

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, June 25, 1898.

I went to the Throne with a quivering soul,
The old year was done,
Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf for me,
I have spoiled this one.
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted
And gave me a new one, all unspotted
And into my soul heart smiled,
"Do better now my child."
—John Larnier.

The Best of It.

Give ever man his share
Of sorrow or of grief,
And he will wonder where
The other part can be.
It pain to hold his lot,
He tries to make a jest of it,
It serves to warn him not,
He wants to know the rest of it.

Give woman half a kiss
Of how the scandal goes
And she will never stir,
When telling what she knows.
One tells the story straight,
Another what she guesses of.
The others watch and wait,
They want to know the rest of it.

And so the story goes
Through all the alphabet
No evil, or science throws
A light upon it yet—
The problem in our hand
We ought to know the best of it,
But still, you understand,
We want to know the rest of it.
—John Larnier.

REV. MR. MADILL IN TROUBLE.

Rev. Mr. Madill has incurred the displeasure of his brethren. They have not only reproved him for conduct unbecoming a minister, but even withdrawn him from discharge of his duties. How times have changed! He was once a burning light—a valiant crusader against Catholics, an exponent of "free thought," his thoughts could be very free with his Catholic brethren and his language have the glow of liberty unbridled and unmeasured. But he had to handle tenderly the people under his charge. One fatal day he resorted to his favorite tactics—he imagined he was dealing with his enemies—and behold his superiors swooped down upon him like an eagle upon its prey, and Rev. Mr. Madill's career was ended.

AN INSTANCE OF BIGOTRY.

The Protestant denominations, we are told, have requested the President of the United States to expel the religious orders from the Philippine Islands. The request comes strangely from the gentlemen who in the interest of liberty have clamored for the present war.

What does it mean? It means that these ministers are dyed-in-the-wool bigots. If the religious orders were guilty of the crimes laid at the door of Spanish officialism we should be slow to pen a word of condemnation, but we are informed by reputable witnesses that the friars have done much to elevate the natives of the Philippines. They were teaching them to respect their neighbors and to worship God long before the ministers came to the United States. We do not claim that all the monks are paragons of every virtue. If, however, we find some not up to the standard, shall we condemn them all and demand their expulsion? Would it be reasonable to say that every preacher is an infidel because some of them have cut adrift from Christianity? But what would they do if the President granted the request and gave them the Philippines as their exclusive camping ground? Would they wear the natives from the pernicious errors of Rome?

Their past history of missionary effort may enable us to give an answer. They have since the seventeenth century been sending out missionaries, and they have never succeeded in enlisting a nation under their standard. They have had bibbles by the shipload and dollars by the thousand—and they have failed. More than this, their senseless scattering of the Bible amongst the illiterate has brought contempt and ridicule upon it and robbed it of its dignity and sacredness. Even their own writers attest this, as may be seen by a perusal of Marshall's exhaustive work on "Christian Missions."

If the leaders of our separated brethren would confine themselves to the preaching of truth there would be soon "one fold and one shepherd." At all events the foulness of calumny would not be foul lips set aside for other things.

But as Father Oakley says:
"One of the most striking marks of the truth of the Catholic Church is the fact that she is the inheritor of the prophesies based on her Divine Founder. Just as our Divine Lord

was assailed by His enemies with the most contradictory charges so is His Church. His words are literally fulfilled: "You shall be hated by all men for my name's sake. The disciple is not above his master."

A TALK WITH THE CHILDREN.

Had you lived in Cambridge fifteen or twenty years ago it is quite likely that you would have claimed as a personal friend the sunny-tempered, tender-hearted, gray-haired man who loved you all, and wrote a great many beautiful things for you to read and enjoy, and who was a general favorite among young folks and often entertained them at his home. One day a friend coming to him, told him that a little girl had come to see where he lived, and hoped to catch a glimpse of him through the window. The door of his heart as well as of his home at once opened wide, and the little girl was right royally received. Thus in deed and in word this genial man was constantly saying of children:

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

Surely you all recognize this man as the poet Longfellow! Thousands who were never favored to know him personally have joined with the "blue eyed banditti" of his home

"Grave Alice and laughing Allegra
And Edith with golden hair,
In their raids upon his Sanctum,
And who were quite ready to be

"Put down into the dungeon
In the round tower of his heart."
Children of all ages were dear to him. The lines in "Weariness" indicate with what tender feeling he looked upon

"Little souls as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from Heaven, their source divine."
"The Castle Builders" shows that he well knew how to tell stories to eager listeners at his knee. As the girl—

"A smile of God thou art" grew
Older he panned for her the poem
"Maidenhod" that blends sympathy
with her half timid longing while

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,"
and whispers gracious words of counsel—

"Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth
In thy hand the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

For the boy he recalls his own babyhood, and pictures its haunts, reading meantime a chapter in our country's history as he refers to "sea fight far away." His own youth is not so "lost" but that he still knows

"The gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain."

The simplicity of his poems and the common subjects with which they so sympathetically deal render his works delightful reading from early childhood. He tells again in pleasing rhyme many a story that has come down to us from the olden time—legends that are not unlike the stories you often think out for yourselves. If you have younger brothers or sisters they will enjoy with you that story of "Hiawatha." Its rhythm has a magical charm. The red man's interpretation of the wonders of nature and the strange stories of adventure are enchanting. You will feel at home with "Hiawatha" where you read of his familiarity with the robin, the rabbit and the squirrel. You will find that he

"Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names with all its secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter."

How easily in imagination will you join "Hiawatha" in his hunting of the surgeon Nahma. We suppose every boy holds contests with imaginary giants armed with weapons almost as powerful as "Hiawatha's" magic mittens. And your tears will flow as you read of the sorrow that came to "Hiawatha's" happy home. We hope the remembrance of these scenes will make your hearts all the more tender. When a stormy day shuts your windows, and you are wanting some means of entertainment, turn to the account of the "Skipper and his Little Daughter" who suffered so sad a fate off Cape Ann, on the reef of Norman's Woe; or read the threefold story connected with the building of the ship. "The Bell of Auld"

"Pleas'd the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws,"
And the "Birds of Killingworth" describes
"The street musicians of the heavenly city
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even

Are halfway houses on the road to Heaven.

Are you interested in history, read "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and the tale of "Evangeline." Often at twilight you will be reminded of the lines

"Silently one by one in the infinite meadows
of heaven
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots
of the Angels."

In "The Skeleton in Armor" you will read the tradition of the Norseman who in Longfellow's time were supposed to have built in Newport

"The lofty tower
Which to this very hour
Stands looking seaward."

"The Rainy Day" will teach you contentment, and "Excelsior" drives cowardice from our hearts, and makes us obedient to the cry that comes ringing to our ears—Higher. "The Ladder of St. Augustine" reminds us that

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

"The Builders" likens life to the work of an architect and the helpers—

"For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled:
Ours to days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build."

Of Longfellow's personal friends we can learn much through his verses. "A Gleam of Sunshine" and "Footsteps of Angels" are tender references to

"The Being Beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me."

The books Longfellow read often called forth lines such as "Travels by the Fireside," Chaucer, Milton, etc. Not infrequently as he read, his desire to share with others what he enjoyed led him to translate from the Latin, Italian Spanish and German. Thus he gives an excellent description of winter and spring from Charles d'Orleans. The song "Beware" and the "Bookmark of St. Teresa," with its inspiring words "Morituri saluamus" seems to forecast a gloomy strain, but rather it is full of cheer for the young students at Bowdoin, and of encouragement for his classmates of fifty years before, whom he assures that

"Aye is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress."
Come to know him intimately and he will sing all bitterness out of your heart. He will make you better, nobler, more content and courageous. His "Excelsior" will resound ever in your ears, but better than all he will teach you to view men and things by the light of a kindly heart.

John Larnier.

THE HEART OF JESUS PLEADING.

Sacred Heart Review.
The month of June is the month of the Sacred Heart. On Friday of last week, the Church celebrated with joyful devotion the great annual feast of the Sacred Heart. Now, on this third Sunday after Pentecost, in the touching parables of the lost sheep and the lost piece of silver, the gospel for the day displays to us the intense and inveterate craving of the Redeemer's Heart for the souls of sinful men. The artist's brush has drawn for us the picture of the woman sweeping diligently her floor by the light of her little lamp, to find the small lost coin; and the poet has told us that "The lost piece of money He will seek for and find."

We have pictures, also, of the Good Shepherd, going forth into storm and darkness, by rough ways and through thorny thickets, stooping pitifully, and all forgetful of self, to lift with bleeding hands the straying sheep to safety on His bosom, and bear it to the fold. These are only faint forth shadowings of the hunger and thirst of the Heart of Jesus after the souls of men, ever felt and ever expressed in the League of the Sacred Heart by the motto which is the watchword of its members: "Thy kingdom come."

There is a method of studying the life of our Blessed Lord which has peculiar interest for devout and reflective minds; the study, namely, of His "interior dispositions," as they are called, His motives, wishes, aims, plans, and loves. The prayerful student of these matters must quickly discover that the glory of God, and His most holy will, together with the salvation and sanctification of souls, were objects that our Lord and Master kept ever before Him in His earthly career. Yet, during the first thirty years of His mortal life, what was His way of carrying them into effect?

Referring again to His outward life, we look at the Babe in Bethlehem, and the Child in Egypt, the Boy in Nazareth, the Young Man in the carpenter's shop, the marvellous Worshipper in the synagogue. We picture to ourselves that face with its heavenly expression; we picture to ourselves that dear Redeemer as we would fain have

met Him, have spoken with Him, have worked and prayed beside Him. Yet, when all this is done to our best and utmost, we find that there is something we desire far more than to see and speak with Him. We want to know His thoughts, His Heart, His Sacred Heart. And so we approach that school of knowledge in the Church, governed by no less a teacher than the Holy Ghost Himself, wherein the mystics are taught how to teach us these deep and inner things that possess such special charm.

The first Christian mystic was none other than Mary, the Virgin Mother of Christ.

"She only knew Him, she alone
Who nightly to His cradle crept;
And, lying like the moonbeam prone,
Worshipped her Maker while He slept."

She held His beating Heart to her heart; He drew His human life from hers; the love-light of His eyes first dwelt on her; His first low word—that wondrous first word of the eternal Word of God—was spoken in her enraptured hearing, and thrilled her with a sweetness beyond all possible songs in heaven. The brush of a Murillo has shown us the longing in the Child's eyes for His Heavenly Father; the brush of a Raphael has shown His intense, world-wide, long-lingering vision of the myriad souls of men. If genius, illumined by faith and prayer and love, saw this, Mary the Mother saw deeper and saw more.

She saw the prophet's dreams fulfilled. She knew, by angelic announcement, that the world's Redeemer had come; yet she saw Him looked upon by their neighbors as only a Hebrew boy among other boys in lowly Nazareth; and she saw the omnipotent Creator working with plane and chisel at a carpenter's trade. But, underneath all, she read His Heart. It was a life of continual prayer and self-oblation, offered to God for souls.

We do not doubt these things in regard to the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God. But let us follow the Church's history as the centuries pass away. It is not three hundred years since, to one who bore the name of Mary, our Divine Lord appeared, and said to her these memorable words: "Behold this Heart that has so much loved men." She heard Him also say that He wanted "love for love." And now, this very month, the League, founded since then to honor that pleading Heart of Christ, places before us as the special intention of our prayers for June: "Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament."

Thus it says to our listening souls that the same Lord is really there in "the tabernacle, Who lay on Mary's breast, and toiled at Joseph's side, and went after the wandering sheep into the wilderness, and hung dying for us upon the shameful tree, crying: 'I thirst.' It says that the same Lord is there, Who spoke to Blessed Margaret Mary in the Visitation convent, beseeching us to give Him love for love. Out of the tabernacle does no voice speak to us also in the silence, telling us that the interior dispositions of our Lord's Heart are still the same, and that He loves and longs for the hearts and the souls of men?

When we kneel there next before Him, let us for a while forget ourselves and our own special needs; let us lose ourselves in the infinite abysses of that blessed Heart. Only in the darkness, when all earthly lights are vanished from us, can we hope to see that thorn-encircled, cross-crowned, and fiery Heart of love. Ever peacefully at rest now for souls it beats there, pleading sweetly with us: "Satisfy My Heart! Satisfy—satisfy My Heart, that bleed and broke for you!"

What reply shall we make to it but that strong cry of the League, unceasingly repeated now the wide world over: "Thy kingdom come, sweet Jesus! Thy kingdom come!"
Let us indeed cease thinking what we want, and think what He wants. He wants neither wealth nor fame nor worldly success. He wants our love, our loving, faithful, holy hearts; and He wants to have the lost and wandering sheep brought back to His blessed fold. How is it that we can set our minds on lesser things, that must pass away like smoke, yet we dare to weigh them in the balance with immortal souls and the thirst of Jesus Christ? Alas! I know not. We could help Him—we, poor, abject beings, could help Almighty God to win souls to His yearning Heart. Is it possible that it shall ever be said of us that we would not? Shall it be said that we went on choosing selfishly to please ourselves, when, of our great Exemplar and our Saviour, an apostle, inspired by the Holy Ghost, tells us: "Christ pleased not Himself."

TSCHING-TA-JEN.

Some of our separated brethren who have been brought up on missionary stories about the ignorance of Catholic converts to the faith, and their descendants in China, will be surprised to learn that the new Chinese ambassador to France is a Catholic, and that his ancestors have been Catholics for over two centuries. For fear that they may think he is an Englishman or an American of English ancestry in disguise we give his name. It is Tsching-ta-jen. There is nothing Anglo-Saxon about that.—Sacred Heart Review.

DR. EGAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES A. McMASTER.

An Answer to the Question: "Was James A. McMaster an American Monarchist?"

There seems to be a fortunate revival of interest in the life of the late James A. McMaster, due no doubt to the publication of some of his most characteristic and tenderest letters, by the Carmelites at Niagara Falls; and the efforts of our historical societies to foster a regard for all things Catholic and American. McMaster deserves to be better appreciated. "Now that the smoke of battle,"—of the many battles he waged,—has cleared away," it is just that the real figure of the man should be made to appear as it was,—great, loyal, rugged and fulgent, at the same time kind and gentle. There was no doubt that he was a good hater, and that he believed all his hatreds to be righteous hatreds; he was, too, an ardent lover and the firmest of friends—only those who hate can love, was one of his axioms; and, if he mixed sometimes the person with the principle he hated, he was ready enough to distinguish if he discovered that he was wrong. He was a Scotch Highlander still, in spite of a generation or two between him and the Gael, and the highest spirituality never, until death, began to cast its shadow, quite eradicated the old fighting desire to strike the head of an opposing clansman whenever he saw it. To the world he offered the aspect of a warrior, for he hated the world. To the little circle of which he was the centre, he was the gentlest and most considerate of men. A glance only at the letters, recently printed in The Carmelite Review, will show this.

McMaster's heart was always vulnerable; his piety intense and mystical. Towards the end of his life, his favorite book was Grignon de Montfort's. As he advanced in years,—he died at the age of sixty-eight,—he became more and more sympathetic and tolerant. His principles were as fixed, but he could find excuses for those who differed from him;—this he found it hard to do in the earlier days. He was the "slave,"—as he often expressed it, with all the fervor of St. Teresa,—of the Blessed Virgin; he believed in Catholic education to the death. Politically, he never gave up the doctrine of state rights, but as the memory of the wrongs he had endured faded, he began to find some extenuating traits in the character of Secretary Stanton, and even General Rosecrans, who had burned certain "treasonable" numbers of The Freeman's Journal, was entirely forgiven. He believed in The Freeman's Journal as firmly as his contemporary, Charles A. Dana, believed in The Sun; and he never permitted a line to appear, written by himself, in which he did not believe. His most extreme statements were honest statements; and he was most willing to retract them, if he were proven to be wrong,—but it was difficult to put him in the wrong.

The death of his wife was a terrible epoch for McMaster; it left him utterly lonely, but deeply resigned. The leader on this occasion, and that written on the disapproval of The Freeman's Journal by the late Bishop of Alton, Mgr. Baltes, are worth reading; they show two noble aspects of the man. It has been observed that McMaster's paper was personal. It never pretended to be anything else, and when he laid his heart bare in that pathetic editorial on the death of her he loved best of all earthly things, he spoke, not to the world, but to his little enclosed city of readers,—each of whom was his friend. To be a subscriber to The Freeman's Journal was to be a friend of McMaster; and his readers, learned or unlearned, were his,—literally his.

At one time he was a devout admirer of Don Carlos, and of the late Comte de Chambord; naturally, his admiration of Don Carlos was communicated, in Italy and capital letters, to the readers of The Freeman. He used to show with pride a letter written by a devout miner in California, who had enclosed six dollars in gold. And the letter ran:

"Hurrah for Don Collins,—I don't know who he is,—but as McMaster's with him, he's all right, and here is my money!"

His support of these two pretenders and his opposition to Kossuth have, no doubt, occasioned the revival of the rumor that he was a fiery imperialist, and the quoting, among Protestants, of certain utterances of his which seemed to voice Catholic sentiment in regard to monarchy. Politically, McMaster never intended to represent Catholic sentiment. He did his best to control that sentiment, but he did not assume to announce it as if he had the right to commit his brethren to it. It was his fixed opinion at one time that, in the Count of Chambord, lay the salvation of France. Similarly, with Don Carlos McMaster hoped of Spain. According to McMaster, Thiers was as repugnant to Catholicism as "Henry V." was delightful; but he did not claim the same relation for his favorite doctrine of state rights. A monarchy in France was a very different thing from a monarchy here. As to "imperialism," in the sense in which it is used just now in the United States,

McMaster would probably have disapproved of it. He was heart and soul against centralization; and he would doubtless have looked upon the annexation of Spanish colonies as a grave danger in principle and as the furtherance of corruption in practice;—in fact, considering the mixed races involved—as a sort of miscegenation. An imperial policy would doubtless have struck him as a subject for fierce denunciation. No man knew better how to distinguish between his personal utterance and those dicta which he repeated as the echo of the Church, and he had no desire that anybody should confuse them. That he believed his mission to be the directing of public opinion is true,—that he used every effort to fulfill that mission is also true, but that he ever intended that his strong personal predilections,—often prejudices exaggerated from principles—should be taken for the pronouncements of the Church, is not true.

Politically, McMaster detested L'Ordre; but he admired him as a man of public genius;—ethically, he hated Lord Byron, but he was never tired of quoting "Childe Harold," with many apologies for having, when young and a heretic, learned it by heart. He believed that Washington and Jefferson were autocrats, and that the germs of aristocracy lay beneath all the formulae of the founders of this country; but because Washington opposed the American admirers of Camille Desmoulin, it does not follow that he was in sympathy with a possible monarchy on American soil. McMaster believed in what he held to be legitimate monarchy in Austria, France and Spain. For his own country, he was one of the most stringent opposers of centralization that can be imagined.

THE POPE AND THE ITALIAN RIOTS.

There is a disposition on the part of some friends of the reigning family in Italy to lay the blame for the recent riots in Milan and elsewhere at the door of the Vatican. The London Times has a characteristically cowardly article on the subject in which it intimates that the Pope, notwithstanding his public utterances, was in some degree secretly in sympathy with the rioters. And all this in the face of the fact that His Holiness has taken pains to express formally not only his regret for but his positive disapproval of the disturbances. Writing to the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan the Holy Father said: "We should have desired that it had been possible for your eminence to be in your beloved Milan as a counselor of peace and minister of consolation in the critical hour. But the fact that occasion has been drawn from your absence to pour a torrent of insults on the head of the appointed of the Lord, and to drag through obloquy a member of the Sacred College, who is attached by a special bond to us and to the Holy See, is something which cannot but inspire indignation in the mind of every one who possesses any Christian civilization."

It is quite characteristic of the present dynasty to lay the blame for the evil results of their own folly and crime upon the Church. This serves two purposes. It affords justification for new cruelties and for fresh acts of oppression levelled against the ministers of religion. Harold Frederic, cabling on last Saturday, said: "Private advices from Italy confirm the published information that Radini's new cabinet is contemplating severe measures against the Pope and the Catholic Church. If it carries them out its policy will be suicidal. Indeed, the pre-emption of the Church on such imperfect and biased evidence as the Government now has at its disposal could have but one result. It would reduce moderate men to anger and destroy not only the makeshift cabinet now in power, but endanger the stability of the throne itself. There is, indeed, no sober proof that the Pope himself or his advisers, or any body of men whom he immediately controls, have joined the late forces of the revolution directly or indirectly."

But the London Times, which is ever ready to aim a cowardly blow at the Church, promptly jumped to the conclusion that the benign Pontiff was at the bottom of the revolution which broke out prematurely in Milan. It knows better. It knows that the Italian Government is decaying gradually but surely of its own rottenness. It knows, as every intelligent person in Europe knows, that the cause of the uprisings was the discontent of the people because of excessive and exorbitant taxes. It knows that the ministry is tottering to its fall, that the treasury is on the verge of bankruptcy, and that the corruption in high places has been simply enormous. But it is desirous of shifting the responsibility from its proper place and diverting attention from the real sources of the discontent. This may help Humbert and his ministers for a time, but the whole truth must come to the surface soon. Meanwhile the Pope's position will be not only understood but appreciated.—Boston Republic.

Many a man would find that a window in heaven would soon open if he would but stop grumbling and begin to praise his wife.

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A STRANGE IMPOSTURE.

A curious fraud has been attempted by a lady who is publishing in Rome a journal which she calls the Petit Moniteur of Rome.

The story told by the Countess is that Leo XIII. was put into prison ten years ago because of his liberality toward the Italian Government.

By giving to her paper the name Petit Moniteur, this lady was enabled to pass her journal upon many people as the Pope's official paper.

The Countess who is propagating this fraud is the daughter of the late Duke of Modena, who was the sovereign prince of Modena before that Duchy was seized by Victor Emmanuel, the father of the present king of Italy.

The Countess found it difficult to bear her changed condition when her father was dethroned. The Duke died almost in penury, and as the Countess was left portionless she endeavored by various devices to live by her wits.

She founded a sort of convent which never had the approval of the Church, for the reason that it was irregularly instituted, and conducted in defiance of the canon laws by which such institutions are governed.

Pope Leo XIII. found it necessary to excommunicate all who had anything to do with this pretended religious order, and it was then that the Countess of St. Arnaud invented the story that the real Pope Leo had been imprisoned, and that the present incumbent of the Papal throne is an impostor.

THE RESULTS OF GODLESS EDUCATION.

Statistics recently issued by the United States School Union state that in the whole country there are 20,865,377 children between the ages of five and eighteen, of whom 1,600,000 are Catholics.

The total number of children attending the Protestant Sunday schools is 10,890,992, of whom 12 per cent. are over eighteen or under five.

As the Catholic children, for the most part attend the Catholic parochial schools, and the Sunday schools in addition, their religious education is well provided for.

But this does not give the whole extent of the evil. It must be admitted that between irregular attendance of the children at Sunday school, the lack frequently of competent teachers, and the neglect of study on the part of the children, a large number even of those who do sometimes attend Sunday school are very poorly instructed.

The responsibility for this sad state of affairs rests with those who deliberately advocated the establishment of a purely secular school system throughout the country, and the ministers were among the most zealous advocates of this.

They are now reaping the fruit of their former hostility to Catholic education, for it is well known that it was to prevent Catholics from enjoying the privilege of having their Christian schools recognized under the laws that they advocated purely secular schools.

The Catholics would not fall into the trap, but maintained their own schools, though at the great sacrifice of having to pay a double tax, as they voluntarily maintained their own schools at their own expense, while they were paying the State levy for the education of their neighbors' children.

The ministers thought they were doing a very clever thing by imposing this burden on Catholics, but the consequences have fallen upon themselves, as they have thus by degrees succeeded only by leaving hundreds of their churches throughout the country without congregations to attend them, and even where they have congregations the complaint is universal that the great bulk of the non-Catholics throughout the country do not attend any church on Sundays, but spend the day either at work or in various kinds of amusement.

THE JEWISH PERSECUTIONS IN RUSSIA.

Mr. Pobiedonostzeff, the Procurator of the Russian Holy Synod, and the Head of the Greek Church in Russia, has recently given a very curious reason for the persecution of Jews in that country, of which he was himself the main cause.

A committee of the Jewish Colonization Society waited on the Procurator to secure his co-operation in their work, which was inaugurated by Baron Hirsch. Mr. Pobiedonostzeff said:

"No one really believes that the Jews are a bad lot. On the contrary, they are very able people. In school the Jewish pupil is diligent; the Russian, on the other hand, is lazy, inattentive, and irregular.

It is gratifying to observe, both in regard to this and other doctrines, that there is a decided tendency on the part of Protestant sects to return toward Catholicity, and Anglicanism in both its English and American forms is tending in this direction more and more every day.

It is known to all that it was this very question of divorce which led Henry VIII. to establish Anglicanism as a new religion, and he was able to induce his crown-dependent Bishops to authorize his divorce from Queen Catherine, and his marriage to Anne Boleyn.

Under the old law it was obligatory on the people of God to give the tenth part of all the increase to the Levites and to God. The Levites had no other share in the possessions of the nation, so that the people might be made to understand the necessity of doing their duty.

The priest does not measure his services by the same standard. He is willing to share the poverty of his people, but where the people are not poor they should be willing and anxious to give him a generous support.

REACTIONARY RELIGION.

The question of divorce is just now occupying the attention of the Episcopal clergy of the United States. The evil of the law principles which are put into operation under the present divorce laws is felt to be very great, endangering the peace of families and the very foundation on which society rests.

There is scarcely a Catholic parish in which there are not some chronic grumblers who have the notion that the demands made upon them for contributions for various purposes in which the Church takes an interest are excessive.

A little reflection on the part of these people, and those who might be tempted to join them, would generally show how unfounded are these complaints. The necessities of the Church are numerous, as there is a large expense in properly conducting the divine worship and in meeting the needs of religion, both in the parish and in the diocese.

Among parish works, the pastor is worthy of decent support. He is a man who has spent his life in studying to fulfil his office properly, and it takes many years of laborious application before he can fit himself to direct souls in the way of salvation, to make known to his flock the antidotes against sin and temptation, to comfort it in distress, and to preach the word of God in a suitable manner, that he may instruct, and at the same time persuade his people to follow the divine law.

In the secular professions and callings, the fees paid for services rendered are proportioned to the labor, time, and expense applied in learning to do the work expected.

There will undoubtedly be considerable opposition to the report of the commission when the General Convention will assemble in October. This is evident from a discussion which recently took place at a meeting of Episcopal clergy in Boston at which Bishops Doane of Albany, Lawrence of Boston and Hall of Vermont were present.

Christ here answers two questions which had been at least implicitly asked of Him by the Pharisees: One, whether for every cause it is lawful to put away one's wife; the other, whether it was lawful to marry her that was so put away.

who understood Christ as allowing divorce and remarriage, was founded on the 8th and 9th verses of the 19th chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, which he thinks to be of doubtful authenticity.

The passage is surely authentic, and it is recognized as such even by the Revisers, who exercised with a good deal of freedom their supposed privilege of sitting in judgment on the authenticity of alleged doubtful passages.

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These special collections are not numerous, but when they do occur, all should contribute generously, according to their means, and without the grumbling to which we have taken exception, for "God loves the cheerful giver."

THE SUPPORT OF THE CHURCH AND CHURCH WORKS.

Fifth Commandment of the Church.—To contribute to the support of our pastor.—The Catechism.

There is scarcely a Catholic parish in which there are not some chronic grumblers who have the notion that the demands made upon them for contributions for various purposes in which the Church takes an interest are excessive.

A little reflection on the part of these people, and those who might be tempted to join them, would generally show how unfounded are these complaints. The necessities of the Church are numerous, as there is a large expense in properly conducting the divine worship and in meeting the needs of religion, both in the parish and in the diocese.

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Under the old law it was obligatory on the people of God to give the tenth part of all the increase to the Levites and to God. The Levites had no other share in the possessions of the nation, so that the people might be made to understand the necessity of doing their duty.

The priest does not measure his services by the same standard. He is willing to share the poverty of his people, but where the people are not poor they should be willing and anxious to give him a generous support.

Christ also commands that we hear the Church under penalty of being "as the heathen and the publican." (St. Matt. xviii, 17.)

who are earning for themselves a support, to contribute a certain sum, proportioned to the means of each parishioner. This, at least, should be cheerfully paid, and, besides, a special contribution should be given for all the general needs of the church, for building or repairing the church itself, for maintaining the church service in a manner suitable to God's majesty, and the ability of the people, as for music, for keeping the church warm, comfortable, and clean, for the decoration of the altar, for vestments suited to the various feasts, for the erection of stations of the Cross, which will stimulate piety, etc.

Besides all these things, schools are to be erected and kept up and in the large towns and cities, hospitals, orphan asylums, houses of refuge, and the like institutions are to be maintained for the use of the whole diocese.

These special collections are not numerous, but when they do occur, all should contribute generously, according to their means, and without the grumbling to which we have taken exception, for "God loves the cheerful giver."

It is known that there are at least two hundred and fifty different sects of Protestants in the United States and about the same number in England and Scotland, but as far as we are aware there are no reliable statistics showing accurately to what extent the setting up of the individual judgment as the supreme arbiter of faith has produced a Babel of creeds.

It is an axiom of logic which is taken for granted also in mathematics that a principle which leads to contradictory conclusions must be itself false and absurd, and as these sects hold most contradictory tenets it is a necessary consequence that the principle of private interpretation of the Bible is also erroneous.

PRIVATE JUDGMENT AND CHURCH AUTHORITY.

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Christ also commands that we hear the Church under penalty of being "as the heathen and the publican." (St. Matt. xviii, 17.)

The Church spoken of in all these passages is not an agglomeration of a multitude of sects such as modern Protestants would have us believe, but the teaching body of the one fold which Christ instituted, and to which these remarkable words were spoken by Him: "He that heareth you, heareth me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth me, and he that despiseth me despiseth Him that sent me." (St. Luke x, 16.)

Hence one, and not a multitude of churches, is constantly spoken of by Christ and the Apostles, and it is to this one Church to which obedience is to be given. This one Church spoke definitively when the Apostles assembled at Jerusalem to pronounce upon a question which had caused dissensions even among the first believers in the Gospel.

It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to impose no further burden on you than these necessary things: that you abstain from things offered to idols and from blood, etc. (Acts xv.)

It has been hitherto a practice among Protestants to represent the number of existing sects to be as small as possible, so that the absurdity of so many contradictions may not be observed by the general public, but notwithstanding all such efforts to the contrary, from time to time its extent is brought prominently into view.

There is already an Episcopalian chapel on the Reservation, and the immediate reason for the introduction of the bill was that Catholics have already taken steps for the erection of a Catholic chapel there at their own expense.

We presume that Mr. Bartholdi's estimate is considerably exaggerated, but it shows, at all events, the inextricable confusion which has arisen out of the rejection of Church authority by Protestantism, and there is no doubt that the evil will become greater as the population increases.

It is not necessary to refute further such a theory, which is sufficiently refuted by what we have already stated to be Christ's intention in establishing a Church, namely, that there should be one Church whose authority should be acknowledged by all His disciples.

The sacrament of penance is the only revealed channel of the pardon of Jesus Christ to those who fall from baptismal grace.

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In a few tion will com tion halls ar will be des mar the bas forward to P boy, or conv day only h September days will past — a n of contentm member th are not lea gotten year count the m by and by, then each m upon the ce the nu in the colle nights to be matory. At comparative we darted fro of games, no masters! alas! as Jul more rapid proached v glimpses of would have t confinement, great and fr has no endi of which the punishment, harsh profes hood's freedo

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THE LONG VACATION.

In a few days the summer vacation will commence; the class-rooms, study-halls and even the play-grounds will be deserted. Nothing now to mar the happiness and long-looked-for pleasures of the college-boy, or convent girl, expect that each day only hastens the approach of September, when the grand holidays will be a thing of the past—a mere vision, a dream of contentment. How well we remember those good old times—they are not long past! About "twenty golden years ago" how we began to count the months that were to come; by and bye, we counted the weeks; then each morning we cut off a day upon the calendar; finally we calculated the numbers of meals to be taken in the college refectory, the number of nights to be passed in the long dormitory. At last the bright morning of comparative freedom dawned, and off we darted for home, long sleeps, plenty of games, no lessons, no punishments, no masters! Grand vacation! But alas! as July began to pass more and more rapidly, and as August approached we caught nightmare glimpses of that black day when we would have to return to our tasks and confinement. How we longed for the great and final vacation! the one that has no ending, or, rather, at the end of which there is no class, no study, no punishment, no cast-iron rules, no harsh professor—all liberty, all manhood's freedom!

Well, that day finally came, as it must sooner or later come to every pupil. They need not hurry nor worry; they may rest assured that the end of their school days will yet come, and that the battle of life will have to be fought by them as well as it has been by all mankind. It is then, when passing through the college, or convent or academy door for the last time that they will find themselves entering at once the vestibule of life's stern and unrelenting school. They have as yet only been learning their A B C's; now they are bound down by rules that know no vacation time, they are under the rod of an untrusting master whose voice cries unceasingly: "Forward, work, advance, or you drop by the wayside!" It is at that stage of life that the student looks back and wishes that his school-days were to be commenced all over. But no; he had longed for the endless vacation; he has it now, and he discovers that it is simply an uninterrupted term in a more trying school that he is beginning.

In college or convent the youth lives in a mimic world—a world with its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, likes and dislikes, success and reverses, affections and hatreds, jealousies and attachments; a world where labor is rewarded and where sloth is punished, where virtue is recompensed and vice receives its chastisement; a world the very picture, in miniature, of the greater one beyond, wherein man must

painter was stricken with paralysis, and from that time to his death his brush mostly lay idle. His life was made up of good deeds, and in character he was like the artists we read of in history. He gave freely of his productions and his wealth, educating several young men to the priesthood. A man of imposing presence, sincere in his religious belief, devout, kind and generous to every one, yet comparatively neglected and forgotten by many who owed him gratitude—physically disabled and broken in spirit, his death was a relief which he earnestly prayed for and which came to him gently. His brush had never stooped to sordidness, but he filled with beauty the Lord's House and glorified His sanctuary like the artists of old; and now after so many years of faithful service it is to be hoped that the "covenant of eternal peace" is his. R. I. P.

AN AMERICAN SAINT.

Steps in the Process of the Canonization of Bishop Neumann.

The cause of the Venerable Servant of God John Nepomucene Neumann has taken on a new phase. Bishop Neumann is the former Bishop of Philadelphia, who is expected to be canonized a saint.

For some months a tribunal has been engaged in taking testimony bearing upon the many instances of Divine intervention attributed to the intercession of the Venerable Servant of God. Many witnesses were examined, and the evidence brought to light fully a half hundred instances of assistance, cures, etc., obtained through the intercession of the Venerable Servant. As postulator of the cause, it was the duty of Very Rev. Joseph Wissel, C. S. R., of Philadelphia, to arrange this mass of testimony and forward it to Rome, which he has done.

A CLOSE INVESTIGATION. The work of this important tribunal having been completed, Rome has now sent instructions to Father Wissel to institute another tribunal, whose work it will be to prove the reputation for sanctity enjoyed by the Venerable Servant. The members of this tribunal have been appointed, and they held their first session on Monday. Twelve witnesses will be examined, ten of whom are to be presented by Father Wissel and two by the members of the tribunal. The searching nature of this inquiry and the rigidity of Rome's requirements in matters of this kind may be inferred from the fact that in the instructions sent to Father Wissel thirty three points to be covered by the testimony are specified.

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE. Rev. James C. Monahan, rector of St. James', who performed the duties of promoter *adversus* (devil's advocate) in the tribunal whose work has just been completed, will occupy a similar position in the new tribunal and with him in this capacity will be associated Rev. James P. Turner, of the cathedral, and Rev. Ernest O. Hiltnermann, of Holy Trinity.

The next step in the "process" will be a very important one. The report which, as stated above, has been sent to Rome by Father Wissel is now being scrutinized by the Sacred Congregation having the matter in charge, and from the total of forty miracles therein attributed to the intercession of the Venerable Servant a small number, not more than six, will be selected and returned to Father Wissel, who, as postulator cause, must, if possible, obtain additional evidence of their authenticity—evidence which, humanly speaking, eliminates every possibility of doubt. This evidence is then forwarded to Rome and the miracles are finally passed upon by the Sacred Congregation. If the congregation accepts two of the miracles as proven, there then exists no further obstacle to the beatification of the Venerable Servant.

A SAINTLY BISHOP.

John Nepomucene will probably be the first citizen of the United States to be canonized. At present the western hemisphere has but two saints. Both of these however, are from Peru. Two North Americans are also in process of canonization, Father Joques and Tegakwita, a Mohawk Indian girl, but they lived before the United States came into existence. St. John Nepomucene Neumann will, therefore, be the first representative of that country in the calendar.

The dead man whom it is proposed to exalt to such great glory was the fourth Bishop of Philadelphia, Penn., and during his life was remarkable for his piety and great learning. Bishop Neumann was made Bishop of Philadelphia in 1852 and his great learning and saintliness made him widely known. He died Jan. 5, 1860.

HERESY TRIALS.

Trials for heresy are becoming as plentiful as berries in June in the Protestant sects—notably the Presbyterian. This is a nice way to try to quell "freedom of thought!" We thought it was only dark and cruel Rome that did such things.—Union and Times.

SAVONAROLA.

The Boston Herald recently had a sub-heading which read as follows: "Methodists and Freethinkers of the Italian Quarter Unite to do Honor to the Forerunner of Luther." This went before a report of a celebration at the Italian Methodist Episcopal Church, which purported to be in honor of Savonarola. The poor faithful Florentine friar! In what strange company has his name been bandied about of late, but in no one stranger than in this coalition of Methodists and Freethinkers.—The Sacred Heart Review.

REDMOND SPURNS UNITY.

London Catholic News. Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien, M. P., the general secretary of the Irish National League in Great Britain, writing under date June 1, to Mr. John Redmond, M. P., draws the attention of that gentleman to the fact that at the National League Convention in Birmingham on the 29th May a resolution was passed inviting the Parnellite party to accept an invitation to join the members of the Irish Parliamentary Party with a view to "arranging a basis of reunion," each party to have an equal number of representatives. Mr. Redmond replies to Mr. O'Brien's invitation, and says that while he quite sympathizes with the desire for unity entertained by the delegates at Birmingham, the most effective step to have as a beginning would be for

"some discreet and impartial person, say Mr. W. O'Brien, to endeavor to bring about a conference with Mr. Wemy and Mr. Dillon to arrange for a basis of reunion 'amongst themselves'."

Mr. Redmond's action is in no way surprising. He simply keeps to the attitude which he has all along held. He will have no reunion at any price. This was very well known to those who proposed the unity resolutions at Birmingham. In our view these resolutions were proposed for a purpose entirely outside and apart from their apparent object. We have all along declared that the putting of them forward was a mere ruse to distract the attention of the Birmingham conference from the treason to the Irish cause perpetrated by the proposers of them at the time of the York election. The ruse succeeded; York was not so much mentioned.

Of course the resolutions fared in the long event as everyone knew from the beginning they would fare. However, this much has been served by them. They have shown that Mr. Redmond intends to persist in his opposition to any measure tending to reunite the Irish parties.

When Mr. Parnell formed his party there are some unassimilable outsiders just as there are the Redmondites now. The Irish Party was not content to attempt to appease those outsiders. Mr. Parnell went ahead without them, and left them to perish "by the force of Anno Domini."

It has long been an accepted axiom of Irish politics that if either of the Irish minorities associated loyally with the Irish party the remaining majority would be robbed of any potency whatever and could not continue to exist.

DIME NOVELS.

The Pen. Parents are responsible for the children—a truism that none can dispute. They are obliged to clothe and feed their children; equally, if not more so, are they in duty bound to educate—that is, to train, by precept and example—the offspring which God has given them. Consequently, parents cannot honestly allow their children to ruin their futures through the means of evil, pernicious, sensational literature. Young people will read, just as surely as they will eat. If they can not get pure, elevating, nourishing literature, they will get the "dime novel," and the light periodical trash that floats like scum upon the surface of our present literature. We could not better point out the fearful dangers to which the youth of the country are exposed, through means of bad literature, and consequently the benefit of the antidote—good, sound books—than by quoting from Judge Duque's charge to a grand jury once, delivered at Newark, N. J. This address needs no comment; we give it as food for reflection to the public. The learned judge said:

"I desire to make a few observations with regard to a case that was tried here during the last term—a case in which a boy of the age of sixteen was convicted of murder in the first degree for killing a man whom he had attempted to rob. The case has attracted a great deal of public attention from the character of the literature in which the boy was educated—half dime novels. I never saw a copy of one until I saw it during the trial of the case, when several were produced. It is apparent that it is the most pernicious literature that can possibly get into the hands of children. Men would avoid it. I am not aware that any law would warrant the indictment of any of the publishers of the books that I have seen, but at the next term, if I can find any of these books that came within the scope of the law, I shall ask the grand jury to indict. I find from information that upward of twenty persons in this city are engaged in the sale of this sort of literature, and that it is sold to boys and girls—schoolboys and schoolgirls. As I have also obtained an estimate from a very authoritative source of the relative ages of persons who are brought before our police courts for offenses involving attempts to rob, stealing, and offenses of that character, and will take the opportunity of mentioning the figures now:

"Persons charged with larceny, combined with breaking and entering, or entering with intent (that is a high crime, under the age of eighteen years, 30 per cent.; between eighteen and twenty-three, 60 per cent.; making 90 per cent.; over twenty-three, 10 per cent. For simple larceny, which involves the same grade of crime, being petty or grand larceny, according to the amount, under eighteen, 69 per cent.; between eighteen and twenty-three, 77 per cent.; over twenty-three, 10 per cent.—cases for a simple larceny being considerably the most numerous. It is safe to say that of the persons charged with some form of stealing, some 60 per cent. are under the age of eighteen years.

"But a great deal may be done from the publicity of which may be given to the facts I have mentioned, especially in bringing the matter to the attention of all who are interested in children, and you all know who are to be the men of the next generation. I hope that the remarks I have made will not fail to be a subject matter of attention by the next grand jury."

The League of the Sacred Heart is to be found almost everywhere where Catholics are. Camp Alger has a league now, as one was formed there last week by the men of the North Massachusetts Regiment who are practically all Catholics and representatives of the fighting force.

THE 'INTELLECTUAL SLAVERY' OF CATHOLICS.

Sacred Heart Review. Oh, you Catholics are all intellectual slaves." You have to believe what your priests tell you, and you have no opinion of your own. In case of difference of opinion appeal is made to the Pope, who claims to be infallible in all that he says and does, and when he gives his decision you will have to obey whether you like it or not. Such is a fair specimen of the language which is often heard and read from anti-Popery orators and writers. Even Gladstone, the Grand Old Man, once undertook to prove that Catholics were such slaves to the Pope that they could not be loyal citizens. Then he went to work and appointed distinguished Catholics to some of the most important positions in the Government.

Well, dear Protestant friend, let us look at the matter a little. You read the Bible, of course, and you believe it, at least you profess to believe it, and we hope your conduct corresponds with your belief. What will you say then to that command of St. Paul to the Hebrews (xvi-17), "Obey them that have the rule over you and submit to them, for they watch for your souls as they that must give account?" We give King James' version for your benefit. Do you obey that injunction? If so, whom do you obey? To whom do you submit? Do you obey your ministers? Do they rule over you and do you submit to them? You laugh at the very idea; and well you may, for it is utterly foreign to the whole spirit and constitution of Protestantism. You have no idea of obeying anybody or pinning your faith on anybody's sleeve.

But Catholics do obey them that have the rule over them. They obey their priests, their prelates and the Pope. They obey them because they believe that they have authority from Christ Himself to teach them the truth, and to govern the Church which He established. Now we put it to you frankly, you are the best Bible Christians? The Bible expressly commands obedience and submission to spiritual superiors, not merely in the single passage quoted, but the whole spirit of the New Testament is to the same purport. Catholics obey this injunction. Protestants do not. Can there be any doubt that Catholics are better Bible Christians than Protestants?

This strikes at the very heart of the essential, fundamental difference between Protestantism and Catholicism. Protestantism encourages free thought, independence, individual supremacy, and tends to disintegration, and rebellion against constituted authority. Catholicism encourages obedience to authority and tends to unity, harmony and universal brotherhood.

Catholics do not obey their priests merely as individual men, because they are learned, talented or ever so good men, but as the representatives of a divinely constituted society. They look beyond the priest to Christ Himself Who founded the Church, Who gave to it a deposit of divine truth and commissioned the apostles and their successors in all ages to preach that truth, to establish His Church and to proclaim the glad tidings of His gospel to all men, promising to be with them unto the end of time. In obeying our priests, therefore, we are not obeying man, but God, Who has given them authority and committed His truth to their keeping. It is not the opinion of a fallible man, but the majesty of a divine law that commands our obedience. That law is well defined and well understood, and has in all ages commanded the homage of the ablest men, the profoundest intellects the world has ever produced.

It is true that in case of doubt or dispute in regard to the meaning of this law full recourse is had to the infallible authority of the successor of St. Peter, the Pope of Rome. But it is a great mistake to say that we consider him infallible in everything. But for the crass ignorance of a vast number of Protestants it would hardly be necessary to repeat, what we have so often declared, that the Pope is infallible only in deciding authoritatively, for the whole Church, questions of faith and morals. Cardinal Newman, in his "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk," in answer to Gladstone's "Expostulation," says:

"But a Pope is not infallible in his laws, nor in his commands, nor in his acts of state, nor in his administration, nor in his public policy."

The Pope is the supreme judge in spirituals, and the priests are subordinates, but are all governed by the same grand code, and there is no more intellectual slavery in obeying that law and submitting to our spiritual rulers than obeying the civil law and submitting to our civil rulers. Without obedience to the decisions of the civil tribunals, and submission to civil rulers, there can be no order in society, and anarchy reigns supreme. So, without obedience to the decisions of the spiritual tribunals, and submission to the ecclesiastical authorities, you can have no order in the Church, but instead disorder, disintegration and rebellion, such as now reigns throughout the Protestant world.

Know It for Years.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. We find the following interesting statement in "Orestes A. Brownson's Early Life," by Henry F. Brownson: "About this time (1813) Brownson, returning from a round of lecturing, related that while in Washington he was one day discussing with Calhoun and Buchanan the necessity of the Catholic Church for salvation, when Daniel Webster joined them, and Buchanan said to Webster: 'We were talking about the Catholic Church, and I, for one, am pretty well convinced that it is necessary to become a Catholic to get to heaven.'"

"Have you just found that out?" asked Webster. "Why, I have known that for years."

NOT THE APPOINTED WAY.

In the last number of the Presbyterian Witness we find the following item, under the heading "In France:"

A French clergyman, a Protestant, recently told the following incident: "A woman who had attended one of their meetings at Clermont Ferrand, a town of 50,000 population, went to a bookseller's and asked for a New Testament. The bookseller had never heard of it. 'A New Testament?' he said, 'I have not heard of the book. I suppose it is not out yet. If you like I will write to Paris, and get you a copy as soon as it is out.'"

This is the sort of stuff that peddling proselytizers in Catholic countries issue by the yard and send out by the cartload for consumption in Protestant countries. Just fancy how the conventional old maid at home, prim and proper and puritanical, and zealous member withal of half a dozen Bible societies, would cast up her eyes and hold up her hands on alighting upon such evidence as this of heathen darkness in the land of France? If even a bookseller in a city of fifty thousand people has not so much as heard of the New Testament, what must be the state of the peasantry in the remote rural districts of that benighted land! No doubt there are in France, as in other countries, many booksellers who regard the New Testament in much the same light as they would Xenophon's Anabasis or Caesar's Commentaries on the Gallic War. But the intrinsic credibility of things is stretched in the story told above until it is very close upon the snapping point.

However, our quarrel is not so much with the story as with the purpose of the teller. His aim is plainly to convey to gullible people in Protestant lands the idea that the New Testament is an exceedingly rare book in Catholic France, the implication being that the priests there keep the Bible from the people. Now, we have no means of knowing at the present moment to what extent the New Testament is circulated in that country, but here are some facts and figures which relate to a period when few Frenchmen could read and the cost of books was vastly greater than it is to day:

A French translation of the New Testament, by two Augustinian friars, Julian Macho and Pierre Favre, was published at Lyons in 1478. A copy of this version is preserved in the public library at Leipzig. The French Bible at Guters de Moulins was printed soon afterwards in a quarto edition; and in 1487, a new edition, corrected and enlarged by Jean de Heley, afterwards Bishop of Angers, was published at Paris under the auspices of Charles VIII. Before the year 1547 it passed through sixteen other editions—four at Lyons, and twelve at Paris. In 1512 Jacques Le Fevre undertook a new translation—the New Testament appearing at Paris in 1523; the Old at Antwerp in 1530, 1534, 1541. This version corrected by the Louvain divines, became so popular that it passed through more than forty editions before the year 1700. Another French translation, by Nicholas de Leuse, was printed at Antwerp in 1534. The first Protestant version appeared at Neuchâtel in 1535. (The Long's Biblia Sacra; Dublin Review, vol. i.)

But really, our Protestant friends make a sort of fetish of the Bible, so exaggerated is the estimate they put upon it. They seem to think that the salvation of a man's soul is in some mysterious way bound up with the possession by him of a Bible or at least a New Testament, and that the man who is without one is in a hopeless case. They organize societies and yearly subscribe enormous sums of money to scatter copies of the Scripture broadcast in every land. This is the Protestant way of propagating Christianity; and therefore does not succeed. Christ Himself preached the Gospel and charged His disciples to do likewise in all nations. Never so much as a hind did He give of any other way whereby men should come to a knowledge of His truth. The New Testament itself bears witness that the voice of the preacher is by Christ's own appointment the organ and herald of the gospel. History bears witness that the nations of the civilized world were converted to Christianity by the preaching of the gospel; that not a single nation or even tribe has been converted by the reading of the Bible. These facts stare Protestants in the face, yet they seem to have no eyes for them. Truly there are none so blind as those who will not see.

AND NOW JOHN MORLEY.

Catholic Standard and Times.

The New York Sun quotes the Dublin Daily Independent as authority for the statement that John Morley has joined the Catholic Church. We would not accept the Independent as guide in matters of opinion; with a matter of news the case is different, and we believe its London correspondent, from whom the news probably came, is Mr. James O'Kelly, M. P. Mr. Morley, it is stated, was received into the Church at the Brompton Oratory a few days ago. If this tale be true, we can only say that we rejoice over the event as one of the most notable triumphs in the spiritual and intellectual world of the present century. Mr. Morley represented all that is best in modern scholarship combined with a stern and though polished antagonism to Catholic truth. We may fairly describe him as a brilliant agnostic. Fair in everything else, he never could be described as fair to Catholic history. As Chief Secretary for Ireland he was admirable in everything but his attitude towards the Irish claim for full Catholic education, and on this point he was more stern and unyielding than the rapid set Tory. The news that he has been won over to the faith is, under those circumstances, a thing almost to take one's breath away.

We would be inclined, even with the authority given, to doubt the accuracy of the statement, so fixed were Mr. Morley's secularistic and agnostic principles, but for one fact. This is his interview with Mr. Gladstone a couple of days before the great statesman's death. At the close, it is reported, the old Liberal chief wrung his faithful lieutenant's hands and said fervently, "God bless you, Morley," and the reply was an equally fervent "God bless you" from the supposed agnostic. This indicated a pleasing change, to all who knew anything of the facts. And the change seems now to have come, indeed. Wonderful are the things we are witnessing to day in the winning over of souls to the true Church, and we thank God we have lived to see them.

(FOR THE CATHOLIC BROTHER.)
"At the Port."
BROTHER REMIGIUS.
A little hamlet by an inland sea
Where mimic waves break white-capped o'er
The sight.
And bring a memory as old ocean might
Of vastness, grandeur and eternity;
Nor wanting 'em the sail that flutters free,
And dots the blue with tiny spots of white
Making a picture fair, a scene so bright
Its beauty lingers long in memory.

To me 't brings the thoughts of early joys,
Of school let out, of many a youthful sport;
We were a sturdy race, Saint Peter's boys,
And loved a tumble in the seething Port.
Our seniors frowned, and gravely questioned
If youth so wild would do or do no harm.
St. Joseph's College, Cin., Ohio

The Meaning of June.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS BEGAN.
He gives His beloved sleep,
And life and joy and peace in Him;
He asks His waiting souls to keep
The hopes that shall not cease for Him
Until those hopes are lost in sight—
And things of earth for our delight.
He gives all the blissful June,
Fraught with the clover and the rose,
The thousands scents beneath the moon,
From blossoms that His smiles unclose;
But only His beloved read
The meaning of the flowered seed.
He sendeth all the warmth and glow,
The azure sky, the sparkling fleecy rain,
The clover white—the summer's snow—
The woodbine which sweet honey yields,
But they who love have perfect part,
In union with His Sacred Heart.
—Ave Maria.

CATHOLICS IN THE PEERAGE.

Last week we printed an extended account of the nuptials of Viscount and Viscountess Encombe. This marriage has to Catholics an importance beyond its significance as a social event. Viscount Encombe is the son and heir of the Earl of Eldon, and the occurrence chronicled is notable as being the occasion of adding to the list of the Catholic nobility in those countries one of the most illustrious names in the British Peerage.—London Catholic News.

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Royal Mail Steamship Co.

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1021-26

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

Issue of Forty-Year Annuities.

Sealed tenders for the purchase of terminable annuities running for a period of forty years, issued under authority of an act of the Ontario Parliament, 47 Vic. chapter 31, will be received by the undersigned at his office, Parliament buildings, Toronto, on or before 11th day of July next, at 2:30 p. m., when the tenders will be opened in the presence of such of the applicants, or their agents, as may attend.
The annuities will be in the form of certificates signed by the Provincial Treasurer, in which certificates the Provincial Treasurer will agree to make half yearly payments at his office at Toronto, or in London, England, of sums of \$100, or larger sums, or their equivalent in sterling at the par of exchange (£20 10s 11d) on the 30th day of June and 31st day of December in each year, for forty years from 31st day of June instant, the first half yearly certificates being payable on the 31st December next.

The total amount of annuities to be issued in 1898 is \$5,700,000 annually, but tenders will be received for any part of the same not less than \$300 annually.

Tenders may, if preferred, be upon condition that the annuities be payable in sterling in London, England. In such case the conversion will be at the par of exchange, \$1.3627 to the pound sterling. Tenders will be required to state the purchase money which will be paid for either the whole annuities offered or such portion as may be tendered for.

Allocation of allotments will be given to tenders on or before 29th July, and payments from the persons whose tenders are accepted must be made within ten days thereafter at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto, but if, from any cause, the purchase money is not paid by the 1st day of August next, purchasers who have not then paid will be required to pay interest on their purchase money from that date to date of payment, at the rate of interest which the investment will yield, according to their respective tenders.

The annuity certificates will be delivered at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto, where, if desired, they may be specially registered.

The Provincial Treasurer reserves the right to determine what tender is most advantageous to the province, but no tender will necessarily be accepted. Tenders should be on the accompanying form. Envelopes containing tenders should be indorsed "Tender for Province of Ontario Annuities."

Provincial Treasurer,
Toronto, Ontario.

NOTE.—Illustration of calculation on interest basis.—At the rate of 3 per cent. half yearly (or in strictness 10 per cent. half yearly) a present payment of \$1,000 for forty years would represent an annuity of \$100 for forty years. \$50 payable each half year.

THE ISOLATION OF THE SACRED HEART.

Honary Magazine. We have been thinking of the social side of the nature of our Blessed Lord, and of the beauty of its manifestation, where He admitted its exercise. It would seem as if, apart from that mingling with multitudes and individuals for that great purpose of His mission, or the instruction of apostle and disciple, there were moments of relaxation which He permitted Himself, in which His love to man found simplest expression.

His tenderness to little children, His visits to Lazarus and his sisters in the home at Bethania, His associations with His disciples at times beyond those distinctly demanded for their teaching. His customary manifestation toward a "beloved disciple" which won the name, His grateful acceptance of the anointing with Mary Magdalen's precious spikenard, and, more than any of these, His turning to His disciples in intervals of bitter need, seeking the solace of their prayers and watchfulness, indicate a nature far removed from isolation by choice.

Yet loneliness must have been its constant portion. To look upon the perishing numbers He had come to save, and see no desire of such salvation, no appreciation of the great gift, must have demanded God-like patience, and it is improbable that the very apostles at first realized the magnitude of the work to which their sanctity admitted them.

He looked forth upon a sin smitten world with His Divine Heart yearning to save it, and they turned from their Saviour, as men turn to day, for the trifles of besetting cares and vain ambition; and but for the presence of God the Father, He must have anticipated the experience of the Garden long before it came.

To have suffered as we suffer in order that the measure of His sympathy be full, since "He was tempted in all things as we are, yet without sin," He must have often longed for some companionship, for communion with some lofty soul, in whose capacity for high purpose He could find means to carry out His own immortal mission.

The Apostles supplied it according to their measure, yet the standard was less than His own. We speak here reverently of His highest incarnate nature, which must have transcended every other, and which, as regards the Divine, must have lifted Him above any perfect human sympathy.

How sensitive He was, how glad to receive every loving expression toward Himself, even what would seem trivial, we see, wherein exalting Mary Magdalen's gift, He gently reproaches Simon's lack.

"And turning to the woman, He said: 'Simon, dost thou see this woman? I entered into thy house, thou gavest Me no water for My feet; but she hath washed My feet with tears, and wiped them with her hair.'"

"Thou gavest Me no kiss, but she, since she came in, hath not ceased to kiss My feet." "My head with oil thou didst not anoint, but she with ointment hath anointed My feet."

He wanted the water, and the kiss, and the oil, for what these things meant of love toward Him, and this woman of "many sins," found them forgiven for the love which lavished tears, and ointment, and humble caresses.

Does not this bind us to Him with a very keen sense of His human knowledge of our little daily needs? When in the awful loneliness of Gethsemane He prayed that His chalice be taken away, yet returned to His bitter draught, since such was the Will of God, here perfectly our own natures feel the pang which prompted the words:

"Couldst thou not watch with Me one hour?" and when He had returned and prayed the second time, and found them sleeping still, little wonder "they knew not what to answer" that gentle spirit in its human grief.

But after the third battle and conquest, He had learned to do without them, and His "Sleep ye now, and take rest," is truly a Divine utterance. He had entered upon His final isolation, and when, directly after this, the kiss of Judas profaned the Sacred Face, and the rude grasp of the rabble was laid with vile hands upon Him, it must have been only an added pang of less degree, with which He saw that "His disciples leaving Him, had all fled away."

If a single one had stayed with Him here, we should have loved and venerated that one, and it helps us to forgive St. Peter that "he followed," though "afar off."

with all the strength of my own being, and pray Him to protect you with His love and blessing!

God be praised Who has created and permitted such friendships on earth as this! Were they uninterrupted, they would be true forestates of Heaven, the beginning of the communion of saints; but we soon learn that our heavenly home is far away, and these alleviations to our exile from it, are dealt with a measuring hand.

Sooner or later we stand, at times, alone. There are hours and days in which, no matter how great the pain, how keen the sorrow, there is no eye to which we can look for sympathy; our ear is beyond the affectionately whispered "I know just how you feel," for which we long.

And down in the deep interior of some hearts lies a gloom, a despondency which mocks the effort of the fondest to relieve. In hours when these have overpowered the human reason, men have been driven to force themselves beyond the vital barrier, and thrust themselves to their judgment unbidden.

But for the believer?—Was it not for such crises of anguish that the three times agony in Gethsemane was borne? And for what, but this utter desolation that awful cry from the Cross: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" which rent the veil of the temple, and shook the wide earth; which rent the rocks, and called forth the "saints that had slept"? Then those whose faith had delayed could no longer doubt, and they cried in conviction, "Indeed, this was the Son of God."

For some of the scourged hearts of earth, all this had to be suffered to make them feel that their own multiplied sorrows were in every way exceeded, and enable them, crucified souls themselves, to cry, standing alone, but for God:

"Although He shall kill me, I will trust in Him."

GOD'S WONDROUS WAYS.

Strange as it may seem to the inexperienced, says a writer in the Catholic Times of Liverpool, Eng., it is nevertheless true that hundreds of Catholic converts living to-day owe their conversion, under God, indirectly to anti-Catholic lecturers, whether apostates or the ordinary ignorant sensational lecturer. A peculiar case has just come under our notice in Blackburn, the accuracy of which we can vouch for. A Protestant workman of Blackburn attended one of Slattery's lectures, wherein he made certain serious allegations concerning the Catholic confessional. Wishing to test for himself the accuracy of Slattery's statements he went as a Catholic to three different priests and made a mock confession to each, the last one being made to Canon Maglione, St. Joseph's Church. At the conclusion of his third "confession," finding that the ordeal was totally different to what it had been represented by the apostate lecturer, the man explained to the astonished Canon the purpose he had in coming to the confessional, and made an earnest request to receive instructions prior to being received into the Church. As the man is the head of a family of ten, most likely all will be eventually received into the Catholic Church. A day or two after the above event took place, the Canon received a summons to attend a Protestant sick man living in St. Joseph's parish, but totally unknown to him, who expressed a strong desire to receive instructions in order to become a Catholic before he died.

In the other parishes there are always, throughout the year, numbers of non-Catholics receiving instructions who have been attracted to the Catholic Church mostly through the disgraceful attacks made upon Catholics at different times by salaried and other slanderers.

Sacred Heart Review. POPULAR PROTESTANT CONTROL. VERSY.

VIII.

Some six or eight years ago, when complaining to a friend in the Methodist Episcopal ministry, since then advanced to an exceedingly important and influential position in that Church, that the most convincing demonstration of falsity, if it inured to Roman Catholic advantage, gave no assurance that the calumny would not immediately reappear, my friend comforted me with the reminder that even the heads of the Hydra did not prove immortal. Every blow given at it, he remarked, brings it end nearer, though the end may be long in coming. Time was when both Catholics and Protestants thought they could not do honor to their own religion without devising infamous falsehoods about the death-bed of their chief antagonists. Bellarmine, Luther, Calvin, and I know not who else, are among the victims of these infamies. Some of these fables are dead past resurrection, the rest are dying fast. Soon it will be acknowledged that the Reformation was not a mere outbreak of libertine passion, and that the Counter-reformation was not a mere recrudescence of spiritual despotism.

These considerations of my friend encouraged me to go on with what seemed for a while an unprofitable task. He then may be regarded as possessing an undivided moiety of interest in what I write for the Review.

The coarsest and clumsiest forgery still current on our side—I can not answer for the other—appears to be the so-called Jesuits' oath. And as a man overtaken on the marshes by a flood knows that the tide is receding when he catches the first glimmer of the uppermost button of his coat, so we may know that the tide of slanderous

fabrication is at a stand when the Jesuits' oath is pronounced spurious by a member of the Boston Presbytery. It will be a long while yet before the truth of history, of character and of motive, is not prostituted to polemical advantage. Yet compare the Catholic Encyclopedia on one side and Herzog's Encyclopedia on the other with what would have been possible on either side a few generations ago, and we find that "the echoes of controversy"—to use the phrase of my friend, the Rev. Robert Johnson, of South Boston,—are at last beginning to get a hearing.

As Mrs. John Stuart Mill says, "the world is only beginning to get outgrow injustice." Yet it is outgrowing it in fact.

I need not say that the Rev. Mr. Lansing no more doubts the genuineness of the Jesuit oath than the genuineness of the Canons of Trent. Indeed, it would be much easier to persuade him that the latter are spurious, for some years ago, when I quoted against a proposition which he declared Catholic, an anathema of Trent, he actually answered me that he did not know what the Council of Trent said, in a style that signified very evidently that he did not care. Imagine a man parading himself for an expounder of our federal jurisprudence and beginning his lectures by informing his pupils that he neither knows nor cares anything about the constitution of the United States! However, when Lansing's malice can find a canon of Trent for its ends, his attention suddenly revives.

To revert to the Jesuit oath. This is essentially different from the *Monita Secreta*. Even the animosity of Doctor Littledale, as also of Professor John Huber, whose these to be "a libel and caricature." Indeed, although written about 1612, and widely circulated, Pascal himself disdains to notice them. Yet, being written by an expelled Jesuit, of no mean parts, a Pole named Zaorowski, they have been able to imitate with extraordinary adroitness the style of genuine Jesuit documents, and of the Constitutions. The author, who makes it out to be an express injunction of the superiors that rich and sensual women shall be encouraged by any compliance, moral or immoral, to leave their wealth to the order, of course could not know that the general Aquaviva, the reputed author, had already, in 1587, written to the German provincial expressing the liveliest dislike of female filly in making vows to leave bequests to the society, and commending the provincial for having refused to receive such legacies. Nor could Zaorowski foresee that a time would come when the archives of the order would be suddenly seized by its enemies and given to the world, and with them all manner of evidence invalidating his insinuations. He took the best order suddenly seized by its enemies and given to the world, and with them all manner of evidence invalidating his insinuations. He took the best order suddenly seized by its enemies and given to the world, and with them all manner of evidence invalidating his insinuations.

Compared with the *Monita*, the Jesuit oath is clumsiness itself. I could easily believe it, in view of its stupidly and ignorance, to have been written in Boston, by a member of the American Protective Association. However, it seems to be somewhat older and of uncertain origin, although its coarse and common tone still speaks for the probability of an origin nearly akin to that which I have suggested. Lansing quotes it out of a book called "Romanism," written or published by A. P. Grover, Chicago, 1887. Where Grover picked it up does not appear. In Europe it was taken up in 1881 by a French Lutheran sheet of small account, called *Le Temoignage*. However, though it went up like a rocket it came down like a stick, nobody at last seemingly, clinging to it except the noted, or notorious pastor, Stocker, who seems to hate Jesuits and Jews with equal intensity. With him and his adherents it appears to have found a refuge in Germany, and with the Rev. Isaac J. Lansing in America. Professor John Moore of the Boston Presbytery, however, though hating Roman Catholicism quite as intensely as Mr. Lansing, has the misfortune of being a scholar and a thinker, and therefore is obliged to pronounce it a forgery.

A very slight acquaintance with the language of monastic vows discloses the spuriousness of the oath. It takes the current charges of Jesuit dissimulation and Jesuit plotting against Protestant governments, and puts these, against every instinct of human nature, and every thing known of the history of the order, into the language of the barest and baldest avowal.

The new Jesuit is made to declare that he believes Protestant doctrine condemnable. In other words, he is to purge himself from a suspicion of heresy on entering that order which does not tolerate in its youngest novice the faintest surmise of having leaned towards heresy, unless he is a convert from a Protestant nation. The society would as soon think of asking one of its members to declare as his profession that he believed in God.

The candidate is made to deny that he owes or can owe allegiance to a Protestant government, on the ground that it has not received the Papal confirmation. Here is high flying orthodoxy with a vengeance. Even those medieval canonists who view the regal power as an emanation of the Papal do not hold a Papal ratification necessary for validity. Tacit allowance is quite sufficient. Setting apart doubtful titles and cases of feudal subordination, it is held as of course that a subject who owns the sovereignty of a Christian prince or magistrate can be discharged of his allegiance to him only by an express Papal decree, granted on solid grounds. Heresy did

not deprive a prince of his rights, but rendered him liable to be deprived of his rights. As we know, to discharge subjects of their oaths of allegiance, a specific and personal decree of the Pope was commonly required. Moreover, there were even then many Catholic writers who denied the Pope's power to depose on any ground. The Jesuits themselves, in 1682, declared either opinion consistent with Catholic faith. And a century earlier, after the Pope had solemnly pronounced Henry of Navarre incapable of ever reigning, the Pope's own legate allowed that the validity of such a decree was problematical. As we know, it did not prevail, and was never acknowledged by France. Henry IV. did not solicit from Rome a ratification of his title, but only a personal absolution.

Did the Jesuits now make higher claims for the Pope than the highest advanced by medieval canonists? On the contrary, they distinctly receded from them. Their great writer, Robert Bellarmine, explicitly denies that the regal power is derived from the papal, or that the Pope can depose even an unjust prince on simple grounds of civil welfare. A papal attempt to this effect, he declares, is to be resisted by any means and at any cost. Even civil legislation prejudicial to the salvation of souls he does not present as a ground of deposition, but only of antagonistic papal action. The only ground of deposition which he allows is heresy. This, he teaches, in contravention to many Catholic writers, and even to some members of his own order, authorizes the Pope to depose him, but does not require him. Calvin, on the other hand, teaches that to depose Catholic sovereigns is not only permissible, but obligatory. According to him, therefore, should the Italians become prevalently Protestant it would be their duty before God to dethrone King Humbert and Queen Margaret, and the whole house of Savoy, not one of whose members, we may be morally certain, would consent to purchase a diadem at the cost of denying his religion.

Nowhere does Bellarmine teach or intimate the lawfulness of withholding civil allegiance from a Protestant prince whose government the Pope allows. Now, since 1603, every Protestant government of the world, when once clearly independent, has been dealt with by Rome as subsisting by a lawful title. Therefore, according to the great Jesuit Cardinal, since 1603 every Catholic Englishman, German, Dutchman, or American has been in conscience bound, in all matters outside of religion, to obey the authority of a Protestant government.

But how far has the society committed itself to these teachings of its illustrious member? It has emphatically confirmed them by action, whose weight is only the greater for its indirectness. It is known that one feature of a canonization is the declaration by the Holy See, in the case of a divine, that his doctrine has nothing erroneous in it. This, as Pope Benedict XIV. explains, does not mean that it is throughout infallibly true, but that there is no error in it of sufficient moment to be noted by the Apostolic See. As he remarks, it is still open to temperate criticism, but is no longer open to ecclesiastical censure. Now the Jesuits have not succeeded in obtaining the honors of the altar for Cardinal Bellarmine, but, as is known, they have presented him as a candidate for them. They have there by declared that the following propositions are good Catholic orthodoxy: (1) The Papal power is of God. (2) The civil power is not derived from the Papal power. (3) The civil power in civil matters, is independent of the Church. (4) An attempt of the Pope to control the State by force in properly civil matters authorizes the State to take up arms. (5) However tragic the consequences of such an aggression might turn out for the Pope the sin would be only on his head.

Yet, according to this oath, every young Jesuit, at entering the order, is bound to declare as follows: "My spiritual Father, my heart bleeds to say it, but you, and all the Provincials, and the Superior General, and all his Assistants, and all the Rectors, Provincials, Coadjutors, temporal and spiritual, and all the Professed, and all the brethren, are involved in deep, not to say deadly, error against the Holy Father, his rights, prerogatives, and dignities. I come, therefore, to reduce the Society at last to true orthodoxy, and to turn its wisdom to folly and its great men to confusion, and all ad majorem Dei gloriam."

Mr. Lansing complains of Roman Catholic demands on his powers of belief. His demands on our powers of belief surpass all description.

There is yet more of this precious oath. Charles C. Starbuck. Andover, Mass.

Catarrah of Ten Years' Standing Cured by Dr. Chase.

I suffered from Catarrah for ten years and was treated by some of the best physicians in Canada. I was recommended by Mr. C. Chase's Catarrah Cure, and can state positively it cured my Catarrah and Catarrhal Sore Throat.

Yours respectfully, ANNA A. HOWEY, Eden Ont.

J. D. Phillips, J. P. Witness. There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe sure and effectual. Are you a sufferer with worms? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Worm Cure. It has never been known to fail.

NERVES must be fed on pure, rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best nerve tonic. By enriching the blood it makes the nerves strong.

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CARLING'S GOLD MEDAL ALE, PORTER & LAGER. These Brands are exclusively used in the House of Commons.

Sewing Machines of the Present. are very different from those of the past. Very few users of sewing machines know the technical differences; patents have expired on generic features, but "the world moves," and radical improvements have been made in sewing machines, so that the one of to-day shows a tremendous improvement on its predecessor. Women who have used both kinds quickly realize the difference between a cheaply made imitation of some ancient type and the modern light-running machine which is easily adjusted, does all kinds of work, and is always ready to go. The Singer of today is the latest result of constant improvement in mechanical excellence. For practical use it compares with the old-time sewing machines sold at department stores such as a modern railway train surpasses a stage-coach of the last century. Singer machines are so simple that a child can understand them; they are so strong that a bingler can hardly get them out of order. Every part is made with such scrupulous care, from the best materials, fitted in its place with the utmost exactness, and tested and re-tested so many times before leaving the factory, that it never gets the "fitts" which try a woman's patience, destroy the fruits of her labor, and consume her time in vexing attempts to coax the machine to a proper performance of duty. Singer machines are sold directly from maker to user; they are guaranteed by the maker, always ready to furnish parts and supplies in any part of the world, and not by a middleman totally unable to render this service. Buy a sewing machine of the Present, and not one of the Past. Get a Singer. You can try one free. Old machines taken in exchange. THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. Offices in every city in the world.

ESTABLISHED 1848. State University 1866. Created a Catholic University by Pope Leo XIII. 1869. TERMS: \$160 PER YEAR. Catholic University of Ottawa, Canada. Under the Direction of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate. Degrees in Arts, Philosophy and Theology. Preparatory Classical Course for Junior Students. COMPLETE COMMERCIAL COURSE. Private Rooms for Senior Students. Fully Equipped Laboratories. Practical Business Department. Send for Catalogue. REV. J. M. MCGUCKIN, O. M. I., Rector.

BIGOTRY AND WARS. In this century we have had three noteworthy outbreaks of bigotry in this country. The first was the Native American excitement, the second the Know Nothing party, and the last and the least was the late unlamented A. P. A. It is a remarkable fact that each of these outbreaks was quickly followed by a war. After the Native American riots we had the war with Mexico.

Many persons cannot take plain cod-liver oil. They cannot digest it. It upsets the stomach. Knowing these things, we have digested the oil in Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites; that is, we have broken it up into little globules, or droplets. We use machinery to do the work of the digestive organs, and you obtain the good effects of the digested oil at once. That is why you can take Scott's Emulsion.

After the Know Nothing agitation we had the Civil War. Now, soon after the A. P. A. went to pieces, we have the war with Spain. While there is no real connection between these outbreaks of bigotry and the subsequent wars, one has not been without effect on the other. If any war can ever be said to be providential, these wars were providential. They came at a time when public attention was directed to Catholic patriotism, and Catholic patriotism was never yet found wanting in the hour of trial.—The Monitor.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaints, and had Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are gelatine coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste." Dyspepsia and Indigestion.—C. W. Snow and Co., Syracuse, N. Y., write: "Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Parmelee's Pills than any other Pills we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints." Mr. Glas, A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: "Parmelee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these Pills have cured her." Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best.

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Fourth Sunday After Pentecost.

HOW TO RENDER YOURSELF WORTHY OF GOD'S BLESSING.

"At Thy word, I will let down the net." (Luke 8:1)

Everything depends on God's blessing, says so beautifully and truly an ancient Christian maxim, and more than three thousand years ago the royal psalmist said: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." (Ps. 126, 1) How true this is, we experience every day, we see it also in today's gospel. Peter and his companions had labored all night, and probably drew up a few stones, but no fish. When, however, the next morning they again let down their nets at the command of Jesus, they caught so great an abundance of fish that they filled two ships. Here you see, dear Christians, what God's blessing can do. But you learn also what you must do to secure success in your labors and affairs: you must, like Peter, let down your net at the command of Jesus, that is, labor for Jesus and with Jesus.

I say with Jesus, you must begin your work, that is, in the state of grace, of love and heirship of God, if heaven's blessing and eternal recompense shall rest upon it. If you are no longer in the happy state of grace, but in, on the contrary, mortal sin separates you from God, you are, according to the teaching of the Church, an enemy of the Most High, a horror and an abomination in His eyes, and how could you expect to catch fish, while your soul is in so fearful a condition? No, God has no blessing for His enemies and despisers, but only for His children. On the contrary instead of fish, you draw with your net only stones from the abyss of your impotence, stones of divine penalties, stones of divine anger, of maledictions and misfortunes in all your ways. For "multa flagella peccatorum," says the royal prophet in his psalms (31: 10), "many are the scourges of the sinner," and the experience of life confirms this daily in numberless examples. Hence that we may not willfully close the door against blessing and choose malediction, let us, above all, see that we remain in the state of grace, let us confirm this state by the worthy reception of the sacraments, and preserve it faithfully all through life, that we may always labor with Jesus, and consequently with happiness and blessing, for time and eternity.

But not only must we let down our nets with Jesus, but also for Jesus, i. e., He must offer Him all our works, troubles and difficulties, sanctify them by a good intention, for the purpose of honoring Him, serving Him, and accomplishing His holy will. It is this good intention which God principally regards in all our actions. This is it which makes every drop of the sweat of our brow precious, holy and meritorious; without it, however, even our most exalted works have no value before God, no claim to eternal recompense. The poet tells us of the Phrygian king Midas, who by his prayer obtained from the gods the favor that everything he touched was converted into gold. This is a fable, an anecdote but for us it contains a doctrine of faith, that by the good intention, even our most ordinary daily actions, as the holy father of the Church, St. Anselm, expresses it, becomes golden and meritorious. A piece of blank paper is of very little value; for a trifle will purchase several sheets. And yet, as a check from a responsible person, it may be worth ten, twenty, fifty, yes, hundreds or thousands of dollars. Even so, O Christian mechanic, may also your hammering, your planing and sawing in the workshop; or, O Christian house-keeper, your cooking, cleaning, washing and ironing in itself, certainly, something altogether indifferent before God and Heaven, and yet, if you do it for the love of God and to honor Him, with the aim of glorifying Him thereby, then your whole labor is converted into an incessant and beautiful prayer, and your every drop of sweat will, for all eternity, glitter as a precious jewel in your heavenly crown. And, therefore, do not omit making fervently a good intention early in the morning, at the beginning of your day's work—yes, according to the admonition of the catechism, frequently renew this good intention during the day, by looking up to God, saying in the silence of your heart: "Lord, all to you glory, all for love of you!" "The hand at work the heart with God!" says the beautiful maxim. Oh, that you could work in this manner,—united with Jesus in love, by sanctifying grace; offering to your Redeemer all difficulties, by the good intention; how easy and sweet would everything be for you! How would, not only the most magnificent heavenly reward, but terrestrial blessing in richest abundance, be your consolatory portion!

Well, then, O Christian, devoutly do what you have learned to day. In the name of Jesus let down your net, i. e., labor with Jesus in the state of grace and heirship of God; labor for Jesus, i. e., with a good intention to love and honor Him, and you, like Peter, will catch fish in abundance. The blessing of God will drive them into your net. Amen.

A Banker's Experience.

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for a troublesome affection of the throat," writes Manager Thomas Dawson of the Standard Bank, now of 11 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto. "It proved effective. I regard the remedy as simple cheap and exceedingly good. It has hitherto been my habit to consult a physician in troubles of this nature. Hereafter, however, I intend to be my own family doctor."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

ST. ANTHONY'S CLOCK.

Dawn Gave, in the Ave Maria.

Long, long ago, a legend tells us, there lived in the old French village of Epinal a skilful clockmaker named Antoine Turenne. His fame had spread so far and wide that the people of Nancy, Domremy, and even Strasburg, who came to Epinal on monthly market days, never failed to pay a visit to his shop in the Grande Rue, to inspect the latest novelties his genius had evolved. For Pore Turenne was a human spider—never idle, never discouraged; spinning webs to catch Time in. "Time," said he, "is one of the most precious things that the good God has entrusted to us. We must do our best, our most, with it while we can divide it into moments and hours; for, ere we know it, will have slipped away from us and become eternity."

About the noon of his life, Pore Antoine had begun the work which had been his heart's dream from boyhood—the construction of a huge clock, full of hidden springs and elaborate mechanism, which, when completed, should adorn the steeple of his native village church. With this pious thought ever in mind, he labored for years—testing now one, now another fancy; and welcoming with a pleasant smile those curious neighbors who paused at his work-room door to watch him.

"How does my clock go? It does not go at all yet," he would respond, cheerily. "But, with Heaven's blessing, it will some day. I think, though, I have been so long engaged upon it, I shall be sorry when it's done. We have grown old together, my clock and I. It is become a friend—a part of me. When you hear it summing up your life to Holy Mass some morning, after I have lain under many seasons of green grass and immortelles, maybe you will remember, and say, 'There is Pore Antoine asking us to pray for the repose of his soul, on our way.'"

They would answer: "Readily will we do that, neighbor. But if you are as long upon it as you have already been, tis our children and our children's children whom it will be reminding to pray for our souls."

"Circles are the only things in the round world that have no ends," persisted Turenne. "My clock, you see, is square."

And, in truth, news went forth at last that the wonderful clock was finished; that, mounted temporarily in the courtyard of his dwelling, it would sound its first stroke at noon one day in Advent.

Long before the time designated the villagers began to assemble. Tall and imposing, in his Sunday blouse and cap, Pore Antoine moved among them, his honest eyes full of joy, and little Antoine, his favorite grandchild, perched like a bird upon his broad shoulder.

"It is 'Toinette who has helped me to finish it," he said, drawing her golden head against his silver one. "In the five years that she has been here to laugh for me when I was discouraged, to sing for me while I work, I have done more for her in all my life previous. Yes, neighbors, it is 'Toinette's clock; not so, sweet heart?"

"No, grandpere!" cried the child. "It is the good God's clock, because there is a cross on top like there is on His house." And she pointed her tiny hand toward the distant church. "But, grandpere, hush!" as a low rumbling made itself heard. "Listen! O grandpere, look! It is going to speak!"

And I wish I could tell you all that marvellous clock said and did. There were twelve doors, one of which opened at each stroke of the bell. We may imagine how grand it must have been when all swung back in succession and the scenes within were revealed:—the Adoration of the Magi; a cock that flapped its real feather wings and crowed thrice; Our Lord on the prow of a rocking boat stilling the waves of the sea; the Twelve Apostles in stately procession; and for the last of all dear St. Anthony of Padua kneeling with outstretched arms before the vision of the Christ Child. In copying that scene from a picture that hung above his bed, Pore Turenne had been inspired with tender devotion. Never had he been happier than when, after repeated efforts, he succeeded in adjusting the delicate springs so that both arms would be extended simultaneously.

Little 'Toinette had clapped her wee hands with ever increasing delight as the marvels unfolded themselves; but at sight of her beloved patron Saint there ruffled from her parted lips one of those sparkling cascades of laughter in which childhood's suppressed ecstasy finds outlet.

"St. Antoine! St. Antoine!" she cried, bounding forward as though to meet a recognized friend. "But he is even more beautiful than in the picture over the bed. He lives, he moves. O grandpere, please make it strike all over again till St. Antoine comes back!"

"That can not be," said Pore Turenne, smiling. "We must wait for his hour."

"Marvellous! marvellous!" exclaimed the gathered villagers. "Our little church will be famous. Quick! let us have the new clock in place there!"

But Pore Turenne demurred. "Leave it yet a while with me," he said. "After it has been going a few days, imperfections may appear—a spring may get out of order, or something of the like."

And as he foresaw so it happened.

Those who came next day to witness a repetition of the clock's performance found its maker working upon it. It had stopped, the hands pointing to 4 o'clock.

"Ha, ha!" commented Epinal's rival in clockmaking. "O Turenne's clock will never be placed in our steeple. 'Tis a pretty toy for him to play with till he dies."

But the majority clung to their belief in their skilful neighbor.

"'Twas simply a spring out of order: he who had made a thing could surely mend it."

And his workshop once again became the village lounging-place, till the morning they found its door for the first time closed; and Turenne, looking down upon them from an upper window, enquired them, in anguished accents, to speak softly, tread lightly.

"Little Antoinette is sick—sick unto death."

Like a broken lily, the child lay in her white bed, the great eyes open wide and the smile flown from them. Waking, fevered and delirious in the night, she had suddenly passed from a state of excitement into lethargy.

"God help you, friend!" whispered the old doctor. "The loss of a child leaves a wound that never heals. Give this potion every hour; but unless she can be aroused from this stupor, I see little hope."

"Antoinette!" murmured Pore Turenne. "Heart's love, dost thou not hear me? Look up! The sun will soon be dashing round with his red horses, and we must open the morning's gate for him. And maybe a wild goose will come flying over, calling 'Good-day!' to us in his hoarse voice; and if thou art not listening, thou wilt not be ready to ask him how his great great-grandmother's cold is, that she caught on that first Christmas,—thou rememberest,— speeding through the bitter midnight to offer her downy white feathers to the Blessed Mother to make a pillow for the dear Babe Jesus. And there is a bud on thy rosebush. Dost thou not wish to go with me to gather it?"

But the little girl did not hear.

"Darling! darling!" cried the old man, in despair. "Tell me—tell grandpere what would please thee."

"Make the clock strike till St. Antoine comes," she murmured, faintly. "Let me see dear St. Antoine!"

His heart sank. That which his darling asked was beyond his power.

"His clock has stopped, dearest," he replied. "I have not had time to make it go. If thou art better to-morrow—"

"Oh, no, no!—now!" moaned the child, fretfully. "Now!"

The old clockmaker raised his eyes beseechingly, with a wordless prayer, to the picture of St. Anthony that hung above his bed.

"Mignonne," he said, after an instant, "grandpere will go and try. But he can not leave thee. If thou wilt be very good, he will wrap thee warm and carry thee down to where thou canst watch him while he works. But it must be many hours yet before St. Antoine comes. Now it is just sunrise, and his hour is noon."

As tenderly he laid her in the bed of pillows he had prepared for her beside him on the scaffold that surrounded the great clock, heavy eyes fluttered open, and, brightening, rested contentedly on its familiar face.

"Hush, grandpere! It is going to speak! Wait one minute!" she exclaimed, suddenly.

"No, 'Toinette darling,—it will not strike yet," he answered, sadly.

But just then there was heard a low rumbling of the unwound wheels: the hidden heart began to throb steadily—tick, tick, tick; and clear and strong on the dawn rang out twelve strokes—at each one a door opening, according to the original design.

At the first stroke a quiver passed over 'Toinette; at the last, the impeded current of life rushed back. Starting up, she clapped her little hands, no longer fevered; and from her parted lips there ruffled once again that sparkling cascade of rapturous laughter.

"St. Antoine, dear St. Antoine!" she cried aloud. "I am so glad to see thee again! I have been sick, sick; but now thou hast made me well."

"Holla!" remarked the neighbors. "St. Anthony's clock is growing erratic. There it is striking 12 o'clock when it is only 5, true time."

But when they beheld Pore Turenne come hastening out, with 'Toinette rosy and smiling in his arms, on the way to church to give thanks for the cure to God and His blessed Saint, they, when it was recounted to them, failed not to rejoice with and for him, like good friends and good Catholics.

And we are told that, until its destruction during the Revolution, the wonder-working clock filled its place in the steeple of the church for which its pious maker destined it,—marking sad and happy hours, without ever losing one. And for years after 'Toinette's grand-children were old men and women, the children of Epinal were wont to call 12 o'clock "St. Anthony's hour," and taught to twine their noon Angelus with this prayer:

"O dear St. Anthony, who so loved little children and was beloved by them, we are little children. Bless us, pray for us; and let there be no moment of our lives that thou wilt not come to help us in our need."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian.

The talk is now of vacation, for vacation must come with the coming of the heat of summer time. For vacations we must have. The string cannot be drawn tight all the time. The bow must have its turn to soak in water. And the brain must have its space to soak in cool water or fresh air that the webs may be blown or washed out of it. The forest stream, the mountain pass, the country farm house, keep the clois from breaking on the brain.

Whether one should rest wholly and let this summer vacation be a mere vegetating vacancy, during which the empty fountain of life shall be slowly filled up, or whether vacation shall be a change of employment, depends on the exhaustion produced by the year's work, and the idiosyncrasy of each person. One who does not work very hard during the winter does not need to rest very passively during the summer. To such, a change of occupation, travel, out-of-door study of nature, may be the best rest. But somehow, and by some form of change, all whose work is monotonous and exacting should have plenty of rest, of deep, quiet rest, with abundance of sunshine, fresh air and out-door life.

The Editor's Retreat.

Dr. Henry M. Field, that clever writer, gives this prescription for brain-workers:

You ask me for a suggestion about a summer vacation. I am afraid that my ideas, however they suit me, will not be good for much to others. But I believe in the old Indian philosophy, that to have a bow at once supple and strong—that will bend to the utmost strain and fly back with such force as to send the arrow straight to the mark—it must be now and then unstrung and well soaked in water. The human frame must be unlimbered once in a while, or by and by it will snap and go to pieces. Every doctor will tell you this. The principle is settled; it is only the where and how that have to be considered. And here, as in other things in life, every man hath his proper gift, his special taste; and what would suit one would not suit another.

If you ask me where I would choose to spend a summer I can answer very quickly: Here, on this very spot that you, Mr. Editor, know so well—on this hilltop that my neighbor, Mr. Choate, thinks to be so near Heaven that he is not impatient to make the change. In all my wanderings around the world I have found no such place of rest. There is peace in the very air. I drink it in with my breath. I had rather swing in a hammock than rock in the cradle of the deep. What outlook on sea or shore draws me upward so much as to lie on the soft grass and look up and see the clouds go sailing by?

"Why then"—you may well ask—"if you are so perfectly satisfied with your home, don't you stay there?" That is a very simple question and has a simple answer. It is that while I am here, with all my books and papers around me, I am haunted and pursued by the demon of work, from which I cannot escape. You know by experience that there is no man who is less master of his time than an editor, with the incessant calling of printers for "copy"—a call that must be answered on the instant, for the paper cannot wait: Men may come and men may go, but the newspaper goes on forever. The editor may be in a state of collapse, but dead or alive the paper must appear! Even his own home is no protection for him, and his only safety is to bolt—to cut and run!

Cut and run, indeed! How easy it is to say that, but how hard to follow one's own direction! An editor is commonly a man who is in dead earnest about something or other, and he will not, nay, he cannot leave his post. Shall he be such a coward as to run away in the midst of the battle? When his blood is up, his brain is on fire, and he never works so rapidly; and it is better work than that which he grinds out slowly when he is cold and dull. The impulse is almost irresistible to improve the golden hours that may not come again. So he keeps on pouring the oil of life upon the blazing fire till long after midnight—and that for night after night—with a strain upon his vitality that is very great, and may be fatal.

With such a prospect before him, perhaps the wife and the doctor together will rout him out of his sanctum and set him adrift. But whither, ah whither, shall he go? Well brother, "The world is all before you where you choose. And Providence your guide."

There are the mountains and the sea, with no end of resorts in the White Hills or along the coast from Long Branch to Bar Harbor. What do you want that is more fashionable? Ah yes! and there's the trouble. There are too many comers and goers for one whose only desire is to be quiet and at rest. As Edward Everett Hale once said to me: "I want to get away from people." "Where are you going?" I asked. "I don't know," he said, "and don't want to know; and especially don't want my people to know." Fortunately, he had a people who knew his habits so well, and loved him so much, that they respected his desire for absolute seclusion till his poor, tired frame could get the rest it sorely needed. That is the truest hospitality, to have the tact to see when a guest needs nothing so much as rest, long and deep, and that the greatest possible kindness is to leave him alone!

But if people are so "dreadfully kind" that they will not let you alone, then flee into some vast wilderness!

Camp out in the Adirondacks, or seek some lonely valley that is far away from the children of men. If you can, find a solitary house on some mountain pasture where a farmer keeps his cows, and you can have a bowl of bread and milk for breakfast and supper that is good enough for any man. Baked apples would make it a luxury fit for princes. All that nature demands beyond this is unlimited hours of sleep. Sleep not only all the night, but all the day, if nature so inclines—sleep, sleep, sleep, till you begin to recover from the state of utter exhaustion, as the blood begins to flow back into your veins, and to reanimate your "vital frame."

That is all the philosophy I have got in regard to vacations. Perhaps you expected me to say something about foreign travel. But that is not rest; it is the hardest kind of work to be knocked about the rough world, to cross seas and oceans, to climb the Alps or the Himalayas.

There is still another experience which you have had as well as I—to be poised high in the air on the back of a camel, and to go swinging across the desert, when you can almost hear your own vertebrae crack! That is not exactly the ideal of repose. Let all these things be far from thee, O my brother! and like the dorky, "take to the woods!" where all things in nature, in earth, air and sky, shall be your ministers.

Fishing.

Fishing is not an expensive recreation, and probably yields more pleasure for the amount of money a man invests in order to pursue it than almost any other form of out-door sport, provided the man takes to it naturally. A man can go trout fishing with an outfit that will not cost him more than \$5; that is, he can purchase his rod, his reel, his basket and his flies with this sum.

In regard to the important question of flies, an old angler will be satisfied with a few standard flies when he goes on a stream. The ambitious amateur wants them of all colors and shapes. The angler who takes an intelligent interest in his art will surely foster the literary side of his favorite pastime. Old Izaak Walton will be of no practical use to him, but it will imbue him with the true angling spirit if he has it not, and still further develop it if he does have it. The educational books published in this country about fishing are few. The earliest practical work is Thaddeus Norris's "American Angler's Book." After that came the works of Genio C. Scott. For a man who loves the mechanics of the art—i. e., prefers to make his own rods, mend them, etc.—the book of Henry B. Wells, "Fly-rods and Fly-tackle," is one of the best. Charles Hallock's "Salmon Fishing" is a good book. The "Book of the Black Bass" is good. "Artificial Flies and how to Make them" is also valuable for a certain class of anglers. A little book called "The Practical Angler," by Kit Clark, can be recommended; also "Fresh Water Fishing" and "Salt Water Fishing."

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