

AMERICAN exchanges speaking quite strongly man who thinks she has a form the world and takes the end of the country to be all very well in its the good woman is ab- taking care of her family? as no home work to per- be the case she is not as one who has little ones who. Viewed from any light to be a glaring unfitness appearance of a woman on a m. We have too many of be that they mean well advance the cause of Chris- philanthropy, but they more effectively were they their proper sphere. Many is doing the saloons while time is taken up with deleg-

TEEFY AT THE CANADIAN CLUB.

ADDRESS—A GLANCE AT THE VATICAN.
Advertisement, Dec. 18.

Monday luncheon of the Can- did to day, Rev. Dr. Teefy, nels' College, Toronto, was red a strong address on "The explaining the art treasures iving a detailed account of the celebrated artists of Michael Angelo, Fra Angel- aphical. He gave a close e Pius X., touching also on e had accomplished during

Frank Lawson presided, ducing the speaker, referred at this was his first visit and he felt certain that the Club would feel grateful of conferred upon them.

TEEFY'S ADDRESS.

Dr. Teefy expressed in his inability to prepare distinctly Canadian for the Club. Pressure of work at the year made it quite im- him to do so. However, he ed to be present, and if the is at all interesting to those would be satisfied.

As his subject "The Vated as his subject, and he ed something else, some- ous. The Vatican was very ilding. The Coliseum of St. 585 feet in length, and 408 in it could be placed on the of St. Peter's Basilica. The tained 11,000 rooms. When ough it, one was overcome by reverence.

going through it, we cannot nder Teefy. "We are in the best of art, and recep- sions of which we cannot

WONDERFUL LIBRARY. ed to the library containing cripts in every language id, and students could often uring over these manuscripts unravel their message.

rooms there are the num- of the Pontiffs, some of rare value, and others of great

the curios is a love letter of H. to Anne Boleyn," said eefy. "I do not know how me to get it," he added, amid

on's day, he continued, the ibrary was in charge of a car- famous polyglot, who spoke ty languages. It was him said that he should have pter for the Tower of Babel.

statue building, there were ous of statues, the two prin- being the Luocoon group Apollo Belvidere group.

ely described them in detail, nder their history and their mean-

OWTH OF THE VATICAN. akker then spoke of the great the Vatican under the power ulius II. He was the Pope of

power, the man who freed French domination, and made He brought Michael Angelo

mean, and he began to enlarge ty. While a great ruler he much time to the liberal arts, the patron of artists and Michael Angelo rebuilt and the Vatican, until to-day

ory of the world. ke of the great work of Fra Michael Angelo, and Raphael, nder the work done by each in centre of the church.

istine Chapel was especially of and the great drama of as depicted by Angelo on the ceiling of the chapel was

ork of Michael Angelo, who had friends, Dante and Savonarola, shed more sermons to humanity other preacher in church or said Dr. Teefy.

onance at which the Pope is held in this chapel.

Teefy spoke of the election of us X., who on the first ballot had vote, but who was afterwards as head of the church.

unknown man had ruled the ell. He was greater than Pope great as he was. In France, posed the Judaic minority in which had attempted to make theistic by banishing all reli- gious to-day raise such an issue. The reports of our own Finance Commission and of similar agencies throughout the country make it plain that the vital question of the day is, not the reputed religion but the honesty of the office holder. Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, ought to combine against the grafter and the thief. The burning question of the day is: How best may we secure for the public service the honest and capable men? One of the first steps to be taken in this direction is ob-

Father Teefy spoke of the Pope's attitude toward the Vulgate, and he had set a number of monks revising it. At the head of this committee was an English Benedictine monk of great scholarly attainments.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded the speaker.

FATHER VAUGHAN IS PLEASED.

Writing in the London Tablet of December 5, Father Herbert Vaughan, D. D., of England, has pleasant words to say of the First American Missionary Congress recently in session in this city. Father Vaughan is a brother of the late Cardinal Vaughan and also of the famous London Jesuit, Father Bernard Vaughan, and his opinion carries much weight overseas.

"The Catholic Church, during the past quarter of a century, has been making rapid strides in the United States of America. On the intellectual side, it has inaugurated a Catholic university with a first class equipment of professors, and subordinated to this, there has been built up a system of colleges and parochial schools throughout the country. Moreover, Catholics have been erecting cathedrals that will vie with some of the famous cathedrals of the old world. Besides these signs of material progress, there has been a considerable development in spiritual organization. This latter is indicated by the inauguration of the Apostolic Mission House and the missionary movement among non-Catholics which has been carried on for some years with remarkable success by the Paulist Fathers, and more recently by diocesan missionary bands. All missionary movements are signs of growth and when they are vigorous and universal they are infallible marks of unusual health and strength in organization.

"The first great American Missionary Congress, which was held this week at Chicago, is in many respects a measure of the activity which is now stirring the great body of the Catholic Church in the United States.

"The idea of calling such a congress arose, in the first place, from the mind of the Archbishop of Chicago. Its object is perhaps more briefly and clearly set forth in the Archbishop's own words, which were as follows: 'To mark the change of the Church in North America from missionary condition to its full share in the efforts of the Church universal by striking the note of self- ishness clearly and forcefully. To crystallize the missionary sentiment now being awakened in the Catholic clergy and people, to the end that all may realize their common duty of preserving and extending the Church of Jesus Christ. To study missionary conditions, especially of America and the colonies of the United States, and plan for their improvement. To pledge to the Holy Father America's loyal support and active co-operation in his mighty task of restoring all things in Christ.'

In closing his page report of the congress Father Vaughan becomes somewhat critical. It was unfortunate, he thinks, that "owing to the number, and sometimes the length, of the papers read at the congress no time was left for discussion." Discussion would have been interesting, no doubt, but perhaps its unavoidable omission was just as well at the first congress. The papers were sufficiently thought provoking to afford us a number of topics for discussion ever since. It is not a bad sign that words were said which have evoked so much of comment. In concluding we find Father Vaughan remarking once more:

"The Catholic Church in America is certainly full of activity and zeal, but it appears to me that one thing at least is necessary to make the work complete. They need a national universal league or confederacy of prayer for America's conversion. It seems as if this spiritual side of the work was somewhat neglected. When it was my privilege to address the congress, I urged this point. I pleaded for such a society as the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom or the archconfraternity of Our Lady of Compassion—for a league of prayer that would be preached everywhere and erected in every parish of the United States. Surely such a confraternity, added to the organized and systematic work now being carried on with such signal success would certainly hasten the conversion of one of the greatest nations in the world."

The latter suggestion is an excellent one and worthy thoughtful consideration. It may be ventured, however, that it is easier to reach the 2,000,000 Catholics of England with such an organization than to induce the 10,000,000 Catholics of the United States to accept membership in such a worthy society. It is pleasant to learn, though, that the late congress impressed Father Vaughan quite favorably. Although barely two months in the country, he frankly admits the activity and zeal of American Catholicity, and gives us credit for "erecting cathedrals that will vie with some of the famous cathedrals of the old world." Certainly we have cause to be glad of having won the admiration of this distinguished English prelate. A quarter of a century hence we will be able to show him even greater marvels.—New World.

THE BAPTIST WATCHMANS' MISCHIEVOUS UTTERANCES.

We regret to find the Watchman (Baptist) of Boston sowing the seeds of sectarian hatred among its readers. It even outstrips the Lutheran ministers, of New York, who undertook to reprimand the President of the United States for holding that Catholics are loyal citizens. It is inexplicable to us how any thoughtful man, who has the interests of the community at heart, could to-day raise such an issue. The reports of our own Finance Commission and of similar agencies throughout the country make it plain that the vital question of the day is, not the reputed religion but the honesty of the office holder. Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, ought to combine against the grafter and the thief. The burning question of the day is: How best may we secure for the public service the honest and capable men? One of the first steps to be taken in this direction is ob-

viously to eliminate from the minds of our citizens all sectarian rivalries and prejudices. These infirmities only cloud the mind or bias the judgment. We should aim to make it impossible for a man to be influenced, in the casting of his vote, by the mere consideration of one's nationality or his supposed religion. The first thing to be considered by a voter is the ability and honesty of the candidate for office. If the voter be influenced by religious animosities, by the recollection of the injuries, the wrongs, of which he or his fathers were in former years the victims, the ballot in his hands is a dangerous weapon.

If the voter be a man like the writer of this paragraph in the Watchman steeped in religious antipathies, which are born of ignorance, he is a dangerous man in the community. We do not say that a man may not prefer to vote for a Catholic, provided the Catholic is in every way fit for the office, or for a Baptist who has all the necessary qualifications for the position. We simply insist that the primary, the most important and necessary qualification for public office is not the religious profession of the candidate but his fitness, his sterling character, his knowledge of affairs, his well known and inerrable integrity. But how can our Catholic citizens be expected to approach the ballot-box with a mind thus unbiased, free from religious resentment, while they themselves and their most cherished religious beliefs are made the object of vulgar misrepresentation and ignorant attack?

In this case the Watchman, exceeding even the ignorance of the Lutheran ministers of New York, undertakes to tell us what Catholics believe, and why this belief unites them for public office. The first specification of the indictment runs as follows: "It is the doctrine of the Roman Church that the authorities of that Church should direct its members in their relation to the State."

But Leo XIII, who has died, professedly with this question in his Ecclesiastical Letter, Nov. 1, 1885, declared that the powers of the Church and of the State both come from God, and that each power is supreme in its own sphere, and that it is the conscientious duty of every citizen to obey the civil government. Our own Cardinal Gibbons wrote, on the occasion of the centenary celebration of the adoption of the American Constitution:

"The Constitution of the United States is worthy of being written in letters of gold. It is a charter by which the liberties of sixty million of people are secured and by which, under Providence, the temporal happiness of countless millions, yet unborn, will be perpetuated."

The Watchman's second specification is: "It has been declared by the Pope within a year that the allegiance of Roman Catholics to their Church is superior to their allegiance to any political power." Roger Williams, the father of the Baptist church in this country, refused to obey the civil government in this colony of Massachusetts. Was he also wrong and a rebel? Jesus Christ established a twofold power when He said: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's. The Apostle Peter, in his reply to the Jewish authorities, as given in Chapters IV. and V. of the Acts of the Apostles explains for all time the meaning of our Saviour's words. "If it be just in the sight of God, to hear you rather than God, judge ye; for we can not but speak the things which we have seen and heard." And again: "We ought to obey God rather than man."

The Watchman does not give us here the words of Pius X. but, whatever words the Holy Father used, this was, doubtless, his meaning. The civil power in France has undertaken to destroy the constitution of the Church, given to it by Jesus Christ Himself; and Pius, obedient to the commission given to him in Peter: "Strengthen the faith of thy brethren," is merely performing the duties of his office. Let the French Government, following the example of the United States, keep within its own sphere, giving to God the things that are God's and it will experience no opposition from Pius X. But Pius X. himself replying to addresses made to him during the celebration of his sacerdotal jubilee just closed said on this very subject: "The Church will always defend the constituted authorities, imposing love, obedience, respect and observance of the laws, helping the state to provide for the maintenance of peace. At the same time the state should always render to God the things that are God's by showing itself respectful to that authority of the Church which God has given her, and by not thwarting but rather protecting her and her children."

The third specification of the Watchman is: "The history of the Roman Church shows that it is its purpose to control civil government." If the Watchman means by the word, "control," that the Church has helped, in all ages, when it had the power, to establish civil government on principles of civil and religious liberty, it is right; otherwise it is mistaken. No sane man would think of denying these truths. There is no need of quoting either Pope or Council to prove the loyalty of Catholic citizens to any and every form of civil government, whether that government be represented by a tyrant like Nero, or by a number of tyrants, such as we find to-day in France. But the absurdity of the Watchman's contention is best shown by the history of the Church or—what serves our purpose equally well—by the civic worth, the unselfish, patriotic loyalty of American Catholic citizens.

But has the Watchman, in its comments, or in its assumed facts, troubled itself to ascertain the truth? We fear not. Its purpose appears to be to arouse by every possible means, the unfounded fears, entertained formerly by well-meaning but mistaken people, and to stir up the dying embers of religious animosity.

We submit, in all earnestness, that such an effort is a real crime against the public welfare. However, the Watchman, we believe, will fail in its aim. We know many of its own co-religionists who have no sympathy with this intolerant spirit. The late Deacon Richardson of the Cambridge North Avenue Baptist

church had no patience with methods so un-Christian. The present worthy mayor of Cambridge, a Baptist, we believe, has, by his private and official life, repudiated ideas and methods so narrow and no less detrimental to the civil than to the religious life of the community.—Sacred Heart Review.

MAD!

A VIVID PICTURE OF THE SUFFERINGS OF THE SECULARIZED FRENCH NUNS.

Translated for the Catholic Standard and Times from the French of the Marquis Costa, of the French Academy in the University.

I met Dr. Mercier yesterday. You don't know Dr. Mercier? He is the most freethinking doctor of Paris. I should add, and the most original, for the good doctor laughs at his high-toned clients of the Champs-Elysees or the Avenue Montaigne. He has eyes and heart only for the practice he has won for himself on the outer boulevards. Nowhere else does the human animal appear to him so interesting, because he meets it there with all its vices and all its virtues.

What a curious book Mercier could write about his campaigns in the country of the "Forts" whose overcrowded population he has been visiting for the last ten years!

Will he ever write it? I hope so. He almost made me a promise to that effect yesterday.

Mercier got off the omnibus Madeleine-Bastille. He was covered with mud up to his eyes, and apparently in a ferocious frame of mind.

"Hello, doctor!" I said, extending my hand. He did not deign to notice it. Presently he turned on me.

"Do you know if your friend Bazin is preparing a new edition of his 'Isolée'?"

"I don't know," I said. "But why do you ask such a preposterous question?"

"Why?" Because he could add another heartrending story to all those he has already woven into his work."

Then Mercier passed his arm through mine and began to thread his way along the Boulevard Malesherbes, where he lives. I allowed myself to be taken in tow, for I was sure to hear an interesting story.

"Come, now," he said, stopping short all of a sudden, "can you imagine a more revolting spectacle than to see our legislators glut themselves with their bread with five millions whilst the wretches whom they have cast upon the highways are dying with hunger?"

"I'm not a millipede—I've often seen people die—but upon my life I never assisted at such an agony as I have just been witness of in the Rue du Chemin-Vert, in the Eleventh ward. You know, I have the bulk of my practice in that quarter. I know everybody there."

"A fortnight ago I was told about two women who had taken up their quarters in a mansard there. Who were they? No one knew. The gossips had their usual say, and it wasn't exactly of a flattering nature. It must be admitted that the appearance of the new arrivals, who called themselves sick nurses, was such as to justify the most daring surmises. The one, a woman of about forty-five, with her furbelows dress and short Scotch cloak, looked very much like a dealer in ladies' cast-off dresses. The other, still young and rather good-looking, cut a most sorry figure under her wretched straw hat, trimmed with a large feather that had once been curled."

"In this make-up they had proffered their services to the cure. An alms of a few francs and the cure requested them to go on their way. Quite natural! The old, well-established institutions are

afraid of competition. Then they timidly pulled every doctor's doorbell and awkwardly presented themselves at every chemist's shop in the ward, everywhere offering services that were nowhere wanted. Think of the fruitless pavers, the closed doors! The master is busy! The master is not in! Poor creatures, they learned to know but too well all the annoyances in store for those who look for work. They belonged to those who seek shelter in doorways; who stand about the braziers of the street pavers; who, careworn and sick at heart and tired of existence, haunt the seats in the public squares. And God only knows on what they lived—on a bread crumb perhaps, or a soup drawn from the pity of the passer-by.

"I don't want to talk literature: that's not in my line. I'll be brief."

"A policeman was their good Samaritan. They had picked him up after a wound, and he, not to be ungrateful, put in a good word for them in the quarter. In this way they had gotten something to do. Instead of money, they were paid in a little coal and a few potatoes for the long nights spent by the bedside of some decrepit old man or sick child, and little by little the good offices, the sweetness—don't smile! the astonishing sobriety of the newcomers had won friends for them."

"At last, when my ears had been dimmed full of the praises of the Miles Vernay—the name they had assumed—I made up my mind to go to see them and judge for myself."

"They occupied a garret on the fifth floor of one of those human beehives where people are born, where they die, unless they die in a hospital, but where they do not live, they are so wretched. I climbed and climbed until at last I discovered a slip of paper pinned to a door: 'Miles, Rose and Louise Vernay, sick nurses.'"

"I found two women there, the one old, the other young, as I have already told you. Want and exposure and mental suffering had emaciated their frames, paled their cheeks and hollowed their eyes. In a moment I had laid bare the wounds of these unfortunates for such were the women before me. Their convent, a provincial convent, had been lately closed. As they had been infirmarians in their community, the Mother Superior had sent them to Paris as sick nurses. It's a good trade; there are no slack sea ous; the good Mother had said."

"And since their arrival they lived on privations. Living on privations! What a nice antithesis! I promised not to let them die outright. Two days ago I received a note from the younger Miss Vernay, begging me to call at the Rue du Chemin-Vert. She had grave fears for her companion, who was a prey to the most terrible and unaccountable changes of humor. At least that's how I translated the incomprehensible phrase with which the poor little thing wound up her letter."

"Urgent business matters obliged me to put off my visit for twenty-four hours, but in any case I should have been too late."

"The most indescribable disorder reigned in the garret when I arrived there this morning. Beds and bed clothing were heaped up in a pile in the middle of the room. The floor was littered with shreds of garments and head dress. On the table lay the fragments of a broken crucifix."

"The older of the women was sitting, or rather crouching, by the stove. Her lower lip hung down; her eyes were glazed and fixed. Her gray locks hung

loose about her neck, and half concealed an unsightly, sunken breast. Her breath came in jerks; her hands trembled violently.

"No, it wasn't a fit. I saw at a glance that it was a case of prostration consequent on an acute crisis of delirium exhaustion. But you're not a doctor. It will suffice for you to know that want of blood, caused by excessive privations, often leads to this terrible alternation of stupidity and raving madness. I came at the end of one of these crises. It had lasted all night."

"Imagine what such a night must have been. Imagine, if you can, what must have taken place between those four walls where, in utter darkness, the child struggled with the maniac and dared not call for help, lest her companion, in her ravings, betray their secret. For at the top of her voice the mad woman kept crying for her content: 'They've driven me from it—a curse upon them, the wretches! They are damning me—Vive Jesus!'"

"What else can I tell you?" sobbed the girl when I continued to question her. "She did not come to herself until our crucifix fell. When she saw the broken pieces she believed herself damned. She crawled about the room on her hands and knees gathering the fragments, kissing them, and repeating over and over: 'Forgive me! Forgive me!' Oh, monsieur, I believe I shall go mad, too!"

"Poor child! Another shock like this would indeed have been her undoing. I prevailed on a kind-hearted neighbor woman to give her shelter for a day or two. Then I made the necessary preparations for transferring the sick woman to St. Anne's hospital."

"Two hours later all was in readiness. The ambulance was waiting at the door, and I was on my way to the garret when one of the nurses whom I had despatched from my clinic told me that the woman had just died after a fresh crisis. I knew that the patient could not hold out much longer, but I did not expect the end to come so soon."

"The whole neighborhood was in the room when I arrived. The dead woman lay on her little cot, surrounded with flowers. Two candles were burning near the broken crucifix."

"All these poor people had done the best in their power, for the people are good and kind and charitable, infinitely more so than those who in their name display their eloquence on the platform of Parliament, fall upon defenseless women, starve the priests and, in their wanton lust for spoil, rob the dead even of the prayers for their souls."

Thus spoke Mercier, the most skeptical, the most freethinking doctor of Paris.

PROTESTANTS AND MIRACLES.

Referring to miracles the Catholic Times observes upon it as remarkable that whilst Protestants hardly ever believe in Protestant miracles, a fair number of them show faith in the Catholic places of devotion from which miraculous cures are announced. Quite a considerable percentage of the pilgrims to St. Winifred's Well, Holywell (Wales), are, it is said, Protestants. In the columns of the Daily News we read the following words which were uttered by the Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan (Protestant) on November 18th, in the course of an address in connection with the London Missionary Society: "I see that Dean Robinson (Protestant) believes in the validity of miracles at the shrine of Thomas a Becket. That is my own belief. Undoubtedly there have

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(Sgd) Henry Speers, J.P. The doctors were all wrong. Mr. Speers had what we call "irritated heart." Indigestion and dyspepsia completely upset the stomach. Poisonous gases were formed which swelled the walls of the stomach and pressed against the heart.

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b great cures at Lourdes. These are possibly resultant on spiritual forces."

And whilst Dr. Campbell Morgan thus candidly avows his conviction that miracles have taken place at the shrine of St. Thomas and at Lourdes, he expresses his distrust of faith-healing operations among American Protestants. He has, he says, been studying very carefully the reports of the American Emmanuel Mission, and has come to the conclusion that many of them border on blasphemy. Testimony such as this in favor of the Catholic Church is valuable. The Times wonders that people who admit the authenticity of Catholic miracles do not feel that their proper place is within the Catholic Church.

They will feel it and get into their proper place by and by. There shall be one fold and one shepherd.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Willing hands can always find something to do. There is no dearth of objects claiming attention, no lack of duties demanding performance, no day which is not full of important obligations and no hour which is not pregnant with possibilities of immense good to be garnered and of work to be done.

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