

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME Among the very interesting series of monographies which German writers are publishing on the great artists, and on celebrated cities, and men of renown, ancient and modern, there is one which, though not included in any of these, has a special interest. It is entitled, "The Germans in Rome: Studies and Sketches from the 11th Century down. By G. E. Graevenitz."

Many writings treating of the Anglo-Saxons at Rome, and the relations of England with the Holy See have been published, and now, when the thirteenth centenary of the death of Pope Gregory the Great is about to be celebrated in Rome with unusual solemnities, people are calling to mind the conversion of that nation by the missionaries sent by St. Gregory on the Coelina Hill, and look out on the view that is spread before them. To stand here on the summit of the flight of steps which leads to the portal, she wrote, "and looking across to the ruined Palace of the Caesars, makes the mind glidy with the rush of thoughts. There, before us, the Palatine Hill—pagan Rome in the distance, the little cell a few feet square, where slept in sackcloth the man who gave the last blow to the power of the Caesars, and first set his foot as sovereign on the cradle and capital of their greatness."

There is another race whose association with Rome goes still further back, and whose bonds of affection as it were, were never slackened by disobedience, or loosened by heresy, and that is the Irish race. Dr. Domenico Tesoroni, who was a diligent student of mediæval documents in the Vatican Archives, told the present writer that in the course of his studies upon the Anglo-Saxons at Rome in the Middle Ages, he came across many references to the presence of Irish pilgrims in the Eternal City in the early centuries.

The associations of Ireland with Rome may be regarded as beginning with Saint Patrick, who received his commission from Pope St. Celestine whose Pontificate lasted from A.D. 432 to 432. There is little left of the Rome of that period; nevertheless, the older structures that have passed away have left their names, in many instances to the buildings that have succeeded them. The associations of Ireland with Rome may be regarded as beginning with Saint Patrick, who received his commission from Pope St. Celestine whose Pontificate lasted from A.D. 432 to 432. There is little left of the Rome of that period; nevertheless, the older structures that have passed away have left their names, in many instances to the buildings that have succeeded them.

The discovery by De Rossi of the ground plan of this church—the walls that rose about a foot and a half above the level of the pavement—showed the distribution of the several parts of the building. Interesting as the discovery was, what most interests Irish people is that here seven Popes were buried, amongst them being St. Celestine I., from whom St. Patrick received his mission. "Finally," writes De Rossi, recounting the events in the lives of these Pontiffs associated with this sacred spot, "after an interval of years exactly equal to that which intervened between Liberius and Sixtus (A.D. 366-399), Celestine is laid to rest here (A.D. 432) in his own cemetery, that is, in a grave prepared by him in life, on the right of the Basilica." The sacred remains were afterwards carried into Rome, and the little Church of St. Sylvester that crowned the height that rises above the Tiber, in the vicinity of the Salarian Bridge, was abandoned and gradually sank into the ruinous state in which it was seen by Bosio, afterwards by Wingham.

The Irish traveller in Rome to-day may behold, after well-nigh fifteen centuries, many of the objects which the eyes of St. Patrick rested upon as he journeyed from the residence of the Pope at the Lateran through the city to the tomb of St. Peter at the Vatican. Naturally much has changed, but the landmarks and the old names still endure. Many a pilgrim since his day has trodden this well-known route, and those of the 7th and 8th centuries have left us brief, but invaluable, itineraries of their journey that illumine the path they trod.

As the pilgrim of that period left the Lateran there stood on his right hand in the vicinity of the spot where the Scala Sancta is, the "horse of Constantine," as it was then called, and by which name it was saved from the destruction that fell upon so many bronze statues. To-day it stands on the Capitol, and is known as the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The remains of the Claudian Aqueduct—huge arches of brick-work now divided in their continuity—over-spans the road, which passed under one of the arches. Huge masses of these arches run parallel to the road which leads to the Church of the Quattro Fontane.

Nearly opposite to it is the Church of San Clemente, built upon the residence of the house of Saint Clement, the third Pontiff. The eyes of St. Patrick may have rested on this building, and, perhaps, a vision into the future might have revealed to him that in the long ages to come the sons of the race he went to convert should minister in that place, and that one of them—the late Father Mullock, O.P.—should bring the light of the ancient and buried church which he then beheld bright and

beautiful in its newness. The road then turned to the left, and ran close to the coliseum. This huge monument of Roman greatness and pagan cruelty was still complete. The arches, now empty, were then occupied by heroic statues in marble and bronze; and between the pilasters of the upper part on the outside still hung the series of great bronze shields. To the Christian the great amphitheatre was a sanctuary, from its memories of innumerable martyrs. Over against it stood the symbol and the sign of the triumph of Christianity—the noble arch dedicated to the Emperor Constantine, who gave freedom of worship to the Christians of the Empire.

The Temple of Venus and Rome, the grandiose construction of the Emperor Hadrian, stood high and majestic on the right of the road followed by the pilgrim. The goddess Venus was there glorified as the ancestors of the Roman race, and as the mother of the stock of Julius; and Rome, the dominating power of the world then known, was elevated to the dignity of a deity. Here, close by it, at the top of the road—summa sacra via—rose the arch dedicated to the Emperor Titus, who had destroyed Jerusalem and subjected the Jewish people. The arch of Constantine marks the beginning of the end of paganism and that of Titus the beginning of the great dispersion of the Jews.

From this highest point of the Via Sacra the pilgrim Apostle might look down upon the Roman Forum, still splendid in temples and basilicas and monuments to great men. Majestic beyond all description is the spectacle which, as a modern describes it, then opened upon his view. It is the world's theatre, worthy of the great history which had its centre in this relatively restricted place. A file of temples and columns of law lined the pathway here. They were still standing and still beautiful in spite of invasion. Here, on one side, rose the high marble mass, with its great columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, and over the road the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina. The latter, supported by a church, still shows its form and adornment, comparatively little the worse for the wear; while the former, having no such support, consists only of its base and three marble columns. The orators that once addressed the sovereign people from the Rostra were now silent; and the oracles were dumb. The Temple of Vesta, and the residence of the Vestal Virgins who served it, had been abandoned but a few years previously; but the buildings were still standing in their brightness and beauty. Now the temple is but a mound of shapeless concrete, and the house of the Vestals a series of brick cells surrounding an open space.

The Capitol, overhanging temples that are now but a few ruins, was grandiose and impressive in its memories and in its aspect. Beneath the right side of the hill towards the Forum stood the Mamertine Prison, which was probably still in use. The associations of this spot could not be forgotten by the pious pilgrim of the 5th century, and, doubtless, he visits the cell in which the Prince of the Apostles had been imprisoned.

The path that leads from here to the Vatican then lay between many buildings of ancient Rome which now no longer exist, though we know the lines followed and the names of many of the places passed. The bridge and castle of St. Angelo—this title had never been given them, for it was then the Aelian Bridge and Mausoleum—were then the ordinary route of St. Peter's. The monuments that then stood between this spot and the tomb of St. Peter have left but a name in history; there are no recognized remains of them now existing.

The Circus of Nero, on which the great basilica of St. Peter, built by Constantine, rested—the left wall stood on the wall of the Imperial construction—is no longer visible, but its outlines have been traced. In the region where Roman tradition places the tomb of St. Peter, says the Jesuit historian, Father Grisar, we find ourselves surrounded by sepulchres historically memorable, in a world in which ancient sepulchres come close to celebrated Christian cemeteries. The Via Comelia, which runs close by, was adorned not only with superb pagan tombs, but likewise by a quantity of other sepulchres.

"In the times of Sylvester" (A.D. 314-335), writes the author of the Liber Pontificalis at the beginning of the 6th century, "the Emperor Constantine erected to the Blessed Peter the basilica near to the Temple of Apollo, and adorned the sepulchre of the Blessed Apostle, where reposes his body." The writer goes on to tell how the tomb was adorned. It is said that Constantine placed on the sepulchre a large cross of gold bearing an inscription saying that Constantine Augustus and Helena Augusta have adorned this royal house surrounded by an aula of equal magnificence.

From the period of Constantine till the year 1525 the principle of triumphal arch opening in front of the altar and before the altar bore a figure in mosaic, with an inscription in great letters of gold which Constantine addressed to Christ: "Because that under Thy leading the world has risen triumphant to the stars, the Conqueror Constantine founded this hall to Thee." In the mosaic picture Constantine was represented in the act of presenting the model of the church to the Redeemer and to St. Peter.

The eyes of St. Patrick may have looked upon this golden inscription and bright mosaic picture, and may have gazed upon the tomb beneath the altar where the great cross of gold lay upon the sepulchre of St. Peter. It is said that the cross still lies there, though no eyes look upon it any longer. The only part of the old church found by Constantine now visible to the pilgrim is the marble floor of the antique basilica, which is now the floor of the Vatican grottoes, which extends for a considerable distance beneath the central part of the present church. This was the route followed by the pilgrims and other visitors to

Rome in the 5th century, when they would go from the residence of the Pontiff at the Lateran to the tomb of St. Peter at the Vatican. P. L. CONNELLAN.

ENGLAND

The celebration of the thirteenth centenary of St. Gregory the Great, "the Apostle of England," which took place with great éclat at the new Cathedral, Westminster, was remarkable both for the number of ecclesiastics who took part in it and the vast congregation which was present. The former made up probably the greatest assembly of Catholic clergy that has ever taken place in London. The congregation numbered over 4,900, and some who claimed to be experts, held that it approached 7,000. The accommodation of the great building was used up to the last corner. Before the celebration of High Mass there was a procession through the church, the vanguard of which consisted of representatives of the various religious Orders.

The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Bishop Hedley. His Lordship has a good voice, but in such a great building the finest voice would meet with difficulty in being heard. Moreover, there was a remarkable echo in this part of the Cathedral, and before a sentence uttered from the pulpit could be completed the first words of it came rolling back. The more clear, distinct, and telling the voice, the more clear, distinct and confusing was the echo which seemed almost marvellous in its power.

The Bishop, taking for his text, "Thy work, O Lord; in the midst of the years bring it to life" (Habacuc, iii. 2), said: "If there are any men who may be said to do the work of God on this earth it is natural that the Roman Pontiff should be among the chief. If the great Catholic Church is Christ's witness, it will be the head of the Church, engaged as he is with divine prerogatives, who will chiefly steer the Church's course, away the conflict of the devil, contend against destructive errors, initiate great movements, and lead his name to the loyal soldiers who constantly fight for the great cause in every country and every generation. There are some Popes who have done the work of the Lord, the roughly and magnificently than others; he has breasted more dangerous floods, laid deeper foundations, carried the name of Christ further, poured forth more powerfully the wisdom of the Holy Spirit. It is difficult to find in the long list that follows St. Peter, one name that seems to have done work more lasting and more essential, and done it with a more glorious manifestation of the heavenly spirit than Pope St. Gregory the Great, the thirteenth centenary of whose departure to Heaven we are now happily celebrating. When we behold Gregory, with his pale and suffering face, crowned as Pope in the old Basilica of the Prince of the Apostles, he seems to stand up amidst ruins. The world-wide Roman Empire is weakened and even prostrate, and ready to be dissolved. The Empire had fought the King of the Lombards, and had placed the cross on the brow of its Caesars, and for nearly three centuries the Church had grown and thrived under the law and the peace of Imperial Rome. The pillars of that law were now shaken, and the legions that kept that world-wide peace were dwindled and scattered. The centre of the Empire was now upon the Bosphorus. Italy was broken up by the Lombard settlements. Beyond the Alps and round the shores of the Mediterranean new peoples were in motion, and new kingdoms in the throes of birth. And Gregory, entangled in the wreck of Rome, face to face with the successive waves of barbarian attack, was the representative of the Kingdom of Christ— that Kingdom which would never die, of the power of St. Peter, that was only on the threshold of its glorious career. There was hardly a time during the 14 years of his Pontificate when he was not 'hemmed in by swords'—'death at the very doors' (2 Hom. in Ezech.). He clings to the old order of things. He sends his dutiful greetings to the Byzantine Caesar even at the very time that Caesar has left him to face the Lombard leader on the steps of St. Peter's. When the Exarchs and the Dukes who tried to keep the fragments of a rapidly disappearing Italy, oppress him and slander him, he writes humbly, but with the freedom of a Christian Bishop, to the Imperial autocrat far away. And in all his ceaseless activity, in all his large, wide ruling of the Catholic Church, in all his creative and fertile organization, in all his minute and detailed solicitude he is looking for the coming of the Day of Judgment. He finds the signs and the omens of it in the words of the Lord, in the anticipations of St. Paul, of the visions of Ezechiel; in the distress of nations, the changed aspect of the heavens, the earthquake, and the tempest. This is the man to whom England's glorious Christianity looks back as to its Apostle; to whom the great Church of Mediæval Spain owes the foundations of her glories; who placed the sunbeams of St. Peter's on the sunbeams of the East. This was he who practically founded the temporal Kingdom of the Popes, and who saved Rome for the days to come. This was he who planted the monks in the soil of Europe. This was the Pope who has left a State-house of spiritual wisdom that has been used by every pastor and her ever since; whose "Regula Pastoralis" lay on the tables of the great Synods of the early Middle Ages; whom strong organizing Bishops like Honoratus of Autun saluted as the "organ of the Holy Spirit." It was this man whom, as the ages rolled on, a St. Bernard studied, a St. Thomas looked up to, as his master, and a St. Theresa revered as the oracle of the spiritual life, whose name was to be written in letters that would never perish on the whole of the history of the Catholic Church. His work was wide and strenuous as it was, need not be minutely described when we recite his panegyric; because it is not the work that matters; it is the spirit of the Lord. Yet, as we survey it—as we think of his 800 extant letters, his struggles with the Empire, his struggle in Italy, his administration of the Patrimony of St. Peter, his pastoral solicitude for Bishops, his care for monasticism in the West, and in the East, his English Apostolate, his fatherly insistence with half-civilized Kings and Queens, his ample writ-

ings on Holy Scripture, on religion, and on the pastoral charge, and his monumental labor on the Chant and Liturgy—we seem to realize the type of the man of God who works for God. True, it is God who makes that work fruitful, because it is done by His Own holy and strong spirit. But the soul's nature which is His Divine instrument—you think it possible that in that future—in that human personality—there should not be a nobility, a truth, a glory which is the very effect of its being taken up by its Divine Master for so high a purpose? These are the two characteristics that I seem to read in the life and history of this greatest of the Popes; his most marked ascetical and unitive preparation, and his untiring labor and wide, comprehensive patience. We read there one other lesson. St. Gregory knew well what was the value and the permanence of his work. Although there is no sign that he foresaw the glorious Christendom of which he was one of the chief founders—and although he seemed to look for the speedy ruin of the visible order and the destruction of the world—yet he knew, in the way the saints know it, that his work was solid, because it was God's work. The results and the glories which St. Gregory never foresaw, we can look back upon. For us, that great life, that many-sided soul, which we seem to know so well, is the motive of our thanksgiving and of our hope. The Christendom that St. Gregory made is the ideal of the believer in Christ's Kingdom on earth. True, at no moment of all the past thirteen centuries, was that ideal perfect and complete. There was always—as there must be—the shortcomings and the failures caused by the vices of the wicked and the imperfections of the good. The Kingdom of God on earth at the best will never be more than an approach, an approximation, to what was in Gregory's mind when he was writing his letters from the Lateran. How does Christendom seem to him now? Now that he has watched so long from the heavens over the work of the Lord that he did on earth? May we not be sure that he exercises a powerful intercession; an intercession which, as in the case of every Pontiff, is even official? The Church can never rest till she is pure within, and free and triumphant without. For this, the spirit of God is always contending; this is God's work. May the example of St. Gregory the Great set every heart on fire to join in the work in these days in which we live; and may his intercession, which here in England we claim with the confidence of his own children, give a new life, in the midst of these long and chequered years, to the cause of the Sovereign Pontiffs, of the Christianity of nations, and of the holy Catholic Church.

FRANCE

It was recently stated in France and elsewhere that Professor Schell, of the Catholic University of Wurtzburg, the ecclesiastic who is supposed to have been the original of Father Bencke in one of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's latest novels, had complimented M. Loisy on his critical works which have been condemned by the Holy See. Professor Schell repudiates this report in the most emphatic manner. Writing to the editor of the "Vaterland," of Lucerne, he says that since M. Loisy's condemnation last December, he has never attempted to defend that ecclesiastic. M. Schell also says that he has a different way of seeing things to that of M. Loisy. "He renounces proving Christianity by the Holy Scriptures while I want to desire to show the Holy Trinity—already manifested in its fundamental conception by the Old Testament, he only sees in it the result of a development of the post-apostolic times." M. Schell points out that the whole matter—that is to say, his views and those of the French Biblical critic—has been dealt with at length by Father Esser in the well-known German Catholic organ "Germania," in the "twentieth century," another German paper not to be confounded with that of Brussels, and in an ecclesiastical review called "The Annual of the Steeples."

All the French Cardinals have joined in the protest addressed to M. Combes. Cardinal Perraud, of Autun, was the first to join in it, but M. Combes evidently forgot to impeach him with the other prelates who are to be proceeded against for having appealed to M. Loubet over the head of the overbearing and intolerant apostate who is boring everybody by his speeches and his freese addresses to young journalists who "interview" him. The apostate has, by the way, been obliged to climb down a little. He has agreed in the political interests of the country, to allow for the present the Missionary Congregations to still keep their novitiates in France. Thus we are reminded of the old Gambetta days, when it was said that anti-clericalism was not an export article. It was only for home consumption. As the "Gaulois" says, with shyness, the missionaries of the Congregations are still to be used not only to spread French influence abroad, but also to oppose "British infiltration" into our colonies. This is rather a knock for the entire cordiale people, the "Pacifists" or "Passivists," pun on M. Frederic Passy's name and the British backers of M. Combes.

Monsieur Mignot, Archbishop of Albi, the so-called "Liberal" prelate, whose erudition and whose broadness of view are periodically vaunted in British magazines by sham Catholics, has written a strong letter to the editor of a Protestant paper, who has been indulging in the customary commonplace about his Lordship's Liberalism, etc. The Archbishop says that the editor makes a great mistake if he thinks that the Church of Rome is a place of servitude, darkness, and death. Greater still is the editor's error in supposing that the Archbishop of Albi has given up finding his point of support and safeguard in the authority, direction, and encouragement of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. The Archbishop satirically thanks the editor for the references to his "erudition" and intellectual capacity.

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BISHOP OF THE NORTH POLE

Grand Old Man of Frozen Arctic and His Enormous See

E. W. Thomson, a correspondent of the Boston Evening Transcript, has been "writing up" the Canadian Northwest in a series of informative articles. A recent paper contained an account of what he calls the Catholic "diocese" of Saskatchewan and his bishop, which, barring a few blunders in expression natural to a non-Catholic, we find interesting and sympathetic. Saskatchewan is of course, not a diocese, but a vicariate-apostolic. Mr. Thomson writes: "Prince Albert (Northwest Territory) includes the Cathedral and the 'palace' of His Grace Monseigneur Paschal, St. Albert, accounted in some degree for his peculiarly gracious demeanor to the heretic who presented them. In his shabby old caskock he sat in the shabby little sitting-room of his square brick house, the 'palace,' and told sweetly the history of his education, priesthood, travels and aspirations. Born in France, he came out to Canada in 1869, spent in Montreal five years of preparation for his mission, started on it in 1874, went by rail from Duluth to Moorhead; there took wagon, and for three months journeyed steadily northward into the Arctic Mackenzie River wilds. The plains were often black with buffalo. Savage Indians eager for grub, at the price of everlasting damnation, often heavily leveled on the missionary's supplies.

"Years and years he spent up there. Exactly when he was ordered to this southerly region was not asked, but he succeeded to the bishopric some eight years ago, if his broken but fluent English was heard aright. It proved much more comprehensive than his interlocuter's French."

The people under the Bishop's pastoral care are varied as to race and tongue, and Mr. Thomson informs us that, to minister to them, the Bishop's clergy must include priests of twenty different languages. These priests (though the correspondent does not mention it) are all, with the exception of two secular priests, Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The Bishop himself is also a member of that order.

Our Missionaries

Like a beacon or star That they hail from afar— Mariners lost on the ocean Without compass or chart— Raises hope in each heart, Though tossed by the waves' wild est motion; So appear'd in our night Those apostles of light In His name who was nurs'd in a manger, And from cradle to tomb, Through life's darkness and gloom, Trac'd a pathway yet safe from all danger.

As a pilot on deck, When in danger of wreck, By shoals 'neath the dark waters hidden, Bringeth courage and cheer, Teaching crews how to steer Away from all courses forbidden. So to us have they trod— Special heralds of God To whom graces abundant were given— Ordained from above For their mission of love To light our way onward to Heaven.

Came at their fond call, Saint, sinner and all, To profit by their exhortation The gentle cordiale people, The flock'd to the true fold, Thousands, eager for their soul's salvation, Came from morning till night, Now with fear, then delight, To hear burning words by them spoken, Sinners proud, sad, deject, Who, all joy did reflect When, repentant, their bonds had been broken.

Oh! how sweet is that balm Which removes every quail From consciences stricken with sorrow; For the soul that to-day Is by guilt darken'd may Be with penitence brighten'd to-morrow. More joy, it is said, Is by one sinner made, Through repentance, whose sins are forgiven.

Than by ninety-nine just, However worthy of trust, In the bright court of angels in Heaven. —M. C. O'Donnell. Toronto, March 29, 1904.

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Their Pious Hope Its Fair

The chief surprise of the week, locally, has been the application of a number of Protestant ministers for admission into the Federation of Labor. In applying they stated frankly that their purpose was to get closer to labor and study its needs. Incidentally they expressed a hope that their presence might exert a beneficial influence on the members of the Federation.—Chicago New World.

For the Overworked.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all over. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.