

the Greek copy which the first Protestant translators use.

It would be too long to enter here upon an extensive controversial argument in regard to the Greek text to be absolutely preferred in deciding the correct reading of the New Testament in particular passages; but it will be noticed by our readers that the vulgar (Latin) text is based upon the Latin and Greek of the earliest date, namely, on the copies which were at that time received in the Church of God, and which dated back even to the second and first centuries.

The revisers of 1897 have restored the genuine case to the word "eudokia." This is an admission that the Catholic reading is correct, though they use an entirely different English word for the meaning of "eudokia," namely, "good pleasure."

The revised version has "on earth, peace among men in whom He is well pleased." In the margin, the nominative reading is given: "Many ancient authorities read 'peace, good pleasure among men.'" The margin admits also that the true Greek reading is the genuine by saying that the Greek has "men of good pleasure." Thus after three hundred years use of the novel Protestant reading, "peace, good-will to men," the Protestants have tardily admitted that the Catholic reading is correct, "peace to men of good-will."

The American revisers have agreed to this same view in the American revision which was recently published.

To show that the Catholic rendering of this passage is the true reading we will add the testimony of St. Telesphorus, Pope, in A. D. 130, who ordered "the hymn of the angels to be sung solemnly during the celebration of Mass."

This Holy Pope continues: "The heavenly host joins in praising the Lord and saying: 'Glory to God in the highest heavens, and on earth peace to men of good-will.'"

It is certainly somewhat remarkable that a Catholic magazine should begin to adopt the Protestant reading, just at the time when Protestants themselves are beginning to acknowledge that the Catholic reading is correct, whereas they have been using a wrong reading for three hundred years.

We may appropriately mention in this connection that the well-known power and glory clause which is added to the Lord's prayer, being found in the Protestant version of St. Matt. vi. 14, has faded similarly with the good-will in the hymn of the angels. The revised version has rejected this addition to the Lord's prayer and conforms to the Catholic reading, relegating the clause to the margin, from which we have no doubt will entirely disappear after a time, as have done the marginal readings of King James' original version.

Many of our readers, especially those of London and vicinity, will regret to learn that Rev. Peter Dinahan, O. P., lies at the point of death at the Mercy Hospital, New York city. Cancer of the face developed some months ago, and from the first it was seen there was no hope. The Rev. Father is an old London boy, an alumnus of St. Peter's school, and for many years was an altar boy of the old Cathedral. We like to think that the St. Peter's boys of to-day will not forget to pray for one whose scholarship and virtues have done honor to their old school.

THE NEW YEAR.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!"
—O. W. HOLMES.

Another year has gone, and another has come.

The one has closed and its records of good and evil has become a thing of history, and stands on the shelves of time, another volume of the world's triumphs and defeats, and of man's conflicts and sorrows as bearing his cross he walks this vale of tears.

How brightly shines the sun to-day! Earth peers from out her snowy mantle and speaks words of bright promise, and our poor hearts beat high with hope as we listen to her siren voice, telling us of the triumphs awaiting us, but the recollection of the past and preceding years steal over us and from their blighted hopes and blasted fortunes we enter with dread uncertainty the year of 1904. But, oh, these indeed are gloomy thoughts and sad forebodings that fill the soul to-day! The thoughts of the disappointed worldling rather than the men of faith. We must read all in the light of Heaven, and know that all is good and for our good which He sends us.

Another year is another blessing. Such was last year with all its trials and great disasters, and such indeed will be this year of Our Lord, 1904. It will be full of opportunities to do good, to glorify God, to serve and edify our neighbor and save and sanctify ourselves. It is not backward but ever forward we must direct our vision. We have begun to live, but in our immortality we are never to die. We have these new years for our increase of unyielding faith, renewed hope and growing love; let them each day find us faithful midst the trials of life, overcoming all obstacles, resting calmly on the arm of God Who battles and triumphs for those who put their trust

in Him.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

A PAINFUL LESSON.

THE PRIEST'S DESCRIPTION OF THE DEATH OF A VICTIM OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.
From "Extracts from the Diary of a Workhouse Chaplain," Ave Maria.

Born and raised in the country, I knew nothing in my early days of delirium tremens; indeed, I do not remember ever having heard of the name until after I had become a priest. Then I looked on the disorder as rather amusing, when I was told that the victim of it sometimes declared he saw the room filled with 'little devils,' and would ask for a carving-knife with which to slay them; or he fancied he was sweeping them off his bed in armfuls, and that they were flying out of the window as thick as flocks of crows returning home to roost. But I had a very painful lesson once upon a time, when I was a young priest.

A middle-aged man who had been a hard drinker was finally stricken with delirium tremens. I lived close by. Having heard of the hundred and one times that he had such fits, the amusing side of the situation, I must own, appealed to my fancy—never dreaming there was danger of life in the unnatural struggle, or combat. It was out of curiosity that I went to see him once when he was suffering from an attack of the malady.

In his case I do not know if it is the same with all others—it was easy to compute the time. There was no need of waiting or of guessing: so sure as the hand of the clock reached a certain figure so sure would the fit come on. Three hours later there was another attack; three hours more, another.

Oh, regularly as the clock told its three hours, so regularly did this unnatural, fiendish struggle take place! Thrown back on the bed, pale as death and frothing at the mouth, he stretched out his rigid limbs; two men stood by, one holding his hands, the other his head. Despite their efforts he continued to body, his teeth grinding a harsh music, his tongue sometimes protruding, and his story eyes rolling. He tore himself from the men holding him, and half lifted himself up in bed. They dragged him back to a lying posture, in which they had most power over him. Then he rolled himself of a sudden almost to the shape of a ball. I assert that he did it. Of course he had no consciousness of the act: it was the nervous system that did it; and had been conscious instead of unconscious, the nervous system would have treated him in the same way.

On and on it went, this writhing; as of a giant, so strong was he; as of a demon, so repulsive was he. I assert by instinct, struggle by struggle, I watched him, thinking he ought to be tired or worn out. But struggle followed struggle; dragging and grasping; grinding teeth and foaming lips; face sallow and livid; eyes wild and staring. It was a matter of some few minutes, but I thought it was hours. Oh, how the sight thrilled me! It was the first time I had ever seen anything of the kind, and could no more stir from the spot than if I had laid my hands on the rests of a galvanic battery. And all the time I had no idea of danger: I did not know that the malady was accompanied with danger.

Strange to say, he was a poor fellow of many good and lovable qualities, natural and supernatural. During the intervals between the attacks he might have been seen plodding along, with the rosary beads clutched in his left hand. That and a few prayers said at his bedside before retiring were all his religion; the rest went by the board—Mass, reception of the sacraments, everything. I think he did his "Easter duty," but my impression is that not even this was "a certain quality." He and I happened to get on very well, and sometimes he would declare, that I was "a decent poor man, and that he was a d—cent poor priest." I had respect for him, and perhaps that explained our mutual relations.

But to return to my "painful lesson." For two days it went on—every three hours as sure as the clock struck. In the meantime the doctor was called. He examined, prescribed and went his way. Though a Catholic, and though we had been conversing together, he never said a word to me about the man's danger. Perhaps he thought I was aware of it; or, more likely, he thought it was my place to inquire, as it certainly was. Well, after two days the recurrence of the fits changed from three hours to every hour—every single hour without fail. Finally one of the men came to me and said: "Father, we will watch him no longer unless you come in and prepare him."

"Thank you for telling me," I said, and went at once to the bedside. I reasoned as well as I could with the patient; but there was no need: he was quite anxious to be "prepared." It was most edifying to hear him praying, making acts of resignation, begging God's pardon for the life he had spent, and calling upon the Blessed Virgin to intercede and to obtain for him the grace of a good death. "By this holy anointing and by His most blessed mercy, may God forgive thee the sins thou hast committed by thy eyesight. * * * forgive thee the sins thou hast committed by thy hearing!" But when I came to the lips—"May God forgive thee the sins thou hast committed by thy speech and thy taste!"—tears coursed down his cheeks, bringing to my mind the words of the sacred text in regard to Peter: "And going forth he wept bitterly."

All was over, and he and I declared ourselves happy, as indeed we were. Presently he said: "Father, what would you think if I were to sit by the fire while they are forward?" "I do not think there would be any harm in that," I answered, and stepped outside the door while the men were helping him to rise. The moment his feet touched the floor the attack came on. They put him back into bed and called me. He writhed and writhed in a dreadful manner. Once more I gave him committal absolution. He lay back;

peace came over him—but it was the peace of another world. Requiescat in pace!

THE POOR AND THE CHURCH.

DIFFERENCE OF METHOD IN SPREADING THE GOSPEL POINTED OUT.

On Third Avenue there is a building bearing a sign upon its outer wall informing passers-by that it is the "house" of a fashionable church and that it is a fashionable thoroughfare, writes a correspondent to the New York Sun. Going in and coming out are to be seen men and women whose air of uncertainty plainly tells of their doubts as to their right to be there. Too many of them bear the stamp of the whining class that lays claim to respectability because, while receiving all gifts offered, they ask for nothing, principally because they find broad hints quite as effective as importunities.

Down on a side street not far away is a Catholic church. Men and women do not hasten shamelessly from the door. They loiter in the street without and seem proud and happy and generous about the door of a church with clear and honest eyes, and sweet, modest girls gather at the doors during the week to attend meetings of church societies. They, too, are not ashamed to be there, for they have been made to feel that their nickels and pennies help to support the church. No priest has ever told them that a nickel or even a penny is "dirty." They have not been made to feel that the roof over their place of worship was paid for by men and women in another and finer church, where nickels and pennies are despised.

With these two structures almost side by side as an illustration, need I ask, why do young men and young women shut the door of a church "house" while delighting in frequenting another building of similar brick and stone called a "church?"

It is plain that they look upon the church "house" as a charity—an ugly, pretentious charity that will more quickly sap the self-respect of the victim than the misguiding philanthropy of individuals which is so much talked of. The very name of such a place proclaims it a charity. And the bearing of the "workers" within spells "charity" plainer than printed letters. They are superior and aloof. When their hours of duty are ended they go away and live their lives in some other part of the city. When they invade a home they are patronizing and are givers of gifts. They have a great many old garments to give away, and it pleases them to see the gratitude of the "deserving poor."

The priest at the Catholic Church lives among his people. If he gives away old garments, he must do it very quietly, for his people have the air of given receivers.

The quest of the poor with cast-off garments is a Quixotic effort. Receivers can be found for all gifts, but the Roman heart of the populace cannot be bought that way. These givers of gifts, professional and merely ostentatious, do not understand that the poor are so used to dealing with mendicants that they look upon all poor as beggars.

In leaflets distributed on Sundays at a fashionable church are often to be found appeals for old garments for deserving persons at the church "house." There are also frequent references to "slaves" and "other cities who are laboring at the 'house.'" These paragraphs leave the impression that the "house" is in some shamefully degraded district, when in truth it is situated in a part of the city inhabited by self-respecting and self-supporting citizens, who would drive the "house" workers from their doors if ever they should see the leaflets handed out in the big church that has sent its missionaries among them.

The use of the word "house" shows delicacy of feeling, that is, if we remember that it might have been charity house, poorhouse, almshouse and a great many other things very much more unpleasant.

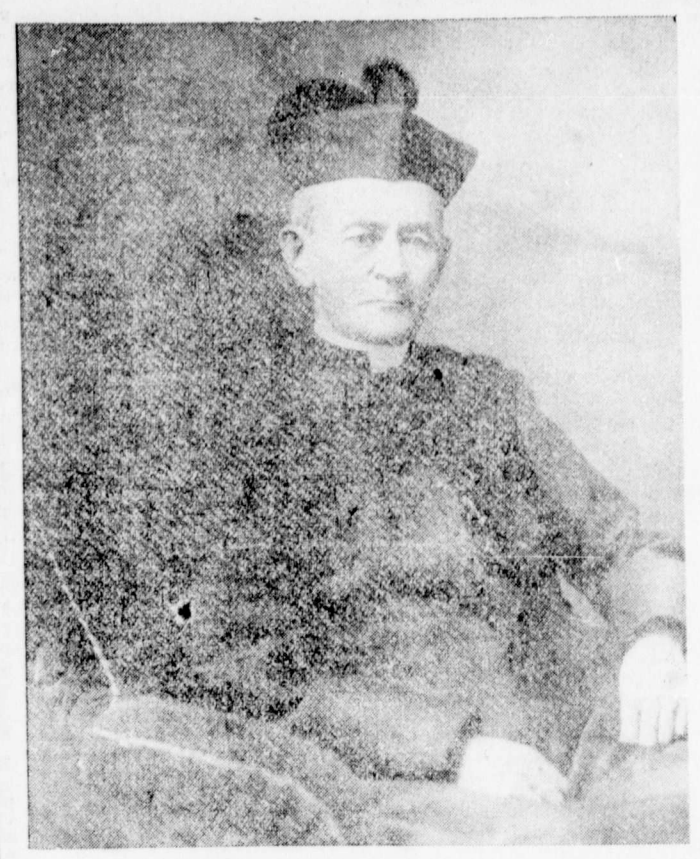
Of course, no one would look a gift horse in the mouth and say that the "house" should have been built on the plan of a church and called a church, and that it should have had a real pastor who would live among the people, and while wiser, not too proud to be one of them. Those who maintain that the work of a church "house," is peculiar cannot deny that the peculiar work of a church is to build a "house" in order that no person may mistake the source of the benevolence flowing from it.

This comparison is not the only one I could make. On the lower East Side there is one of the oldest Protestant churches in the city. It has been covered over with a new edifice, so that a stranger cannot tell that there is a church in the street. On Sundays while the streets teem with men and women and little children, the house of worship is almost deserted. The pastor preaches a sermon and then goes far away to some other part of the city. To the people who occupy the tenements his face is unfamiliar. He is a stranger in his own field of industry. It is strange that the church can find missionaries who are willing to go to heathen lands and are willing to suffer hunger and torment in spreading the Gospel in those countries, yet this big American city is served only by the haughty givers of gifts!

Not far away from this old Protestant church is a Roman Catholic church. It is not covered over with tenements. It is still a church. The priests live in the parish house, and every Sunday a congregation fills the edifice. On the days of the week the priest is not far away. He is called to the house of joy and the house of mourning, and he is not too proud to go.

Is it any wonder that the spread of the "Romanism" among the poor steadily continues?

It is from the depths of the most absolute ruins that the hope of the saints knows best how to spread forth her wings.—Perreye.



VERY REV. DEAN O'CONNOR, P. P., MARYSVILLE, ARCHBISHOP OF KINGSTON

FATHER O'CONNOR'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

[Deseronto Tribune.]

St. Mary's Church, Marysville, yesterday the scene of an unique yet magnificent celebration, when Very Rev. Dean O'Connor celebrated his golden jubilee as a priest. The church was crowded to the doors with a throng of his parishioners assembled to do honor to the aged prelate who presides over St. Mary's parish.

The clergy represented every parish in the diocese. Some weeks ago, when his brother priests became aware of the fact that fifty years would have elapsed (on December 17) since the rite of priesthood had been conferred on John Stephen O'Connor, a quiet movement was put on foot to present him with some tangible object of their esteem on that auspicious occasion. The result was that a purse containing a goodly amount of the precious yellow coins was collected and presented to the rev. gentleman at the conclusion of the address from the clergy. The address of the clergy was as follows:

To Very Reverend John Stephen O'Connor, V. F. P., on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee in the Priesthood:

Very Reverend and Dear Father,—Although the present is an age of addresses, we, your brother priests of the diocese of Kingston, feel that this has a significance far beyond the ordinary. For what is this to commemorate? Answering these questions in an inverted order, it is from the priests of this diocese, every one of whom indorse the sentiments which it expresses; and we, your brother priests and friends, are the men who should know you best, your life-long fidelity to duty, your devotion and single-mindedness under the tremendous responsibility of the priesthood.

And it is to commemorate the golden jubilee of your priesthood. This in itself a celebration rare indeed, for few does the Master grant the exceptional privilege of celebrating the mystic sacrifice of the altar for fifty years; but in your case this rarity is emphasized when we recall the fact that, in honoring and congratulating you on this solemn and auspicious occasion, we honor and congratulate the priest of Ontario, priest who, born and reared in this historic province (then known as Upper Canada), had been separated to celebrate his golden jubilee in his holy priesthood. There have, indeed, been other golden jubilee celebrations in this province within the memory of all of us; but the priests who were privileged in these several celebrations had all been born and reared outside the old diocese of Kingston, and the boundaries of Upper Canada. Therefore, we acclaim you as in a special manner our own; and we rejoice in contemplating the fact that you long ago, of life-work in the ministry is largely an abstract and brief chronicle of the diocesan history. For you have lived under and joyfully served the majority of the priests who adorned the throne of the metropolitan see; you have witnessed their struggles for the good of your holy church, and for the greater glory of God; and in your sphere, you have taken a goodly share in "bearing the burden of the day and the heat."

But we feel that often the highest merit of an address of compliment and congratulation lies in its suggestiveness; between the lines of this simple and unpretentious document your friends and admirers can read the excellent details of your career of usefulness and honors for fifty years.

Nor have your devoted labors in the varied fields of priestly usefulness been unrecognized by the episcopal authority which has set the seal of approval of your work to the satisfaction of all your brethren in the sacred ministry. And now, very reverend father and dear friend and brother, we cordially welcome you, and wish you health and prosperity and more good service here below in our common cause, the cause of our Divine Master and Elder Brother, ad multos annos; and we pray your kindly acceptance of this gift of gold as a tangible, albeit inadequate, reminder of the sincerity of these sentiments which it has been our joy to express to you on this unique day of your life.

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they acquitted themselves as highly praiseworthy, and reflected great credit on teacher and pupils. Chorus, recitations, drills and dialogues were the different well-executed numbers of the programme, concluding with a chorus, "Welcome, Santa Claus," when the old familiar figure appeared, and in his own familiar style distributed some 45 presents to the many happy children; then receding to his northern home, amidst the sound of jingling bells. Presently two little girls came forward, and on behalf of the pupils read a neatly-worded address and presented their teacher with a golden cake dish and silver card receiver.

To this presentation Miss Gilmurry feelingly replied in terms of gratitude which occasioned great emotion among all present at the severance of such pleasant mutual relations, which had been so kindly fostered between teacher and pupils during the past three years. This being over, the chairman called upon some of the ratemakers of the section who expressed sentiments of regret at the departure of Miss Gilmurry from their midst at the very enjoyable evening for both children and people was concluded by the singing of the National Anthem.

OBITUARY.

ANNIE MARGUERITE CURRIE, PARKHILL.

It is with regret we announce the death of Annie Marguerite Currie, which occurred at the home of her uncle, Angus Currie, East Williams, on Dec. 15th, 1903, at the early age of 12 years. Annie had been ill only a short time, and her death was quite unexpected, although she was prepared to receive the last sacraments.

She was the daughter of the late Ronald and Eleanor Currie, of Parkhill, who died several years ago, when she was an infant. Since their death she lived with her aunt, Mrs. P. McLaughlin, Parkhill, who bestowed on her a mother's care, and who now deeply mourns her loss. During the past few months, however, she made her home with her grandmother and uncle and attended school at Parkhill. Here she also attended catechism class and had the happiness of receiving First Communion a short time previous to her death. Annie, who was a kind, cheerful and affectionate child, was a favorite with all. Her schoolmates showed their love and sympathy by the many prayers which they offered, and by the beautiful cross of flowers which they placed on her casket. The funeral took place on Dec. 17th, at St. Columba's Church, Parkhill, where High Mass was celebrated by Rev. D. A. McEneaney, who also preached a touching sermon. After the service the remains were borne in procession, led by the pupils of the school, to the cemetery for interment.

To her sorrowing relatives we offer our sympathy.

MRS. MARY O'DONOHUE, CAYUGA.

The death occurred near Cayuga, Ont., on Dec. 20th, 1903, at the home of her sister, of Mrs. Mary O'Donohue, an old resident of Brantford.

Nearly fourteen years ago the deceased was stricken with typhoid fever, resulting in the loss of her eyesight, and general impairing of her physical health. During all these years her condition and suffering were pitiable to behold, and it was indeed a blessed rest, when God called her home.

Blessed with the most happy death, sanctified by the last solemn rites of Mother Church, she passed peacefully away.

Her sufferings were great—such indeed as few bearing the name of Christians are privileged to endure. If she could speak to us today she would say "Weep not for me; my sorrow has been changed into joy; I have laid down the cross; I have taken up the crown."

"Sunday and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no mourning at the Part,
When I put out to sea."

She is survived by one son, W. E. O'Donohue, of the Infant School, Brantford, and one daughter, Mrs. M. J. O'Donohue, of Brantford.

Place at Brantford on Thursday, Dec. 24th, at 10 o'clock, at the residence of the deceased, the funeral service will be held. The deceased was 72 years of age. She was laid at rest beside her husband, who 25 years before died in the same grave. May she rest in peace.

MR. R. J. BAKER.

Mr. Richard O'Brien, Superintendent of the Falk Manufacturing Co., of Milwaukee, died on Dec. 15th, 1903, at his home in Milwaukee. He was 55 years of age. He had been ill for some time. His death was a great loss to the community. He was a well-known and respected citizen. The funeral will be held on Dec. 17th, at 10 o'clock, at the residence of the deceased, 1234 Main St., Milwaukee. The deceased was 55 years of age. He was laid at rest beside his wife, who died 10 years before. May they rest in peace.

(Signed) PATRICK MCALPINE, DENNIS HAYES, JOHN DOYLE, TIMOTHY MURPHY, JOHN CORRIGAN.

Dean O'Connor replied in felicitous terms to both addresses, and tendered his thanks for the beautiful gifts bestowed on him.

Archbishop Gauthier, who had intended to be present, was unable to attend owing to illness. His Grace the Archbishop officiated, and a large congregation were present. The ceremony was presided over by the Rev. Father Murphy, pastor of St. Joseph's, who preached a eloquent sermon. His subject was the mission of the bell in education.

Next came the blessing by His Grace. Before leaving the church a number went forward and tolled the bell, each making an offering. Some who were not able to attend, sent contributions, among them Mr. Charles Murphy, Mr. Dennis Murphy, M.L.A., Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Davis and Rev. Father Jacques. Some of those present were: Hon. F. Latchford and wife, P. J. Coffey and wife, James Munn and wife, Dr. Feshard and wife, Mr. Dowling and wife, John Gorman and wife, Robert Gorman and wife, Mrs. Michael Ryan and son, Bernard Slattery and wife, Thos. Blanchfield and wife, Geo. Faulkner and wife, P. Baxter and wife, Dennis Burke and wife, James Loney and wife, Patrick Burke and wife, Dr. Troy and wife, David Cody and wife, Charles Joyce, Frank Halder and wife, Mr. H. Paxon, Donald Hector MacEwen and Mr. A. A. Fournier.

The bell was installed in its place to-day by a committee representing the English speaking supporters of the Hintonburgh Separate School.

CALENDAR FOR 1904.

From the head office of the Mutual Life Assurance Co., of Canada, Waterloo, Ont., we have received a splendid calendar for this year. This progressive and up-to-date company has had many years of successful business in Canada, and its record is a good one. That continued prosperity may be its portion is our earnest wish.

Our agent P. J. Neven will be in Hamilton in a few days, in the interests of the CATHOLIC RECORD.