

APRIL 19, 1902.

"BRAINS AND BELIEF."

Lecture by Henry Austin Adams at New Orleans Winter School.

After a storm of applause as Mr. Adams advanced near the edge of the platform, and smilingly bowed his appreciation of that friendly reception.

Mr. Adams said: "Every century, or, perhaps, to be more explicit, every epoch has left its distinctive impression on the history of man. Every age has its true spirit. It is a special message, a special inspiration which leave their impact and their impression."

The glorious age that has just passed from us, the nineteenth century, left its distinctive mark. The historian will say of the nineteenth century that it witnessed the largest addition to man's knowledge of the material and physical and mental and moral world.

There were splendid lives devoted to the analysis of material and physical forces in the nineteenth century. It is not to be wondered at that one of the nineteenth century was to give a seeming impetus to the various forms of unbelief. Andrew D. White, our minister to Germany, devoted the mature years of his scholarship to the development of his great work, "The Conflict of Science and Faith."

There are thousands of men who do not go to Mass and who say that they have read themselves out of the Church. Scientists, full of their pompous knowledge, ignore, or affect to ignore, God. They say: "If you knew as much about bugs as we do, you would not believe in God Almighty."

Take the example of a young man who has left his pious home and gone to college, and who comes back—well, we have lost him. He has "got it." He knows it all, and he is one of the followers of unbelief.

On a Sunday morning the men whose sermons are printed in the Monday papers take for their text that paleontology and eschatology and pots and kettles dug somewhere in Assyria cannot be reconciled with the doctrine of rationalism.

As to "Brains and Belief," the subject of the lecture, Mr. Adams said that he proposed to prove that "Brains and Belief" can be made compatible, and that there can be "brains" where there is "unbelief."

"In the domains that test the practical intelligence, the committee would inform us that the Christian is handicapped."

After giving some humorous "take-off" as to the ancient and the middle-age nations of the earth and of the laws of the solar system, Mr. Adams said that it was a monk, Copernicus, who set men right as the laws of the sidereal system. Monks have been generally burlesqued by unbelievers as drunkards and lazy fellows, but it seems that a monk found time between drinks to solve one of the greatest problems of the universe. And it was a Catholic, Christopher Columbus, who, acting on Copernicus' theory, discovered the best half of the world—the United States of America.

Then came the invention of printing—the power of the press. What can convey an adequate idea of the great benefit to humanity from the invention of the printing press. Gutenberg, who invented the printing press, was a Catholic.

So the world does owe a few things to Roman Catholic brains. The members of the religions orders in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, contributed the most radical discoveries in botany, geology and in medicine. Coming back to the nineteenth century, with its amazing discoveries and inventions in telegraphy, in photography, in photography—all these things prove the power of the human intellect.

"Electricity's realm is visited by the committee of three. Let Dr. White talk. What wonderful advances have been made with electricity for lighting, heating, pulling, driving? Now there is a field. The men who thought and devised and planned those wonders must have had gray matter in their skulls. Dr. White will be compelled to admit that the technical terms used in defining electricity are but the perpetual adaptation of the names of great inventors in electrical science. So 'volt' the unit of momentum, is named after the great scientist, Volta, inventor of the voltaic pile, who was a pious Italian. Again, the unit of velocity, 'ampere,' is named after Dr. Ampere, a professed Roman Catholic layman. So you see that Christian thought has contributed most to human progress. Again, what is galvanic magnetism. It is called so from Galvani, another Roman Catholic. True, my friend, is no Roman Catholic. Is it not a pity that three names which have done so much for electrical science, and which have been immortalized, so to speak, by being selected to denote technical terms, were names of devout Roman Catholics? Now, Dr. White may say: 'Hold on! There's Edison; he is no Roman Catholic. True, my friend, he is no Roman Catholic, but he is every bit of a Christian. Edison believes in God Almighty. He believes in Jesus, and declares that the further he progresses his researches the more he feels God's power in every tone. Marconi, the wireless telegrapher and Nikola Tesla are Roman Catholics, too. With the one exception of Edison, no name is prominent in electricity unless it be that of a Roman Catholic. Lord Kelvin, of England, was a devout Roman Catholic.'

Another science of the nineteenth century was bacteriology, that special department of biology. Mr. Adams made a very humorous description of his feelings at hearing the astounding scientific names of those bacteria and bacilli, and the millions and millions of infinitesimal creatures that are said to exist everywhere. The scientist overcomes us with such tremendous knowledge. But whence did that scientist get his knowledge? Whose name is attached to those wonderful discoveries, and who taught us the A B C we know about Bacilli and the microbes? M. Louis Pasteur, a Catholic, who died fortified by all the sacraments of the Church, and who in dying said: 'Credo' ('I believe').

In photography. This science has a message for the heart. It catches fleeting things and makes them permanent. It catches the sunset tinges and lights the night a little further off. Remember those quaint, old-fashioned pictures, the daguerotypes, named after M. Daguerre, another Catholic. While all the agnostic brains of Europe were practicing Voltairian epigrams to be used after dinner, M. Daguerre was evolving that marvelous discovery, which was the parent of photography.

Then the X-rays. Who was Dr. Roentgen? He is one of the most prominent Catholics of Europe. Not long ago he was one of four distinguished laymen chosen by the emperor to accompany the Holy Sacrament during the yearly procession in honor of the Feast of Corpus Christi.

In conclusion, Mr. Adams earnestly asked his hearers to stand firm on the eternal rock of God's revelation, because all the most illustrious names in every branch of human science, achievement, knowledge were those of Roman Catholics.

MARIE KOLINZUTEN.

A Bright Page from a Sweet Life. From the Indian Sentinel.

How her brown eyes glistened as we sped across the Atlantic! She was every-body's darling, our little Marie Kolinzuten, the quaint little Flathead girl! The sea was calm, and the Aquitaine slid over her surface as upon a sheet of ice. One evening, as the child, picturesque clad in buckskin, stood on deck, looking with trustful eyes into those of her Ursuline Mother, Madame Millet, daughter-in-law of the great French artist, remarked it was indeed a picture of the Church, the Mother and Protectors of the Indian race. "How beautiful the picture, how beautiful the thought," mused Miss L. of Cincinnati, the noble benefactress of the two religions, and who was defraying the expenses of their voyage, while she herself was going to make the Holy Year.

The little child of nature stood watching the many colored signals that told her dear Montana and the world that the Aquitaine was safe. "Oh, how strange," dreamed the great eyes that seemed always full of tears, as they looked upon the garden beds of Normandy, upon the kaleidoscopes of Rouen, and upon the streets of Paris with their storied poems in stone and marble. The gracious Ladies of the Sacred Heart, at the famous Rue de Varenne, with that royal hospitality, characteristic of fervent religions, entertained the Rev. Mothers and their little companion. These good Madames, so learned, so brilliant, so full of refined courtesy, recognized the fine soul beneath the coarsely bearded garb, and the Rev. Mother Digby delighted in the child's dimpled charms and characteristic sayings. The morning of Nov. 13 broke in glory over Italy; autumn's bright gushings trained on the Fibber's banks, as the train, speeding onward, Kolinzuten to the City of the Caesars' north the Wolf and arches of antiquity—the only American in Rome! That morning, the Church of Sant' Andrea del Quirinale she knelt in that oval gem of dedicated to the saint of the day. Coming from the holy table, bearing in her soul all heaven, and in her hands the image of St. Stanislaus, presented by the assistant priest, how well did her illumined countenance exemplify Macdonald's sweetest line, "Better a child in God's great house, than king of all the world!"

Then on to Villa Maria, where the memorable gathering of the Ursuline Superiors from all over the world was held for the purpose of unification. Obdient to the call of the Sovereign Pontiff, they came from distant climes to consolidate, where shines the beacon light of Wisdom, their efforts in the education of the young. The work of the Chapter over, the Indian maid was brought to the hall, where the Ursulines, now canonically united, were assembled, and Padre Eduard's camera pictured her in the pillared cloister, God's child, side by side with His spouses for eternal years. Coming in from a walk with some kind friends, Kolinzuten brought with her one day a few leaves from the historic oak of Tasso under whose silent shade the celestial poet sat and meditated, again a handful of sand from the coliseum, remarking that perhaps those very grains were once bright with the blood of those who refused to deify the heroes to whom Rome bent the knee. Another time she exultingly told of another cardinal Gibbons' episcopal church of St. Marbo, in his titular church of St. Trastevere, and of the great scare-crow of children, Boeca della Verita, adding that she did not fear because she always told the truth, and so put her right hand in its mouth. Kolinzuten was presented to Mrs. Leland Stanford—the little and the great of the world meeting in that cloister, where all are free save one, the Prisoner of the Vatican.

The crowding glory of Kolinzuten's life was her audience with the Holy Father. It was the 7th of December; the sun, from its meridian height, triumphed over the "Eternal City," and the Angelus with musical sweep rang its notes of prayer as the Ursulines reached Bernini's magnificent Scala Regia and passed the Pope's picture-guard Swiss Guards, whose commander led them to the Sala Clementina. Marie Kolinzuten was dressed in her usual poetic costume, and upon the loving insistence of the Nuns from Java and South America the war-bonnet of eagle plumes, richly dyed in the radiant coloring so dear to the North American Indian, was placed upon her head. How the great starry eyes drank in the splendors of the Vatican! Outside she thought the four-thousand-roomed building not attractive, but within the history of more than a thousand years, the resting places of the genius of centuries—the exquisite, facile grace of Raphael, and Michael Angelo's power, the greatest that ever breathed itself from color or marble—all spoke to her heart, and her eyes were lustrous with delight as the Pope's bodyguard announced his near approach.

In a hush of silent stillness our great Leo XIII. entered. As he passed the door, an attendant drew the scarlet robe away, and the Holy Father was before us, in white and gold. Oh, the calm, benignant beauty, the sublimity pervading his whole person and going directly to one's heart! It was something God-like in him, something of "One who suffers little children to come unto Him," when Kolinzuten, led by the Mother, knelt before the highest living exponent of Christ's peace and love. The infinite in his eyes smiled upon the little one; the caresses of his blessed hand rested upon her cheek and brow. Who is this child? Who is this child? he asked with gracious eagerness, turning to the Rev. Mother kneeling beside her, who told His Holiness that she was a little Indian girl from Montana, and of the Flathead tribe. "From what diocese?" asked the Holy Father, and on hearing she came from the diocese of Helena, his clear mind at once placed the little one in her faraway home under Liberty's Stars and Stripes. "For how many

such children do you provide?" asked the smiling lips, while again he caressed the child and placed his hand in blessing upon her head. "For five hundred," said the Mother. "You care for five hundred!" said the Pope with marled surprise, and then immediately added, "I bless you, I bless your work; continue it. I bless all who help you!" The great day closed in upon its fulness and over her surface as upon a sheet of light and glory, the stars twinkled down upon the beatings of happy hearts. It has passed, and yet it is not passed, for its joy is lasting and will be found again beyond the clouds in a bright Eternity.

Turning her radiant face homeward, Kolinzuten passed through Bologna, and saw the dear St. Catherine, sitting in her abbatial chair, and wearing that dress of cloth of gold. At her side lay her illuminated manuscripts, and a tiny violin which she had made and upon which, without previous instructions, she repeated to her nuns the melodies sung to her by the angels. But what impressed Kolinzuten most, was the wax-like appearance of the lower lip where our Little Lord had kissed her one Christmas night; the child wondered and asked if the luminous imprint of Holy Communion was to be found in everyone's heart. And here, before this dear saint, the three pilgrims knelt, praying for another of the same name, who, like unto her, lives for the Church, for the poor, for Christ—the Rev. Mother Katharine Dreyer.

Next came Florence with its history of the past haunting its streets, its piazzas, its every corner. Here she was shown the dome of Santa Maria del Fiore, of which Michael Angelo said, "Like it I will not, and better I cannot." Here, too, the stone by the wayside where Dante sat musing; and the piazza whence rolled the powerful eloquence of Savonarola. At the Church of Santissima Annunziata, kneeling before the same altar where more than four hundred years ago St. Aloysius, at the age of nine, made his vow of chastity, did Marie Kolinzuten, in a deep awe, and with some trembling, kneel afterwards to her Rev. Mother. There are flowers which when transplanted to foreign soil bloom with new and startling brilliancy; so it was with Marie Kolinzuten, the little human flower of St. Peter's Mission.

Cardinal Richelieu. Cardinal Richelieu, when Prime Minister of France, seldom said Mass; but he confessed weekly, receiving Holy Communion from his chaplain. His relationship with the Church contained perfect until his death. When the parish priest of St. Eustache approached with the holy oils, remarking that his high ecclesiastical rank dispensed him from answering the customary question, "Do you believe in an ordinary Christian?" the priest then recited the principal articles of faith and asked him if he believed in them all. "Absolutely," he replied, "and would that I had a thousand lives to give for the faith of the Church." Being requested to pray to God for his recovery, he protested, "God forbid! I pray only to do His will."

As to Richelieu's private and political life. His private life was undoubtedly far better than represented. Richelieu being a man of exact and conscientious habits, with an irreproachable ecclesiastical character. Of his political acts, by which he allied France with Protestant powers, it may be said that, concerning both Pope and Cardinal, it is evident that, unlike all Protestant historians, Urban VIII. did not regard the Thirty Years' War as one of religion, but rather as one of worldly interests. The same may be said of Richelieu, who intended to cast Gustavus Adolphus aside as soon as he had served the purposes of France.—North Catholic Truth.

His Soul. St. Augustine tells a story of Genadius, a physician of Carthage, who would not believe in the existence of the soul. One night he had a dream in which he saw a beautiful young man clothed in white standing before him, who said: "Dost thou see me?" He answered: "Yes, I see you." The young man rejoined: "Dost thou see me with thine eyes?" "No," answered Genadius, "for they are closed in sleep." "With what, then, dost thou see me?" "I know not," said the young man. "Dost thou hear me?" "Yes," said Genadius. "No, for these, too, are closed in sleep." "With what, then, dost thou hear me?" "I know not," said the young man. "Art thou speaking to me?" "With the next question," said Genadius. "With what, then?" "I know not." Then the young man said: "See, now, thou sleepest—and yet thou seest, hearest and speakest. The hour will come when thou wilt sleep in death and come when thou wilt see and hear and speak and feel." Genadius awoke and knew that God had sent an angel to teach him the existence of the soul.

British Shylocks Own Ireland. The popular supposition that the landlords own Ireland would seem to be incorrect. It appears that the Orange wing of the Tories has succeeded in collecting proof that Irish landlords are mortgaged up to their eyes with London banks and insurers, and the secret of their refusal to abate the villainous rents is the obligations to pay the enormous interest on pass loans. The Irish question now assumes an Egyptian appearance, and England will have to look after the interests of her money-lenders. It would seem that British Shylocks are, in the eyes of British law, the real owners of Ireland.

Tobacco, Liquor and Drugs. Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few weeks. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.50. Address or consultant Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge Street, Toronto.

THE CHURCH AND THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD.

Rev. John F. Mulvaney, LL. D., in Danahoe's.

Whatever of greatness the English-speaking world has achieved, whatever there is that is broad and enduring in the inheritance which it has received from the past, is due to Catholic Christianity, which first reclaimed barbarism, and then educated it to all that is beautiful and honorable, which taught it the lessons of justice and liberty—to the grand Old Church which erected nearly every church edifice worth visiting, and created every college and university of learning in the old world, and to be framed every institution of which England has a right to be proud. But the day of England's calamity arrived, when unlawful passion ministered to unhalloved pride tempted a king to lay sacrilegious hands upon the altars of God and to grasp at a jurisdiction and authority which could be exercised only by him who held the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Henry and his advisers transferred the jurisdiction and authority of the Pope—the head of the Church—to the state, which act in principle is anti-Christian.

Belief Forced on Scientists. By Rev. Henry A. Braun, D. D., in April Danahoe's.

Belief in the existence of God and of the soul is forced on the scientist by every problem which he cannot solve, and the soul are facts which the scientist finds at the end of his spade, his scalpel, or his telescope; under the microscope, or at the bottom of the reactor. He feels, he knows that only a spiritual being could do his complex work of inductive and deductive ratiocination; and that spiritual being, which does this work, should prove the existence of a first cause like to itself, should find a spiritual Creator as the first link in the last analysis of physical, metaphysical and moral science.

Valuable Advice to Mothers. If your child comes in from play coughing or showing evidences of an approaching attack of croup, sore throat, or enlargement of any kind, first bring out your bottle of Norville. Rub the chest and neck with Norville, and give internal doses of ten drops of Norville in sweetened water every two hours. This will prevent any serious trouble. No liniment or other external application is necessary. Large bottles cost only 25c.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. However, used Bickel's Astringent Cough Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

Are you come harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not a cold which kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle. Do not delay in getting relief for the little ones. Mother Graves' Warm Extremities is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

It attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Cholera and Colic Remedy. It is according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

Bird-Shot For Tiger.

No use to hunt tigers with bird-shot. It doesn't hurt the tiger any and it's awfully risky for you. Consumption is a tiger among diseases. It is stealthy—but once started it rapidly eats up the flesh and destroys the life. No use to go hunting it with ordinary food and medicine. That's only bird-shot. It still advances. Good heavy charges of Scott's Emulsion will stop the advance. The disease feels that. Scott's Emulsion makes the body strong to resist. It soothes and toughens the lungs and sustains the strength until the disease wears itself out.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Canada. 30c and \$1.00, all druggists.

COWAN'S COCOA AND CHOCOLATE.

THE BEST. TRY IT NEXT TIME STATUES FOR SALE. Statues of the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony, (colored) 12 inches high. Very artistically made. Suitable for bedroom or parlor. Price one dollar each. Cash to accompany order. From the Ontario. Ontario, Ontario.

CHURCH BELLS Chimes and Peals. Best Superior Copper and Tin. Only price. McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY Baltimore, Md. C. H. A. Branch No. 4, London. Also on the 2nd and 3rd Thursday of every month, at 8 o'clock at their hall on Albion Block, Richmond Street. T. J. O'Meara, President, P. F. Boyle, Secretary.

CARLING

When Ale is thoroughly mastered it is not only palatable, but wholesome. Carling's Ale is always fully aged before it is put on the market, both in wood and in bottles. It is invigorated by the touch of time, and it reaches the public. People who wish to see the best Ale should see to it that they receive Carling's. It is easy enough to get it, as nearly every dealer in Canada sells Carling's Ale and Porter.

CARLING LONDON.

You May Need Pain-Killer For Cuts Burns Bruises Cramps Diarrhea All Bowel Complaints. It is a sure, safe and quick remedy. There's only one PAIN-KILLER. FERRY'S. Two sizes, 50c. and 75c.

Educational.

THE BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED. We teach full commercial course, as well as full shorthand course. Full civil service course. Full telegraphy course. Our graduates in every department are to-day filling the best positions. Write for catalogue. J. FRITH JEFFERS, M. A. Address: Belleville, Ont. PRINCIPAL.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE

THE STUDENTS EMBRACE THE CLASSICAL and Commercial Courses. Terms including all ordinary expenses, \$100 per annum. For full particulars apply to Rev. D. CUSHING, C.S.B. YOUNG MAN! YOUNG WOMEN! Prepare to make a success of your future undertakings by taking a course at

NORTHERN Business College

OWEN SOUND. In either Shorthand or Business subjects. A course at this institution will raise you above the many who are endeavoring to make a living by common means. You cannot afford to go elsewhere for our methods and equipment are unequalled. Write for term book. Students admitted at any time. Catalogue free. C. A. FLEMING, Principal.

CENTRAL Business College

THATFORD, ONT. You are sure to get the best business or shorthand education. This is the school whose graduates are in strong demand as teachers in business colleges, and as stenographers and book-keepers for prominent business firms. Write for catalogue. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

PROFESSIONAL

J. L. MATH & IVY, IVY & DROMGOLE - Barristers. Over Bank of Commerce, London, Ont.

DR. CLAUDE BROWN, DENTIST, HONOR Graduate Toronto University, Graduate Philadelphia Dental College, 129 Dundas St. Phone 1351.

DR. STEVENSON, 301 DUNDAS ST. W. London, Specialty—Anesthetics, Phone 510.

DR. WAUGH, 57 TALBOT ST., LONDON Ont. Specialty—Nervous Diseases.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt

A diploma from an Exhibition... O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt was not manufactured at the time of the World's Fair and so was not exhibited there. We have, however, submitted samples to leading medical men and chemists in nearly every city and town in Canada, and all who have looked into the matter carefully, say O'Keefe's is the best Liquid Extract of Malt made.

FIRST AID PONDIX EXTRACT

FOR BURNS, SPRAINS, WOUNDS, BRUISES OR ANY SORT OF PAIN. Used Internally and Externally. CAUTION: Avoid the weak water! With First Aid Pondix Extract, you are sure to get the same as "Pondix" Extract, which easily sores and often causes "second degree" burns. Internally and Externally. Take Internally a Spoonful.

W. J. SMITH & SON UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS

113 Dundas Street Open Day and Night. Telephone 585. JOHN KINGSTON & SONS 150 King Street The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone—House 373; Factory 643