

The Catholic Record.

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

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SOCIETIES.

We suppose, says one of our friends, that most people notice the wild ambition of a few individuals who are establishing clubs, etc. There are enough of them to spare; but they can always see room for one more. Their energy boils over, though it does simmer down later on. They talk much, and succeed because in unloading a brand new organization with merits all its own on the public.

We do not wish to discourage enthusiasm. It is a good thing to see, if only to convince us that it is possible. But the promoters of schemes should ask themselves: Is anything new in the way of societies needed? If they reply in the affirmative we may further query if any antagonism arising from the fact that in such and such a society they have failed to get office influences their answer. Such things have happened ere this. An individual who has seen his plans for self aggrandizement fade into thin air is very apt to seek an atmosphere that is more congenial to his vanity.

We believe that we have societies fraternal and temperance sufficient for our needs. To develop them and to bring them to greater efficiency, to unite and to work them on systematic lines, can enlist all our energy and enthusiasm. Instead of having club rooms here and there in the city, why not erect some building that may house all our societies? By this means Catholics would be brought more in touch with one another; our needs would be understood, and all would benefit by the interchange of ideas.

THE TEMPORAL POWER.

Our esteemed contemporary the Christian Guardian is eulogistic of the present kindly occupant of the Papal chair. But it regrets his "reactionary" attitude towards the Italian Government. We suppose if a marauder stole say some of the Guardian's leaders our editorial friend would demand justice and risk being dubbed reactionary. The trouble is that some editors approach the question of the temporal power with preconceived ideas and with a smattering at history culled from anti Catholic pages. They take it for granted that the brigands who broke through the walls of Rome acted most commendably, and they have been patting them and their descendants on the back since 1870. They cannot see what is plain to unbiased readers of history that the war against the Pope was a war against all religion. Nor will they admit robbery of which the Pope was a victim, as unlawful. They close their eyes to the usurpation, or deck it in the vesture of light. They would fain condone intrigue and violence and espouse the monstrous principle that successful stealing deprives the victim of his rights. And because the Pope does believe that the commandment "Thou shalt not steal," is still in force, he is "reactionary!" Our contemporary would be sane-minded enough in the case of any other human being, but on this question, as on others, theological partisans are less truthful—to quote Dean Farrar—less high-minded, less honorable, than the partisans of political and social causes, who make no profession as to the duty of love.

We have written on this question in preceding issues, but for the benefit of readers who may be tempted to give credence to the fables that find their way into the daily press, we subjoin a few words from the Duke of Norfolk's protest against the Italian usurpation. Says he:

"In demanding the liberty and independence of the Pope we as English Catholics demand what regards and concerns ourselves. The religious liberty of a considerable element of British subjects is at stake. We English Catholics, like those of the whole world, recognize the supreme authority of the Pope both in dogmatic and moral questions, and in those of external ecclesiastical discipline. It is the Pope who nominates our Bishops, etc. . . . It is clear then that were the Pope to cease his protests and resign himself to the political and judicial position created for him by the Government which occupies Rome, fourteen millions of British subjects would be put under the foreign influence of the Italian State—become lord and master of the Pope—that is to say, of the Head who governs and rules the Church in our country. That would be intolerable, for the Pope's character and mission place him above all states and all nations; and above them he must

remain to exercise his universal ministry."

AN ANSWER TO OBJECTORS.

Judging from a few letters before us, the saloon keeper is of such a delicate tempered nature that the merest reflection on his business causes him discomfort and pain. This is information to us: for we have thought that a bar-keeper to be successful should be dead to sentiment and as hard as the coins he rakes over his counter. We could not see how it could be otherwise. We could not conjecture how the work could be other than brutalizing, and to our simple mind it stood for the least praiseworthy outlet for human energy. But some saloon keepers do feel things, especially when an "impertinent writer" does not place them on a pedestal and burn incense before them because they contribute some of their easily gained money to various objects.

THE POPE AS MEDIATOR.

With war imminent between Russia and Japan, jurists are talking again of establishing a tribunal for the purpose of adjusting differences of warring rulers. The world had such a tribunal when it accepted the mediatorship of the Vicar of Christ. Early history records instances of the wise and salutary intervention of the Roman Pontiffs, and in our own days Leo XIII. settled the dispute between Germany and Spain. If the Pope, as a writer has said, resumed the authority which they held in the time of Nicholas I., or Gregory VII., it would be the means of obtaining perpetual peace and conducting us back to the Golden Age.

ST. BLAZE.

FEBRUARY 3.

The feast of St. Blasius, or St. Blaze—as the old writers in English were accustomed to write it—is growing in popularity among American Catholics, and it is no unusual thing in these later days to see the churches crowded with people, desiring to have their throats blessed on this day. An old pastor, the other day, in a reminiscent mood, told this incident: In the early days of his ministry he was assigned to a parish, that in the words of a bishop, was sadly afflicted with "dry rot," and piety and devotion were at a low ebb. Throat trouble especially among children, was quite prevalent in the parish, and he determined to introduce the custom of blessing throats, assigning certain convalescent hours of the day for the various classes of people—school children in the morning, women in the afternoon and men in the evening. The novelty drew as he put it, and the applicants for the blessing were quite numerous. At an hour when he had desired to be at leisure for some other work, a pompous individual, father of a family, presented himself to the priest, saying that he had brought his wife and children to the church to have their throats blessed, and peremptorily insisted on the priest then and there going out to the church to perform the ceremony, although it was at an hour not announced. The caller then added, "Of course, Reverend, I don't take any stock in such foolery, but the wife wants it, and I guess it won't do any harm to please her." The priest hesitated a moment and then bargained with the man if he would have his throat blessed he, the priest, would also go on to the church and oblige him. The caller replied: "Very well; but I don't take any stock in it." However, he repaired to the church with all his family and their throats were blessed and his children the following year were remarkably free from all sickness. "And now," added the old pastor with a chuckle, "this man is the very first man at the railing to have his throat blessed on the 3rd of February."

But little is known of the saint's life, but what little is known is graphically and sweetly told by that charming writer whose deft pen is so silenced forever—Miss Starr—in "Some Short Lives of the Saints," written a few years ago and in this sketch she says, writing of the city of Rome: "If we make a turn to the left, round the Coliseum, the ancient amphitheatre of Rome, where she kept her wild beasts, her lions, her tigers, her leopards, we come to an ancient church, built on the foundations of the house where Clement I. was born, where he lived and which he gave to his Christians as a place of worship. This Clement was so often heard the lion roar and the leopards and panthers growl, when the Christians were made their victims instead of brute animals; but none of this frightened him when, hearing St. Peter and St. Paul preach, he became a fervent Christian; not only a Christian, but a chosen companion of these apostles sharing their labors and their dangers. In the year 100 of the Christian era he was martyred, not, however, by being thrown to the lions, but from a cliff overlooking the sea in Crimea.

The house, or palace, as it really was, which he had given to the Christians became a chapel. Over this was built another, very much larger; in deed, very spacious, and adorned with many beautiful pictures. This, about the year 800, was so shaken by an

earthquake that the walls and the pillars were cut down until they came to what was solid enough to build a church above it, and thus, as you see, there were three churches on one foundation. The middle church was filled up with bricks and stones and all sorts of rubbish thrown down by the earthquake, and thus it was hidden from the eyes of men and actually forgotten.

The beautiful church resting on two other churches had been built so long that everybody called it ancient; when, in 1851, the pastor of the church, the Rev. Joseph Mullooly, a Dominican Father, discovered this second church, and then the first church, and brought to light the wonderful pictures which had been painted on the walls and even the square pillars more than a thousand years before.

But the only picture which I shall tell you about is the picture of St. Blaze.

This holy Bishop was holy as a youth. When he became of age to choose a profession he studied medicine, which he always practiced with the fear of God before his eyes and with untold charity. Finally he became a priest and then a Bishop. But after this, by an inspiration from God, he retired to a mountain where he lived in solitude, having no companions save the wild animal, who became as gentle as lambs with him. If any of them met with an accident or were ill they came to Blaze who always healed them.

Agrieola, the Governor of Cappadocia, at this time came to Sebaste to find out all the Christians, in order to torture them until they denied their faith or perished to death. To do this he went to the ways of Rome he sent his men into the forests to capture the wild beasts roaring through them, and here they found Blaze, surrounded by them, but perfectly safe, and even caressed by them, as a faithful dog caresses his master. Astonished, they went back to the Governor and told them what they had found. He guessed that they had found a Christian, for he had often seen the lions lick the hands and feet of Christians in a Coliseum in Rome; therefore he told them to bring Blaze to him and see if he would sacrifice to idols. Blaze followed his captors willingly, saying: "You are welcome; I have long expected you."

When Blaze refused to sacrifice to idols the Governor ordered him to be put in prison; but no sooner was it known that Blaze was in the city, in prison, than every one who was sick hurried to him to be cured. Among them was a woman who brought her little son, a stranger from a fishbone which he had swallowed and from which she could not relieve him. With many tears she besought him to deliver her child from the cruel bone, and Blaze, praying fervently to God, not only relieved the child, but promised to cure all who might be afflicted in the throat and appealed to him.

This was in the year 316, and what do you think we saw when we visited this old underground church of St. Clement in Rome with Father Mullooly for our guide? On one of the square pillars a picture of a Bishop; before him a woman is kneeling with a child in her arms, imploring the Bishop to relieve his throat, which he touches and cures. "And this," we said, "is the same good St. Blaze who is invoked on his feast day, the 3rd of February, in behalf of so many little children who are suffering from scarlet fever and diphtheria and croup; and not only by children in the arms of their parents, but by grown-up people whose throats are afflicted, and by those who wish to keep a sound throat and a sound voice?"

The very one we are assured; and can you not believe how wonderful we heard that we had, from the time the first word of his invocation; and will you not realize for how many hundred years St. Blaze had been asked to cure sore throats and to protect well ones? You may ask why the priest, when he blesses your throat on the third day of February, holds to it two blessed candles, crossed, while he makes over your throat the Sign of the Cross; and will be interested to know that St. Blaze said the woman whose child he cured in the prison: "Offer, every year, a candle in memory of me and you and all who follow your example will be blessed."

Our holy Bishop of Sebaste, St. Blaze, after enduring many torments, performing many miracles even while under the hands of his tormentors, was allowed to receive his well-earned crown as a martyr by the edge of the sword.—R. C. Gleener, in Catholic Columbian.

GODLESS HOMES.

Thousands of Catholics, says the Milwaukee Citizen, reside in what may be termed "Godless" homes. They may go to church on Sundays, but their homes are without evidences of God's presence. There are no religious pictures on the walls; there are no Catholic books or papers about the house; at no time in the year, not even during the month of the Rosary (October) are there family devotions. Where all these things—religious pictures, Catholic books and papers and Catholic family devotions—are lacking, the home may be termed a Godless home.

At what a slight cost of time and money might not such homes be converted into Christian homes! A few dollars would buy some choice religious pictures. Five or ten dollars a year would provide a few readable books and one or two attractive Catholic papers or magazines. A few mo-

ments for family devotions during the evenings of October, would give a Christian aspect to the household.

We mention particularly Catholic books and papers, for these influence the thought of the home, cultivate an interest in things religious and insure a certain Catholic public spirit among the children. It is putting a low appraisal on the value of your soul and the souls of your family if you grudge the expenditure of \$5 or \$10 a year for Catholic books and papers.

BOTH ARE COMMANDS OF THE CHURCH.

A little anti Catholic sheet published somewhere up the Hudson offers to "pay \$100 to the first person who can find a text in the Roman Catholic Bible forbidding children or adults to eat meat on Fridays."

As an offset to this, and to show that it is a game that two can play, we hereby offer to pay \$100 to the first person who can find a text in the Protestant Bible forbidding children or adults to work on Sunday, or any text abrogating the divine command to keep Saturday holy and do no work on it.

The Catholic finds sufficient authority in the Bible to make it obligatory on him to abstain from meat on Friday. In Matthew xviii., 17, our Lord said: "If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican."

The Church forbids the use of meat on Friday, and the Catholic, not wishing to be classed as a heathen, hears the Church and abstains from meat on Friday. He has the same reason for keeping the Sunday, namely, the authority of the Church—the only authority any Christian has.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

DANGER IN THE WORKSHOP.

CONDITIONS THAT SHOW THE NEED OF A SOCIETY OF SOLIDITY FOR WORKING BOYS IN EVERY PARISH.

A gigantic evil in our midst in the prevalence of immoral conversation in workshops and factories, writes "A Catholic Workman" to the New World. Our Catholic boys and young men who must earn a living are compelled to work with all classes of people. Employers, as a general rule, care not how low down in the social scale a man is, so long as he is a good workman and there is profit in his work.

In factories men and boys are crowded together. The good must associate with the bad. The church-going religious element is usually in a minority. The immoral scoundrel who revels in boasting his crimes and ridiculing innocence is a conspicuous figure in nearly all workshops. Such a tirade of abuse and ridicule prevails against innocent youth that many pretend to be immoral to escape persecution. It takes a heroic youth to defy the immoral wretch who delights in reviling innocence. But the human brute, the educated barbarian with the instinct of a beast and the tongue of the demon is not alone in promoting the diabolical work of hell itself, but, unfortunately, we are sorry to say, he is aided by men who sometimes go to church; men who would not use the frightfully impure language that they use when they are assailed by the immoral scoundrel. Instead of protecting the boy they join with the devil to hasten his ruin.

The irreligious immoral scoundrel can only be reached by appealing to employers of labor to place him under ban. The workshop man who goes to church regularly or occasionally should be encouraged to do so by aiding youth from ruin instead of aiding to their ruin. If a man were to cut off a boy's leg or arm it would be doing small harm compared with the harm done in starting him on an immoral career.

In all parishes there ought to be a society or sodality for working boys. When working boys are expected to be long to a society of solidarity with school boys many fail to do so, and unfortunately are at the most dangerous period they are only slightly within religious influence.

I believe more Catholic working boys are led away from the Church through the evils of the workshops than through all the other evils combined. Boys' minds are poisoned and their faith wrecked, and after working hours they easily walk in the way of sin.

CATHOLICS AND SUPERSTITION.

THE CHURCH HAS NO USE FOR SPURIOUS RELICS—FOR TRADITIONAL ERRORS OF ANY SORT.

A Protestant friend maintains that there is a great deal of superstition in the Church. Some of the relics venerated by Catholics, he says, are absurdly false. He declares that he saw it stated in a book written by a priest—he didn't give the title—that a marble table on which Abraham was about to sacrifice his son and the saddle of one of the king's gons are exhibited in a village church in Italy. What can be said in reply to such assertions as these? "How am I to defend Catholics?"

Superstition on the part of Catholics is not to be defended, but deplored. Stranger relics than those referred to are known to have been produced and exhibited in churches, but it ought not to be necessary to state that this was in violation of ecclesiastical enactments. The efforts of the Congregation of Indulgences to put a stop to the abuse of exhibiting false relics, of palming off copies and representations of sacred things as originals, etc., are never relaxed. That table and saddle have disappeared long since. The priest to whom the Protestant friend of our cor-

respondent referred is the Rev. Father Grisar, S. J., and he was writing of a past uncritical age—the time of the Crusades, when the clever Greeks who had in Constantinople a great abundance of unauthenticated and spurious relics that there have been at all times many abuses to be corrected—an effect, in some measure necessary, of the weakness and corruption of human nature; secondly, that at all periods the Church has labored to correct these abuses, so that it may be affirmed without hesitation that you cannot point out one without immediately finding a canonical regulation by its side to check or punish it.

To accuse the Church of commissioning a band of assassins that the law is calculated to encourage the commission of crime. The discipline of the Church is directed to the correction of errors, the suppression of disorders, the removal of abuses and the extirpation of vices—superstition included—which spring up among the faithful. The collections of ecclesiastical councils furnish abundant proof of two truths: first, that there have been at all times many abuses to be corrected—an effect, in some measure necessary, of the weakness and corruption of human nature; secondly, that at all periods the Church has labored to correct these abuses, so that it may be affirmed without hesitation that you cannot point out one without immediately finding a canonical regulation by its side to check or punish it.

Agolarinus, a Bishop of Lyons in the ninth century, wrote a book against the superstitions, false miracles, etc., then current. It contains this striking passage: "Our miserable world is now oppressed with so much foolishness that Christians are found who believe things more absurd than the pagans themselves could be persuaded to believe." Superstition is long lived. Two centuries later, in a "Mirror of Confession" written by a Bishop of Worms, we find penances assigned for worshipping the new moon, offering prayers at a cross-road, etc. Divination is classed among utterly vain and empty observances. Superstition dies but even at this late date fortune-tellers flourish and fakes abound. If there is more superstition among Catholics than among Protestants it is for the same reason that there is inevitably more shadow, where there is most substance. Superstition springs from religious feeling misdirected or unenlightened. The sentiment must exist and also be strong.

The Church has no use for spurious relics—for traditional errors of any sort. When she encounters them, even though they be covered with the mask of religion she denounces them without anger as without pity.

CANDLEMAS DAY.

Among the many feasts which the Church has established in honor of the Mother of God is that of the Purification, or as it is more commonly called, Candlemas Day. The purpose of its institution was twofold. First, to direct our attention to the purification of the Child Jesus in the temple and the meeting of Simeon and Anna with the Child Jesus and His parents. Secondly, as an expiation for the excesses to which the Pagans usually gave themselves over during the month of February. Hence we have the feast fixed for the second day of that month. Should this, however, be Quinquagesima, Sexagesima or Septuagesima Sunday, then the Mass of the feast is transferred to the next day if no greater feast fall on that day. But the candles are blessed and distributed and the procession held on the first mentioned day.

It is also the day when the Church blesses the candles she may need in her ceremonies during the coming year, from which fact the day derives its more common name. The lady should likewise avail themselves of the opportunity to secure a supply to be used in their homes for those occasions when it becomes necessary to administer Holy Communion or Extreme Unction.

Commemorated by the feast, as has heretofore been indicated, is the day when the Blessed Virgin went to the temple to offer a sacrifice to the Lord in compliance with the law of Moses. Such was the obligation resting upon every woman who had given birth to a child. Of course, the Mother of God was exempt from the law, yet she complied with its provisions through a spirit of humility and obedience. And her example should not be without most fruitful lessons to Catholics in general and Catholic mothers in particular. It teaches all the rigid obedience we should give the laws of Holy Mother Church. It is a reminder to the Catholic mother that when God has bestowed upon her the great prerogative of motherhood that she should not fail to make a visit to the church and thank Him.

The feast teaches still another lesson. According to the Jewish law it was necessary to present the first born in the temple that it might thus be consecrated to God. Here, again, we are taught the lesson of humility, and that by the Lord Himself. As He was God, Our Lord was subject to no human law, yet He complied with its requirements that we might learn this lesson.

And as to the part of Simeon in the great feast that is, perhaps, best recounted in one of the anthems used on this day. Simeon, it reads, received an answer from the Holy Ghost that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ; and when they brought the Child into the temple, he took Him into his arms, and blessed God; and said, Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart, O Lord, in peace. And in another, * * * She cometh, a virgin bringing in her arms, the Son begotten before the day-star; Whom Simeon, taking into his arms, proclaimed to the people to be the Lord of life and death, and the Saviour of the world.—Church Progress.

JESUS OUR BROTHER AND FRIEND.

In the works of the Godhead, the three divine persons acted as one and had equal share, and the same we must say of all their works, for they are ever one and inseparable; and yet for sake of better understanding God in His three-fold personage of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, we seem for the moment to separate them, and attribute Creation to the Father, Redemption to the Son and Sanctification to the Holy Ghost; and we bring this thought home to us still more when we think of our Lord having taken our humanity and hail Him as the "New Adam," "Jesus Redeemer of the World," Brother and Friend to all mankind. So let it be, and from our heart of hearts let us hail our Lord and Saviour, our most loving and most loved Brother, our dearest and best—our bosom Friend.

How close are the ties of family and what strength and courage they bring to the individual members! A brother is a brother the world over. Distance may come between, time may cool affection, differences may lengthen the chain, and yet if there be the least drop of human nature left it will persevere keep the link of brotherhood unbroken; and the heart will long for reunion and hope of meeting again in brotherly affection as long as life lasts to make it possible. Next to brotherhood comes true friendship, and so, as the true brother is the best friend, the best friend after our brother, or in lieu of one, is the friend that acts as a brother to us. Both is what our Lord wishes to be to every mortal man. As our Creator we are the greatest object of His love; next to that love He bears Himself as God. We are doubly so by Redemption; we are trebly so by Sanctification, for it is then that the love of the three Divine Persons culminates in an unending love, since they would prepare us by grace for endless union with them in the happiness of Heaven. It is by this spirit life, this life of grace, that our Lord and our God would be our Brother and the Friend of our hearts during this earthly pilgrimage. It needs only our co-operation to make this union possible and effective.

Our Lord knocks at our hearts for entrance and says, "Son, give Me thy heart." The Father and I wish to make Our abode with thee. We have created thee. We have redeemed thee. We would make this salvation perpetual by our abiding with thee through grace, or by our indwelling through the Holy Spirit, and so your trine God would be enthroned in the three powers of your soul and you would pay welcome homage to them in your Faith, your Hope and by your Charity. And thus Our Lord, Man and God at once would be our Brother and Friend as He desires—our Brother to love, our Friend to assist us. Our brother to console us, to cheer and chide us; our friend to aid us, and to work with us in the great struggles of life. What a strength we would feel from such a union, and what great things we would do and dare once convinced that such a union is ours! And Faith teaches us it is so, as long as we are in the grace of God. It is grace that gives courage and strength, and we can say with Job that we know our Redeemer liveth, and with St. Paul there is laid up for me a crown in eternity. It is Our Lord Himself that tells us to be brave and resolute and say "If God is for me who is against me?" and St. Paul, declared that stripes and imprisonment, no manner of earthly evils, should ever separate him from the charity of God.

So let it be with us. United in our hearts to our Brother and Friend, Our Lord and Saviour ever dwelling there as long as we are loving and true to Him by the keeping of His Commandments. Let us go through life confident in His goodness, at peace and at rest with all the world, because possessing Him, the God of Peace and of Love, and serving Him with all the heart, mind and strength, and making our earthly anticipations—eternal realizations—in the possession of the Beatific Vision of "Jesus the All Beautiful" forever and ever in Heaven with the splendor of the Father and the Holy Ghost.—Bishop Colton in the Buffalo Union and Times.

LACK OF AUTHORITY MEANS SPIRITUAL ANARCHY.

At a meeting of the Catholic Converters' League, held in New York City a short time ago, Jesse Albert Locke presiding, Dr. Joseph H. McMahon told some interesting truths. From the religious controversy now going on in the daily press Dr. McMahon argued that a spirit of unrest is abroad. The doctor deprecated the retelling of scandal in a forum which was incompetent to deal with the abuses which all deplored. The trouble is that certain weaklings in the faith fly to the newspapers for comfort and inspiration, wholly unconscious of the materialistic spirit which dominates the average secular newspaper. The reverend lecturer believed that the enemies of the Church are behind those of her own household. He compressed a vast amount of truth in his declaration that "The more our born Catholics grow in importance and wealth, the less grows their grasp on their religion. It is the serious convert who is one of the great hopes of the American Catholic Church. This is where the work of the intelligent convert comes in. He knows the spiritual anarchy that lack of authority means and can bear impartial testimony against these detractors who make the Church enemies."

MARY LEE

or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER IV.

LANTY'S PROPHETIES.—WEEKS INTRODUCES HIMSELF INTO THE LIGHTHOUSE.—FINDS THE KEEPER ENGAGED SHOOTING HOLLAND HAWKS.—TAKES A CRACK AT ONE HIMSELF.—ASSURES THE KEEPER YANKEE BOYS CAN HIT SWALLOWS WITH A RIFLE BALL.—COMMENDS THE IMPORTATION OF YANKEE LECTURERS TO SMARTEN THE IRISH NATION.

It wanted still two hours of sunset, when Lanty Hanlon left the lighthouse with the mallard wing in his pocket for Uncle Jerry. His pace was now more hurried and purpose-like than when last seen wending his way through the dark glens. His song too had entirely ceased, and he held his blackbird staff no longer carelessly under his arm, but grasped it firmly in his hand, like a traveller resolved to let no grass grow under his feet till he had accomplished his journey.

On passing the road below Elise Curley's cabin, however, he looked up to see if the old woman was in sight, that he might make her a sign of friendly recognition; or perhaps it was a wholesome dread of a second unceremonious visit from Nannie, that made him turn his eyes in that direction. Be that as it may, neither Nannie nor her mistress could be seen, but in their stead, and much to Lanty's surprise, appeared the tall figure of the stranger, issuing from the door of the little mud cabin, and making his way down the hill, in the direction of the lighthouse. Lanty stopped suddenly, not well knowing what to think of this. He had seen the stranger, a full half hour before, quitting Lough Ely, and setting off towards Crohan, and naturally concluded he was by that time far on his way home. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that the man must have hid himself behind some rock or hillock, and waited till he could venture up unobserved, to pay his usual visit to Elise Curley.

This maneuvering was by no means satisfactory to Lanty; on the contrary, it served greatly to confirm the bad opinion he had begun to entertain of his purpose in hovering so constantly about Araheera Point. Lanty Hanlon was not a man remarkable for an extra amount of shrewdness—it was the very reverse with him; shrewdness was not an ingredient to mix with the mercury of his nature at all. But the stranger's conduct was so palpably suspicious that he could not for an instant resist the idea of some plot between him and Elise Curley. In the first place, the man had been only two days in the country when he found the old woman out—may, went as straight to her cabin as if he had been sent there on a message, and since that time visited her every day, remaining with her often whole hours together. As for his pretext of fishing, it was the flimsiest in the world; for no one who saw him cast a line in water could ever imagine he cared a grain for the pleasure it afforded. Then his close and frequent inquiries about the Lees, and his knowledge of certain private affairs of the family, already communicated to Elise Curley—these, we say, put together, were clearly suggestive of some secret purpose on his part, and quite enough to raise suspicion in minds far less constructive than Lanty Hanlon's.

Besides, Mr. Lee was himself a stranger in the place, having resided but eighteen months at the lighthouse, and during that time had seen but little company. The peasantry of the neighborhood, indeed, looked upon him at first as one who disliked society, preferring a quiet life at home to making and receiving visits. Hence they seldom troubled him, except on matters of business, and then only as little as possible. To be sure, the officers of the ballast board called on him three or four times a year, but that was on a business footing, and Father John was seen, too, sometimes trotting down in that direction, with his saddlebags bobbing behind him; but Mr. Lee was a Catholic, and Father John was the priest of the parish. All this was very natural. But it soon began to be whispered about that Captain Petersham, of Castle Gregory, was seen occasionally stepping ashore at the point when our yachting on Lough Swilly, and what looked strange still, taking Miss Lee with him up the lough to visit his sister. This latter circumstance led the good people, by degrees, to regard Mr. Lee as somewhat above the rank of a common light-keeper, for Tom Petersham was the crack gentleman of the county, and (though somewhat reduced himself) always felt a peg or two above associating with the squire and newly-fledged baronets of the district. So they concluded, after various speculations and gossip on the matter, that Mr. Lee must have been once a real gentleman, whom reverse of fortune had obliged to accept his present humble situation as a last resource. And so they continued ever after to regard him, saluting him with every mark of respect when they happened to meet about the lighthouse, and never presuming to intrude on his privacy except to settle their little business transactions, or when he chose to employ their services about the lighthouse yard.

Now, Lanty Hanlon saw all this long ago, and regulated his intercourse with the family to suit the case precisely. He asked no questions, made no apologies, came and went just as he pleased; and yet, as he often was heard to say himself, knew as little about Mr. Lee, or his private affairs, as the blackest stranger in the kingdom!

Young, active, and fond of recreation, Lanty always found Araheera Head a capital spot to indulge in his favorite pastime of gunning and fishing, and shortly after Mr. Lee's arrival found that gentleman quite as fond of the sport as himself. And thus an intimacy grew up between them all at once—an intimacy, by the way, which each felt it his interest to cultivate; Lanty for the sake of the light-keeper's influence with the neighboring gentry, in whose

power he often unfortunately found himself, and the light-keeper for the sake of Lanty's skill as a sportsman, in his frequent excursions on Lough Swilly. Besides Lanty kept a pair of black greyhounds, the best ever ran on four feet, and the terror of all the game-keepers in the three baronies. These enabled him to supply his friend with "hare's ear" for his files, and if the truth must be told, with haunches, for his table, occasionally without troubling his conscience greatly about the infraction of the game laws. Then he was moreover an excellent shot with either rifle or birding piece, and could bag a brace of grouse or wild ducks on sea-side or mountain as prettily as the best landlord's son in the parish—always remembering to reserve the wings for Mr. Lee's and Uncle Jerry's fly hooks. Sometimes, too, the light-keeper would find a white trout for breakfast of a morning, or a salmon for dinner, without any distinct recollection of having caught them himself, or bought them from any particular fish-hawker of the neighborhood. For reasons such as these, and others quite unnecessary to mention, Lanty soon became a constant and welcome visitor at Araheera Head, and indeed finally grew to be so special a favorite with the light-keeper that he could hardly prevail on himself to take his boat or his gun without Lanty at his elbow. He even offered him a salary larger than his limited means could well afford, to live with him altogether; but Lanty invariably refused, preferring a free foot on the hill side after his dogs, and a ramble on the sea-shore with his rifle, to all the inducements he could offer. These rambles, however, often brought him into trouble; but if they did, he always depended on Mr. Lee to get him out of it. On such occasions the honest light-keeper would bluster and swear as stoutly as a Dutch burgomaster never to speak another word in the villain's behalf, should it save him from the gallows, and often even went so far as to order the members of his family never to let the scoundrel inside his doors again; but somehow or other these resolutions never held out—all his indignation seemed to vanish in his sleep, and before the sun got up on the following morning, he was sure to despatch a note to Tom Petersham, or some other gentleman of the neighborhood, to beg their interest in the unfortunate fellow's behalf. Lanty, in fact, was never out of scrapes for a week together since Mr. Lee first saw him. He had either fallen foul of a bailiff, or beaten a policeman, or cudgelled a game-keeper, or spread a salmon by torchlight, or stole a game-cock, or—something was always sure to be wrong, whenever he was absent three days at a time from Araheera lighthouse.

Intimate, however, as Lanty was with the family, he knew nothing of their history save what he picked up from an odd word dropped now and then between Mary Lee and the light-keeper, or between himself and old Roger O'Shaughnessy, when they went up the tower of an evening to chat and trim the lamps together. What he learned from the latter, however, was never very satisfactory, for Roger considered himself too respectable and important a personage to hold much confidential intercourse with a light-headed scatterbrain like Lanty Hanlon. But whilst Roger said little of the family connections directly, he indulged frequently in little sneers at the pretensions of the Donegal aristocracy, wondered where in the world they found the arms of their carriage panels, and if they didn't one and all inherit their gentle blood from "Shemus Sallagh" or Oliver Cromwell. This contemptuous way of speaking about his neighbors was plain enough, and Lanty understood it. The nobler families of the south was a subject on which Roger loved very much to descend in a sort of colloquial tone, when he sat down of a summer's evening in the lantern to burnish up the reflectors, with Lanty at his side. Many a long sigh would he draw, talk of his own olden times, when real lords and ladies used to throng the halls of a certain castle in the south (surrounded by their servants in splendid liveries), to drink the choicest wines and dance to the music of the old family harp; and if his companion ventured to inquire the name of the castle or of its owner, little information would he get from Roger O'Shaughnessy. Still, studiously averse as Roger was to the revelation of family secrets, and if they didn't conclude the conversation with his frequent though indirect allusions. Besides, Roger always wore a curious old-fashioned coat when serving dinner, which contrived more, perhaps, than anything else to enlighten Lanty as to the antecedents of the family. This coat was once a bottle-green of fine texture, as might be seen by those shabby little corners here and there, where the sun had not been able to peer, nor the wear and tear of half a century entirely to reach. With a few redeeming spots like these, however, excepted, the rest of the garment was faded, threadbare, and polished as the cuff of a sailor's jacket. The high, stiff collar, the buff facings, and the long tails would have plainly showed it had once been livery, even if the two lonely gilt buttons on the high waist behind, bearing the family crest, had been lost and gone with the rest of the brocade. Every day, before the little bell rang for dinner, did Roger divest himself of his working-dress, brush over the few white hairs that still remained to cover his polished scalp, and then put on his bottle-green livery with as much care and tenderness as if it had been wove of spider's web. Poor Roger! many a scold he got from Mr. Lee for keeping such ridiculous old notions, and many a laugh had Mr. Petersham at his profound salutations, when he came to visit the family; but laugh or scold, it was the same to Roger; on he went, practising the same old habits, despite every remonstrance.

This obscurity in which the history of the Lees was involved, coupled with the mysterious conduct of the stranger, led Lanty Hanlon to suspect some deep plotting between him and Elise Curley. As for the latter, he had little fear she

would take part in anything directly tending to bring misfortune on the light-keeper or his family; but still she might meddle so far with the danger as to bring them into trouble without actually intending it—and all for the sake of gold, to obtain which he prepared the miserly old creature was supposed to run any risk, even that of her salvation. "Hooh!" he muttered, "for that matter, she'd go to the devil's door and sing her old heard at the key-hole to earn a sixpence; and as for you, my anghuagh," he continued, gazing after the retreating figure of the stranger, "ye've the cut of a schemer about ye, any way. Be all that's bad, I never saw ye with a fishin rod in yer hand yet, but ye put me in mind iv one I then big long-nosed cranes down there standing up to their knees in the water, waiting round for the little innocent shiners to make a pouce on them. F'eth, may be it's some sworn enemy I the family ye are, keeping their trail all the time since they left the south; or may be it's a sheriff's officer ye'd be in pursuit of an old debt; or, by janniny king, who knows but yer some discarded sweet-heart sneak-iv ye after Mary Lee. If yer that, I'd advise ye lave the country or buy ye coffin. But whatsomever ye are, so, may swee! bad luck attend ye, achahalla, and that's my prayer for ye, night and morin, sleepin and wakin;" and Lanty shook his fist at the stranger as he disappeared over the brow of the hill; "and since old Elise has tuck ye in tow," he concluded, spitting on his sickle and again heading for the mountains "I'll just stand by and look on; but one thing I'll be bound to tell ye both, cute and all as ye are, that by the power of the powers that be, ye'll get early and get him out of it. On such occasions the honest light-keeper would bluster and swear as stoutly as a Dutch burgomaster never to speak another word in the villain's behalf, should it save him from the gallows, and often even went so far as to order the members of his family never to let the scoundrel inside his doors again; but somehow or other these resolutions never held out—all his indignation seemed to vanish in his sleep, and before the sun got up on the following morning, he was sure to despatch a note to Tom Petersham, or some other gentleman of the neighborhood, to beg their interest in the unfortunate fellow's behalf. Lanty, in fact, was never out of scrapes for a week together since Mr. Lee first saw him. He had either fallen foul of a bailiff, or beaten a policeman, or cudgelled a game-keeper, or spread a salmon by torchlight, or stole a game-cock, or—something was always sure to be wrong, whenever he was absent three days at a time from Araheera lighthouse.

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About this apartment, in which the stranger now found himself seated all alone, there was a general air of comfort and taste, which at once suggested the idea of a lady mistress far above what he might expect to find at a light-keeper's lodge, and especially at so remote a point as Araheera Head. Never-the-less, though the room looked comfortable, and everything arranged in excellent taste, there was still nothing in it either new or fashionable. Massive picture frames with grim looking faces in the background hung here and there round the apartment; but their rich gilding was gone, and their edges, stripped and black, made sad contrast with the newly-painted walls. The harpsichord in the corner had lost its silver handles, but in its olden times it was so often drawn out into the merry circle, and the ancient clock opposite, now silent as a tombstone, glared over at its one light-hearted companion with a melancholy expression of contentment. They had, doubtless, been friends together for many a year, and in their early days had oft conversed pleasantly from opposite corners—each after his own fashion. But age, alas! had now left his mark on both. The clock's open, good-natured face was bleared and wrinkled, so much so, indeed, that its early associates could scarcely have recognized it; and the harpsichord's once burnished case had lost all its polish, and its edges were stripped and lean, like the elbows of an old coat. Still, though the walls were broken down and somewhat shabby, they were clean and decent, like old gentlemen who had

seen better days. And there, too, near the fireplace, was the high-backed sofa with its heavily-carved feet and double rows of brass nails along the edges. But conspicuous above all appeared the old family Bible lying in state upon the centre table, under its vellum cover and iron clasps. Everything in the room spoke eloquently of the past, for everything looked ancient and venerable, save to the bird cage over the window, where the gray linnet sat dozing with his head under his wing.

That apartment, dear reader, was an epitome of the history of Ireland, and might have furnished materials for a finer allegorical picture than ever Claude Lorraine drew—her heroes without a name or monument save those poor rotting sirens of canvas—the sea-nay—as that she should say it!—almost as cold and dead as the blackened embers on her desolate shrines—her once brave and stalwart sons now wrapping their emaciated limbs in their tattered garments and resigning themselves, without a struggle, to serdiment and the grave. Had the author of the "Glaour," who could see even in the fair but lifeless form of woman the picture of "Greece, but living Greece no more," had he lived to sit there and gaze around him, how much more sublime the inspiration he had drawn from those sad, crumbling relics! Yes, the nation was still living, but all her glories, save the glory of her faith, had departed.

But the stranger's heart was not one of that mould. On the contrary, he scanned every article of furniture in the room with a cold, prying curiosity, that accorded ill with the fashion of the age, and having at last completed his survey, drew his chair to the centre table, and opened the sacred volume.

Had he been a lover of old books, he might have paused to examine the title page before he proceeded farther, and the curiously illuminated letters it exhibited, but especially an ancient and copious note in the margin, purporting to show that the book was printed at Madrid in the year 1167, by the printer of the royal court, a fact which might have greatly surprised those French and German literateurs who claim for Louis XIV. and Frederic II. the honor of having been the first patrons of the art before that period. But the gentleman was either not of that class, or ignorant of the Latin tongue, in which it was printed, for he ran his eye hastily over the page, without seeming to notice either date or language.

Without pausing a moment, he turned over leaf after leaf, glancing merely at the top and bottom of the pages, and evidently in search of something he understood was to be found there. He spent some five or six minutes in this search, and at last, having discovered what he sought, drew from his breast pocket a small book of tablets, copied what items he thought necessary, and then, hastily closing the Bible, (stealthily watching the doors of the apartment as he did so,) slipped it into his pocket.

It happened in replacing the book he dropped something on the floor, and instantly picking it up, found it to be a silver beaded rosary, with a gold crucifix attached, and of exquisite workmanship. The image was of the purest gold, the nails in the hands and feet were diamonds of great brilliancy, and the cross, on which the figure hung, ivory inlaid with some precious metal, and bordered with small but costly pearls. It was evidently the relic of some pious ancestor; for the beads were much worn, and the edges of the cross had lost their original sharpness, and grown round and smooth from the wear and tear of years. It was curious to see how the stranger smiled as he held up the sacred trinket between his finger and thumb. A child could have read in his countenance how little he respected either the image or the reality—the Cross or the Crucified. Whilst engaged, however, in this contemplation, he forgot the venerable and precious relic—the sneer on his face growing deeper as he gazed—he was startled by a shadow suddenly darkening the window, and turning to see what it was, beheld the same countenance which smiled on him from the stern of the little boat an hour before, peeping through the glass. The face was so close to the window that the stranger might have seen, from his peculiar position, the light-keeper's eyes, and his searching eye on the stranger, and scanned him from head to foot without scathing a syllable in reply. The last word sounded odd to his ear. In fact, it suggested a sort of vegetable idea, and the figure of the man who uttered it helped to give that idea, ridiculous as it was, something of a specific form. Or, rather, his tall, liche figure, freckled face, and long, straight, sandy hair, made up a partnership kind of personality that tickled the light-keeper's fancy very much and made him laugh.

"Well," said the stranger, mistaking the laugh, "it requires considerable experience, I allow; but still our boys can do it, and as to that creature there, I guess I can hit him flying myself."

"Flying! ha! ha! My dear sir, the bird never flies."

"He's got wings—hain't he?"

"Can't certify as to that," responded the light-keeper; "never saw any, at least—and what's still more remarkable, he never quite flies."

"Why, you don't mean that there particular bird, do you?"

"That identical bird, sir."

"He's got a mate, I reckon, and goes off once in a while—don't he?"

"No sir, he has no mate—never had any."

"Excuse me," said the stranger, attempting a smile; "I'm not long in this section of the world, I allow, but I guess I've been raised too near one Phineas Barnum, you might hear of, to believe such a story as that;" and the speaker thrust his hands down lower still into his pockets, and looked knowingly at the light-keeper.

"I know nothing of Phineas Barnum," responded Mr. Lee, grounding his rifle and resting on the muzzle, "but I repeat to you, nevertheless, that the bird you see floating on the water there before your eyes has never been out of this bay for the last eighteen months,

golden light. The sky was cloudless, and the air as balmy as the zephyrs that play round the base of the Himalayas and fan the banks of the ancient Hydaspes. Stealing out from under the shadows of the island appeared the white sails of the coasting vessels, the scarce wind enough to give them motion—so calm had it grown for the last hour; and away beyond them, in the west, rose the dark form of the Horn, round whose top the wings of countless sea birds might be seen wheeling and glinting in the rays of the setting sun. The scene was as grand and picturesque as one might care to look upon, and yet it seemed to awaken but little interest in the stranger. Indeed, the sullen look of disappointment on his face, as he gazed through the window on the world without, showed but slight relish for the poetry of nature. At last, turning away abruptly from the case when he saw there was no likelihood of the young lady returning, he retraced his steps to the hall door, and was just about to follow the visionary form to the edge of the rock, when, to his great relief, he heard the sharp crack of a rifle, within twenty paces of where he stood. Looking in the direction of the sound, he saw smoke curling slowly up from the sea; then a water spout sprang on the bank, and began to shake the brine from his dripping sides; and finally, a man in a pea jacket, with his pantaloons rolled up over the tops of his boots, and a gun in his hand, suddenly made his appearance. He was apparently about fifty years of age, stout and hearty looking, and carried in his face, as he approached the stranger, a look of welcome which it was impossible for a moment to mistake.

"Good evening, sir," said he, touching his hat to his visitor, hardly able to utter the words, so exhausted was he in climbing up the rock.

The stranger slowly introduced his arms under his coat tails, and made a grave and respectful inclination of his face.

"Sorry you found no one in the house to bid you welcome," said the stout gentleman, wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Rather think the apology should come the other way," replied the stranger, drawing out his words.

"O, don't mind that, sir; when you found nobody in the house, you did perfectly right to make yourself as much at home as possible."

"Mr. Lee, I presume—the gentleman here in charge?"

"The same, sir, and quite at your service—that is as soon as I can manage to catch my breath again. Heigh-ho! By George, I haven't gone through as much these ten years before. That confounded Holland hawk has the nine lives of a cat—and I verily believe a few to spare besides. Pheugh! heugh!"

"Been gunning, I perceive."

"Yes; fired fourteen balls—nine of them clean into his body, and there he is, yet, sound as ever."

"Well, you'd say that's rather uncommon—ain't it?" said the stranger, without moving an inch from his position; "should think one was enough."

"The birds not natural, sir," replied Mr. Lee; "that's the best explanation I can give."

"Just so," said the stranger, nodding a stunted assent—"not natural."

"Besides," added Mr. Lee, "though he looks large in the water, the fellow is really as light as a feather. I believe in my soul, sir, you can no more pierce that bird with a ball than you can a piece of floating corkwood."

"Can't eh?"

"No, sir, it's impossible. I'm living here eighteen months, or thereabouts, and during that time I can safely say I wasted more powder on him than would blow up the tower."

"Well, look here, why not snare him?"

"Snare him!"

"Why, yes, trap him by night, since you can't shoot him by day."

"O, yes, but no, sir, the bird's game. Moreover, you might as well try to snare a fox in a market place."

"Well, take him flying, and meet him with the ball," said the stranger, now thrusting his hands deep into his breeches pockets, and hitching up his cap behind with the collar of his coat; "seen swallows killed that way?"

"What swallows with a ball?"

"Yes, sir; boys can do it in the section of the country I was raised in."

The light-keeper turned a sharp, searching eye on the stranger, and scanned him from head to foot without scathing a syllable in reply. The last word sounded odd to his ear. In fact, it suggested a sort of vegetable idea, and the figure of the man who uttered it helped to give that idea, ridiculous as it was, something of a specific form. Or, rather, his tall, liche figure, freckled face, and long, straight, sandy hair, made up a partnership kind of personality that tickled the light-keeper's fancy very much and made him laugh.

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and during that time was never seen in any other creature's company, man, bird or beast."

"Shoh! you don't say so—summer or winter? Why, I rather think that's impossible—ain't it?"

"Summer and winter are all the same to him," replied the light-keeper. "I have seen him in January, when the storm threatened to blow the lantern off the tower, and the sea to wash this little island and all it contains into the deep,—I have seen him at such times sitting as calm and composed on the swells of the sea as a Turk on an ottoman smoking his pipe. He's the sauciest villain that ever swam, sir—look at him now beyond the boat there—see how the rascal comes sailing up to us like a swan, with his arched neck and look of proud defiance."

"Is the piece loaded?" inquired the stranger, in a quiet, modest tone of voice.

"No, sir; load to suit yourself; there's the gun, and here's the powder and ball. By George, if you kill him, I'll say you're the best marksman in Donegal."

"My name is Weeks," said the stranger, slowly drawing the ramrod—"Mr. Ephraim Weeks."

"Weeks," repeated the light-keeper; "rather a scarce name in this part of the world."

"Well, yes; I guess so—Ephraim C. B. Weeks," he added; "Mr. Robert Hardwicke of Crohan's my cousin, sir. You're acquainted less or more with the family, I presume."

"Have heard of them, sir; and quite a respectable family they are by all accounts."

"Well, yes; pretty much so. I reckon, for this part of the country—should be happy to see you at Crohan, Mr. Lee, whenever you've a leisure hour to spend. My cousins often wonder you hain't called and brought Miss Lee with you of an evening."

"Your cousins are said to be very pious, and of high literary attainments," observed Mr. Lee, not appearing to value over much the invitation so unexpectedly and patronizingly tendered, "and I feel quite out of Miss Lee's sphere and mine. We are plain people here, sir, unambitious of further intercourse with the world than what chance sends in our way. Are you ready, sir?"

"All ready; and now have the goodness to remain just where you stand, and look straight into the bird's eye whilst I take aim." So saying, Weeks knelt down, and resting the muzzle of the rifle on a projecting rock, waited in that position for nearly five minutes, giving the bird time, as he said, to forget there was a second party in the play. "Now, then," he cried, at last, "hold your hand up, to attract his attraction;" and as Mr. Lee complied, he took deliberate aim and fired.

"Capital shot!" exclaimed the light-keeper. "Capital shot, by George—not the first time you handled a rifle, I suspect."

"We'll, no—not exactly the first," drawled out Mr. Weeks, with a modest complacency; "he floating out there some where as dead as a dock nail. Ah! by cracky! there he is lying flat on the water; see!—and he pointed with one hand while he shaded his eyes with the other—see, there he is!"

"Where? Ah, yes! by George! and there he is, sure enough; well, now, who could have thought it!" exclaimed the light-keeper, seemingly much delighted with the discovery.

The object, however, to which the stranger pointed happened to be a little white bird, colored more or less gray

throughout universal creation. If it be our duty as a nation, to redeem the world from ignorance and slavery, as it is, beyond all question, then...

As the speaker went on to develop his views of the great scheme for promoting the moral and social welfare of the human family, the light-keeper held the card out before him, and read held the card out before him...

"Well, sir, you now see before you a real American—a free born American, a citizen of the great Republic..."

"Now, then, talking of Americans," said Weeks, arresting the light-keeper by the arm, as the latter began to move towards the lodge...

"Well, look here," persisted the Yankee; "it's only a word or two. I was just going to say that my mother had a cousin once called Nathan..."

"Hillo, there, I say! Are you all deaf? Roger, let some one see to the lantern; it's almost lighting time..."

"Wait a minute—well, as I was saying," he continued, still drawing out his words slowly...

And Nathan turned round to me, did cousin Nathan turn round to me, without the least provocation in the world, and begin to illustrate the old maxim, "Take good aim, boy, and don't waste your powder..."

being largely in favor of Father Tom. The days went by, rolling, as days ever do, into weeks and months. The new curate was no longer new...

Now it frequently happens in this world that a possession is never appreciated until we see it slipping from our grasp. Then we awake to the fact that what we hold so cheap was very dear to us, after all...

"O, boisterous to him!" exclaimed the light-keeper, no longer able to endure the tiresome description, chained as he was to the sparker...

There was a little time for demonstration. Father Martin had been tendered a charge in a poor country district and had accepted it. Just four days were allowed him in which to make adieu, and these, to his surprise, were far more affecting than he had expected...

A poor parish, viewed with city eyes, was that to which Father Martin had been tendered a charge in a poor country district and had accepted it...

That evening was one of unalloyed happiness to priest and people. It was late when the company withdrew to meet the last train for the city...

There are within us several memories; the body, the mind, each has its own; and homesickness, for example, is an ailment of the physical memory...

He that overcometh shall inherit all things.—Rev. 21:7. Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removes corns from one's feet without pain...

now? I left all my affairs straight there, I know. Well, time will tell. Promptly at the appointed hour a closed carriage stopped before the door...

He was driven rapidly up the main street of the village; then the carriage made a sharp turn into Levent Avenue, a pretty street which Father Martin knew quite well, because upon it his little church was situated...

He had noticed, had been billed for sale. Now, however, there was every appearance of occupancy. The place must have been purchased lately, he soliloquized, as the driver jumped down and threw open the door with a flourish...

That evening was one of unalloyed happiness to priest and people. It was late when the company withdrew to meet the last train for the city. Father Martin was driven to the Middleton rectory to spend his last night within its walls...

There are within us several memories; the body, the mind, each has its own; and homesickness, for example, is an ailment of the physical memory. He that overcometh shall inherit all things.—Rev. 21:7.

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I AM THE LORD THY GOD. In the first law given to the world through Moses, God said: "I am the Lord thy God who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage..."

The command, therefore, contained in the law is to adore, to love and to serve God and one God only. The prohibition is that we do not give worship to idols or to living creatures...

Then as to the manner of adoring God. This we do by faith, by hope and by charity. By faith acknowledging God to be truth itself; by hope, goodness itself, and by charity, acknowledging Him to be the infinite good; and finally by the virtue of religion, which is the manifestation of all and our utter dependence upon Him...

Hatred of one's faults is a step toward amendment, but not amendment itself. Do not think to have always spiritual consolations when thou pleasest? My saints had not so, but met with many troubles and various temptations...

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Published Weekly at 451 and 456 Richmond Street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$2.50 per annum.

EDITORS: REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVE, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Intellectuals," THOMAS COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1920.

LONDON, SATURDAY, Jan. 30, 1924. Col. Lynch, who was convicted of high treason for fighting against England in the Boer war, and who was sentenced to imprisonment for life, has been pardoned by King Edward VII.

THE OPEN BIBLE. "Wattis," the Glasgow, Scotland, correspondent of the Montreal Star, gives the following, not flattering, picture of a New Year's morning in that city:

WM. O'BRIEN'S RETIREMENT. The resignation by Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., of his seat in Parliament has at last become a reality.

oration of the condition of the Irish people, as earnestly as he did while he was a member of the House of Commons.

THE POPE'S HEALTH.

It has been a favorite pastime of sensational press correspondents and other quidnuncs to report the serious illness or even death of the Pope with out there being the least foundation for such rumors.

"What, already? Leo was left in peace for five years after his election, while with me these rumors have begun at the end of only a few months."

The Holy Father's health is very good, and there is no reason at all for alarm regarding him.

THE BIBLE AND THE KING'S CORONATION.

We have received from C. W., Liverpool, N. S., an enquiry for further information in regard to a statement made in our columns concerning the Bible used at the coronation of Edward VII.

Our statement was to the effect that the British and Foreign Bible Society had made an offer to supply the copy of the Bible on which the King should take the Coronation Oath, and that the offer was accepted.

It was further ascertained that the Bible used at the coronation of Queen Victoria had in it these books, and as King Edward's Coronation was appointed to be patterned on the model of that of Queen Victoria, it was determined by the Archbishop of Canterbury that the offer of the Bible Society could not be accepted, and the president of the society was so officially informed.

Our correspondent notices a statement which is at first view, apparently at variance with the account of the matter as given above.

We must here remark that whatever may have been the case before 1785, it is certain from what occurred in 1901 that a Bible was used, and that it was considered as a matter of importance that a complete Bible should be used such as the traditions of the Church of England authorized.

1. Protestantism from the beginning professed that it was founded upon "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible," which being the "sure Word of God" is the only sure foundation from which the true Christian religion is to be known.

2. The Bible was asserted to be a sufficient guide for each individual, so that every Christian could find therein what he should believe.

3. Protestantism from the beginning

has been unable to agree upon what really constitutes the Bible. The Continental Protestants to this day, and especially those of Geneva, accept the so-called Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament as part of the Bible.

Down to 1811 the same books were printed in the English Bibles, but so far as the Church of England was concerned, they were subject to the clause in the sixth Article of Religion:

"The Church doth read them for example of life and instruction of manners; but yet doth it not apply them to establish any doctrine," etc.

The Church of Scotland had before this its doubtful acceptance of the Church of England, from which it drew the inference that as the books were regarded in England as somewhat dubious, the Scotch Church, which aimed at a more thorough reformation than that of England, should reject them entirely.

It was by mere accident, therefore, that while one section of English speaking Protestantism received these books as of partial authority, another section rejected them altogether.

1. In 1811, Presbyterianism, which had been formerly persecuted both in Scotland and England, grew more bold, and began to insist violently upon the exclusion of the "Apocrypha" from the Bibles of the Bible Society.

Queen Victoria was crowned in 1837, which year was so near the date of the above decision, that Bibles were easily obtained which had not been mutilated, and thus King Edward VII., who adhered to the rite of Queen Victoria's coronation, insisted upon having a Bible which had not been tampered with in this respect, and this accounts for the statement of facts on which C. W. asks for an explanation.

5. It thus appears that the basis on which the present English Protestant canon of Scripture rests is not either the individual judgment of Christians or any divinely appointed Church authority, but solely the authority of an irresponsible Society which undertook of its own accord the work of distributing Bibles in the various languages of the world.

6. We are told that the Jews of Palestine have the Old Testament without the Apocrypha. We maintain that the Christian Church, and not the Jews of Palestine, is the Judge appointed by Christ to decide this question. Besides, the Jews of Egypt had the Apocrypha in their Bibles, and why should not their testimony be worth something, if the matter is to be decided by the Jews? But we must remind our correspondent that the ultimate judge of this question is not the Jews either of Egypt or Palestine, but "the Church of the living God, which is the pillar and the ground of truth."

According to the decision of the Christian Church, the so-called Apocrypha is canonical Scripture, equally with the rest of the Bible. Our remarks upon the incongruity of the Protestant situation are, therefore, perfectly justified by the facts.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

Some time ago the CATHOLIC RECORD directed the attention of the learned and erudite editor of "Notes and Queries" in the Montreal Star, to the use of the word "Romish" as connected with the Catholic Church.

Other denominations are also coming to the same ideal of Christianity, as a religion without any particular creed,

and we have within the past few weeks the charge of heresy brought against the professor of philosophy of Boston Methodist University, Dr. Borden P. Bowne, that he rejects the doctrines of Christ's Atonement, and the authority of Scripture.

It is not wonderful that there should be individual heretics in any Church, and when such a thing occurs, the Church does its duty when it asserts the revealed truth, and rejects the teacher of error from its bosom, unless he renounce his false teaching.

Cognate to the foregoing the following letter appears in the Notes and Queries column of the Star of the 16th inst.

A KIND LETTER.

Editor of Notes and Queries:—Regarding your unintentional offence to Roman Catholics by using the word "Romish" in your ably conducted column, the reason of it, I believe, can best be seen by having regard to a shade of meaning the dictionary makers have apparently overlooked.

"He (Professor Bowne) has saved many a reader, and many a student to a life of faith and good works who otherwise would have wandered off into hopeless unbelief."

A LITERARY REVOLUTION IN JAPAN.

Japan, while in its present state of excitement at the prospect of a war on a gigantic scale breaking out within a few days, or even a few hours, could scarcely be expected to be meditating an immediate and fundamental change in the character of its language, yet this is what it is actually doing.

Some of our readers may not be aware that Japanese writing is identical or almost identical with the writing used in China. That writing is not phonetic or alphabetic like all the languages of the Western world, but is ideographic.

It is now nearly four hundred years since Luther nailed to the door of Wittenburg Cathedral his celebrated theses which were the foundation on which Protestantism was built.

Catholics foretoiled with confidence that when once these new doctrines were accepted by men as the Christian teaching, the authority of the Catholic Church as the Supreme and unerring guide to faith being set aside, these fundamental doctrines would also disappear one by one until the new Christianity should be undistinguishable from Rationalism or Deism.

It is now undeniable that the prognostications of Catholic divines have been fully verified, and that Protestantism is rapidly arriving at the stage in which it shall no longer teach any doctrine at all as a revealed truth distinctive of Christianity.

Our readers will remember that but a few years have elapsed since Dr. Briggs of New York Union Theological Seminary convulsed the Presbyterian church of America by rejecting the fundamental teachings of Christianity, and he was seconded by a Professor of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati. Even at this time, the Presbyterian Church was horrified to find such teachings propagated within its pale, and the heretical professors were practically expelled therefrom.

But to the astonishment of many Christians the Protestant Episcopal Church welcomed Professor Briggs to itself without demanding that he should become more orthodox, and he is at the present moment one of the trusted clergy of the Episcopalians, and has been ordained a minister or priest by Bishop Potter of New York.

Other denominations are also coming to the same ideal of Christianity, as a religion without any particular creed,

after quoting from several Dictionaries, showing that the term was therein used—which, however, does not make it less offensive—he makes the following gentlemanly apology and retraction:

The writer in the London CATHOLIC RECORD considers "Romish" an "insulting expression." If it really is so, and is so generally regarded, I made a great, though involuntary, mistake in using the term.

Professor Day says of Professor Bowne: "He is the greatest metaphysician of the day. It is absurd to charge him with heresy."

Dr. Parkhurst says: "He (Professor Bowne) has saved many a reader, and many a student to a life of faith and good works who otherwise would have wandered off into hopeless unbelief."

The probability is that the charges of heresy against the Professor will be thrown out, and thus the Methodist Church will proclaim that it is no longer necessary to believe the doctrines of Christ in order to be a good and exemplary Christian.

COUNTRY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The trustees of our country schools are not enthusiastic, in praise of some of the secular teachers. We have gone over the ground and are satisfied that distrust and dislike on the part of both parents and board officials is not imaginary.

We know, however, that in some cases trustees expect a teacher to be a paragon, and in others dissatisfaction arises from a too attentive hearing on the part of parents to the complaints of their irrevocable offspring.

The Italian and German languages are almost strictly phonetic. English and French depart very greatly from phonetism, but in a somewhat loose way, it is commonly said that all these are phonetically written languages, inasmuch as they are based upon phonetic principles, even though they do not strictly adhere to them.

The Japanese and Chinese languages, as written, are based upon principles entirely different from those we have thus briefly explained. The characters used represent ideas, and not sounds.

Thus the English word man, translated in French is homme, and into Italian uomo. In Japanese and Chinese the words meaning a man are different; but the same written two-stroke character is used for the idea man, while the kind of a man, as a farmer, a trader, a lawyer, a magistrate, etc., is indicated by adding to the character for man another character signifying the nature of his occupation.

In this manner different languages may be written with the same signs, and this is what occurs not only in China with its divers languages, and in Japan, but also in the neighboring countries, and this "broad universal-

ity" is the basis on which nearly six hundred million people use one written language, though their spoken languages differ widely.

Considering the readiness with which the Japanese have adapted themselves to western manners during the past generation, it has been a cause for surprise that they did not before now adopt the Roman letters for the representation of their language. But the very fact of the immense territory over which the Chinese written language was intelligible, and of the vast population which used it together with its picturesqueness, made it so attractive that they were unwilling to change it for any light cause, or at least, until they should be thoroughly convinced of the superiority of the Roman alphabet.

There is not the least doubt that the change will within an incredibly short time advance the civilization of Japan, and increase the number of learned men in that country, as it will remove the greatest possible obstacle to learning which is that, at the outset, any one who began to follow learning as his career in life was met at the threshold with the difficulty of mastering a mode of writing which requires many years of study of word-forms or ideographs, which are, after all, only the beginnings of learning; and therefore, the time would be much better spent in more advanced work.

Hereafter, when the new method of writing shall be in full vogue, Japanese students will have to spend a comparatively short time in the most elementary work, and thus years which would have been wasted under the old method of writing will be spared for study of more important matters.

We are satisfied also that the Japanese language itself will feel the influence of the modern dress it will put on in such a way that its grammatical forms will be simplified, and its awkward sentences and modes of speech beautified and rendered graceful as another immediate effect of the change, and to the progress of the country will thus be given a new impulse.

There is not an instance in history when so great a change has been made all at once in the language of a country as this which has been effected in the Island Empire.

REQUIREMENTS.

The trustees of our country schools are not enthusiastic, in praise of some of the secular teachers. We have gone over the ground and are satisfied that distrust and dislike on the part of both parents and board officials is not imaginary. They are, we regret, very much in evidence. The teachers may be inclined to deem this an exaggeration of existing conditions, but we assure them that our statement rests on indubitable proof.

We know, however, that in some cases trustees expect a teacher to be a paragon, and in others dissatisfaction arises from a too attentive hearing on the part of parents to the complaints of their irrevocable offspring. A teacher, however qualified, cannot inject brains into her pupils, nor can she be blamed for non-progress of the scholars when they are allowed to home study.

But in the cases we have investigated the officials are heart and soul with the educational interests of their respective sections, and have, moreover, abundant proof to show that these interests are neglected by some school teachers.

They all agree that the

quality of work and without the aid of the teacher to improve. We do not voice on this that teacher good example their care. insulate the breach of p of them are a prone to und on capturi children upon capturi their charge. And yet to share of the ter and of a word, the image in the what a shape in the shap not be beto always beto ing are coo souls which heavenward in her dut from her da bear fruit and sublim enters upon or who dist duct, does p pupils and One word teacher is s it is the du ers to pay s work and sorry to ha districts t practiced cheapness, called for, goes in this where high difficulty i good, intel WHY TI From an New Zeal following Church's a are, of cou is preferab stance, on stricken ci fostering b In such e great pla Gravelotte permits, b her ordina burial has u morial usag of the Chu pressive reu moral wh hopeful th Ty a decre Leo XIII, structions bodies att privation c ing and c dead. The veneration the temple on respect the Church Continent, the dead v by atheist expression urrection grave. REQUIEM LI SERVICE CH A solen for the so J. Quinn, yesterday suddenly by his first news telegram. Quinn's e of the Ca Crim. Sale L. A. Br 520, Grat levue: P. Thomas present. The ser Hale, rec a persona and was "We day, de our sym loved pa to offer behalf rice of the "And y ed. Hea so much tells us ment we inqulties solutely "Again end of his

quality of work done is poor, and without the school room and the behavior of the teachers is not at all calculated to impress and to edify the pupils.

We do not presume to give any advice on this subject, but we may say that teachers should at all times give good example to the children under their care. Not for an instant do we insinuate they are guilty of any grave breach of propriety. But that some of them are unpunctual in their habits, prone to undue levity, and more intent on capturing a man, or, as the school-children term it, a "fellow," than upon capturing the minds and hearts of their charges, is evident.

And yet to the teacher is confided a share of the task of moulding character and of developing the intellect—in a word, the bringing out of the Divine image in the soul. She must recognize what a powerful influence is example in the shaping of character. She may not be very learned, but if she have always before her that unto her keeping are confided for the time being souls which she must direct and guide heavenwards, she will not be derelict in her duty. The pupils will learn from her daily life the lessons that will bear fruit in after years. It is holy and sublime this vocation, and she who enters upon it from unworthy motives or who dishonors it by unworthy conduct, does grievous wrong both to the pupils and to the community.

One word more. As the position of teacher is so important, it follows that it is the duty of trustees and ratepayers to pay salaries in proportion to their work and responsibilities. We are sorry to have to admit that in some districts there is a false economy practiced in this matter. It is cheapness, instead of fitness, that is called for. As far as our experience goes in this part of Ontario, in sections where high salaries are paid there is no difficulty in securing the services of good, intelligent and zealous teachers.

WHY THE CHURCH OPPOSES CREMATION.

From an article on cremation in the New Zealand Tablet we take the following brief statement of the Church's attitude towards it: "There are, of course, cases in which cremation is preferable to inhumation; as, for instance, on battlefields or in plague-stricken cities, where large numbers of bodies are to be disposed of. In such exceptional cases—as in the great plague of Milan, the battle of Gravelotte, etc.—the Church not alone permits, but urges, a departure from her ordinary rule. For the rest, earth burial has been consecrated by immemorial usage as part and parcel of one of the Church's most touching and impressive religious ceremonies—a ceremonial which inspires the dying with hope and the bereaved with consolation. By a decree dated May 17, 1886, Pope Leo XIII. forbade Catholics to give instructions for the cremation of their bodies after death, under pain of deprivation of the sacraments when dying and of religious obsequies when dead. This decree was partly based on the veneration for the body which was the temple of the Holy Ghost; partly on respect for the consecrated usage of the Church; partly on the fact that, in Continental Europe, inclination of the dead was then, and is still, adopted by atheists and Freemasons as a public expression of their disbelief in the resurrection and in the life beyond the grave."

REQUIRE MASSES FOR MRS. JULIANA QUINN, THEIR MOTHER.

SERVICES AT ST. CATHERINE'S CHURCH, CLEVELAND.

A solemn requiem mass was sung for the soul of the late Mrs. Juliana Quinn, in St. Catherine's Church, yesterday morning. Mrs. Quinn died suddenly in Ireland on Jan. 5, and the first news of the death came in a telegram to the Rev. J. S. Quinn, of this city, who immediately returned to Ireland to attend to the funeral of the late Mrs. Quinn. The Rev. J. S. Quinn, of this city, who immediately returned to Ireland to attend to the funeral of the late Mrs. Quinn.

On Tuesday morning, 19th inst., a solemn mass was celebrated in St. Mary's Church for the eternal repose of the soul of Father Andrew H. Green, Rector of St. Mary's, who died on the 12th inst. at the age of 86 years. Rev. T. M. O'Connor, Kemptville; sub-deacon, Rev. T. M. O'Connor, Kemptville; master of ceremonies, Rev. John McCarthy, Morrisburg. Very Rev. John Kehoe, rector of St. Mary's, Kingston, preached a most eloquent sermon on the solemn occasion which brought clergy and laity together to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of a woman who exhibited in her life the true traits of the Christian mother. The officiating at the requiem mass was a great honor to be the brother of one priest, but indeed was a rare honor to be the mother of three priests. In addition this holy woman gave a daughter for the Christian education of the young in the person of Sister Mary Juliana of the Ursulines, Cleveland.

Although the day was extremely cold, still a large congregation, and the church was full of the faithful. The separate School were present. They came to testify by their presence the deep sympathy all felt for Father Quinn in the loss he has sustained in the death of the one who was thoroughly devoted to the sanctification of the lives of her children. Many received Holy Communion for repose of the soul of the late Mrs. Quinn. The Rev. J. S. Quinn, of this city, who immediately returned to Ireland to attend to the funeral of the late Mrs. Quinn.

DR. MURPHY'S DEATH.

Superintendent of the Brockville Insane Asylum, Expires Suddenly.

Dr. J. S. Quinn, of this city, who immediately returned to Ireland to attend to the funeral of the late Mrs. Quinn.

body from this worldly scene; the body mouldering in the dust from which it came, and the soul going back to God to receive from Him, reward or retribution according as it has deserved. Death then is the end of this life; therefore, it means separation, renunciation of heart's strings and many sorrows.

"But if death is for man the end of time, it is the beginning of eternity. Therefore it means union and reunion—union with God, and reunion with the worthy, and reunion of friends in the Kingdom of Many Mansions which God has prepared for the just from the foundation of the world. Union with God—of precious in the sight of God is the death of his saints," says the Psalmist: "Blessed are they who die in the Lord," says the Scripture, in the Apocalypse, Amen, says the Spirit, "they shall rest from their labors and their works shall follow them," and our Blessed Lord says "I am the resurrection and the life, who who believeth even though he be dead shall live, and every one that liveth and believeth in me shall not die for ever."

And if union with God, also, "and if our lives be worthy, shall we not all stand together in that bright-robed, immortal army from all tongues and tribes and peoples, singing God's praises for all eternity? This is the blessed hope that snatches the sting from death and enables us to cry out with St. Paul: "O, grave, where is thy victory? O, death, where is thy sting?"

"And if ever there was ground for this glorious hope of the Christian it was in the case of such a woman as her in whose memory we are gathered here today—a woman of simple life and ways but of heroic mould; faithfully telling her beads, hearing at least her weekly mass, receiving the life-giving sacraments as frequently as circumstances allowed and bringing up a numerous progeny in the fear and love of God, a joy to her father, an education to her children, and a comfort to her mother."

Four worthy children has she given to the service of God in this far-off land—though they gladly and without any thought of her, but what a sacrifice did not this impart! We all know something of the workings of a mother's heart; but only one who has witnessed her agony beside the bedside of a dying child, or who has seen the awful parting of a mother from son or daughter going away from her forever to a distant land, can begin to fathom the depth of her affliction. To whom then shall I compare this saintly mother of a consecrated virgin and three priestly sons? Was not her spirit the same as that which actuated the glorious mother of the Macabees, who, when her six sons lay mangled and dead, encouraged her youngest boy to resist the persecuting tyrant, even to the death, and to that other Christian mother who carried her dying boy, one of the forty martyrs of Sebaste, and threw his body upon the wagon with his cry, "Will thou may I grieve my mother's crown?"

"No doubt many an evening when the sun was filling the west with his dying splendor, and his countenance, and thought of the four hostages he had given to God in this far-off land—thought of them not in regret, not in sorrowing for their absence, but in the hope and prayer that they might be ever faithful to their high and holy vocation, and do yeoman work for God in the salvation of immortal souls."

"Will thou may I grieve my mother's crown?"

On Tuesday morning, 19th inst., a solemn mass was celebrated in St. Mary's Church for the eternal repose of the soul of Father Andrew H. Green, Rector of St. Mary's, who died on the 12th inst. at the age of 86 years. Rev. T. M. O'Connor, Kemptville; sub-deacon, Rev. T. M. O'Connor, Kemptville; master of ceremonies, Rev. John McCarthy, Morrisburg. Very Rev. John Kehoe, rector of St. Mary's, Kingston, preached a most eloquent sermon on the solemn occasion which brought clergy and laity together to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of a woman who exhibited in her life the true traits of the Christian mother. The officiating at the requiem mass was a great honor to be the brother of one priest, but indeed was a rare honor to be the mother of three priests. In addition this holy woman gave a daughter for the Christian education of the young in the person of Sister Mary Juliana of the Ursulines, Cleveland.

Although the day was extremely cold, still a large congregation, and the church was full of the faithful. The separate School were present. They came to testify by their presence the deep sympathy all felt for Father Quinn in the loss he has sustained in the death of the one who was thoroughly devoted to the sanctification of the lives of her children. Many received Holy Communion for repose of the soul of the late Mrs. Quinn. The Rev. J. S. Quinn, of this city, who immediately returned to Ireland to attend to the funeral of the late Mrs. Quinn.

DR. MURPHY'S DEATH.

Superintendent of the Brockville Insane Asylum, Expires Suddenly.

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was in a critical condition and immediately telephoned for Dr. Clare, of the asylum staff, and Dr. Macaulay, asking the latter to bring Father Murphy with him. Dr. Clare was soon at Dr. Murphy's side, but found, to his horror and sorrow, that Dr. Murphy was dead.

The cause of Dr. Murphy's untimely death was fatty degeneration of the heart. He was a man of a heavy build, and his heart's activity had been troubled more or less with weak heart action, but of late had seemed improved in health. Yesterday he apparently felt very active and cheerful until a few minutes before his death.

John Bernard Murphy, M. D., was the son of Timothy Murphy, a native of County Wick, Ireland, who married McCarthy, and was born in Asphodel, Peterborough, March 21, 1850. After a primary education at Norwood Grammar School, he entered St. Michael's College, Toronto, he took a medical course at Queen's College, Kingston, taking his degree of M. D. in 1876.

He began to practice in Belleville, and in 1884, he was elected physician to the Belleville Deaf and Dumb Institute. In 1890 he became Medical Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, Belleville. When the new asylum was opened in Brockville in 1894, he was asked to take control and accordingly he came here in November of that year. He was married in July, 1885, to Anna, the third daughter of the late Lancelot G. Bolster, of Toronto, a gentleman who was at one time a literary confederate of the late T. S. Arthur, when the latter was his death the manager of the Toronto waterworks, of which he was originally an organizer. Dr. Murphy's family consisted of a widow and three children, Mrs. L. M. Gerald, Marguerite, Wilfrid and Katherine. Nearly four years ago they lost a little daughter, Audrey. Dr. Murphy was a member of the Roman Catholic faith. He was a member of the executive of St. Francis Xavier Church, Brockville, and of the Holy Family, and what a sacrifice did not this impart! We all know something of the workings of a mother's heart; but only one who has witnessed her agony beside the bedside of a dying child, or who has seen the awful parting of a mother from son or daughter going away from her forever to a distant land, can begin to fathom the depth of her affliction. To whom then shall I compare this saintly mother of a consecrated virgin and three priestly sons? Was not her spirit the same as that which actuated the glorious mother of the Macabees, who, when her six sons lay mangled and dead, encouraged her youngest boy to resist the persecuting tyrant, even to the death, and to that other Christian mother who carried her dying boy, one of the forty martyrs of Sebaste, and threw his body upon the wagon with his cry, "Will thou may I grieve my mother's crown?"

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in the churches of his order, together with the eloquence which springs only from an apostolic heart, won their admiration. In token of this they procured his investiture, which took place in St. Vincent's Church, New York City. The fathers assembled there from all parts of the province to witness the impressive ceremony and to congratulate the recipient of the rare honor. The Master-General was represented by the officiating minister, the Very Rev. L. F. Kearney, O.P.S.T.M., who is the provincial of the Dominicans in the United States.

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modest society composed of Catholic women, organized yesterday and announced its name and aims. Some of these are: to discourage such products as "Paraffin," to encourage current literature, to restrict the use of liquor, to stop gambling among women to prevent the use of opium and the wearing of décolleté dresses below the line of moderation, to discourage divorce and "all other things, consistent with the lives of respectable Catholic women."

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some costume of silver gray crepe de chene trimmed with silk applique, and hat to match and smilax. She was assisted by her cousin, Miss K. M. Brown, daughter of Mr. Thomas Brown, who was attired in a becoming suit of gray jaded cloth, opening over a pretty red blouse, with hat to match. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. W. O'Neil, who also officiated at the wedding. The bridesmaids were Miss K. M. Brown, daughter of Mr. Thomas Brown, who was attired in a becoming suit of gray jaded cloth, opening over a pretty red blouse, with hat to match. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. W. O'Neil, who also officiated at the wedding. The bridesmaids were Miss K. M. Brown, daughter of Mr. Thomas Brown, who was attired in a becoming suit of gray jaded cloth, opening over a pretty red blouse, with hat to match. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. W. O'Neil, who also officiated at the wedding. The bridesmaids were Miss K. M. 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Sacred Heart Review. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCLXXXVI.

One of the two editors of the Diary, having lately had occasion to see me...

An article may be had in theology. Now in every paper I have written in this Review, I have assumed, which is my firm persuasion, that the Gospel, while most agreeable to nature...

I everywhere assume, even as firmly as I believe, that the central and only complete exposition of the Gospel must be sought in Trinitarian Christianity...

I believe that Justification is by Faith alone, in the sense in which the Apostle Paul and by the Schoolmen, namely, that we are justified only by a Faith which is informed and actuated by Love.

I believe that Christian Holiness is the fruit of the Holy Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son and working in the hearts of believers unto justification, sanctification and eternal life.

I leave it to my readers, Catholic or Protestant, to decide whether any point of my theology is "thoroughly bad."

I believe that justice, truthfulness, purity, and perfect love, supreme towards God, and equal towards man, are conditions without which, in their consummate perfection, no one, in the very nature of things, can attain unto the Beatific Vision.

I often, in my articles, much oftener than I could wish, am obliged to say of a popular anti-Catholic controversialist, that he is "an evil man."

Finally, I do not pretend to be a better Protestant than Richard Baxter. Yet he declares that, as concerns the vital point of Justification, he cannot discover the essential difference between Catholicism and Calvinism.

Having a fair share of French blood, and a measure of Irish and Welsh, intermingled with my prevailing English ancestry, I need not deny that I am not without something of the Celtic dislike to spoil the force of a period.

Perhaps, however, my articles are "thoroughly bad" because I think that I am warranted, in honest indignation at the discovery, to make known that Luther, while, as Catholics like Mohler and Jansen own, he is on one side of his character a very sublime man, has another side which is thoroughly ugly and disreputable.

Now I am perfectly willing to own that all this is "thoroughly bad." But I protest that it is not my badness. I am not Martin Luther, nor his son, nor his grandson.

Moreover, I am sure no one living has a greater veneration for Lutheran learning, theological depth, and above all for Lutheran hymnody. And I am willing to own that when Lutherans are well Americanized, they are as good Christians as you would want to see.

Besides, where have I said a word in disparagement of John Calvin, or indeed, though much his inferior, of John Knox? I wish that Calvin had let St. Servus go, and that Knox had not been so grateful over the murder of Cardinal Beaton, but as good men of all persuasions thought then that it was right to burn heretics, and most of them that religious assassination and massacre might be, as Knox claims for them, "a godly deed," how can I complain if Knox and Calvin thought in this matter with so many others? As Bernard Dahr shows, this was not a question in controversy

between the two sides. Even now it is the general softening of manners, rather than a definite theory which distinguishes it from the sixteenth century.

However, one of those editors who has written me lamentations that having been brought up "under evangelical light and truth," I should have lapsed into such sympathy "with modern Romanism."

Mr. Moody is quoted by a friend as remarking on the peculiar simplicity with which the Gospel is preached in American Catholic churches, and it seems that he gave large presents to a Catholic Indian mission.

There is such a thing as being too fidgety about the future, looking back too far into it or imagining temptations not likely to come up.

There is such a thing as being too fidgety about the future, looking back too far into it or imagining temptations not likely to come up.

Do not cast your net too far out into the stream; do not be in a hurry to promise to abstain from any particular sin or to do any particular act of virtue for your whole life except in a general way.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

TAKING COURAGE.

Sometimes, my brethren, we feel discouraged because we have not kept our good resolutions, and are even ready to say it is better not to make any at all, so often do we break them.

Now, in considering this question let us not get into a panic. God knows us just as we are, and far better than we know ourselves. Therefore He is not so cruel as to hold us strictly to all our promises.

Hence it is a great folly to say, "I do not want to make a promise for fear I could not keep it." That would be good sense if you were going to swear to your promise, or if you were to make a vow.

There is such a thing as being too fidgety about the future, looking back too far into it or imagining temptations not likely to come up.

Do not cast your net too far out into the stream; do not be in a hurry to promise to abstain from any particular sin or to do any particular act of virtue for your whole life except in a general way.

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Start Right To-day

and you will find the world very much brighter to-morrow. A good complexion—the bloom of perfect health—bright eyes, clear brain—these are within the reach of all who take care of their digestive organs.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

in a glass of water every morning and you will find that blotches and eruptions will give place to clear clean skin. Throw away the powder and the rouge-pot—they are counterfeits of nature.

SOME PATRONS OF THE MONTH

The first day of February is the feast of St. Bridget, the virgin patroness of Ireland. She founded the first Irish nunnery at Kildare.

February 2 is the feast of St. Cornelius, a Roman centurion and the first Pagan to be converted to the religion of Jesus Christ.

St. Blase (3d) was Bishop of Sebaste in Armenia. He is a great favorite on account of the help he affords to those who invoke him in all troubles of the throat.

Don't Leave Everything for the Clergy to do.

To contribute liberally to Church charities, to pay pew rent, and attend Mass on Sunday, is not fulfilling Catholic duty, says the Michigan Catholic.

THE GRIP AGAIN.

This Dangerous Epidemic has Made Another Appearance.

A SUGGESTION AS TO HOW TO GUARD AGAINST THE TROUBLE AND ITS PERNICIOUS AFTER EFFECTS.

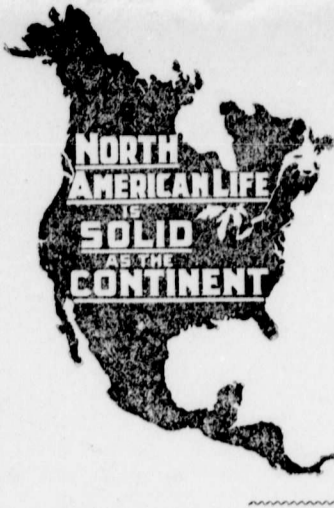
Every winter influenza, or as it is more generally known, the grip makes its appearance in Canada. Every few years it spreads and assumes alarming proportions.

A timely suggestion as to how to enable the system to resist the inroads of the grip and its after effects, is given by Mrs. Emma Doucet, St. Eulalie, Que., who says: "I had an attack of the grip which left me a sufferer from headache, pains in the stomach and general weakness."

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M. 75 York Street, Toronto. This is Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice.

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are useful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections; no poisons; no loss of time from business. A certainly rare. Consultation or correspondence invited.



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Religious Articles

Table listing various religious articles such as Rosaries, Statues, and Crucifixes with their prices. Includes items like 'Imitation Pearl', 'Torquoise', 'Brown Cocoa', etc.

The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

The Feast of St. Bridget, Abbess, and Patroness of Ireland, is celebrated February 1.

A MAGIC PILL—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but can not exterminate. Suffering and mental depression are varied in one it makes its appearance in another direction.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a contemplative grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Croup Cure, Syrup for the Throat can be had and the danger avoided.

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Everyone

Who has found it necessary or desirable to mortgage the home is enabled by means of life insurance to be certain of leaving the necessary funds with which to pay it off.

Under these circumstances the Ordinary Life Policy is the best plan to select, as it gives the maximum protection at a low rate of premium.

See one of the Company's representatives, or write, and obtain full particulars of a policy at your age.

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LIMITED Manufacturers of... Memorial and Decorative Art Windows LONDON, CANADA.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

No one has a right to be so busy as to ignore or trifle with the little courtesies of life. When a man is so absorbed in his own schemes that he cannot utter a cheery good morning to the family and to every member of it, when he is so wrapped up in his buying and selling or in his professional problem that he never stops to say "thank you," when even a social inferior renders him a personal service—why, that man is altogether too busy. He ought at once to begin to rearrange his programme with a view to making room for the small but indispensable civilities of human intercourse.

He Opened a Bank Account. Dear Sir—Following your advice, I opened a bank account with a \$1 bill seven weeks ago. But since then I haven't put in any more. Dollars are hard for me to save. Its discouraging. At this rate, it will be some time before I'm a millionaire.

It is hard to save, especially when one's income is small and one has many wants. But the conquest of that difficult discipline the will and strengthening the character. But do not wait until you have another dollar to deposit—put in halves, or quarters, or even dimes. It is astonishing how soon an account will grow if frequent deposits are made, no matter how trifling.

Put in the bank something every Saturday, if only a quarter of a dollar, and watch your account grow.—Catholic Columbian.

A Young Man's Chances. A young man of capacity, industry and integrity has a field of individual effort such as has never before existed in this country. And success is neither harder nor easier than it ever was. Success never yet came to the laggard, and it never will. Let a young man be capable; have enterprise, be willing to work, and carry himself like a man, and he goes where he will. His success depends upon himself. No times, no conditions, no combinations of capital can stop a young man who has a determination to honorably succeed, and who is willing to work according to the very utmost of his capacity and sinews of strength. The real trouble is that the average young man won't work. He has gotten the insane notion into his head that success comes by luck, that men are made by opportunities which either come to them or are thrust upon them. And he waits for luck or for a chance to come along and find him. Instead of taking a sane view of conditions and seeing with a clear mind that as the trade widens opportunities increase, he takes the mistaken view that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. These are the conditions of mind and life which are keeping thousands of young men down, and will keep them down. The times are all right. It is the young man who finds fault with them who is not.

Self-Assertion as a Success Factor. Many a well-educated man of good address and ability fails to win a satisfactory position in life because he lacks self-assertion. He has a shrinking nature and abhors publicity; the thought of pushing himself forward is repugnant to him, and so he is left behind in the race by the hustling, stirring, vigorous people around him, many of whom do not possess one-tenth of his ability or natural advantages.

Many young people have a totally mistaken conception of the meaning of healthy aggressiveness. They frequently confound it with egotism, boastfulness, vanity, or a lack of modesty, and consider it the sign of a petty, vulgar soul. They think it becoming to try to make a good impression in regard to their own ability, and shrink from public gaze, believing that, if they work hard, even in retirement, they will come out all right.

As a matter of fact, however, in this competitive age, it is not only indispensable to have our mental stores well stocked with superior goods, but it is also necessary to advertise them; for even an inferior article, if well advertised, will often sell rapidly, while a superior one, if pushed back on the shelves and not exhibited or spoken of, will remain on the dealer's hands at a dead loss.

No one sympathizes with the blattant, conceited, over-confident youth who has the list of his accomplishments and virtues at any one he can induce to listen. He is the very opposite of the unassuming young man who, while conscious of his power, makes no parade of it, but simply carries himself as if he knew his business thoroughly.

When questioned as to what he can do, a modestly self-assertive person does not give weak, hesitating answers, saying "I think I can do that," or "Perhaps I could do it," creating a feeling of doubt not only in his own mind, but also in that of his questioner, which undoubtedly acts to his disadvantage. He knows he can do certain things, and he says so with confidence that carries conviction.

This is the sort of self-assertion or self-confidence that young men must cultivate if they would raise themselves to their full value. It is a quality as far removed from vulgar, shallow self-conceit as the calm exercise of conscious power is from charlatanism.

Thousands of young men are occupying inferior positions to-day because of their over humility, so to speak, or fear of seeming to put themselves forward. Many of them are conscious that they are much abler than the superintendents or managers over them, and are consequently dissatisfied, feeling that an injustice has been done them, because they have been passed over in favor of more aggressive workers. But they have only themselves to blame. They have been too modest to assert themselves or to assume responsibility when occasion has warranted, thinking

that, in time, their real ability would be discovered by their employers, and that they would be advanced accordingly. But a young man with vim and self-confidence, who courts responsibility, will attract the attention of those above him, and will be promoted when a retiring, self-effacing, but much abler youth who worked beside him is passed by.

It is useless to say that merit ought to win under any circumstances—the fact remains that there is very little chance for a young man, no matter what his ability, to forge ahead, if he lacks a just appreciation of himself and is destitute of that consciousness of power and willingness to assume responsibility which impress his personality on others, and open the door to recognition of his merit.

"It is true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true" that modest worth that retreats from the public gaze and works in secret, waiting to be discovered and to have prizes thrust upon it, waits in vain. The world moves too fast in this twentieth century to turn aside to seek out shrinking ability. We must all go to the world. We need not delude ourselves with the idea that it will come to us, no matter how able or meritorious we may be. While actual inability can never hope to hold its own, even though, through self-conceit and aggressive methods, it may succeed in pushing its way ahead for a time, it is equally true that shrinking, self-effacing ability rarely comes to its own.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. COAINA, THE ROSE OF THE ALGONQUINS.

By Anna H. Dorsey. CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOWS OF THE STORM. The exultant gleam faded from Alton-tion's eyes, for no sooner had Tar-ra-hee left her than she felt that her anger had got the better of her craft; and if she wished to succeed in her wicked designs, it was a most impolitic way to begin by offending him.

On that very day she had inaugurated her malicious work. She had positively forbidden Coaina to leave the lodge that evening, and had uttered a slander against her to Tar-ra-hee, by coupling her name with that of Ah-deek, the Iroquois, which she was crafty enough to know would, at some time or other, help to serve her purpose. She watched his retreating figure, satisfied that at least she had prevented him from seeing Coaina that evening; but when she saw, in the distance, that he turned into a lane of cedars which led to her own lodge, her hatred raged almost uncontrolled. "He will find out that her absence from the innocent enjoyments of the evening was compulsory, and having discovered this, would suspect her, and give no credit, henceforth, to anything she might assert to Coaina's injury."

The longer she sat there brooding over the failure of this, her first step towards the accomplishment of her ambitious scheme, the more intense grew her hatred, and forgetting that Al-Seeing Eye, before which the profoundest secrets of the soul are nakedly unveiled, forgetting all the divine teachings and claim of religion, forgetting death and the judgment, she waded with a bitter curse, that she would succeed in what she had undertaken, even if Coaina's reputation and life be the sacrifice.

But her guilty fears were somewhat lulled to rest when, later in the evening, she again saw Tar-ra-hee among the young folk, and observed that he showed much attention to Winona, who exerted all of her coquettish wiles and arts to charm him.

The moon had arisen, full and unclouded, over the mountain, and everything glistened in her rays as if frosted with silver. The festival was over, and the people were returning to their peaceful homes.

Alton-tion, well pleased at the notice bestowed upon her daughter by the young Algonquin chief, walked slowly towards the full of thought concerning the advantages of a marriage between them. Winona tripped along lightly over the dewy turf, a little in advance of her mother, whose eyes watched lovingly the gracefully moving form, whose every motion threw out sparkles and flashes from the angles and gold fringes which adorned her tunic and moccasins. How she loved the girl, but low savage and pagan was the love which gave birth to sins which would incur the displeasure of God, and would at the same time, if she were voluntarily seeks evil, the prince of evil sent to serve his purpose, and so it seemed to be on this occasion.

Among the Iroquois who lived in the adjoining village, there were some few who, rejecting Christ preserved their own heathenish traditions, clung to the ancient customs of their ancestors, and it was whispered, practiced in secret their idolatrous rites. But as they were peaceable, and observed all the civic rules of the mission, and interfered in no way with their Christian kinsmen or people, their presence was tolerated, in the pious hope that after a season, they might be induced to follow their example. Among these was their hereditary chief, Ah-deek, (Reindeer), who had often distinguished himself in their great hunting expeditions, and excelled in all those accomplishments most highly prized and appreciated by the Indians. Ah-deek was handsome, vain, passionate, and it was said that he was dissolute in his habits. He had frequently seen Coaina, and had, in various ways, endeavored to win a smile from her, by expressing his admiration by signs, gifts and words; but she had invariably repulsed every advance he had made, and turned from him with a frown of displeasure whenever he ventured to approach her; but all this only incited him to more persevering efforts to win her.

On the evening of the festival he had strolled down towards Alton-tion's lodge, with scarcely a purpose except to be near the home of Coaina, for he

supposed her to be absent at the festival, when, to his great joy, he saw her standing in the moonlight, leaning against the moss-covered stile that led to the lodge. She was reciting the rosary, her eyes fixed on the cloudless heavens, and thinking that, as the moon was throbbing in glittering beauty among the luminous stars, so was the Blessed Virgin a friend in heaven, and surrounded by the glorious angels, whose queen she is. It was a consoling and beautiful thought, and as they twinkled and trembled in dewy splendor, flashing out rays of crimson, blue and gold, Coaina almost imagined that she saw the flutter of their glorious wings as they bowed before their queen.

"Left all alone, like a wild pigeon in the empty nest! I am glad to see you, Coaina," said the audacious Iroquois, who had approached her unseen and unheard.

"Ah-deek!" exclaimed Coaina, starting; "I wish you well, but you must go away this instant. I am all alone."

"That is good; now I can say to you, face to face, what you are blind and deaf to in signs. I love you."

"Esa! Esa! shame on you! Ah-deek, leave me!" she cried.

"I will become a Christian, Coaina, if you will hear me!" he pleaded.

"To become a Christian will be a glorious thing, Ah-deek! but go; Father Etienne will instruct and baptize you."

"No! I learn the Christian creed from you or none. I thought you Christians would give your life to save a soul."

"So would I lose mine to save your soul, Ah-deek, but I shall never enter your lodge; I can never be more to you than a friend. I will pray for you. You must now go away, and Coaina turned from him and swiftly entered the lodge, while he, baffled and angry, strode off, almost knocking Alton-tion down, he came so suddenly against her. She, as keen-eyed as a vulture, had seen him, as she approached her lodge, talking with Coaina. At first she thought it was Tar-ra-hee, but when she discovered it was Ah-deek, the Iroquois, she said: "Aha! yes! and rejoiced in her wicked heart, because she knew that his having been there would help her evil plans; then asking Ah-deek if "he kept his eyes in his pocket that he might run people down in his path," she went into her dwelling, and calling Coaina, assailed her with the most violent abuses; affecting to believe that she had received the Iroquois as her lover in her absence, she uttered the most injurious insinuations, nor would she listen to Coaina's explanations, but pretended to be outraged and grieved and horrified at her conduct, called her a hypocrite, and finally struck her in the face.

Almost stunned by the injustice and violence of her aunt's conduct, Coaina, without attempting to speak another word in her own defense, withdrew to her own little apartment, and dropping the curtain of skins which separated it from the rest of the lodge, she threw herself prostrate upon the floor before the blessed images of Jesus and Mary—of Jesus, in His bloody coronal of thorns—of Mary of the seven dolors. She watered the floor with her tears; she offered her griefs to them, and finally found consolation in the generous resolve she made to suffer patiently all the unnumbered reproaches she had received, for them who had suffered so willingly ten thousand more indelicate and bitter grief for her.

At last, her head resting upon her arm, she fell asleep, and was refreshed by the dreams of innocence. Once only did she awake. She had dreamed of her dead mother, as she sometimes did, and thought she was singing a soft lullaby to her, whose strange, unearthly melody thrilled through her heart, and sweetly lulled her to sleep. She did not know whether she was awake or still dreaming, for she heard, while the whippoorwill sent his lamentations abroad through the forest, and the screech owl answered in shrill vibrations, the sweet wail notes of a flute, breathing assurances of a pure affection. Then she remembered Tar-ra-hee's promise, and while a soft glow stole over her tear-stained cheeks, she commended herself to the protection of the Blessed Virgin and fell asleep.

Like a fair prairie blossom agitated by the morning winds, and scattering in prodigal brightness, the dew-drops from its rich petals, so Coaina threw off the sense of ill which oppressed her when she first awoke. The first red glow of dawn, the first rays of sun, shining through the vines that partially shaded her window, and bathed in light the sacred images of Jesus and Mary, which stood upon a little shelf at the foot of her bed. "My Holy Mother and Advocate," she murmured, folding her hands, tapering hands together as she knelt before them, "look at thy divine Son, and obtain for me a patience like unto thine."

Her simple toilet was soon made, and hurrying out to the chapel she knelt in her favorite place, close beside the altar of the Blessed Lady, and assisted at Mass with the greatest devotion. Between the sweet and glorious mystery of the altar and the benign presence of Mary, Coaina's whole being reposed, as in a safe haven, secure from the rude storms that threatened her.

Tar-ra-hee served Father Etienne at the altar that morning, as he was frequently in the habit of doing, and it was a touching sight to see this noble young savage bowing in such sweet submission to Christ; to see his strong arms folded in meek and childlike devotion; his proud, handsome head bowed, in unquestioning faith, before the Lord of lords, whom he received humbly and reverently under the form of Bread.

For several days nothing occurred to interrupt the tranquillity of the Village of the Lake. Alton-tion behaved to Coaina with a certain grave respect, and when she addressed her, spoke in a tone so harsh and sneering that she was deeply pained; but feeling innocent of offense and guiltless of crime, she omitted none of her duties, and persevered in all her accustomed attentions to her aunt and cousin, hoping, by patience to overcome evil, and by prayer to turn their hearts forgivingly towards her. She observed that Alton-tion had many and long secret conferences with several of her kinsmen and

friends, and was surprised, once or twice, to see her in close conversation with Ah-deek, the Iroquois.

Tar-ra-hee had not approached her since the night of the Festival of the Assumption; she only heard his flute, now and then, under the trees around the lodge, and except that Father Etienne and her friends around the village greeted her as kind as ever, and the little children gathered about her and hung upon her skirts whenever she appeared among them, she would have indeed felt friendless.

The clouds were gathering around her, and their shadows were discerned by her delicate and sensitive perceptions; she knew not whence they were coming, in what storm they would burst; she trembled with the chill that often swept over her; she felt that no mortal could help her in this mysterious coming woo; but the darker grew her dread, the closer she clung to the shelter of the sanctuary, the oftener she fortified her soul with the divine sacrament, and with more constant fervor did she kneel at the feet of Mary, imploring her gracious protection.

But one day the clouds seemed suddenly to disperse, and again streamed the sunshine into Coaina's heart. Father Etienne walked into Alton-tion's lodge while herself and daughter were partaking of their evening meal, and Coaina, who was no longer permitted to eat at the same board with them, sat apart, busily engaged upon a piece of needle-work. Each one arose to welcome him; he returned their salutations with a cheerful air, and taking the chair placed for him, he drew it to the side of Coaina, and sat down, and with a guilty heart was agitated by this unexpected visit; but when the good priest announced the object of it, she felt as if a bolt of ice had suddenly fallen upon it. "I have not only brought you my blessing to-day, my good children," he said, "but also most excellent tidings. This morning, while the assembly were in council, deliberating about the sale of some lands on the St. Lawrence, which they finally decided not to sell, Tar-ra-hee stood up and declared his intention to make our child here, Coaina, his wife, and asked the consent and approval of all present, including myself. There was not a single voice raised in dissent against it; in fact, there was a number of satiation very anxious, for we all knew, Alton-tion, how precious is To-he to her people. They are all proud of their 'rose,' and each one felt that the young chief's choice of a bride was not only a wise one, but a special pleasure to each individual present. When I was called upon for an opinion—still, Coaina—I not only heartily approved of Tar-ra-hee's choice, but assured him, before all present, that in such a union he would find all the good and happiness that, humanly speaking, one could expect; after which," continued Father Etienne, laying his hand gently upon Coaina's bowed head, "the assembly ratified its solemn approval and formal consent, and I hurried here to be the first to bring the joyful news to your aunt, and give my blessing to the betrothed of the good and brave Tar-ra-hee."

"Thank you, my Father, for your goodness," she said gently, and without lifting her modestly downcast eyes; "Cyril is generous, but it is best, my Father, not to hope for too much. I have sometimes seen," she said, lifting her great soft eyes, and looking before her with a strange, far-off expression, "the day which rose the brightest glow in wild, wintry tempests."

"Coaina, my child, these are dreams. It is the Christian's duty to receive with joy and gratitude whatever good our Father sends, without throwing a veil of cloud and doubt over His gifts," said Father Etienne, cheerfully; but many and many a time since has he remembered her looks and words that day.

"I will try, my Father, to be grateful—to be dutiful; but there's something," passing her hand over her forehead and eyes, "there's something like mist—I don't know what it is, but it seems to shut out the sunshine."

"Coaina," said the good Father, "if you were a pale-face, I should say you have the vapors. You have been keeping in-doors too much of late, and steeping too long at a time over this everlasting bead work and stitching. Alton-tion sees to it, or we shall have a fever instead of a bridal."

"I will see to it, my Father," replied Alton-tion, with a double meaning; then dissembling with a self-possession worthy of a better cause, she rallied Coaina while she congratulated her, and pretended to be highly delighted at the alliance. "Leave her with me, my Father," she continued, "she is only coy—you know how modest Coaina is—she has to think a little while—where a girl had two or three lovers, it is difficult to decide all at once."

"My Father," said Coaina, in response to Etienne's look of inquiry. "I have no lover—that is, I shall be if I could ask or desire." Coaina knew that her aunt meant mischief by this hint, and that she referred to Ah-deek, the Iroquois; she therefore answered as she did, with a slight hesitation, because she remembered that Ah-deek had presumed to call himself her lover; and such was the tender and sacred regard which the young Algonquin maid had for the truth, that she would not lightly deny her aunt's statement, lest she should thereby offend the truth.

"Well, well, my child, cheer up! You have a happy future ahead. Alton-tion, hurry the wedding preparations, for I am sure Tar-ra-hee will not desire a very long delay," and Father Etienne, giving little thought then to what had passed during the interview, hurried up to the Iroquois village to one or two sick persons who needed his ministrations.

The news flew through both villages, in an incredibly short time, that Tar-ra-hee had chosen the Rose of the Algonquins for his bride. Coaina received the hearty congratulations of old and young, of friend and foe, until she, to escape their friendly jests, and

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The incessantly repeated wishes of these who constantly crowded to see her, generally slipped away from them, and by a back path found her way to the chapel, to offer her newly-found happiness to the Blessed Virgin, and hide her modest blushes in the shadow of the sanctuary. We spoke of Coaina's "friends and foes." It is marvelous that so pure and lovely a nature should have a foe; but alas! it is a world-old story how virtue ever excites malice; beauty, envy; prosperity, jealousy; and felicity, hatred and ill-will; so, after all, it is not strange that our Rose of the Algonquins had her enemies who, to conceal their plans for her ruin, assumed the guise of friendship, and were loud in their protestations of delight at her good fortune.

Never was happiness and prosperity borne with greater modesty. The cloud that had shadowed her heart seemed to have passed away. Alton-tion and her cousin were more kind, and the strong protecting love of her betrothed, gave her a feeling of tranquil happiness. No duty was left neglected; no kindness left undone; no pleasure or assistance that she could afford was withheld. Skilled, as we said before, in hunting and fishing, she brought the choicest dainties of the lake and forest to her aunt's lodge, and so dutifully did she perform all her tasks, so important had she become to Alton-tion's comfort and Winona's whims, that her aunt began to feel what a terrible loss Coaina would be to her. This was another incentive to her to carry out her selfish and malicious plots against the guiltless maid, for whose approaching marriage the most splendid preparations known to these primitive people were in progress.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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REGINA NOTES. During the year that is gone very many changes have taken place in the parish. Rev. Father Van Housen, who has been in charge of the parish since his arrival in Regina, Wis., prior to his departure he was presented with an address and well-earned purse by the parishioners.

Loughlynn had good reason to be thankful to his countrymen. He was all that good to the people from any particular point of view. He was a man who had a right to be proud of his country.

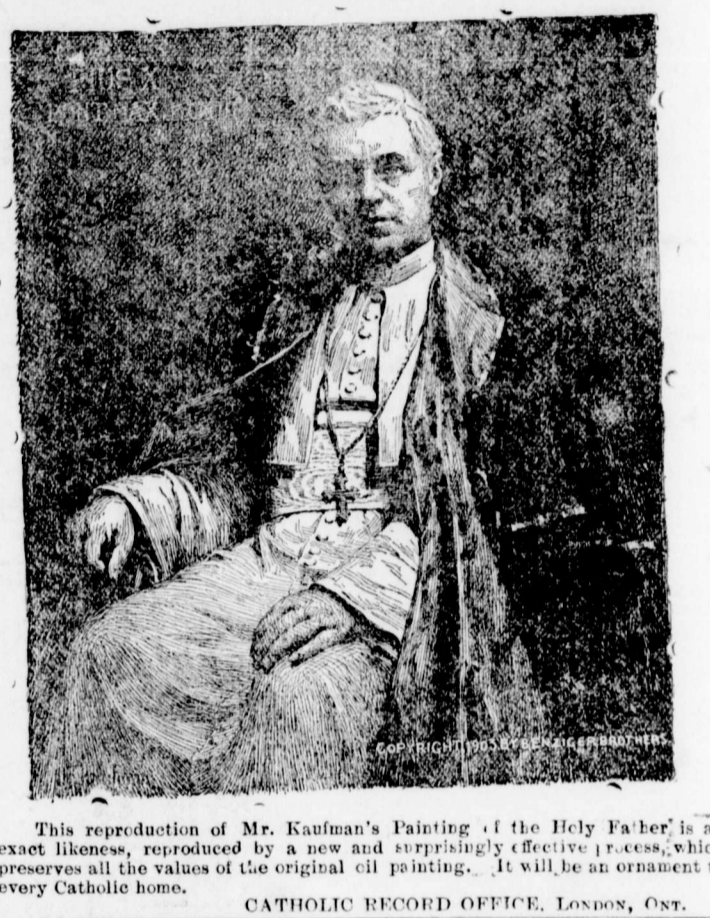
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FUNERAL SERMON PREACHED BY REV. J. V. TOBIN. Stratford, Ont.,—Rev. J. V. Tobin of St. Joseph's Church preached on Sunday last upon the death of our late beloved parish priest, the Very Rev. Dean Kilroy, for thirty years pastor of St. Joseph's Church, in this city.

former's "White Rose" and "Ode to the North Wind" are unpublished gems. What a short review of Sidney Lanier's life was given. The memorial published with the latest issue of the "Catholic Record" tells us of a man who was born in Georgia in 1824 and early developed a wonderful taste for music.

HOPE. Relying now on Thy Almighty power oh! my God, Thy goodness, Lord, and mercy infinite, And on Thy promises, which ever faithfully are kept, I humbly ask forgiveness to-night.

ENTERTAINMENT

BY LETTERS OF ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT LINDSAY IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FRIDAY JAN. 15, 1904.

Christmas night the usual Mass was celebrated at midnight by Rev. Father Kien, O. M. I., while Rev. Father Kuper, O. M. I., delivered the Christmas sermon.

On Sunday evening Mr. Vesper, upon invitation of the parish, delivered a sermon on the subject of "The New Year's Resolutions."

On Sunday evening Mr. Vesper, upon invitation of the parish, delivered a sermon on the subject of "The New Year's Resolutions."

C. O. F.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE. Branford, Jan. 21, 1904. At the last regular meeting of the above C. O. F. the following resolution of condolence was passed:

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VOLUME XXV

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1904.

THE IMPREGNABLE

In a recent issue of the Monthly a writer devotes a page to the subject of national division and doubt. Church. He is not perturbed by one hundred and religious denominations.

THE CHURCH EVANGELIST

Moreover, the history of the Church in the United States, which has been so long and so successful, is a testimony to the power and prestige of the Catholic Church.

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The first meeting of the New Year was very interesting and well attended. History is rapidly making the present time the most important in the world.

THE VERY REV. CANON WHITE, P. P. LOUGHLYNN.

ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME HOME FROM AMERICA. The village of Loughlynn, Ireland and surrounding district were on foot on the 19th inst. because of the return of the Very Rev. Canon White.

THE D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE

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MARKET REPORTS

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