

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Paclan, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1902

1223

## The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, March 29, 1902.

### NOW IN ROME.

The famous Chicago reporter who spoke of Cardinal Satoli as wearing a thurifer on his head is just now in Rome. His latest item of information is that during the performance of church ceremonies Cardinal Parocchi "sits beneath the baldachin stiff and motionless as a dies irae."

### THE MAN WE LIKE.

For our part, give us the self-opinionated young man. He is a person, and worthy of respect. He is not popular, we know, but he is popular with himself and that is the main thing, and after all what means this popularity that is so much coveted. To have your name on the lips of the unthinking, your praises sung by a feeble multitude that will cease to remember you when some new plaything comes on the scene. It is not worth a moment's striving. The world will take the folly out of the self-opinionated man and leave him a substantial citizen, and with all his erudition he is to be preferred to the young man who goes to the theatre, takes a drink, rides a bicycle, and agrees with everybody because "they all do it." He is a nonentity.

### EASTER AND ITS LESSON.

On next Sunday the story of Easter will be told in Christian pulpits. It is an old story, but one that must have ever an absorbing interest. It is the first chapter of the victories of the Lord. And when one looks over the centuries and sees how the Son of Mary has met and vanquished all sorts of enemies—has conquered the hearts and minds of men, we must needs "sing and praise His powers."

Sometimes we hear of schemes to extend the Kingdom of God on earth. Schemes are good provided they are on right lines. Organization and enthusiasm are invaluable, but after all they are but human means. To accomplish anything for the Lord—to aid, as He wishes us to do, in His triumph, we must use His weapons and understand that effort must, if productive, be supernaturalized. We must rely on the power of Christ, and not solely on the power of man. This does not mean that we should pay no heed to a good cause or work. We must not be idlers, but let us remember the conditions that must accompany the success that has any element of permanency.

### A NEW CULT.

We understand that there is a new sect on the market. It rejoices in the somewhat vague appellation of "The New Thought." Its patron saint is Emerson; and it has for its basic purpose nothing less than a lively realization of the metaphysical truth at the base of all religion and philosophy, not as mystical or intellectual abstraction, but as a working force in actual life, eligible to all men everywhere.

This kind of Brook Farm programme is intended as a substitute for religion. It has, we are told, some able men behind it, but even they, reinforced by the nebulosity of the philosopher of Concord, will fail to make it other than a dream, or at best a topic for academic discussion.

We should like to sympathize with the individuals who are in quest of something as a substitute for religion. We should like to put them on a par with the people who in other days were ever seeking for the God Whom they had lost. But we cannot do it. The Pagans knew their limitation, but the scientific, up-to-date framers of religious programmes do not, and are too singularly wise to need any sympathy. They assume—and the assumption is couched in beautiful jargon—that Christianity has ceased to be a factor in every day life. If so, the fault is not Christianity's. Upon what grounds, however, we are not told. But we may remark that if Christianity has been a satisfactory working force for centuries and has given and gives today the key to the mysteries of human life, what need is there to recast and refashion it or give us something in place of it. It is a very unscientific mode of procedure, and for this we have no less an authority than Haeckel. We hope that the propagators of the new cult may have honesty enough to admit some day that the Greek was right when he said the clear knowledge of these things is in this life impossible, or at least very difficult. The philosopher should

therefore hold to that which appears more probable unless he has some surer light, or the word of God Himself to guide him.

### DEVOTIONAL LITERATURE.

Writing in the New Century on "A Book and its Philosophy," Maurice Francis Egan says "we are told that men have 'no time' for pious books. The truth is men have no time for the latest French convent fashion in pious books. We can understand the sneer cast at the Church in France that she exists only for timid women and children when one reads the exotic expressions of artificial raptures in these *soi-disant* pious manuals."

We think that the Professor is too severe in his strictures. What has been said of devotions may be applied to devotional works, viz., that the expression of feeling and temper of one nation is not to be censured because not in accord with that of another. National temperament has something to do with the mode of religious expression. The passionate Neapolitans read in the Glories of Mary their very heart's language to Our Lady, whilst we may consider it overwrought and prefer to talk to her in a different strain. We may not like succulent spirituality; but we must not look upon it as the sole cause of our apathy regarding spiritual literature. This, of course, from our point of view, and with deference to the Professor.

True, there is a number of flabby spiritual books in circulation, but they are not all of Gallic origin. Some indeed come from France, but with them also come antidotes in the shape of works of a virile and invigorating nature. Lacordaire, Felix Ravignan, Monsabre, d'Hulst have given us no *soi-disant* pious manuals. A spiritual sentimentality that can find refreshment in the brilliant orations of Lacordaire and the closely-reasoned discourses of Monsabre, cannot well be taxed with a hankering after rose water piety.

For our part we cannot understand the reason of the sneer against the Church in France. We may wonder why so many devoted Catholics are in the grip of the infidel, and assign more or less satisfactory reasons for this strange state of affairs; but to sneer because they happen to have a number of *soi-disant* manuals would lead one to believe that our sneering faculty has been over-developed. If we prefer a "piece of cool, instructive reasoning to a warm, animated exhortation," we can turn to the productions, some of which are a part of the world's literature that have come from the pens of Frenchmen.

Then the men who are in quest of suitable reading may see in the catalogues of English publishing houses some works which may appeal to them. There are the Jesuit Fathers Tyrrell and Galwey, Bishop Hedley and Father Dalgairns, Father Sheehan and others. But Father Sheehan, it may be objected, is a novelist. So he is called, but he is also a magnificent preacher, and so giving to truth "the garb and vesture, the form and color, the warmth and life that to be loved it need be seen," seeking to renew again in Catholic lives the spirit of the Thebaid and giving the only solution to life's riddle. Here is nourishment, and to spare, to satiate the hunger of the men.

But the great trouble, we believe, with too many men is that they do not read anything at all in the spiritual line. They have no desire to daily with this kind of literature, and if at times its utility and necessity obtrudes itself upon their vision, it is soon blurred by what the world has to offer them. They have no taste for it because they have never been taught how to acquire it. To ask a man whose devotional library comprises the "Key of Heaven" and "subscription books" to read Father Dalgairns would be like asking a rag-time musician to take an interest in Bach's chorales. We may be mistaken on this point, but we venture to say that the old people who were little anxious about being in harmony with modern thought and who had few books other than the Poor Man's Catechism and Milner's End of Controversy, were a deal more enlightened than their fastidious descendants. At all events their piety was not sentiment, nor evanescent feeling, but something rooted in and resting on the faith of the Incarnation. They were docile and obedient Catholics—unswerving in their loyalty to the Church because they were so taught by Christian parents. This is the need of the day—the truly Catholic home. Give us books if you like—but give us men to read them.

### THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE DEVIL.

A writer in the International Monthly for March has something to say about what he terms the disappearance of the devil. We are informed that the most intelligent believers of to-day do not entertain the idea of a devil. There are, of course, intelligent men who do, but they do not seem to count for anything in the estimation of those who are carried away by the "timespirit." It is a very simple method of making one's position secure to content that, because educated men disbelieve in a devil, there is no devil. It is plausible, but it has its disadvantages. Educated men have made mistakes ere this, and they may make them again. And remembering that other educated men hold a contrary opinion, it is well not to unduly dogmatize over the disappearance of the devil. Facts, too, are not figments of imagination but realities. What we think about them does not change nor destroy them. Because some of us do not believe in miracles, it does not follow that they do not take place. Wondrous things do happen occasionally, and to view them with unconcern or account for them by the explanations that are given by men with preconceived opinions does not betoken the highest exercise of intelligence. Suppose an individual who discounts miracles were to see a man cured at Lourdes. Suppose, further, he were told by a reputable physician that the man made whole had been suffering from an ailment not amenable to any known medical process. How would he look upon it? He might possibly shut his eyes to the fact or take refuge in the opinions of the educated men who reject all such occurrences. But the fact of the cure would remain just the same. Suppose, again, he were to assist at spiritualistic seances. Some of these, we know, are impostures, but others, according to the testimony of not only Christians but materialists, are far removed from the province of the mere conjurer and charlatan. Suppose he were to hear a table rap out answers to various questions? How would he explain it? What is the cause of this effect? We may use up any amount of gray matter in thinking about it; we may ridicule it, but the fact remains that a table is endowed for the time being with intelligence. We should like to hear a man who disbelieves in a spirit world account for the phenomenon. The writer goes on to say that instead of exorcising the men we send them into asylums. This is a very easy if not convincing way of getting rid of diabolic possession. Whilst we may presume that in the majority of cases insanity is due to natural causes, we have no hesitation in saying that the man who holds them responsible for each and every instance, knows more about insanity than the wisest doctors. The fact of scotching the existence of devils, their work in the world, demoniacal possession, which are vouched for by Holy Writ, does not do away with them. We may be called superstitious, but we shall manage to worry along and try to keep out of the clutches of our adversary who goeth about seeking whom he may devour.

Some of the literary journals are fond of asking their subscribers what books have influenced them. Judging from the answers they receive we must have progressed somewhat since Harrison called us a generation of magazine-suckers. It gives one a thrill to think that the Bible, Dante, Shakespeare, etc., are still in honor, and that we have time to bow down before the kings of thought. One must get strong on such pabulum. A friend, however, regards it as posturing, and it reminds him of a story he read not long since. A gentleman of scholarly tastes who has not acquired the art of talking gracefully about the weather undertook to talk literature to a young lady whom he met at "at home." He began by intimating that she must admire Sir Walter Scott.

"Is not his Lady of the Lake, in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not—"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's Marmion," he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvellous descriptions. One can almost smell the heather on the heath while perusing its splendid pages."

"It is perfectly grand," she murmured.

"And Scott's Emulsion," he continued, hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."

THE FAITH THAT LIVES.  
Testimony of a Unitarian to Catholic Vitality.

William P. Andrews, fresh from a visit to Italy, writes in our esteemed Unitarian contemporary, The Christian Register, on "The Church in Italy: Its Present Condition and Work." He regrets that there is not a variety of religions in Italy; though it is hard to see why he should wish to add religious divisions to the country's other miseries.

Nevertheless, recalling a paper once read before the Unitarian Club, sustaining the thesis that if you destroyed the Church you would destroy at the same time the mainstay of morality and the foundation of happiness, Mr. Andrews said of the Church's loss of influence:

"Those communities over which the Church has lost its hold are distinctly less moral and evidently very much less happy. This is true of all the large cities, but very markedly evident in two of the smaller towns—Pisa in Tuscany and Taormina in Sicily. . . . This is a subject of considerable interest to us in America, where the Catholic Church is making such tremendous strides. The census of 1890 showed that it had reached the second place among the churches of the United States in wealth and in the number of its communicants. Protestantism, which plays such a great part in our own civilization, makes very little progress in sunny Italy. The Italian can only be reached through the depths of his warm, emotional nature, and the color, intellectual appeal of Protestantism is there a seed that falls upon rather barren ground. The Roman Church, with its splendid ceremonies, the refuge of its always open churches, where the duchess in her diamonds and lace and the poor old fruit-vender with her basket side by side may find a quiet haven amid the turmoil of daily life, its minute interest in the daily affairs of all its members, touches the Italian heart much more closely. Every holiday, for instance—and there are many in Italy, eighteen of which are legally recognized—is really what its name suggests, a holy day. The Church instructs the communicant from his earliest youth in the meaning of its observance, the significance of the daily life, of the Divine event which the celebration of the day would commemorate. It is the Church which inaugurates and prepares the great procession through the streets of the town, the flowers and fireworks with which the joyful occasion is celebrated. Its appeal is always to the joyful side of his nature. He is made to feel that all his joys spring from his religion, and every glad day is thus bound up in his thought with some religious observance."

"Worship the Lord with joy" is an idea which the Church is forever inculcating. . . .

"It is quite true that where, as in Pisa, the Church has lost its hold on the people, they have become much less happy and much less moral. The Church enters very closely into all the relations of life, and certainly has a tendency to keep sacred all that we value as the sanctities of the home. The Church has many shortcomings in the past; and, indeed, in the present the men who administer its affairs are often times not wholly above reproach. But it is now doing a great work in helping the peasants by means of village banks and other co-operative institutions, established under its auspices in the rural districts, to become thrifty and well-to-do, and to better develop the agricultural resources of the country."

"Of the village banks to aid the small agriculturists recently established in rural communities, eight hundred are Catholic institutions, set up by the Church to aid their poorer parishioners; and only one hundred and twenty-five have been established on an unsectarian basis. These banks have been of very great service, and have done a great work in helping the poor farmers. It has also taught them the advantage of co-operation and co-operative societies for the care of the sick and the old; and funeral expenses have proved everywhere a great aid in ameliorating the condition of the poor."

"Through the dispossessed nuns and monks the Church is doing a very valuable educational work. Its parochial schools for the younger children are decidedly the best of their class in Italy. The children are taught the things that will be most valuable in the daily lives that they are likely to follow. They are taught to read and write extremely well. A pupil of these schools but ten years old will write a personal letter, admirably expressed, and generally in a very good hand. They also learn the simpler forms of arithmetic, and keep household accounts very well. No attention is given to the merely ornamental branches of education, which are taught in our own public schools; but they are very carefully instructed in all that goes to make them useful in the household. The little girls are, for instance, taught how to cook and care for the kitchen by the actual practice of cooking their own mid-day meal, which the scholars prepare and eat in the school building. They are also taught all the varieties of the art of sewing, from the simplest stitching to the most elaborate embroidery, and many other things that tend toward the happiness of home and state."

"The little boys are also given a great deal of valuable practical instruction, and come out, on the whole, better fitted for the work in life they are likely to do than many children who have gone through a more highly intellectual process of training."

BOOKS AND READERS.

Some of the literary journals are fond of asking their subscribers what books have influenced them. Judging from the answers they receive we must have progressed somewhat since Harrison called us a generation of magazine-suckers. It gives one a thrill to think that the Bible, Dante, Shakespeare, etc., are still in honor, and that we have time to bow down before the kings of thought. One must get strong on such pabulum. A friend, however, regards it as posturing, and it reminds him of a story he read not long since. A gentleman of scholarly tastes who has not acquired the art of talking gracefully about the weather undertook to talk literature to a young lady whom he met at "at home." He began by intimating that she must admire Sir Walter Scott.

"Is not his Lady of the Lake, in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not—"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's Marmion," he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvellous descriptions. One can almost smell the heather on the heath while perusing its splendid pages."

"It is perfectly grand," she murmured.

"And Scott's Emulsion," he continued, hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."

EXPERIENCES OF THREE CONVERTS.  
Turning Points in the Lives of a Priest, a Merchant and an Army Officer.

AV. MIRA.

Three men were quietly conversing in the room of one of them—a priest. The other two were respectively a wealthy merchant and an army officer who had risen from the ranks to a post of distinction by his talents and unswerving devotion to duty. All were converts, and they had been speaking of the wonderful manner in which Almighty God is pleased to turn souls to Himself.

"No doubt we could each tell a remarkable story in our own case," said the priest. "Here is the incident on which my conversion turned. During the Civil War I served in a volunteer regiment. Our colonel was a silent, revere man, but his men adored him. He shared all their hardships and gave his life in the end for the Lost Cause."

"I was sent one night to the colonel's tent by my own commanding officer. I knocked gently on the tent pole, but received no answer; so I ventured to lift the flap. The colonel was kneeling near his cot, a rosary in his hand. I had never seen one before, and could not imagine its use. Retiring discreetly, I knocked again, and this time he replied to the summons. I mentioned the little occurrence to no one, but it made a deep impression on my mind. I felt that here was indeed a good man, making no pretences of phylacteries and psalm-singing, but carrying his religion in his heart, as his whole conduct made manifest. Later, when I lay wounded in the hospital, I grew familiar with the use of the rosary through the Sisters who were our ministering angels. And so—I eventually became a Catholic."

"My experience," said the merchant, "was somewhat similar. While I was in the establishment of L. & P., I was sent one morning to take some samples of lace for approval to the rooms of a celebrated singer. Some one was with her when I arrived, and, opening a door leading into a small anteroom, she bade me wait until she should be at leisure. There I found a small table on which stood an ivory crucifix and an exquisite silver statue of the Blessed Virgin. In a tiny globe of amethyst glass a light was burning. Always a lover of beautiful things, I approached nearer to examine these works of art—when the singer entered."

"Ah! I see you are admiring my little crucifix and statue. Are they not beautiful? They were given by me the Empress of Austria."

"A little shyly, for I was not more than eighteen, I replied:

"They are very fine, Madam. But why, if it is not impertinent, do you have the light burning on the table?"

"Because this is my little oratory."

"What is an oratory?" I asked.

"Oh! she said, in some surprise. 'I forgot that you may not be a Catholic. It is a place in which one prays.'"

"And you pray here?"

"Sorely—every night and morning, and very often when I am overjoyed or perplexed."

"Never do I leave this room for the opera house but I kneel for a moment before Christ and His Blessed Mother, that my work may be blessed."

"There was no trace of egotism or self-commendation in her words; she was simplicity itself; and of so charming and gracious a personality that I still carry the memory in my old heart. The following Sunday she sang at the Cathedral. I went that very day to a Catholic church for the first time, but it has held me ever since."

"My story is quite curious also, said the army man. 'I was always fond, when a young man, of going about to different churches—rather for the social features than from any religious motives. My piety was not at all increased by these various experiences. I had but little faith in the sincerity of most people whom I met under those circumstances. But against one church—the Catholic—I had ever an inveterate prejudice. From my youth I had heard stories of the idolatry and superstition of its members."

"One morning about 11 o'clock I was passing a Catholic church in Norfolk, Virginia. It suddenly began to rain; I had no umbrella and ran up into the vestibule of the church. As I stood there waiting for the rain to cease, the clouds grew darker, and I began to feel rather chilly. A light was noticeable through the inner door came the sound of sacred music, of which I have always been passionately fond. I entered and went into a pew and began to look

about me. It was at the moment of the elevation every head was bowed—one could almost feel the silence.

"An indescribable emotion took possession of me. I realized fully that here was piety, here was prayer. Later I lingered in my place near the door, watching the congregation quietly and reverently disperse. When I left the church everyone had departed. The rain had passed over; fresh and green were the trees and grass, sailing the blue sky. There was sunshine over the world and sunshine in my heart. In less than three months I was a Catholic."

WHAT CATHOLICS MUST BELIEVE.

By the principles of the Catholic Church no one is bound to believe anything as an article of faith except what God has revealed. If God has revealed a certain truth that truth is immutable. No discovery in science, no progress in knowledge, no improvement in society can make that which God has revealed cease to be the truth. It must continue to be the doctrine of the Church, immutable, irrefragable to the end of the world.

The denial of a doctrine defined constitutes the loss of faith and a separation from the Church of God. There are many topics in some measure connected with religion upon which we have no divine revelation; these topics can be freely discussed, for Catholics believe that no power but that established by God Himself can command the submission of the human intellect; and if it should so happen that a doubt existed as to whether any revelation was made upon certain topics during the inquiry, and until the discovery of satisfactory evidence, the Church does not interpose the adoption or rejection of such an opinion.

She is said then to tolerate such opinion, because if she does not find that God has revealed such a truth she cannot prevent its being held, nor can she cut off from her communion those persons who may upon such subjects hold even private opinions. This she cannot tolerate an error of faith; but she does tolerate differences of opinion, where defined dogmas are not concerned.—Rev. J. F. Mullaney, LL. D., in Donahoe's.

BROAD CHRISTIANITY.

New York, March 16.—Rev. William O'Brien Parlow, S. J., of the Church of St. Ignace Loyola, preached the last of his Lenten sermons yesterday. He took as his topic "The Bible and Broad Christianity," and said in part:

"We hear a great deal said nowadays about broad Christianity, and that people are not so narrow in their views as they used to be. Non-Catholics especially talk this way, and Protestants say they know some very nice people who are Catholics and, of course, belong to a Church which has very narrow views in regard to religion. The question is, is this unalloyed good, the merging of the two ideas of broad and narrow Christianity?"

"We have got to draw the line now between God and the world. There are so many well-intentioned people, people of intelligence and culture outside of the Catholic Church, people who mean well yet, in fact, they are endeavoring to undermine Christianity. We hear so much of non-sectarianism and non-sectarianism; one sect rejects a certain portion of the Bible, another sect rejects another section, and between them all what has become of the Bible? It is scattered to the winds."

"You may, perhaps, tell me that advanced research is casting new light on all subjects, and why not on religion? Has there been light on all subjects? There has been no new light on any established truth, and there cannot be, for truth does not change. If Christ came upon the earth and taught truths, those truths cannot change with each generation. These are settled forever. Men and women who teach broad Christianity apparently do not realize that their teaching, if carried out, would bring the idea of religion down to the level of a human theory."

"It is not that the Catholic Church is narrow; it is that we believe Christianity is not a human institution. Is it not too bad that protesting Christians should try to dethrone Christ from His rightful position? The Catholic religion is alone supporting and teaching the truths taught by Christ. Christianity was made as much for the poor man who cannot make research as for the wealthy and cultured who have the means and leisure to make investigation of historical material. The Church is not narrow; she is only loyal to God and the teachings of Christ. The Church has through twenty centuries preserved the Bible. Any man who stands up in his pulpit and declares that a man need have no denominational belief so long as he believes in broad Christianity is a liar. Broad Christianity! I resent the term. There is no such thing in reality. They are hypocrites who say so."

Bigoted Book.

The International Catholic Truth Society has earned the thanks of Catholics by its exposure of bigoted books. Two works recently exposed are: "The History of Modern Europe" by Ferdinand Schull, Ph. D., Instructor in Modern History at the University of Chicago, (printed by Scribner's); and "The Young Folks Cyclopaedia of Persons and Places," by J. D. Chaplin, (published by Henry Holt & Co.) We would remind our readers of the imprudence of buying histories, encyclopedias, or other works from agents, without knowing whether the Catholic religion is abused and misrepresented in those books or not.—Antigonish Casket.

THE POPE.

His Holiness, of one of the New Yorks, J. A. Mohrley, has had the address of the Catholic Church in New York, and has devoted an entire issue to the details of the feast of the Ascension, which has been an audience exclusively for Catholics, and which is a great success.

At an expense of \$100,000, the highest grade of material has been procured in a magnificent building, the highest grade of material has been procured in a magnificent building, the highest grade of material has been procured in a magnificent building.

THE POPE.

His Holiness, of one of the New Yorks, J. A. Mohrley, has had the address of the Catholic Church in New York, and has devoted an entire issue to the details of the feast of the Ascension, which has been an audience exclusively for Catholics, and which is a great success.

At an expense of \$100,000, the highest grade of material has been procured in a magnificent building, the highest grade of material has been procured in a magnificent building, the highest grade of material has been procured in a magnificent building.

THE POPE.

His Holiness, of one of the New Yorks, J. A. Mohrley, has had the address of the Catholic Church in New York, and has devoted an entire issue to the details of the feast of the Ascension, which has been an audience exclusively for Catholics, and which is a great success.

At an expense of \$100,000, the highest grade of material has been procured in a magnificent building, the highest grade of material has been procured in a magnificent building, the highest grade of material has been procured in a magnificent building.

THE POPE.

His Holiness, of one of the New Yorks, J. A. Mohrley, has had the address of the Catholic Church in New York, and has devoted an entire issue to the details of the feast of the Ascension, which has been an audience exclusively for Catholics, and which is a great success.

At an expense of \$100,000, the highest grade of material has been procured in a magnificent building, the highest grade of material has been procured in a magnificent building, the highest grade of material has been procured in a magnificent building.

THE POPE.

His Holiness, of one of the New Yorks, J. A. Mohrley, has had the address of the Catholic Church in New York, and has devoted an entire issue to the details of the feast of the Ascension, which has been an audience exclusively for Catholics, and which is a great success.

At an expense of \$100,000, the highest grade of material has been procured in a magnificent building, the highest grade of material has been procured in a magnificent building, the highest grade of material has been procured in a magnificent building.

TON'S  
ESSENCE  
No trouble  
no bottles, from  
PUB. 30

MAN SUPPLIES.

under-  
Pender for Indian  
at this office up to  
April, 1902, for the  
of the fiscal  
at various points  
west Territories,  
full particulars  
the undersigned,  
at Winnipeg,  
S. D. McLEAN,  
Secretary.

1902.

According to  
and Pontiff  
with the Ap-  
New electro-  
inding Price  
dresses Thou.

ESSENCES.

ISS AP.

actuating and  
th bound—in  
of the world.  
receipt of 50  
ence the re-  
was blessed  
of the same  
commendation  
L. H. the re-  
dure, and  
work on the

COFFEE.

London, Ont.

LOQUENCE.

interesting  
comp. with  
Dr. Mc-N. in-  
sum of \$1.50.  
are im-  
of the same  
of London  
Hilpot Curran,  
Shiel, Daniel  
E. Francis  
of the same  
D. H. H. H.  
with a  
Hilpot Curran,  
Shiel, Daniel  
E. Francis  
of the same  
D. H. H. H.

For our part, give us the self-opinionated young man. He is a person, and worthy of respect. He is not popular, we know, but he is popular with himself and that is the main thing, and after all what means this popularity that is so much coveted. To have your name on the lips of the unthinking, your praises sung by a feeble multitude that will cease to remember you when some new plaything comes on the scene. It is not worth a moment's striving. The world will take the folly out of the self-opinionated man and leave him a substantial citizen, and with all his erudition he is to be preferred to the young man who goes to the theatre, takes a drink, rides a bicycle, and agrees with everybody because "they all do it." He is a nonentity.

On next Sunday the story of Easter will be told in Christian pulpits. It is an old story, but one that must have ever an absorbing interest. It is the first chapter of the victories of the Lord. And when one looks over the centuries and sees how the Son of Mary has met and vanquished all sorts of enemies—has conquered the hearts and minds of men, we must needs "sing and praise His powers."

Sometimes we hear of schemes to extend the Kingdom of God on earth. Schemes are good provided they are on right lines. Organization and enthusiasm are invaluable, but after all they are but human means. To accomplish anything for the Lord—to aid, as He wishes us to do, in His triumph, we must use His weapons and understand that effort must, if productive, be supernaturalized. We must rely on the power of Christ, and not solely on the power of man. This does not mean that we should pay no heed to a good cause or work. We must not be idlers, but let us remember the conditions that must accompany the success that has any element of permanency.

We understand that there is a new sect on the market. It rejoices in the somewhat vague appellation of "The New Thought." Its patron saint is Emerson; and it has for its basic purpose nothing less than a lively realization of the metaphysical truth at the base of all religion and philosophy, not as mystical or intellectual abstraction, but as a working force in actual life, eligible to all men everywhere.

This kind of Brook Farm programme is intended as a substitute for religion. It has, we are told, some able men behind it, but even they, reinforced by the nebulosity of the philosopher of Concord, will fail to make it other than a dream, or at best a topic for academic discussion.

We should like to sympathize with the individuals who are in quest of something as a substitute for religion. We should like to put them on a par with the people who in other days were ever seeking for the God Whom they had lost. But we cannot do it. The Pagans knew their limitation, but the scientific, up-to-date framers of religious programmes do not, and are too singularly wise to need any sympathy. They assume—and the assumption is couched in beautiful jargon—that Christianity has ceased to be a factor in every day life. If so, the fault is not Christianity's. Upon what grounds, however, we are not told. But we may remark that if Christianity has been a satisfactory working force for centuries and has given and gives today the key to the mysteries of human life, what need is there to recast and refashion it or give us something in place of it. It is a very unscientific mode of procedure, and for this we have no less an authority than Haeckel. We hope that the propagators of the new cult may have honesty enough to admit some day that the Greek was right when he said the clear knowledge of these things is in this life impossible, or at least very difficult. The philosopher should