THE CATHOLIC RECORD

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER. LXXIX.

These

Sacred Heart Review.

Doctor Hodges tells us of Luther's sudden resolution to take the cowl under the influence of that fear of hell which tormented him so much. An Augustinian friend of mine, and

therefore a member of Luther's own order, has remarked to me, after reading his account of his early monastic life, that Luther appeared to him a notable example of a monk without vocation. That is the simple fact. It does not need any deep acquaintance with monastic chronicles to become pretty well able to distinguish genuine monks, friars, and nuns, from spurious. To go no farther back than Saint Benedict of Nursia, we expect to find in noted monks (including every rule, and both sexes) a decided, and often a very early, drawing towards the cloister, or from Saint Francis on, towards orders and congregations of active service. A true vocation is known by the peace of him or her who has found it. Whatever the doctrinal and disciplinary contentions that sprang up between Port Royal and the Church at large, this famous convent was acknowledged on all hands as a model of monastic fidelity. One of its most distinguished nuns writes that after her final reception she found it hard to keep from dancing in her joy. This is the true monastic spirit. We find it, in more tranquil manifestations wherever we dip into annals, from Benedict down to the latest foundation. and from Carthusian austerities to the easy yoke of the most mitigated rule. Whatever encumbrances there may be of doubtful or worldly profes sions, here and there through the ages or lands, (and again and again the true seed has been almost choked by them) this is the true and saving heart faith !' of the monastic life. No wonder that a very zealous Protestant. Archdeacon Hare, Luther's peculiar champion, pro tests against the abrogation, not of vows, but of the monastic life, in the Church of England. Nay, I have been surprised to see, within a few years, from Presbyterian writers of our country, protests against the condemnation of monastic vows.

Luther's case is absolutely opposite. He was not drawn into the cloister by love, but driven into it by fear. The early years of his life there were one torment. After he had broken long with it he represented it as genuine type of monasticism, and we Protestants, like sheep following our leader, have so imagined it ever since. Now it is nothing of the sort. Going back only to the West, and to Benedict, what right have we to judge this vas Institute, with its mighty influence of nearly fourteen centuries, with all its heights and all its depths, all its failures and all its achievements, all its oppressiveness and all its beneficence (and the shadow will still follow the substance) by the experience and word of one friar who was frightened into s manner of life to which God never called him?

Dean Hodges says that to Luther's anxious inquiries what he should do to be saved (St. Paul's inquiries, before his conversion, were, How shall I over come sin ?) the answer given in the monastery was, Do penance. Now the auswer g.ven in Germany to this question, at this time, for the laity, in books of wide popular circulation, and highly approved, was as follows: "Fut your

not a single German book of devotion (apparently whether written in Ger-owan or Latin) between, say 1450 and 1515, which does not insist on the merits of Jesus Christ as the sole ground of our justification. It should seem then, that the remark which a friend of Mr. Moody says he once made to him, that in the Catholic Church of this country Christ is preached with peculiar simplicity, was just as true of the

Catholic Church of Germany four hundred years ago. Now are we to suppose that the Augustinian priory of Erfurt was so much below the level of lay piety and religious knowledge in Germany that t could do nothing but to repeat to an agitated brother the parrot-phrase, Do penance? I cannot believe it. It eems much more likely that Luther ooking back after his utter breach with the whole Catholic system, to his they will put him to death. early life life, has given a distorted ac-count of it. As he owns that he es teems himself in no way bound to tell the truth where it would give encour agement to the Papists, of course we have to weigh his motives in each Even men much more scrupu C880. lous than he, when once they have thoroughly broken with the principles

of their former life, are seldom able to give an undistorted account of it Luther, however, has given us glimpse of very different monastic types from his own. He tells us that there were many monks who, in con-templation of the sufferings of Christ "for us men and for our salvation. were melted into inexpressible tender ness and joy of heart, so that the tears would flow freely down their cheeks. Their souls, meanwhile, he says, were perfectly pure of all corrupting thoughts. Yet, he declares, they were damned. And why were they damned? Because they had never heard of that incomprehensible and senseless for-"I believe that I am justified by mula,

I have said that Catholic Germany, before the Reformation, taught her children to rest, in simple faith, on the merits of Christ, and on human merits, glorified or struggling, only as the fruits of these. Let us now fly over to that country which Protestantism has always regarded as the most distant of all from the pure gospel, Spain Coplas de Manrique, that noble voung knight, dying in battle in 1479, has left a poem which, ever since, through all the severities of the Inquisition, has been esteemed in Spain a model both of poetry and piety. In it, as we all know, he puts into his dying father's mouth these words. I give them now, I balieve, the second time, but to good purpose

> O Thou that for our sins didst take A human form and futurely Thy home on earth; Thou, that to Thy divinity A human nature didst ally By mortal birth, man form and humbly make And in that form didst suffer here

> Torment, and agony, and tear, So patiently; By Thy redeeming grace alone, And not for merits of my own, O pardon me !

And yet we are to be told that before uther brought on his intelligible in cantation, the Catholic Church, did not know the Gospel. Charles C. Starbuck. 12 Meacham street,

North Cambridge, Mass.

WORKERS FOR THE SOCIAL UNION.

who could not give much time could

The Rev. Basil Maturin at the Pro-Cathedral, London, (Eng.) continuing congregation. whole trust in the goodness of God his interesting sermons on Sunday through the merits of Jesus Christ. Do morning, made a powerful appeal for knees, shed tears of contrition, and, from hardened sinners were changed workers to assist the Cardinal in copo sincere penitents. ing with the great social problem. My dear brethren, if the blood of a In the parable of the wise and foolis! pious and zealous priest could produce virgins on the one hand, and the par o remarkable a conversion, what mirable of the talents on the other, Oar acles of grace should not be wrought Lord had shown the two extremes of by the blood of a suffering and dying life. Each state had its duties and its God ! Should it not fill our eyes with temptations. The spiritual stimulus tears of love and our hearts with sorroy was necessary to sustain the patience for our great and manifold sins? Should of the virgins, who must ever look onit not awaken us from our lethargy o ward far into the night to the life be indifference and arouse us to a life of yond this world. Their temptation penance, virtue and Christian per-fection? Oh! that the blood of Jesus, was to drowsy, monotonous indiffer ence. The strenuous life of the stock lowing from His five wounds would market was the other extreme, where ffect this change. Let us, during this holy time, hasten in spirit to Mt. Caldevelopment. There the strongest vary, and at the foot of the cross, danger was not for the giants in high the death scene of our Saviour, meditplaces, who, with their great gifts, tate on His sufferings, and inflame our von splendid successes, and even in cold heart with the fire of divine love their failures were magnificent, but Let us, with deep contrition and full for the men of small gifts and poor ac confidence in God's infinite goodness complishments, who were so sorely and mercy, lay the heavy burden o tempted to sink into the lethargy o our sins at the feet of Jesus. Lat n despair. " I cannot do much, therefor rouse in ourselves an earnest desire I will do nothing." Their conception of God was false. They thought of to live henceforth only for Jesus. telight in showing Him our love, t Him as a hard and severe task master. make satisfaction for our sins, an thus prepare for that last hour whic ' who reaped where He had not sown Their monstrous Calvinistic notion of will decide our doom for all eternity lod reacted on their lives, and they Oh ! truly, if we form such resolution shrank into a gloomy inactivity, and at the foot of the cross of our dying wrapped their talent in a napkin. God desired only the use of that which Saviour, and if, with God's grace, w put them into practice, we shall, at th He had given, and an equal welcome was extended by Him to all who did our of death, hear the consoling vords which our Lord spoke to the their best, be their gifts great or penitent thief, "Amen I say to thee small. Thence the preacher proceedthis day thou shalt be with me in Para ed to his appeal for helpers. Those (Luke 23 43) Amen. dise.

FIVE . MINUTES' SERMON. HIGHEST TYPE OF WOMAN. Place Assigned to the Blessed Virgin

REMEMBRANCE ON THE PASSION. "He humbled Himself, becoming obedien, anto death, even to the death of the cross." (Philip 2, 8.) This day, brethren, commences the

Palm Sunday.

celebrations of holy week, that week during which our holy mother Church leads her children to Mt. Calvary, to witness the death-scene of her Divine Spouse, our Biessed Redeemer. She speaks to us in the words of our Lord,

"Let us go up to Jerusalem and all things shall be accomplished which were written by the prophets concern For he shall b ing the Son of man. delivered to the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and scourged, and spit upon : And after they have scourged him, (Luke This ever memorable pas-18, 31 33) sion, by which we have been recon ciled with God and Heaven, through which we have received all graces and blessings, this Passion will be brought before us to contemplate. We shall see our Lord in Gethsemani prostrate on the ground in the agony of death, His sacred blood, like drops of sweat run to the ground. We shall see His sacred body lacerated by scourges,

His head pierced with thorns, and, loaded with the heavy weight of the cross He staggers along, falling three times to the ground under the oppress ive burden. We shall see Him on Mt. Calvary, nailed to a cross, hanging between Heaven and earth, encom passed by an ocean of grief, forlorn and abandoned in His agony and death shedding the last drop of His blood for sinners. How far must we not have advanced in impenitence and hardness of heart, if such a panorama of suffer ings leave us cold and compassionless Could we consider ourselves aught but monsters of iniquity, were we to wit ness the death scene of our Redeemen

without emotion, without compunction, without love, without sorrow for our sins-yes, more hardened than th stones of Calvary that were split at His death ! Our souls would be darken even than the heavens, which, in mid day were obscured and out of grief. covered themselves with the mantle o night. We would be less feeling than the inanimate earth, which trembled and quaked in fear and dismay Would not our hardness of heart and want of compassion deserve the con demnation expressed in the words of St. Paul ? "If any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ let him be anahema." (I Cor. 16, 22.)

At one time, two zealous Father gave a mission at a certain place. The congregation was steeped in in difference and vice. All efforts to move the poor deluded sinners, to make them realize the terrible condition and to return to a better life were in vain. At the conclusion of the mission one of the Fathers ascended the pulpit, and, making a last effort, preached with all the powers of his ellow men could inspire him. behold ! he stops suddenly, has a hem orrhage and falls back a corpse. The other missionary took his place, and pointing to the blood-stained garment of his fellow priest, exclaims, "See the blood which my brother has shed for love for you ! Will you deliver to Satan your immortal souls, for whose sake he has given up his life?" scene and the heart-rending words of the missionary moved the terrified congregation. They sank on their

by Cardinal Gibbons. Harper's Bazaar is publishing a eries of articles from eminent divines on "Women of the Bible." In the on issue of March 17, His Eminence Car-

dinal Gibbons writes of the Blessed Virgin Mary. By permission of the publishers we quote from his paper as folows: The world is governed more by

ideals than by ideas ; it is influenced more by living, concrete models than by abstract principles of virtue. The model held up to Christian

women is not the Amazon, glorying in her martial deeds and prowess ; it is not the Spartan woman, who made female perfection consist in the devel pment of physical strength at the excense of feminine decorum and mod esty ; it is not the goddess of impure love, like Venus, whose votaries re-gard beauty of form and personal charms as the highest type of female excellence; nor is it the goddess of imperial will, like Juno No; the model held up to woman from the very dawn of Christianity is the peerless Mother of our blessed Redeemen

She is the pattern of virtue alike to maiden, wife and mother. She exhib its the virginal modesty becoming the maid, the conjugal fidelity and loyalty of the spouse, and the untiring devoted ness of the mother.

The Christian woman is everywhere confronted by her great model. Mary's portrait gazes down upon her from the wall. Her name is repeated in the pages of the book before her Her eulogy is pronounced from the pulpit. Altars and temples are dedi cated in her honor. Festivals are celebrated in her praise. In a word the Virgin Mother is indelibly stamped on the intellect, the heart, the mem and the imagination of the Christian daughter.

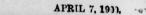
THE INFLUENCE OF MARY. therefore, in the moral elevation of woman can hardly be overestimated. She is the perfect combination of all that is great and good and noble in pagan womanhood, with no alloy of legradation. Here is exquisite beauty, but a

ceauty more of the soul than of the body ; it delights without intoxicating. contemplation of her excites no inward rebellion, as too often happens with Grecian models. She is Mother of fair love devoid of sickly sentimentality or sensuality. In her we find force of will without

pride or imperiousness. We find in her moral strength and heroism without the sacrifice of female grace and honor-a heroism of stlent suffering rather than of noisy action. What Spartan mother ever displayed such fortitude as Mary exhibited at the foot of the cross?

It seems to me that some writers are disposed to lay undue stress on the admirable and tender qualities of Mary and of holy Christian women without oul, as only the love of God and of his dwelling sufficiently on the strong and But robust points of their character. The Holy Scripture in one place pro-nounces a lengthened eulogy on woman. What does the Holy Ghost especially admire in her? Not her weet and amiable temper or her gentle disposition, though of course she posessed these qualities, for no woman is perfect without them. No : He ad. mires her valor, courage, fortitude and The the sturdy virtue of self-reliance. He

does not say, ' Who shall find a gentle t from afar and from th







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figure of piety. 4 Full Page and Other Illustrations Her life as a spouse and as a mother tories by the best writers, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Poems, Appenders, Astronomical Calculations, etc. was a counterpart of her earlier years woman ?" but rather, "Who shall find a valiant woman ?" "As things stance which amply suffices to demonstance which amply suffices to demon strate Mary's supereminent holiness o faurice F. Egan : "Joan Triumphant." Illustrated. A very pretty story; a blending of romance and religion. It is the old bu ever new taile of the course of true love, whose tortuous path is finally made straight. ava Trainer Bmith: "The Hour of Peace." Illustrated. This story possesses amountful interest for our readers, since it is one of the last stories of one of the abless Catholic writers, who died only a few months ago

APRIL 7, 1100.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE WHITE ROSEBUD.

It was the first Thursday, and a busy morning it had been for Father Ryan, for even in the remote South African village of Wyndall the devotion of the

Nine Fridays was practiced. Not till the midday Angelus struck did the priest leave the confessional, and as he knelt at the end of the church for a few moments footsteps on the gravel outside told that possibly another penitent would detain him still longer. On the footsteps came, till they stopped in the porch. The priest turned his head and his gaze met a pair of dark eyes belonging to a little a little girl of about four or five. The child was a stranger to him, but he remembered to have seen her in the grounds adjoining the presbytery gar den. Father Ryan beckoned to her and she obeyed his sign. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Rosebud," was the reply, and then she added : "Narse fell asleep so got through the hedge in your garden and comed here " "Will mother not be anxious about

you ? The pretty face clouded as with

dreary sigh she answered : "Mother died when we lived in th

other house, and I is so lonely." Her eyes filled with tears and th rosy lips quivered piteously. Fathe Ryan with great haste turned the con versation by suggesting that she shou

dine with him. The invitation was graciously d Rosebud said she wou clined.

rather stay where she was. "Who is that?" she asked sudden! pointing to a statue of the Sacr Heart.

That is Jesus," was the answe Would you like to go nearer to Him Rosebud agreed to the proposal i mediately, and together they walk to the top of the chapel, the child

the time repeating the name "Jesu as if she had heard it for the first tin That she might have a better vie the priest raised her in his arms, a long and earnestly Rosebud looked the statue, examining every detail. Why is He holding out His hand

she whispered after a long silen "What does He want me to g Him ? "He wants your heart, Rosebu

said Father Ryan; then seeing h puzzled she looked, he added : " wants you to love Him so much t you will give Him whatever you l

Rosebud considered for a min and then she said decidedly, "I) flowers best; I'll bring some to Jes

There was another long pause, then the child, pointing to the wour Heart, asked, "Who hurt Him? who hurt Him so sore ?" "The Jews did " Father Ryan

he answered her, was wonderin what religion she belonged. answer enlightened him.

Jews," she repeated, as if name suggested something, and after a pause she said, "Nurse I'm a Jew; but, oh! I didn't Him, really I didn't, I didn't."

The thought excited her so d fully that Father Ryan had to a her that he believed her, and to

vent another outbreak told her i time for them to go. "First let me kiss Him," pleaded.

Father Ryan lifted her up t level of the Sacred Heart. The arms were twined round the S as the pretty lips and Neck, pressed against the open wour heard her say : "Jesus, I love you, and I'm for you, and you know I wouldn' you Would that more often Jes ceived such true, heartfelt acts paratory love as His baby poured out that day

good works indeed and abound in them and do such penances as may express to you and confirm in you a sense of the ugliness of your sin, but do every thing in the love of God, kindled in you by the grace of Jesus Christ. Use indeed the intercession of the saints, but beware of regarding them as any thing more than elect vessels of the grace of God. If you find yourself trusting in the merits of a saint, or even of the Blessed Virgin, independ ently of the Saviour, from Whom all their merits are derived; then, at your next confession, accuse yourself of the grievous sin of idolatry." Such is the the talents must be put out to use and tenor of those large extracts from German books of devotion, common in Luther's early life, given by Janssen in his second volume. I subjoin some brief passages

"Without doubt man must believe that he can be redeemed and saved through nought else than through the bitter Passion of our Lord Jesus (Sebastion Brant's " Garden Christ. of the soul," 1503 40 editions)

I long after Thy Paradise, not on account of the worth of my merits, for am only dust and ashes, and the most wretched of sinners, worthy only of mere compassion, but because Thou. in virtue and working of Thy most holy Passion, hast been willing to redeem me, poor, wretched, sinful man, and through Thy precious blood poured out for me to unclose to me Paradise." (Ars moriendi, 1470)

"Most sweet Jesus, in Thee is my only hope. Lord Thy Paradise do I solicit, not out of the worth of my merits, but in virtue of Thy most blessed Passion, through which Thou hast bean minded to redeem me, wretched one, and to purchase for me Paradise with the cost of Thy costly blood." (Geiler of Kaisersberg. "Course to be (Getler of Kaisersberg. tollowed with a dving man." 1482.)

of the man or woman who cried "Gcd help me if I had even the tempta st every priest admonish each of the faithful to grieve for his sins, to put all his hope in the merit of the tions of that man, but I am fit for noth ing, I can do no good. I cannot ever Passion of Christ, to remain steadfast be bad. There is nothing remarkabl in the faith of Christ and of the Church. about me but my stupidity." How many received their stimulus to action

Let him also be admonished not to keep the goods of another knowing that hour, who shall say? Certain it to solve the goods of about reference in the love of the nour, who shall say? Certain it is, and to forgive all in the love of Christ from his heart." (Synod of Basel, 1503) Indeed, remarks Janssen, there is pity.

give a little, and let none say their of Every time that some literary imfering of service was worthless. How powerfully moved were his hearers as ostor arises to claim the work of anhe described the man who was kept other as his own we sigh for the presence of that Western cowboy moving by the inward sting of great who heard for the first time, from an Eastactivities and by the lash of great suc ern tourist, that Shakespeare did not cess, how pathetic was the description write " Hamlet." The tourist had the Baconlan theory at his finger tips and had triumphantly refuted every argument for the other side, until he ran against the cowboy. His eloquence failed when he found himself looking into the muzzle of a navy revolver and nfronted with the simple but force-

ful remark : "I say that Shakespeare wrote that play, for I saw him do it. Do you mean to intimate that I'm a liar ?"- Boston Pilot.

most coasts is the price of her. (Prov., xxxi.) It is only heroic virtues practised in a heroic degree that the Church canonizes. After our Lord Jesus Christ, no one has ever exercised so salutary an influence as the Blessed Virgin on soci ety, on the family and on the individ-

nal. THE MOTHER OF JESUS exercises throughout the Christian common wealth that hallowing influence which a good mother wields over the Christian family.

What temple or chapel, how rude so ever it may be, is not adorned with a painting or a statue of the Madonna? What house is not emballished with an image of Mary ? What Catholic child

is a stranger to her familiar face? The priest and the layman, the scholar and the illiterate, the prince and the peasant, the mother and the maid, acknowledge her benign sway And if Christianity is so fruitful in mparison with paganism in conjuga fidelity, in female purity and in the

espect paid to womanhood, these bless ings are in no small measure due to the force of Mary's all pervading influence. Ever since the Son of God chose a woman to be His Mother, man looks up to woman with a homage akin o veneration.

The post Longfellow ("Golden Lagend") pays the following tribute to Mary's sanctifying influence :

This is indeed the blassed Mary's land, Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer ! All hearts are touched and softened at her

name; Alike the bandit with the bloody hand, The priest, the prince, the scholar and the

peasant, The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer Pay homage to her as one ever present !

And if our faith had given us nothing more Than this example of all womanhood, So mild, so mercifal, so strong, so good, So patient, peacefal, loyal, loving, pure. This were enough to prove it higher and

Than all the creeds the world had known be-

St. Ambrose gives the following beautiful picture of Mary's life before her espousals: "Let the life," he says, " of the Blessed Virgin be ever present to you, in which, as in a mirror, the beauty of chastity and the form of virtue shine forth. She was a virgin

life, and to exhibit her as a beautiful pattern to those who are called in to rule a household. The evangelist tells that Jesus "was subject to them " (Luke ., 51), that is, to Mary and Joseph. He obeyed all her c mmands, fulfilled her behests, complied with her smallest injunctions-in a word, He discharged toward her all the filial observances which a dutiful son exercises toward a prudent mother. These relations con inued from His childhood to His public life, nor did they cease even then. Now Jesus being the Son of God, the brightness of His glory and the figure of His substance ' Heb.

could not sin. He was incapable of fulfilling an unrighteous precept. THE OBVIOUS CONCLUSION

to be drawn from these facts is that Mary never sinned by commanding, as Jesus could not sin by obeying ; that all her precepts and counsels stamped with the seal of divine appro ation, and that the Son never fulfilled any injunction of His earthly mother which was not ratified by His Eternal Father in heaven.

Such is the beautiful portrait which the Church holds up to the contempla tion of her children, that, studying it they may admire the original, admir ing they may love, loving they may imitate, and thus, by the constant daily contemplation of the highest. most perfect ideal of womanbood, be come more near to God by being made

conformable to the image of His Son" (Rom. viii., 29), of whom Mary is the most perfect mirror.

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Once outside that chapel, Ryan said good-by to his little v and helped her into her own through the gap in the hedge she had made use of that day. night, before the Blessed Sacr the priest prayed : " O] Father, I offer you the Precious of Jesus for the conversion of the and in particular for Rosebu few days later, as he was w near the hedge, thinking of R he heard her calling him. She the gap with her arms full o and her whole appearance show she had hard work gathering t "These are for Jesus," sh

giving the flowers to him. thick He will like them ?"

The priest looked at the flow choicest of their kind, and the beautiful child. "Rosebud," slowly, "I know one little flo Jesus would like better than

full of these." The lovely face beamed wit as she cried with delight, little flower, 'cos I'se Rosebud.

Nurse's voice calling stopp conversation, and Father Ryan to the church to lay the flower shrine. They had evidently be by the child herself, for the marks which told of a strugg snow-white bud was stained w Father Ryan singled it out an it at the foot of the statue of the same time the Precious B one day another Rosebud m to those Sacred) her way little knew how soon or how his prayer was to be answere Days grew into weeks befo

Ryan saw Rosebud again. visits of the doctor at the n aroused his fears. On end the gardener, one of his cong he heard that the child had tack of fever. Every day