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CLERGY

The Catholic Record. LONDON, SATURDAY, APR. 18, 1903.

"MAGNETISM" AND MONEY-MAKING.

drama of the "Mysterious Box" for stock and of bettering his condition in the delectation of Parisians and her life. It is unjust, because every man own personal benefit, is dowered with has by nature the right to possess an excessive amount of magnetism, and property as his own. hence her success. The fact that

may talk about the magnetism by Christianity. of the stock manipulator, we should the manipulated.

business man who wants to adopted more generally. pockets. One may as well call a suchis knowledge of the game and his

assortment of steel drills. We admit that a man can make money without a taint on it. And it is honest-content to live and to let live. We admit, too, that money kings may not be so bad or so good as their enemies and friends would have them, but to make personal magnetism responsible for their success is working that undefinable something over hard.

But they can capture men and hurt them sometimes, as did Mr. Carnegie the time he put through the Homestead arbitration business by the means of Pinkertons and Gatling guns.

And their power seems irresistible. Men who study the question cannot say where it is going to stop. True, they speechify about it, but their speeches are rather of academic than practical interest. They tell us of the tyranny of the money power, and that no such power ever fell into human hands as that which some twenty-five men now hold. With such statements, and they are not from agitators, before us, one has to discount much of the eulogy of freedom and equal rights that abound in publications across the border. And the jibes at "effete monarchies" ought to be put on the shelf. They are out of date considering that the industrial autocrat who is obeyed by thousands of the plain people is so much in evidence in the land of the free.

"THE CONDITION OF LABOR."

An excellent thing for every Catholie to have is the Encyclical Letter of Leo XIII. on The Condition of Labor. He ought to master its contents because it treats of a question which is coming more and more into prominence. In all grades of publications there are allusions to it, which are oftimes inspired rather by sentiment or antipathy than by reason. But for an authorative exposition of the principles which underlie the problem this encyclical should be our Vade Mecum. It is the voice of Christian philosophy and faith, and comes from the lips of an old man who wishes to see capital and labor united not so much by legislative enactments as by the ties of justice and charity.

With a knowledge of the Encyclical we can repel the attack of the Socialist and give reason for the faith that is in

The Pope says that some remedy must be found, and quickly found, for the wretchedness and misery of the cross.

large majority of the very poor given and the greed of unrestrained competi-

But the remedy is not that of Socialism. The theory of making individual possessions the common property of all That indefinable something called strikes at the interests of every wage personal magnetism is called upon to earner, for it deprives him of the liberty

The Pope goes on to show that labor Whitaker Wright, who by the way and capital should as it were fit into should have operated in the United each other so as to maintain the interesting prominent personages in warns the poor against the socialistic his various financial schemes. They dream of an elysium on this earth. The occasions of merit. But the Church also But then even sensible people have strives for the betterment of the poor. their moments of insanity when allured Witness its social work during the cenby the prospect of obtaining much turies—the guilds of the Middle Ages, money. And when the brilliant which promoted harmony and sympathy pictures of fortune, and incidentally between employer and employee, betheir money, fade away, however we cause they were based on and guided

Writing of the state of England just not forget the stupidity or cupidity of before the Reformation Mr. Thorold Rogers says there were none of these It is said, we are told, that many of extremes of poverty and wealth which the leading American millionaires have excited the astonishment of philancould never have made their money but thropists and are now exciting the infor their personal magnetism—that is, we dignation of the workman. The age, suppose, but for their "power to it is true, had its discontents, and these discontents were expressed This, it strikes us, is getting personal forcibly and in a startling manner. But general unscrupulousness; or it may be neighbor and that everyone was his due to a merciless crowding out of brother's keeper. After that period competitors, or to other expedients the doctrine of every man for himself, which are not resorted to by the and the devil take the hindmost, was

We can each of us contribute our share towards having peace on earth. cessful safe-cracker magnetic. He We can do this not by talk, though might, of course, be pleased to hear it, such is good in its place, but but he would place more reliance on by living our faith. Those without the fold want to see our patience and sympathy and brotherly love. And are these always visible? Are we working members of the Chriswith our own affairs to the exclusion of aught else? Do we let our brethren work and worry and starve so that the dictum of former days, "See how those Christians love one another," has lost of Christ to understanding the paralytic but also because He said that God was His Father, making Himself equal to God." Now, if the Jews were wrong in thus understanding Christ's words: if they attached an erroneous sense to them, it was the obvious duty of Christ to undersive them and correct not that he is so magnetic as he is tian family or isolated units, occupied pack horse from morning until night do not hang together. Selfishness and a big prayer-book can be under the same roof-tree.

They say to themselves: "I'm willing to believe this doctrine and this doctrine and this doctrine; but I won't believe that doctrine and that doctrine. Now this is the denomination nearest to my belief or the one in which I'll be allowed to believe as I choose. So this

But that is not the way of savadown you are to choose not your way, but to find out God's way. You are not to decide on what you believe but are to hear what Christ taught. What is the doctrine of Christ? That is the near what Christ taught.
doctrine of Christ? That is the
question. Whatever He taught and all
that He taught, that must be believed. There is no permission for any one to pick and choose in it. His teaching is

ho know that He was God. What did Christ teach? What Church did He establish? What does

These three are practically the same Find the Church that Christ founded.

Fuller.
Until we have learned to suffer with

We are studying, said the lecturer, what Christ taught about Himself, as recorded in the memoirs left us by eyewitnesses of His life and work, and ear witnesses of His teaching. Those personal magnetism to determine the most of all agood many things nowadays. explain a good many things nowadays. Madame Humbert, who exploited the hope and possibility of increasing his dense of Christ's character and documents. are not the only nor the primary evidence of Christ's character and doctrine. We have the unbroken tradition and testimony of a living witness, whose voice has never ceased in the face of violence or sophistry, to proclaim the divinity of Jesus Christ.
This living witness is the Church which claim the divinity of Jesus Christ.
This living witness is the Church which
Christ built upon a rock, to be the
ground and pillar of truth. The Church
is not a witness hard to find. She has should have operated in the United each other so as to maintain the grant and philater and phila Her own continued existence and marhis various financial schemes. They must have it, say journalists, for otherwise sensible men would refuse to listen transformed into motives of virtue and wise sensible men would refuse to listen transformed into motives of virtue and markets growth throw upon her testimony the additional light of a divine mission fulfilled and divine promises

This, it strikes us, is getting personal magnetism into deep waters. It is easy to ascribe success to any cause, and a pleasant one when it represents some millions of dollars. That a man has a many-figured bank account may, however, be the outcome of nerve and to make the first of the properties and the forcibly and in a startling manner. But of poverty which perishes unheeded, of a willingness to do honest work and a lack of opportunity there was little or none. The essence of life in England during the days of the Plantaganets and Tudors was that everyone knew his sense of the words, by those who would not believe in Him. Of the many passing in which Christ claims to be the Son of God, in the literal and absolute sense of the words, true God as well as true man, I will select only three.

CHOOSING ONE'S CHURCH.

Among persons non-Catholic, who Among persons non-Catholic, who have lost the idea of a divine Church, established by God, the practice prevails of choosing the denomination or the congregation to which they will be-

But that is not the way of salvation. the only road to eternal life for persons

His Church teach?

Join it. Believe what it believes, and do what it orders in His name, and you will have the peace and the grace of God in this life and eternal happiness in the world to come.—Catholic Colum-

If thou art a master, be somtimes blind; if a servant, sometimes deaf .-

The first shall be from the fifth chap-The first shall be from the first lays ter of St. John, wherein Christ lays claim to the attributes of the Godhead, the same omnipotence with the Father, the same power over life and death, the same uncreated life in Himself; and demands for Himself the same uncondi-tional Faith and the same honor that are given to the Father. How did the are given to the Father.

Jews understand His words? In a figurative sense? Not at all, but in the literal and absolute sense of the words, as claiming to be of the same divine Nature as the Father. "Thereupon the Jews sought the more to kill Him, because He did not only break the Sabbath day (by healing the Talking piously and driving a girl like a ask Christ the question and demand an unequivocal answer. (John X.) Jesus nad just described His office and mis-sion under the beautiful parable of the

Not the Jews only, but the whole world hangs expectant on the lips of Jesus as He listens to this most solemn appeal of Caiphas: "I adjure thee, by the living God, that Thou tell us if Thou be the Christ, the Son of God." To all other questions Christ had given no answer, because they were mostly meant as personal affronts. To this question asked by the representative of Jewish law and Jewish religion, asked Good Shepherd. His words and His Good Shepherd. His words and His works were the subject of a hot discus-sion between those who favored and those who opposed His teaching. It was the feast of the dedication, and the Temple was crowded. Jesus was walking in the Porch of Solomon when He was surrounded by the disputants. The incredulous are determined to Jesus either to disclaim all title to the character and office of the Messiah, or

know that He made Himself equal to God; but because they would not be-lieve in Him, they accused Him of blas-phemy, "because being a mere man they said, He made Himself God," and

to be the Christ, citing them to appear before His judgment seat: "Nevertheless (that is, in spite of your wilful un-belief) you shall see the Son of man sit-ting at the right hand of the power of God and coming in the clouds of Haaven." Does Caiphas doubt the meaning of the angewer? Liston at Thom would not, to charge Him with blasphemy and compass His death.
"The Jews, therefore, came round about meaning of the answer? Listen: "Then Him and said to Him: How long dost the High Priest rends his garments. "What need, have we, he said, of further witnesses? You have all heard the blasphemy. What think you? And they all cry out: He is guilty of death." Then they hurry Jesus before the tribunal of Pilate, the Roman Governor, that He may be legally condemned to death. "We have a law," they say to the Proconsul, "and by that law He ought to die, because He hath made Himself the Son of God." Mark the point, if you please. One the High Priest rends his garments. thou hold our souls in suspense? If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly." Here is a direct question, which will brook nothing but a direct answer. It shall have a plain answer, free from all ambiguity; but Christ will first adminambiguity; but Christ will first administer to the Jews a well-deserved rebuke for their wilful and obstinate unbelief. "I speak to you (He said) and you believe not. The works that I do in the name of My Father, they give testimony of Me; but you do not believe, because you are not of My sheep. My sheep hear My voice, and I know Mark the point, if you please. One thing at least is clear to the minds of these enemies of Christ. They have no My sheep hear My voice, and I know them and they follow Me. And I give They have no doubt about the teaching of them and they follow Me. And I give them life everlasting; and they shall not perish forever, and no man shall snatch them out of My hand. That which My Father hath given Me is greater than all; (that is, His own divine nature;) and no one can snatch Their souls are in no suspense. He has told them plainly what He is, and they His life. them out of My Fathers's hand. "I and the Father are one." Tell us plainly, they insist, if thou be the Christ. He answers: "I and the Father are one."

and this is the occasion to demand it. Not the Jews only, but the whole world

adjudge Him guilty of blasphemy. If they have misunderstood Him, there is they have misinflueistood that save still time to undeceive them and to save His life. What does He do? Not one word will His lips utter, to weaken the of the accusation. understood Him aright, and He breaks the mysterious silence at which Pilate marveled much, only to confirm the answers: "I and the Father are one."
Wonderful words, the like of which the mysterious shence at which have marveled much, only to confirm the assertion that He is the Saviour-King of whose Kingdom there shall be be no end. This truth He will maintain never fell from human lips before or since! Are the Jews still in suspense? Do they still doubt the full meaning of His claim? Not at all; they know well the meaning of those words. They know that He made Himself equal to

WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN.

IV.

Rev. E. A Higgins, S. J.

"INDEED THIS WAS THE SON OF GOD."

We are studying, said the lecturer, what Christ taught about Himself, as recorded in the memoirs left us by eyewitnesses of His ife and work, and ear witnesses of His teaching. Those them right? Did Christ disabuse them of their mistake? On the contrary, He appealed to the wonderful works He had wrought, the sick He had cured, the lepers cleansed, the dead raised to life, to conform His claim. Your prophets, He said, to whom the word of God was spoken, were for this, called Gods and Sons of the Most High, and no one held that to be blasphemy. But you charge Me

be blasphemy. But you charge Me with blasphemy though I am Myself from the Father (that is, though I am sanctified by the Father and accredited by the Father and accredited by the Father which I do. "If you will not believe Me, believe that the Father is in Me and I am in the Father." What is this but a repetition of the same truth, "I and the Father are one," that is, I and the Father have one and the same divine nature? What effect did this farther explanation have on these incredians. vouches for, with the page of the Church's own history open before us. We read them with the pagan Tacitus and the Christian Clement of Rome, contempty; with Pliny the Younger and the Christian Clement of Rome, contempty; with Pliny the Younger and the Christian Clement of Rome, contempty; with Pliny the Younger and the Santon of the Santon of God, in the Branch of the Santon of the Santon of God, in the Santon of nineteen centuries I have been speaking to you and you will not believe; I have shown you My works; the evidence of My presence and power, and you will not believe because you are not of My sheep and will not hear My voice nor follow Me. You may, with Caiphas, adjure Me by the living God to tell you, if I be the Christ, the Son of God, And I will answer, "I am," "You have spoken the truth." You cannot complain of any want of evidence. You law, etc., etc. At last the High priest resolves to brush aside all these minor issues and to confront Jesus with the real cause of His arrest. He will force real cause of His arrest. He will lore Him to assert or to deny publicly, in the face of the whole Jewish people, the claim attributed to Him, of being the Christ, the Son of God. If He denies it, He is discredited with the spoken the truth. You cannot com-plain of any want of evidence. You have seen Calvary and the Resurrection, you have the light of Pentecost and the luminous history of My Church to confirm people. If he affirms it, He is guilty of blasphemy and must suffer the penalty of death. Recall the circumstances of of death. Recall the circumstances of this scene. The accused is already in the shadow of death. He can read His fate in the scowling faces of His accus-ers. He knows this Court has been convened to convict Him. He sees in luminous history of My Church to confirm My teaching. Yet you will not believe. You seek out pretexts for not believing. Your pretexts will avail you nothing. You may persist in rejecting Me now, "Nevertheless I say unto you, Hereafter you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming in the clouds of the foreground the image of a Cross on which hangs His own blood-stained Body. One word of disclaimer now, and of God, and coming in the clouds of Body. One word of disclaims now, and His life is spared. Will He speak the word? If there were need of plain teaching and a clear answer to this all-important question that forms the very core of Christianity, now is the time

Here, then, is the dilemma to which unbelief is reduced. It must accept or reject the claim of Christ. The fact that He made that claim cannot be gainsaid. Unbelievers may shut their ears against it, if they will, but the voice of Christ will resound throughout the world nevertheless. They may try to explain away the fact, they may refuse to accept the consequences f the fact, but the fact still stands there, better attested than anyone of a thousand facts which no sane man ever questions. What Christ asserted, then, was either true or it was not true. If it was true, Christians love one another," has lost significance for us? We are ready, of course, to give money for any good work. But what is more useful to give is ourselves. A gentle word or two from one who goes into the haunts of the miserable, not as a Christian, eager to save souls for whom the Lord died, will have its effects. Consideration for servants will be in order. Domestic sweat shops are not uncommon in Catholic families.

A genetal word or two form one who goes into the haunts of the miserable, not as a curio seeker, but as a Christian, eager to save souls for whom the Lord died, will have its effects. Consideration for servants will be in order. Domestic sweat shops are not uncommon in Catholic families.

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A gentle word or two do Christ to undeceive them and correct the uncorrect to undeceive them and correct the short to undeceive them and correct the bit is most solemn appeal of Caiphas: "I adjure thee, by the listens to this most solemn appeal of Caiphas: "I adjure thee, by the claim for the listing God, that Thou tell us if Thou from Christ in the most solemn scene of His public life, the plain, distinct, unequivocal assertion of His Divinity. "I abjure Thee by the living God that Thou tell us if Thou be the Christ, the Son of God." Calmly and solemnly Jesus answers: "I am." "Thou hast said the truth." Then to rebuke the obstinate unbelief of the Jewish leaders who had arrested Him through envy. ers who had arrested Him through envy, He added this confirmation of His claim

Claim of Jesus Christ to our Faith, our Hope and our Love, as our Saviour and our God, went forth into the world and took possession of the world, by the force of His own living voice, before the Gospels were written. That claim has been preached every hour since the day of Pentecost, by the living voice of the Church, and it shall continue to be preached till the consummation of time. The fact of this claim is burnt into the memory and intelligence of the world. The truth of this claim of Jesus is the key to the history of Christian civilization. It is not merely the central doctrine of the Christian ly the central doctrine of the Religion, it is Christianity itself. And it is just as futile to deny the Christian it would be to divinity of Christ as it would be deny the existence of Christianity. know that divisions and dissen Christian sects have given infidelity a pretext for railing at the Christian Religion; but rational men should know how to distinguish between the tree and the branches which have The sects are but broken from it. The sects are but fragments of Christianity—they are not the Church. This shall be the subject of the next lecture.

Perfectly Safe.

A tourist in a remote part of Ireland, A tourist in a remote part of related having stayed the night at a wayside inn not usually frequented by visitors, informed the landlord in the morning that his boots, which had been placed outside his room door, had not been

before the bar of Roman Justice, as He has already maintained it before the tribunal of His own nation. For this was He born and for this had He come into the World that He might give testimony to this truth. Upon this "Ah, shure," said the landlord, "and you moight put your watch and chain outside your room door in this house, and they wouldn't be touched."

sie, N. Y., Rev. Samuel MacPherson, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and until recently rector of St. John's church, Auburn, N. Y., was received into the Catholic Church last Thursday. After making the customary profession of faith, Mr. Mac-Pherson received conditional baptism at the hands of Rev. W. F. Clark, S. J. Mr. Atkins of New York and Mrs. Wheaton of Poughkeepsie acted as sponsors.

Reports represent Mr. MacPherson as giving the laxity and radical conflict of doctrine in the Episcopal Church as a reason for his renunciation of his old faith, but, of course, he has merely followed in the steps of John Henry Newman and the other Episcopal clergymen who have gone to Rome in the conviction that there alone is true Church authority.

A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

Our so-called reformers are strangely blind. They never seem to be able to find any evil in the world except the kind that requires a dark-lantern to discover. Perhaps it is because they discover. Perhaps it is because they are children of darkness and see things darkly. Not infrequently we hear of ministers of the gospel slinking through the slums, sneaking into salcons, surprising a coterie of card players and dropping into dens of shame—all for the purpose of reforming the world. Incidentally they shape their experiences and observations into sensational sermons, and then proceed with yould eloand observations into sensational solutions, and then proceed with vocal eloquence to regale their audiences. As a rule no real good is done; if any-

this much is certain, when it exerts a palpable degrading influence on the minds of the people it becomes at once an immoral institution and a public nuisance.

It is vain to argue that the theatre is a place of amusement as long as the criminal deeds of outlaws and bandits are idealized and spiritualized. It is useless to contend that such plays as The James Boys and Tracy the Outlaw, ment even for the low-browed confraternity.
Such degrading plays, however, are

written and produced and witnessed by the high-class theatres. The dramatist who writes such a play is incapable of producing anything better; the manager who controls the show has only the financial end in view; the actors and actresses who appeared in them could not succeed in better parts; and the people who go to see them could not enjoy an artistic performance. We do not blame the playwright, the

manager, the actors and actresses—we blame the people, whose intellects are of so low an order. Their stolid minds are vitiated still more; the ideals they hold, never lofty, become slimier still. We can not conceive how such plays can be appreciated by even the lowest minds, but the fact that they flourish ilization, is a sad comment on the tend-ency of the times. Such plays explain why flowers and sweetmeats are sent by why flowers and sweetmeats are sent by morbid-minded women to imprisoned degenerates, murderers and other criminals. How can such women bring forth healthy minded children or train them to a glorious man or womanhood? But as long as the cheap theatres exist, as long as our dramatic critics deal gently ong as our dramatic critics deal gently with the class of play referred to, so long may we expect that human beings will sink deeper and deeper into the mire.-Men and Women.

We are seldom sorry for having kept silent under provocation.

LASCINE.

BY AN OXFORD MAN. CHAPTER IV.

QUID EST ERGO PULCHRUM? ET EST PULCHRITUDO?

abam pulchra inferiora et ibam in pre "Amabam pulchra micis meis: Num amamus aliquid nisi pulchrum! Quid est ergo pulchrum! et quid est ergo pulchrum! et quid est sulchritano? Quid est quod nos allicit et conciliar rebus quas amamus! Nisi enim esset in eis decus ut species, nullo modo nos ad se moverent. Esta consideratio scaturivit in animo moe existme correde mee, et seripsi libros " (S. Augus tini, Episcop. Confess., 1lb, iv., 29)

The rain and the wind were no pleasant companians to Francis Carley as he walked over the hills to Brill to meet Edward Lascine at the station. was a good fellow in himself, but oceans cunning mixed into his composition. He had a pleasant, witty way with him, and this floated him over much, and caused students to like his

"Well, I hope this fellow will be decent, after this deucedly unpleasant walk. What a fuss monsignore made about him, sending the cart with James his luggage, and saying we back! No fear, monsignore. might ride back! shall see who wins. He shall walk back with me, and, although I don't see back with me, and attnough I don't see him by this light, by his conversation I shall know exactly what he is like. Don't I envy his dormitory neither, ha, ha, ha! I'll do what I can for him, ha is a light of the light. however, if he is nice; if he isn't, shall soon wash my hands of him.'

This was the mental soliloquy of Francis Carley during his walk, broken by the dog cart coming over the hill for the luggage.

"Yis, Muster Carley."
"Take Mr. Lascine's luggage and get home immediately, and send the luggage up to his room. I shall walk

Yis, sur." "James, here's half a crown for

you." Thank'ee, sur. I'll do what he sez."
"All right James. Good-night."

"Hain't gort much toime, sur."
"All right, James. Good-night."
"Good-noight, sur."
Once more alone, Mr. Carley walked

quicker, contemplating still on the new-comer. "At all events, I shall have something to do in arranging his ward robe. I must see the tailor about his cassock and he must wear the Roman biretta, so that the fellows see converts biretta, so that the fellows see converces know how to have things comme il faut. Is he rich, though? Ah, that I haven't heard! How the rain cuts over this hill! Well, he ought to like a fellow for tumbling out on such a night. How interested Paul Wright is in him—good old fellow, going to chapel and praying for him! I wish I could be like Paul always the same calm holiness about his manner. He must really love our Lord, or he wouldn't be like that.—By there's the train in the distance Well, I must run. I've only got about three hundred yards to go."
"Hur hain't hin, Muster Carley,"

said James

"All right, James; here I am, you

"Wet through, sur?"

"Wet through, sur?"
"No, James, not quite."
The train steamed into the miserablyt station, and three passengers
lighted. One aged lady. "This isn't
in "gail Frank A middle aged way. him," said Frank. A middle-aged man, with whiskers. "Should have to shave with whiskers. "Should have to sha that bird; hope that isn't him." slight figure, in an Ulster, and hat. "All right," said Frank. gh hat. ". That's him."

'You for the college, sir?" said the porter. Yes. Is any one here for my luggage?"
" Man, sir."

"Send him here, please, as I cannot hold all these small packages and wraps, and look after my luggage."

Frank Carley now under the gaslamp. Edward saw his Roman collar and ecclesiastical coat, and caught a glimpse of his face. cold thrill passed through his body but he pressed the iron crucifix to him, and said, "I will like him for God's

"Mr. Lascine, \(\text{\text{t}}\) believe," said Frank.

Are you Mr. Carley, one of Father Ring's converts? Yes. I am.

"Well, then, we can shake hands, as our new life begins from the same

origin."
"May I hold those things for you? "Oh, yes, if you will kindly do so; and I will look after the luggage."

In a few moments the train had gone n, the luggage was placed in the cart and Edward Lascine and Frank Carley were on their way to the college.

How long have you been received, Mr. Lascine?"
"Only a month; and to me it seem

only one long day of joy. But please drop that odious 'Mr.' to my name, and "I hope you will apply the same re mark to mine," said Carley." call me 'Lascine.

"Certainly. Have you been long at

the college

'Oh, yes; nearly a year."

"You like it I suppose?"
"Well, I hardly know. Most of the fellows are rather rough, and are of poor parentage. Some dozen or so are nice, and the lay students are nice; but then, one never hardly sees them.

"I am glad the fellows are of poor parentage. Our Lord's disciples were poor, and yet they founded the mighty Church of which we are children.

Carley was silent. Carley was silent.

"Father Ring sent some kind messages to you, which I may as well give now." And Edward went on to say all that Father Ring had told him. Carley suddenly asked, "Are you on

the funds Edward's tone was very constrained "What are the funds? I as he said:

as ne said: "What was as ne said: "What was sure I don't know."
"Glad you don't. But, allow me to inform you, I am not on the funds." In the first place, Carley, I don' know what the funds are; and, in the second place, I care as little." Well, then, Lascine, does any Bishop pay your pension?"

Had this question been asked Edward ascine eight weeks ago, he would have knocked the questioner down. Now he

simply said:
"If you mean, do I pay myself for being at the college, I do. But let us change the subject."
In his heart of hearts Carley shouted, Hurrah! then I shall make him have cassock like mine, and a silk biretta.

'Isn't this an awful hill?" "Yes, it is rather. But, Carley you are getting wet; come under my nbrella

"Thanks, I will, for sociability's sake but not because I fear the wet."
"Tell me, Carley, what is Monsig

"Oh, a jolly little man—spectaclesnged coat—given to feeding—very holy—good voice—sings well—hear him sing High Mass on President's days—

last notes dying swan fool to it."
"My dear Carley, please do not take superiors off before me. I like a joke amazingly, but I believe superiors to

be set ever us by God." "Very likely I am wrong; but I am so used to chaffing I hardly know when

do chaff.' 'What is the prefect like?" "Oh, very nice—Father Clare—no re-lation to Father Clare, Jesuit, at Farm Street—handsome—good—universally liked—regular brick—most fellows in

school like him. Father Ring thinks a good deal of

him. Sure to—same disposition—happy -cheerful - holy-can't help being friends.'

Conversation like this carried them on to the college. By this time they were in the grounds, and soon at the grand entrance in the centre of the building "Light in chapel, you see-

Light in chaper, you see contests in night—every one obliged go to confession to-night—good rule—every one goes to holyCommunion to-morrow—here's the door—can't see new home tohere's the door—can't see new home tonight—to-morrow morning—plenty of
time—so you will say one year hence."
"Don't know, Carley; not much
given to change myself; and I came
here to work, not to humbug."
"I try to work a good deal, but often
I feel so lazy I can't."
"Why don't you green one idea?

"Why don't you grasp one idea? Look beyond the narrow limits of earth to the scenes of that eternal world to ich you are going, and ever aim to which will promote your best interests ten trousand years hence, all the honors and riches of earth shall have vanished away."
"Mayhap, Lascine; but I am too

"Laziness ought never to be named

in connection with one who aspires to the Christ-like office you aspire to." As Lascine said this, they entered

the central door, passed through the entrance-hall into the large corridor weeping the whole length of the central building. At the far end stood the altar of the Blessed Virgin, with the everlasting light gleaming brightly.
A tradition of S. Osmund's.
Carley hastened on through the dimly-

lighted stone corridor, telling Lascing to follow, up a staircase to the next gallery, where some seventy young me were walking backward and forward,

waiting to go to confession.

A quiet look at Lascine was all, as
Carley hastened him on through another orridor, then to a broad gallery, and, passing along, opened the door of an elegantly-furnished room, bedroom, and sitting room all in one. A pale-green paper on the walls, a few good pictures divers saints, a large cruciflx over the bed, and in a recess a statue of the Virgin Mother, with a lamp burning, and costly exotics in vases by the side two easy-chairs, with some light caneside chairs, a bookcase well stored with books, costly mantel ornaments, simply arranged, but the tout ensemble light

and elegant.
"Welcome to St. Osmund's, Mr. Edward Lascine! I am right glad my room first shelters you. Have a rest in that chair. Stay, let me assist you

ith that coat.' Edward Lascine sank into his chair. Francis Carley took stock of him. His conclusions were evidently good. Let me now introduce Edward Lascine to

my readers. As he emerges from the great-coat, one sees an elegant figure, clad in the neglige elegance of Pool's establishment when it does the best good cutters can do. Rather above the middle height, broad across the shoulders, but with the figure almost of a woman; the trousers, nearly black, falling over the small feet, the double-breasted riding-coat showing off to perfection his figure; the face pale, e features at first seeming to one irre gular, until you studied the profile well. then you were struck with the expression and the bread, high forehead; th hair, almost black, contrasted strangely with the bright-blue eyes and the long, light lashes falling over them, the clear, delicate complexion showing off the contrast between the eyes and the hair, contrast between the eyes and the nair, and making you recognize it against your will; the lips firm and good, no heavy, sensual expression resting over them, and, when he laughed, the regular white teeth shone out, and made his face really handsome. The nose was the only thing one could cavil about. Some said it was a shade too large others said it was just enough out of the aquiline to give expression to the The small hands, almost hidden in the large white cuffs, were evidently inherited from Maude Treven, now

Mrs. Lascine.
Francis Carley was struck with his appearance as he sat, with his knees crossed, gazing into the fire—no ornament visible, not even a watch chain or ring; but, looking at him, one would have said "He is a gentleman born and

bred. He laughed a low, musical laugh at something Carley said, and gave back some witty reply, which spoke of a gay, some witty reply, which spoke of a gay, joyous temper; and yet that temper was but the sparkle and foam at the surface; below it one felt there were depths of earnest tenderness, which demonstrated the truth of the old epigram, that "tears are akin to laughter."

ter." Will you wash first, Lascine?"

to put on your cassock and that swell

Carley blushed. This didn't look like the silk biretta and cloth cassock; how-ever, he replied, "All serene, sans

Lascine took up a book, and com-menced reading, until Carley informed him it was time to wash.

"Is my traveling-bag here, Carley?" I will fetch it in a minute.

pardon. Carley left the room. Edward Las cine sank on his knees, his face buried in his hands, with the iron crucifix

pressed to his lips.

When Carley entered with the bag,
Lascine had quite finished his toilet.

Clean boots and clean cuffs were soon added, and the beautiful hair brushed back from the high forehead. Carley

felt proud of him as he said:
"We had best go to the rector."

"With pleasure."
At last they came to the rector A knock. "Come in!" called out

quiet voice.

In a moment hey were in the presence of Monsignore Witton.

A high, stately apartment, simply furnishing upon a nished, with windows opening upon a balcony. Two candles burning only. No fire, cold as it was; for Monsignore

Witton was a man who believed in selfdenial. "Pardon, monsignore, I have brought

Mr. Lascine.
Monsignore Witton came forward into the light, and one saw a pale, e ciated face, a little emaciated clad in a serge cassock, with a black-serge rope tied round his waist, and a small skullcap on his head.

small skullcap on his head.

Intensely kind was the little man's way as he welcomed Edward Lascine. His heart seemed touched by what he knew of Mr. Lascine.

"God grant you may be happy among ns!" he said: "and, if you hing to complain of, come to me. He made them take a chair each, and onversed about ten minutes. Then he said: "I am sorry I cannot give you more time to-night, but people are waitsaid: ing for me in the confessional. Mr. Carley must make you comfortable, and hope to see you to-morrow after the

I thank you, monsignore." "God bless you!" and the tears welled up in the eyes of monsignore as he turned to go to the confessional. Frank Carley breathed freer when he

got outside.
"Now," said he, "for the perfect,
Father Clare."

Up another long corridor—to the ght, to the left—and, in a different wing, they came to the door of the pre-Carley knocked. A cheery voice

· Come in! cried. '

They were in the presence of the pre fect. A tall, handsome man, of from five-and-twenty to five-and-thirty, coal-black hair and dark-brown eyes, a clear complexion and firm, thin lips, with the aquiline profile that a painter would have glorified in. On studying his face, one read im-

mediately in the expression a love for the beautiful. Those words entirely describe the man. The black hair was carelessly thrown back from the forehead; the long, black cassock fell over an almost skeleton form.

Edward Lascine looked at him, and

felt he loved him; so much of God shone out in his face, that one felt, indeed, his body was the temple of the Holy He was sitting at a table covered

with books. In a clear, soft voice, he said Good-evening, Mr. Carley. Has the

ew student come ? Carefully looking up, his eye rested on the elegant form of Lascine. He seemed almost sarprised. The new student was certainly different from what he expected.
"Good-evening, Mr. Lascine. I am

glad to welcome you to St. Osmund's." to Edward.

Thank you, Father Clare." Their hands met; their eyes met their very souls seemed to have met and from that moment Father Clare and Edward Lascine were firm friends.

"I am afraid you will find us intoler ably dull here after Oxford and the Fathers at St. Augustine's."

"I don't think so, Father Clare. have met with a very kind reception, and then one is never lonely so long as one has the chapel to go to, and plenty of books.

"Each school has its library; so you will have plenty of books.' "Will you please excuse me, Father explain my absence to-night from schools?" Clare, as I have to go to my tutor to

"Yes, Mr. Carley; but you will please return in ten minutes. Carley left.

Father Clare broke the silence Have you been a Catholic long?'

e month only, but a very happy

month "Father Ring received you, did he

not?"
"Yes, Father Clare. I have an immensely high opinion of Father Ring.
I had met him some time ago in town, at some mutual friends, but I never spoke of religion to a Catholic priest until a week before my conversion."

"How strange! You found out Cath-

olicism for yourself, then?"
"Yes; but it is not a great step from High Churchism. Father Ring laughed

and said he had no instruction to give, only to receive me."

What made you first think of Catholicism ?

St. Austin is lying on your table, Father Clare, he can best answer that for me. If you turn to the 'Confessions' of St. Austin, you will fine in the fourth book and twentieth exactly what made a Catholic. I was always asking myself, 'Quid est ergo pulchrum? et quid est pulchritudo?' I found it placed in God. Then I took up the whole question from the commencement. I studied antiquity, I read all manner of books, to endeavor to find God's Church. tudied hard in the 'long,' instead of traveling, and, after diligent search, l found that which I was in quest of-"No, thanks, I am enjoying the fire just now; besides, you have more to do in the beautiful there, because it bathes and always there rises up that happy their breviaries open, reverently re-

in God. Oh, how truly St. Austin spoke when he said, 'Our hearts were made for Thee, O God, and they shall never rest until they rest in Thee!'

Father Clare's eyes were moist with tears, as he said, "God grant you al-ways this joy!" Frank Carley entered at this moment.

and, as he did so, the supper-bell rang.
"Father Clare, shall I take Mr. Lasine to the house-keeper's room for supper to-night?" think, if Mr. Lascine does not

mind, he had best come to the refectory and commence to see and know us "I would rather, Father Clare. Shall he come to our table to

No, Mr. Carley; he had best go to his own. But I must go to marshal the lower schools through the corridor to night? the refectory.—Mr. Lascine, I shall hope to see you to-night after Benediction.—Mr. Carley, you will bring him to me." And Father Clare took up his keys and hurried through the corridor. "To-morrow I should advise you to

"To-morrow I should advise you to ask Monsignore Witton to allow you to come into a higher school—that is, into our play-room. The Poets are simply boys; it's a shame to stick you with them, and I am sure monsignore did not know what you were like, or he wouldn't have put you there."
"I don't mind, Carley."

"Yes, but you will, though. Imagine table without cloth—bare, dirty oak —an old soup-plate, with a lump of butter and an enormous basin of milk and-water. My dear, you will be so disgusted you will never survive; and then, to crown all, you will have a young quarter of a loaf of bread handed

to you."
"Cela se peut-il, Carley, j'ai beaucoup de peine a le croire."
"Donc, mon cher Lascine. Allons voir.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW LIFE. I love the high embowered roof.
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richty dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full voiced choir below. There let the peaing organ flow To the full voiced choir below. In service high and anthems clear, As may, with sweetness, through mine ear, Dissolve me into extastes, And bring all heaven before mine eyes." "IL PENSEROSO" (MILTON).

Down stairs Carley swiftly passed, and oined the troops of Divines who were now hastening onward into the refectory. As Carley passed Paul Wright, he quietly introduced him to Lascine. Among fitty fellows a great many must naturally be nice. Paul's face were its most fascinating smile to-night. All his hopes of Lascine—what he was like, how he was dressed-every thing was to his satisfaction, but more still his fancy was taken with the calm look of

holiness on his face.
Father Clare came up to Lascine when he arrived in the refectory. m sorry to part you from Carley, but

this is your place on the Poets' table."
All eyes were turned on the newcomer, but he calmly met their gaze, comer, but he calmiy met their gaze, neither blushing nor feeling uncomfort Among the hundred and forty stu-

dents, silence reigned as Father Clare asked the benediction.
Solemnly his voice fell: V. Benedicite. R. Deus. nedic Domine nos, et hæc tua dona quæ de tua largitate sumus sumpturi. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen,

Kyrie, eleison; Christe, eleison; Kyrie, eleison. Paternoster (etc., sec-V. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.

R. Sed libera nos a malo. Mensæ cœlestis participes faciat no Rex æternæ gloriæ. Amen. Edward Lasoine gazed down the table. It was as Carley had said-no eloth, oak table, soup-plate, butter on plate, and, to crown all, the enormous basin of milk-and-water. A half-checked smile stole over his face, but fortunately no one perceived it, and he was too well-bred to show disgust. Dim visions rose before him of the luxurious college rooms, and he imagined Oxonians looking at him then, sitting on that form, with the enormous hunch of bread of his plate. Carley enjoyed it immensely Once he looked round and grinned, but seeing his grinning had no effect, he subsided. After some calculation how to convey the enormous bowl of milk to his mouth, Edward Lascine managed to drink, and to induce a knife, last stages of bluntness, to officiate. He then gazed at the fellows at his The Poets had rather a good school in then, which he was to join. school in then, which he was to joint However, he endeavored to read their faces, and came to the conclusion that he had not fallen among such a bad lot after all. The ludicrousness only of the position struck him. It was like leaving Oxford, and retiring to some low form at Eten. Silence was the rule

during supper, except on play-days. At ordinary times, the life of some saint was read by the lector.

After the supper was over, Paul Wright and Frank Carley came up to Jascine, and asked him to stroll into the lower corridor. Pictures covered the walls, and at the far end the lights the waits, and at the lar end the lights were burning on the altar of Mary Most Holy, and the Divines were already walking up and down, saying the rosary, two-and-two. It was a strange sight to see these young fellows, all so earnest. This corridor was given only sight to see these young tenows, an so earnest. This corridor was given only to the Divines, and, to Edward's great delight, the under schools had disappeared, Poets included. Paul and he soon in an animated conversation, and by degrees the other Divines came round and joined in; then a visit to the play-room and library. How droll that word play-room sounds to our ears who have been brought up Protestants, and educated at Eton or Rugby! Yet, in our Catholic colleges, play-rooms exist for young fellows of eighteen to twentyfour. A pleasant rendezvous for a we what with the bagatelle and day, what with the bagatelle and billiard-tables, and the books; then the amusing discussions in the small groups; and to crown all, on those cheerles winter-days, the blazing fire leaping up mirthfully from its large grate, as if it reveled in the innocent amusements of the inhabitants of that dear old room I search the long galleries of my mind

old time spent in the playroom of St. Osmund's; calm and joyous that time stands out, and, seen in its light, how meagre look the stately club-house amusements of our mighty London, Paris, and continental towns! Although buried in them now, St. Osmund's rises

up as a pale rainbow over the world of fashion, and I act on that light, and many a pitfall it has saved my aching feet from falling into.

The professors coming out from their refection, interested by Monsignore Witton's description of Edward Lascine, came round and sought him out, and were surprised to hear the good opin-

formed of him.
"What a pity," said Robert Weed
(a strong, healthy fellow, the life of all he games), "Edward Lascine is in the

Father Gray smiled. "It will be altered to-morrow, I should think," " Do you use your influence, Father

Gray," said Edmund Ede.
"What a noble fellow Lascine seems!" aid Decan, joining the group.
Imagine a fellow, young like him, giving up two hundred a year to be-come a Catholic. Handsome rooms at Oxford, Carley says and his own home. It appears that his parents will have nothing to do with him since his conver-

"All that is true," replied Father Gray. "I received this morning a note from Father Ring, in which he says he has never known a case in which such harshness has been used. His mother and the whole household are forbldden to write to him, and all his home communications will be burnt without reading. A mere pittance of fifty or sixty pounds has been assigned him, to be paid through a lawyer, quarterly. The Fathers at St. Augustine's would willingly have kept him there, but it seems he has chosen to come here to finish his studies of his

own free will. 'I tell you what it is, Father Gray,' said Decan, "these converts shame

old Catholics. "Too often, I am afraid. But I wish you all to do what you can to make Lascine comfortable and happy."

"Father Gray, you don't wish to insult the Divines' room by asking such a question, do you?" said Ede, laugh-

ng.
"I can trust the children of St.
Dsmund," replied Father Gray, in the same bantering tone.

The clock in the church-tower sounded

nine. Immediately the bells rang joy-ously for the benediction service and night prayer. The silence-bell rang in the corridor

Edward Lascine was still with Paul Wright.
"I must tell you the meaning of this bell," said Paul. "After that has rung, every one is silent until after meditation and holy Mass, to-morrow. To-night I am going to show you to a place in chapel; you can keep it to-morrow and for the services, until your

place is given out by the prefect. Father Irving, the vice-rector, passed just then, on his way to the church.

'The silence-bell has rung, Mr.

Wright.' Yes, sir. I was explaining its mean-

iug to Mr. Lascine."
The vice-rector started, and extended his hand to Edward.
"Welcome to St. Osmund's, Mr. Lascine! I shall hope to have the pleascine: I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in my rooms to-morrow. Good-night; and, for the future, remember the silence-bell."

As he passed on, Paul said: "You

will like him much. But now we must observe the rules. Good-night, too, although I sit next you during benedic tion. I have to thank you for 'one tion. I have to thank you for 'one more very happy sun strung on my bead Edward smiled, as he shook hands

warmly. "I suppose the silence-bell reminded you of that; but I don't take it as a compliment, because I know the plain the way
Twixt heaven and thee; block it not with
delay. omes, list thy

delay.

But perfect all before thou sleep'st' and say.

There's one more sun strung on my bead of
days.'" "And then," said Paul, smiling his " 'what's good,

most fascinating smile, "what's good score up for joy. That means my coming across you, eh?" across you, en?

As he said this they arrived at the church-door, and, as they glided to their places in the stalls, the calm voice of Father Clare commenced the night

prayers. In the dim chapel one could just see Edward Lascine's face was buried in his hands. In the Monastery of St. Augustine. also, in the private chapel, with the massive velvet curtains shutting out

all sound, in the dim light glim from the sanctuary lamp, one could just distinguish a motionless form, kneeling in the lowliest devotion, the head rest ing on the hands buried in the heavy monk's hood. It was Father Ring, praying for the welfare of Edward Lascine; imploring, at God's high throne, strength and

final perseverance to bear that cross boldly which he had taken up in all love and confidence. May God hear those prayers which

rise to-night! Was Edward Lascine praying? Did he hear the calm tones of Father Clare's voice? Did he perceive the sacristan lighting the tapers at the High Altar? I know not. Many as were the glances thrown across the chapel to where he was kneeling, his very posture bespeak-ing unutterable devotion; and, from looking at him, one seemed to catch a spirit of devotion equal to his; and, from simply gazing at him, many a head was bowed in lowly supplication for

The chapel was brilliantly illuminated now; the gas was blazing in the untenanted places of the white choir. The High Altar was bright with its starry tapers, and the rare exotics threw their faint, odorous scent over the chapel. Surely the angels in heaven joyed over such a sight as this! sweet, boyish faces in the lower stalls, clad in their black cassocks, and

citing the divine office-young souls who had given and devoted their whole lives to the Lord. Beautiful, holy life Surely, indeed, these are those virgi souls who follow the Lamb whithers ever he goeth in the lordly, ancestral halls of heaven. Father Clare's voice had ceased. The

olemn swell of the magnificent in the rood broke the silence. and low the sweet notes rose in a hymn of triumph, seemingly heard far over some distant hill, speaking of the battle finished, and the return of the warriors to claim their reward. Clearer and nearer it seemed to come, borne or by the glad feet of the conquerors, now echoing and almost dying away in some far ravine, then bursting forth more joyously and louder, until the chapel eemed to ring again with heaven's own nelodies. Then, to a full march triumph, one saw coming slowly through the gloom of the ante-chapel the white choir. Now they wind under the rood, and advance slowly to the foot of the altar, genufiect, and part on each side, while the officiating priests pass on to the altar-steps. When Edward Lascine the altar-steps. When Edward Lascine raised his head, the All-Holy Sacrament was raised on the Altar "O Salutaris' was ringing and the through the chapel, sung with the votion and appreciation with which only a college choir can sing. One could call him handsome now, if one caviled at his appearance before. The calm face aglow with religious fervor, the gas shining over his rich, blue-black hair, and the exquisite complexion com trasting with it, and the eyes turned to the altar with a look of the deepest love gazing on that most fearful myster which draws so many hearts, against will, to the Catholic Church.

Time, place, everything, were forgotten, except that he was kneeling alone there with God. Mark him well, gentle reader, now. Let this image of nim sink into your souls, for you wil see him in other and more exciting cir cumstances; but here only gather the secret of his strength. A feast of the Virgin Mother to-day

and, as the last line of the dies away, the grand tones taris

the Mother's song ("The Magnificat") burst through the chapel. Paul Wright raised his head and listened intently as he heard the liquid tenor tones chording by his side. seemed as if the whole soul of the reathed in the tones, spiritus meus, in Deo Salutari me Father Clare heard those ton gazed at Edward Lascine, who sciously continued gladness as his whole soul drai beauty of the words. What to him n was the loss of home, family, everything? What, indeed? not found a securer home—a mor ful care? Was not God His ful care? Was not God His father, Mary His Mother, the Church His home, the sacraments His sustenance! What wanted He more? One thing will tell it you, final perseverant For it is written by one whose wor "Qui perseveraveritu sque ad fail not.

finem, hic salvus erit.' Father Clare saw it—saw it, trembled

and prayed.

As the benediction was given, many many prayers went up for the new comer. For the circumstances in which he came among them had touched all hearts. I love to linger over that first evening he came among us. It rises up in my mind with all the beauty of a clear, starlight night after the burning

heat of a hot summer's day. Carley was waiting by the church-door as Lascine left.

He whispered, quietly: "I waited to take you to Father Clare's room, and to

say good-night."
And they passed on, without another word, to Father Clare's room, and waited for him.
He came at last, the keys of the

class-rooms and the study-place hands. They heard him walking in his hands. slowly toward them through the corridors: the step seemed tired and slow; but, as he entered, and threw the keys on the table, and saw Edward Lasenie and Carley, the weary expression passed from his face, and he took off his great Roman cloak, and threw it lightly over his chair. As Carley shivered visibly, he said:
"What, Mr. Carley, shivering to-

night?" Yes. I find it cold, Father Clare,

even in my cloak."
"It is well we suffer cold and pain sometimes. The great Master did so from His birth. Thank God we suffer these things! They are the rounds of the ladder by which we climb to heaven."

heaven.'

Pusey

"What did you think of the benedic-tion to-night?" asked Carley of Las-"The music is beautiful; but the

church of St. Augustine's Monastery seems warmer to me than the college-chapel. One has all the difference of Roman and Gothic, you see. But I shall like this chapel, after a time, better, I imagine. Gothic is cold this weather. But, as long as one has Our Lord there, the chapel matters little."
"The Oxford chapels are Gothic, are

they not, Mr. Lascine?"
Yes, Father Clare, that is the prevailing architecture."
"I have long wished to go there to visit the old Catholic foundation of

'' You would visit a great many then, Father Clare. But we are not so far behind there, now, in Catholicism. We have Archbishop Laud's statue of Our Lady and the Holy Child over the unitary than the Unitary than the Holy Child over the Unitary than the Unitary than the U versity church-door, and all the E. C. V. men touch their hats as they pass. Then, at the churches of St. The and Cowley St. John, they have good doctrine taught." "Have you seen much of Dr.

for several months. He is a kind, good old man, and I have not any fault to find with him. He led me on to the very threshold of the Catholic Church, and stopped me at the supremacy of Peter."
"Did your other confessor help you

" He was my confessor-extraordinary

over that?"
"No; but I was staying in Essex, with some high Puseyites, and I came across Allies's book, 'St. Peter, his

APRIL 18, 1903. Name and his office.' The

.. And Father Enson, yo confessor and director ?',
"He argued, and raved, and finally telegraphed to

Carley, excitedly:) did Father Ring do?"

"The telegram was sepeople; they returned if envelope; then the fawrote to Mr. Enson, sayin he immediately apologize tracted every thing he saplace the matter in the lawyer."

lawyer."
... And what answer can "And what answers But A full apology. But the conversation—I do no about myself." And, as this, a pained expression place. Father Clare saw i ignorant of it. "Let meask you a few n

great effort to appear answered Carley in one v tainly, Mr. Carley." Did you know any Q " Was Paley in your o " No; but I have met " Will you tell me w

Lascine bit his under l

clique?"
Lascing's face flushed: ent examination ; but he Carley calmly: 'Yes were mostly Christ's Ch ians, one Oriel man, an so, and a Shimmery ma three Magdalen (Maud you know any one in shall be most glad to t were friends of mine."
" Did you know ' Lo
" Edward Lascine times, and calmly answ

to my rooms. Father ing Lascine through ar sat silent during this co sat silent during this saw the effort made sustain it, and come to "I am sorry, Mr. C you, but the vice-rect the corridor, and told you more than twenty the time is up now." "Father Irving is s

"Then I must g Father Clare; good-Father Clare and The silence was Clare commencing a classics. "You have read V

" All?"

" Father Irving laughingly returned F

' Horace's satires Ars Poetica?' "Yes, Father Clar to learn off, line t Poetica. Do you remem Quæsitum est carm

natura an arte : eg studium prosit, sine ingenium rude, sic opem alterius et cor "I remember it, begins at the four And what is yo " I should say praise was made by of art; but the ide: n a more refined junction of art with " And do you !

might be written man, independent " Decidedly. I buried there, any bring it to the sur I am glad you subject I tell you one I am immensely ig pronunciation of would give me seems so odd, after iation. I shall attend the classes

Well, we can

is only an affair o

Father Clare and took down gave to Lascine, And steadily a lesson progress finished, the price Mr. Lascine one thing as a f nore Witton, t would like to go that you have b own rooms in c comparatively eally, I think strict. You my parties, with a the bounds, lial upper schoolshilosophers. health dormitory is ve

> must not tampe in your case, I that you go in " Does it 1 from suffering, You have without that. Monsignore W " But, then can I? Fathe be necessary. " Monsigne make that ob I will take yo private pupi class and do t

change from

intensely goo more expens now. Reme degenerated I believe, I l about a few accept my o Father Clar cine ; Edwa could not be

" That may

I was mad. (Carley, excitedly:) "And what did Father Ring do?"

oid Father King do?

"The telegram was sent to my people; they returned it in a blank envelope; then the father-superior

envelope; they returned it in a blank envelope; then the father-superior wrote to Mr. Enson, saying that, unless he immediately apologized, and retracted every thing he said, he should place the matter in the hands of his harver."

And what answer came?"

ay 1?"
Lascine bit his under lip, and made a great effort to appear calm as he answered Carley in one word: "Certainly, Mr. Carley."

Did you know any Queen's men?"

"No; but I have met him."
"Will you tell me who was in your

Lascing's face flushed at this impertin

ent examination; but he still answered ent examination; "Yes. My chums

Carley calmly: "Yes. My chums were mostly Christ's Church and John-

ians, one Oriel man, an Exeter man or

you know any one in those places, I shall be most glad to tell you if they

the time is up now."
"Father Irving is severe just now.

The silence was broken by Father

"Yes, Father Clare. I took a fancy to learn off, line by line, the 'Ars Poetica.'"

Do you remember this sentence

I am glad you take my idea of the

I tell you one thing, Father Clare,

gave to Lascine, and the other he kept.

Clare commencing a conversation

classics. "You have read Virgil?"

" Horace's satires ?"

"Yes."
" 'Ars Poetica?' "

" All?"

" A few. " Was Paley in your clique?"

-young souls iful, holy life! e those virgin mb whitherso-dly, ancestral

3, 1903

d ceased. The nificent organ ence. Solemn rose in a hymn eard far peaking of the return of the ward. Clearer come, borne on onquerors, now g away in some ing forth more ntil the chapel h heaven's own full march

slowly through hapel the white under the rood, the foot of the rt on each side, iests pass on to Edward Lascine All-Holy Sacra-e Altar Throne,
" was ringing
ang with the desing. One could v, if one caviled fore. The calm ious fervor, the rich, blue-black complexion con-ne eyes turned to the deepest love, fearful myster y hearts, bound tholic Church. thing, were for-he was kneeling

more exciting cir-e only will you is strength. n Mother to-day; of the "O Salu-he grand tones of The Magnificat") ed his head and heard the liquid, g by his side. It de soul of the man es, "Et exultavit eo Salutari meo." those tones, and

Mark him well, Let this image of ouls, for you will

scine, who uncon that holy song o What to him now ne, family, friends indeed? Had He ome—a more watch-t God His father, the Chur ore? One thing-land perseverance y one whose words veraveritu sque ad t-saw it, trembled,

on was given, many, t up for the new-cumstances in which em had touched all inger over that first long us. It rises up Il the beauty of a ht after the burning er's day. ing by the churchnietly: "I waited to

on, without another Clare's room, and st, the keys of the

and the study-place y heard him walking n through the corri-med tired and slow; , and threw the keys saw Edward Lassing aw Edward Lascine weary expression ce, and he took off his As Carley shivered

Carley, shivering tot cold, Father Clare,

suffer cold and pain great Master did so Thank God we suffer mey are the rounds of which we climb to think of the benedic-

s beautiful; but the ugustine's Monastery one than the college-s all the difference of

asked Carley of Las-

Gothic, you see, this chapel, after a nagine. Gothic is cold ut, as long as one has, the chapel matters chapels are Gothic, are

Clare, that is the prewished to go there to atholic foundation col-

risit a great many then,

risit a great many then, But we are not so far low, in Catholicism. We p Laud's statue of Our loor, and all the E. C. neir hats as they pass hurches of St. Thomas, Lohn, they have good private pupils, and you can join the class and do the same work with them."
"That may be, Father Clare. It is John, they have good

"That may be, Father Clare. It is intensely good of you, but it may entail more expense than I can afford just now. Remember, my allowance has degenerated to £50 a year, all of which, I believe, I have to pay to the college."

"You and myself will will not quarrel about a few pounds, I think. Will you accept my offer to aid you as a friend?"
Father Clare held out his hand to Lascine; Edward grasped it warmly. In

cine; Edward grasped it warmly. In etiquette an offer so delicately made could not be refused without rudeness. Will you put me under obligation by

Name and his office.' That decided telling me about the Bodleian and Ashmoleum Libraries?"

"Willingly," and the whole conversation turned on Oxford, her libraries and museums, and the college rules and me." And Father Enson, your Puseyite confessor and director?"
"He argued, and raved, and stormed, and finally telegraphed to Father Ring I was ' mad."

lectures, until 12 o'clock.
"Really, Mr. Lascine, you have kept me so pleasantly engaged that I had forgotten the lapse of time. Well, we must part. I apologize for keeping you

so long. You have not seen your room yet. I will show you to it." Father Clare took his keys, crossed

the corridor, and, opening a door, passed into the Poets' gallery. The rooms extended on either hand, and the door of one was open. "That is your said Father Clare, as he put down the "And what answer came?"
"A full apology. But let us change
the conversation—I do not care to talk
about myself." And, as Lascine said
this, a pained expression passed over his
face. Father Claresaw it—Carley was candle, and turned up the gas. few days you will get a better room, but this is the best I can do for you now. Good-night," and the prest raised up his hand and blessed him. While Lascine is at his portmanteau, ignorant of it.
"Let meask you a few more questions,

let us examine the room.

A simple bed with straw mattress, carpetless floor, wash-hand stand, and a chest of drawers, and on the wall a erucifix—nothing more. But in a few minutes the room looked different. Edward Lascine took from his portmanteau, and placed on the drawers, a figure of Our Lord scourged at the pillar, an exquisitely-painted Munich pillar, an exquisitely-painted Munich figure, the great cords cutting into the hands, the blood pouring forth, the face of the God-man sad, sorrowful, blood-stained, and weary, the blue eyes tear-stained, the crown of thorns biting into His brow. from whence the bloody His brow, from whence the bloody sweat flowed over the hair. And the great blue marks of the scourging on the sacred shoulders seemed life-like in so, and a Shimmery man, also two or three Magdalen (Maudiin) fellows. If the sacred shoulders seemed life-like in the truth of the flesh-hue, while over the sacred body fell a crimson mantle lined with gold, from which the bare feet protruded. Now, two lighted candles of purest wax, placed in delicate brass candlesticks, were burning before the statue. Why this external symbolism? Wait a few moments. Next from the portmanteau came a steel discipline, and the seven thongs were stained, with blood. Wait, I can tell you more; a scene rises before me of a shall be most glad to be were friends of mine."
"Did you know 'Lothair?'"
"Edward Lascine thought of old times, and calmly answered," He has een to my rooms."
Father Clare had been calmly reading Lascine through and through as he sat silent during this conversation. He sat stained, with blood. Wait, I can consider a say that the same of the corridor, and told me not to keep the corridor, and told me not to keep you more than twenty minutes. I see you more than twenty minutes. I see you more than twenty minutes. I see the same of the consideration of the same —words of deep pleading, at which all heaven's bright throng shouted for joy before the Crucified: "Lord Jesus, give me at a court, below the court of the court, and the court of the court, and the court of the court, and the court of the court of the court, and the court of th "Father Irving is always just," laughingly returned Father Clare. give me strength, help me to follow in thy blood-stained path. Lord Jesu, help, now that I need it most!" and "Then I must go. Good-night, Father Clare; good-night, Mr. Lasstrength was given according to his Father Clare and Edward Lascine

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Combes and his "machine" have Combes and his "machine" have now finished the dirty job to which they were pushed by their Socialist allies. All the religious congregations which applied for authorization have been refused; all have got to quit. Even the Carthusians, the famous body who gave employment to a whole who gave employment to a whole country-side and maintained many philanthropic institutions by the pro-"Do you remember this sentence:
'Quesitum est carmen laudabile fieret
natura an arte: ego video nec (quid)
studium prosit, sine divite vena, necquid
ingenium rude, sic altera res poscit
opem alterius et conjurat amice."
"I remember it, Father Clare. It
begins at the four hundred and ninth
line." eeds of their famous industry, have to abandon their old home in the moun ains and share the exile of the rest tains and share the exue of the rest.
There are plenty of sympathetic people in the world who fall into the melting mood when they read of the expulsion of the Moors and the Jews from Spain, but who see nothing at all to regret in the banishment of thousands o "And what is your opinion of it?"
"I should say the poem worthy of praise was made by Nature, independent in the banishment of thousands of virtuous French persons, men and women, from their native land, for no erime, or no reason that will bear a moment's examination, but simply in order to gratify the rabid hate of a new Sulla. Well, Sulla, like every other dog, had his day, and so shall Combes, too.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. praise was made by Nature, independent of art; but the ideas might be rendered in a more refined manner by the con junction of art with Nature." "And do you believe that a poem might be written by an uncultivated man, independent of art?" "Decidedly. If the rich vein lay Standard and Times. buried there, any great sorrow would bring it to the surface."

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT AND THE JESUITS.

subject."
I tell you one thing, Father Clare,
I m immensely ignorant of the Roman
pronunciation of Latin. I wish you
would give me some idea of it. It
bombay, India, by Madame Jules
Sombay in India by
Sombay in India by
I was the turning-point in
his short career.
Since babylood he and an old serwould give me some idea of it. It seems so odd, after our Oxford pronunctiation. I shall be quite ashamed to attend the classes."

"Well, we can soon remedy that. It is only an affair of a few minutes."

Father Clare went to his bookcase, and took down two volumes: one he gave to Lascine, and the other he kept.

Bombay, India, by Madame Jules Lebaudy, who describes the impression made on her during a tour in India by the importance of the part played by the Jesuits and the encouragement in India. She grows enthusiastic in her account of the system, and tells how in account of the system, and tells how in India. She grows enthusiated how in account of the system, and tells how in the native school, as well as at St. Mary's College in Bombay, the intelligent eyes of the pupils brighten when they speak of England. Not only has the Government given ground for the school, the college and the Catholic cemetery, but it has exempted the native schools from taxation, and subsidizes the greater number of Catholic schools. The Jesuit educational establishments are open to all, and at the college of the Society in Calcutta, Hindu and Protestant youths abound. In Agra, again, the same toleration is shown the Capuchin Friars.

This French lady very justly contractions of the English Gov gave to Lascine, and the other he kept. And steadily and surely this first lesson progressed. When it was finished, the priest said:

"Mr. Lascine, I will advise you in one thing as a friend. Go to Monsignore Witton, tell him candidly you would like to go in the Divines' room, that you have been used to have your own rooms in college, and be under a comparatively light rule to ours. Really, I think the Poets' will be too strict. You must always walk out in strict. You must always walk out in parties, with a master. You will be in the bounds, liable to penances from the

the bounds, liable to penances from the apper schools—that is, the Divines and Philosophers. I do not think your health would stand it. The Poets' dormitory is very cold, too, and a great change from luxurious rooms. You must not tamper with your health, and, in your case, I consider it a necessity that you go in the Divines.''

"Does it not look like shrinking from suffering, Father Clare?"

"You have enough, Mr. Lascine, without that. I also will speak to Monsignore Witton for you."

"But, then, I cannot join the schools, can I? Father Ring thought it would be necessary."

"Monsignore Witton may probably make that objection. Should he do so, I will take you myself. I have now two private pupils, and you can join the Some Results of Impure Blood.

Some Results of Impure Blood Some Results of Impure Blood.

A blotoned, pimply, disfigured face, feeling of exhaustion, wracked nerves, headache and a dull brain. The proper cure is one Ferrozone Tablet after each;meal Ferrozone clears and beautiff is one complexion by making rich, pure blood. It restores the enfeebled brain and unstrung nerves to a healthy vigorous condition, It invigorates all the physical and mental powers, and brings strength and ambit into the depressed. Refuse a substitute for Ferrozone—it's the best Jonic, rebuilder and invigorator known. Price 30c., at Druggists or Poison & Co., Kingston, Out.

If your children moan and are restless during

or Poison & Co., Kingston, Out.

If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled when awake with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, ploking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary etc., you may depend upon it that the primary etc., you may depend upon it that the primary etc., you may depend upon it that the primary etc., you may depend upon it that the primary etc., you may depend upon it that the primary etc., you may be a supported by the primary expenses the point of the primary expenses the point of the primary expenses the primar

A BOY HERO

By Eugene M. Fryer in the Cosmopolitan. The air was redolent of spring, the The air was redolent of spring, the flowers which the warm May days had brought to light were giving forth their sweet fragrance abundantly; the soit green grass, spreading itself like a carpet at my feet, rested my eyes as I leaved across its, the gay towers of loosed across it at the gay towers of the St. Sulpice peeping out between the great chestnut tree laden with a wealth of pink-and-white blossoms. The bustle and turmoil of Paris did not

penetrate these peaceful Luxembourg gardens, this quiet haven, this oasis where one can pause and forget for a while the big world outside the gates, pulsating with the aims, ambitions and purposes of men.

I had been in the Musee de Luxem

bourg all afternoon until the cry, "On freme!" had driven me forth. Among freme!" had driven me forth. Among that wealth of pictures I had come across one which had impressed me

wonderfully.

At first it seemed to be a confused mass of plunging horses. But closer observation shows a boy, dressed in the uniform of the time of the French Revouniform of the time of the French Revo-lution, standing on tiptoe and leaning back against the rearing charger. One hand grasps the bridle-rein, the other his cap, in which is fastened the tri-colored cockade, the emblem of "Lib-erte, Fraternite, Egalite." Around are grouped from records leaking peace erte, Fraternite, Egalite." Around are grouped four rough-looking peasants. Two of them, armed with scythes, are in the foreground, one his face a mingling of pity, horror and rage, pointing with his finger at the boy, the other leaning forward about to pierce the helpless child. Behind, the other two: one with a sword raised in both one with a sword raised in both hands about to strike, the other thrustnands about to strike, the other thrust-ing his bayonet with unfaltering aim. The boy's lips are parted as if shouting loudly. But there is no fear in that brave, resolute young face. Only courage shines in deep-blue eyes. age shines in deep-blue eyes. Caderneath the picture are written the words: "La mort de Joseph Bara."
Who was he? When did he live?
What chain of events led to his death? These questions flashed through my mind as I wandered about the Gardens.

mind as I wandered about the Gardens.

Many thousands of miles from that lovely spot, I learned the history of Joseph Bara, the boy hero.

In the little town of Palaiseau, just outside of Versailles, Joseph Bara was born, in 1780, the youngest son of a large family. They were very poor, for times were hard just then, and the Government onpressed the people more times were hard just then, and the Government oppressed the people more and more. So early in life, little Joseph learned to endure hardships without murmuring. He was a sturdy young fellow, with fair hair, blue eyes and row checks. A warm, concrous and rosy cheeks. A warm, generous little heart beat beneath the rough blue smock, and a sunny smile lit up his face with a sweet seriousness which was

with a sweet seriousness which was good to see. (¡The year 1789 saw the beginning of the Revolution which was to sweep through France with such flerceness. through France with such fierceness.
Rumors and reports of the outbreaks in
Paris came to Palaiseau from time to
time and the excitement grew intense
when news of the storming of the
Bastile reached the town. That evening outside the inn. groups of men and ing, outside the inn, groups of men and women were standing about discussing the success of the Revolutionists. A few were against the violent measure the mob had taken, but the majority saw the lifting of a yoke which pressed heavily. Flattened against the wall of the inn, and aided by the darkness, Joseph remained unnoticed as he stood on the edge of the crowd drinking in eagerly the words of the men about him.

"It but serves them right," one man growled. "Had Louis treated us fair, and not spent everything on him-self, leaving us to starve, we should have been his most loyal supporters."

The boy's heart beat fast as he listened. Hot tears of pity and indignation stirred his little breast as he heard further harrowing details of poverty, starvation and oppression. He stole away sick at heart, with the determina tion that when the time came he would offer his patriotism, his devotion, his life

geant of the village had been boon companions. It was no uncommon sight to see the grisly old soldier hand in hand with the fair-haired child. From him Bara learned the manual of arms, and his little voice would ring out manfully as he gave commands to an im-

aginary regiment.

Thus these tragic years rolled on toward the climax of 1793, when the king should suffer death, and so fulfill the old law of the sins of the fathers being children unto the third old law of the sins of the lathers being visited on the children unto the third and fourth generation. It was then that the Vendean peasant, loyal to the Bourbon, rose in revolt. The air was charged with the fierce passions of men. charged with the nerce passions of men-The suppressed sullen obedience of centuries had at last burst forth into open rebellion against wrongs imposed by a corrupt Government. The most simply demanded vengeance, and were rewarded by a carnage at the guillo-tine; the thinking few strove to curb the mob which drank so eagerly of other men's blood, and to organize a Govern-ment whose motto should be "Liberte, Fraternite, Egalite."

Roused by his longing to live and die for his beloved France, Bara enlisted for his beloved France, Bara enlisted in a cavalry regiment, which together with others was ordered almost immedi-ately by the Convention to suppress the revolting Vendeans. The hardships of camp life were great, the long marches wearing, but Losenh never, murmured. wearing, but Joseph never murmured, but kept a stout heart, and did his part but kept a stout heart, and did his part manfully. So the autumn passed quickly by. Joseph sent his pay home regularly to his widowed mother with always a few cheery words telling of his safety and welfare. December brought with it a promise of an early winter, but still no orders came to go into winter quarters. One cool, brisk morning the troop mounted, and into winter quarters. One cool, brisk morning the troop mounted, and started toward Chollet. As they drew near they saw peasants collected ready for the attack. The bugles sounded the charge, and the troop with sabers drawn attacked and drove them toward the hills. Bara's face was flushed, his eyes danced as he galloped along on his coal-black steed. Suddenly he checked his horse as two peasants lunged at the charge, and the troop with sabers

him with their rude weapons. For ral minutes nothing could be heard

but the ring of steel.
"Touche," he cried, exultantly, as his sword drove home, and one of the peasants sank back with a groan. The other came more fiercely to the attack, but was obliged to surrender after a hard struggle. Flushed with victory, the boy, leaving his two prisoners in the charge of a corporal, dashed on after the now retreating foe. His enthusiasm carried him too far from his comrades, and in an instant he was surrounded by the enemy. Even their rough, peasant hearts were touched by his boyish face and youthful appearhis sword drove home, and one of the his boyish face and youthful appear-

Cry 'Vive le Roi!' and we will set you free," one of the crowd shouted. Holding the reins of his plunging steed in one hand, and clasping his cock in the other, he shouted in a firm, shrill, clear voice:
'Vive la Republique," and fell

'Vive la Republique," and fell pierced by a score of wounds. True to his colors in the face of death, and but a boy of thirteen! His fame rang through France.

The Convention decreed that his bust should be placed in the Pantheon, that a tablet be erected setting forth his beyended and devoted patriotism. his brave deed and devoted patriotism, and that his mother should receive one thousand livres.

AN EXCELLENT TRANSLATION OF "LEO'S LASC PRAYER."

Although the poem of Pope Leo XIII. recently printed as a new one, was writ-ten five years ago, when His Holiness evidently had scant expectation of secing another jubilee, it is still a remark nble work for extreme old age; and the translation by the Rev. Wm. Hayes Ward, D. D., editor of the Independis well worth reproducing. It is as follows:

Leo, now sets thy sun; pale is its dying ray; Black night succeeds thy day.

Black night for thee ; wasted thy frame ; life's flood sustains No more thy shrunken veins.

Death casts her fatal dart ; robed for the grave Lie under the cold stones.

But my freed soul escapes her chains, and longs in flight To reach the realms of light.

That is the goal she seeks; thither her journey Grant, Lord, my acxious prayers. That, with the citizens of Heaven, God's face and light

May ever thrill my sight:
That I may see thy face, Heaven's Queen,
whose Mother love
Has brought me home above. To thee, saved through the tangles of a peril-

I lift my grateful lay.

Dr. Ward makes these comments: That the last petition of the Suprema Vota should be addressed to the Holy Virgin, rather than to her Adorable Son, will seem strange to most of our readers; but we recall the words of the Abbe Loisy, the latest defender of the Roman Church against Protestantism "Is it not true for the Catholic, and

true in fact, that one comes through Jesus to God, through the saints to Jesus? Is it not true that to resort to desus? Is it not true that to resort to the saints is to resort to Jesus; that to resort to Jesus; that to resort to Jesus is to resort to God that to resort to God with a simple faith is to lift one's self above himself, and realize religion for one's self? Is it not true that by those means which the Protest. religion for one's self? Is it not true
that by these means which the Protestant finds so vulgar and ridiculous, the
wearing a scapular, telling one's beads,
gaining indulgences on the merits of
saints and for souls in purgatory, the
Catholic enters actually into the comatholic enters actually

Catholic enters actually into the communion of saints—that is to say, into communion with Jesus—that is to say into communion with God?"

And this poet, sage and Christian, whose imprisoned soul longs for the beatific vision of the face of God, is he whem the Westminster Confession dewhom the Westminster Confession de-clared to be "that anti-Christ, that man of sin, and son of perdition, that man of sin, and son of perdition, that exalteth himself in the Church against Christ, and all that is called God." Wonderful was the ill-starred patience that waited so long before revision

came.

WHEN IN DOUBT.

WILL A MAN BE DAMNED IF HE REFUSES TO JOIN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH? Very, Rev. William Stang, D. D.

Very, Rev. William Stang. D. D.

A man who belongs to a non-Catholic denomination begins to have serious doubts as to whether his religion is right or wrong. His reason tells him that one religion only can be right; he is not sure that he is a member of the right one. This man is obliged at the penalty of being damned eternally, to inquire into the grounds of his belief; he should read, consult, reflect, or use other available means, at the same time that he asks for light and strength from above. If he be a man of sincerity and earnestness, he will soon meet arguments and facts that will aid him to clear away difficulties. He will notice, for instance, that men of clean lives, of great learning and noble aspirations, leave the various Protestant communities and join the Catholic Church, though they have to sever ties of fondest affections, lose their means living, renounce lucrative positions, and incur the disrespect of many. On living, renounce lucrative positions, and incur the disrespect of many. On the other hand, he has observed that such only leave the Catholic Church as are proud and self-willed, worldly and disloyal, with the prespect of being are proud and self-willed, worldly and disloyal, with the prospect of being warmly received in the Protestant camp and generously treated by the enemies of the Church. And yet this man continues in his doubts and perplexities. He makes no real effort to come into possession of the religion which God gave us. He suspects that the Catholic Church is God's Church and all other denominations are human inventions. But he tions are human inventions. But he has no desire to trouble himself with religion, and he is determined to take his chances when death arrives. Or suppose he does inquire and study to find out more about the Catholic Church;

by the justness of her laws and the beauty of her rites; but he is not anxious to join her rites; but he is not anxi-ous to join her, because it would make a painful change in his life; it would break up delightful associations and important business relations; it would disturb the peace and comfort of many dear to him. Could God ask so great a sacrifice of him? He is determined to lead an honest life, to be kind and generous to the poor, and-to generous to the poor, and—to remain in the religion in which he was brought up. What more could he do? Ah, wetched and deluded man, he does nothing for the next world. He consults his own temporal interests; he cares little for God; he does what he likes and not what God desires him to do. Why should God give heaven to him who does not care for it, who does not take the trouble to inquire about the road that leads to it? He loves his present comfort more than God. The religion of Christ should have been dearer to him than life itself. He will

discover it when it is too late.

Trifle not with the grace of God.
Open your soul to the rays of divine light. All things are vain and unprofitable, if you have not the truth at which you must aim to win the prize. Be willing to sacrifice everything for truth's sake. If you have done your duty, with the light of reason and the light of the Holy Ghost, and if you have found the spouse of Christ, Catholic Church, you must embrace her religion and submit to her guidance or -perish forever.

AFFECTION FOR THE AGED.

There is a pathetic charm about old age. We are sure that nothing is so lovely as the saintly old grandmother occupying her accustomed place in the chimney-corner. There is something that entrances while we watch the sil-ver haired patriarch as he iondles his ver haired patriarch as he fondles his darling grandchild on his knee. They are the salt of the earth, the treasure in the home, the familiar figures in community life. And more than this love of others, there is coming a time in our own individual history when we shall craye the caresses and love of shall crave the caresses and love of friends. Old age is more keenly sensitive to neglect than at any other time. It is not intentional—no, we may commit this neglect amid our devotion to and attendance upon other matters. We forget, however, that the inward we lorget, however, that the inward eraving of old age conceives of no apol-ogies and knows of no reason why the oldtime caress and fondling should be things of the past. It transmutes everything into neglect. Age softens the heart and the soul pines for the the heart and the soul pines for the touch of the hand that would stroke the touch of the hand that would stroke the golden locks of the prattling child. Let's love them more than by a mere sentiment! What would we do with-out these saints? Amid these rever-ies, we recall the lines of Elizabeth Gould :

ould:
"Put your arms around me—
There, like that;
I want a little petting
At life's setting.
For 'tis harder to be brave
When feeble age comes creeping
And finds me weeping
Dear ones gone.
Just a little petting
At life's setting;
For I m old, alone, and tired
And my long life's work is done."

Thirty-five Converts.

As a result of a recent mission given by Rev. Hubert Zilles, C. SS. R., of Saratoga, at St. John the Baptist Church, Syracuse, thirty-five non-Catholics were brought into the Church. An inquiry class was organized and it is expected that many who are attending will come into the true fold.

Turning Down the Doctors Turning Down the Doctors.

The marvelous cures of Catarrhozone are being much talked about. Thousands are daily recognizing the exceptional ment of this simple inhaler treatment, and instead of running to the doctor with his winter ills the protect themselves by Catarrhozone; 'kills colds in the head in ten minutes, quickly relieves Catarrh Bronchitis. Asthma, Lung Troubles, and cures even though all other remedies had failed. Catarrhozone is very pleasant, aste and convenient to use. Its best recommendation is its enormous sale; try it to day. Price \$1.00, small size 25c, at Druggists.

The great lung healer is found in that ex-

to day. Price \$1.00, small size 200, at Druggists.

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is a medicine adapted the rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery e.g. in the market.

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Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning. When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA,

Ottawa, Canada. March 7th. 1900. Te the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD,
London, Ont.:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read
your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD,
and congratulate you upon the manner in
which it is published.
Its matter and form are both good: and a
wrily Catholic spirit pervades the whole.
Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend
15 to the faithful.
Blessing you, and wishing you success.
Believe me, to remain.
Yours fathfully in Jesus Christ,

g you, and Wishing, leve me, to remain. Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, +D. Falconio, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APR. 18, 1903.

THE DEATH OF MRS. SADLIER.

Those of our readers old enough to will be particularly grieved to learn continue to be read with interest Mrs. Sadlier was a brilliant writer and ter unto Him the world over. an untiring worker. Her translations from the French were likewise numerous and very interesting.

Peace to the soul of the good and noble-hearted Mrs. Sadlier! For Christ and His Church she did not spare herself, and we trust she is now enjoying the reward of her labors.

THE LESSON OF EASTER.

No one can go into any of our churches on Easter day without experiencing a feeling of exultation. The hymns and prayers pulsate with joy; the altars ablaze with lights and decorations; the ceremonies enacted with rubrical majesty and splendor. It is a feast unflecked with sadness-a day indeed made by the Lord radiant with joy and hope, and set up as a sign of the triumph of Him Who hath blotted out giveness. the handwriting of the decree that was against us, which was contrary to us, and hath taken it out of the way, fastening it to the Cross.

" Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up," was His public llenge to His enemies. Strange words to come from a defenceless Man! And stranger still in the ears of those who had derided His assumption of Divinity, had pursued Him with relentless fury and brought Him to bay. He was an Impostor, and, more, had stricken them with the sword of His denunciation! But they had seen Him die and knew that the prediction could not be verified! They had seen Him a wounded and maimed thing hurried to His doom, and had heard but a few women sobbing His dirge. A Messiah, forsooth! And so for to-morrow to gloat over prestige restored and to weave a tale that would be repeated at Jewish firesides. But ere long athwart their schemes fell the light from the empty sepulchre, and their dreams of power undisputed were disturbed by the cries of joy from those for whom the path and the goal were clear. This was a bitter drop in their cup of revenge. But they had solved knotty problems before, and they addressed themselves to this with every hope of success. All the forces of subtlety were brought into play to explain the event. And the explanations were foolish. There is no need to recount them. Christian writers have shown their futility. No one repeats them now but a few belated infidels. For us to remember that "if the spirit of Him who raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you: He that raised up Jesus Christ from the dead shall quicken also your mortal bodies because of His Spirit dwelling in you."

Love awoke in that sepulchre among the olive trees of the garden. It had been questing for centuries for its God. It had sat itself down at the feet of philosophers and learned little. It had toyed with wondrous webs of speculation and flung them aside. It had cast its own imaginings into stone and marble and adored them. But the heartache penitent's disposition; and as confes- Another matter which manifests the

was always there. Investigations and sion is of obligation by God's law there theories could not satisfy it. And the joy that had flamed in its heart at the thought that He who gave prodigies and loving words as alms to the sick and suffering was the One of its desire, died away when it saw Him on the Cross. It had been lulled to sleep by deceit and sophistry and invective - nay almost crushed to death through much passing and repassing of angry feet on the slopes of Calvary. But at the first lie in the fact that he thinks sin may flush of the Easter dawn it sprang into consciousness. Its eyes were open; its quest over, and the Cross, viewed erstwhile as the climax of dishonor. was taken to its heart as the most precious heritage. "He is risen : He is not here," falls like sweetest music upon its ears. "He is risen," it murmurs as it rose up on that morning of long ago to do battle for Him and His cause. Knitted to its soul was the faith that guided it, and deep set in its heart the hope that in the last day it would rise from the earth and see its God. Never again will it leave its Beloved. In stress and storm-for the enemies of Christ have their day-it follows Him. Its vision is keen and sees behind each threatening cloud the dawn of Easter.

And, after all, the world has no new devices for stopping the progress of Christ. These devices may be clothed same as were concected by old-time foes. Material force has been met and tumultuous life and tremendous power proclaiming His glory. From the day recall events of forty or fifty years ago also that Jewish plotters contrived to ing the sinner from fulfilling the divine bring about the death of Christ, down that Mrs. James Sadlier, the gifted to our own time, men have used the authoress, is no more. Many years ago sword of the intellect against the Lord. her novels depicting Irish life in the It is no new thing, either Agnosticism old country and on this continent were or Rationalism. They were born cenhighly appreciated, and they still turies ago. True, they prevailed for a time, but they are forgotten even as by the younger generations. All Mrs. Strauss and Renan are forgotten and Sadlier's works had a purpose, and that as will be Haeckel and the independent purpose was to advance the interests of thinkers who follow him. And Love our Holy Faith and to uplift the Irish has accompanied Him adown the cenrace; and untold good has been accom- turies, chanting His triumphs in the plished by the study of her many books. family and school in hearts that minis-

PENANCE AND CONFESSION.

P. H. M., of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, sion, with special reference to an article institution of the sacrament of Penance, saying:

"Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (St. John xx., 23.)

He adds :

"I hold and I know that it is not necessary at all times to cenfess one's sins to a priest in order to obtain for-

This statement is somewhat confused, and it is therefore difficult to tell exactly what our correspondent means; and the addition of the unnecessary words "at all times" in an ambiguous connection increases the difficulty.

From another part of his letter, however, the meaning appears more clearly, as he states that among the revelations made to the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque there is a promise that Sinners shall find in My heart an infinite ocean of mercy." He argues that this must mean forgiveness of sin, and draws the inference that "without the mediumship of the priest," forgiveness of sin is to be obtained by devotedness or devotion to "the Sacred Heart

of Jesus." Our esteemed correspondent also sserts that he is confident that the Holy Father, Pope Leo. XIII., or his successor, will soon define dogmatically

the doctrine which he lays down. It appears clear to us that our correspondent means to say that devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus supplies the place of confession, rendering confession unnecessary, which is certainly an

error. The Council of Trent defined in session 14:

"If any one shall say that it is not necessary by divine law to confess all and each mortal sin in the sacrament of penance for the forgiveness of sin, let him be anathema."

fession, which is implied in the obligation of receiving the sacrament of pen- Italian, one Dutch, and one Spanish. ance, is a positive precent to do a certain act, and when it is absolutely impossible to fulfil this precept, as a matter of course the penitent is excused from fulfilling it; but in this case perfeet contrition or sorrow for sin founded upon a special motive of love for God inasmuch as He is infinitely good, is necessary that forgiveness may be obtained. This perfect contrition justifies the sinner even without actual confession, but not independently of confession, inasmuch as the desire of fulfilling God's law must be part of the

must be a desire to go to confession that the law may be fulfilled, or at least the desire to fulfil all God's laws, wherein the desire of confession is implicitly included. This is the teaching of Catholic theologians, who found it upon the doctrine of the Council of Trent and previous General Councils.

From this explanation it will be seen that our correspondent's error does not be forgiven sometimes, even when there is no actual confession. This belief would be true in the case of perfect contrition, especially when the penitent cannot follow up his contrition by making his confession. The error lies in this, that P. H. M. supposes, as we understand him, that devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus exempts the person from the obligation of confession in the case that he is in mortal sin.

The revelation made to Margaret Mary Alacoque is by no means contrary to the doctrine of the Church as we have explained it. The Sacred Heart of Jesus, which is, in ern and Chatham Railway of England, substance, Jesus Himself, is and to which country the nuns were going, always was an infinite ocean of mercy from which all graces flow, including the forgiveness of sin. It was give them an opportunity of leaving an ocean of mercy before the revelations made to Blessed Margaret Mary; for them, and a railway carriage would and the difference after the institution in different dress, but they are the of the devotion to the Sacred Heart is that the divine graces are promised with special copiousness to those who vanquished. Witness Rome with its cultivate and practice this specific and love-begetting devotion; but there is no dispensation given thereby exempt-

> through the sacrament of penance. To our correspondent's prophecy that Pope Leo XIII. or some future Pope will soon define the doctrine he lays down. we have to say that hypothetical decrees of Popes which have not yet been issued ex cathedra, but are only foreshadowed by private individuals, have no demon strative force. It is not necessary then that we should deal here with such a decree.

law to become reconciled to God

THE UNSPEAKABLE MEANNESS OF M. COMBES.

A despatch from Paris states that the Carthusian monks who manufacture writes to us on the subject of Confes- the Grand Chartreuse liqueur have made complete arrangements for the on this subject which appeared some transfer of their establishment to their time ago in our columns. He states new home which is near Vienna. They that he fully believes in the divine have purchased there a fine property on which their manufacture of the cele inasmuch as the Holy Scripture tells us | brated liqueur will be continued on as that our Lord conferred upon His large a scale as was done in France. Apostles the power of forgiving sins, The Order has been definitely expelled by the French Government, and every petition of the monks to be allowed to return to their property and home has been disregarded by M. Combes, the Premier, who, as the reason for his obstinacy, states that the order was never authorized by the Government since its establishment in 1084, though surely, as it was never deemed necessary by successive forms of Governments and a variety of dynasties to suppress them during more than eight centuries, there can be no sudden reason for their ruthless suppression at the present time.

After the first expulsion of these monks in 1793, they returned to France in 1816, and it was after this they began to manufacture the celebrated liqueur which bears their name, and on account of which that religious Order is best known throughout the world. The liqueur when manufactured used to be brought from Grenoble to Chambery where it was sold. The yearly proportion of profit sent to the chief house of the order at Rome was at first only about \$20,000, but the amount had increased during late years to \$200,000 annually, while the total amount is said to have reached ten times this sum or \$2,000,000. A large sum was paid annually to the French Inland Revenue department on account of this, and it has been the desire of the Government that the secret of manufacture should be imparted to a French Company so that the manufacture might be continued in the absence of the monks, but the monks have positively refused to give away the secret.

A pretext of which M. Combes has made use of for the closing of the house is that some of those engaged in the manufacture of Chartreuse are foreigners, but the fact is that thirty-seven are French and eleven foreigners. On the other hand, this duty of connamely, five Swiss, three Germans, one

The brothers believe that the purpose of the Government in expelling them is to get possession of their trade mark and factory, and the head of the Order is reported to have said: "We have had many offers to sell the secret, but that secret is ours only, and we mean to take it with us wherever we go.' France will, as a matter of course, be deprived of the advantage derived from the manufacture of this liqueur on the departure of the monks, but M. Combes will have the satisfaction of having greatly annoyed a religious order.

petty expedients to which Premier Combes has recourse in order to annoy the Religious Orders is that he has interfered between the railways and religious to throw upon the latter as heavy an expense as possible while they are travelling away from the country in obedience to the laws under which they have been expelled.

that the railways make a small reduction in the fares when a number of tickets are purchased. The like is done also in Canada and other countries, but M. Combes gave orders that this privilege should not be extended to religious, and in consequence of this prohibition the company of the railway of government of any form it might the Nord informed the Superior of a Convent whose House was closed by the Government, that "recent governmental instructions had been given forbidding them to grant reduced fares to members of religious orders.'

Yet on the very day when this information was written, the Superioress received a letter from the South Eaststating that the express train would make a special stop at Ashford, to the cars at the station most convenient be reserved for them on the day they had named for their journey. Such is the difference between English and French politeness when Premier Combes is master of ceremonies.

PALESTINE.

The question whether under another form of government from that which holds sway over Palestine, that country might become what it was in ancient days, "a land flowing with milk and honey," is being warmly discussed by German papers, and especially by those published in the interest of those Jews who are engaged in the Zionist movement which, as our readers are aware, has been started for the purpose of promoting the re-settlement of the Jews in their former kingdom, especially of those Jews who have been driven, by persecution from their native land of Russia and Rumelia.

Thirty four centuries have almost passed away since Moses sent twelve scouts, one from each tribe of Israel, 'to view the land of what sort it is; and the people who are the inhabitants thereof whether they be strong or weak, few in number or many; the land itself whether it be good or bad, and what manner of cities are therein," (Num. xiii. 19, 20.) These spies found at one place which was afterward called "the torrent of the cluster of grapes," this fruit so plentiful and lourishing that they cut off a branch with its cluster which two men bore between them on a lever."

They reported that the land "in very deed floweth with milk and honey, as may be known by these fruits."

A flourishing land it continued to be for many centuries after the time of Christ's life on earth, and until it was overrun by the followers of Mahomet, who ruled it with a rod of iron, oppressing the population with an unbearable voke, and the country itself is now barren with a population of only about 600,000, whereas in the time of Joshua it supported about 3,000,000, and in the time of King David about double this

Is it because of a change in climate owing to the decrease of the annual rains that it is now degenerate? Or is the present state of the country due to the political and historical vicissitudes through which it has passed, among which the chief is mismanagement by the Turkish authorities?

Some have maintained that there have been very serious changes in the climate of the country brought on by the destruction of the forests: but for this theory there appears to be no foundation, as there is no good reason for the belief that the forests of Palestine were more extensive in Biblical times than they are now, or that the forests were ever ruthlessly destroyed. In fact there is nothing either in the Bible or the Talmud, or in Josephus, to lead to the belief that there has been any decrease in the annual rainfall since their respective dates. The climatic conditions and the causes which produce rain are the same now as they were in Biblical times, so far as they can be known. Yet a great part of the country is now a waste, stony and barren. Oppression of the people, and excessive taxation, to- have held with great pertinacity that the operative causes in bringing the any other Apostle may have held this country to its present condition. A Leipsic paper says in this connection:

"The people have in the course of indifferent to all progress, as progress signified only new oppres-There can be no doubt, therefore, that this historic land if put under proper care and correctly managed can be restored to its ancient flourishing condition."

journal points to the flourishing condition of the Wurtemburg colonies which were established near Jerusalem in 1868. These colonies, and particularly Sharon and Haife "are garden spots in the land, and this in localities which before were desert land." Some of the new Jewish colonies are not so favorably reported; but the reason for It came to the Premier's ears this is that the new colonists there were not so good managers as those of the localities named, and had not their earnestness and enterprise.

On the whole, it seems to be well established that if Palestine were once more to come under the sovereignity of monarachs, or of a truly paternal become again the fruitful land which it was in days of yore.

We may further remark here that the facts here mentioned are a striking confirmation of the historical truth of the Bible, and of its antiquity, its various parts having been written at the period to which they are ascribed.

THE CORONATION BIBLE.

Our readers will remember that before the coronation of King Edward VII, the British and Foreign Bible Society, through its president the Marquis of Northampton, asked the King to accept as a gift from the Society a copy of the Bible published by them to be used in the ceremony of coronation in Westminster Abbey. The annual report of the Society for 1902 makes mention of the fact, and also that the King graciously accepted the offer.

But it was afterward ascertained that the Bible to be used at the coronation must contain those Books and chapters which are usually called by English speaking Mgr. Heenan, V. G., Vicar-General Protestants "the Apocrypha," and as Keough and Archdeacon Laussie, and the Bibles printed by the Bible that he has the good will of many Society do not contain these por- priests and prominent laymen. tions of Scripture, it was impossible to accept the offer, and the presentation was accordingly not made, nor could the Bible Society supply the volume required.

Bible Society are seven in number, viz., Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, and two of the Machabees. There are also twelve chapters of Esther and Daniel placed in the same category.

But since the coronation, the King, unwilling entirely to disappoint the Bible Society, has signified that he would be pleased to receive a copy of their Bible, which he would prize highly as a memento of the coronation, though it will not be the one actually used at this ceremony. This is undoubtedly intended as a salve for the wound inflicted upon the Bible Society by the inference which must be drawn from the occurrence, that the Bible Society issues only a mutilated version of the Bible, and cannot produce even one correct copy thereof, according to the official Standard acknowledged by the Church of England; and all the Protestants of the British isles and colonies are in the same quandary, inasmuch as they have no other Bibles than those furnished by the Bible Society, or defective copies of the same character. This is rather standin' up for the truth. hard upon the society and all British Protestants who have been reiterating as their creed for the last three hundred years, that they believe in "the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible," while they have been accusing Catholics of not caring for the Bible, and of not entertaining due respect for the Holy Word of God.

They are forced now to admit that all the time while they were repeating their cry of triumph, they had themselves, and have still only a mutilated version, while Catholics alone have a complete bible.

The copy of the mutilated version which is to be given to His Majesty will be a gorgeous book so far as gilding and royal red morocco can make it so, but these accessories will scarcely compensate for the radical defect that it is vitiated by very serious omissions. It will be inlaid with gold, and the covers will be decorated with Christian symbols and ornamental designs from the Catacombs of Rome. There will be a peacock which is intended to symbolize the Resurrection, and a lamp in the form of a ship, emblematic of the Church of Christ, with St. Peter at the helm and St. Paul at the prow.

It would puzzle an archeologist to find out what the Bible Society has to do with St. Peter, as the Protestants gether with governmental mismanage- St. Peter was not placed by Christ as nent have therefore evidently been head of the Church of Christ, but that position-no matter who, so long as St. Peter were excluded from the office, the reason being that Catholics recognize that Christ made St. Peter Head of His Church, and that the Pope is his lawful successor.

The placing of St. Paul at the helm of the ship is an acknowledgment that In further proof of this, the same point. We are pleased to see this evi-

dence that English Protestants are returning so decidedly to the ancient faith which they abandoned in the six. teenth century. But the faith should not be taken up piecemeal, but as an indivisible whole. Faith is an integral part of the Law of God, regarding which the Apostle of Christ tells us that "whosoever offendeth in one point; become guilty of all."

If when His Majesty had been told by the Bible Society that they could not furnish a complete Bible, he had taken recourse to Cardinal Vaughan, the learned and eminent Archbishop of Westminster, there would have been no trouble about procuring a volume suit. able for use at the coronation. The Catholic Church must, after all, be admitted to be the true guardian of the purity and integrity of Holy Scripture.

THE NEW C. M. B. A. GRAND SECRETARY.

Our congratulations are heartily extended to Mr. J. A. Murphy, K. C., of Cayuga, who was appointed Grand Secretary of the C. M. B. A. of Canada at the meeting of the Executive of the Grand Council convened for the selection of a successor to the late Mr. S. R. Brown. The announce. ment came just as we were going to press with this issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Murphy will prove a most capable, enterprising and up-to-date Grand Secretary, and that the Association will rapidly expand under his management. That he is worthy of the honor goes without saying since his appointment was endorsed by His Lordshin the Bishop of Hamilton, Right Rev.

Mr. Murphy has been practicing law for the past five years, with Colone Thompson, M. P. for Haldimand, Prier to taking up the practice of law, Mr. Murphy was connected with the Times The Books rejected by the British and Courier of Buffalo, and the experience gained while on that newspaper will now be of practical benefit to him in the editing of The Canadian, the official organ of the C. M. B. A.

"FRAE AULD SCOTIA."

The following paragraph from the letter of the Glasgow, Scotland, correspondent of the Montreal Star in its issue of the 4th inst. is significant, the more so as coming from an evidently unwilling witness:

In connection wi' the celebration of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, that I was speakin' o' a fortnight syne, the Rev. Donald A. Catholic priest, preached a sermon in Glasga last Sunday that has made us simple Protestant folk scratch oor heid wonder gin we werna sleepin'. Protestantism, he said, was rinnin' its natural course. It was devourin' itsel an' its contradictions, incoherences an endless contentions were turnin' rationalism an naturalism pure an' sim-The sturdy auld Scottish form o' Bible Christianity was doomed, an' was bein' sapped slowly but surely in its than some folk thocht, the Catholic wad be alane in Auld Scotia in Kirk seems queer doctrine to come frae a Roman Catholic speakin' in Protestant Scotland. Father Macintosh puts it a wee bit ower strong, but there's nae doot that we arena the country were in the maitter o' guid, sound, "orthodox" religion, an' that the "orthodox" religion, an' that the general public are tired, tired o' the bickerin's o' the kirks amang themsel's, when there's sae muckle hard wark waitin' for them to dae.

The Easter number of the Catholic Union and Times of Buffalo, N. Y., is a most creditable production. It contains photographs of every one connected with the publication of that great Catholic paper. We congratulate the editor, Rev. Father Cronin. Since he took charge of its editorial management, our esteemed contemporary is bright, enterprising and up-to-date-it fact, commendable in every respect. We trust Father Cronin will live long to continue the noble work in which he is engaged.

On the eve of her martyrdom St. Perpetua saw in a dream a ladder, the foot of which rested on earth, whilst its top reached to God; but a dragon guarded the steps of this ladder, and obstructed her ascent. Without fear she placed her foot on the head of the monster and made it the first step her heaven'y course. Do as she did; despise the serpent, set your foot on his head, and you will in that way advance victoriously to perfection.

"We have lists of the names of Catholies and non-Catholies, to whom Catholic literature would be welcome, from the pastors of Southern and Western parishes, missions and stations. If you are a subscriber to a Catholic newspaper or magazine and, after you have read it, would be willing to mail it regularly to some worthy person who would be delighted to receive it, send a postal to that effect to the International Truth Society, Brooklyn, and we will send you the name and ddress of some one who will greatly appreciate the publication you s

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M. B. A. GRAND RETARY.

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has been practicing law ve years, with Colonel . for Haldimand. Prior he practice of law, Mr. nected with the Times Buffalo, and the experiile on that newspaper practical benefit to him of The Canadian, the the C. M. B. A.

AULD SCOTIA.

g paragraph from the Hasgow, Scotland, corthe Montreal Star in its inst. is significant, the ming from an evidently ss: wi' the celebration o' holic Hierarchy, that I 'a fortnight syne, the

nald A. , preached a sermon in nday that has made us in we werna sleepin'. he said, was rinnin' its It was devourin' itsel', ictions, incoherences an naturalism pure an' simly auld Scottish form o' nity was doomed, an' was lowly but surely in its k thocht, the Catholic alane in Auld Scotia in or the truth. doctrine to come frae a c speakin' in Protestant ther Macintosh puts it a strong, but there's nae arena the country we maitter o' guid, sound, religion, an' that the are tired, tired o' the le kirks amang themsel's, sae muckle hard wark m to dae.

number of the Catholic nes of Buffalo, N. Y., is a le production. It conphs of every one conhe publication of that paper. We congratulate v. Father Cronin. Since of its editorial manageteemed contemporary is rising and up-to-date-in lable in every respect. er Cronin will live long e noble work in which he

of her martyrdom St. in a dream a ladder, the ested on earth, whilst its to God; but a dragon steps of this ladder, and made it the first step in course. Do as she did; erpent, set your foot on you will in that way adously to perfection. lists of the names of

non-Catholics, to whom rature would be wel-he pastors of Southern parishes, missions and you are a subscriber to a paper or magazine and, read it, would be willing some worthy gularly to some worth; ould be delighted to rea postal to that effect to nal Truth Society, Brookill send you the name and ne one who will greatly e publication you send.

ive a simple, easy means
the lay apostleship.

CONVERSIONS AND THE STUDY OF THE PAST.

The advance towards the Catholic Church which has been made at Shore-ditch and in other Church of England ditch and in other Church of England parishes in London is mainly due to the study of the past. The clergy feel that it is incumbent on them to afford evi-dence of identity in doctrine and pracwith the early Church in England, and when they go back beyond the days Reformation 'it is, of course, of the Reformation It is, of course, impossible for them to be other than Papal, though they may not formally

Papal, though they may not formally accept the Pope's jurisdiction.

"The Casket and People's Mass-Book" is used by members of the congregation to follow the services. In this work there are various this work there are various extracts from official documents of the pre-Reformation" Church, all affirming in uncompromising language doctrines which we hold to-day. Its readers are informed that in the ancient Church of England the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass Churches throughout Christendom; that confession was practiced as all Catholics now practice it; that the intercession of Our Blessed Lady and the saints was invoked as it is by Catholics at the present day. The teaching of historical truths such as these is drawing, and must draw, Anglicans towards the Catholic Church.

AN EASY FAITH.

To do right is religion. . . . Religion does not ask you to be a Catholic or a Protestant, a Jew or a Christian, to be a believer or an unbeliever; simply all it asks is this: Do justly, love mercy, walk reverently with God. This is the light, and light is religion.

Thus the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott. Nothing is simpler. The recipe reminds one of those admirable prescriptions for good health and right living administered gratis in the household columns of our newspapers. Be cheercolumns of our newspapers. Be cheerful; laugh at all times; be courageous;
be robust; be sturdy. How to be
cheerful when your heart is afflicted;
how to laugh when sorrow is at your
door; how to be bold and brave when
disease has fastened on your fastened. disease has fastened on your frame, per-haps, and the hand of death slowly tightening on your vitals — these precious secrets no book can reveal. How any one know what is right unless his religion first teaches him? We are all prone by nature to do wrong: it is only God's grace, imparted to us by baptism and preserved in us by the sac-raments, which prevents us from doing wrong at every turn of our lives. There is nothing so deadly to true religion, which is Christianity, as this sugared syrup of go as-you-please, ladled out by such comfortable apothecaries as Dr. Abbott. When God gave to man His commandments, they were set down in definite terms: He was not content t bid man do what is right, but indicated what the right was by forbidding him to do certain things. So with His Divine Son, our Redeemer; the things which were to be the channels of our alvation He instituted and the precepts we were to take as our rule of life He put into the most definite terms. He also set up a Church and enjoined men to hear it on the peril of their immortal souls. Is Dr. Abbott to say Him nay? — Philadelphia Catholic

CATHOLIC MISSIONARY'S GREAT SUCCESS.

Standard and Times.

The Rev. Albert Stroebele, the American missionary to St. Andrews Island, off the coast of Nicaragua, who has returned to the United States to funds for his work, observed the get funds for his work, observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordin-ation as a priest in New York on St. Patrick's Day. Archbishop Corrigan ordained Father Stroebele left the United

Last November he opened a mission in a Baptist Church in Old Providence Island, and during three weeks of preaching he converted the Rev. E. Howard and his entire congregation

from Protestantism to Catholicism. Father Stroebele has permission from the Archbishop of Carthagena, to whose province the islands belong, to take a number of American mission-aries to that field. It is Father Stroebele's intention to make an endeavor to procure some English-speaking laymen to aid in his work.

THE CONVENT PARLOR.

PLACES FULL OF OLD ASSOCIATIONS-

EMPTY CONVENTS OF FRANCE. Most Catholics are familiar with the convent parlor-wives and daughters, ausbands and brothers have waited in t, have greeted children and sisters in t, have spent some sweet and pleasant maybe with some venerable Mother.

This same parlor is most furnished on the same simple lines; a few cane or Windsor chairs are ranged against the walls, which are adorned by a few religious pictures.

Over the mantlepiece is a framed portrait of the Bishop or Father direct-or. There is a pric dieu and crucifix; the wooden floor is spotless white or stained brown, in front of the grate is a wool or clothrug, on which sleeps the

Should the community be in the subarbs or in a country town, there is generally a garden or small shrubbery out-

Convent parlors are all places full of old associations. What confidences are given in them to some spouse of Christ, who can sympathize, help, direct; what confessions are made by old pupils who have met chance and change, storm and

stress outside the convent walls!
In a quaint old-world London square there is a parlor which is, in one sense, haunted by the shades of pupils who went through the Commune who heard the thunder of the cannon in the Civil War, and who found peace, as well as learning, in the elm-tree-shaded garden, where the mulberries

and myrtles grew, and the purple-robed Sisters paced up and down in the noon-tide and evening hours.

When the woman who lost her near-

est and dearest in a siege of revolution told of her losses to the mild Superioress in the fittle brown parlor, she would feel a hand laid on her arm, and a soft voice would say, "My child, come with me to the chapel, and be cemforted of Christ." When a former pupil brings her own little lamb to be educated in the dear, familiar fold, her first words when finding hersell in the brown parlor are: "I am glad to be here again, Ma Mere."

jardiniere in the community-room is taken by a large work-basket full of stockings, socks, useful garments, etc.

It is impossible when writing of informed that in the ancient Church of England the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass convent parlors not to think of the was offered as it now is in the Catholic Churches throughout Christendom; that confession was practiced as all that confession was practiced as all white, placid, trustful, singing "In te Domine Speravi" in their hearts as they turned away from their sacred home for years. Yet is there one con-solation. When M. Combes, in his solation. When M. Combes, in his stupid Gladgrind way, sends these teachers of Republique's lambs into strange countries, he is sending seed-bearers, who will sow golden wheat of heroism, saintliness, holy devotion in other lands, who will be known and loved in convent parlors far removed from the country of their birth.—San

POPE'S DINNER TO POOR

THE HOLY FATHER SUGGESTED MENU-HIS IDEA CARRIED OUT.

The menu for the dinner given to one thousand poor men and women in the refectorium of the Vatican on the occasion of the Pope's jubilee was drawn up personally by Leo XIII. Tre menu, as indicated by Leo's own hand,

Meat Soup, with Rice and Vegetables Boiled Beef with Radish and

Gherkins.
Roast Lamb with Mint Sauce. Potatoes and Green Peas. Spaghetti, with Butter and Cheese.

Vanilla Pudding.
White Bread—as Much as Wanted.
One half quart of White Wine.

The refectorium is over 100 feet wide The refectorium is over 100 feet wide and 350 feet long. Twenty-five beautifully set tables awaited the Pope's guests. As they entered the music began to play and 100 Sisters of the Order of Charity came in with streaming platters. They were forced to serve quickly as most of the Pope's uests insisted that they were almost amished and could hardly await the good things promised. The menu said "bread at pleasure," but meat and spaghetti were at pleasure also. In cases the plates were replenished half dozen times.

great appetite he said: "Let them gorge themselves; they don't get a square meal every day." "But the roasts are all gone and still they cry for more," reported the

When the Pope heard of his friends'

"Open the larders with preserved meats, sausages and bacon," com-manded Leo XIII.

The major domo was recalled by His Holiness. "Give orders in my name that the speeches be cut short." It was done and the Pope's guests cheered him the heart'er for it when Cardinal Rampolla appeared to bring them the Papal Bened ction.

SENTIMENT VS. PIETY.

Iu Sunday's " Ledger " there might States two years ago for the South American mission. He went to St. Andrews Island, where he was the only Catholic priest, and built a opment. In one column the public was the editor invited to pay the tribute of a sympathetic tear with the Glouces-ter fishers and their families, when the fishers go down, according to annual cus-tom, to cart flowers on the sea in memory of their relatives whom the pitiless monster had swallowed while they were pursuing their honorable toil. In another a visitor to Mexico, signing himself "Americano," sneers, to the length of a column and a half, at the customs of the Catholic people there, especially that of having their cattle blessed on the feast of St. Anthony of Padua, before the shrine of Guada-The ceremony is described in loupe. that vein of masterly wiseacre wit which Mr. Samuel Clemmens first started in his descriptions of sacred places in Europe. What is the differ-ence between the devotional feeling of the people of Gloucester and those of Guadaloupe that we should be called upon to weep with the one and jeer at the other? If there be any marked dif-ference, it is in the fact that the poor bereaved folk who cast flowers out on bereaved folk who east howers out on a senseless sea perform only an empty rite, seeing that as New England Puri-tans they have no belief in prayers for the dead, while the Catholic people of Mexico who ask heaven's blessing of Mexico who ask heaven shearen succession of themselves and their live stock, through the intercession of a great saint, have the most lively faith in that doctrine. The mind that sees every decrease in soving honor to the memdoctrine. The mind that sees every propriety in paying honor to the memory of Washington and Lincoln beholds nothing but degraded superstition in paying honors to the saints who were soldiers of the Cross. That is an entirely although them. tirely different thing, they will reply, when challenged on the inconsistency, because it excites patriotism in the mind, and so confers a material benefit on the nation, whereas devotion to your saint is only a sentiment that can effect no visible good. No reasoning could be more fallacious. Both devotions spring from the same seurce, though operating in different directions and producing different results. They are manifestations of that natural aspiration after the highest ideals in both the producing different results. They are manifestations of that natural aspiration after the highest ideals in both the spiritual and material spheres, and when any one sneers at the one, he unconsciously belittles the other. We re
were his last words. He died before the doctor could arrive Undertaker James Dwyer was telephoned for, and he drove out and brought the remains to this city. The family and a host of their sympathizing neighbors and friends sat sorrow the undertaker and his assistants had to work all night on it before it could be taken home.

spect the Gloucester fisher folk who while they forebear to oray for their dead, fling memorial chaplets on the waves to speak of their sorrow for their loss; but some who sympathize with the rite would, no doubt, be of a different loss; but some who sympathize with the rite would, no doubt, be of a different mind were the mourners Claddagh fish-ermen, who, before they start out to battle with the ocean for its harvest in their coffin boats or crazy coracles of skin or canvas, have a priest to bless them and their work and the fish in the sea as well. If there be moral value in a sentiment, there surely must be some also in a blessing. Yet we have thouaided, cheered, thought for in these same parlors! I know of one in the Midland Metropolis, presided over by Sisters of Mercy, where the place of the presence anything that is not of the earth and the material world .- Phila-

delphia Catholic Standard and Times. OUR RELIGION.

In our last article on the Sacrament of the Most Blessed Sacrament we briefly adduced argument in behalf of the Catholic doctrine. In a treatise such as this it is not possible to extend cumulative proof. We feel it incumbent, however, to add something fur-ther to emphasize what has been said. To those who seek additional argument we would say look to the Last Supper and the writings of the Apostles.

This occasion was one of the supremest in the life of our Lord. It was here the memorable words were spoken which gave to even the unborn generations a Real Living God upon our altars. It was a most solemn occasion— the hour in which the Son of God was to leave mankind His testament; the greatest hour before final act of redemp-tion; therefore, not a time for types and symbols and words of doubtful meaning.

Under such conditions it was that our Lord blessing the bread said, is My Body," and the wine, "This is My Blood," at the same time asking His disciples to partake. It is not reasonable to suppose that our Lord did not mean what He said. Neither is not mean what He said. Neither is it tenable, as held by our separated brethren, that He spoke in figure. And why? For the common sense reason that in so doing He would have been civing to H. been giving to His disciples a doctrine of doubt. He would be leaving to mankind a symbolic rite of less import than the paschal rite of the Old Law.

If we look, however, to the many tes timonials of those near to our Lord and to the unbroken continuation of the same, we shall find that our Lord's words were accepted in their literal sense. We read in St. Paul, 1 Cor., a warning to his disciples that they not participate in the sacrifice of idols, because they receive the Body and Blood of our Lord. "The cup of bless-"he says, "which we bless, is it a participation in the blood of The bread which we break, is it not a participation in the body of Christ? From this it is evident St. Paul accepted our Lord's words in a literal and not a metaphorical or sym bolical sense.

Such, too, was the belief of the primitive Christians in the Real Presence St. Justin, who died in the year 166. st. Justin, who died in the year 1997, says: "This food is known among us as the Eucharist. * * * We do not receive these things as common bread and common drink; but as Jesus Christ, our Saviour * * ." Passing over the testimonies of St. Ignatius, the distribution of St. Ignatius, the straight of St. June, over those of St. disciple of St. John; over those of St. Irenaeus and others, we shall only call attention to the word of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, who in died 386. "Since then He has declared and said of the bread, 'This is my body, who after that will venture to doubt? And seeing that He has affirmed and said, 'This is my blood,' who will raise a question and say it is not His blood?' Those who do are first, distorting the plain meaning of common words; second, by imputing to our Lord a doctrine of doubt, and lastly, denying an accepted interpretation that from the sacred lips of Christ Himself.

All things come quicker to a man who eets them half way.

-Church Progress.

He that thinks he can afford to be egligent is not far from being poor. We seldom meet with sensible people who are not of our way of thinking. Character is perfectly well educated

will .- Novalis. Sow good services; sweet remer brances will grow from them. Let no man think that he is loved by any man when he loves no man.

OBITUARY.

John Eustice, Hamilton.

Hamilton Herald, March 20.

Eustice—In this city on March 20, John Eustice, aged fifty three years. Funeral will take place from his late, sidence Prospect street, on Monday 10 St. Patrick's church, thence to Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

A death more terrible than that which overlook John Eustice, Hamilton, could hardly be imagined. He left his home on Prospect street yesterday morning at 7 o'clock, and a few hours later he was so badly mangied than his own family would not have recognized off to inspect a colt on the farm of Andrew Reid, on the town line between Glasifed and Binbrook. about three miles east of Munth Hope. When he arrived no one wasned to the barn, so Mrs. Reid took him to the stable. The colt was in a wind double stand with horses, walked into the stall. Without the slightest warning, the brute kicked him violently on the breast with indicar its feet. It then began to prance victorsly on his body. That was about 10 clocks.

Mrs. Reid coreamed and ran for help. There was no one nearer than her husband, a half model the woman to find and bring her husband, the colt was pawing and kicking at the body under its feet. It then began to the woman to find and bring her husband, the colt was pawing and kicking at the body under its feet, When the framer reached the stable. Mr. Eustice's legs were protreding from the scall. The farmer selz ad them and dragged him out.

The nearest doctor was at Hail's Corners and a messenger was sent at once for him In a few minutes Mr. Eustice railied a little and moned: "Please raise my head a little higher." Give me a drink of water, he begged sagin, and it revived him a little. "What time is it?" he inquired soon after. Those were his last words. He died before the doctor undertive.

Undertaker James Dwyer was telephoned for, and he droye out and brought the remains. JOHN EUSTICE, HAMILTON. Hamilton Herald, March 20.

ord, and he was devoted to the interest of the control of the cont

May his soul rest in peace!

May his soul rest in peace!

Mass. Mortimer Schooley. La Salette.

One of the oldest residents in the parish of La Saiette passed peacefully away Tuesday, March 31st, in the person of Mrs. Mortimer Schooley, highly respected by all who knew her, always charitable, ever ready to give a soliton and in sickness. Her noble, upright and unassuming character, her Christian notives and unaschances should ever remain less hi. Mrs. Schooley was a native of Monagnan Ireland, and came to Canada in 1817, at he age of thirty one years. She leaves to mourn her loss one son and three daughters, Mr. Daniel Schooley Mrs. R. Donohue, Mrs. F. McNamara and Mrs. Jas. Purtill, all of the parish of La Salette.

The funeral took place on Friday morning. April 3rd, to the church of Our Lady of La Salette where Requiem High dass was celebrated by Rov. Father McCabe, after which he funeral cortege wended to the Catholic bemetery where the last said rites of the Church Were pei formed over the deceased.

The pall-bearers were ner five grandsons, Messrs. M. Schooley, J. Schooley, C. McNamara, J. McNamara, R. Purtill and D D'Dwyre.

Roy, Father McCabe preached an elequent Rev. Father McCabe preached an elequent May his soul rest in peace!

Dwyre. Rev. Father McCabe preached an elequent ad touching sermon appropriate for the occa-

May her soul rest in peace!

May her soul rest in peace!

MRS. PATRICK WALSH, PARIS.

Death come very suddenly to Mrs. Patrick Walsh, a bighly respected resident of Upper Town on Thursday afternoon in ber sixty second year. Deceased was up and attenuing to her domestic duties as usual, apparently in the best of health, but shortly after breakfast she complained of feeling dizzy, and was taken suddenly ill. Medical aid was quickly summoned, but she never railed, and passed a way about 1 o'clock, the cause of death being paralysis of the brain. Deceased was a native of Irland and came to this country when only four years old. Her husband preduceased her some twenty years ago. A family of five daugnters are left to mourn the ioss of a loving mother, and to whom the sympathy of the community goes out in their bereavement—Mrs. M. J. Collins, Paris, and the Misses Mary, Agnes, Cecilia and Margaret at home. The funerat took place on Sunday afternoon to the Church of the Sacred Heart, and from thence to the services being conducted by Rev. Father Cleary,—Star franscript, April 1.

May her soul rest in peace!

Connelus Fitzmorris, Montreal.

Lis our paniful duy to record the death of a valuable and respected member of the third order of St Francis. Cornelus Fitzmorris, a young manof great promise, who came to Montreal from London, Kngland, a few months ago. On his arrival here he sought and obtained employment at his trade, which was that of a panter. While engaged at his work, the young man fell a distance of forty fee, and sustained such severe injuries that he died a few days after in one of the city hospitals. When on his death-bed, he made his profession as a member of the Third Order. His remains were laid out in 85. Anthony's Villa; the Requiem service took place in the Church of St Francis, where the Father Superior of the Order efficiated, assisted by Father Ambrose, O. S. F., and Father Christopher, O. S. F., and Father Christopher, O. S. F., and Father Christopher, of the weight o CORNELIUS FITZMORRIS, MONTREAL.

MRS MARY ANN MUNRO, SEAFORTH. Mrs Mary Ann Muuro, the be oved wife of James Muuro, of Saforth, died on Tuesday, April 6th, at her residence in Seaforth, at the age of forty-eight years, leaving her husband and eight children, viz. six boys and two girls, all of whom are living, to mourn her come.

and eight children, viz. six boys and two girls, all of whom are living, to mourn her loss.

Mrs. Munroe was a native of Ardcath in the County of Dublin, Ireland, came to Canada in 1878, and lived in Seaforth for the last nineteen years. She was a kind mother to and was dearly loved by her children, to whom she gave always a good example, and whom, as a good Caristian mother, she had trained to waik in the paths of virtue.

The funeral took place on Thursday April 8th. As this was the Thursday of Holy Week, which day is devoted by the Church to the solemn commemoration of the mysteries of Caristr's Passion, Requiem Mass in black vestments could not be celebrated, but the Holy Sacrifice of the day was nevertheless offered for the soul of the deceased, and after time celebration of the public cremonies of the Caurch, the usual prayers for the dead were recited, and the Roy G. R. Northgraves made an instructive address on death, making reference also to the virtues of the deceased and recommending her to the prayers of the faithful, and especially of her friends and children and other relatives. After the services in the church, the funeral proceeded to St. James cemetery, where the remains were deposited in their last resting place.

May her soul rest in peace!

John DoonEr, Osceola.

JOHN DOONER, OSCHOLA

John Dooner, Osciola.

The Angel of Desth has been busy in Osceola parish lately, and among the many chosen for parish lately, and among the many chosen for by the last respective of the parish of the late of t

The friends of the dead man—and he had host of them—who saw bin a few hours be fore the accident, and chatted with him, find it hard to realize that such a stardy specimen of manhood should be removed as suddruly, known and liked. He had distinguished himself in many ways. When he was a young man it Hall's Corners he was a county constable and did work that was didned to the constable and did work that was didned to the constable and did work that was didned to the constable and did work that was didned to the constable and did work that was didned to the constable and did work that was didned to the constable and did work that was didned to the constable and did work that was didned to the crafty and many ways. When he was a syoung was the dumb hour clothed in bia is, were should Hagersville. Several Usined States of ficers were sent over to arreat him had the crafty red man kept himself surrounded with a gang of drunken braves, who were predact to interfere with the man who was sumplying their firewards and picked him. Mr Eustice went to Caledonia and picked him and him under arrest. The findians crowded in on him to effects a rescue but Mr. Eustice of were his revolver, and marched his man off.

He was had the like of him to have the deepens of the connection with the arrest of a forger maned Harris, who was wanted in this clify Mr. Eustice of two his revolver, and marched his man off.

He was also well known as the captain of the champion Barton tuy of was a becaused the connection with the arrest of a forger maned Harris, who was wanted in this clify. Mr. Eustice went to be shown in the state of vermon, but bad every wind of his biding piace, and went all the way to I thick look, Jrakasas, located the state of the state of the connection with the arrest of a forger wind the state of vermon, but bad the state of the

MRS. JOHN DUNN, STANLEY, ONT.

After a severe filnese of one year a duration, open with Christian fortitude, Mrs. John Dunn passed peacefully away on Monday yening, March 30th 1903, at her home in Stansy, in she sixty second year of her age. The funceral took piace on Thursday, April 2, 193. High R quiem Mass, was celebrated by Rev. Father Prud'nomme, who preached an appropriate sermon on the certainty of death, and touched feelingly upon the sufferings and virtues of the one who was zone.

Deceased leaves behind a husband, four sons at dist daughters.

May hor soul rest in peace!

MRS. JAMES CLANCY, CHESLEY.

will watch over and guide her little ones for her.

Mrs. Clancy who was possessed of a genial, happy disposition was universally beloved in the wide circle of her acquaintance; but it was in her home she was best appreciated for the beautiful traits of character that made her life a perpetual sunshine to those around her. In Caledonia, where the greater part of her childhood and happy young life was spent, there was no one held in warmer regard than Annie, as she was more familiarly known. Truiy it may be said of her:

The faces Annie wreathed in smiles, The hearts her mirth made lighter, Snall plead like angels' tongues above And make her record brighter."

And make her record brighter."

Deceased was united in marriage November 27, 1893, to Mr. James Clancy, at present ticket agent in the service of Grand Trunk. Besides the husband and six children mentioned, Mrs. Clancy is survived by her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Feter McMullen, one sister, Mrs. Daniel Monagan of Brantford, and three brothers, James and Peter of Buffalo and Daniel of Caledonis, The funeral took place from the residence of her father, Caledonia, on Friday, Aprils, at 10, 30 a. m., and was attended by relatives from Hamilton, Toronto, Brantford, Buffalo, Cayuga and Dunnville.

May her soul rest in peace!

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On page 120 Dr. Foster takes account of the fact that by the canon Si Papa "a Pope departing from the faith "may be judged by the Church. Throughout this chapter, indeed, he shows a good intelligence of theological shows a good intelligence of theological opinion concerning the status of the Pope. However, as in the last chapter, he does not show as much knowledge as could be desired of the position of the Jesuits, whose great influence in theology no one will dispute. Inasmuch as they have always confessedly held the highest opinion of Papal authority, the fact that they have made the Pope's accountability to the Church in the one case of public heresy (quam the one case of public heresy (quan avertat Deus) a "doctrine of the order," shows that they have no thought of allowing the canon Si Papa to drift into forgetfulness.

Indeed, even in the popular theology of Sylvester J. Hunter, this Jesuit author is careful to explain to the faithful at large that, great as the Pope's authority is, it would snap could he be authority is, it would snap could he be conceived as endeavoring to mislead the Church into heresy. All acknowledge that Papal authority has the same limitations as apostolic, of which St. Paul says, "it is given us for the building of you up, and not for the pulling of you down."

As I have already remarked, following Bellarmine, the Pope's defining

As I have already remarked, following Bellarmine, the Pope's defining authority is properly conversant within the range of yet unsettled questions concerning the interpretation of the Apostolic revelation, within which, all these populations are already to the property of the property allow, speaking ex cathedra, he can not err. As Pius IX. declares, by his approbation of the Swiss Pastoral of 1817, his infallibility is limited by previous definitions of the Church. It would be practically impossible, even on a human estimation of probabilities, that a Pontiff should undertake to reverse one of these, but could he be con-ceived as endeavoring it, he would find in them an impassable barrier to his The Pope might explain some controverted points concerning Transubstantiation, but imagine his trying to overthrew it !

On page 121 Dr. Foster hardly makes quite plain the distinction between the episcopal character and the episcopal power. More than one-fourth of the power. More than one-lourun of the Bishops of the Church have "the plen-itude of the priesthood" without epis-copal authority. Their ordinations and confirmations, were they even illicit, would be valid, but having no diocesse, they can exercise no diocesan jurisdic-tion. An auxiliary Bishop can perform no act without the license of the diocesan or of the Vicar-General.

Yet no one imagines (and perhaps Foster does not mean) that an explication institution by the Pope is intrinsically requisite. This has confessedly been

a matter of variable use.

Dr. Foster is wrong in saying that Bellarmine, and his school, regard the diocesan Bishops as "delegates" of the Pope. Herzog-Plitt points out the unfairness of the Old Catholics in making this the "Ultramontane" theory, although it maintains that the results are very much the same. It repeats are very much the same. It remarks that the Ultramontanes (if there can be said to be such a distinctive school since 1870) call attention to the fact that a Bishop can delegate his author-ity, whereas delegate potestas subdele-gari non potest, "delegated authority gari non potest, "delegat can not be subdelegated." Lehmkuhl remarks, so long as a Bishop remains diocesan, the Pope can not restrain him from any essentially diocesan function, except by performing it him-self, whereas the authority of a delegate can be enlarged or restricted at

leasure. It would be nearer correct to say that the Bishops are regarded as coad-jutors of the Pope. The formal expression, as we know, is, assumpti in partem solicitudinis, "taken up into a share of our pastoral solicitude."

On the other hand, I am surprised that Foster simply represents it as the voice of the Curia, and the curialists, that the Pope has plenary authority in every diocese. Surely he can not have forgotten that the Vatican Council expressly defines that the Pope's authority throughout the Church is "ordin ary and immediate," so that he can act as diocesan of any diocese in any case in which he chooses.

in which he chooses.

This prerogative, indeed, has not been confined to the Pope. Formerly an Archbishop could visit any suffragan diocese when he would, and during his visitation entirely suspended the dio-cesan jurisdiction. Only that for this he must come in person, which is not needed for the Pope's occasional acts

of diocesan authority.

I am afraid Bishop Potter was a bit out of temper when he once said that Rome now makes the Bishops mere curates of the Pope." Does Dr. Potter hold his own clergy to be simple questes of himself? I believe that curates of himself? I believe that Bishop Coxe did hold such an opinion, but I am sure that the Episcopal Church would not agree. In the twelfth century a council denied that parish priests are mere delegates of the Bishop, and ascribed to them a proper and ordinary jurisdiction. A fortiori to the Bishops in relation to the Pope.

It seems a pity that on page 123 Dr. Foster, speaking of Clement's letter to Corinth, should say that it bears throughout marks of perfect equality as then prevailing among the churches. Did the Church of Antioch regard herself as "perfectly equal" to the Church of Jerusalem when she appealed not only to the apostles, but to the elders of Jerusalem, concerning a vital question of Christian freedom? Does not Paul, when he asks the Corinthians whether the gospel came from them, or only to them, assume that the source is higher than the receptacle? I am afraid that Professor Foster is here atraid that Professor Poster is here writing rather as a Congregationalist than as a Church historian. And if in-equality among churches might exist on one ground, it surely might on others.

If Clement does not, from first to last, assume, as something too plain for discussion, the right of the Roman Church to admonish and correct all her

sisters, then I do not know how to dis-cover the tone of a letter. He does not write in his own name, and he does not write in his own name, and he does not argue the grounds of the Roman superiority. He does not say whether he views it as resting on the residence at Rome of the two principrs apostolorum, or on the greatness of the imperial Church, or on both. However, when Ernest Renan, utterly divorced from Christian belief, discovers here, in the first century, the germ of the claim of Roman supremacy, it might be well for us lesser me not to be too peremptory in our affirmations or denials. testant writer of the Church History Society remarks that the beginnings of specifically Roman Catholic Church history seem to lie a good deal farther back than is commonly assumed. To be sure, I do not remember whether he indicates the second century or the first.

It seems still more a pity that Dr. Foster insists on having this perfect inter-ecclesiastical equality prevail up to the Nicene council itself. What then do the Nicene canons mean, in regulating the various rank of various regulating the various rank of various churches, in language too which implies a good deal of authority as commingled with precedence? These canons do not so much enact as recognize use already ancient. Dr. Foster might have had a good deal of room here for argument on our Protestant ground, but he seems rather to have overshot himself, and so lost a good deal of his advantage.

That there was at this time much of the happy indeterminateness of the Church's first love, more of influence and less of rigorous jurisdiction than later, all Christian scholars agree. we may as well leave the

matter there. I need not say that Professor Foster has nothing in him of the vulgar no-Popery screamer. I pass over much of his argument as agreeing with it my-self, at least in substance. He speaks highly of the merits of the medieval Papacy, and regards even the modern Papacy as having a good deal to say for itself as an institution advantageous, not only to its own adherents, but to the Universal Church. Only he thinks it would be wiser to plead historical right (which might even include a re-cognition of Christ's action in the Church) then a specific scriptural foundation. Of course this will not satisfy ation. Roman Catholics, but it marks the far thest point to which a Protestant can go and remain a Protestant.

A non-Episcopalian has one advan-tage over a Churchman in this contro-He is not so much tempted as we are to be always warning the public against "the establishment over the vay.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

HOW LEO XIII. LIVES.

From the New York World. Leo XIII. is out of bed every morning at an hour which would astonish thousands the world over who speak complacent in their own slothful strength, of "the increasing feebleness of the Pope." Indeed, the Holy Father is at work long before most of those

out him are out of bed. He speels in a very plain apartment, a long and narrow room divided by a curtain, on the one side of which is nothing but a bed and a praying desk and on the other a very ordinary suit of furniture, with the desk at which His Holiness writes. Communicating with the bedroom is a small oratory in which Leo XIII. says Mass in the presence of a few attendants each morning, except upon Sundays and feast days. Then a private chapel which adjoins

the throne room is used.

Until this service is over Leo XIII.
does not break his fast, and then his breakfast consists of coffee and breakfast consists of coffee and breakfand butter only. Immediately after, the secretaries with their budgets of letters wait upon the Pope for instructions there all the block pages was the second of the se then a little light refreshment i taken, generally in the form of soup, and audiences are given to prelates of the Church and distinguished personages of foreign and the home country

who may be in Rome. A certain amount of exercise is taken by Leo XIII. each morning, the place for such depending upon the weather. If it is fine there is a drive in the ex-tensive gardens, the aviary, vinery and observatory often being visited en route and on foot. If the weather is unfavorable the Pope will take exercis in a beautiful gallery, well hung with paintings, which adjoins his private

apartments. The afternoon dinner is a frugal meal, consisting mainly of soup, poultry or meat, with bread and wine of the country, followed by fruit. The Pope has been up and at work since 6 o'clock, so he now takes some rest, after which he will read and study, often far into the night. Occasionally he varies his evenings with a game of chess, and, of course, he always attends Vespers with some of the members of his house

The Pope has a villa in the Vatican grounds which is somewhat cooler than the palace; and he removes thither for the hottest weather, when he receives all his visitors in a large adjoining pa-

Masterful Souls.

Our Lord Himself has declared that the meek shall inherit the earth; and who has not felt that the souls who exercise a mastery over others are those who know how to conquer themselves But the supernatural cause of this strength lies in the fact that it is only in such souls that the Holy Spirit of God Almighty can reign in the fullness of His light and of His power. Gentleness has the key of this world and of

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FIVE-MINUTES SERMON.

Low Sunday.

FAITH. "Who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" (ISt. Jonn, v. 5)

The first lesson which we learned my dear brethren, from the life of our Blessed Lord on Easter Day was a lesson of peace. To day we are con-cerned with another lesson. It is the lesson of Faith, and to them that learn

well this lesson our Lord promises His special blessing.
What then, is faith? "Now, faith is the substance of things to be hoped for; the evidence of things that appear not." It is an evidence; a certitude not." It is an evidence; a certitude higher than any evidence of certitude of the senses. St. Louis of France so well appreciated this that when some one constrained him to see a miracu-lous appearance of our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist to confirm his faith he said that his faith was stronger with out the miracle than with it, and he refused to see the miracle.

Faith, then, gives to the man that

has it a certitude of all things higher than any other certitude we can have in this life. Human reason assures us of certain facts, of certain existences, but divine faith leads us on above human reason to the author of the facts, to the Creator and Preserver and Lawgiver of those existences. So that the man who has the gift of divine faith knows more certainly facts and existences than he who has it not, because by this gift he refers them all to the Absolute, they being all only relative.

The gift of faith, as every Catholic knows, is given in baptism. Now, what is there in the gift of baptism which constitutes the baptized man a new creature in the sight of God, considering that the statement of the sight of God, considering that the statement of the sight of God, considering that the statement of the sight of God, considering that the statement of the sight of God, considering that the statement of the sight of God, considering that the statement of the sight of God, considering that the sight of God, considering that the statement of the sight of God, considering that the sight of God, considering the sight of sidering that the natural man is one sidering that the natural man is one who is wounded by original sin in his intellect, will and affections? Considering this, I say, we ask how can this soul, born into the world under this sad condition, be recreated? Christ, speaking to Nicodemus, gives us the answer: "Except man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." To day it will concern us to consider only one of these gifts, the gift of the intellect.

By baptism man is given, as we said, the gift of faith. Now, faith is the act of the recreated intellect, and only of the recreated intellect. It is a divinely inspired gift by which the baptized man is enabled to apprehend the acts of God and believe them as true. It is a divinely inspired gift by which not only can he penetrate the unseen, by which the visible things of this world become clearer and more visible, because we begin to see them in the light in which God sees them. Therefore, wisely does the Church sing every Sunday in the Mass, "I believe in all things, visible and invisible."

So, then, the gift of faith puts into the soul of every baptized man a capac-ity for receiving the truth and nothing but the truth. Such is the advantage the Christian has over the unbaptized man. He has a quality which enables him to reach the grand end for which God in the beginning created him. By means of the gift of faith, then, man passes to union with God. By use of the divine gift man become as it were, filled with God and sharer of the divine beatitude. It is a gift which, used rightly, makes him apprehend truth in matters of faith and morals, so that it needs but the special action of the Holy Spirit in the case of the Pope to make him the infallible exconent of the Church in these matters.

Every baptized person has the capac ity, but not all do, will, or can use it. The most that many a man can do is to recognize the truth when he hears it as truth, but not to find it out. This, then, is a gift, or, if you will, a divine inspiration, left to the sons and daughters of the Church for their own special heritage. It divides them from those without by a chasm as wide as that between Dives and Lazari which nothing but the very gift itself can cause to cross the gulf.

Such is the reason why men who wander in error so often come at last to the end, and become good Catholics. Because they have perceived that to the mind of the baptized, good and devout Catholic, there is a certainty in all things, both visible and invisible, which science, false philosophy, and the world never could attain to. Guard, then, and keep alive and burning the gift of faith, and the earnest and the constant use of the Sacraments, that it may be said of you at the last: "Blessed is he because, though he saw not, yet he believed." he believed.'

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE MANI-FOLD BENEFITS OF GOD.

Open O Lord, my heart in Thy law.

and teach me to walk in thy command-Give me grace to understand Thy will, and to commemorate with great reverence and diligent consideration ail Thy benefits, as well in general as in particular; that so I may be able worthily to give Thee thanks for them. But I know and confess that I am not able to

the least. I am less than any of Thy benefits bestowed upon me; and when I consider Thy excellency, my spirit loseth itself

return Thee due thanks, not even for

in the greatness of Thy Majesty. All that we have in soul and body, all that we possess outwardly or in wardly, by nature or grace, are Thy benefits, and commend Thy bounty, mercy and goodness, from Whom we have re-

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The benefits that result from family prayers are very important and very numerous. Nothing so much contributes to union, to mutual respect between man and wife, to the holy use of marriage, to mutual support and kindness and confidence. We may say what we please, but men only esteem and love one another sincerely, open their mind and trust each other as far as they themselves possess, and also recognize in others, a deep religious feeling. And what safer and surer guarantee of religious feelings is there than agreement and unanimity in the service of God!

It keeps up in the father and mother the ideal of the sanctity of their state, and the greatness of their obligations in the education of their children. It makes them faithfully discharge this duty, and be careful of its least detail. It draws down on them the graces of which they stand in need. How many they need at every moment to form the mind and heart of their children, in order that they may not be disheartened by the faults of childhood, and of the painful and assiduous cares it requires; that they may not exceed, neither in severity nor indulgence; that they may so manage their household that familiarity may not prejudice respect, and that the use of their authority may not destrey their children's love; that they may love all their children equally, or at least not show any predilection for one more than another, since this is often the source of hatred and jealousy.

Family prayer accustoms children to a certain religious veneration for their parents; it gives more weight to the advice they receive from them, and disposes their will to a more prompt obedience. Indeed, nothing can conduce more to their seeing God in the person of their parents than to have a high opinion of their piety. And where can they get this opinion so much as from seeing them at their prayers? One cannot imagine how much the love that God has placed in the hearts of children for the authors of their being, grow with the estimate they have of their virtue.

Just compare the picture of a pious family with one that is not so. In the one there is subordination, peace, and union. In the other independence, vexation, discord. Piety constitutes the happiness of the one, and independence the unhappiness of the other. I is not possible that a family where orning and night, the prayers are id with exactitude and reverence, should not live an exemplary and Christian life in every other respect. God watches over it with a particular care, and consequently it must be happy. On the contrary, where this practice is neglected, it is very common for one or ore of the household to forget their prayers, and in the house where this is the case, there is no real Christianity; God does not dwell there, and whatever may appear to the case, every member is more or less unhappy; the husband and wife, parents and children being a continual subject of annoyance to one another.—Abbe Grou, S. J.

SEVEN SIGNS OF CHARITY.

If you have charity, you will recognize it by the signs I am about to point out to you. No one knows whether he be worthy of love or hatred, unless it be revealed to him; nevertheless he may have a sufficient knowledge of the state of his conscience and of his soul if he pay attention to those principal signs which testify to the possession of charity.

testify to the possession of charity.

1. "If you think of God willingly and with pleasure, be not disquited; you are united to Him by charity. Where your heart is, there is your treasure, that is to say God; and he who has God for his treasure has no who has God for his treasure has nothing to fear.

"If you hear God spoken of with pleasure, if you lay up in your heart the good and edifying words you have heard, be not disquited: you are neard, be not disquited: you are united to Him by charity, you have nothing to farm?

united to Him by charity, you have nothing to fear."

3 "If you converse often with God, if you speak to Him in prayer, be not disquieted: you are united to Him by charity, you have nothing to fear."

4. "If you willingly give for God that which belongs to you, and of which you have the disposal, be not disquited: you are united to Him by disquited: you are united to Him by charity, you have nothing to fear."

5. "If you suffer patiently the troubles of this life with the view of

pleasing God be not disquited: you are united to Him by charity, you have

nothing to fear."

6. "If you faithfully observe the commandments of God, be not disquited; you have nothing to fear."

7. "If you love everything which God loves, everything which is pleasing to Him, if you love the works of virtue: if you detest everything He detests, crimes and vice, be not disquieted: you are united to Him by charity, you have nothing to fear."—Words of our Divine Lord to Maria

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Thos. Sabin, of Eglington, say: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Hollo-way's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

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CHATS WIT

APRIL 18

In striving to his passions a selfishness, a m the very root Ignatius of Loy Plod

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lers 859,570.51 erve for the security of its 1, being a grand total paid ,210.43. This sum largely he result of thirty-three halife insurance.

W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary.

Y NEW RITUAL

EATER CONVENIENCE OF THE Y IN THE ADMINISTRATION ACRAMENTS AND VARIOUS

TER OF NEW FRANCE. Y CATHERINE CROWLEY.

Y CATHERINE CROWLEY.
interesting and romantic novel
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

In striving to gain the mastery over his passions and crush out his own selfishness, a man is laying the ax to the very root of all his troubles. the very root of Ignatius of Loyola. Plod, Plod, Plod.

When your hands and head are weary,
And your soul has lost its song.
When the road is bot and dreary,
And the way seems very long;
And the way seems very long;
When you have no heart for action,
when you have a line spur and rod—

Just to see the task before you,
And forget the distant goal;
Just to bid Renown ignore you.
And to bear a humble soul;
Just to trudge along centented
Where the many feet have trod—
There's no better rest invented
Than a plod, plod, plod!

Let the genius leap to glory— Winged feet that spurn the soil; Though I taink the truer story Is that talents always toil. We will make a recutation From a broom a hoe, a hod; There are fame and fascination In a plod, plod, plod;

For in this way and no other
Do the seasons come and go,
And the great world is a brother
To the toiler with his hee;
Near to nature working slowly,
We are close to nature's God
When we give our spirits wholly
To a plod, plod, plod:

-AMOS R. WELLS Modesty and Success.

Modesty and Success.

Modesty is one of the sweetest and most desirable qualities one can possess, and yet too much modesty hinders advancement. When this quality is overdeveloped, it antagonizes aggressivewithout which no great success can be attained.—Success.

Goodness Inspires Love man who is honest and virtuous A man who is honest and virtuous only by the exercises of an iron will may command our respect, but he never has our love. The one out of whom goodness is reflected like a light is the one who inspires love. It is not enough to be good; to be beautifully good is necessary to make ctive.

The Lukewarm Catholic.

He is not exactly a bad man; he He is not exactly a bad man; he may even have many good traits in him. He goes to Mass every Sunday, but by preference to Low Mass, when no sermon is given. He sometimes keeps fasts, and abstinence fairly; he may be good-hearted and give alms; he may be sober and industrious; may be a kind father and a good bushed, yet he has no energy in the husband, yet he has no energy in the cause of religion; he takes no active part in furthering the interests of his part in furthering the interests of his congregation; he never pushes for-ward, but simply allows himself to be dragged along. He is not present, or pays no attention when sermons are pays no attention when sermons are given on certain good works, such as the support of the poor, of the orphans, of the school, paying church debt, the importance of parochial societies, etc. The fact is, that in most congregations there are but few men congregations there are but few men who have the general welfare at heart. It ought not to be so. It is not enough to pray "Thy kingdom come," we should always be alert to make room for it.—Western Watchman. Farmers Should Learn to Mix Brains

with the Soll.

The new conditions of agriculture will naturally, and it would seem inevitably, separate farmers into two classes. In this division we may ignore the rich city men who take up fancy farming simply as a fad. They are very well represented by one of their class who, having invited a number of friends to dine with him, said: "Gentlemen, what will you have to drink, champagne or milk. It makes no difference to me; they cost me about the ence to me; they cost me about the

way, would have to be either far above the wants of the average man, like the philosopher, Henry D. Thoreau, or far below them, like the poor whites of the South,—and there will never be many Thereaus. Those who, failing to gain the markets, still cling to the country, Thoreaus. Those who, the markets, still cling to the country, the markets and the mar

A young man who expects to succeed as a farmer must recognize the fact that a revolution in agriculture is now taking place. Formerly, men farmed with their muscles. In the future they will form with their brains. Heretofore farm with their brains. Heretofore, many a farmer has been simply the best animal on his place. Hereafter the successful farmer will be a succ successful farmer will be a man of trained mind and expert knowledge.—Success.

Floodtide of Energy. How prodigal most young people are of their physical and mental forces! How

little they appreciate their value! On every hand we see young men squandering their vital energy, as if a perpetual supply were insured,— as if the fountain of youth would never as if the fountain of youth would never run dry. They fling away their force as wastefully as the waters of a spring flood overflow into the surrounding country. But, when the flood-tide of youth is past,—when they begin to feel the dryness of age,—they realize the preciousness of what they squandered so recklessly.

recklessly.
In some places where the water supply in some places where the weet streams is abundant in spring, the streams dry up completely in summer. The only possible way of securing power to work

the mills in such places is to store the water of the spring floods by means of dams.

This "strenuous" attitude is destructive to that form of self-improvement which gives exquisite pleasure and produces really cultured people. One of the most many-sided and interesting men I ever met had never been to college or been a member of a literary or other club, yet his mind was stored with the finest thoughts of poets and philosphers of all ages. When a child, during a walk of two miles in the country to and

from school, he had formed a habit of memorizing beautiful or inspiring pas-sages in prose and verse from the works of the best authors. Thus, by intimate and loving association with great souls, he had unconsciously became cultured. means which he empleyed are

available to the humblest.

The Worst Kind of Poverty. Noother form of poverty can compare with mental destitution. Though a man own neither houses nor lands nor money, yet, if he has a cultivated mind and a broad mental horizon, if the door of his intellect has been opened wide, of his intellect has been opened whose, so that he drinks in beauty and intelli-gence wherever he goes, and if he has developed his sympathies so that he is in touch with life at all points, he has found the secret of success and happi-

On the other hand, if a man merely accumulates millions of dollars, though he own broad acres and live in a palace, if his mind has been starved, if he is intellectually poor, he will know nothing of the world beautiful in books, he will see nothing to admire in art, nothing to soothe or elevate in music; if he has been wholly absorbed in crowding and elbowing his way through the and elbowing his way through the world to the total neglect of his higher nature, in spite of his houses and lands, his palatial residence and all his costly and the most despicable. surroundings, he is the most despicable and pitiable kind of pauper.

Saving money and starving the mind is the poorest business that any human being can possibly engage in. Wear threadbare clothes, if necessary; sleep in a bare attic, if you must; sacrifice legitimate but unnecessary amusements; do anything in reason rather than starve your mind. Feed that at any cost short of injuring health.

A youth who has learned the alphabet heat he key to all power. He can make

has the key to all power. He can make royal investments, for mental investment is the greatest any one can make. It is a form of wealth that will stand by one when panics or other misfortunes have event away recents, when friends have swept away property, when friends fall away, when the whole world seems to have turned against you. No matter what happens, if you have a rich mind, if your intellect is a storehouse of precious knowledge, you can never in reality be poor.—Success.

Success and Education In a recent article appearing in the Nineteenth Century, the writer declared that "those men who have made commercial science, political economy, their study, have not shown any success in business and have remained theorists. Most political economists have had to live on their pen. . . . It is strange how few business men of the first rank have a good word to say of political

Commenting on this editorially the Enquirer (Cincinnati) sapiently observes
"all this depends on a proper definition
of education." And further on we find of education." And further on we find the following paragraph: "The men with the best education are those who educate themselves. The young men who go through college and con the maxims and observations of crank con-structors of text books frequently take desks in counting rooms and remain there to a green old age, while the selfmade fellow sits in the private office a few hours a day and directs things, and enjoys himself the rest of the time. In reality, though, he knows more about finance and political economy than the

finance and political economy than the college-bred chap."

The editorial writer on the Enquirer staff is slightly mixed in his gestures. He seems to think that the highest education is the ability to accumulate wealth, just as the vulgus will say of a politician who has managed to make money out of politics—" he is a smart man." It doesn't require a barrel of brains to make money. The highway ence to me; they cost me about the same."

The two classes under which farmers will hereafter be known will be those who can successfully compete for the market, and those who cannot. Those who succeed will do so by virtue of scientific methods; and those who fail to gain the market must either cease to farm or be forced back into the age of homespun. Anyone who, in the midst of modern civilization, could be content to live in this simple, primitive way, would have to be either far above flood of learned literature on the money question whose only purpose is to catch the votes of the unlearned. Who writes these pamphlets on the questions of finance? We strongly suspect that it is the work of some college-bred fellow. The practical politician hasn't got the brains required for the task. No wonbrains required for the task. No won-der, then, that the "self-made fellow sits in his private office a few hours a

> business college convert the student into a financier. The science of politinto a mancier. The science of policical economy is mastered only after years of arduous study and application. The mastery of any science is the result of years of mental toil.

of years of mental toll.

There are indeed men learned in books who have never accumulated wealth, but the greatest achievements in whatever department of human endeavor can be department of human endeavor can be traced to the educated man, the student, the scholar. Professor Agassiz was once requested to give a course of lectures and he was offered \$1,000 for every lecture he would deliver, but he refused on the ground that he had no time to make money.

time to make money.

The great painters, musicians, poets, scientists, literary and statesmen of the world as a rule die poor if not insolvent, but they leave behind them a legacy richer than gold. One thing is certain—they never sat around in their "private office a few hours a day:" their achievements were the result of arduous, unremitting toil. But their lives were not spent in vain. They have left time to make money. were not spent in vain. They have left their "footprints on the sands of time."

-Men and women.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE LITTLE MAID OF ISRAEL.

BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

CHAPTER IV.

"What is thy will with me, good Naaman?" asked Benhadad, king of Syria, with whom the Syrian general

stood high in favor.
"I am come to seek counsel of thee,
my lord," replied Naaman. "My
wife hath a maid-servant who cometh from the land of Israel, and this maiden sayeth that in Samaria there is a prophet called Elisha, who hath done most marvelous things even to the raising of the dead to life. The maiden also that that it I says the prophet claimeth that if I seek the prophet, Elisha, he will heal me of my leprosy. What thinketh thou, my lord? dost thou believe that which the maiden sayeth be true?"

"I have never heard of this Elisha,"

replied Benhadad. "He is no doubt magician, and, if what the maiden sayeth magician, and, if what the maiden sayeth
be true, his power far exceedeth that
of any magician at my court. Thou
shalt journey to Samaria, my Naaman,
bearing a letter from me to Jehoram,
king of Israel. This Elisha is perhaps
attached to the court of Jehoram, but,
if not the king bath power to make if not, the king hath power to make his subjects do his bidding. Take with thee gold in plenty to reward this Elisha."

Naaman kissed the hand of the king and went forth from his presence. Upon the day following his interview with Benhadad, Naaman, in great pomp and splendor, set forth upon his journey to Samaria. He carried with him ten talents of silver, six thousand pieces of gold (about \$60,000) and ten changes of costly raiment with which to reward

Elisha The first blush of the rising sun lay apon the city of Damascus as the nagnificent caravan of Naaman passed through its gates. Naaman and his retinue journeyed over the uplands of Bashan, through the valley of Jordan, and upon the fifth day stood before the

gates of Samaria.

Then Naaman, ordering the caravan to halt, called one of his servants to and said:

him and said:
"Send ahead a messenger to Jehoram,
king of Israel, announcing that
Naaman, the great Syrian general, art
approaching with his retinue and desirth audience with him. A fair-haired lad, robed in scarlet

A fair-haired lad, robed in scarlet and mounted upon a jet-black horse of wonderful swiftness, bore Naaman's message to the king. So when the caravan reached the palace, Jehoram was waiting to receive Naaman.

Tall and lithe of form, straight of feature was the Israelite king. The long hair, bound by the jeweled crown, was black as the raven's wing. There was a flush upon his dark brow and a troubled look in his eyes as Naaman entered his presence.

entered his presence.

entered his presence.

"Thou art Naaman, general in the Syrian Army," he said, "and thou seeketh speech with me?"

"Yes, I am Naaman," replied the Syrian, as he bent his proud head before Israel's dark king. "I have journeyed from Damaseus, bearing. journeyed from Damascus, bearing this letter from Benhadad, king of all Syria to Jehoram, king of Israel," and

syria to Jenoram, king of Israel, and taking the parchment from his breast, he presented it to Jehoram.

The latter read the letter and his face turned white. Lifting his eyes, angry and disturbed, he fixed them upon Naaman. "Thou art a leper?" he said, while

a look of loathing passed over his face.
A dark red flush of shame and humiliation rose to Naaman's proud brow. my lord, I am a leper," he replied.

The king fell into deep thought, his brows drawn together in a frown.

Naaman, standing at the foot of the

throne in torturing suspense, noted that the king was greatly disturbed. His thin lips were unsteady, the long, slim fingers, which held the golden sceptre,

and, turning his eyes again upon Nas-man, he asked : "Knoweth thou the contents of thi

"Seek me to-morrow at this time," he said, " and thou shalt have my answer to the letter of thy king."

As soon as Naaman had departed Jehoram summoned the counselors and thus adjusted to the said of the said

wise men of his kingdom and thus adsed them : Benhadad, king of Syria, seeketh gennauad, king of Syria, seeker a request which he knoweth it be impossible for me to grant. I fear that he doth this

me to grant. Hear that he doth this for the purpose of provoking war as his father, Benhadad I., before him, did with my father, Ahab."

"My lord, what meaneth thou?" anxiously inquired one of the wise men

of the kingdom.
"The king hath sent to me Naaman the great Syrian general, with a letter which I will read to thee," replied the king. "' Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold I send herewith Naman, my servant, that thou mayest cure him of his leprosy.' Seeth thou how he seeketh a quarrel with me?' cried the king, as he rent his garments.
"Am I God to kill and give life that Benhadad sendeth to me a man to be

cured of his leprosy?"

The wise men and the counselors of the kingdom looked silently and apprehensively into one another's faces,

wise men.
"I have given him as yet no answer,"
to overcome his natural repugnance
to spiritual things. For this pur-

a vay, bidding him return to-morrow in the meanwhile, 1 have summoned in the meanwhile, I have summoned thee, my counselors and wise men, that

w) may confer together."
"Thinketh thou, my lord, that this Naaman, who cometh in such pomp and splendor to Samaria, be in truth a

and splendor to Samaria, be in truth a teper?" asked one of the counselors.
"Truly I know not." answered the king. "But when I didst ask him if he were a leper, his face flushed with shame and he replied, 'Yes, I am a leper. He is a man of magnificent form and stately bearing, he is evidentially an analysis in the programment which and high in fay in iy of great wealth and high in favor with Benhadad, Syria's king. He is also a soldier and a man of valor. But why waste we time in discussing this Syrian. Let us rather take counsel as to what answer we shall send to his

My lord, what answer canst thou send to Benhadad, king of Syria, save that thou are not God and, therefore, hath not the power to heal the leper?" asked one of the wise men.

The king frowned.

'Thus would I do as Benhadad wisheth—give him pretext to make war upon me,' he cried, impatiently. upon me," he cried, impatiently.
"Thou speaketh with scant wisdom,
Mahab. Benhadad knoweth well that
it be not in the power of man to heal
the leper. But I would temporize with
him, not thus openly give him pretext
to make war upon Israel."

At that moment one of the king's

At that moment one of the king's servants entered and said:
"My lord, a servant of the prophet, Elisha, is without and desireth speech

with thee.' "He must seek me later," cried the ting, impatiently. "I am engaged at present with the counselors and wise men of my kingdom upon a matter of grave import."

"Pardon thy servant, my lord,"
persisted the servant, "but this man
bid me say that his master hath sent nim to speak words of counsel that neither the wise men nor the counselors of thy kingdom could give unto thee." The king started.
"Ah!" he exclaimed, "now I do

rophet and a holy man of God. Go, ring hither his servant."

w moments with a man simply clad

and grave of mien.

"My lord," he said to Jehoram,
"my master, Elisha, the prophet, bade
me seek thee and say, 'Why hast thou
rent thy garments? Sendeth to me this Naaman of Syria that he may know here is a prophet in Israel.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW SHALL WE INCREASE SPIRITUALITY?

We all hope to go to heaven when we Catholics have faith. firmly believe all the sacred truths the holy Catholic Church believes and teaches. We know there is a heaven f eternal bliss beyond the grave and it worth striving for. It is not a Johammedan heaven—a place of atural joys and sensual delights. The Mohammedan oys of heaven are spiritual—to particiate in those joys the soul of man must attuned to the spiritual harmony at pervades those heavenly mansions There is a natural life and there is a

spiritual life. The natural life is that to which all men are born who are liv-ing in the world. The spiritual life is something higher, purer, better, that has to be superadded to the natural, and this is done by the Holy Spirit of God imparting grace and strength to lead the spiritual life. The principle—the germ of the spiritual life—is im-—the germ of the spiritual file is a planted by baptism. But that germ has to be cultivated — assiduously developed—or the natural life which tends to degeneracy will get the upper the spiritual is the spiritual in the spiritual is a spiritual in the spiritual is a spiritual in the spiritual is a spiritual in the spiritual in the spiritual is a spiritual in the hand and we shall become mere naturals without any high or holy aspirations or, if such aspirations are sometime experienced, they are overpowered and obscured by the predominant influence of the mere natural life and they bring

At length, the king roused himself, no really valuable fruit to perfection. This is a very serious consideration, for it is a sad fact that so many baptized Catholics fail to cultivate their spirit-ual nature, and live on from year to letter?"
"Yes, my lord," replied Naman.
"I must have time to consider this request of Benhadad," continued the king. Naaman's face paled. He had now anticipated any hesitation on the part of Jehoram to grant the wish of Benhadad, knowing how unwise it would be tor political reasons for Jehoram thus to act. If the king of Israel noted Naaman's disturbance he gave no sign of it.
"Seek me to-morrow at this time," ual nature, and live on from year to year, without realizing in their lives the high and holy vocation to which they are called. Many of these men are leading professional and business men, of high character, as the world goes, and considerable influence in society, and are oftentimes recognized as representative Catholics. But unfortunately, they lack one thing—they for the high they are not spiritually minded; they are not truly devout, but too often come tar short of the high, unworldly aspiranot truly devout, but too often come far short of the high, unworldly aspiritions, the charity and unselfish devotion to the interests of others, especially to everything, pertaining to the prosperity of the Church and the quiet, unostentatious, edifying deportment which characterize the true Christian.

Why is this? Well, in the first place the atmosphere which surrounds

place the atmosphere which surrounds us all is so thoroughly worldly, so selfish, so grasping, so devoted to mere material good and so negligent of the spiritual that it is almost impossible to resist its depressing influence. The con-sequence is, if we examine our hearts, that they are more taken up with the things of this world than with those of things of this world the world to come. What shall we eat? What shall we drink? Wherewith stall we be clothed? How shall we increase our store. How shall we gain entrance to the good society which What shall we eat? drink? Wherewith we so much covet? These are the questions which absorb our time and attention and throw the claims of the spiritual and eternal entirely into the

background.

How shall this very serious defect be remedied? Of course the careless man must wake up to the consciousness of the supreme importance of giving at-tention to the subject. He must not for they knew not what to say to the king. wing.

"It doth appear that Benhadad mocks me," said the king, "for well he knoweth that no man hath the power to heal the leper."

"It doth appear that Benhadad mocks me," said the king, "for well he knoweth that no man hath the power to heal the leper."

Level to the must energian them as the gracious intimations of a kind Providence. Then he must resolve to turn over a new leaf—to act—and with the aid of divine grace to convert him the aid of divine grace to convert him. the aid of divine grace to convert the heal the leper."

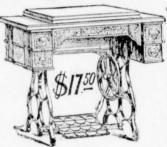
"My lord, what answer hast thou given to Naaman who brought to thee the king's letter?" asked one of the twise men.

the aid of divine grace to convert the self. He must use the means which the goodness of God has given us for cultivating and developing the spiritual life. He must set himself deliberately

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pose it is evident that his reading must be something beside the news-papers and the light literature of the day. His Sunday reading especially should be something besides those enormous the sometime, desacts and papers. If the taste for religious reading be wanting, that taste must be cultivated. In God's providence reading very often may be useful to confirm our faith as well as to develop a devotional spirit, what this reading ways he undertaken. and this reading must be undertaken with the same spirit of determination which animates, oftentimes, persons, for instance, who have really no taste or talent for music, and leads them to persevere till they have become quite pro-

ficient in the art.
We need hardly add, for the millions who can not read, as well as for those who can, that the soul of the spiritual life is prayer-earnest, faithful, per severing prayer—earnest, tattful, per-severing prayer to God, in the first place, for the aid of His grace, and then to the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of Perseverance, who will plead for us with her divine Son and obtain for us those special graces with-out which all our efforts will be in vain. -Sacred Heart Review.

It is not allowed to everybody to speak to the king, yet every day I can speak familiarly with God.—M. Dar-

Jesus, Jesus, your Heart, the world demands it. The Church bears upon her altars the very Heart of Jesus.— Msgr. Baudry.

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On Wedwedoy. Thursday and Friday evenues the Solemo Office of the Theorem of the Solemo Office of the Theorem of the Gorean Control of the Control

request coutributed theifirst page to the twentyfifth anniversary report.

Since 1859 airs. Scanner made Montreal her
home, only leaving it from time to time for
protracted visits to New York. In March
1805 she was presented with the Leatare
Medal by the was presented with the Leatare
Medal by the University of Notre Dame,
Indians, in recognition of distinguished services rendered to the American Catholic
bublic. Though of late years Mrs. Sadits had
been unable to do much literary works she
still took a lively interest in the work of the
day, and keenly followed the progress of those
charitable institutions with which she had
been so closely connected in her earlier days.
Rev. Fainer Marcin Calladnan, P. SS. of
St. Patrick's Church. Montreal, speaking at
the High Mass on Sunday, in reference to the
d sath of this gifted lady, said:

1 to the structure of th

Montreal for Boston, where he subsequently died;
the Aparick's was dedicated on the feast of the Aparle of Erin, 1887. That year was destined to be one of herrowing memories to the Irish population of Montreal, For it witnessed the fearful mortality of the "Ship Fever," which not only swept away thousands of incoming emigrants but took other valuable lives as well, including both priests and people. But this is an off-told as well as tragic tale, My memories of the told as well as tragic tale, My memories of the told as well as tragic tale, and the subsequently distinct, as regards &, Patrick's. I was then attending the church regularly with my husband.

incl. as regards St. Patrick's. I was then attending the church regularly with my husband.

"To look back now through the years how solemn it seems and how unreal! Or is it the present which lacks reality! The Sunday mornings in old St. Patrick's, days of spring or days of winter, autumn Sabbaths or those of flery midsummer! I remember the pewholders of those days; most of them have hassed into the shadows. Happily a few still survive, even amongst the earliest pioneers of the Faith, and those it is not necessary here to particularize. The majority sleep upon the mountain side, where the great Calvary throws its shadow over their graves.

"Amonst other parish notables of the day were the much esteemed and learned Dr. Schmidt. There was Francis McDonnell, friend of the orphans, and 'he genial and cultured Henry Kavanagh and Captain McGrath chief of police, and John Fitzpatrick, the munificent donator to St. Patrick's Asylumand his business patrner. Luke Moore. There were the Mullins and the Shannons and the Currans, one of the latter being father of that truly representative Irisman of to day. Mr. Justice Curran and Patrick and William Breenan and M. P. Ryan, afterwards member for Montreal, and Peter Devine at Charles and James Luker and Honas Bell and Charles Paisgrave and Michael O'Mears and M. Darrach and Galbraith Ward and Isidore Mallen and John and Daniel Mahony, the latter a worthy old schoolmaster, and William P. Bartiey and Matthew Ryan the able journalist, and Muldoon and Dolan and Doran and Bryan Haves, and Tromas O'Brien and Kelly and McCulloch, and J. P. Sexbon, afterwards Recorder, and Dromgcole and Donan. Their names come back to me after the latse of years and many of the faces, too, grown familiar from their places in the pew Sunday after Sunday, from the patrich was young then, and but just beginning my literary career, which has extended over

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH OPENED AND BLESSED ON SUNDAY, MARCH 26TH.

whether the Agencies were branch with the property of the Agencies where the Agencies were branch with the property of the Agencies were designed and according to the Agencies were designed as the property of the Agencies were of

Drummond, S. J., at the conclusion of the first Gospel, preached an elequent sermon on "The Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sac-rament,"

Real Presence of our Lord in the Biessed Sactament,"

At the evening service which had been announced for 7:90 the church was filled to its u most long before the appointed time, and the number of persons who falled to obtain a seat or standing room in the sacred edifice, and consequently went away disappointed. We street than these that found accommedation. Father D unmond a levied an excellent discourse on "The Massion of the Catholic Church as a divicely appointed teacher amongst the nations of the world." The address throughout was listened to with rapit attention by a congress on chiefly composed of non-Gatholice. Massengid's "Ave Marie" was given in excellent voice by Mr. Sasborn who is well known in Mossed av. As it also Mi. H. Jagger, who sang with feeling "O Paradise." Beteduction of the Moss Biaged Sacrament closed the "ay's devotion. The ofference of the services were most satisfactors.

Father Drummond announced before his discourse in the evening that an address would be delivered in the Town Hall on the following Monday evening in aid of the local hospital fund.

It is a matter of regret that moss Aid and

pital fund.

THE LECTURE.

It is a matter of regret that more did not avail themselves of the privilege of hearing this lecture. However, a fair sized audience gethered, and all were delighted with it. The speaker took as his theme. The Reason ableness of Faith." and the lecture lasted for about an hour and a quarter. The following brief summersy will be read with interest and profit; but, of course, the humorous touches and sine-lights have to be omitted for want of space:

profit; but, of course, the humorous touches and side-lights have to be omitted for want of space;

The purpose of this lecture is to show how reasonable is the belief in the existence of a personal God, in the immortality of the soul and in the truth of the Christian revelation. The existence of God is proved by the necessity of a First Cause. The human mind naturally seeks the ultimate cause of things. An elaborate work of art is immediately attributed by all men to a skilful craftsman. We seem the idea of its being the result of chance or blind force. Now the world about us, the entire visible universe, is a work of stupend ous and most admirable mechanism. Therefore it must be the effect of an intelligent Cause, and if that cause is not directly admitted to be infinite, at least in final analysis, we must go back to a cause which is itself uncaused and consequently infinite in power, wisdom and all other imaginable perfections. This is the Christian's God. Is this not more reasonable than striving to explain all phenomena by referring them to Nature with a big "N1". The size of the "N" explains nothing.

Against the Christian's God are marshalled

a big "N!" The size of the "N" explains nothing.
Against the Christian's God are marshalled two classes of unbelievers; the scoffer and the doubter. The scoffer pokes fun at the Hible, openly denies the existence of God and of a future life, turns all religion into ridicule, and all the while shouts very loud to give himself courage against the still, small voice of his conscience, like the las who whistles in the dark to make believe he is not atraid. The scoffer might be called the bully of unbelief, and, like all bulles, he is besten as soon as he is found out. He has had his day, we have our grown him and can afford to let nim wear himself out in senseless jeets and unreasoning gibes.

ginning of this twentieth century thousands upon thousands, all the round world over, are living; for His blessed sake; many have died, in the century just closed and very lately in China, for His faith and love. Many more would be only too glad to give up their lives for the glory of His Holy Name. That is an argument which no sophistry can waken and no number of objections can disprove.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE. Kinkora, March 27, 1903 remove by death Mr. Michael Howard, g. and father of our worthy and highly respect Bro., Thos. B. Morrison of Kinkora and John Waters of Bay City, Mich... Resolved, that we, the members of Branch No. 175, hereby express our bearfelt sorrow for the loss sustained by Bro. Morrison and Waters and family and extend to them our most sincers symmetry and condelnee in their sad affliction: also

Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this meeting, and sent to Bro. Those, B. Morrison and John Waters, and also published in the official organ and CATHOLE RECORD

JAMES MCDONNELL Pres.

FRANCIS JORDAN, Sec.

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 53.

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 53
Mount For st, Ost. the following resolution
was unanimously adopted:

It was moved by Brother E. Corrigan.
seconded by Brother S. M. Neill, that the mem
bers of this branch have learned with deep re
gret of the death of Mrs. Duignan, beloved
wifter our esteemed and worthy Brother, W.
J. Duignan:
Therefore resolved that we, the members of
this Branch, No. 53 desire to extend our sincere and heartfelt sympachy to Brother Duignan and son in this the hour of their great
sorrow and sillection, trusting that God will
give them strength to bear their irreparacie
loss.

Further resolved that conies of this resolu-

loss.
Further resolved that copies of this resolu-tion be spread on the minutes of this branch and presented to Brother Duignan and son and sent to The Canadian, CATHOLIC RECORD and local press for publication.

MARKET REPORTS.

LINDON.

Lordon, Annil 16. — Darry Produce — Kggs per dozen, 104 to 1250; butter, best roll, 21 to 230; butter best crocks, 19 to 210; butter, creamery, 22 to 240; boney, circiner per lb, 10 to 110; honey, in comb. 12c to 13c; maple sugar, per lb, 84 to 10c.

Train, per gallon, \$1.00 to \$1.20; maple sugar, per lb, 84 to 10c.

Train, per cental — Wheat new (good) \$1.15 to \$1.20; oata per cental \$5 to 90c; corn \$1.00 to \$1.10; barley, 95 to \$1.00; peas, \$1.25 to \$1.40; rye, 95 to 90; buckwheat, \$1.00 to \$1.10; best, by the quarter, \$5.00 to \$6.50, read, \$5 to \$7; mutton, by the carcass \$6.00 to \$7.00; lamb, by quarter 10to 11c; spring lamb cach \$3.

S6 00 to \$7 00 lamb, by quarter 10 to 11c; spring lamb each \$5.

Poultry—Spring chickens, per pair, 75 to \$1 00; bens per pair, 65 to 70c; turkeys, per lb. 14 to 16c.; spring ducks, per pair, 75 to 90c; geese, each 80 to 90c; do. per lb. 8c. to 9c. Live Stock — Live hogs, per 100 lbs., \$5 75; pig., pair, \$5 to \$0 00; fat evitle, \$3.30 to \$4 50; stars, per cwt. \$2.00 to \$2.12; sows, per cwt. \$1.25 to \$4 50.

Farm Produce — Hay. \$8 00 to \$9 00; straw, per load, \$2.50 to \$3.50; straw, per ton. \$5 to \$5.50.

TORONTO.

Live Stock Markets.

| Export cattle=Choice per cwt. \$4.75 to \$5; |
| to \$4; cows, \$3.40 to \$4.70; ligh, \$4; buils, \$3.75 |
| Butchers' cattle=Picked lots, \$4.35 to \$4.50; choice, \$4.50 to \$4.30; medium, \$3.40 to \$4.70; ligh, \$4; buils, \$3.75; choice, \$4.50 \$4.30; medium, \$3.40 to \$4.50; leaders, \$3.80 to \$4.30; to \$4.40; leadium, \$3.40 to \$4; buils, \$3.75 to \$4.45; stockers, \$3.75 to \$4.30; feeders, \$3.75 to \$4.45; stockers, \$3.75 to \$4.30; feeders, \$3.75 to \$4.45; stockers, \$3.75 to \$4.30; feeders, \$3.75 to \$4.45; stockers, \$3.75 to \$4.50; feeders, \$3.75 to \$4.50; to \$4.50; feeders, \$5.75 to \$4.45; stockers, \$3.75 to \$4.50; feeders, \$5.75 to \$4.45; stockers, \$3.75 to \$4.50; to \$4.70; feeders, \$5.75 to \$4.45; stockers, \$3.75 to \$4.50; to \$4.70; feeders, \$5.75 to \$4.45; stockers, \$3.75 to \$4.50; to \$4.50; feeders, \$5.75 to \$4.45; stockers, \$3.75 to \$4.50; to \$4.50; feeders, \$5.75 to \$4.45; stockers, \$3.75 to \$4.50; feeders, \$5.75 to \$4.45; stockers, \$3.75 to \$4.50; feeders, \$5.75 to \$4.55; stockers, \$4.50; feeders, \$5.75 to \$4.55; feeders, \$5.50; feeders, \$5.50;

selects, 100 to 250 lb., 8.12; thick fate, \$6; lights, \$6.

East Buffalo, N. Y., April 16 — Cattle, — Receipts, 75 head; firm. Veals, 25c lower; tops, \$7.25 to \$7.00; common to good, \$5.50 to \$7.15. Hoga—Slow. 10c lower; heavy, \$7.60 to \$7.75. mixed, \$7.45 to \$7.60; Yorkers, \$7.55 to \$7.15; pigs \$7.00 to \$7.75; roughs, \$5.90 to \$7.00; stags, \$5.50 to \$6. Sheen and lamba—Steady; top native lamba, \$7.70 to \$7.75; collection \$7.60; testerns, lamba, \$7.60 to \$7.65; yearlings \$7.00 to \$7.25; ewes, \$6.50; heapton \$7.65; yearlings \$7.00 to \$7.25; ewes, \$6.50; heapton \$7.65; yearlings \$7.00 to \$7.25; ewes, \$6.50; heapton \$7.65; yearlings \$7.00 to \$7.65; collection \$7.65; yearlings \$7.00 to \$7.25; ewes, \$6.50; heapton \$7.65; yearlings \$7.00 to \$7.25; ewes, \$6.50; heapton \$7.65; yearlings \$7.00 to \$7.25; ewes, \$6.50; collection \$7.55; yearlings \$7.00 to \$7.25; ewes, \$6.50; yearlings \$7.00 to \$7.25; ewes, \$6.50; yearlings \$7.00 to \$7.25; yearlings \$7.50; yearli

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ally carries coaches and Pullman car to
luffalo; dining car Woodstock to Niagara

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Madonna di San Sisto,
St. Losente.

1799 Christ in Gethsemane.

2035 The Holy Night.

2038 He is Risen.

2281 He is Risen.

2281 He is Risen.

2281 He is Risen.

2280 Head of Christ at Twelve Years.

2769 Mary Magdalen.

2917 Immsculate Conception.

2772 The Holy Night.

1223 Christ in the Temple.

2302 Christ on Calvary.

433 Immsculate Conception.

576 Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me.

694 Glad Tidings of Graat Joy.

606 Help, Lord, or I Perish.

1860 Mater Dolorosa.

1863 Madonna di San Siste detail square),

1776 Christ Healing the Sick Child.

1876 Christ Healing the Sick Child.

1876 Christ Peraching by the Sea.

2257 The Ascension.

2258 Tae Crucifxion.

2268 Christ Taking Leave of His Mother.

2576 Christ Taking Leave of His Mother.

2576 Christ Taking Leave of His Mother.

2577 The Ascension.

2780 Rebeccs.

3076 The Arrival of the Sherherds.

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Report has i going to visit Po exchanges hope quette will be too, but we are Meanwhile let u with the lesson

by Lord Palme regard to the H "UNDIGEST To all our f injured by the we commend M "undigested se know the defin

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Charles Bonap

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