

ter is God's creation, and therefore, a reality.

"In the beginning God created heaven and earth . . . and God said, let light be: and light was made, etc." (Gen.: 1, 3)

Disease and sin are both declared by Christian Scientists to be things imaginary. But Christ's religion treats of them as really existing, as is evident from the following out of many passages of Holy Scripture:

"And Jesus went about all Galilee, healing all diseases and infirmities among the people." (St. Matt. iv. 23)

"And He healed many that were sick of divers diseases." (St. Mark i. 34.)

"Therefore I said to you that you shall die in your sin: For if you believe not that I am He, you shall die in your sins." (St. John viii. 24.)

If sickness and sinfulness are, as the Christian Scientists teach, but things imaginary, what sense is there in Mr. Spaulding's assertion that Christian Science "heals the sick, and reforms the sinful"? It deserves but small credit if it only drives away a nothing.

In fact Dowdism is less ridiculous than so-called Christian Science; for while both systems absurdly reject the science of medicine, John Alexander Dowd does not, so far as we are aware, pretend to having discovered that there is no such thing as sickness.

We find nothing to retract in our edit. remarks of August 10.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

BY REV. AUGUSTIN D. MALLEY.

When the Duke in "As You Like It" rejoices that he has been freed from painted pomp through his exile, and by communication with nature in the forest of Arden had found "congresses in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," he no doubt enunciated a great truth we all experience in moments of chastened joy in the presence of beautiful nature. Our blessed Lord Himself saw these sermons and read these books, translating their meaning to His followers, for to the devout mind the visible is a sign and symbol of the invisible. So also our gentlest and sweetest Christian thinkers have called upon nature as their ally and companion in the praise and worship of God. St. Francis of Assisi sings of his brother, the sun, and his sister, the moon, bird and beast, "il ferocissimo lupo d'Agobbio," as they were all creatures of God, and therefore his brethren. And the other St. Francis, of Sales, relied on examples from nature to help him portray what holiness and grace mean. Even in our own day we see in the works of the great Cardinal, John Newman, how nature helped him to pierce through the tangle of doubting thoughts after the same fashion as the great Butler. Now if this is so, what quarrel can we have with nature studies since they lead to God?

No one who has read the recent work of Frank Norris, "The Octopus," will fail to grasp the reality of the dangers of nature study, when nature is not regarded as the product of a directing mind. Of all the gloomy and pessimistic works that have appeared in late years this book is surely the peer. One arises from its perusal dizzy, sickened, stunned at the hopeless lot of man when put in face of the titanic forces which rule men and things! There is no comfort for the poor and oppressed, who are the sport of a ruthless fate, who can only cry out to a heaven that seems made of brass, or fall down at the feet of an earth made of iron! The novel puts in dramatic form the hopeless philosophy of Schopenhauer, although the author intends it for optimism. In it nature is seen as a gigantic, unthinking machine. If man comes in contact with one of her everlasting wheels, then he is mercilessly crushed for his lack of adroitness!

A few short selections will show, in rich and powerful language, the modern conception of man and nature. "Presley regained the street stifled, his brain in a whirl. This new idea, this new conception, dumb-founded him. Somehow he could not deny it. It rang with the clear reverberation of truth. Was no one, then, to blame for the horror of the irrigating ditch? Forces, conditions, laws of supply and demand—were these, then, the enemies after all? Not enemies; there was no malevolence in nature. Colossal indifference only, a vast trend toward appointed goals. Nature was, then, a gigantic engine, a vast cyclopean power, huge, terrible, a leviathan with a heart of steel, knowing no compunction, no forgiveness, no tolerance; crushing out the human atom standing in its way, with invincible calm, the agony of destruction sending never a jar, never the faintest tremor through all that prodigious mechanism of wheels and cogs."

"What then was left? Was there no hope, no outlook for the future, no rift in the black curtain, no glimmer through the night? Was good to be thus overthrown? Was evil thus to be strong and to prevail? Was nothing left? Then suddenly Vanamee's words came back to his mind. What was the larger view? What constituted the greatest good to the greatest numbers? What was the full round of the circle whose segment only he beheld? In the end, the ultimate, final end of all, what was left? Yes, good

issued from this crisis, untouched, unassailable, undefiled. Men, notes in the sunshine, perished, were shot down in the very noon of life, hearts were broken. In that little isolated group of human insects misery, death and anguish spun like a wheel of fire. But the wheat remained. Falseness dies; injustice and oppression in the end of everything fade and vanish away. Greed, cruelty, selfishness and inhumanity are short lived; the individual suffers, but the race goes on. Anxieties dies, but in a far distant corner of the world a thousand lives are saved. The larger view always, and through all shams, all wickedness, discovers the truth that will, in the end, prevail, and all things surely, inevitably, resistlessly work together for good."

This, no doubt, is very fine writing, and can capture the unsifted. What is the particular fault in it? Through-out the whole book, and lurking in these passages, can be seen the three great doubts of our age, the doubt of a personal God, the doubt of immortality for the individual, the doubt of a providence for the individual. For God is substituted force or impersonal good; for individual immortality is substituted permanent endurance of human kind; for individual providence is given the greatest good for the greatest number. This is all rank materialism masquerading as a spiritual philosophy. It is not atheism exactly, but a brand of disheartening pantheism. What is it to me if humanity is indebted by my heroic resignation, if there is not a personal God who watches over me and will finally give me rest? It is in reading a book of this kind that the thoughtful Catholic realizes the motive of the Church when she particularly insists on being regarded as a teacher and guide in educational matters. For what is she striving? Some who are unable to stretch their vision beyond the limits of their parish, imagine she has some quarrel with the local public school or systems of schools. The issue is not so petty. The local school or system of schools may be excellent in its way; but she sees the three great perils that are confronting the religious thought of the American nation—the loss of a profound belief in a personal God, the wavering in regard to personal immortality and personal providence. Take even the modern conception of God when He is regarded as personal, as is seen in the policy of state, or in the creed of the fashionable sect. As has been well said, He seems to be a weakly, good natured Being who started to govern this world by a system of rewards and punishments, but seeing now the great weakness of most of the sons of Adam, repeats Him of His former severity, is only eager to see the end of it all, and will grant heaven to everybody. So, too, the lower and inferior races of men are a source of shame and confusion to Him, and He is grateful to them, even commissions the advanced nations to blow their weaker brothers off this earth. He sees now He should never have placed them.

What is the result to a nation when the popular conception of God is weakened? The idea of God is the cornerstone of every civilization. Where do we find institutions more firm, authority more respected, liberty more equalized, manners more softened, oaths and pledges more scrupulously kept, virtue better loved, passion and license more successfully restrained than among a people that are God-fearing? Where is there more forgetfulness of self, disinterestedness, spirit of sacrifice, devotion to humanity and fatherland, than among a people who worship God in their churches? In these things alone, can civilization be found, and not in railroads, bonds or bridges. So when the church calls a halt, we should respectfully bare our heads and listen to her pleadings.

Now the higher knowledge of God that these things are based on is an experience. The great results coming from it can only be obtained by disciplining the mind and heart to the belief. Argumentation and preaching can do a little, but the real conviction of God's personality and His watchful care over us must be felt. For this we must be trained. Our own Catholic religion is a training; it does not consist in holding a peculiar set of dogmas distinct from Protestantism; it is a matter of life and character. The training necessary for it must come in youth; one is rarely won to it in middle or old age, for it is all a sort of trial to hardened human nature. At this season then the Church demands of all parents: Is that child being trained, not left completely alone, or even instructed, but is being trained in the love and fear of the Almighty? If it is, then its soul is going to be imperiled in the materialistic spirit of the age. It is going to doubt God as a beginning and an end, to suffer the weakening of the spiritual life, for this is the result of all secular education.

These thoughts were provoked by seeing the effect such books as "The Octopus" make on bright and thoughtful minds that are educated enough fully to realize difficulties, but have not enough acquaintance with the scientific aspect of religion to combat the three great doubts. Such souls deserve and should obtain the keenest sympathy. It takes the soundest and most finished training in Christian principles to keep one's convictions clear and firm amid the general abandonment of theological discipline. A pious disposition is a good and an only foundation; but the intellect must have a firm grasp on the principles of revelation or else there is little hope of keeping faith serene.

It must be confessed, also, that works of this class, modern, materialistic productions, possess great beauty of a certain kind. They abound in rich imagination, skilful fancy, even genius, that can delude, if possible, even the elect. One is often tempted to think that the dangerous books or works are those which contain direct attacks on religion. But this is a fallacy. Such books have their day; they have their day and cease to be. But the powerful, subtle antagonists to revealed religion, which slay their tens of thousands where productions of the ingersoll type would slay but fifty souls, are such works, in the poetical and sentimental line, as the "Kubaiyat," or the quasi scientific, socialistic and philosophic works, like the book under consideration. Argumentation cannot refute them, for they bring forward no arguments. They create a certain spirit, an atmosphere, in which religious truths cannot blossom. They can be met only when the soul is rendered immune by a devotion as well as a scientific training, for left to itself, it is helpless before such powerful foes.

To state it all briefly, the world is finding it very hard to deal justly with man in the double aspect of his nature, to weigh and give due credit to both physical and moral traits. Man is a creature of sense and of reason, of conscience and of faith. The world at present despises ethical and theological questions as impractical, declaring nothing can be known in regard to the soul's origin or destiny, and throwing itself upon materialistic sciences and their uses, to the total exclusion of the spiritual. Who is to restore the lost equilibrium? There is no spiritual authority to do this in the world except the Church. This is her mission in the twentieth century. Catholics are looking the difficulty squarely in the face and are devising means to meet it. No doubt we can pick many flaws in our educational methods in the past, for they were untried experiments; but now seeing their strengths and their weaknesses, we can profit by both and not be above criticism. All is merely a matter of adjustment to changed times and circumstances. Our separated fellow-citizens should be made to feel that the Church has no sinister designs against public schools, but as the guardian of God's interests is warning all against the impending dangers from the loss of spiritual reverence. In this way she is proving herself the staunch friend and supporter of the republic, for, according to the citizens' convictions of God will they rise or fall.—Republ.

How a young man becomes an infidel.

See this young man in his twenties. He has been baptized into the Church of God, . . . he has made his First Communion, he has been marked in the sacrament of Confirmation with the seal of Christian manhood. But now he believes no longer; the Christian life of his soul has disappeared; faith appears to be wholly extinct within him. He goes so far as even to affect piety for the belief which in his tender years he shared with his mother; he parades a supreme contempt for the teaching of the Church of Christ. What can have happened to work such a revolution in his youthful mind? If we ask him, he will probably tell us what are the new sources of light whence he has drawn decisive proofs against that old faith which for nineteen centuries has held captive the loftiest intellects and reigned over the noblest wills. What has this contemptuous youth seen of the faith of Bossuet, of Leibnitz, of Lacordaire, of Ozanam, of Newman?

Hear him! He has scrutinized everything, examined everything, by the torch of independent reason. The Catholic creed can not sustain for a moment the examination of serious criticism! Philosophy, history, science, agree to condemn it! . . . But these lofty affirmations can not impose on any one who has had experience of men and things: such a one easily discovers behind this clatter of empty phrases the true history of this poor soul. It is this:

This young man, who so proudly condemns Catholic belief, has examined nothing for himself. He has read none of the great works of Christian apologetics, he has not even opened a detailed and scientific exposition of the dogmas which the Church teaches. . . .

Poor young man! Any serious observer can give you the history of your moral and intellectual fall, and placing his finger on the wounds of your heart, he will force you to confess, if you are sincere, that reason and science have no part in your condition, and that your unbelief is the fruit of weakness and decay of every kind. . . .

The decline in a young man who has been educated in the Christian faith is usually brought about by the ruin of more faculties than one. La Bruyere said: "I would fain see a man who is sober, moderate, chaste, equitable, declare that there is no God; but such a man is not to be found." For my part, I would fain see a young man who is chaste, modest, humble, seriously instructed in Christian doctrine, declare that the faith which he received from his mother, the Catholic Church, is without foundation; hitherto I have never met with such a young man.—Laforet.

Anarchists.

Anarchists should not be tolerated in this country. All decent men should boycott them and refuse to give them employment. Many able and learned theologians see in the Anarchists the precursors of "the man of sin, the son of perdition." St. Paul warned the Thessalonians in the following words:

"Let no man deceive you by any means," for the coming of Christ for the last judgment will not be until the apostasy first takes place. The Anarchists seem to be getting ready to give "the man of sin" a reception, and should be driven from the United States.—American Herald.

FRONDE ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

How strongly is the truth of history favorable to the Catholic Church when such a bigot as Froude was obliged to say as follows:

"Never, in all their history, in ancient times or modern, never, that we know of, have mankind grown out of themselves anything so grand, so useful, so beautiful as the Catholic Church. In these times of ours, well-regulated selfishness is the recognized rule of action; every one of us is expected to look out for himself first and take care of his own interests. At the time I speak of the Church ruled the State with the authority of a conscience, and self-interest, as a motive of action, was only named to be abhorred. The bishops and clergy were regarded simply and freely as the immediate ministers of the Almighty; and they seem to me to have really deserved that high estimate in their character. Wisdom, justice, self-denial, nobleness, purity, high-mindedness, these are the qualities before which the freedom of Europe have been contented to bow; and in no order of men were such qualities found as they were found six hundred years ago in the clergy of the Catholic Church. They were allowed to rule because they deserved to rule, and in the fulness of reverence kings and nobles bent to their power which was nearer to their own. Over prince and subject, chieftain and serf, a body of unarmed, defenceless men reigned supreme by the magic of sanctity. They tamed the fiery Northern warriors who had broken in pieces the Roman Empire. They taught them—they brought them really and truly to believe—that they had immortal souls and that they had immortal souls and that they would one day stand at a awful judgment bar and give account of their lives there.—Short Studies on Great Subjects.

Character.

The qualities which are the most attractive in childhood are not by any means the most valuable in maturity. We look for determination, will, decision of character, firmness in the mind, and refuse him our respect if he have them not. But when the child exhibits these qualities even in his infant stages, we are annoyed, and perhaps repelled. Instead of rejoicing in his strength of will, and guiding it into right channels, we lament it as a grievous fault in him and a misfortune to us. It is the meek and yielding child who cares not to decide anything for himself in whom we delight and whose feeble will we make self-feebler by denying it all exercise. Yet when he grows up and enters the world and yields to temptation and perhaps disgraces himself and family, we look at him in imbecile wonder that so good a child should have turned out to be so bad a man, when in truth, his course has been only the natural outcome of his past life and training.

How To Be Saved.

Every one desires to be saved. Simply desiring will not accomplish this work. We must put our heart in the work and make use of all the means placed at our disposal. We should choose some devotion and stick to it. Fear of eternal damnation is good to meditate upon. Fasting and prayer are very effective. But the best of all is a devotion that will inspire the heart with love for his Creator and make all his actions accord with that love. To gain this love, the best way is to cultivate a devotion to the Sacred Heart. Commence by being enrolled in the League of the Sacred Heart and daily use the short, easy prayers of the league.

Don't Think They Do.

When one observes Catholics leaving the church as the priest commences to read the last Gospel, he is inclined to ask: "Do these people appreciate as they should what the Mass is? Do they realize the fact that they are insulting our Lord and treating the celebrant with disrespect? We are careful to receive our friends when they visit us with courtesy and most assuredly we should show reverence to the Son of God when He comes on our altars in the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass."—Catholic Columbian.

We can understand how the Church can look fearlessly at the storms that over and anon burst upon her, because, built upon the solidity of her belief, she knows that the waves can break harmlessly at her feet. She has no need of human means to secure her existence, for that has a promise of perennial duration. The condition, too, of her being is one of struggle and warfare, and when it comes upon her, her only act is to oppose the shield of Faith and the sword of the Word of God—her only arms the truth. And as it is written that truth will prevail, so in every battle in which she has been engaged she has come forth at last with victory inscribed on her banner—victory through the truth.

The mind grows shallow when occupied perpetually with trivialities. A course of solid reading is a good tonic. When ignorant of our ignorance we do not know when we betray ourselves.

THEY 'WILL NOT JOURNEY HOMEWARDS.'

The Protestants have established near this city, what they call the Society of the Atonement of the Anglican Church, and its object is said to be a union of all the churches under the Pope. Father Paul James Francis, Minister-general of the society, is a little too sanguine. He should remember that the watchword of the ultra-Protestant party is, "We will not journey Homewards." This has been their war cry in Germany; it has been repeated in the United States, it has become their standard maxim in England, it has found an echo even in distant Australia. There is an old saying, which many an Irishman will, in spirit at least, have addressed to those who, taking that boasted watchword for their guide, would refuse to bend their footsteps towards Rome: Beware lest you go farther and fare worse. There can be no question that hitherto they have fared worse indeed, that the result of such ultra-Protestantism has been to multiply religious sects, to sow the bitter discord broadcast, and to lead its votaries to the abyss of irreligion and scepticism. It may be well to illustrate what we have said by reference to a few prominent non-Catholic writers whose authority in such matters none can gainsay. In Germany, the cradle of Protestantism, from the very outset discord and religious dissensions became the order of the day. Melancthon, the bosom friend of Luther, laments in his letters that the Reformers appeared to be mainly intent on flying apart from one another, and he asserts that: "The Elbe with all its waters could not furnish tears enough to weep over the miseries of the distracted Reformation." More than once attempts were made by the civil government in the various principalities of Germany to stem the process of decay and to unite together the scattered sects of German Protestantism. It was found, indeed, that these sects were ever ready to combine together when Rome was to be assailed, but when they had done this they renewed their combats among themselves. At length the King of Prussia, by a stringent law which was enacted in 1839, endeavored to blend all into what he was pleased to call the "Evangelical Church." But whatever outward compactness may have been thus given to the Protestant name, the dissensions in regard to the doctrines of faith and indifference to all religion only became the more intense. Hengstenberg, the leading representative of the Evangelical party, thus described this sad condition of things: "In the Evangelical Church of Germany," he says, "it has come to this, that all the articles of faith which she professes in common with the universal Church of Christ, and the validity of her confessions, are being called in question within her own bosom; and that open unbelief has at least as many and as distinguished representatives among the teachers and governors of the Church as the true faith. This schism goes to the very bone and marrow of the Evangelical Church.—American Herald.

The Devil's Pen Kept Busy.

It is impossible to read any of the sensational papers and not find the mark of the devil's pen. Many of the journals which are scattered broadcast over the country seem to have for their sole object to pervert the minds and the hearts of men, and they are daily filled with misrepresentations and calumnies and falsehoods against our holy religion, and with everything that is calculated to stir up the worst passions in the soul. Such literature should not be tolerated for a moment in any Catholic household, but should be thrown into the fire. There is no dearth of good newspapers, and these alone should be allowed into the family.—American Herald.

Yale Will Honor Archbishop Ireland.

Yale is about to confer an honorary degree on the Most Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul. The event will take place at the celebration of the bi-centennial anniversary of the University in the early part of October and it is believed the degree will be that of doctor of laws.

His Grace of St. Paul will arrive in Washington in time to attend the meeting of the trustees of the Catholic University and will go thence to Yale. He will afterwards be the guest of Bishop Tierney of Hartford.

Editor Waterson's Son a Catholic.

Lieut. Henry Waterson, Jr., son of Henry Waterson, editor of the Louisville Courier Journal, married a Catholic young lady, a native of Cuba, in Philadelphia on August 15th. Early that morning he was received into the Catholic Church by Rev. Francis X. West, who later officiated at the wedding ceremony.

A wild intoxication of self sacrifice, contempt for death, the thirst for eternity, the delirium of love—these are what the unalterable gentleness of the Crucified has had power to bring forth. By His pardon of His executioners, and by that unconquerable sense in Him of an indissoluble union with God, Jesus, on His Cross, kindled an inexhaustible fire and revolutionized the world. He proclaimed and realized salvation by faith in the infinite mercy, and in the pardon granted to simple repentance. By His saying "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner than over ninety and nine just persons, who need no repentance," He made humility the gate of entrance into Paradise.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

MILLIONAIRE'S LAMENT.

The next issue of "The Week's End" will contain an illustrated interview with William K. Vanderbilt, in which the American millionaire makes a remarkable confession. This will be interesting to the average man, who considers great wealth as the inevitable foundation for happiness. The Vanderbilt interview took place on his great ocean going yacht, the Valiant.

"My life was never destined to be quite happy," the millionaire is quoted as saying bitterly. "It was laid on lines which I could force almost from the earliest childhood. It has left me with nothing to hope for, with nothing definite to seek or strive for."

"Is great wealth a handicap to happiness, Mr. Vanderbilt?" questioned the interviewer.

"Inherited wealth, yes," was the decided answer. "It is as certain death to ambition as cocaine is to morality. If a man makes money, no matter how much, he finds a certain happiness in its possession, for in the desire to increase his business he has constant use for it, but the man who inherits it has none of this. The first satisfaction and the greatest, the building of the foundations of a fortune is denied him. He must labor simply to add to what may be as ever-sufficiency."

Praise for Catholic Missionaries.

Sir Robert Hart, who has spent a lifetime in China, gives in the Fortnightly Review for May the following testimony in favor of the Catholic missionaries in China.

"Roman Catholic missions differ from all others—perhaps excel all others—in the fitness and completeness of their organization, in provision for and certainty of uninterrupted continuity, in the volume of funds at their disposal, and the sparing use of money individually in the charitable work they do among the poor—nursing the sick, housing the destitute, rearing orphans, training children to useful trades, watching their people from cradle to grave, and winning the devotion of all by assisting them to realize that Godliness is best for this world, and has the promise of the next. The Sisters of Charity in particular, many of them the daughters of great families, call with a touching sweetness and pathetic devotion that no language can adequately describe. Protestants work on other lines, but individualism and something that savors of competition rather than combination may be said to give them their color."

Gone From His Gaze.

From the New York Times.

John McCullagh, late Chief of the Police Department and present Superintendent of State Elections, tells a good story on himself, which happened just prior to his being selected to fill the position of Chief Executive of the Police Department.

It was a week previous to the opening of the Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. McCullagh was assigned to pick the men from the mounted squad who he decided would present the most favorable showing in the exhibition and drill them.

He says he was drilling his men one morning in the garden, when he noticed a big, brawny policeman with his head inclined forward, out of keeping with the rest of the command. He rode up to him, and, putting his fist under the man's chin and shoving his face upward so that the policeman gazed toward the roof, said commandingly:

"Hold your head up, like a soldier!"

The patrolman did not move his head from the attitude in which McCullagh placed it, but said, as he continued to gaze upward:

"Inspector!"

"Well!"

"Will I always howl me head like this?"

"Yes! Certainly! Be a man! Hold your head up like a soldier!"

Extending his disengaged right hand to McCullagh, the big fellow answered:

"Well, good-bye, Inspector; I'll never see you again."

The true poet is always a prophet, a seer. On his mountain of discovery he breathes a divine air. His voice rings clear from the height. His imagination, looking out and away, is "the evidence of things not seen." All days need such voices, and these days are most of all. So many other voices are in the air—of croakers and doubters; so many prophets of evil! Apostles of fatalism, nihilism, pessimism, proclaiming their false gospel of shame. We shall never follow this multitude to do evil, or think it, so long as our scholarship signifies reverence for Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Lowell, the men of "the vision and faculty divine." Faith in all things good shall "come easy to us," shall "beat with our blood," as we joy and rejoice in the sympathetic study of these.—Rev. George A. Strong.

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