

the unaccountable difficulty of difference of creed existing among them and deprives Protestantism of any claim to be a proper agent of evangelization to heathen nations, or even to those "nominally Christianized by Rome."

If United States evangelists fail to agree on "one type of missionaries," there remains nothing for it but to send out shiploads of Bibles (English of course) and scatter them broadcast throughout the islands. As a last desperate resource, a special edition, now and revised to suit the exigencies of the case, might be gotten out and labelled—"Read! Read! Read! You pay no money and you take your choice!"

Our Protestant friend asks: "Suppose, in attempting to carry out Dr. Schurmann's suggestion, the representatives of the great Foreign Mission Societies should meet to deliberate upon a working basis, what would be the issues involved?"

Our Catholic friend replies: "Higher Criticism," or better, let the Filipinos work out their own salvation.

Too Much Learning as Dangerous as a Little.

In the issue of the New Era, London, England, of Jan'y 5th, is a most ecologic review of the career and work of Dr. St. George Mivart, who is there styled the "Admirable Octobion of modern times in the departments of science, philosophy, archaeology, archeology, and in a general way, of the art of life. He is an M.D. and has been a lecturer on Zoology at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School. He is Ph.D. of the Pope's creation, and has held the chair of Doctor of Philosophy of Biology in the University of Louvain. Alone among Catholics, he is a Fellow of the Royal Society. A naturalist, he is a fellow of the Linnean Society, and as a Fellow of the Zoological Society, he provides the nation with its popular knowledge of the animal kingdom at the Zoo. . . . In an age of specialists, a man with so many activities as even these would seem to be running risks of a suicidal diffusion. But Dr. Mivart appears to be made up of twenty men, one of whom is a biologist, another a philosopher, and a third—marvellous to say—a theologian."

That Dr. Mivart is all that his panegyrist claims for him may be true in the fields of biology or philosophy, or "as the Zoo" for that matter,—but that he excels as a theologian, and a Catholic theologian at that, is open to dispute.

An article of his in the Nineteenth Century, on the subject of "Happiness in Hell," caused much discussion. It was not in accord with the teachings of the Catholic Church, as founded on the terrible language used by Jesus Christ, with regard to the future punishment of the wicked, and was promptly put upon the Index. Then imitating the notable example of some other prominent religious reformers, he first retracted and then retracted his retraction—and so the matter stands at present. In his article in the *Liturgical Review* for January, Dr. Mivart poses as the Apostle of Science, as against revelation and authority.

The clergy of the Catholic Church, who, according to Mivart, deliberately ignore the results of the investigations of Science, are also incompetent to give a right interpretation of the Scriptures. Speaking of Galileo's condemnation, he says:

"These proceedings demonstrate two facts, which are most important to Catholic men of science. One is, that what is declared by even the highest known Congregation (that of the Holy Office), whose President is the Pope, and when the subject matter treated is of Scripture, may be quite erroneous." This may not be exactly heresy, but it is un-Catholic and vicious. Errors, it is true, may occur in the decisions of Roman Congregations, but Dr. Mivart must be ignorant of the Decrees of the Vatican Council, or he would understand that the infallibility of the Church and of the Holy Father is not compromised by such mistakes.

"The other noteworthy fact," says Dr. Mivart, "is that men of physical science may have true religious perceptions imparted to them than any Roman Congregation"—even when the members of the Roman Congregation have, under the most propitious circumstances, devoted their lives to the study of religion, while the men

of physical science have never, perhaps, given religion a thought. We would rather be excused from following Dr. Mivart in such vagaries.

Increase of Crime in Germ ny.

We are wont to hear a great deal about the excellence of the educational system in Germany, just as we hear a great deal about the Ontario system. The German system, as the Ontario system, is held up as a model for other nations to copy. It is practically a godsend education and may be judged by its fruits.

The Imperial German Secretary of State for Justice, said in the Reichstag last year:

"It is impossible to set aside the fact that we are in a state of moral retrogression; this is a painful fact, but that it is undeniable is shown by statistics." The number of crimes against morality in Prussia was 7,409 in 1887, while in 1895 it had increased to 14,709, or very nearly doubled in eight years. When we reflect that these eight years were a period in which the greatest attention was paid to education in Germany, as indeed in all the more progressive countries, it becomes a pertinent question, "What has education done for the people?"

To make matters worse, this increase of crime is found to be chiefly among the young, and a direct result of the means which education puts into their hands for lending themselves to the devil's work. This growth of immorality, traced to its cause, appears to point to the diffusion of bad books and publications, indecent pictures, and immoral exhibitions through the various devices of modern invention. It is said that there is a strong agitation for stricter legislation against this evil which strikes directly at the moral life of the nation. We have noticed complaints of a similar character coming from the United States which, like Germany, prides itself on the excellence of its system of godless schools.

Are we quite free from the evil in Ontario, or in Toronto. Let the law play-bills which are allowed to deface the sides of our streets and store windows, and the reality of those play-bills as placed upon the stage of our theatres give answer.

We understand that there is in the department of police a special officer whose duty it is to look after things affecting the morality of the city. It is high time for him to put on his spectacles and look around.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The fight of the coming century will be between science and materialism on the one side and authority and the supernatural as dispensed by the Catholic Church.

A Jubilee record is to be placed in the Basilica of St. John Lateran, consisting of a metal crucifix, the inscription upon which will indicate to posterity the homage of the world to Christ the Redeemer.

Medals have been cast in Rome as memorials of the Holy Year, showing on one side the Porta Santa, with St. Peter on the one side of it and St. Paul on the other; the motto, "In loco into dabat pacem" is that selected by Leo XIII.

Mayor MacDonald has not been long in asserting his authority. At the meeting of the Reception Committee on the 10th, inst., there was an understanding that the Board of Control would be called next day to effect the insurance on the second Contingent. But no notice of the meeting was sent out, and no notification, informal or otherwise was sent to the Mayor. The Mayor accordingly asked for an explanation, but finding none that was satisfactory warned officials that it had not to occur again saying, "I want it to be understood that the business of the Board of Control must be arranged from the inside." What's the use of being Mayor if others are going to run the show?

At the Church of Ara Coeli at Rome, a beautiful and unique ceremony takes place on the feast of the Epiphany. From a rostrum erected near the entrance in front of the chapel which holds the precept with the Santo Bambino during the time of vespers, little children preach. A witness of the ceremony says: "The church is very large, and on entering we found ourselves in a dense crowd.

Seats were out of the question. We were thankful to have got inside the door. Far away in the distance we saw the altar lights and the moving forms of the officiating priests. The tones of the organ came to us mellowed by distance, when suddenly, in the midst of the crowd which hemmed us about, arose the clear accents of a child's voice. The sermon finished, the child was caught rapturously in its mother's arms and its place filled by another."

Is the movement in the Anglican Church towards the outward foras of the Catholic Church all-otting the Methodist body in Canada? "A Methodist Lent" is the glowing heading in one of the city dailies. There it is recorded that, at the twelfth banquet of the Toronto Methodist Social Union in the lecture Hall of Trinity Church, Bloor St., Mr. C. D. Massey did openly advocate that a period of about one month in each year be set apart, during which the Church (Methodist) people should abandon social engagements and similar pleasures in order to be able to devote all their zeal, energy and ability to the furtherance of the work of winning souls for Christ and of stirring up enthusiasm in His cause. It may be remarked that the three chief characteristics of Lent are prayer, fasting and abstaining from the use of flesh meat, and also, deeds. We wish our Methodist friends every success—but why not go the whole length?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Editor of The Catholic Register: Sir—Something more than a tempest in a teapot is now raging through our flourishing city, and your magic wand is invoked to allay its violence. A powerful party maintains that the "g" which occurs in the surname of Paul Kruger—don't mean the Apostle Paul, but Paul Kruger—should be pronounced "g", whilst another faction equally strong, assert that there is nothing very soft, either about Paul, or his surname. Complications are rendered more serious, owing to the existence of another controversy, which has its rise in the effort made to find somebody capable of calming the first storm. Some have suggested that a meeting be held at Quiln's hardware shop, on Hunter street, and that the presence of Mr. George Ball, the well known Socialist orator, be secured; others cling to the belief that a few intelligent Dutchmen from the plagueship in the Zuyder Zee, who are to be found in the Zoo Works, under the foremanship of Messrs. Michael Riley and Wm. Rutkins, could put the whole trouble into a proper state of sluggishness, whilst a large majority, the interested parties in fact, leave the whole matter in the hands of the editor of The Catholic Register. Will you solve this knotty problem, Mr. Editor? We pause for a reply.

DOURO.

Peterboro'. To save our Peterboro' friends any further unnecessary trouble and altercation, we consulted an eminent authority in the pronunciation of Dutch—whether High or Low—whether "g" or "k"—and we have ascertained that the original letter, "g" in "Kruger" is sounded "hard." Our authority further takes exception to our correspondent's fashion of spelling "Zuyder Zee." He says that it should be spelled "Zuyder" and pronounced "Zee-der Zee," as nearly as we can make out.

For confirmation, consult the Master of Modern Languages at the College Institute.

Editor Catholic Register.

THE "CATHOLIC SOUTH AFRICAN MAGAZINE" ON THE WAR.

The following appears in the November number of the "Catholic South African Magazine": "We have been asked by some Australian Catholic friends to give them the 'real truth' about the present war. The truth is sometimes difficult to find, sometimes, when we find it, it is said to be too good to be true. We do not say on which side the trouble lies; a magazine like this, which belongs to the Republics as well as to the Colonies, has to think of both. If we were to say that the war seems to us to be a war of blood and slaughter, from which no glory can accrue to the Empire nor any happiness to the South African people, we should be simply voicing the feeling of the majority of Catholics in the whole Empire; but we do not say that. We are writing to the audience to which we more directly appeal is divided beyond all hope of discovering the prevailing opinion. In South Africa feelings and interests are new, and the influence of the South Africa has no single voice on the subject. If some clamor for the extinguishing of the Boers once and for ever, others wish the whole British army on the other side of the Atlantic. If some desire the arrival of the Canadians and Australians as the fulfillment of a glorious Imperial ideal, others would bid them go home and mind their own business and not stir up strife in a land that ought to be as free as air. If to some the war is one of pure aggression and greed of empire—if to them (action speaking louder than words) the war has already been on the English side before the Boers unmasked their sword in a word to the Boers, then the war is the war in the story: 'Tommy, don't pull the cat's tail.' 'I'm not pulling, ma. I'm only holding the tail; it's the cat that's pulling.'—to others, on the contrary, the war is one of sweet and un-

selfish interest, and we are to be asked upon which side we wish to see an aggressive war. Those blessings which are invariably poured out upon such international acts of aggression, what can we do? We wait until the blizzard is over, and when those who are responsible for the trouble have been put away for the way of inquiring South Africa any longer, and once again the English people have taken up the South African people of South Africa peace. Let everyone put his own interpretation on the work."

The Magazine was asked for its opinion on the war. It is a very difficult question, and the Catholic subjects of the Empire as well as of the Colonies, and the heart of the Magazine, the hearts of thousands in South Africa, is torn asunder by the conflict. It is a word of encouragement and sympathy to the brave fellows, in front, on both sides, who are fighting a quarrel not their own and are simply trying to do a difficult duty as soldiers. It is a word of sympathy to the men, who are also to the men, especially in the Catholic and Protestant, for the hardships they have had to endure. For all sufferers, especially the bereaved, we wish we could find comfort. And for those who are slain, may their souls through the mercy of God rest in peace.

—Freeman's Journal.

A MARVELOUS OLD LADY.

A most remarkable instance of longevity to be found in the history of the past is that of the Countess of Desmond. Her ladyship was of Irish birth, and she lived to be 140 or 141 years old. She was the first daughter of Sir John FitzGerald, Lord of Declan, and was born in the Castle of Drogheda, County Waterford, in 1404, the third year of the reign of Edward IV. Her marriage was solemnized in London at a date which can only be conjectured. It must have been about 1420 or 1422, however, for Richard Duke of Gloucester, joining with her after the ceremony. This was before he became king, and as we know she was only nineteen when he ascended the throne the wedding hardly could have been more than two or three years previous to Cromwell's usurpation. That nickname of his recalls the highly interesting fact that the Countess in later years always described him as a well-favored man.

Her husband succeeded to the earldom of Desmond in 1520, thus bringing upon her the title by which she was to go into history. She was left a widow five years later, and endured many hardships, and privations as a result of the petty feuds and conspiracies which raged in southwestern Ireland at this time, and which had their storm centre around her castle at Yough.

The age of 111 found her hale and active, however, for by a deed executed in 1575, and still preserved in the exchequer, Dublin, she assigned her castle to a kinsman, who had in his turn succeeded to the earldom.

Sir Walter Raleigh met her in 1580, when she was 85, and refers to the fact in his "History of the World." The troubles state of Ireland impoverished her dreadfully, as it has many a noble dame of that country before and since. Her income was unjustly cut off, but with an indomitable will and a career of 140 eventful years, she crossed the Irish sea in a coasting vessel to seek justice at the steps of the throne. This was in 1601, and James I. had been reigning a year.

Arrived in Bristol with her only daughter, she was obliged to hire a little cart for this daughter's transportation, she being so old and lame that she could not walk. The mother, braved by the cold and the way from Bristol to London. She was graciously received by King James, and in due time returned to Ireland, where, not many months later, her life ended, as the result of an accident. She had climbed a tree to gather nuts, and, falling to the ground, broke her thigh. The shock proved fatal.

Of the nine houses which have ruled England since the conquest she saw the flickering out of the Lancasters in the person of Henry VI., whom that gentleman she danced with at her wedding is accounted to have slain. She saw the house of York from almost the beginning of its glories to its sombre ruin on Bosworth field, when that dancing partner of hers lost his crown in the Tower of Babel. She saw all the Tudors come and go, and she saw the Stuarts mount the throne. Four of the nine houses she saw, and she was the subject of ten monarchs.

A wonderful record, truly, and one which makes her a worthy rival of Old Parr.

CATHOLIC PAPER KICKERS.

Everybody nowadays seems to have a mission, says the Catholic Sun, and the mission of the majority of Catholics whom we meet appears to be the elevation of the tone of Catholic literature—at least they try to make you think so. They are very busy, and they find fault with all the existing Catholic papers and magazines, and demand an ideal paper or magazine. Why don't somebody start it they ask. And then they complain because some one dares to start one. Our best Catholic talent. They show their zeal for the cause, as they call it, with a capital C, by subscribing to Harper's and the rest, and never reading a Catholic paper except when they find fault with it. All the while they are kicking, but it is scarcely Catholic. Help the Catholic papers to keep their footing. Subscribe to them, advertise in them, recommend them, and by and by they will be doing it better. If you do, write to the editor as one gentleman writes to another. The man who runs a paper usually knows as much about how to pay your favorite writers, his business as you know about yours. Some of our contributors in the *Post-Gazette* and high-toned Catholic paper combined—a very little "high-toned" to a great deal of *Post-Gazette* would suit them. These are beneath the consideration of Catholic editors.

If their mission is not of improving the tone of Catholic literature, it becomes a kick for the better for the world. Catholic Journal, Rochester, N.Y.

REVIEW.

We have received a copy of "The Roman Mystical," compiled and arranged by the Rev. J. B. Young, S.J., general director of St. Francis Xavier College, New York. The book is published by the Catholic Book Concern, 21, Fr. Patrick & Co., New York.

This is a very complete and useful manual of the different offices of the church, and all in the correct order, during thereof. It contains English and Latin hymns suitable for popular devotion, and the description of the Blessed Sacrament. Part II is the history of the Mass, all in modern notation. Part III, the Vespers Section, is admirably arranged, the Psalms being written out and pointed, and the words thereof placed directly beneath each one, thereby securing uniformity in the chanting, both in choir and congregational use. Its size, that of an ordinary prayer book, is a convenient form for children's choirs, and is popular use. All the chants in this manual are from liturgical works, fully approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

THE FIRST MIRACLE.

The wedding feast is spread And messengers have sped, Along the highway, through the village street, To bid the guests, kinsmen and friends, to meet.

But, lo! what oversight! Where is the heart's delight, Which opens the lips and makes the cheek to glow— The sparkling wine which should in plenty flow?

Flushed with expectancy Came Mary, then to see Her royal Son, and His straits should know His power could make the ruby liquid flow.

"They have no wine!" Surely His power divine Could rectify this wrong: "Twas not, 'Ye men!'

Yet in her eyes He read sublimest trust, Did He rebuke her then, 'Want time He turned again And spoke that quick, electrifying word,

Which well she understood?—With soul so stirred To depths profound To looked upon the ground, And then those words, of modest grace the sum:

"Woman! Know thou, Mine hour is not yet come." Which mother-heart's ear heard, Convinced all of love and tenderness, No breath of censure but a lip's career.

With voice of firm command She bade the servants stand And do his bidding; then, without a word,

They knew their Master and His power adored. Then, without word or sign, The water turned to wine; The wine blushed red within the circling cup.

While mortals with their God were called to sup. —J. Oliver Smith, in "The Christ," by O. C. Aurling and J. Oliver Smith.

Customer emerging from bargain counter crash: Help! My leg is broken. Shopwalker: You will find the crutch department, sir, on the fourth floor, in the rear.

Tom: "Paw, what do you put water in stocks for?" Mr. Figg: "To soak the investors with my son."



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