Pictures.

pes for framing, Engravings

ich Ruler. Attle Children, late. Sisto,

ctim. at Twelve Years.

ry. nception. nildren to Come Unto Me, Great Joy. Perish.

n Sisto (detail square), the Sick Child, into Jerusalem, ng by the Sea.

Padua. In Sisto (detail oval). Leave of His Mother, Fishermen.

(detail from Gethsemane)

ht. vakening. la Sedia. g Christ. Woman of Samaria.

Child, e Fishermen y into Jerusalem hing by the Sea

st[(Gethsemane) San Sisto

ng the Sick Child g Leave of his Mother

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STLES AND

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the wilderness and the buffetings of poverty, did their work and went their way. The fruitfulness of their labors is evidenced from the fact, as the London Daily Chronicle says, of the Catholic Church in the Commonwealth. It has now a Cardinal as its head, four Archbishops, nearly a score of prelates, hundreds of priests, countless churches and institutions and a million adher-

U. S. INCONSISTENCY.

It seems to us that some editors on the other side of the line have enough dirty linen belonging to the United States to wash without essaying to do selves moderately clean, of national health, we may have reason to believe that the pretty tributes paid them at banquets and elsewhere are not rhetorical moonshine. But at present the things that stink in the nostrils of decent men at home, and the barbaric doings among their new-found peoples, should give them abundant occupation.

The latest move in the game of beneis the suggestion that the Government gentry who learn nothing and forget establish an opium monopoly on the islands, with a view to better control of the traffic.

Commenting on this the New York Evening Post says that for two generations England's complicity with the opium trade in India and China has been the occasion of moral flings at her by Americans. We were not to be caught by mumblings about regulating a vice which could not be suppressed. But alas! our proud imperialism has now forced us to swallow all those brave words. We are to sell the opium monopoly of the Philip pines to the highest bidder, and expect to get \$100,000 a year out of the deadly traffic. But we still go the English one better in the matter of hypocrisy, for we hasten to announce that we are going to devote the money to the work of education. Does it not seem strange to hear our friends advocating the doctrine that the end justifies the means. And the education to which this money will be devoted is that which, as Mr. Sawyer, who knows his Philippines, says, develops the Filipino into a contemptible pettifogger, who, though he may be more instructed than his fathers, is morally below them.

SEEN THROUGH PREJUDICED EYES.

We think it was Mark Twain who applied the term reptiles to those Americans who are when abroad given to chipping statuary and mutilating and stealing the property of others. And without laying ourselves open to the charge of discourtesy, we may describe as reptiles the ministers and others who besmirch the good name of the inhabitants of Catholic countries. It is bad enough to be a vulgar barbarian prowling around, hammer in hand, in quest of relics, but it is a good deal worse to go among a stranger people and to adopt either the condescending language of arrogance or the contemptnous diction of ignorance.

Recently, for example, a Rev. C. O. Johnston had a look at Mexico. We have no objection, of course, to kindly and grounded criticism. In fact we rather like it when it serves to show us defects and to help us to better things. But a critic must have tact and knowledge, insight and perspective-qualities which are not visible in the effusion of Rev. Mr. Johnston. We presume, however, that he did not mean to give an exhibition of impudence. He saw Mexico as he wished to see it through the glasses of prejudice and hostility. The only trouble, however, is that his letters are read by good folk who do not realize that in Mexicana the rev. gentleman is a very unsafe guide and the possessor of scholarship that is not

Ministers who go on a trip should spicuously unfair.

cans are empty of true life, and leaves one under the impression that, like Uriah Heep, he is unduly anxious about the shortcomings of others. The phrase "great light" fills space, founders for density of ignorance. A founders for density of ignorance. A founders for density of ignorance. A founders for density of ignorance and useful, while the avocation of and useful, while the avocation of and useful, while the avocation of a density to detail the Uriah Heep, he is unduly anxious about the shortcomings of others. The phrase "great light" fills space, virtues which compel the respect and admiration of the unbiassed, and have ians should recognize the responsibilto their credit notable achievements ity that this fact imposes on the in the realms of art and literature, are but then perhaps he is one of the

expecting some observation worthy of be enduring. the keen vision which the Rev. Mr. in soul-light." This, we may remark, is "stuff to try the soul's strength on."

Again, just to show how wonderfully and weirdly his mental apparatus works, he informs us that they are "undersized, dark, dirty and un-Christian." Too bad they did not pass that physical examination, but they may be strangers to Pear's soap and dumb-

abuses is due " to the splendid organization of the Roman Church." The Catholic priest in the colonies makes a study of the art of government and it is the study of a life-time. He does not come home when he has made his pile: he makes no pile and as a rule he dies at his post.

In conclusion we ask our readers to recall the little episode of the conversion of the Hawaiians by Protestant missionaries. The missionaries had every opportunity to demonstrate they had the "great light which alone can show humanity its need." How did they succeed? To be brief, they throttled the natives, and robbed and maltreated them. It is little wonder that the poor Hawaiians could not by the light carried by these individuals make out the lessons of Christianity and plunged into excesses which almost

wiped them off the map. They who hope for the dawning of the day of the "one fold and one Shepheld" may well pray to be saved from the correspondents who tend to confirm us in the opinion that, as Canon Farrar says, theological partisans are less truthiul, less candid, less highminded, less honorable even than the partisans of political and social causes who make no profession as to the duty of love. Are the so-called religious champions to be forever as they are now, in many instances, the most unscrupulously bitter, and the most con-

The Church in Australia.

A news item informs us that May 15th was the centenary of the establishment of the Catholic Church in Australia.

Between the present day and May 15, 1803, when the Rev. James Dixon said Mass with a chalice made of tin and restments designed from curtains, how long and glorious a history. And that history is the life blood of generations of Apostolic men, who, despite the antagonism and prejudice, the perils of the wilderness and the buffetings of powerty, did their work and went their "The Roman Catholic Church has had to prove ty, did their work and went their "The Roman Catholic Church has had to prove the demand continued to the properties. They belong rather to the "Gardinal Charles" of the Catholic Church in Australia.

Between the present day and May 15, 1803, when the Rev. James Dixon said Mass with a chalice made of tin and restments designed from curtains, how long and glorious a history. And that history is the life blood of generations of Apostolic men, who, despite the antagonism and prejudice, the perils of the wilderness and the buffetings of powerty, did their work and went their "The Roman Catholic Church has had the properties of the wilderness and the buffetings of powerty, did their work and went their "The Roman Catholic Church has had the properties of the wilderness and the buffetings of powerty, did their work and went their "The Roman Catholic Church has had the properties of the wilderness and the buffetings of powerty, did their work and went their impressions bethink them of their responsibility to the influitude of the individual of faith in the infinitude of the individual file of the individual of the individual and the manter one. This is obscure, and perhaps (in compliance of all charges in the Unitarians claim both Emerson.

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laundry work for others. And when they have succeeded in showing themselves moderately clean, of national ants of a country who can boast of declaration of the Catholic Church. For a hungelyes moderately clean, of national dred years only goodness has been seen and known about her. Unitar-

From reverend Orthodox-Protestant ancestry Emerson came into Unitarianism, and thence into Transcendentalism. What words for the control of t not altogether lifeless. His fling at ianism, and thence into Transcenthe Roman Catholic Church makes us dentalism. What wonderful fruit from wonder if he ever happened upon a so unpromising a tree! Transcendent-reliable history of Mexico. If he did he has forgotten a good many things, Here it was aspiring, enthusiastic, an ontburst of protest in young American souls against conventions of any kind; and what can young souls, if good, do that is not pleasing and graceful! Transcendentalism was heroic and fol-Guernsey, who, though a Protestant, has written many a charming page in testimony of what the Church has done for Mexico.

But still we would be justified in expecting some observation worthy of the conditions of the conditions

Emerson entered into our life in our Johnston possesses. And we are not disappointed. He tells, for instance, that "their faces are dull and lacking that" their faces are dull and lacking that "their faces are dull and lacking in soul-light." This, we may remark, is "stuff to try the soul's strength on." cause? whom ever wound? upon whom is "stuff to try the soul's strength on." bee transports one to a sunny meadow, and his Concord bridge makes one long to fight for liberty, in Boer-land, in the

to fight for interty,
philippines, or elsewhere.

He worshipped Nature and professed
only natural religion. But natural religion is a great matter, for Nature ever

parents; alone, after th parents; aione, after the alessian came, converting to Christianity all peoples who ever have been converted; alone spread over the earth—the same everywhere; alone served by voluntary immolation of self, hundreds daily through all the ages offering themselves for her molation of self, hundreds daily through all the ages offering themselves for her work, solely from love of God and for His future rewards? If one had told Emerson this (which he could not have contradicted) it should have deeply impressed him. The ways of God are inpressed him. The ways of God are inscrutable, and often the simple find out truth that great ones grope for in vain. We never knew Emerson unjust to the faith of other men. He stated his own belief and left it to be accepted or re-jected. Conceiving what seemed to him the highest ideal, he modestly

offered it to others.

But the vast majority of mankind needs far more of religion than Nature can give it and covets what God promised man, a supernatural revelation, and souls are grateful for it and prize it above life itself. What attacks and sours are grateful for it and prize it above life itself. What satisfied Emerson could never content them. His equable and serene being was al-most wholly intellectual, and probably he was more rarely tempted than most men, whose lives (unless they yield) are full of conflict against sin. Men like Emerson never feel many temptations that constantly assail ordinary

wish that Unitarians, proud of Emerson, might not blindly eccept his rejection of revealed re ligion, but might, like him, judge for themselves, availing of all the light within their reach. Emerson would commend this course and would dissuade from any simian copying of his example. He was not infallible nor example. He was not infallible nor always even intelligible. President Eliot (after Emerson) says (and harps upon it) that believing in the divinity Son to be our Mother also.

how a good man enslaved to prejudice can go wrong. Says he:

"The Roman Catholic Church has had centuries; of opportunity among them (Mexicans), exercising undispated authority over them in things social, moral and religious, and yet for lack of something, which is not for me here to name, these people, so full of possibility, and so empty of true life, are still without the great light which can show humanity its need, and at the same time its supply."

The gentleman takes many things for granted. With perspicacity truly marvellous, he discerns that the Mexicans are empty of true life, and leaves one under the impression that, like shoulder the impression that the same that the more note, able to that Emerson able; but we know not that Emerson able; that Emerson able; the more note, able that Emerson able; but we know not that Emerson able; that Emerson in Catholic priest. Octavate the many Catholic priest. Octavate the only Roman Catholics.

For reply we will modestly offer him a thought, for whatever it may be worth. As the late Emorson Alcott—a man wholly spiritual—graduated from peddling wares into teaching Platonian philosophy, and never did harm to any soul, so, if President Eliot—a man wholly material—would follow Alcott's example, reversing its order, and wholly material—would follow Alcott's example, reversing its order, and wholly material—would follow Alcott's example, reversing the dissemination of irreligion for the peddling wares into teaching Platonian philosophy, and never did harm to any soul, so, if President Eliot—a man wholly material—would follow the president Eliot—a man wholly material—would follow the many be

paganizing Christian souls is unworthy, ought to be sterile, and is likely to be followed by bitterest remorse.

Pres. Eliot (Harvard) never aspires, never "hitches to a star," but elings to Mother Earth. Hear him on Labor: "Successful labor is man's chief blessing?," Successful labor, indeed! Why, success is ever disappointing and full of ashes, breeding false friends and disof ashes, breeding false friends and dissipated children and indulgence and desipated enderen and indulgence and de-terioration. It is labor itself that is man's best friend: employing his gifts, showing him their worth and their limits, banishing human conventions and placing man opposite to God and his true destiny. Emerson knew this and honored labor for itself; but even he nonored labor for itself; but even he knew not and spoke not from grace. The chief blessing of labor is that it allays temptation and impedes sinning, for sin is the one evil of human life, the only human act that can offend God, and God is the destiny of man, and man is for eternity, and eternity is long.

possible, if one snew him, not to love him, even although opposed to his ideas and his teaching. The late "Father" "Laylor, of the Seamen's Bethel, who loved him, used to say of him, "Emerson knows no more about religion than Balaam's ass knew about Hebrew gramcause? whom ever wound? upon whom ever intrude? how little austere was he in heart! how sympathetic towards all! how healthy! how shrewd! what a seer, and what a poet! His bumble-man spite of the shocks and mystifications he caused them.

pointed out his various accomplishments, omitting only one, his dancing. That he appreciated that art, so dear to youth, is evident from the classic exclamations that have come down to us, viz.; upon occasion of witnessing the lovely Fanny Ellsler's performance at the old Tremont threatre: "Waldo, this is poetry!" Margaret, it is religion!" At a memorable party the aboriginal races were preserved by their subjugators. But as history tells us, for the beneficent and civilizing manner with which they were treated bp Spanish Catholics, there would be no dirty Indians marring the landscape Instead of annihilating them they intermarried with them; they trained and educated them. And that the rule of Spain lasted so long in spite of its abuses is due (it is the state of the spiral state) and supplements of the spiral state of the spiral threatres; in the lack as spiral the spiral threatres; in the lack as spiral state of the spiral threatres; in the lack as spiral threatres; in the lac ingly amid a merry throng of young people, all under the spell of rhythm, and Emerson as tractable to its demands as any of us. No athlete could have been more graceful, and his beaming smiles must be indelible in

Only posterity can settle one's place in literature and fame. In course of time Emerson's true position will be assigned him, and the world will have assigned him, and the world will have judged him justly. We believe he will shine as a star, high up—perhaps chief—among those idiosyncratic souls which our rngged New England produces. He was racy of her soil, and, it should seem, could hardly have appeared elsewhere. In life he was depeared elsewhere. In life he was de-servedly beloved, and his works beloved, and should elevate the spirits who drink at such pierian springs.

THE QUESTION BOX

by Father Conway, is a book of some six hundred pages, being the replies given to questions received during missions to non-Catholics. It has a missions to non-Catholics. It has a good index—often a neglected part of many otherwise useful publications. All sorts of questions from the days of St. Peter—was he ever in Rome?—down to the fads of the day, like Chrisdown to the lads of the day, like Christian Science, have been asked in these missions, and in this book find an answer. We predict for this work a large circulation and much good. Just such a little book as Catholics might have and hand to their non-Catholic neighbors. It is bound in paper and can be had for 20c. post-paid from the CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London, Ont. The sale has already in one month reached 30,000.

God has given us the Mother of His

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Catholic mission at Salem, O., early in January. Out of a dezen and a half churches there, three belong to the Friends, indicating that the original Quaker settlers are still a force in the community. We were curious to learn whether they would attend a non-Cath-olic mission. We can now say, after a week's experience, that they would not. Fortunately we had two strings to our bow; if they wouldn't listen to the spoken word, we could at least thrust the written word under their eyes. The two daily papers gave us the the written word under their eyes. The two daily papers gave us the place of of honor on their first page, with many big, fat seare-heads to challenge attention. If we could not get Quakers, we get many other non-Catholies to attend. These latter plied us with a half hundred questions that bore chiefly on purgatory and marriage. Nothing new was brought out by the question box. A signed correspondence came from Canton, addressed to the Salem Herald, criticising the Church's attitude on the criticising the Church divorce question. The critic was known to be a divorced man himself. He believed a good deal of misery and he averted by the severing of could be averted by the severing of the nuptial knot, and he considered this the only way out of a bad bargain. He was told in answer that Catholic couples are undoubtedly as happy as those who are playing the game of pro-gressive marriage, while they are obed-ient at the same time to Christ's laws and leading moral lives. Another cor-respondent sent a lengthy communica-tion to the salem News, but this paper refused to lend its columns for a religious discussion. The editor remarked that he gave a synopsis of each lecture as news items; if any of his readers disagreed with what was preached, they could use their private judgment and reject it. The unpublished critithey could use their private judgment and reject it. The unpublished criticism reviewed the proofs for purgatory, found them unsatisfactory, and volunteered a new answer to the question of what becomes of our dead. "Body and soul," it said, "sleep in the grave." The writer found a dozen Scriptural texts to give color to his peculiar view. We would have been pleased to see the communication in print; but one of the office men told us that several religious cranks were "laying for "just such a chance to get into a scrimmage, and that they guides had the instinct of direction. For about five miles the ice was good enough, a stream of water marking the separation of its mighty expanse only allow the generation of its mighty expanse only separation of its mighty expanse only and soul," it said, "sleep in the grave." Suddenly, as the carriers hurried along dragging the boat with the rope, we heard the ice breaking beneath their feet. The same instant they had fallen back, one on to the bow of the boat, the other into it, with ourselves; and none too soon, for the same moment we were through the ice was good enough, a stream of water marking the separation of its mighty expanse only separation of i "laying for "just such a chance to get into a scrimmage, and that they get into a scrimmage, and could furnish two columns of with tiresome regularity every twenty-OUT IN LAKE ERIE.

The Apostolate gave two non-Catholic missions out in the Archipelago of Lake Eric. The difficulty of getting to the site and the strenuous life the missionaries lead there made their story read like the chronicle of the Eggigm Missions. One of the missions Foreign Missions. One of the missions was given at Kelly Island, the largest of the Lake Erie group, and known for the fare the group, at Put-in-Bay, the far-famed summer resort.

Both the islands are delightful in

mar; but if he goes to hell its climate will be changed and many will wish to follow him." So many a soul loved the man spite of the shocks and mystifications he caused them.

Emerson's recent eulogists have pointed out his various accomplistments, omitting only one, his dancing. That he appreciated that art, so dear that he appreciated that art, so dear lake was not frozen well enough for driving the classic state. ing over the ice, we had to set out for our destination in a little rowboat, fitted

that hems it in; not a smooth crystal floor, but for the most part rough heaps of jagged ice cakes broken and carried along by the current, to be thrown up along by the current, to be thrown up against the island by every angry wind, piled higher and higher and hurled together, a jumble of silent, glistening points, and looking like the waves dashing high and white on a rocky coast.

Hauling up our boat here, we took out our precious freight, removed its mast and sail and turned it over to let mast and sail and turned it over to let the water out. To our question why the boat was covered with sheet iron, the mail boys replied: "You'll see directly we bump her over the ice." And we did. To climb and stumble through the rough ice-fields was labor; to push and pull and hoist the boat through them was exhaustion. We all through them was exhaustion. We all worked, and the heavy coats we thought worked, and the heavy coats we thought we would need lay in the boat. Such is a glimpse of the toil gone through day by day for all the long winter weeks, that the islands may feel the pulse-beat of the great world from which they are cut off.

AT KELLY ISLAND.

Our reception on the island more than repaid us for our trouble in reachthan repaid us for our trouble in reaching it; and the mission was a very grateful one. The town hall the first night, and the parish church for seven nights more, were taxed to their standing-room capacity. As many as threefourths of the audience were non-Catholics. This island is a remarkable. Catholics. This island is a remarkable example of our opportunity of gather-ing up the jetsam and flotsam of relig-The place has sixteen hundred in-

habitants. Five hundred at most belong to the Catholic Church. There three Protestant churches. of these, a Congregational and a die wedie as we are.—Father Faber.

Lutheran, are closed and without pastors: the third, a German Method-ist house, doubtless in zealous protest, with pitiable impotence they d muster only a dozen old men and could muster only a dozen old men and women, whose old-time groanings and lamentations, unseen on the island for years, were not reverenced by the child-least the row generation. The questions of the row generation. dren of the new generation. tion box was generously and intelli-gently used, and much literature given

to person callers.

A week later we were booked for our mission at Put-in-Bay, eight miles further up the lake. During our free week we were looking out for a day to cross without too much danger, but the weather was so treacherous that even the fearless mail-carriers forfeited their wages rather than yearure out. their wages rather than venture out. Friday the impenetrable fog had lifted seemed possible. Saturday the islanders were horrified by the unwelcome message that one of the faithful, fearless carriers had gone down—man and boat alike went through the "thin ice," and were swept away for ever beneath the frozen crust. His companion, through the water and on the floating ice, he knew not how, reached home to tell his terrible tale.

Naturally, we shared the gloom which the tragedy east over the island. We were to lecture at Put in-Bay next evening. People came after Mass Sunday morning and begged us not to venture on so perilous a journey. But we could not stay with them all winter, so after dinner we made a start.

Accompanied by two old-time mail "boys," we dragged our boat over the ice. Soon we were lost in the dense none too soon, for the same moment we were through the ice, the boat rocking dizzily in the water. The man at the bow, leaning his weight on the boat, now stamped a path through the thin layer of ice, while we in the boat seized the pike-poles, and by striking them into the ice ahead, moved the boat along. It was a thrilling situation and fraught with danger which the young carrier had a day before found fatal. Twice again this scene was gone through before we reached shore. We thought of St. Paul, but had humor enough to

The Catholics of Put-in-Bay had prepared for the mission with an encourag-ing spirit of the "Lay Apostolate." The town hall was secured and neat

dodgers sent to each of the two hundred families of the island, with perhaps more zeal than necessity, since the mission was the one topic of talk for their little world.

The lectures were continued in the church, as the pastor believed in encouraging the non-Catholics to take the great step, for many at least, of entering a Catholic Church. They not

lie parents.
Our life on the island, which is at-

Our life on the Island, was strenu-ous enough for Mr. Rocsevelt. We lodged at an empty summer hotel a mile from the church, and for meals "boarded 'round'" with the parishion-We left the island with the best good

will of the people, who, through their "correspondents" for the county papers, lavished even unusual super-abundance of praise on our knowledge and charity.

After all his show of politeness, the

minister, who is a broken old man with a manuscript, came out the Sunday after we were dodger and a lecture on Divorce, Purgatory, Confession, Transubstantia-tion, Douai Bible, Priesthood, and why people become Protestants."

The pastor of the islands, the Rev.

Pierre G. Schoendorff, assisted in answering the questions, and showed himself endowed with equal tact and abil-He promises to have courses of ity. He promises to have the clear, and his zeal will no doubt make the Cleveland Apostolate Seedlings the best wine the islands produce.

Since the beginning of Lent we have

been engaged in preaching against Socialism in all of the principal parishes of Cleveland. The followers of Karl Marx are laboring very zeal-ously in this and other manufacturing cities for the spread of their revolution ary doctrines, and the faith of not a few Catholics has been endangered through ignorance of their true nature and scope.

We die at any moment; and when we

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