scarcely suffice to obtain heaven. For temptations, in general, are so great, the occurrence so frequent, that one will be easily overcome unless frequently assisted, encouraged and strengthened.

When again, the Christian falls and strength of resistance, his fall occurs more frequently, and thus a sin becomes a habit, which becomes more powerful the longer one remains away from the sacrament of penance. When a sin has once become habitual the only remedy is frequent, good confession. Conscience must be frequently roused, the fear of God repeatedly instilled, the will often fortified and new courage infused into it. We must also remember, my dear brethren, that the sacrament of penance has been instituted not only to cleanse the soul, but to preserve from sin. By the reception of sacramental grace, the light of grace shines brighter, the fire of divine love is more kindled, the will inclined again to good, new courage infused into the path of virtue. Consider the inestimable benefits you receive from Holy Communion, where you possess the Source of all divine graces, you will understand how beneficial frequent reception of these sacraments is for your spiritual welfare. Grace will follow another in a continued chain, and the last link will be the grace of a happy death which brings you to your eternal home.

My dear brethren, if you earnestly resolve to approach the tribunal of penance regularly and frequently, you make it an infallible rule to go to confession at the first opportunity of having been so unfortunate as to fall into mortal sin, how different will be the condition of your soul! Evil habits will soon be overcome, your bad inclinations will gradually disappear. You will soon become strong in good, take pleasure in practice of virtue, in fine, you will become, as it were, a different person. We must also remember, my dear brethren, that the sacrament of penance has been instituted not only to cleanse the soul, but to preserve from sin. By the reception of sacramental grace, the light of grace shines brighter, the fire of divine love is more kindled, the will inclined again to good, new courage infused into the path of virtue. Consider the inestimable benefits you receive from Holy Communion, where you possess the Source of all divine graces, you will understand how beneficial frequent reception of these sacraments is for your spiritual welfare. Grace will follow another in a continued chain, and the last link will be the grace of a happy death which brings you to your eternal home.

Amén.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

The learned ecclésiasticism of Doctor Richard F. Littledale is peculiarly scandalous. He brings against the Jesuits—not in the Encyclopædia Britannica, but subsequently—the charge that their Constitutions authorize the superiors to command the brethren to sin. As the Rule receives its whole authority from the Pope, he thereby affirms that the Pope, in the face of the whole world, declares the brethren, by the authority of Jesus Christ, empowered to command the brethren, by the authority of Jesus Christ, to sin. Here we have the same monstrous meanness of moral and intellectual insanity ascribed to the Holy See that Dean Hodges ascribes to it in the case of Henry the Eighth.

It is plain that Doctor Littledale can not have read through Jesuit constitutions. Disingenuous as he is, and as Father Ryder has shown him to be, he would not have been capable of suppressing all mention of the repeated declaration: "I will obey my superior as I would obey Christ Himself, in everything in which it can not be defined that any manner of sin is involved." This profession, borrowed from Loyola's famous letter on obedience, is by the Founder directed immediately to enforcing the respect due to the commands of a civil sovereign, even a heathen. It is copied into the Constitutions, and, as Loyola doubtless meant, is applied to obedience universally. The doctrine of the Society is perfectly plain. Every superior, Pope, monastic general, or king, Christian or Pagan, exercises within the range of his legitimate authority, a jurisdiction which is not his own, but Christ's in obeying him, therefore, we do not obey him but Christ. A refusal to obey his legitimate commands is rebellion against Christ. Now as Christ cannot command sin, or authorize a command to sin, any superior, Christian or Pagan, civil or ecclesiastical, so far as he directs what is sinful, lapses from his authority, and his commands are null. "Whoever," says the great Jesuit cardinal, "shall teach that the command of an superior is to be obeyed, so far as it enjoins evil or restrains from good, is a heretic, and should be given over to the secular arm to be dealt with accordingly."

It seems that Doctor Littledale can never have read this reiterated declaration of the Constitutions, or he could not, in his correspondence with the Rev. Lewis Drummond, have appeared absolutely oblivious of it. I say oblivious, yet how can we be oblivious of that which we have never known? I own that the genius of classical luminosity and grace has never presided over their drawing up. Yet if a man is going to deal controversially with them, it certainly seems plain that he ought first to read them. I do not see how he can be excused from this necessity, unless he takes seriously what Sydney Smith propounded in fun, and declares that he refrains from reading them lest it should prejudice his mind. This does indeed appear to be the foundation on which most of our controversialists rest.

It is plain that Doctor Littledale is equally ignorant of the still more significant declaration of the Constitutions, which limits authority still more severely by declaring that obedience is due to the Pope and other superiors "so far as consists with charity."

This seems to go considerably beyond the former profession. The first appears only to excuse from obedience where it would involve something which is intrinsically sinful. This second declaration appears to excuse whenever, in the godly judgment of the subordinate (not unconsciously cherished, but invincibly imposed itself), obedience would contradict the general good in the present circumstances. These words of the Jesuit Rule are precisely the same as those in which Savonarola had excused himself from obedience to certain commands of Alexander VI. He allowed that nothing had been required of him which was sinful in itself, but pleaded that in view of the well known hostility of the Pope, obedience as things then were "did not consist with charity."

Whether he was right in fact, as I incline to believe, or wrong and somewhat contemptuous, as a learned Methodist friend insists, is a matter about which theological judgment has differed to this day. That he is right in principle, however, is a matter about which there is no doubt whatever. He and the Jesuits use precisely the same formula, which, moreover, has been solemnly ratified by the Holy See. This is no doubt derived from some common theological source, which I presume is Saint Thomas Aquinas.

Now Doctor Littledale fixes his attention exclusively on a single chapter of the Constitutions, which he interprets, taken by itself, he can interpret into the meaning that he wishes, which is, of course, a scandalous meaning. For him these authoritative and unambiguous limitations of obedience might as well never have been written. Yet thus far it is not scilicet that we see. It is pure, blank ignorance. The ecclésiasticism consists in this (continually lapsing, it is true, into absolute ignorance) that Littledale has read widely (very widely, says Father Drummond, in Roman Catholic literature, and yet seems not to have caught a glimpse of the necessity of interpreting later monastic rules by earlier. Nor does he ever seem to have conceived the necessity of interpreting a theological or monastic formula, which, occurring in a single

document, might be unintelligible or matter of scandal, by its application in other documents that have never been held open to scandal.

For instance, in this argument he handles the Jesuit Rule as if there were no Dominican or Franciscan Rule. Yet these are three hundred years older. Moreover, it is plain that the Jesuits have studied them carefully in drawing up their own Constitutions, and in the chapter in question have imitated and adapted their very forms of speech. Now these two great Rules have never been accused of authorizing sin. Dominic, on very insufficient evidence, has been accused of cruelty, and Saint Francis anybody that will may call a visionary, although his reputation in the Protestant world is rising every day, and I notice that the English Congregationalists have lately, in their schools, given three successive Sundays to his life. These two great Founders are confessedly men of strenuous moral purpose and pure intent. Indeed, Dominican sternness has always been peculiarly hostile to moral relaxation.

Now if Doctor Littledale, instead of a sciolistic, that is a careless and unreflecting, had been a man of a scientific, that is, of a patient and candid spirit — of which take the present Bishop of London for an illustration — he would have proceeded very differently. Finding, in this Section, these words: "Our will is not that these precepts should have the power of binding up into sin, mortal or venial, unless the superiors shall enjoin them in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, or by virtue of obedience," he might well have been considerably startled at first. To a Protestant ear the first impression would be this: "These precepts shall not bind the brethren to commit sin unless a superior shall require it." A moment's reflection, however, would show him the pure impossibility that a Superior could be authorized to say: "I require you, my brother, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to dishonor the name of our Lord Jesus Christ by disobeying Him in obeying me." Still more flagrant would be the monstrous formula implied in this interpretation were set forth at full. It would run thus: "My brother, by the authority of the Blessed Trinity, conveyed to the Holy Father by the Incarnate Redeemer, and by the Holy Father communicated to us, I require you to dishonor the name and contradict the will of the Most Holy Trinity to the greater glory of God in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. There is no possibility of making anything else out of this interpretation.

As such absurdness of meaning is plainly inconceivable, and would have led the Holy See, which, as we know, had for a long time misgivings about the new Institute, to scatter it to the four winds, and to give over its leaders to the Roman Inquisition, to be dealt with, as their future associate Bellarmine says that such teachers, could they be imagined, would have to be dealt with, "by the secular arm," of the law. "obscure ad peccatum." His phrase, "obscure ad peccatum," would he would call to mind that from 1540 to 1792 no one, Catholic or Protestant, so far as is known, ever dreamed of giving such an explanation of the phrase.

What would be the next step in a scientific examination?

Charles C. Starbuck.  
Andover, Mass.

THE AUGUST LADY DAY.

When the bleak March winds are blowing, and the fields are covered with snow-drifts, and the green, sweet things of nature are ice clad and dead, the Church keeps one of her most beautiful feasts, the Annunciation or spring Lady day, and it is a feast of the Holy Ghost.

We all know this. Again and again we have heard the story of the little room at Nazareth and of the immaculate humble maiden, and how to her the Holy Spirit came. Throughout the Creed or symbol of the faithful; and everywhere it is rehearsed, by the Pope and all the clergy, and by the little children who learn it at their mother's knee: "I believe in Jesus Christ, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary."

But, when August comes with bloom and fragrance, and the hot sun beats upon us, and the harvest fills the fields, the Church keeps another Lady-day, which we do not so clearly see to be a feast of the Holy Ghost as in the spring. When, however, we come to know that of our Blessed Lady's sweet and peaceful death we may truly say that it was caused by love, and when we remember that the Holy Ghost is Love, then we see indeed that, like the Annunciation and like Pentecost, it is one of His own great feasts.

The love which the Blessed Virgin felt for her Divine and only Son has, of course, never been adequately expressed by mortal pen. Perhaps the Spiritual Exercises of St. Gertrude come as near to doing this as can be looked for, this side of heaven. At least, they place upon our dull, cold lips some glowing aspirations whereby, if we earnestly make use of them on our own part, we may hope to become a little less unlike our Mother, who is the Mother of our Lord.

"Hear Thou my cry, O Thou best Beloved of my heart! Let all the long desires of my heart praise and bless Thee, O my loving God! and all the gratitude I render Thee for the graces Thou hast bestowed upon me, let the sighs and groanings of my soul in this weary exile praise Thee, and all the patience wherewith I wait for the one great gift, which is none other than Thyself. Be Thou praised,

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

A YOUNG LADY IN TRENTON RELEASED FROM SUFFERING.

She Suffered Untold Agony from Stomach Troubles and Sick Headaches—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Her.

From the Courier, Trenton, Ont.

Some years ago we reported the case of Wm. Pickering, Trenton, being cured of locomotor ataxia. He was not able to move and was confined to his bed for weeks. Upon advice he tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and immediately obtained relief. He is still free from the terrible, excruciating affection, and enjoys active, robust health. We have just learned of another positive cure through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is the case of Miss Cassie Way, who has been an acute sufferer from that common foe of humanity and the foundation for many other ills, dyspepsia. For nearly eight years Miss Way suffered untold agonies with sick headache and pains in the stomach. She tried several doctors without any material benefit. A year ago she came to live with a friend in Trenton, Mrs. W. L. Darbyshire, and was so reduced that she could not sit up an hour. She feared her trouble would drive her crazy. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She replied that she had used a box before and they had done her no good. It was urged that she could not hope for relief from one box and she commenced them again. She continued using the Pills throughout the year with the result that she has completely recovered her health. Her appetite is good, she has gained flesh rapidly, and is able to attend to all her household duties. She voluntarily offers this testimony as a tribute of gratitude for the benefit she has derived with the hope that others suffering as she has, may be induced to try this health-restoring remedy. Mrs. Darbyshire adds her testimony to the correctness of the testimonials of Miss Way.

Allow me to add that for four or five years the editor of this paper has suffered from an itching rash that attacked all his joints and all the ointments within reach failed to banish it. He took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last year and is nearly well.

Dyspepsia, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, kidney trouble and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic cystitis, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build up and renew the entire system. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

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SEVERE?

Some one enquires why I am so severe upon a certain kind of Catholics. The reason, it seems to me, should be self evident. There are Catholics who in their own minds have protestantized their Faith; they hold it pretty much as Protestants do their religious beliefs, as a secondary and altogether subsidiary affair. They would not give it up, but it is not of enough importance to be a prime consideration. Now the Catholic Church is the one institution in all the world that is really worth thinking or talking about. It is the only permanent, indefectible, infallible organization amidst everything else fluctuating, decaying and uncertain. Everything else perishes; it alone remains unchanged. It is glorious and divine, and when I see Catholics, who are in possession of that magnificent inheritance, the only thing of real value in human existence, blind to its divine majesty, beauty and glory, I feel that the lash should be laid to their callous shoulders until they waken to the realization of where they are and who they are. Moreover the kind of Catholics I have applied the prick to are of the Liberalistic breed, who are perpetually cringing and apologizing to the world for the little faith that is in them. These are not the sort of people whom I prize and cherish. They are like dogs who only appreciate the situation when they are kicked. No, I am not severe on this class, I am only medically corrective.—Church Progress.

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AUGUST 17, 1909.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

ON FREQUENTING THE SACRAMENTS.

"Go show yourself to the priests." (Luke 17, 1.)

If reproach of the body is a sad picture of the still more deplorable leprosy of the soul, namely of sin, then the admonition of our Lord to the cured lepers "Go show yourselves to the priests" is also addressed to us, and signifies nothing less than: Go, confess your sins; go, show yourselves to the priest in the tribunal of penance; wash your soul and cleanse it from all stains. Yes, my dear Christians, go to confession, not only once a year, but frequently, and if you always make a worthy confession, I promise you that you will lead a holy life, die a happy death, and after death, enjoy eternal happiness in heaven.

All those who try to lead a good and holy life, daily experience what the pious Job expressed so well in these few words: "The life of man upon earth is a warfare." (Job 7, 1.) Yes, life is truly a continued warfare against three great powers, the flesh, the world and the devil. We are in the midst of the battle, and alas, only too easily do we succumb to our frailty and weakness. Many are fatally wounded by the mortal sins which they commit and even the most valiant soldiers feel their weakness when by the commission of venial sin the beautiful garment of grace is tarnished. What, then, my dear brethren, can be more beneficial than the frequent cleansing of the soul from these stains, what more necessary than the speedy application of the remedies to the wounds, what wiser than the frequent reception of the spiritual strength of the soul, if we do not wish to incur the danger of suffering defeat in this spiritual warfare and thus losing our eternal salvation. Our Divine Leader, under whose banner we are fighting, knew so well our infirmities and our needs that He instituted His Holy Church, an asylum wherein the soul can be purified, strengthened and healed. The soul finds there a laver wherein to cleanse itself from the stains with which it has become defiled, and a banquet at which it finds the means of strength when it has become weak. You all know this laver, it is the sacrament of penance, you all know this banquet, it is Holy Communion. During our earthly pilgrimage, these sacraments are always within our reach, and hence we should make frequent use of them, that our soul may remain pure and strong to battle for, and to obtain heaven.

To confine the reception of these sacraments to the performance of the Easter duty would be to do only what would be absolutely necessary to remain within the pale of the Church, but this would scarcely suffice to obtain heaven. For temptations, in general, are so great, the occurrence so frequent, that one will be easily overcome unless frequently assisted, encouraged and strengthened. An occasion presents itself, a violent temptation comes, the Christian falls, falls again, grows weaker in grace and strength of resistance, his falls occur more frequently, and thus a sin becomes a habit, which becomes more powerful the longer one remains away from the sacrament of penance. When a sin has once become habitual, the only remedy is frequent, good confession. Conscience must be frequently roused, the will often fortified and new courage infused into the drooping spirit. The hammer must be wielded often to break the chains, the healing waters of grace must be often applied to cool the fiery passions. Where can this be more effectually done than in the sacrament of penance, where our Lord, like the true physician of the soul, knowing all our ailments and the wounds of our soul, heals them with the balm of sacramental grace.

My dear brethren, if you earnestly resolve to approach the tribunal of penance regularly and frequently, if you make it an inflexible rule to go to confession at the first opportunity after having been so unfortunate as to fall into mortal sin, how different will not be the condition of your soul! The evil habits will soon be overcome and your bad inclinations will gradually disappear. You will soon become strong in good, take pleasure in the practice of virtue, in fine, you will become, as it were, a different person, a faithful, valiant disciple of our Lord.

We must also remember, my dear brethren, that the sacrament of penance has been instituted not only to cleanse the soul, but to preserve it from sin. By the reception of the sacramental grace, the light of faith shines brighter, the fire of divine love is more enkindled, the will inclined again to good, new courage infused into the soul, enabling it to persevere in the path of virtue. Consider also the inestimable benefits you receive in Holy Communion, where you possess the Source of all divine graces, and you will understand how beneficial the frequent reception of these sacraments is for your spiritual welfare. One grace will follow another in a continued chain, and the last link will be the grace of a happy death which will bring you to your eternal home. Amen.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A LEGEND.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

Ave Maria. In forest deep, on mountain lone, A hermit saint once dwelt; The wild beasts' roar he heeded not, In silent prayer he knelt.

Full many a time the queen of night Illumed his lonely cell, Full many a time the sunbeams too In silver radiance fell.

From Matin hour till shades of eve, Of prayers but one he breathed,— To Mary, Virgin ever pure, A garland bright he wreathed.

Ave Maria! sighed his heart, And this was all he said; Yet, mounting high, by angels borne, At Mary's throne 'twas laid.

Unseen by all save one, he passed His peaceful, happy life, Till, full of merit, Heaven decreed Should end earth's mortal strife.

And now to human view was given A sight most wonderful rare, For from his humble grave there rose A lily pure and fair.

In golden letters, finely carved On leaves of snowy white, "Ave Maria!" loved salute!— Shone forth most wondrous bright.

Thus had the Queen of Heaven proved By this most precious flower That Gabriel's words she loves to hear,— Those words so full of power.

A Little Blind Lamb.

People who always live in cities miss many sweet joys and pleasant sights. What could be more interesting, for instance, than to see fields dotted over with flocks of sheep, the heavily-fledged mothers with innocent-faced lambs gambolling by their side?

A writer in an English magazine called Nature Notes tells of a sheep with twin lambs he once saw. One of the little creatures seemed quite different from the other, wandering about aimlessly, and not as others of the kind, though even more shy and gentle. The cause was soon discovered—the poor little thing was blind. The mother and brother were quite alive to the fact, and watched the little one with tender and unwearied care; one or other, as they saw it getting into danger, rushing forward to the rescue, and with a kindly "butt" turning the little blind one out of danger and into a safer path.

There is a good lesson to be learned from this story of the blind lamb.—Uncle Austin.

The Man in the Moon.

All our young folks are familiar with the dark spots and lines which form what we call the Man in the Moon. These peculiar marks are supposed to be the shadows of mountains. There are no less than 100,000 of these great hills brought into view with a telescope of medium power, many of which are supposed to be extinct volcanoes—relics of the period when the moon was changing from a molten mass into the dead world that it is at present. The largest and perhaps the most beautiful of these craters is the one called Copernicus, which is a circular wall estimated to be 51 miles in diameter and 13,000 feet in height.

One of the most common fancies connected with the Man in the Moon is the legend that he carries a huge bundle of brushwood perpetually—being exiled to the moon for gathering sticks in the forest on Sunday.

The Miracle of the Birds.

St. Bonaventure, in his life of St. Francis, thus recounts this famous miracle: "Drawing nigh to Bevagno, Francis came to a certain place where a vast multitude of birds of different kinds were gathered together: whom seeing, the man of God ran hastily to the spot; and, saluting them as if they had been his fellows in reason, while they all turned round and bent their heads in attentive expectation, he admonished them saying: 'Brother birds, greatly are ye bound to praise your Creator, who clotheth you with feathers, and giveth you wings to fly with, and pure air to breathe in, and who careth for you who have so little care for yourselves.' While he thus spake the little birds, marvellously agitated, began to spread their wings, stretch forth their necks, and open their beaks, attentively gazing upon him. And he, glowing in the spirit, passed through the midst of them, and even touched them with his robe; yet not one stirred from its place until the man of God gave them leave; when, with his blessing and at the Sign of the Cross, they all flew away. These things saw his companions who waited for him on the roadside; to whom returning, his simple and pure-minded man began to blame himself greatly for having never hitherto preached to the birds."

A beautiful picture by Giotto in the church of Assisi represents this miracle which was an act of literal obedience to the command: "Go preach the Gospel to every creature."

Brave on all Occasions.

After the Seven Years' War, General Zieten became one of the most frequent guests of Frederick the Great. He even occupied the place of honor, unless there were princes at the table. One day when he had received an invitation to dine, he prayed Frederick to excuse him.

"Tell his Majesty that this is a day on which I am accustomed to receive Communion, and I do not wish to put myself in the way of any distraction."

"Some days after the King said to his favorite general: "Well, Zieten, how did your Communion go off the other day?" at which all the courtiers laughed. But Zieten rose, approached Frederick and said gravely:

"Your Majesty ought to know that I have dreaded no danger, and that I have fought courageously for you and the country. What I have done I am ready to do again, when Your Majesty commands me. But there is one above us mightier than you, than I—than all mankind. I will never allow any man to insult Him in my presence, even in jest; for in Him is my faith, my hope, my consolation."

The King, much moved, held out his hand to the noble old general and said: "Happy Zieten! I respect your religion. Preserve it carefully, and rest assured that what has now taken place shall never again be repeated in my presence."

"Be Steadfast, Brother!"

During the terrible days of the Indian mutiny a young English ensign, while bearing his colors at the front, fell a victim of the Sepoys. He was but sixteen years old, had been tenderly reared by loving parents in a quiet country home in England, and now lay dying alone, without one friendly face to look upon, or one kind voice to say farewell. He could not raise a hand to drive away the swarms of insects; and high in air birds of prey were circling, waiting for their prize. He knew that death could not be far off, and said the prayers his mother had taught him, and waited calmly for the end. As he was lapsing into the forgetfulness which precedes death he heard terrific shouts, and soon there came trooping along a fierce band of Sepoys, dragging with them a young native convert, whom the ensign recognized.

"Give up your Christian God," they shouted, "or we will deal with you worse than we do with the English!" The wounded ensign saw, with sorrow, that the dark faced catechist showed some signs of yielding; so, raising himself upon his elbow, and making one supreme effort, he called: "Brother, brother, be steadfast! Do not lose your place in heaven for a little place here."

Then he died, but his noble words had done their work. The convert regained his courage, and said, firmly: "I will not renounce the Christian God."

At that moment a troop of white horsemen came clattering up, scattering the Hindoos, and rescued the catechist, who never afterward ceased to testify how the dying words of the poor lad kept him in the true faith.

There is not one of us, however humble, who can not say by voice or example, "Be steadfast!" to some fainting brother who is tormented by enemies more cruel even than the Sepoys.—Aunt Anna.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Surer of Success.

A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy.—William Matthews, LL. D.

True Loftiness of Aim.

It was a noble saying which is recorded of a modern sovereign, who, on the day of his accession, suddenly encountered a conspiracy which threatened his life and his throne: "If I am an emperor for only half an hour, in that half hour I will be every inch an emperor." What he said of the loftiest of all earthly spheres may be said no less of all below it.

A Wrong Conception of Success.

Mayor S. M. Jones, of Toledo, who is mentioned as a candidate for the Democratic nomination as Governor of Ohio, makes these observations:

"The trouble with a great many young men is that they have a wrong conception of success. Large numbers imagine it lies in mere money-making. Yet the average millionaire is not a happy or even a contented man. He has been so engrossed from his youth in piling up dollars, that he has had no time for the cultivation of the higher qualities of his mind and heart, in the exercise of which the only true happiness is to be found. You may remember that Emerson said: 'Happiness lies only in the triumph of principle.'"

"Of course, a certain amount of money is a necessity, and more of it enables one to enjoy things which would be an impossibility without it. I am not advising any young man not to do all he can in a legitimate way to make money; but, if he is successful, he must be careful to keep money his servant, and not let it become his master."

"Many rich men are the slaves of their own wealth, and their sons, growing up, without a purpose in life, never know what real living is. I know what poverty was when I was a young man, and few have suffered from it more than I. Yet now I am thankful for it because it made me work. To live, we must work, and one must work to live. It is not birth, nor money, nor a college education, that makes a man; it is work. It has brought me commercial success. I am a practical man, yet I can never express too earnestly my thankfulness that I learned from my good mother to set up usefulness as my standard of success,—usefulness to others as well as to myself."

Pointed Items.

Chauncey Depew says: "In my observation, extending over the work of sixty thousand men employed by our company, I find the young man who entered business without going through a course of training is enormously hampered in his progress of life."

There are many young men looking

for soft snaps. They do not realize that the educated man has spent his days and years of hard work acquiring his training, and therefore they think a few lessons will be its equivalent. A young man recently said: "Don't you think I will get as much from a two-years' correspondence course in electricity as I would at a technical school in four years?" This is ridiculously absurd, and reveals the total educational depravity of many well meaning young men.

Schools and teachers advertising short and easy courses of instruction can be found all over the country. The Aurora (Ill.) Daily News says: "The man who has been teaching bookkeeping and penmanship in ten easy lessons has departed for greener fields, but not without leaving some people wiser than he found them. Experience comes high but we must have it."

Modern Education, Ill., says: "A pamphlet was recently received offering to teach shorthand to any person in two weeks for \$10, and of course guaranteeing success. The circular did not state whether this price included board and room, but we suppose it does."

A young man entering college asked the president if it would not be fully as well for him to take the one-year course as the full four-year course. The president replied: "It depends upon what you desire to make of yourself. If God wants to make an oak He takes many years, but if He only wants to make a squash He takes six months."

A Hard Battle.

At a gay party, the other night, claret punch was served. One young man declined it. Several of his neighbors rallied him on his abstemiousness. Still he refused to drink. Then the daughter of the house, in honor of whose birthday the entertainment was given, exclaimed: "I'll make him take it!"

So she filled a glass and presented it to him herself, saying: "Drink it for me!" "No, thank you!" he replied. "Now do!" she urged him, "as a favor to me on my birthday," he said, "Please don't press me, but as I have made a promise not to drink."

"Oh, do," came from some one on the right. "A little wine won't hurt you," said some one on the left. "This doesn't count," chimed in some one else. Still he refused, embarrassed but politely and quietly firm.

The daughter of the house turned away from him in displeasure and some of the others present murmured at his obstinacy, when the head of the house, who had become aware of the incident, joined the group and said: "I admire your grit, Fred; you are made of the right metal."

After the party the head of the house said to the daughter: "Why did you persist in asking Fred to take the punch? Don't you know that his father fills a drunkard's grave and that over the corpse the lad was made by his mother to vow never to taste a drop of intoxicating drink?" He is the most agreeable young man that I know, and he must have had a hard battle to keep his word to-night. Thank God that he remained the victor. I would not have had you to be the means to make him break his promise for all the world!"

There were tears in the eyes of the girl as she answered: "If I had only known, I would not have asked him. O, I'm so sorry!"

To Live Their Lives Over Again.

There is a strange and startling contrast in the expressions of two men, both of whom coveted youth and strength that they might live life over again. One man, old and blase at forty, who had burned out nature in revolting excesses, said to a temperate man in manhood's prime and strength: "I would give thousands of dollars for your physique, that I might take another ten years' round at life's pleasures."

"A disgusting brute!" The other man, wearing lightly threescore and ten years of intense and honorable Christian service for his fellow-men, still working with remarkable force and keenness, wrote to a young man with superior promise, ability and opportunity: "I envy you your youth with so much of it ahead of you. The promised land of the twentieth century with its opportunities and glories of conquest, breadth of knowledge, wealth of invention and development, and the extension of the power of the Church, lies before the young men now coming to manhood. What more inspiring words than Longfellow's salute to youth:

And ye who fill the places we once filled, And follow in the furrows that we tilled, Young men whose generous hearts are beating high, We who are old, and are about to die, Salute you! hail you; take your hands in ours And crown you with our welcome as with flowers! How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams With its illusions, aspirations, dreams. Book of beginnings, story without end, Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend! Aladdin's lamp and Fortunatus' purse, That holds the treasures of the universe! All possibilities are in its hands, No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands In its sublime audacity of faith.

How to Win.

To get a start in life has perplexed young men of every age. What shall I do? How can I obtain a foothold? Where shall I go? These have been problems not easily answered. Relief and an answer to these questions come first, in a knowledge that these questions have been and are being continually solved. Second, in the desire which must exist in the young men

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INDIAN MISSIONS.

IT HAS BECOME A NECESSITY TO appeal to the generosity of Catholics throughout Canada for the maintenance and development of our Indian Mission. The resources formerly at our command have been almost entirely exhausted, and the necessity of a vigorous policy imposed itself at the present moment, owing to the good disposition of most of the peace Indians and to the live competition we have to meet on the part of the sects. Persons desiring to take part in the education of Indian children by accepting the charge of day schools on Indian Reserves—a small salary attached.

1. Legacies by testament (payable to the Archbishop of St. Boniface). 2. Clothing, new or second-hand, material for clothing, for use in the Indian schools. 3. Promise to clothe a child, either by furnishing material, or by paying \$1 a month in case of a girl, \$1.50 in case of a boy. 4. Devoting one's self to the education of Indian children by accepting the charge of day schools on Indian Reserves—a small salary attached.

5. Entering a Religious Order of men or women specially devoted to work among the Indians; e. g. for North Western Canada the Oblate Fathers, the Grey Nuns of Montreal, the Franciscan Nuns (Quebec), etc.

Donations either in money or clothing should be addressed to His Grace Archbishop Langevin, D. D., St. Boniface, Man., or to Rev. G. Cahill, O. M. I., St. Boniface, Ont. Indian Missionary.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' ANNUAL FOR 1899.

THIS BEAUTIFUL AND VERY ENTERTAINING little Annual for 1899 contains something to interest all boys and girls, and as it costs only the small sum of FIVE CENTS it is within the reach of all. The frontispiece is a very nice illustration of St. Anthony proving by a public miracle the Real Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.—The King of the Pacific (illustrated); How Jack Hildreth Freed Winneton from the Comanches, by Marion Ames Taggart, author of The Bilippania Post Office; Three Girls and Especially One, by Branconio River, etc., etc.; Fast Asleep (illustration); Fast Mending (illustration); Mary, Queen of Heaven (illustration); You're Out (illustration); Playing with Kitty (illustration); Stolen Fruit (illustration); An Army of Two; A True Story; Our Blessed Mother and the Divine Infant (illustration). This little Annual has also an abundance of games, tricks and puzzles—The Magic Dart, Shadows in Disguise, The Impossible Cat, Fire, The Inverted Glass, A Home Telephone, To Preserve Flowers, Another Way to Keep a Bouquet Fresh as well as splendid recipes for Home-made candy. Altogether it is one of the nicest little books that we know of, for the price—five cents. Orders mailed at once on receipt of price. Address: Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, LOU DON, ONT.

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themselves to help solve these problems. Third, in the determination of the will power to do, followed by the action itself. These three working-together, knowledge or intellect, desire or sensibility and feeling, determination or will power and action, result in the solution of all important problems.

There are young men in every section of the country whose ambition has been checked by circumstances in which the opportunities for acquiring an education have seemed to be closed. This has resulted in changing the whole course of the life of these young men. Fortunate indeed are the young men who make use of opportunities within reach and thus change the course of their lives for the better, improve their condition and assure their future success.

To the young men of to-day must be committed the great and varied business interests of the future, and those who thoroughly qualify themselves can expect to take a prominent part in its industries. Thousands who have never been taught the first elements of self reliance, the duty and pleasure of earning their own livelihood, or of assuming responsibilities of life, will be seeking opportunity which will lead to success.

The best preparation for those who propose to take part in the world's activities is found in a practical education. Talented, practical men are sought in country and city and are wanted everywhere. Opportunities through commerce, agriculture, trade, finance, are opening wider than ever, and men of practical skill and business training are being called for in increasing numbers. Where are these thousands of leaders in business coming from? They must come from the ranks of the boys and young men of to-day; and now is the time for the training of these young men for these great opportunities and responsibilities.

Unfortunately, thousands, as of old, will continue to float along without a thought of being fitted and equipped for service, other thousands will be in demand and will be required as leaders, as educators, and as living illustrations of what a whole man can do.

Educational facilities, therefore, characteristic of the times, open both day and evening, and especially in the evening, thoroughly manned with experienced, skillful and practical men and devoted especially to helping young men to help themselves by means of short, common-sense courses of training, of direct and practical use to our young men engaged or looking forward to being engaged in the leading occupations of life, are national necessities.

Facilities that stimulate the ambition of young men, sharpen their perceptive faculties; opportunities that inculcate the underlying principles of business, give definite, practical knowledge of method, that teach young men to think for themselves and aid them in preparing a foothold in the fields of legitimate business, are the demands of the day. At no time in the history of our country have the necessities for these things been so great as at present.

- 1. Aim at some one thing in life. 2. Keep everlastingly after it. 3. Study to know your work thoroughly. 4. Avoid intemperance and immorality. 5. Do the duty of to-day and trust to God for final success.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Expeller, a safe, sure and effectual. Try it and mark the improvement to your child.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be advanced in consumption.

Cannot Be Beat.—Mr. D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes:—"I have used DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup several times, and one dose of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my home."

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The treatment is simple, direct, agreeable, and economical, and is adapted to the youngest infant as well as adults of every age. Bathe the affected parts with HOT WATER and CUTICURA SOAP to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle. Dry, without hard rubbing, and apply CUTICURA Ointment freely, to allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and RESOLVE to cool and cleanse the blood. This treatment affords instant relief, permits rest and sleep, and points to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure when all other remedies and even the best physicians fail.

Get a start in life has perplexed young men of every age. What shall I do? How can I obtain a foothold? Where shall I go? These have been problems not easily answered. Relief and an answer to these questions come first, in a knowledge that these questions have been and are being continually solved. Second, in the desire which must exist in the young men

THE COMEDY OF SPIRITUALISM.

Agnes Reppel writes thus inclusively of the tumbling of spiritualism in the independent: It is a curious and humiliating truth that the world, which has always on hand an unlimited supply of fresh lies, should nevertheless turn back every now and then to daily fables with the old ones. We have countless new ways of making ourselves ridiculous, yet the ways of our ancestors are still dear to our hearts. Two hundred years have passed since that luckless clergyman, Robert Kirk, of Aberfoyle, gave the public the benefit of his researches into the spirit land, for which indiscretion he was—! report speak true—carried away bodily by the indignant spooks, less wedded to publicity than now. One hundred and fifty years have passed since the Wesley family—were so thoroughly at home with disembodied souls that, like a modern Christian, they knew their visitors friendly and confidential intercourse. Fifteen years have passed since an epidemic of spiritualism in its most virulent form ravaged the country, until checked by the drastic measures of the Seybert Commission. Today, in this year of grace 1899, the same venerable race is being played with the same venerable accomplices, and with all the zest and unction which distinguished earlier performances.

It is to be feared that the college professors who are now preparing, with Mrs. Piper's aid, to overthrow barriers as old as creation, will never entertain as pleasantly as did the gentlemen who formed the Seybert Commission, and whose published report is one of the most supremely readable books ever given to a grateful world. The spirits who discourse to Mr. Hyslop, or to Dr. Hodgson, on "the higher laws which secure individual happiness," are said to profess, Clair, who fifteen years ago was equated so cozily with Dr. Horace Howard Furness, or when played by the side of the ghostly poet who penned his wonderful verses for the inspiration of Dr. Calvin Knerr. We have no particular need of a spirit school of ethics, still less of a spirit school of theology, and the tendency of Mrs. Piper's spooks to wax controversial and dogmatic is the least pleasing trait in their development. If, as we are assured, doctors dead in gone propose practicing medicine through Mrs. Piper's agency, their living brothers can be relied upon to frustrate this base design. If defunct lawyers are still determined to counsel confiding clients, the bar will see to it that such counsels bear no fruit. But when a spirit wants to preach, there seems to be no possibility of preventing him. The most melancholy thing about the spectral world, as revealed to us by Mr. Hyslop and Dr. Hodgson, is that none of its shadowy inhabitants appear to have any useful or agreeable occupations. Their own occupations commensurate with their high estate. The glory of the universe is theirs; theirs is the music of the spheres; they swarm into a medium's squalid parlor, holding "amiable disquisitions," and talking the saddest of sad twaddle at her behest. Gone is the majesty and stilled is the holiness of death.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON CATHOLIC JOURNALISM.

On the eve of his leaving Ireland Archbishop Ireland gave an interview to a representative of the Weekly Register, in the course of which he said: "There is a great power for good in the hands of the laity if they will only exercise it, and in particular this power can be used to excellent advantage by the Catholic Press. "In my country the Catholic Press has been most instrumental in pressing upon the Government the day the needs of Catholics, and it should be the same in yours. Don't hesitate to make your journals representative of all shades of Catholic opinion. Let in plenty of fresh air, and let each organ be distinctive. I am a strong advocate of viewing things outside faith and doctrine in a broad, healthy and progressive spirit, and of treating all matters not bound by the decision of Holy Church in a broad and critical light. Asked if he considered it a drawback to Catholic journalism that it should be in the hands of the laity, the Archbishop replied: "Certainly not. So long as they are prepared and willing to submit to the recognized censures in theological matters Catholic lay journalists ought to be allowed a free hand."—American Herald.

DEATH OF FATHER GINGRAS.

He Passed Peacefully Away at Seven O'clock on Wednesday Evening Last. Sturgeon Falls Colonization July. Although not unexpected, the news from Montreal of the death of the Home for Invalid and aged priests of Rev. Father Joseph Eugene Gingras, parish priest of the Sacred Heart, Sturgeon Falls, was received throughout the parish with feelings of the deepest and most profound sorrow, and flags were immediately placed at half-mast at the parsonage and upon many of our business houses. Three years ago last April it was our happy task to welcome a new pastor to Sturgeon Falls. This week it is our painful duty to chronicle the death of that same pastor—the good and devoted Father Gingras. Father Gingras was, first of all, a model priest, of simple manners, but with a heart that was open enough for him to know that it was a call to duty, and he immediately responded with the cheerful and willing heart which has been the source of his life. He was a man of the people, and he was a man of the dying hour. For the past two years the health of the beloved priest has been the subject of much concern to his more intimate friends, who were aware of the delicate nature of his constitution; and that he

THE COMEDY OF SPIRITUALISM.

was subject to dangerous hemorrhages, although he never complained or abated from duty when it was at all possible for him to do so. In the death of Father Gingras, a young and good priest has gone to his rest, the Congregation of the Sacred Heart loses an able pastor of fine administrative abilities and the community a citizen of sterling qualities and worth, while the Church militant sends to the Chateau of the Sacred Heart a subject who has fought the good fight on the field of existence.

The Colonization desires to convey to the members of the estimable family, to which Father Gingras belonged, the heartfelt expression of a sincere sympathy, and to join the church in the solemn and consoling prayer that she offers for the repose of the souls of the faithful departed. His remains will rest in the tomb of his native County of Laval, in the parish of St. Joseph, where he was born. His name shall survive in the memories of the thousands who knew and appreciated his work and his character. The Recording Angel will have few more golden pages than the one upon which the life and death of the late Father Eugene Gingras are inscribed. We will close with the familiar lines of the poet: "Green be the turf above thee, Friend of my better days, Who art in heaven, as I am here, None named thee but to praise."

REVEREND JOSEPH EUGENE GINGRAS.

Reverend Joseph Eugene Gingras was born at St. Nicholas, County of Laval, Que., his father, Benjamin Gingras, well to do farmer, having raised him in the family of a farmer. He pursued his studies in the Seminary of Quebec, and was ordained by the Bishop of Quebec on the 29th December, 1889. He was subsequently appointed assistant pastor at Traversville, County of Témiscouata, and remained there until the autumn of 1892, when he was appointed pastor of the parish of St. Joseph, in the County of Laval, where he remained until the fall of 1897. He then returned to his native County of Laval, where he spent several months in the diocese of Providence, in the parish of St. Joseph, where he was appointed pastor in April, 1898, in the diocese of Sturgeon Falls.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

The newly consecrated chapel of the Precious Blood Monastery, if one may judge from mere glimpses of it, promises to be a beautiful addition to the city of Ottawa. For about two months ago the reverend lady artists of the Order, assembled from their different houses in Canada and the United States have been unremittingly at work on it. The chapel will be opened on the 15th inst. Assumption Day. Mass will be celebrated by the reverend Chaplain, and the choir will sing the two new altars of the frescoes painted by the artist. There will be sermons in French and English, and the choir will sing the two new altars of the frescoes painted by the artist. There will be sermons in French and English, and the choir will sing the two new altars of the frescoes painted by the artist.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

His Grace Archbishop O'Connor Visits St. Patrick's Church, Niagara Falls. Niagara Falls, August 2. The services at St. Patrick's Church last Sunday were unusually interesting and instructive, owing to the presence of His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa, who was accompanied by a worthy successor to the late Archbishop Walsh.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

May it please Your Grace: On behalf of the Catholics of Niagara Falls, we desire to avail ourselves of the occasion of your first pastoral visit, but you are kindly welcome and to assure your Grace of that unflinching respect and obedience which we are accustomed to pay to our pastors who are charged with the care of our immortal souls.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

We are happy to inform your Grace that the relations between pastor and people in this parish are of the most cordial and satisfactory kind. In season and out of season the faithful have been most ready to assist in his efforts to promote the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of the people. In return respect and cherish him for his unflinching labor in their behalf.

DIocese of Hamilton.

Rev. Father Carty has been placed in charge of St. Patrick's church, Hamilton, one of the best churches in the diocese. While glad that Rev. Father Carty has been placed in charge of the church, his future home and prospects for the future are very bright. He has been a citizen of Hamilton for many years, and has been a member of the church since his early days.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

At St. Michael's Cathedral on Monday solemn pontifical High Mass of Requiem was celebrated for the repose of the soul of the late Archbishop Walsh. His Grace Archbishop O'Connor presided at the Mass, very Rev. Father McNamara, Vicar General, and other members of the clergy assisted.

THE CORONATION OATH.

To the Editor: I universally admitted that the enthusiastic unanimity with which the Commons and Senate of Canada passed, on the 22nd of July, the Bill for the coronation of the British subjects in the Dominion of Ontario, was a mark of the high regard in which the British subjects in the Dominion of Ontario are held by the Canadian people.

THE CORONATION OATH.

Not so, however, for those who know us well, and who are acquainted with the character of the British subjects in the Dominion of Ontario, are not so much surprised at the coronation oath as they are at the manner in which it is administered.

THE CORONATION OATH.

It is not to be denied that the Catholics of the Dominion of Ontario are not so much surprised at the coronation oath as they are at the manner in which it is administered.

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TEACHERS' INSTITUTE, ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, TORONTO.

The Sisters of St. Joseph of the Archdiocese of Toronto held their annual Teachers' Institute at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, during the week ending July 7th. The institute was opened on Wednesday morning by a very interesting and instructive address by the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, Chairman of the Separate School Board, who emphasized the importance of the work of the teachers in the separate schools.

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WONDERFUL MOVING PICTURES.

Large crowds are visiting Tecumseh Park every night this week to witness the wonderful moving pictures of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. as reproduced by the Biograph Company. The exhibition is a most wonderful one, and should be witnessed by every citizen between this and Saturday evening. The scenes from daily life were graciously permitted to be taken by His Holiness, the Pope, who gave every facility to the photographic artist, Sr. W. K. Laurie Dickson, who, by the courtesy of two months, secured no less than 17,000 separate negatives in the gardens of the Vatican.

WONDERFUL MOVING PICTURES.

These pictures were obtained by the assistance and authority of Cardinal Gibbons and Monsignor Martini, the Apostolic delegate to America. Their first presentation in England was given at Windsor Castle before Her Majesty Queen Victoria. They have received the sanction and approval in America of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Martini, Archbishop Corrigan, Archbishop Brustein, of Montreal, and many other distinguished prelates, who pronounce them most wonderful and life-like. The programme also includes many splendid scenes of historical and naval interest, and battle pictures, as well as several comic views, which very much please the children. Performance begins at 8:15 each evening, and popular prices prevail.

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VOLUME XXI.

The Catholic Record

London, Saturday, August 19, 1906

NOTES BY THE WAY.

We wonder what Carlyle would have said had he assisted at the session of the Convention at the Hague. Stead, who will doubtless give us impressions very soon, was there; from rugged Carlyle to the versatile editor of the Review of Reviews this is a large step. The Convention conducted with the utmost ability by the learned diplomats who assembled to pave the way for Brotherhood of mankind. They liberated and talked and wrote down series of resolutions and then returned home to sit themselves down to the banquet provided for them by admiring countrymen.

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