

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mhi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen"—(Christian my Name but Catholic my Surname)—St. Paul. 4th Century.

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JOTTINGS FOR NOVEMBER.

Well does an old chronicler say: "How will a soul that has neglected its Judge and which has chosen to serve the creature and not its Creator be able to accommodate itself to that fearful solitude in which it will find itself at the hour of death?—What nakedness: what dereliction. This soul which reposed in the creature as its centre and its happiness holds itself all of a sudden abandoned and deprived of every support. It is not sustained by God Who has rejected it: neither is it by creatures, for they are without power to give it any succor. What a solitude! What a void! Now say thou who goest to thy death if any else be terrible as this."

We all understand this in some measure. But so far as we are concerned Death stands afar. True, its shadows fall athwart near by thresholds, but for us the sun is shining. It comes swiftly, so swiftly betimes that we can hear the onrush of its passage, but our eyes behold but the world pulsating with life on which we strut. We have so many things to attend to as to have no time to think that we too "must doff this garb of frail mortality." We are, the best of us, thoughtless at times. Did not St. Paul warn Timothy—and he was a Bishop: "Take heed to thyself."

After all Death is what we make it. Grim or pleasant, terrible or beautiful, that is our business. Death, we know, is depicted as a skeleton with glistening scythe. At others it is "dear, beautiful death, the jewel of the just" or "how wonderful is Death: Death and his brother Sleep."

But be this as it may, it is ever reaching to me and to you. To the just it says no torment shall touch thee: to the indifferent and sinful it shows the eternity beyond. It beckons us to the churchyard and points to the graves which dot it. A year ago my dear friend was looking forward to years of activity, and to-day his body is the sport and food of worms. Such a one—you see the magnificent monument to his memory—was an important personage in the community; to-day his place is filled more worthily—and the world goes on. We attended his funeral, and we mind us that our talk was not of death but of our prospects of succeeding to his position. Another was cut down suddenly—heart failure the physician called it. Our turn will come also. Prepared or not, we shall die alone, and be hurried forth, put under ground and be forgotten. However we have played our part: in wealth or in poverty, in high places or in obscurity, in pleasure or in pain—all these paths lead but to the grave. Nothing can bar our way thither. Man in all his strength and power is the sport of Death. Death is the most remarkable action of human life. It is the master day—the day that judges all the others. Go we must, but one friend can accompany us—the grace of God. All else is useless. Work then before the night cometh.

Whatsoever thy hand is able to do do it earnestly: for neither work, nor reason, nor wisdom, nor knowledge shall be in the hand of the dead whither thou art hastening."

Let us recall at this season Cardinal Newman's soul-searching description of the Catholic who had never really turned his heart to God; or if he had some poor measure of contrition for awhile, it did not last beyond his first or second confession.

O what a moment for the poor soul when it comes to itself, and find itself suddenly before the judgment seat of Christ! And O still more terrible—still more distracting when the Judge speaks and consigns it to the jailors till it shall pay the endless debt which lies against it. "Impossible, I a lost soul. I separated from hope and from peace forever. It is not I of whom the Judge so spoke. There is a mistake somewhere. Christ, Saviour, hold Thy hand—O mine to explain it. My name is Demas; I am not Demas, not Judas or Nicholas or Alexander. What? hopeless pain! for me! impossible! It shall not be." And the poor soul struggles and wrestles in the grasp of the mighty demon which has hold of it, and whose every touch is torment. "Oh atrocious!" it shrieks in agony and in anger too as if the very keenness of the affliction were a proof of its injustice. "I can bear no more: stop, horrible fiend, give over: I am a man and not such as thou: I am not food for thee, or sport for thee: I never was in hell, as thou. I have not on me the smell of fire, nor the taint of

the charnel house. Nay—I am a Catholic: I am not an unregenerate Protestant: I have received the grace of the Redeemer: I have attended the sacraments for years: I have been a Catholic from a child: I died in communion with the Church. Nothing, nothing which I have ever seen, which I have ever seen, bears any resemblance to thee, and the flame and stench which exhale from thee: so I defy thee, and obey thee, O enemy of man."

Alas! poor soul; and whilst it thus fights with that destiny which it has brought upon itself, and with those companions whom it has chosen, the man's name perhaps is solemnly chanted forth, and his memory is lovingly cherished among his friends on earth. His readiness in speech, his fertility in thought, his sagacity or his wisdom are not forgotten.

What profiteth it? What profiteth it? His soul is in hell.

Thousands are dying daily: they are waking up into God's everlasting wrath; they look back on the days of the flesh and call them few and evil; they curse the recklessness which made them put off repentance; they have fallen under His justice, whose mercy they presumed upon; and their friends and companions are going on as they did and are soon to join.

It is related in the history of my own dear patron, St. Philip Neri, that some time after his death he appeared to a holy religious and bade him take a message of consolation to his children, the Fathers of the Oratory. The consolation was this: that by the grace of God, up to that day not one of the congregation had been lost. "None of them lost," a man may cry out: Well, had his consolation for his children been that they were all in paradise, having escaped the dark lake of purgatory, that would have been something worth telling; but all he had to say, was that none of them were in hell. He was a succession of men who had given up the world for a religious life, who had given up self for God and their neighbor, who had died happily with the last sacraments, and it is revealed about them, as a great consolation, that not even one of them was lost. Still such, after all, is our holy Father's consolation: and that it should be such only proves that salvation is not so easy a matter or so cheap a possession as we are apt to suppose.

Times come and go, and man will not believe that that is to be which is not yet, or that which now is only continues for a season, and is not eternity. The end is the trial; the world passes; it is but a pageant and a scene; the lofty palace crumbles, the busy city is mute, the ships of Tarshish have sped away. On heart and flesh death is coming: the veil is breaking. Departing soul, how hast thou used thy talents, thy opportunities, the light poured around thee, the warnings given thee, the grace inspired into thee.

To the just death comes in solemn guise, but they face it with confidence. For they know that we live here below as guests and strangers. What travel they journeying homeward does not pray to heaven for a favorable wind that he may the sooner embrace his dear parents! Our country is Heaven. We have for fathers first the patriarchs. A vast number of friends are waiting for us. What joy for us to meet them again and to embrace them! What a pleasure to die without fear! "All my hope is in death," says St. Teresa. "I die of regret that I cannot die."

We may not pause now at the descriptions of the last hours of the servants of God. Suffice it to say they all could exclaim: "I shall go hence and repair to my God. Joyfully I shall repair to Him: joyfully I shall die and joyfully I shall pass the mighty gulf of this life since I am about to arrive at everlasting joys which have been for a long time promised to me."

All this to steady us and to inspire us to vindicate for ourselves the liberty of the children of God.

The Church commands us to have the greatest respect for the bodies of the faithful since they were the organs and vessels used by the Holy Spirit. Her practice has ever been:

"The Mass was sung and prayers were said And solemn Requiem for the dead And bells toll out their mighty wail. For the departed spirits' wail."

"Lais," we are told, "who observe funeral vigils should do it with fear and trembling and reverence. No one there should presume to sing diabolic songs or to dance, or to make jests which the Pagans learned to practise from the devil. For who does not per-

ceive that it is diabolic, not only from the Christian religion, but even contrary to human nature, to be singing, rejoicing, got drunk and be dissolved in laughter, laying aside all piety and affection of charity as if rejoicing at a brother's death."

By her teaching and practice the Church never ceases to put before us the cause of the souls in purgatory. She prays for them constantly. We know that few there are there who depart this life most to be ushered into the Kingdom of God. We know also that we can hasten the time when they shall be cleansed of defilement and adjudged worthy to enter into the joy of the Lord. And yet it is not true that we forget them all too frequently? Foolish show at their funeral and few Masses for them! They indeed act wisely who whilst living make provision to have Masses said for themselves when they are in the land beyond the grave!

MGR. FALCONIO ON CHURCH MUSIC.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATE URGES THE ENFORCEMENT OF POPE'S EDICT.

The Ecclesiastical Review has just published a practical and comprehensive "Manual of Church Music" which elicited the following pronouncement on this much discussed subject from the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, Mgr. Falconio: Editor of The Ecclesiastical Review:

Reverend and dear Sir—I am glad to learn that, notwithstanding your incessant literary labors, you are about to publish a Manual of Church Music, composed in accordance with the rules and spirit prescribed by our Holy Father, Pius the Tenth, in his Motu Proprio of November 22, 1903.

I consider the publication of such a manual most opportune at the present time, and I have no doubt that it will prove of paramount importance in the solution of those difficulties, which in the minds of many, hamper the putting into execution of the Papal instructions.

The names of your co-operators, who are esteemed as some of the ablest choirmasters of America and Europe, are a sufficient guarantee for the soundness and sanctity of the Manual cannot but commend itself and have every assurance of success. Unfortunately the edict of our Sovereign Pontiff has been received by many in this country with misgivings as to the possibility of putting it into practice. I trust that this timidity will be overcome by the help of the Manual and by the encouragement given by the happy results already obtained in those churches, where the Reverend Pastors, in obedience to the Pope's orders, have courageously undertaken the desired reform, guided by methods more or less similar to the one you advocate in your book.

Indeed, it is to be deplored that in a country like this, where so much zeal is shown in promoting whatsoever tends to enhance the dignity, majesty and sanctity of our Sacred Mysteries, any hesitation should exist in endeavoring to bring about such a necessary reform in Church music. And moreover so because if the Gregorian Chant may appear in some places difficult of execution, the same cannot be said of modern Church music, which is also permitted. For, whilst our Holy Father in the said Motu Proprio reprobates that Gregorian Chant as the only chant which possesses in the highest degree the qualities proper to the Sacred Liturgy, yet, taking into consideration the progress which the art of music has made, he admits also in the Church modern music provided that it be sober and grave, containing nothing profane and in no way unworthy of the liturgical functions.

Such being the case, what is the cause of the deplorable hesitation we witness in the banishment of profane music from our churches? I am led to believe that the cause of this procrastination is to be found in the fact that our taste has been vitiated and our judgment led astray by the constant use, from our earliest years, of sensational profane music and consequently we do not fully realize the value of ecclesiastical music, than which nothing in connection with the Sacred Liturgy is more sublime and beautiful.

Yet this is a matter of the gravest importance and deserves our serious consideration. Here we have the command of the Supreme Pastor of the Church, an obligation given and binding in conscience to Bishops, priests and people, to edict does not intend to introduce an innovation in the Church, but merely aims at the restoration of an ancient discipline, which is essential to the decorum and splendor of the Church of God.

On the necessity of this reformation of Church music the highest ecclesiastical authorities of every age and country, in accordance with the wishes of the Sovereign Pontiffs, have never ceased to insist. Even here in America, the Fathers of the Third Council of Baltimore proclaimed as an abuse any other music during the celebration of sacred functions and the solemn oblation of the Sacrifice of the Mass, except such as would "more efficaciously raise the hearts of men to God and thereby add greater glory to His worship."

Yet, notwithstanding all this anxious care on the part of the authorities of the Church and the last fervent ap-

peal of His Holiness Pius the Tenth, as yet, comparatively speaking, very few of the pastors who have earnestly set themselves to work to correct a practice so vigorously condemned as derogatory to the sanctity of the House of God. What is the cause of this aberration? It is said that it is difficult to follow out our Holy Father's instructions. But such is not the case, because, once admitted that, besides Gregorian Chant, which to some appears hard and difficult, modern music, provided it be in harmony with the sanctity of the Sacred Liturgy, is also permitted, all difficulties are removed; for the execution of Church music is far easier than that of the intricate passages of some compositions which to day profane our churches.

It is also argued that the exclusion of women from the choir would prove detrimental to our Church services. It is true that this regulation will encounter difficulties, especially in small parishes and in country places, until school boys can be properly trained; and consequently in exceptional cases the matter is left to the prudence and zeal of the Bishops and pastors. Here too, however, measures should be taken so that the laws of the Church be complied with quamprimum. As regards large parishes and cathedrals, this regulation cannot encounter grave difficulties. What has already been accomplished since the publication of the Motu Proprio in some of our American cathedrals and churches, can be accomplished in others if the pastors will only manifest sufficient zeal and set themselves to work with earnestness and perseverance for this much needed reform. Women singers could still be of great service in the choir; they could act as leaders in congregational singing, which should be introduced in every church.

Again, we are told that the introduction of such a reform would lessen the number of worshippers. But facts prove the contrary. The churches where pure ecclesiastical music has been introduced are more frequented than others. But admitted that such a falling off in attendance should be feared, would it not be much better for such lovers of sensational music to resign their seats in the House of God, which is the House of Prayer, than to profane it by their presence? However, it is a pleasure to know that the vast majority of the laity, tired of the morbid and sensational singing in our churches, is anxious to see the injunction of the Holy See carried into execution. I have received not a few complaints from some of the distinguished members of the laity protesting against the flagrant violation of the laws of the Church and against the profanation of the House of God by unbecoming music. It behooves pastors to whom the care of souls is entrusted and who have to look for their edification, to see that such scandals are removed. The instructions of our Holy Father Pius X. are clear and evident. No nation is exempted; and it has a juridical and authoritative binding character every where and upon all Catholics. "We will," says the Holy Father, "with the fulness of our Apostolic authority, that the force of law be given (to the said Motu Proprio), and we do by our present handwriting impose its scrupulous observance on all."

After this formal declaration issued about two years ago, what would one expect to think of some pastors who have not as yet made a single move toward the desired reform; who even forget their sacred mission to such an extent as to permit, in open disregard of every Church discipline, the printing of pompous programmes of objectionable music with the names of soloists, etc., as is practiced in theaters and concert halls; and the distribution of the same during the celebration of our most august Mysteries? A parish priest who permits such abominations in the House of God, or who has not the power or courage to put a stop to such sacrilegious abuses, is unworthy of his high and sacred office.

Reverend Sir, I heartily bless your work, the object of which is to eradicate these evils. May it have a large circulation and be crowned with success.

With sentiments of the highest esteem, I beg to remain,
Most faithfully yours in Christ,
DIOMEDE FALCONIO,
Archbishop of Larissa,
Apostolic Delegate.

THE NUPTIAL MASS.

"Did you ever attend and follow carefully Nuptial Mass?" asks the Paulist Calendar. "In the Missal there is a special Mass for the bride and groom, and everything is laid down in the Rubrics with as much detail as when the Mass is said for the ordination of a priest, or for the blessing of the holy oils. The Nuptial Mass is, indeed, beautiful and holy, and whether there be a thousand or present, or only the contracting parties, it is always the same—beautiful in its symbolism and its association with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in every detail the same for the prince and the poorest. This is the Church's ideal; it is the normal way for her children to enter upon their new state in life; and she rejoices whenever or wherever her children are thus united."

Satan's strongest weapon is temptation. Yet he holds it by a weakened grasp, for its thrusts may be made harmless by the counter-thrust of a pious ejaculation.

LEFT WITHOUT A LEG TO STAND ON.

A NON-CATHOLIC'S CONFESSION AFTER HEARING FATHER SUTTON IN MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Rev. Xavier Sutton, the distinguished Paulist, has just concluded a very successful lecture course in St. Peter's Church, Montgomery, Ala. This pretty church, which has a seating capacity of almost eight hundred, was severely taxed throughout the lectures, and the entire community manifested the most lively interest when the subjects were successively announced. People and press united in their glowing tributes to Father Sutton's appeals to their candor and sincerity. Indeed, the reverent lecturer's clear, convincing logic, his evidences of profound research and eloquently earnest exhortations, did not fail to impress the most prejudiced and skeptical of non-Catholic practices and beliefs. As was tersely expressed by a well-known Protestant gentleman to a local priest: "Father, he did not leave us a leg to stand on." This was literally true.

The "Question Box," placed in the vestibule of the church, attracted considerable attention. This popular means of instruction served to dispel many a lingering doubt and belief. As was tersely expressed by a well-known Protestant gentleman to a local priest: "Father, he did not leave us a leg to stand on." This was literally true. The "Question Box," placed in the vestibule of the church, attracted considerable attention. This popular means of instruction served to dispel many a lingering doubt and belief. As was tersely expressed by a well-known Protestant gentleman to a local priest: "Father, he did not leave us a leg to stand on." This was literally true.

WINNING LECTURES.

Apart, however, from the "Question Box," the lectures of themselves were of that distinctive quality that ensures success. "Why Protestants Are Not Catholics," the introductory discourse, preparing the way for the more consistent topics following, showed the broad lines of the lecturer's scope, the necessity of religion as a factor in the economy of life, the certainty demanded by that religion, its inflexible certainty, and, above all, its unity. "The clash of creeds of the world to-day must embrace absurdity and error. They cannot all be true. The truth of contradictions is impossible. Truth is one, not many. The human mind is made for truth. Truth will save men and honor God. We must worship in truth."

Here was interposed a magnificent eulogy of Catholic unity and of the Church that has alone withstood the shock of centuries and will live forever. "The Existence of Purgatory," "Can Man Forgive Sins?" followed, the audience increasing every night. Many popular fallacies relating to the doctrine of Purgatory and prayers for the dead were disposed of before enunciating the clear and emphatic doctrine of the Church, with its foundations in Scripture, tradition and reason. A pathetically beautiful description of a child lying stricken with a slight imperfection made a perceptibly vivid impression. "The Forgiveness of Sins," in its sacramental and binding qualities, as taught by Catholic faith, was so forcibly expounded as to exact instant recognition of its truth.

At the close of this lecture Father Sutton, according to his wont, announced that the next lecture would treat, under the title "Quo Vadis?" of the Bible and its relations to the criterion of belief. "Quo Vadis?" was the theme of Father Sutton's next lecture, an unmeaning term to the cultured assembly present, but possibly very few have that would be strikingly visited on their cherished hopes and fond ideals. The lecture was a masterpiece of reasoning, strengthened by an overwhelming array of facts and figures from the most approved sources of history.

"Christianity is from Christ. Authority comes from the Saviour, and if He meant that the New Testament should contain all the articles of belief necessary for salvation, He would either have written it Himself or commanded His apostles to do so. Yet Christ never wrote a line of it, neither did He command His apostles to go and write. He did command them to 'go and teach.' Faith comes from hearing, says St. Paul, and of what utility would a Bible that did not exist have been to the thousands of Christians who lived and died before even the first book of the New Testament appeared—at least seven or eight years after our Lord's ascension? Those Christians are among the best that ever served God, and shall we say that they were lost because they had no Bible? And how were they saved? By hearing, of course, by obeying the living authoritative voice of the Church. So are millions of the unlighted poor who can neither read nor write. How would they benefit then? There are hundreds of religious denominations all asserting the Bible alone to be their rule of faith, and we find each particular body denying what the other teaches as essential. Now, as the fault cannot be attributed to the Bible. The Bible is the word of God, His inspired work, and therefore true.

"The fault must then be the fault of the principle that regards the Bible as

the sole criterion of belief."

"Is There a Hell?" and "Marriage and Divorce" proved beyond a doubt that the interest aroused by Father Sutton was not abating, while the last lecture of the present series, "Why I Am a Catholic," was a fitting climax.

The absurdity of the accusation that Catholic faith is blind was made very evident, and the only conclusion to be drawn when Father Sutton pronounced the blessing was that the Catholic Church is the true and only Church.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

LESSON FOR CATHOLIC MOTHERS.

Catholic mothers have no duty in life more grave than the spiritual welfare of their children. It is almost impossible to thoroughly appreciate the consequences of neglect or zeal in this particular. Occasionally, however, we are furnished striking examples of one or the other in the lives of the little ones grown to maturity.

In the issue of a Spanish journal, "El Universo," bearing the date of September 27, appears an article entitled, "My Retraction," which should be read by every Catholic mother. It is signed by "Francisco Bescos Perez," ex-director of the "Torch of Freedom," the organ of the Free-thinkers in the city of Leon. From it they may learn a practical lesson of the great importance of giving their children a sound religious training.

Perez had abandoned the Church and, as is usual in such cases, became one of her bitter enemies. The columns of his paper were constantly used to assail her doctrines.

As Perez tells his story one day there came to him his mail a letter with a mourning border. Its contents announced the death of his mother. Its effects upon him is best described in his own words: "I thought," he said, "I saw her as she was years ago—horrorstruck at my mode of thought, shedding abundant tears, begging and beseeching me to leave the path upon which I had entered and to return to that on which she placed me when she trained me in the practices of the Catholic religion."

"And again I saw her praying to God for my conversion and offering her own life, if it so pleased Him, to gain the object of her appeal. Next I saw her sad, sorrowful and ill, but still hoping in God's mercy. And now that she was dead I felt irresistibly impelled to offer a prayer for her soul and to change the course of my life."

This he did by sending his retraction to the Canon Penitentiary of the Leon diocese. Who would wish, who could ask for a stronger testimony of the value of a Catholic mother's spiritual training of her child than that furnished in the retraction of Francisco Bescos Perez? What Catholic mother will fail to profit by the lesson which it teaches?—Church Progress.

A priest in Ohio has a good scheme of presenting the teaching of the church to the farmers of his county. He has had a conference with one of the editors of the weekly country paper and an arrangement has been made whereby the paper sells him ten inches of space in each issue at its regular advertising rates of \$40 a year. This is his use to be desired. He proposes to print each week some pointed statements of Catholic doctrine giving them a human interest, so that they will be eagerly read, and he hopes through the fifty weeks of the year to get before the farmer the doctrine and exposition of the Church's doctrine and policy. This service will cost him \$40.

There are unlimited possibilities in this scheme if properly handled, and the wonder is that it has not been hit on long before this.—The Missionary.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The French Minister of the Interior suppressed ninety-five Catholic schools recently.

Archbishop Farley of New York has called \$75,000 to the Pope for the relief of sufferers from the recent earthquakes in Italy. The money was collected among the clergy of the New York diocese.

Pope Pius X., it is said, has ordered the hastening of the process before the Sacred Congregation of Rites of the beatification of the Venerable John Nepomucene Neumann, at one time Archbishop of Philadelphia. Archbishop Neumann's case has been before the Congregation for years.

A colony of Breton priests has taken possession of Salsburgh house, Llanrwst, Wales, which was purchased for them, and there they will study Welsh and preach Catholicism to the people of Wales in their own tongue. The mission calls back the old days when Brittany and Wales were closely associated.

It is stated by Martin I. J. Griffin in his "Historical Researches" that the Rev. John Pierron, S. J., who in 1674 made a journey from Canada to Maryland, was possibly the first priest to tread the ground which is now Philadelphia. Father Pierron found more Catholics in Maryland at that time than two priests could attend to. He himself labored among the Indians.

The St. Bernard monks report that their dogs have saved no fewer than two hundred and three lives during the last twelve months on the pass. Most of the persons rescued from the snows were Italians. About a year ago the monks on St. Bernard erected huts in the most dangerous places, and connected them by telegraph with the hospital. Each hut is numbered, and the intelligent dogs start at once for a hut on its number being named.

THE RULING PASSION

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.
A FRIEND OF JUSTICE.

It was the black patch over his left eye that made all the trouble. In reality he was of a disposition mostly peaceable and propitiating, a friend of justice and fair dealing, strongly inclined to a domestic life, and capable of extreme devotion. He had a vivid sense of righteousness, it is true, and any violation of it was apt to heat his indignation to the boiling point. When this occurred he was strong in the back, stiff in the neck, and fearless of consequences. But he was always open to friendly overtures and ready to make peace with honor.

Singularly responsive to every touch of kindness, desirous of affection, secretly hungry for caresses, he had a heart framed for love and tranquility. But nature saw fit to put a black patch over his left eye; wherefore his days were passed in the midst of conflict and he lived the strenuous life.

How this sinister mark came to him, he never knew. Indeed it is not likely that he had any idea of the part that it played in his career. The attitude that the world took toward him from the beginning—an attitude of aggressive mistrust—the role that he was expected and practically forced to assume in the drama of existence, the role of a hero of interminable strife—must have seemed to him altogether mysterious and somewhat absurd. But his part was fixed by the black patch. It gave him an aspect so truculent and forbidding that around a scene of warfare gathered all sorts of characters, from a sugar barrel, and his appearance in public was like the raising of a flag for battle.

"You see that Pichou," said MacIntosh, the Hudson's Bay agent at Mingan, "you see you big black-eye devil? The savages call him Pichou because he's ugly as a lynx—'I aim comme un pichou.' Best sledge-dog on the North Shore. Only two years old and he can lead a team already. But, man, he's just daff for the fighting. Fought his mother when he was a pup and lamed her for life—fought two of his brothers and nigh killed 'em both. Every dog in the place has a grudge at him, and hell's loose as oft as he takes a walk. I'm loath to part with him, but I'll be selling him gladly for \$50 dollars to any man that wants a good sledge dog, and a bit collie-shoulder every week."

Pichou had heard his name, and came trotting up to the corner of the store where MacIntosh was talking with old Grant, the chief factor, who was on a tour of inspection along the North Shore, and Dan Scott, the agent from Seven Islands, who had brought the chief down in his chaloupe. Pichou did not understand what his master had been saying about him; but he thought he was called, and he had a sense of duty; and besides, he was wishful to show proper courtesy to well-dressed and respectable strangers. He was a great dog, thirty inches high at the shoulder; broad chested, with straight, sinewy legs; and covered with thick, wavy, cream colored hair from the tips of his short ears to the end of his bushy tail—all except the left side of his face. That was black from ear to nose—ooal-black; and in the center of this storm-cloud his eye gleamed like fire.

What did Pichou know about that ominous sign? No one had ever told him. He had no looking-glass. He ran up to the porch where the men were sitting, as innocent as a Sunday-school scholar asking to the superintendent's desk to receive a prize. But when old Grant, who had grown puffy and nervous from long living on the fat of the land at Ottawa, saw the black patch and the gleaming eye, he uttered a curse; and he hit Pichou one foot up on the porch, crying "Get out!" and with the other foot he planted a kick on the side of the dog's head.

Pichou's nerve centres had not been shaken by high living. They acted with absolute precision and without a tremor. His sense of justice was automatic, and his teeth were fixed through the leg of the chief factor's boot, just below the calf.

For two minutes there was a small chaos in the post of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company at Mingan. Grant howled bloody murder; MacIntosh swore in three languages and yelled for his dog-whip; three Indians and two French Canadians wielded sticks and fence-pickets. But order did not arrive until Dan Scott knocked the burning embers from his pipe on the end of the dog's nose. Pichou gasped, let go his grip, shriveled behind the eaves, bruisé, blistered, and intolerably perplexed by the mystery of life.

As he lay on the sand, licking his wounds, he remembered many strange things. First of all, there was the trouble with his mother.

She was a Labrador Husky, dirty yellowish gray, with bristling neck, sharp fangs, and gross eyes, like a wolf. Her name was Babette. She had a fiendish temper, but no courage. His father was supposed to be a huge black and white Newfoundland that came over in a schooner from Miqelon. Perhaps it was from him that the black patch was inherited. And perhaps there were other things in the inheritance, too, which came from this nobler strain of blood; Pichou's unwillingness to howl with the other dogs when they made night hideous; his silent, dignified ways; his sense of fair play; his love of the water; his longing for human society and friendship.

But all this was beyond Pichou's horizon, though it was within his nature. He remembered only that Babette had taken a hate for him, almost from the first, and had always treated him worse than his all yellow brothers. She would have starved him if she could. Once when he was half grown, she had laid upon him for some small offence and tried to throttle him. The rest of the pack looked on snarling and slavering. He caught Babette by the fore-leg and broke the bone. She hobbled away, shrieking. What else

could he do? Must a dog let himself be killed by his mother?

As for his brothers—was it fair that two of them should fall foul of him about the rabbit which he had tracked and caught and killed? He would have shared it with them, if they had asked him, for they ran behind him on the trail. But when they both set their teeth in his neck, there was nothing to do but to lay them both out; which he did. Afterward he was willing enough to make friends, but they bristled and cursed whenever he came near them.

It was the same with everybody. If he went out for a walk on the beach, Vigneau's dogs or Simard's dogs regarded it as an insult, and there was a fight. Men picked up sticks, or showed him the butt-end of their dog-whips, when he made friendly approaches. With the children it was different; they seemed to like him a little; but never did he follow one of them that a mother did not call from the house-door: "Pierre! Marie! come away quick! That bad dog will bite you!" Once when he ran down to the shore to watch the boat coming in from the mail steamer, the purser had refused to let the boat go to land, and called out: "M'sieur MacIntosh, you git no malle dis trip, eef you not call away dar da'm dog!"

True, the Miqelonians seemed to take a certain kind of pride in his reputation. They had brought Chouart's big brown dog, Gripette, down from the Shelbrake to meet him; and after the meeting was over and Gripette had been revived with a bucket of water, everybody except Chouart, appeared to be in good humor. The purser of the steamer had gone to the trouble of introducing a famous *bonne* dog from Quebec, on the trip after that on which Pichou had given such a hostile opinion of the breed. The bulldog's intentions were unmistakable; he expressed them the moment he touched the beach; and when they carried him back to the boat on a fish-barrow many flattering words were spoken about Pichou. He was not inensible to them. But those tributes to his prowess were not what he really wanted. His secret desire was for tokens of affection. His position was honorable, but it was intolerably lonely and full of trouble. He sought peace and he found none.

While he meditated dimly on these things, patiently trying to get the ashes of Dan Scott's pipe out of his nose, his heart was cast down and his spirit was disquieted within him. Was ever a decent dog so misshandled before? Kicked for nothing by a fat stranger and then beaten by his own master!

In the dining room of the Post, Grant was slowly and reluctantly showing himself to be convinced that his injuries were not fatal. During this process considerable Scotch whiskey was consumed and there was much conversation about the viciousness of dogs. Grant insisted that Pichou was mad and had a devil. MacIntosh admitted the devil, but firmly denied the madness. The question was, whether the dog should be killed or not; and over this point there was like to be more bloodshed, until Dan Scott made his contribution to the argument: "If you shoot him, how can you tell whether he is mad or not? I'll give \$30 for him and take him home."

"If you do," said Grant, "you'll sail alone, and I'll wait for the steamer. Never a step will I go in the boat with the crazy brute that bit me."

"Suit yourself," said Dan Scott. "You kicked before he bit."

At daybreak he whistled the sail down to the chaloupe, hoisted sail, and bore away for Seven Islands. There was a secret bond of sympathy between the two companions on that hundred-mile voyage in an open boat. Neither of them realized what it was, but still it was there.

Dan Scott knew what it meant to stand alone, to face a small hostile world, to have a surfeit of fighting. The station of Seven Islands was the hardest in all the districts of the ancient *Postes du Roi*. The Indians were surly and crafty. They knew all the tricks of the fur-trade. They killed out of season, and understood how to make a rusty pelk black. The former agent had accommodated himself to his customers. He had no objection to shutting one of his eyes, so long as the other could see a chance of doing a stroke of business for himself. He also had a convenient weakness in the sense of smell, when there was an old stock of pork to work off on the savages.

But all of Dan Scott's sense was strong, especially his sense of justice, and when he came into the Post resolved to play a straight game with both hands, toward the Indian and toward the Honorable H. B. Company. The immediate results were reproofs from Ottawa and revilings from Seven Islands. Furthermore, the free traders were against him because he objected to their selling rum to the savages.

It must be confessed that Dan Scott had a way with him that looked pugnacious. He was quick in his motions and carried his shoulders well thrown back. His voice was heavy. He used short words and few of them. His eyebrows were thick and they met over his nose. Then there was a broad white scar at one corner of his mouth. His appearance was not prepossessing, but at heart he was a philanthropist and a sentimentalist. He thirsted for gratitude and affection on a just basis. He had studied for eighteen months in the medical school at Montreal, and his chief delight was to practise gratuitously among the sick and wounded of the neighborhood. His ambition for Seven Islands was to make it a northern suburb of Paradise, and for himself to become a full-fledged physician. Up to this time it seemed as if he would have to break more bones than he could set; and the closest connection of Seven Islands appeared to be with Purgatory.

At first, there had been a question of suitability between Dan Scott and the local representative of the Astor family, a big half-breed descendant of a fur-trader, who was the virtual chief of the Indians hunting on the St. Marguerite. There was a controversy with Napoleon Bouchard about the right to

put a fish-house on a certain part of the beach; settled with a stick, after which Napoleon had drawn a knife. Then there was a running warfare with Virgile and Ovide Baulianno, the free traders, who were his rivals in dealing with the Indians for their peltry; still unsettled. After this fashion the record of his relations with his fellow-citizens of Seven Islands was made up.

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Moderate friendliness, with precautions, was shown toward him by everybody, except Napoleon Bouchard, whose distrust was permanent and took the form of a stick. He was a fat, fussy man; fat people seemed to have no affinity for Pichou.

But while the relations with the human Seven Islands were soon established on a fair footing, with the canines Pichou had a very different attitude. They were not willing to accept any recommendations as to character. They judged for themselves; and they judged by appearance; and their judgment was utterly hostile to Pichou.

They decided that he was a proud dog, a fierce dog, a bad dog, a fighter. He must do one of two things: stay at home in the yard of the Honorable H. B. Company, which is a thing that a self-respecting dog would do in the summer-time, when old fish heads are strewn along the beach; or fight his way from one end of the village to the other, which Pichou promptly did, leaving enemies behind every fence. Huskies never forgot a grudge. They are malignant to the core. Hatred is as easy of dogs as it is of men.

Then Pichou, having settled his foreign relations, turned his attention to matters at home. There were four other dogs in Dan Scott's team. They did not want Pichou for a leader, and he knew it. They were bitter with jealousy. The black patch was loathsome to them. They treated him disrespectfully, insultingly, grossly. Affairs came to a head when a rusty gray dog who had great ambitions at the house, disputed Pichou's tenure of a certain ham-bone. Dan Scott looked on placidly while the dispute was terminated. Then he washed the blood and sand from the gashes on Pecan's shoulder, and patted Pichou on the head.

"Good dog," he said. "You're the boss."

There was no further question about Pichou's leadership of the team. But the obedience of his followers was un- the obedience of his followers was un-

He did not shrink from his responsibilities. There were certain reforms in the community which seemed to him of vital importance, and he put them through.

The Second Law was equally unpopular: No stealing from the Honorable H. B. Company. It was a man's house or corn-cob or any other delicacy, and stored it an insecure place, or if he left it on the beach over night, his dogs might act accord-

This Law originated on a day when a miserably long-legged, black cur, a cross between a greyhound and a water-spaniel, strayed into Seven Islands from heaven knows where—wary, desolate, and bedraggled. All the dogs in the place attacked the homeless beggar. There was a howling fracas on the beach, and when Pichou arrived, the trembling cur was standing up to the neck in the water, facing a semicircle of snarling, snapping bullies who dared not venture out any farther. Pichou had no fear of the water. He swam out to the stranger, paid the smelling salute as well as possible under the circumstances, encouraged the poor creature to come ashore, warned off the other dogs, and trotted by the wanderer's side for miles down the beach until they disappeared around the point. What reward Pichou got for this polite escort, I do not know. But I saw him do the gallant deed; and I suppose this was the origin of the well-known and much-resisted Law of Strangers' Rights in Seven Islands.

The most recalcitrant subjects with whom Pichou had to deal in all these matters were the team of Ovide Bouchard. There were five of them, and up to this time they had been the best team in the village. They had one virtue; under the whip they could whir a sledge over the snow faster and farther than a horse could trot in a day.

But they had innumerable vices. Their leader, Carcajou, had a fleece like a merino ram. But under this coat of innocence he carried a heart so black that he would bite while he was wagging his tail. This smooth devil, and his four followers like unto himself, had sworn relentless hatred to Pichou, and they made his life difficult.

At noon Dan Scott boiled the kettle, and ate his bread and bacon. But there was nothing for the dogs, not even for Pichou; for discipline is discipline, and the best of sledge dogs will not run well after he has been fed.

Then forward again, along the lifeless road; slowly over rapids, where the ice was rough and broken; swiftly over still waters, where the way was level: until they came to the foot of the last lake, and camped for the night. The Indians were but a few miles away, at the head of the lake, and it would be easy to reach them in the morning.

But there was another camp of the Ste. Marguerite that night, and it was nearer to Dan Scott than the Indians were. Ovide Baulianno had followed him up the river, close on his track, which made the going easier.

"Does that *saere bourgeois* suppose that I allow him all that *pelletrie* to himself and the *Compagnie*? Four silver fox, besides other and heavier? Non merci! I take some provision, and some whiskey. I go to make *vide* also." Thus spoke the shrewd Ovide, proving that commerce is no less daring, no less resolute than philanthropy. The only difference is in the motive, and that is not always visible. Ovide camped the second night at a bend of the river, a mile below the foot of the lake. Between him and Dan Scott there was a hill covered with a dense thicket of spruce.

But what magic did Carcajou know that Pichou, his old enemy, was so near him in that vast wilderness of white death? By what mysterious language did he communicate his knowledge to his companions and stir the sleeping hatred in their hearts and mature the conspiracy of revenge?

Pichou, sleeping by the fire, was awakened by the fall of a lamp of snow from the branch of a shaken evergreen. That was nothing. But there were other sounds in the forest, faint, stealthy, inaudible to an ear less keen than his. He crept out of the shelter and looked into the wood. He could see shadowy forms, stealing among the trees, gliding down the hill. Five of them. Wolves, doubtless! He must guard the provisions. By this time the rest of his team were awake. Their eyes glittered. They stirred uneasily. But they did not move from the dying fire. It was no concern of theirs what their leader chose to do out of hours. In the traces they would follow him, but there was no loyalty in their hearts. Pichou stood alone by the sledge, waiting for the wolves.

But these were no wolves. They were assassins. Like a company of soldiers, they lined up together and rushed silently down the slope. Like lightning they leaped upon the solitary dog and struck him down. In an instant, before Dan Scott could throw up his blanket and seize the loaded butt of his whip, Pichou's throat had been pierced by a dagger, his blood poured upon the snow, and his murderer was slinking away, slavering and muttering through the forest.

Dan Scott knelt beside his best friend. At a glance he saw that the injury was fatal. "Well done, Pichou!" he murmured, "you fought a good fight."

And the dog, by a brave effort, lifted the head with the black patch on it, for the last time, licked his master's hand, and then dropped back upon the snow—contented, happy, dead.

There is but one drawback to a dog's friendship. It does not last long enough.

End of the story? Well, if you care for the other people in it, you shall hear what happened to them. Dan Scott went on to the head of the lake and found the Indians, and fed them and gave them his medicine, and all of them got well except two, and they continued to hunt along the St. Marguerite every winter and trade with the Honorable H. B. Company. Not with Dan Scott, however, for before that year was ended he resigned his post, and went to Montreal to finish his course in medicine; and now he is a respected physician in Ontario, married three children; useful; prosperous. But before he left Seven Islands he went up the Ste. Marguerite in the summer, by canoe, and made a grave for Pichou's bones, under a blossoming ash tree, among the ferns and wild flowers. He put a cross over it.

"Being French," said he, "I suppose he was a Catholic. But I'll swear he was a Christian."

DEFENDING THE CRUCIFIX.

The town of Limoges which has recently been disturbed by the exploits of revolutionary Socialists, also contains sterling Catholics amongst its working people, the following incidents, related by the Universe press. In a certain quarter of the city resides the corporation of butchers. Their shop are side by side in a narrow little street at the end of which is a small square. In this square, facing the Church of St. Amand, the patron of butchers, rises a Calvary, surmounted by a great crucifix, an object for the inhabitants of this quarter of constant and pious attention. Every day flowers and candles are placed before the railing by the corporation of butchers. Warned by recent sacrilegious attempts throughout France, the butchers informed the Commission of Police that they would themselves keep watch by the sacred emblem, and by every means in their power, would resist the invasion of their quarter and prevent any damage to their Calvary. In fact, for the past fortnight five of the most powerful young men of the corporation have kept strict watch all night. A few nights ago, about 1 a. m., a score of scoundrels, wearing noiseless sandals, and armed with bludgeons, penetrated stealthily into the butchers' quarters. In two minutes all the butchers were in the street, and by the barking of their dogs. The mob was complete. The aggressors fled with all speed, and have not returned.—London Catholic Times.

Under the caption "Centurion MacDonald," contribute sketch of the John MacDonald, La and Glendunnon, and the Sacred Heart of interest to Irish Catholics, and particularly Scottish subscribers. The sketch contains a lesson of sacred religion and national inspiring. It is as follows: "Entreating that yourselves to God, I all at last have my blessing."

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A PAGE OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

Under the caption "A Knight of the Eighteenth Century," Miss Anna MacDonald, contributes the following pen sketch of the career of Captain John MacDonald, Laird of Glenaladale and Glenfinnan, to the Messenger of the Sacred Heart of New York. It is of interest to Irish and English Catholics, and particularly so to our many Scottish subscribers, because it contains a lesson of sacrifice and loyalty to religion and nationality which is inspiring. It is as follows:

"Entreatings that you will all give yourselves to God, for to Him we must all at last have recourse, I leave you my blessing."

(About sixty-seven years ago, being just able to read with some ease; my eyes scanned the above words of Captain John MacDonald of Glenaladale's "Last Instructions to his Children.")

The memory of these words has since served as a light in the many darksome days of life. Having recently found the original instructions, and the Captain's letter or memorandum to his daughter Flora, I was so overjoyed at my fortune that I resolved to edit them; and this not merely as a tribute to the author, but still more from the conviction that "Words of life never fall from being taken up by some one." To the forcible and graceful pen of Miss Anna MacDonald, one of the clan, and who with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. MacDonald, of Charlestown, Mass., visited the ancestral Highland home of the late Glenaladale, while on their European tour last year, I leave the task of presenting to the public a sketch of the life of the author and these letters.—An Aged Clansman.)

Last year there came into the possession of one of the descendants of Captain MacDonald, a letter so interesting and so instructive that it was thought a pity to keep it hidden among family papers. Then, too, its publication would give to the Catholics of the United States and of Canada a chance to know something more of one whose deeds place him among the heroes of the Church in the New World.

In the history of the Scottish Highlands no clan is more honored or more famous than that of the MacDonalds. For centuries the great chieftains of this family, MacDonald, Lord of the Isles, and MacDonald of Clanranald, were practically independent princes treating with their king on almost equal terms. Powerful enough to awaken the jealousy of many of his neighbors, about six centuries ago, Clanranald was hard pressed by the surrounding clans. So to his younger son, a most intrepid and valiant man, he gave the estate of Glenaladale on condition that he would protect the borders of Clanranald in all that well was this commission fulfilled that the delighted father added to his first gift the lands of Glenfinnan. Thus, this John MacDonald, the ancestor of the subject of this sketch, became the head of another clan, he himself and his descendants acknowledging Clanranald as their chief.

The MacDonalds were ardent Catholics and devoted adherents to the house of Stuart, with whose fortunes those of this noble clan were inseparably linked. Their defeat of Prince Charles Edward, in 1745, was for them as well as for their daring young leader fraught with most disastrous consequences.

When Charles landed in Scotland, among the first to greet him were young Clanranald and his kinsman, Alexander MacDonald of Glenaladale, the father of Captain John. They accompanied the prince to Glenfinnan, Alexander's estate, where on August 17, 1745, the standard of the Stuarts, blessed by Bishop MacDonald, was raised.

All know the history of this most romantic and daring enterprise and no one, whatever his political opinions may be, can help but admire the thought and heroism of the Highlanders who neither lands nor lives half precious neither to sacrifice in their prince's cause. After Culloden, Alexander MacDonald was the one, after his cousin Flora, to whom the prince chiefly owed his escape; though to all the Highlanders a certain amount of the credit of this is due, for many knew Charles' hiding place and despite the large price set upon his head no one was base enough to betray his beloved prince.

It was in these troublous times that Captain John MacDonald, of Glenaladale and Glenfinnan was born. For when the Stuart standard was unfurled on his father's land he was but three years old. When the persecution of the Stuarts adherents had quieted a little, there being then no Scotch College, young Glenaladale was educated at the age of twelve, by the Jesuit University of Ratisbon (Regensburg), in Germany.

Having received his degree at Ratisbon, Glenaladale returned to Scotland, a most cultured young gentleman, numbering among his attainments the mastery of seven languages. He married Miss Gordon, aunt of Admiral Sir James Gordon, whose naval career is a brilliant page in English history. By this union Glenaladale allied himself with some of the greatest Scotch families. Captain MacDonald was selected from among the chieftains of his family to be "Cammur" or guardian, ranking next to Clanranald as the head of his clan, and acting as chief should anything befall his superior officer. So revered by his fellow-chieftains, Glenaladale was leading a good and useful life, until about 1770 circumstances arose which called him to a nobler vocation.

A relative of Glenaladale's, Alexander MacDonald of Boisdale, in the Island of Uist, having married a Protestant, forsook the religion of his forefathers. Not contented with changing his own belief he thought it would be likewise a fine thing for his people to follow his example. From the patriarchal Highland system of clan spirit, Boisdale, with the practically unlimited power of Kean Kinne, "the head of the family," was able to actually persecute his tenants. One of his fatherly acts was to drive his

people by a vigorous plying of his stout yellow cudgel to the Protestant Church. Was it a wonder that the faith became in scorn "the religion of yellow cudgel?" Boisdale, finding the old people rather hard to proselytize, hit upon another scheme. If he could not have the present generation, he'd have the next. So he offered to his tenants' children the privilege of instruction from the Presbyterian tutor employed for Boisdale's own sons. The poor simple people eagerly seized this splendid chance. However, they could not long be deceived. Day after day the children were obliged to listen to all sorts of attacks upon their religion, and even forced to eat meat on fast days. When they brought this information home, their parents, acting on the priests' advice, withdrew them from the school. Boisdale was angered beyond all bounds at this. Father Wayne, the priest, was compelled to return to his native Ireland; and he was barked in his prey, Boisdale took even severe measures. He had a paper written in their own Gaelic tongue read to his assembled tenants. To sign this document meant an absolute retraction of their religion and a promise under oath never again to have any dealings whatever with a Catholic priest; to refuse was to lose everything, hmes and land, and to bring dire ruin upon themselves.

There are countless heroes and martyrs little known, and surely these noble people deserve to be numbered among the glorious army who have suffered for their faith. Not only faltered, all declaring they would endure any hardship rather than accept such intumescing conditions. Dispersed they returned home to prepare for the journey into the unknown world, which they were forced to go to seek "freedom to worship God." Baffled in this, Boisdale agreed to leave his tenants in peace if they would consent to have their children brought up Protestants. This proposition received the indignant reply from the Islanders, that "their children's souls were as dear to them as their own."

So these brave people continued their preparations for their departure. Not only on Uist, but throughout the Western Highlands, the fire of bigotry, once lighted, spread with startling rapidity. It seemed as if the Church in these portions of Scotland would be destroyed root and branch. To the clergy and to the laity both, the situation seemed so alarming that Bishop Grant, Vicar-Apostolic of the Highlands, incited by the burning zeal of Glenaladale, deemed it necessary to bring the matter to the attention of Bishop Challoner of London, and even to send the sad news to Rome. The celebrated Dr. Hay, student, doctor in the prince's army, convert and finally priest and bishop, was at this time Dr. Grant's coadjutor. He, too, used all his powerful influence to aid the plans for benefiting the poor people of Uist.

The one scheme which seemed feasible for them to leave Scotland and go to America. This, however, was a matter demanding money, and most of these poor Catholics were rendered practically destitute by their inhuman landlords. Bishop Hay, besides contributing out of his own slender means a sum which to Glenaladale seemed heroic, wrote a memorial. He addressed this to the saintly Bishop Challoner, Vicar-Apostolic of London. Collections were taken at the chapel, of the Catholic embassies in London, and the proceeds of these, together with the contributions of Dr. Challoner's personal friends, made up a considerable sum of money.

Of all the Scotch laymen, the one most deeply interested in the welfare of his poor co-religionists was MacDonald of Glenaladale. He was the originator of the emigration scheme and was willing to sacrifice everything to make it successful. Of him Bishop Hay says: "Worthy Glenaladale affirms that he will sell all he has for that end (the colonization plan), and that he himself will go along with them. His conduct indeed, upon this occasion is exceedingly edifying; he seems to have inherited all the zeal of princes, as well as the piety of his own worthy ancestors."

So to Glenaladale was entrusted the carrying out of the project for the relief of the persecuted Scotch. In 1771 he bought a large estate on the present Prince Edward Island, then known as St. John's, to which he intended to personally bring his charges.

Then in company with Bishop MacDonald, he visited Uist, where so many matters much worse than he supposed to pay anything towards the expenses of the journey; many of the men were: yet as the sum of money collected was not in this case sufficient, it looked as if the plan of emigration must be abandoned. It would have been, too, for the unparalleled generosity of Glenaladale. Rather than have the scheme fall through, he mortgaged the family estate at Glenfinnan to redeem it, he thus parted with the home of his ancestors forever. When he arrived in Prince Edward Island, he had but five or six guineas in his pocket, and a debt of the purchase of the new estate he had bought there.

Thanks to his munificence, in 1772, the good ship Alexander, with one year's provisions sailed from Scotland, bearing two hundred across the sea. Glenaladale himself was detained in Europe until the next year. In 1773, after ordering (this time from Quebec) three cargo of provisions and farm implements for the colonists, he joined his people, journeying by way of Philadelphia and Boston—towns already dark with the threatening war-clouds of the Revolution.

At the outbreak of the War of Independence, Glenaladale, in accordance of course, with his royalist traditions, formed a company for the defence of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia against the Americans. He was appointed captain, and he and his men conducted themselves with praise and worthy valor. Of him as a soldier and a man the following report by General

Small to the English Government speaks for itself: "The activity and unshaking zeal of Captain John MacDonald of Glenaladale, in bringing an excellent company into the field is his least recommendation, being acknowledged by all who knew him to be one of the most accomplished men and best officers of his rank in his Majesty's service."

As a reward for his distinguished services in every capacity, civil and military, the Government of Prince Edward Island was obliged to take an oath, then in force, acknowledging the king's supremacy in spiritual matters. Glenaladale declined the proffered honor. The Secretary of State urged him to accept, remarking that such an oath, being merely a form, would not interfere with the free exercise of his religion. Glenaladale persisted in his refusal saying that no man would permit him to take an oath.

Captain MacDonald was most genial and amiable in all his domestic relations. His first wife and only child dying in Scotland, he resolved never to marry again. He then named his brother, Lieutenant Donald MacDonald, whom he styled "the loveliest youth of his name," as his heir. Donald, in a naval engagement with the French, so bereft of all his near relatives, after long years of widowhood, Glenaladale married a second time. His choice was Miss MacDonald, of Moran family, a near relative of the chieftain of Glenangry and connected with many other great Scotch houses.

Glenaladale was spared to the services of his country until 1811. His zeal was too actively engaged in the service of others, and had sacrificed too much to develop his own fine estate in Prince Edward Island. Therefore he died a comparatively poor man. However, he gave to those who settled on his estate all the advantage coming from a lease of 999 years. Many, in this way prospered enough to buy land of their own.

Glenaladale rendered another great service to the young colony. By defraying the expenses of procuring a missionary for the Acadians he induced this noble people, so important to the development of the resources of the country, to remain on the island.

Captain MacDonald was obliged to take many long and perilous voyages in the interest of his countrymen. He was while absent on one of these journeys that the charming letter, which will soon be published in pamphlet form, and which, as written by him to his daughter Flora, then a pupil of the Ursuline Convent at Quebec. If we had no other record of Glenaladale than this epistle, it alone would be sufficient to prove him as he was, the noblest of the noble, a perfect gentleman, a perfect Catholic, a white and spotless knight—sans peur et sans reproche.

What the descendants of the cousin to whom Glenaladale yielded his Scotch estates have done for the Old World Church, and what an ancestral home he was to leave, the following sketch will give some idea:

Glenfinnan, the present home of Colonel MacDonald, and the birthplace of his brothers, the late Archbishop of Edinburgh and the late Archbishop of Aberdeen, is situated about midway between Fort William and Arisaig. Glenfinnan takes its name from a little river running through it called St. Fannan, the Apostle of Christianity in this distant region. The scenery is surpassingly grand, with a wild and sombre beauty which befits the birthplace of the fatal expedition of '45. The life of the glebe centre, in the group of buildings belonging to the late Colonel MacDonald, the present head of the Glenaladales. The church, built by an uncle of the colonel, the late Father MacD, is a Gothic structure. It is Father MacDonald's life work. He devoted his fortune to its erection, and it is indeed a noble monument to his zeal. Masses are here every Sunday, and in the heart of Highland Catholicity. They speak the soft Gaelic tongue among themselves, keeping English for the tourists. It is a matter of great pride that the master of Glenfinnan in conversing with them, uses the language of their fathers.

The fine old mansion house, though its grounds extend for some ten miles, is not far distant from the church. It is a beautiful terraced knoll overlooking Loch Shiel. No more beautiful situation could be possibly imagined. The terraces and the more level land slope gently down to meet the clear lake waters. On every side bold and craggy mountains, which would be too wild and stern, were it not for the purple Highland mists which clothe them with a peculiar and indescribable beauty. The house itself is most interesting. In the drawing room are shown some of the many valuable relics of Prince Charles which are still in the possession of the MacDonalals. Notable among these are the portraits of the prince and of his mother, Louisa Sobieski. A copy of the queen's "Journal of Life in the Highlands," also written by Colonel MacDonald, is also here. It is a memento of the queen's visit to the house, the first time a sovereign's presence has honored Glenfinnan, since Victoria's royal ancestor, Charles Edward rested here.

As another token of the Queen's regard Colonel MacDonald during the Jubilee year, was summoned to Windsor to receive the Order of the Bath.

Perhaps nothing is so pathetic in the annals of the pathetic Highlands as still bears the Stuarts. It is fitting that in Glenfinnan some memorial of this attachments to a lost cause should be erected. Of all the great Scotch clans none were more faithful to the Stuarts than the MacDonalals. In that last desperate uprising, so rash, so daring, so heart-breaking, so sad, Lochranalaid came the bonnie prince, to Lochranalaid came the bonnie prince, to Lochranalaid came the bonnie prince, to Lochranalaid came the bonnie prince, Here Charles Edward met the assembling clans, here he offered the same

price for the head of George that was set upon his own, here unfurled the standard of the Stuarts.

So the late Alexander MacDonald erected a monument to Prince Charles on the very spot where the banner was raised. On a massive column stands the statue of the prince in full Highland costume. The inscription, written in English, Gaelic, and Latin, is as follows: "On this spot where Prince Charles Edward first raised the standard on the 19th of August, 1745, when he made the daring and romantic attempt to recover a throne lost by the imprudence of his ancestors, this column was erected by Alexander MacDonald, Esq., of Glenaladale, to commemorate the generous zeal and undaunted bravery and the inviolable fidelity of his ancestors, and the rest of those that fought and bled in that arduous and unsuccessful enterprise."

So, in the midst of heather fields, red as the noble blood shed for him, all his bright deeds cherished, all his faults forgotten, stands, as the glen people lovingly call him, the "bonnie king of the Highlands." There he stands, a witness that Highland hearts beat ever true, and that at least one great Scotch clan, forever faithful to its King, still bears on an unstained crest Robert Bruce's 13th greeting to Mac Donald, the saviour of Badenochburn, "My hope is constant in thee."

DYING BY INCHES.

BLEEDING GIRLS SAVED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

Dying by inches—that is the only way to describe hundreds of bloodless girls who are slipping slowly but surely from simple anemia into a decline. They drag themselves along with one foot in the grave through those years of youth by the happiest in their lives. And the whole trouble lies in the blood. Bad blood is the fountain head of all the trouble that afflicts woman from maturity to middle life. Bad blood causes all the backaches and side aches, all the pale faces, breathlessness and dizziness; all the heart palpitation, sickly dizzy turns and deathly fainting spells. From fainting spells to consumption is only a step. In nine cases out of ten consumption starts from bloodlessness—and the only sure cure for bloodlessness is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new, rich, red blood, that brings the rosy glow of health to sallow cheeks, and strength to every part of the body. It has been proved in thousands of cases. Miss Frances Peach, Welland, Ont., says: "A couple of years ago my condition of health was very serious. Doctors said that I had no blood—that it had turned to water. I was unfit to do anything for months, and was little more than a living skeleton. I had no appetite; the least exertion would leave me breathless, and I had frequent severe headaches. I was treated by several doctors, but they failed to help me, and I was completely discouraged. Then I was urged to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in a few weeks found my health improving. I used eight boxes in all, and was by that time again well and strong. I gained twenty two pounds in weight, and never felt better in my life."

What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for Miss Peach they can do for every other weak and ailing girl. They make new blood, and new blood brings health, strength and happiness. But you must be sure you have the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around each box. All dealers sell these pills, or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

RAGGED AND GAY HEAR MASS

A writer in the London Daily News in describing his impressions of High Mass on a Sunday morning at Westminster Cathedral says: "A few yards away from me is a man about thirty five whose coat is highly buth-tanned to conceal his lack of shirt. The coat itself is torn and ragged, and as he kneels I see that the soles of his boots are almost gone. The face is a bad, weary face, tanned by exposure, lined by anxiety: the features are small and refined. No one is more devout. He sets me musing, into how many of our churches could you have wandered, my brother, without being stared at with eyes not altogether friendly—supposing, indeed, you had been admitted and given a seat? But here thou can sit beside ladies in dresses the most exquisite brains can devise or money purchase, without a single curious glance to make thee feel thy lack."

As it is in Westminster Cathedral so it is in every Catholic Church throughout the world. The man wearing overalls, or the woman appareled in calico, is welcomed and seated in the churches of Catholicity with the same courtesy as any "lady" in silks or satins or furs, or as the "gentleman" dressed in broadcloth. Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament hears the prayer and appeal of a Lazarus, made with a sincere heart just as He listens to the supplication of those whom He has blessed with wealth. Of course there may be a few in every parish who in their pride of heart look down on rags and poverty, but, thank God! they are few. No practical Catholic would refuse to sit beside a brother or sister in religion who happens to be dressed according to circumstances of life; and the Catholic who looks down upon the man or woman in church because of their raiment is a Catholic only in name. The Saviour did not call men of wealth and fashion to fulfill His earthly mission. The apostles were not arrayed in broadcloth. Mary, the mother of the Divine Jesus, wore simple garments. The Saviour was born into the world amid humble surroundings.

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CRUCIFIX.

Which has by the exploits of the exploits, also comes among its following in a city resides the. Their shops grow little street in small square. In Church of St. butchers, rises a by a great crucifixion of this pious attention. In France, the corporation of their recent sacrilegious destruction France, and the Comniun would them—the sacred means in their of the invasion of the past for the past a most powerful oration have kept. A few nights score of scoundrel sandals, and, penetrated butchers' quarters. he butchers were at by the watch complete, and the il speed, and have in Catholic Times,

has stamped the with the mark "Mother Mary of Grace."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. THE HOLY FATHER AND THE ATHLETES. We supplement the brief despatch recently published in these columns by the appended details from the Rome correspondent of the London Tablet as to the Pope and Italy's first national athletic gathering, which took place, as our readers know, in the early part of last month at the Vatican.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES ON THE ROSARY. By LOUISA EMILY DORRICK. The Presentation in the Temple. COUNT LUGI. "Nothing's up," said Mrs. Baxton. "I say there is," said Mrs. Baxton. "Come now."

TALKS ON RELIGION. SUPERSTITION. Superstition is more prevalent than many suppose. It is not confined to the uneducated classes, since it has found lodgment and a welcome in the upper classes. Signs and omens often decide the actions of those and fortune-tellers and mediums too frequently find their best customers among the wealthy and the educated.

PRAY FOR DEPARTED SOULS. LET US PRAY FOR SINNERS EVEN AFTER THEIR UNHAPPY DEATH. The Church condemns none to eternal torments. She publishes decrees to declare that one man is in heaven; she has never published any to declare that another is in hell.

FOR WASHING LINEN You will do the best work by using a PURE HARD SOAP like "SURPRISE" It makes towels and all such material white, clean and sweet, without any harm from harshness. Don't forget the name. SURPRISE SOAP

PUTTING ON GRIEF. An excellent Catholic gentleman died in New York some years ago. Shortly before his death, he said to his wife: "I want you to promise me one thing—don't give way to your feelings over my death. Act the Christian. Accept the will of God. It must be for the best. And it will be only a few years, at the most, when you'll follow me to the grave. Death is the lot of all. I hate to see a man or a woman wallowing over a corpse. If you want me to lie peaceful in my grave you will not make a show of grief. Promise me."

HELP FOR LITTLE ONES. It is a recognized fact that babies—and indeed all children—need a medicine of their own. Medical men know, too, that most baby medicines do more harm than good—that most of them contain poisonous opiates, that 'drug children into quietness without curing their little ills.

LADIES. Fancy Mercecrised Girdle and our catalog of ladies goods sent free for three to six copies to Southcott & Co., Dept. H, London, Ont.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION is such a great aid is because it passes so quickly into the blood. It is partly digested before it enters the stomach; a double advantage in this. Less work for the stomach; quicker and more direct benefits. To get the greatest amount of good with the least possible effort is the desire of everyone in poor health.

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TEACHING CATHOLIC TRUTH BY MAIL.

A little advertisement in an English Catholic weekly that has excited much curiosity for some time, states that any one wishing information regarding Catholic doctrine by correspondence can be put in communication with a member of the Correspondence Guild for Inquiring Protestants by applying to the secretary, whose address is given.

The idea of such an organization struck us as an excellent thing, a thoroughly up to date method of spreading Catholic truth. In this country, our magazines are filled with advertisements of all sorts of correspondence schools that undertake to teach every thing and anything by mail. Why not then a correspondence school to explain Catholic doctrine? The method is surely in harmony with our well-developed non-Catholic missionary movement.

That the correspondence Guild for Inquiring Protestants in England is demoted by the Guild's second annual report, issued a few weeks ago, "Established only two years ago" we read in the report, it (the Guild) has already more than justified its existence by reason of the not inconsiderable number of converts that have been added to the Church through its wide spread activities.

The knowledge of its existence, and the recognition of its usefulness, are by no means confined to the British Isles. It has made its way into Belgium and France; it is not altogether a stranger in Denmark; even so far afield, as India and the West African coast it has done effective work; while at the moment of issuing this report there is ever present of establishing a flourishing branch in the United States. Nor does the Guild benefit English speaking people alone; it has among its members those who can correspond in French, German, Spanish and Italian, and on more than one occasion scope has been found for the exercise of this linguistic advantage.

Intended primarily, as its designation implies, for the instruction of those who are Protestants in the usual conception of that term, the Correspondence Guild is far from limiting its operations to any one class of non-Catholics. It exists in the interests of all. And even to Catholics it has been of considerable use, in furnishing them with information they have been at a loss to discover for themselves, in recommending suitable books for their perusal, and in assisting them in various ways in their own efforts to bring home the truths of Catholicism to their non-Catholic friends. The Guild is composed, without exception of lay members of Church and to this essentially lay character of its organization is undoubtedly to be attributed the success which has attended its efforts to cooperate in the conversion of those outside the unity of faith.

The special sermons delivered by eloquent missionary preachers, the increasingly wide diffusion of cheap Catholic literature and the Church's stately ritual and impressive liturgy directly lead in many cases, to conversion; but there are not a few who, while more or less powerfully moved by influences such as these are held back from thoroughly investigating the Church's claim to be the oracles of God by a deep-rooted, and therefore not easily eradicated, prejudice against coming into personal contact with a Catholic priest, yet who have no such prejudice against putting themselves in communication with a Catholic layman.

It is to this class, therefore, that the Correspondence Guild pre-eminently appeals, and it is especially for the benefit of such that it has been established. It may be that such appears in Catholic Times, every week, or a framed copy of the Guild's notice, which is displayed at the entrance to a number of churches throughout the land; or they may learn of the Guild's existence in some other way.

FIVE GREAT EVILS.

CARDINAL GIBBONS NAMES DANGERS TO SOCIETY—RELIGION IS NEEDED—HIS EMINENCE POINTS OUT THE GREAT EVILS WHICH THREATEN SOCIETY TO DAY.

THE neglect of moral or religious training is at best but an imperfect system.

Indeed religious knowledge is as far above human science as the soul is above time.

God has given us a heart to be formed to virtue as well as a head to be enlightened. By secular education we improve the mind; by religious training we direct the heart.

The desecration of the Christian Sabbath is the third social danger against which it behooves us to set our faces and take timely precautions before it assumes proportions too formidable to be easily eradicated.

A word must be added on two other pregnant evils. Our young men know that the ballot is the expression of the will of a free people, and its purity should be guarded with the utmost jealousy.

Religion is the foundation of all morals; it is the cornerstone of civilization, the one feature that distinguishes a man from an animal and the bond which unites him with his Creator.

It is a virtue by which due honor and worship are paid to God.

It embodies all those fundamental truths that involve God's sovereignty over us and our entire dependence on Him.

I employ the term religion here in its broadest and most comprehensive sense, as embracing the existence of God, His infinite power and knowledge, His providence over us, the recognition of a divine law, the moral freedom and responsibility of man, the distinction between good and evil, the duty of rendering our homage to God and justice and charity to our neighbor, and, finally, the existence of a future state of rewards and punishments.

I hold that religion is the only solid basis of society. If the social edifice rests not on this eternal and immutable foundation it will soon crumble to pieces.

Progress All Around.

As many of our readers have probably heard, one Baptist minister objected to the resolutions in honor of the late Mayor Collins, of Toronto, passed at the conference of the Baptist clergy in this city, on the ground that Mayor Collins was a Roman Catholic, and his son had attended a Jesuit college and was a devoted Catholic.

Commenting on this little incident, Harper's Weekly remarks: "The ministers very much regretted the dissent of the one objector; yet it was useful in its way, as showing the progress of the rest."

So it was. Would it be altogether ungrateful to add that the progress of Harper's Weekly in the same direction is illustrated by its comment, on Sept. 21st, on the same subject.

One of the most gratifying results of the recent mission in St. Patrick's Church, Toledo, was the reception into the church of thirty adult converts. All were instructed in the private class conducted by the Jesuit Fathers and received their first Holy Communion in a body last Sunday.

Miss M. Flury. Recitation in Concert. Graduates. 4th Movement of Sonata. Vocal Triad. "Kerry Dance". Misses M. E. King and M. J. Joyce. Distribution of Medals and Diplomas. "God Save the King."

CEREMONY OF RECEPTION. At St. Joseph's convent, Hamilton, on the Feast of All Saints five young ladies received the habit of the Order and commenced their second term of probation in the novitiate.

At the close of the entertainment Mr. B. J. Gough, owner, announced to the Superiors that he would present a gold medal to the commercial class at the end of the present year.

A Public Necessity. Accident and Sickness Insurance is no longer regarded as a luxury, but is now considered by thinking men as much a necessity as fire or life insurance.

Next! "Sir Frederick Birken, the Canadian Minister of Militia, has predicted that the North-West will be a vast wheat-growing area of a hundred million bushels of wheat. Next!"

This is a voice prophetic: This is a man who sees! Think you he speaks of folly? Think you he speaks of pleasure? You 'tis a man who sees!

For though he has planned in wisdom To fashion a world of warriors, Lost ever the drum should call! He dreams of glory and of fame— Of a standing army of grain!

You have breakfasted of my bacon, He says, but never sat at my table! Eat with your sons of Euston Some drizzle London morn!

I need not the East's allusion; I need not her cities' levies; To fasten upon my cities; My provinces are not so chosen; Who are citizens coined by commerce, And subject to profit's pack;

NEW BOOKS. "The Dollar Hunt." From the French by G. E. Colquhoun. Published by Benziger Bros. Price 45 cents.

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The Catholic Record, London, Ont. PRIEST HOUSEKEEPER WANTED. WANTED IMMEDIATELY PRIEST'S housekeeper. Middle aged, preferred. One accustomed to country. References required. Address L. F., CATHOLIC RECORD Office.

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TEACHER WANTED FOR U. S. S. No. 3, Greenock and Brant. Duties to commence Jan. 3, 1906. Small school, average attendance about twenty. Apply, stating salary, qualifications and experience, to L. J. Curtin, Sec. Treas., Powell P. O., Ont., Carleton Co. 1113-2.

TEACHER WANTED - CATHOLIC - FOR U. S. S. No. 3, Greenock and Brant. Duties to commence Jan. 3, 1906. Small school, average attendance about twenty. Apply, stating salary, qualifications and experience, to L. J. Curtin, Sec. Treas., Powell P. O., Ont., Carleton Co. 1113-2.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL, Sec. No. 9, Peel Township for the year 1906. One that can teach either in church preferred. State salary and experience and apply to the Secretary, Wm. O'Reilly, Parker, Ont. 1113-2.

SITUATION WANTED. CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN, ACCURATE at figures and willing worker wishes clerical position at once. References, A. O. C., care of Catholic Record, London, Ont. 1112-2.

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Vest Pocket Prayer Books. 1651 Leather bound, very small gold title and initials, round corners, gold edges, color red and black. 85

VOLUM. The Cat LONDON, SAT REV. MR. [The rest of the text in this column is partially obscured and contains repetitive words and fragments.]