

# THE CASKET.

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## THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

In the May issue of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* appears a report of all the contributions to the propagation of the faith, for the year 1907. Canada gave \$8,211,750 francs, nearly half of which amount, i. e., \$4,105,875 francs, was contributed by the Diocese of Antigonish not the Diocese of Anticosti as stated in the *Annals*.

When it was announced that the Marquis Rudini had been reconciled to the Church before his death we were glad for the poor man's own sake, and for the testimony that every deathbed repentance gives to religious truth. This did not keep us from feeling that what the Church needs is men who live Catholics, not merely die Catholics. And now that we learn that the Italian ex-Premier did not receive the last Sacraments, because he believed that his going so would be an act of treachery to his country, we can only deplore the perversion of thought which puts patriotism above the love of God.

On the occasion of a revisit to Worms the Right Honourable Augustine Birrell, at present Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had this to say of the man who made Worms famous:

"Henry VIII. and Martin Luther are not ideal sponsors of a new religion; they were both masters of Billingsgate, and the least saintly of men. At times, in reading Luther, one is driven to say to him what Herrick so frankly says of himself:

Luther, thou art too coarse to love.

"Had Luther been a great soldier of fortune, his coarseness might have passed as a sign of the times; but one likes leaders of religion to be religious, and it is hard to reconcile coarseness and self-will, two leading notes of Luther's character, with even rudimentary religion. To want to be your own pope is a sign of the heresiarch, not of the Christian.

The English *Historical Review* for July, in the course of a criticism of Dom Birt's book on the *Elizabethan Religious Settlement*, while finding some fault with the author's treatment of the subject, remarks: "The position of the recusant (Catholic) has been persistently misrepresented by the majority of historians until comparatively recent years. The mind of the average Englishman has been poisoned against them, not merely by the sad circumstances of their case, which made their cause lie so closely alongside with treason, but further by the steady influence of *ex parte* statements, careful suppressions, and warped judgments, in writers both scholarly and popular. Dom Birt's presentation of the case does not differ very materially from that of the better historians of recent years—Dr. Dixon, for example, whose masterly work Dom Birt strangely ignores, but their judgments have not yet overturned the traditional misconceptions of the popular mind; and even if they had done so, there would still be a gap to be filled by a book on these lines."

The massacre of negroes in Abraham Lincoln's home town, Springfield, Illinois, leads the *Saturday Review* to remark:

"These anti-negro riots are not altogether explained by resentment at black men being treated as citizens. In the American character there is a strain of cruelty which sometimes breaks out. Perhaps it is inherited with Italian and Spanish blood."

Italians and Spaniards have never

had any trouble with negroes, and it is precisely in those sections of the United States where the white population is most purely Anglo-Saxon that the unhappy negro, originally brought into the country to be the white man's slave, then emancipated without education, afterwards given just enough schooling to do him more harm than good, demoralized by liquor on whose manufacture white men grow rich, is now hanged, burned, or shot down like a mad dog, for a crime whose frequency grows in proportion to the number of lynchings.

The late Rev. George Bramfield was known on this side of the ocean through his *St. Andrew's Magazine*. Those who enjoyed that excellent little periodical will be glad to know something more of its editor. After being received into the Church by Father Faber in 1856, George Bramfield went to Rome to study for the priesthood. Being told by a physician that he had heart-disease and might die at any moment, he said: "If that be the case, the sooner I get to work the better," and he hurried back to London. His first post was in a London slum; his next St. Edmund's College under Father Herbert, afterwards Cardinal, Vaughan. Six days' teaching did not satisfy his zeal; he begged to be allowed to spend his Sundays in parish work. Waltham Cross and Barnet were two neglected villages, ten miles apart, and many a Sunday he passed back and forth between them four times, either on foot or in a donkey-cart. When he left St. Edmund's he settled down at Barnet for the remaining forty years of his life. He died in 1900.

Dr. Lyman Abbott's journal, the *Outlook*, is quite sure that there is a direct connection between such crimes as the murderous attack on the students of the Scots College, Rome, and the illiteracy of the Italian people. Nothing but a determined belief in the saving virtue of the three R's could lead to such a conclusion. English journalists of the same standing as Dr. Abbott think the great unrest of Italy is caused by university graduates who, with no career open to them, have turned professional agitators. And the young men whom they influence are not illiterate, either. They have learned to read and they read the *Messaggero*, the most popular newspaper in Italy, with its daily catalogue of crimes, described in that fashion which criminologists say suggests their commission by others. They read the *Asino*, filled with obscenity and blasphemy such as is not tolerated even in the United States. The direct connection, which the *Outlook* fails to see, is between crimes of violence and a disbelief in eternal punishment.

Catholic missionaries in heathen lands find polygamy the great obstacle to conversion. For this reason so many of the adults whom they instruct remain catechumens until the hour of death. But they have never dreamed for a moment of letting down the barrier against polygamy. The Pan-Anglican Congress revealed the fact that nuptial irregularities are often winked at in the Church of England's foreign missions. "There are native Christians on the West Coast (of Africa)," said Canon Farquhar, of Sierra Leone, "who feel that monogamy imposes a terrible burden upon them. People at home must exercise patience." Canon Brown of Calcutta did not agree with him, but urged that "in this matter the Church of England should take its stand with the Church of Rome." And Bishop Vyvyan of Zululand declared that in his missions "men with more than one wife are not allowed to be baptized into the Church." The Archbishop Melbourne, Australia, took a more lenient view of the matter, saying "there have been many voices to-day to point out that it is impossible to reproduce English Christianity exactly in every part of the world. Liberty and diversity must, in some degree, be tolerated."

An esteemed correspondent sends us the following note:

"THE CASKET recently recalled and

commented on the incident of a woman let down, near the North River, Chicago, screaming for help and within a few feet of 100 men and boys, and in clear sight of nearly 1,000 others, not one of whom stirred to save her. Such shameful happenings should furnish a corrective of our tendency to what John Mitchell called omphaloblesia. About the same time three young men, brothers, ran away from a house on fire, leaving their three sisters to be burnt to death, illustrating the rankness of our present day dislike of unpleasantness, these dastards' name is Gavin; so they are of the race of the fine old Irishman, who, a few weeks ago, drowning and feeling that his would-be rescuer could not save them both, heroically resisted the strongest impulse of nature, and requested to be let go and drown, so that the other might save himself. The 22nd ult., from Lavamie, Wyo., despite the military authorities' strenuous efforts to hush it up, comes the report that 32 members of an artillery battery had assaulted a young woman, leaving her as good as dead for hours. The 25th ult., a 15 year-old boy falls unconscious and deathly sick in the Union Station, Minneapolis, from drugged liquor given him by some one for pure fun. The 26th ult. in Chicago two youths, for no assignable reason but their degeneracy, bound, gagged, stripped to the skin, and unmercifully beat two children, till their skins were a mass of bloody welts as big as a man's finger. The 27th ult., in Scranton, three boys who had been reading about lynching, decided to try it on one of their companions, and having put a rope tightly around his neck, threw the rope over a pole, and were about to lower him into a sewer excavation."

Some weeks ago we published an article from the Toronto *Globe* on the secret ballot, which remarked that the ballot has not accomplished certain reforms expected of it, namely that it would put an end to bribery and intimidation; while, on the other hand, it has opened many fields of crooked practices peculiarly pertaining to secret voting. To this we would add, that in our opinion, the secrecy of the ballot is largely nullified by the practice of canvassing. If personal solicitation of votes were forbidden, just as the offer of a bribe is now forbidden, the best opportunity of offering a bribe would be removed, and the voting would be much more secret than it is. At present, a candidate and his agents, after having made a thorough canvass of the voting district, can sit down with the voters' list before them and calculate with considerable accuracy the result of the polling. They will make some mistakes, of course, but when they do they can tell where the defection occurred, and guess pretty well who it was that did not vote according to promise. If no candidate or his agents were permitted to solicit votes except from the platform, through the press and in circulars, such a calculation could not be made. The candidates ought to welcome a law prohibiting canvassing, as it would relieve them of a tiresome and disagreeable task. And the voters ought to welcome it, since it would make it easier for them to keep their intentions to themselves.

Those who are accustomed to think and speak of the French people as enjoying the full blessings of liberty as known under republican institutions, may be surprised to hear of the experiences of a French judge recently, and may find matter for thought in the condition of the public law which made such an experience possible. M. LePoitern, senior juge d'instruction, and author of several legal works, had before him a man named Lemoine, accused of obtaining money under false pretences. The judge admitted him to bail. He forfeited his bail, and disappeared. Such things are not very uncommon, we believe, in any country, where prisoners are admitted to bail at all. Now comes the astonishing thing: The Minister of Justice suspends the judge on the ground that he did not take proper precautions. Canadian readers may imagine if they can stretch their imagination so far, the Minister of Justice in Canada attempting to suspend a County Court Judge for an error in fact or law, or for anything else. The *Solicitors' Journal*, an English publication, says:

The action of English justices in admitting suspected persons to bail,

and in fixing the amount of bail, has occasionally been the subject of criticism; but it would cause the greatest surprise in this country if a magistrate were suddenly called upon to resign his duties on the ground that he had improperly exercised his discretion in allowing an accused person to go at large."

But here is an officer of government, a politician, imposing the suspension of a judge. What sort of free institutions are these, under which such things can be done."

Sir Harry Johnston's latest book on the Congo deals with the labors in that country of George Grenfell, the famous Baptist missionary. The following paragraph gives some idea of the discomforts to which the European is subject when he enters the forest which lies along the banks of the huge river. Apart from mosquitoes, tsetse flies, and sand flies—

"there are on or near the water huge hippo flies with green eyes and tawny bodies that drive through clothes and skin a veritable stiletto; other flies which with their ovipositors deposit an egg in the wound that grows into a grub, and will only issue through its self-made abscess; house flies in myriads, wherever cattle are bred—odious with their stupid intrusiveness; jiggers or burrowing flies; predatory, blood-thirsty 'driver' ants, minute brown ants that want to substitute themselves for your sugar and biscuits, large ants that sink profoundly, small black ants intent on devouring natural history specimens; cockroaches, two inches long; locusts, four inches long; mason wasps, which mess every prominent article of furniture with their clay nests containing a gnat and a half-dead spider; grey, glistening wasps with almost deadly sting; beetles that burrow into the rafters and reduce them to dust; caterpillars that produce a skin disease by slightest contact with their poisonous hairs."

Sir Harry thinks the war between the Belgian forces and the Congo Arabs was full of atrocious incidents, — it is only the Anglo-Saxon whose treatment of the natives never passes the bounds of just and necessary severity, even when he blows them from the canon-mouth for the purpose of making them believe that they are destroyed both body and soul. But on the whole he believes that their frontier fighting did the Belgians credit, and that it was they who saved Uganda from invasion by the Mahdi in 1894. Grenfell thought that the work done by Belgium on the Congo between 1884 and 1894 was a credit to any civilized power. But after that, King Leopold began to give concessions of vast tracts of land to chartered companies out of his "Private Domain." and then the abuses began. When we see how lawless and conscienceless corporations can be even in the United States of America, we cannot be surprised to find them lawless and conscienceless in the heart of Africa. Sir Harry Johnston explains why explorers of high reputation like Lieutenant Boyd Alexander and Major Powell Cotton see nothing but good in the Belgian work, by saying that these travellers did not happen to visit the portion of the Congo State where the misdeeds took place. We have repeatedly given the same explanation in these columns. But if it be only in the King's "Private Domain," and the concessions of the chartered companies that grave abuses have occurred, why should such a tremendous effort be made to wrest the whole country from Belgian hands and give it over to Britain, Germany and France. Surely the best solution of the case ought to be the placing of the Congo Free State under the control of the Belgian nation, since Belgians have done better work there than any other European power has done in Africa. This arrangement has now been made; the Belgian Parliament last month voted a Treaty of Annexation, by which the Congo Free State becomes a Belgian colony.

Father Benson's latest work, "Lord of the World," he tells us himself in his preface, "is a terribly sensational book." It is an attempt to picture the state of the world and the position of the Church just before the second coming of Our Lord. We confess that we do not like it in the least. It seems to us that the theme is too serious, too solemn, to be treated as

individual fancy may suggest. Nor do we think that Father Benson's treatment of it is in line with Scripture and Christian Tradition. For one thing, while it is true that there is to be a great falling away from the Faith before the end, Faith itself will never be the feeble and despairing thing that falters and all but fails at the mere sight of a mortal man, even though he be the "Lord of the World." "Sweet Jesus, be to me not a Judge, but a Saviour," he whispered beneath his breath, gripping the granite of the pillar; and a moment later knew how futile was that prayer" (p. 109). Why futile? Apparently because, notwithstanding the whispered prayer, Felsenburgh, the "Lord of the World," came in his flying chariot and gave himself to be seen for an instant with bodily eyes. But why should this be supposed to have rendered the prayer futile?

At page 294 the faith of the first Pope is contrasted with that of the last in this wise:

"For Peter the spiritual world had an interpretation and a guarantee in the outward events he had witnessed. He had handled the Risen Christ, the external corroborated the internal. But for Silvester it was not so. For Him it was necessary so to grasp spiritual truths in the supernatural sphere that the external events of the Incarnation were proved by rather than proved the certitude of his spiritual apprehension. Certainly, historically speaking, Christianity was true—proved by its records—yet to see that needed illumination. He apprehended the power of the Resurrection, therefore Christ was risen."

To us this smacks strongly of Modernism, with its subjectivism, its laying of stress exclusively on the internal, its contemptuous setting aside of external evidences, which nevertheless are and will be for all time the credentials of Faith. For if at any time it should need "illumination," that is, light from above, to see that these external evidences, prophecy especially and miracles, are real credentials, supply a real warrant for our belief, "a reason," as the Apostle has it, "for the hope that is in us," then would the historical proofs of Christianity lose all their value, and faith would cease to have an intellectual basis in the proved facts of the external world. Both the power of the Resurrection and the fact of the Resurrection are brought home to the human mind, not from within, by a purely subjective process of grasping spiritual truth in the supernatural sphere, but from without, by the testimony of the Gospels and the many tongued witness of the Church in every age. "He apprehended the power of the Resurrection, therefore Christ was risen"—this is to reverse the true order of things, and make the subjective the basis and warrant of the objective. Also, it is to forget that the Resurrection is both a fact and a mystery,—a fact proved by history, a mystery held by faith.

It is quite in keeping with this conception of the relation between reason and faith that the author should make an apostate priest represent the Christians as affirming "there are other faculties besides those of reason," by way of answering the objection that faith is unreasonable. "They say, for example, that the heart sometimes finds out things that the reason cannot,—intuitions, you see." That is to say, faith does not make appeal to the intellect or reason, but to the heart; and the "intuitions" of the heart, forsooth, supply the lack of a warrant in reason for our faith. By the way, Mabel, the woman who elicits this information from Mr. Francis, appears to be really sincere in her wish to learn what Christianity is. Why does Father Benson send her to an apostate? It is certain that God will enable every sincere inquirer to come to a knowledge of the truth. But apostate priests are not the instruments He chooses for that purpose. If Mabel had learned the truth about Christianity from an accredited source, it is safe to assume that she would not have died by her own hand, with this silliest of all silly prayers upon her lips:

"O God, I know You are not there—of course You are not. But if You were there, I know what I would say to You. I would tell You how puzzled and tired I am. No—no—I need not tell You; You would know it. . . . God, God—You would understand, would't You?"

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**Dangers of the Day.**  
 (By the Rt. Rev. Monsig. John Vaughan in Ave Maria)

**VIII.—THE SOVEREIGN SEDUCTION.**  
 One of the great imperfections incidental to man's present state is the difficulty he experiences—I will not say in believing, for belief is natural to man—but in realizing anything beyond the present material world that surrounds him. Man will not readily subject himself to any severe strain; yet, without some resolute mental effort, he will hardly succeed in breaking through the narrow barriers of time, to ponder over and apply the lessons of eternity.

He feels, indeed, that he is a responsible being. He is conscious of many obligations pressing upon him, and claiming attention. Nor is he without apprehension of a judgment to come. But, in spite of this, he scarcely adverts to the intimate connection that exists between even his most transitory daily thoughts, words and works, and the manifold and eternal consequences that flow directly from them. In theory, he is ready to admit that Time is the seed of Eternity, and that every waking hour is affecting, for weal or for woe, his endless future. Yet, in practice, he seems scarcely to notice this; and goes about his daily avocations, and carries on his ordinary routine of business without any anxiety as to the purity of his motives, and unharassed by any special fear lest he should, by carelessness or inattention, interfere with the plan and disturb the designs that his Sovereign Lord has so lovingly prepared expressly for him. In short, he rarely has any clear perception that he is actually *hic et nunc*, laying the foundations and building up the walls of that eternal abode, that "house not made with hands," which he will have to inhabit for evermore.

Upon so vital and so practical a point there should be no delusions; for eternity is not only the greatest of certainties, but it lies exceedingly near—yea, at our very doors,—being separated from us by only the slenderest partition. And, that shell-like barrier once broken through, we enter into a land of which no human being can form any adequate conception. We pass, as millions have passed before us, through the dread gates of Death, and at once find ourselves in a totally different environment, with everything on an altered scale. We have outgrown time. Henceforth "Time itself shall be no more."<sup>1</sup> That mysterious entity that we measure by dials and clocks and revolutions of the earth, and by risings and settings of the sun; that Time which is so indissolubly bound up with our every thought and project, has melted quite away, and Eternity occupies its place. Time is found too cramped and limited to suit the requirements of an immortal spirit, now that it has escaped from its earthly bonds and grown to maturity.

We are in a new and permanent state, that can not be computed by years or centuries, and where all is fixed and changeless. Our very soul assumes a different role, and finds itself subject to different laws. In this life, sorrow and joy, pleasure and pain, laughter and tears, mirth and intermingle, because such things are all earthly and trivial. Not so in the land beyond the tomb. There the emotions and states of being are far too intense and penetrating to allow opposite and contending passions to share the same breast. The joys and delights of the glorified soul are such as to fill and occupy its whole being. They lie upon it and cover it as a mighty flood, allowing no little island of sorrow or pain to appear throughout all its calm and measureless expanse. If pleasure be our portion, then pleasure, in all its myriad forms, will wholly absorb us; it will penetrate to every fibre of our being, and leave no rift or crevice for pain or agony to filter through. If, on the contrary, we stand condemned, then pain will take a like possession; it will fasten upon every faculty, and rack each sense, and gnaw each limb with jarring agony, forbidding all approach of peace, all breath of happiness.

Our life here on earth is lived in the twilight,—a twilight made up of mingled beams from heaven and from hell. In eternity we shall know no twilight, but only the full brightness of a cloudless noonday, or else the utter darkness of a starless night; that is to say, either the day of supremest happiness which men call heaven, or the deep night of quenchless woe which they call hell. These are the two permanent states, and there is no other; so one of these must be ours when life at last is done. Which shall it be?

This question is interesting enough when considered in the abstract, or in its bearing upon our relatives and acquaintances, or upon the poor creature who died yesterday and whose body lies before us. But it is not till I begin to dissociate myself from the crowd, and to reflect that the choice between these two permanent states, so far as I am concerned, must be made by me and made soon, that the consideration becomes of quite absorbing interest. That we—that is to say, that I and you, gentle reader,—must throughout eternity be either supremely happy or supremely miserable is just as certain as that we must exist at all.

But the particular point so terrifying and so wholly overwhelming is that so very, very little (at least to our apprehension) is needed to determine our fate either in the one direction or in the other. An evil need not be certain nor even probable in order to inspire fear; it is enough that it be simply possible. For instance, the bare possibility of being rejected

by God and cast into quenchless fires would, did one fully realize it, paralyze one with terror. Yet, so long as life lasts, that is, and must remain, a possibility, to be faced and recognized as a solemn and dreadful truth; for no man can ever fully trust himself, or say how he may act in future and unknown circumstances.<sup>1</sup> On the contrary, to trust oneself is to lean on a broken reed; it is he who thinks himself secure that is especially warned to take heed lest he fall. But if a man is foolhardy enough *wilfully to live in sin*, as thousands do, then what was before nothing more than a frightful possibility becomes a real probability. Such a one lives in actual danger of damnation, and will in all likelihood be damned; for, notwithstanding exceptions, the old rule holds: "As a man lives, so shall he die."

With the lurid glare of the quenchless fires on one side of us, and the vision of endless peace on the other, we can not afford to run any needless risk; nor dare we relax our vigilance for even one brief hour. When a traveller has to wend his way along a narrow ledge, amid deep caverns and yawning gulfs and bottomless precipices, a single false step may hurl him headlong to destruction. A sudden slip, a momentary loss of self-control, a slight giddiness, may mean a fall, a crash, an agonizing death. So is it with those who tread the narrow way to heaven. One false step, resulting in grievous sin, may precipitate the soul into the bottomless pit forever. Indeed, to say that this *may* happen is less than the truth. It *has* happened; it happens still, again and again, in a myriad of cases. We ourselves may one day be examples of this truth. Nay, more; we shall be, without any doubt, unless we are resolved carefully and resolutely to keep sin far from us.

Fortunately, there is nothing on earth or in hell that can imperil our salvation except sin. All else is safe ground. Sin, and sin alone, has power to lay hold of the saintliest and to drag him down from the very threshold of heaven itself, and to fling him headlong. It is the one dreadful dragon, disputing our path and barring the entry into eternal life. Unless he be slain we can not "enter into the joy of the Lord." But here we shall be asked: "Are all dangerous temptations and solicitations to sin equally to be feared and avoided? The answer is plain. Though we should fear all, yet some are to be feared far more than others. Hence, prudence would suggest that our efforts should be directed chiefly and above all to those which are most dangerous, most widespread, and which experience proves to be most frequently fatal.

When we study the great black catalogue of sin, we note one which stands out blacker and deeper than all the rest; one that seems to surpass and eclipse all others; one that can boast of more victims than any other, and that has driven more souls to hell, "the house of libertines." It is a sin which reaps a plentiful harvest wheresoever men and women are gathered together. Where other vices destroy their hundreds, this destroys its thousands. You know, dear reader, the sin to which I refer, and to which alone such words can apply; that sin which is more crafty and insidious in its approach, more blighting and desolating in its entry, and more calamitous and far-reaching in its effects, than any other; that terrible sin before which the mightiest quail and the strongest have been known to sink, and which withers up all whom it touches as do the scorching winds of the African desert. What is that sin? It is the sin from which the great Apostle St. Paul especially prayed to be delivered; the sin with which our Blessed Lord would never allow His name to be in any way connected;<sup>2</sup> that sin which God hates with a particular hatred; the only sin, indeed, which wrung from His lips an expression of regret that He had ever made man—"It repenteth Me that I have made man,"<sup>3</sup>—and which broke open the fountains of the deep, and deluged the earth with water, that rose, till it stood fifteen cubits above the highest peaks,<sup>4</sup> and left the whole earth desolate, and every city a ruin. It is the sin of impurity, of lust, of unchastity; in a word, sins of the flesh.

Of all grave offences, this is the most prevalent. Apostolic men, missionaries, confessors, and directors—in fact, all priests experienced in working amongst and administering to souls,—agree that it is the commonest of all serious sins with which they have to deal. St. Alphonsus, that great missionary, bishop, doctor, and saint, makes the terrifying avowal that it is his deliberate opinion that more men and women and children are eternally lost through sins of the flesh, not only than through any other sin taken singly, but than through all other sins put together. In one remarkable passage in his Theology he expresses himself even yet more strongly; for he writes: "*Non dubito asserere, ob hoc unum impudicicie vitium, cui saltem non sine eo, omnes damnari, quicunque damnantur.*"<sup>5</sup> Even physicians, who hear of such sins only in their most aggravated forms, declare that tens of thousands, especially among the youth of the country, ruin their constitution and undermine their strength by unlawful indulgence. Moreover,

it is a crime which is found everywhere, in a greater or less degree. It attacks all classes, ranks and professions, from the king upon his throne to the beggar in his lowly hovel. Wisdom is powerless against it, as we may learn from the example of Solomon, who was the wisest of men and yet one of the most profligate. The strongest, unless God protect him, is in its presence as weak and yielding as a babe, as we may gather from the fall of Saramon. Yea, even piety and holiness itself will wither away and

shrink up before its pestilential breath, as a delicate flower before the scorching tropical sun,—unless, indeed, piety and holiness be guarded by great self-restraint and a careful avoidance of the occasions. This is proved by the appalling example of that holy king and prophet, David, "a man after God's own heart," whose soul was mortally wounded by an incautious glance at a forbidden object, which first stirred up the lustful desires of his heart, and then transformed him into an adulterer, as well as into a treacherous and most cold-blooded murderer.

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 LIMITED  
**ST. JOHN, N. B.**  
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<sup>1</sup> Apoc., x, 6.  
<sup>2</sup> Or even how he now stands. "Who can say, My heart is clean, I am pure from sin?" (Prov., xx, 9).  
<sup>3</sup> Of gluttony, of blasphemy, of sedition, of being possessed by a devil, and of many other things. He allowed men to accuse Him; but He would never permit any one to breathe a suspicion against His spotless purity.  
<sup>4</sup> Gen., vi, 7.  
<sup>5</sup> Ibid., vii, 23.  
<sup>6</sup> Theol. Morals. De Sexto—motum S. Alphonsi.

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON.

(By permission of the publisher, E. Herder, St. Louis, U. S. A.)

CHAPTER III.

We were longing to inquire about our beloved Father Thompson, but good manners compelled us to wait until Babington had duly presented his friends. This he did in an easy, graceful manner. Every little detail impressed itself on my memory, and no wonder, because I then saw for the first time my future husband (as far as I was from suspecting it at the moment). He was by no means the handsomest and the tallest of the six young men before me; on the contrary by the side of Mr. Tichbourne, he almost looked small and insignificant. (Let me observe, in passing, that I hope my dear husband will omit nothing that I say about him.) As I was saying, Mr. Babington began to introduce his friends, each of whom in turn stepped forward and bowed: "Chidok, Tichbourne, the head of that illustrious family in Hampshire, a lover of the muses; Edward Windsor, brother to Lord Windsor, a disciple of Hippocrates and Galenus. These two gentlemen are both inspired by Apollo; but the one indites his verses in his own tongue, the other adopts the classic language of Virgil." On hearing this, I looked from one to the other of the two young men in question, for although I had read poetry, I had never yet seen a living poet. To my surprise they seemed quite ashamed of what was said of them, for they both blushed like a silly girl, whereas the other gentlemen, Thomas Salisbury, Robert Barnwell and Henry Donne, looked up bold and unabashed when they were presented to us, the first as a Son of Mars, on the eve of going to serve under Parma's standard, the others as friends of Diana, skilled in heron-hawking and fox hunting. Mr. Tichbourne was a handsome man; his aristocratic bearing and pale countenance, his brown hair, which he wore rather longer than was customary, his thick, close clipped beard, and the somewhat melancholy expression of his large dark eyes, rendered him to my eyes the very ideal of a poet. My future husband, on the contrary, looked more like an ordinary country gentleman than one learned in the medical art and a tamer of Pegasus. He was rather below the average in height, and I could scarcely help laughing when I first saw his ruddy face and merry, round eyes. He is much the same now as he was then, only his beard has grown grey, his head is bald, and time has deepened the colour of his cheeks. In one thing age has made no difference, a thing which I did not discern at my first interview with him, but which has rendered, and does render him dearer to me than the fairest Adonis could have been; I mean his heart of gold.

N. B. of the writer.—For the sake of the last words I must forgive my wife's strictness on my appearance. The fact that I have written down verbatim her not too complimentary description of my person, will convince the reader that it is correct. Meanwhile I will revenge myself on her in a truly christian manner—by depicting her as my memory recalls her on that day in question. Her deportment was sweet and winning, her complexion resembled the lily and the rose; long silken lashes shaded her lovely blue eyes, which were usually cast down. Her golden hair was neatly, carefully fastened in plaits about her head, and round her neck she wore a lace collar of moderate height, nothing to compare with the enormous erections the Queen had brought into fashion. Her light blue frock was made in an unpretending style, without great puffs at the shoulders. Her slender figure and gentle, modest demeanour formed a contrast to her younger sister Anne, who was remarkably vivacious and forward. Indeed one would hardly have taken them for sisters, for the one was tall and fair, the other short and dark. There is no need to speak of the changes thirty years have wrought in my wife. External changes there necessarily must be, though the sterling qualities of her true and loving heart have—as she is pleased to say of me—remained the same; I will only quote the counsel of the poet (changing the gender) when he says:

O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori!  
O lovely child, trust not too much to thy beauty!  
I will now allow my wife to resume her narrative.)

Mr. Babington concluded his introductions of his companions by bespeaking a kind reception for them on the ground that they were all friends of his, scions of the highest families in the land, members of the Association for the Succour of Priests, and staunch Catholics to boot. Grandmother replied that they were more welcome as being faithful sons of the Holy Church, than as the descendants of noble ancestors, since she held the heritage of the Children of God to be far more honourable than any earthly pedigree.

Then the gentlemen kissed our hands, and we all walked together down the broad path between hedges of yew towards the castle. At last we were at liberty to ask after Uncle Robert and Father Thompson. "My Brother is quite well," Uncle Remy said in answer to our inquiries; "he is a prisoner in the 'Clink' at present, and his jailer seems disposed to take a bribe, so it is hoped that we may be able to make his lot bearable, and perhaps even help him to escape. William Thompson however has received the martyr's crown."

I Cf. Hensck I, c. II, 342. Babington's Confessions.

"Then the Queen has not pardoned him!" Anne exclaimed in her impulsive manner. "Ah, if I were a man, that bloodthirsty—"

"You forget yourself sadly, child," said grandmother, not allowing her to finish the sentence. "What will our noble guests think of you!" But Babington instantly came to the rescue. "We think, Madam," he said, "that your fair granddaughter's just indignation does her great credit, and shows the generous disposition of her heart. Hearing such sentiments expressed ought to incite us men to form heroic enterprises."

The look wherewith Anne repaid her champion was not lost on me. Uncle Remy also interposed: "You must not be too hard on our little madcap, mother," he said in a conciliatory tone. But grandmother went on: "These gentlemen are very polite, and you are very kind, my son, to make excuses for my granddaughter. However, I never will have a word uttered in my presence offensive to her Majesty. The enterprises to which Mr. Babington alludes, will certainly not be directed against the Queen, otherwise they would not deserve to be called heroic, but rash and foolhardy. Instead of the blessing of God they would draw down on us His chastisements, and might perhaps be the means of costing many innocent persons their life."

How often at a later period these words, inspired apparently by a spirit of prophecy, recurred to my mind! They evidently made an impression on our guests at the time; I noticed Windsor looked very grave. But Mr. Tichbourne thanked grandmother effusively for her judicious admonitions, which he said were most well-timed; yet he assured her that his friend Babington would not undertake anything unworthy of an English nobleman and a firm Catholic. The example of the two martyrs, who had that day shed their blood should teach us to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.

We were surprised to hear that two priests had been executed, and in answer to our inquiries Tichbourne went on to tell us that Richard Sergeant, the scion of an ancient Gloucestershire family had suffered at the same time as Thompson. The sole offence for which he had been condemned, was having remained in England in spite of the statute passed in Parliament, declaring every priest who did not quit the country within a fixed time guilty of high treason.

"It is clear," Babington answered, "that Burghley and Walsingham act thus in order to strike alarm into the priests who are in concealment here, or into those who are expected to arrive from Rheims or from Rome. From what I hear the members of the Privy Council have learnt through their spies that a fresh band of heroic missionaries are preparing to come to England. Walsingham alone is said to have some fifty traders in his pay, mostly apostates, some of them being priests, who keep him informed of all that goes on in the seminaries and Jesuit colleges."

"Perils from false brethren! Just the same as in the Apostles' time," remarked grandmother. "But the disgrace which a few renegades bring upon Holy Church is more than wiped out by the blood of her Priests. Lord Burghley is greatly mistaken, if he thinks to terrify them by executions. It is the hope of obtaining a martyr's crown which allures them to these shores. But here we are at the house door. I pray God that the coming of these dear and welcome guests under our roof may be blessed to them and to us. All in Woxindon will be deeply interested and edified by hearing how the two martyrs won their palm. I shall therefore ask you, when you have partaken of some refreshment, to give us an account of the manner in which they passed through their last conflict."

So saying, grandmother conducted the six gentlemen into the castle.

CHAPTER IV.

An account is related of the two Priests' martyrdom; also of a very unpleasant surprise which we experienced.

As I have already remarked, my father was far from well, yet he would not allow his indisposition to prevent him from doing the honours of his table to his guests, and setting before them a roast joint and a brace or two of snipe. Although it was already three weeks after Easter, there were still some birds about the outskirts of the wood, and Uncle Barty had managed to bring down a few, not with his gun, but with the old fashioned English bow and arrow. When the dishes had been removed, and father said grace, we gathered round the chimney place. The atmosphere of the high vaulted hall was rather chilly, though the day had been sunny, and father could not do without a fire. The dancing flames cast a ruddy glow on the circle of guests and members of the family, while in the half light beyond the servants and retainers stood, who had come to hear about Father Thompson's death.

Then Uncle Remy began to relate how with Babington's assistance he had succeeded in conveying a note through the hands of one of the jailers to the prisoner, bidding him when on the way to the place of execution, look up at the window over the door of "The Three Tuns," a hostelry not twenty yards from the gate through which they would pass to go to Tyburn. He would see a good friend standing there, who would wave him a last farewell with his handkerchief; that was to signify a priest, who would give him the last absolution.

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he led to execution with Thompson, they tried to persuade Father Weston not to go to the Three Tuns, on the ground that he would be exposing himself unnecessarily to danger, since the two priests could mutually give each other absolution. "However the good Father would not deprive them of the consolation," continued my uncle, "so he and I took our stand at the window in question, when the time came for the procession to pass by. We already heard cries of "No Popery!" sounding in the distance. First came an interminable stream of the lowest of the people; then a band of armed men, and with them the sheriff for the county, on horseback, with several magistrates and members of the council. After them followed the horse to whose tail the hurdle was fastened, on which the two priests lay bound. By their side ran some Puritan preachers, exhorting them even in this their last hour, to abjure the Babylonian beast and accept the pure Gospel. You may fancy how my fingers twisted at the sight of them. At last we were able to see the two victims. I am not ashamed to confess that my eyes filled with tears when I beheld them, patient and resigned, stretched on the hurdle, covered with the mire of the streets. Their faces were turned towards one another, and they appeared to be engaged in prayer. As they passed through the gateway of the prison, I noticed that Thompson whispered something to his companion, and they both raised their eyes inquiringly to the window. As soon as they descried Father Weston holding a white handkerchief to his face, they raised their heads as much as they could from the hurdle, in token of greeting and of gratitude. This action did not escape the notice of the accursed preachers; one of them, suspecting the cause, instantly shouted "A Priest, a Mass Priest!" But I thrust Father Weston aside, and interposed my broad shoulders between him and the spectators; besides, before the sheriff's officers could catch the words above the uproar and tumult of the rabble in that narrow street, the danger was over. Our good old John hurried Father Weston out by a back door, and conducted him through a labyrinth of narrow alleys to the residence of Lady Paulet, where he is in security for the present. Nevertheless he is coming back to us after nightfall. I went down and mixed in the crowd, and by good use of my elbows contrived to get pretty close to the hurdle. But when we got to the vicinity of Tyburn, the throng of people was so dense, that I was unable to get near to the condemned. My friends here were more fortunate, so let them tell you about the execution of the sentence."

Babington then took up the narrative. "My companions and I," he said, "were so near, that we not only saw every gesture, but heard every word of the two priests. We had ridden out early, and taken our stand not as much as ten paces from the gallows. Thus we had a full view of the horrible preparations for the cruel tragedy. I could not help thinking that very likely my own life might be ended in that way, considering that in the present day no Catholic can feel sure that he will not under some pretext or other be arraigned for high treason, and delivered over to the hangman. The servants had already lighted a huge fire underneath the vast cauldron into which the head and quarters of the martyrs were to be thrown, and the bystanders began to indulge in coarse jokes about the kind foresight of the Queen, who had the ravens' food cooked for them. Thereupon our friend Windsor here, who has all the Latin poets at his fingers' ends, observed to me in an ironical tone:

Principe nil ista melius orbis habet!  
(Never did a more gracious Princess walk this earth!)

I for my part stooped over my horse's neck and dealt the principal speaker a blow on the mouth, that would have felled him to the ground, had not the crowd been so thickly packed together. At the same time I told him beware how he let his tongue wag about the Queen's Majesty.

But my zeal nearly got me into trouble, for the mob raised the cry that I and my friends, who stood by me bravely, were papists, and called upon the Captain of the Guard to arrest us as traitors. God knows what would have come of it had not at that moment a murmur ran through the multitude behind us:

Thompson himself had done the same, when the Reverend Thomas Alfild was dragged to Tyburn. But when Uncle Remy and his friends learnt on the morrow that another priest would there they come, here they come. Sure enough, the mournful procession was close at hand. It was a touching sight to behold the rage of the populace on the one side, the peaceful serenity of the victims on the other. The hurdle stopped just in front of us, so that I had the privilege of throwing my handkerchief to the priests, in order that they might wipe the mud off their faces. Father Thompson recognized me, and smiled his thanks; he endeavored to say something to me, but the hubbub was so great that I could not catch a word. Most probably he wished to reiterate the warning which he gave me shortly before his arrest, not to mix myself up in any dangerous plots. He wanted to give me back the handkerchief, but the sheriff would not allow of it. "Nothing of the sort!" he exclaimed. "We shall have a fresh St. Veronica perhaps, and more popish idolatries carried on with the dirty rag. Do you take care! The rope is not far from the neck of every Papist." One of the soldiers who were loosing the ropes that bound the condemned to the hurdle, thrust the handkerchief into his pocket, and looked at me with a knowing wink, which I was not at a loss to interpret. A few hours later he turned up at the Red Lion, a well known popish hostelry, and gave me the handkerchief for a crown piece. Here it is."

(To be continued.)

Use of Sacred Names.

To the Editor of the Catholic Citizen: Will you allow me space in your columns to speak of matter that so often occurs to my mind in my position as social editor of one of the daily papers and in connection with Catholic nomenclature.

Without, of course, meaning to, Catholics seem to give the world outside the church, an idea that they are exceedingly irreverent in their use of sacred names. A specific instance will give a better idea of what I mean, than any general reference. The other day a notice came to me that a society, named for the Sacred Heart, was giving a card party and ice cream festival on Sunday night.

There may be no harm in having an ice cream social on Sunday, although it is questionable taste, but it is very strange that any supposedly religious organization should be giving a card party on Sunday evening, and the incongruity of the "Sacred Heart" association giving a card party at any time is sufficiently obvious. I refused to put the notice in the paper as it came to me, as I felt that as a Catholic I was aiding and abetting a good deal of scandal if I did so.

Surely Catholics should be the last to put sacred names and titles to the profane use that they often do. The Sacred Thirst society, while Catholics understand what is meant by it, merely raises a smile wherever it is heard, and is thoroughly misunderstood by outsiders. All of this would not matter in the least if Catholics were not making half the world think they knew nothing of good taste or the fitness of things. Surely people who had any idea of the reverence due to sacred things, would not call a card club after the Sacred Heart. Every time you hear that as a name of a town in Minnesota, it makes you shiver. In Catholic countries, and in a foreign tongue, these names do not seem quite so bald and dreadful. But over here, where nothing is too sacred to joke about, one can imagine the remarks of brakemen about towns named as the above, or the things said about people who belong to the "Immaculate Conception Dancing Class," and others of a like kind.

Catholics are supposed—by themselves—to have more reverence for holy things, than others, but it is not strange that those who are not members of the church, should be led to believe that they have less than anybody else. Certainly Catholics who will use names like those mentioned above in the way cited, are guilty of outrageous bad taste if nothing worse. As for the Sacred Heart club having a card party on Sunday night,—well, that seems to reach the limit of irreverence and bad taste.

A CATHOLIC.

The tree of knowledge always needs the sunshine of experience.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations. Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section of 160 acres more or less. Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub Agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader. DUTIES—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years. (2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement. (3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention. W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.



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There is what is called the worldly spirit which enters with the greatest subtlety into the character of even good people; and there is what is called the time spirit, which means the dominant way of thinking and of acting which prevails in the age in which we live; and these are powerful temptations full of danger and in perpetual action upon us—CARDINAL MANNING.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

**THE FUNDAMENTAL FALLACY OF SOCIALISM.**

Under the above title, Mr. Arthur Preuss, the editor of the *Catholic Fortnightly Review*, of St. Louis, Mo., has republished a series of papers originally contributed to his review. (St. Louis: B. Herder. Price \$1.00. The fundamental fallacy referred to is Henry George's theory that all land is common property, of which there can be no private ownership. To refute this theory Mr. Preuss expounds the Encyclical Letter *Rerum Novarum*, issued by Pope Leo XIII. in 1891. Mr. George had set forth his ideas in his book entitled "Progress and Poverty," published in 1879, and defended them in an "Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII."

The passage of the Encyclical which most directly contradicts Mr. George's theory is thus translated by Mr. Preuss:

"The fact that God has given the earth for the use and enjoyment of the whole human race, does not in the least prevent the existence of private possessions. For, if it is said that God gave the earth to mankind in common, this is not to be understood as if he wanted the common ownership of the earth vested in all men, but because he did not assign to any one the possession of any particular portion of the earth, leaving the actual distribution of private possessions to men's industry and to the laws of peoples."

These last words cover the whole case, as it exists today in civilized nations. The State claims original dominion over all the land within its borders, and requires every possessor to take out a title from the Government. It is a just and wise arrangement, because however valid in theory may be the title derived from first occupancy, in practice it would lead to countless disorders. All men would not settle the matter as amicably as did Abraham and Lot. There would be claims and counter-claims, pulling up of other men's stakes and claim-jumping. Each man would have to be prepared to defend his claim with his good right hand. The only way to prevent this is for the State to take charge of all the land and parcel it out as required. Squatter sovereignty may be recognized, to the extent of giving the squatter the first chance to buy the land or secure a grant of it from the Government, but if the squatter wilfully neglects to do this he may be dispossessed. The State does not confer absolute ownership; at most, it gives a freehold tenure or an estate in fee simple, reserving to itself the right of eminent domain by which it may withdraw its grant if the good of the community requires it.

We cannot see any difference between this and the "undisturbed, permanent, exclusive private possession of portions of the natural bounties, or of the land," which Dr. McGlynn speaks of as being "lawful and for the best interest of the individual and of the community, and necessary for civilization." Mr. Preuss thinks Dr. McGlynn's statement of his position, though pronounced by four professors of the Catholic University to contain nothing contrary to Catholic teaching, to be nevertheless in conflict with Pope Leo's Encyclical. For our part, we fail to see the conflict.

Mr. Preuss speaks of the first occupancy of land as though it were the only original, valid title. We may find descendants of the first occupants in Canada and the United States, if we assume that the nomadic habits of the Indians prevented them from becoming occupants. But where shall we find them, in Europe? What has made the land question so acute in Ireland is that within a period so recent that we have unquestionable records of the fact, a large population which might be assumed, in absence of contradictory evidence, to be the descendants of the first occupants of the soil, were violently dispossessed of their holdings, and instead of leaving the country remained as serfs upon the land which once was theirs, nursing their grievance and awaiting an opportunity of regaining by force that which had been forcibly taken from

them. Some will say that Elizabeth, James and Cromwell were only exercising the right of eminent domain; that the original holders had forfeited the land by rebellion. From another point of view, there was no rebellion; the so-called rebels were only defending their rights against unjust aggressors. At any rate, a conflict began which has lasted to our own time, and is now being brought to an end by legislation which would have been denounced as Socialistic a generation ago. It is true that the British Government is giving the Irish landlords compensation for the land which it compels them to sell to their tenants. But we doubt whether Henry George, though he wrote that landlordism was not merely a robbery in the past, but a robbery in the present, and passionately asked, "Why should we hesitate about making short work of such a system?"—we doubt whether Mr. George would have voted to send the Irish landlords, whose sole income is derived from rent of land, to the poorhouse. He would have discovered some plea for compensation, in the service which a feudal vassal had to render the sovereign from whom he received a grant of land, in the improvement of the land which might now be considered the work of the landlord, or of his ancestors, since the tenant who actually made the improvement might be assumed to have received compensation in some other way.

We have dwelt upon this difficulty of claiming a title through first occupancy, because it is the Irish land question which led Bishop Nulty and Dr. McGlynn and Michael Davitt to put forth theories which Mr. Preuss regards as Socialistic; it is also the question, we suspect, which first led Henry George to begin the study which ended in his writing "Progress and Poverty."

We shall return to this subject in another issue.

**Correspondence.**

To the Editor of *The Casket*:

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent 'Temperance' in your last issue has allowed himself to give expression to some very wild views in some very intemperate language. The delegate who gave him the information on the resolution in question which was passed at the recent Convention of the League of the Cross must be a very mischievous person, fond of having sport with excitable people. The question of 'absolute prohibition' or 'a law regulating the liquor traffic' was not discussed at all at the Convention. Members of the League of the Cross may, and probably do, differ as much on the respective merits of such laws as do Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland in America. As for Cardinal Manning's attitude in England, that is easily explained. If 'Temperance' has followed recent efforts at temperance legislation in England, he has seen that vested interests are there so strongly entrenched that all the most ardent total abstinence can hope to accomplish is a reduction in the number of licensed saloons, and even to accomplish this much compensation to vested interests is demanded. Let us hope that the Canadian brewer and distiller may never grow so powerful and shameless in his demands.

The League of the Cross in this diocese has not allowed itself, as a body, to be committed to any uncompromising attitude on this question of laws. A member of the L. O. C. is quite consistent in voting for the N. S. License Law, which is also a prohibition law. In doing so he enables his fellow citizens who are not total abstinence to seek to have the sale of liquor licensed or not as they see fit. But the recent Convention has, with practical unanimity, endorsed the view that it is inconsistent with the pledge to aid in the establishment of bar-rooms by signing petitions asking for licenses. The pledge binds each member, besides abstaining from intoxicating drinks, to discourage the use of them as much as possible. The very existence of bar-rooms is an encouragement to the use of intoxicating drinks, however much their abuse may be sought to be corrected by regulations. The Convention holds that it is not consistent in a total abstinence, who is also pledged to discourage the use of intoxicating drinks, to aid in the establishment of bar-rooms. From this resolution of the Convention your correspondent has tried to draw a whole host of absurd deductions. Only two of these, however, I wish to refer to here, viz:

1. That the Grand Council or Convention "presumes to interfere with the consciences of its members," and
2. That the Grand Council "is guilty of a grave act of discourtesy towards the ecclesiastical authorities who alone have the right to decide on such matters."

Here we have two of your correspondents' wild and unwarranted charges. One answer is sufficient for both, viz. that the Convention or Grand Council has not, and does not, presume to inform consciences on the moral obligation of any law, or, which is the same thing, on any question of sin. The Grand Council can afford to leave such presumptuous behaviour to your correspondent, 'Temperance,' as is evident from the following quotation from his letter:

"It happens that what seems to be a

good license law is submitted for his (an L. O. C. member's) approval. What is he to do? A moralist will infallibly tell him that he should carefully study the law, and if after sufficient consideration his conscience tells him the law is likely to advance the cause of temperance more than prohibition, he is bound under pain of sin to support it."

The italics are mine. I submit that the above decision of your correspondent is not what 'a moralist would infallibly tell him.' An enlightened and broad-minded moralist would tell him that a doubtful obligation in such matters does not bind under pain of sin, and that as the law in question is only likely to advance the cause of temperance his obligation to support it is only doubtful, and therefore does not bind under pain of sin. It is presumptuous in your correspondent to teach such narrow, rigid views and is 'a grave act of discourtesy towards ecclesiastical authorities' to teach such opinions infallibly. Moreover, his decision in the above case smacks of "narrow intolerance and comprehensive self-sufficiency."

A DELEGATE.  
 Sept. 5th, 1908.

**MacLeod's Gaelic Dictionary.**

The Gaelic dictionary by MacLeod and Dewar is the best Gaelic dictionary in existence, except the Highland Society's dictionary. The price of it in Scotland is twelve shillings and six pence, and the postage to this country one shilling and three pence. I have made an agreement with the publisher, by which I can deliver the work to students in Antigonish or Halifax for two dollars and forty cents. Clergymen and others who are or ought to be students in their own homes can get the book at the same price.

Mr. Angus Boyd, Custom House, Antigonish, has kindly agreed to receive the money for the dictionary and to deliver the book in his office to those taking it. The money should be sent to Mr. Boyd or handed to him without unnecessary delay.

The new and revised edition of MacEachan's Gaelic Dictionary costs in Scotland two shillings and six pence. The postage would be three pence. Any person who wants a Gaelic-English dictionary, but cannot afford to buy MacLeod's work—which is a Gaelic-English and English-Gaelic dictionary—can get MacEachan's by sending two shillings and nine pence to any bookseller in Scotland. MacEachan's Dictionary is a good work so far as it goes, but it is far from being the book that a student of Gaelic really needs.

I may say that I have Shaw's Dictionary, Armstrong's Dictionary, the Highland Society's Dictionary, MacLeod's Dictionary, McAlpine's Dictionary, McEachan's Dictionary, McBain's Dictionary, O'Reilly's Dictionary, and Dinneen's Dictionary, and that I find use for them all.

A. McLEAN SINCLAIR,  
 Hopewell, N. S.

**Brevities from Harbor Bouche.**

The convent classes have opened after the summer vacation. A large number of pupils are in attendance.

Sister Regina Mariam of the Convent in Dorchester, Mass., visited her father, Mr. Placide Crispo, last week.

Miss Aloysia and Elizabeth Leydon, of Cambridge, Mass., who were the guests of Father James McKeough, Canso, have been visiting relatives here and throughout the County.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Crispo of Scranton, Penn., are on a visit to this place.

Mr. Augustus Levangie of Little Rock, Arkansas, after several years' absence is on a visit to relatives here.

Capt. J. Decoste, of the schooner Helen Shafner, loading a cargo of laths and lumber at Rexton, N. B., for New York, was a caller here for a few days.

A fleet of fishing vessels are in the harbor. Their names are:—'Annie May,' 'Arichat,' 'Katie,' 'Port Hawkesbury,' 'Wilena Fraser,' 'Arichat,' 'Quickstep,' 'Sydney,' 'Ella May,' 'Hawkesbury,' 'Catherine A. O.,' 'Halifax,' 'Minnie,' 'Hawkesbury,' 'Lass of Gowrie,' 'Arichat,' 'Indiana,' 'Arichat,' 'Jennie F.,' 'Charlestown,' 'Emma Brow,' 'Harbour Bouche.'

A large fleet of whale boats are also here awaiting the season's run of herring, which is expected to strike this coast shortly.

Quite a number of persons from Cape Breton and western points attended the picnic here on Monday. On the whole the affair was fairly well patronized. On Tuesday there were a large number present. The efforts put forth by the young men, F. Butts and the young ladies to make the picnic a success were deserving of praise, and the object for which the picnic was undertaken—a new society hall and reading room—is now assured.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Webb and son of Ottawa, Ont., are spending their vacation here and in the County, visiting relations.

The two schooners which were driven ashore here during the recent storm have been purchased from the owners by Hon. John Corbett. One of them has been launched and refitted for sea.

Succumbing to the deadly fumes of burning pitch and oakum deep down in the fore peak of the British bark Puritan, as she lay at anchor in President Roads, near Boston, on Thursday last, four seamen were suffocated, and a fifth was partly overcome before he was rescued by shipmates.

**DRUMMOND GOAL**

INTERCOLONIAL COAL MINING COMPANY, Limited  
 Westville, - Nova Scotia

For Sale at ANTIGONISH by JAMES KENNA and A. G. JOCELYN  
 HUGH D. MCKENZIE, Agent, ST. PAUL BUILDING HALIFAX.

**JULY and AUGUST  
 20 PER CENT.  
 DISCOUNT  
 SALE of  
 SEASONABLE  
 GOODS.**

20 per cent. off Ladies' Summer  
 Coats, Rain Coats, Skirts  
 and Waists.  
 Dress Goods, Dress Muslins.  
 Ladies' Collars and Belts  
 Curtain Muslins, Lace Curtains,  
 Carpets and Rugs.  
 Oil Cloth and Linoleum.

300 Pairs of Boots and Shoes at  
 less than cost.

**The Annex**

A large assortment of Men's,  
 Youth's, Boys' and Children's  
 Suits, Pants, Raincoats, Shirts,  
 Underwear, Hats and Caps,  
 all at

20 per cent. off.

**A. KIRK & CO.**

Main Street. ANTIGONISH

General News.

George Mitchell, ex-M. P. P. for Halifax, is dead.
New York's anti-bucket shop law went into force on 1st inst.
The new Canadian Civil Service Act came into force on the 1st inst.
The young Turkish party threatens to depose the Sultan within a month.
A. R. Bayne has been committed for trial at Truro, on the bribery charges.
French troops, it is reported, have inflicted a crushing defeat on 20,000 Moors on the Algerian frontier.

Rawhide, Nevada, a mining town, was destroyed by fire on Friday last. The loss amounts to \$750,000 and 3000 people are homeless.

Several large Liberal meetings have been held in Cape Breton during the past week, addressed by Messrs. Patterson, E. M. McDonald, Murray, Fielding, and the local men.

Dr. McLeod of North Sydney has received the Conservative nomination for the County of Inverness and has accepted. Dr. McLeod is a native of the County.

By the burning of Belmont's Hotel, Denver, Col., on Tuesday morning, five persons lost their lives and a score of others were injured, some fatally. Patrick Treadwell, a fireman, is credited with saving ten lives.

James Carroll was found dead in the canal at Ottawa last Saturday. He was a clerk in the audit office, Ottawa. His native home was Margaree, C. B. It is feared he was the victim of foul play.

The largest lawsuit ever filed in the Yukon was started last week. A. D. Curtis, Manager of the Bonanza Creek Mining Company, asked the Governor General of Canada for \$17,000,000 for having cancelled a concession which passed to their hands.

It is expected that by the end of the present month all arrangements will be completed for the bringing into operation the law passed last session providing for the sale of Government Old Age Annuities. It is the intention of Sir Richard Cartwright, who is the Minister in charge of the new department, to conduct an educational campaign throughout Canada by means of public lectures to be delivered by agents specially selected to inform the public.

With a view to increasing the present small consumption of fresh fish in the inland Provinces of the Dominion, an order in council has been passed empowering the Government to defray one-third of the cost of the express rates on shipments of fish to the West from the Maritime Provinces. This payment is in the nature of a subsidy for part of the year to the fishing industry of the East and West. The reduction in the cost of transportation was to go into effect on Sept. 5th, and will apply throughout the autumn shipping season.

At a meeting of the Central Branch of the United Irish League, John Redmond, who presided, debated upon the importance of the last parliamentary session so far as Ireland was concerned. He considered the Irish University Bill one of the greatest emancipation measures of the century, and he would always be proud of his share in its adoption. Ireland, he said, would receive nearly four million dollars a year under the Old Age Pensions Bill, which would benefit seventy thousand people in Ireland, these and other measures, were the substantial results of their parliamentary work.

In Glasgow, Scotland, there is a vast number of unemployed. Socialist agitators are taking advantage of the fact to stir up trouble. One of the leaders, after asserting that it had been decided to make a series of midnight marches into the wealthy sections of the city, made the extraordinary threat that unless the municipal council did something practical for the unemployed within a month, he would reveal all the secrets of the Masonic organization and put every man, woman and child in Glasgow in possession of all the tokens, grips and pass words of the order.

Mr. J. G. Foley, clerk of the Crown in Chancery, has compiled the new Dominion Elections Act which went into effect on July 20th. It contains many new provisions affecting candidates, electors and newspaper and printing offices. It is made a criminal offence, punishable by a heavy fine, to take down, mutilate or deface any proclamation notice, voters' list or other document required to be posted up under the provisions of the Act. No person can make any contribution on behalf of any candidate except through the agent of such candidate. The bribery provisions in the Act are made much more severe. Canvassing by persons residing outside of Canada is made an indictable offence. Printing offices are required to give the address of the printer and publisher on every class of printed material issued in connection with an election. The making of false statements with respect to the personal character of a candidate renders the person making it liable to a fine of not less than \$100. Contributions for political purposes by any company or association is also made an indictable offence.

Correspondence.

Editor Casket:

DEAR SIR:—Your correspondent "Temperance" has allowed his zeal for a license law to run away with his discretion.

By our pledge, which must be taken as a whole, we are bound to discour-

age the use of intoxicating liquor as much as possible. Is this condition fulfilled by supporting a license law? It is self-evident it is not, consequently the late Convention had no alternative, and so long as we remain a Total Abstinence Society so long must the signing of petitions for licenses constitute a violation of our pledge. Perhaps your correspondent would favor striking out the words quoted above and replacing them by "and to sign petitions for the establishment of licenses wherever possible." L. O. C.

Personals.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Campbell and son of Glace Bay, are in town.

Mrs. (Dr.) P. F. Coady and son, of West Newton, Mass., are in Town for a short visit.

Mr. Howard McDonald, of Boston, left for home yesterday after spending a few weeks in Antigonish.

Miss Katie Macadam and Miss Ann Gillis of Sydney, C. B., are visiting friends in Antigonish.

Miss Cassie Campbell of Antigonish left on Tuesday last to enter Mount St. Vincent Convent, Halifax.

Mrs. (Dr.) B. Francis, of Sydney Mines is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Brien, St. Ninian St.

Mrs. D. Gillis of Point Tupper, who has been visiting Mrs. James Kenna, Antigonish, returned home Saturday.

Miss Cassie Campbell returned to Boston last Friday after a pleasant vacation with friends at Heatherton.

Mrs. Thomas Trotter of Antigonish recently underwent an operation at St. Martha's Hospital. She is improving.

W. C. Chisholm, Strathcona, Alberta, who has been visiting friends in Inverness and this County left for the West on Thursday last.

Mr. John McLean has returned from Massachusetts to take up his residence at his old home at Merland, Ant., where he is now erecting a house.

Mr. A. B. McGillivray and Mr. John McIntosh, of Glace Bay, were in Town this week, accompanying their sons who come to attend College.

Mr. Andrew McGillivray, of last year's College staff, has gone to Havlock, N. B., to work at engineering on the Transcontinental Railway construction.

Mr. Nicholas T. Purcell of Pleasant Valley, Ant., teacher of English at Sacred Heart College, Caraquet, N. B., left last week to resume his duties after spending the vacation at home.

Sister M. Zerephina and Sister M. Hildagarde of Mount St. Vincent, Halifax, are visiting at Mount St. Bernard. Sister Hildagarde is a daughter of Mr. James O'Brien, St. Ninian St.

Miss May Fraser, formerly of Antigonish, niece of Mr. Clarence Beck, left on Tuesday morning for Spokane, Wash., via Boston. Miss Fraser will marry on her arrival in Spokane, Dr. Charles McKenzie, a former New Glasgow boy, who is practising his profession in the Western city. Miss Fraser has many warm friends in New Glasgow and she is followed by every good wish for her future happiness.—New Glasgow Chronicle.

Among the Advertisers.

Just received a lot of No. 1 July herring at Haley's market.

One car shingles just received by C. B. Whidden & Son.

C. B. Whidden & Son have just received fifty barrels nice July herring.

To let, 2 or 3 comfortable rooms in good locality. Apply at Casket Office.

One car flour, bran and middlings just received by C. B. Whidden & Son.

For sale, one good milk cow, 4 years old. Apply at once to Mrs. D. Munro, Briley Brook.

Lost, on picnic grounds, James River, Monday, Maltese cross. Finder please leave at this office.

Men's fall underwear, fine sanitary fleece-lined, at the special low price of \$1.00 a suit at Chisholm, Sweet & Co's.

St. F. X. College will find us well prepared to supply all their clothing and furnishing needs, Chisholm, Sweet & Co.

Complete fall stock of Amherst solid leather coarse boots for men, women and children now ready at Chisholm, Sweet & Co's.

Found, on Caledonia Road, about two weeks ago, a lady's rain coat. Owner can have same by calling at Dan J. Druhan's, U. Springfield.

Lost, on the Post Road, between the late Angus McAdam's house and Town, two fishing rods with reels attached. Will the finder kindly leave at this office.

FARM for SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale his farm at Dunmore, South River, known as the John McDonald (Gray) farm. It consists of about 115 acres of excellent land, up and down interval, well watered and wooded. There are good buildings on the premises, a large house well finished and two barns.

This property is on the daily stage line between Antigonish and Isaac's Harbor, within 3 miles of St. Andrew's Church, a few hundred yards of Dunmore school and within half a mile of Post and Telephone offices.

Here is one of the most desirable farms at South River. It will be sold at a reasonable figure.

D. R. McDONNELL.

Tracadie, N. S., July 14th, 1908.

Acknowledgments.

- Many Acknowledgments crowded out.
James McDougall, Livingstones Cove \$ 3.75
Ed Torant, Waltham 1.25
Margaret Benoit, Afton Station 1.00
Mrs J J Flaherty, Montreal 1.00
Waggle Kell, Roxbury 1.00
Ray H D Barry, Matamoras 1.00
Anthony McDougall, Edmonton 3.00
Dan McGillivray, Lakeville 1.00
Hugh J McPherson, Georgeville 1.00
Mrs James Sullivan, Sydney 1.00
H E McDonald, Salisbury, S B 5.00
Archie McDonald, McPherson's P O 1.00
J O'Leary, Meiose 1.00
Katie McDonald, River Dennis Station 1.00
Capt A J McDonald, Arisaig 1.00
John A McInaac, Fraser's Mills 1.00
Donald McInaac, Belfrey 1.00
Edward A Grant, South Boston 1.00
Capt John Gillis, Port Hood, 2.00
Allan McGillivray, Fairmont, 1.00
W J Whalen, Fairmont, 1.00
Mrs Angus McDonald, St Ninian St, 1.00
John A McKenna, Sydney Forks, 4.00
John A McKenna, Ottawa, 1.00
John A McLellan, L S River, 1.00
John F Dorant, Portquet Station, 1.00
R T Fureh, Co. Argenteuil, 1.00
Mrs Hugh Dunn, S S Harbor 1.00
Hugh McDonald, Erley Brook 1.00
Will Dunn, Harbor 1.00
John Carroll, Hawthorne St 1.00
Peter Landry, Tracadie 4.00
Ronald McKay, Lourdes 1.00
John F Campbell, 1.00
Mrs Angus McDonald, Stellarton 1.00
L O Handley, 1.00
W C O'Leary, 1.00
Hugh McDougall, 2.00
W A Connors, 1.00
Jas A Fraser, 1.00
Thos Caruiff, 1.00
James Brown, 1.00
Angus O Campbell, 1.00
Arch McDonald, 2.00
D McDonald, 1.00
Dan McKinnon, 1.00
Angus McPherson, 1.00
Michael McGillivray, 2.00
Nell McLean, 2.00
R D McDonald, 1.00
John McIntyre, 1.00
Conductor Kelly, 1.00
John Jamison, 1.00
Dae F McDonald, 1.00
Daniel Gillis, 1.00
J D Mahoney, 1.00
Fred Morin, 1.00
E E Coll, 1.00
Rokk McKezlie, 1.00
Joseph Mooney, 1.00
Rod A McDonald, Lourdes 2.00

DIED

At West River, Antigonish, on Monday, 31st August, after a lingering illness, JAMES KIRK, aged eighty-six years, leaving two daughters, five sons and three sisters.

At Antigonish, March 29, 1908, JOHN CARROLL in the thirty eighth year of his age, after receiving the sacraments. He left a wife and five young children to mourn the loss of a kind husband and faithful father. May his soul rest in peace!

At Hallowell, Grant, Wednesday, September 2nd, after a lingering illness, borne with great patience and resignation, CATHERINE, widow of the late DONALD MCKINNON, aged 89 years, consoled by the last sacraments. She died a happy death. May her soul rest in peace!

Suddenly, at Britannia Beach, British Columbia, on Monday, 7th inst., MRS MILTON MARSON, a former resident of Antigonish, and daughter of John A. Stewart, Lochaber, Ant. She leaves a husband and one child to mourn her loss.

At North Sydney, August 18th, RONALD, second son of Mrs JOHN D. MCINTYRE, in his fifteenth year. The deceased was a lad of great promise, and it was anticipated by his many admirers that it should be his lot to fill the place left vacant by his illustrious brother, Michael, who died at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, ten months last year. The memory of a good Christian mother, he is survived by a sorrowing widowed mother, a younger sister and a younger brother. May his soul rest in peace!

On Thursday, 3rd inst., SARAH, wife of JOHN McDONALD, Williams Point, one of the oldest residents in this vicinity. Mrs McDonald was 89 years of age and her husband, with whom she spent sixty-eight years of happy married life, is 88. Both were natives of the place where they spent their long lives, respected and esteemed by all who knew them, and where fourteen children were born to them, of whom only five—two sons and three daughters—survive to cherish the memory of a good Christian mother. Her funeral on Saturday was largely attended. May her soul rest in peace!

Some weeks ago there three lines of obituary appeared in this column:

At St. Martha's Hospital, on August 4th, WALTER THOMPSON aged 11 years, son of the late William Thompson, Cloverville, R. I. P. Little Walter was a very bright child, and of a wonderful propensity for his years. Months before he fell ill he would steal into his little room after the family prayers were over and there all by himself say with great devotion the Rosary and other prayers. At the hospital, the sharp and often agonizing pains that he suffered did not make him forget his devotions; and even in his delirium his mind ran on holy things, and over and over again he would make upon his forehead the sign of the cross. He received the Bread of Life for the first time last time as he lay on his deathbed; and all who saw him give up to join the blessed company of those who see the face of God.

NOVA-SCOTIA-FIRE Insurance Company LOWEST RATES Consistent With Safety AGENTS EVERYWHERE Head Office: 146 ROLLIS STREET, HALIFAX

Tenders for Dredging SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Dredging" will be received until Tuesday, September 15, 1908 at 4 p m for dredging required at the following places in the Province of Nova Scotia: Arisaig, Cribbin's Point, Fawson's Cove, Fourchu, L'Archeveque, Little Bras d'Or, Moser River, Petit de Grail. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders must include the cost of the plant to and from the works. Only dredges can be employed which are registered in Canada at the time of the filing of tenders. Contractors must be ready to begin work within twenty days after the date they have been notified of the acceptance of their tender. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for six thousand dollars (\$6,000), must be deposited as security for the dredging which the tenderer offers to perform in the Province of Nova Scotia. The cheque will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, N. TESSIER, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, September 1, 1908.

Chisholm, Sweet & Co. Women's Hand-Tailored Coats \$6.00 to \$19.00 The advance guard of tailored coats, now shown in our ready-to-wear section, is attracting widespread attention. Dis-criminating women make their selections early, while the display is at its best. Styles this year are distinguished by the length of coat—averaging 50 inches—its loose yet clinging cut—the use of buttons in rows as trimming being particularly noticeable. Prices seem very modest considering the fine materials and perfect tailoring. \$6, \$7.50, \$9.75, 11.50, 14.50, 16.00 and 19.00. WEST END WAREHOUSE

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867 B. E. WALKER, President Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000 ALEX. LAIRD, General Manager Reserve Fund, - 5,000,000 A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED AT ALL BRANCHES DRAFTS AND MONEY ORDERS sold, and money transferred by telegraph or letter. COLLECTIONS made in all parts of Canada and in foreign countries. FOREIGN BUSINESS. Cheques and drafts on the United States, Great Britain and other foreign countries bought and sold. 113 ANTIGONISH BRANCH J. H. McQUAID, Manager.

UNIVERSITY OF ST. F. X. COLLEGE Antigonish Nova Scotia COURSES of instruction are provided in Arts, Science, Engineering. A thorough literary and scientific training is here given, supervised by educators of learning and experience. University degrees are conferred on students who fulfil the conditions prescribed therefor. St. Francis Xavier's High School gives the same high school course as the best provincial academies. University and High School classes open September 7th, 1908. University classes close May 5th, 1909. High School classes close June, 1909. For university students: Arts, science, engineering, residence, board (including bed, bedding, laundry,) \$160 00 and tuition for the university year \$ 45 00 Terms: Tuition only (for students not in residence) for the university year \$ 45 00 For high school students: Residence, board, (including bed, bedding, laundry,) and tuition, per week \$5.00 For further information REV. H. P. McPHERSON, D. D., President

Our Discount Sale Our great discount sale is still on. We are now tabling the balance of our WHITEWEAR and will cut the prices in two rather than carry it over. Our Whitewear stock comprises everything required by ladies and children. As an instance of values we have White Waists, worth 60c. now 25c. Silk Waists, worth \$2.25 now 1.50. J. S. O'Brien

**Cardinal Gibbons Forty Years ago.**

In "Putnam's Monthly and the Reader" for August there is an article which will carry an appeal to the affections of every one of the fifteen millions of Catholics of the United States. It is entitled "Cardinal Gibbons Forty Years Ago," and is a sympathetic and graphic description of the conditions under which the venerable American Prince of the Church lived and labored on the missions of North Carolina. The author of the article, Day Allen Willey, a well-known Baltimore journalist, has illustrated his text from photographs taken by himself, including one of the picturesque brick Church of St. Thomas, at Wilmington, and the "ugly, dilapidated annex," which Bishop Gibbons called "home." The historic church is about to be abandoned, and the suggestion with which Mr. Willey both opens and closes his article—that the Catholics of America unite to secure it and dedicate it forever as a monument to Cardinal Gibbons—will meet with widespread approval. The article is, in part, as follows:

Standing on the shore of the Potomac is a stately mansion that half a century ago was preserved by the American people as a memorial to the one they call the Father of his Country. The Cape Fear river flows to the sea, through North Carolina, past another building that might also be preserved as a memorial to a noted American, for it is indeed a reminder of the merits of a man who has been honored as the Cardinal Archbishop of the United States.

In the city of Wilmington—that quaint "Salem of the South," peopled far before Revolutionary times—were spent years that were destined to be momentous in the career of James Cardinal Gibbons. The period when he called it home formed a chapter in his life-history fraught with events which fall within the experience of few. Even a short time makes great changes in our country. He gave up his home in Wilmington not forty years ago, yet his words and deeds while Bishop of North Carolina are known to few outside of the little old city, and those who lived in this part of the South during the stirring times immediately after the Civil War are mostly remembered by their headstones. About these years of his life his lips have thus far been sealed. Why? Because the innate modesty of the man prevents him from telling a tale he might tell that would perhaps show the manliness, courage and patriotism of this prelate far more clearly than any acts of his public career.

We have to go back a little way to the days just after the war. Carolina had its share of the poverty and suffering. Throughout the State, which stretches from the Atlantic to the western mountains, five hundred miles away, were only a million people—Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and members of sundry other Protestant denominations; but the Catholic Church was represented by a mere handful of humanity, so few that a Catholic was looked upon as a curiosity: more than this, as one uncanny, to be suspected, shunned. The rites of the Church were regarded as a sort of sorcery. In Wilmington, where the only church of this belief existed between Charleston and far-away Petersburg, Virginia, the feeling towards those who worshiped in it was anything but kindly. Little girls whose parents attended it had their aprons torn off in the street and suffered other abuses. Catholic children were forced to leave the one school in the place, because the Protestant fathers and mothers threatened to close its doors if they were not excluded. Perhaps it was well that old St. Thomas, where were intoned the Mass and Vespers, was built of brick, with stout plank doors, otherwise it might not now be standing as a silent memorial of those once gathered within it.

As the curtain of history is rolled back, the man whose tragic death in part led to the coming of Bishop Gibbons to Carolina should not be forgotten. The name of Father Murphy is never mentioned here without remembrance of the dreaded plague which for months held the town in its grasp. Among the few who did not flee, but remained to nurse the sick and to administer the last rites to the dying of all beliefs was the brave Irish priest, who at last was stricken down among the victims of yellow fever. With the death of Father Murphy the Catholics of Wilmington were left without a counsellor to guide them. The church was indeed demoralized, and on Archbishop Spalding devolved the task of restoring order out of chaos. The situation needed a man not merely of energy, but of executive ability and tact. He must be versatile to meet the emergencies. There were many willing priests, but the question was one of fitness. Finally the Archbishop decided upon a young man who had been his secretary and his chancellor, one with whom he had been so closely associated that he knew every trait of his character.

But more than priestly power was needed, and, by the authority of the Pope, Father Gibbons became Bishop Gibbons. This was a part of his mission, to build up the church not only in town, but in country; to make peace if possible between Catholic and Protestant; to restore to those of his belief their rights as citizens, of which they had been in part deprived. . . . Such was the field to which the young priest was assigned after he had been vested with the episcopal robes. They who gathered in old St. Thomas at the first service he conducted saw a youth with figure spare to frailness, but there was in his face the evidence of character and determination. He knew he was in charge of a people who

for the time were outside of the town society as much as if they were out-cast. Most of them were in poverty. Some had lost their all in the war. None could be called wealthy. To them the future was one of hopelessness, for such was the crisis in the affairs of the church that the question had arisen if it should not be disbanded and the cities of North Carolina left without a congregation of the Catholic faith.

Then began the greatest struggle yet to be recorded in the life of James Gibbons—a fight to save his church. First, he must have a priest to assist him and to serve the people when he was journeying over field and through valley to reach the few scattered folk in the country. Fortunate was it that a man after his own heart became associated with him—a man willing to make sacrifices and endure hardship and discomfort in his zeal for his life work. Mark Gross was also young in years when with his friend and Bishop, he entered upon his duties in Carolina as rector of St. Thomas', to remain there until 1890, continuing the work laid out by his superior. Father Gross entered into his labors with such heartiness that he soon won the esteem of the people, holding a place in their affection second only to that of the Bishop. The two lived together like brothers. Their home is still standing—a little brick "lean-to," scarce two stories high, built in part from their scanty income. They could not afford a better place. The money must go to the maintenance of the church, as the Bishop expressed it. And this hovel was erected behind the church itself. The rear wall of the church formed the back of the house, the building being lighted on only three sides.

Here these men lived, year after year, Bishop and priest eating on a table of rough boards, and sometimes preparing their own food if they had no funds to get assistance. They slept on cots that stood on floors bare of rug or carpet. The home of many a laborer in the town was much more pretentious and comfortable. But the shelter cost so little to build and maintain that its builders could devote a part of their allowance from the Church authorities to aiding the poorer members of their flock. How many families were thus relieved from time to time by their charity is known only to themselves. Of Father Gross the story is told that if he had more than one hat, or an extra pair of trousers, he was sure to give them to a needy parishioner. On one occasion he came into the store of a friend with a laced shoe on one foot and a buttoned gaiter on the other. Asked why they were not alike, he replied that he intended to give a pair to a poor man, but had made a mistake and given one of each kind.

Within a year after the two men began their labors the clouds had broken. The broadmindedness, and specially the Americanism, of the Bishop gradually changed the feeling towards him and his followers. From being distrusted at first, he became esteemed. Through his influence the spirit of the town towards the Catholics was transformed from hostility to goodwill. The example set by their head was emulated by his parishioners, until finally the gap between Catholic and Protestant was closed apparently forever.

Only a very few remain of the group of the faithful who, Sunday after Sunday, knelt before the altar at St. Thomas in the '60's. Clearly do they recall the life of the present Cardinal, and the tales they tell depict not only his work among them, but his journeyings here and there in Carolina, when for the time he laid aside his official duties to assume the role of a Christian messenger to the country folk. As conditions at St. Thomas improved, he felt he could give more time to the greater field, and, leaving Father Gross in charge, he would be absent for a fortnight or more at a time. Where possible, he traveled by railway, but so many households of the Church were off the few miles of iron highway that much of his journeying was done on horseback, or muleback, or by wagon.

"It was indeed a dilapidated affair," says Mrs. O'Connor, one of his early friends. "It was of the kind known as a 'democrat,' and drawn by two white horses. The Bishop sometimes had a young priest with him, who drove, or a colored man, who assisted. The space they did not occupy was filled with packages of clothing and such things as sugar and flour and medicines. Most of it was for the poorer families with whom they might stop; but they also carried their clerical robes for ceremonies and food for themselves, for many a time did that old wagon stop in the forests where they must eat their noon meal. We often asked the Bishop to give up the old wagon and get another, for it finally became so rickety that I thought it dangerous. To break down twenty miles from any human habitation is not a trifling matter. But he always replied that he thought the wagon might last a while longer. And when some of the church members offered to buy him another he answered, 'Friends you

can give me the money, if you will, for the church needs it, but not for my use.'

Long ago, probably, the old "democrat" was turned into kindling wood or stored away to be forgotten; but it had rolled over thousands of miles of Carolina on its mission of mercy. It went into places where its owner risked life and health in succoring families ill of contagious diseases. It entered settlements where every stranger was looked upon as an enemy by the clannish mountaineers. It travelled in the "Feud Belt," where men with loaded guns were accustomed to take by stealth the lives of their enemies. To venture into the rural districts of Carolina was to incur hardship and to risk danger as well. But the man who later wrote "The Ambassador of Christ" could well describe him, for in truth he himself was such, never hesitating to seek out the people of the Church, no matter what dangers and hardships might have to be overcome.

Time spares nothing. For three-fourths of a century has St. Thomas' been the centre of the Roman Catholic worship in Wilmington, but its days are numbered. The present priest has sold the church, and a newer and larger one is to take its place on a site secured elsewhere. If it is not torn down, it will be converted into a factory or warehouse, and what should remain a cherished historical structure will be debased from a temple of religion into a nameless pile of brick and mortar. Here, indeed, is an opportunity for the Catholics of America to perpetuate the memory of their head, by uniting to secure it and dedicate it forever as a monument to him. The day might well come when Protestant and Catholic alike would unite in paying homage here not only to a distinguished priest and prelate, but to a statesman and true patriot.

**The Scottish Banner at Lourdes**

Mr. J. Ogilvy Fairlie, who recently wrote to the "Scotsman" pointing out that the honour of having designed the beautiful banner belonged not to him, but to Mr. Reginald Fairlie, is, as a matter of fact, father of the young Catholic architect to whom the credit of the design is due. Mr. J. O. Fairlie is himself a convert to Catholicism of more than thirty years standing, and his wife, (a sister of Mr. Thomas Buchanan, Liberal M. P. for East Perthshire and Financial Secretary to the War Office) is also a convert. Their sons were educated at the Oratory School, Birmingham, and the eldest graduated with honours at Oxford University.

Mr. J. O. Fairlie has been for many years a Private Chamberlain to the late and present Pope. The family have all won renown as famous golfers, one of the best being Mr. Fairlie's brother, Mr. Francis Fairlie, who lives at Nairn, and is married to a daughter of the ancient Catholic house of Gordon of Wardhouse. Mr. J. O. Fairlie's seat is the old castle of Myres, near Auchtermuchty, adjoining the estate of Falkland (of which at one time it formed part) now belonging to Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart.—*Glasgow Observer.*

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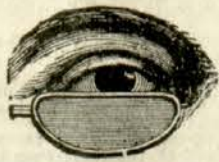
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Regular Size, - 50c.  
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**We will give you \$2.22 for a list of ten names in your Vicinity - - -**

During September we are going to sell our SOLID NICKEL SPRING HARNESS for \$18.00, and to those sending at time of ordering a list of ten people who are buyers of goods, we will send our cheque for \$2.22.

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We want people who are buying goods, because we know we can sell them.

This Harness retails from \$20 to \$22, and here is a chance with comparatively no work, to save 25 per cent. of the price.

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**Orange Cordial and Roue's Carbonated Waters**

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Dangers of the Day.

(Continued from page 2)

The sin of impurity is a source of special danger; in the first place, because man's fallen nature is moved by an insatiable craving for sensual pleasures; in the second place, because he carries about with him all that is requisite for its indulgence; and, in the third place, because the opportunity is seldom or never wanting. It is dangerous beyond all other sins, because so slight an indiscretion and so momentary a consent suffice to render the act or thought mortal. No outward deed need be done, no passing word need be spoken; a mere thought or wish, consciously entertained and wilfully dwelt upon, is enough to wrench asunder every rivet that binds the soul to God, and to set upon it the seal of damnation. Without stirring from his seat, or uttering a syllable, or moving a muscle, a man may harbor a thought which will hold him fast in hell forever. Christ preaching on the Mount said: "It was said to them of old, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' But I say to you that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath already committed adultery with her in his heart."

Although it is not easy to assign a satisfactory reason for it, yet all authorities seem to admit that there is a certain fascination about the temptation to impurity which can be predicated of no other. It finds within us an ally or confederate ready to enter into negotiations with it; it strikes its roots in a congenial soil; it wins over the senses and lower powers of the soul almost before the intellect itself is fully aroused and aware of any danger. It throws a spell over the poor victim, and so engages and occupies his attention that he scarcely adverts to the gravity of the evil that is threatening him. Even the very punishments to which it is leading are too dimly seen to scare him from the commission of a crime. The mere contemplation of a forbidden object seems to fascinate the rash beholder, and to keep him spellbound, as a bird is held by the serpent, whose paralyzing look so holds its victim in bondage that it will use neither feet nor wings for flight, but will draw nearer and nearer, up to the very jaws of its destroyer, till it is at last destroyed.

That there is, in some sense, a stronger propension in our fallen nature toward this sin than toward any other, and a quicker response when the slightest occasion presents itself, seems clearly proved by the excessive care and watchfulness that are enjoined by all spiritual writers, and the advice, repeated by so many experienced directors, to avoid the occasion. The observations of the late Dr. William G. Ward, in this connection, are particularly to the point, and deserving of consideration. On p. 389 of his "Nature and Grace" he writes:

"The propension of the flesh differs in various and most important respects from all others. A very little consideration will sufficiently show this. Suppose it is a fast-day; who ever heard of the notion that the mere sight of meat, much more than the mere reading about it, is so proximate an occasion of sin as to be in itself mortal? Or (to avoid objections which may be raised against this particular instance) suppose I were a Cistercian, and meat were always unlawful to me; who, in such a case, ever heard of a notion like that above imagined? Yet, in matters of impurity, we all know the frightful peril involved in allowing ourselves to gaze on evil objects, or even to read about them.

"Or let me suppose the case of a Christian who was once in the habit of stealing, and by help of his thefts leading a comfortable and luxurious life, but who has now reformed and belongs to some strict Order. Who ever heard that the contemplation of wealth—the mere looking at fine equipages, grand appointments, and handsome houses—produces the almost inevitable effect of reviving the passion 'delectatio' in regard to the old mortal sin? Yet, in the matter of impurity, such would be the case. Nay, take that very propension which we are considering,—take the desire of revenge as it exists in an Italian or Spaniard. To a revengeful man, even when reformed, the sight of his enemy might doubtless be a great occasion of sin; but surely no one will deny that such a man may read the accounts of murders in general, and may enter, too, into every detail and particular of some individual murder where the parties concerned are quite unknown to him,—without so much as a passing temptation to his old sin. How totally opposite is our nature in regard to impurity! Spiritual writers universally recognize this fact. As one instance of such recognition, they will never permit any such detailed consideration of past sins under this head, as they most earnestly recommend in regard to all other sins of whatever kind."

Still less will they allow any liberty to the eyes to gaze upon, or to the ears to listen to, what might arouse sinful desires. In no other sin is the connection between the occasion and the fall so close as in sins of the flesh. Any license is dangerous and liable to be fraught with the most fatal consequences. To tamper with evil occasions is like playing with fire—almost always hazardous. The temptation, even though slight at first, has a way of suddenly developing, and enveloping the unhappy victim almost without warning. To imagine, as some do, that they may approach quite close and yet not be engulfed, is one of the commonest delusions that the devil makes use of to ensnare them. Such a one is too often

punished for his presumption by a terrible fall. He resembles a swimmer who should draw near some treacherous whirlpool, and essay how closely he could approach it without being drawn in. So soon as he draws nearer, he feels the force of the rushing waters becoming stronger and stronger, till at last, aroused to a sense of his position, he prepares, when too late, to quit the danger. Too late indeed! For now his strength proves unequal to the effort, and he is borne along by the impetuous current, whirled round and round for a moment or two, and finally sucked down below.

Or we may compare such culpable imprudence to that of the moth circulating round a candle. It is attracted by the brilliancy of the flame, and urged on by a strong curiosity to approach nearer. It becomes less cautious; and, though it may escape destruction for a short time, full soon it is lapped up by the flickering tongue of fire, and perishes miserably.

In times of peace it is natural for man to overestimate his strength and to imagine himself a hero; it is only by actual experience, and under the pressure of strong temptation, that his weakness is made manifest. This is so specially true of the vice of impurity that no one but the most presumptuous and quixotic would be foolhardy enough to run any risk. In the absence of the lascivious object, one feels a strength and a sense of security which is extremely gratifying to one's self love, but which is liable to be very rudely shaken when the hour of trial is really at hand. Experience proves that even the sturdiest and the most resolute easily deceive themselves. If they do not misjudge their own powers, they are apt greatly to underestimate the seductive force and disconcerting energy and impetuosity of their enemy, before which all their finer resolutions dissolve like mist before the sun.

Scotland and Lourdes.

Special correspondence of the Glasgow Observer.

I. The pilgrims arrived at Lourdes at one o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, Aug. 12. The first visit was to the Sacred Grotto, where the Bishop of Tarbes, Mgr. Schœpfer, was present to receive their Lordships, Bishops Chisholm and Turner, and the pilgrims from Scotland. After salutations, Mgr. Schœpfer gave Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, and a procession was formed. Scotland led the way with the Scottish Lion Rampant, accompanied by Pipe-Major Fraser, and the notes of his bag-pipes rang up the slopes of the Pyrenees and through their valleys, as though the Caledonians were treading the heather of their own beloved Highlands. Then came the beautiful banner especially sent by the Catholics of Scotland to represent them at Our Lady's famous shrine, carried by a Mackintosh of Lochaber (a brother of Canon Mackintosh, Kinning Park), whose striking figure of six feet four inches, and clad in full Highland costume, was the admiration of the tens of thousands who lined the whole route of the procession. The priests followed, carrying lighted tapers; then came the Blessed Sacrament, carried by the Bishop of Tarbes, accompanied by Bishops Chisholm and Turner, with their chaplains. Thousands of all nations followed, singing hymns in honour of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. It was a very impressive sight as it wended its way through the spacious gardens and grounds, adorned with the choicest flowers in full bloom; and then a touching scene took place as the Bishop took the Blessed Sacrament and blessed the sick that lay in the Grande Place in front of the Basilica—some on beds, some in chairs, others supported by their friends. As the people prayed aloud asking Our Lord to cure the sick, and praying Our Lady of Lourdes to intercede for the afflicted, even the most phlegmatic must have felt that this is truly an Ara Coeli.

II. On Thursday the pilgrims were on foot early. Bishop Turner offered up Holy Mass at seven o'clock, and was followed immediately by Bishop Chisholm at the Grotto. The altar stands just under the rock on which the Immaculate Mother of God stood on the sixteen occasions that she appeared to Bernadette. Crowded around and stretching along the terraced bank at the rapidly rolling Gare were the sick and thousands of the faithful. All the time the Masses were going on priests were distributing Holy Communion. At ten o'clock the stirring notes of the pipes again assembled the pilgrims of their hotel (Heins), and, with their banners floating in the brilliant sunshine, they marched singing hymns to the Basilica. Canon McCarthy, Glasgow, celebrated Holy Mass, and during the time the pilgrims said the Rosary and sang hymns. Three o'clock found them in the Rosary Church reciting the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and then at four there was the daily procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the extensive esplanade to the place in front of the church. Here every heart is moved as Bishop Turner, surrounded by the clergy with lighted candles, blessed the sick with the Blessed Sacrament. The invalids line the circle around the Place, and every available spot is crowded with people. And what an assemblage! French, Italians, Spaniards, Germans, Belgians, Croatians, Scotch, Irish and English, Greeks and Orientals; in a word, the world is represented there. Priests with stentorian voices cry out the prayers, which are repeated by the people. Now, it is French, in a moment it is German, and then English or Spanish. The cry is the same from all: "Jesus, have pity on us," "Jesus, save us," "Mary our Mother,

pray for us," "If Thou wilt, Thou canst make us whole." As the volumes of these appeals roll up the mountain sides, one is struck at the marvel of nations, the most antagonistic to each other, joining together in their loving prayers to their common Lord and Saviour. Every evening the Basilica is illuminated, and all the people form themselves into processional order and walk through the spacious grounds of the great park in front of the church that stands high up on the rock above the Grotto. Each one has a lighted taper, and they sing the hymn of Our Lady of Lourdes, "Ave Maria." The effect is very striking, as seen from any of the hills above Lourdes—a moving stream of light wending its way for a mile, and converging on the Grande Place in front of the Church of the Rosary, and the mighty wave of human voices sending forth to heaven the "Ave Maria."

III.

On Friday morning the pilgrims were at the Grotto at 8 o'clock. Canon Lavelle celebrated Mass; large crowds approached Holy Communion; Canon McCarthy said the Mass of thanksgiving and the pilgrims sang hymns and offered up public prayers for Scotland and France, for the sick and special intentions. At ten o'clock there was a Solemn High Mass in the Basilica. Father Meany, Aberdeen, was the celebrant; Father Forbes, Glasgow, deacon; Father Couttenier, Edinburgh, sub-deacon; Canon Lavelle, Perth, master of ceremonies; Father Collins, Glasgow, assistant master of ceremonies. Bishops Turner and Chisholm were in the sanctuary at the Gospel. Bishop Turner preached a most eloquent sermon. He said we are at the call of our Immaculate Mother, who commanded the people to come here and pray.

"I will all who love me Should visit this place, In holy processions, To ask for my grace."

In Catholic times Scotland was no stranger to pilgrimages. Our Catholic forefathers travelled to the celebrated shrines of Europe, and Scotland had her own famous shrines. St. Andrew's Candida Casa, Dunfermline, St. Mungo's, Iona, drew the faithful to prayer. We are here to thank for God's mercy on the world, which is covered with wickedness. God makes use of the weak things of this world to confound the strong, and the foolish things of this world to confound the wise. A poor illiterate child is the instrument of the wonders that are worked in this far-off shrine in a valley of the Pyrenees. Our Lady appeared to her sixteen times; thousands of witnesses saw the child transferred in ecstasy; a fountain of healing waters springs from the dry rock, and numerous miracles testify to the truth of the apparitions.

At the Pool of Bethesda, in Our Lord's chosen land, the angel came at long intervals to move the waters, and he who first entered was healed; but here the hand of the Mother of God is constantly moving these waters, and every week the blind see, the lame walk, and paralytics take up their beds and walk.

On Friday afternoon the Bishop of Tarbes invited the pilgrims to visit him at his own place—a singular privilege and compliment to Scotland. After lunch a procession was formed. The standard of Scotland, carried by Councillor McGhee, Clydebank, and the pilgrimage banner, borne by the stalwart Mackintosh, and supported by Messrs Stuart, Ronald McDonald, O'Hanlon and MacKay, led the way, followed by the long line of ladies, priests, and laymen. The Bishop of Tarbes was most gracious, and in very good English gave a hearty welcome to the pilgrims from Scotland. Bishops Chisholm and Turner thanked his Lordship for his kindness, and expressed the wish that better times were in store for France, and as he—the Bishop of Tarbes—was an exile from his own palace, like all the Bishops of France whose homes had been seized by the French Government, and were living in temporary residences, they hope that peace would be restored to distressed France, and that religion would soon flourish again. Today (the Assumption) two thousand priests celebrated Masses at the various altars of the shrine.

The Ursulines at Quebec.

Special correspondence of London Times

I had the privilege yesterday of accompanying the Governor-General and Lord Roberts when they were received by the Sisters of the Ursuline Convent. The community established itself in Quebec in 1639, and had a continuous history ever since. After the battle of the Plains of Abraham, the Sisters received the French and English wounded alike. In recognition of their kindness the English commander promised them security when the city was captured.

After the surrender General Murray was quartered here. The room he occupied is still intact, with the table on which he signed the official acts connected with the conquest. The letters addressed to the Superior and signed by visitors. Here, also, Montcalm was buried hurriedly in a grave which had been partly dug by shells. Lord Roberts had a long talk with Mere St. Croix, ninety-two years old, who knew an aged nun who, when a child, saw Montcalm buried, by which means the precise place of burial has been identified. The French hero's skull is also to be seen here. The Sisters mentioned with satisfaction that their records show that during the severe winter after the surrender the Ursulines, pitying Fraser's Highlanders, knitted stockings to cover their bare legs. Among the most valued souvenirs of the past, illustrating the continuity of their history, is a votive lamp kindled by Marie

Madeleine de Repentigny in 1717, and never since extinguished—not even when the convent was shattered during the siege of 1759. The charming affability of the Mother Superior and the Sisters, who expressed much satisfaction at seeing the famous British general, greatly delighted Lord Roberts and the other visitors.

To flatter a good man is needless; a bad one an insult.

Fall.. . Announcement

Annual Marked - Down Sale

Boots and Shoes

A large assortment of men's, women's, boys' and girls' shoes has been taken down from my shoe room and placed upon the bargain counter. These shoes will be sold at extremely low prices to make them go before arrival of fall stock.

Wall Paper

Many prefer to do their paper hanging in the fall. I have recently bought 3,000 rolls of high class wall paper at considerably less than half its former price. Call and see for yourself the large variety of beautiful designs and the dead snags I offer. Provide for your future wants by buying your wall paper now and save at least 50 per cent.

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I offer special good values in Cloths, Ready-Made Clothing, Woolen Blankets, Underwear, Etc.

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I am now opening my fall importation of English and Scotch Worsted, Serge and Tweed suitings. Also Melton and Beaver Overcoating and Soutanne Cloth.

Send for samples now and place your orders early, thus avoiding fall rush and consequent delays.

THOMAS SOMERS

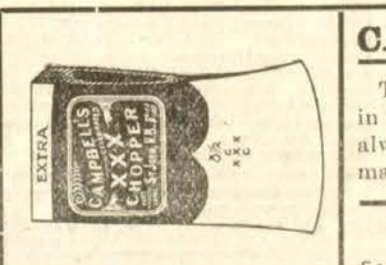
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Well equipped gymnasium, out-door exercise, tennis, basket ball, etc., etc. Classes opened first Monday of September.

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Cash Market

Having bought out the good will and business heretofore conducted and known as the Cash Market by S. Arscott & Co. opposite the Post Office, the undersigned now offer to the public, at lowest prices all kinds of

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Highest prices paid IN CASH for Hides, Wool Skins and Wool.

McGillivray & McDonald

Opposite Post Office.

ANTIGONISH, N. S.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Whitney Pier Wharf," will be received at this office until 4 o'clock P. M. on Thursday, September 24, 1908, for the construction of a wharf at Whitney Pier, Cape Breton County, Province of Nova Scotia, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the offices of C. E. W. Dodwell, Esq., Resident Engineer, Halifax, N. S., E. G. Millidge, Resident Engineer, Antigonish, N. S., on application of the Postmaster at Whitney Pier, N. S., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for one thousand three hundred dollars (\$1,300.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the person tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, R. C. DESROCHERS, Asst. Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, August 24, 1908.

1 St. Matt., v, 27, 28. 2 The italics are all Dr. Ward's, not mine.

