

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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London, Saturday, Jan. 18, 1902.

THE GOSPEL HERALD.

The Gospel Herald of Orillia, Ont., wants to know if we are lost or saved. Without venturing to gratify such a commendable curiosity, we must say that the editor of the Herald is decidedly lost—that is, to all sense of truth and decency. There are worse things, we beg to remind him, than music and card playing, and one of them is slander. We may be pardoned for entertaining a doubt as to the doom reserved for those who dally with music and cards, but we can have none as to the punishment mapped out for the calumniator. More might we say, but we think it is misery enough for anyone to be alluded to as an editor who gives a place in his Gospel Herald to the moss-lacked, deplorably out of date charge that Catholics pay to have their sins forgiven. This, as A. Ward would say, is altogether 2. match. May we suggest to the esteemed editor to take to heart the advice of Josh Billings, "Yung man, set down and keep still—you will have plenty of chances yet to make a phool of yureself before yu die."

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

While the Presbyterians over the border are endeavoring to attune the Westminster Confession to the latest melodies of science and evolution, their brethren here are, as we see by their publications, deriving much pleasure from the success of their work amongst French Canadians. The editor of the Westminster makes some delightfully innocuous remarks on the subject. His allusions to the open Bible are, it is true, not very original, but they serve to show that Presbyterian editors are as yet not wholly weaned from the phraseology in use amongst third-rate preachers. But he is full of love, and wants no spirit of proselytism in the movement—for which we tender him our word of gratitude. If the Methodists, however, take a hand in we may expect to have the sound kitchen and some of the pleasant devices resorted to by these people in other lands. But it is consoling to know that one newspaper man is against methods that have been used in Canada to the disgust of every sensible citizen and that consequently the next time any professional purveyor of ribaldry makes his appearance, he will smite him hip and thigh.

ANENT FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

The Westminster publishes articles from ministers engaged in the work. Some of them are, to our mind, humorous, and in a certain sense instructive: for they prove that the ordinary preacher learns no new tricks and continues to label some figment of his imagination as Catholic doctrine. He sees some scenes of Catholic life and worship, and because he cannot understand them, or because they are at variance with his opinions, he goes into several linguistic fits. We respectfully submit that if our good friends purchase a five cent catechism and read it prayerfully they will learn more about us and Christianity in five minutes than one of their seminaries can teach them in five hundred years. But this by the way.

A BROADER AND BETTER KIND OF CLERGYMAN.

It is rather unkind for one writer to say that by embracing Protestantism the French-Canadian will become a broader and better citizen. We did have a suspicion that he was as good as the best. He has certainly contributed his quota to the up-building of the country, and the most glowing and inspiring pages of our history are the ones which record the achievements of French valor and sanctity. But now comes the calporteur with an "open Bible" that he cannot vouch for—with a Confession fluttering in the breeze of hostile opinion, and whose principle articles have no hold on the advanced Presbyterian, to essay the task of transmuting French-Canadian method into something broader and better; just how he is going to do it we are not informed. A trade secret we suppose.

We have, we confess, met French-Canadians who have parted from "Romanism" as completely as our friends would desire, but we cannot say they are any broader or better for it. Some are in the desert

land of infidelity, whilst others who have lost both faith and reason remind us of what Dean Swift is reported to have said: Whenever the Pope cleans up his garden, he always throws his ill-smelling weeds over our wall.

LIKES SHADE TREES.

The same preacher tells us that Protestantism and ignorance do not go together. He is an adept in the art of handing bouquets to himself. He may possibly be surprised to know that, according to Hallam, the Reformation appealed to the ignorant, and that the present day writers who crusade against Christianity regard the sects as inconsequential factors in retarding their progress.

Farther on, our worthy friend, to prove, we suppose, that "Protestantism and ignorance do not go together," disburdens himself of the following ingenious remarks: "It is an easy matter to single out a French Protestant home in the country. It is more comfortable. The house is better built. It is surrounded with shade-trees. The inmates of it have a refinement," etc.

The writer must be an agricultural expert, beauty doctor and evangelist combined. Comfortable homes—think of it—and shade trees and refinement! What holy people they must be! But what worries us is to know what he would say of French Protestants who have stone mansions and a few blocks of stock. They would be entitled to a halo and a refinement too exquisite to be qualified by any adjectives we have at our disposal. We hope the writer has also a good house and some shade trees. Dignity he has, we are sure. May we suggest to him when he goes afield again to keep an observing eye on the silverware, etc., owned by French Protestants. Statistics are valuable.

THIS ONE IS OFFENDED.

Another of the writers is rather put out because French-Canadians are taught that Luther, etc., were men of low morals. This preacher is a humorist, and very charitable towards the Reformer who designated Calvinists as Turks and Mamelukes. Not wishing to say anything harsh about dead men, we content ourselves with what a boy concluded a delineation of Henry VIII's character: Poor chap, he wrote, I suppose he had some good points, but they are not given in my history. And if Dr. Little called the Reformers "utterly unredemmed villains," and Hallam, a Protestant historian, characterized Luther as a man not only of indecent but gross filthiness, why should he blame the poor French-Canadians for less forcible language.

The last gentleman who does copy in the topic is a hypochondriac and cryptic in utterance. He is, he tells us, so situated as to see "the wave of religious indifference, infidelity, anarchism and immorality which will soon sweep over Quebec." Very black outlook indeed! We hope the wave will not damage the shade trees. We envy him his eagle eye, and hope that his outbreak is due to pioussness and not biliousness.

THE PREACHER AND THE FILIPINO.

A special correspondent to the Catholic Mirror wishes to remove the impression that the United States authorities are showering benefits upon the Philippines. He states that the Filipinos are obliged to pay out of their own pockets for teachers whom they do not want, and that the whole system of education now being introduced into the islands is an atrocious sham at variance with the genius of the people, and calculated to do infinite harm.

Judging from this the "new found peoples" of Uncle Sam must be experiencing all the delights of benevolent assimilation. They have the saloon and other things—a discredited school system and a lot of "got there school mams" so far as matrimony is concerned. They may possibly be given a library in the near future, and then we fail to see why they should not pose as a highly civilized nation. They have, it is true, a few libraries of their own—very decent ones, we are told—but not to be compared, of course, to those which dot the plains of the United States. You can look up the adjectives for yourself in the daily prints. They have had also ministerial tourists to lampoon and to slander them, and they have still in their midst preachers of every shade of opinion. Some of these superintend the schools for a trifle and others are hard at work perverting the Filipinos. Many thousands have up to date been housed

in Protestant tents, that is, if we rely on missionary statistics. And the chief weapon, report has it, against "Romanism" is the bible—that has been shown of its dignity and been kicked, and by none more industriously than the same preachers who are supposed to guard and expound it, along the highway of rationalism. But the natives, many of whom are better educated and more in touch with genuine civilization, than wandering evangelists, will not give much heed to the propaganda of the issue. Some of the mentally and morally unbalanced and those who hanker after the offerings of superism may be counted among the perverts, at the great majority will continue to have their Bible interpreted by the Church that speaks with the voice of Him Who is the author of the Bible.

CONTINENTAL MASONS.

Writing in the Fortnightly Review Mr. Richard Davey gives a few facts about the individuals who have been instrumental in expelling the religions from France. The men behind the Law of Associations are masons of the continental type, that is, a band of miscreants who have all Voltaire's diabolical hatred for Christianity. They not only war against the religions, but they also insist that everyone employed by the Government must be as pagan as themselves. Here is a case in point, as quoted by the London Catholic Times:

At Limoges the Mayor, a very advanced Freethinker, has lately taken upon himself to institute a house to house visitation among the schoolmasters and mistresses employed in the State schools. His object being the discovery of prayer books, Bibles, rosaries or other articles of devotion. Three young ladies were guilty of the heinous offense of possessing them, and were suspended until orders were received from headquarters allowing them to resume their duties. Literally hundreds of postmen and other small officials have been dismissed for sending their children to the free schools, Catholic schools and for occasionally attending Divine service themselves.

Much that follows in Mr. Davey's article is of a character so blasphemous that we do not soil our pages with it; but intelligent Catholics who wish to understand the foul machinations of Masonry may with advantage peruse it for themselves. And these are the men who have initiated the law of associations, under which the religious have been expelled from their homes! . . . Whatever be the real cause of the French Church's troubles, they are sad, serious even. Distant observers may regret, be alarmed; but only the legitimate authorities on the spot must decide what course is best to adopt to stay the progress of the evil. The Bishops' dilemma is the Masons' opportunity, and with foes so blasphemously atheistical and anti-Christian as Mr. Davey shows them to be, the Bishops and priests of France may claim the consideration and the prayerful sympathy and support of their co-religionists in freer if less Catholic lands.

BLESSINGS OF PERSECUTION.

By the prayers of the Catholic world the new century was consecrated to Christ. Such was the intention of the Apostleship of Prayer a year ago. Upon that purpose rested the blessing of the great father of Christendom, Leo XIII. All will readily recall the special marks of devotion indulged in at that time. Likewise are all mindful of the great rejoicing with which it was ushered in.

To-day at the close of its first year, the League of the Sacred Heart is "The Blessings of Persecution." What a contrast of purposes! Sufficiently strong, indeed, to cause one of the most serious thoughts. To awaken considerations that must be most fruitful if followed to the conclusions which they bring both temporarily and spiritually.

Adversity is the only crucible in which the capacity of man can be tested. To him who is truly great tribulations only temper his character. What is life to him who knows only its sunshine? Reckon the power of him who has passed through the fires of affliction. His strength has been tested; his infirmities made more powerful and his ability to conquer more certain. And are these not rewards worthy the contest? But how much greater the results in the spiritual order? If there be one thing more than another on earth which has peopled Heaven, it is that persecution which has brought the crown of martyrdom to fearless Christians. A martyrship which put off humanity for the joys of a certain immortality. We say a certain immortality because it has been promised specifically. "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice's sake: for their is the Kingdom of Heaven." The blood of the martyrs has been the seed of Church which grows best, strongest and surest under the warmth of persecution. This is her history. Why, therefore, should we not pray for those who have thus made her the one, only unconquerable power among the nations through all the ages? To her alone persecution has brought unmeasured blessings.—Church Progress.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

(Continued.)

McCracken.—"If common sense is based upon the evidence of the five physical senses, it must be very deceptive." Comment.—The phrase "common sense" is very frequently used, but mostly always in a vague sense. It has, however, a very definite meaning with philosophical writers. It is worth while here to give the non-scientific reader a clear idea of its meaning.

The common sense of the individual man is the united report of two or more of the five senses—the eye for instance—is called proper sense, because the report is proper or peculiar to that sense or organ. No other sense can make the report that the eye can make; and touch can report what the eye cannot, and hearing what the touch cannot, etc. Thus each sense has a power and function proper to itself, and hence the report of each sense is called a proper sense, and the reports of two or more of the senses concerning the same or common object is called a common sense. And a common sense judgment is a judgment based on the report of two or more senses. External objects may come under only one sense or under two or more of the senses. For instance, light can be reported by the eye only, and sound by the ear. The pencil we are writing with comes under the action of four senses—sight, touch, taste and smell. We see it, feel it, and can taste and smell it. The sight reports it as about four inches long, of a brownish color, of cylindrical form blunt at one end and sharpened at the other. The touch confirms the report of the eye as to length, smoothness and firmness, but goes further and adds some information that the eye could not give, namely, that it is hard. Taste suggests a woody substance and smell reports a hemlock odor. These reports of four senses are united in our consciousness and the sum of them is the common report of the four senses concerning the same object, which is the common object of their several acts. And a judgment based on this common report is a judgment of common sense. This judgment in the present case, is that the object we are writing with is a pencil. This judgment does not deceive us; for we are just as certain that it is a pencil as we are that we are now saying that it is a pencil. Having now a definite idea of common sense, we may proceed.

McCracken.—"If common sense is based on the evidence of the five senses, it must be very deceptive." For instance, natural scientists tell us that the material eye is arranged like a photographic camera, with a dark chamber and a sensitive plate, called the retina. They tell us that this retina receives all its images upside down. How does it happen, then, that we see things right side up, in contradistinction to the evidence of the material eye? Comment.—Here you are very inconsistent with your Christian Science doctrines. You admit the existence of the scientists, and on their authority you admit the existence of the material eye and the camera and the retina, etc., and yet your doctrine denies the existence of all these material things. This proves that you cannot talk sensibly or intelligently on any subject without throwing your doctrines to the winds. Your common sense is too strong for your idealist theory.

The photographic camera proves nothing against the authority of the sense of sight. Whatever may be the position of an object as it passes through the mechanism of the eye, it is certain that the eye, in accomplishing its function, presents the object to the mind right side up with care, and the mind sees the object in its proper position. The eye reports correctly to the mind. The retina is the expansion or broadening of the optic nerve, and that nerve, on receiving the image of an external object, turns it right end up before it delivers it for the inspection of the mind. Is this not a proof of the reliability of the evidence of the sense of sight, instead of being, as you claim, a proof of its unreliability? Do you question, then, how do we see things right side up, in contradistinction to the evidence of the material eye? We answer, because the eye presents them to the mind in that attitude. The evidence of the material eye is not the image as it appears on the retina, or optic nerve, but the image as presented by that nerve to the mind; and it is the mind that, on the report of the senses, sees the seeing, hearing, feeling and knowing.

But we are not done with your contradictions. You quote the natural scientists as authority, yet all that these scientists know depends solely on the evidence of the senses. Now, if, as you quote as authority the scientists whose knowledge rests entirely on the sense of sight, do you not see that, to prove the unreliability of the senses, you appeal to those very senses whose reliability you deny? It is like calling a man a liar and then, in the absence of all other evidence, appealing to him to confirm your charges. If we believe you we cannot believe in the power of the senses, and if we believe in the power of the senses, you say they are deceivers; if we believe you we cannot believe them, and it is vain to appeal to them; and if we believe them we cannot believe you or your idealism.

McCracken.—"The only reliable evidence in spiritual matters is faith, interpreted as spiritual understanding." Comment.—But faith must be reasonable; and to be reasonable, it must have a solid foundation to rest on, otherwise it is credulity. It is our con-

vention that Christian Science has not that solid foundation that is necessary to justify a reasonable act of faith in its teachings; and, lacking that foundation, faith, or mental adherence to its teachings, is credulity. What you mean by "interpreted as spiritual understanding" we do not know, and consequently we have no comments to make on it.

McCracken.—"The use of the term 'a clash of incompatible ideas in the divine mind' is, of course, inadmissible and self-contradictory."

Comment.—A clash in the divine mind is, of course, contradictory and absurd. But such a clash is the inevitable result of Christian Science teaching. If there be nothing but the divine mind and the ideas in it, then Czolgosz was a divine idea, and his act of assassination was the act of a divine idea. And New York State is a divine idea and its act of executing Czolgosz was the act of a divine idea. Now, these two act clash, and, as there is no elsewhere than the divine mind where to clash, they clash there. This conclusion is necessary from Christian Science doctrine. And, as it is false and absurd, the doctrine from which it results must be false and absurd.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

LEO AND THE AGE.

Essays of the Holy Mother's Efforts to Make Civilization Tender, Noble and Better.

Within the last few weeks a new book has appeared in France and has succeeded in attracting considerable attention. It is from the pen of Pere Cereau and deals dispassionately with the aims of life of Leo XIII.

As a specimen of the way in which the teaching of Leo XIII. are brought before the popular mind by Father Cereau, it may be well to quote from the chapter on "The Family." It is the family that prepares civil society, and the answer to the question, "What is the influence of the family on the prosperity of nations?" is supplied by a passage from the Pope's letter on Christian families, dated July 14, 1892.

The Pontiff writes: "No one ignores that private and public prosperity depends principally on the constitution of the family. The more, in fact, virtue will have cast deep roots in the bosom of the family; the greater will have been the solicitude of parents to inculcate in the children, by teaching and by example, the precepts of religion, the greater will be the fruits for the common good. That is why it is supremely important that domestic society may not only be constituted in a holy way, but also that it may be ruled by holy laws, and that the spirit of religion and the principles of Christian life may there be developed with care and constancy."

Regarding the mode in which the Church has safeguarded the sanctity of marriage, much is said in the encyclical entitled "Arcanum Divine Sapiencie." The Pontiff wrote that it must be recognized that the Catholic Church has always taken care to safeguard the sanctity and perpetuity of marriage and has deserved well of the common interest of all nations. Great gratitude is certainly owing to her having protested publicly against civil laws which, in a hundred ways, have aimed at coming to the noted efforts of the Popes in safeguarding marriage. Leo XIII. says: "Every time that the Supreme Pontiff has resisted princess the most powerful who demanded in a threatening fashion from the Church the ratification of the divorce which they had accomplished, it must be recognized every time, not only for the safety of religion, but also for the civilization of humanity."

Hence it is that all the ages will admire the decrees of Pope Nicholas I. against Lothaire, the testimony of an invincible soul; those of Popes Urban II. and Paschal II. against Philip I., King of France; those of Popes Celestine III. and Innocent III. against Philip II., King of France; those of Clement VII. and Paul III. against Henry VIII. (of England), and, finally those of Pius VII., a Pontiff of very great sanctity and courage, against Napoleon I., proudly puffed up by his fortune and the grandeur of his Empire."

The whole cycle of human duties and the means that tend toward civilization are embraced in the teachings of the Pontiffs. What Leo XIII. has specially achieved is to present these teachings to the world in the forms and phrases best adapted to the needs and understanding of the present day.

The late Matthew Arnold, speaking of that immense Catholic work, the collection of the Abbe Migne, in the British Museum, described it as containing everything: religion, philosophy, history, biography, arts, sciences, he wrote, "embraces the whole range of human interests; like one of the great Middle-Age Cathedrals, it is in itself a study for a life. Like the net in Scripture, it drags everything to land, bad and good, lay and ecclesiastical, sacred and profane, so that it is but a matter of human concern. While some is power, for history, at any rate, eminently the Church!"

In a minor and different degree similar things may be said of this collection of Leo XIII.'s lessons to the world of his day. Nothing really grand and serious which occupies the better thoughts of men to-day comes amiss to him. Now he pleads for the abolition of slavery; again, he opens the treasures of the Vatican Library and the secrets of the Vatican Archives to the students of the world interested in high historical studies. While he pleads for justice to

the laborers, he also becomes the arbitrator between two contending nations, and his mediation obviates war. While upholding the rights of the Holy See, he does not neglect the encouragement of the arts or the adornment of churches in Rome and elsewhere. He is as many-sided as the Church. And it is only when one sees in concrete form some portion of the work he has accomplished during the last twenty-three years that one feels what a marvellous pontificate he has been and how keenly he has felt and provided for the aspirations and the necessities of his time.

THE PRIEST'S PLACE.

Timely Considerations for Every Layman.

Voltaire divided the human race into three classes—men, women and priests. There is a grain of truth behind the scoff of the infidel. Priests are a class apart. They are in the world, but if they are to realize what is best in their sublime vocation, they cannot be of the world. If they have the devotedness, the long suffering and the tenderness of the woman, they cannot fall behind the most virile in heroic manliness. They must descend to the worst valleys with the weak, they must climb to the most rugged heights with the strong.

They must make themselves all things to all men. They must stand by the diseased couch and smile at the grim monster that thirsts for blood. They must turn aside from the natural no matter who beckons them ahead. They must seek "the things that are above." They must preserve their human sympathies and their human sensibilities, while divesting themselves, as far as may be, from all that is purely human. They live and walk the earth, but their thoughts must be in Heaven. They must be at home everywhere and alone always. They must be everyone's brother, everyone's father, yet can they claim kinship with none—for the true priest has neither genealogy nor family tree.

No man can call him away from duty or claim a prior right to his services or to his time. He is ordained for the people and for all the people. He is not ordained for his family. They can claim no share in the glory which attends his deeds of sacerdotal heroism. He refers all credit to the Master Whom he serves and from Whom he receives, not only his supernatural vocation, but the encouragement and strength to prosecute its high requirements. He is not without human cravings, but he understands that they must, in nearly every instance, be baffled and reduced to absolute control.

He is the servant of the servants of God. He is above all considerations of hire and salary. He, however, receives one return for his devotedness, which is sweet to him, and which may be legitimately enjoyed at least to a degree. The faithful recognize the sacrifice which he makes, and fall not to reverence him, both for his generosity and for the divine character with which he is invested. They realize that he is ever at their command.

No hour of night is sacred to his repose. No message is inopportune. No avocation forbids his immediate attendance at the sick bed. No gain or profit can divert his feet from the way which leads to the dying couch. He is the friend when all the world is found empty and deserted. The man of faith will not quit this life without his absolution. His own sacerdotal heart will not suffer him to withhold his benediction. Dying sinners fear his approach, but they kiss his hand as it is lowered after absolution. They bless him as he recedes from their repentant couch. They count the hours till his reappearance, and weep with joy that he does not abandon them in the supreme moment. Nevertheless, happy, thrice happy, they who delay not the day of his visitation till death is near.

If the priest is entrusted with power from on high it is not for himself, but for the people. Those who refuse to draw water from this well of life have eaten from the insane root which leads to the unfortunate recumbent a living spiritual suicide. The priest is set apart from the people, but he is set apart for the people. If he do not realize his beneficent mission let them know that God has placed among them a fountain of living water from which they must drink or forfeit what is sweetest and most salutary in this world.

If the swaggering infidel sets the priest in a category by himself, it is primarily because God Himself has wrought the separation—a separation which only his wisdom, His mercy and His power could devise and operate. The life of the priest is a life of miracles—and all miracles are from God. The age of overt miracles is indeed past. But the secret wonders wrought by the absolving and consecrating power of the priest are unknown to the unbelieving world. They are little known to the faithful and to himself. They are realized nowhere outside of Heaven and hell. The angels look on in wonder and thanksgiving. The devils look on in impotent rage.—Catholic Transcript.

Carrying our Cross.

We very often meet with persons who, with much noise and clamor, hold their cross up that all the world may see and admire, or at least, may not refuse them due compassion. Such vigorous, passionate expression of pain is surely not pleasing to God. By such conduct we will not only deprive ourselves of the greater part of the merit of our cross, but in the same degree that we show ourselves unwilling, we lessen both our physical and moral strength, and will break down through weakness when we should remain erect.

of thanks buy him a hassock, or whatever you call it? Will it buy him wine and the best doctor in Robinson County? Will it get him kielbass to eat and warm blankets and coal and all the things that God-forsaken place doesn't hold for a white man to live decent with? And I tell you he'll die if he don't have 'em. He saved my girl and your boy—sarn the brat— (big, rough Dan choked) "and now he's dyin' up there with pneumonia fever, an' the doctor says he order be having good nursin' an' luxuries. Good Lord! Luxuries in Collinville!"

And then a strange thing happened. The Rev. Ephraim Jones suddenly felt throbbing against his side in a very unpleasant manner an organ of which he had really forgotten the use, lo! these many years. He had a heart, but poverty and hard work and the continued strain of dealing always with the worst side of life had so incrustated it that he was seldom conscious of its existence. Now, however, he felt it throbbing painfully and urging him to a speech to which he scarcely felt himself equal. But the good in the little man was only incrustated with doctrine and dogma, not dead, and it rose to the surface in a great wave.

"I tell you what, I'll do, boys," he began. "I'll write to the board to send him my box."

"Good for you, parson," cried Dan, clapping him on the back with an uncomfortable friendliness which made the Rev. Ephraim Jones wince from the great ham-like hand. "Bally for you! That's the very thing! Will they do it?"

"They send me one every year, and if they won't send two the priest can have mine. And with this he strode away."

None of the men who applauded him so loudly had even an inkling of what the sacrifice meant.

The Rev. Ephraim Jones had been blessed under his vine and fig tree with a wife and eleven olive branches. There had been a baker's dozen, but two had succumbed to malaria, and he had tucked their little yellow faces away in the ground with mingled pain and relief; relief that they were out of their misery, and pain, the wringing anguish of the parent's heart at parting with its second self.

Eleven children to feed and clothe, educate and generally equip for the hard tussle of life means care and anxiety untold. The Ephraim looked each winter for clothing for the rest of the season to the large and abundant missionary box sent out by the generous ladies of a rich Eastern church.

Had Mrs. Jones been at home, perhaps he would have stifled his generous impulse, for she was a wise and excellent order, but the worthy woman was away for two days' visit to a missionary meeting in Greene County, and Mr. Jones furnished alone like the proverbial green bay tree. Nine little boys—ranging from fifteen to six—held high carnival at the parsonage, the two youngest children having gone with their mother; so, the cat being away, the mouse was playing with all his might.

The glow of the minister's enthusiasm never dimmed; indeed, his troublesome heart gave him no rest until he had written his letter. He meant to write to the "board," the far-away refuge of troubled missionaries, but a wily eye in the church paper, so he decided to take the matter into his own hands and write directly to the church which had always supplied him.

"Dear ladies of the Queen Street Church," he began, "I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in writing to you, but I am now wearing your clothes—I mean those you sent me—and I have had so much kindness from you that I don't want to ask a favor. Will you please send me a box this year? It isn't that I don't want it and my wife will want it worse, but I think it is needed elsewhere. There is a man here who is going to die unless he is looked after. I will try to tell you about him."

Then followed a stirring account of Father Jones' life and character, his good work in Collinville, his poverty and his brave rescue of the two orphaned children. The Rev. Ephraim finished his astonishing epistle about everything he had as he saved life to lose his own. Though not one in doctrine, he is a better man than I am, and I earnestly ask you to relieve his difficulties rather than give any thought to me. Hoping to hear from you, and that you will not think me ungrateful for all your kindness to me and mine, I am, your servant in Christ, Ephraim Jones."

P. S.—Secure the box to the Rev. Edward Jones, Collinville, Mo. I did not mention that the one mentioned is a Catholic priest. He is not any relation of mine, for there are Joneses who are not.

E. J."

This was the letter which fell like a bombshell into the midst of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Queen Street M. E. Church, which edifice, in stone, exquisite with Gothic carvings, graced the Eastern city.

An anarchistic souvenir could not have more effectively excited the good ladies. All were talking at once—this was not an uncommon proceeding, and at the tops of their voices—but at last the president restored order, and she said:

"The simplicity of this letter goes to my heart," said Mrs. Leader, a tall, handsome woman. "The spirit of the man is perfectly beautiful. We can not deprive him of his box."

"Of course not. It's half done, and all the children's clothes are ready. And we can't let that poor soul starve out there, if he is a Catholic," said Mrs. Bonham, the vice-president, a millionaire in her own right several times over.

"Christmas is coming, and I suppose Catholics have as much right to celebrate Christmas as we have," said sweet little crippled Miss Gray.

"Christ died for the ungodly," said Mrs. Fitz-Simmons Blake, temptively.

"I always thought it must be as hard for Catholics to starve as for the elect," said brisk little Miss Bland, a

wicked twinkle in her great gray eyes. "But you wouldn't think it right to do anything for a Catholic priest, would you, Mrs. Leader?"

The president looked uncomfortable, then a bright thought came. "Not as a priest, of course; nor as coming from a Church, but from individuals, as a token of our respect for a man who is fine and manly and virtuous. I will send a subscription with \$100, ladies. Who will follow?"

Were Mrs. Leader proposed, all were glad enough to concur. Those who were her social equals so honestly loved her that they thought everything she did correct, and those who were below her in the social scale so wished to be associated with her, even in charities, that they gladly followed her example. Taet will turn a windmill, and in a few moments the astonished secretary was empowered to send the box, a finer one than ever, to Rev. Ephraim Jones, and a check for \$500 to the Rev. Edward Jones.

"Make it plain how well we think of Mr. Jones' work as a missionary, Miss Tracey," said the president.

And she the other, in a tactful manner; that the gift is to a brave, good man."

"I will try to couch it properly, Mrs. Leader," said the secretary, and the meeting broke up, the ladies going on their way rejoicing, with a proud consciousness of virtue.

Christmas was at hand, the blessed season of kind thoughts and generous deeds to warm the hearts of giver and receiver and prove as balm to the wounded Sacred Heart which gave itself for men, and giving—broke.

Christmas, with its joys, its merriment, its sorrow, too, as memory gives a backward glance to those faces long gone, that once graced the Yale tide board with the bloom of their sweet radiance. Christmas, in its humble season of solity and even in humble ones a time of blessing, since their self-denial often waits as handmaids upon giving, and

"Who gives himself with his gift feeds three. Hence, his hungry neighbor and me."

In Collinville the snow lay white upon the ground and the rough branches of the scrub oaks and sturdy hickory trees were powdered with its feathery flakes. It had been a bitterly cold winter and snow lay heavy upon many heights.

Father Jones sat in his old arm chair beside the big box stove in which crackled the fire of hickory logs. It was his one luxury, this roaring fire, and it was his only because of the zeal of a devoted parishioner, who brought him a load from his wood-lot whenever his watchful eye saw that the priest's woodpile was diminishing.

The Father had changed terribly in the weeks following his illness. Phosoria is not an easy foe to fight, but he had battled with it manfully, finding the convalescence almost harder to bear than the sickness itself. He needed tonics and delicacies, and soft, warm clothes, none of which were to be obtained in Collinville, or for miles around, even had the wherewithal to obtain them had he been so fortunate.

Which is a disgraceful mistake and a just judgment upon us. We should never have encouraged this follower of the Scarlet Woman," said Mrs. Fitz-Simmons Blake, majestically.

Kitty's eyes flashed fire, and mouth opened—then closed with a click like a mouse trap as Mrs. Leader laid a warning hand upon her arm.

"It's a mistake, but I am sure you will feel that it is a blessed one when you listen to the closing words of this letter," she said.

"Everything in the box has been put to immediate use. The articles intended for myself are all warmly appreciated and the poor of my own parish, the toys and candies have made happy the hearts of those to whose homes the warmth of Christmas joys seldom extend their fires of glowing love—little children of whom the great Christmas Guest said: 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' More than all, I thank you for the kind words which accompanied your generous gifts—words which went to my heart and gave me abundant Christmas joy; since they show me that your generous deeds spring from hearts as generous, and that we are one in the love of God and the Blessed Christ Child Whom we serve, gratefully yours, Edward Jones."

There was a hush over the assembly as she read the gentle words, and there was not a dissenting voice to the vote to let the mistake go uncorrected.

"It's as broad as it is long, anyhow," said Kitty Bland to her chosen crowd, Miss Gray. "Both priest and parson are satisfied, and why shouldn't we be? Mrs. Fitz-Simmons Blake hates a Catholic worse than she does his satanic majesty, but she didn't dare object when Mrs. Leader said we should all be proud to have aided such a man. But isn't it a joke? I suppose Father Jones thinks it's the millennium in Collinville."

After the grin, pneumonia or typhoid fever, take Hood's Sarsaparilla—it restores health and strength.

Use the safe, pleasant, and effective worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Extremator; no other equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

less hang dog air than that which he had left departed.

As her husband came into the sitting room, little Mrs. Jones raised a pair of fine, dark eyes, window-lights of a soul as strong and brave as any woman's can be, from the twenty-third sock she had darned that morning.

"Yes, dear," she asked.

"Yes, the answer's no, but I tell you that we'll get no box this year."

"No box?" then her eye glanced from the latter to the cheque in her husband's hand. "Ephraim Jones, they have sent us 500 instead of the box!" Her voice raised to a shrill staccato in excitement.

"Yes, dear, but you can buy what you want, you needn't mind—" He stopped short, for his wife had interrupted him with an ecstatic—"Mind! Well, I guess not!" And to his horror she first flung her arms around his neck, squeezing him till he gasped for breath, and then perfoaming a pos on the middle of the floor, at a wild dance of joy, which ended in a fit of hysterics in which she alternately laughed and cried and said: "I can go to mother! I can go to mother!" until poor Mr. Jones thought she had gone crazy and sat and looked at her helplessly.

At last she calmed down, and seeing his dazed face said: "Oh, you see, dear, don't you see what this money means to me? We can go to St. Louis—mother—I haven't seen mother for ten years, and she's never seen half the children. You can go to Ministers' Meeting and Conference and buy some new books, and I can choose a dress for myself. I've tried to be grateful for the boxes and things, but I'm so tired of wearing other people's clothes, if they are good as new, and I'm tired of making over frocks for my children, and I'm just tired of all of never having a cent to buy the babies a stick of candy with—don't you dare say a word about the heathen, Ephraim Jones; I'm going to have \$100 of that blessed money just to frolic with, so there!" and little Mrs. Jones looked radiant with delight.

"But how did it all happen?" she asked; "what do the ladies say?"

And her husband read:

"Rev. Ephraim Jones, Zion Church, Collinville, Mo. My dear Sir: The ladies of the Queen Street M. E. Church beg you to accept the accompanying money, and find it sufficient to fill all your needs. We much appreciate your generous spirit and desire to express thus our admiration of your character, rich in all those qualities that go to make the man. Very truly yours, Louise Tracey, Secretary Woman's Home Missionary Society, Queen Street M. E. Church."

It's a nice letter, but a strange one," said Mrs. Jones, looking puzzled. "I should have thought they would have sent it to you because you are a minister of the Gospel."

Mr. Jones looked thoughtful. "Perhaps," he said, "they think it is more important to be a man than a minister. Well, I am glad I am one."

"Both," said the minister, kissing the cheek with which excitement had brought a fair, unwanted color.

Great was the stir in the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Queen Street Methodist Episcopal Church at the January meeting when the letters of thanks from the Rev. Ephraim Jones, described the happiness conferred by the receipt of the money, but when Mrs. Leader read the priest's courteously worded expressions of thanks for his box there was a horrible silence. This was speedily broken by a rapid, giggling witch with a tongue of fire, and a heart of gold.

"You mixed those babies up," she quoted, wickedly; "Louise Tracey, you are a secretary after my own heart!" The priest got the clothes and the parson got the cash. Oh, what fun! I wish I had seen his Reverence when he unpacked the long-haired doll and the rattle!"

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UNCHRISTIAN TALK

A Sin, not only Against God, but Against Civilization, Humanity and Politeness.

BY REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

It would be very well to try and deepen our conviction of the badness and foolishness of the habit of talking uncharitably. Unkindness and uncharitableness, not only in deeds but even in more words, are had and wicked because uncharitably and unkindly and unjust in themselves, even if God had not expressly forbidden them.

But God has expressly forbidden them; and there are few bad things that God has forbidden so emphatically and with denunciations so often repeated, as the vices of the tongue. Whole pages of Sacred Scriptures might be quoted, from Ecclesiastes especially, and the Catholic Epistle of St. James, denouncing with marvelous energy the mischief wrought by this unquiet evil, this world of iniquity; and the divine threats against the uncharitable tongue did not begin with the son of Sirach, nor did they end with the son of Alphesus, St. James the Less.

Although, however, the fear of offending the God of charity and the wish to be like the meek Heart of Jesus must be our supreme motives from abstaining from sins of the tongue, it is very well to strengthen our purpose by convincing ourselves on lower grounds of the foolishness and ugliness and harmfulness of all uncharitableness. It is not only unchristian and uncharitable, but rude and vulgar and uncivilized. "Politeness" seems a strange word to come into such a discussion, yet we have introduced it already and it comes into the only phrase given to the students of Maynooth, very nearly fifty years ago, by Dr. David Moriarty, before he was Bishop of Kerry: "Politeness is the fuel of charity." One might expect to see it turned the other way: "Charity is the fuel of politeness," for true politeness is founded on mutual thoughtfulness and consideration for one another. But there is a true and useful significance in the phrase that the Bishop made use of: "Politeness is the fuel of charity," or, as Peter Judde, S. J., said more than a hundred years before him, "Un deus pe politesse sert infirmum a conservare la charite."

Something similar is found in the little book entitled "Practical Sayings of Mother Macaulay, Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy." "She required the strictest attention to politeness and good manners towards each other. She used often to say that any departure from the rules of good breeding was usually the cause of some breach of charity, while 'good manners add to the value of good works.' That famous woman of the holiness as Madame Swetchine, an famous for the holiness as her social charm, said the same thing a little differently: "Politeness is one of the safeguards and exercises of charity."

In the same place where I have jotted down these parallel passages, I find three other useful sayings which only bear indirectly on our present subject of uncharitableness. One says that politeness is not uncharitable or ill natured, but always good natured and good humored, and so to keep up around us an atmosphere in which uncharitable talk would be an impossible solecism. The lady whom we quoted last exercised herself the happy influence which she herself describes: "There is a silent apostle, a living Creed, an incessant and efficacious mission, which consists in the natural radiance, the true and profound contentment of certain holy souls; for the joy which such persons feel in religion is of all homages the least suspected."

Julius Jannin, who says that "God humored people render a service to suffering humanity," has less right to be quoted here than Father Peter Galloway, S. J., who is said to have said: "A good laughter is a godsend in a community." But he certainly meant his good laughter to be a good-natured laughter, totally free from malice and uncharitableness.—Sacred Heart Supplement.

DRUGGING WILL NOT CURE CATARRH. This loathsome disease is caused by germs that invade the air passages of the nose, throat and lungs, and can be cured only by inhalation of medicated air. Stomach medicines, cathartics, and other remedies, because they fail to reach the cause of the trouble, Catarrh, are useless because it is in the lining of every part of the bronchial system, and has power to get to the heart, the brain, the lungs, and the mucous surfaces with a very breath taken through the diaphragm and affords instant relief. It is known as Catarrh, Asthma, and Bronchitis. Sold by Druggists. Two months' treatment, in small, 25c. or by mail from Folsom & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. If you have these disfigurements on your person, when a sure remedy of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in "Hollway's Corn Cure."

IT IS GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST—Not only is Dr. Thoms' Electric Oil of incomparable value in the household, but it is also very serviceable in the farm yard and on the cattle range, often saving the services of a veterinary surgeon. In injuries to stock and in cases of cough and pain it can be used with good effect.

WHEN YOU ARE FEELING TIRED AND OUT OF SORE you will find Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you wonderful good. Be sure to GET HOOD'S.

EPILEPSY CUREABLE.

A Disease that has long baffled Medical Skill.

MR. M. A. GAUTHIER, OF BUCKINGHAM, GIVES HIS EXPERIENCE FOR THE BENEFIT OF OTHER SUFFERERS FROM THIS TERRIBLE MALADY.

From the Post, Buckingham, Que.

We venture to say that in our town of 3,000 inhabitants few business men are better known than Mr. M. A. Gauthier, the young and hustling butcher of Main street. He wasn't, however, as energetic or as hustling a couple of years ago as he is to-day, and for a good reason—he wasn't well. Having gone into business ere reaching his majority his desire to succeed was such that no heed was paid to keeping the body in the state of health necessary to stand a strain, and in consequence of the extra demands upon the system it became run down to such an extent that epilepsy or falling sickness resulted, and these lapses into unconsciousness becoming alarmingly frequent he consulted physicians and took some remedies, but without beneficial results. Finally seeing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised as a cure for falling sickness he decided to give them a trial. As to the result the Post cannot do better than give Mr. Gauthier's story in his own words: "Yes," said Mr. Gauthier, "for nearly four years I suffered from epilepsy or falling sickness, usually in most inconvenient places. I am now twenty-four years of age, and I think I started business too young and the fear of falling spurred me to greater efforts perhaps than was good for my constitution, and the consequence was that I became subject to those attacks which came without any warning whatsoever, leaving me terribly sick and weak after they had passed. I got to dread their recurrence very much. I consulted doctors and took remedies to no purpose, the fits still troubled me. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised and determined to try them. I did so, and the medicine helped me so much, that I got more and kept on taking them, until to-day I am as well, yes better, than I ever was, and am not troubled at all by epilepsy or the fear of the fits seizing me again. Thinking there may be others similarly afflicted, I give my story to the Post; it may perhaps lead them to give this great medicine a trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a positive cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, or a weak or shattered condition of the nervous system. Every dose makes new, rich, red blood and gives tone to the nerves, thus curing such diseases as epilepsy, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, heart troubles, anaemia, etc. These pills are also a cure for the ailments that make the lives of so many women a constant misery. They are sold in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Can be procured from druggists or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Spirit of Winter.

The Spirit of Winter is with us, making its presence known in many different ways: in chilly sunshines and glistening snows, and sometimes by driving winds and blinding storms. To many people, however, the winter is making bad things worse, for rheumatism twinges sharper, catarrh becomes more acute, and the many symptoms of cerebral affections are developed and aggravated. There is not much poetry in this, but there is truth, and it is wonder how many people don't get rid of these ailments. The medicine that cures them—Hood's Sarsaparilla—proves that its cures are radical and permanent.

Run Down

That is the condition of thousands of people who need the stimulus of pure blood—that's all.

They feel tired all the time and are easily exhausted.

Every task, every responsibility, has become hard to them, because they have not the strength to do nor the power to endure.

William Ross, Sarnia, Ont., who was without appetite and so nervous he could not sleep, and Leslie R. Swink, Dublin, Pa., who could not do any work without the greatest exertion, testify to the wonderful building-up efficacy of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It purifies the blood, gives strength and vigor, restores appetite and makes sleep refreshing.

It is the medicine for all debilitated conditions.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the constipating and oily character to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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There are many causes of getting too thin; they all come under these two heads: over-work and under-digestion.

Stop over-work, if you can; but, whether you can or not, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, to balance yourself with your work. You can't live on it—true—but, by it, you can. There's a limit, however; you'll pay for it.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the readiest cure for "can't eat," unless it comes of your doing no work—you can't long be well and strong, without some sort of activity.

The genuine has this picture on it, talking to other. If you haven't tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you.

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THE CATHOLICS AND GALICIANS.
Archbishop Langevin Addresses a Mass Meeting of Galician Catholics.
Manitoba Free Press, January 8
A mass meeting of the Catholics of the city was held in the Catholic club rooms yesterday afternoon for the purpose of considering some matters of public importance, and particularly affecting the Catholic community of the province. The gathering was the largest and most representative held by the Catholics for many years past, and the enthusiasm displayed showed that the laity are taking deep interest in the topics discussed. The large hall of the club was jammed to the doors many standing throughout the proceedings, and several could not obtain admission. The chair was occupied by Mr. T. D. Deegan, and seated with him on the platform were His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, Rev. Father Cherie, Rev. Father William Kulavy, O. M. I., Rev. Father Drummond, S. J., Rev. Father O'Dwyer, O. M. I., Rev. Father Trudel. In the assembly were noticed most of the prominent Catholics of the city, with a strong delegation from St. Boniface.
The chairman, in opening the proceedings, stated that the first thing to consider was the questions raised by the deputation which waited on the government last week regarding Gallician education. That deputation totally ignored the fact that there are Catholic settlements in some years ago contained a bi-lingual clause, under which the Galicians could have their own schools, and now the deputation, to meet their own ends, sought to have that clause removed. The Catholics would never consent to that, but would rally to the support of their co-religionists, the Galicians, and would insist, by every means in their power, on retaining that clause in the Act. (Cheers.)
THE ARCHBISHOP.
The Archbishop then addressed the meeting, and in the course of his remarks, said a great interest was taken by the public of Canada, particularly in Manitoba, in what might be called the Galician question. They all agreed that since those people had come to live under the British flag they must have made good British subjects, and thoroughly Canadian. One of the most efficient means to reach that end, was, of course, the education of their children. Schools must be established for them according to the law, and the English language should be taught in those schools, but the school law of the country had consecrated the bi-lingual system, and those people, as a matter of right, might have their children taught their own language in the schools, together with the English language, and, as a matter of fact, they desired that very strongly. But if all agreed that English should be taught in the schools, all did not admit of the teaching of their national language. Now, the Galicians believed that they must keep their language, particularly because it is the best means to keep their faith. How could children be taught religion in their own idiom if they did not know how to read. A proof of the disposition of the Galicians in the matter of education was what had been done in Winnipeg. He was amazed to see that the gentlemen of Winnipeg, who took such a lively interest in the education of Galician children, and wished the Government to do so, had not considered the Galician children who are living in this great city. None of the Rev. Fathers who have charge of the Galicians in Winnipeg, and even of thousands in the country districts, were invited to the meetings called on this question. There is a school on Selkirk avenue, which for a year past has had an average daily attendance of about one hundred and twenty-five Galician children, under twenty teachers, and a principal. The city and the government had not contributed one cent towards that school, nevertheless, the work was done, and efficiently done; English was taught in that school and any visitor would be welcomed within its walls in the basement of the Church of the Holy Ghost. Who had supported that school? The Fathers of the Church at the request of the Archbishop? Who is paying the teachers? The same Fathers? Why do the Galicians send their children to that school and not to the public school? Because it is the kind of school they want, and because their own language is taught in it as well as English. If the building was large enough there would be another hundred scholars. There was no need of compulsion to get Galician children to attend school. All that was wanted was the law granted in their favor on the points of language and Catholic teachers (cheers). The Government has expressed lately their determination to abide by the school law in favor of the Galicians, but now it appears that certain gentlemen desired that law to be amended or even repealed so far as the points desired by the Galicians are concerned. Was it not, therefore, to be desired that at this juncture the Galicians themselves and those who are their proved friends should come forward to see that their rights are considered and their rights preserved. Was it because these people are strangers and because they belong to the Catholic faith that they were to be denied the benefit of the school law? When the school law was declared lately as the law of the land, did any of these gentlemen who now take such deep interest in the Galicians go to the government and ask to have the law amended in favor of the Catholics of Winnipeg. (Cheers.) This opened up the question, he would not say of the sincerity, but certainly of the proper understanding of the position on the part of those who took such a deep interest in the education of the Galician children. Was the school law to be conformed or amended only when it is thought to oppose or to favor as the case might be, Catholic interests. Was it necessary for foreigners coming to this country to abandon their language in order to become good citizens? No one in the land would dare say yes in

answer to that question, and for himself he could say he would NEVER ABANDON HIS OWN LANGUAGE.
but would nevertheless be just as good a British subject as any man in the land. (Cheers.) There were fifteen thousand Galicians in Manitoba and twenty-five thousand in his diocese, and out of that number they could say there were at least four thousand children. Would then the Catholics leave to others the care of these children? Would it not be advisable to approach the Government first for the school in being established in the colonies? (Cheers.) He wondered why the same interest was not taken in the Mennoite settlement, where there were so many children who attended no school at all, and where in many of the schools in operation no English is taught. (Cheers.) He would like to know why there was not the same zeal for the children of the Doukhobors, who should be assimilated too. (Cheers.) Why this sudden interest in the Galicians? Was it not because the very great majority of the Galicians belonged to the Catholic Church? The Catholics did not seek to establish schools to educate Presbyterian children or others who did not belong to the Catholic faith, and he would say that the secret of peace in the community would be for everyone to mind his own business, and the political sect of the country would have sufficient to do if they here to that strictly in mind. (Cheers.) If the gentlemen who now attacked the school settlement and advocated the striking out of the bi-lingual clause thought they could thus dispose of four thousand Catholic children, they were greatly mistaken. (Cheers.) If they wanted to start a new school question there could not be a better time than the present. (Cheers.) He could say that with the increase in their numbers during the past ten years, and his knowledge they had gained of their strength, the Catholics of Manitoba were never better prepared to come to the front and fight their own battles. (Cheers.) Because they had not said much of late some people seemed to imagine that the Catholics were sleeping, but that was not so; they were not sleeping, they were always at work. (Cheers.) Now he would like to tell them briefly what the clergy had done or the Galicians. In 1898 the Rev. Father Albert Mulavy, who was born in Germany, came from Ottawa to take charge of the Galician settlers. After a year his brother, Rev. Father William Kulavy, now parish priest of the Holy Ghost church, came here. They built a church and a school on Selkirk street, at a cost of \$10,000. He could not tell them the amount of spiritual good that had been done in that church. It was the Church of hundreds of families all around. People came on foot as many as forty miles to perform their Easter duty, and some Polish people actually came from British Columbia to hear preaching in their own language. That church had been the centre of the Catholic life for many settlements throughout Manitoba and the North-West. Then a Redemptorist Father, now in Brandon, had spent some months in Galicia to learn the language; two other Fathers had learned the language, and three more were learning it. They had sent Bishop Paschal, of Prince Albert, to Galicia, and Father Lacombe to see the Emperor of Austria himself to get priests to attend those people. The Galicians were not indifferent, they were thoroughly religious, deeply attached to their faith, and would not give it up for all the gold in the world. They are rooted in this country because they are good settlers. They were first class settlers and first class Catholics, and no matter what might be done they would not give up their faith. They belonged to the Catholic Church, to the Catholic clergy, to the Catholic laity, and they would never give up the care of those four thousand children. (Cheers.)
SUBSTANTIAL PROGRESS.
Rev. Father O'Dwyer then read a very interesting letter from a priest who had recently visited the Galician colonies, where he found everywhere progress and deep attachment to the Catholic faith.
Rev. Father William Kulavy then spoke. He also questioned the motive of those who were now having such a deep interest in the Galicians, but who showed no interest whatever in the Doukhobors or the Mennoites. With regard to the statements that had been made that the Galicians under education, he supposed the gentleman who stated this must have meant no English education, for there were very few of them who could not read and write. Everywhere the Galicians were wanting schools, but did not want Protestant schools. For instance the Galicians of Winnipeg would not send their children to the public schools. As many as possible attended the Holy Ghost school, and before that school was established very few of them went to school at all, for they would not attend school where their own language was not taught and where there was none of the Catholic religion. Notwithstanding their poverty they intended this year to put up a large school on Selkirk avenue. (Cheers.) They had waited and expected and were promised help from the powers that be, but nothing had so far been received. The deputation that waited on the government had totally ignored the existence of the Winnipeg school, but they are not afraid of opposition, for they are supported first of all by their faith, and secondly, they were backed by twenty-five thousand of good Galician Catholics settled in the country. (Cheers.)
Speeches were also made by Rev. Fathers Drummond and Cherie, and then on motion of Mr. F. W. Russell, seconded by Mr. N. Bawif, the chairman was appointed to nominate a committee representing Winnipeg and St. Boniface to join with a committee of Galicians to wait on the government at such time as might be thought fit to present the views of the Catholics on the points raised.

The following committee was appointed: Messrs. N. Bawif, J. Bernier, M. P. P., J. Foley, A. F. Bleau, Dr. Lambert, H. Bellevue, A. H. Koudry, L. O. Mouton, V. Mager, P. Marring, M. McMann, E. Cass, D. Smith, F. W. Russell, T. D. Deegan, J. Carroll and N. Bournay with power to add to their number.
The meeting then considered the present standing of the Catholic newspaper of the West, the Northwest Review, and an energetic committee was appointed to further the interests of that publication.
The proceedings then terminated.
A New Field Opening.
The lives of Catholic saints are compelling the attention of students outside the Church. This week we note the appearance of a new work, entitled, "The Story of Catherine of Siena," from a non-Catholic pen. The author finds the saint to be a loyal woman, consecrated soul and body to the service of God and of humanity. "We need not feel especially grateful for this mode of praise. St. Catherine of Siena merited that much, and very much more. We may, however, be permitted to rejoice that the hagiology of the Catholic Church is gradually being opened up to those who are capable of appreciating the unselfish and heroic, but who have hitherto refrained from reading the wonderful lives of the canonized saints from the conviction that they were mere enthusiasts, super-human powers and ecstatic visions. As the strangers enter this inviting field in greater numbers some of them are bound to be won by the beauty of the stories which are unfolded. One cannot peruse with sympathy a higher life of a saint without conceiving a higher hope for humanity, and a deeper love for virtue as well as for all who practice it in a heroic degree. God's saints are all heroes.—Catholic Transcript.
JOHN BAPTIST VIANNEY.
Miraculous Powers of the Renowned Cure of Ars.
Sanctity and fortune telling are terms rarely found in juxtaposition. The typical fortune teller of the past was apt to be the reverse of saintly; and, sooth to say, holiness is not the chief characteristic of those who in our own day profess to reveal to credulous clients the secrets of the future, says the *Annuaire d'Ars*. Whatever may be thought, however, of the genuineness of the second sight attributed to some individuals of Celtic origin, such as Sir Walter Scott's Highlanders, and whatever explanation may be given of the nature of clairvoyance as practiced nowadays, there is nothing repugnant to reason or faith in the idea that God may reveal the future to His special friends and most eminent servants.
As a matter of proven fact, God did so reveal future events to one of the most singular and attractive personages of the nineteenth century—John Baptist Vianney, the renowned and venerable cure of Ars. Pilgrimages to the scene of this wondrous parish priest's labors were of very common occurrence during his lifetime, and they did not cease when he finally passed to his reward. The present incumbent of the parish of Ars established, about a year and a half ago, a little monthly organ of the pilgrimages. It is called *Annales d'Ars*, and is in several respects one of the most interesting of our foreign exchanges. Perhaps the most attractive of its departments is "Les Faits d'Intuition" (Instances of Intuition in the life of the saintly cure. We quote at random from some recent numbers.
REMARKABLE PREDICTIONS.
In March, 1856, M. Vianney one day saw approaching him Abbe Babeu, Superior of St. John's College of Angers. He had never before seen his visitor or known him in any way; but he, nevertheless, greeted the abbe, in a tone of cordial familiarity, with the question:
"Have you come to talk to me about young X, who is sick?"
He named the student, seriously ill with typhoid fever, in whose behalf the superior had made the pilgrimage, and concerning whom he had spoken to nobody in or near Ars.
"Write to the boy's parents for me," continued the cure, "and tell them that he will not die of this illness."
The event verified the prediction.
Mme. Sermet-Decroze of Arbigneux had three daughters. The eldest, Josephette, was devoted to God, and the cure recognized in the second one, Josephette, all the dispositions that announce a religious vocation. The eldest daughter, Anthelme, appeared on the contrary to be destined for a life in the world. She liked to dress elegantly—or at least her mother thought so; and already the latter was looking about her for a suitable husband to whom the girl might be confided. As she was not, however, above doubting the fallibility of her own judgment, she concluded to follow the example of so many others and consult the cure of Ars. She saw him, exposed her projects for the settlement of her daughters, and fully expected that he would give her plans his approval. To her great surprise, he replied that it was useless to think of such an arrangement; that Josephette would never become a religious in the family and sooner, too, than the mother imagined.
Good Mme. Sermet-Decroze did not understand to whom M. Vianney was referring. On her return to Arbigneux, she told her own pastor of her visit to Ars, her astonishment at the holy cure's words, and her great curiosity as to which of her family was to be a Sister. She was not left in suspense. While passing through Lyons on her way home from Ars she sought a dress for Anthelme, thinking that the latter would be delighted with a handsome new gown. As soon as the girl saw the gift, however, she exclaimed: "Mother, that dress is useless to me. I wish to consecrate myself to God in the religious life." Shortly thereafter she joined the Marist Sisters at Belley, in which

community she lived till her death. As for Josephette, she also verified the cure's prediction. She married at the age of sixteen.
TOLD OF A SHEPHERD IN A HOUSE.
Of a different character is the incident concerning Mme. Mercier, a peasant of Bage-le-Ville. This excellent woman made it a practice to spend three days at Ars every year. On one occasion, after hearing her confession, M. Vianney asked:
"How long do you purpose remaining at Ars?"
"To-day and to-morrow," answered Mme. Mercier.
"No, no! Return at once," said the cure. "There is a serpent in your house."
The frightened woman hastened home, for she had no idea of doubting the truth of the statement. On arriving she was somewhat disconcerted at finding everything in good order—apparently as she had left it. In her absence her husband had emptied and refilled one of the bedticks; but, as he had made up the bed before her return, she noticed nothing out of the way. On turning down the bedclothes that night, however, she was horrified to see a very large snake emerge from the tick and glide hastily out of the house.
HEARING AND SPEECH RESTORED.
One of the most extraordinary of all the instances cited occurred in February, 1859. As a result of typhoid and brain fever, Claudine Venet, a young woman of Virieux, had become totally blind and deaf. Hoping to obtain her cure through the mediation of M. Vianney, she made a pilgrimage to Ars. The cure had never seen her, did not know her, had received no communication relative to her case. Nevertheless, on her being led to the church for the first time, as she stood by the main door for an instant, M. Vianney came along, took Claudine by the hand, and, with out saying a word, led her into the little sacristy, where he made her kneel down to begin her confession. Scarcely had she received his preliminary blessing when she both saw and heard with perfect distinctness.
One can easily imagine the intensity of the girl's emotion. Her twofold infirmity, the consequence of her terrible illness, seemed nothing but a dream. The illness itself, was it not also a dream? In any case, now she saw and heard, and her joy was indescribable. Her holy confessor, however, soon checked its extravagance.
"You will remain deaf," he informed her, "for twelve years; and will recover your hearing on Jan. 18, 1862." And, seeing that this singular prediction, disconcerted and saddened her, the Heavenly Father had just favored so signally, he added: "It is the will of God."
Claudine made her confession. She heard M. Vianney's instruction with perfect clearness, received absolution, and then led the sacristy by herself to kneel for some time in the church. As she arose from the side of the cure, however, she realized that her ears had again closed to earthly sounds. In point of fact although she enjoyed the use of her eyes, she heard nothing more during the full period of twelve years. Calm and perfectly resigned, she awaited the date foretold as that of her permanent cure. And, with strictest precision, on Jan. 18, 1862, she recovered her hearing; to lose it no more during life.
THE FORGOTTEN PRAYER.
This intuitive knowledge of Venerable Vianney not infrequently occasioned considerable discomfiture to those who sought his ministry. It was a dramatic lesson that he taught a young woman at the Communion rail one morning in 1845. Miss Etienne Poirnard of Marcy, who was very pious and a frequent communicant, knew the saintly cure and had often gone to confession to him. Very early one morning Miss Poirnard received an invitation to take a seat in a carriage that was going to Ars. Although the opportunity was quite unexpected, she availed herself of it, and, hastily putting on her outdoor wraps, took her place. On arriving at Ars, she proceeded at once to the church where M. Vianney was saying Mass, and when the time for Communion came knelt with others of the congregation at the railing. The cure gave Communion to the others; but on reaching Miss Poirnard he took the Sacred Host, raised it above the chalice, began to recite the formula, *Corpus Domini nostri*—then, without finishing it, stood perfectly motionless.
The anguish of the young woman was naturally acute. Stupefied, not knowing what to think, she set herself to reciting from her inmost heart the acts of faith, hope and charity. When she had finished them the cure resumed the formula and gave her Communion.
Miss Poirnard's trouble, however, persisted. Why had he stopped? What reason had he for acting so strangely, for assuming so stern an aspect? After Mass she managed to see him for a moment and questioned him about the matter, receiving for reply:
"When one has omitted one's morning prayer and been distracted all along the way to church, one is not too well disposed to receive the holy Communion."
Miss Poirnard understood at once. In the hurry of her departure from home she had neglected her usual morning devotions, and the talking and laughing in the carriage had scarcely compensated for the neglect. She was all the more confused as it was clear, she having had no conversation with the cure beforehand, that he could know of her fault only by supernatural means.
AUTHENTICITY OF FACTS RELATED.
Instances equally extraordinary might be multiplied almost indefinitely. In none of the foregoing narratives have we thought it worth while to reproduce the detailed proofs of the authenticity of the facts related; it would be merely occupying space to very little purpose. The great majority of those who read these columns will be satisfied with the general statement that the *Annales d'Ars* gives in every instance incontrovertible testimony to the truth and reality of the prodigy recounted; the incredulous

minority, if there be one, would probably scoff at any testimony other than the evidence of their own senses. And we entertain a constitutional dislike to the futile task of endeavoring to convince the typical "doubting Thomas."
A True Conception of Papal Infallibility.
In consequence of the obvious misunderstanding as to the dogma of Papal infallibility in a recent letter of Sir Henry Howorth's, the London Tablet thus enumerates the criteria by which an infallible judgement may be known:
"From the very nature of the question, three elements present themselves: First, the Pope; secondly, the making; thirdly, the judgement. Hence three plain conditions—one on the part of each. On the part of the Pope, it is required that he shall speak in his capacity as supreme teacher of all Christians. On the part of the making, it is required that it shall be an act of doctrinal definition. On the part of the judgement, it is required that it shall be a matter concerning faith and morals."
Here we have a true conception of the Catholic doctrine of Papal infallibility.
THE LAY APOSTOLATE.
Bishop O'Connell, of Portland, Laments the Lack of Lay Co-operation in the Church in America.
"The Lay Apostolate" was the subject of a remarkably able address delivered by the Right Rev. William H. O'Connell, Bishop of Portland, Me., to the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston a few weeks ago.
The Bishop of Portland is a very ardent advocate of lay action. He says that in America, with its peculiar conditions and its growing spirit of irreligion, there is especial need that the clergy should be strengthened and their influence broadened by the co-operation of the lay Catholic. He believes that there is, in the larger sense, practically no lay co-operation in the Church in the United States.
"Does it seem strange," he asked, "that at this late day we should need to tell the laity their most rudimentary duty to the Church in public life? Can it be possible that here where the Church has found such a flourishing field; where the manifestations of its ardent faith among the people are second to no other in any part of the world, and where the generosity of the poor is a proverb to all who see what the simpler of God's children have accomplished, can it be possible that we still lament the lack of lay co-operation?"
In looking about for some means of impressing laymen and arousing in them the zeal of which action is born, the Bishop adduced the good examples of the past, and especially the example of that unostentatious and remarkable Frenchman, Frederic Ozanam.
"The very conversion of the Roman Empire under Constantine was due in great measure to the splendid example of laymen."
"But fortunately we do not need to go so far back in history to find our models in the lay apostolate. In times nearer our own and more like our own, in atmosphere and surroundings the devoted layman by his work and his word has added lustre to the name of religion."
"France, that truly great country, which with all its defects, nevertheless even in the darkest epochs of its history again and again proved her right to the title of the 'eldest daughter of the Church,' has given to the world not only the most magnificent examples of priestly missionaries, but also splendid ideals of the lay apostolate."
"I cite especially Ozanam as the type of the modern layman because his life in all its phases is more closely allied in occupation and character with the life of the American layman. He never became, like Sir Thomas More, a great statesman, nor like O'Connell a public leader of his people, nor yet like Windthorst, a diplomatist or elected representative in the House of Deputies. Ozanam, had he wished, might have become again and again a political leader, but he steadfastly declined the tempting honor, and led his life of a private citizen devoted to the interests of the Church rather in quiet ways than amid the turmoil of political strife."
"At nineteen he went up to Paris from Lyons to pursue in the great law school his legal studies. There he remained for six years, the model student and the devoted Christian youth. The student life of Paris in 1831 was one of utter infidelity and dissipation. Christian parents dreaded to send their sons, justly fearing that they would come back to them atheists, with their faith utterly wrecked by so vile an atmosphere of scepticism, unbelief and immorality. Even in this early stage of his life we see the young lay apostle. Not content with surrounding himself more than ever in his loneliness with religious influences, whereby he sought to preserve the sanctity of his own beautiful soul, he began even then to interest himself in the lives of those few of his companions who still retained some little spark of divine faith."
"Time goes on, and the model student becomes the model professor. Four years Ozanam had yearned for the settled and secure position which such a noble calling would give him. At last it came, when the ministry of France offered him the chairs of literature and law, with a salary which to him, still struggling for a decent competence, was very lucrative indeed. But here again the apostle showed himself true to his mission. He renounced another post very poorly remunerated and only because, as he says himself, it brought him where the Church needed his more. And he ascended the rostrum of the Sorbonne only to use it as a pulpit from which to propagate truth through the medium of science, poetry and history. Here again he was met with every possible sort of opposition, but he remembered his vow to dedicate his labors in whatever field he worked to the service of his faith, and he kept his course straight and clear as the stars."
"One day, when as usual, fatigued by

his ardent labors sufficient to break the strength of a stronger man, he was handed this note: "It is impossible that anyone could speak as you do without believing what you affirm. When I came to you I believe nothing. What no sermons have done for me you have done. You have made me a Christian."
"Those who saw the enormous work which he performed saw also the effect which such a drain upon his forces must naturally have had. And when they gently remonstrated with him, he gently replied: 'Are there not missionaries dying upon the burning sands of Africa, and do you imagine that we, who have the same obligations to the Church as they, will be pardoned if we go about on our hands in our pockets or lie down upon roses? What God demands of them He will demand in another way and according to our station of us. If they can fight with the faith and expect as their reward a crown which God gives to those who nobly and courageously serve Him, we can at least fight here, where there is so much less to suffer, and if they die, so, too, can we.'
"But the great work of Ozanam's life; the one which of all others was to perpetuate his name, is that splendid institution of Christian charity known throughout the world as the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul."
"God was with Ozanam, and that little band assembled in the dreary office of a newspaper in their wildest dreams and most enthusiastic hopes never imagined that their work thus begun would spread like the flame of love which kindled it to the most remote corners of the world, bringing to the distressed and whom Ozanam hoped and new patience with the confidence in God which makes life to the poor with all its trials nobler and better and higher than the unbelieving rich can ever know."
"Now just here let me say that while the spirit of Ozanam has found many worthy imitators among us, it still remains true that the work of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul has not yet received from those whom Ozanam wished to interest in it the attention which naturally they might be expected to give, and which would make the character of the conferences more conformable to his ideals."
"It is certainly not due to lack of example. The present worthy president of this admirable work of charity among us is, as Ozanam was, a distinguished professor in great university. From his own lips I have heard of the difficulties he has met with, in inducing those men of the professions whose assistance would be of invaluable service to the poor and to themselves as well, to co-operate in the work which Ozanam intended to be chiefly accomplished by men of their position."
"Does this not indicate a terrible lack of the spirit of the lay apostolate among the youth of that class whose numbers are constantly increasing around us? * * * If we allow them to follow in this path of indolence towards such works, we can only expect to find one day that their faith has died with their charity."
"If they could only see, as I have seen, the devoted band of young Romans, many of them nobles, the others young doctors, lawyers and rich merchants, professors and students, members all of the Circolo S. Pietro, devoting their lives to this work among the Roman poor, it could be a sight of inspiration which would not stir them to imitate their example; physicians overrun with their other duties, lawyers already much occupied in their own affairs, nevertheless giving their time and their energies, their advice and their counsel, to those too poor to pay for it, and at the same time giving more than all this, the contagion of their faith and charity, which brings annually thousands of neglected souls back to the duties of religion."
"We want no rash or too impetuous advocates; nor much less the would-be champion of a holy cause who thinks rather of what will accrue to himself than that which he may bring to her defence. But what indeed every day, and will naturally be needed more as we go on, is the sober, serious and unselfish Catholic layman, seeking nothing else than that which the Church herself seeks, a fair field and no favor, save the favor of God; one who is content to work along those lines indicated by those whose province it is to govern and lead the destinies of the faith; men not like de Lameunais who will work and give their co-operation only in the manner and the way they choose, but men like O'Connell, Windthorst, De Mun, who have proven their right to Catholic leadership by the perfect obedience and absolute submission, which even in the most momentous circumstances, and on occasions where according to all seeming probability, they were right and their ecclesiastical leaders mistaken, who nevertheless, at a word threw their own plans, long matured and very dear to them, entirely to the winds, forsook the route they had planned and without a murmur took that which the finger of the Church directed."
"The mystery is a deep one, but still it remains that while there are Carnegies and Rockefellers and Sanfords and Lows and hundreds of others not of the faith, who are helping in regal ways the works which are for the cultivation of their people, by acts of real generosity, we have as yet no one among the fast growing number of our very rich fellow worshippers, who in any way commensurate with his means has proven his desire to help along our struggling institutions."
Let us strive to attain the sanctity of Blessed Agnes, and we shall reach it, if we ask it humbly and for the purpose of following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.—St. Catherine of Siena.
O brilliant Light, Divine Word, admirable wisdom, wordless Lamb, humanity itself, how cruelly hast Thou been torn by those angry wolves, those famished tigers!—B. Henry Suso.
Thou shalt be a great monarch if thou canst command thy tongue.—Ven. Louis of Grenada.

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ORDINATION.

The final step has been taken... The ordination of the young priest...

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ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL CONCERT.

The concert was held on Tuesday evening... The program was very successful...

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DIocese of Saint Albert.

The parishioners of Saint Albert's cathedral... The services were held in the cathedral...

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DIocese of Hamilton.

The parishioners of Saint Joseph's... The services were held in the church...

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The parishioners of Saint Joseph's... The services were held in the church...

Without the Pale of the Church.

When we believe that outside of the Church there is no salvation...

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THE LITTLE GREEN LINNET OF BOE.

BY SEAMUS MACMANUS.

The lovely little linnet, The pretty, gentle linnet, The soft, and sweet-toned linnet, That charms the groves of Boe.

When I was young my life was glad as Muriel's, Each moment was sparkling joy, and every day a dream, Oh, many and many an hour I sat, while yet And listened to the linnet green that waked the woods of Boe.

I knew the mavis of Monna, the blackbird of Glenvar, I loved the lark of Caroh, the goldfinch of Glenvar, But of all the birds in bush or sky that sunny day, None could compare the linnet rare that charmed the groves of Boe.

Oh, wander west, or wander east, Oh, fare me far or near, That little linnet piping voice is pleasing in my ear, Still calling, calling, calling, "Oh, why will you wander so? Why leave these happy, happy woods? Come back! Come back to Boe!"

Ah, weary'st me on wandering! and weary'st me on wandering! Itours the nature in the breast, it turns the warm heart cold, It chokes the life in my life, it drowns the gladdening glow, I feel that my little linnet green awakes the groves of Boe.

Please God, I'll tie my bundle up, I'll take my stout black horn, And the rind's sun will meet me on the road, "Farewell!" I'll cry, and wave my hand— "Farewell to all who love me!"

Tis woe to me to call to you, and to the linnet's lit in Boe, I know a red-lipped catlin, as bright as May-morn's beam, I know a white-walled cabin, as bright as May-morn's beam, I know a hundred, hundred joys that'er our days will gleam, While the lovely little linnet green makes glad the groves of Boe.

Death of Sister Mary of Jesus MONASTERY OF PRECIOUS BLOOD, ELMBANK, ONTARIO.

On 29th ult., just as the Sisters were entering the chapel to attend that beautiful devotion...

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Catholic Education.

"I will not dwell," said the Rev. Dr. O'Hara recently, "on the reasons why Catholics wish for education inspired and supplemented by religion. It is enough to know that we mean that such shall be our education. I will not tell you that the most judicious minds in the world, and the most zealous for the future of the race and republic, say that we are right. It is enough for you and me to know that the Catholic Church has decided that its children shall be educated in a religious atmosphere, and that the Catholic Church in America on this question has nailed its colors to the mast! It, therefore, means to win what justice and experience demand, and win it surely shall, even though its struggle may be prolonged and arduous."

Christian Duty.

It is difficult in moments of great pain to keep our sorrow under control, but it is not only just and laudable, it is moreover the duty of a Christian to do so. Quiet, uncomplaining suffering is noble and heroic suffering. The pain will not become more precious, of greater value, when we make it known with loud complaint. Quite the contrary; pain is holy, and with it, as with everything great and divine, it is proper to bring it, as little as possible in contact with exterior things, which serve only to lower it. Mary, the Queen of Martyrs, the Mother of Sorrows, whose soul was in a sea of bitterness, "stood under the cross."

DIocese of London.

DIocese of London.