

The Catholic Record.

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

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A DISCREDITABLE FACT.

Some time ago we happened upon an arraignment of the individuals who publish blood-curdling tales for boys and a certain kind of adult. The arguments were good and venerable. But, somehow or other, the demand for them is always greater than the supply. The writer who can pile up horrors and bring his hero scathless through manifold adventures will always find an employer and an abundance of cash. More's the pity! But was it not set for the last year in the daily prints that an individual with a deftness for manipulating this kind of fiction had amassed a goodly share of this world's goods. True, his name was not heralded by what are styled the foremost critics, nor was the prestige of a big publishing house behind his strivings after the dollar. But all the same he managed to get hold of the elusive scrip; and in this was more fortunate than many of our eminent bookmakers who, however sincere their love for art, keep a watchful eye on the coin of the realm. When he died, the critics did not deign to remember him. No prattle about his boyhood or of what number of shoes he wore. Oblivion settled fast upon this weaver of tales. Now if he had devoted his time to dishing up foreign dirt or concocting salacious figments or yclept psychological studies the critics might have tendered him some teary tributes. Instead, however, he bent his energies to the manufacturing of nightmares for the juvenile and was denied the poor fame that is based on the puffery of the current review. It was too bad. But the critics knew it all. Still, for our part we believe that the scribe who dashes off shockers to order is less dangerous to society than the "persons immersed in a cess-pool eagerly endeavoring to add to its foulness by their own personal contributions."

And when some out-of-date people venture to say aught derogatory to them, they are silenced by the assertion that such writers are original. Great word! Goethe, who was somewhat of a writer, used to say: "People are always talking about originality, but what do they mean? As soon as we are born the world begins to work upon us and this goes on to the end. And, after all, what can we call our own except energy, strength and will. If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries there would be but a small balance in my favor." But this modest language is out of fashion. And so the writer with a pull and ability enough to provide provender for silly females and battered noses, who would like to believe that sin is but a matter of temperament, are original. When there is anything original born into the world we can be trusted to discover it as well as the critics. In the meanwhile we can solace ourselves in remembering that, as Donoso Cortes used to say, let one proclaim that two and two make five, and he will be regarded as an original thinker.

"LIGHT" LITERATURE.

So long as the boys are turned loose to grub for a living so long also shall we have a market for the fiction we have alluded to. And by no means let us imagine that the children of the slums who, because of parental improvidence or crime, begin life's battles at an early age, are the only ones to indulge in this kind of reading. Many of the boys who come from respectable homes, and are, thanks to gossip about literary celebrities, designated in school programmes as the study of literature, supposed to be discriminating readers, come under this category. They read the veriest trash because they have never been taught to form conceptions of proper dignity or worthiness. They cannot perceive true ideals. The story of a saint is meaningless and the adventures of an outlaw fills them with enthusiasm. In fact they are barbarians at heart, smart if you like, but devoid of the qualities which go to constitute true manhood. Without gentleness and without reverence they begin while in their teens to carry the banners of the world. It is a task of no little difficulty to do anything with them. One may advise, but it is apt to fall on heedless ears. They will read anything pertaining to the external, but nothing of that which tends to make one noble and happy. One might as well expect a votary of rag-time to interpret the world music as to

see an urchin taking pleasure in serious reading. All the exhortation in the world will not make him do it. And to increase the difficulty they are blind to their ignorance and faults, for your youngster of this century is nothing if not cock sure of himself. As he advances in years he may abandon the fiction of the woolly west variety and confine himself to the historical romance which in some instances is little different from the average dime novel. But by this time he is wedded to false ideals. He has a standard by which to measure anything and everything. And that standard is having, and not being. The boyish affection for the outlaw of the woods with his trophies at his belt gives way for the commercial or political outlaw with their treasures of gold and emoluments. And when the unthinking lads see these individuals eulogized by the newspapers, and received cap in hand by worthy citizens, they are apt to be convinced that they are not far wrong and that all the discourses of the Directors are merely in the way of business.

BETTER HOMES NEEDED.

There are many devices to allure the youth into the pastures of profitable reading. Some of them are invented by well-meaning people who seem to be in the dark as to the make-up of the average lad. Others are libraries. Reading some of the speeches against the Carnegie benefactions leaves no doubt that some of our friends believe that with a library in every town Canada would be a well-spring of noble thought and endeavor. Librarians, however, are not so optimistic. They tell us that the greatest demand is for fiction, and they see no change in the taste of the reading public. So far as improvement of conduct goes, the criminal statistics of much-librarians Germany are not reassuring. For ourselves we believe that the multiplication of libraries is a menace in a certain sense to the growth of a community. At all events they have little or no influence on the people for whom they are established, and are certainly no proof of the worthiness of our citizenship. To our mind the one way to have a better race of men is to have a better home.

We are not a whit pessimistic on this point. While we take pride in the homes that turn out loyal and energetic Catholics we may not shut our eyes to those which give us Catholics who are careless, indifferent and devoid of enthusiasm for aught that is ennobling and self-improving. A wise father is aware of his responsibility in the matter of reading for his children. And, further, if day in and day out he impress upon them, not so much by word as by example, that their business in the world is primarily to save their souls, he will do much towards shielding them from the debasing and sinful. The lad who has had burned into him that he belongs to God; that sin, however small, is the greatest evil in the world; that the strugglings of God-like souls are alone worthy of admiration, is in a condition to understand advice as to what he should read. But if instead of this we have a negligent father, and a mother always cooking about social position and the way of the world, we are apt to have a brood of youngsters who read little or nothing, and later on young men given to sport and "resoluting" about not having their rights.

EDUCATED YOUNG MEN.

At a meeting of educators held recently at Chicago Bishop Spalding made an earnest appeal for support of the Catholic University of America. The prelate is always at his best on this subject. Speaking of the necessity of having educated Catholics behind every factory that makes for the good of the country, he said: "How are we Catholics going to eternally talk about the Church, and talk about our glories and about our numbers? Are we not going to place men in many parts of this country who are thoroughly competent to discuss every possible problem, every possible subject—not in a popular, in a general way, but with the best knowledge of the day, acquainted thoroughly with the best that has been, and is done, has been and is right? We must do it!" We may not be able to point to many men in Canada as described by the Bishop, but we have certainly some who are competent to discuss the problems that come up from time for solution. But why don't they do it? Are they too modest to give their contributions the benefits of their learning and experience and most they are content

to dole it out to the admiring members of their family circle? Or are they too indolent? We do not presume to know the cause but we do know that for some time past we have been models of reticence in this respect. Are we afraid to hold to the antiquated theory that the "don't wake the baby" air which we have sedulously cultivated is the best passport to the favor of our non-Catholic brethren? Suppose that we break the monotony by attending the next public meeting in our town, just as a sign that we are beginning to notice. We may then believe that there are other representative citizens besides eloquent divines and budding politicians.

In our business we have to attend lectures. There is the old-timer bubbling over with patriotism and it is invariably chronicled as a brilliant effort. Sometimes some kind-hearted gentleman favors us with a dissertation on, say, the British North America Act. We all know the introductory sentences. He is pleased. He has had for years a respect and reverence for our belief and such like ear-tickling remarks. But as he generally favors us with all this just before an election we are inclined to remember that politicians sell what they seem to give. Then there is the lecture given by the Catholic apologist to bettering ourselves, socially and intellectually and morally. It may be instructive or a string of old saws and platitudes, but one should like to impress upon our men of wealth and education that a visit now and then to our societies and an attempt at sympathy with our poor, struggling lads will do them more good than if they were talked at for a century. That is how the Y. M. C. A. does business. Protestants of influence take an interest in it and give a helping hand to those who need it. Hence the stranger fills positions to the exclusion of the native. It is easy to say that the native is not qualified to fill these positions. Nine cases out of ten it is false. The poor unknown Protestant is pushed forward and the poor unknown Catholic is left to get a grip on the world as best he can. And so while non-Catholics, both ladies and gentlemen, work for their own with a patience and persistency that compels admiration, we have to be duly thankful for a lecture.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Special to THE CATHOLIC RECORD.
A priest whose name is very well known, but who declines to make it public has recently donated \$10,000 for the Apostolic Mission House, which is about to be established at Washington in the Fall. This is money that came to him before he entered the ministry, and by judicious investment has grown to its present proportions. He was anxious to place it not in bricks and mortar, but in the direct work of saving souls. His first idea was to employ an hospital, because thought he, "there is no better time for the good effects of religion than when one is sick." But on second thought, he took her a larger and broader view of the office of religion, and when the scheme of the Apostolic Mission House was presented to him, he determined to help along this "infant industry." The Mission House will accept priests who are ordained, and will give them a year or two of a post-graduate course in apologetics and methods of mission work, and will return them to their dioceses equipped to give missions. Every one knows how very successful missions are. There seems to be a special grace going along with the preaching at the time of a Mission that awakens the hardest heart. If there were more missions, if the work already established were extended to every diocese in the country, what wonderful results would there not be attained!

This is what the Apostolic Mission House proposes. In a few years it will create mission bands for the various dioceses. These home missionaries will be a company of light infantry, at the command of the Bishop for special work. They can be sent here and there to preach "Forty Hours," to take the place of absent priests, to go into a town where there are a few Catholics, and preach to the non-Catholics, and organize a new parish, to weed out and to cultivate the uncared for places in the diocese, in short to make themselves generally useful. Why the time will come in the history of every well organized diocese when it will be impossible to get along without such a band of helpers!

However, this practical-minded, sagacious priest saw, that there would be no quicker and better return for his money than in creating these mission bands, and he gave quickly and generously to his pet scheme. The latest convert of note is Miss Sara Van Allen, the grand-daughter of Mrs. J. J. Astor. She belongs to an exclusive Newport set, and was about to be wedded to Mr. Peter Collier, jr., a Catholic. When she broached the matter to her father, he said the only objection he had to the marriage was the difference of religion between herself and her intended. "Father," she

answered him, "I have removed that objection by becoming a Catholic myself." She had seriously considered the question of the True Church, and some months previously after due instruction had been received into the Church. Her father accepted the situation and gave his permission. This incident, besides the romantic interest attached to it, serves to indicate how quickly all antagonism to the Church is dying out among the upper classes. There was not one bit of condemnation for the young bride, nor any severe censure on her for becoming a Catholic. It was universally conceded that it was just the proper thing to do.

A. P. DOYLE, C. S. P.

A PROTESTANT IN LONDON'S NEW CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

An interesting letter from London in the Christian Register shows how the Westminster Cathedral (of whose architect, Bentley, we printed a few weeks ago the Athenaeum's appreciation) appeals to a Protestant of a different kind from the Athenaeum's editor. He writes: "Yesterday my official position as London correspondent of the Register stood me in good stead at the new Roman Catholic cathedral now approaching completion in Westminster. It is far away the largest church in London, and has been many years in building. It was already begun in 1894. It was erected, roughly so, to permit of its acoustic qualities being tested by a grand recital of sacred music. It suddenly occurred to me that I would like to attend. When I arrived at the door of entrance and saw that the best seats were 85.25 cents, and the second best were half that price, I began to consider it again.

"The result was that I went directly up to the very courteous priest who played the part of 'Peter at the gate,' and quietly told him what I represented. Instantly his cordial welcome came. 'Please go around to the house (the Cardinal Archbishop's). I will meet you there immediately, and provide you with a ticket.' The ticket, No. 307, was with a ticket. 'The vast nave was already slowly filling with ladies and gentlemen whose carriages and liveried servants I had seen in long array upon the street. The people still came streaming in until the vast nave began to look well filled. Then an orchestra of ninety or a hundred instrumentalists began to fill the sides of the great altar space, followed soon by the large choir of the Brompton Oratory and the of the cathedral itself.

"At half-past three the Cardinal, in his scarlet cap and gown, came down what will be the high altar steps, and bowing graciously to this and that familiar face in the audience, went rapidly down the nave to a seat in a little gallery over the door of entrance,—a point exactly opposite, and the most distant from, the musicians. Soon the music began. First, Wagner's 'Holy Supper of the Apostles,' written in 1843, when he was thirty years of age. The words, as well as the music, are Wagner's, and even in the English translation are admirable. Almost startling in its strength came the greeting from one band of disciples to the other: 'We greet you, brethren, in the Lord's Name.' This first movement is unaccompanied, and consists of expressions of emotions, grief, fear, growing confidence, uncertainty, sense of unity of spirit between different bands of disciples—until the apostles, twelve bass voices, come into the throng asking, 'Are ye met as in the name of Jesus Christ?' This, answered strongly in the affirmative, is followed by the apostles' admission: 'We pray you, men and brethren, in faith and in affection.'

With increasing depth of feeling the drama proceeds till all unite in prayer for the Holy Spirit. The voices from above, in some lofty tribune under one of the four domes of the nave, descend with: 'Peace be yours. I am with you. Be not afraid.' At these words: 'Be not afraid!' the orchestra first comes in with wonderful effect. A new inspiration of confidence and courage enters, and continues until apostles and disciples go forth from that supper 'to all the nations,' sent to every creature."

After this singularly effective but, with Wagnerian's, unpopular piece, we had Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, Purcell's Te Deum in D, written in 1694, two or three Motets, a Sanctus, and a Benedictus. One or two salient musical expressions of feeling must remain permanently in the memory of all who are sensitive hearers of such sacred compositions. One came out in a quartette for soloists, devoutly rendered by members of the Brompton Oratory Choir, and written by Wingham, its late musical director, who died only some six or seven years ago. The pure voice of a boy rang out so clearly and tenderly as to entrance and hold in breathless attention the whole assembly in the vast edifice. Even the cardinal at the extreme rear heard distinctly. Another memorable rendering came in Purcell's Te Deum. We, who sing so glibly and indifferently, 'O Lord, have mercy upon us!' sing it as if we didn't care much whether He did or not, as if we didn't would have forgotten, the hearing of the same petition sung with that feeling which possesses the soul when realizing its bondage to sin, its need of help and deliverance. The pathos, the pitifulness, the suppliant's will of half-hopeful, half-despairing emotion in those words 'Miserere nostri, Domine, miserere nostri,' affected that great concourse

as I have seldom or never seen and felt any multitude affected. The wail out of the depths of a single soul took hold upon us all. It was difficult to restrain tears. After the extreme tension of that cry was past, one noticed a kind of covert demand for pocket handkerchiefs. Deep had appealed, and responded unto deep. Just in front of me sat a fine, twenty-one. Already I had noticed how his body shook with emotion as this cry for mercy, this *miserere*, came again and again, and that he was fighting back the tears that came flooding up into his eyes. He, at least, knew the reality of the desire for peace and pardon which Purcell so religiously and fully expressed.

"As I have said, this new cathedral is not nearly finished. Apart from its beautiful columns it is yet bare, and utterly unadorned. Only the nave was ready for use yesterday; and in it alone were seats for between four and five thousand people, and these were well filled. Only here and there a vacant chair. The galleries and transepts are still not ready for use. Under these galleries were hundreds and hundreds of people who had been admitted to standing places for a shilling fee. I noticed that the music kept and held them from 3.30 until 6.30. This cathedral has already cost a sum of money that sounds almost fabulous, about \$2,200,000. Some \$16,000 more will be required before its cost is covered, and it can be given over in the solemn act of consecration 'in fee simple to God.' Its spacious, massive, and apparently imperishable shell, even as it now stands, is well worthy of the American visitor's attention. Its style, seen from the outside, like that of so many latter-day churches, staggers one, reminding him of so many famous bits of old-time work. The great entrance door—and something, indeed, about the entire facade—suggests St. Mark's, Venice. Its campanile lifts itself above everything in London, if not in Italy. It is a Byzantine cathedral. Its architect is a recently dead, having lived only long enough to see the outer shell of his great work completed. Just now I mentioned transepts. In the popular understanding of that term there are no transepts. He would have none of those open side-spaces. All the lines of the basilica should converge upon the altar. He was a bold man, know what he wanted as well as what the past had given him, and got what he wanted, so far as one man may ever have his own way. On some points he bowed to the preference of the Cardinal Archbishop. His Eminence preferred a roof of saucer domes to the vaulted roof, and the building has it. The architect wished to build two campaniles. His Eminence said that one would do, and one there is. But, for the most part, this great work is stamped with the impress of a great worker, a man who had the poet's delicate sense of fitness, a Puritan's passion for the upright and sincerity in his work, and a determination to do whatever was given him with a fidelity visible in every detail. It will take all this twentieth century to bring this building to its full artistic adornment and perfection, when all these bare and solid spaces shall glow with gorgeous color, gleam with gold, and be sheathed with mosaics, the shall tell each its own story—of the Baptism in the Jordan, the Last Supper, the Crucifixion, and the Ascension. These sumptuous interiors, like that of St. Marco at Venice, are only possible to the piety and devotion and affectionate associations that come forth from the faithful again and again as generation succeeds generation. Some day the Catholic Congress of London may say, 'Come and see whether it were not better to have built and adorned a Byzantine cathedral that stands unrivalled in all Christendom than to have attempted a Gothic structure which could hardly have aspired to some secondary rank.'

THE GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

The Priests Point the Way to Heaven.

It is a habit with us to speak of the triumphs and glories of the Church in ages which are gone. We love to tell the story of her martyrs and confessors, her saints and founders of religious orders; we dwell gladly on her revelations, success in converting the barbarous races, which have grown into Christendom, in purifying morals, in softening manners, in consecrating and protecting women, in founding schools, in preserving the treasures of classical literature, in fostering the arts, leading migratory tribes to choose fixed homes, to fell the forest, drain the marsh, build cities and put themselves under the rule of law. Her decrees have, at times been abused, but her constant course and influence have ever made for righteousness, peace, charity, reverence, chastity, obedience, mildness, modesty, kindness and habits of cheerful industry. What she has been able to do in other ages and other lands, she is still able to do for us here and now; and though we rise in dignity of being in proportion to our power to live in thought of the past and the future, yet since life is chiefly action, our first concern is with the present. In the Church is spiritual energy, since in her as the Saviour has taught us to believe, there abides the Spirit of God. But if this energy is to manifest itself in the world, it can only be through Godlike men. To such it was intrusted in the beginning, by such it was spread throughout the earth, and by such alone can its divide being be communicated to the sick and hungry souls of the people. On us it depends whether the Sacred Ark shall ride in safety, bearing the holiest and most priceless treasures, on the rising waters of the modern

democracy; whether again as of old, the priest shall not merely point the way to Heaven but be also a pioneer in all the paths that lead to wider knowledge, truer freedom and more wholesome living.

Now, all the great changes that mould and transform human life—religion, patriotism, friendship, love, devotion to heroic men and right causes—must be cared for and fostered for themselves, and with all one's mind and heart, or their power to strengthen, uplift and purify is less. Shall we, the leaders of the Church in America, be able to turn resolutely from the false lights of momentary success, of material progress, of pride in mere numbers and showy buildings to the inner sources of power, to knowledge and wisdom, to purity and love to modesty and mildness! Shall we be able to free ourselves from the awful pressure of a public opinion which believes in nothing but money—and shrewdness as a means to money—an opinion that

"Hangs upon us with a weight Heavy as frost and deep almost as life!"

Shall we be able to reach and maintain a living and passionate faith in an estate higher than that of men—a faith which will make us reverent, devout, patient and self-denying! Which shall impel us to desire and labor for the things that lead to life, and to put far away the things that lead to destruction? If so, then in making ourselves worthy to be called ministers of Him who died for all, we shall find that we have become capable of rendering the highest services to the state of which we are citizens. "That country is richest," says Ruskin, "which nourishes the greatest number of noble and human beings; that man is richest, who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others."—Catholic Columbian.

Should be Widely Read.

We are glad to give space this week to the article, "Poisoning the Wells," from Messenger of the Sacred Heart. It is a masterly arraignment of Appleton's Universal Cyclopedia and Atlas, and is a crushing refutation and correction of the anti-Catholic statements and insinuations contained in that work. The article we print is a most timely one, and must certainly forestall much injury that would otherwise be done. It is a crying shame that in this, our day, it is necessary for anyone to take up the cudgels against so pretentious a work as Appleton's Cyclopedia. Editors of any such work pretending to give information about the Catholic Church ought first, last and all the time to be fair and impartial. More power to the trenchant pen of the editor of the Messenger!—Catholic Union and Times.

BAND-BOX CATHOLICS.

Some passages of Prof. Rivier's paper on Catholic labor unions last week are rather suggestive.

While we cannot see any valid objection to spiritual advisers for Catholic labor unions, we can see reasons why such unions themselves are not feasible; and some of those reasons have not been enlarged upon by Prof. Rivier. 1. The plan of incessantly herding Catholics together will result in adding to the supply of hand-box Catholics. 2. Insisting that all one's associations shall be Catholic, inevitably must be accepted by the outside world as a confession of the weakness of the Catholic position. 3. A time has come for the Catholic mind to make itself felt in public affairs.

As to the first, it may be asked, What is a hand-box Catholic? He may be defined as one unworthy of being trusted to stand by himself, even after he is full-grown. If he is so, it must be because he has never found necessity for using his limbs.

It is, of course, necessary that a Catholic should receive proper training. This result is reached through the home, the church, the school. There are, moreover, numerous Catholic societies to which he may turn for strength in after-life. But, after all this preparation, is it possible he shall be found incapable in the presence of the enemy? Are full-grown Catholics such ridiculous weaklings that in order to preserve their faith they must be kept perpetually in a Catholic hand-box?

Some of the strongest Catholic laymen in this country are men who are forced to engage in almost daily struggle with their Protestant neighbors. One such to our knowledge, converted an entirely Protestant community some years ago. Had the hand-box man prevailed in his day, as with some, it does in ours, this result would not have been attained. If Catholics are properly trained they may be trusted to "give a reason for the hope that is in them." The most imperative need of the age is the presence of the Catholic mind, clerical and lay, in our labor unions, literary circles and legislative halls. Let the Church give us strong men, and let these influence public opinion.—Catholic Union and Times.

The "cup of water" given in the name of Christ, is glorified by love. The water becomes like the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God; the cup becomes radiant with heaven's gold, richer than a king's golden chalice beset with jewels; the hand that lifts it to thirsting lips becomes rosy with beauty, though it may be rough and worn with toil.—Robert H. Paine.

ESPIRITU SANTO

By Henrietta Dana Skinner.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Shall you as how diving a thing A Woman may make."

—Wordsworth.

It was with inexpressible sorrow that Adriano learned from his brother a few weeks after his arrival in Algiers of the falling health and rapid decline of his dear old friend Madame Valorge.

Lolita had given up her lessons in Paris to devote her whole time to the dear grandmother, and Lady Ainsworth spent part of every day with them, and was tenderness and devotion itself, for Espiritu could not be spared from her father's home.

"Catalina Choulex has sent many presents for her grandmother's comfort and Madame Delepoine, who has now adopted Rafaela in Catalina's place, goes back and forth from Paris to Passy, and smuggles in many a useful gift," so wrote Teodoro.

"Imagine how I feel, having to stand by, my pockets bursting with money, and not being able to do anything! Of course these dear little girls will never starve while they have such friends as Lady Ainsworth and Madame Delepoine, but the trouble is that they are so proud they will not let anyone know that they suffer a single pang of hunger."

At last a day came when Espiritu was perforce spared to be by the grandmother's side, when the tender, excited spirit took its flight from the world of darkness to realms where the blind eyes would be made to see those glories which the mind of man is not conceived.

It was the first bereavement of the young girls, for not even Catalina remembered their mother.

The illness and death of Madame Valorge brought about a crisis in Didier's unhappy household. He had felt that he must let Espiritu go to her grandmother's dying bed.

Little Maxine was crying and fretful, and it was parted from her little charge, leaving full directions with his mother about the medicines to be administered to him and the preparation of his simple dinner and supper.

Leontine Disdier was beyond measure annoyed and disgusted at finding herself burdened with these cares. She had planned to spend the afternoon at a fete with the wife of silk merchant on the first floor, who had many gay bachelor friends.

"God help me, I have nothing to give you, Leontine!" he groaned, burying his face in his hands.

"I should like to know why you have not?" she exclaimed, petulantly. "I don't know where all the money goes to, I am sure I don't get much of it. I have to live in this shabby, miserable home, where I am ashamed to have my friends see me, and my child is dressed like a common workman's boy."

"Why, indeed?" he muttered. "Be patient with me a little longer, Leontine. I have done my best by you. Did those jewels and lace that you wear cost nothing? Have you not wardrobes full of costumes that I am still starving myself to pay for? Do I not work night and day to earn a few francs more? My first wife's children are earning their own bread, and her mother is dependent on them for a home to die in, and I have nothing but debts and interest on debts staring me in the face."

"Is it my fault that your speculations were unfortunate?" she cried, with irritation. "Other men speculate and grow rich, why cannot you? I am sure I have always heard that jewels and lace are a good investment, and I wish you had put more money into them instead of wasting it at the Bourse. Then we should have something to show for it. As for your first wife and her children and mother, I don't think you ought to be throwing them in my face all the time as you do. It is dreadfully poor taste. I don't wonder they try to earn something for themselves, if their father is as mean with them as he is with me. You had better look out that I don't find other ways of getting what I want than asking you for it!"

This threat, often resorted to, rarely failed of bringing the proud, jealous Spaniard to terms. It was a wretched state of affairs where a man had to bribe his wife to stay with him, but to his keenly sensitive spirit any misery was better than dishonor.

"I will try and bring you the money this afternoon," he said, humbly. But before afternoon he had a message by pneumatic post that Madame Valorge had reached the extremity, and he hurried out to Passy, not knowing whether he should be able to come back at all that night. The placid end came early, however, and after lingering to render what last sad services he could, he returned about an hour before midnight to his own home.

He opened the door to find the apartment dark and cold. It was not silent, however, for there struck his ear the distressing sounds of a child's strangled cough and restless, choking cries in the agonies of cough. He rushed to the door of Espiritu's room, where Maxine slept, but it was locked. Fortunately the key was on the outside, he turned it hurriedly and pushed into the room. It was dark and cold as the rest of the house. Striking a light hastily, he saw the little fellow lying fully dressed in his crib, moaning and struggling for breath. It was by far the worst attack he had ever had, and Didier was terrified. The little table with spirit-lamp and medicine-chest, which Espiritu kept ready for such emergencies, stood near the crib, and Didier worked over his child for two hours, fearing that every gasping breath would be the last. When the symptoms were slightly relieved and he felt for the first time that it would

be safe to leave the little sufferer for a moment, he went into his wife's room and lighted the lamp. She was not there. Seizing the lamp he hurried through the apartment, but it was empty. Returning to the child's side, he stooped down and whispered gently: "Does Maxine know where mamma is?"

The child opened his big, pathetic eyes wide. "I cried," he said, in his husky, choked voice—"I cried and she said it was naughty, and she put me in my crib and said I must go to bed without my supper. Then she locked the door."

"That was before supper, dear. Have you not seen her since?" "No, I was alone all the time in the dark. I cried some more, but that must have been naughty, for she never came back again." Then seeing that his father stood there silent and stern, he asked: "Am I a naughty boy, papa?"

The one thing that Didier loved best in the world—loved with all the passion of his soul—was this frail mite of a child with the thin, hectic cheeks and big, appealing eyes. He could have killed the woman who deserted it. He fell on his knees, fondled the child, and covered him with kisses, papa?

"No, no! my little Maxine, you are not naughty, you are only very, very ill." And for another hour he nursed the little sufferer till the child fell into a doze. Leaving the light burning low and the door ajar, Didier opened the outside door of the apartment and looked down the well-lit public staircase. A light was still burning in the porter's lodge. He stole down the stairs, his ears open to catch every sound from the room above.

"You are up late," he observed to the porter.

"Yes, sir. There is an entertainment going on in Madame Lemoux's rooms. They came home from the opera awhile ago with a party of ladies and gentlemen, and are having a champagne supper. It sounds merry, doesn't it?"

Didier listened a moment to the sounds of hilarity coming from the floor above the porter's lodge. Then the porter suddenly thought himself. "Perhaps you are sitting up, too, for the party to be over. I saw that Madame Disdier was among the guests."

Didier had been too proud to question the porter about his wife's movements. He had hoped to find out indirectly, and now he knew.

"Will you kindly go up to Madame Lemoux's door," he said to the porter, "and send in word to Madame Disdier that her child is very ill, perhaps dying."

"I am very sorry to hear it, sir. I will go at once. Can I get a doctor for you, sir?"

Didier hesitated. His physician had refused to come again till the bill was paid, and he had not fifteen francs in his pocket. His credit was gone, and would a strange doctor be willing to take the case? Surely one could be found to come in the name of common humanity!

He accepted the porter's offer to call in a neighboring physician, and hastened upstairs.

Maxine was still sleeping, but it was a restless, fevered sleep, and Didier watched him with ever-increasing anxiety. There came a sound from the outer door, and he went out into the hall, closing the chamber door behind him that the child might not be disturbed. His wife stood there in her ball-dress, her cheeks flushed with the champagne she had had, and a silly smile on her pretty face. He folded his arms and surveyed her contemptuously from head to foot.

"She had a look of disdain and blackness with her efforts to light the fire, and afterwards the kindlings impatiently from her and lit it herself. She stood by humbly, waiting for directions and obeying with alacrity his slightest gesture. With his own hands, and waited upon assiduously by Leontine, Didier prepared the child the food ordered by the doctor, and brushed her aside and passed out. He brushed her aside and passed out. He brushed her aside and passed out."

"Do I?" he said, releasing her. "I am glad of it. I have been watching your child suffer for three hours, till I have no pity left in my body. Go back to your friends. They are dearer to you than your child or your husband; let them take care of you. But, stay a moment! You remarked this morning that jewels were a good investment. So they are. Those that you wear can be turned into money readily to pay your child's physician, and procure him food and medicine and warmth and an efficient nurse." As he spoke he seized her hands and stripped from them the rings and bracelets that covered them. He unclasped the necklace of pearls from about her neck, and removed the diamonds from her ears with his gentle hand. She moaned under his cruel grasp.

"Now go!" he said, pointing to the door. "I have done with you."

But she sank crouching to the floor, and gazed up at him piteously. Terror had brought her completely to her senses, yet she hardly recognized her husband. Hitherto he had been weak towards her. A few complaints or a few caresses, an occasional threat of leaving her with these weapons she had easily been able to manage him and bring him to her will. But this new man, stern and vengeful, with flashing eyes and cruel hands, this man terrified her. He was something to fear and to respect.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, moaning and clasping her hands. "Don't send me away! Let me stay with you! I will do anything you say!"

Just at this moment the physician was heard coming. Didier hurriedly signed to his wife to go into the saloon, while he led the doctor to the child's bedside and anxiously waited his verdict.

"The immediate attack is spasmodic cough," said the doctor, "but the child is evidently laboring under another trouble. He appears to be well formed and of a naturally good constitution, but his whole system is suffering from want of proper nutrition. What does he eat?"

"Heaven knows!" groaned Didier. "His sister has cared for him the past few months and he had seemed better, but his babyhood was neglected. I did what I could, and it was nearly all the care he got, but I was at my work all day and half the night; what could I do?"

The physician was new in the neighborhood and a stranger to the family. "Ah," he said, "Motherless! I thought so! Want of care, and poor feeding in his infancy, have stunted his growth and overtaxed his nervous system. It will take two or three years of unceasing care and tenderness to bring him right, but whoever gives him this attention will be rewarded. He has the makings of a fine little fellow. I will prescribe the treatment to be followed now. What he will need later is mothering."

Entering into elaborate details and minute directions about diet and nursing, the physician concluded: "Some one should sit up with him for the next three nights, and he should not be left for five minutes in the daytime. Can this be managed, or shall I send a Sister of Bon Secours?"

"Yes, that will be best," said Didier. He still clutched his wife's jewels in his hand, and felt with triumph that Maxine could now have the best of everything. As he accompanied the doctor to the door he caught sight of a white figure fluttering away. Leontine had evidently been listening to hear what was passing in the sick-room. Didier cared little for her movements. Let her go or stay, there was misery either way.

An hour or two later the nursing-sister was established in the sick-room. The child gazed at her with a quiet gaze in some alarm at first, then he had smiled accepted her services. Didier withdrew to seek some much-needed rest. He glanced into his wife's room. She had thrown herself across the bed in her ball-dress, and had evidently sobbed herself to sleep.

He smiled grimly, then taking a rug, wrapped himself in it, and throwing himself on the parlor sofa sank into a heavy sleep.

Daylight was struggling in when he awoke. It was bitterly cold, and he sprang up to take some wood into Maxine's room and to light the kitchen fire, for the char-woman who came in for a few hours every day to do the heavy work about the house—their only servant—would not come for another hour yet. As he entered the little kitchen he saw a figure bending over the stove, a figure like Espiritu's, slender and rather tall, dressed in simple, dark, and ill-fitting gown of Espiritu's own, and with fair hair neatly brushed and knotted as Espiritu wore hers. Surprised at her early return he called her by name; the figure turned, and then he saw that the face was his wife's. Her unaccustomed hands were busied, and blackened with her efforts to light the fire, and afterwards the kindlings impatiently from her and lit it herself. She stood by humbly, waiting for directions and obeying with alacrity his slightest gesture. With his own hands, and waited upon assiduously by Leontine, Didier prepared the child the food ordered by the doctor, and brushed her aside and passed out. He brushed her aside and passed out."

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thought how easily this might have been theirs in the past had it not been for his own fatal weakness.

When Espiritu returned to her father's home the following day she instantly saw there had been a change. She saw her father masterful and sullen towards his wife; she saw Leontine abject, humbled to the dust, and touchingly devoted, trying to make herself useful, and weeping piteously at seeing herself shut out of the child's sick-room. With instinctive delicacy Espiritu herself kept away from the little invalid—that right had she where a mother could not go? She was not absolutely needed there, for the trained nurse watched him by day and the father by night, and there was many household tasks dependent upon her which she busied herself in fulfilling. Leontine followed her everywhere, watched the deft fingers adroitly, and timidly asked for instruction in the homely accomplishments.

A week or more passed in this way. Little Maxine improved daily, took an interest in toys, and began to play quietly about his room. At last he nestled against his father's shoulder and looked up at him with troubled, inquiring eyes.

"Is mamma very angry with me?" he asked.

"No, my darling," answered his father. "Mamma is not angry at all. She is very, very sorry that little Maxine has been so ill."

"Then why doesn't she come to see me?" asked the child, anxiously. "I want my mamma! I want my pretty mamma so much! The child down in the crib and laid a little wooden horse in his arms. "Now sit here quietly, dear, while I go and bring mamma to you."

He opened the saloon door and saw Leontine seated by the window, trying with awkward fingers to mend a child's frock. She looked up in the timid, beseeching way habitual with her nowadays.

"Leontine!" he called, gently, holding out his hands.

In a moment she was by his side, ready to kneel at his feet if he would let her. But she was Maxine's mother, and her place was at her husband's side. She took her hands in his, and he looked down into her face. The beautiful touch of penitence had lightened it with new graces. He bent forward and kissed her brow and drew her to his heart. She gave a little gasp of joy.

"My wife!" he said tenderly. "Maxine has asked for his mother."

She sprang back from the kiss she had anticipated, she tore herself from the embrace she had prayed for, she flew from him at whose feet she had been ready to worship, and in an instant she was by the little crib and was rocking Maxine in her arms, and he was laughing and shouting and stroking the pretty, tearful face with his little hands.

Didier leaned against the door, watching them. He heard Espiritu's light footstep and went forward to meet her.

"Espiritu!" he cried. "My teacher is over! What is poverty? What is work? My child has found a mother and I am a man again!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

A Beautiful Address to Teachers.

The convention of the National Educational Association at Minneapolis, Minn., came to an end Friday evening, July 12.

Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul spoke on "The Influence and Responsibility of the Teacher." The well-known churchman and orator was at his best and with his sparkling wit, his flow of language, his fine diction and his thoughtful and earnest manner there for to control the audience as only an experienced orator such as the Archbishop can control ten thousand people.

Were I to choose a device to adorn the classrooms and inspire teacher and pupil, whether in lowliest rural school house or in stately university pile, it should be this—Devotion to the Truth, for Truth's own sake.

Devotion to truth is the prime condition of intellectual life and progress; it must be the dominating virtue in the work of the pupil whose mind is bidden to unfold beneath the sweet and penetrating light from Heaven's own skies, and yet more so the work of the teacher, whose task it is to turn this light in its full power and radiance towards the mind of a willing, but inexperienced dependent.

I should say, too—devotion to truth for truth's own sake, with heart undivided, with intellect unbiased. Truth is a jealous and imperious queen; it has the right to be such, so rapturous its beauty, so sublime its majesty. Truth scorns the wooer whose proffer of homage is not plenary, and hides itself indignantly from his gaze.

What is truth? The brief, calm definition given at first questioning, by philosophy is: Truth is that which is; truth is reality—reality in actual existence, reality in causes, reality in effects—the thing itself, whatever that thing be, completely and exactly as it is.

PLEA FOR TRUTH.

What, is, is true; and what is, is good and beautiful. The three terms are substantially convertible, truth, goodness and beauty. The simplest definition given of truth secures to it our reverence and love, and tells the baseness, the sacrilege of that illusive phantom which faint would put itself in the place of reality, which faint would distort or destroy reality, which faint has for name, error or falsehood. This is not all. Upon further questioning, philosophy soars into its highest altitudes, and there speaking to us, it exclaims: Truth is divine; it is either God Himself or the image and the work of God. Challenged we are to award to truth the devotion, I would say, the worship, which is due to the eternal First Cause, the Infinite, the Omnipotent, the Omniscient; and rightfully we are so challenged.

But the platitude of reality, and consequently, of truth, is God's eternal, infinite essence. We recall the biblical words, God's own definition of Himself: "I am Who am." What, then, is truth in its eminent entity, but God, the Eternal, the Infinite?

God, being the First Cause, the Creator of all else that is—all else is the externalization of ideas eternally resident in His uncreated essence, and the effects, whether immediate or mediate of His omnipotence; and so, whatever else there is, it is and it is true, so far, and so far only, as it mirrors the divine essence, and is that which God willed it to be. And thus, truth is ever divine in its eminent entity, it is God Himself; in tiniest form, it is, in the measure of its special entity, the image of God's eternal essence, and the fruit of His wisdom and power, being in itself truth only inasmuch as, when seen and judged by His supreme intellect, it is in conformity with its prototype within His essence and with the counsel of His will in its actualization.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

Every being from the smallest grain of sand on the sea shore to the mightiest insect in the firmament, from the most diminutive insect to sovereign man, from all that is created to the Creator, is truth; every act going out from inanimate God, or finite creature, every fact or incident marking the flight of time since time began, is truth; and wherever truth is, the divine is there, and it is very religion to approach it with respect, and in opening to it our mind, to bid it enter thither, in its native perfection, unaltered and undimmed.

In God and in man there is mind, the ability to know truth.

God, infinite mind, knows all truth; man, finite mind, knows truth partially; so far as man knows truth, so far is he high unto the infinite, partaking of the life, the beauty and the power of the Infinite.

The bodily eye is made to see bodily things, so the mind is made to see truth. The mind lives of truth; it is dead when no truth comes to it; it is dying when false appearances, instead of realities, are set before it. With the avoidance of error it is freed from disease, with the increase of truth, it grows in vigor and in power.

Truth is light, and light is the adornment, the beauty of the mind. Every fact, every fact that is truth, is a ray shed upon the mind; and as ray follows ray, as the slender streak first cleaving the darkness, so it widens into sunbeams, the mind glows, and is a mirror more and more the intellect of the infinite; it is ravishing of comeliness and splendor.

Truth begets strength in the mind. Every reality, which is seen and laid hold of by the mind, transmits to the mind its own force; and as the mind travels from reality to reality, absorbing force after force, it ascends in stature and mightiness, dominating the universe around it. Making its owner, man, what God intended man to be, the sovereign of creation. The strength of the mind is strength to the whole man. All, indeed, in man is dependent upon the mind. The several energies, in him, through which he may work and conquer, are set in motion by his will. But the will of itself is blind; it sees not whither it should tend; it needs the light which comes from mind; and the more brilliant this light, the more reaching its diffusion, the more capable is the will to discover the pathways over which man's other energies may travel, the more ambitious is the will to issue words of command, and the more ready are the other energies to obey it.

The knowledge of truth is power; it is the condition of all movement, of all progress in the individual and in the society. And hence it is that all communities that live and seek to go forward clamor for greater truth, and labor that knowledge of truth be co-extensive with their membership, and, at least here and there, rise upward in towering peaks whose summits may best be reached by the rays of truth's most radiant suns.

The noblest and most sublime thing in creation is the human mind. It is the image of the highest attribute in God, the divine intelligence. Through it man is conscious of himself; he knows himself; he knows things outside of himself; ranging far and wide through the universe, he grasps and appropriates to himself the truths that are within it; he rises far beyond the universe into the regions of ideas and principles; rising still higher he reposes upon the very bosom of the Infinite—the First Cause and the Final term, the Alpha and the Omega, from which all truths come and to which all truths lead, and there enriches himself with the life, the knowledge, the grace, the power, which are God's. "O Lord our Lord," exclaims the Psalmist, "how admirable is Thy name in the whole earth!" * * * Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor: Thou hast set him over the work of Thy hands. * * * O Lord our Lord, how admirable is Thy name in the whole earth!" It was the mind which in man that the Psalmist was contemplating, while he uttered his hymn of praise.

THE HUMAN MIND.

Does not the human mind compel our respect? Does it not by its capability of beauty, of grandeur, of power demand from us the homage, that we open its portals to that, and to that only, which is for it beauty, grandeur and power—to truth, and to truth only? To draw darkening clouds around it, while it craves for purest light, to proffer to it vilest husks while it hungers for the food of God's skies, to put before it error and falsehood, instead of truth, truth whole and entire, in its unimpeded original radiance, is treason and sacrilege.

Be it the devise of the classroom; be it the religion of all sanctuaries of learning; be it the inspiration of the teacher as he gives guidance to his pupil, and of the pupil as he questions his own teacher—Devotion to Truth for Truth's own sake.

What in regard to truth is in every man a sacred duty appeals with singular emphasis to the conscience of the teacher. For, the teacher is by profession the guardian of the truth and the guardian of the human mind. The dignity of the teacher! I say it when I recall that the subject-matter of his labors is truth—that the purpose of his labors is the introduction of truth into the human mind, and as a consequence, the exaltation of the soul, man into the regions of the divine. The dignity of the teacher! I say it, when I recall that the search of the truth is the search of the divine, that the search of truth is an act of religion. The profession of teacher is the priesthood of truth; where the teacher speaks, there is there a sanctuary, the sanctuary of truth; and the sense of the Divine should permeate the atmosphere.

It was the great thinker of France, Joubert, who wrote: "Study the sciences in the light of truth, that is, as before God; for their business is to show the truth, that is to say, God everywhere. Write nothing, say nothing, think nothing that you cannot believe to be true before God."

Words sweet and beautiful, those of Joubert! They explain and confirm the devise: "Devotion to Truth, for Truth's own sake."

DEVOTION TO TRUTH.

Is there need that I urge faithfulness to truth? Is not truth at all times sought out and revered, as it deserves to be? Do not its native charms suffice to open every pathway to its advance to remove whatever obstacles might retard its march?

We have but to cast a quick glance over the world of letters and speech to be satisfied that its rights are not seldom denied to truth, that not seldom where truth should be supreme, error and falsehood prevail. Truth has enemies, and it is the inertia of mind and will which recede before the effort that that genuine devotion to truth makes necessary, at times it is prejudices; at times, again, it is passion—pride anger, self-interest.

Frequently truth retires to a distance; it is delighted, as it were, to hide, from its suitors and to surrender only to toil and patience. It is not truth; it is error calling itself truth, that they lay hold of, who would conquer at first sight, whose impole impels to quick retreat.

It is proposed to study a foreign country. A few months, a few weeks are made to subsume the greater part of the time being spent in the hotels, which in no manner are representative of local thought or custom, where clerical are especially trained to say and show what will flatter the national pride and prejudices of guests. Nevertheless, a volume is published, portraying the whole life of a nation, its moral and intellectual conditions, its religion and its politics, its commerce and its industry, concluding with most assured predictions of its approaching rise or fall, and with abstruse philosophical disquisitions on nations and races is general.

A book, bearing the name of a literateur of fame, written to describe the American and its people, is to-day widely read in Europe. The writer spent in America eight months—five of them in a charming winter resort in the heart of Georgia, and one amid the bustle and fashion of Newport; what could he know of America, as it is, and as we expect it to be? Many are the books read in America, written to describe countries foreign to us whose authors spent far less time in those countries than Paul Bourget did in America, and without the cosmopolitan information and the keenness of intellectual insight which characterize Paul Bourget.

Monsieur Bourget's came to a spirit led him not to write a book, which he had written as an account of a very rapid journey through Italy—"Sensations from Italy."

ing the act of Leo in giving to all the access to the palace, by which gone by more than of section, the r and doings of C should not gov spiritual or o ever ready to en the happenings, ments or powe and silence to s tomorrow; so t reigos. "Tru prevail!"

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PREJUDICE

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ing the act of Leo XIII. twenty years ago in giving to all enquirers free and facile access to the archives of the Vatican palace, to which there repaired in ages gone by more than to any other centre of section, the records of the papal and doings of governments, whether of spiritual or of temporal politics, he ever ready to enlighten the world on the happenings of the past? Governments or powers whatever afraid of truth are doomed; for truth crushed and silenced to-day will rise and speak to-morrow; so surely as the God of truth reigns. "Truth is mighty, and it will prevail!"

Then, if we are earnest seekers of truth, caution must be taken, lest our opinions be warped by prejudices that are irrational. "There is no one," says Sir William Hamilton, making the words of another writer his own, "who has not grown up under a load of beliefs—beliefs which he owes to the accidents of country and family, to the books he has read, to the society he has frequented, to the education he has received, and, in general, to the circumstances which have occurred in the formation of his intellectual and moral habits. These beliefs may be true, or they may be false, or what is more probable, they may be a medley of truths and errors. It is, however, through their influence that he studies, and through them, as through a prism, that he views and judges the objects of knowledge. Everything is therefore seen by him in false colors, and in distorted relations. And this is the reason why philosophy, as the science of truth, requires a renunciation of prejudices, that is, of conclusions formed without a previous examination of their grounds." It is necessary, indeed, in view of the situation in which is cast the child, or the adult, even—and there is no reason why we should deplore the fact—that very much of our judgments and opinions come from our surroundings, such as we find them; and it were fatal to proper intellectual life were we to preach universal and instantaneous rejection of all beliefs, which we have not subjected to previous examination. But, what on the other hand, would be equally fatal, and still more unreasonable, would be to hold fast to what once had heard or believed, without allowing ourselves to imagine that truth may lie in statements now coming to us as new, and without giving to such statements the attention which the manner of their presentation, or the gravity of the matters upon which they bear, seem to warrant. How much we have had to revise in our scientific, and historic judgment! How much we are daily made aware we must revise in our opinions of men, and of institutions, when these come to be thoroughly known by us. Readiness to accept truth, whenever else it comes, courage to set all else aside—rather than reject it—is the proper disposition of the really sincere heart. And this disposition, of course, is all the more needed, and all the more commanded in the teacher—be this teacher a parent, or a priest, or a student, or a whole community. The words of St. Paul have a philosophical as well as a theological application: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Until we have heard those who differ from us, or who bring us a message that is new, and weighed their arguments, we have no right to scorn their opinions; into the grounds of which we have seriously peered, should be no justification of our contempt or indifference.

How much there frequently is of prejudice in the judgments of one people regarding another, of the adherents of one religious creed regarding another! How much have we seen of the interests of followers, not only of social peace and of the bonds of friendly amity that should bind together all the members of the human family!

Prejudice usually springs from narrow-mindedness. Its victims are men, who from very lack of mental vision, cannot see things that are at all outside the periphery of their own little circle of thought. They are to be pitied rather than blamed; and invincible ignorance gains for them a certain leniency as we allowed to treat their enemies of truth—those whose passion dominates. There are those whose pride is wounded by truth; whose point it is to combat it. An opponent must be broken down; a cause, in the success of which we see a coveted prize, must be upheld. What then? All that favors sophistry and calumny is kept out of sight; all that damages him is brought into evidence; facts and arguments are distorted; motives are misconstrued; dire falsehoods are uttered. By dint of arguing, one so blinds himself at times that injustice is seen as justice and is championed as just; and the chosen side must be defended, whatever the means—as it was said of old, *per fas et nefas*.

You remember the hero of Goldsmith's rustic school:

"To arguing, too, the pastor owned his skill: For on though vanquished, he could argue still."

You can remember, also, many disputes among neighbors and associates, sometimes more or less joocose, sometimes growing bitter into feuds, the results of false reasoning prompted by pride and imaginary interests. These, the more innocent forms of the evil I deplore. There are other forms, which drive back into long oblivion truths vital to the welfare of humanity, that lead to bloody contests, even to wars between nations.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON SPANISH WAR.

I am one of those, who see in the sequence of the late Spanish-American war the guiding hand of a mighty Providence and the outburst of forces long gathering in the bosom of the nation, sure, at one moment or another, to break out in a resistless self-assertion. Nevertheless, I shall never deny that among the immediate causes of the war

there are to be numbered the exaggerated statements, the lies, too, and the calumnies, the ceaseless appeals to wild and reckless passion which disgraced and disgraced the utterances of certain newspaper writers and of certain other manipulators of public opinion. I know for a fact that the instructions going from the office of a newspaper to its European correspondent read this wise: "Wire all that makes for war, nothing that tends to prevent or delay it." Grave, indeed were the causes, demanding from America a solemn act; strong were the provocations given to ruffle the national temper; yet, we can never approve methods in which falsehood and passion play a large part; and we cannot but assert that it were immediately better for the country if results attained through war could have been reached by other and less direful means.

How unguarded and reckless, and how reprehensible many statements published at the present time, as from the Philippine Islands, purporting to tell of dreadful deeds of cruelty and of injustice, for which on close examination no foundation in fact is found! I shall name in this connection one instance, which I am particularly pleased to censure. A little while ago certain Catholic newspapers raised the high cry that proselytism was the order of the day in the schools of Manila, the chief officials, it was said, and the teachers in the Normal being regularly ordained ministers, who divided their time between the multiplication-table and tract reading. The matter investigated, and it was discovered that the chief officials and the teachers in the Normal were not ministers and that their own good sense, as well as the strict rules of the government, confined them strictly to secular matters. The newspapers, who had admitted into their columns such statements, have since, indeed repudiated them; but, meanwhile, much needless excitement was raised and much harm done.

SCOPE AND DUTY OF THE PRESS.

If I were to choose where outside the classroom for the general welfare of humanity I should have devotion to truth prevail, I should name the newspaper. The newspaper is to-day pre-eminently the mentor of the people. It is read by all; it is believed nearly by all. Its influence is paramount; its responsibility is tremendous. Its province is to narrate facts—to give the truth, nothing but the truth, and all the truth—to allow both parties to a controversy to be heard—never to palliate or distort; to omit nothing when that which is omitted may be of relevancy in the formation of public opinion; never to publish the doubtful as certain news; never, above all else, to put before readers error and falsehood. Facts given, the editor is at liberty to argue from them in favor of his own tenets; and even then through limpid lines there should appear radiant the fair love of truth, never the mere wish to extol party or sect. Journalism that is honest and honorable is one of the nation's most precious inheritances; that which places notoriety and puff above truth and virtue, and adopts as its tactics of war the stunning sensation rather than the calm statements of facts, is one of the nation's direst calamities. Numerous in America is the journalism that is honest and honorable; here and there is found that which worships above all else, notoriety and puff. There is here a duty of conscience and of patriotism for Americans; may they be ever mindful of that duty!

There is a sphere, where if anywhere thought should be most serene and heart should be kindest; even here passion fears not to lower its wings of harpy. It is the sphere of religion. The "Old-time theologian"—the most hateful of hatred—the sternest foe of truth:

RELIGION AND PEACE.

Religion is but another name for peace—the peace sung of at the birth of Christ in Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the Highest, and Peace to Men of Good Will." And yet, in religion's name how often divided, whole nations have been divided, whole nations driven into bloody warfare! In religion's name how often such passions are awakened that the pursuit of religious truth is made absolutely impossible.

This is what happens in religious controversies. We refuse to hear the other side. We are convinced before hand that we understand our opponents better than they understand themselves; and the dispute must be waged on our statement of the case. Then, we mistrust and misconstrue their motives; a prior they are the unjust, and we are the just; they have no truth, and we have all truth. Why, I ask, should we be thus? Why not assume that each of us is as honest as we are, and obey their consciences as we think we are obeying ours? And why not always, before we decide one way or another, bid our opponents give us their statement of the case, instead of taking as the exclusive ground of our judgment, our own statement or one received from those who are noted as partisans of our opinions? With precautions of this kind, such as simplest justice should ever make imperative, we could argue with a degree of reverence for our intellect, and, before we finished, we should most likely have discovered, that at least there is something to be said on either side, and that there is between us and our opponents much common ground, upon which rests the common good, in peace and in love, and with due respect for the consciences even of those from whose principles we may otherwise believe ourselves obliged to differ.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

And so, too, in our adherence whether to science or to revealed religion. What the misgivings, the irritations, the re-

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proaches and counter-reproaches, which disguise so often two noble sources of knowledge, each one worshipping in its own province, neither one carrying itself, the other except when misunderstandings arise and undue conclusions are formed? You are the student, the upholder of science; admirable is your work, praiseworthy your earnestness. For science, the unravelling of the phenomena of nature, is the voice of truth regarding the laws and workings of the universe. But be single-minded in your investigations; have but one purpose, the search of truth; suitly not this purpose by the wish of the heart to discover arguments against revelation: be sure your data are complete and thorough, before you venture upon a conclusion; drawing none not fully warranted by your premises; never darring to make phenomena speak for principle or to push material observations into the spiritual field of causality and finality, which reason can alone survey. You are the disciple, the defender of revealed religion; cling with whole-souled eagerness to the cardinal facts upon which it bases its right to speak, and to the extraordinary and supernatural manner of its manifestation. But do not deny, or discourage science, as if you feared the conclusions of science, as if you doubted its right to penetrate into nature's secrets; do not do science the injustice of assuming that the pronouncement of every scientist is that of science itself, or that the theologian are the responsible declarations of revealed religion. Careful and correct thinking will prevent on one side as well as on the other misunderstandings and unjustifiable conclusions, which are nearly always the occasions of the so-called warfare between science and religion. And, then, throughout, let one's temper be unrudded; and let one's respect for the conscience of an opponent be never abandoned.

Truth is impregnable; it is the reality of things; nought can alter it; nought remove it. Those who know truth partake of its security, and have no fear for it or for themselves. They confide in it as they confide in justice, and scorn other methods of defence. They who lend themselves to passion, who expose themselves to the peril of irrational or unfair warfare, make confession of the weakness of their position. Truth and its friends are patient; to-morrow belongs to them. It may be to-day only as the weak dawning of the early sun through clouded skies; but it grows in splendor, it will rise high in the heavens, brightening even the surrounding clouds, dispelling them with its light and heat. Truth is mighty, and it will prevail.

And why do I talk before a convention of America's teachers of the perils that crowd the pathways to truth? Do I not know, beyond a doubt, my hearers' sincere love for truth, and the noble sacrifices they make in the pursuit of it. All this I do not know for all this I praise America's teachers. But I have in mind to lay stress upon the importance of truth, that utmost care be taken by them to instill into the souls of their pupils their own love of truth, their own devotion to it.

Truth is not always loved and served, as it should be, in the world around us—How shall it be in the world of to-morrow? The classroom of to-day is to be the world of to-morrow. Into whatever the child and more in heart, that will the men and women of to-morrow be. And the children of to-day are fashioned in mind and in heart by the teachers present or represented in this assembly. Each pupil is the Parian marble, now rough-hewn and unformed. Every word, every act of the teacher is as the stroke of the chisel falling upon the striated block, to reveal in it the glory of the angel. No Michael Angelo has ever vocation so noble, so blessed, as the instructor of the youthful soul. Let each teacher do his duty; let each pupil be properly formed; and great will be the America of to-morrow; devoted will it be to love of truth.

Teach, I pray you, to your pupils the love of truth; extol before them its beauty; obtain that they make consecration of themselves before its shrine. Tell them that their souls are noble and grand, only when no clouds of error hover over them, only when truth in its plenary objectivity is so fully reproduced in their minds that those minds are, as it were, in themselves truth. And tell them that the truth which is in their minds must be the adornment of their lips, when these lips part in speech, the adornment of their pen, when that pen nerves in writing; teach them that the lie spoken or written is yet more hateful and more inglorious than the lie enounced in the mind; for from lips or pen it goes out to darken and pervert the minds of others.

I said that truth is divine, that truth, in a very real manner, is God. When God in human form walked upon earth He was seen of men as "full of grace and truth." He said of Himself: "I am the way, the truth and the life;" and announcing the fruits of His coming He said to His followers: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Christ was in all things, and before all else truth; no better manifestation could there have been of the divinity within Him.

Let us in imitation of Christ, be true. His prayer for us to the Father was: "That they be sanctified through truth." The intellectual grasp of the truth will not suffice, unto full sanctification; there must be, too, the grasp of truth by the heart, the active union of the heart with truth. But so potent is truth, that once thoroughly possessed by the mind is easily made its way unto the heart—"The truth will make you free." It might be said that Christ's words bore more directly on such truth as reveal immediately divine life in the soul; I fear not to say, they bore on all truth; for all form of truth is akin to every other form, the spirit of one being that of the other, the essence of all being the eternal prototype in the divine entity

itself. Moreover, the soul attuned to truth in any form will extend it under all forms; and even if after due labor it reaches not unto all it will, at least be in its affections truth-like, and worthy to possess all truth in heaven. Let truth be in smallest pebble, in tiniest herb, in mightiest star, on earth or in the firmament; it is everywhere divine, it is Godlike, and it is Godlike to seek it, know it, and love it.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

The Almighty God from out the boundless abyss of His Omnipotence, with love divine, looks down in pity on the sin-dyed earth, and His Holiness cannot crimes offend the spotlessness of His divinity. But as His anger kindles at the sight, He ever as a gorgeous crimson mist, in its deep splendor hiding every stain, As when, at morn or eve, the rosy light Surrounds with brilliant glow each stagnant pool, Enshrouding all its faded loathsomeness, O Precious Blood! that flowed on Calvary, Rise ever as a gorgeous crimson veil, And hide our sins from heaven's angry God!

—A. SAN JOSE.

NEW INDIAN SCHOOL.

Mother Mary Katharine, head of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament, who was formerly Miss Mary Katharine Drexel, Philadelphia, is building a school for the Navajo Indians in the Arizona desert.

In a spot remote from civilization, thirty miles from a railroad, on an oasis some five hundred acres in the midst of a sandy waste, she will erect school buildings, dormitories, chapel and all the necessary adjuncts to a training school for Indian youth, to be known as the School of St. Michael's Mission. The institution will be completed next fall, it is expected, and twelve Sisters from the convent of the Blessed Sacrament at Conynwells, Pa., will go to take charge of the various departments. The school is being erected on the Navajo Reservation, near Fort Defiance. On this reservation are 20,000 Indians, who, while of less dissipated habits than the majority of Indians, are much more ignorant of the principles of Christianity. This is due to their habitual reserve. They have ever held aloof from the whites. A Sister said of them: "They are all pagans. They have not the faintest idea of our faith. Their definition of Christmas is 'the day the white man got drunk.'"

This school will accommodate fully one hundred and fifty pupils, most of whom will be children from six to ten years old. The elements of an academic course will be given, but in addition there will be cooking, housekeeping, and dressmaking for the girls, and blacksmithing, shoemaking and carpentering for the boys. No more religious teaching will be given than in the ordinary school, the idea being to teach the children the right by example, not by precept.

The plan for this institution has long been cherished by Mother Mary Katharine. She has always taken a great interest in the Indians and their welfare, and has done much to alleviate their sufferings in the past. While she was still Miss Drexel she travelled through Arizona; and studied the conditions under which the Navajos lived. And now, after years of planning, she is carrying out her impulse to help them. The Sisters who go to the school will not be without friends in that desolate country. Several years ago a band of Franciscan friars went into the reservations and established the St. Michael's Mission, from which the name of the new school is derived. These men are translating religious books from English into Navajo, in addition to their regular missionary work.

Mother Mary Katharine will not go to Arizona herself, except to start the school, but will leave the work to some of the elder Sisters of the order. The amount expended by her in this enterprise is not known, but it is believed to be a very large sum, as the buildings are all of modern construction. Mother Mary has been at the head of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament a number of years. She was formerly a society leader of Philadelphia. She is the daughter of the former partner of J. Pierpont Morgan in the banking house of Drexel, Morgan & Co. She entered the sisterhood and is now a member of the order of the Holy Indians in Santo Fe, New Mexico, and several institutions for negroes throughout the South East.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

The National Baptist of New York is unduly concerned at what it terms "the sudden fondness of Romanism for the Bible." The journal referred to seems to fear some dangerous plot in the recent organization of a Papal commission on biblical studies. Several recent articles, from Catholic pens, defending the Bible from the attacks of the "higher critics" actually appear to annoy the editor of that journal. He doubts if some conspiracy against private interpretation does not exist behind that which he evidently believes a modern change of front.

If the editor of that somewhat unnamable journal were better advised with regard to the Catholic position he would see that no change of front has taken place. The Church was the first critic of Holy Scripture. It was she who first decided that which was authentic and that which was spurious, and she who first declared the Bible to be the Christian world. She has always cherished the sacred text and claimed first right to defend it. So careful, indeed, has she been of it that she has denied the right of ignorance or malice to interpret it to the destruction of souls. That she is standing forth as a defender to-day ward its staunchest ally, Protestantism has shown her incapacity to do so, most notoriously. The word of God must not fail through lack of a courageous champion.

As a proof that non-Catholic Christianity is itself incapable we need only point to the peril that exists in the Baptist University of Chicago. How little of the Bible is left whole by the higher critics of that institution? And

Northwestern University has had Pearson teaching his creed of unfaith. Presbyterian theological seminaries ordain young men who frankly regard the Ten Commandments of human origin and Adam and Eve mere myths. Among Episcopalian training-schools pantheism is alarmingly rife. How can such people be trusted to preserve the sacred Scriptures? If our civilization is to remain Christian, and if the Bible is to continue worthy of reverence, the great Church which gave the Scripture to the world must defend it without fear or favor. Why does not the New York journal regard the Chicago savants with suspicion? If it wishes to grow alarmed, there is its opportunity.—Catholic Union and Times.

The "Spirit of the Age."

One of the speakers at the Presbyterian convention in this city last week accused the Catholic Church of being opposed to the spirit of the age. She has always been opposed to it. This opposition began with the early teachings of Christ. Its principles were summarized in the Sermon on the Mount. Its aggressive character was stamped upon it by the Saviour when He sent His disciples "as sheep in the midst of wolves." Its first shock was felt in the temple when He "overthrew the tables of the money-changers." It obtained its complement of Divine power on Pentecost when the disciples "were filled with the Holy Spirit." It assumed its earthly organization in the first Council held by the Apostles in Jerusalem. It marshaled the early Christians in their warfare against the idols of Pagan Rome, and inspired them with songs of exultation when over the ruins of idolatrous altars were raised the temples of the one, true God. It is the inspiration of that Divine Master who hath said, "In the world you shall have distress; but have confidence; I have overcome the world." As a Church, Her arms are truth and justice and in vain will the world, the flesh and the devil fight against her.—American Herald.

Popes Leo XIII. and his Predecessors.

Leo XIII., having celebrated the twenty-fourth anniversary of his coronation recently, there have now been only fifteen in the long series of Roman Pontiffs whose reigns have surpassed or equaled his in duration. The longest reign of any Pope over thirty-one years, was that of Pius IX. (June, 1846 to February, 1878.) Then follow, Pius VI., over 24 years (1775-1799); Pius VIII. (1800-1823), and Adrian I. (772-755); 23 years; Alexander III., 22 years, viz., Sylvester I. (314-335); Leo I. (440-461); Leo III. (795-816); Urban VIII. (1623-1644); and Clement XI. (1700-1721). The reign of Paschal II. lasted 19 years (1099-1118). These eleven Popes, therefore, have a longer reign than the Pontiff elected for Leo XIII. The following four enjoyed one of equal, or about equal, length, namely 18 years; Damasus I. (366-384), Innocent III. (1198-1216), John XXII. (1316-1334), and Benedict XIV. (1740-1758). We have good reason for hoping, and certainly for praying, that the reign of Leo XIII. may yet attain a much higher position in the above scale than even that which it now occupies.—American Herald.

Good Example Makes Converts.

In the history of conversions to the Catholic Church, we are usually taken into discussions of the doctrines and doubts which, in each particular case, paved the way or excited the inquiry. But more largely than we may suppose, the good lives of humble Christians ought to—and, we believe, do—make converts, and predispose people in favor of the Church.

"What made a Catholic of me," said Sir Stephen De Vere (a brother of Aubrey De Vere), "was my knowledge, my intimate knowledge, of the integrity of the morals of the young men of the peasant class. I went among them; I was at their hurlings, at their sports; I heard them, I listened to them, I knew them. I compared them with the young men of my own class. I said, what can make the difference? It can not be education, for they have little or none. It cannot be the doctrine, they know nothing of the doctrine of society. It cannot be travel; it must be only one thing—their religion, and I will be of the religion that makes them so innocent and so pure."

In the early days of immigration to this country, the good lives of Catholic girls living in American families, caused not a few conversions. In the civil war many a soldier experienced a change of heart, seeing the white-bonnetted Sisters of Charity in their rounds of mercy. In the world around us, we may be sure that the example of good Catholics does not go without similar factory ways that we can bring converts to the true faith.—Catholic Citizen.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

OTTAWA, CANADA, March 7th, 1902. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1902.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Having received some copies of the CATHOLIC RECORD from a friend in Canada, a Catholic graduate of a State College in Pennsylvania writes:

"Especially I feel grateful for the CATHOLIC RECORD. I always read the RECORD with pleasure and interest. It has cleared away many lazy notions and had of the observances and ceremonies. The chronic with Young Men had an inspiring effect. Emulation of those whose lives are examples for all seeking the real end of life, cannot be encouraged too strongly."

THE PROGRESS OF RELIGION IN PALESTINE.

In order to promote the progress of the Catholic Church in the East, it has been determined to build a Benedictine monastery on the Mount of Olives at Jerusalem, together with a seminary for the education of clergy of the Syrian rite. The Catholic or Uniate Syrian patriarch has made arrangements with the Propaganda at Rome for the erection and maintenance of these two much needed institutions, which will be under the charge of the Monks of the Order of St. Benedict.

The Abbey will be under the jurisdiction of Abbot-General of Subiaco, Italy, as the monks belong to the monastery at Subiaco. The particular purpose of the college will be to supply the Church of the East with a zealous and learned clergy of the Syrian rite, for missionary purposes among the schismatic Syrians, as well as for the promotion of a knowledge of the Catholic faith among Syrian Catholics.

THE FRIARS ON THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

The latest reports from Rome show that statements made in previous despatches that there have been serious disagreements between the Pope and the Taft Commission were merely sent for sensational purposes. The negotiations have gone on smoothly, and the Holy Father has expressed the fullest confidence in the good intentions of the American Government. The Pope has raised a reasonable objection against the immediate shutting out of the Spanish friars from parishes which cannot be filled at once by other priests; but he is willing to substitute other priests, Americans or Filipinos, by degrees, for such Spanish priests as are objected to by the Filipinos to any considerable extent, and details are to be settled between the Papal Delegate at Manila and Governor Taft.

The vague charges of immorality made against the friars have not been substantiated in any instance, and the grounds of any dissatisfaction which exists among the natives in regard to the friars are either on account of the share which the latter had in governing the country under the Spanish regime, or that they have in some instances been too severe in insisting upon their rights as landlords. There remains

little doubt that this question will be settled to the mutual satisfaction of the Pope and the American Government.

At the farewell audience on July 21, at which the Holy Father received the Commissioners, bidding them adieu, Governor Taft thanked the Holy Father for the courtesy shown him throughout the negotiations, and promised co-operation with the Apostolic Delegate in executing the business agreed upon. He also expressed regret that "false and even calumnious statements had been circulated in regard to the business which had been transacted."

AN ANARCHISTS' FATE.

It is on the plea of mercy toward our fellow-creatures, formed after the image and likeness of the same God, that the adversaries of capital punishment found their chief argument. They say, "let the most heinous criminals be punished with perpetual imprisonment, but let not man assume the right to deprive of life the noble being whom God has created after His image, and for so high a destiny as to know and serve Him on earth, and hereafter to see and enjoy Him and His perfections forever in heaven. God has, besides, laid it down in His law communicated to man from Mount Sinai: 'Thou shalt not kill.' Under no circumstances, therefore, should human life be taken away by man."

In answer to this it is to be said that God Himself, under the Mosaic law, laid down circumstances under which the criminal is to be punished with death, though not by private vengeance: Thus "he that striketh a man with a will to kill him shall be put to death. He that striketh his father or mother shall be put to death. He that shall steal a man and sell him, being convicted of the guilt, shall be put to death." (Ex. xxi, 12 and seq.)

It is correct to say that these laws were not commanded as a permanent obligation on all nations, but were special criminal laws for the use of the Jewish people; yet they show that capital punishment was approved by God for crimes of great enormity.

The common consent of mankind for many ages was to the same effect, indicating that this manner of punishment had its origin in the divine institution of society, which has the inherent right to protect itself even by inflicting death as a punishment against the assaults of the wicked upon the social structure. Hence, also, under the Christian dispensation, capital punishment is approved in God's Holy Word:

"For rulers are not a terror to the good work, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise from the same. For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, fear: for he beareth not the sword in vain. For he is the minister of God, an avenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." (Rom. xiii, 3, 4.)

Our readers will remember the horrible crime of which the Anarchist Lucchini was guilty in murdering the estimable Empress of Austria some years ago on the streets of Geneva, the capital of Switzerland. This prospering Republic has no capital punishment, the death penalty having been abolished since many years ago. Hence Lucchini was sentenced only to imprisonment for life; but if a recent telegram be correct, as we have good reason to believe it to be, the death penalty would have been more merciful to this criminal than the solitary confinement to which he was condemned.

It is now stated that so seriously has his severe punishment preyed upon his mind that he has "undoubtedly gone mad." On the evening of July 25th he made a great uproar in his cell, and when two warders went to see what was the matter, he flung himself violently upon them, tearing the face of one open with his nails, and nearly strangling the unfortunate man. It took three men to get Lucchini under control. It thus appears that the argument of mercy which has been used in advocacy of the abolition of capital punishment is of no weight in the present instance. It would have been better for the world, and perhaps for the culprit himself, if he had been executed, and the execution would have been a more striking object lesson for other anarchists who are plotting even at this moment for the assassination of others in high station.

We have need of patience with ourselves and with others; for the greatest things and the least; against sudden inroads of trouble, and against our daily burdens; in the weariness of the body, or the wearing of the soul; in everyday wants; in the aching of sickness or the decay of age; in disappointments, bereavements, losses, injuries, reproaches; in heaviness of the heart, or its sickness amid delayed hopes. In all these things, from childhood's little troubles to the great troubles throughout life's journey, patience is the grace of God, whereby we endure evil for the love of God.

DEATH OF CARDINAL LEDOCHOWSKI.

A great grief has fallen upon Rome owing to the death of his Eminence Cardinal Mieczslas Ledochowski, the Prefect or President of the Propaganda Fide, on July 22nd. The magnitude of the loss endured by the Church by the Cardinal's death will be understood when we mention that the Congregation of the Propaganda has the administration of the affairs of the Church in all missionary countries, among which are reckoned the United States and Canada, of which the United States is the most important in the world. The labors of the Propaganda in relation to these two countries have been greatly diminished, however, by the appointment to them of Apostolic Delegates upon whom devolve nearly all the duties of the Propaganda in regard to them.

The estimation in which Cardinal Ledochowski was held may be estimated not only from the importance of the duties confided to him, but also from the remark made by the Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. when his death was made known to him. His Holiness was greatly distressed as he said:

"A valiant fighter for the Church and religion has gone. His memory be blessed."

Cardinal Ledochowski was born at York of an illustrious Polish family on Oct. 29th, 1822, and after making part of his studies at Vienna he went to Rome to complete them in the Academia Ecclesiastica, an institution founded by Pope Pius IX. for the special training of ecclesiastics who were remarkable for their acquirements.

He was afterward made a domestic prelate to the Pope and prothonotary apostolic, and was later sent to Madrid on a diplomatic mission. He also went successively to Lisbon, Rio de Janeiro, and Santiago de Chili as diplomatic attaché to the nunciatures there. In 1861 being sent as nuncio to Brussels, he was raised to the dignity of Archbishop of Thebes in partibus infidelium. In January 1866 he was appointed Archbishop of Gnesen and Posen, which see is the primate see of Poland.

Owing to his resistance to the persecuting laws enacted against the Catholic Church under the rule of Otto von Bismarck, he was imprisoned in the fortress of Ostrowa for two years, viz., from 1874 to 1876. During his imprisonment he was made a Cardinal by Pope Pius IX. in 1875. On his liberation from prison he went to Cracow, but being pursued by the hostility of Bismarck, he was obliged to leave his diocese, taking refuge in Rome, where occupation was given to him by the Pope, and he was finally appointed to the prefectship of the Propaganda.

Even while he was in Rome sentences of imprisonment and banishment were issued against him in the German Empire, and, as there was good reason to believe that the King of Italy intended to hand him over to the German government, he took refuge in the Vatican, where he remained within the walls practically a prisoner, until after he resigned his diocese in 1884. Thereupon Bismarck ceased to seek him for his prisoner, and he was able to move about as he would in Rome. Still later Bismarck changed his policy toward the Church, and then even a species of friendship sprang up between the Cardinal and the "man of blood and iron."

On the announcement of Cardinal Ledochowski's death the news was received in Gnesen and Posen as of a national calamity and manifestations of grief were universal.

As we go to press the Cardinal's body lies in state in the Chapel of the Propaganda.

JOAN OF ARC.

not, therefore, any of that perversity or pride or of the worse vices which one would attribute to her if he were acquainted with her history only through the dramatic descriptions of Shakespeare.

In 1422 the infant Henry VI. of England was proclaimed King of France at his father's grave at St. Denis, and the English were making strenuous efforts to overrun France so that the proclamation might become true in fact.

In 1420 all France north of the Loire was in the hands of the English, and the country South of the Loire was also invaded. Orleans, the key to the South, was invested by the English in 1428, and the outer fortifications fell into their hands.

For some years Joan thought sorrowfully of the afflictions of her country and prayed for its deliverance, and in time she became fully convinced that she was the chosen one of God who would effect that deliverance. She heard voices which she was convinced were the voices of angels, and which urged her to lead an army to rescue her country, and she succeeded in Feb., 1429, when she was not yet eighteen years of age, in inducing the Governor of Vaucouleur to introduce her to Charles VII., the uncrowned king of France, at Chinon.

Charles was then making feeble efforts to check the onward course of the British, but for several days he refused to admit the young but enthusiastic shepherdess to an interview. At last the interview was granted, and it is asserted that the means whereby she convinced the king of her sacred mission was by recognizing him amid his courtiers when one of them by his direction attempted to pass himself upon her as the monarch himself. She also is said to have indicated secret facts to Charles which could not be known to an outsider from the royal family and the court. The facts were such as enabled him to dispel all existing doubts of his right to the French throne.

A commission of learned theologians examined Joan and found in her simple faith a satisfactory foundation for her intense piety and enthusiasm, and another commission of noble ladies reported the child to be an innocent and chaste virgin. Charles then appointed her to lead an army which was variously said to have consisted of from five to ten thousand men.

She was furnished with a blessed sword which she declared was hidden near the altar of St. Catharine of Fierbois, and was clad in a coat of mail, whereupon she went to Orleans at the head of her army, and succeeded in forcing the British to abandon the siege. Several other victories followed, the English were driven northward, and the inactive king was persuaded by Joan to march to Rheims for his coronation, this being the historic city in which it had been customary for many ages to crown the kings of France. The king was crowned on July 17th, within five months from the day when Joan was presented to him at Chinon.

After the coronation of the king Joan declared that her mission was ended. Anything more should be done by the king himself with his nobles and his armies. The King and his advisers, however, were unwilling to let her go, and at their persuasion she remained, but her course of victories was at an end. She was taken prisoner in May, 1430, by the Duke of Burgundy, who sided with the English. She was then defending Compiègne, and soon after the Duke sold her to the English. The faculty of the University of Paris urged that she should be tried as a witch, and their wish was acceded to, and being found guilty she was burned at the stake on May 30th, 1431.

Whatever is to be thought of the voices which Joan of Arc heard urging her to take up arms for the cause of France, there is no doubt of her honesty of purpose, or the strength of her conviction that she was selected by God to accomplish the great work in which she succeeded. Her purpose was undoubtedly a noble one, even viewed as dictated by a human virtue of patriotism, but she was animated by higher motives, yet it was not so much by her military achievements that her memory demands respect, as by the purity of her life and her ardent character which made her love with her whole soul God and her country. The mock trial to which she was subjected was a disgrace to all who took part in it. The French people to this day, especially those of Champagne and Lorraine, regard her as a saint and martyr; but it belongs to the Holy Father and his Council to pronounce after due investigation whether or not she is truly a saint of the Catholic Church; that is to say, one of the true heroines of the Christian religion. Her canonization is being promoted by French Bishops who are convinced that Joan was under the influence of inspiration when she offered herself to lead the French armies to victory.

COL. GRIMM'S PUNISHMENT.

The punishment inflicted upon Colonel Grimm, of the Russian army, who was found guilty of the crime of betraying military secrets of the Empire to foreign powers, recalls that to which Captain Dreyfus of the French army was condemned under accusation of a similar crime.

Col. Grimm was sentenced to ten years' banishment to the penal Island of Saghalien, to which the greatest criminals are sent. The first ten years he will be obliged to work in the mines, chained to a heavy wheelbarrow, and the chains will not be loosened whether he is asleep or awake, except by order of a doctor, who will pronounce him too feeble to endure such hardship. In this case he will be sent to a hospital. The prison warders and inspectors on this island are noted specially for brutality.

Should the Colonel survive the ten years' banishment he will be imprisoned for life in one of the penal settlements of Siberia.

When the prisoner heard his sentence he begged to be given a soldier's death, by which he meant that he should be shot. This is not very surprising, considering that he was fully aware of the severity of the punishment to which he was condemned. It is said that 70 per cent. of the hard labor convicts sent to Saghalien would in all seriousness prefer capital punishment to the hardships of convict life on that island.

A MISSIONARY OF MANY TALES.

The Methodist Summer School has commenced its work in Toronto, and we have no hesitation in saying that so far as we have seen the reports of the Professor McLaughlin's series of lectures on St. Luke's Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles, also by St. Luke, are well calculated to throw much light upon the beautiful and highly devotional work of that learned Evangelist and skilful biographer whom St. Paul calls "the beloved physician." Beautifully and graphically St. Luke describes the growth and progress of the Church of God from its foundation by Christ as "a little flock" (Luke xii, 12) till by the successive labors of Sts. Peter and Paul it had so spread over the Roman Empire throughout Western Asia, Northern Africa, Eastern Europe, and the islands of the Mediterranean Sea, that it attracted the wondering notice of the Roman Emperors, even before the martyrdom of the two great Apostles who gave their attention to the conversion of the Jews and Gentiles respectively.

But we cannot speak thus favorably of the talk of the Rev. Professor Villard, President of the French Methodist Missionary Institute, who gave what the Mail and Empire aptly calls a "sensational address" full of "disintegrating utterances," and "astounding anecdotes of the habitants, and their native distrust of Protestant strangers, fostered by their priests."

The Rev. Mr. Villard declares that "the French-Canadian does not know much; he is brought up in a Church where ignorance is a blessing, and most of them cannot read or write."

This is certainly an extraordinary statement. It will, of course, be found that there are persons in Quebec province who are uneducated, as such are to be found everywhere; but that this is the case with a large proportion of the French-Canadians is evidently false. It is a fact attested by the returns of the Education Departments of the Provinces of Canada that school attendance in Quebec is considerably greater than in the Protestant provinces. We admit the difficulty of making an exact comparison, as the grading of the schools is different; but we may make a close approximation by the figures given in the Dominion Year-book, from which we find that the average number of pupils attending the schools of Ontario during 1900 was 280,941. Adding 3,000 as an approximate number for colleges not included in the Departmental system, we shall have an average attendance of 100 to 700 of population. In Quebec we find an average of 237,723, which is 100 to 694 of population.

In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the populations sending an average attendance of 100 children to the Public schools are 838 and 835 respectively. We have no doubt that if private Academies were included the results in these two provinces would be better; but after making all possible allowance, the attendance at school in Quebec exceeds greatly the attendance in the Protestant provinces. This state of things is not the accident of the year 1891, but has been existent for many years, and in the face thereof it is absurd to assert, as Mr. Villard does, that most of the French-Canadians can neither read nor write.

We have followed above the report of the Toronto Globe. In the Mail and Empire the words attributed to the professor are different. He is therein made to say that "most of the older people cannot read or write." Even

in this form the statement is false; though if he had said "the oldest people," referring, of course, to those whose youth belonged to a period when there were but very imperfect schools either in Quebec or any other province of Canada, the statement might be nearer the truth; but it is very probable that statistics would show that so far back the schools of Quebec were quite as good as those of any other province of what is now the Dominion of Canada. The intention is avowedly, however, to show that ignorance is at the present moment the prevailing characteristic of the French-Canadians, which is false; and, as the Rev. Mr. Villard is a resident among them, must know better, we can only consider the statement as a deliberate falsehood.

Another of the Professor's stories is to the effect that "a woman was told by her priests that she would be a bad woman and go to hell if she read the Bible." The Mail and Empire rightly characterizes this statement, together with what follows, as "an apocryphal story." The speaker continued:

"The priests try to keep the people from reading the Scriptures, even going to the length of suppressing the recent Papal Encyclical commanding it, and declaring that the whole story of the Encyclical is a Protestant lie!"

After such a statement, which, of course, is not authenticated by the naming of even any one locality where the like occurred, he adds that "many volumes of the Bible condemned as bad books were burned by the parish priest at the convent, with solemn ceremonial."

The Catholic Church has always held the Bible in the greatest reverence, and it is from Protestant and not from Catholic pulpits that we hear it nowadays treated as a collection of fictitious tales. But so great is the respect in which the Catholic Church holds the sacred volume that she guards her children against corrupt versions by prohibiting them. Truthful and accurate versions are encouraged by the Catholic Church, and are to be found in most Catholic houses, authenticated and recommended with the approval of the Bishops of the Church.

But Mr. Villard caps his pyramid of falsehoods with the statement that "he had tried to buy a Romanist Bible in Montreal, but could not get one for less than \$6, a prohibitive price for the poor, the dealer astutely remarking that the demand for them is very small."

We have before us the catalogues of several Catholic booksellers of Montreal, New York, and other cities in which the price of a handsome and serviceable edition of the Catholic Bible is marked at \$1. In these catalogues special editions bound in morocco, and comprising copious commentaries, and atlases advertised at from \$4 to \$6, all of which are easily procurable in Montreal, so that if the prices are to be made a test, there must be much greater demand for these books than Professor Villard would have us believe.

"The man of pure and simple heart; Through life disdains a double part; He never needs the screen of lies; His inward bosom to disguise."

With his tongue so ready to speak falsehoods, we may well infer what credit is to be given to this Professor's statements to the effect that there are six flourishing Protestant missions among the French-Canadians.

We suppose he includes the Methodist missions among the number. But, on the other hand, it is only a few years since it was openly admitted that these missions were a failure, and they were about to be closed because they were dying of dry-rot. We understand that they are still in a half-dying condition. Mr. Villard, as a matter of course, puts a good face on the matter by painting their works in the most brilliant coloring, and he takes care to hint that offerings will be gratefully received for their maintenance.

We know by the Dominion census, and by information from other sources, that Protestantism is rapidly declining as a force in the province of Quebec; for though there has been a small percentage of increase, the advance has fallen greatly behind the increase of population in the province. This would not be the case if the missions referred to were as successful as is pretended. It is always to be expected that there will be a few apostates whose strenuous efforts are being constantly made to destroy the faith of the people, and Quebec cannot be an exception to the general rule; but whatever defections there may be from the Catholic faith, they are more than recompensed for by the progress of the Catholic Church in the province of Quebec. Protestantism is losing ground there, whereas Catholicity is progressing rapidly in such countries as Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Switzerland.

There was another fairy tale told by this Mr. Villard, as follows:

"Many of the French-Canadians really thought they saw a devil when they saw the Protestant minister. The

colporteurs were the special dislike, and the priests told that if they looked at the devil they would see they had only the cloven hoof."

"The meeting laughed at Mr. Villard told how on accepted the challenge when seeing admission to a Roman Catholic, and the books and socks, disapproval of the priest and such lighting the credulous Indian, who, with his family, came Protestants."

Such a story might have a good joke by a Canadian Professor Villard must be drawing the long-bow "the priests" are circled tales seriously. We pity give him funds for his strength of such tales.

It is to hear such tales that the Methodist Sumner been inaugurated? We that Baron Munchausen could be read at home by scholars at less expense.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

A somewhat bitter column of the Catholic United States regards the Philippines, and especially education, the mission of the Friars, and mission.

A good deal of acerbity way into the discussion, the political parties to putants belong. We repeat that such is the case, as the investigation into should be carried on, no of any political party with a view to ascertain in order to make it sure that religious liberty is the Filipinos which is citizens of the United It is certainly according to the letter also of the United States any people under tion of the Federal should enjoy complete liberty, whether they territory, or as a full and if the discussion on these lines with a vi truth, and to maintain Catholic people, there hope that these rights, here are really such, re

In the matter of ed been publicly charged ers that the schools est new Government of the lands are in reality Pro schools wherein, ei or through the neglig States Government, a s ism is in operation, w Protestantize the island ed, in fact, that the pu used as an instrument propagandism.

The International Ca vely have written a been widely published these charges are tru being that the Catho may call the Admini United States to accou justifiable conduct, and change their course to of the recently acquir it must be borne in min organized Governmen though a civil gover pletely under contro ment at Washington, orders received from V

On the other hand, of New York, a Protes the Milwaukee Catho made investigations in come to the conclusion special charges were exaggerated, but wer and Archbishop Irelan dress delivered at a National Education Minneapolis, has mad tion, calling severely olic papers which bro charges. The Archbi

"A little while ago newspapers raised the ism was the order of schools of Manila, th was said, and the tea mal being regularly o who divided their t multiplication table a The matter was investi discovered that the ch teachers in the Norm isters, and that their well as the strict rul ment confined them s matters. The news admitted into their c nents have since, h them, but meanwhile citement was raised done."

It has been pointed school laws enacted contain the following "No teacher or teach or criticize the Church, or religious sec or shall attempt to l for or against any C

colporteurs were the special object of dislike, and the priests told the people that if they looked at their feet they would see they had only two toes—the toe of the cloven hoof."

"The meeting laughed heartily when Mr. Villard told how one colporteur accepted the challenge thrown at him when seeking admission to the house of a Roman Catholic, and taking off his boots and socks, disapproved the state-ment of the priest and succeeded in enlightening the credulous French-Canadian, who, with his family, promptly became Protestants."

Such a story might have been told as a good joke by a Canadian wag; but Professor Villard must know that he is drawing the long-bow when he says "the priests" are circulating such tales seriously. We pity the dupes who give him funds for his mission on the strength of such tales.

It is to hear such stories as these that the Methodist Summer School has been inaugurated? We should think that Baron Munchausen's adventures could be read at home by the Summer scholars at less expense.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

A somewhat bitter controversy has been going on for some time in the columns of the Catholic newspapers of the United States regarding affairs in the Philippines, and especially in regard to education, the proposed expulsion of the Friars, and the Taft Commission.

A good deal of acerbity has found its way into the discussion, according to the political parties to which the disputants belong. We regret to remark that such is the case, as in our opinion the investigation into these matters should be carried on, not in the interest of any political party, but solely with a view to ascertaining the truth in order to make it sure whether or not that religious liberty is really given to the Philippines which is enjoyed by the citizens of the United States proper. It is certainly according to the spirit, and to the letter also of the Constitution of the United States that any people under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government should enjoy complete religious liberty, whether they come in as a territory, or as a full-fledged State; and if the discussion were conducted on these lines with a view to elicit the truth, and to maintain the rights of a Catholic people, there would be more hope that these rights should be respected, and the existing wrongs, if there are really such, removed.

In the matter of education, it has been publicly charged by several papers that the schools established by the new Government of the Philippine islands are in reality Protestant sectarian schools wherein, either designedly or through the negligence of the United States Government, a system of proselytism is in operation, with a view to Protestantize the islands. It is asserted, in fact, that the public schools are used as an instrument of a Protestant propagandism.

The International Catholic Truth Society have written a letter which has been widely published, affirming that these charges are true, the purpose being that the Catholics of America may call the Administration of the United States to account for such unjustifiable conduct, and compel them to change their course toward the people of the recently acquired territory; for it must be borne in mind that the newly organized Government at Manila, though a civil government, is completely under control of the Government at Washington, and acts under orders received from Washington.

On the other hand, the Independent of New York, a Protestant journal, and the Milwaukee Catholic Citizen, have made investigations independently, and come to the conclusion that some of the special charges were not merely grossly exaggerated, but were entirely false, and Archbishop Ireland in a recent address delivered at a Convention of the National Education Association at Minneapolis, has made the same assertion, calling severely to task the Catholic papers which brought forward the charges. The Archbishop said:

"A little while ago certain Catholic newspapers raised the cry that proselytism was the order of the day in the schools of Manila, the chief officials, it was said, and the teachers in the Normal being regularly ordained ministers who divided their time between the multiplication table and tract reading. The matter was investigated, and it was discovered that the chief officials and the teachers in the Normal were not ministers, and that their own good sense as well as the strict rules of the Government confined them strictly to secular matters. The newspapers which had admitted into their columns such statements have since, indeed, repudiated them, but meanwhile much needless excitement was raised and much harm done."

It has been pointed out also that the school laws enacted in the Philippines contain the following provision:

"No teacher or other person shall teach or criticize the doctrines of any Church, religious sect or denomination, or shall attempt to influence the pupils for or against any Church or religious

sect in any public school established under this act. If any teacher shall intentionally violate this section, he or she shall, after due hearing, be dismissed from the public service."

It thus appears that it is the intention of the United States Government that the Public schools established on the islands shall be similar to those kept up throughout the United States, which means that religion of any kind shall not be taught in them.

Mr. Elihu Root, the Secretary of War, has even deemed it advisable to make a public statement on the subject, and this statement is to the effect that it has been the aim of the Government, not only not to exclude Catholics from the teaching staff employed to teach the Filipinos, but that several Catholics are actually among the teachers, and that it has been the aim of the Government to appoint Catholic teachers, it being well understood that it is the wish of the Catholic Filipinos that this should be done so far as Catholic teachers are available. Mr. Root adds that as a matter of fact, among the Superintendents there were two Catholics appointed who were afterward "dropped from the rolls for good and sufficient reason."

Weighing all the circumstances of the case, it appears to be established that some of the charges brought against the Government were based upon wrongful information, and so far the Government has been blamed for more than it deserved, but this blame was founded not upon any intentional falsehoods, but on mistakes in the facts alleged. Yet the Manila correspondents of the Catholic papers are known to the public of this continent as reliable men whose word cannot be doubted in regard to facts which have come under their own observation; and among these facts as stated by them there are numerous instances of sectarian bigotry and attempts at proselytism on the part of some of the teachers. If one half or one quarter of these statements are true, and we believe they are true for the most part, there is much which ought to be changed in the new school system established on the islands.

The Filipinos are a Catholic people, and what they need and want is a Catholic school system. They are not to be treated in the same way as the people of the United States, the majority of whom in every State are Protestants; but a school system permitting the teaching of religion should be at once established in the Philippines. We say "at once" whereby we mean, as soon as Catholic teachers are available.

In our opinion the Catholic press of the United States have done a good work in calling the attention of Catholics to the gross abuses which we still believe are for the most part facts. We know by experience that even though it has been proved elsewhere that the Chief Superintendent or Commissioner of Education is not a Protestant minister, there are many Protestant teachers who would be glad to embrace every opportunity to cast slurs upon the Catholic religion. This has been done in America, under the very eyes of the Government, and we cannot doubt that in spite of prohibitory laws on this subject, the same thing has been and will continue to be done in the Philippine Islands. At the same time we are quite willing to give the American Government credit for good intentions. We hope it will take care that these good intentions shall be put into practical operation.

THE MAIL AND EMPIRE.

We are sorry to have to make complaint once more of the impertinence of one of the writers of the Toronto Mail and Empire, and we would respectfully ask the management to take the matter into consideration. In replying to a correspondent, this writer stated that there was no law in the United States to prevent a "Romanist" from occupying the position of President. This reply of the editor is only a half truth. While there is no law to prevent a Catholic occupying the highest position in that country, there is an unwritten law—non-Catholic prejudice and ignorance—which would prevent the election of a Catholic to the Presidency. Exactly the same condition of things prevails in what we are told is the great and enlightened city of Toronto. While there is no law to prevent a Catholic occupying the office of Chief Magistrate of that city, there is, as in the United States, an unwritten law to that effect—non-Catholic prejudice and ignorance—which would prevent his election. What we wish more particularly to complain of, however, is the writer's making use of the term "Romanist." This expression finds much favor amongst the street corner loafers and the ignorant people who comprise the lodges of a certain secret society. We are therefore astonished that the management of the Toronto Mail and Empire permits one of its writers to de-sein so low.

A daily paper, the publishers of which

aim to give its readers a first class article, should not employ such gross, ignorant and bigoted writers as this particular one who contributes a page to the Saturday Mail and Empire. His literary work would be more suitable for the days of Lord George Gordon.

POPE LEO AND THE LABOR QUESTION.

In view of the struggle now going on in Pennsylvania between capital and labor, the following extracts from the Pope's Encyclical on "The Condition of the Working Classes" should be carefully meditated on by capitalists, lawmakers and workmen:

"Rights must be religiously respected wherever they exist, and it is the duty of the public authority to prevent and to punish injury, and to protect every one in the possession of his own. Still, when there is question of defending the rights of individuals, the poor and helpless have a claim to especial consideration. The richer class have many ways of shielding themselves, and stand less in need of help from the State; whereas those who are badly off have no resources of their own to fall back upon, and must chiefly depend upon the assistance of the State. And it is for this reason that wage-earners, who are undoubtedly among the weak and necessitous, should be specially cared for and protected by the Government."

HOW THE STATE SHOULD DEAL WITH LABOR QUESTIONS.

"Here, however, it is expedient to bring under special notice certain matters of moment. It should ever be borne in mind that the chief thing to be realized is the safeguarding of private property by legal enactment and public policy. Most of all it is essential, amid such a fever of excitement, to keep the multitude within the line of duty; for if all may justly strive to better their condition, neither justice nor the common good allows any individual to seize upon that which belongs to another, or, under the futile and shadowy pretext of equality, to lay violent hands on other people's possessions. Most true it is that by far the larger part of the workers prefer to better themselves by honest labor rather than by doing any wrong to others. But there are not a few who are imbued with evil principles and eager for revolutionary change, whose main purpose is to stir up tumult and bring about measures of violence. The authority of the State should intervene to put restraint upon such firebrands, to save the working classes from their seditious acts, and protect lawful owners from spoliation."

"When work people have recourse to a strike it is frequently because the hours of labor are too long, or the work too hard, or because they consider their wages insufficient. The grave inconvenience of this not uncommon occurrence should be obviated by public remedial measures; for such paralyzing of labor not only affects the masters and their work people alike, but it is extremely injurious to trade and to the general interests of the community. It is, moreover, on such occasions violence and disorder are generally not far distant, and thus it frequently happens that the public peace is imperiled. The law should forestall and prevent such troubles from arising; they should lend their influence and authority to the removal in good time of the causes which lead to conflicts between employers and employed."

THE STATE AND THE REGULATION OF LABOR.

"If we turn now to things external and corporeal, the first concern of all is to save the poor workers from the cruelty of greedy speculators, who use human beings as mere instruments for money-making. It is neither just nor human so to grind men down with excessive labor as to stupefy their minds and wear out their bodies. Man's powers, like his general nature, are limited, beyond the limits he cannot go. His strength is developed and increased by use and exercise, but only on condition of due intermission and proper rest. Daily labor, therefore, should be so regulated as not to be protracted, over longer hours than strength admits. How many and how long the intervals of rest should be, must depend on the nature of the work, on circumstances of time and place, and on the health and strength of the workman. Those who work in mines and quarries and extract coal, stone and metals from the bowels of the earth should have shorter hours in proportion to their labor is more severe and trying to health. Then, again, the season of the year should be taken into account; or not infrequently a kind of labor is easy at one time which at another is intolerable or exceedingly difficult. Finally, work, which is quite suitable for a young man, is quite unsuitable for a woman, or a child. And, in regard to children, great care should be taken not to place them in workshops and factories until their bodies and minds are sufficiently developed. For just as very rough weather destroys the buds of spring, so does too early an experience of life's hard toil blight the young promise of a child's faculties, and render any true education impossible. Women, again, are by nature fitted for home work, and it is that which is best adapted to preserve her modesty and to promote the good bringing-up of children and the well-being of the family. As a general principle it may be laid down that a workman ought to have leisure and rest proportionate to the wear and tear of his strength; for waste of strength must be repaired by cessation from hard work."

WILL OF ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN.

The Estate Valued at About \$125,000. THE LARGEST SINGLE ITEMS WERE TWO POLICIES IN THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY FOR \$25,000 EACH.

The contents of the Will of the Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan, of Chicago, disposing of property amounting to about \$125,000, was announced last week. The personal property schedule, as printed in the newspapers, was as follows:

Two policies of \$25,000 each in The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, . . . \$50,000 Accumulated dividend on one of these policies . . . 9,829 Insurance policy, . . . 14,000 Bonds and cash in bank, . . . 37,900 Among the beneficiaries under the will are the following: Miss Kate Feehan, his sister, who resided with him until his death, is to receive \$40,000 in bonds and to benefit by one life insurance policy of \$25,000. Mrs. Anna A. Feehan, widow of the late Dr. Edward L. Feehan of St. Louis, brother of the testator, is the beneficiary of one life insurance policy of \$25,000 and \$5,000 in cash. St. Patrick's Academy, Park and Oakley Avenues, of which the Archbishop's sister, Mother Mary Catherine, is the head, was given \$10,000 out of the third insurance policy. Feehanville which was the prelate's favorite institution, was given the remaining \$4,000 of this insurance policy.

George III. was asked to knight Judge Day. "Pooh! pooh," remonstrated the King, "how can I change day into night!" The ministerial application being renewed, George asked if he were married; and the affirmative reply being given, he immediately rejoined: "Then let him come to the next drawing-room and I will perform a couple of miracles. I will not only turn Day into Night, but I will make Lady-Day at Christmas." The next drawing-room was to be held at Christmas.

THE LIVING WAGE.

"We now approach a subject of great

and urgent importance, and one in respect of which, if extremes are to be avoided, right notions are absolutely necessary. Wages, as we are told, are regulated by free consent and therefore the employer, when he pays what was agreed upon, has done his part and seemingly is not called upon to do anything beyond. The only way, it is said, in which injustice might occur, would be if the master refused to pay the whole of the wages, or if the workman should not complete the work undertaken; in such cases the State should intervene, to see that each obtains his due—but not under any other circumstances."

"This mode of reasoning is, to a fair-minded man, by no means convincing. For there are important considerations which it leaves out of account altogether. To labor is to exert oneself for the sake of procuring what is necessary for the purpose of life, and chief of all for self-preservation. In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread. Hence a man's labor bears two notes of character. First, of all, it is personal; and inasmuch as the exertion of individual strength belongs to the individual who puts it forth, employing such strength to procure that personal advantage on account of which it was bestowed. Secondly, man's labor is necessary; for without the result of labor a man cannot live; and self-preservation is a law of nature which it is wrong to disobey. Now, were we to consider labor so far as it is personal merely, doubtless it would be within the workman's right to accept any rate of wages whatsoever; for in the same way as he is free to work or not, so is he free to accept a small remuneration or even none at all. But this is a mere abstract supposition; the labor of the workman is not only his personal attribute, but it is necessary; and this makes all the difference. The preservation of life is the bounden duty of one and all, and to be wanting therein is a crime. It follows that each one has a right to procure what is required in order to live; and the poor can procure it in no other way than through work and wages."

"Let it be then taken for granted that workman and employer should, as a rule, make free agreements, and in particular should agree freely as to the wages; nevertheless, there underlies a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, namely, that the remuneration must be sufficient to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil, the workman accept harder conditions because an employer or contractor will afford him no better, he is made the victim of force and injustice. In these and similar questions, however—such as, for example, the hours of labor in different trades, the sanitary precautions to be observed in factories and workshops, etc.—in order to supersede undue interference on the part of the State, especially as circumstances, times and localities differ so widely—it is advisable that recourse be had to societies or boards, such as we shall mention presently, or to some other mode of safeguarding the interests of the wage-earners; the State being appealed to, should circumstances require, for its sanction and protection. THE WORKINGMAN SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED TO ACQUIRE PROPERTY. "If a workman's wages be sufficient to enable him to maintain himself, his wife and his children in reasonable comfort, he will not find it difficult, if he be a sensible man, to study economy; and he will not fail, by cutting down expenses, to put by some little savings and thus secure a small income. Nature and reason alike would urge him to this. We have seen that this great labor question cannot be solved save by assuming as a principle that private ownership must be held sacred and inviolable. The law, therefore, should favor ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many as possible of the humbler class to become owners."

FATHER ELLIOTT'S "NEW LIFE."

Good "Lives of Christ" are not so plentiful in English that Catholics in this country can afford to be indifferent to the publication of a new one. Father Elliott's work appeals to no one class in particular. We think it well to insist upon that fact, because we believe the real value of the book depends largely on its quality of inexcusable-ness. It is not written for the scholar; though the scholar will find much in it that is eloquent in the very best and most Catholic sense of the word; it is not written for the illiterate though some of the pictorial illustrations employed might lead the careless reader to form that impression. It delivers its message, rather, to the average man, to the average Catholic, that is, in the first place, and to the average American in the second place, the honest enquirer, in a word, who is not yet of the outer body of the Church, though his heart is stirred with a vague and helpful curiosity as to her teaching on the central truths of Christianity.

It is to these classes that the book is addressed; and we have been so struck with the wonderful balance its author manages to hold between the claims of tradition and novelty, between the old, essential, uncompromising dogmas that make up the substance of our creed, and that much desired freshness of treatment, which furnished the new wineskin for the old, that we should like to see a copy of it in the hands of every one who is zealous for the cause of sound religion in America. What Father Elliott has attempted is to take the entire Gospel narrative and weave a continuous commentary about it, to elucidate the text as the Catholic Church has never failed to interpret it to every age throughout her long history. Such commentary, of course, is inevitably dogmatic in many places, and always most lucidly so; but its real value, will be found, we imagine, in the devotion which its more eloquent reflections can hardly fail to inspire in the heart of the honest reader. It is charged through and through with that note of conviction which is not the least inspiring quality of the author's well known manner of preaching. It is full of a wholesome manliness; it breathes of sincere Catholic piety. Its evident concern to adhere only to the sounder and more approved schools of orthodoxy on debatable points ought to set the most Pharisaic heresy-hunter at ease in his watch-dog conscience. The book is sure to attract notice for the simple reason that it is the work of a man whose point of view can not in the nature of things be commonplace, and whose most casual utterances must come to us with the added weight of one who has been known as Father Hecker's bravest biographer and his most representative disciple.

There are thousands of Catholics here in New England who have fair-mindedly lent a book like this, when asked what we of the old Church have to say about Christ and the soul and the eternal problems of conscience and religion. Controversy seldom comes good with a class of men, least of all with the American type of enquirer. If non-Catholics ask us what we believe, let us give them a book like this latest "Life of Christ." The spirit of Our Lord breathes in every page of it; and that spirit is a thousand times more eloquent than much of the stuff that gets credit in this world for laborious sateness.—Prudence Visitor.

PROFESSOR FISKE'S TESTIMONY.

The Indian Sentinel, official organ of the Bureau of Catholic Missions, calls earnestly upon all Catholics to give to and work for our Catholic Indian Schools and for the preservation of the faith in our Indian children; and it recalls to our minds the great deeds of the past.

"Shall these Catholic Indian Schools be saved for the preservation of faith, the glory of God, and the honor of our American Republic? There are marvelous events in our early history, the very memories of which hallow anew the glories of Catholicity; and among these can any surpass the revelations of saintliness and heroism found on every page of history which the foundations of the early Catholic Indian missions present? Their story, full of devotion and self-sacrifice, is the rich heritage of American Catholics, and when we, in ardent faith, wish to recall soul-stirring memories of Catholic ancestors, whether do we turn our eyes, save to the wonderful careers of early Catholic missionaries whose names will live forever in the chronicles of the Catholic American Indian?" Not content with its own words, the Sentinel refers to other testimonies as follows: "And we Catholics do not stand alone in our admiration of zealous priests, who surrendered everything earthly for the conversion of the American Indian. The ablest historical writers of our land, but not of our faith, have unweariedly sought all the evidences preserved of this fruitful period of our generation's splendid portraits of these saintly souls whose noble missions we are now seeking to preserve for God's greater glory. The late Mr. John Fiske, of Harvard College, in his 'Discovery of America,' says, in speaking of these great Catholic pioneers, that in contemplating such a life as that of Las Casas, all words of eulogy are weak and frivolous. The historian can only bow in reverent awe before a figure which is, in some respects, the most beautiful and sublime in the annals of Christianity since the apostolic age. When now and then in the course of the centuries God's providence brings such a life into this world, the memory of it must be cherished by mankind as one of its most precious and sacred possessions. For the thoughts, the words, the deeds of such a man there is no death. The sphere of their influence goes on widening forever. They bud, they blossom, they bear fruit from age to age." A breath blown through this simple but ably conducted Sentinel which seems to us to possess a quality that might influence some hearts, even in our midst, to question whether the

Divine Spirit may not be calling them to give, not money alone, but themselves entirely, to the noble work of a missionary to the Red Man.

The House of Loreto.

From "Tonio's Garden," by Gabriel F. Powers, in Donahoe's for July.

There is no hill so fertile, so smiling, or so happily situated in all that beautiful strip of country as the verdant hill to the summit of which is situated the ancient, venerable and historic city of Loreto. Perhaps the best view of it is that you get at evening, the traveler's farewell glimpse, when the amethyst shadow is transparent still, and the far city, "the spiritual city," gleams like a sapphire in the height. But, on the morning I speak of, the sun was scorching, the dust smothering, and as the dense crowds, hundreds on hundreds of men, women and children, laboriously ascended the winding-road, the smile was forced upon you of the steep ways of life. Almost all the pilgrims were fasting, and they carried their day's provisions with them; but it was no uncommon thing to see some stout-hearted woman, burdened already, yet place her arm about a weaker sister and help her in the ascent. If the "spiritual city" made me think of Galahad, the dark, close-pressing throng suggested the visions of their own seer, Dante.

Moving with it we came, through medieval streets, to the dear, through old piazza with the church striking out its upper outlines boldly against the blue, and the golden statue of Mary the Virgin burning above it like a flame. Sixtus V wrote upon the facade of this temple, defiantly it would seem in our own age of puny faiths and damning questions, and yet the daring makes the soul glad, as do the dauntless blows of some brave champion: "House of God's Mother, in which the Word was made flesh." It is large and simple, and strong, and seems to challenge you not to enter these sacred precincts with irreverent feet. Inside the church all the stones around the Holy House are worn with the knees and the lips of centuries.

INFIDELITY IN THE PULPIT.

The recent denial of the Resurrection of Our Lord by a so-called Christian preacher has directed public attention to the speech of infidelity. There is in New York, and, indeed, in every other large city, a class of persons, composed mainly of the young, who esteem it to be a fine thing to be skeptic, and delight to show their independence by mocking at Christianity and calling it "superstition." This spirit obtains among the partially educated, whose fortune it has been to attend the lectures of the "physical philosophers," the "great thinkers," the "leaders of the glorious march of human intellect," the "golden cosmopolitan age," and so forth, and who have there imbibed a diluted mixture of utilitarianism, atheism and sundry other "isms." The characteristics of this class are an impudent self-complacency and an insulting pity for "the poor slaves of Rome." These people would be harmless enough if they did not disseminate by word and example the poison of unbelief. They address the selfish and base side of human nature by telling their friends and acquaintances there is no God, therefore, no cause for religion, and that everybody should be able to do as they like, provided they don't hurt anybody else. These dupes of infidel preachers are really messengers of the "evil one," and they are so ignorant that they do not know they are doing the devil's work.—American Herald.

TO FIGHT SOCIALISM.

Bishop Quigley Organizes Priests of Buffalo Diocese Into Anti-Socialistic League.

Bishop Quigley, of Buffalo, several weeks ago threw down the gauntlet to socialism and anarchism when he issued a letter to the pastors of the German churches, calling upon them to combat teachings which he declared were aimed both at Christianity and organized society.

The Bishop has now inaugurated a movement which looks to a thorough organization of Catholics for the express purpose of combating the spread of socialism. When seen regarding the matter the Bishop said: "The spread of socialistic principles among the workmen has convinced the clergy and thinking men among the laity that the time has come for an organization under the auspices of the Church for the assistance upon the settlement of social questions according to Christian principles."

"A portion of the clergy and laity of the diocese of Buffalo is already organized along these lines, and it has been suggested that it will be an easy matter to extend the existing organization to all the parishes of the diocese."

On June 11, when the annual conference of priests of the diocese was held in St. Joseph's Cathedral, the question of socialism was taken up for discussion. The result was that the Bishop appointed the committee of priests, including representatives of all nationalities in Buffalo, to draw up a plan of organization and a set of principles, to be submitted to another general meeting of the clergy of the diocese to be held during the last week of August. It is planned to organize circles in every parish in the diocese, to which both workmen and employers shall belong.

The conversion of souls, works of mercy on a grand scale, visiting prisons, preaching, hearing confessions, and even establishing religious institutions, are comparatively easy works when put by the side of exactitude in daily duties, observation of petty rules, minute custody of the senses, or kind words or modest exterior which preach the presence of God. We gain more supernatural glory in little things, because more fortitude is required, as they are continuous, uninterrupted, and with no dignity about them to spur us on.—Father Faber.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

CLXXXIX.

This paper will finish up with Foster's Third Chapter.

As he begins this chapter with a fundamental falsehood, so he ends it with the same. He says that Rome identifies the visible with the invisible Church.

Now the Presbyterian Church, to her infinite disgrace, has already, through the medium of Mrs. Wright, formally declared that this is Roman Catholic doctrine.

It seems incredible that Professor Foster, who certainly has given considerable attention to Roman Catholic theology, should suppose Rome to teach that every one who dies an undoubted and unexcused Catholic is saved.

Yet from beginning to end of this chapter Foster never once mentions this distinction, though it is absolutely vital to the subject, though it has been acknowledged and received by the Church for more than fifteen hundred years.

And as he shows himself so strangely unconscious of this important teaching, so he only mentions the allied commonplace of theology, and of popular Catholicism, "invincible ignorance," once or twice, and with expressions of helpless perplexity.

orable contradiction, it is, with him, to do him justice, he knows wonderfully little about them.

He seems to have a vague notion that "Romanism" is like Lutheranism, or Calvinism, or Methodism, built up of certain abstract determinations of doctrine, to which the concrete system is to be conformed; and beyond which it is not permitted to go.

Dr. Foster seems to imagine that the Roman Catholic Church exists for the one purpose of enforcing the Church's visibility with intellectual rigor.

Now, this shirking was just what the priest and Levite were guilty of. I do not suppose that our Lord meant to describe them as really hard-hearted men.

There are very many good works that really are everybody's business, that everybody ought to do something towards at least, but which are in great danger of being done at all account of this habit of shirking which is so common.

When served with the writ, however, even The Rock tried to explain, preferring a worthless apology which while it excluded Father Vaughan personally from its charges, heaped still further abuse upon the Jesuit order of which Father Vaughan is a member.

assertions so recklessly made against his order—not only on account of the lucid and instructive presentation of the Jesuit position furnished by Mr. Hugo Young, and the manner in which Sir Edward Clarke tore to tatters the miserable subterfuges under which the libellers, not venturing to defend their own case, pleaded for mitigation of damages; nor even on account of the admirable summing up of the judge, and the convincing verdict of the jury—but still more on account of the evidence afforded by all the facts that the appeals to bigotry and prejudice so sedulously made had met with no response.

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MASCULINE PIETY.

It is hard to find reasons why men should be so devoted to save; they desire peace of conscience, and God is willing to console them if they come to Him.

It is not because women crowd men away from the confessional, though this may at times have some influence. Neither is it because men have less time, for their labor, if they are patient and humble under it, only helps to prepare them for the sacraments, and the time required for immediate preparation is not long.

THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE IN LIFE.

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Labatt's (LONDON) Awarded Gold Medal at Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, N. Y.

UNDoubtedly THE BEST OF BEVERAGES In Church and at Home Comfort is Essential

Kelsey Warm-air Generator ASSURES YOU COMFORT. IT SUPPLIES LARGE VOLUMES OF RICH, PURE, MILD AIR, CONSUMES ONE-HALF LESS FUEL

The James Smart Mfg. Co., Limited WINNIPEG, MANITOBA. BROCKVILLE, ONTARIO

FIRE The recent disastrous conflagration demonstrates clearly the uncertainties of life.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE Write for particulars to L. GOLDMAN, JOHN L. BLAIKIE, WM. McCABE.

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla It arouses the Liver, quickens the circulation, brightens the spirits and generally improves the health.

By FRANK H. I see a good deal about the engineer dejectedly.

Now, I myself He left the West B. Bucks is second v. means the boss— line now, and a veno no man from the v. on Bucks has to w. though bigger me. him out there ve Superintendent B. to be, nor of Gene On the West E. Bucks; but Bucks means a whole lot.

Christmas Eve the West End it ber 24th. His winds twenty-four hot will use extra sidings; broken avoid being trains.

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla It arouses the Liver, quickens the circulation, brightens the spirits and generally improves the health.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt Is made by a Canadian House, from Canadian Barley Malt, for Canadians.

COWAN'S COCOA AND CHOCOLATE THE BEST. TRY IT NEXT TIME REID'S HARDWARE For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers.

LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

Writing of the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Louvain correspondent of the Catholic Sentinel says: It may interest you to read some data concerning the book written by the chaplain of their mother house at St. Servan, France. From that work we learn that the community was founded in 1840 at St. Servan, Brittany, by Father Le Pailleur; that it has now 274 houses scattered throughout Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, America, and that it shelters and supplies the daily wants of 40,000 aged people. Whence, may you ask, did these means come from to build all these houses? To be heard and clothed all their inmates—whence do the means come from? From the alms, and from those only, which the good Sisters go around gathering every day. To each hand and which Father Le Pailleur sent out to erect a new home he invariably gave 10 cents and his blessing. Weighted with that wealth, the Little Sisters started on their mission. I have told you with what success. They dispose of no fixed revenues; they have no endowments; they live from day to day on the alms which they give them on their rounds. The bread which Christian charity bestows upon them they divide first among their charges, and of what is left they make their own meals.

Moved with pity and admiration in the presence of such devotion, a wealthy citizen of Orleans once offered to the Little Sisters a capital of which the yearly interest should suffice to keep up at least one house without the need of collecting. The Sisters refused, saying: "We are the daughters of Providence; we cannot give up being such." The great Bishop of Orleans, Dupanloup, in a speech made before the French Parliament, mentioned this answer, to the plaudits of the assembly.

Duke of Norfolk's Son Dead.

The death of the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, only son of the Duke of Norfolk, occurred Tuesday morning at Arundel Castle, Sussex. Philip Joseph Marj, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, was born Sept. 7, 1879, deaf, dumb, blind and otherwise physically imperfect, caused intense grief to one of the proudest dukes in England. This sorrow and disappointment finally caused the death of the duke's mother, the countess, leaving the Duke to the task of watching over an imbecile heir. All that wealth could command, all that scientific treatment and earnest prayer could accomplish was brought to bear upon the afflicted child, and after the lapse of twenty years of darkness and semi-ideocy the young earl, it is said, recovered to a great extent, sight, intelligence and physical strength. The progress was slow and unhelped for and everybody was astonished by the wonderful improvement, the great change in his general appearance and his interest in what was going on around him. This change began about five years ago, and was still going on when death intervened to destroy the hope of his immediate family and friends.

The Civil Sabbath.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Congregationalist, has an article on "The Civil Sabbath" which reveals wonderfully the change which has come over directing minds in New England Protestantism. It pleads for facilities for public worship for all the people, though admitting that none can be compelled to use them. But for an aspect of the Sunday rest—innocent recreation—not tolerated by the earlier Protestants of the section, it says: "We shall sorely encourage such use of public libraries, picture galleries and museums as we make of our own libraries and art treasures on Sunday. The public park is the people's garden, and who can look without pleasure on men who rarely see their families together during the working days, with wife and children around them in a summer afternoon? Music such as is appropriate in the home adds to their happiness, and the public spirit that provides it is akin to His Who had compassion on the multitude."

The Pope's Solicitude.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., in his old age is doing all in his power to encourage and spread the devotion to the Sacred Heart. For he longs to impart to priests and people the secret of his own strong and abiding love for the Redeemer whose Vicar he is, and to show that fire kindled in the heart of all that our Lord came on earth to kindle. Multitudes have responded to his invitation, and are receiving daily all the blessings of the Sacred Heart, but there is a vast number who have not responded; they are deaf to his appeal; they are blind and hard of heart, and only a miracle of God's grace will arouse them from their slumbers. The united prayers of the thirty million members of the League will finally effect their conversion. "This devotion by which the Christian world is drawn to Jesus Christ, and loves as it were, His love, esteeming that Heart which is the receptacle of Divine love, pleases us exceedingly and furnishes the more assured hope that God will be appeased and hear our prayers, and watch in mercy over the vicissitudes of the Church."—Pope Leo XIII.

Thou Art Peter.

An old man lives in the city by the Tiber—a strange figure to be found at the opening of the twentieth century—a teacher whom science scoffs at, a law-giver whom statesmen ignore, a warrior without a weapon, a judge without a court, a ruler without a nation, a king without a crown. The world is weary of him. Historians chronicle him as belonging to ancient days. The unanimous veneration of immemorial sects proclaims long since he is out of date, his influence long since dead. But Peter has often seen and heard all that before. Peter is not dead. He is the reigning monarch of a dynasty that counts the empires of Europe as children. His last birthday bore the date of twenty centuries. Upon that throne have sat, in one unbroken line two hundred and fifty-eight men that were the personality of Peter. Of them, nearly one-third were saints; all of them for over three hundred years, martyrs. Their history is the history of civilization, of men who came and passed, while Peter remains the same, the Fisherman. Weather-worn, war-worn, world-worn, Peter the Fisherman looks and listens. He has seen and heard all that before. All that is human, but he has also seen and heard a Face, a Voice that is Divine, when, standing by the Galilean shore, Jesus said: "Thou art Peter."

Instituted Prison Reform.

A little more than one hundred years ago prisoners were either kept in dungeons or in stocks, or else were employed in what is known as penal labor. Penal labor had no purpose except as it resulted in a supposed discipline of the prisoner. He was kept at work turning a crank, or in a treadmill, or throwing shot bags, or doing something else that had not a whit of an incentive. It was not productive labor in any sense. It was grinding, tedious, demoralizing. It may have had some advantage over idleness in the way of physical exercise, but the mental and moral consequences were such as to quite overcome the physical benefits. Philanthropists, philosophers, penologists began to see that mere moral labor was not much better than idleness, and some of these men long ago foreshadowed many of the elements of modern methods. One of the earliest of these was Maillon, Abbe of St. Germaine in Paris, a Benedictine monk who made himself famous in his time, and who during the reign of Louis XIV. had a reputation for great learning. He foreshadowed in some of his dissertations many of the distinctive features of prison discipline and of prison labor as we now know them. Reformation in prison discipline occupied his mind to such an extent that he outlined a plan for the government of prisons. He was of the opinion that penitents ought to be secluded in cells, living after the manner of the Carthusian monks, but to be employed in various kinds of labor. He would join to each cell a small garden, giving an opportunity to the inmate to take air and cultivate the ground. His plan was much like that employed in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania. Maillon was born in 1632 and died in 1707.

The Qualities of a Faithful Journalist.

Honesty of purpose, fidelity, self-control, industry, a sound morality, a strict sense of justice should all be discerned in the faithful journalist. Religion is but duty. Our duty toward the Supreme Being is the first command; in our duty toward our neighbor, the second, and the exclusion of religion from the columns of a newspaper is practically a breach of both commands. If the man who does not defend his father's honor is a wretch, sunk in the filthiest mire of selfishness and ingratitude, what shall we say of him who permits his God, the common Father of all, to be mocked and blasphemed by individuals who have it in his power to confound the enemies of truth and show forth the power, the majesty, the goodness of the Creator? By fraternal charity we are bound to save our neighbor, if we can, from death. He who permits his fellowman to be drawn into the ambuscades of atheism and murder, and whose exclusion of religion from the columns of a newspaper is practically a breach of both commands. If the man who does not defend his father's honor is a wretch, sunk in the filthiest mire of selfishness and ingratitude, what shall we say of him who permits his God, the common Father of all, to be mocked and blasphemed by individuals who have it in his power to confound the enemies of truth and show forth the power, the majesty, the goodness of the Creator? By fraternal charity we are bound to save our neighbor, if we can, from death. He who permits his fellowman to be drawn into the ambuscades of atheism and murder, and whose exclusion of religion from the columns of a newspaper is practically a breach of both commands.

Two Civilizations Compared.

A few days ago there died, over in Barcelona, Spain, a man somewhat along in years. He neither a cardinal, nor an archbishop, nor a bishop. Neither was he the governor of a province, or a nobleman, or general, or great orator, or any of those things which in our country attract the multitude. And yet thousands and thousands followed him to the grave, according to the Revista Popular, just received. Cardinal Casanas was present; the Spanish minister of Public Instruction was present; so was the governor of the Province; the Captain General was represented by the General Castella; the King of Spain sent a representative; all the civil authorities of Catalonia attended in person, together with leading representatives of various religious, political, scientific and industrial associations. All work and business was suspended in Barcelona and throughout the province for two hours while his funeral took place. Who was this man to whom all classes showed such great respect? He was a priest—true; but he had spent most of his life in a humble parish among a humble people, and was neither a great orator, nor, so far as known, a doer of those things which the world calls heroic deeds. A humble, unpretentious priest, but at the same time a great poet, the author of a number of books—a singer of songs for little children, and fathers and mothers, and men who toiled, and men who prayed, and a comforter of souls in anguish—his name, Father Jacinto Verdagner, for years called the great Catalan poet. Evidently his people loved him.

A SUMMER RESORT.

To any Catholic desiring to spend vacation in beautiful Muskoka, I would call attention to the Muskoka Lakes, a large, new and up-to-date summer hotel. It is kept here by Mrs. Wallace, a French Canadian woman, who endeavors to make all her guests feel at home. The Holy Sacrifice is offered up once a week, and Father Collins will be at Bracebridge on a week day. On Sundays we have devotions in the morning and evening. The increasing congregation, and the number of Catholics coming to beautiful Muskoka, to write Mrs. Wallace, P. M., Dudley P. O., Muskoka, Ont.

PARRY SOUND.

The small farm church erected here during the regime of Bishop Janot, of sainted memory, is scarcely adequate for the requirements of the increasing congregation, and a new church, or the enlargement of the present edifice, is spoken of as being a probability in the future.

DOLORES.

The weakly victim driven to the wall. The woful things that shadow all our life; The latent brute behind the eyes of man; The place and power gained and stained by strife. The weakly victim driven to the wall. The woful things that shadow all our life; The latent brute behind the eyes of man; The place and power gained and stained by strife. The weakly victim driven to the wall. The woful things that shadow all our life; The latent brute behind the eyes of man; The place and power gained and stained by strife. The weakly victim driven to the wall. The woful things that shadow all our life; The latent brute behind the eyes of man; The place and power gained and stained by strife.

CHARITY.

Sinners put the worst construction on each other's words and acts. They have no consideration or forbearance. Their apparent sympathy is but a fellowship in the same disobedience. And so also the sympathy of the world how hollow, formal and unfeeling it is! How little soothing or consoling in our sorrows and trials are worldly friends, even the kindest-hearted of them! And why? because it is peculiarly the property of true sanctity to be charitable. And in the grace of charity is contained gentleness, compassion, tenderness of heart in touching the sorrows of other men, fair interpretations, large allowances, ready forgiveness.

DIocese OF LONDON.

REV. FATHER GNAM COMPLETED HIS EIGHTH YEAR AS PASTOR OF ST. MARY'S, HESBORN. Sunday was a gala day in Hesborn, the occasion being the eighth anniversary of Rev. Father Gnam's coming to the parish. Apart from a stirring sermon on the gospel of Sunday, the reverend gentleman made some most interesting remarks on the subject of the parish. He spoke of the progress of the parish, and of the large number of converts who had been made since his coming to the parish. He also spoke of the progress of the parish, and of the large number of converts who had been made since his coming to the parish.

DIocese OF PETERBOROUGH.

On Saturday, 19th inst., Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, accompanied by Rev. P. J. McGuire, P. J. Hastings, and Rev. T. J. Crowley, arrived at Bracebridge. On Sunday his Lordship celebrated Mass at 8 o'clock, and then preached a sermon on the subject of the parish. He spoke of the progress of the parish, and of the large number of converts who had been made since his coming to the parish.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE.

Death of the Famous Irish Prelate at the Age of 78. Most Rev. Thomas W. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, Ireland, died on Wednesday, July 31, at his residence in Cashel, Ireland. He was born in 1824. He was Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, from 1878 to 1885. He was Archbishop of Cashel in 1885. He was a member of the Nationalist party, and was a recognized leader of the Nationalists of the Irish priesthood. He was a man of simple and unassuming habits, and his life was a model of simplicity and industry.

MARRIAGES.

On Tuesday morning, Mr. William Aloysius King, manager and associate editor of the Catholic Union and Times, of Buffalo, N. Y., was united in matrimonial bonds to Miss Margaret M. O'Reilly, of Buffalo, N. Y. The ceremony was performed at 10 o'clock, and was a most interesting and happy occasion. The bride and groom were accompanied by their families and friends, and the ceremony was a most successful one.

PARENT-WOOD.

On Monday, July 7, a quiet wedding was celebrated at the church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, when Mr. R. H. Parent, of Montreal, was united in matrimonial bonds to Miss Margaret M. O'Reilly, of Toronto. The ceremony was performed at 10 o'clock, and was a most interesting and happy occasion. The bride and groom were accompanied by their families and friends, and the ceremony was a most successful one.

KEARNEY.

In order to meet the requirements of the congregation a new church is being erected on the site of the old one, which has been removed to another part of the church property. The new edifice is to be 70 feet long, 37 feet wide, walls 12 feet high, and will accommodate 200 persons. The site will be about 30 feet high. The walls will be of brick, and the roof will be of shingles. The interior will be of stained glass, and the windows will be of stained glass. The church will be a most beautiful one, and will be a great credit to the congregation.

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Life of Jesus Christ

Embracing the Entire Gospel Narrative, embodying the Teachings and the Miracles of Our Saviour, together with the History of His Foundation of the Christian Church. By REV. WALTER ELLIOTT, of the Paulist Fathers, Imprinter of the Archbishop of New York. Price \$1.00 post paid

THOS. COFFEY, Catholic Record, LONDON, CANADA (Sole Canadian Agent)

The WESTERN FAIR Sept. ... LONDON ... 12-20, 1902

Exhibits further ahead than the times. Grounds indisputably beautiful. Buildings irresistibly inviting. A Medley of Spectacular Merit. Prof. Hatchcock, the Human Bomb, in a thrilling Balloon Ascension and Parachute Drop. The marvelous Circus Dazzle. The Onatons, in a sensation novelty. The great Gay, the Handcuff King. The Olfants, Continental Ecce-triques. Manning and De Crow, famous Monopoles. Rosa Wagon, with her troupe of Trained Tropical Birds. The Bird Show, Acrobatic Wonders, Christie M. Jones, Cornell Virtuoso. Magnificent Pyrotechnics and many other features. Special train service over all lines.

OBITUARY.

MR. JERRY MAHONEY, JR., STRABANE, ONT. Mr. Jerry Mahoney, Jr., died at his home in Strabane, Ont., on Thursday, July 17th and was buried at the Freehold Catholic cemetery on the following day. He was 67 years of age. He was a native of Strabane, Mass. He was a member of the Holy Family Society. He was a most successful business man, and was well known in the community. He was a most successful business man, and was well known in the community.

DEPORT HARBOR.

This place is the terminus of the O. & A. and P. S. Railway, and is connected with Parry Sound by boat. The population is nearly all employed on the railroad, among them being about twenty-eight Catholic families, for whose spiritual welfare Rev. T. F. Fleming, P. J. Kearney, visits every three weeks and Mass is celebrated the same Sunday as in Parry Sound. It has been decided to build a church here, and to assist in the good work a picnic is to be held on the 6th of August.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON, July 31.—Wheat very firm, at 79 to 80 for red and white, middle freight; and 80 to 81 for red and white, heavy freight. Flour—No. 1 hard, 13 to 14; No. 2, 12 to 13; No. 3, 11 to 12; No. 4, 10 to 11; No. 5, 9 to 10; No. 6, 8 to 9; No. 7, 7 to 8; No. 8, 6 to 7; No. 9, 5 to 6; No. 10, 4 to 5; No. 11, 3 to 4; No. 12, 2 to 3; No. 13, 1 to 2; No. 14, 0 to 1; No. 15, -1 to 0; No. 16, -2 to -1; No. 17, -3 to -2; No. 18, -4 to -3; No. 19, -5 to -4; No. 20, -6 to -5; No. 21, -7 to -6; No. 22, -8 to -7; No. 23, -9 to -8; No. 24, -10 to -9; No. 25, -11 to -10; No. 26, -12 to -11; No. 27, -13 to -12; No. 28, -14 to -13; No. 29, -15 to -14; No. 30, -16 to -15; No. 31, -17 to -16; No. 32, -18 to -17; No. 33, -19 to -18; No. 34, -20 to -19; No. 35, -21 to -20; No. 36, -22 to -21; No. 37, -23 to -22; No. 38, -24 to -23; No. 39, -25 to -24; No. 40, -26 to -25; No. 41, -27 to -26; No. 42, -28 to -27; No. 43, -29 to -28; No. 44, -30 to -29; No. 45, -31 to -30; No. 46, -32 to -31; No. 47, -33 to -32; No. 48, -34 to -33; No. 49, -35 to -34; No. 50, -36 to -35; No. 51, -37 to -36; No. 52, -38 to -37; No. 53, -39 to -38; No. 54, -40 to -39; 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