

MILES WALLINGFORD

By James Fenimore Cooper

CHAPTER XXVI

"You think I'll weep."

No, I'll not weep; I have full cause of weeping; but this heart break into a hundred thousand flaws, Or ere I'll weep."

I pass over the manner and time of our being on the road between Philadelphia and New York, as things belonging to a former age, and to be forgotten. I will merely say that we travelled the South Amboy road, and went through a part of the world called Feather-bed Lane, that causes my bones to ache even now, in recollection. At South Amboy we got on board a sloop, or packet, and entered the bay of New York by the passage of the Kill, landing near Whitehall. We were superintending the placing of our chests on a cart, when some one caught my hand, and exclaimed—

"God bless me, Captain Wallingford come, life, at live!"

It was old Jared Jones, the man who had been miller at Clawbonny from infancy to the day I left home. I had supposed him to be at work there still; but the look he gave me—the tears that I could see were forcing themselves from his eyes—his whole manner, indeed, gave me at once to understand that all was not right. My countenance, rather than my tongue, demanded an explanation. Jared understood me, and we walked together toward the Battery; leaving Marble and Neb to proceed, with the luggage to the modest lodgings in which we had proposed to hide ourselves until I had time to look about me—a house frequented by Moses for many years.

"You perceive I do not return home, Jared, in precisely the condition in which I went abroad. My ship and cargo are a poor lot, and I come among you, now, a poor man, I fear."

"We were afraid that something of that sort must have happened, or such had news would never have reached Clawbonny, sir. Some of your men got back months ago, and they brought the tidings that the Dawn was captured by the English. From that hour, I think Mr. Hardinge gave the matter up. The worst news, however, for us—that of your death excepted—was that of the mortgage on Clawbonny."

"The mortgage on Clawbonny! Has anything been done in connection with that?"

"Lord bless you, my dear Mr. Miles, it has been foreclosed, under the statute I believed they call it; and it was advertised to be sold three weeks ago, when it was sold, however, to the place, mill and all, actually brought? Just give a guess, sir."

"Brought! Clawbonny is then sold, and I am no longer the owner of my father's house?"

"Sold, sir; and we have been sent adrift—niggers and all. They said the freedom-laws would soon let all the older blacks be their own masters; and as to the young ones, why, your creditors might sell their times. But Mr. Hardinge put the poor orphans into houses, near the rectory, and they work about among the neighbors, until things are settled. It's to their credit, Mr. Miles, that not one of 'em all thinks of running away. With the feelin' that's up in the country concernin' blacks, and no master to look after them, every one of 'em might be off, without rix."

"And Chloe, my sister's own girl, what has become of Chloe, Jared?"

"Why, I believe Miss Lucy has taken her. Miss Lucy is dreadfully rich, as all allow; and she has put it in her father's power to take her all the movable. Every huf (hoof) of living thing that was on the place has been put on the Wright farm, in readiness for their owner, should he ever come to claim them."

"Has Miss Hardinge had the consideration to hire that farm, with such an object?"

"They say she has bought it out of the savings of her income. It seems she is mistress of her income, though under age. And this is the use she has made of some of her money."

"I had supposed she would be married by this time. Mr. Drewett was thought to be engaged to her when I sailed."

"Yes; there is more talk about that, than in the country; but they say Miss Lucy will never marry, until she has been of age a few weeks, in order that she may do what she pleases with the money, before a husband can lay his hand on it. Mr. Rupert is married, I suppose you heard, sir—and living with a noble woman in town. Some people say that he has a right in part of old Mrs. Bradford's estate, which he will get as soon as Miss Lucy comes of age."

I did not like to pursue this part of the discourse any further, though it was balm to my wounds to hear these tidings of Lucy. The subject was too sacred, however, to be discussed with such a commentator, and I turned the discourse to Clawbonny, and the reports that might have been circulated there concerning myself. Jones told me all he knew, which was briefly as follows:

estly with posterity, I do not think the French-American party was English. These had returned to their provincial dependence of thought; and well read in the English version of all political and moral truths, and little read in those of any other state of society, they believed, as he who worships at a distance from the shrine, is known implicitly to yield his faith. The English had actually a foundation in deeply-rooted opinion, and colonial admiration for the ancient seat of power, whereas the French owed its existence principally to opposition. The alliance of 1778 had some little influence among men old enough to have been active in the events of the Revolution, it is true, but they existed as exceptions even in their own party. It was the English feeling that was natural, hearty, dependent, and deep; the other having been, as has just been stated, rooted as much in opposition, as in any other soil.

The public discussions of the fate of the Dawn, as a matter of course, had drawn much speculation among my acquaintances, to my own. A month passed after month, and no letters reached America, the opinion became very general that the vessel was lost. At length, a ship from Jamaica brought in a blid story of the manner in which I had taken my vessel from Benoit; and, it now being known that we were alive, and in the vessel, the speculation was banished that we had been wrecked for want of force to take care of the ship; and I was set down as a drowned man.

Shortly after this opinion of my fate became general among my acquaintances, John Wallingford had appeared at Clawbonny. He made no change, however, spoke kindly to every one, told the slaves nothing about his return, and gave them every reason to suppose that they would continue under a true Wallingford regime. It was generally understood he was to be my heir, and no one saw any occasion for the acts of violence that succeeded.

But, two months after John Wallingford's visit, Mr. Hardinge, and all connected with Clawbonny had been astounded by the intelligence of the capture of the Dawn. A forcible seizure under the statute, or "statute," as Jared had called it, was commenced, and a few months later the place was publicly sold at Kingston, some bidding more than \$5,000 for it, less than a sixth of its worth. This sacrifice of real estate, however, under forced sale, was, and is, common enough in America, especially if being generally understood that the creditor is prepared to rise in his bids, as necessity presents. In my case there was no one to protest my rights, Mr. Hardinge having attended the sale prepared to reason with my cousin on the propriety and generosity of his course, rather than prepared with good arguments to extinguish the claim. John Wallingford did not appear, however, and the sale took place without further competition, than one bid of Mr. Hardinge's; a bid that he was not properly prepared to make, but which he hazarded on his knowledge of Lucy's means and disposition. A name of the name of Daggett, a relative of John Wallingford's, by his mother's side, was the ostensible purchaser, and now professed to be the owner of my paternal acres. It was he who had taken possession under the purchase, had dismissed the negroes, and sent off the personal property; and he it was who had placed new servants relative to the mill, and the mill on the surprise of everybody, John Wallingford had not appeared in the transaction, though it was understood he had a legal right to all my remaining effects, in the event of my real death. No will was proved or produced, however, nor was anything heard of, or concerning, my cousin, Mr. Daggett, a close learner on the subject from him. His right to Clawbonny could not be disputed, and after consulting counsel in the premises, Mr. Hardinge himself had been compelled, reluctantly, to admit it. Such was the substance of what I gleaned from the miller, in a random set of conversation that lasted an hour.

Of course, much remained to be explained, but I had learned enough to know that I was virtually a beggar as to means, whatever I might be feeling.

When I parted from Jared I gave him my address, and we were to meet again next day. The old man felt an interest in me that was soothing to my feelings; and I wished to glean all I could from him; more especially in relation to the mortgage on Clawbonny. I now followed Marble and Neb to the boarding-house, one frequented by masters and mates of ships, the masters being of the humble class to descend thus to mingle with their subordinates. We consulted the rest of the morning in establishing ourselves in town, and putting on the roundabouts; for I was not the owner of a coat that had skirts to it, unless, indeed, there might be a few old garments of that sort among the effects that had been removed from Clawbonny to the Wright farm. Notwithstanding this defect in my wardrobe, I would not have the reader suppose I made a mean or a disagreeable appearance. On the contrary, standing as I did, six feet one, in my shoes, attired in a neat blue roundabout of mate's cloth, with a pair of quarter-deck trousers, a clean white shirt, a black silk handkerchief, and a vest of a pretty but modest pattern, I was not at all ashamed to be seen.

As soon as I got rid of this gentleman, which was not long after he discovered my desire to press the delinquency of the French on his notice, Marble and I left the house on the original design of strolling up Broadway, and of looking at the changes produced by time. We had actually got a square, when I felt some one touch my elbow; turning, I found it was an utter stranger, with a very eager, wonder-mongering sort of a countenance, and who was a good deal out of breath with running.

"Your pardon, sir, the bartender of the house where you lodge, tells me you are Captain Wallingford." I bowed an assent, forseeing another application for facts.

"Well, sir, I hope you'll excuse the liberty I am taking, on account of its being so anxious to obtain the earliest information on all matters of general concernment, and I feel emboldened by duty to introduce myself—Colonel Positive of the Federal Truth Teller, a journal that your honored father once did the honor to take. We have this moment heard of your troubles committed on your Captain Wallingford, by a brigand of a French privateer, and I am prepared for the other side of the question, 'a fresh instance of Gallie aggression, and republicanism, and a character to awaken the indignation of every right-thinking American, and which can only find better among that portion of the community which, possessing nothing, is never slow to sympathize in the success of this robber, though it be at the expense of American rights and American property."

As soon as Colonel Positive had read this much, he stopped to take breath, looking at me as if expecting some exclamations of admiration and delight.

"I have suffered by means of what I conceive to be a perfectly unauthorized act of a French privateer, Colonel Positive," I replied; "but this wrong would not have been done, had I not suffered previously by what I conceive to be an equally unjustifiable act of the English frigate, the Speedy, commanded by Captain Lord Henry Bontaparte, a son of the Irish Marquis 'Thole.'" "Bless me, sir, this is very extraordinary! An English frigate, did you say? It is very unusual for the vessels of that just nation ever to be guilty of an aggression, particularly as our common language, common decent Saxon accents, and Saxon English, and all that sort of thing, you know, operate against it; whereas, sorry I am to say, each new arrival brings us some fresh instance of the atrocities of the myrmidons of this upstart emperor of the French; a man, sir, whose deeds, sir, have never been paralleled since the days of Nero, Caligula, and all the other tyrants of antiquity. If you will favor, Captain Wallingford, with a few of the particulars of this last atrocity of Bontaparte, I promise you it shall be circulated far and near, and that in a way to defy the malignant and corrupt perversions of any man or set of men."

"In the Bohuykell, arrived lately at Philadelphia, came passenger our esteemed fellow-citizen, Captain Miles Wallingford."—"In 1804 everybody had not got to be esquires, even the editors not yet assuming that title of gentility *ex officio*." This gentleman's wrongs were already been said before on the readers. From his own mouth we learn the following outline of the vile and illegal manner in which he had been treated by an English man-of-war, called the Speedy, commanded by a sprig of nobility yeilded Lord—"I have left a blank for the name—"an account which will awaken in the bosom of every true-hearted American sentiments of horror and feelings of indignation at this new instance of British faith and British insolence on the high seas. It will be seen by this account, that not satisfied with impressing all his crew and in otherwise mistreating them, this scion of aristocracy has violated every article of the treaty between the two countries, as respects Captain Wallingford himself, and otherwise trodden over every principle of honor; in a word, set at naught all the commandments of God. We trust there will be found no man or set of men in the country, so devoid of sense and of honor, so deficient in courage and conduct; and that even the millions of England, employed against the federal press of our country, will be ready to join with us on this occasion in denouncing British aggression and British usurpation. There, sir, I trust that is quite to your liking."

"It is a little *ex parte*, colonel, as I have quite as much complaint to make of French as of English aggression, having been treated in the manner of an English privateer, and again by a French privateer. I prefer to tell the whole story, if I am to tell any of it."

"Certainly, sir; we wish to relate all the enormities of which these arrogant English were guilty."

"I believe that, in capturing my ship, the English commander ordered me to publish a general notice, and was the cause of my ruin."

"Stop, sir, if you please," interrupted Colonel Warbler, writing with rapidity and seal, "and thus caused the ruin of an industrious and honest man; say, that ends a period beautifully—well, sir, proceed."

"But I have no personal ill-treatment to complain of, and the act of the French was of precisely the same character, perhaps, worse, as I had got rid of the English prize crew, when the Frenchman captured us in his turn, and prevented our obtaining shelter and a new crew in France." Colonel Warbler listened with cold indifference. Not a line would he write against the French, but he would publish a school of disseminators of news, who fancy it is a part of their high vocation to tell just as much, or just as little, of any transaction, as may happen to suit their own purpose. I pressed the injuries I had received from the French, on my visitor, so much the more warmly on account of the reluctance he manifested to publish them; but all to no purpose. Next morning the Republican Freeman contained just such an account of the affair as comported with the consistency of that independent and many journal, not a word being said about the French privateer, while the account of the proceedings of the English frigate was embellished with sunny facts and epithets that must have been obtained from Colonel Warbler's general stock in trade, as they were certainly not derived from me.

As soon as I got rid of this gentleman, which was not long after he discovered my desire to press the delinquency of the French on his notice, Marble and I left the house on the original design of strolling up Broadway, and of looking at the changes produced by time. We had actually got a square, when I felt some one touch my elbow; turning, I found it was an utter stranger, with a very eager, wonder-mongering sort of a countenance, and who was a good deal out of breath with running.

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concomitant did any good I would gladly be silent; but diseases in the body politic require a bold and manly treatment, even more than those in the physical system. I remember the tone of the presses of the trading towns of this country on the subject of the late French treaty—one of the most flagrant instances of contempt, added to wrong, of which history supplies an instance, and will own I do not feel much encouraged to hope for any great improvement.

After we got rid of Colonel No. 2, Marble and I continued our walk. We passed several persons of my acquaintance, but not one of them recognized me in my present attire. I was not sorry to see this, as I was wearied of my story, and could gladly remain in a species of incognito, for a few days. But New York was comparatively a small town in 1804, and everybody knew almost everybody's face who was anybody. There was little real hope, therefore, of my escaping recognition for any great length of time.

We strolled up above St. Paul's, then a high quarter of the town, and where a few houses had been erected in what was then a new and enlarged style. On the steep of one of these patriotic residences to see a word of that was since become mine into me—I saw a fashionably-dressed man standing, picking his teeth, with the air of his master. I had nearly passed this person, when an exclamation from him, and his calling my name by name, caused me to stop. It was Rupert!

"Marble, my dear fellow, why, how fare you?" said our old shipmate, descending the steps, with an indolent, half-cordial, half-deprecating manner; extending his hand at the same time, which Moses received and shook heartily. "The sight of you reminds me of old times and salt water."

"Mr. Hardinge," answered my mate, who knew nothing of Rupert's defects beyond his want of appetite for the sea. "I'm heartily glad to fall in with you. Do your father and handsome sister live here?"

"Not they, old Moses," answered Rupert, still without casting his eyes on me. "This is my own house, in which I should be very happy to see you, and to make you acquainted with my wife, who is an old acquaintance of yours—Miss Emily Merton, that was—the daughter of General Merton of the British army."

"Blast the British army! and blast the British navy, too!" cried Marble, who was feeling very uneasy. "But, for the least, my old friend Miles here, would now be a rich man."

"Miles!" Rupert repeated, with an astonishment that had more nature in it than had been usual with him of late years. "This is true, then, and you have not been lost at sea, Wallingford?"

"I am living, as you may see," said I, with a smile, "and I have the opportunity to inquire after our father and sister."

"Both are well, I thank you; the old gentleman in particular, will be delighted to see you. He has felt your misfortune keenly, and did all he could to avert the sad affair about Clawbonny. You know he could as well raise a million, as raise five hundred thousand, and see poor Lucy in still a minor, and see only tenah her income, the savings of which were insufficient just then. We did all we could, I can assure you, Wallingford; but I was about commencing housekeeping, and was in want of cash at the moment, and you know how I was then situated. I was exceedingly sorry when I heard of it; though they say this Mr. Daggett, your successor, is going to do wonders with it—a capitalist, they tell me, and able to carry out all his plans."

"I am glad Clawbonny has fallen into good hands, since it has passed out of my hands. God bless Mr. Hardinge, I shall take an early opportunity to find your father, and to learn the particulars."

"Yes; he'll be exceedingly glad to see you, Wallingford; and I'm sure it will always afford me pleasure to aid you, in any way I can. I fear it must be very long before we can meet a balance of some twenty or thirty thousand dollars of unpaid debt is what you call water, the tide is out of my pocket, certainly. But I shall not despair; I am young, and have a noble, military profession."

"Yes, I dare say you'll do remarkably well, Wallingford," Rupert answered, in a patronizing manner. You were already an enterprising fellow; and one need have no great concern for you. It would hardly be delicate to ask you to see Mrs. Hardinge, just as you are—not but you appear uncommonly well in your roundabout, but I know precisely how it is with young men when there is a little over-reduced, perhaps."

"Yes, Mrs. Hardinge has seen me often in a roundabout, and passed hours in my company, when I have been dressed just as I am at this moment."

"Ay, at sea. One gets used to everything at sea. Good evening; I'll bear you in mind, Wallingford, and may do something for you. I am intimate with the heads of all the principal mercantile houses, and shall bear you in mind, certainly. Good evening, Wallingford. A word with you, Marble, before we part."

I smiled bitterly, and walked proudly from Rupert's door. Little did I know then that Lucy was seated within thirty feet of me, listening to Andrew Daggett's conversation and humor. Of the mood in which she was listening, I shall have occasion to speak presently. As for Marble, when he overtook me, I was informed that Rupert had stopped him in order to ascertain our address; and a piece of condolence for which I had not the grace to be thankful.

TO BE CONTINUED

Our intentions give all the value to our most insignificant acts; by doing them for God, by offering them to Him, we introduce into them a Divine element; God, in accepting them, renders them, in a measure, worthy of Himself. Remember that thou art living, not among angels, but among men, who do not see here below without failings. Do not then wonder if frail mortals err or fail; but wonder if this, that, whilst thyself thou hast many failings which others must bear, thou dar'st sometimes feel indignant at those of others.

SAVED BY A LITTLE SCHOOL GIRL

(FOUNDED ON FACT)

Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary

It had been snowing off and on for nearly a week, and the children had made the air resound with gleeful cries. Boys were dragging sleds, and on hilly streets, it was all your life was worth to get out of the way of the "coopers," who came rushing down the slopes like whirlwinds, dashing into whatever unlucky thing happened to be on the crossing. Police were vigilant, but who can get ahead of the "small boys?" Snowballs were flying, and even the young feminine contingent were on their skates, and did not disdain to throw a snowball or two from their mittened hands.

I passed a moment to smile at the merriment of a youthful crowd such as I have described one morning, when my attention was attracted to two little girls who were standing apart; one with a worried expression of countenance, the other evidently trying to persuade or console her.

I knew them both by sight. One was a little convert I had baptized with her parents two years before. The other was a parishioner's daughter, who smiled confidently at the priest.

"What is the matter?" I said, as I walked over to them.

"Beatrice is in trouble, Father," said the elder of the two girls. "Her uncle is dying and her mother says he has not been to church for eighteen years, and she must get all the prayers she can for his conversion, as his wife is not a Catholic and will not listen to anyone who wants to send for a priest."

"Why, Beatrice," said, "don't you know I will be glad to pray for them? Where does he live?"

"Don't go, Father," said Beatrice in alarm. "Nobody in the house will let you in! Oh, they are awfully bigoted! They said they would never speak to us after we were baptized, and they did keep it up for ever so long; but mother said not to mind, but to pray for them, and never to mention religion! But I loved Uncle John; he was so jolly and so kind!" And two big tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Don't cry, Beatrice," said Martha, her little friend. "We'll just pray to the Sacred Heart for his conversion! I'll go round and say every one I know to say a little prayer—for him. 'Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee!' You know it, Father?"

Of course, I knew it! And I had often seen its efficacy! I encouraged the little apostle, and she ran off toward the school-house, while I walked slowly along the street with Beatrice, seeking for more particulars about the sick man.

I learned that her uncle had married a non-Catholic wife eighteen years before, and had gradually grown careless and never went to church. His mother, who lived with him, also became remiss in her religious duties, and never was seen in a Catholic church. When Beatrice at once grew fearful, lest I should meet with rebuff, or even insult, I only demanded her uncle's address, and when she pleaded with me not to expose herself to disappointment, I only said, "All right."

We parted. Beatrice went off toward the school building, where Martha had already arrived, and enlisted the sympathy and prayers of the good Sister-teacher, who promised she would have the uncle prayed for before the convent altar. Then Martha and Beatrice, who whom she infused some of her own hope of light, sought a ruby lamp before the picture of the Sacred Heart, and with a crowd of little school girls, began a Novena—just one round of their beads—saying their favorite aspiration on each: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee!"

They told me afterwards (those who listened) that the intense fervor of the little children would put to the blush older and more enlightened minds!

In the meantime, I had called at the address of Beatrice's uncle, and was met politely by some lady, who looked askance at my Roman collar, and said she was very sorry, but that a casual visitor or even a friend, was positively forbidden by the doctor, the sick man was so very low. Absolute quiet was ordered!

I had only to take my leave, but before doing so I firmly declared I would call again; that I was a Catholic priest, and that I was sure if the sick man knew of my coming he would see me. The lady thought not; but took my telephone number, and when I said I would call again, shrugged her shoulders and told me she was afraid I would be again disappointed.

Urging the point was of no use, I could see, although something told me the man wanted the priest, but the inspiration gave me no means of getting to his presence. Oh, the terrible doubt and suspense of salvation to those who have forgotten God in their best years!

I saw Beatrice the next day, and her distress was evident. She was grieved that I had been rebuffed, and grieved because she said her uncle would surely die. The Novena was going on at school most fervently after school hours, and her mother had joined it at home, for this was her favorite brother. She, too, was debarred from the sickroom, on the plea that absolute quiet was ordered. (Only his wife was permitted to see him a few minutes each day. (I had met her when I called.) Time was passing. No encouragement came from the sickroom. The Novena was nearly over, and the patient was gradually growing worse. Every Catholic friend seemed to be interested, and the good Sisters had added their prayers to those of the little girls. At last the Novena was concluded, and no sign of answered prayer appeared, when Beatrice's mother suddenly arrived at the rectory.

"Father Alexander," she said, "the doctors say my brother has a last chance in an operation. The ambulance will be at his home at 10 o'clock, and he will be taken to the hospital."

There was a providence of God! At the hospital I might approach him. I quickly put on my coat and set out for the hospital. I found the surgeons ex-

pecting the patient, and I inquired what hope there was. The answer was, "Little hope, but always a chance."

I stated the man was a Catholic, and requested them to tell him the truth and to say a priest was waiting for him. The ambulance arrived, and the patient, almost "in extremis," put to bed. In less than an hour one of the surgeons came to me, saying the patient was most anxious to see me. I lost no moment, and when I arrived at the bedside the poor man feebly stretched out his weak hand to welcome me.

"Oh, Father!" he said, "how is it that God has brought you to me? If you only knew how I have prayed to see a priest, but no one at home would listen to me! They said I must not be excited! God knows my worst terror was to die without seeing a priest after eighteen years of neglect!"

I soothed him, and heard his confession, and gave him the last sacraments. His peace and relief were indescribable. I told him of his little niece, Beatrice, and the Novena to the Sacred Heart, and taught him the aspiration, "Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee!" He said it over and over with deep devotion and gratitude.

"Dear little girl!" he said, "her faith has saved her uncle! Tell her so!"

I left soon with great consolation, bidding him to rest all he could until the operation was over. It was to take place next morning. I went from the hospital to the home of the little girl, where I found her little friend, Martha. Both were quite jubilant over the fact that the patient had, by a most astonishing turn of events, gone to the hospital. When I told them he had made his peace with God and had received the sacraments, the whole family wept with joy.

"Surely!" cried Beatrice, "this is the answer to our Novena! Oh, who can help trusting to the dear Sacred Heart of our Lord!"

And was it not surely a prayer granted? No wonder this pious family rejoiced. All joined once more in the devotions before the picture of the Sacred Heart, where the ruby lamp still burned! But it was more a prayer of thanksgiving.

At the request of the family I said Mass next morning for "Beatrice's uncle," and as soon as possible made ready to go to the hospital.

It was 11 o'clock when I arrived at the hospital. But too late to speak to him again!

The man was dead! He had not sufficient vitality to stand the operation! He seemed to have been brought to the hospital for one purpose only—his eternal salvation!

The Sacred Heart had listened to the prayers of a little child!

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

CLERICAL AND RELIGIOUS VOCATIONS

The belief that each man and woman has a special vocation is an inference from the fact that God loves each one with a special love. "Yes, I have loved thee," He says to each of us through Jeremiah (xxii, 3), "with an everlasting love, therefore have I drawn thee, taking pity on thee. Now, as no two of us are alike, and unique in the eyes of His boundless love, yet no general rules can be laid down and no universally practical suggestions can be made for any vocations except those which imply entrance into the clerical or the religious state. The reason is that all other special callings lack that stability which is an essential element in the clerical or the religious vocation. All other vocations—and these comprise the last majority of mankind—depend largely on circumstances and may therefore vary throughout the course of a long life. The great mass of humanity has its calling determined by its environment for the time being. The only general advice that can be safely given in this case is to be faithful to the duty of the hour, to strive always to accept God's will by prayer and correspondence with present grace. If this be done faithfully, each one's special vocation will develop itself, even though, as very frequently happens, the individual may not realize, except in retrospective view, what are the special designs of God upon him.

What distinguishes the clerical and religious vocation from all others is, on the part of each individual, the deliberate choice of a permanent state of life in which he does not intend to change so long as he is a wayfarer on earth. Stability, then, as we said above, that stability, which the great Founder of Western monasticism, St. Benedict made the first of the three vows in his Order,

Trying Time on the Kidneys

No wonder there is so much backache in the spring, so much fatigue and lassitude from poison-laden systems. The accumulated winter poisons must be swept from the body. The kidneys make every effort to purify the blood, but the changing temperature of spring plays havoc with them. Congestion follows, the kidneys fail in their work and there are backache, headache, tired feelings, and too often serious developments.

You can help the kidneys wonderfully by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. In a few hours the backache will disappear, and a little patient treatment will restore the activity of kidneys, liver and bowels and thoroughly purify the blood.

No medicine is so satisfactory as a means of removing the cause of chronic and acute indigestion, constipation and liver and kidney derangement.

is what at the very outset impresses the candidate for Holy Orders or for a vocation to the religious life. The first idea of a youth of either sex when the inspiration to become a priest or a religious arises in the soul is one of permanent renunciation. Life must no longer be viewed as a hunting-ground for comfort or pleasure. There must be no dalliance with love whose only legitimate end is marriage. The reality of this renunciation is so appalling to many so-called Christians, especially of the ultra-Protestant sort, that they straightway brand it as either impossible or inhuman.

That it is neither is proved by the historical fact that ascetic detachment from the world, leading to perpetual celibacy, was common not only among the early Buddhists and the Essenes but also among the early Avestas and ascetics. These early ascetics and Christians realized that many so-called Christians do not, because these latter, "tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine," have lost that fundamental idea of stability which is in the true Church the abiding witness of her union with the unchangeable God. The only copy of this and lost may protest that no youth has a right thus to pledge his whole future at a time when the trials of mature age are as yet unknown; but their protest is made vain by the contrary experience of Catholics during nineteen centuries. They belong to the only family that has come down without a break from Christ. They use His own broken, nay, they are the very members of His Mystical Body. "You are the Body of Christ, and members of member." Now "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." What wonder, then, that this stability of His, infused into us by the steady flow of His grace, should become common among the holiest, though perhaps the youngest, members of His Body?

And in point of fact, this is what really happens among us. Aged priests and nuns, who entered upon their lifelong calling at a very early age, will gladly testify that the privations of their youth have been substantially realized throughout their long subsequent career. What they foresaw in a general way when they began has been verified in detail. There have been no disquieting surprises. Before they acted upon God's call they were repeatedly told by those who had gone through the mill that their abstinence was a life of self-denial, that their difficulties and temptations which nothing but prayer and self-control could overcome, but that the Lord's yoke was sweet and His burden light, and that they would find rest for their souls and the hundred-fold even in this world. And lo! it has all come blessedly true. The difficulties have been sometimes greater, more often less than they expected; but the grace of Christ has been more abundant than they had ever hoped, and the peace and rest have grown with the passing years, and the glimpses of glory eternal after transient crosses have been unspeakably consoling.

The effect of all these centuries of training is especially noticeable in the evolution to use in its proper sense a much-abused word—of a high type of Christian womanhood. Virginal femininity, "varium et mutabile semper femina," is no longer a safe general statement except where Catholic influence is manifestly operative. The modern un-Christian rage for incessant changes of fashion in thought and manners has led time-serving journalists, novelists and poets to indulge her supposed exclusive right to change of mind, just as, in the teeth of facts, they pronounce all women charming and beautiful. Elsewhere, that is, in the inner Catholic half of the civilized world, religious life has produced and is daily producing astonishing types of womanly stability. Who has not met nuns, still on the sunny side of thirty, as trustworthy as any man, as free for vanity, caprice and sentimentality as the sternest of the sternest sex? Talk of the new type of business woman, who prides herself on her alertness, punctuality, reliability and contempt for the silly emotionalism of her less manly sisters. Why, she is as yet but a sporadic and imperfect imitation of the women that ruled populous abbeys in the Middle Ages and of their innumerable successors the superiors of convents ever since. The way in which, in our own day and country, hosts of Reverend Mothers govern their willing daughters and successfully finance huge institutions is often a subject of pious admiration from their clerical brethren silently admiring from afar.

In past ages, when clerical vocations were rewarded by comfortable benefices, many hermits of high and holy standing even in the eyes of worldlings, there was manifest danger of self-interest clouding purity of motives, though this drawback was greatly counterbalanced by the large proportion of clerics whose home training had been quickened and exalted by the best traditions of Christian civility and professional self-sacrifice. But now that a priest's life means hard work and unceasing devotion to his flock, few are tempted to face this daily drudgery without the purest motives. Unfortunately, however, there may still be a few candidates for entrance into the clergy whose part purpose at least is the avoidance of manual labor, to which all their relatives are bound, and the assurance that the honor which attends even the persecuted priest, so long as he remains virtuous, will be accompanied by adequate provision for declining years, which will banish the ghost of starvation ever haunting the future of the workman. Although generally these rare cases are carefully watched and ultimately checked by college and seminary superiors, it would be well for our associates to pray that no such mercenary hirelings be allowed to farm themselves out upon the Church.

What we are asked especially to pray for is priests truly called by God. From Him alone can the true call come. No undue home influence, exerted injudiciously, albeit with the best intentions, in the hope of having a priest in the family, should determine a clerical vocation. Neither should it be adventurously decided by any priest or Bishop. Nothing short of a divine revelation would justify such interference with the liberty of a

human soul. The candidate should be encouraged to foster his own half-nakedness, to examine into the singleness of his purpose, to ponder over the sorrows and trials of this poor world, to ask himself if this proposed life is the one he would wish to have led when he comes to die, and above all to pray for light. Trust in God's Providence is the keynote of this often agonizing search. The best way to settle this question of vocation is to make a private retreat in which reflection and prayer will be more largely than outside advice. Sometimes several retreats in the course of several years may be needed before the supernatural light, not necessarily miraculous, but always sufficiently clear, dawns upon the perplexed soul. The truer and holier the vocation, the more strenuous the struggle. Many, looking backward after long years of clerical life for right and truth, can remember no battle so soul-stirring as the one they fought in their youth when they made the great renunciation; and how unutterable is their lifelong gratitude that the Heart of Jesus pulled them through.

There are, of course, degrees in this renunciation. He who embraces a life of prayerful solitude with God in ecclesiastical celibacy acquires ever increasing merit thereby and can more easily develop what spiritual writers call "liberty of spirit." But this does not necessarily involve the further sacrifice of his right to property or of his independent action in the details of life. It is almost entirely eliminated from the body as are other poisons, and that in this elimination, undertaken by the self-regulating conservative processes of the human organism, great damage to delicate tissues, especially of the liver, stomach and nerve cells, may occur. Alcohol is practically the only fluid which is speedily absorbed from the stomach, as is shown by the rapidity of its manifestations after a cocktail, in the case of the uninitiated. It is this active exhilarating action which endows alcoholic beverages with the fascination that holds the world in a delightful bondage from which old reason appears impotent to disentangle it. In a symposium on this subject several eminent physicians and educators arrived at the almost unanimous conclusion that the dictum of a certain neurologist, that "if alcohol were suddenly withdrawn from the world the consequences to the comfort and happiness of the people would be dire," was untenable if not absurd, and that the converse could be established without difficulty. The only discordant voice arose from a professor of psychology who made a plea for beer.

"A few days ago a distinguished physician, esteemed highly for his earnestness, said in a public address that many physicians, who knew the danger, had become addicted to alcohol and drugs. Replying to an inquiry, he writes that the published report was correct and that his own observations were corroborated. Dr. D. D. Crothers, a recognized expert on this subject. Although the statistics cited by Dr. Crothers are not altogether convincing, there is much truth in his inference from the high mortality among physicians in middle life as to whom there is a history of alcohol or drug taking. That there are very actually intemperate men in the medical profession is easily demonstrated, since their services are invariably personal, and discovery would be unavoidable, with its dire consequences.

"It is the habitual indulgence in alcohol which is prone to lead to certain well-known degenerations, especially when it is imbibed before meals. It is important, therefore, not only to differentiate between moderate and intemperate, but chiefly between its moderate and habitual use. The human organism is capable of resisting the effects of deleterious agents occasionally introduced, but it becomes incompetent to eliminate them when the intake is habitual and constant. The average man who 'takes' or 'uses' every morning is almost certain to have a 'rotten liver' that will eventually take him to the grave with dropsy, etc., and the man who does not enjoy his dinner without the preceding cocktail is menacing equally his future comfort and his life. It is only a question of time with the average individual and a question of idiosyncrasy with others. A recent statement by a physician of half a century's experience confirms this view, although he is himself a very moderate drinker."

It would perhaps be too much to say, that a proper general attitude on the part of the general public, towards this degrading custom—a custom which is injurious to the whole country and the whole people, but merely damaging to those who practise it,—would end it, but who can doubt that it could be reduced to comparatively small limits, if the weight of public opinion should make itself felt, in aid of the opposition which religion offers to it? The pressure of public opinion could have few causes worthier of exertion; and we say this without going into the religious considerations which, of course, are the most important of all.

This is a natural question, a political question in the broadest sense of the term. The custom of drinking alcoholic liquor means, and involves, the expenditure of a sum of money, which is directed into useful channels, would do as much good in a year to benefit the nation materially, as the best planned politics of any government can ever do in sev-

TEMPERANCE
EVEN SMALL QUANTITIES A DANGER

The following opinions on the use, great or small, of intoxicating liquor will probably give more weight, for having appeared originally in the New York Sun than if they were printed in a professedly temperance or religious paper. The editorial is from the Sun of April 29:

"To drink or not to drink is a question which has long agitated the public mind. The solution of this problem has been rendered difficult if not impossible by the important and justifiable dominance of the moral aspect, which has created social, political and commercial antagonisms, that appear to militate against fair consideration.

"Looking at the matter from another standpoint, the physical or sanitary, the question is not so difficult to answer, as was recently indicated in an address of the president of a great university to its students. He pointed out that while formerly it was held by many scientists that alcohol was useful as a food, or at least as a conservator of force in the human organism, this idea has been abandoned in favor of the view that even small quantities of alcohol may damage the body and lead to a degree of physical depreciation which may disturb if it does not destroy usefulness in the battle of life. This is true; the preponderance of medical opinion is that alcohol is not only useless in supporting life and fostering strength but that it is almost entirely eliminated from the body as are other poisons, and that in this elimination, undertaken by the self-regulating conservative processes of the human organism, great damage to delicate tissues, especially of the liver, stomach and nerve cells, may occur.

NOBLE AND REMUNERATIVE SACRILEGE

Spencer Leigh Hughes, in Reynolds' Weekly London, England, May 5:

A good deal has been said in the House of Commons lately about "sacrilege." It is urged that because money was left in or before the altars, it is an act of robbing God if some of that money be now handed over by law for purposes of public utility, such as education, and so forth. To begin with, we ought to remember that the original purposes of pious endowments, and also the relief of the poor, and that the Church which is anxious to retain all the money has long since left these particular causes to be financed by the Education or Poor Law authorities. That is, however, by no means the most interesting fact which may be considered by the public to-day. For when this history of sacrilege goes up it may be well to remember that a number of noble families in this country have been living for centuries on that fat of the land owing to the most bare-faced robbery, spoliation, and sacrilege known to history. Yet the members of some of these families are the first to raise yelps of horror and of protest against the Government's proposals.

I will give just a few samples from a list that is far too long to be exhausted in one article, and I may say that the facts here set forth, and many others, can be found in that excellent work, "The History of the Monasteries of Great Britain," by Henry Richards. Being slightly with reverence for the laws of precedence I will begin with the family of the head of the peerage, the Duke of Norfolk. According to the "History of Consecration," by Sir H. Spelman, Thomas Howard, who was Duke of Norfolk when the monasteries were suppressed, managed to capture thirteen religious houses in the Eastern counties alone. The phrase "religious houses" may not be quite clear to all, and so I may explain that if we take only one Castlecre Abbey, it possessed eleven manors and thirty-three rectories in Norfolk, eight rectories in other counties, and lands, tithes, and rents in one hundred and forty-two parishes. That was not a bad bit of business in the "sacrilege" line. Moreover, the Howards have in their time scored heavily in the way of Church plunder in Sheffield.

There are two branches of the Cecil family—the Kretzer Branch and the Salisbury Branch—and both have in bygone days managed to do fairly well out of sacrilege. An ancestor of the Marquis of Exeter was "all there" when the monasteries were suppressed, and since from Henry VIII, from Edward VI, and from Elizabeth, he obtained splendid property that was taken from the Church and handed over to him. There was no conscientious scruple about the sin of "sacrilege" in those merry days. Nor were the Salisbury Cecils far behind in this form of lucrative enterprise. In the fifth year of James I, Robert Cecil, then Earl of Salisbury, "obtained" (good word!) a grant of the manor, rectory, advowson of the vicarage, glebe lands and tithes of Cranbourne, in Dorset. In connection with this impudent plunder of the Church, Mr. Howard Evans has well said:

"The next time a Marquis of Salisbury speaks against Disestablishment it might be well to explain how it can be wrong for Dr. Clifford to advocate the disendowment of the Church, and right for the Cecils still to hold part of the ancient endowments of the Church."

I suppose the answer of a modern Cecil would be the old reply of the parson "do as I say—don't do as I do."

Her most gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth was given to tantrums and was not apt to please, but she Cecil may well rise up and call her blessed. The historian Green says that she curbed out rewards for her ministers with a queenly disregard for the rights of property. Lord Burghleigh built up the estate of the House of Cecil out of the desameness of the See of Peterborough. The neighborhood of Easton Garden to Ely, place, recall the application of another bishopric in favour of the Queen's sprightly Chancellor. Elizabeth awarded her favourites with the spoil of the Church, and kept

TEMPERANCE
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And the direct waste of money is probably of less importance, from a national point of view, than the waste of energy and time, and diminution of productive utility.

There has been altogether too much tolerance for drunkenness. When we speak of sympathetic interest in this matter, we do not mean sobbering over the offender with sympathy, of which, in most cases, there is too much already. The custom of intoxication has proceeded for so long a time that many of those who practise it imagine they are free of many others and are unbusiness in public places, and scenes from public opinion and the resentment of their fellow-citizens because they are drunk or partly drunk. We do not speak of their knowledge when they are intoxicated; but we mean that, in their sober moments, they know and recognize the public attitude of tolerance, and shape their actions in reliance upon it. Nearly every citizen in the land has some responsibility in this matter and should face it.—Sacred Heart Review.

NOBLE AND REMUNERATIVE SACRILEGE

It must not be supposed that the Cavendishes were out of the running for the great Sacrilege Stakes, for that is not the case. William Cavendish was, in the days of Henry VIII, a small land owner in Suffolk, and no doubt poor but honest. The Cavendish name was one of the Commissioners for taking the surrender of the religious houses under Henry VIII—and I need hardly say that he went into the business with gusto. In 1540 he received a grant of the lordships and manor of Northause, Childewick, and Giffley in Hereford—all monastic property. That was only a beginning, and he later obtained by judicious exchange and by favour "divers land belonging to abbays and priories in Derby, Notis, Stafford, Dorset Cornwall, Kent, and Essex"—not a bad stroke of business. Was there any hesitation on the part of these great noblemen to accept this form of property because it had been originally bequeathed for the support of piety? The answer to that question is in the negative. There was not. Nor have I ever heard of any modern descendant giving up such property because of its being in any way tainted with sacrilege.

The Pagets do not rank quite with the Cavendishes—but there was a William Paget in the days of Henry VIII, who was as busy as any of the crowd who were bidding for Church property. William Paget went to France, and obtained the opinions of many learned men in favor of one of the divorces which King Henry was anxious to get, and His Majesty did not forget William's services to the cause of public morality and the sanctity of family life. So William Paget, from whom the Anglesey family is descended, obtained—the reader must take in breath here so as to get through the list—the manors of Barton, Cranston, Bromley, Stretton, Hornington, Wightmore, and Anston, in the County of Stafford; and the manors of Winalsh, Stapehall, Caldwell, Overs, Magna, Overs Parva, and Fendern, in the County of Derby. All this had been landed possession of the Church, which the King had made the Church surrender. This transaction took place in 1542, and in 1546 there was another gift to William Paget—an even greater haul of plunder. The Angleseys have had a very good time ever since, and I rejoice to know it. But it is to be hoped that none of that family will ever talk about sac lege.

And there are others

Of course, I have not finished the list. There are the Russells, for instance. In 1540 John Russell "obtained" a grant of the whole site and circuit of the rich Abbey of Tavistock, with twenty-five manors in Devonshire and one in Cornwall, as well as other land in Devon and Somerset. As Edmund Burke said: "The grants to the House of Bedford were so enormous as not only to outrage economy but to stagger credibility. And there are others. But I will go no further, being content to add this—I know well enough that some people will say that it is useless now to talk about these old transactions. They will state that even supposing the property had been originally given to the Church the monarch chose to hand it over to noble families, and there was an end of the business. I agree. I do not for a moment suggest that the transactions can be undone. But I also say this—the property which is now claimed as belonging peculiarly to one religious sect in Wales, known as the Church of England, was originally left to quite a different community. It was left for purposes to which it is no longer applied—education, relief of the poor, payment for masses being said and so forth. It cannot be sacrilege for the Parliament of the country to deal with such funds in the public interest. And, what is more these noble lords, whose families have for centuries lived in princely luxury on the plunder of the Church, reach the final climax of impudence when they talk about sacrilege.

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MANNERS! MANNERS!

The Duke of Rutland is probably opposed to the disendowment of the Church in Wales, I have no definite information on that point, but I think we may assume this to be the case. And it is conceivable that he is shocked at the proposed alleged sacrilege involved. If that be so we may for a moment turn our attention to one Thomas Manners, created Earl of Rutland by that most religious and gracious monarch Henry VIII—defender of the faith. Thomas Manners had the reputation of being the most greedy of all the courtiers who begged and obtained Church property, and it is said that the grants of monastic property which he obtained from the defender of the faith were "immense." There was (Oroxton) Abbey with land in fifty parishes, and the suppressed monastery of Garendon consisting of fourteen manors, not to mention rectories, lands and tithes elsewhere, and the lands of the monks of Manners would have said if someone had used the word "sacrilege." He would have probably laughed like a horse.

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In St. John, N. B., single copies may be purchased from Mrs. M. A. McComrie, 249 Main Street.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and Catholic spirit.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. I have read your issue of the 26th of May, and I am glad to see that you are so anxious to increase the efficiency of our Sunday Schools.

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If the teachers are untrained, for the most part, then it follows that the lesson-book should be the best possible. For this very reason, it is imperative that the text-book should be the best available, not the easiest possible, for an untrained, or insufficiently trained teacher to use.

But that the lesson-book should contain certain questions and answers we heartily agree with Father Holland, and unhesitatingly disagree with some recent pedagogists. There is no scientific text-book that does not necessitate the memorizing of definitions and laws; and since there is nothing more truly a science than religion, no text-book can be required to be more scientific than one on religion.

We shall return to the consideration of this, the most important subject in the whole course of education.

A GREAT CURSE

In the near past we had something to say upon a most grave matter—drunkenness. At that time we quoted the great and good Archbishop Ullathorne, and several most eminent judges (including the present Lord Chief Justice) of the English Courts. To-day we again cite as witnesses and authorities as to the destruction daily being hurled broadcast by the liquor traffic—its abomination to civilization—a Cardinal and four Archbishops, together with famous statesmen who speak plainly and fearlessly with regard to the evil of intemperance, and of the liquor traffic generally, to the Church, to the home and to the nation.

To all men it is obvious and unmistakable that in an age when energy, clear-headedness and alertness are indispensable factors from every standpoint, as well material and temporal as spiritual, and especially spiritual—in an age when anarchy and Socialism, infidelity and atheism are stalking abroad, not under cover as was once the case, but openly and defiantly pressing forward—in an age when the Church is being attacked from many sides—it is the duty of every Catholic, in every land, to raise a warning cry against a danger that is in itself a force more to be abhorred, a power more to be feared, and a weapon more to be dreaded than any or all of the aforementioned.

Are Catholics as vigorous as they should be in this matter? It is true that the great majority of them recognize the danger and disaster that lurks, like a criminal in the dark, with dagger uplifted, to let out the life's blood of his victim.

It is true that many Catholics—infidential and otherwise—not only realize the danger but are actively engaged in fighting it, in endeavouring to crush and destroy its forces. But it is also true that a great many, while aware of the existence of this fatal curse, and the frightful disaster attending it, are, either through indifference or cowardice, or fear of offence forth to individuals, content to allow this tide of destruction—a menace to Church and State alike—to flow freely on, destroying in its march numberless homes and numberless individuals, creating widows and orphans, filling porches and jails, taxing the industrious unfairly, destroying promising lives, annihilating happiness, and threatening wholesale destruction. It is the duty of every Catholic to take his share in the fight that is being waged against intemperance at present. It is the duty of every Catholic to heed the warnings of the Church, which in most countries is openly disapproving of the liquor traffic. Harken to the words of the great Cardinal Logue, of Archbishop Walsh, Archbishop Healey, Archbishop Farrelly, Archbishop Ireland, and several Bishops of the Irish Church—all great, clever, good, practical and fearless prelates. Listen also to the pastoral address of the Irish Bishops, Synod of Maynooth, which is as follows:

"Drunkenness has wrecked more homes, once happy, than ever fell beneath the crowbar in the worst days of evulsion; it has filled more graves and made more widows and orphans than did the famine; it has broken more hearts, blighted more hopes and rent asunder family ties more ruthlessly than the enforced exile to which this misery has condemned emigrants."

His Eminence Cardinal Logue.—"We are reminded almost daily by the press of the miseries which are caused, the lives which are lost, the crimes—sometimes of the deepest dye—which are committed through excess of drink. . . . These reminders should inspire an ever-increasing zeal and activity in combating the evil of intemperance."—Lenten Pastoral, 1912.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin.—"Drunkenness is a degrading vice and the cause not only of many and most grievous temporal calamities, disgrace and beggary, sickness and sudden death, but also of the ruin and everlasting

damnation of souls."—Lenten Pastoral, 1912.

His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam.—"In the sustained effort to work out your salvation there is nothing else will give you more effective help than the practice of the greatest Christian virtue of Temperance. . . . If the people are temperate everything will go well, but if they are intemperate everything will go wrong."—Lenten Pastoral, 1912.

His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel.—"Above all things, men and women, the business men and the farmers who muddle in drink are usually unsuccessfull, and as for drunkards, their case is hopeless. . . . An easy and practical remedy in the matter is the Total Abstinence pledge, given to children on the occasion of Confirmation; and I implore priests and parents to assist our youth in keeping their pledge, and so help them to set up a habit of temperance which will insure in mature years a life of virtue and sobriety."—Lenten Pastoral, 1912.

His Lordship the Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise.—"Have you been careful of that most necessary law which bans all drink at wakes and funerals? . . . Religion, respect for the dead, decency, proclaim the observance of this law as absolutely necessary. . . . You have the Total Abstinence Society. . . . keep its rules, attend the meetings, and be faithful to your promises. There is no greater proof you could give of your love of God and His Holy Church, and of your fitness to be a self-governed nation."—Lenten Pastoral, 1912.

His Lordship the Bishop of Killalea.—"Where you have temperance, whether in the individual, the family, or the country, you will always have innocence and purity, industry and thrift."—Lenten Pastoral, 1912.

His Lordship the Bishop of Ferns.—"We invite all to join earnestly in prayers for the conversion of drunkards. We deem it a duty to warn the faithful against the abuse of buying and selling drink on Sundays and holidays. Sometimes disgraceful scenes are witnessed on these days devoted to the worship of God and the sanctification of our souls."—Lenten Pastoral, 1912.

Archbishop Ireland.—"Wherever it enters, the plague (drink) debases and degrades. It scatters broadcast vice and death. Poverty and disease form its retinae. It demolishes homes, blasts the happiness of wife and child, laughs at the purest affections, delights in the ruin of virtue and innocence. It kills goods and sayings, casts victims to moles and gibbets. It eats into the very foundations of civil society, and defies strong governments, whose arm it paralyses. It annuls the potent ministrations of religion by looking against them the minds and hearts of men. All forms of misery and evil are its allies and march in its track."

It is not this most effective array of names—a most pronounced condemnation of the liquor traffic. Listen also to the following great statesmen whose opinions are of grave importance:—

Mr. W. E. Gladstone.—"It has been said that the greatest calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great historical scourges—war, pestilence and famine. That is true for us, but for Europe and civilized countries in general. . . . It is the measure of our discredit and disgrace."

Mr. Winston Churchill.—"Unless progress is made in grappling with the evils of the drink traffic, much of our social legislation will be brought to naught or long delayed. Every moral and social cause is involved in the victory of the temperance movement."

Mr. Lloyd-George.—(Speech at Edinburgh, 1905).—"If they reduced the drink bill of Great Britain to the standard of that of the United States of America—and it was high enough there—they would save seventy millions a year. It was to-day. If they reduced it to the standard of drinking in Canada, they would save one hundred and twenty millions a year and provide wholesome food and recreation and shelter and clothes, and training, and surroundings, for the men, women, and children of this land. That was what they were aiming at. That was their object—a land where they would meet no drunkard staggering on the road towards his door; a land where they would have no alms for humanity to rot in; a land with two-thirds of its prison cells empty; a land with its workhouses vanished; a land with its children well clothed, well sheltered, well trained, with their merry laughter ringing through the streets; a land where the curse of drink should be driven from their hearths."

waging war against intemperance and the drink traffic. Truth and right and justice are on their side, as well as public opinion. The heartfelt prayer of brokenhearted mothers and fathers, of children, of millions of suffering humanity—suffering either directly or indirectly through drunkenness—will ascend to heaven and will call down blessings untold upon all who put forth energy and effort, without fear or favour, in this, God's work, God's warfare, against an implacable and unholy enemy—as human nature is the same the world over.

At a future date we shall set forth strong medical testimony with regard to the injurious effects of drink, and the liquor traffic.

INCORRIGIBLE

Incurable fanaticism seems to be a characteristic of some of the Methodist Episcopal clergymen now gathered in Minneapolis. More than this. One at least has given evidence of either carelessness or a desire to deliberately fall foul of the truth. It is tiresome and monotonous work week after week giving indubitable evidence of wrong-headedness on the part of some of the clergymen of the sects. Incontrovertible argument has no effect upon them whatever. They will go on in the same way repeating the old fables concerning the Catholic Church. Rev. W. F. Rice who came to Minneapolis from Chilli, seems to have been one of the oddities of the gathering. The spirit moved him to attack the Church of Rome and, as he expected, the house came down.

Rev. Mr. Rice looks disdainfully at the action of the Ecumenical Missionary Conference recently held in Edinburgh recommending that mission work in Greek and Roman Catholic countries be discontinued. Rev. Mr. Rice will have none of that. The flag of John Wesley must still be kept aloft in Greece and Rome and everywhere else. His resolution of protest was carried, we are told, in a din of cheering which lasted for several minutes. Therefore Rev. Mr. Rice was happy, happier no doubt after the cheering than he will be after beholding the "Results" of his psalm-singing brethren in the countries aforesaid. But it would be a mistake to suppose that there would be no "Results" at all. Each individual "Result" costs about \$500. As poor humanity is weak betimes in every corner of the globe a "Result" is always purchasable.

But, measured by the tape line of truth, Rev. Mr. Rice makes a sorry exhibition of himself. "The teachings and practices of Romanism," he says, "deprive the people of the Bible, pervert many of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity and foster superstitions which silence thinking classes and bind heavy burdens upon the poor." If Rev. Mr. Rice will look over the list of converts to the Catholic Church he will find that they are amongst the most prominent and highly educated people in the community, while on the other hand his "Results" in Rome and Greece are amongst the submerged class whose theological opinions are formed by grants of food and raiment and a little money. Rev. Mr. Rice feigns kindness towards us and he asked his hearers to resolve, and they resolved, that we feel the deepest sympathy and love toward the priests and people within the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches who are working toward a more spiritual interpretation of the Christian faith."

As becometh a Christian and having a kindly thought for reciprocity in good nature, we desire to resolve also that our hearts go out to him in warm sympathy, coupled with the prayer that some time or another he may find his way to Rome, not knowing in his present state where he is or where he is going to. We have only time in this issue to set the preacher right on the matter of Bible reading. In almost every Catholic home will be found a Family Bible in which is printed the following:

POPE PIS VI. Beloved Son: Health and Apostolic Benediction. At a time that a vast number of bad books, which most grossly attack the Catholic religion, are circulated even among the unlearned, to the great destruction of souls, you judge exceedingly well, that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures: for these are the most abundant sources which ought to be left open to everyone, to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine, to eradicate the errors which are widely disseminated in these corrupt times: this you have reasonably effected, as you declare, by publishing the sacred writings in the language of your country, suitable to everyone's capacity; especially when you shew and set forth, thus you have added explanatory notes, which being extracted from the holy fathers, preclude every possible danger of abuse: thus you have not swerved either from the laws of the congregation of the Index, or from the constitution published on this subject by Benedict XIV., that immortal Pope, our predecessor in the Pontificate, and formerly, when we held a place near his person, our excellent master is ecclesiastical learning, circumstances which we mention as honorable to us.

We therefore applaud your eminent learning, joined with your extraordinary piety, and we return you our due acknowledgments for the books which you have transmitted to us, and which,

when convenient, we will read over. In the meantime, as a token of pontifical benevolence, receive our Apostolic Benediction, which to you, beloved son, we very affectionately impart. Given at Rome, on the 26th of April, 1778, PHILIP BUONAPARTI, Latin Sec. To our beloved son, Anthony Martini, at Turin.

At this Minneapolis gathering there appears to have been some rare characters. A resolution presented by Rev. Robert Stephens, of Danville, Ill., excluding from all offices in the conference men who used tobacco in any form, was carried with the accompaniment of tremendous cheering very indecorous on the part of Wesleyans. Why the resolution should be confined to officials, while the rank and file will still be permitted to smoke cigarettes, cigars and the pipe, and even chew tobacco, seems peculiar. Is it a concession to the supreme power—the Privy Council of the sects—the Pew?

The latest rumor is that the battle goes on as to the advisability of keeping the brethren away from dancing, card-playing and horse racing. The burning question is, should this matter be left to the individual Methodist "conscience" or put in cold black ink in the disciplinary regulations of the church. One question we would like to ask our Methodist friends is this: If they will not recognize "conscience" in this connection what becomes of their long fondled shibboleth "private interpretation of the Scriptures?"

ANOTHER ONE—AND A RESOLUTION

A Methodist minister recently married two Catholics in North Sydney, N. S. The bridegroom was twenty-one years of age and the bride, a widow, thirty-four years. The father of the young man remonstrated with the reverend gentleman because of his action. The minister, however, makes the claim that he is obliged to marry anyone who comes to him with a license. If this is the case it is indeed a very strange condition of things. It is the first time we have ever seen it stated that a minister is obliged to marry every couple who come to him with a legal document, but the worst feature lies in the fact that he must have known the consequence of his marrying two Catholics. Doubtless he is well posted on the Ne Temere decree discussion. We know some Protestant clergymen who will not marry two Catholics; but they are the exception. It may be taken for granted that when a Catholic couple appear before a minister with a license there is good ground for the suspicion that something is wrong; that it is a clandestine escapade or that there is some impediment known to the parish priest which would prevent the administration of the sacrament by him.

At this end of the country many non-Catholic clergymen feel that something should be done to promote greater safeguards in regard to marriages. The Ministerial Association of Sarnia recently held a meeting and it was decided that hereafter every marriage performed by the clergy will immediately be made public through the medium of the press. We know some farmers who have been very careless about their property, but it is only after a valuable horse has been stolen that they proceed citywards and buy a padlock for their stable door. The Ministerial Association of Sarnia comprise gentlemen who are built upon the same lines as the easy-going farmer. What is the use, we may ask, of making public the names of parties to a marriage after the ceremony had been performed? Would it not be better to make the engagement public sometime beforehand, and not rush the ceremony before the ink on the license is dry. But the Ministerial Association went further. They solemnly resolved "that because of the great and growing menace to the purity and stability of the home and public morals found in improper marriages and multiplied divorces, particularly in the adjoining republic, agree to refuse to marry any divorced person or persons, except innocent parties, divorced on scriptural grounds, and then only on the presentation of the decree of divorce, and after a reasonable time has elapsed."

Our fellow-citizens of the Ministerial Association are indeed innocent beyond compare as to the world's ways. The writer has intimate knowledge of the fact that quite frequently there is collusion between a man and wife when making application to the Senate of Canada for divorce. Having decided to separate, having mutually agreed to untie the marriage knot and become free as air once more to pick and choose other partners, one of them pleads guilty to what the Ministerial Association is pleased to call "Scriptural reasons." Of course a solemn assertion is made as to guilt, but perjury counts for little with parties who wish to sunder a link which God Himself has forged. The "Scriptural reason" argument for dissolving the marriage tie is a weak one indeed, and has been made use of to bring about the awful conditions which now prevail in the United States and which will sooner or

later make the condition of things still more shameful in Canada too. We would respectfully suggest that each of the members of the Ministerial Association of Sarnia make careful study of the Ne Temere Decree.

AND STILL THEY GO

The daily press tells us that a week ago "seven tons of Bibles, and none of them printed in English, was the shipment record of the American Bible Society. They went from the Bible House in Astor Place and were destined for South America. They were in the Spanish and Portuguese, with some in the Indian and other dialects."

These well-meaning people must be credited with a tremendous amount of energy and perseverance, but when the whole case is summed up it lays bare a condition of things startling in the extreme to the sincere Christian. From the great Republic there goes out every year millions of dollars worth of printed matter calculated to bring the tidings of salvation more especially to the Latin races, a people who already possess the Christian faith in all its purity and who know not the doubts and misgivings in regard to Christianity which prevail among the people who are so solicitous about their eternal welfare. Many a non-Catholic, possessor of goodly wealth, subscribes liberally towards this work, while having serious doubts in his own mind as to the truth of a considerable portion of the holy Book. This is truly the age of hypocrisy. It never comes into the minds of these Bible house people that the Catholic Church is the only institution which has always preserved, and still preserves, the Bible in all its fulness, and teaches its holy precepts to its people, not a shadow of doubt entering the minds of either the one or the other as to its authenticity.

Surveying the whole situation, the non-Catholic Christian must surely be in a maze of perplexity. As related above, while we have tons upon tons of Bibles sent to foreign nations with the purpose of bringing people the good tidings of salvation, in London, Ont., on the same date, Rev. Geo. W. Dewey, of Empress Ave. Methodist Church, made the declaration, as appeared in the Advertiser of the 20th May: "I don't believe there is such a thing as a Christian Church. I don't know where to find one. . . . I don't believe there is a Christian government upon earth or that there is such a thing as Christian civilization." We think it was Mark Twain who said, after reading an account of his death in a yellow evening paper, "The report is exaggerated." We may say the same of the statement of Rev. Mr. Dewey. His exaggerations would lead to the conclusion that he is more anxious to say things which will put him in the limelight and cause people to talk about him than to preach the simple Gospel message to his congregation. However, the pulpit utterances of the sects nowadays must lead sensible men to believe that the rebellion against the old Church three centuries ago was a sad mistake. Those who went out of her communion are now skating on thin ice out of sight of land and they do not know which direction to take to reach the shore. "Back to Rome" is their only safe course, and they will have to come to it sooner or later. Some of the brightest minds in America have already found the way.

AN EXPLODED "ENTERPRISE"

For more than a generation the non-Catholics of this country have been stirred to the depths year in and year out in regard to the great achievements of what was called the McAll Mission in France. Its agents made representation that the people, and even some of the priests of the French Republic, looked with kindly eye upon the great work being done by Rev. Mr. McAll and his army of evangelists. Money continued to flow into the McAll treasury, and as a consequence, it was hoped that ere long the flag of "evangelicalism" would fly over even Notre Dame and the Madeleine in Paris. Oftentimes we have pitied our non-Catholic fellow-citizens. The conviction has seized them that it is a blessed work to bring the "tidings of salvation" to those they are pleased to call benighted "Romanists" and their cash boxes are flung wide open whenever an appeal is made to them on behalf of such work. In France, Spain, Italy and French Canada these evangelizers enjoy the fat of the land, because of the liberal contributions coming to them from a people easily imposed upon. Of course the time will come, indeed it may be said that it has already come, when the man on the street will conclude that he should not always pin his faith to the padded annual reports of people who are engaged in a work which may not be called an honest mode of earning a livelihood. The following extract, which lately appeared in the Westminster Gazette, will be read with amazement by those who have contributed of their means towards the McAll mission in France:

"According to an article in The Revue the number of Protestants in France is decreasing. They now number 700,000. The Lutherans, who numbered

more than a quarter of a million in 1870, can now boast of a membership of only 50,000 in France. The Calvinists are the most numerous sect left, numbering over half a million. But they are losing ground. At the same time the political influence of the French Protestants is out of all proportion to their numbers. This the writer attributes to their sturdy characters, to their superior system of education, and above all to their great wealth. Their wealth has, however, tended to sap their exclusiveness. They now pay less attention to their religion, and the result is, says the writer in The Revue, that Protestantism in France will in the near future be a thing of the past. This is a rather bold conclusion, and it would be interesting to know if this alleged decrease in the Huguenots is correct."

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

We have received from Toronto, bound neatly in cloth and faultlessly printed on finest paper, the Year Book of St. Michael's College, published by the Students' Parliament and edited by the Graduating Class. To all who had to do with the production of this book the greatest credit is due and we may say, too, that it is worthy of that great educational institution which has done so much for the Catholics of Toronto. The work consists of one hundred and forty-four pages and we need scarcely say to the young and the old, who have been in any way connected with St. Michael's College, it will prove of very great interest. Indeed, we cannot realize that any old pupil will be without a copy in his library. It will remind him of former days and will likewise bring no little satisfaction to note the steady progress of his Alma Mater. The illustrations, we may add, will not only prove of interest to the old pupils but will be worth preserving as the very finest specimens of half tone printing. Truly St. Michael's College boys are up to date and will reflect credit upon their teachers and upon the school. The good Fathers of St. Basil who have charge of the institution are sending into the world young men well equipped to take their places with honor in the highest and best commercial and professional life of the Dominion.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A REGULAR contributor to the Christian Guardian quotes from a Methodist divine a paragraph on the subject of the Jews in America, which, after remarking that "the young people are cutting loose from the old moorings and venturing forth on unknown seas," asks "How can Protestant Canadians best help their Jewish and Catholic neighbors?" The bracketing of Jews and Catholics may be considered significant, and is an evidently unconscious tribute to the truth that while the mission of Judaism came to an end with the coming of Christ, and as a religion has been superseded in the fulness of time by Christianity as embodied in the Holy Catholic Church, yet it is the only religion other than Catholic Christianity that came from the hand of God. The Jews' rejection of the promised Messiah brought upon them the doom of the outcast, and their splendid past, as the chosen people of God, remains now but as a memory. All that was glorious and divine in their religion has become the inheritance of the Catholic Church, but that does not nullify the fact that their religion was in its day the work of Almighty God. In that respect Protestantism, in its every phase, as a purely human creation, is infinitely below the Synagogue, a truth that in unguarded moments its adherents instinctively acknowledge. And, read between the lines, the words quoted in the Christian Guardian exemplify this.

As to the query "How Protestant Canadians can best help their Jewish and Catholic neighbors," it might very well be answered on the Catholic behalf (Jews can best speak for themselves), by continuing the policy of misrepresentation and abuse, of slander and untruth regarding the Catholic Church, which seems inseparable from every form of heresy. It is the simple truth that the more learned and reputable unbelievers in all ages have recognized that, if Christianity is true, the Catholic Church is its only legitimate custodian and exponent. Protestantism had tried to belound this truth, and, where it has in any measure succeeded, it can best dissipate the cloud in the eyes of thinking men by continuing to give the lie to every Christian precept in the manner referred to. They may mislead the weak and the unthinking for a time, but in the estimation of the discerning there can be no surer means of discrediting their own cause than by associating it with conscious and persistent mendacity. And in the ratio that Protestantism is discredited, the beauty and consistency of the Catholic Church is impressed the more strongly upon the unbelieving mind.

WE REFERRED last week to the admitted decline of Methodism in England. That the shrinking or breaking-up process is not confined to the old land, is apparent from the "message" of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States to the

General Conference at Minneapolis. "We face the patent fact," wrote the Bishop, "that our distinctive doctrines are not being emphasized as they once were, or, where preached, are discredited for the time by a gainsaying world drunk with vain philosophies and sated with gluttonous indulgence." The Christian Guardian thinks this needlessly pessimistic, but does it not truly reflect the break-up of Methodist dogma in Canada as much as in the United States? Let doubters peruse the reports of last year's conferences in Toronto and Vancouver and answer in the negative if they can.

"PASTOR" RUSSELL, of Brooklyn, whose sermonistic eccentricities are syndicated all over the English-speaking world, and made the medium of attracting a very generous income to the "Pastor," has had his methods unfeelingly exposed recently by the Brooklyn Eagle. A year ago he started on a world tour, taking in the larger Canadian cities on the way, and to ensure that his "sermons" would get every publicity, and add substantially to his bank account, he brought his very considerable fund of ingenuity into play. This, according to the Eagle, is how the scheme worked out. He left with his manager in Brooklyn full details of his proposed movements and of the sermons he would deliver in certain places. These were to be delivered to the daily papers at proper dates, and to appear as if sent by cable. The itinerary did not, however, work out as scheduled, and the Eagle having obtained a copy of the original instructions has been printing them in parallel columns with what actually occurred. The result is quite ludicrous, and forms an effective expose of the commercial type of religion which too often masquerades under the Christian name. It also emphasizes Barnum's famous saying that the American people like to be humbugged.

THAT THE "Jesuit Oath" scare is not confined to Canada is evident from the letter of a Texas correspondent of America, the influential Catholic weekly of New York. This correspondent sends a copy of the precious production as published in a scurrilous sheet called The Menace, and asks "if it is genuine?" He further asks if "the Catholic hierarchy has a political organization in the United States?" It is difficult to conceive any intelligent person asking such questions in this boasted age of enlightenment, but it must at least be said of America's correspondent that he had the common sense to apply for information in the proper quarter, which may be taken as the first indication of an honest mind.

THE EDITOR of America has replied to the enquiry both through the columns of his journal and by mail direct. And he has done this in the most effective way, by furnishing his correspondent with the true text of the vow a Jesuit takes upon profession, adding that it is in no sense "secret," but is a part of the constitution of the Society of Jesus, which may be found in any well-equipped public library. The incident is instructive as showing under what a mountain of misconception a well-meaning but poorly instructed person may labor in regard to the "City set upon a Hill," and that there is a very easy and effective way of having the mountain removed. It also demonstrates to those who know only the Jesuit of fiction that the Jesuit of fact is before all things a Christian gentleman.

BUT FEW perhaps are aware, that although St. Peter's is the greatest and most celebrated cathedral in the whole world, and has a history of four centuries behind it, (it was of course preceded by another structure on the same site which went back almost to Apostolic days), it still remains uncompleted, according to the original design of its architects. Upwards of forty Pontiffs have sat in Peter's chair since the foundation stone was laid, but it has remained for Pius X., the "restorer of all things in Christ," to furnish the impetus which is to put the crown upon the work. According to the Roman correspondent of the Tablet, the Commission of Architects of the Basilica have, through the medium of Mgr. Di Bisognio, Secretary of the Congregation of the Fabric of St. Peter's, been requested to proceed with the work without delay, a special fund, to which the Archbishop, Cardinal Rampolla has recently made a generous contribution, being in hand for the purpose. This is but another evidence of the all-embracing zeal of one of the greatest of the Popes, His Holiness Pius X.

WHAT CHIEFLY remains to be done, it appears, after more than four centuries of intermittent work, is the casing with marble of the pilasters. A beginning is to be made with the eight pilasters of the apse. Distinguished artists will be consulted as to the kinds of marble to be used, and every care taken to ensure permanency to these finishing touches to the world's cathedral. In a sense, St. Peter's will never be completed, since, while the world lasts, and the vast structure stands over the Tombs of

the Apostles, each succeeding generation will leave its impress upon it. The great Basilica is an epitome of the Church's history. It and its predecessor stretch back, as we have said, almost to St. Peter himself, and deep down in its bosom repose his mortal remains, together with those of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and of a long line of Martyrs and Confessors, of saintly Pontiffs, and of heroic defenders of the Church. In that respect, as in its material fabric, no structure in the world can compare with it.

FOR THE last three years workers in marble have, we are told, been constantly engaged in renewing the immense expanses of the pavement, the floor of the apse and that under the dome, and around the Papal altar being now almost completed. During the present pontificate several of the heroic marble statues of the founders of religious orders have been placed in their double row of niches, and both under Leo XIII. and the reigning Pope important restorations in mosaic and gilding have been effected. Thus to every age it falls to contribute to its perpetuation. The Holy Father, with that all-embracing solicitude which marks him out even in the august line of Pontiffs, takes the deepest interest in the preservation and completion of the edifice. As the greatest shrine in Christendom it is his particular care.

DIOCESAN EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

St. Thomas Times, May 23
A large number of the priests of the London diocese are in the city to-day for the Eucharistic Congress being held at the church of the Holy Angels. This is the second occasion on which such a congress has been held in this diocese, the former occasion being last September at St. Mary's church, London.

The central feature of the congress was the celebration of Pontifical High Mass Thursday morning, the celebration being held at the church of the Holy Angels. The clergy arrived in the city Wednesday and a fine concert was held in the auditorium of the church Wednesday night. Thursday morning Masses were said by a number of priests, starting at 5:30 and continuing up to 9 o'clock, when the celebration of High Mass commenced. The church is beautifully decorated with festoons of yellow and white, the pontifical colors.

LADIES SERVE PINE BANQUET
At noon Thursday the clergy were entertained to a most elaborate dinner in the auditorium of the church, by the ladies of the congregation. The menu prepared and served was one that would do credit to the most up-to-date hotel, while the tables were attractively decorated, the color scheme being white and gold, in keeping with the remainder of the church decorations. Souvenir menu cards were also distributed and the ladies received high praise from the visiting priests for their thoughtfulness.

FROM 4 TO 5 O'CLOCK Thursday afternoon a Holy Hour was held at the church and Thursday evening devotions will be held, commencing at 7:30.

THE PRIESTS PRESENT
Among the priests present for the Congress are the following: Rt. Rev. Mgr. Aylward, London, Cathedral; Rev. D. J. Dwyer, Windsor; Father James, O. F. M., Chatham; Rev. Father Ford, Bothwell; Labelle, Sarnia; Foster, Mt. Carmel; Goodwin, Mt. Carmel; Stroeder, Zurich; Noonan, Dublin; White, St. Columban; Blair, Wingham; Egan, Stratford; Dantzer, Hession; Pitre, Woodstock; Brennan, La Salette; Nagle, St. Joseph; London; James, London; Goetz, Tillsonburg; McKeon and Tobin, London; Tierney, Secretary, London; Valentin, London; Rooney, London; Arnold, Lucan; McCabe, Maidstone; Robert, Walkerville; John Gnan, Ingersoll; Pinnoseault, McGregory; Fuerth, West Lorne; Hussey, Petrolia; Hodgkinson, Woodstock; Langlois, Tecumseh; St. Cyr, Stone Point; Emery, Painscourt; L'Heureux, Belle River; Brisson, Staples; Parent, Tilbury; West, Hogan and Mahoney, St. Thomas.

PROCESSION IS HELD
For the celebration of High Mass the clergy vested in the priests' house and proceeded around the church and in the central doors, followed by a large number of young boys and girls carrying flowers. The girls were all dressed in white, with garlands of flowers about their heads and they took up their stations one at the entrance of each of the pews along the central aisle, the boys taking up their places at the opposite side of the aisle, each of the boys and girls holding a bunch of carnations.

The clergy taking official part in the celebration and in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which concluded the celebration, were as follows:
Celebrant, Right Rev. Bishop Fallon; assistant priest, Rev. Father James, O. F. M.; deacons of honor, Fathers Downey and McKeon; deacon of the Mass, Father Goetz; sub-deacon, Father Blair; masters of ceremonies, Fathers Tierney and Hogan; acolytes, Fathers Goodwin and Valentin; censer bearers, Fathers White and Hussey; canopy bearers, Fathers Fuerth, Egan, Rooney and Stroeder.

SERMON BY FATHER LABELLE
The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Labelle of Sarnia, who spoke on the subject of the Mass. Referring to the words, "This is My Body," this is My Blood," Father Labelle said: "These are the eternal words, these are the Divine words which constitute the central point in the passion, coupled with the words, 'Do this in remembrance of Me.' The belief that the bread, after the consecration was no longer bread, but what Christ said it was, and the belief that the wine was no longer wine but what Christ said it was, was what gave the Church her dignity and her nobility throughout the centuries, about

which centered the hymns of martyrs and the songs of saints. The 'Real Presence' was the belief of St. Chrysostom and the doctors of the middle ages, and it was the doctrine which made a Catholic ready to do anything to decorate the house of God, and was the mystery of faith and also the bulwark of faith.

PROCESSION OF BLESSED SACRAMENT
The procession of the Blessed Sacrament started from the high altar and proceeded down the central aisle and through the vestibules and back to the high altar. About a dozen little girls in white and carrying baskets of flowers strewed flowers in the way for the procession, the central figure of which was the Bishop bearing the Blessed Sacrament under a canopy of gold and white. The spectacle was a very beautiful one and will be remembered by the large congregation.

As the procession advanced towards the altar the boys and girls who were bearing flowers followed and lined up in a double line before the communion rail.
At the conference for priests at 2 p. m. the report of the last Congress was read by Rev. J. T. Valentin, Diocesan Director for the Priests' Eucharistic League. Rev. J. V. Tobin read a paper on the beginning of the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Devotion in which he gave some very interesting information.

His Lordship the Bishop also addressed a few words to the priests and extended thanks to Father West and his assistants.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

REV. FATHER DOMINIC, C. P., RECEIVED CARDINAL NEWMAN INTO THE CHURCH AT LITTLEMORE IN OCTOBER, 1845

During the past year The Cross, a monthly magazine conducted by the Passionist Fathers of England, published a series of articles entitled "Leaves From the Annals of the Passionists in Great Britain and Ireland." Among the most interesting of these is the record of the missionary work performed by the Rev. Father Dominic whose cause of beatification has been introduced at Rome.

Father Dominic came to England from Belgium in 1841 and labored on the English mission until August 27, 1849, when he died at Reading in the fifty-eighth year of his age, and was buried in a vault beneath the sanctuary of St. Michael's Church at Stone in Staffordshire. His remains were removed in 1854 and, after many vicissitudes, at last found a resting-place in the crypt of St. Anne's Church, Sutton.

Father Dominic was instrumental in receiving into the Church the distinguished clergyman who afterwards became Cardinal Newman, as well as many other less prominent than Newman in the Tractarian Movement in England. Father Dominic first came in direct contact with the Tractarian Movement in 1841 while he resided at Eze in Belgium; and from that time until his death it was much in his thoughts and prayers.

At the close of the year Dr. Newman, accompanied by Mr. St. John, visited Father Dominic and his community at Ashton Hall, staying three days from December 31st till January 2nd. It was probably the last time that Father Dominic and his distinguished convert met on this side of the grave.

NEWMAN AND HIS FRIENDS
At the end of 1842 Newman who was the most prominent of the Oxford Tractarians to enter the Church, returned to Littlemore where he was joined by some companions, including Dalgairns. Together they lived a quasi-monastic life, passing the time in prayer and study. What hopes Father Dominic conceived from their silence and seclusion we have no means of knowing, but certain it is, these men and their struggles filled him with the respect and interest he especially prized the first opportunity that offered of paying them a visit and becoming personally acquainted with them. His retreat at Radford in June 1844, brought him nearer Oxford than he had yet been, and at its conclusion he bent his steps towards Littlemore and crossed the threshold of Newman's cottage for the first time. His visit was short, but probably not so fruitless as it seemed. What fresh ardour must have been added to his prayers for those whose last agony on the deathbed of their Anglicanism he had caught a glimpse.

Newman, in his "Apologia," says of Dr. Russell, of Maynooth: "He had perhaps a more complete conversion than anyone else." He let me alone." In the margin left open by the influence of Father Dominic's prayers. The first fruit and recompense of these prayers came in a letter from Dalgairns, who in September (1845) wrote expressing his intention to make his conversion to the Church, and asking to be received at Aston Hall. . . . Dalgairns went to Aston Hall and was there received into the Church by Father Dominic, on the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel the heavenly patron of the Congregation of the Passion.

the same early the next morning. (October 9th, 1845)"
On the same day three made profession of the Catholic Faith in the accustomed form in their private chapel and this with such piety and fervor as exceedingly rejoiced my heart.

"This having been accomplished I gave canonical absolution and afterwards conditional Baptism to all the converts. On the next day I celebrated Mass in their chapel and administered the Holy Eucharist to the Reverend gentlemen, viz. Dr. Newman, St. John, Bowles, Stanton and Dalgairns, esq." A more picturesque description of Father Dominic's visit to Littlemore and his doings there is given by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, from whom we quote the following: "Father Dominic, after spending some hours in Newman's cell, visited Bowles and Stanton. His bow to the Pieti—a German coloured print—as he entered Bowles' room, was a part of his pious simplicity. . . . 'My dear brother,' Father Dominic began to Bowles, 'I am surprised that you should dwell in a Church which has no ideas.' What followed is hardly remembered now, but need for controversy there was not at all." These three—the Vicar and the two disciples, entered the curious chapel on Thursday afternoon, October 9th, 1845, and stood in a line together. Function there was none; and Ritualism hid her face. The bowl of Baptism was of domestic, not of ecclesiastical pattern; and all else was of a like.

NEWMAN RECEIVES FIRST COMMUNION

"Then Father Dominic gave a little address, saying his Nunc Dimittis, Dalgairns and St. John went into Oxford to the primitive Catholic chapel—St. Clement's—and borrowed from the old priest, Father Newham, an altar stone and vestments, so that Father Dominic might say Mass the next morning—the first in the city of Littlemore. At that Mass the neophytes received their first Communion. The fervour of Father Dominic, when he made his thanksgiving, greatly impressed the converts, who had not been accustomed in Anglicanism to see so much emotion in prayer. One little incident may be recorded as being not at all uninteresting. On the day of their reception into the Church, Father Dominic went into the chapel with the catechumens and recited the office with them. But when they came to the record of how St. Denis, after his martyrdom, put his head under his arm and walked about Father Dominic cried out and shipped it over. He thought and thought might be a difficulty to beginners; but he did not know his men; for who was more familiar with miracles and the authority assigned to them than the author of those Essays which had made Macaulay exclaim, 'The times require a Middleton?' In truth, the neophytes were a little scandalized at his conduct, but it condensed into a few words the nature of the 'letters,' which Campbell declared Orangemen will sacrifice their lives rather than wear. Equally before the law of the land is the 'bondage,' which the spokesman of the Orangemen declared last Monday in the House of Commons his constituents would never submit to.

AMUSING INCIDENT

The Dublin Freeman's Journal correspondent gives the following interesting incidents of the debate on the Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons:
P. O'Connor and Timothy Healy rose at the same time. Loud cries of "Healy" came from the Tory benches, but the Speaker called upon Mr. O'Connor, who for over an hour held the attention of a crowded House with a speech which even for so accomplished an orator and Parliamentarian, was exceptional. His way, however, was long and successful. At the beginning he had to check some of the O'Brien Party, who were interrupting him. About the middle of his speech his hand came down heavily upon the hat and head of Mr. Healy, and there was a roar of childish delight which these accidents always give to members. Mr. O'Connor drew attention to the solidity of the support of the Bill; all the nationalist members, even those below him, and all the Ministerialists were for it.

DIocese OF LONDON

INTERESTING EVENT AT ST. THOMAS—FATHER WEST HONORED—ADDRESS BY THE BISHOP

St. Thomas Times, May 23
A presentation by the students and ex-students of the Holy Angels school to the Rev. Father West, and an address by Bishop Fallon were the features at an unusually excellent entertainment given in the auditorium of the Holy Angels church on Wednesday evening, under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

The presentation and the speech by Bishop Fallon came at the conclusion of the interesting program, which was intensely listened to by about five hundred people, including about fifteen of the priests who had come here for the conference.

The gift to Rev. Father West came from those who for the past seven years, the extent of the Reverend Father's pastorate, had been students at the school, and was in the form of a beautiful gold ostensorium, used in the benediction. The address and presentation was made by Norman Black, who eloquently made a complimentary reference to Father West's connection with the school and to the love the children held for him. Father West, who was taken completely by surprise, made a feeling reply, returning thanks and assuring the young people that they would ever have his best prayers and blessings.

an Hibernian Contra Mundum. Ulster was not only against the rest of Ireland, but against the Empire, and against the rest of the world. The Ulster man feared bigotry. It was natural they should; they feared that others would do to them as they had done to others.

INCIDENT OF A DERRY ORANGEMAN
Another episode soon after occurred here. "At the time of the accession of George V," he began again. The House enjoyed Mr. O'Connor's patience, but soon the whole place rang with laughter at the quotation itself. It was the declaration of an Orangeman in Derry, who speaking on the Accession Oath Bill, warned the King of the fate of King James, but begged his audience "to give King George a chance before they came to any decision."

PREPARED TO SWIM THE SEA OF SLAUGHTER

"I will swim the sea of slaughter and sink beneath the wave" is a line from the Seminoles' defiance which has been vigorously declaimed by several generations of American school boys. Just now the Orangemen, though possessing not a particle of the Seminoles' daring but counting not on ever trying to be his understudy. James Hour, Muesen Campbell, member from the Dublin University, striking the attitude of a schoolboy about to recite the Seminoles' reply, amused the House of Commons recently by indulging in this piece of declamation: "You may sell us into bondage, but the Premier and the Party are yet to be created which will compel us to wear letters. The Ulstermen are prepared to hold life cheap rather than sacrifice everything that makes life worth living."

A cable dispatch states that "the Nationalists were amused at his outburst and cheered Sir Rufus Isaacs, the British Attorney General, when he rose to reply." No wonder Ireland's Parliamentary representatives were highly amused by this piece of redomation. Knowing the Orange gentry thoroughly, they can place an exact estimate upon such threats as these uttered by the representative of Dublin University. The British Attorney General, in the course of his reply, proposed them mercilessly. Referring to the Orangemen's professions of loyalty, he said it was of a conditional character. We quote his own words: "This loyalty is a conditional loyalty, enduring only so long as they (the Orangemen) are able to coerce the majority of the Irishmen." This is an exceedingly well expressed sentiment. A few words the nature of the "letters," which Campbell declared Orangemen will sacrifice their lives rather than wear. Equally before the law of the land is the "bondage," which the spokesman of the Orangemen declared last Monday in the House of Commons his constituents would never submit to.

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Bishop Fallon who was called on by the chairman, J. S. Graney, made a particularly happy speech. After thanking those present for their grateful and welcome congratulations, he congratulated them on the presentation to Rev. Father West, on the eve of the first diocesan congress ever held in the church, he urged them to show their appreciation of the great privilege of being able to attend such a thing by coming to the services in large numbers.

"I am quite incapable of saying what I think of the programme presented here to-night," continued His Lordship, "You know I am not a flatterer, yet I must say to-night's programme was quite extraordinary and executed in an extraordinary manner. I am not sure the people of St. Thomas really appreciate what they have in the way of talent. My experience has been wide and varied and I must truthfully say that to-night's programme is the most ambitious I have ever heard, considering the years of those taking part. They displayed real musical ability and all are entitled to credit."

"This hurts me. I had charge of Holy Angels school in Buffalo for a number of years and although there were great many more children than in Holy Angels here, and I was fond and proud of them, I cheerfully, willingly and truthfully give the palm to-night to the Holy Angels of St. Thomas. Music of such a character refines and elevates the taste, strengthens the character, makes women more womanly and men more manly, cultivates the heart and the best of the faculties of the human nature. Again I repeat you don't realize what excellent talent you have here." Honorably remarked, with a sly look at the priests from London: "If you don't think so, come to London and see the alleged entertainments offered there."

His Lordship thanked the trustees and the Sisters for their good work, and turning to the children directed a few remarks to them, concluding with: "I am just as proud of you as are your parents."

GIVEN PAINTED PROGRAM

His Lordship, on taking his seat at the commencement of the program was presented with a handsome hand painted program and welcomed to the church by Hugh Conley, son of A. P. Conley, in a neat address.

AN AFRICAN DUEL

AMUSING VERBAL ENCOUNTER BETWEEN A PROTESTANT SCHOOLMASTER AND A NEGRO CATECHIST

Father Zappa, Prefect Apostolic of the Upper Niger, writes: "Not long ago a Protestant schoolmaster, quite a big fellow, with a big Bible under his arm, introduced himself to one of our catechists, who was just going home from working in his field, his only dandyism a little loin cloth, his only books the beads of his rosary."
"Not in the least put out by the pedagogic's visit, our catechist, wiping the sweat from his brow simply invited his guest to be seated, and, sitting down, too, welcomed him cordially. Were they not brothers? But good work, and the catechist had remained contentedly at home amongst his fields, the other more ambitious, had gone to the 'capital' and, being on his way home that day, felt like the soldier returning from service, that he would like to show off a bit before his former comrade, the poor, ignorant fellow who had left himself be caught by the Papists."

"An attack is easier than defense. He at once opened up the old, time-worn repertory of the hundred and one objections brought forward upon such occasions. The attack grew hotter and more animated, the less signs our man gave of being impressed. In fact, the latter, having taken a good drink of fresh water, calmly took an old pipe from a pouch, out a quid from a piece of tobacco in a wooden box by his side, and paying little heed to the wordy harangue of the schoolmaster, who struck blow after blow destined to crush the little that remains of the poor Catholic Church, very carefully filled his pipe and puffed away. Those who understand the ways of our blacks know that these long puffs foretell a smothering unpleasant."
"Our pedagogic, growing more heated, more and more carried away by his subject, gradually raised his voice, his laugh grew more mocking, his epithets more scathing. He finally reached the climax—the 'immoral, colicky' of the priests. At that solemn moment, in the paroxysm of his fury, his throat filled

up with saliva, which, bringing on a fit of coughing, stopped the flow of eloquence. Once silenced, it was our catechist's turn, and he seized it.
"Have you done talking?"
"A nod was the reply."
"Thereupon, according to local etiquette the catechist was in possession of the field. Taking his time, he put out his pipe with a pinch of dust, shook it, bowl downwards, to get rid of the nicotine, laid it down beside him, once more assured his visitor that he was welcome, then delivered his oration as follows:

"I have listened to all you had to say, and your words still ring in my ears; but if you wish me to answer every one of them you must make up your mind to listen not only all night, but until morning, and perhaps longer. Now, as I don't believe you are more anxious to sit up all night than I am, I will only just answer your last argument, and perhaps you will find that quite enough."
"You say our priests are wrong in not marrying, and that your ministers are right in having wives. You think so; that is your affair. But, for my part, I believe one thing: it is that priests, Bishops and the chief of all the Bishops are the representatives of our Lord, and that consequently they are bound to represent Him in our eyes. Now, where do you find in our big book you have just been flourishing that our Lord had a wife like you or me? It is our priests, then, who are most like Him, not yours."

"There were witnesses by whose looks betrayed a satisfaction rather disconcerting for the schoolmaster. By moonlight in the mission garden the comments were lively."
"The full moon was already on the wane that night when the catechist once more put out his pipe and went to bed. Was he thinking over the answer he had given his learned opponent? In any case, it was not the missionaries who had placed the words upon his lips, but another who knows far better than they how to work."

CATHOLIC OR ROMAN CATHOLIC?

The Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Professor of Theology in Maynooth College, writes thus strongly in favor of the name "Catholic" instead of "Roman Catholic": "We all know in Ireland what certain classes of Protestants mean when they call us 'Roman Catholics.' We have met many Catholics, notwithstanding, who, for the sake of peace . . . take no very strong objection to it, but never, till now, have we met a Catholic theologian who insists that the title is the 'only true' one. What were the authors of the Apostles' and the Nicene Creed thinking about when they settled the formulae? Were they aware that they were rejecting the 'only' title that was 'true'? Were the Fathers hopelessly wrong when they gloried in the name of 'Catholic,' and refused to employ any prefix, however technically correct, that might even seem to limit its extension? Was Cardinal Consalvi battling about mere words when, as delegate of the Pope at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, he admitted the titles 'Roman' and 'Catholic' separately, but objected to the joint combination? Were the Fathers of the Vatican Council oblivious of the claims of divine truth when, by a practically unanimous vote, they rejected the name 'Roman Catholic' as favoring the heresy that divides the Catholic world into three parts—Greek, Anglican, and Roman? (Coll. Lac. vii, 246) At best, the name 'Roman Catholic' is antiquated; in these countries it is much worse, for it suggests, as some Anglicans do, the possibility of a Church that is Catholic without being Roman. It emphasizes, some may say, the doctrine of the Roman Supremacy. Yes; but at the expense of limiting the Pope's jurisdiction to a mere fraction of the Catholic world. 'Some of our catechisms use the title.' Undoubtedly, true; but what right has any private compiler to run counter to the Catechism of Trent, ignore the decree of the Vatican, and rebaptize the Church with the very name her enemies are anxious to give her? * * * The title 'Catholic' was good enough for the Fathers. It is still good enough for us. Why give up the name by which we are known to history, and borrow in its stead a dangerous, sectarian title, born of the brain of a jeering reformer?"

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TRINITY SUNDAY THE DIVINE MAJESTY

"For of Him, and by Him, and in Him are all things: to Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen. To-day, my dear brethren, the Church, having completed the round of feasts and fasts which she began on Christmas, having brought to our remembrance our Lord's birth, His holy childhood, His ministry on earth, His Passion and death, His glorious resurrection and ascension, and the coming of the Holy Ghost as He had promised, finally brings us into the presence of the Being by Whom all these wonderful works have been accomplished, and Who is the sole object of our adoration, the ever Blessed Trinity, the three Divine Persons, the one God. She bids us contemplate, so far as it is possible for us, the great and ineffable mystery into the faith of which we have been baptized, and to join with the angels and saints in the canticles of heaven. "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Who was, and Who is, and Who is to come."

"Of Him, and by Him, and in Him are all things," says the apostle, reminding us of this highest of all the teachings of the Christian faith. Of the Father is the Son, and in the Son is the Holy Ghost, Who proceeds from the Father and the Son, and in Whom is His life and mutual love. The distinction of the Divine Persons is thus intimated to us; but the divine nature is only One; of, by, and in that One are and all things created. We and all the world around us are of God: not part of Him, nor born of Him according to nature, nor proceeding from His substance, but still of Him in that we owe our being entirely to Him, Who drew us from nothing by His Almighty power. Nothing to us has ever existed outside of God Himself except through the wonderful, incomprehensible act of creation. From nothing, nothing of itself could come; all things are from and of God, Who created them from nothing.

By His Almighty power, then, we have been created, and by it now we are sustained. We could not live for a moment except by His continual support. It is only by His aid that we can draw a single breath, walk a single step, or perform the simplest act. The winds and the waters, and all the powers of nature, as we call them, and His powers, too, which He lends to us, and makes subservient to our use.

And in Him we live and move and are. He is nearer to us than we are ourselves. It is not only that He makes us live; it is His life by which we live; our life comes from and belongs to His eternal life. The Son of God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is in Himself; ours is in Him.

To Him, then, the one and only true God, "be glory," as the apostle says, "for ever and ever." How often we say these words, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," and how little do we think of what they mean! If all that we are and have is from God, by Him and in Him, how can we set ourselves apart from Him, or claim anything for ourselves against Him? How can we glory in ourselves, or desire glory from others, when all glory, praise, and honor belong to Him from Whom, by Whom, and in Whom all things are?

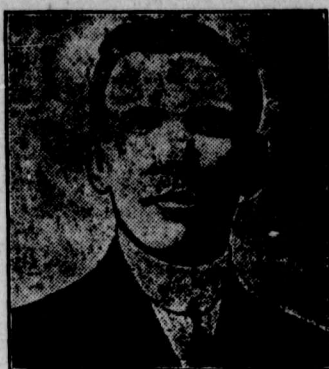
For this is what it means when we say, "Glory be to God." Not some glory or praise or recognition of His greatness from us, as a sort of tax or tribute which we must pay to keep our right for ourselves. No, when we have given glory to God as we should, there will be nothing left for us to keep. This is the perfection of the creature, to prostrate itself at the foot of its Creator's throne, and to cast all the crowns it has received before Him that almighty throne, and to say with the angels and saints in heaven, "Thou art worthy, O Lord our God, to receive glory and honor and power, because Thou hast created all things, and for Thy will they were and have been created."

CORPUS CHRISTI IN A PARIS CONVENT

The June Sunday upon which the Fete Dieu, the Feast of Corpus Christi, is held dawned fair and cloudless. The Convent as usual wakes with the birds. Everything is of a cheerful countenance. The sisters are all in new habits. Mère Placide is positively bashful in her fresh black and clean starched cowl. The seours converse gaily about with shining faces. No work of a mental character is ever done on a Sunday, though to the lay mind the distinctions are sometimes difficult of comprehension. On this Sunday of Sundays the whole community must be happy. M. Combes may well look the other way whilst the sun shines so brilliantly on this little band of the faithful. That the dread spectre ever present in any French convent of to-day is not wholly banished from their midst, however, is made manifest by Mère Placide's unwonted gravity when she lingers a moment in the garden with her guests at Midday. In the morning there has been a rumour that a procession for the Fete Dieu is to be held in one of the suburbs in deliberate defiance of law and order. The sisters are pale and anxious. The good cause cannot be furthered by unseemly rioting. Even Mère Placide, the most militant among them, in spite of a certain curiosity to learn the issue, maintains an air of grave disapproval. She discusses the matter in all its bearings with her usual astonishing shrewdness and good sense, but with an underlying strain of sadness. When she turns to go there is a touch of tragic dignity in her attitude. "We will ask you to pray for us this afternoon, mesdemoiselles," she says, "that our buildings are not taken from us, that we are not the homeless like so many others." Notre Dame de Bon Secours is a missionary order, and it is probable that the very active work done by the large community in many parts of the world may be its safeguard from the ever-increasing demands of the State. But the Government, since changes so often, and in France there can at present be little security in the Church, and especially in those religious

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orders associated by the closest ties with Rome. In any case it is no hard matter for the most Protestant mind to pray for the peace and continuance of a home outside the moral shelter of which these good women would find it difficult indeed to place themselves, and the promise is gladly given.

The procession of the Saint Sacrament is to take place before the service of the Salut which is to be held in the garden and after Vespers have been sung in the chapel.

During the long bright morning which would be so hot in the streets of Paris, but here it is so infinitely cool and shady—the least touches are being put to the improvised altar before the statue of the Virgin at the end of the principal aisle. The fine linen cloth with which it is covered is edged with priceless lace, one of the treasures of the convent. It must be owned that there is a touching simplicity in some of the adornments employed by the novices, notable among these being a variety of paper frills, obviously offered by the kitchen. But the whole effect is sweet and reverent. In these rare flowers everywhere. This time, for the glory of God, Joseph is allowed to work his will on the rose bushes, and in the altar vases are tall white lilies with which the air is fragrant. The very garden seems to have put forth its best strength for the Fete Dieu, and these are flowers everywhere. A brave show! all the old-fashioned country flowers flourish happily under Joseph's ministrations here in the heart of Paris.

At four o'clock all the doors and windows and shutters of La Solitude are carefully closed. It is difficult, in face of the great wall behind the elm trees, to imagine the possibility of marauders other than cats; but caution is one of the rules of life in a convent, and for the next hour or so this little corner will be entirely unprotected even by the faithful Joseph.

The chapel looks larger and lighter in the June sunshine than it did on those chilly March days when the philanthropic ladies met there. The light streams through the clear glass windows on either side of the nave. Here also the air is heavy with the scent of lilies. Every available seat not occupied by the community is thronged with former pupils and their parents, for this is a great day in the neighborhood, and the sisters as well as the children love an opportunity of coming again to the convent. An old Monsieur deeply venerated by the sisters, has come to conduct the service, and the red of his vestments adds a touch of color to the sombre mass of black habits in the building. In the path of the Fete Dieu, collecting the banners and the pretty little girls in their white frocks and veils whom she has chosen to carry them.

The chapel of Notre Dame de Bon Secours has always been noted for its music. Here Gounod used to come Sunday after Sunday to worship with the sisters, and often to listen to his own compositions sung by the black-robed choir. Now the voices rise and fall in the unison commanded by Pius X., which the sisters themselves, with all respectful submission to the Holy Father, are inclined to think has a little interfered with the beauty of their music. But to some hearing it brings an admir-

able effect of simple devotion, swept and garnished of any suggestion of the opera house or the concert room. There are some fine voices in the choir, and the sister presiding at the organ is a true musician. The Latin words of Bach's beautiful hymn "Oh Heart ever joyful" seem to rise in waves of true faith and joyousness from the very hearts of the singers, solemnly accentuated by intervals of silent prayer between the verses. The office closes with that petition to the Virgin to help those who are in trouble, and to intercede pro devoto femine sexu, which must have a peculiar significance in a French convent at the present day.

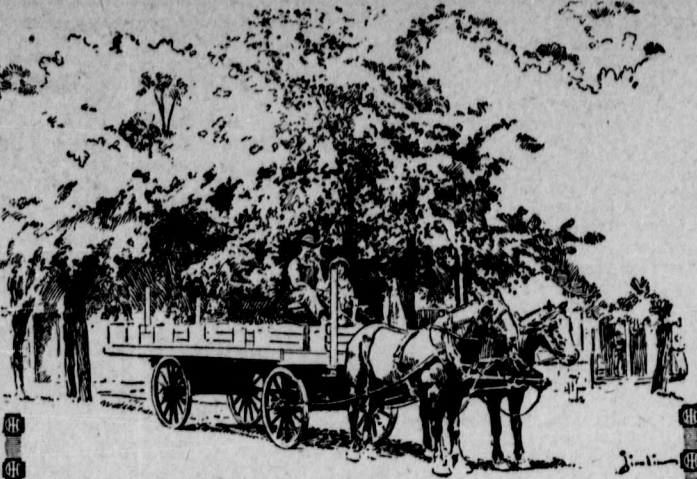
Slowly the Host, borne aloft under the gold and white canopy, passes through the kneeling congregation, and the Virgin to help those who are in trouble, and to intercede pro devoto femine sexu, which must have a peculiar significance in a French convent at the present day. The office closes with that petition to the Virgin to help those who are in trouble, and to intercede pro devoto femine sexu, which must have a peculiar significance in a French convent at the present day. The office closes with that petition to the Virgin to help those who are in trouble, and to intercede pro devoto femine sexu, which must have a peculiar significance in a French convent at the present day.

Tantum ergo Sacramentum Veneremur cernui. The light falls softly on the black habits of the nuns or the bent heads of the people. The mere simplicity of the scene is impressive. Surely the expression of the Catholic faith is heard here in all its primitive sincerity.

Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes: laudate eum, omnes populi. The congregation rises to its feet with the triumphant burst of Gounod's music. A blackbird in the chestnut tree above the altar sings with all his might determined to make himself heard in this hymn of praise to the Creator of all. And why should he not? Certainly the good sisters would not wish to exclude him from their song of thanksgiving.

Slowly the procession forms again, and the people fall once more on their knees as the Host is borne past them beneath the rich canopy. Joseph's little children, mites in clean pinafores, stand up from amongst the sisters in the rear and gaze wide-eyed at the acolytes and their swinging censers, until the parental hand forces them gently into a seemly attitude of devotion. One old grandfather, too old to kneel, leans heavily on his stick, the sun shining on his bared silver head, and crosses himself devoutly with a shaking hand as the Saint Sacrament passes. To the on-lookers there is something of a beautiful anachronism in this medieval scene in the heart of twentieth-century Paris.

The little white-robed children, scattering their rose leaves, emblems of the Passion, in the path of the B. M. Dieu, instinctively recall the angels of Bonagill on the walls of the Perugia gallery, with their sweet tear-laden eyes, their wreathed heads, and their baskets of roses. But the eyes of these small Parisian maidens, solemn though they are for the moment, are fixed from tears on those of some of their elders. As the procession of the Saint Sacrament winds slowly away under the trees, the choir singing the Ave Maria, the bright path of color made by the priestly vestments thrown up in strong relief against the mass of black habits in the building. In the path of the Fete Dieu, collecting the banners and the pretty little girls in their white frocks and veils whom she has chosen to carry them. It is impossible not to wonder whether the June sun will shine upon such another procession within these walls again. In any case, for those who have



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been privileged to join in it, this afternoon's ceremony will be stored amongst life's most fragrant memories; and there are many who will never smell the scent of crushed rose-leaves, or see the golden light falling across a bed of tall white lilies, without thinking of the Fete Dieu in the Paris garden.

Mère Placide, coming into the dining-room of La Solitude an hour later, has little to say. Her heart is probably full of love and regret for her children, but, if her air of repose is to be trusted, of confidence, rather than of fear, in the future. Everybody is a little touched and subdued. Even the birds have ceased to sing, and a calm which is full of sweetness broods over the convent.

Presently, however, when the dames pensionnaires are sitting under the trees outside the little house, the tension is very sensibly relieved by the sounds of genuine play and merriment coming from the larger garden. "It is the novices," says one of the ladies, who knows the convent well: "they are still keeping their feet." It is not good manners to invade the gardens at this hour, but by peeping through the privet hedge it is impossible to see that it is indeed the novices, and they are playing a modified form of the jeu de paume. The novices are so busy that they cannot leave their exercise to their cheeks and a brightness to their eyes. Shouts of

laughter and cherry expostulations rouse the echoes of the darkening dices. Here there is no lack of healthy animal spirits, a little bewildering perhaps to the minds of those to whom the convent walls suggest mere suppression. Certainly they are old, these novices, to be playing ball like young schoolgirls. But what would you? as the Mere Economie would say. Nature will out, and the good sisters like to see them happy. The game does not last long, however. The great clock strikes nine; Mère Placide comes slowly across the garden in the gathering dusk. Complete silence has already fallen upon the girls, who have grouped themselves with unconscious effect; a study in black and white against the great statue of the Virgin whose the altar stood a few short hours before. The evening hymn rises softly in the pure girlish voices. The watcher behind the privet hedge tries to catch the words, but little more than the refrain of each verse is audible:

Je vous remercie, Seigneur: Merci, merci, mon Dieu.

Surely the good God still walks in His garden in the cool of the evening, and may accept this simple hymn of thanksgiving for a happy holiday and for the gift of His sunshine on the blessed fete of the Saint Sacrament.—Rose M. Bradley in Nineteen Century and After.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

A short time ago, an acquaintance said to the writer: "Why does not the Church do more to abolish the terrible conditions under which men suffer?"

For nineteen centuries the Church has fought for the reign among men of the principles of justice and charity.

Then, if these insurgents happen to be in the majority in town, city or nation, and pass laws which are unjust and oppressive, and which, in their application, are the occasion of great suffering, what can the Church do to remedy the evils?

It is a great misfortune that the Church, organized against her, battle against her in secret, then, if they blunder and grope hither and thither, despising the Deologue, putting the stamp of public adoration upon unjust or immoral men, simply because these have wealth, or power, or gained position, why should not they be held responsible for the dreadful effects of their own stupid pride?

Then again! What right have non-churchmen to ask aid from the Church? They never contribute labor, influence or money to help her or her work.

Therefore, the only way possible for the Church to mitigate the present dreadful economic and moral disorders and conditions, is to extend her influence over the minds of those who now reject her and her authoritative interpretation and application of Christ's teaching.

This is a great work, one absolutely necessary in which Catholic young men should take a vital interest. They must meet and vanquish conditions which at present, are a fearful menace.

What mental or spiritual preparation is being made for the conflict by millions upon millions in our own country, who, theoretically and in daily life, are not less atheistic and irreligious than any among the hordes either here or in

travels? Don't you remember something about "sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind?"

The Church is doing the best she can, considering the kind of men, good, bad and indifferent, friend and foe, with whom she has to deal.

IT IS A DISGRACE NOT TO MATCH OUR POSSIBILITIES

There are a thousand evidences in the very formation of our bodies and brains, that we were planned and equipped in every detail of our marvelous structure to achieve great things, to accomplish something worth while; and it is a disgrace not to live up to our birthright, not to match our possibilities.

Set the mind toward the thing you would accomplish, so resolutely, so definitely, and with such vigorous determination, and put so much grit into your resolution, that nothing on earth can turn you from your purpose until you attain it.

This very assertion of superiority, the assumption of power, the affirmation of belief in your ability to gain a competence, the mental attitude that claims success as an inalienable birthright, will strengthen the whole man and give power to a combination of faculties which doubt, fear, and a lack of confidence undermine.

Confidence is the Napoleon in the mental army. It doubles and triples the power of all the other faculties. The whole mental army waits until confidence leads the way.

Even a race horse can not the prize after in has once lost confidence in itself. Courage, born of self confidence, is the prod which brings out the last ounce of reserve force.—Success.

COURTESY AND FRIENDLINESS

Friendliness is, after all, but a little more than courtesy. Any man can be courteous without much effort, but apparent only a few connect the two.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A GREAT MAN'S KINDNESS

You invariably will find, little children, that great and good men and women are fond of the small folk and of animals. The other day in the city of Dublin, Ireland, a beautiful monument was unveiled to a great man whose devotion to children was a distinguishing trait, and whose fondness for animals was marked.

My first impression of Charles Stewart Parnell, says this writer "was got when, as a small child, I was set into the dining-room of the house where he was staying, and the memory of him as I saw him then tinctures all my more recent knowledge of him.

little brain long as to how she was to obtain the treasure in which her heart was set. Three times she made an assault on the citadel of the schoolroom, and each time she was routed. At last she thought of Parnell. She went and found him in his study, and with eyes brimming with tears, told him her trouble.

The familiar affection and understanding which Parnell gave to children extended to animals. He was never without two or three dogs, and it was a clear revelation of the kindness of his heart and the great sympathy of his nature that his favorite dogs were treasured more for the misfortune that had gone through than for any intrinsic merit or beauty.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART

ITS DOCTRINAL BASIS

The feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus falls within the month of June and by the common consent of the faithful, this month—June of the roses—is consecrated in a special way to the beautiful devotion of the Sacred Heart.

Of late years, devotion to the Sacred Heart has become world wide; wherever a Catholic heart beats, there this devotion flourishes, especially under the form of the nine first Fridays.

THE ULTIMATE END AND OBJECT OF ALL FEATS IN HONOR OF JESUS CHRIST IS TO HONOR THE PERSON OF THE ETERNAL WORD.

Now, though the Person of the Eternal Word may be the common end to which all devotions in honor of Our Dear Lord tend, yet each feast day, each devotion may have its own peculiar object.

THE DIRECT OBJECT OF DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART IS THE MATERIAL HEART OF JESUS CHRIST, THE VERY HEART OF FLESH, THE REAL, LIVING, PALPITATING HEART OF OUR SAVIOUR—THE HEART WHICH BEAT IN HIS BOSSOM AT THE INCARNATION WHICH Poured forth its ruddy tide on Calvary's hill.

When he was only thirteen years of age he entered the monastery of the Norbertine Canon, where he led a very holy life. He had all the virtues of a true religious, being humble, and chaste, and amiable, but above all he had a great love for Mary.

THE STANDARD ARTICLE USED EVERYWHERE THE KIND THAT PLEASURES THE PEOPLE MOST PERFECT MADE

was declared blessed, and now as children of the Catholic Church, we can pray to him, addressing him as Blessed Hermann Joseph.

It is, as I said before, hundreds of years ago since Blessed Hermann Joseph lived, and yet you, a little child of the twentieth century are reading about him, so you see his memory is not dead now, because the life he lived lives still, and you are hearing about it.

Therefore according to the rigid canons of faith, every part of Our Lord's body—His sacred head, crowned with thorns, His sacred hands, tied to the pillar, His sacred feet, nailed to the cross—His sacred side, pierced with a lance—His sacred Heart bleeding and burning with divine love—is worthy of the supreme homage, adoration and love of men and angels.

IT WILL PLEASE HER MORE THAN TO RECEIVE HOLY COMMUNION WORTHILY, AND TO DO IT IN HONOR OF HER.—EXTENSION.

er, Jesus Christ, the second person of the most holy Trinity.

The two natures exist, not separately, but unitedly, not separately and without being confounded. The union is real, indissoluble and eternal; but without regard to the manner in which it takes place, the union is inexplicable and incomprehensible.

After the Incarnation, the Archangel Gabriel adored the Sacred Humanity of Christ with the same supreme worship which he paid to the Divine Word—the Eternal Godhead, before the Incarnation. The Blessed Virgin adored and loved the Incarnate Word while yet shut up in her holy womb.

like any other child, "in age and wisdom"—new ideas seem daily to flow upon His intellect—yet she adores the hidden Omnipotent God.

We can kneel before the representation or symbol of this devotion—the burning Heart, surrounded with a cross of suffering, and surrounded with flames of burning love. From this representation we can lift up our minds to heaven where is the reality—the real living and loving Heart of Jesus; or without thinking of heaven, we can turn toward the tabernacle, containing the "Holy of Holies," the most Holy Eucharist, the adorable Body and Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

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IT IS DEFINED, AS OF DIVINE FAITH, THAT THE SACRED HUMANITY OF CHRIST IS TO BE ADORED BY THE SAME SUPREME HOMAGE AND WORSHIP AS HIS DIVINITY.

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Are you one of those to whom every meal is another source of suffering? Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets will help your disordered stomach to digest any reasonable meals, and will soon restore it to such perfect condition that you'll never feel that you have a stomach.

You can build cheaper—Your buildings will look better and will last a life-time if you build with

METALLIC Proof against Fire, Weather Lightning and Vermin THE METALLIC CO. Limited

SUMMER TEMPERATURE ALL WINTER PEASE HOT WATER BOILER AND this with a lower fuel cost, if you use a PEASE ECONOMY BOILER.

WM. STEVELY & SON, Local Representatives, LONDON

"Grandpa Says THESE Are Good for Little Boys!"

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS "GOOD" is right. Pure chocolate, pure milk and pure sugar—that's what Maple Buds are. They're not only good to the taste—they're nourishing and wholesome.

VELOK MOTOR WASHER If you have running water in your home, why make a drudge of yourself by washing every week, when a VELOK Water Motor Washing Machine will wash your clothes as fast as two women could do their necessary operations, such as bleaching, rinsing, hanging out, etc.

A CONSOLING SPECTACLE

THE PROCESSION OF CONVERTS INTO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH—FOR THE THOUGHTFUL SOUL, TRULY ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME

Of late years, remarks Truth scarcely a day passes by which fails to present the consoling spectacle of men and women of character and ability crying for admission into the one true Church of Jesus Christ.

The fascination of stories of conversion lies in their variety. To-day an agnostic literary genius, the idol of the people of Paris, quietly knocks at the door of the Church; to-morrow the Protestant rector of a dearly beloved country parish in Ohio asks for conditional baptism; on the banks of the Hudson an Episcopalian ascetic who has been trying for years to follow in the steps of Christ Crucified announces his need of the guidance of the Holy Spirit in the metropolitan woman of culture and of an honorable position in society starts her immediate exodus with the news that she has just been received into the Catholic Church.

SOME LATE CONVERTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

During the last three months many non-Catholics have been enclosed in the net of St. Peter. The following is a partial list of some of the more prominent converts, receive at home and abroad, as well as other items of interest.

Skin Disorders in the Spring

To old and young, rich and poor alike there come disfiguring, annoying, itching skin diseases. There are many theories as to the cause of skin diseases, but one thing is certain: you can cure them with Dr. Chase's Ointment.

of the old Stebbins family of Massachusetts. She was, with her husband, received into the Church several years ago by the present Bishop of Cleveland. Mr. Burr is connected with the American School for Classical Studies in Rome.

One hundred converts have lately been received by the Alton diocesan band. The Wheeling apostolate band reports sixty-four converts received.

FATHER BURKE'S NEW BOOK

The Rev. John Burke, C. S. P., the author of St. Teresa, the book which is attracting so much attention, is quite a young man, tall, and broad and strong, with the eyes of an idealist and the figure of an athlete. I found him in the Monastery parlor of the Paulist Fathers at the Fifty-ninth street house, New York.

DEATH OF MOTHER OF REV. D. P. McMENAMIN

On Monday, May 20th, there passed to her eternal reward one of the pioneers of St. Gabriel's parish in the person of Mrs. Ellen Devaney McMenamin, mother of the Rev. Father D. P. McMenamin, P. P., of St. Francis Xavier's Church, Thessalon, Ont.

Canada's Leading Paint

Established seventy years ago, the leading brand in Canada to-day for good Paint Values is Ramsay's Paint.

CONFIRMATION

On last Sunday sixty children, boys and girls being about equal in number, received the sacrament of confirmation in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, at the hands of His Lordship Bishop Fallon.

White Swan Yeast Cakes

makes the most delicious bread you ever tasted. Confirm this statement by using it in your next bread-baking.

The Gates of Paradise

The gates of Paradise are double And they are blue; Blue as the skies when no clouds trouble

Live the life of prayer; learn to bring everything, to change everything into prayer, pain and trials and temptations of all kinds. Pray in the calm and in the storm.

SURE CURE FOR THRUSH

Worst Cases Yield to Douglas' Egyptian Liniment

AN INDISPENSABLE WORK

Efforts to stimulate and arouse our Catholic people to a more spiritual life whether intellectual, moral or religious, deserves the approval and co-operation of all who are capable of taking a genuine interest in the welfare of the Church and the Republic.

TEACHER WANTED

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE S. S. No. 3, Almadon, holding second class Normal training. Duties to begin September 1, 1912.

ACORN School Desks

Lee Manufacturing Co. Limited PEBROKE, Ont.

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more completely and more effectually with the life-work of Christ and His Church.—Archbishop J. L. Spalding, in the Christian Year.

A WORD TO THE MINIMUM CATHOLIC

"The reception of Holy Communion once a year and that during the paschal season is the minimum required of Catholics," says the Catholic Bulletin.

FAVORS RECEIVED

Mrs. A. G. wishes to thank the Sacred Heart, Blessed Virgin, St. Anne, and St. Joseph for favors received and promise to publish.

CONFESSION

In an editorial article published the week before last we made a mistake in characterizing the Hon. M. P. Gibbs, of St. John's Nfld., as a Protestant.

DIED

HALPIN.—At Gales, Mich., on May 5, 1912, Mr. Michael Halpin, aged sixty-five years. May he rest in peace.

MONUMENTS

M. GRADY OF LOCKE STREET NORTH, Hamilton, Ont., has a fine Killarney green granite, weighing about 1,200 pounds, going to the public cemetery.

DOCTOR WANTED

A YOUNG ENGLISH AND CATHOLIC doctor is wanted in partnership in a good town near Edmonton. Address Rev. Father Cosine, West End Catholic Mission, Edmonton. 1753-2

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The HOME BANK 1854 of CANADA GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Head Office TORONTO Branches and Connections Throughout Canada LONDON OFFICE: 394 Richmond Street W. J. HILL, Local Manager

Home Study Courses as given by the Shaw Correspondence School are worth ten times their cost. Prove it. Get our catalogue. C. W. Chant, Secretary, 393 Yonge Street, Toronto.

FATHER DAMEN'S LECTURES 1.—The Private Interpretation of the Bible. 2.—The Catholic Church the only True Church of God. 3.—Confession. 4.—The Real Presence. 5.—Answers to Popular Objections Against the Catholic Church.

VALUABLE RESIDENCE FOR SALE WE ARE FAVORED WITH INSTRUCTIONS from J. H. Lava Lee Esq., who is leaving town for the West, to offer his beautiful mansion situated on the diverging Points of Nottawasaga and Mary Streets, the very heart of the best residential part of the town of Orillia, Ont.

Cure that Bunion No need to suffer bunion torture another day. DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT removes the cause of your bunion enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe.

A 7% Investment Money returned at end of one year or at end of any subsequent year, on 60 days' notice if desired. Interest paid June 1st and December 31st, and remitted to the address of the investor.

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DUSTBONE THE DUST KILLER A handful in a line WHEN YOU SWEEP absorbs the dust, brightens the floor, and cleans your carpet.

NO MORE DUSTY FRIDAYS Packed in Barrels, and Kegs for Stores, Schools and Public Buildings. Sold by Distributors for Western Ontario: WESTMAN'S HARDWARE 121 Dundas Street, LONDON, ONT.

Save one ton in seven Hecla Furnace FOR COAL AND WOOD Healthful heating is not possible with a leaky furnace. The Hecla will supply your whole house with pure warm air because it cannot leak gas or dust. Every point where a leak might otherwise occur is fused by our patent process absolutely tight. Time and use cannot loosen the Hecla Fused Joint. Is 1/7 of your Coal bill worth saving? Do you want more healthful heat? Write for "Comfort & Health," a book on the sane heating of homes. CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED, Dept. R, Preston, Ont.