

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1907

1492

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1907.

THE FRUITS OF "MORALITY" WITHOUT GOD.

They who approve the French atheist's policy and rhapsodize over a Government that has deposed God, should not lose sight of the present chronicles of crime of Paris and other cities. Morality independent of religion is an exhibition. And this morality merely consists in evading the police. We read fine words about being true to nature. But what is this nature? Remove God and we have nothing that commands or holds out to us either reward or punishment. So long as atheistic rulers keep the masses amused and prosperous, they may tickle their ears with rhetoric or with the thoughts of Epictetus. When the play, however, is over, and hunger gnaws, there may be a barricade or so in Parisian streets and arguments in the shape of rifle balls to prove that morality fashioned by civil law is not of value when skies are gray. The bayonet may keep them in order, but the human beast has, when strong enough, the habit of breaking loose. It has done this ere now: it may do it again, to the dismay of non-baiters and blasphemers. And yet the French official who banished God from France is placed by The Christian Guardian among the individuals who make "not very sensible remarks." Only this and a word or two informing us that the French Protestants did not complain of the law affecting religious liberty. This editor must keep his diction in cold storage.

THE HOUR OF THE ATHEIST.

Clemenceau smiles when he counts the votes. Nero smiled and added when he saw Rome in flames. Another Frenchman smiled when he said that in France adultery is almost an institution. We smile when atheists cry out for obedience to duty and respect for the will of the nation. But some of those days a real man will throw Clemenceau and his friends out of Parliament and put the keys into his pocket. "Do you know," said Napoleon to Fontanes, "what I admire the most in the world? It is the inability of force to found anything. There are two powers in the world—the sword and the spirit. In time the sword is always conquered by the spirit." Clemenceau and his friends are preparing their political funeral.

A GREAT CATHOLIC.

On the 12th of last December last that Paris counts famous in the world of religion and zealous in the field of religion, conducted was to his last resting place. He was one of the Frenchmen of our time who have contributed much to the advancement of human thought and who have given generous testimony for Christ. Thus Abbe Felix Klein refers, to Mr. Ferdinand Brunetiere, the bete noir of the atheist, as he is in France. Deftly the Abbe limns the portrait of a man who championed truth for truth's sake, and who, as a professor, a literary critic, and a writer distinguished for vivid presentation of thought and feeling, occupied for years a prominent place in the world of letters.

At first Brunetiere entertained the prejudices then current against the Church. In 1894 he visited Leo XIII., much to the dismay of the anti-clericalists. On his return from Rome he published in the Revue des Deux Mondes, an article, "After a visit to the Vatican." In it he demonstrated the impotence of science in regard to the origin and destiny of man: that morality is nothing if not religious, and that it would be but folly to reject the assistance which the Church furnished for the maintenance of the successful application of those principles without which no society could live. The article caused much commotion in the anti-Christian camp. In 1900 he announced to a Catholic assembly at Lille the happy conclusion of his personal researches in these terms: "As to what I believe—ask Rome."

From that moment Brunetiere showed himself a resolute Catholic in all his writings and discourses. Again and again he proclaimed that human society cannot exist without morality, nor morality without belief in God, nor belief in God without a positive religion, nor positive religion for intelligent people without dogmatic Christianity.

In an address delivered at Florence, in 1900, he said:

"To attack Christianity after the manner of the Freemasons and Free-thinkers is to attack the principles, not only of our moral life, but also of the progress of civilization. Without these principles atheistic or non-Christian society must fall not only into corruption and decadence, but into what seems worse to us, stagnation."

In the preface to his last book, "Present Questions," he predicts an inevitable disappearance of the misunderstandings that have done so much harm, and adds, "that if political ends are mixed with the religion of some Catholics, such Catholics are a small minority and will constantly diminish in number. After one or two generations we will meet them no more. Then, I trust, will the teachings of Catholicism be seen in their true value. . . . and that then Catholicism will be recognized, as it should be recognized, as the most efficacious instrument of progress that the world knows."

ONE FOLD AND ONE SHEPHERD

From The Lamp, an organ of the "Catholic Party" among American Episcopalians, we call the following words:

"The real and true struggle for freedom now going on in the Anglican body is deliverance from Protestantism in all its varied hues and forms. The freedom promised the Church of England in the sixteenth century was a lie emanating from the mouth of Satan. When we are prepared to understand the first article of Magna Charta as Stephen Langton understood it, we shall learn true wisdom from our English forefathers and like them place ourselves in loyal submission under the protection of the Holy See, in communion with which alone the Catholic Church has the divine guarantee of standing fast in that liberty where-with Christ her Master hath made her free."

Bosnot opined that the study of the Fathers would bring England back to the faith. The Anglo-Saxon is found in every part of the world. Gradually the poison of the "Reformation" is leaving his body, and the beauty of the Church extorting his admiration. It seems to us that he is preparing himself to resume the role, which from the sixth to the sixteenth century he played successfully, viz., that of propagator of the doctrines of the Church.

THE THIRD ACT.

We are witnessing to-day the third act of the tragedy which began in the sixteenth century. The first act was played by Luther and the Princes and Princes of the world. The warring sects perpetuate its memory. The second act was an affair of blasphemy and blood in the eighteenth century. The third act is on, with the stage crowded by the "Democrats" who speak the language of hate and impley and the Agnostic and Positivist. Mere opinions cannot save the world from paganism. The Church alone, which teaches with divine authority and incessantly proclaims the truth of the Incarnation—God made man and dwelling amongst us—is the only barrier to infidelity.

THE PRESBYTERIAN AS UNIFIER

As a novel, Joseph Hooking's book, "The Woman of Babylon," is not worthy of notice: as Sunday school literature it may please some non-Catholics. It seems to please The Presbyterian's editor, who in the editorial column waxes eloquent on God; and on the pages devoted to the family circle allows Mr. Hooking to run counter to God's commandments. It must be a case of moral strabismus. To a person of normal vision the sight of Mr. Hooking using up picturesque adjectives and pelting us with archaic missiles is extremely ludicrous. If he would but leave all these things in their forgotten graves and see us as we are—if instead of haunting cemeteries and chasing phantoms and talking about his ridiculous dreams, he would consult a non-Catholic historian like Dr. Gairdner—we might be spared some melodramatic rubbish. But what astonishes us is its approval by the editors of the Presbyterian. We do not entertain the notion that he wished to perpetuate prejudice and hatred. For he has exhorted us to be lovers of peace and to cherish his dogma of the unification of Canada. But why does he permit Mr. Hooking to defile the minds and hearts of Presbyterian children and to teach them the gospel of hatred? Is this not a crime against the children? Is it consistent with his responsibility as an editor and a Christian to sully his paper with state-

ments that are not made save by either the ignorant or the bigoted? We think not, and we venture to say that any Canadian averse to stirring up the cesspool of calumny agrees with us. We trust the editor will convince us that he is not among the theological partisans who are less truthful, less high-minded, less honorable than the partisans of political and social causes who make no profession as to the duty of love.

"A HUMAN HEAVEN"

FATHER KANE'S SECOND SERMON ON THE HOME—FIRSTIE'S TEACHING—HOW IDLENESS DESTROYS THE HOME'S HAPPINESS—THE POWERFUL INFLUENCE EXERTED BY A GOOD WOMAN—MAN'S HELMATE.

Rev. Robert Kane, S. J., preached the second of his admirable series of sermons on Home, to a crowded congregation, in St. Francis Xavier's church, Liverpool, recently. Father Kane's sermon was based on the text: "For also, when we were with you, we declared this to you, that if any man will not work, neither let him eat" (2d Epistle to the Thessalonians, c. iii, v. 10), and as reproduced in the Catholic Times, is as follows:

The sentence passed on fallen man that he should earn his bread in the sweat of his brow was, said the preacher, indeed a punishment, but it was indeed a fortunate fate when not only was there work to do, but when one was also forced to do it. Even in man's merely human ways work willingly undertaken and earnestly done brought with it blessings. It gave health to the body and hardihood to the will, cheerfulness to the mind and grit to the character. Work alone could develop natural talent, and work alone could safeguard supernatural virtue. Yet work was often shirked through sloth, or it was not sought for through indolence. But, as had declared a rich art critic, there was no beauty in any slothful animal, so there was no true moral worth in any idle man, no true moral dignity in any idle woman. Idleness was the frequent cause of mental depression, and was often the cause of moral depravity. But what particular bearing had that upon home life? No idle home was happy, for, in the first place, work was often needed to earn their daily bread, or, if one's support was safe without daily toil, work might be needed in order to add domestic comfort; or if all that was already secure without actual effort, yet there remained in the second place the grim fact that idleness created tediousness, and tediousness with melancholy of mind provoked also irritation of temper, whilst irritability caused quarrel, which brought feud to the fireside. The lazy morning lost in unhealthy sleepiness, or in indolent lounging till there long hours given up to reading novels in which the most shameful sins were vividly painted in pretty pictures or the most abominable blasphemies, blantly set in pretty speech; protracted periods of scandalous gossip or of unbecoming talk; heavy intervals of annoying listlessness that led to anger, or to overwhelming depression that led to drunkenness; an evening of brutal revelling, or of wretched loneliness, ending with the sleep of stupor or of unpleasant dreams—would such a day as that, asked the preacher, help to make a home happy? Sloth was a deadly sin, killing talent, character, cheerfulness, kindness, energy, and purity. It was very fertile in decay. Within the stagnant soul were bred germs of every creeping sin and reptile crime, till the mind became dull or devilish, the character stanic or silly, the heart hard or putrid. Even when one was not forced to labor for one's daily bread one must not be idle. If they could not use their fingers they could use their brains. Any man or woman on earth, who was neither a cripple nor a fool, could find an honest occupation. Whereas that man was unworthy of the name who was no more than an encumbrance upon the earth, a burthen upon his people, a drone amidst tolling humanity, a blotch upon creation, the man who was a willing and earnest worker in the world was not only one of nature's noblemen realizing the dignity of his duty, accomplishing the fulfillment of his vocation, but, more than that, since all his actions tended towards the carrying out of the fitting order of things, since every effort of his strength was adding to the wealth of nations, since the re-ut of his hands' labor or of his mental toil was a development of his own soul, so that every drop of sweat on his brow was an offering that was a consideration of his life and brought upon it the blessings of heaven. Father Kane next spoke of the evils of extravagance.

The people, high and low, lived up to their last penny, if they did not live beyond it. The man whose care should keep the home secure to be a shelter for the loved ones should recklessly waste or rashly risk the means wherewith he should fulfil that sacred duty, that was more than sin, it was more than guilt; it was cruelty, it was crime. Poverty—he meant real, downright, pinching poverty—was a very terrible trial to face; but when it was poverty that came after luxury, an hunger that came after plenty it was horrible, it was appalling. Lastly, there was the lesson of the fireside. It was from around the fireside, as from the parent nest, that young loves first fluttered forth on life; and as the birds at eve come home to roost, so 'twas

towards the fireside of one's childhood that the fondest memories of age turned back. Many and many a time the wanderer in far-off lands, weary of limb and sore of heart, would forget the scorching sand of the desert or the seething fever of the swamp, or the bitter waste of the salt sea waves, and as in his heavy sleep he remembered more the callousness or the cruelty of the strangers around him a dream of the drear old days that were gone would dawn on his soul, a dream that showed to him again, with the light of the flickering flame, the circle of happy faces round the fireside, till the mist of holy tears will have clouded his eyes, and a wave of holy love will lift up his ward spirit nearer home, and therefore, nearer God.

Father Kane based the second part of his eloquent sermon on the words "As the sun when it riseth in the world in the high places of God, so is the beauty of a good wife for the ornament of her home" (Ecclesiastians, c. xxvi, v. 21). The glorious sun, said the preacher, gave to our earth its beauty and its fruitfulness. Through the dark shadows of the night the quiet dawn breaks with brightening hopes and fuller promise, spreading all over the Eastern sky prophetic revelations of power and splendor soon to come, till with the faint trembling of the air, like earth, with a sudden flash of triumph on the face of the happy heavens, like a joy that came to hearts that were weary with waiting, the first rays of the sun, across the dazzled edge of the horizon, shot like golden arrows. The sun taught the birds to sing; it painted the flowers, and from its one white ray unravelled the thousand exquisite colors and hues wherewith it gave to each petal or leaf of loveliness of its own. The sun drew from the bitter cold draughts of purest water, and sent it in phantom-like form of cloud to far-off places to fall in refreshing rain upon thirsty soil. The sun stirred with strange, magic touch the chemical forces of the mineral, the loose-linked affinities of the liquid, and the vapor's subtle, intangible atoms, stimulating their energy and purifying their influence, for there was no power so strong in its action or so blessed in its health-giving as the power of the sunshine, and without it there would be no life, no loveliness. Such was the influence of a good woman on her home. From her rough and rugged rock they trod gained strange charms, so that the cliffs of difficulties over which they must climb were robed in bright colors; the weary waste of trial or the monotonous expanse of drudgery, were made clear to their vision, and easy to their effort.

Woman's influence could soften the coarser crust of man's more selfish nature, and from it win the gentleness of courtesy, the choicest flowers of refinement, the full, rich, ripe fruits of chivalrous devotedness or of generous work. Her sacred influence banished the pestilential vapors that brooded over hearts where her pure presence had not shone. Her holy love destroyed the germs of spiritual disease, keeping the souls of the young pure, or bringing back to the souls that had sinned by sin a second spring-tide of their earlier innocence. From out of the salt, bitter ocean of human life a good woman would gather pure, sweet streams of sympathy and let them fall in soft, soothing tears to comfort sorrow, or she would pour them round the roots of hard or sickly characters, helping them to ripen unto wisdom, the choicest flowers of God, so was the beauty of a good wife for the ornament of her home. The influence of woman was not to be measured by mathematics. It was too delicate to be defined by the ordinary balance of moral right. It was so vast as to spread beyond the horizon of the philosopher, yet so imperceptible as to defy the touch and elude the eye. Those who advocate woman's rights sought unconsciously to limit her power and lessen her influence. If they spoke of Right in the strict sense, woman's first right was to obey. While it is true that one woman might be stronger than a man, another braver, another more stern, another more rough, another more intelligent in abstract science, or more despoiled in character as one man might be weak or wayward as any woman; yet it was a higher, wider, deeper, truth that the nature of womanhood was not that of manhood, and that her broad characteristics at their best were those of man's helpmate, and were at their worst when she would be man's wish to stand always on equal footing with men, they forfeited their privileges, which were only offered to their weakness, and they lost in the struggle for existence into which they rashly rushed, that success which was only grasped by the stronger hand or fiercer character. Those unwholesome theories about "Women's Rights" were hatched in the dovecoats where spinsterhood sounded into strong-windedness. The Church, said Father Kane in conclusion, only recognizes three states in Christian life: the state of marriage, the state of religion, and the state of singleness in the world; but the last only when chosen or accepted from a supernatural motive. The Church did not recognize any holiness of life, except in so far as they were either preparatory to holy marriage or consecrated to holy virginity. Wherefore those who were not called to marriage, whether it was owing to their own choice or outside circumstances, must understand that that was neither an excuse for sin nor a toleration for tepidity. Bachelorhood and spinster-

hood were states of natural selfishness unless they were made states of supernatural holiness. In the last place, and above all, home needed woman's help and heart. Woman was always the angel in her home. If she was not an angel of heaven she might become an angel of hell. No demon ever brought such sin on earth, no demon ever dealt such strokes of woe or tightened such strain of agony, as did the curse of a wicked woman for the disgrace, degradation, misery, anguish and despair of her home. But woman might be and often was the living sunshine of God's heaven within her home, an angel of light of loveliness, and of love. "Oh, Christian women," appealed the preacher in closing his beautiful sermon, "look up to that glorious ideal and try to make it true on earth. Home should be a human heaven, and you are the angels who can make it so. Dream your dream of happy home. Dream till your very dream, born within your fancy, shall grow into real fact. That is your influence is lost because you see no sign of actual happiness, no proof of actual holiness. Be still an angel of light, of loveliness, and of love. When you are dead, and over your cold heart the green grass grows, while above your pillow all dark even your name is being washed away from the tombstone by the rain, or the snow, or the frost, your voice will still echo like music to a living ear, your face will still be present before living eyes, you will yourself be still living by your living influence within the living memory of him who can never forget you, and though the soft tears are streaming down his cheek and a sob is struggling in his throat, you will be to him still what you were in the old days, his queen and his helpmate of home; and to husband, brother, son, you will still be, all the years of his life, in his living, loving heart, what you were to him once in his home, an angel of light, of loveliness, and love."

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS—A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO THEIR INFLUENCE FOR MORALITY.

There is one Church which makes religion an essential in education, and that is the Catholic Church, in which the mothers teach their faith to the infants at the breast in their lullaby songs and whose brotherhoods and priests, sisterhoods and nuns imprint their religion on souls as indelibly as the diamond marks the hardened glass. They ingrain their faith in human hearts when most plastic to the touch. Are they wrong, are they stupid, are they ignorant, that they found parish schools, convents, colleges, in which religion is taught? Not if a man be worth more than a dog or the human soul, with eternity for duration, is of more value than the span of animal existence for a day. If they are right, then we are wrong; if our Paritan fathers were wise, then we are foolish. Looking upon it as a mere speculative question, with their policy they will increase; with ours we will decrease. Macaulay predicted the endurance of the Catholic Church till the civilized Australian should stretch the ruins of London from a broken arch of London bridge. We are no prophet, but it does seem to us that Catholics, retaining their religious teaching and their moral character, will come upon the scene of the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and none will dispute their right of possession. We say this without expressing our own hopes or fears, but as inevitable from the fact that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.—From the New England Journal.

FRENCH PRIESTS.

ORGANIZING FOR CO-OPERATIVE LABOR. Paris, May 4.—The Separation Act, which deprived the French Catholic clergy of official position and stipends, has led many to adopt curious forms of co-operation, with a view to earning their living in Paris. The priests have formed a syndicate, the chief object of which is to procure coal and provisions at wholesale prices. There is also a federation of clerics who do manual labor. Many priests who are capable gardeners and carpenters find employment from Catholics through this federation. Its members undertake to copy the celebrated Socialist division of the day by giving eight hours to manual work, eight to clerical and eight to rest. In the department of Cher, priests have formed a beekeepers' association and make as a yearly income from the sale of honey about \$150, almost as much as their former stipends.

Minister Convert.

Rev. Alexander R. Goldie, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, formerly vicar of Elvaston, Derby, and rector of Gawsorth, Macclesfield, is one of the latest converts to the Catholic faith. He was received into the Church on March 8, at Bath, by the Rev. Duncannan Sweeney, O. S. B. Among the immediate causes of his conversion was the reading of Froude's "History of England." The anti-Catholic, violent partisan Froude was a signpost pointing out to Mr. Goldie the right direction, and he trusts that Froude may do the same good turn to many others.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

In Santander, Spain, recently, Don Miguel Martinez Lopez, a 33rd degree Mason, abjured his errors on his death-bed and returned to the faith of his youth. In 1893 he stood at the head of Masonry in Spain.

The mayor of Orleans, France, has decided that the Freemasons shall not be represented officially in the procession in connection with the Joan of Arc fetes. A local lodge made a demand to be allowed to participate, which the mayor ignored.

One half of the sacred pillar at which our Lord was scourged is at Jerusalem and the other half, since the days of the Crusaders, is in the Church of St. Praxedes, Rome, which is the titular church of Cardinal Merry del Val. It is one of the greatest treasures of Rome.

It is said that Rev. Dr. Edward Shanahan, professor of dogmatic theology at the Catholic University of America, is the first choice of the Bishops' Council of the Fall River diocese for the vacancy in the See caused by the death, on February 1, of Bishop William Stebbins.

Beginning on May 6, Mass will be celebrated daily at high noon at the church of St. Francis of Assisi, in New York. This special service will be continued until the hot weather, or about the middle of June. Archbishop Farley was pleased with the attendance during the Lenten season.

The Rev. Regis Gerest, O. P., is the writer of a very interesting article on the work in Cuba which is being performed by the missionaries of the Dominican order. "At present," he writes "it is a consolation and a reward for us to know that four thousand Communions are annually received at the feet of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary in the chapel of the Dominicans."

According to a dispatch from Rome in the New York Sun, Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, showed the Pope a telegram that had been published in New York announcing that his (Merry del Val's) resignation was imminent and that he was to be succeeded by Msgr. Kennedy, now rector of the American College. The Pope was highly amused at what he considered a huge joke.

The Papal "non expedit" has been suspended by special permission of the Sovereign Pontiff at the forthcoming election at Gironza, Italy. Two candidates are proposed to take the place of the late Minister Gallo, and Catholics are allowed to vote in favor of the Catholic candidate, Gallo, a lawyer, whose opponent is an anti-clerical and divorced. In Florence also under similar conditions, the "non expedit" has been suspended.

Prof. Booker T. Washington, principal of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, one time guest of President Roosevelt, called on May 7 upon Cardinal Gibbons and paid his respects to the head of the Catholic Church in America. "He sets a great example to us little fellows," said the Professor after the visit. "That he is one of the greatest of men is shown by his simplicity. "It is remarkable how simple are the great."

The present day French atheists have not yet enthroned a Goddess of Reason on the high altar of Notre Dame Cathedral, but we read that the Marist Brothers' chapel, which has considered one of the most beautiful in France, has been sold to a business man, and is now used as a café and cinematograph show. Its high altar forms a support to the stage, on which blasphemous and indecent songs are sung to the vilest accents.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, once confessor to Emperor Napoleon III., godfather of King Alfonso XIII., biographer of Pope Pius IX., and Pope Leo XIII., has been elected to the position of Bishop of the Hudson on Friday afternoon, April 26, at the age of ninety-two years. He had been an invalid for fourteen years, and was perhaps the oldest priest on the western hemisphere, having been ordained sixty-five years ago.

It is said that Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, wife of the New York millionaire, has some charity work on hand that she has a private office and staff of clerks and stenographers. Here she spends every morning attending to the business which she has made her own. No charitable institutions are better managed than those that she has endowed, for she requires of them regular reports and she watches them closely. She has given away about \$4,000,000 in building hospitals, convents, schools and churches, and before each gift has been made Mrs. Ryan has convinced herself of its necessity.

Booker T. Washington, the head of Tuskegee Negro Institute, was in Baltimore last Monday and called by invitation on Cardinal Gibbons. Recently, while the Cardinal was on his way to New Orleans, Professor Washington boarded his train and rode with him from Atlanta to Tuskegee. Cardinal Gibbons is intensely interested in the advancement of the negro race, and the short trip was fraught with much interest, both to the Cardinal and the most prominent negro of the country. During the trip, Professor Washington mentioned that he would appreciate an invitation to call upon his Eminence when he went to Baltimore, and the Cardinal courteously responded that he would enjoy a continuation of the conversation. Professor Washington remembered the episode when he went to Baltimore. "He sets a great example to us little fellows," said the Professor after the visit. "That he is one of the greatest of men is shown by his simplicity."

hand free, and the men against the door, now the mud boots had main, erect, and breaths, each other's death-struggle. They were weak but few in their leaped up to here the over some of the fire, in an in-planting of the chest black mask revealed the "he cried; is, Nodding, but turning ring sensa- of his legs by the heavy blunderbuss, ing from the ing a ghastly full sight, and he shrieked i on to-night: sane, had fled ss. ED. 0. 2. THE HUNDRED E. Teacher of Phil- No. 2. in No. 2, and more satisfied Sandy. Fifty ought him; 50 But somehow grime as you said to yourself: when wondered it could not touched your on the electric passages paled, his ridiculously out from his mendous spirit, somewhere mid- gled down to a at were always would not have aggested naught under, the that had little to es in the mine, a that would not aim regions, but and whined and went aboard the a friend, the the job in the end. But could n-haten fur cap, much too long the shoes, twin either of which uch of his legs Was it all this? boot! But he 2, and all this spirits to-night, sparkling as he silted his chin, the track, 1,500 e, feeling his lull ened a door, and engine speed to the great black- Christmas Day, and a secret that wn buoyant way- day his first Christ- tiful look, bound his—youthng past twenty, and ten ten. The book e now. Oh, it had 25 cents for it Florence Smith— wrapping in the e. He hadn't done g wasn't a particu- e him; he preferred coal mine. down the sward here inter- from every direc- 12 feet wide, a track lay along and over the track e, propelled by com- cars of wood, iron eeded; but mostly edly often to it all went to. many doors open- but a week and His work for to-day engine whizzes by; and shifts his cap- se for moths, coal- shifting, to an- head, runs his long through his locks, lor of corn, but now as his nose—a cross had had scarce- ap, when Jack, the mine, pulled up, g. low," said Sandy, stretched nose. "I know it's Christmas under how you feel dy, out of the way!" eck of his master's of. a sympathy for Jack. other old horse, one n the mine his short n, worn out by labor ot. It gave Sandy a der his collar—that ed he would not know came. the long passages, by hanging electric up and chill. Sandy t up closer, and when blew, turned towards day's work was done.

Suddenly he bethought him of his friend Jacques. He had noted that morning how unusually early he looked when he stepped into the cage, his little electric lamp seeming to throw queer shadows over his cold, grey eyes and stout nose. Something new was up, something beside the old, and that was bad enough. He had heard him growl out that morning that he was going to work till midnight. Christ- going to work till midnight. No, he would have something to him. No, he would meet the Knights of Columbus at the club; he wouldn't meet anyone, unless he chose to meet him at his drill, and that was in a pretty ticklish place just now; but if anyone cared to risk his head, he was welcome. Sandy accepted this doubtful invitation. Jacques Sutton was driller No. 1 in that coal mine, the largest in the world, No. 2. And if Sandy was proud of being a mere door-keeper in No. 2 what was Jacques not? But he didn't. Only disgust rankled in his heart disgust for mankind in general, and for one woman in particular; weariness of life in general, and hatred of his own particular life. What was the use of living anyhow? He hated everybody, everything—except his drill. No trouble there; only beautiful work, with the rapidity and precision which only dead, polished metal, working by steam, electricity or compressed air, can do. His drill was a bit of perfec- tion, tireless and like himself to-night, sleepless. How well she works! Never had she seemed so full of life, so responsive to his eye and touch. And it soothed his anger that she so steered with power and force, was yet so obedient to his will; for Jacques was a man who could not stand opposition. Any weaker force that opposed him he would crush, if he could; any weaker force that yielded, he would cherish, if it were cherishable. He is now five feet in from the pas- sage, where the ceiling is stayed up by steel and stone. He has done more the last three days than any two drillers, for he has worked night and day. Was it to vent his anger, or test a new invention—an invention of his own which added effectiveness and speed to his drill? For he loves his machine, the only unchanging companion of the long day or night! All the same, day or night, in that dark region, where the blessed light of the sun never comes. Often as he works near the glare of the electric bulbs, the wind and damp chilling him through and through, he thinks of the beautiful world above. To-night, somehow his mind keeps running in some places. The damp and cold without are not so chill as the damp and cold within. "Hello, old man! Fehw, but its dratly like here! This is a queer old corner you're got inter!" cried Sandy, ain't ye goin' home to night?" "Not before 12. I'm testing my new drill. Isn't she a beauty?" "I heard about her," said Sandy, wondering how he was to introduce his subject. "I heard about her at Miss Smith's." He had set himself a pesky task. It was easy to manage doors; there is some swing to them; but a man! "She gave me this, opening his coat and showing a bright, new badge fastened to the tattered lining with a silver pin. Jacques raised his eyes for a moment only, and Sandy saw by their gleam that it was the whole mine was lined with badges, it would make no differ- ence to him. What could he do? Whir—r—brr—r—whiz—z—went the machine, and Sandy readjusted his cap and prayed for light to take the right track. Jacques' face was com- pletely hidden by his hat. "I sent her a Christmas present. I s'pose she has it by this time. I'm goin' to see her tomorrow." "Whir—r—brr—r—whiz—z— How mon- otous a machine is!" Was he cold or warm or hot? Was he near the right track? If he only knew! "She stole me she was so happy las' Christmas—" "She did!" "A pair of fiery orbs were fixed on Sandy for one instant, then nothing could be seen but the top of a hat. Whir—r—brr—r—whiz—z— Whir—r—brr—r—whiz—z— He must make 'em up. But was he warmer? Was he getting nearer?" "She made a pretty ba'ge for some un that's mad at her. He oughtn't to be mad at her." "Humph!" snorted something. Was it the drill or the man? "She is so good—to everybody what gives—her a— Whir—r—brr—r—whiz—z— Whir—r—brr—r—whiz—z— How provoking a machine is when you want to carry on a conversa- tion! If he would only lift his head! Was he doing his self-imposed task well? If she were only there to help him! "I told her I'd take the ba'ge ter- morrow" an' anny one u'd—know—" "Know what?" snapped voice and eyes. "Know—know—know. You know, Jacques, that—that she's—allays—kind to—me," despairingly. "And she wants to make up, I know she does," desperately. Whir—r—brr—r—whiz—z— Whir—r—brr—r—whiz—z— He had done it now. Jacques would squelch him for interfering, and she would never forgive him; for she had not told him she was sorry; he had just guessed it. Neither had she told him she wanted to make up. Oh, what could he do! Yes Jacques was mad! My—oh my, he was hot enough, now! Jacques suddenly wheeled round and bent over something nervously. Now, only a broad back was to be seen. Who could summon courage and talk to a back? Suddenly a look of terror leaped into Sandy's eyes. With the force of a man he threw himself against the stool on which his friend tilted, and sent him sprawling across the track, then dark- ness closed over him. Jacques, after a few moments, picked himself up, hardly knowing just what had happened. He gazed about in a dazed sort of way. What was it? Where was Sandy? Where was his drill? Who could answer? He ran to the telephone nearby and summoned help. When the men came, he ex- plained that a block of coal had fallen from the ceiling, and had blocked up

his little corner; that Sandy was under it, or behind it. With strong willing hands they went to work. The creak of the pick axes was now and then broken by some one calling, "Sandy!" But no answer came. In a few hours the monster block was cut out. Behind it they found Sandy, who smiled at them feebly. He was un hurt but almost suffocated. Tenderly Jacques wrapped him in his great coat and carried him to the nearest car. As they stood at the foot of the shaft, waiting for the cage to take them up, Sandy said, "I hope I didn't hurt you when I pushed you out. I saw it coming. I knew I couldn't get out over the drill, but I thought I could get you out of the way. You were so near out," looking up into a face now all tenderness. Jacques pressed his arm, while a tear rolled down his grimy face. How pleasant, how sweet life seemed now! Why even that water that incessantly trickled down the sides of the shaft, sounded like sweetest music. Strange, he had often thought it dismal. In a moment the cage descends. Jacques lifts Sandy upon it, and supporting him with one hand, he grips with the other, the iron bar above his head. It takes only a few seconds to ascend the straight shaft, one thousand feet deep, but he has many thoughts in those few seconds. "You'll come home with me, to-night Sandy. You'll have to live with me now: you saved my life, you know." Sandy clung closer and whispered, "And by and by—she'll come, and we'll all live together? Sandy was an orphan and longed for the luxury of home life and somebody to love. "And by and by—she'll come, please God, whispered the driller, but Sandy had to strain his ears to hear. "What made you turn round—turn your back on me that time?" asked Sandy after a pause. "I turned to remove a cartridge from my revolver," whispered the driller. "One for Jack?" whispered Sandy, crestfallen. "No. Never mind. It's all over now." The cage stopped with a jerk, and the two stepped out. The clear blue sky, moon-lit and starry, greeted them, while over the sharp frosty air came the distant chiming of midnight bells, calling to the world; "Peace on earth to men of good will!"

THE MONEY CRAZE
CARDINAL GIBBONS ON STANDARDS OF HONOR IN AMERICAN BUSINESS LIFE.
Business life in this day is all absorb- ing. We are running the risk of carry- ing our enthusiasm for doing things too far past the sensible mean, where am- bition to succeed and industry are still compatible with a certain commendable enjoyment of the things of this life that are good and pleasant, writes Cardinal Gibbons in the Van Norden Maga- zine.
Some of the modern seekers after wealth will sacrifice anything rather than be known for what they are. Clear and palpable dishonesty itself is shielded behind barriers cleverly con- structed by the brightest minds in the country. Men of the highest standing in the financial world are guilty of acts as members of corporations which they would scorn to commit as individuals. This statement was made to me by the late Mr. James G. Blaine. I believe it to be true. The money craze, with the corruption it has developed in this country, is, to me, the greatest of the evils we have to face.
Not only is it true that men of the highest national standing take part in transactions in their capacity as mem- bers of a corporation which they could not be induced to take part in as in- dividuals, but it has come to be true that the greater, the richer, the more power- ful the corporation, the more the in- dividual composing it thrust the cor- poration itself to the front, shielding themselves behind its great bulk.
BUSINESS LEAGUE RESPONSIBILITY.
When men form themselves into a business league, their responsibility is so over shadowed that their individual responsibility is, seemingly, lessened. This is why many men, in their cor- porate capacity, assent to measures from which as individuals the dread of public opinion or the dictates of conscience would cause them to shrink.
No friend of his race will quietly contemplate the grasping avarice ex- hibited by such heartless monopolists. Their sole aim is to realize large divi- dends, without regard to the paramount claims of justice or Christian charity. They are filled with a sordid selfishness which is deaf to any cry of distress. In- tolerant of honest rivalry, they use all sorts of unlawful means to drive from the market competing industries.
They endeavor even—often, it is feared, with success—to corrupt our National and State Legislatures and our municipal councils.
CONTROLLED BY CORPORATIONS.
Throughout the whole of the United States—and, of course, in other coun- tries also—there is to day a continuous network of syndicates and trusts, of companies and partnerships, so that every operation from the construction of a huge steamship to the manufac- ture of a tiny pin is controlled by some corporation.
And, like the car of Juggernaut, they crush every obstacle that stands in the way of their success.
The great question is, how shall we remedy the evil?
Undoubtedly correction will be found in the creation of a more intelligent and less complacent public sentiment.
A corporation should be regarded as the sum of the entire number of indi- viduals composing it, and each member of that corporation should be held by the public to a full accountability for the public to a full accountability for the each and every act of the entire cor- poration, whether that act be great or small, important or unimportant.
It may take years to educate the public to this comprehension of the responsibility of the individual in the great monopolies, but the work must be undertaken by each one of us who calls himself a good citizen, if corrup-

tion, graft and the many other evils growing out of our modern system of finance are to be checked.
RESTRICTIONS ON WEALTH.
We are confronted with the question of placing restrictions upon the ac- cumulation of great wealth by individ- uals. This question is, perhaps, more within the province of economists than it is within that of the churchman, but, personally, I think more depends upon the man himself than the amount of his fortune.
Unfortunately, it seems to be too true that swift expansion of business and quick rise to wealth on the part of a great many men has brought about cer- tain shames in their private lives.
When a man has got himself wrought up to a pitch of nervous energy where his business is everything, or where, by so constantly and for a long time ex- cluding thought about higher things, he has lost all capacity for enjoying, or even understanding, the decent pleasures of life, he is on dangerous ground, because he is possessed by ignoble ambitions, and his conscience will be able to make but a poor fight if an opportunity to succeed at the ex- pense of honor should present itself.
DESTINY OF COUNTRY.
The United States of America is des- tined to greatness among the great nations—far greater than it has so far achieved, even. It must sweep onward growing stronger at each step, and there should be nothing to halt its com- mercial greatness.
This is a young country. It lacks background. Its possibilities are barely realized at this time, but the country is a growing giant, and no man may know to what heights it may attain. There should be no desire to halt or check this development in any way. We should all work together, since it is to the individual interest of each one of us that our country should prosper. But, above all, we should remember that commercial prosperity is not the highest aim of life.
There can be no stable prosperity without justice, no justice without moral- ity, no morality without religion, no religion without God.
FREEMASONRY AND THE COURSE OF JUSTICE.
It is not known to many students of geography that Ireland possesses a boundary line the Juan Fernandez of Alexander Selkirk, or Robinson Crusoe. But it really does, and this fact is all the more peculiar from the circumstance that this uninhabited wilder- ness lies right before Ireland's Eye—an island just beside the Hill of Howth, at the entrance to Dublin Bay. The lonely island is named Lambay—and philologists tell us that the final "y" in the word is identical with the "eye" given to the neighboring island because an "eye" or "ay" was in old maritime parlance a place where pirates buried their treasure for future recovery—a very unfrequented dot in the ocean.
The existence of Lambay is recalled by the story of the disagreement of the jury in the Thaw murder trial. It is now known that one of the jurors sought to be influenced by the tie of freemasonry—a policeman having told him as the jurymen were filing past that his father was a member of the Mystic Shrine and so was Thaw or Thaw's father or some other member of the family. The attempt was futile, it is believed; nevertheless it shows how the institution of freemasonry is dangerous to the interests of society at large in at least one way, while if we could get an inkling of its workings in other directions we should undoubt- edly find that it is inimical to morality and fair dealing in many others. From the lips of Masons themselves we have had saddening illustrations of the havoc that may be wrought in the home under the cloak of Masonry; but it is beside the purpose to cite anything that re- lates to the subject of justice. Many years ago a frightful murder was committed on Lambay Island. An artist named Kirwan, with his wife went out from Howth in a boat to take a ramble over the lonely isle, it being a favorite haunt with disciples of the brush because of its wild natural scenery. When the boatman called in the evening according to orders, to fetch the pair back, the artist's wife alone was seen in the absence of his wife by saying that she had been taken ill and he must return with a doctor to help her out of the trouble. But on reaching the mainland Kirwan made off. The dead body of his wife was dis- covered subsequently, and for a time it was not known how she came by her death, so cleverly and so horribly had the murderer done his work. He- over, the mystery was revealed by the autopsy, and Kirwan, after some time, was captured and put on trial. The case was beyond all possibility of doubt. A verdict of guilty was swiftly had and the judge was bound in accordance with such a verdict, when unaccom- panied by any recommendation to mercy as in that case, to sentence the con- vict to the gallows. But when he was asked the usual question what he had to urge in mitigation of the capital penalty, the prisoner stood up in the dock and, before proceeding to speak made the Masonic sign. It was seen by many in the court besides the judge. It was effectual. To the astonish- ment of everyone, the prisoner was sentenced to imprisonment for life in- stead of the doom he so richly deserved. It is not many years since Kirwan was released, his sen- tence having been commuted because of good behavior in jail. Most of his time was spent in Spike Island, and his spare hours were occupied in artistic work, trinkets, and rings and other trifles cut from a valuable stone that was found in the quarries. One of these rings was presented to us by a friend. Many people in Ireland remember that famous case and the efficacy of the Masonic sign in the prisoner's dock in a case where all hope might well be abandoned.—Phil- adelphia Catholic Standard and Times.
Pray hardest when it is hardest to pray.—Dr. Brent.



The Natural Beauty Aid
The only treatment a woman needs, to make her complexion beautiful—and her hands soft and white—is the daily use of
"Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap
It cleanses the skin by stimulating the pores, and dissolving and carrying off all excretions of the skin. The perfect complexion soap. 3 cakes for 25c.
Ask your druggist for "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap.

Educational.
Assumption College
SANDWICH, ONT.
THE STUDIES EMBRACE THE CLASSICAL and Commercial Courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per annum. For full particulars apply to VIKRY REV. H. McBRADY, C. S. B.
St. Jerome's College
BERLIN, ONT.
Commercial Course
Latest Business College Features.
High School Course
Preparation for Matriculation and Professional Studies.
College or Arts Course
Preparation for Degrees and Seminaries.
Natural Science Course
Thoroughly equipped experimental Laboratories.
Critical English Literature receives special attention.
First-class board and tuition only \$150.00 per annum. Send for catalogue giving full particulars. REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R. PRES.

CENTRAL Business College
STAFFORD, ONT.
A commercial school of the highest grade. A school without a superior in the Dominion. Catalogue free. ELLIOTT & McLAUGHLIN, Principals.
\$12 WOMAN'S SUITS, \$5
Suits of 12. Coats, raincoats, skirts and waists at many factories prices. Send for catalogue and list of goods. Southport Suit Co., Dept. 12, London, Can. Send for our catalogue, which lists everything you use.

JUST READY!
Better than Ever. Colored Frontispiece
CATHOLIC HOME
ANNUAL
For 1907
Profusely & beautifully illustrated
Price 25 Cents
CONTENTS:
His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons—Reminiscences of the Cathedral of Baltimore. Illustrated.
Katherine Tynan—Queen's Rose. A Poem. Marion Amos Taggart—The Island Priest. A charming story.
Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy—The Blessed Virgin in Legend. Illustrated.
Jerome Harto—in the Niche at the Left. A story.
P. G. Smyth—A Breath of Irish Air. A graphic description of interesting spots in Ireland. Illustrated.
Grace Keon—The Blessing of St. Michael. A touching story in this author's best style.
Rev. Martin S. Brennan, H. M. S. O.—What Catholics Have Done for the World. Worth the attention of every Catholic.
Mary T. Waggaman—Adrift. The story of a wandering soul.
Rev. W. S. Kent, O. S. C.—The Suffering of Souls in Purgatory. Illustrated.
Anna T. Sadler—in the Dwelling of the Witch. A tale of the days of persecu- tion.
The Blessed Julie Billiart. Profusely illustrated.
Maud Ryan—A Hole in His Pocket. The story of a devoted priest.
Some Notable Events of the Year 1905-1906. Illustrated.
Every Child Should Have its Own Copy.
Little Folks' Annual
For 1907
Stories and Pretty Pictures
Price 10 Cents
Catholic Record, London, Canada
Works of the Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D., V. G.
The Symbol of the Apostles..... \$1 25
The Symbol in Sermons..... 75
The Sacrifice of the Mass..... 75
Questions of the Day, Vol. I..... 75
Questions of the Day, Vol. II..... 75
"Dr. MacDonald's books will excite the mind and strengthen our intellectual vision and soothe our anxieties and nourish us with the food of solid doctrine."—THE CATHOLIC RECORD.
"He never expresses himself on a subject until he has studied it thoroughly from all sides, and the depth and versatility of his learning makes his grasp sure and his touch illuminating."—THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.
CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, CAN.

Convalescents need a large amount of nourish- ment in easily digested form.
Scott's Emulsion is powerful nourish- ment—highly concentrated.
It makes bone, blood and muscle without putting any tax on the digestion.
ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

Church Decorating
By a highly-skilled staff of Artists and specially-trained artisans.
Colored sketches and designs submitted free of charge.
A member of the firm will be sent to any place in the Dominion to discuss preliminaries and give estimates.
The Thornton-Smith Co., 11 King St. w., Toronto

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$2.00 per annum. THOMAS COFFEY, Editor and Publisher.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Sudbourn, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 18th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, with interest and pleasure.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1907.

MORAL TEACHING.

In education there are a few signs which, showing discontent with a most erroneous system, give encouragement that, sooner or later, leaders will think with the Church upon the subject.

God or makes Him a mere abstraction. As for Confucius, his morality is much inferior to the Buddhist. Both of these systems have been exalted far beyond their true worth by the delists and the infidels of modern times.

PROTESTANTISM BETRAYED.

If we may judge by the proceedings of the town council of Westmount, a suburb of Montreal, Protestantism seems to be in danger. It all comes of appointing a French Canadian firm town solicitors.

another, that the courtyards of Canada's union, strength and peace will be builded up to a nation's proportions.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Amongst the more important features of the May number of Old Home Week and A Character Study of Pius X. Both articles are well and copiously illustrated, the photographs of His Holiness being very life-like.

THE CHURCH IN CITIES.

Amongst the many difficulties with which the Church has to deal is that of congested and business districts of our cities. There was a time when men yearning for contemplation went out from the crowded cities of the East and peopled the desert with the cells of solitude.

the city's busy marts. She has never sought to dwell apart or only amongst her most favored children. Where souls most abound, where sin is most active and where the world is busiest, there is the Church found with earnest zeal and tender vigilance watching over the interests of God and souls, which are so fearfully threatened by materialism and the occasion of sin.

HOME RULE IN THE BREAKERS.

Advices from the old country, regarding the Irish Bill of Mr. Birrell, lead us to the conviction that, before Home Rule is granted to the people of the Emerald Isle, there will be much acrimonious discussion.

JUSTICE TO FRENCH CATHOLICS.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. In the Messenger for this month the situation in France is surveyed in that clear and elegant method of specification which marks the polished French school of literature, by Count De Mun.

was as eloquent a testimony of their belief in Ireland's right as any speeches could be. Moreover, several of those colonies have more than once sent to the Home Government, through their representatives, the most emphatic statements of their view that the interests of the empire would be best served by extending to Ireland the right which had brought to themselves not only peace but prosperity.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

Will some one, and we have special reference to the Rev. Mr. Patterson, who lately lectured in Toronto, give us some information as to the cause for dread on the part of the Protestants of Ireland, that, were Home Rule granted that country, they would in some way suffer injustice or persecution at the hands of their Catholic fellow Irishmen.

WISDOM OF THE POPE'S DEFIANCE.

The Literary Digest, April 20, informs us of a vindication of Pius X., in his treatment of French statesmen and French Governmental action toward the Church in France, which appears in a somewhat unexpected quarter.

the voice of Leo XIII. refrained from all opposition to the oppressive measures, they were not only violently repulsed by the Republicans, but attacked with renewed rancor.

THE SAME OLD ST.

There are liars who defame the Catholic Church. But there are also editors willing, ready, and able to wield the pen in such a way as to bring the people back into close touch with the Church, to safeguard it against the infidelity which is spreading among them, to render them fervent by their practicing of works of charity.

There are liars who defame the Catholic Church. But there are also editors willing, ready, and able to wield the pen in such a way as to bring the people back into close touch with the Church, to safeguard it against the infidelity which is spreading among them, to render them fervent by their practicing of works of charity.

THE SAME OLD ST.

There are liars who defame the Catholic Church. But there are also editors willing, ready, and able to wield the pen in such a way as to bring the people back into close touch with the Church, to safeguard it against the infidelity which is spreading among them, to render them fervent by their practicing of works of charity.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

THE PRECEPTS OF THE CHURCH. If any man has not made his Easter duty this morning, or before to-day, he ought to think seriously on the frightful state of his soul.

Thus he is excluded from the Church in heaven which is justly excluded from the Church on earth. This grievous sin of not hearing the Church does not take away the obligation of performing the Easter duty until Easter comes round again, as too many think.

Be assured, dear brethren, that if these temporal curses do not come upon him who has neglected his Easter duty, he has already brought upon himself the worst of spiritual curses.

Would that all might be impressed with the importance of this duty, and the gravity of the sin of neglecting it!

Nothing could impress upon us more forcibly the obligation of holy Communion than these words of our Blessed Saviour. For, which of us desires the everlasting death of his soul? And if we cannot live, except by Christ, who will not rejoice, with his whole heart, that such a sweet Fountain of Perpetual Youth is provided for our souls?

"SOCIETY" INDIGNANT AT FATHER VAUGHAN.

Father Bernard Vaughan has been receiving from fine ladies and gentlemen of England letters of indignant protest against his condemnation of "cat and dog worship" as among the sins prevalent in British "Society" or "The Smart Set."

The principal seat in the chief of Colquhoun and laird Luss is at Rosdhu Luss, built by Sir John Colquhoun, lord high chamberlain of Scotland under James V. and ambassador to the court of Queen Elizabeth during the reign of Mary Queen of Scots.

AN INTERESTING SCOTTISH FAMILY.

Every reader of the novels of Walter Scott will recall that Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, twelfth laird of Luss, and chief of the historic and powerful clan of Colquhoun, who figures so extensively as the principal foe of "Rob Roy" in the Waverley novel of that name.

It seems that Sir Alexander Colquhoun had three sons—John, who was created a baronet; William and George.

Swedish records, however, go to show that both William and George entered the service of King Gustavus Adolphus, fought under his command during the Thirty Years war, and afterwards settled in Sweden.

Sir John Colquhoun, the elder of the two brothers, who had established them selves in Sweden, was created a baronet in 1625, with remainder to his male descendants, and from the inheritance of which his younger brothers were there fore excluded.

The annals of the Colquhoun family may be said to constitute the history of Scotland and is one long succession of sanguinary struggles, raids, wars, deaths on the field of battle and on the scaffold, trials for sorcery and for high treason, deeds of daring both in Scotland and in foreign lands, and last, but not least, of the extraordinary feud which served as the theme of Sir Walter Scott's most spirited Scottish novel, "Rob Roy."

The principal seat in the chief of Colquhoun and laird Luss is at Rosdhu Luss, built by Sir John Colquhoun, lord high chamberlain of Scotland under James V. and ambassador to the court of Queen Elizabeth during the reign of Mary Queen of Scots.

ST. PHILIP NERI.

We shall pass over the history of his pious childhood which began at the period when he lived in Rome in the exercise of the sacred ministry up to the age of eighty. Through humility he had at first been unwilling to receive holy orders but, through obedience, he at last consented because his confessor imposed it on him as a duty.

Like St. Anselm, he was convinced that one of the best and most fruitful works a priest can perform is to foster piety in the hearts of young people. When already old, he used to go with a band of young men outside the city gates to be present at their games and partake of a rustic meal.

BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

An article on "Fourteenth Century Mysticism" in the Hartford Seminary Record contains many of the usual Protestant misunderstandings and misinterpretations of the life of the Church in the Middle Ages, but is constrained to pay tribute to the deep religious spirit which permeated Europe in the days before Protestantism.

Religion and Affection.

Do not imagine, as some do, that when the love of God enters into a man, his perfection consists in the hardening of natural affections. Whenever the spirit of devotion or piety narrows or contracts the heart, and makes our homes to be less bright and happy; when it makes parents unkind to their children, or children unkind to their parents, it lessens the sympathy of brothers and sisters, or chills the warmth of friendship—whenever the plea of religion, of fervor, or of piety has the effect of lessening the natural affections, be sure that such piety is either perverted or not true.

Tobacco & Liquor Habits

Dr. Mc'Sagart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires rubbing the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.

ST. PHILIP NERI.

We shall pass over the history of his pious childhood which began at the period when he lived in Rome in the exercise of the sacred ministry up to the age of eighty. Through humility he had at first been unwilling to receive holy orders but, through obedience, he at last consented because his confessor imposed it on him as a duty.

Like St. Anselm, he was convinced that one of the best and most fruitful works a priest can perform is to foster piety in the hearts of young people. When already old, he used to go with a band of young men outside the city gates to be present at their games and partake of a rustic meal.

Two Methodist editors are apparently, at opposition over the question of the apostle for the dead. One of them, Dr. Levi Gilbert, editor of the Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati), in a recent book called "The Hereafter and Heaven," advances the plea that such prayers be introduced into Methodism.

METHODISTS AND PURGATORY.

It is pointed out as possibly "strange" that the "doctrinal literature of Methodism is so scant on the actual state of the soul just beyond the grave."

Build a Metal Home

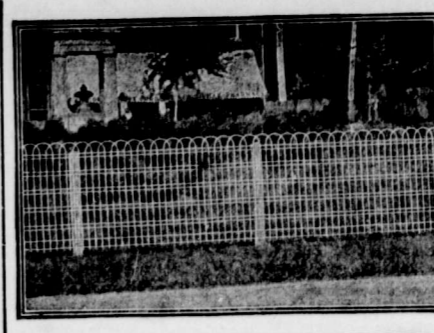
In every way metal is superior to wood or plaster for the interior of homes. Classified Metal Ceilings and Walls, designed and manufactured by the Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Limited, of Preston, Ont., are to be preferred over all others for their beautiful and harmonious finish.

JUST RECEIVED

Beautiful Lace Pictures. STEEL ENGRAVINGS ASSORTED SUBJECTS. Size 3x4 ins.—30c. per doz.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

LONDON, CANADA



PAGE ACME White Fences

Any height to 8 ft. Any length you say. From 16 cents a foot. Gates to match, from \$2.25. Last longer. Easy to put up. Get booklet.

A Good Tonic

Life insurance acts as a tonic against worry and anxiety for the future, and no man, especially one with others dependent on him, should be without its invigorating influence.

North American Life

will not only prove beneficial to yourself, but to your family also.



NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

HOME OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT. L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A. Managing Director. JOHN L. BLAIKIE, President. W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Secretary.

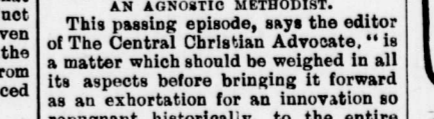
ineffable joy, a mysterious and supernatural gaiety so great that frequently their last sigh mingles with a smile or even with a song of joy.—Annals of Ste Anne, de Beauvre.

METHODISTS AND PURGATORY.

Two Methodist editors are apparently, at opposition over the question of the apostle for the dead. One of them, Dr. Levi Gilbert, editor of the Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati), in a recent book called "The Hereafter and Heaven," advances the plea that such prayers be introduced into Methodism.

A SOCIALIST APSTLE.

There was a socialist among the apostles. He carried the message of the apostolic body. When a banquet was prepared for our Lord after the resuscitation of Lazarus, the latter's sister poured precious ointment on the feet of the Saviour and the whole house was filled with the perfume.



99.90% Pure St. George's Baking Powder

That's what makes St. George's Baking Powder so satisfactory. It is the purest Cream of Tartar Baking Powder that Science can make.

Church Bells

Memorial Bells a Specialty. McKean Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Beautiful Lace Pictures

STEEL ENGRAVINGS ASSORTED SUBJECTS. Size 3x4 ins.—30c. per doz.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

LONDON, CANADA

CHATS WITH YOU

True Motives For Work. The leading motives for men to action are three: fear, self-interest and love, which determines us strongly to work.

It would be easy to other examples how interest sustains us in our enterprises and love of ease and repose naturally incline.

As to the motive of love of our family depends on their support; love of our work itself, to be enthusiastically devoted.

When a young man to the great world of other men of all classes from home and has in social intercourse many blunders if he should lay down his guidance, so by these meetings as to establish a manners and good participate in no ways in which the First of all the wisdom attain high to show that rev false notion of one Real worth is m ready to recognize others to their f concealed thrust and occupy the p often to their own are called back.

is in a company his class. It is act as if he "knew" be a college graduate are only p know more than he that is garnered in of life. When h tive and dogmatic smile often rests pity his pres know that the day, any common-sense regret his confide listen to others, to learn, these tion. He may be quiet, pleasant has any special i ject or if his view not well for him the stage and dejection. In of men the abs paringly. Do ings of others, rule, behind a

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

True Motives For Work.

The leading motives that influence men to action are three in number—fear, self-interest and love, each of which determines us more or less strongly to work.

If we carefully reflect on the profession we follow or the business in which we are employed, we shall find that one or more of the motives of fear, self-interest, and love influences us consciously or unconsciously, in exact proportion to the estimate we form of our work and the way in which we discharge its duties.

It would be easy to illustrate by other examples how powerfully self-interest sustains us in the most arduous enterprises and represses that love of ease and repose to which we naturally incline.

As to the motive of love, it includes love of our family depending on us for their support; love of our employer who has laden us with kindnesses; and love of our work itself, to which we are enthusiastically devoted.

What I would recommend, then, is this: Keep always before you, first, a vivid picture of the consequences to which neglect of duty invariably leads.

Keep always before you, first, a vivid picture of the consequences to which neglect of duty invariably leads. This is the motive of fear. Next, represent to yourself the honor and reward you will acquire by unswerving application to your business.

Some Practical Advice. When a young man first goes out into the great world and is thrown among other men of all characters, habits and professions—especially if he is away from home and has had little training in social intercourse—he is apt to make many blunders if he be at all forward.

When a young man first goes out into the great world and is thrown among other men of all characters, habits and professions—especially if he is away from home and has had little training in social intercourse—he is apt to make many blunders if he be at all forward. He should lay down certain principles for his guidance, so as to be benefited by these meetings with other men, so as to establish a good reputation for nice manners and good sense, and so as to participate in no evil by any of the ways in which that may be done.

would not say to his face. Unless charity requires you to make a man's shortcomings known, so as to prevent him from doing further injury, give him the charity of silence. Make a practice of finding out the good qualities of your acquaintances and get the reputation of always speaking kindly of the absent. Give no countenance to immoral and filthy language. Never by word, act or smile, lend any encouragement to those depraved men who relate dirty stories. They intrude into almost every society. Do not laugh at them. If you cannot prevent them from telling their vile jokes, go away; and if you cannot leave them show by your manner that obscenity is odious to you.

The Fault That Nullifies All Our Efforts. Most of us do not prepare for a large career because we do not expect enough of ourselves. Our foundations are on a very narrow base. And we do not cut off a multitude of things that distract our attention from that concentration of effort that is essential.

Every normal man has that reserve power within him, a mighty coil of force and purpose, which would enable him to make his life strong and complete, were he free to express the best and the strongest things in him, were he not fettered by some blind, physical or moral.

You can tie a strong horse with a very small cord. He can not show his greatest speed or strength till he is free. On every hand we see people, with splendid ability, tied down by some apparently insignificant thing, which handicaps all their movements.

Some people live in a cramped and ungenial environment, in an atmosphere which dampens enthusiasm, discourages ambition and effort, scatters energy, and wastes time. They have not the courage or stamina to cut the shackles that bind them, to throw away all crutches and props, and to rely on themselves and get into an environment where they can do what they desire.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. A Memory and a Hope. Often 'tis true on my day's horizon I see in the East the clouds arise. But within my heart I carry a whisper That brings to my mind the olden sunset.

Many a time I am weary of labor Vexed with a life of work and worry. Tired of aiving myself to others I wish with the fret of olden days to hurry. Then or my heart's unquiet waters Comes my Lord's sweet voice to say: "We shall meet at Communion to-morrow."

Tommy's Sacrifice. Tommy sat on the back porch, feeling very desolate. All week long, he had been begging his mother to let him go to the circus, and here, on the last day, he had been again refused.

Tommy was ordinarily a good natured fellow, but he had set his heart upon going to the circus, and the disappointment made him sullen and disagreeable. To add to his misery, several of his friends now turned the corner and halted him with, "Hello, Tommy, aren't you going to the circus?"

Tommy soon returned, and took his place unwillingly enough at the side of the cradle. The baby cried fretfully, and it was some time before she was lulled to sleep. When she had at last dropped off into a deep sleep, Mrs. Ryan gave Tommy an apple and told him to go out and play for a while.

Tommy tried to recover it for him, and taking a long pole, he propelled the raft into the middle of the stream, whither the hat had drifted. He soon returned triumphant to the old gentleman, who, after thanking him, drew out an old-fashioned purse, and gave him a quarter of a dollar.

Tommy was now able to buy a ticket for the circus, and he turned his steps towards the grounds. His mind was filled with pleasant anticipations of the treat to come, but, somehow, in the midst of them, the tired face of his mother appeared, and the thought occurred of how little he considered her pleasure. She tolled from early in the morning until late at night, with never a thought of her own comfort.

As he walked along, immense posters displaying the attractions of the circus, met his gaze, but, resolutely turning his eyes away, he hurried on. Arriving at the store, Tommy picked out a plant that seemed strong and hardy, and carried it home with greatest care.

As he entered the door, his mother said, "Why, what have you there, Tommy?" "Something for you, mother. Guess what it is." "Well, I'm sure I don't know what the clerk had wrapped the paper which he handed you, but your mother's gaze, the precious plant, covered with pretty leaves and buds.

"What a lovely plant!" said she. "Did somebody give it to you Tommy?" "No, Mother, I bought it," and then he related the whole story. "And to think that you spent your money for the circus?" "Well, mother, I did think of that," admitted Tommy, "but then I thought of how hard you have worked for us since father died, and of how selfish I have been. I am going to be more of a man now, and be more thoughtful in the future."

"God bless you, my boy," said Mrs. Ryan, as she wiped the tears from her eyes, "and may He make you always kind and considerate towards others."—Catholic Universe.

Dainty Freshness. Girls, take this to mind: The girl with an air of dainty freshness is sure to be admired. She may not have many changes of gowns, she may have few hats, but if she has always the air of being just spick and span she will never lack charm.

It is not merely since he became Chief Secretary for Ireland that Mr. Birrell has professed friendship for that country. In a volume of essays which he published fifteen years ago, entitled "Res Judiciae," he wrote of Ireland as follows: "Her laws were taken from her, and her religion brutally proscribed. In the great matter of national education she has not been allowed her natural and proper development.

BUDDHIST PRIEST BECOMES CATHOLIC. A Buddhist hermit-priest named Gaanabhiwansa was received into the Catholic Church recently by the Rev. Father V. H. Ferrando, the parish priest of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes at Halpatota, in Galle. It appears that this Buddhist priest is of a highly cultivated family. He completed his studies in Elita, Pali and Sanskrit under the Buddhist high priests of Alitgam Korle and Adam's Peak, after which he proceeded to Siam and Burma to increase his knowledge of Buddhism. On his return to Ceylon he received the higher order of the Buddhist priesthood, the upasampada, at

Irishman's insulted. So far as the laughter is concerned, it must be admitted that it is good-humored. I do not think the laughter does much harm. Insults are different."—Anti-gonish Casket.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

IT IS COMPOSED OF MORE THAN A THOUSAND GREAT GROUPS. When the Holy Father surveys with his mind's eye his whole flock, he sees on the great round globe more than a thousand great groups of his children, over each group a shepherd with mitre and crozier like his own. These shepherds are the successors of Peter. Some of them have vast territories and scattered flocks as in Athabaska, North America, where five thousand people cover a great area of land and Catholic life is a daily struggle with the material as well as the spiritual elements.

Some of them—like the Archbishops and Bishops of Cologne, Breslau and Vienna, and of Prag, Olmütz, Leitmeritz and Koenigsgrätz, and of Chicago, New York, Manila and Naples—have millions of souls close round their feet, as it were, so congested are they. But whether his lambs be poor and scattered, or rich and closely huddled, each purple-robed shepherd faces the one great White Shepherd, who, like Peter of the Twelve two thousand years ago, gives the word of guidance final and authoritative. He is the chief, not by reason of superior wisdom, or strength or beauty, or resemblance to "the Apostle whom Jesus loved," but because Christ has said to him, "Thou art Peter—Feed thou My sheep." And the hands and hearts of these thousand shepherds and their three hundred million charges reach out daily in eager love to the Vicar of Christ. He knows them all, knows the name and extent of each diocese, knows the peculiar wants and peculiar advantages of each. Year after year new groups grow out of the ever-increasing numbers of the faithful, and new dioceses in some part of the world yearly add to the Holy Father's responsibility and to his joy at the progress of God's kingdom on earth.—Vox Urbis, in the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

MAYOR'S RUSE TO RETAIN CRUCIFIX.

The mayor of a town near Paris recently received orders from the Government, through the prefect, to remove a crucifix from the wall of a school. The mayor was perplexed because refusal meant dismissal. At the same time he feared the wrath of his fellow townsmen if he obeyed the prefect's order.

After reflection he devised a clever plan. He called together the village council and voted the last sou in the treasury for whitewashing the school room walls. After this was done the mayor went alone at night, took the crucifix down, painted the back of it black, replaced it and pressed it against the white wall so as to leave a distinct impression of the crucifix thereon.

The school teacher was charged next day with the impious duty of removing the crucifix. This done, the big black cross showed up in startling fashion. The authorities demanded an explanation and the mayor replied that he could not efface the cross because all the money for white washing had been exhausted.

THE London Mutual Fire INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA.

ESTABLISHED 1859. Assets: £87,410 88. Reserve: £311,092 29. Liabilities including re-insurance: £38,638 16. Surplus: £48,816 62. Security for Policy holders: £22,906 30. Incorporated and licensed by the Dominion Government. Operates from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Conservative, reliable and progressive. HEAD OFFICE, 82 and 84 King Street, TORONTO. HON. JOHN DRYDEN, D. WEISBERGER, President. Sec. & Manag. Director.

1854 The HOME BANK of Canada (Dividend No. 3.)

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Six per cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the half-year ending 31st of May, 1907, and the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches, on and after Saturday, the 1st day of June next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May, both days inclusive. By order of the Board, Toronto, 24th April, 1907. JAMES TASON, Gen. Mgr.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP. INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

MAGIC SODA. SALETRATUS IS THE BEST. E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

London Mutual Fire INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. ESTABLISHED 1859. Assets: £87,410 88. Reserve: £311,092 29. Liabilities including re-insurance: £38,638 16. Surplus: £48,816 62. Security for Policy holders: £22,906 30.

1854 The HOME BANK of Canada (Dividend No. 3.) Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Six per cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the half-year ending 31st of May, 1907, and the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches, on and after Saturday, the 1st day of June next.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself. A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well, either.

When I say half the time, I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quick. I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes.

PROFESSIONAL. HELLMUTH & IVKY, IVKY & DRONGOLIS. DONOVAN & MURRAY BARRISTERS. JOHN FERGUSON & SONS. W. J. SMITH & SON. D. A. STEWART.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS ART GLASS. H. E. ST. GEORGE. MONUMENTS & MARBLE. The D. WILKIE GRANITE CO.

HOBBS MFG. CO. LIMITED. ART WINDOWS. LONDON, CANADA.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. Is made by a Canadian House, from Canadian Barley Malt, for Canadians. It is the best Liquid Extract of Malt made, and all Leading Doctors in Canada will tell you so.

Fabiola A Tale of the Catacombs. Callista A Sketch of the Third Century. History of the Reformation in England and Ireland.

Catholic Record, LONDON, CANADA.

TWO NEW BOOKS. In Treaty with Honor—A Romance of Old Quebec, by Mary Catherine Crowley. A Little Girl in Old Quebec, by Amanda M. Douglas.

