

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Catholic Record

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CATHOLICS AND POLITICS.

Judging from recent pronouncements we must come to the conclusion that some worthy persons imagine that a Catholic must carefully refrain from anything that can be construed into trenching on party politics. They would place a warning "Stand off the grass," on that sacred domain and order a policeman, in the shape of public opinion, to see that the injunction is obeyed. But it is a great waste of energy. Politics such as it is to day, with its personalities and scandals and disdain of all social amenities, is not a thing to invite the attention of self-respecting individuals.

PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.

In an article in the New York Journal Lord Salisbury assures the public that Protestant missionaries are devoted and free from secondary motives, but the fact that it is so does not prevent them from becoming menaces to the nations from which they come. He explains this statement by declaring that martyrdom is a relic of past ages and must not on account of political consequences that it may entail be indulged in by the modern evangelist. We were never under the impression that Protestant missionaries longed for the martyr's crown, but the English Premier thinks otherwise, and we suppose has abundant proof for his contention. But is not this adding to the white man's burden? The next thing will be a mandate of Parliament commanding British missionaries to pass an examination in rules of etiquette to be observed whilst laboring in foreign fields. This pronouncement will convince some people that Lord Salisbury is endeavoring to attain distinction in the humorous field, or makes others think of Titania saying to Bottom:

"I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again
Mine ear is enamored of thy note."

We believe, however, that the Premier is desirous of preserving pacific relations with all nations. The question of 1895 with America and of 1898 with France were settled by him without recourse to arms. The present war is due, if we may believe competent witnesses, to the petted darling of howling Imperialists. But be that as it may China has scores against England other than those arising from the imprudence of missionaries. What about the opium trade? The Chinese may not be as keen-witted as Europeans, but they had sense enough to see that opium was enervating and degrading the people. It was prohibited officially in 1796, but the English merchants and traders kept on selling the deadly drug to the natives. It meant immense profits, and this more than sufficed to quiet the reproaches of conscience. The little war of 1839 may also be remembered by the Chinese. Whatever past missionary zeal may have had in causing the present, deplorable outbreak it cannot be set down as the only disturbing element. Commercial rapacity and the brutality of the whites in their relations with the natives have done more than any other cause to pave the way for the present difficulties.

THE WAR.

Writing in the North American Review, Mr. Frederick Madison contends that the British workmen have no desire for predominance and conquest. London's Mafeking celebration might be adduced to offset that assertion. But we think that was simply a fit of hysterics caused by fire-works and different grades of gin, and no criterion of the opinion of the people. He goes on to say that the working men who oppose the war are not pro-Boers. The grievances of the Uitlanders they admit, but fall to see why the doctrine of patience preached to the masses at home should not be observed on behalf of immigrants in an independent state. What adds to the irony of the situation is the fact that the very statesmen who are so zealous for the enfranchisement of the Uitlanders of a foreign country bitterly opposed the endowment of their own countrymen with the full rights of citizenship. He says that the

war was begun for Stock Exchange purposes and that the veil has been dyed red to make it easier for a small clique of capitalists, in which the German Jew is conspicuous, to grow rich at the expense of the wretched Kafirs.

This theory does not at the present time find many warm supporters. Under the rule of Jingoism one must throw cap in air and acclaim the powers of the justice-loving Anglo-Saxon. What matters it that homes have been saddened and that broken men are in hospitals if imperialistic dreams be realized and soldiers return as conquerors through the long lanes of the wounded and dying! But this is sentiment, and the war was unevitable.

GOOD ADVICE FROM BISHOP McFAUL.

The letters of Bishop McFaul are causing quite a flutter in political circles across the border. Wise and venerable statesmen read them with dubious air and the amateur theologians regard them as rash and inopportune. The campaign orators will, doubtless, cite them as evidences of Rome's designs and implore the cohorts of the A. P. A. to stand firm and true in defence of their rights. Some of our separated brethren want a very little peg to hang their hat on. They are very suave so long as Catholics are content with political scraps and leavings, but as soon as we utter a word of protest the thin conventional veneering disappears and we see them in their true colors. We intended writing the above sentence in far different manner, but the fear of wounding the susceptibilities of our readers restrained us.

What the Bishop wants cannot arouse the ire of any reasonable individual. He intimates that Catholics must have their rights, and for the attainment of this advises a union of Catholic societies. He exhorts them to get past the progressive eucbre and 4th July oration stage and to show their strength, not by talking, but by action. There is no question of a political party; in fact the Bishop says that it would be unwise, for many reasons. He does not counsel us to contain our souls in peace or to rely upon the impartiality of our separated brethren, or to attach any credence to political bluffs and promises. That has been tried too often, and with dismal results. What is needed is a good, determined and united kick when the bigot undertakes to control Legislatures and to corral all the important offices.

This may not be considered "good form" by hickory Catholics, but it is a method that can be employed without detriment to our manhood.

THE AGES OF FAITH.

Do you ever see the phrase "the effete monarchies of the Old World"? Why certainly. You read it in newspapers and magazines and hear it from human phonographs who grind out exactly what has been put into them.

If you care, however, to look over the annals of the so-called effete monarchies you will find much that may silence gibe and taunt. And we are not perfect, you know, despite our new blown civilization. We may indeed become fairly presentable when time's alembic has done its work with us, but we are at present in a crude state. And then, being young, we like noise. The trouble is that many among us are more than Bourbons—that is, we learn nothing and forget everything. We live in houses built for us by our forefathers—never seeing the fissures in the walls, nor the signs betokening decay. It will go to pieces like the parson's one horse shay, and then, unlike the parson, we build another on the same lines.

Thus it is that many of our separated brethren are content to accept the traditional views of Catholicism. That it is a great power is indisputable; that it is the only power to be reckoned with is attested to by Huxley and Tyndal. But one to their mind irrefutable doctrine is that, opposed to science, we can have no part in the material glory of the age. The Vatican Council declared that "the Church, far from being opposed to the progress of human arts and sciences, assists, and encourages them

in many ways and recognizes that, coming from God, the Author of science, their proper use should, with the assistance of His grace, lead to God." But that, they hint, is a fluid—a mere tribute to the aspirations of the age.

We have, we know, the glorious old cathedrals voicing in stone the doctrines that inspired them, the paintings radiant with life and immortality which are at once the models and despair of modern artists, and many a wondrous bit of music that has sung its way into the heart of humanity. Nay, more, all that is best and thought-producing and life-beautifying has its source in the days when the nations dwelt in peace in the shade of the everlasting Church, united one to another by the bands of a common faith.

Sounds exaggerated!—but read what Frederic Harrison has to say about the thirteenth century, which was pre-eminently the Christian age. He says that the secret of its perfection was that all Europe was bound together in one Religion, one Church, one Faith. This faith still sufficed to inspire the most profound thought, the most lofty poetry, the widest culture, the freest art of the age: it filled statesmen with awe, scholars with enthusiasm, and consolidated society around uniform objects of reverence and worship. It bound men together from the Hebrides to the Eastern Mediterranean, from the Atlantic to the Baltic, as European men have never since been bound. Great thinkers like Albert of Cologne and Aquinas found it to be the stimulus of their meditations. Mighty poets like Dante could not conceive poetry unless based on it, and saturated with it. Creative artists like Glott found it an ever-living well spring of beauty. The great cathedrals embodied in it a thousand forms of glory and power. To statesman, artist, poet, thinker, teacher, soldier, worker, chief, or follower, it supplied at once inspiration and instrument.

But things that appeal to the artistic sense are not now classed among civilizing factors.

Still, in the domain of the natural sciences, so much vaunted by our separated brethren, the Church can boast of the prowess of more than one distinguished son. Botany and Geology had their beginnings in Catholic ages. In the various departments of Physics we have a long list of inventions and researches. The mariner's compass, the telescope, microscope, banks, clocks, etc., are the products of Catholic genius. We read at times in public prints of flying machines, and we are apt to consider it as another proof of the superiority of our age. And yet the flying machine is a Catholic invention of by-gone days. The apparatus, now so common, says Dr. Zahn, for the generation of electric light, and known as dynamo electric machines, are frequently pointed to as examples of American skill and invention, but nothing could be farther from the truth. Molet and Van Maideran of Belgium, about thirty years ago, constructed the first magneto electric machine for producing electric light, a type of machine still in use. Again, school children read in their text books that Watt was the inventor of the steam-engine. But a hundred years before Watt took out his patent steam engines had been built by Catholics. Robert Fulton is regarded as the inventor of the steamboat, and yet, as Dr. Zahn says, back in 1543 Blasco de Gavay, a Spanish sea-captain, exhibited in the harbor of Barcelona in presence of Charles V. a boat propelled by steam. In a word, there has been no field of science in which Catholics have not been pioneers who illumined the wild stretch of the mysterious and unexplored with rays of light, and who looked always from nature to nature's God.

Do you wish to know what heart will penetrate furthest into the Heart of Jesus? The most silent will be the best instructed, the most mortified will be the most tenderly cared, the most charitable will be the most loved, the most submissive will have the most power and credit in that Divine Heart; in fine, the most detached from all earthly things will possess it the most perfectly.

Every soul has a landscape that changes with the wind that sweeps the sky, with the clouds that return after its rain.—George MacDonald.

CONVERTS' LEAGUE.

Title of an Organization Established Recently in Chicago.—"Lead Kindly Light" is the Motto.

There is nothing in ecclesiastical law that warrants one in conferring the title of "Convert" upon any person who has joined the Catholic Church. Some Catholics object to its application. Nevertheless the use of the word is so thoroughly established that we would hardly be justified in attempting to invent a new term. Some "converts," if we must use the word, after losing their standing with Protestants, discover that they have little or none among Catholics. When an Episcopal and Ritualist comes into the Church and goes out of it after some years only to speak evil of Catholicity, the "convert" left behind very naturally inclines to ask himself what may be thought of his own case. The one newly arrived from the City of Confusion may feel at times a sense of uneasiness respecting his position; yet, if he sees things in their true light, he may realize that in the Catholic Church, or elsewhere, confidence must be deserved. It cannot be conferred by any town-meeting process. If there is nothing in particular in his known character and past history to inspire faith, he must proceed to justify trust, if he wants any, by present action.

Yet, since the Church, like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever, while, to the contrary, the period of the individual is limited, Catholics need not wait until the convert is as ancient as Methuselah before entertaining some little trust in his sincerity. Too much delay is unwholesome. It was amusing the other day to hear a young Catholic who was dumped into the Church in babyhood without being consulted, say of a venerable, gray-haired priest, who fought his way in at the expense of friends and his patrimony, "here goes a convert." Two Jesuit priests in England, being asked what they had to be the most thankful for, one replied that it was the fact that he was born a Catholic, while the other said that he was thankful because he wasn't born a Catholic. The convert often buys the truth at a high price and values it accordingly.

Our Western "converts" accept the situation with a good grace, and intend to do the best they can with it, having expressed their faith by organizing a Catholic Converts' League. It is to be hoped, under the circumstances, that not many of the class who had they been born Protestants, would never have had the spunk to venture the first step toward the Catholic Church, may not now, with the impressive wisdom of the wisecrack, undertake to discourage our Chicago brethren by attempting to impeach their good sense.

In the multiplicity of societies—all of them candidates for favor—there may naturally be a disposition to elbow and even hustle the new comer. Yet every movement should be judged on its merits. It is intimated in one quarter this month that "converts don't amount to much," while those who keep in touch of journalistic expression frequently see the warning in respect to "making too much of converts." Converts can stand it if the Church can, and they have no fear of that. Holy Church in America has survived a considerable amount of poor or organization, and after coming out of it in good condition, will doubtless, as a whole, be willing now to give "converts" their fair trial. The organization has its *raison d'être*, no doubt, and the Archbishop of Chicago has given the League his blessing. In other parts of the country, and especially in New York, some action in its favor may be expected after the vacation, if not before. The convert's experience should certainly qualify him in no small measure for the work of dealing with those out of the Church; while instead of withdrawing himself from the general activity, the member of the League will be eager to join in that confederation of Catholic societies advocated by the Bishop of Trenton. The aim of the League, therefore, is good, and entirely consistent with the hearty prosecution of every kind of work now carried on in the Church. For its patron saint it has selected the great Apostle to the Gentiles, while it is proud to point to Cardinal Newman as a shining example of what a modern convert should be, having arranged to place his portrait in their hall when ready. With its motto, "Lead, Kindly Light," should not the League have a welcome?

The society is now organized with the following officers:
President, B. V. Hubbard.
Vice presidents, Mrs. Alma MacDonnell, Alex. MacMillan and William L. Smith.
Secretary, William Stetson Merrill.
Treasurer, Miss E. Brownell.
Chairman of finance committee, C. S. Edwards.
Recorder, Miss Harriet B. Lehman.

It is not alone local, but all Catholics in the United States are especially interested in its work, and branch leagues will be formed in all parts of the country. While this organization is composed principally of converts to the faith, any Catholic is eligible to membership. "Lead Kindly Light" appears upon the pin worn by mem-

bers throughout the State. Negotiations are being made for permanent quarters, and a fine portrait of Cardinal Newman has been donated to the society by Mrs. C. Vinton Henry, who is a convert, and was personally acquainted with His Eminence.

Through the courtesy of Rev. Hugh McGuire, the first public celebration of the Converts' League was held at St. James' Church, corner of Twenty-ninth street and Wabash avenue, on Sunday, July 1. By request, "Lead, Kindly Light" was sung by the quartet. This solemnization received the approval and blessing of the Archbishop, Rev. Thomas E. Judge, well known in Catholic literary circles, delivered the first sermon for the League.

The objects of this society, as set forth in its by-laws, are to enlarge among its members the accurate knowledge of their religion and to stimulate them to the regular practice of its duties; to propagate the faith by personal example and social intercourse. It has been stated by outsiders that when a person becomes a convert to Rome he is more or less ostracized by Protestant friends, and to some extent at first ignored by Catholics, or at least treated with a slight suspicion, consequently he finds himself standing alone. One of the principal motives of this organization is to do away with any such ideas, for it has been formed on the broad basis of fraternity. The leading Catholic clergymen are much interested in this movement. At stated intervals prominent divines will deliver public lectures on stirring theological subjects: "The Inspiration of Holy Scripture," "Free Will" and "Higher Criticism." Bishop Keane, formerly head of the University at Washington and recently appointed Archbishop of Dubuque; also Rev. F. G. Lenz, the gifted writer and missionary, will speak for the Converts' League. This progressive movement has a sincere friend in Henry Austin. As yet no regular chaplain has been appointed for the League, but rumor has it that the choice lies between Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J., and Rev. T. E. Judge.

CATHOLICS IN PUBLIC LIFE.

With pleasure we copy the annexed article from the Catholic Universe, of Cleveland, Ohio, for the reason that the editor's criticism of the treatment of Catholics in public life is as applicable to Canada in quite as great a measure as to the United States:

Long-suffering is the badge of our tribe. The outer world is a unit when there is a question of meddling with Catholic advancement, and the sleek solidity with which our neighbors stand over against us is the evidence of latent bigotry or suspicious dread, which seizes those not of us at the mention of the Catholic Church. There is no party when the Church is to be opposed; and no party will risk the carrying of a candidate suspected of leaning towards Rome, even if his closest inclination be through sympathy with his wife's relations. The man that deals with us in business, or, as he solicits our votes, tells us of intimacy with Catholics and his regard for the consistency of our Church, shakes his head when he is asked to promote measures for a later day emancipation, and talks about bad politics; while, to his intimates, he confesses a fear of Catholic control that is not entirely reconcilable with the exuberant professions of admiration which, in a more private capacity, he bestows upon those who may not too closely question the purpose of men gifted with fair speech that vetts a threatening intention. From those high in the councils of the nation to the true and tried leader in the ward, the same system of duplicity is an accepted method, which, it is known, will find favor with a majority of the people. There is no proclamation, no convention, no rousing to a sense of danger: mention the word Catholic, and all is said.

Is there an oasis in this Sahara of unreasoning prejudice? Catholics are good citizens as long as they ask nothing, oppose nothing. But ask or oppose, and we hear complaints, loud and loud, against encroachments and Jesuits, until we ourselves are moved with compassion at the terrible plight of those whose grotesque imagination boots and spurs every Romanist, and casts the Pope into a Colossus beside which that of Rhodes would be a child's mud man. Did we suppose our friends on the other side of the religious wall to be of minds as crafty and cruel as they sometimes profess to believe of us, our nights would be hours of suffering and anxiety running into days of nameless dread. Neither do we believe that our generally passive bearing has helped to relieve us of this burden of opposition. "Catholics are not united." "Pit them against one another." "They will stand against anything." And the "say nothing" Catholic asks us again to be patient and hope—and we hope till our hearts are made sick. Not knowing ourselves nor our strength, we trust, like fatalists, to the changes of fortune, and fortune favors not us, but those that direct it. Who shall deliver us from

the body of this death? Make legislative action that favors our interest good politics? Remove the handicap that goes with the profession of Catholic faith? Make us equal to others, not in declaration only, but in fact, wherever a religious test is not required? Not the man that tells us to "have patience" when he means "do nothing"; nor the man who thinks the opposition too great to be overcome, but the one who will move us to stop babbling about a faith for which we will not make an effort, and will put us in the ranks of practical believers. When we shall not be strangers to Catholic purposes nor insensitive to hurtful intrigue; when we shall get over thinking that the only unity necessary in unity of faith; when spiritual interests shall be as important, at least, as our material concerns; when we shall consider principle before persons, we may look for the dawning of better things. Let us take counsel one with another.

OUR DEPARTED ONES.

The First Duty of the Catholics Toward His Dead.

It is our belief that in God's prison house the soul of the sinner is detained until it is paid the last farthing of the debt of sin or until it is so purified as to be worthy to be admitted to the presence of God. We believe, too, that by our prayers and good works offered for these souls in purgatory we can shorten the time of their suffering and bring them the sooner to God. Here, then, is our first and greatest duty toward our departed ones—"to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." This duty is often insisted upon by the Church, and it is well that it is, for our common lot is to be "Thrust into the ground to be forgot."

This is a matter of conscience with Catholics, and we leave its treatment to the pulpit, but there are a few other matters on this subject to which we wish to call earnest attention.

The first concerns wakes. Thank God, we are far from the time when this vigil with the dead was turned into an occasion of revelry and dissipation, but our watch is not yet all that Christian piety demands. These few precious hours are too often passed in idle talk and silly gossip instead of in prayer for the soul of the departed. How much more befitting it would be to divide the hours of the night by exercises of piety, such as the recitation of the beads, the litany, the prayers for the dead, and the like!

Another bit of bad taste and useless extravagance is a lavish display of flowers and floral pieces with the names of the donors attached and duly mentioned in the daily paper. For what purpose this can serve it is hard to say, unless it be to satisfy the vanity of the living rather than honor the memory of the dead. Flowers are for times of sunshine, seasons of joy, and are sadly out of place at a funeral. Catholic societies are too apt to follow the senseless custom of non-Catholic ones and express their respect for their deceased members by elaborate floral offerings. Would it not be much more in keeping with the true spirit of charity to tender a spiritual bouquet, which knows no fading, promising so many prayers, Holy Communion and Masses for the soul of their late associate?

Many there are whose greatest ambition in life or death, let us say—is to have a big funeral. This, too is utter vanity and an extravagance the family can ill afford. A few days after a notice appears in the paper duly signed by the bereaved family thanking all the friends for their expression of sympathy. For bad taste this latter can hardly be surpassed.

Here, however, their extravagance ceases. The show is over, and their dead, their dear ones, are forgotten. The lot in the cemetery is neglected, often remains unmarked by a tombstone and rarely or never visited. Perhaps once a year, at the feast of All Souls, the names of the dead are given to the priest to be remembered in the Mass of that day, thus shifting upon another even the burden of praying for them.

Among these neglected ones are a father and mother to whom we owe our life, husband or wife, brother, sister or child, for whom, when living, we would hunger or die to save them from pain or misery, and now that we can save them both we must be devoid of all sentiment of love and gratitude to neglect so grave a duty.—Guldon.

THE FUNCTIONS OF FAITH.

Faith has not only a special function with reference to the justification of the individual, but is also the universal bond between the redeemed race and God. It must, therefore, affect the whole soul, and be the health of every part, penetrating all the virtues, and imparting to them its own unity and stability. It is an adamant which God diffuses through man's whole being. It must enlighten the mind, erect the will, warm and purify the heart, live in every affection, kneel in our humility, endure in our patience.

Evil is like cold: a negative, not a positive, thing.—Austin O'Malley.

JULY 21, 1900.

AN UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.

I.

We never thought much of him when we were all fellow students together at St. Chad's Hospital. "Poor old Parkes" he was generally called, and by those who knew him best, "poor old Tom." He was such a funny, original sort of a fellow—a queer mingling of the casual and the hard-working. His figure was familiar to more than one set of St. Chad's students, for he spent an abnormal time in getting through his exams, and, as he used to say ruefully:

"I'm such a fool of a fellow, things seem to go in at one of my ears and out at the other. I can't for the life of me remember the names of them."

An examination drove every scrap of knowledge he possessed straight out of his head. It paralyzed him, and he was the despair of his teachers and examiners. Indeed, it was several times more than hinted to him that he might be wiser in adopting some other than the medical profession, but he always shook his head over such a proposition.

"I just won't give it up. It's the finest profession in the world, and I'm going to stick to it."

When I left the hospital he was still plodding on patiently and hopefully. He came sometimes to my rooms in the days before I left and poured out his aims and ideals to me. I don't exactly know why he chose me for his confidant, except that I had tried to be friendly now and then to the poor fellow. It seemed hard lines that he should be so universally looked down upon and laughed at.

He has some awfully lofty notions about a doctor's work. I can see him now as he stood on my hearth rug talking fast and eagerly about the moral influence a doctor ought to have over his patients, and I couldn't help wondering what sort of influence poor old Tom would have over his patients (if he ever got any).

He did not look a very impressive object in those days. He was always rather an untidy sort of a chap. His clothes hung upon his loose, shambling figure a little as if he were a clothes prop; his hair—it was red—had a way of falling loosely over his forehead, which gave him a habit of tossing back his head to shake a straying lock from his eyes. He had no beauty to recommend him. His eyes were green and they were not handsome, though their prevailing expression was one of good temper and kindness. His smile was wide and kindly, but somehow his whole countenance bordered closely on the grotesque, and the more he talked the more accurately did he tickle one's inward sense of humor.

He seemed pleased to see me, but he talked very little; it was hard to think that he could be the same being who had stood beside my fireplace in the old days talking so volubly of all his hopes and plans. I had not been with him more than a quarter of an hour, when a knock came to the outer door. Tom answered it in person and returned accompanied by an old woman.

"That's another doctor, Grannie," he said, nodding towards me; "you don't mind him, do you?"

The old lady, having signified that she had no objection to my presence, proceeded to give a lengthy and graphic account of her various ailments.

Parkes listened to it all with a patient interest which I could not but admire. Something in his tone as he spoke to the old woman struck me particularly—an indescribable ring of sympathy, of gentleness, which I cannot put into words. Having taken up a good half-hour and more of his time, the old lady rose to depart, drawing her miserable shawl around her.

"Oa, doctor dear," she whispered, as he told her to send up in the morning for some fresh medicine, "and I ain't got nothin' to give yer for yer kind-ness. Will yer let it go till next time? Jem 'e've 'eard of a job, and if 'e was to get it—"

A faint smile showed in Tom's eyes. "All right, Grannie," he said, gently; "times are hard just now, aren't they?"

"So they be, doctor, so they be. What with the cold and the strikes and the influenza there ain't much doin' for pore folks."

He opened the door for her as if she had been a duchess, and before admitting the next patient (several had arrived in the waiting-room by this time) he said to me wistfully, almost apologetically:

ing off, how dilapidated was the bell pull, how rickety the knocker. It was plain that times were not good for the dwellers in Paradise street.

The door was opened almost at once, and Tom himself stood before me. In the dim light I thought he looked much the same Tom as I had last seen eight years before, except that his face seemed to be older and thinner and whiter. He flushed when he caught sight of me and his eyes grew bright.

"Why, Marlow!" he exclaimed, grasping my hand; "I say, I am jolly glad to see you. It's awfully good of you to come down here, and—"

"Mind? My dear chap, of course not. I want to have a chat if you can spare time?"

"I'm free just this minute," he said; "but I expect some patients will drop in presently, and I may be sent for, too. I'm rather busy just now. That's the truth. There's such a lot of influenza and typhoid about."

"Making your fortune, eh, Parkes?" I asked, as I followed him down a grimy passage into a small, dingy room.

He smiled, but the look in his eyes gave me a queer lump in my throat.

"Not much," he said; "you see, you can't—well, you can't take fees much from people who—well, who are starving themselves."

I glanced sharply at him. In the better light I could see that his own face was terribly thin and his eyes had a curious sunken look. Good heavens! how thin the man was altogether. His chest seemed to have sunk in and he had acquired a stoop which I could not associate with the red-faced, hearty student of eight years before.

The room into which he ushered me was bare of everything but the merest necessities, and those of the cheapest and commonest kind.

"This is my consulting room," he said, with a little smile; "the patients wait next door," and he pointed through half open folding doors into a second and even barer room that was furnished only with a few chairs.

He pushed me into the only arm-chair his room possessed—an uncomely, promising and ancient horsehair chair, stuffed, judging by the sensation produced, with stones!

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"Look here, old fellow," I said, "I'm going to have something somewhere. Come with me for auld lang syne."

I could hardly bear to see the look that came into his eyes. It reminded me of a starved dog I had once fed.

"Thanks," he answered, "but my old working clothes aren't decent to go out in, and—"

"Oa, I could guess well enough where his other clothes were. But, of course, I only laughed and replied:

"Nonsense, old fellow, never mind the working clothes; I'm certainly too hungry to wait whilst you make yourself smart. Let's go to a quiet restaurant. I shall be offended if you don't come."

"I'd like to come," he said, and the eagerness in his tones made my heart ache again. "I've got a lot of patients to go and see later—Influenza and so on, and I'd be glad of a snack of something first." He tried to speak carelessly, but it was a failure.

I felt ashamed, downright ashamed of myself, for being well-nourished and well-clad as I sat opposite poor old Parkes in that restaurant. It made me choky over and over again, I can tell you, to see the man put away that meal.

Before we parted I tried to persuade him to let me lend him a little spare cash. I put it as nicely as I could, saying I knew doctoring in a poor neighborhood was very uphill work. But he shook his head.

"It's awfully good of you," he said, "but I haven't ever borrowed, and I don't know when I could pay back. I shouldn't like a debt."

And I could not move his resolution. "You'll look me up again some day?" he asked.

"Rather, as soon as possible."

III. But a summons to a distant part of England on important family business kept me out of town for three weeks, and when I went next to the house in Paradise street poor old Parkes did not open the door to me.

A frowzy landlady confronted me. "The doctor sir? 'E's awfully bad. 'E've a got up, as I persuaded him not to, with such a cough. But 'e says, 'I must see to my patients, and so 'e's a sittin' in 'is room as ought to be in bed. 'E was took on Saturday, and to day is Wednesday," she ended.

I pushed past her into the consulting room, and there sat Tom in the arm-chair beside an apology for a fire, coughing and gasping for breath. A wonderful relief came into his face as he saw me.

"I'm—I'm awfully glad to see you," he whispered; "go—a touch of the flu—"

He spoke gaspingly, as though speech were painful.

"I'll tackle this patient for you old man," I said, glancing at an old woman who sat before him. "Look here, let me help you on the couch."

He could hardly stand, and I almost lifted him on to the horsehair sofa of unprepossessing appearance, and after getting rid of the old patient, turned all my attention to making Tom comfortable.

"It's nothing much," he gasped; "I've just got—a touch—of—influenza—a lot—about," he muttered, wearily; "such bad nights—so many sick—and dying—and dying."

He rambled on whilst the landlady and I brought his bed into the consulting room, and I lifted him upon it and undressed him. It was pitiful to see his thinness.

"Pore gentleman," the landlady exclaimed, "he's bin and starved 'isself, that's what it is; and many's the time 'e've brought 'im a bite of some thin 'e've bin 'avin', and 'e says, always so cheery, 'Now, that's kind of you, Mrs. Jones, and never missed payin' the rent, neither, though Lord knows 'ow 'e got it. 'E's put away most everything," she whispered, whilst I stood looking down at the flushed face and bright unseeing eyes and listened to his rambling, disconnected talk.

We did our best for him, poor fellow. I fetched one of the leading physicians of the day, but he only shook his head significantly.

"Absolutely helpless," he said, "absolutely hopeless, poor fellow."

"And 'im always 'a slavin'," sobbed Mrs. Jones. "'E was always out day and night in the streets, and in 'is thin coat, and starvin' 'isself, 'tain't no wonder 'e got the pneumonia, or whatever they call it; 'e never thought of 'isself, never once."

I sat by him that same night. Towards morning his restlessness ceased, and he turned clear eyes upon me and whispered:

"I've made a poor thing of it, and I—meant—to—do—big—things."

I don't know what I said, but he went on:

"I say—what that—about—about—an—unprofitable—servant? That's—me—an—unprofitable—servant. I—meant—to—do—a lot. I've—done—nothing—nothing—an unprofitable—servant."

I'm not a very religious sort of chap, but somehow when he said those words some others came into my head, and I whispered:

"Not unprofitable, old fellow; there's something else in the same book, isn't there, about a 'good and faithful servant?' That's nearer the mark for you."

A queer smile crept over his face, a curious light stole into his eyes.

"Unprofitable—oh or faithful? Wait?" he murmured. They were the last words I heard from poor old Parkes' lips.

IV. I was obliged to go out of town again for the three days after his death, but made all arrangements that the funeral should be a decent one, and I determined to be present at it myself, for I couldn't bear to think of the poor old chap going lonely to his last long home.

There was a gleam of wintry sun upon London as I walked quickly through the borough on the morning of Tom's funeral, a bunch of white flowers in my hand. I didn't like to think that no one would put a flower on his coffin, and I knew he had no relations.

As I entered the thoroughfare out of which Paradise street opens, I was surprised to find myself upon the outskirts of a dense crowd of people. The traffic was at a standstill; the few policemen visible were absolutely powerless to do anything with the mass of human beings that stretched as far down the street as I could see and blocked every corner. In fact, the police had given up attempting to do anything but keep order, which was not difficult, for a more silent, well-behaved crowd I never saw. I looked in vain for its cause.

I touched a policeman's arm. "What is it all about?" I asked. "Can I get through?"

"Don't look much like it, sir; 'tis a funeral."

"A funeral? But I never saw such a crowd even at the funerals of very distinguished people. Who in the world is grand enough in these parts to have a following like this?"

"'Tis a—" he began, then turned hastily to cry, "Pass on, there, pass on, please"—a sheer impossibility, by the way, for no one could move an inch.

"What does it all mean?" I said to a man beside me, a rough costermonger, who, like myself, held a bunch of flowers in his hand.

"'Tis the doctor's funeral," he replied. "What doctor?" I asked, mystified. "Why, I'm going to a doctor's funeral, too, but my poor friend wasn't well known; he won't have crowds to follow him. He lived in Paradise street, poor chap."

"So did our doctor," the man answered, and he drew his gray hand across his eyes; "may be 'tis the same. 'The Dr. Parkes as we've come to be said in 'is grave. 'E was good to us, and 'tis the last thing we will ever do for 'im."

"Do you mean to tell me that this enormous crowd—" I stammered. "Yes, the followin' for Dr. Parkes, yes, sir; 'tis a sight you don't see but once in a lifetime, neither. Most of us chaps 'as 'ad to give up a day's work to come; but bless you, we don't grudge it to be; no, that we don't," and the man gave a little gulp.

This was Tom Parkes' following? And I had thought that I should be his only follower. I was but one among hundreds!

When they knew I was the dead man's friend, they at once somehow made a way through the crowd, which grew denser and denser as I walked down Paradise street—a strange, reverent, silent crowd.

Just as I reached the door they were carrying the coffin out: it was one mass of flowers, and I, poor fool, had thought, pityingly, that my insignificant catch would be the only one upon it! They told me afterwards that men and women had spent their hard-won earnings to buy these wreaths for the doctor they loved—men and women who could with difficulty spare their money, who were saving a hand-to-hand struggle themselves for existence.

I have never seen such a sight as that funeral, never in my life. All the way to the far off cemetery those thousands of men and women, aye, and even children, followed their doctor, and it seemed as though the great, silent crowd would never cease filing past his grave afterwards when all was over.

"'E said as 'ow 'e 'ad failed, sir," his landlady sobbed that evening when I went around to see after poor old Tom's few little things; "'e said 'is life was all a mistake, but lor, it don't look much like a mistake, sir! Why, the good 'e've 'a done and the influ-ence 'e've 'ad in these parts, no one wouldn't believe as hadn't seen 'is funeral. 'Twas a wonderful buryin'!"

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Articles must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you, and wishing you success. Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, J. D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday, July 21, 1900.

A GOOD LAW.

In Belgium the laws prescribe a rigid reparation to be made by any one guilty of a calumny which aims at injuring the reputation of another.

A few months ago the People, the principal Socialist organ of Brussels, imputed to one of the curates of the parish of Riches Claires in the city conduct of a very scandalous character.

The priest was not named, though the charge against him was very specific.

To bring the calumniator to a stand, the four curates of the parish entered a libel suit against the publisher of the paper, who was not only condemned to pay 500 francs damages, but was also ordered to insert in two issues of the paper the full text of the judgment of the Court, and to pay for the insertion of the same in two other papers to be named by the curates.

The People was also obliged to pay the costs of the trial, and the publisher was severely reprimanded by the Judge, as it was proved that there was not the slightest foundation for his scandalous statements.

THE PASSION PLAY.

The Passion Play at Oberammergau is attracting this year more attention from foreigners than ever before.

Americans especially are visiting the little village in great numbers to witness it.

One tourist company has booked eleven thousand American visitors and three thousand English.

The play as carried out at present is the work of the parish priest, Dalsenberger, who died twenty years ago, at the age of eighty-three.

It was much improved by him, all the farcical scenes which were in the old version having been left out, and the language made more classical.

There is an idea in the minds of some who have not witnessed the play that there must be some irreverence in its rendering, but it is on the contrary so thoroughly reverent that it never fails of making a pious impression on all who assist at it.

The fact that Christ does not take much part in the action of the play probably contributes greatly to its reverential character.

He suffers for the most part silently while the action goes on about Him.

The representation lasts from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m., with a recess from 12 to 1.30 p. m.

"BOXERS" IN THE UNITED STATES.

That the members of the defunct A. P. A. of the United States have not all learned wisdom from experience is evident from the fact announced by our American exchanges, that a new Association has been organized under the name of the "American Union" which in spirit is identical with Apalism, notwithstanding that an entirely fresh name has been adopted for it.

From the ignominious way in which Apalism made its exit, the Grand Lodge having been sold out for a petty debt which it could not pay, we might suppose that the lesson would be taken to heart that the American people cannot be wheedled or bulldozed into a secret persecuting organization. But it appears that the fools did not all die with their society.

It is claimed that the new society has twenty-two thousand members, and its President, one Mr. H. C. Seymour of New York, asserts that it will have a great influence on the result of the coming elections. The influence of so small a society cannot amount to much,

as no doubt most of the members will vote just as they would have done if the society had not been organized. But whatever party may be supported by it, we may reasonably expect that as the election of 1896 killed Apalism, the coming election will kill, or at least wound mortally, the American Union. History often repeats itself.

CHANGE WANTED IN FRANCE.

The Ouest Elclair, a French journal, declares that the time has arrived when the French people should rise to insist upon a change from the persecuting policy pursued by the present irreligious Government of the country, which violates without scruple the principles of justice, equality and tolerance which should be observed by a Government which professes to administer the affairs of a republic.

Torrents of blood have been shed in France professedly to establish freedom, but the freedom to worship God does not exist. The Ouest Elclair gives several instances in proof of its position.

Thus at Morbihan a customs officer was recently summoned before the prefect and compelled to take his son from a Jesuit College and send him to the State Lycee.

A teacher who was sending his son to learn sea chart making from the Brothers at Vanves was threatened with the loss of his school unless he removed him from the Brothers' school, and another teacher was ordered to remove his son from the seminary.

At Tanpont an ex-gendarme was deprived of his tobacco-shop for attending Mass and sending his two sons, one to a foreign missions seminary, and the other to a Jesuit college. He was told plainly that "the Government would not pay him to manufacture priests."

When will the people of France shake off their apathy in allowing such a Government to rule them?

THE CREED OF CATHOLICS.

The New York Literary Digest of July 7th, examines the question "What is the Roman Catholic Creed Now?" and in answer to this gives from the New York Sun a fairly accurate exposition of the creed of the Catholic Church in the following terms:

"Now we find the creed, not in the statements of Bishops, or doctors, or assemblies, or even of pontiffs. The decrees of the Council of Trent are the irrefragable laws of Rome. Confessions they are, not only formal, but confessional."

The following bit of history is next given:

"Paul III. in 1545 convoked the Council, which finished its work in 1563 when Pius IV. was pontiff. This Pope, two years after, published his creed which is an inflexible position of the doctrines of the Council binding on all Catholics."

The Creed of Pope Pius IV. which contains in synoptical form the principal doctrines of the Church as they were defined by the Council of Trent, is then given in an abbreviated form.

This creed may be found in the form of "a profession of faith in many prayer books, and in the rituals used by the clergy in the performance of their duties. It is then remarked that two dogmatical decrees were also promulgated by Pope Pius IX. The first, on the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, is substantially contained in these words of the decree, promulgated Dec. 8th, 1854:

"The doctrine which says that the Blessed Virgin Mary was preserved exempt from the stain of original sin from the first instant of her conception, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, is a doctrine revealed of God, and for which reason all Christians are bound to believe it firmly and with confidence."

The next is on the infallibility of the Pope in the pronouncement of doctrines of faith and morals, which was promulgated on the 18th of July, 1870, and is as follows:

"If, then, any shall say that the Roman Pontiff has the full and supreme power of jurisdiction over the whole Church, let him be anathema. We teach and define that it is a dogma divinely revealed that the Roman pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedra*—that is, when in the office of pastor and doctor of all Christians, by virtue of his supreme apostolic authority, he defines a dogma regarding faith and morals to be held by the universal Church—by the divine assistance promised the blessed Peter, is possessed of that infallibility with which the divine Redeemer willed His Church to be endowed. If any one, which God forbid, presume to contradict this definition, let him be anathema."

The Literary Digest then makes the following remarks on these two decrees, which we are confident will be read with interest by the readers of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, as they state clearly the character of the two doctrines of the Church with special reference to the manner in which they are misunderstood by non-Catholics.

"It is a noticeable fact that these two latest dogmas of the Latin Church are those most frequently misunderstood by Protestants. Many writers, even in the religious press, constantly refer to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary as though it were interchangeable with the doctrine of the Virgin Birth of Christ, though as a matter of fact it has no connection whatever with the latter. The dogma of papal infallibility is likewise frequently taken to mean papal infallibility, a doctrine repudiated by the Roman Catho-

lic Church, which admits not only that it may sin, but that it may be in intellectual error, even hereby, in its ordinary course; that he is, as above stated, miraculously guarded from error when, as universal teacher, he formally defines a dogma as binding upon the faith of all Christians."

One error into which the writer of the article in the Sun appears to have fallen is the supposition that the Council of Trent changed in some degree the doctrines of the Church while it fixed them. This is not the case.

We admit that the Sun does not positively make this statement, but it is so clearly implied in his comments on the matter that his readers would be almost sure to be of the opinion that such change had taken place if they relied on his statements.

The doctrines of the Catholic Church have always been as unchangeable as they are to day for the simple reason that they are truths revealed by Christ to His Apostles, or sure deductions from those truths made by the infallible authority of the Church of God.

The Council of Trent simply set in order truths which had been in the first place revealed, and which were taught and believed in the universal Church, whether or not they were clearly laid down in the writings of the Fathers.

For the most part they were so laid down, as is evident from the study of these doctrinal teachers of every age; but the authority of the Church speaking in the Council of Trent, made clear some matters which may have been previously obscure.

Even in regard to the two doctrines defined during the Pontificate of Pope Pius IX. it is certain that they were taught by Doctors of the Church generally in every age, though there were a few who appear to have doubted them before they were specifically defined at the dates above mentioned.

Truth is unchangeable, and it follows that once a doctrine is defined to be of Catholic faith, it must remain so forever. It is a different matter with the teachings of humanly made Churches. Most of them have either already changed their teachings several times, or are meditating to change them at an early date to suit the prevailing whims of men. These changes prove that these Churches are mere human institutions which have erred, and are always liable to err.

THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

The Canadian Presbyterian General Assembly which met recently at Halifax considered the question of religious instruction in the Public schools, and by a resolution unanimously passed instructed the committee on education to aim at securing the introduction of the Bible as a regular subject of study in all high schools, colleges and universities.

From the account given of this resolution in the Toronto Westminister we must infer that the aim is merely to have the Bible studied as a history and a literary work, just as Shakespeare or Sir Walter Scott's Marston, or the works of Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau might be studied. The Westminister says:

"There could be no mistaking the attitude of the Assembly on this question. One or two expressed doubt as to the likelihood of the authorities favoring the study of Biblical history and literature in the secondary schools and colleges. We have a higher opinion of our educationists than to assent in fact we have assurances from many leading university men and High School teachers that their sympathy is entirely in favor of the reform which the Westminister has been advocating, and the support of the Ontario Educational Association may be counted on in any wise movement planned on true educational lines, aiming at the systematic study of the literature, history, and ethics of the Bible, under competent instructors, in all our schools and colleges."

A committee consisting of no fewer than twenty-nine members has been appointed by the Assembly to carry the resolution into effect, and the personnel of the committee, which consists of so many of the most prominent clerical and lay members of the Assembly, shows that great expectations are entertained as to the good results which will flow if the wish of the Assembly can be put into effect.

We must say here that we have no such expectations, and we can scarcely conceive of any resolution which the General Assembly could have passed which could have exhibited more forcibly the weakness of the position which it has taken.

The Presbyterians have several times declared the need of religious education for the rising generation, yet they have always set themselves against any system of education in which a religious education can be given in a mixed community like that of any of the provinces of Canada.

And now when the Church has come to the conclusion that it is proper to define its position "unmistakably," as the Westminister declares, at what conclusion does it arrive? That the Bible

ought to be taught, indeed, in some form not as God's revelation, but as a mere book of history, poetry, and heathenish ethics, somewhat after the fashion in which the works of Confucius might find a place in a school curriculum in this Christian land, and as the mythologies of Greece and Rome do actually find a place where the works of Virgil and Homer are among the text books. What concern is it to the General Assembly at all, if the Bible is to be studied only as a heathen classic? The Assembly is supposed to concern itself with the teaching of religion to its own flock, and it has no right to usurp the functions of the Education Department. Why then should it pass decrees on what books of mere history and poetry should be introduced into the schools for the use of pupils belonging to every conceivable religious denomination? Yet this is exactly what it has done.

It is easy to see that the Assembly resolution is a mere blind. The desirability of giving religious instruction to children is so evident that even the General Assembly could not close its eyes to the fact, yet by passing any resolution to the effect that a School system should be based upon religion would have called public attention to the fact that the Presbyterians of Canada as a body have opposed Catholic claims to the right to teach religion in Catholic schools. Hence to keep up an appearance of consistency the Assembly has declared in favor of a system of "religious" teaching which will exclude religion. This is surely the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

We have but little confidence in the beneficial results to be derived from such a proposal. It is undeniable that if the schools were homogeneous in regard to religion, the Bible could be safely and well taught, but in mixed schools it must necessarily be taught in a very unsatisfactory way.

We have recently had before our eyes the spectacle of President Elliot of Harvard University publicly maintaining that, as an authority in religion, the Bible has hitherto had too much away. What kind of Christianity would be taught by professors who entertain such views as this? It is evident, then, that the introduction of Biblical teaching in mixed schools would be the introduction of an apple of discord into the schools. We would soon have in the public schools, colleges, and universities such teachers as President Elliot, or Dr. Briggs of New York, or Dr. Workman of Victoria University, in Canada, whose teaching would be unacceptable to their own co-religionists, and the element of religious discord would be at once raised in the public school system. In addition to all this, we should have also violent polemical discussion on the question, what version of the Bible ought to be used as a text-book: whether the Douai, or that of King James the First, or the Revised. But even if this difficulty were to be solved, it would be ridiculous to attempt to palm off on the public the mere study of the Bible as a book of literature for satisfactory religious instruction.

DOES HELL STILL EXIST?

An article by the Rev. G. W. Shinn appears in the June number of the North American Review under the title, "What Has Become of Hell?" Dr. Shinn does not give any new arguments against the reality of everlasting punishment, but he asserts that "Hell has been practically obliterated from the preaching and teaching of the Church." By the Church he means, as a matter of course, Protestantism, which is certainly a misuse of words, as Protestantism which has actually destroyed the Christian idea of the Church of Christ cannot by any legitimate mental process be understood to be the Church established by Christ. The Church which Christ established on earth still exists. He instituted a teaching body in His Church, and "some, indeed, He gave to be apostles, and some prophets, and others evangelists, and others pastors and teachers" (Eph. iv. 11); and these officers of the Church, so far as the offices by their nature are permanent, still exist in their successors, and will continue to exist to the end of time, according to the divine promises that Christ will always remain with His Church (St. Matt. xxviii, 20).

"Neither doth any man take the honor (of the priesthood) to himself but he that is called by God, as Aaron was" (Heb. v. 4) Aaron was called by God directly, and his office was at- tested by the miracles which God wrought by the hands of both Moses and Aaron. But the priests who succeeded Aaron assumed the office in

accordance with the law of succession which God established.

Under the New Law Christ was the High Priest, and the Apostles were selected and ordained by Him. Their successors in the priesthood were ordained by the imposition of hands, as we learn from the Acts of the Apostles (xiv. 23): "And when they had ordained for them priests in every Church."

From 1 Tim. iv. 14; v. 22, 2 Tim. 1, 6; Titus 1, 5, 7, we learn that similarly Timothy and Titus received their ordination and consecration as priests and bishops with authority to ordain priests in the same way.

It is therefore clear from Holy Scripture, as well as from the constant tradition of the Church of God, that the priesthood is to be continued by an unbroken succession from the Apostles, and as that succession is found complete only in the Catholic Church, it follows that Mr. Shinn in speaking of Protestantism as "the Church," misapplies the language of Scripture which speaks of only one Church, "the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth," that same Church with which He promised always to abide.

From these considerations it is clear that the Catholic Church alone can be spoken of as "the Church," and this being so, it is not true that "the Church" has obliterated the doctrine of Hell from its preaching and teaching. "The Church" teaches this doctrine as it was taught from the beginning, and only modern and local heretical organizations, which have no right to be called the Church, have obliterated hell from their teaching; but the Church which has preserved un- changed "the faith once delivered to the Saints" continues to teach it as she has always done: in accordance with the doctrine of Christ, (St. Matt. xxv., 34-46) "And these (the wicked) shall go into everlasting punishment; but the just into life everlasting."

Dr. Shinn's question, which he does not presume to answer positively himself, but only evasively, and in reference to the present teaching of Protestantism, as we have seen above, can be answered unhesitatingly by the Catholic, who belongs to the Christian communion which comprises within its fold the great bulk of the Christian world. "What Has Become of Hell?" It exists still where it has always existed. We shall not attempt here to locate it definitely, but we know from Revelation that it still exists, and that is sufficient; and its continued existence is believed not only by Catholics, but by the whole Greek Church, and by many Protestants also, notwithstanding that Protestants as a whole may possibly have ceased to believe in it. It requires no little brazenfacedness to assert in the face of these facts that "the Church has practically obliterated hell from her teaching."

THE REMEDY FOR IRREVERENCE.

The boisterous scenes which took place at the recent General Methodist Episcopal Conference, and especially the wire pulling of the candidates for the Episcopacy, which evoked more of the proceedings of Tammany or some other political club, have given occasion to considerable indignation which has found expression in the religious papers.

Amongst others, a correspondent of the Christian Advocate, an organ of the same denomination, complains bitterly of the demoralizing scenes as a disgrace to Christianity, and purposes that hereafter the general Conference should be held in a religious edifice, and not, as of late years, "in music halls and semi-theatres."

The practice is, according to this writer, to find a building which will accommodate the largest possible audience. This begets the practice of "playing to the galleries," a thing which, he remarks, is not done by other religious legislative bodies, "which hold their councils in edifices consecrated to worship and the service of God." He asks:

"Does anybody believe that such scenes of boisterous excitement and violent vociferation would have occurred within the walls of a church—a real house of God?"

Certainly we can scarcely conceive of such scenes being enacted at a meeting of the primitive Church under the Apostles, such a meeting, for example as is described in Acts xv. when the Apostolic College assembled in Jerusalem to settle points of discipline and which issued its decrees as "It hath

seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us." But no one will maintain, nor does the Methodist body itself claim to be governed by a council possessing the Apostolic authority. Methodism, like all other Protestant sects, has annihilated Apostolic authority, maintaining that the individual judgment is supreme in all matters of religion or religious controversy. It is, therefore, a misnomer to call Conference a "legislative body," as it cannot make laws which are binding on the supreme individual conscience, and it would be an unmitigated pity if such a bear-garden as the recent Conference should have such a power of control or of making real laws.

Would it be a remedy to the evil if conference held its sessions in a church? We scarcely think so, for no sect has more persistently maintained that insinuate things should not be blessed by the prayers of the Church and that all such blessings are but superstitious and idolatrous rites. According to this view a building does not become "a real house of God" by means of a dedicatory service, and no special respect ought to be shown to a house which has been so dedicated. We would as soon expect the Methodist Conference to use holy water as to see it show any special reverence to a building because it has been devoted by the prayer of the Church to the service of God. Nevertheless the letter from the Christian Advocate corresponds shows a yearning among Methodists for the old Catholic teaching, which is indeed also the teaching of Holy Scripture, that "every creature of God is good and is sanctified by the word of God and by prayer." (1 Tim. iv., 5) and that the house built by many becomes by dedication truly a house set apart from profane uses for His worship; a teaching approved by our Lord who drove the money-changers out of the temple because they had desecrated His heavenly Father's house, the house of prayer, by turning it into a den of thieves.

When we find even Methodists thus returning to the ancient Catholic practices which were abandoned by Protestants at the Reformation, the fact tends to raise the hope that the time will come when it will be admitted by Protestants that they were too precipitate in rejecting Catholic devotions which cultivate piety towards God, and that they may even yet return to the unity of faith, whereby alone they will be saved from being tossed about like little children by every wind of doctrine. (Eph. iv., 14)

THE REAL PRESENCE.

C. B., writing to us on the above subject, in connection with our remarks two weeks ago on an article which appeared in the Toronto World under the title, "Self-Righteous Mr. Milligan," and in which we took occasion to speak briefly of the heads of proof of the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Eucharist, asks us to answer an objection made against this doctrine by a Protestant friend to the effect that "it is cannibalism to eat the flesh and drink the blood of Christ, and therefore the doctrine is not to be entertained."

Very objection. This is in fact the very objection which the unbelieving Jews raised against the same doctrine when our Lord Jesus Christ first revealed it saying: (St. John. vi., 51) "I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever: and the bread which I will give is my flesh for the life of the world. The Jews therefore debated among themselves saying, How can man give us his flesh to eat?" Their meaning is: "There is something shocking in the notion that Christ should give us His flesh to eat and His blood to drink. That is cannibalism, against which nature revolts."

How does Christ answer this? Does He endeavor to explain away the doctrine He has taught? No. He affirms it more positively than ever: "Amen, amen, I say unto you: that is 'Amen, amen,' 'most truly I assert,' which is on His part equivalent to an oath, 'you must believe in My word, as by the great miracle which you have just witnessed I have proved the divinity of My mission, and by all My miracles I have shown that I am truly God come to earth to redeem you, and therefore, My word is to be implicitly believed without questioning how it is to be done. With God all things are possible, and I can give the fulfilment of my promise without shocking or violating the natural law of meekness and charity towards your fellow man or to me. You should believe, therefore, on my word simply in the confidence that,

difficult though it may seem to you, I will find a way to fulfil my promise without doing violence to humane feelings." In reality, by concealing His flesh and blood in the holy Eucharist under the form of our food Christ finds an admirable way to give us the benefit He has promised without shocking human feeling and without any act of cannibalism.

An illustration of this is found in the case of Abraham who was commanded to sacrifice Isaac. That was something, to shock humanity, and yet Abraham obeyed God's word to the point of binding Isaac on the altar and raising the sword to kill him. (Gen. xxii., 9-10) Then God saved Isaac miraculously and supplied a victim to be sacrificed in his stead. Abraham's faith is very highly praised in God's word (Rom. 1: 218: ix, 17-19) because he believed firmly that God would keep His word in some way which He did not know of, and God did so, without allowing him to do a crime. We should have the same confidence in Christ's promise that He will give His flesh to eat and His blood to drink. He does fulfil His promise of St. John's gospel vi., 52, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, when He institutes the Blessed Eucharist as described in St. Matthew xxvi., 26 to 28; St. Mark, xvi., 22 to 24; St. Luke xxii., 17 to 20; 1 Cor. x., 16; xi., 24-29.

The very frequency and the strong terms in which He declares that will give His Flesh and Blood, and similar words which He uses when instituting the Blessed Eucharist, show that He means exactly what He says in the passages above quoted. And is to be seen from the above passage of the Apostle St. Paul to the Corinthians that the Apostles accepted Christ's words just as they were spoken that is in their literal sense.

Lastly, there is another answer derived from the nature of cannibalism.

What is cannibalism? It is crime of killing or murdering a man thus violating God's commandment and then adding insult to injury eating the flesh as it lies before us in fleshy form.

There is nothing of this in the Blessed Eucharist. There is no killing or murdering, for Christ died on Mount Calvary, but died once more. Thus: (Romans vi., 9, 10): "Christ rising from the dead dieth no more. Death shall no more have dominion over Him. For in that He died for sin, He died once" (the once only and He did die no more). The Blessed Eucharist is therefore memorial of Christ's death according to 1 Cor. xi., 26, but we do not actually kill Him and there cannot be cannibalism. In fact the who objected against "this giving His flesh to eat" founded objection on the supposed cannibalism of such a thing—but Christ knew to keep His word without instituting cannibalism, and He did it by giving His flesh and blood not as it is the butcher's shambles, but under forms of bread and wine, our ordinary food and nourishment.

3. A third answer is that it does us no harm to criticize God's but to accept and believe them Abraham did when he was told to sacrifice Isaac. The responsibility of our obedience will then be God's not ours. But we may be sure we will not order anything sinful, we may be sure there is no cannibalism or sin of any kind when He says: "Unless you eat the flesh of the Man and drink His blood you shall not live in you."

THE ORANGEMEN'S D.

The 12th of July, or Orange day, passed off very quietly at the Province, and though the speeches of the blood and character so characteristic of these appear not to have been numerous as on former occasions.

The number who marched in Toronto is stated to be 3,000. As we have seen 5,000 in the ranks in past years as far back as a quarter of a century ago, the fact to-day certainly betoken an increase either in the ardor or the enthusiasm of the men and if it is really dwindling, that Orangemen does not increase with the increase of population spread of Intelligence.

On this fact the country is gratulated. In other cities the lack of enthusiasm in the celebration was also noticeable; and the political aspirations, did all power to keep the spirit of any alive, the failure to members of enthusiasm into seems to have been very general.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Her Grace the Duchess. In the Faubourg St. Marceau, one of the most splendid quarters in Paris...

But when the minister of God on his homeward way reflected on the filthy, forlorn condition of the sick man's tenement...

Whist the priest was plunged in his melancholy cogitation he approached a magnificent residence...

An irresistible impulse forced him to seek admittance to her presence...

Nevertheless, on being ushered into Her Grace's presence, he statted with out hesitation his difficulty.

"Who, of course," she replied simply, "It would be utterly impossible to let our dear Saviour enter such a place."

"Then, as you share my opinion will you undertake that the room be put in some sort of decent order for the administration of the Sacrament."

"Meet gladly! I will see to it myself. Must I take my maid?"

"By all means for the room must be swept out and cleaned."

"Yes! but such work must be done voluntarily and cheerfully, and I would not have my maid cleaned if she would deprive me of some of the merriment."

"But, your Grace, the man is so generously ill; there is no time to lose. He is expecting me at 8 in the morning and his dwelling is a great distance from here."

"Have no fear," she cheerfully replied. "I shall be there long before you." Happily it was spring...

The young duchess had just completed her labor of love when priest entered; and had cast her hat and wore a large white veil to protect her dress.

When the priest leaning over began in a few words to prepare for a devout reception of the Sacrament, the old man quickly rpled him, exclaiming with a gleam in his eye: "The good lady kneeling has told me all that. She and her little boy have been praying for me so happy!"

He received his Saviour with a grateful piety, and the priest scarcely ended the prayer of giving when the duchess took the picker's feeble horny old hand and laid it gently on her little head, saying: "Please, my good man, you have received Holy Communion and are our dear Lord's tributary to bring us great happiness."

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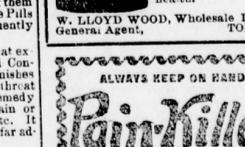
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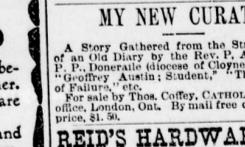
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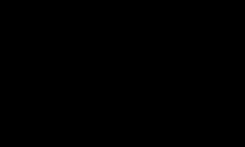
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PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER. XCIV.

Dean Hodges says that by the year 1517 everything at Wittenberg was ready for the Reformation, because two things were found there which were certain to issue in it.

It might be wished, perhaps, that Dean Hodges was a little more precise in defining what he means here.

To begin with the open Bible: Does Dr. Hodges affirm that the Bible was more freely read at Wittenberg than it was throughout Germany?

He was ignorant of the Bible because he had given himself up almost entirely to the reading of the pagan classics.

Even in Spain, as early as Isabella, the Church put out a Spanish Bible for popular reading.

Reverting from Unitarianism to those Protestant bodies which it entirely within the Christian line, Dean Hodges suggests some further questions.

CHARLES C. STAMBUCK. 12 Meacham Street, North Cambridge, Mass.

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IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF Inordinate Affections.

1. Whenever a man desireth anything inordinately, he is presently disgusted with himself.

The poor and humble of spirit live in much peace. The man who is not yet perfectly dead to himself, is soon tempted and overcome by small and trifling things.

2. And there if he hath pursued his inclinations, he is presently tormented with the guilt of his conscience.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Her Grace the Duchess. In the Faubourg St. Marceau, one of the most squalid quarters in Paris, and which is justly called "Misery District," a priest prepared an old rag-picker for death. The dying man, amidst the dirt and degradation of his mean trade and the association of godless companions, had persistently clung to the Catholic faith, and would not close his aching eyes without receiving the last Sacraments.

But when the minister of God on his homeward way reflected on the filthy, forlorn condition of the sick man's tenement, and that he must convey his Divine Master thither, he became perplexed and troubled in his mind. Nor can this be wondered at for the room, which the dying man most correctly called his "den," was devoid of furniture.

Whilst the priest was plunged in his melancholy cogitation he approached a magnificent residence, and it suddenly occurred to him that a pious duchess owned it; the bearer of one of the most illustrious names in France, young, beautiful and in the best of health, and adored by her husband and all his relatives. He was aware that the fleeting pleasures of the world had still an attraction for her; at the same time he knew she had a good heart.

An irresistible impulse forced him to seek admittance to her presence and as he entered the stately mansion and trod the polished floors, the profusion of flowers, the costly carpets and hangings only too clearly reminded him of the difference between the fair and noble mistress of all this wealth and grandeur and the destitute, begrimed penitent.

Nevertheless, on being ushered into Her Grace's presence, he stated without hesitation his difficulty.

"Who, of course," she replied quite simply, "it would be utterly impossible to let our dear Saviour enter such a place."

"Then, as you share my opinion, will you undertake that the room be put in some sort of decent order for the administration of the Sacrament?"

"Most gladly! I will see to it myself. Must I take my maid?"

"By all means for the room must be swept out and cleaned."

"Yes! but such work must be done voluntarily and cheerfully, and if my maid cleaned it she would deprive me of some of the merit. Now that I think of it, I will take my son. He is eight years old. It is also right that he should become acquainted with the misery of the poor."

"But, your Grace, the man is dangerously ill; there is no time to be lost. He is expecting me at 8 in the morning and his dwelling is a great distance from here. Can you possibly perform so much in the meantime?"

"Have no fear," she cheerfully replied, "I shall be there long before you." Happily it was spring and the days broke early, and when on the following morning the priest arrived at 8 with the Viaticum, he found the rag-picker's den transformed into a clean and lovely habitation. It involuntarily reminded him of the sepulchre which the pious duchess had erected in each Catholic church on Maundy Thursday for the Blessed Sacrament. The entire chamber was draped in white and over the miserable pallet of rags was thrown a snow white embroidered coverlet. A table had been procured which was covered with a fine white damask cloth. It bore a crucifix and two candlesticks with wax tapers; at the side was a vessel containing holy water and a consecrated sprig of boxwood. Nothing had been forgotten.

The young duchess had just completed her labor of love when the priest entered; and had cast aside her hat and wore a large white apron to protect her dress. But immediately at the sight of the Blessed Sacrament she and her little son dropped on their knees at the front of the bed and devoutly recited the Confiteor. The aged rag-picker lay on his clean bed the picture of radiant contentment, more especially as Her Grace had carefully combed his hair, a comfort of which he had certainly long been deprived.

When the priest leaning over him began in a few words to prepare him for a devout reception of the Blessed Sacrament, the old man quickly interrupted him, exclaiming with holy glee, "The good lady kneeling here has told me all that. She and her little boy have been praying with me."

He received his Saviour with unfeigned piety, and the priest had scarcely ended the prayer of thanks giving when the duchess took the rag-picker's feeble horny old hand in hers and laid it gently on her little boy's head, saying:

"Please, my good man, now that you have received Holy Communion and are our dear Lord's friend, bestow on us your blessing. It is certain to bring us great happiness."

"Oh! my lady," ejaculated the dying rag-picker, "a poor old man like me can give you no blessing. The Lord God Almighty must bless you and the lad. Aye, and he will, too; He will bless you and your son!"

So speaking he wept, and down the cheeks of the priest there silently coursed the sweetest tears he ever shed. He it is who has narrated for us this beautiful incident and he has done so as an example of that true charity which, not content with the mere bestowal of alms, expends itself for the suffering neighbor.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Persons are often surprised at the superior success of young immigrants in this country over native born youth, the majority of whom have had greater advantages in the way of schooling than their foreign born competitors. It is found that in most of the industries, in trade and in the professions many among the truly prosperous and conspicuously successful workers are self-made men who came to America in their youth with no capital except ability and willingness to labor. They were not too fastidious to accept any employment that afforded the means of livelihood and applied themselves diligently and cheerfully to make the most of the first opportunity that offered itself. This fact in connection with their industry and thrift, furnishes the key to the mystery which puzzles the mind of superficial observers. The handicap of inferior intellectual cultivation and lack of influential friends was more than offset by readiness to engage in any honorable occupation, no matter how arduous or un congenial. Unhindered by foolish notions of gentility they pitched in, with a light heart and resolute will, to get out of their position all that was in it. In this way their services became valuable and were appreciated accordingly. Their advancement was not due to any sentimental considerations at all, but was strictly the reward of honest endeavor. The value of their work was substantially recognized because it was to the interest of their employers to do so. Men in business are prompted by selfish motives to retain the services of those who are useful to them. It is a wise policy. Therefore to the combined energy and perseverance of the class in question must be attributed the relatively large degree of practical success attained by young foreigners in comparison with others.

The "advantages" of scholastic training on which the American youth is apt to place himself, are frequently a serious drawback to him. Education, so-called, is a fetish among a very large and respectable class of our people. But a great deal of what currently passes for education instead of being a benefit, is a positive detriment. It is not education at all. The partial cultivation of the faculties which enable one to memorize and repeat parrot-like, certain set tasks is not education by any means. It is regrettable but true that a very large proportion of the educational results effected by our popular system of " cramming " resolve themselves into this capacity to repeat mechanically what has been committed to memory. Now, if we seriously study the influence of this sort of "education" as it is illustrated in the habits of mind and in the character and career of the vast multitude of those who bank on the superior qualifications derived from such school training, we shall discover the reason why, in so many instances, the young native is outstripped in the race for material rewards by the foreigner, a stranger to the preliminary scholastic experience upon which his unsuccessful adversary rested his hopes.

In other words, a training which makes a young fellow too "gentle" to do the kind of work for which he is fitted, without providing him with the ability and opportunity to engage in the light, profitable and eminently respectable employments, which alone he is willing to undertake, is not an unmitigated blessing, as thousands and millions disappointed and embittered lives testify. The sort of half education to which we refer and which prevails almost universally among those who most vehemently uphold this destructive method of false gentility, has depopulated farming communities in many localities, depleted the mechanical trades and best places in all lines of skilled labor of native artisans, produced a generation of shabby-genteel counter-jumpers and clerks and filled the country with hoodlums, tramps and a still more despicable element of degenerates, who live by their wits, human sharks preying upon their fellow creatures. On the fringes of the so-called learned professions hang another multitude of impecunious, disqualified aspirants who from a spirit of shallow vanity have avoided lives of usefulness in the vocations to which they were best adapted as a consequence of the kind of "education" which paralyzes instead of developing manhood. These statements are not wild assertions conceived in a disordered imagination. There is, unfortunately, an overwhelming mass of proof to sustain them, in the story of contemporaneous life around us, especially in the larger cities of the country.

Here is a matter that deserves the prayerful attention of young men who stand upon the threshold of maturity. The future lies before them. What is it to be? That depends absolutely on what they determine for themselves. If, having acquired the rudiments of mental culture, they are possessed of the prevalent fancy that manual labor is not respectable and that the requirements of gentility preclude employment injurious to good clothes and soft hands, they will decide to join one or the other classes just mentioned. Of course they will not deliberately choose a career of idleness and crime. But by turning their backs upon the avenues of honorable employment for which they are utterly unfitted and which offers them no reasonable hope of livelihood, merely to gratify a stupid egotism, they enter upon the path which leads

to inevitable failure. We do not wish to be understood as decrying intellectual pursuits or disparaging laudable ambition for social and material advancement. God forbid! But we do emphatically assert on the incontestable evidence of common sense and observation, that the ability to read and write does not comprise a sufficient equipment with which to carve out a successful career in the professions or furnish the essentially requisite opportunities for success in any other branch of activity demanding intelligence, industry and a power of concentration which is only developed by persistent study and effort in that direction.

The secret of the success, so commonly accomplished by young men who begin life without any extraneous advantages is not hard to discover. Their willingness to take hold of the first opening that presents itself and to make the most of it, to the full extent of their natural capacity is the key to the solution. They are not handicapped by any false pretensions of personal superiority, nor silly traditions respecting the gentility of the labor demanded. The work is before them. It is manifestly honorable, respectable and useful. That is enough. They apply themselves diligently to doing it. They do not waste time and energy in vain regrets because they are not well placed as the heads of the firm or corporation which employs them. They are not worried about how society regards the position they occupy or whether society regards it, at all. Their undivided attention is devoted to the discharge of their duties which, in consequence, are satisfactorily performed. This circumstance insures practical recognition, and step by step with patient determination they scale the ladder of prosperity. While the talents of the excessively "gentle" young fellow are directed to the avoidance of anything that might wound his sense of human respect, his other young man is rapidly distancing him in the race for the goal which he himself is never destined to reach, because of the silly impediment with which he has burdened his back.—Catholic Universe.

HE FORETOLD "BOXER" RISING. Bishop Von Anzer Gave Warning a Year Ago of Present Chinese Trouble.

Much interest in the Chinese crisis is being manifested among the German Catholics of this city. This is due in part to the fact that Baron Von Ketteler, the German Minister to Peking, who was murdered there, is a Catholic and a nephew of the late Bishop Ketteler, of Mayence. He was a native of Westphalia, a district which is the birthplace of many of the German priests and laity of Philadelphia.

About three years ago Rev. Francis Nies, S. V. D., and Rev. Peter Henle, S. V. D., German Catholic missionaries, were murdered in China, and the crime at that time threatened grave international complications. Father Nies was a cousin of Rev. Hubert Hammeke, of St. Bonaventura's, Rev. Theodore Hammeke, of St. Ignatius, and Rev. William Hammeke, of Lehighton, three brothers who are laboring in this diocese. A fourth brother is a priest in Germany.

The Shan-Tung province of China is under a German protectorate, and a serious uprising is threatened there; in fact, German engineers on the railroads there have been forced to abandon the work. It was from this province that Right Rev. J. B. Ritter Von Anzer, titular Bishop of Pletter and Vicar Apostolic of South Shan-Tung, came when he visited America a few years ago. He arrived in this city on February 26, 1898, and after calling on Archbishop Ryan, Bishop Prendergast and Mgr. Cantwell at the cathedral residence, he spent some time at St. Bonaventura's with the cousins of the murdered Father Nies. The Monsignor had a beard and moustache cut in the Chinese style and wore a hat not unlike that known as a "Grant hat," with a military cloak and cap. His countenance bore evidence of considerable exposure to the elements. He speaks English imperfectly, and while here conversed mainly in German, his native tongue. Two sisters of the Bishop are religious in convents in New Orleans.

THE BISHOP ON THE "BOXER" MOVEMENT. Nothing has been heard in this city from him since the recent troubles began, and there was some apprehension as to his fate and that of his flock. A recent issue of Das Vaterland, the leading Catholic paper of Vienna, contained a communication from him which would indicate that he was then in Austria. In the article he is quoted regarding the "Boxer" movement, and his views, a portion of which are here given, may throw some light on the situation in China.

"The whole 'Boxer' movement," said the Bishop, "arose a short time after the seizure of Kiao-Chau, Port Arthur and Wei-Hat-Wai." The cessation of these three important centres produced perplexity among the Chinese people, and this impression was still more marked in government circles in Peking. During the first six or seven months the efforts of the Chinese authorities were directed towards avoiding all difficulties, as they knew what might be expected from the European Governments. But in course of time a reaction set in, which was only natural and conceivable. That reaction did not, however, proceed from the people, but from the Chinese officials. It originated in Shan-Tung and Peking. A victory named Yuhien was sent to Shan-Tung to promote it. I knew him well. He formerly tried to approach the Catholics,

but I had to be cautious in dealing with him. He now endeavored to promote an outbreak in Shan-Tung against foreigners, and called upon the local officials to take action against Europeans. They had no alternative but to comply, and incited the people to follow their example. Yet the latter did not openly riot. The sect of the 'Great Knife,' as they style themselves, were then appealed to. Members of that sect murdered two German missionaries. They afterwards missed my Apostolic Vicar while on a mission tour never to meet us again. Six months later the Governor arrived and urged them to proceed against foreigners, but they turned a deaf ear to him. The Governor was then obliged to summon members of the sect from the neighboring provinces in order to organize disturbances.

THE BISHOP GAVE WARNING. "At that time, which was during last May, June and July, I called the attention of the Chinese Government to the danger of the existing danger. I told them that the sect in question would eventually turn against the dynasty. Their leader already regards himself as the Emperor of China. No notice was taken of my warning, and what we Catholic missionaries foretold has now happened. So far away from China and from the seat of present events their importance cannot be accurately estimated. In a general way, however, it seems to me that the action of the European powers has hitherto been well advised.

"But the powers must persist and manifest their determination. If they are satisfied with mere assurances, they will once more be deceived, and worse may be expected in the future. Everything depends on the skill displayed by the European representatives. If they stand firm till all important measures which they demand have been carried out the danger will be at an end. If there had been energetic intervention last year when I called attention to the situation, what is happening now would never have taken place. According to my experience and profound conviction the position of affairs for all Europe is this. China is a phase of transformation with great revolts and disturbances occur as a matter of course. It is on the eve of political, economic, social and religious changes.

"As a Bishop of the excellent and capable Chinese people I must, before all, interest myself in what can make them really happy and prevent them from becoming a great peril to Europe. During the twenty years I have been in China I have never seen any drunkards, and if the Chinese were beaten in the war with Japan, it must be attributed to the opium smoking of their officers. At the present moment, which will be decisive in all respects, everything will depend on whether Catholic missionary work is assisted to success with increasing means and energy or whether the Chinese millions will be abandoned to religious indifference and to those ruinous tendencies which now overrun and imperil Europe. Whoever has a heart for the future of mankind and that of our Holy Church will lend an ear to my entreaty that he should pray and make sacrifices for China—that is, for a Catholic China."

WHAT DID HE MEAN? The Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, is always made impatient of bores, especially clerical bores. One of the clergy of his diocese who had pestered him a good deal recently wrote an inordinately long letter describing a picture which he proposed to put up in the chancel of the church, and asking permission to do so. By the time His Grace reached the end of the epistle his patience was quite exhausted, and he replied on a postcard: "Dear Blank: Hang the picture!" The clergyman is still wondering how he ought to regard the reply.

YEARS OF AGONY. Resulting From Sciatica in an Aggravated Form. MANY NIGHTS THE SUFFERER COULD NOT LIE IN BED, AND HIS LEG WAS FREQUENTLY SWOLLEN TO TWICE ITS NATURAL SIZE.

From the Journal, St. Catharines. Mr. John T. Benson, stationary engineer at the Ridley College, St. Catharines, is known by most of the residents of the city. For years Mr. Benson suffered acute agony from sciatica, and notwithstanding numerous forms of treatment, found little or no relief, until he began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills speedily restored his health, as they have done that of thousands of others who have given them a fair trial. To the reporter who interviewed him, Mr. Benson said: "I certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they have released me from a form of torture that had afflicted me almost continuously for twenty years. The pain began first in my back, then shifted to my hip, and thence down my leg. It became so severe that it seemed as though the very marrow in my bones was being scalded, and at times I could scarcely repress crying aloud from the agony I endured. I tried all sorts of liniments and lotions, but got no relief. I doctored with several physicians, even going to Buffalo for treatment by a specialist there, but in no case did I ever receive more than temporary relief. It may be easily imagined that the pain I endured told upon me in other ways and I became

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almost a physical wreck. At times my right leg would swell to nearly twice its normal size. Then the pain and swelling would shift to my left leg, and the agony was something awful. I suppose that during the period I was afflicted I have hundreds of times laid on my back on the floor with my foot and leg elevated on a chair in order to obtain slight ease from the pain I endured. The muscles and sinews in my legs looked as though they had twisted and tied in knots. The trouble went on in this way until finally nothing but opiates would deaden the pain. A few years ago I read of a cure in a similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. For some time after I began their use, I could not see that they would give them a fair trial. By the time I had used a half dozen boxes, there was a decided improvement in my case, and I continued the use of the pills until I had taken twelve boxes, when I felt my cure was complete. Several years have since passed and I have had no return of the trouble, so that I feel safe in saying that the cure has been permanent.

I may also add that my wife has used the pills for indigestion, headaches and dizziness, and has found great benefit from them. Words cannot express the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to me, and I hope similar sufferers will profit by my experience."

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