

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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A FRANK ADMISSION

"It is astonishing," says our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Fortnightly Review, "to see a Protestant canonist of the intellectual calibre of Professor Emil Friedberg opposing the abrogation of the law which forbids the Jesuits, qua Jesuits, to live in Germany." As to the motive of his opposition the Professor confesses "that we have but little confidence in the ability of the Evangelical Church to overcome the compact system of the Jesuits." So much at least is certain: the Evangelical Church has not developed any such ability at any time in the three centuries during which she has lived and wrought side by side with the Jesuit order.

ANOTHER WITNESS.

From the many who have set upon Jesuit educational methods the seal of their approbation we select one, Sir James Mackintosh, whose testimony may be instructive to the non-Catholic editor. He says in "Historical View of the Reign of James II." (c. 8) that the Jesuits "cultivated polite literature with splendid success: they were the earliest, and perhaps the most extensive reformers of European education, which in their schools made a larger stride than it has at any succeeding moment; and by the just reputation of their learning, as well as by the weapons with which it armed them, they were enabled to carry on a vigorous contest against the most learned impugners of the authority of the Church."

THE HERITAGE OF HATRED.

M. Brunetiere said that the hatred for the Catholic Church, manifested by infidelity in every age and land, is a proof of her vitality. Were she not a living force she would be left undisturbed.

A KANSAS ON THE WAR-PATH.

A Kansas Socialist editor is not pleased with the attitude of the American Federation of Catholic Societies towards Socialism. Its resolution to the effect that the philosophical principles on which the leaders of International Socialism base their economic demands, constitute rank atheism and materialism, evokes the comment that this is a "vicious libel and an unqualified falsehood."

We may also mention that, in a lecture delivered in Chicago and published in the Catholic Review of Reviews, March 1904, Bishop Spalding said, that Socialism as set forth by Marx and its other able exponents rests on a basis of materialism and atheism, and is the foe, not merely of the fundamental economic institution, but of the monogamic family and the Christian Church as well.

Socialism has failed, even in small isolated communities, and no serious attempt to establish it as a general scheme can be made so long as the men who would public opinion continue to believe in the paramount worth of the life of the spirit: and should the world lose this faith it will be driven to accept the autocracy of despots, not the tyranny of collectivism. When a man of the intellectual calibre of Bishop Spalding declares that Socialism rests on a basis of materialism and atheism we may be sure that he is guilty of misrepresentation.

JUDGED BY ITS PRINCIPLES.

We judge Socialism by its principles. If these be false, Socialism is false. And to know these principles we must go to the authoritative exponents of Socialism. Marx, for instance, in his "Secret Societies in Switzerland," writes: "We wage war against all prevailing ideas about religion. The idea of God is the keystone of a perverted civilization, and it is useful to sweep it from the face of the earth."

In France the most prominent Socialist orators are as one in declaring that the only possible result of all rational education must be the evolution of the religion of the past into the irreligion of the future.

Prof. Geo. D. Herron, who is not unknown to American Socialists, declares that "Christianity to-day stands for what is lowest and basest in human life."

In Germany, the Socialist leader, Bebel, has said that mothers should bring forth their children in State institutions and then be free to walk in

the path of Free Love. Assuming that these Socialists know what they are talking about, we have no hesitancy in saying that no reasonable man can find fault with the assertion that international socialism rests on a basis of atheism and materialism.

THE OPPORTUNITY DECLINED.

In a letter dated May 3, 1904, Rev. W. S. Kress asked the Nationalist Socialist Convention, which met in Chicago, May 16, 1904, for an authoritative affirmation or denial to various propositions. "It is charged by many," he wrote, "that socialism aims to disrupt the family and make love the only bond of union between husband and wife." One gets such a notion from reading Marx, Engels, Bebel, Owen, Morris, "Appeal to Reason," (February 21, 1903) etc. Will not your convention go on record as repudiating all such teaching. When you affirm or reaffirm adherence to the principles of International Socialism do these principles include the materialistic concept of history and economic determinism? He asked them if they believed that the vote of the majority shall be supreme in all things, even to the extent of over-riding God's revealed will. The Socialist delegates, however, ignored this communication for reasons that are set forth in "Socialism, The Nation of Fatherless Children," by David Goldstein. This writer cannot be scoffed out of court as one unacquainted with real socialism, for he knows it, as one who has had an intimate experience with many of its leading spirits and, has read its philosophical literature. He has seen it at close range, and, moreover, for eight years was engaged in its propaganda. His arraignment, therefore, of its doctrines is entitled to consideration. The scope of his work may be indicated by the following headings of its thirteen chapters: "The Material Doctrine of Socialism;" "Origin of Socialism;" "Opposed to Christianity;" "Socialism International;" "Socialist Tactics;" "Public Ownership;" "Evolution Morally Irresponsible;" "Political Atheism;" "Free Love;" "Homeless Children;" "Two Socialist Leaders;" "The State;" "Trade Unions."

This book is sold by Union News League, Boston, 50 cents.

JUST COMPLAINTS.

We know there is many a just cause for complaint, and that the outrages of the ruthless capitalist are more detrimental to society than the actions of extreme socialists. We do not believe that a man should be dogged by want, and in old age flung aside as a worthless machine. Every attempt at reasonable reform should have our support. We are of the opinion that if we had a measure of the enthusiasm of the socialist we should have fewer programmes framed by the materialist and less unreasoning hatred of capital.

We say that Christianity is the barrier to wrong and oppression, and soothe our conscience by desecrating its achievements in the past. But what are we doing to show that it has not lost its vitality—that socialism is not necessary. Where is our contribution to justice and human brotherhood? How do we make plain the meaning of the words: You are all brothers and of one Father Who is in heaven. How again do we endeavor to guard childhood; to protect woman from underpaid work; to ensure to the toiler remuneration enough to support him in reasonable and frugal comfort.

FUTILE PROPOSALS.

Pope Leo XIII. points out in the Encyclical on the Condition of Labor, that the proposals of the socialists are so clearly futile for all practical purposes that if they were carried out the workingman himself would be the first to suffer. Moreover, they are emphatically unjust, because they would rob the lawful possessor and bring the State into a sphere that is not its own and cause complete confusion in the community.

THE TRUE REMEDY.

The illustrious Pontiff says that no practical solution of the labor question will ever be found without the assistance of religion and of the Church. It is the Church that proclaims from the Gospel those teachings by which the conflict can be put an end to, or at the least made far less bitter: the Church uses its efforts, not only to enlighten the mind, but to direct by its precepts the life and conduct of men:

the Church improves and ameliorates the condition of the workingman by numerous useful organizations: does its best to enlist the services of all ranks in discussing and endeavoring to meet in the most practical way the claims of the working classes; and acts on the decided view that for these purposes recourse should be had in due measure and degree to the help of State authority.

THE OLD STORY.

It is a strange spectacle, says an editor, to see a Pope flinging a syllabus into the face of this civilization. He sees a future burdened with danger. He holds faith disappearing under the disintegrating touch of the Holy Father. He hears murmurs of discontent within the fold, in a word, he gives old time and old-respected prejudices a frame of ornate rhetoric. There is, of course, nothing singular in the attitude of the Holy Father. He does his duty as his predecessors have done it, uncompromisingly, preferring to please God rather than men. But is fidelity to vocation so rare a thing that it must be looked upon as something strange. Future perils do not alarm us, for we are in Peter's bark which has proved itself to be seaworthy. We read upon our banners the names of many an old field of battle and of glory: we are strong in the strength of our fathers and we mean to do in our humble measure what our fathers have done before us.

IRELAND AS THE SCHOOL OF THE WEST.

Bishop Wordsworth (Prot. in Occasional Sermons). More than a thousand years ago the Church of Ireland was the burning and shining light of the Western World. Her candlestick was seen from afar, diffusing its rays like the luminous beacon of some lofty lighthouse, planted on a rock amid the foaming surge of the ocean, and casting its light over the dark sea to guide the mariner in his course. Such was the Church of Ireland then. Such she was specially to us. We, of this land, must not endeavor to conceal our obligations to her. We must regard her with affectionate generosity, and with regard to sacred learning—Ireland was in advance of England at that time. The sons of our nobles and gentry were sent for education thither. Ireland was the University of the West. She was rich in libraries, colleges, and schools. She was famous, as now, for hospitality. She received those who came to her with affectionate generosity, and provided them with books and instructors. She trained them in sound learning, especially in the Word of God.

Nor is this all. We, my brethren, are bound to remember that the Christianity of England and of Scotland was, in a great measure, relearned upon them from the West, by the instrumentality of Irish missionaries, especially of those who came from the Scriptural School of Iona. That school was founded in the sixth century by St. Columba. He came from Ireland. He is here regarded as the Apostle of the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. He preached the Gospel there thirty years before St. Austin landed in England.

Many, doubtless, who are here present, have stood on the sea girt cliff of Iona, and have viewed with religious interest and veneration the mouldering remains of ancient Christianity which still survive on its solitary shore. The name of Iona has been coupled with that of Marathon by one of our most celebrated writers, in a passage familiar to all; and they who are versed in the history of Christianity in their own land (and who ought not to study it?) will gladly and gratefully confess, that the peaceful conquests achieved in our country by the saintly armies of Iona, were far more beneficent and glorious than any that were ever gained on fields like that of Marathon; for the names of those who fought for these victories of the Gospel are inscribed—not in perishable records, but in the pages of the Book of Life.

"Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows? Surely the Isles shall wait for Me."

May we not be permitted to apply this prophetic language to them. The Hebrew word here used for Iona is I, and is cognate with that by which Iona was first known. It was originally called Hii. The Hebrew word here used for Dove is Yona. And the name of St. Columba signifies Dove. Hence it was that the Island to which we now refer was called Iona, or the Island of St. Columba, or of the Dove. And it was also, and is still, called by a word bearing the same sense, IColm Kill, i. e., the Island of Columba, the founder of churches; for Kill, it is well known signifies church. When, therefore, we bear in mind these circumstances; when we recollect that the Dove is the scriptural emblem of the Christian soul; and when we remember that Iona, in those days, was a central church, a sacred school of the West, a refuge for the weary soul, &c. which many floated from afar—may we not say that it was like a Christian Columbarium, where the doves found a house, and a nest where they might lay their young—even the altar of the Lords of Hosts? And may we not here exclaim, "Who

are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows? Surely the Isles shall wait for Me."

St. Columba, having founded the missionary church of Iona, and having preached the Gospel in Scotland and the Isles, fell asleep in Christ, in a good old age, at the end of the sixth century (A. D. 597).

But he being dead yet speaketh. Before the middle of the following century—the seventh century (A. D. 635)—the King of Northumbria, Oswald, who had been educated in the Irish Church, sent it for Christian teachers, that they might convert his subjects from Paganism. Accordingly, Aidan, an Irish Bishop, and other Irish missionaries, went forth from the school of Iona, and were received by the King in Lindisfarne, and preached the Gospel in Northumbria and planted the Church there.

The happy effects of this mission from Iona were felt throughout England, from the river Humber to the Thames. Churches were built; the people flocked with joy to hear the Word of God. The great Duke, the Holy Swithun, God-blessed, invisibly over the heads of thousands baptized by these Irish missionaries in the faith of Christ in our own land. Multiudes, scathed by the storm, and finding no rest for the soles of their feet on the wilderness of the waters of this life, took refuge in the Ark of the Church.

LETTERS FROM ROME

We might speak of many matters of importance in Rome this week—public criticism of the late encyclical, new phases of the Franco-Italian campaign in Italy against Catholicity, the developments concerning the Holy Father's jubilee. The manner in which the "Twentieth of September," the thirty-seventh anniversary of the fall of Rome, was celebrated—not alone by the monarchists, but by the different sections of freethinkers in Rome—invites for the moment one's attention more closely than the foregoing topics, and leads one to commiserate the lot of Victor Emmanuel in the Quirinal as well as that of the Prisoner of the Vatican. For this anniversary had been marked out for a monster display of hostility towards the Church on the part of Garibaldians, Masons, Socialists, many societies—such as the "No God nor Master" Union, the Giordano Bruno Society, etc.—in a word, the entire element subversive of law and order in Italy.

From an early hour signs of activity of an unusual kind were apparent. Flags and banners waved from Government buildings (most of them convents), and the streets were filled with confederate flags; a few hotels and private houses made some displays of loyalty to the house of Savoy, and soon one could see "a Roman holiday" of no ordinary kind was to obtain throughout the city for the day.

But the other phase of the anniversary was much less pleasing. The anti-religious procession, the disconcerting elements mentioned above, carrying some fifty banners, now began to move through the streets to the cry of "Morte al Papa!" "Morte al Re!" Yes, they wished for the abolition of the spirit of religion and the restraints of civil law, and thus could have chosen no war cries more appropriate than "Death to the Pope!" "Death to the King!" Straggle ensued, the anarchists were conspicuous by their absence for some reason or other.

The Quorum of Rome had taken extraordinary precautions to maintain order. Numerous reinforcements had been coming to the city for several days previously, and to-day companies were stationed in various quarters, ready by night for emergencies, while other bodies bivouacked in court-yards awaiting a call.

At three in the afternoon the long procession was set in motion. These outrages are permitted by the Government against itself as well as the Vatican merely to avoid greater evils. And the troops had orders not to provoke the people in any way. Occasionally the processionists tried to pass streets forbidden to them, only to be confronted by lines of old steel. Then they contented themselves by crying down the king. This scene occurred several times before their arrival at the capitol, upon which historic spot a public meeting was held, a well-known freethinker being the first speaker. He sneered at everything in general, ending by trying to prove by arguments fixed by rote that "religion is useless to the people."

And amid all this frenzied turmoil, the scene of which he could discern from his bedroom windows, the Sovereign Pontiff calmly went through his day's work. Despatching brief, slangy documents detached by various parts of the world, receiving visitors from many nations, the Old Man of the Vatican who toiled into Rome, weary and travel-stained, twenty centuries ago in the person of Peter and to-day suffers in the person of Pius, worked tranquilly, well knowing an omnipotent Power guards his throne.

COMMENT ON THE ENCYCLICAL. Many and varied are the comments passed by the press of the world on the recent encyclical of Pius X. That the document should have been given to Christendom at the very moment when the enemies of the Holy See show themselves more determined and quit so powerful as in any previous crisis that has afflicted the Church is a matter of surprise to most of them, while others are almost startled by the bold, uncompromising tone of the denunciations contained therein.

The Journal des Debats says that the

pronouncement of the Holy Father will be the cause of intense joy to some, but to others the source of sadness, serving at the same as a prick to conscience. Further on this paper expresses the opinion that the desired end shall be attained, at least for a time, since the modernists still hold the faith, and therefore will not leave the Church.

The old enthusiasm that always marked France regarding Church matters in days gone by seems awakened again by L'Univers. After commenting on the universal attention which the encyclical commanded, L'Univers asks: "Who, therefore, will dare to hold that the Church is a dying institution or the Pope a decadent sovereign? When he speaks he makes millions bow the knee, and causes the world to move."

THE MIRACLE OF ST. JANUARIUS.

"Le Peuple Français" declares all should testify lively acknowledgment of the debt due to Pius X. for his timely encyclical. He has exposed to view a cancerous sore, the full extent of which no one was aware.

On the 19th inst. tens of thousands again gathered in the Duomo in Naples to witness the miraculous liquefaction of the blood of the martyr, Januarius. For many centuries the phial of caked blood has been the treasure of that of the quaintest of European cities. In case the blood does not liquefy on the anniversary of their patron's martyrdom, the people are prepared for some appalling calamity. And this belief has been too well verified on two occasions. Hence it is that from the moment of its exposure until the time of the liquefaction the most intense excitement prevails amongst the thousands present. It was noted this year that a large number of Americans and English were present at the scene.

As soon as the blood liquefied, a cry arose from the mighty concourse. Then, amid the booming of cannon on the heights over the city announcing the glad tidings, the "Te Deum" was sung by the mass of people. A procession was formed, and the blood, dark red and fresh as if poured out by Januarius only yesterday, was carried through a cathedral.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF PIUS X. OPENED. On the 18th inst. we had the opening of the Holy Father's jubilee by a telegram from the committee charged with affairs to Pius X. laying the homage of all Catholics at his feet. A reply from Cardinal Merry del Val conveyed the Pope's blessing, with expressions of hearty thanks.

On the following Sunday Rome gathered in the Gesù to offer up thanks for the Pope's safety and strong health. We need scarcely remark how consoling these manifestations of love are to the one who has to suffer so much from open foes and pretended friends.—Roman Correspondence of Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

SPIRITISM CONDEMNED.

Summarizing the doctrine of the Church on Spiritualism, as that doctrine is stated in the "Civiltà Cattolica" by Father Franco, S. J., the "Literary Digest," says: "The Roman Catholic Church believes in the facts of Spiritism, but condemns its claims and practices as contrary to the commands of the Bible, and likely to involve those who practice it in delusions and error."

In the course of the article to which the "Digest" refers, occurs this interesting statement: "In 1898 a devout Christian questioned the Holy See as to whether it was allowable for him, provided he necessarily be, were they permitted to perform the great miracle of returning from the other world, manifesting themselves to us, and working at the seances wonders contrary to nature, and therefore inexplicable, the case might be different. Worse than this, the spirit which presents itself at seances often shows plainly that he can be no other than the being branded a hundred times by Jesus Christ in the Gospel as 'the unclean spirit.'"

No intelligent, well-informed person will now be found contemptuously to ignore the occurrences so accurately and faithfully observed and reported by members of the Society for Physical Research. Facts are facts, and many of those chronicled in the reports of this association are of a startling character. It is natural since the phenomena proves the existence of spirit as distinguished from matter, and ever fresh developments demonstrate the possibility of communication with the dead, that among those who have no firm or solid religious belief an attempt should be made to construct a religion out of the testimony so abundantly afforded. "It is on this account," says Father Searle, G. S. P., writing in the current Catholic World, "that these modern psychical phenomena have, from a Catholic point of view, their principal importance and their terrible danger."

Strictly speaking, there is perhaps

nothing absolutely new in all these modern occurrences," continues Father Searle. "Others, very similar to them at any rate, have been known from the earliest ages of which we have any records. But the modern ones have a great value, from having been accurately and faithfully observed and reported by men of great scientific ability, or by others instructed by them in scientific methods; so that we have now a great mass of evidence carefully sifted and freed at least from ordinary sources of error. At first, the disposition of the principal and most able investigators was decidedly sceptical; it was supposed that most of the phenomena were due either to imagination, to fraud, or to trickery, such as that professedly practiced by conjurers. But, as the investigation went on, became more and more evident that there was a very considerable residuum which could not be accounted for in any of these ways, and for which some satisfactory explanation was wanting and very desirable.

The investigation, therefore, was not dropped, but has continued with new developments up to the present day." The assurance that the principles of Spiritualism are distinctly and dangerously anti-Christian ought to be sufficient warning to every Catholic against Spiritualistic seances. Loss of health, mental and physical, as well as loss of faith, has often resulted from meddling with Spiritualism. We know of a young person whose reason was destroyed a few years ago by a strange and awful manifestation of occult power. The father of this unfortunate, although not a Catholic, is firmly persuaded that the enemy of souls was the cause of the misfortune. Well worthy of due consideration and attention is the following warning with which the late Dr. Frederick George Lee concludes a chapter on modern necromancy: "Now that Spiritualism counts its willing and earnest votaries by hundreds of thousands, the system requires to be met by some better weapons than rotten and useless instruments of scientific contempt and imbecile popular scoldings, which shall surely pierce the hands of these shallow sceptics who use them. The apparent frivolity and absurdity of some of the Spiritualistic performances, which do not shock the moral feelings of the experimenters, lead many persons to regard them as really harmless. The most elementary form of the manifestations, consisting of more rapping and table-turning, soon gives place to exhibitions of a more remarkable and startling character. By the first, people are readily deluded into invoking and consulting spirits as a mere exciting sensation. They advance in knowledge, experience and daring. Fresh manifestations are eagerly witnessed; new attempts at divination made; darker and yet darker indications of the presence of demons are afforded, which are at once mischievous and often impure, until in some cases lunacy or signs of actual possession surely supervene."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Rt. Rev. Daniel Francis Feehan, for twenty eight years pastor at Pitchburg, Mass., was consecrated Bishop of Fall River to succeed the late Bishop Stang on Thursday, Sep. 19.

It is proposed to place on Cardinal Manning's tomb, in the crypt below the high altar of Westminster Cathedral, an effigy, cast in bronze, representing him as an Archbishop, robed in complete Pontifical vestments.

Shops were closed, business was suspended and Public schools ceased their sessions on the day of the funeral of the Rev. Charles A. O'Connor, pastor of the Church of the Holy Family, Rockland, Mass., who died last week. Every denomination in the town was represented at the Solemn High Mass of Requiem.

With elaborate ceremonies, the Catholics of Liverpool, England, celebrated recently the seventh hundredth anniversary of the birth of that city. The Solemn Pontifical Mass sung by the Bishop of Liverpool was attended by the entire consular body and by the city council. After Mass the Te Deum was intoned.

English Catholic exchanges chronicle the death, on September 15, of Right Rev. Arthur G. Riddell, D. D., Bishop of Northampton since 1871. He was born in Paris in 1836 and was a descendant of two distinguished English Catholic families, both of whom gave a Bishop to the Church during the last century. The Holy Name Society held its annual rally exercises on Monday of last week in the various districts of Brooklyn, N. Y. Thousands of persons lined the thoroughfares to watch twenty-five thousand men in the parade in protest against the abuse of the Holy Name of Jesus and against unwholesome speech in general.

There were 32 converts among the 50 adults confirmed in a class of 200 at St. Agnes Church, Cleveland, last Sunday afternoon. This is probably the largest number of converts ever confirmed at one time in a Cleveland parish and represents the fruit of the missionary movement inaugurated with the lectures of Dr. Lloyd last year and zealously kept up by the pastor Father Jennings, and his assistants.

One of the most brilliant speakers at the Eucharistic Congress held in Rome was a dark-skinned Haytian named Benedict Siliwan. His theme was the work of redeeming slaves in Africa, and he was enthusiastically applauded by the thousands who heard him. Pius X. granted him a private audience and conversed with him about the international organization soon to be founded to work for the elevation of the African races.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

LUKE DELMEGE

BY REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY ADAMS," "STUDENT," "THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE," "CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MARY OF MAGDALA. In the home of the Good Shepherd the religion of our Lord reaches its culmination. No wonder that the favorite representation of Christ in catacombs and elsewhere for three hundred years was this of the yearning and merciful Savior. How well those early Christians knew His spirit, when they placed a kid, and not a lamb, on His shoulders! "I came not to call the just, but sinners." Yes! charity first and then the Crucifixion—the mystery of suffering. And here in the city of the Violated Treaty, under its crumbling, historic walls, and just outside its ruins, nestled such a home. You might pass through the city a hundred times and not know that such an institution was there. You might visit the historic bridge, and the Treaty Stone, and never know that here also was a place where the might of the Lord was visibly triumphant. You might hear elsewhere of the miracles of Christianity—here you could see them. You might read of battles, fought; but here, you can see the Standards; but here you can see the bleeding and scratched from the battlefield, and sheltered in the camp of Christ. And here, if you had faith, that is, if you opened your eyes, and brushed aside the film of habit, you might see miracles, and saints, and prodigies, such as you read of in the Gospel, or in medieval times, when perhaps you wished you had been born then. So at least, thought Father Tracey, "except when he deplored that crass stupidity of men, that will not see what is under their eyes."

prayed and argued ever so strongly for the wayward and the tempted. It would appear, too, that she had been a lady of very high rank, and had toppled down from circle to circle of the Inferno, until God took pity on her and brought her here. And here she developed such sanctity that the community and her sister penitents were bewildered; but all agreed that there was a saint—a real, downright, heroic saint—amongst them. But by far the most surprised and bewildered amongst this sacred community of nuns and penitents was the confessor, Father Tracey. He did not know what to make of it. He was confused, humbled, nervous, and ashamed. The first time he saw this young penitent was at a "play." For this glorious Sisterhood used every human means that talent or the divine ingenuity of charity could suggest to wean away these poor souls from the fierce attractions of sin and the world. And so there were plays, and concerts, and dramatic entertainments, and tableaux vivants, and all kinds of innocent dissipation for the kinds of inmates. All these harmless amusements were very successful in cheating the poor souls of the more deadly draughts of sin, until grace and habit finally triumphed. Well, at one of these entertainments, Sister Mary of Magdala was chief actor. She personated a fine lady of the world, suffering from nerves, and in consultation with a lady specialist. It was very amusing, and the audience were in convulsions. The venerable penitent who had done their fifty years of purgatory in this asylum; young penitents, fresh from the pollution of the city and with the remnants of rural innocence still clinging to them; dark, gloomy souls, the special prey of the tempter; and the gentle Sisterhood, presiding over all, yielded to the irresistible movement. Sister Mary had doffed the penitent's dress and was clad in the finery of the well-dressed woman of the world. It became her well. She was every inch a lady, and all the sweetness and delicacy of her early training shone through the absurdity of the part she was playing.

times I do be puzzled; and I look up, when I should look down; and, at the Conference, the Bishop never asks me anything, lest I should make a fool of myself. "I'm afraid you want Searameill badly, Father. It was well for you you didn't get charge of us." "Ah, that was out of the question, my dear. And the Bishop saw it the moment I hinted at the thing. I'd have had the all of ye half cracked by this time." "And so you think Mary of Magdala is a saint?" "Think? I know it. And suppose now, I should misdirect that grand soul, or fall to lift it upwards, what a frightful responsibility! I'm thinking of asking the Bishop to remove me, and—" "You'll do nothing of the kind," said Margery, thoroughly frightened. "You'll just stay where you are." "Perhaps so, my dear. But I'll tell you now what you could do for me. You could read up all about St. Catherine of Siena, and Blessed Angela of Foligno, and Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, and let me know what their confessions need to do. Or, I'll tell you. If you'd be so good as to write to your brother (he's a very distinguished theologian, you know), and pretend nothing, but ask a few questions, which I will put to her the way time, perhaps—" "Adding in her own mind, "Tis a direct inspiration." "Then, you know, I could feel sure that I was supported by sound Catholic theology; and I couldn't go very far astray." "I will," said Margery. "And so they were going to turn you out of Maynooth?" "So they were, my dear, but for Dr. Whitehead." "And you would be now digging potatoes?" "Yes, my dear, in a flannel waist coat and hobbled boots." "H'm. A decided improvement. I should say, on your present wardrobe. At least they'd keep out the rain." And Sister Mary of Magdala was quite unconscious that she was exciting such interest; but went around in her penitent's garb, and washed and scrubbed, and ironed, and did all kinds of menial offices for the aged and the sick, and took gratefully their awkward gratitude. "God bless you, alanna!" or, "God bless you, Mary, and forgive you and forgive all, for all we ever done against His holy and blessed Name!" and they wondered, poor souls, in their own dull way, at the wonderful skill of the Divine Artist, Who could raise this spirit of sweetness, this lily of light, out of the sordid and reeking refuse of the regretful past.

such lovely faces, turned upwards to the skies—such peace, such happiness, to which, we poor women of the world, are strangers." "Let us change the subject," said the doctor. "You wished to consult me?" "Yes. And the consultation went on. And lo! as a result, the pretty nun faces vanished, and a grim death's head appeared, floating through the eyes and in the words of that horrid doctor. And she besought him, implored him to reconsider his verdict. So young, and the world so bright! "I regret to say, Mrs. Wenham, that everything you tell me seems to confirm my judgment." And Mrs. Wenham wept. Death and Judgment seemed to follow this family as footmen. The Canon, too, was deeply interested. He had written piteous letters to great ecclesiastics in England. He had always written on his created note-paper with the family arms and motto, *Sons tache!* and the signed himself *Maurice Canon Murray.* He would have given a good deal to be able to add Archbishop, or Dean of X— But that was not to be, yet a while. He received, after some delay, very courteous replies; but there was no news of Barbara. If she had entered an English convent it could hardly have escaped the notice of the authorities. At last, one day a letter came from the south of England, stating that a young lady, answering in all respects his description of Barbara, had entered a branch of a foreign institution, lately domiciled in England owing to the persecutions in Germany, but hinting a doubt that there must be a mistake, for this Order admitted as postulants only the children of noble or, at least, aristocratic families. The Canon was indignant, and wrote back a dignified letter to his correspondent, asking, somewhat sarcastically whether he was aware that her father was a Dublin baronet, and her uncle Canon of X— The next post brought an apologetic reply; and it assured the Canon that all doubts were cleared up and that it must have been his niece who had entered the novitiate of the *Dames de Saint Esprit.* She had been sent to Austria to complete her two years' novitiate. "I thought so," said the Canon grandly. "And I shall be very much surprised if she does not reach the highest—distinction in her Order!" And fancy—an old man's loving fancy, swept him even farther; and he would dilate at length on the present and future prospects of his niece. And when the poor old people, who had been recipients of Barbara's charity, when she was a girl, asked him, when she was the tender and tenacious gratitude of the poor: "Wish, your reverence, may I make bold to ask you where Miss Wilson is, God bless her?" the Canon would answer: "Yes, my poor woman, I am happy to inform you that my niece, your benefactress, has—entered religion—become a nun, you know, in a community exclusively reserved for the highest continental families." And when the poor would express their joy and surprise: "Wish, we knew God would always have a hand in her, the sweet young lady—" the Canon would say: "Yes, indeed. Some day Miss Wilson will reach the highest dignities in her Order, and probably become its mitred Abbess." And "mitred Abbess" became the standing puzzle and enigma to the parish, for about six months. When the word "mitred" came to be understood it caused grave head-shaking and heart-trouble. "The notion of a bishop's hat on a little girl like that was almost a scandal," said the parson, and he consulted Father Cussen was consulted. "Psha!" he said. "Mitred, indeed! 'Tis the mitre he wants high on his head. It should be a pretty high one. And his head is always in the clouds!" Nevertheless, the Canon was gratified; and the people conceived a larger idea of his power and might, and the greatness of the family. And even Dr. Wilson was reconciled to the idea, when he discovered that his beloved child was enrolled amongst the nobility of France and Austria. After all, he said, the Church is a beneficent mother, and happily provides shelter for her children in every grade of life.

lady to inspire me with warmer feelings than the rest of the sex generally. But my life was not to remain by any means so monotonous. Scarlet fever and measles broke out amongst the children of the district, and at the same time influenza was rife. So between all these I had a very busy time of it. To say the least of it, I was run off my feet, and, as was to be expected, I used to be very tired in the evenings. One evening during this time, as I was seated in my armchair opposite the fire in my library, worn out by the worries and labors of the day, I fell into a fitful slumber—such slumbers as one may expect to have dreams in. As I slumbered I dreamt the most curious dream imaginable. I thought I was in a strange street in a strange town. It was night, and the street was deserted. It must have been about eleven or twelve at night, and the lights of the city were all out, but here and there a solitary light glimmered in a window. By the little light there was I was enabled to read some of the names over the doors, and from the form of the letters I drew the conclusion I was in a German city. Strange to say, I didn't feel it to be in any way extraordinary for me to be there, so far from home in an unknown spot at such an hour. I felt just as much at home as if I had been there all my life. As I was looking round me one building in particular caught my eye. It was evidently a private house and of moderate dimensions. There was nothing extraordinary about this house more than any other in the street, except it was one of the few which had lights up; yet I felt myself drawn towards it by some strange, unaccountable influence. It was separated from the street by a brass railing, inside of which was a grass plot sufficiently wide to admit of three walking abreast. There was a little gate on the railing, from which a little path led across the grass plot to the door. Across this path I went and in at the door. As I entered I stood in a hall, from which a door opened on the left, and from this a light was streaming. I stood at the door and looked in. It was a nice little room, nicely furnished, but what I admired most in it was that the walls were paneled, and the panels were artistically ornamented. The color ornamentation looked the form of roses amidst an exuberance of leaves. As I was admiring this tracery, my attention was attracted in particular to one rose on the panel of the wall which was next the street. It appeared to me brighter than the rest, and I was fascinated by it. In the room, sitting at the fire, which was directly opposite the street, were two young people—one a man, the other a girl. They were both tall and handsome and about my own age. The girl was the most beautiful I had ever seen. She was tall and fair. Her every feature was perfect. Even in my dream I fell passionately in love with her. Ah! I think I hear some of my cynical bachelor readers say such a thing to me, saying that for the time I was deprived of my senses. She and her brother were talking, for I could see their lips moving; but one syllable of what they were saying I couldn't catch, although I was quite close to them. After a short time the sister arose and went out, passing quite close to where I stood, without being aware of my presence; but that was natural, seeing it was a mere dream. When she was gone my eyes again wandered to the artistic panelling of the walls, and to the one bright rose in particular. As I watched, to my great astonishment the panelling on which the rose was situated, and the three corresponding ones forming a square, slid aside disclosing a dark aperture. I said in speechless astonishment, and my astonishment was increased twofold when I saw a man showing himself at this opening. He was dark and handsome, but his features were rendered evil-looking by a diabolical smile which played round his lips as he was watching the young man, who was quite unconscious of his presence. A sinister glint I saw that he was fingering a dainty little jewelled revolver in a dangerous looking manner, and as he did the diabolical smile deepened in malice, rendering his face perfectly fenshish. Even as I gazed with horror he coolly levelled the revolver, aiming at the young man, and pulled the trigger—A flash!—A report!—A crash!—Then oblivion!

tranquil. Before I tell you any more I may as well say I didn't believe at all in dreams. I considered them nothing more than "the vapors of a diseased imagination;" but still, the vividness in every detail of this dream struck me as curious, and I found myself unconsciously trying to put a construction on it. The beauty of my "dream-lady" haunted me, and the bright rose on the panelling was constantly recurring. But at last my aversion to giving heed to dreams came to my aid, and I banished it from my mind as being the natural effect of an overworked brain. A short time after I had this dream, I found myself gradually falling into bad health, owing to the terrible strain of overwork, and I determined to take a turn on the Continent for the good of my health. So I started to prepare for my journey. I hired a substitute to do my work in my absence; and to Mary I entrusted the care of everything I was leaving behind me, including the substitute. In a few days I was ready to set out, and with the farewell blessings of honest Mary ringing in my ears I started. Little I thought my journey would be fraught with so much adventure, Little I thought of what importance it was to be in my after life. CHAPTER II. "THE RHINE." The castle of Crags of Drachenfels. From the wide and winding Rhine, whose breast waters broadly swell between the banks which bear the vine.

theory as to her mother naturally a good one, and besides, as far as she loved her brother, everyone knew that she had been trying to make man she disliked. The reason that has any app about it, and it even I like!" "Oh! indeed!" he said, "I'm afraid she shall be better off than I am. I can say in that it is a judge who could condemn creature to death: he do?" "As you may well imagine, I was very much agitated by this being desirous of knowing really the actors in were in question, I description of them. He described the third dream. "How! God!" I almost said. "It is true. That's about to suffer now, though I am as sure as am that I am alive, saver!" The thought I became so agitated, lord noticed it, and in me. I told him it was weakness and would moment. How! I spent that mad is still a mystery know what to do. I from pent up emotion. That night the conversation of told me that there was story in connection with the crime. It appeared that were the nephew and owner of the house, a tragic old individual life. At one time houses, one on each side. One of these was a crime. The other, for able reason, had got thing remaining standing. It was reported that great wealth; but of was rather sudden, in which he had had living relatives—the other. I didn't pay much to the story nor to the one the house of the crime and lights being seen after night. The first I recall family history got an outsider, and the a foolish story of children and the grown-up people. That night my restful one. I hardly utes together this over in my mind the The next morning and having breakfast a walk to rid my mind thoughts with which determined to explore some light on the relying on my dream. CHAPTER III. "MURDER." "A bad thing—may be—cannot be bushel. In the e brother to the world. The day passed a length night came, for I was the inactivity of the worst of it. Going back to my little pocket lamp this I quickly made scene of the crime wasn't one near to see my operations, and to my joy, I latched. I raised, when safely inside. I could not be thought that if at light, they would "ghost." I easily made my dream. It was I had seen it—cept that it was to the search clues. I looked at once on the panellings I thought I had not see the bottom darkness there from below. When I reached steps, in reality greater than that a loss how next to. In a moment of ger to it. To my pressure, and as call to my ears which I had seen slid back, disclosing I shivered in light saw that descended from not see the bottom darkness there from below. Without a moment bered through ceded down the ing my way do the groaning nously heard pro from below. When I reached steps, in reality greater than that a loss how next to. In a moment of ger to it. 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theory as to her motives. She was naturally a gentle hearted creature, and besides, as far as everyone could see, she loved her brother; but still everyone knew that for some time he had been trying to make her marry a man she disliked. That is the only reason that has any appearance of truth about it, and it is even extremely unlikely.

"Oh! indeed!" he added. "I am afraid she shall be executed. All I can say is that it is a hard hearted judge who could condemn such a lovely creature to death; but what can he do?"

As you may well imagine, I was terribly agitated by this information, and being desirous of knowing if it were really the actors in my dream who were in question, I asked him for a description of them. Most accurately he described the three actors in my dream.

"My God," I almost cried aloud, "it is true. That beautiful creature is about to suffer unjustly, and I, although I am as sure of her innocence as am that I am alive, am powerless to save her."

I became so agitated that the landlord noticed it, and inquired what ailed me. I told him it was only a passing weakness and would be gone in a moment.

How I spent that day and didn't go mad is still a mystery to me. I didn't know what to do. I was almost dead from pent up emotion.

That night the landlord returned to the conversation of the day, and he told me that there was always a strange story in connection with the house of the crime.

It appeared that Herr and Lillian were the nephew and niece of the last owner of the house, who was an eccentric old individual and lived a lone life. At one time he had built two houses, one on each side of the street.

One of these was the house of the crime. The other, for some unaccountable reason, had gone into ruin, nothing remaining standing but the walls.

It was reported this old fellow had great wealth; but on his death, which was rather sudden, only a small sum in securities had passed to his only living relatives—his brother and sister.

I didn't pay much attention to this story to the one he told me about the house of the crime being haunted and lights being seen in the windows after night.

The first I regarded as a piece of family history totally uninteresting to an outsider, and the last I regarded as a foolish story got up to frighten the children and the more foolish of the grown-up people.

That night my rest was not a peaceful one. I hardly slept for five minutes together thinking and turning over in my mind the facts of the case.

The next morning I was up early and having breakfasted, I went for a walk to rid my mind of the annoying thoughts with which it was filled. I determined to explore the house if possible that night, and try and throw some light on the matter, if I could, relying on my dream.

CHAPTER III.

"MURDER WILL OUT"

"A bad thing—no matter what it may be—cannot be hidden under a bushel. In the end it shall become evident to the world."

The day passed slowly, and when at length night came, I felt greatly relieved, for I was then free to act, and the inactivity of the day had been the worst of it.

Going back to my hotel, I obtained a little pocket lamp, and provided with this I quickly made my way to the scene of the crime. Luckily, there wasn't one near the house who could see my operations.

I tried a window and discovered it was not latched. I raised it, clambered in, and when safely inside, lit my little lantern.

I could not help smiling when I thought that if anyone should see my light, they would take it to be the "ghost."

I easily made my way to the room of my dream. It was exactly the same as I had seen it—the same furniture, except that it was somewhat tossed, owing to the search of the "police" for clues.

I looked at once for the bright rose on the panellings, and as I was looking I thought I heard a groan proceeding from behind the panellings at some distance. I almost started to enquire. Could it be that my dream was to be made discoveries of great importance?

Having found the rose, which was no easy task considering that its brightness in reality was only perceptibly greater than that of the rest, I was at a loss how next to proceed.

In a moment of doubt I put my finger to it. To my joy it yielded to the pressure, and as it did a creaking noise came to my ears which I had never heard before. I had seen do so in my dream slide back, disclosing the dark aperture.

I shoved in my lantern, and by its light saw that a flight of stone steps descended from this aperture. I could not see the bottom of the flight, for the darkness there was impenetrable.

Without a moment's hesitation I clambered through the opening and proceeded down the steps. As I was making my way down, I heard distinctly the groaning noise, which I had previously heard proceeding more distinctly from below.

When I reached the bottom of the steps, I was standing in a low, flagged passage, which evidently passed under the street.

Right at the bottom of the steps I saw the form of a man lying huddled up. I turned him over and looked into his face. It was the murderer in my dream.

trate. The latter listened with awe and looks to my strange story, and accompanied by two "policemen," returned to the house with me. The three of them at once recognised in the man on the couch the Frenchman—Devereaux.

The dying man was still unconscious, but on the application of restoratives he slowly came to.

Rising up and looking all round him, and evidently understanding the position he made an effort to speak, but only got out with difficulty, the words, "God forgive me. It was I who killed young Schoffenberg and not his sister. My name is not"—then heaving a sigh he fell back dead.

It was not for God's instruments on earth to punish him for his crime. He had gone before that God in person to answer for it.

Although we were all glad that Miss Schoffenberg would be freed through this confession, still we could not help feeling sorry for the fate of the unfortunate man before us.

When I was taking off the bandages to show his wounds to my companions to our great surprise his face came with them, disclosing another beneath. It was not Devereux we saw then, but a man whom the police easily recognised as the chief of a dangerous gang of burglars.

Next day Miss Schoffenberg was released from her imprisonment, and her very first act was to thank me in good English for the part I played in her liberation. From that out there sprang up a friendship between us.

That day also it was discovered that the secret passage had its other termination in the ruined house across the way. For some reason which seemed inexplicable the old eccentric uncle of the young Schoffenbergs had constructed this curious mode of connection between his two houses.

From all these facts the police formed a theory of the crime. They surmised that this robber had found out the secret passage some way or other, and taking advantage of his discovery for the purpose of plunder, he entered the house at night. Getting nothing on his first raid but the family revolver, he had returned again the next night and probably being opposed by young Schoffenberg, he had shot him, leaving beside him the family revolver, so as to throw suspicion off himself.

Now this theory appeared very unlikely to me for several reasons. In the first place, it was very unlikely that this robber would pay two other men whose names were every one knew were not rich. And then, again, why did he revisit the scene of his crime? Would he not have done better to go away quietly while no suspicion rested on him? These two questions seemed unanswerable by the theory of the police; but I said nothing.

I have said that an intimacy sprang up between Miss Schoffenberg and myself after her liberation. This friendship continued and deepened into something warmer. Of course, when I saw it deepened, I am only speaking for Miss Schoffenberg, for it never had to deepen on my part, as my feelings were always the same towards her. But it undoubtedly deepened on her part, for when I laid my hand on her feet, it was not spared.

One day a short time after our engagement Lillian expressed a wish to see the spot where I had found Devereaux, so we went down into the secret passage.

We went through it all, and when we were returning I accidentally tripped, falling against the wall. To my extreme surprise, instead of offering any resistance to my weight the wall went with me, and I was flung luckily unhurt, into a little chamber behind.

When we had recovered from our surprise, we discovered that the floor of the chamber was strewn with burglar's tools, and that in one corner stood a large chest which bore evident traces of violence.

I forced open this chest and there before us lay wealth—great wealth—greater wealth than I ever dreamt of seeing in one mass.

Here simultaneously were two mysteries solved. The one in connection with the old eccentric uncle and the one concerning Devereaux.

This wealth heaped before us was the amassed riches of the old eccentric. He had built the two houses and concealed them with a secret passage in which he constructed a secret chamber where he could safely store his gold.

This accounted for his not leaving much money behind him, his death being too sudden to allow him to tell his niece and nephew where the gold was hidden, and it probably would have remained undiscovered were it not for my lucky fall.

By this discovery the mystery in connection with the robber alias the French tourist Devereaux was also cleared. He having heard the story of the two houses and the rich uncle probably surmised the gold was hidden somewhere in the houses. In his search for the secret passage and naturally concluded the money was likely to be somewhere in it.

He proceeded in his work of search and determined to clear the way for himself by killing the brother and throwing the suspicion of the crime on the sister. This he did as already seen by doing the deed with a family revolver, which he had come across on his midnight visits, then he quickly made his way back through the passage and out into the ruins and thus caught up with the "policemen" at the door.

When the house was thus left uninhabited he proceeded more safely with his work, and discovered the existence of this secret "treasure chamber" and within an hour of his success he had received a fatally injurious fall. He it was who was "The Ghost."

Now that Miss Schoffenberg was so rich, I felt I would be no fit husband for her, and I told her so. Her answer was—but if I tell you what it was you will believe I am praising myself; so I won't.

It suffices to say our engagement was not broken off, and when I returned to Ireland a short time afterwards Lillian

Schoffenberg, or rather Mrs. Devereux O'Kelly, was with me.—George McKitterick, in Dublin Freeman Prize Story.

THE STORY OF A CONVERT.

What I believe is this: I believe that the Catholic Church is an institution established by Christ, and promulgated by the Apostles at Pentecost for the right application of the benefits of the Atonement to the souls of the Faithful.

I believe that the Catholic Church has the power to apply these benefits to the souls of the Faithful, because Christ Himself dwells within her, making her sacraments valid and her teaching efficacious.

What I cannot believe is this: I cannot believe that official ministerial religion, i. e., religion as administered by the holy office of the priesthood, ever failed of the truth, or lost its ability to provide such sound doctrine and such effectual sacraments.

I cannot believe that the priests of the Church were ever at any time in her history priests only in name and not in very reality; or that the ministry of the grace of Christ ever ceased to be an absolutely genuine, sufficient and adequate ministry.

That is what I cannot believe. And yet, if you accept the teachings of the Reformation you subscribe to these impossibilities. You affirm that the Church erred from the truth in point of faith, and in so affirming, you brand official ministerial religion—religion, that is, as taught, expounded, inculcated, administered by an authorized priesthood—you brand religion in that aspect—its magisterial, pastoral, mediatorial aspect, with the brand of error, incompetence, failure; with the brand of blasphemy, contempt and fraudulent imposture.

And in that I for one will not and cannot believe. And that for two reasons: The first concerns the souls of believers, and it is this, that there never has been an age in the history of the Church when she was childless, i. e., without souls to guide, teach, nourish and save. There never has been an age—can I possibly be wrong in asserting it?—when there were not souls anxious to take advantage of the benefits of Christianity, to realize in themselves the great virtues of religion, and to be saved through Christ forever.

Now if you maintain that official ministerial religion fell into error and gave defective and therefore inefficient doctrine and system, then you maintain that the only religion the Catholic Church had to offer to these pious souls, predestined, perhaps by the foreknowledge of God to eternal salvation, was a corrupt and defective one—i. e., in fact, which was not able to edify them, and could not possibly save them.

And to maintain that, would be to maintain that while salvation was free to some—such time as the Faith was a pure Faith, it was proscribed to others—when the Faith was a corrupt Faith. Which is not credible.

My second reason for refusing credence to the supposed failure and impotence of the Church is this: Our Lord established My Church, and as long as the Church should have children to bring up in the fear and love of God—that is, until the end of time, for such period He Himself would be with her, establishing her in truth and enabling her to carry out her duties.

"Behold, I am with you always," said He, "even until the end of the world." Upon this rock, Peter, I have established My Church, and the gates of hell shall prevail against it.

Our Lord promised it. He promised truth to the Church's doctrine, efficacy to her sacraments, wisdom to her priests, perpetuity to her life—until the end.

To maintain otherwise, to allow that for one single moment—that moment the smallest possible fraction of divinity—Christ failed of His promise, would be the end of all certainty, the ruin of faith, the downfall of hope, the destruction of the Church and—the beginning of the Deluge.

No, I for one will not and cannot believe that the Catholic Church is not, and has not been always, infallible as the divinely guided and guardian of souls from this world to Eternity.

I maintain it as an absolutely incontrovertible argument that so long as there has been a continued necessity of souls, so long has there been an unending abundance in the Church of Truth and grace. The latter kept pace with the former. Our Lord guaranteed it, and the Catholic Church possesses, and always has possessed it.

Poor human souls—how little they often know or realize of their own greatness! How great is the human soul and yet—how paltry! In every way adapted by the hand of the Creator for the manifestation of Truth, alas! into what by-ways of error and falsehood it wanders. And yet what need is there? Here in the Catholic Church is the still to direct it, the wisdom to mould it, the power to purify it, the love to save it. Here is no bludgeoned quack expatiating the wound he fain would heal, no self-important charlatan obscuring the truths we cannot teach, but science, truth and wisdom.

Believe me, reader, it is in the care and nurture of the Catholic Church that God wishes you to save your soul.—H. K. GORNALL, M. A. (Cantab)

Religion and Affection. Do not imagine, as some do, that when the love of God enters into a man, his perfection consists in the hardening of natural affections. Whenever the spirit of devotion or piety narrows or contracts the heart, and makes our lives to be less bright and happy; when it makes parents impatient to children, or children unaffectionate to parents, or lessens the sympathy of brothers and sisters, or chills the warmth of friendship—whenever the plea of religion, or of fervor, or of piety has the effect of lessening the natural affections be sure that such piety is either perverted or not true.—Cardinal Manning.

CATHOLICS WHO DON'T NEED A CATHOLIC PAPER.

There are a great many Catholics who claim that they have no need of a Catholic paper. When pressed for the reason one is usually told either that they can't learn anything from it, or that they take some secular journal from which they get all the information necessary. They would have you believe that there is nothing concerning their faith on which they are not thoroughly posted.

But individuals who boast of such a knowledge of their religion should make quite sure they possess it. And if observation is of any weight in the matter it is an undeniable fact that the above class is the least informed in the Catholic body. It is safe to assert that they know little or nothing of the dogmas of faith, and equally safe to assert that their explanations of the same would prove most shocking.

This is the real condition of those who have no need for a Catholic paper. It is more than probable that in their early years they had no need of a catechism. Even then they knew it all. And if one could hear their conversations when these turn to religious topics, it would be discovered that they now have no need of the commandments, no need of the precepts of the Church, no need of sermons, no need of the sacraments, no need of the priest, and too often, no need of prayers.

It is nothing to them if the Church is assailed, if the civic rights of the Catholic citizens are assaulted, if religious vocations are smothered, if the Catholic orphan is left unsheltered. Nothing to them whether or not Catholic education prospers, whether there are churches for the people or compensation for the clergy. Nothing to them that the Vicar of Christ have repeatedly pleaded for the loyal support of the Catholic press.

Such is the character of that class of Catholics which has no need of a Catholic paper. Is the estimate correct, or is it overdrawn? Ask any Catholic priest who has compared the homes into which the Catholic paper goes and these from which it is excluded. Perhaps, he may even add that these conditions are largely the result of that kind of reading found all-sufficient by this character of Catholic.—Church Progress.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON LOCAL CATHOLIC OPINION. The attitude which Catholics should assume in the presence of hostile criticism is one of considerable importance. The question we wish to discuss is, what line of conduct we should adopt when Catholicity in general, or Catholic priests and practices in particular, suffer in the eyes of public opinion. In this, as in many other difficult problems, Cardinal Newman's common sense and practical insight will be of great assistance to us.

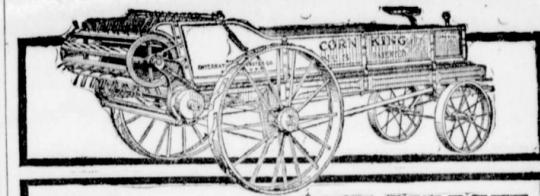
He discusses the question in his ninth lecture on the "Present Position of Catholics in England." At the outset he distinguishes two forms of public opinion; there is, on the one hand, the public opinion which is a matter of mere ideas. It has to do with something abstract; it does not touch real life; it is not based on facts; the judgment formed in connection with it is little more than other abstract ideas associated with it, it is all a matter of stock phrases and parrot cries.

But there is another form of public opinion which he calls real public opinion, and which is based on the knowledge of persons and facts. To this he gives the name of "local opinion," because it has its origin in the opinions formed by persons living in daily contact with one another and because, on that account, it is more likely to be limited to the locality in which we dwell. To the former comparatively little attention need be paid; but the latter is important. To bring out his meaning more clearly he takes a not unfamiliar example. He supposes that one of the metropolitan newspapers contains a leading article against Catholics and Catholic priests. Up to a certain point Catholicism is nothing but an abstract idea. Catholic priests are nothing more than names. The whole article is nothing more than words, and is therefore harmless.

"Words hurt no one; words cannot hurt us till—till when? Till they are taken up, and believed in, by the masses where we individually dwell. Ah! this is a very different kind of public opinion! It is local opinion and it concerns us very nearly."

The importance of local opinion for us Catholics in action can scarcely be exaggerated. Listen to Newman's words: "This I would say, Brothers of the Oratory, not only to you, but if I had a right to do so to the Catholics of England generally. Let each stand on his own ground; let each approve himself his own neighborhood; if each portion is defended the whole is secured. Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves. Let the London press alone; do not appeal to it; do not expostulate with it; do not flatter it; care not for public opinion; cultivate local opinion."

The way in which Newman shows how the thing works out in practice is quite humorous and at the same time quite true to life. He takes as examples some of our leading cities like Birmingham, Manchester, Preston and Liverpool, and with the mastery hand



100 PER CENT MORE VALUE OUT OF THE MANURE PILE. WOULD'N'T you like to get all the value out of the manure—the only fertilizer produced on the farm? There's an alarming waste in the way manure is ordinarily handled. It is an easy matter to get double the value that most farmers are now getting from it. Don't let it lie in piles in the barnyard indefinitely, to ferment and burn up from a third to a half of its fertilizing content. Don't allow the rains to drain and wash away into the streams the rich liquids that are so valuable for plant food. Don't haul it out and throw it in piles in the fields to waste. Haul it out as it is produced, when it is fresh, which is its most valuable form, while it contains all its fertilizing elements, and distribute it evenly and thinly so that the land will receive every particle of its fertilizing content. The Corn King return apron spreader and the Cloverleaf endless apron spreader are both made exceptionally strong and durable. The operation of each machine is controlled by a single lever. The quantity of manure to be spread is regulated by means of this lever, the range of adjustment being from 3 to 30 loads. Certain features are peculiar to these two spreaders and not found on other spreaders, such as the vibrating leveling rake which brings the manure up square and level to the beater, and the driving sprocket by applying power to both sides, thus avoiding binding, friction and twisting, with consequent breakage. The wheels are made of steel with broad tires, and the front wheels cut under to permit short turning. The draft is as light as can be secured in any spreader which provides the necessary strength to sustain the proper working apparatus. The Corn King and Cloverleaf spreaders are made in sizes to meet the needs of the user, and can be secured by calling upon the local dealer. Call for catalogs and colored hangars illustrating and describing these machines, or write us for little booklet on wasteful practices on the farm, which you will be thoroughly interested in reading. Call on our Local Agent or write nearest branch house for catalog. CANADIAN BRANCHES: Calgary, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, St. John, Toronto, Winnipeg. INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA, Chicago, U.S.A. (Incorporated)

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1907.

CALUMNIATING HIS MOTHER.

A man descends low enough when, casting away the frock of his priesthood, he passes out through the gates of the sanctuary, and too frequently out through the doors of the Church itself. Did he stop here, he had even found in the poisoned wells of heresy the waters of life we might pity him most deeply for his mistaken judgment and dangerous loss.

French Canadian churches And these have been over seventy years trying to attain that number. Let the Grande Ligne persevere, and let the dupes of Ontario continue to pay out their money. In a hundred years hence they may have twenty such churches. The Meaford Mirror says that this man is "the son of a Catholic high up in the Church of Rome." This is a very misleading statement. What is, or may have been, the social standing of this man's father, we know not, but his rank in the Church was that of any other layman. This ex-priest is cowardly in that he pretends to have taken scandal at the conduct of others of the clergy. In his exalted virtue he could not bear their irreligious tone and manner. He never says "bitter" things of others; not he. Yet he brands a whole class with the charge that they are acting a part. Where is the hypocrisy? He decided "to have nothing to do with religion at all."

INVOCATION OF SAINTS.

In our last issue we pointed out the illogical position taken by Archbishop Sweatman, of Toronto, in dedicating a church to St. Cyprian and at the same time chiding Rome with adopting the doctrine of purgatory. We take up His Grace's second point, viz., invocation of saints. This the Anglican prelate claimed to be another ground on account of which Rome had forfeited her title to being the Church of Christ. Two things are worthy of our attention. It seems to us most paradoxical that the Archbishop should be dedicating a church to St. Cyprian and should condemn Rome for invoking the saints, St. Cyprian amongst them. This new Anglican church bears the name of its patron. Compare that title with Sherbourne Street Methodist or the Jarvis Street Baptist. These describe their locality. Surely St. Cyprian's title is of a different character. It is more than a mere name to distinguish it from the others of its class, which, strange as it may seem, nearly all bear saints' names. Unless the title be a mockery a church under the name of a saint is one of the practices of the invocation of the chosen servants of God. Strangely unfortunate was His Grace in naming the new church St. Cyprian, for this Bishop and martyr is a witness for the doctrine which Archbishop Sweatman condemns in Rome. This brings us to the second point we had in view; the doctrine itself. Few points of doctrine are such a rich and increasing inheritance to the Church as the communion and intercession of the saints; for the Church, holy in its earliest ages in the apostles and martyrs, it still continues to produce generations of confessors and virgins rich in merit and virtue. It enters so fitly into the idea of Christianity that, as the Head is in heaven in the majesty of God, so do the saints reigning with Him show forth the triumph of His grace over the weakness of man and His mercy over all His works. Who can hold that the child snatched from the parent by death hath no interest in her and continues not to love her whom it left upon earth? Bright with the vision of God, and happy forever with the crown won and home gained, why will not that child raise its pure hands to God for those whom it loved here below? There is no reason on God's part that He should strip love of its highest prerogative when He has imparted it to it its most

earnest energy and bestowed upon it its richest crown. We have more assurance still. The angels have, so revelation assures us, charge over us. And when Tobias prayed with tears and buried the dead the archangel offered these prayers to the Lord. In the New Testament our Saviour says: "Even so, there shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that doth penance, more than over ninety-nine just that need not penance." We are minded thereby to avoid sin, to seek forgiveness, to practice virtue for the sake of the angels. All this, and much more, if we had space, shows the intercourse and communion between angels and men. St. John in Patmos saw before a mystical altar in heaven a blessed spirit stand, "having a golden censer, and there was given to him much incense, that he should offer the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which is before the throne of God. And the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the saints ascended up before God, from the hands of the angels." Thus the saints do more than merely know and interest themselves about us; they actually present our prayers to God, and intercede for us. This is likewise of universal tradition. The early Christians prayed to the martyrs to intercede for them. Many inscriptions are to be found in the catacombs, of which the following is an example: "Sabbatus, sweet soul, pray and entreat for thy brethren and comrades." The Fathers are equally clear. St. Irenaeus in the second century says, "that as Eve was seduced to fly from God, so was the Virgin Mary induced to obey Him; that she might become the advocate of her that had fallen." In the third century this very St. Cyprian to whom Archbishop Sweatman dedicates a new Anglican Church, writes: "Let us be mindful of one another in our prayers; with one mind and with one heart, in this world and in the next, let us always pray, with mutual charity relieving our sufferings and afflictions. And may the charity of him who, by the divine favor, shall first depart hence, still persevere before the Lord; may his prayers for our brethren and sisters not cease." Listen to another saint of this age, St. Ephrem, of the Oriental Church: "We fly to thy patronage, Holy Mother of God; protect and guard us under the wings of thy mercy and kindness. Most merciful God, through the intercession of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, and of all the angels and saints, show pity to thy creature." And St. Gregory of Nyssa thus addresses the same St. Ephrem after the latter's death: "Do thou now, being present at God's altar, and with His angels offering sacrifice to the Prince of life, and to the most Holy Trinity, remember us; begging for us the pardon of our sins." This doctrine was therefore evidently universal in the East and West, as it is universal in time. The voice of tradition is consistent. It has never varied through the centuries. Its lessons of intercessory prayer are of its only complete explanation of that "communion of saints" which Archbishop Sweatman recites and in which he professes belief. His Grace cannot maintain that the Roman Church has forfeited the title of being the "original" Church for the reason of its belief and practice of devotion to the saints.

THE CHURCH IS DEAD.

"Who saw it die? I saw it die." "With my little eye I saw it die." The fly here alluded to is one Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, who according to our esteemed contemporary, The Catholic Union and Times, has decided that the Church is dead. What a solemn decision! True the court is insignificant and the judge self-appointed. He is a so-called biblical scholar whose erudition has reached the danger point, and whose notoriety is gained more by the striking theories he advances than by the truths he explains. One of these is the desideratum of many—the death of the Church—and another is the credited statement: "No creed is good enough for acceptance except the 1907 creed." Now this little man's little eye for the most part looks out upon a certain number of students of Cornell University where he is professor. God help students who are under such a guide! Commentary is lost where the proposition lacks common sense. The Church dead, the creed of 1907 to replace it. The former is so preposterous that one wonders at any sane man expressing it even within the narrow confines of a class room. There it must prove more dangerous than if uttered in the market square of the world. Students are apt to take the teachings and sayings of their professors without salt. And even if a man, taking God's holy word and commenting upon, say the passage "I am with you all days to the consummation of the world," were to try and explain it away, telling his boys that all those things were over and done, the kingdom of Christ had passed away, the

Church was dead, his students would be in danger of attaching credence to it. Herein on both sides, from the irreligious tendency of the critical professor on the one hand and the readiness to accept his propositions, sugar coated as they are and concealed beneath the tastiest flavors of language as is their poison, beyond all other authority, parental or otherwise—herein is the evil of non-Catholic education. But the assertion is so absurd that unless students be altogether weak-minded they would take it more as a joke than the serious conclusion of study or observation. The wish is often father to the thought; so might it be with young men listening to such talk. Never burdened with too much religion they would be glad of any excuse to justify their wanton disregard of the things of God. The Church dead! So was the Master dead—and His enemies gloated, rejoicing, that the seducer's career was at an end and that He would never be heard from more. So often has the world proclaimed the death of the Church that hardly a century has opened and closed without the same insane howl and the same false prophecy being shouted as an echo from the infernal regions. Roman imperialism, northern barbarism, Arian heresy, western schism, European defection, French revolution, broken treaties, secret associations, have all in turn battered at the walls of the new Jerusalem—but in vain. In vain have the nations raged and the Gentiles plotted against the Christ and His Church. We smile, and we can afford to smile, at this conceited professor's boast. There have been ages when intellectualism made an attack upon the Church which was felt. This is not, when comparing it with many of the Christian eras, a truly intellectual age. It has its own glories and advantages. These are of a lower class. The age is too materialistic and atheistic to be truly intellectual. In the modern quiver there is not an arrow straight enough to hit the mark; nor among the archers a bowman strong enough to bend the bow. Agnosticism, evolution, criticism, scepticism are all on the arena to try a shot. Their best exponents are gone, but the Church remains. They have taken the Bible, criticized its authors, its meaning and its characters. And the only guardian to stand by God's Word is the Church whose unflinching courage is equal to her unflinching confidence. Intellectualism in this respect assumes the role of destructive criticism. Herein is its weakness: for the normal condition of the human mind is truth, not relentless deadly criticism. Nor do we see the signs of approaching death. We are not pessimistic. With all the activity of the age and the rush for wealth and the sins of society we see our churches crowded with men of faith who give their heart to God and who share their goods with the poor. All have not bowed their knee to Baal, nor have any but the fool denied the existence of God. The Church no doubt is passing through a severe crisis. Visibly it is abandoned by the nations. It leans still more upon that invisible support of truth and God's Holy Spirit. The Pontiff's voice is strong and clear. It is listened to with deference by more than ever before. But even if the sky were dark and lowering, and the waves hard pressing upon the boat, faith does not falter. When things are at their worst God's might shows best and His mercy is brightest: so is it with the Church. Her long career has been one of almost uninterrupted struggle. Few and short her triumphs, she looks not for glory here, nor is her life to be measured by the standard of earthly kingdoms. Her work is not yet accomplished, her fight not over; she must continue her labors. The same power that started her nineteen hundred years ago will preserve her still in truth, and long after the little professor of Cornell has passed from the scene, and learned that there is much more than was ever dreamed of in his philosophy.

The creed of 1907! Without form and void—unformulated and incapable of formulation. Self-conceit will be the first article. It will run somewhat thus: "I believe not in God but in myself; I believe not in Christ but in my ideas; I believe not in the Holy Ghost but in my own inspiration; I believe not in sin but in my own perfection; I believe not in the resurrection of the body but in my own absorption into the impersonal deity of whose evolution the world and my own being are two stages." This is the teaching the Cornell students are getting. When they ask for bread they get a stone. Fools will play with edged tools, and easy-going Catholics run eternal risks with their sons' education.

What is resignation? It is putting God between one's self and one's grief. The Christian's cup may be brimful of sorrow, but, for him, the overflowing drop is never added.

MR. SELLAR.

A press despatch from Huntingdon, Que., informs us that on October 8, a severe shock of earthquake struck that village, apparently coming from the south. The shock was violent, lasting several seconds, awakening people from their sleep. A perceptible trembling of the houses was felt, and people turned on the electric lights and many hastily dressed. The people expected a repetition of the shock and lay awake, but no further vibration was experienced. It was the severest shock, lasting such a perceptible period of time, that has occurred in this section. This will give Mr. Robert Sellar, editor of the Huntingdon Gleaner, an opportunity to write another book about the Catholic Church in Quebec. He would be enabled to convince quite a number of Ontario people that the "Romish" Church, and the French Canadian curés were responsible for this new scheme to get rid of the Protestant population of the province.

THE ACADIANS.

A few weeks ago, in the Saturday edition of the Toronto Globe, appeared a paper from the pen of Mr. Nicol Kingsmill, in which he attempted to excuse the conduct of Governor Lawrence in expelling the French Catholic people from their homes in Acadia. In last Saturday's edition of the same paper appeared a reply to Mr. Kingsmill from the pen of Mr. H. F. Macintosh of Toronto, a gentleman well qualified to deal with the subject. We have much pleasure in reproducing in its entirety Mr. Macintosh's letter. It is unfortunate that, in treating of historical subjects, there is a class of men who will never shed their religious or national prejudices. It seems as if Mr. Kingsmill were a Canadian edition of Mr. Podsnap, a gentleman who, in "Our Mutual Friend," upon hearing anything derogatory to England, became very much excited and brushed all such assertions away with one sweep of his arm, Mr. Podsnap all the while believing that the British constitution was the work of Divine Providence. Mr. Kingsmill appears to be one of those writers, many of whom are to be found in England, and a few in Toronto, who would cheerfully put a coat of white-wash on the memory of the Eighth Henry, and excuse, on state grounds, his fondness for a large assortment of wives. They would likewise have us believe that Oliver Cromwell's butcheries in Ireland were quite justifiable, and the massacre of Glencoe a political expediency. Men who are schooled to an exaltation of their country which savors of the ridiculous—men who, while at their literary work bench are eternally humming and drumming "Britons Never, Never, Never," etc., may succeed in having their wares licked into print by type setting machines, to be glanced at today and forgotten tomorrow, but their wares will never find place in carefully selected libraries. Mr. Macintosh writes:

The article of Mr. Kingsmill on what he is pleased to call the "Acadian Myth" is a good example of what inherited bias joined to superficial knowledge can accomplish. It is plain to any one of the least acquaintance with the authorities he cites, or where he has the "authorities" themselves are not based on documentary evidence so much as on the received traditions of the defendant; for, be it ever borne in mind, it is not the Acadians but the British authorities that are on trial, and to the guilt or innocence of Governor Lawrence, earnest attempts have in recent years been made to clear his reputation from the charges of treachery and cruelty, but no one who has studied the question carefully can say that these attempts have been successful. Of the Acadian side Mr. Kingsmill appears to be in blissful ignorance, nor evidently, has he ever heard of Murdoch, Atkins or Haliburton (all English authorities), not to speak of Casgrain, Ferland and Shea, who have all published exhaustive studies of the subject. Parkman alone he cites, but without in the least detracting from the fame that is justly that great writer's due, it may safely be said that his histories are based less on original material than on the labors of earlier if less famous investigators in the same field. Indeed it is, I believe, quite demonstrable that to the long and arduous labors of Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the historian of the Mississippi Valley, and of the Catholic Church in the United States, Parkman is largely indebted for the material which he has woven into narrative with such skill and success. He has himself in some measure acknowledged this, though not to the extent that others consider was Dr. Shea's due. It is beside the question, however, to dwell upon this here, but in passing it may be said that a careful examination of Parkman's histories will hardly bear out Mr. Kingsmill's interpretation of them.

It is not the intention to enter upon a discussion of the question here. It is too vast and too far reaching for the columns of a newspaper, and, besides, the literature of the subject is open to the world. There is just one point calling for comment. Mr. Kingsmill says the sole demand made upon the Acadians by Governor Lawrence was that "they must either take in unconditional oath of British allegiance or submit to deportation," but he does not say that this oath involved proscription of their religion. It is true they were promised the free exercise of their religion, "as far as the laws of

England do allow the same." A plausible enough promise, on the face of it, but as specious as it is plausible, for, to know what it involved, one has only to bear in mind the treatment of Catholics in Great Britain at the time, when to be true to one's religion was to lay oneself open to confiscation of property and incarceration of person; when to frequent Mass or to harbor a priest was a crime; when to be a priest, and to be caught in the exercise of the priestly functions was a still greater crime. Efforts have been made to show that such was not the interpretation put upon the law by Governor Lawrence, but their past experience afforded the Acadians no warrant for putting any trust in his word. If the oath required of them had been a simple pledge of fidelity and allegiance to George II., there is no reason for supposing it would have been refused. Such an oath had been taken by them in times past. From Lawrence's subsequent language, however, it is evident that the oath required of the colonists at this time was such as no Catholic could take without putting himself without the pale of the law or apostatizing. Is it to be wondered that the delegates of the Acadicians of whom this demand was made remonstrated, and asked some tangible assurance that faith would be kept with them? Their remonstrance was unheeded, and they were summarily dismissed from the Governor's presence. In conference on the following day, when they agreed among themselves that, as the lesser of two evils, they would accept the Governor's terms and take the oath, they were told it was too late; "that as there was no reason to hope that their proposed compliance proceeded from an honest mind, and could be esteemed only the effect of compulsion and force, and is contrary to a clause in an act of Parliament of 1 George II., c. 13, whereby persons who have once refused to take the oath cannot be afterwards permitted to take them, but are considered Popish recusants; therefore they would not be indulged with such promises."

It was thus distinctly avowed that the action taken against them was as Catholics, and under the English penal laws. This is corroborated by the fact that instructions were sent to take special care to seize the priests. The whole thing had been prearranged, and the demand for submission above outlined was not made until preparations for the deportation were completed. They were condemned without trial and with no opportunity to put in a defence, as Judge Haliburton, more honest than later writers, admits. The oaths were never tendered to the Acadians individually nor refused by them, but in their absence seven thousand British subjects were tried by a Governor and four Councilors; every principle of English jurisprudence disregarded, and not a simple record drawn from which they could frame an appeal. This is the sum and substance of the whole matter, and no special pleading in the name of peace and good order can change it. Further, Dr. Shea has shown that every step of Lawrence was illegal and a crime. No such law as that of "1 George II., c. 13," exists in the statute book of Great Britain which can apply to the case of the Acadians. The law was a pure invention of the Governor, the act referred to (which is really 1 George I., c. 13) having reference only to Catholics holding office, and the penalty for refusing the oath being loss of office. At the same time it expressly exempts from the consequences of recusancy any Catholic subsequently taking the oath who had previously refused it.

The nefarious scheme of deporting the Acadians to the West Indies was not only a crime, but a crime of the most heinous kind. The Acadians were taken to meet the English officials," says Dr. Shea, "and were at once surrounded and disarmed, only 500 (out of the whole number of 7000) escaping to the woods. Their cattle were slaughtered or divided among English settlers; the women and children were forced to leave their homes and march to the shore, seeing behind them their houses, barns and churches blazing in one general conflagration. The unfortunate people were then marched on board the ships, no regard being paid to ties of kindred and affection."

Mr. Kingsmill is right; the thing will not down, and no attempt to explain it away or to interpret it in the interest of the oppressor can lessen the magnitude of the crime. Dublin's Temperance Day. Dublin has a Temperance Day—a new holiday come to stay and to become a National Holiday—instituted last year by the Dublin Workmen's Temperance Committee, in connection with the celebration of the anniversary of Father Mathew's crusade against drink. This year September 8th was chosen for a splendid procession and public meeting around Father Mathew's statue in O'Connell street. The day was fine. O'Connell street was a living mass of people, and the bands and banners were numerous and inspiring. Very Rev. Father Aloysius, the Capuchin, presided at the meeting. Mr. Wm. Redmond made a good speech. He reminded them that the English Government was never interested in a temperance movement, but encouraged drink, not only for the revenue gathered from it, but because also a strictly temperate people were a hard people to keep down. Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P., spoke also recalling the York Street Temperance Club of fifty years ago and all the good it did.—Sacred Heart Review. Our Protestant friends have suddenly grown very tender and sensitive about having their clergy officiate at the remarriage of divorced persons, and our Protestant friends adopting this attitude. The quiet, steady, persistent teaching of the Catholic Church on this matter is undoubtedly leaving its effect upon Protestantism.—Sacred Heart Review.

Translated for The Fr

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To all the Patriarchs

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Translated from The Freeman's Journal. ENCYCLICAL ON "THE DOCTRINES OF THE MODERNISTS."

BY HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X.

PIUS X. POPE.

To all the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries who are at peace and in communion with the Apostolic See.

Venerable Brothers—To guard jealously the traditional deposit of faith against the profane novelties in language as well as against the contradictions of false science is the chief duty in connection with the mission of tending the flock of Jesus Christ which has been confided to Us from on high.

It is true that there has been no age in which such vigilance has not been necessary for Christians because through the investigation of the enemy of the human race there have never been wanting men of perverse language (Act. xx. 30), preachers of novelties, and seducers (Tim. I, 10) and subjects of error leading unto error (II. Tim. III. 13).

It must, however, be acknowledged that a wondrous increase has taken place of late in the number of the enemies of the Cross of Jesus Christ, who, with wholly new and thoroughly treacherous artifice strive to destroy the vital energies of the Church and, who, if they could, would obliterate the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. We may not remain silent now if we would not appear faithless to the most sacred of our duties and have the lenceny we have hitherto displayed in the hope of amendment construed as a neglect of our charge.

What especially demands that we should lose no time in speaking is the fact that in these times we have not to search among our open and avowed enemies for the inventors of error. It is a matter for grave apprehension and sorrow that they lie concealed in the very bosom of the Church and therefore are more formidable from not openly declaring themselves.

We refer, Venerable Brothers, to a great number of the Catholic laity, and what is more deplorable, to priests, who, under guise of love for the Church, pose, in defiance of all decency as reformers of the Church although lamentably lacking in depth of philosophy and theology and although thoroughly saturated with the poison of error drawn from the adversaries of the Catholic faith. In series phalanx they boldly assail all that is most sacred in the work of Jesus Christ, paying no respect to His Divine Person, which, in their sacrilegious audacity, they would debase to the level of common ordinary humanity.

These persons may be surprised at our classifying them as enemies of the Church. Setting aside their intentions of which God is the judge, no one who examines their doctrines, and in connection with them their manner of speaking and acting, will be astonished at our classification. Enemies of the Church they assuredly are. To say that the Church has no worse enemies than these is an overstatement of the case. As we have seen it is not from the outside, but from within that they would compass her ruin. The danger is located in the very womb and veins of the Church. The attacks of these enemies are all the more effective because they know best where to strike. They have applied the axe not to the branches but to the very root itself, in other words the Faith itself and its deepest fibres. Having cut away this root of immortal life, they undertake the task of spreading the virus over the entire tree. There is no part of the Catholic Faith which is safe from their attack; none which they will not employ all their endeavors to corrupt, while they pursue by the most subtle and insidious means all the means of their tactics. Combining in their teachings both the character of the rationalist and the Catholic, they display so subtle a cleverness as to easily beguile the ill-informed. Overweening in their rashness, they are not deterred by any sort of consequences, or rather, there is no theory that they will not advocate loudly and obstinately. In addition to all this they avert suspicion by displaying in their lives singular activity, assiduity and devotion to all kinds of studies. So far as their morals are concerned they are ordinarily of the strictest kind. To sum up, what appears to remove all hope of a remedy is that their doctrines have so pervaded their souls that they will not become contemptuous of all authority and impatient of all restraint. Secure in their perverted consciences, they act in such a way that men attribute to pure zeal for truth what is nothing more than the work of obstancy and pride. We admit that we once hoped that they would soon see the error of their ways, and for this reason, we treated them at first with fatherly kindness, then with severity, and lastly, much to our sorrow, we were forced to publicly reprimand them. You know Venerable Brothers, how futile have been our efforts; you have seen them bow their heads at one moment only to raise them the next with greater pride than ever. Ah, if we only had to deal with these men, we might, perhaps, be inclined to temporize; but it is the Catholic religion and its safety that are at stake. Let us have done then with silence which from this time forth would be criminal. It is time to unmask these men, and show them to the Universal Church, even as they are.

DIVISION OF THE ENCYCLICAL. The tactics of the Modernists, the name usually applied to them with good reason, are of a very insidious kind. They never set forth their doctrines in their entirety nor in a methodical manner, but in a fragmentary manner, scattering them here and there, in a way which would lead you to suppose these doctrines were of a tentative and undecided character, whereas the ideas embodied in them are clear cut and definite. It behooves us, then, to present these doctrines to you at the outset in their entirety and show you the logical links that connect them. We purpose subsequently to indicate the causes of the

errors and to prescribe the remedies likely to arrest the evils arising from them.

PART I.—ANALYSIS OF THE MODERNIST DOCTRINES.

In order to proceed with clearness in a matter which is assuredly most complex, we must first point out that the Modernists have in their ranks several types, namely, the philosopher, the believer, the theologian, the historian, the critic, the apologist, the reformer. It is necessary to segregate these individual types if we would get at the bottom of their system, and understand its fundamental principles and the logical conclusions of its doctrines.

FUNDAMENTAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE SYSTEM AGNOSTICISM.

Let us take the Philosopher first. The Modernists adopt as the basis of their religious philosophy, the doctrine commonly called Agnosticism. The human reason, rigorously confined to the limits of phenomena, that is to say, to things as they present themselves to us and exactly as they present themselves has neither the faculty nor the right of transcending these limits. Therefore, reason is not capable of raising itself to God, nor of knowing His existence through His creatures. This is the doctrine of Agnosticism from which two conclusions are drawn, namely, that God is not a direct object of knowledge, and that God is not an historical personage. What, then, becomes of Natural Theology, of Motives of Credibility, of External Revelation? It is easy to see what becomes of them. They are entirely suppressed, and are relegated to the department of "intellectualism," a system, declare the Modernists, which excites a smile of pity, and which long since, fell into disrepute. They recognize no restraints, not even the condemnations the Church has launched against these monstrous errors.

It was the Council of the Vatican, which formulated the following decrees: Whosoever shall say that the natural light of the human reason is incapable of realizing with certainty, by means of things created, the true and only God our Creator and Master, let him be anathema. (De Revel. can. I.) And again: Whosoever shall say that it is impossible, or that it is inexpedient, that man should be taught by Divine Revelation, of the worship to be given to God, let him be anathema. (De Revel. can. II.) And finally: Whosoever shall say that Divine Revelation cannot be rendered credible by external signs, and that it is, therefore, only by individual experience or by special inspiration that men are moved to Faith, let him be anathema. (De Fide, can. III.)

With their Agnosticism, which after all is only ignorance, how do the Modernists stand in regard to scientific and historic atheism, the distinctive note of which is the bald negation of the supernatural. The Modernists declare that they do not know whether God intervened in the history of the human race; yet by what process of reasoning do they succeed in explaining this same history without God, Who is held to have played no effective part in it? Explain it, who can! For the Modernists there is always one thing perfectly understood and settled namely that Science as well as history must be atheistic. There can be no place for anything in either outside of phenomena. God and the Divine are banished from both. What consequences as regards the Sacred Person of Our Savior, of the mysteries, of His life and death, of His resurrection and glorious ascension, flow from this absurd doctrine we shall presently see.

IMMANENCE.

Agnosticism is only the negative side in the doctrine of the Modernists. The positive side consists of what is known as "Vital Immanence." They pass from one to the other, in the following manner: Natural or Supernatural religion, like everything else, requires to be explained. Now, Natural Theology once repudiated, and all access to Revelation being removed by the rejection of Motives of Credibility, and, further, all External Revelation being wholly abolished, it is clear that the required explanation of religion must be sought outside of man. It is, then, found in man himself; and as religion is a form of life, it is to be found in the very life of man. This is what is called religious immanence. Now, every vital phenomenon, and according to the Modernists, religion is such, has for its stimulus a need, a want, and for its first manifestation that movement of the heart which is called sentiment. It follows that since the object of religion is God, Faith, the found and origin of all religion, resides in a certain intimate sentiment which itself is engendered by the need of the Divine. This need, moreover, declaring itself only in certain specific and predisposing contingencies, does not, of itself, belong to the domain of the conscious. In principle it lies below it, and according to the technical phraseology of modern philosophy, belongs to the region of the subconscious, where its existence lies latent, and wholly inaccessible to the call of the Mind or intellect. Would you know, then, how this need of the Divine in case man should experience it finally evolves itself into religion? The Modernists supply us with this answer: Science and history are confined within two bounds. One is external, the visible world; the other internal, consciousness. Neither can pass without its sphere. Beyond that lies the unknowable. In presence of this unknowable, of that which we say is outside of man, apart from visible nature as well as apart from consciousness in man himself, in the profound depths of the subconsciousness and without any previous operation of the judgment (all of which is pure fideism), the need of the divine stirs the soul which is borne on towards religion by the evoking of a particular sentiment. This sentiment has the peculiarity of concerning itself with God, as its object and its cause, and unites man with God in a certain manner. For Modernists this is the meaning of Faith and the beginning of all religion.

The Philosophy or rather the divagations of the Modernists, do not end

here. In this sentiment they find, not only Faith; but also with Faith, and in Faith, Revelation. For as to Revelation, what more could be asked? This sentiment which appears in consciousness, and God Who, although in a vague manner, manifests Himself to the soul in this sentiment—is not all that a Revelation, or at least the beginning of one?

If one studies the matter closely, from the moment that God is at once both the cause and the object of faith it is clear that God is at one and the same time both Revealer and Revealed. Hence, Venerable Brothers, the absurd doctrine of the Modernists, that all religion, according to the natural point of view is at one and the same time natural and supernatural.

Hence, conscience and revelation are equivalents. Hence, in a word, the law which makes of the religious conscience a universal imperative on a par with Revelation. To it everything must be subject, even supreme authority in its triple manifestation of Doctrine, Worship and Discipline.

CONSEQUENCE: PERVERSION OF RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

One could not give a complete idea of the origin of Faith and Revelation, as the Modernists understand it, if one did not draw attention to a point which is of great importance, inasmuch as Modernists draw certain historic-critical consequences therefrom. We are not to believe that the unknowable offers itself to Faith, isolated and bare. On the contrary it is truly bound to a phenomenon which can hardly be said to belong wholly to the domains of Science and History. It involves a natural fact which itself involves some mystery. It might be a man whose character, acts and words appeared to upset the ordinary laws of history. Now, here is what happens: The unknowable in its conjunction with a phenomenon having once established Faith, the latter's influence passes to the phenomenon and penetrates it in some way with its own life. Two consequences result. There is produced, in the first place, a kind of transfiguration of the phenomenon, which Faith raises above its previous reality, in order to better adapt it to the divine force which is destined for it. There take place, in the second contingency, a species of distillation of the phenomenon, if the word be permissible, inasmuch as Faith having withdrawn it from the conditions of time and space, ends by attributing to the phenomenon matter which does not really belong to it. From this dual operation, the Modernists deduce two laws, which with one other already furnished by Agnosticism, form the bases of their historic criticism. An example which will be furnished by Christ will enlighten us on this matter.

In the person of Christ, the Modernists assert, neither Science nor History finds anything beyond human nature. From His history, therefore, in the name of the first law, based upon Agnosticism, we must eliminate everything which attributes to Him a divine character. The historical person of Christ has been transfigured by Faith. We must therefore again take away from His history, according to the second law, everything which raises Him above historical conditions. Finally, the same person of Christ has been disfigured by Faith; we must therefore, in virtue of the third law take away from His history those words, acts, and in a word, everything that does not respond to his character, his condition, his education, the place and time in which He lived.

This kind of reasoning may seem strange, but it is the reasoning of the critic of the Modernist school. The religious sentiment which wells up through vital immanence from the depths of subconsciousness (subliminal self) is the germ of all religion, as it is the reason of all that has ever been or shall ever be in any religion. At the beginning obscure and almost shapeless, this sentiment went on progressing under the secret influence of the principle that gave birth to it, and became a part of human life, of which according to the Agnostic, it is a mere form. In like manner were born all other religions, including the supernatural religions. They are all only excrecences of this sentiment. Nor are we to look for any exception in favor of the Catholic religion. That creed is placed upon the same footing as all others. Its cradle was the consciousness of Jesus Christ, a man of an exquisite nature, the like of whom had never been, nor ever will be. It was born in that way, and of no other principle but that of vital immanence. One is almost stunned by such audacity of assertion, by such recklessness in blasphemy. Not only is unbeliever, but Venerable Brothers, who give utterance to such bold doctrines. Catholicism, even many priests, unblushingly and ostentatiously scatter these doctrines broadcast. They boast that with such unsound teachings they are going to reform the Church! Assuredly, there is no longer any question of the old error which endowed human nature with a claim to be of supernatural order. How false is that error surpassed? Is there, in truth, anything which can more radically destroy the supernatural order? For the weightiest of reasons did the Council of the Vatican decree the following: Whosoever holds that man cannot be raised to a knowledge and a perfection which surpass nature, but that he may, and finally, by a continuous progress, attain himself, to the possession of all that is true and good, let him be anathema. (De Revel. can. III.)

HOW DOGMAS COME INTO EXISTENCE.

So far we have seen, Venerable Brothers, no place allowed to Intelligence. According to the Modernists, it has its place in their profession of faith. It behooves us to show what it is. The sentiment of which we have spoken—precisely because it is sentiment and not knowledge—causes the idea of God to spring up in man's breast, but still so vaguely, that God, in truth, is not distinguishable, or hardly so, from man himself. This sentiment must, therefore, be irradiated, so as to put God in relief and in specific contrast with his subject.

This is the function of the Intelligence, the faculty of thought and analysis, of which man makes use in order to translate first into intellectual representations, and then into verbal expressions, the phenomena of life which constitute the stages on which he acts his part. Hence the expression, so common among the Modernists: Man must think his faith. Intelligence therefore reverts to sentiment, and bending over it, figuratively speaking, works upon it, much as a painter who, upon a worn canvas, should discover and re-paint the lost lines of the picture. This is almost the exact comparison made. This is one of the leaders of the Modernists. Now, in this work the Intelligence has a dual function. In the first place, it translates by a natural and spontaneous act, the matter into a simple and ordinary assertion; then, calling upon reflection and study, working upon the thought, as they express it, interprets the primitive formulae by means of secondary formulae more specific and distinct. These having been sanctioned by the Church will constitute dogma.

Dogma, its origin and nature, that is the chief point in the doctrine of the Modernists. Dogma according to them, derives its origin from primitive and simple formulae, essential in Revelation, in order to be true, demands a clear apparition of God in the consciousness. Dogma itself, if thoroughly understood, is properly contained in the secondary formulae. Now in order to thoroughly understand its nature, it must first be seen what sort of relationship exists between the religious formulae and the religious sentiment, a thing not difficult to discover, if one consults the aim of these same formulae, which is to furnish to the believer the means of accounting for his faith. They constitute, then, between the believer and his faith, a sort of go-between. In relation to faith, they are only inadequate signs of its object, commonly called symbols; simple instruments. From which it will be seen that they do not contain the absolute truth. As symbols, they are images of the truth which have to adapt themselves to the religious sentiment in its relations with man; as instruments, they are vehicles of truth which have reciprocally to accommodate themselves to man in his relations with the religious sentiment.

Since the absolute, which is the object of this sentiment has infinite aspects under which it may successively appear; and since the believer, on the other hand, may pass successively into entirely different conditions, it follows that the dogmatic formulae, subject to the same vicissitudes. Thus the dogma, in its relation to the substantial variation of dogmas, and the whole is an infinite accumulation of sophisms in which every religion is under sentence of death.

Dogma may not only undergo evolution and change but it must. This is what the Modernists loudly affirm. It follows from their principle. Religious formulae, indeed, to be truly religious, and not simple theological speculations, must be living, and of the same life as the religious sentiment. This is one of the chief doctrines of their system, deduced from the principle of vital immanence. Do not mistake this in the sense that it is necessary to construct the formulae, particularly imaginative, with exact reference to the sentiment. Not at all. Their origin, their number, up to a certain point, their very quality are of little enough consideration. What is essential is that the sentiment, having once duly modified them, shall assimilate them vitally. Which is equivalent to saying that the primitive formulae requires to be accepted and assimilated by the heart, and the subsequent formulae, to be a matter of heart impulse. It is especially this view, namely, that in order that they may be and remain living, they should be and remain duly adapted both to the believer and to his faith. The day on which this adaptation should cease, would mean the elimination of their primitive formulae, and nothing would remain but to change them. Given the precarious and unstable character of dogmatic formulae, we can readily understand why the Modernists should hold them in such low esteem, when they do not openly despise them. The religious sentiment, the religious life, these are what they are always talking about, what, in a word, they are always extolling. At the same time, they reprimand the Church boldly for taking the wrong route, for not being able to discriminate between the material significance of the formulae and their moral and religious sense, and for adhering obstinately and without result to vain and empty formulae, meanwhile allowing religion to go to its destruction.

The Modernists' BELIEF.—INDIVIDUAL EXPERIENCE THE SOURCE OF RELIGIOUS CERTAINTY. Such, Venerable Brothers, is the Modernist philosophy. If now, passing to the believer, we endeavor to see how, though a Modernist, he is to be distinguished from the Modernist philosopher, we find one noticeable point, namely that the philosopher admits the divine reality as the object of faith; but this reality for him exists nowhere else but in the soul itself of the believer, that is to say, as the object of his sentiment and of his affirmations; something which does not, after all,

leave the world of phenomena. If God exists in one independently of sense, of sentiment and affirmations, the philosopher, nevertheless considers Him as a total abstraction. For the believer, however, God exists in one independently of the believer; he is certain of this, and in so far he is to be distinguished from the philosopher. If you should finally ask on what this certainty of the believer rests, the Modernist answer: Upon individual experience. They thus draw away from the Rationalists; but only to delve into the doctrine of the Protestants and the pseudo mystics. Here is how they explain their position: If one studies closely the religious sentiment, there will be found in it a certain intuition of the heart, owing to which, and without any intermediary, man reaches the very realization of God, whence a certainty of His existence, which transcends every scientific certainty. This is a real experience, superior to all rational experiences. Many doubtless mistake and deny it, as for instance the rationalists; but it is simply because they refuse to place themselves in the moral attitude required. We have in this experience what, according to the Modernists, really constitutes the believer proper. How much all this is contrary to the Catholic Faith, we have already seen in the decree of the Council of the Vatican. How open is the path to atheism, through these and the other errors already exposed. We propose to show this farther on. What we would observe here is that the doctrine of experience, joined to the other doctrine of symbolism, consecrates as true every religion, not even excepting the pagan religion. Do we not meet in all religions with experiences of this kind? Many affirm it. Now, by what

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right would the Modernists deny truth to religions experiences which are found in the religion of Mahomet? And in virtue of what principle should they attribute to Catholics alone, the monopoly of true experience? They take care not to do so. Some in a covert manner, others openly held that all religions are true. This is a necessary consequence of their system. For, their principles once laid down, on what ground could they argue that a religion was false? It is evident that it could be only on the ground of falsity of sentiment, of falsity of formula. But, according to them, the sentiment is always and everywhere substantially identical. As for the religious formulae, all that is asked for is the adaptation to the believer whatever may be his intellectual level, and to his faith. In this farrago of religions the most they might claim in favor of the Catholic Church is that it is more true, because it is more living, and, again, that it is more worthy of the title Christian, because it responds better than any other to the origins of Christianity. Such conclusions cannot astonish anyone, since they follow from the premises. What is very strange is that Catholics and certain priests, whom we like to think of as abhorring such monstrous doctrines, should in practice behave as if they entirely approved of them, that certain Catholics, laymen and priests, praise and render homage to the leaders of error, that they lean towards the belief that what they are honoring in this case is less the men themselves, not wholly unworthy perhaps of consideration, than the errors openly professed by them, of which they have constituted themselves the champions.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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The worthy and regular reception of the sacraments during life, brethren, is our surest guarantee of saving our souls in the end. They are the special means of keeping us in close union with God, they satisfy every want of the soul, and, unless we put an obstacle in the way, they will infallibly work for our sanctification. One of these sacraments St. Paul calls a great sacrament—the sacrament of Matrimony; and with good reason, for on this sacrament rests the whole structure of civil society, and on its worthy reception depends much of the happiness which should follow every Christian marriage.

What you are to hear to-day, brethren, is intended for all—for those who are already married, as well as for those who are not; for without doubt there is not one of the sacraments about which people give evidence of so little knowledge as about this, and I think you will agree with me when I say there is none other which is open to so many abuses, so much irreverence, so little respect. And there is a reason evident enough for this. Do what we say, there is no denying the fact that we live in a Protestant atmosphere, and that our outward conduct is more or less influenced by the conduct of those about us. If the Reformation has succeeded in accomplishing anything decidedly positive it is this: that which it has destroyed in the minds of many of its followers the dignity and sanctity of this sacrament, it has substituted in its stead the fatal idea that marriage is simply a contract to be entered into and broken again at the whim or fancy of the contracting parties, if they can only do it under cover of some process of law.

Thank God I do not see calling himself a Catholic holds any such notions of this holy and christian state. But still there is the danger of our giving countenance to it in others, of making the plea for them that they know not what they do, since they have been brought up to believe that way. All of which, after years filled with such experiences, weaken our grasp of the true doctrine and induce a less exalted respect for the sacrament itself and of the responsibility connected with it.

The Catholic Church has always and by every means in her power, both civil and religious, upheld the sanctity of marriage. She has fought its battle against those in high places, and sooner than violate the strict command, What God hath joined let no man put asunder, she has seen whole nations torn from her already bleeding bosom.

In such a spirit, brethren, must we love and venerate this great sacrament and therefore I have a word of warning for all. And first for those who are still unmarried. There is undoubtedly among our young people too much levity, too little reverence exhibited whenever there is question of this sacrament. They speak about it in a light, frivolous, and flippant way, and not infrequently approach this Sacrament with dispositions somewhat similar. Catholics do not approach the other sacraments in this wise. Have you not been edified as you entered a church on Saturday evening and gazed on the crowd of men, women, and children, all in silence, examining their consciences, meditating on their past offences, humbly invoking God's pardon, and thus preparing for a worthy confession? Such a sight has often of itself awakened the grace of repentance in a hardened soul. The same may be said of the edifying manner in which all prepare themselves for Holy Communion, for confirmation, for extreme unction. Why should it be different with marriage? Why should people rush madly into this holy state without thought, without respect, without due preparation?

When you think of getting married, let this be your first resolution: I am going to do whatever the laws of God and of the Church require or advise; I must see the priest beforehand and make any arrangements necessary; I must prepare for this sacrament by a good confession and a worthy Communion; I am going to be married as a Catholic, with a nuptial Mass, not in the darkness of night, as if I were ashamed or afraid of what I am doing.

And to you who come to witness such marriages let me say one word. Don't act as if the Church were a theatre and you were present at a play; don't act as you would never think of acting when the other sacraments are administered; in a word, behave yourselves on such occasions as becomes good Catholics.

HOPEFUL BISHOPS OF FRANCE.

M. A. Janne, of the Croix, is making an inquiry concerning the reorganization of the Catholic Church in France. Several of the interviews he has had with Bishops have already been published. The statements made by the prelates are, on the whole, reassuring. For instance, Mgr. Delamare, the Co-adjutor of the Archbishop of Cambrai, said his heart was full of confident hope. The State seminaries had been suppressed, but new free seminaries had been opened, and those in his diocese were, he said, already crowded with pupils. Mgr. Delamare added: "It seems as if the persecution had developed and multiplied the apostolic ambitions. I have more than 350 young men in my seminary. That number does not, however, satisfy for me and I intend to undertake a veritable recruiting campaign. I wish, by a very careful selection, to ordain no priest who has not a veritable vocation, and I must be able to furnish recruits to less favored dioceses than mine, and to the foreign missions which are the glory and ornament of the French Church."

In reply to a question concerning the Denier du Culte, Mgr. Delamare showed that, though he required for his diocese more than £40,000 a year, it was increasing. Mgr. Denier, Bishop of Amiens, speaking on the same subject, said the Denier du Culte

had surpassed his expectations, though 25 per cent. of the inhabitants of the diocese refrained from subscribing because their principles opposed it, and another 25 per cent. because they were too poor to do so. Consequently all the money had to come from the remaining 50 per cent., and they subscribed sufficiently generously to make up the amount required for all the needs of public worship throughout the diocese. Mgr. Tochelet, Bishop of Orleans, explained to M. A. Janne that each prelate organized the collection of the Denier du Culte in the manner he had thought most advantageous. For his part, he had left it in the hands of the parish priests, who were allowed great liberty in the matter. In some cases a lump sum was given by a family, and in others a small contribution was made at short intervals. The priests were urged to visit their parishioners frequently.

Mgr. Gibler, Bishop of Versailles, declared to M. A. Janne that he was full of hope. "The Church of France was broken to pieces, but those pieces are good. We are picking them up, and with the ruins we will construct a new edifice which will be more beautiful than the old one." In reply to the question as to what he desired most fervently for the Church of France, Mgr. Gibler said: "I desire that at any price the Church of France may always preserve its independence, and that never more may a Dumay or a Briand designate Bishops and impose priests on them."

THE UNASSAILABLE SANCTITY OF THE CHURCH.

A paper once contributed by the late Cardinal Newman to the publications of the Catholic Truth Society, dealing with the unassailable sanctity of the Church, is well worthy of consideration at the present moment by all those who are prone to adopt the easy-going view that the Catholic Church is, by her own fault, as it is alleged, mainly responsible for the indifference and anti-clericalism that prevail in certain countries which are known as Catholic.

The reproach levelled against Catholicity, said the Cardinal in effect, was that it produced a certain definite character which was far from being essentially reverent of religion. As an example of the centrally profane nature of the Catholic, the excesses of the Carnival, in Catholic countries, is usually cited. Irreverence of this kind is charged against the member of the Church as a sure sign that he possesses not the real spirit of Faith. Those who talk in such a way, says the Cardinal, forget that when Catholics speak of Faith, they are contemplating the existence of a gift which Protestantism does not even imagine. To the Protestant Faith is the same as obedience and he determines it by its effects, with the result that he asserts that there is no faith where there are no good works.

With the Catholic, however, faith is a certainty of things not seen a spirit of trust which may find its nearest parallel in the "moral sense." This certainty, or spiritual sight, is perfectly distinct in its own nature from the desire, intention and power of acting in conformity with it. * * * The case with most men is that they grow up more or less in practical neglect of their Maker and their duties to Him.

Nature tends to irreligion and sloth, and it may be said that "the many are dead." Nevertheless, a Catholic people, however sinful or unmindful of its obligations, is far from being in the same case as one which is not Catholic.

The grace of baptism bestows upon the soul a germ of all the supernatural virtues. Its faith can never become extinguished, at least not in a country which has at any time been wholly and ardently Catholic. As the idea of God is before the mind of all men in a common way, Catholic, so, but more vividly, these revealed ideas confront the minds of a Catholic people, whatever be the moral state of that people, taken one by one.

The laxity which is noticeable in Catholic countries, and which so offends the non-Catholic critic, the mixture of seriousness and levity, the familiar handling of sacred things, these arise from the strength of the faith that is in the Catholic, and which allows him to consider in the light of facts what the non-Catholic approaches with the dread arising from uncertainty or ambiguity, and considers with the eye of one whose faith in the supernatural is a varying or nebulous quantity. For the Catholic, the truths of religion stand in the place of facts and public opinion. Sin does not obliterate the impression.

Ordinarily speaking, once faith, always faith; eyes once opened to good, as to evil, are not closed again; and if men reject the truth, it is in most cases, a question whether they have ever possessed it.

The non-Catholics condemn the Catholic for his naturalness, his ease and cheerfulness and think themselves never so real as when they are especially solemn.

It is in the way in which the Catholic faces death, says, in effect, the Cardinal, that one may judge of the effects of real faith and unreal. The non-Catholic has nothing but sighs of this world around him, wife, children, friends and worldly interests. The Catholic has too; but the Protestant has not but these. He asks for some chapter of the Bible to be read to him, but rather as the expression of his horror and bewilderment, than as the token of his faith. The Catholic, on the other hand, has within him almost a principle of recovery, certainly an instrument of it. He may have been lax, but he has ever been loyal in his heart. He may have repined against the lot he has had to put up with; but with the waywardness of a child who is cross with his parents. He has laughed at priests and formed rash judgments of them, and slandered them to others, but not as doubting the divinity of their function and the virtue of their ministrations. Even one who has been a bad Catholic may have a hope, in his death, to which the most virtuous of Protest-

ants are necessarily strangers.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE KING'S COURT.

If we are going to make a formal call on some one and especially if that "some one" is a person high in authority, we are eager to appear at our best, to act and to speak according to the usual rules, in such cases, and not to seem in any way awkward or ignorant. We know that there is a special etiquette to be observed in approaching the Holy Father in the Vatican, or the president in the White House, or the Catholic Church is the solemn court of the King of Kings, from Whom all power proceeds and before Whom the angels veil their faces with their wings. Surely, then, we have certain ceremonies to observe in the churches that are His palace-homes, certain rules to follow, a certain holy etiquette to maintain.

First, we ought to enter and leave God's holy house silently and reverently. We should not rush in, at the last moment, just as Mass begins, or hurry out as soon as Mass is done, without having the decency to wait until the priest has left the altar. We should not bow to an acquaintance here and chat with a friend there, as though we were actually anxious to spend as brief a time as possible with our best Friend Jesus Christ. Secondly, we must center our whole mind upon our act of worship and of prayer. We should carefully avoid the reprehensible habit of whispering and looking about us. Why should there be need to caution any Catholic against this serious breach of good manners and good morals in God's house? Shame and pride if no higher motives, ought to keep a well bred Catholic silent there. If we have remarks to make, they should be reserved until we are outside the sacred place.

Thirdly, at the Consecration and Holy Communion our reverence and devotion should be increased and carefully shown. When we go to Holy Communion, we should be neither too swift nor too slow in approaching the altar-rail. There is time enough. Why, if the railing is full, do people kneel down at the very head, and return quietly to our places, and then let us remain as long as we can in prayer and thanksgiving with Jesus Christ. Can we receive Him into our hearts and then rush heedlessly into the street to talk and chatter, while He still abides within us, longing to have us talk all alone with Him.

How mortified we are if we commit, by mistake, some fault against the words and rules, in so-called society; if we make some error in grammar or pronunciation; if we are not dressed in the style of the day, or if we have not learned some passing fad like a new handshake or the latest bow. And meanwhile, how must those foolish look to the clear-eyed angels in our great King's court, when they contrast them with our strange carelessness, our boorishness, our insolence, in His presence. Who knows all things and can do all things, and Who has made us, poor finite beings that we are, out of a very little dust.—Sacred Heart Review.

OUTWITTED BY A BOY.

The following incident is narrated as a redoubtable fact: In Ireland potatoes go by a variety of names. When the writer was a boy, over twenty summers ago, the name "Protestants" was given to potatoes with a bluish rind, being oblong in shape. A lad named Johnny Downing carried a "kiss" full of them on his back one day. "Kiss" is an arrangement made of wicker work and almost square in form, used generally for carrying turf, or potatoes. Johnny, while carrying his load, happened to meet a Protestant minister. "Presence among the mountains of the South of Ireland."

"Say, young lad, what's that you've got on your back?" asked the minister.

"Potatoes, yer reverence," responded Johnny.

"What kind of potatoes are they that you have got there?" continued the minister.

"And are you a Protestant, Johnny?"

"No sir, I'm a Catholic."

"Then 'tis a great wonder that you would carry 'Protestants' on your back."

"Nothing wonderful at all about it, sir, because you see we like to return good for evil, and do you know also that when I go home my mother will blame those 'Protestants' I've got on my back and take the harm out of them!"

The minister indulged in a very hearty laugh, and, like the liberal gentleman he was, he generously threw Johnny a crown piece, British money; whereupon the latter burst out:

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in an exclamation: "O, sir, may the Mother of God pray to her Divine Son to convert you, and may you win day get a crown of glory in heaven for that crown piece you give me."

The minister thanked the boy for his prayer and did some tall thinking as he walked pensively along the road, musing on the intimate connection there necessarily must be between a mother and son, and especially such a Mother and such a Son.—The Voice.

HONOR THE PRIEST.

Honor the priest. Who receives your soul as it entered on its spiritual life by baptism? The priest. Who nourished it and gave it strength on its pilgrimage? The priest. Who will prepare it to go before God? The priest—always the priest. And if the soul should die by sin who will call it back to life and give it rest and peace? Again the priest. Can you remember a single gift of God without seeing at its side a priest? Of what use would be a lion which forbids a man's being an active participant in the public life of his community and country. In movements for civic betterment Catholics are not so prominent as they should be. They should take to heart these words of Archbishop Ireland: "Be good citizens. Mingle in all movements that make for the advancement of civic, state and national development. One of the chief difficulties in America has been the tendency of its members to hold aloof from non-sectarian movements for general good. Take an active interest in general affairs. Do not give the impression that Catholics are a separate body—that they seek to isolate themselves. We have done this too much and too long. I like to see Catholics in chambers of commerce, in commercial clubs, in political movements and offices in every activity, working for better citizenship. Do not wait for your Bishop and priest to take the initiative; do things for yourselves, as you have done, but do them in even greater measure."

In too many instances unworthy representatives of our people force their way into public life. If all our Catholics of education and character were active in public affairs, this state of things would be soon remedied. The Catholic voter ought to show himself able to discriminate between the self-seeking politician and the capable, but, above all, conscientious man who, by his honest public service, will bring honor, not dishonor, to the Catholic name.—Sacred Heart Review.

SHAMELESS CATHOLICS.

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A QUESTION FOR MEN.

"Many a man," says the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, "making enough to support his family would be offended if it were even hinted that he was unjust and cruel to his wife and children. Yet if he spends a dollar or two for drink and his wife must go without home comforts for herself and the little ones, by what name are we to call this one, by what name are we to call this one, if it because he drinks—not of course to excess, but because he daily leaves some of his earnings in the saloon—the wife must slave in the making of clothes for the children, must worry about the rent, must postpone the long promised shoes to her little boy, by what name can we call such treatment? When a man day by day stands before the bar and glibly invites his companions to 'have another,' does he reflect that he is spending money to which his wife and children have as much claim as he? What are we to think of his sense of justice? Let the men answer."

Fiction has no right to exist unless it is more beautiful than reality.—Joubert.

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CHATS WITH Y

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Our public parks, our great institutions, monuments and statues have built to its dream of better for the human race.

What horrible experience through in prison for their dream, destined to lift the cry and emancipate man.

The very dreams and other great scenes, prisoned and persecuted science only later. Galileo's dream of heaven and a new era of Confucius, of Buddha have become realities.

Christ Himself was a dreamer, but His who hesy, a dream of the coming civilization, the burlesque of the beyond the reformer, imperfect man here, the perfect man, the image of divinity.

Our vision of the are evidences of what glimpses of possible castle in the air, castle on the earth.

George Stephenson dreamed of a locomotive revolutionizing the world. While working for sixpence a day, clothes and mending, fellow workmen to attend a night same time supporting him continued to dream him crazy. "His set the houses on fire everybody cried, 'the air'; 'carriage men will starve for this dreamer in the when members of P.

questioning him, a member Hudson, and ridiculous than the out of locomotives fast as horses? We expect the people of themselves to be Congress's rocket selves to the mere going at such a rate Parliament will, in may grant, limit the of millions an hour with Mr. Sylvester be ventured upon calumny, ridicule, "crazy visionary" years for the real York celebrated the dream of Robert

crowd of curious of the Hudson River August 4, 1807, of what they believe ideas which brain, to witness would be a most the dreams of a to take a party of to Albany in a st "Clermont!"

of such an absurd against the Hudson River without a scuffling wisecracker thought that the away his time and "mont" was little and that he ought asylum. But the up the Hudson, as a benefactor of

What does it Morse, who gave the position of a for the first experimen- tington to Baltimore by congressmen- ments which we most men, this completed, and waiting for the not believe wor- of them asked to package he exp- over the wires. message did o- changed to pra-

The dream of tied two cental ocean cable, w than folly. Ho get the world' for such dream.

When Willis Lighting London- conveyed to b- Sir Humphry "Do you inten- Paul's for a g Scott, too, rid- ing London by to use this l- light his c-

"What! a wic- without a sid-

How people Charles Good and struggle- elevation, a y of practical un- debt, still dre clothes and h- little money I No- devotion to h- out money to h- his five other- vation, and h- ing his as in- Women call "crank" and lecting his fr- which has be- druggerly.

The great- lists, seers of dreamer who rough block- with his chib- imagination fever) and before he- convays.

Every p-

OCTOBER 19, 1907.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. WE BUILD MONUMENTS TO OUR DREAMERS.

Our public parks, our art galleries, our great institutions are dotted with monuments and statues which the world has built to its dreamers—men who dreamed of better things, better days for the human race.

What horrible experiences men have gone through in prisons and dungeons for their dreams, dreams which were destined to lift the world from savagery and emancipate man from drudgery.

The very dreams for which Galileo and other great scientists were imprisoned and persecuted were recognized science only a few generations later.

Christ Himself was denounced as a dreamer, but His whole life was a prophesy, a dream of the coming man, the coming civilization.

George Stephenson, the poor miner, dreamed of a locomotive engine that would revolutionize the traffic of the world.

Half a dozen years since, this invention was looked upon as a mere toy, a mad fancy of a few millionaires.

Lucy asked where her mother lived, and found it was in a small street, not far away. The mother was ill and very poor.

It was the dream of the architect. It had no previous existence in reality. The building came out of his ideal before it was made real.

Think what we owe the beauty dreamers for making our homes and our parks so attractive! There are thousands of practical men in New York to-day who, if they could have their way, would cut Central Park up into lots, and cover it with business blocks.

The modern luxurious railway train is the dream of those who rode in the old stagecoach.

Not more than ten years ago the horseless carriage, the manufacture of which now promises to make one of the largest businesses in the world, was considered by most people in the same light as is the airship to-day.

During a discussion on the prophecies of the human body, someone asked Lincoln how long he thought the legs of a man of a certain height ought to be.

It is a splendid thing to dream when you have the grit and tenacity of purpose and the resolution to match your dreams with realities, but dreaming without effort, wishing without putting forth exertion to realize the wish, undermines the character.

What does the world not owe to Morse, who gave it its first telegraph? When the inventor asked for an appropriation of a few thousand dollars for the first experimental line from Washington to Baltimore, he was sneered at by congressmen.

When William Murdoch, at the close of the eighteenth century, dreamed of lighting London by means of coal gas, conveyed to buildings in pipes, even Sir Humphry Davy sneeringly asked, "Do you intend taking the dome of St. Paul's for a gasometer?"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Small Deeds of Mercy.

Early in the autumn, when the bright faces and gay colors of school-girls were seen once more on the streets, after the long, happy summer, a group of little girls, on their way to school, went chatting and laughing along, telling each other their varied experiences of the holiday season since they parted in June.

"We were going to buy some milk for our breakfast," said Annie, "and Willie wanted to carry the money. But he couldn't help it; just look how little his hand is!"

"Here is another silver penny, Willie, to buy some milk," said Lucy, "ask the woman to fill your pitcher, and take the change home to mother."

Lucy watched him, and his little lame sister trying to overtake him, thinking how glad she was she had stopped to find out their trouble and relieve it.

Her benevolent little heart gave her further work to do in the illness and poverty of the children's mother, and the kind assistance that was given to the family during the winter was the result of her personal efforts to secure their comfort, until the poor mother recovered her health and was able to work again for her children.

At last night came and Frances started off to bed. Her mother was longer than usual in coming to bed, and Frances had hard work to keep awake.

"No, mamma," answered she, feeling that somehow her mother would not quite approve of her contemplated action.

As soon as her mother had gone she jumped out of bed, and, wrapping a blanket about herself, stretched out on the floor. She had now made a good start at least in the path of perfection, so she began to plan heroic deeds for the future that would astonish everyone.

GLADSTONE AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

In the course of a spirited religious discussion carried on in English papers the statement was made that the late Mr. Gladstone a few months before his death was in communication with the Church and "died a Catholic."

There is absolutely no vestige of foundation for the allegation that my father was in close communication with Rome and died a Roman Catholic.

Rev. H. P. Turner, O. S. B., in a letter to the press apropos of the erroneous statement, says that to his knowledge Mr. Gladstone was in communication on questions of religion with at least one high Roman ecclesiastic.

Some time after his retirement from public life Mr. Gladstone wrote a long letter on Anglican Orders, the position of the Established Church of England and the unity of Christendom, to his old friend and correspondent, Abbot Testi, of Monte Cassino.

Abbot Testi, in a reply to a copy of this letter, the abbot sent the original by registered post. "No doubt," says Father Turner, "the abbot received no acknowledgment and no reply to repeated requests for the return of the letter. The venerable abbot believed that his communications with Mr. Gladstone had been intercepted, and this unpleasant thought embittered the last memories of a long friendship."

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A DISGRACEFUL ACTION.

Rather an unusual point, but nevertheless a good one, was made by a Jesuit priest preaching a mission in the cathedral of Brisbane, Queensland, the other day. He was speaking of the many dangers that surround Catholics of safe guarding the faith by Catholic reading, when he digressed a bit to score severely the Catholics who show meanness or carelessness in the matter of paying for Catholic papers.

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History of the Reformation in England and Ireland. (In a series of letters) By William Cobbett. Price, 85c., post-paid.

Just Out The Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament of Penance. By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L. 15 cents post-paid.

Horæ Diurnæ No. 21, small 48mo. (4 1/2 x 2 1/2 in.) India paper, clear and bold type in red and black. Very slight weight and thickness. Edges black, flexible Morocco, first quality, in red under gold, gold stamping on covers, round corners. Price \$1.75. Catholic Record, London, Canada.

Archbishop O'Brien. (Man and Statesman) We have now on sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD office, this most interesting life of a great Canadian churchman, written by Miss Katherine Hughes. Order promptly attended to. Price, postage prepaid, cloth \$1.00, paper 60c.

Pearl Rosaries

We have just received a large consignment of Pearl Rosaries which we are offering at extremely low prices. Below will be found description and prices.

Table with columns: No., Length, Cross, Cut or Turned, Price. Lists various rosary models and their prices.

The Catholic Record 484 - 486 Richmond Street LONDON, CANADA

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Rev. Bernard O'Reilly in N. Y. Sun, 1892. On the next day, Sunday, we were informed by an excellent looking...

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he has given me divine faith; instead of the old doubt he gives me Catholic certainty." - Catholic Standard and Times.

CHRIST THE REJECTED.

GERMAN STATESMAN ON MODERN WORLD'S SCORN OF CHRISTIAN IDEALS.

In his address before the recent convention of the Catholic Central Verein of America in the city of Dubuque, Ia., the Hon. Dr. F. Bitter, of Kiel, Germany, a member of the German Centre Party, spoke with force and eloquence of the relation of Catholics to modern life and modern tendencies of thought.

"What constitutes the signature of the modern world?" he asked. "Unruly, in continual haste and chasing after fame and fortune, unbridled desire for unlicensed liberty, ever-increasing immorality and the setting aside of the cross, these are marks of our times. And yet history teaches that in the cross alone is truth, peace, strength; that in the cross alone is contained all happiness. If we make a comparison between the culture of the present day and that of the ancient Romans, must we not, then, be amazed? Must we not, then, fear that the time will come in our modern culture when this present-day brilliant boy, devoid of soul, will sink in ruins?"

"What, indeed, does the present-day world desire to know of Christ, who in truth and reality is the same yesterday, to-day and in all eternity? The present day world declares that Christ does not fit into modern life, and modern life is not adaptable to Christ! Descend into the bowels of the earth and ask the miner who in hard and laborious work digs coal and the precision ores; go into the factories, where the workmen are engaged in smoke-laden rooms at the hardest of physical labor; step up to the man of work and tell him: 'Look up, my friend; tarry a moment: Christ is here. Christ lives. Christ will emancipate you, not alone from moral degradation, but likewise from the social evils of the present day! And what will he answer? The man of work will reply: 'I need no Christ? I do not stand alone; back of me stand the organized masses, and with their aid we will level the classes of mankind; we will equalize all mankind, and when that has been accomplished I no longer need a Savior. I will emancipate myself from this social misfortune and inequality.'"

"Such is the answer which the false principles of Socialism teach, and by which the unthinking workman is ensnared, until he wants to know nothing of Christ, of that Christ, the Savior who alone can emancipate mankind from the evils and miseries of present-day social life. Go into the study of the man of letters, who delves deep into his voluminous tomes in order to find truth, and say to him: 'Look up! Look on high! Christ will bring you the truth; Christ will bring you clearness of vision in all the intricacies of life.' And he will answer: 'Christ? He can bring me nothing. You in turn look at the results that we have attained in all the domains of science; how we have subjugated the forces of nature, steam, electricity and water. Indeed, we shall make still greater conquests; we shall ultimately become the kings of creation. We need no Christ here on earth!'"

"There is no other way out of the intricacies and problems of the present day than the way which our present gloriously reigning Pontiff, Pope Pius X, at the very beginning of his pontificate, has shown - 'Instaurare Omnia in Christo!' The realization of this motto must become an actuality if our culture shall not disintegrate entirely, if mankind shall again become entirely happy and content. 'The Christian idea must again find

expression, not alone in private life, but in the entire domain of social and political life. The state is composed of families. The families form the parishes, the parishes the state. If, then, the foundation on which the edifice of the state is reared is solid, then the state shall be permanent. Therefore, all efforts must be directed toward the inculcation of the Christian idea in the family. In this direction all must work with energy and unwearying activity.

"The Christian idea must again be brought into all the complexities of social life, for humanity is likewise a social organism. But what do I mean by an organism? Mankind consists of many and unequal parts. Not all men can be equal. It is false when many modern social political students endeavor to make us believe that this inequality of mankind is a consequence of original sin, or was brought about by exploitation which only too many have permitted themselves to practise upon their fellow men. This theory is incorrect. The inequality of man as such is instituted by a wise Creator, and constitutes the very fundamental principle of mankind. But in the conditions of mankind we find at present many inequalities which are not in conformity with the design of God. There exist today between the various classes and professions many inequalities which do not square with the conceptions we have of justice and fairness. The question whether the several classes of mankind stand in a position one to another which is based on justice and fairness is called the social question, and if the answer to this social question is that some classes of mankind are not treated on the basis of justice and fairness, then the social question resolves itself into the further question: 'How can the unnecessary and harmful inequalities be remedied?'"

You will know that the great Centre party of Germany, through the enactment of most beneficial laws for the protection of the laborer, has done much toward the correct solution of the social question in that country. You likewise know that the Social-Democratic party, which calls itself the 'workingmen's party, in the enactment of these laws shows only by its opposition and inactivity. It is likewise a completely correct to assert that the state must aid in the solution of these social problems, but in an extraordinary manner the Church must likewise aid. She teaches mankind that individuals, whether high or low, whether rich or poor, in the eye of Eternal Justice are equal, and that the soul of the poorest worker weighs equally as much as the soul of the richest millionaire.

"If only the egotism, the self love of the present day could be diminished, the social question would be better and more easily solved than by all the laws. POLITICS AND RELIGION. 'It has been said that politics and religion have nothing in common. Surely it is true that politics and religion are about as unequal as the Church and State, but if I say politics and religion are not identical, I do at the same time say they stand in a relation to another.

"For him to whom religion means nothing more than a conception of beautiful thoughts and speculative ideas, for him religion may be a private matter. For the Christian man however, religion is the duty of life. It aims and offers the necessary powers to attain them. The religion of Christianity is the heaven which shall permeate all conditions of life. If I then have this conception of religion, then I surely must entertain the wish that politics do not stray too far from the solid foundation of the Christian world-conception, and that those men who have been created by politics and religion, and of their fellow-men as legislative halls likewise work at the enactment of laws which shall be filled with the spirit of the Christian idea.

"Let us not be deceived by the glittering but false doctrines of liberalism; by the insipid attempts at explanation of modern disbelief, or the obnoxious and false teachings of Socialism. Let us call to mind what is written in the book of history, that there exists a fountain from which flow to all nations, throughout the centuries and at all places, an inexhaustible stream of happiness and contentment, a stream which has its fountain head at the foot of the cross. In the cross alone is all truth! In the cross alone is strength and courage! In the cross alone is salvation, and Christ crucified was the same yesterday, to-day and in all eternity and shall be the same in all eternity!"

IRREVERENCE.

The slangy preaching of such evangelists as the "Rev. Billy Sunday," the converted base-ball player, may not do any harm to his hearers, as the man seems to be intensely in earnest, and dwells upon certain religious truths, eternal punishment for instance, which more refined preachers would think it bad manners to present to their congregations. But the language of his prayers is shockingly irreverent at times. A man may employ almost any familiarity in addressing his fellow-men; his language should always be respectful in addressing God. When we remember the newspaper reporter's description of a certain prayer as being "one of the most eloquent ever addressed to a congregation," we feel that we have a clue to Mr. Sunday's shortcomings in this matter. Though nominally speaking to God in his prayers; he is really talking to the people in front of him. Another thought which occurs to us in that we, who have in our liturgy the prayers which Reskin called the only human language fit to be used towards the Almighty, may sometimes forget as completely as Billy Sunday that we are speaking to God. If we do, we shall be more to blame than he is. -Casket.

Gentleness is not always cowardice, or if it is, then cowardice is sometimes wise.

L. A. Russel Received Into the Church.

Mr. L. A. Russell, for many years one of the ablest and most prominent attorneys in Cleveland, has been received into the Catholic Church. He was baptized last Saturday at his home at 2432 E. 40th street, by the Rev. William McMahon. Mr. Russell is the son of a Congregational minister, Rev. William Russell. His wife and two daughters are fervent Catholics, and their example and his long study of the doctrine of the Catholic Church and his long admiration of its uncompromising consistency, led him finally to embrace the faith. Mr. Russell has been in poor health for several months, but is gradually improving.

Make your own, in life, and in daily preparation for death, those words of Jesus: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

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CHINESE TRIBUTE TO ARCH-BISHOP WILLIAMS.

It was towards midnight on the eve of our late Archbishop's funeral. In the great cathedral, on either side of the outfall gate, the watchers had taken their places, and the people who all day long had been coming in an apparently endless stream of thousands, still approached singly or in little groups to gaze for the last time on the face of their lost shepherd. A moment of silence was broken by the footsteps of a young man who passed slowly down the middle aisle, looked reverently upon the august countenance of the dead, and hastening to a near by pew, knelt and blessed himself. He was a Chinaman, who after the day's hard work, had come from his laundry to offer a prayer for his spiritual father.

The following morning, while prelates and priests were gathering and throngs of people were crowding the streets leading to the cathedral, the door-bell of the rectory was gently rung and the same Chinaman entered to announce that in a wagon outside there was a floral tribute from him and his fellow-countrymen, all converts to the faith. It was a magnificent and costly emblem, standing fully six feet, carefully and artistically arranged and bearing this inscription in gold letters on a band of silk, "From the Chinese Catholics of Boston."

The tribute of generous affection was placed in the vestry and afterwards carried to the place of honor in the crypt. It attracted the attention of the visiting prelates, among others, of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who afterwards declared that no feature of the day's wonderful service impressed him more deeply than did this touching note of sympathy from the poor Chinese. -Boston Exchange.

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH.

MISSION AND CONFIRMATION. Rosary Sunday, 1907, was a day never to be forgotten by the people of St. Joseph's. On that day came to a conclusion the mission preached by Rev. Father Woods and Schomburg, O.S.B., during which over 1000 people received Holy Communion. Moreover, on that day His Lordship, Bishop O'Connor administered the sacrament of confirmation to ninety five boys and girls. The solemn High Mass, canonically presided over by Rev. Father Schomburg, His Lordship was attended by Rev. Father Kelly the beloved and venerated pastor of Dunrobin. It was indeed a day never to be forgotten, a day to be spoken of by the children and children's children of those whose happiness it was to be present on the memorable occasion. -Vindicator.

FORESTRY.

The Department of Education for Ontario announces in a circular recently issued that the Forestry Department of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, will in the spring of the year, supply the following seedlings for planting in school grounds: Evergreen: Norway Spruce, White Pine, Scotch Pine and White Cedar; Deciduous: White Ash, Black Locust, Manitoba Maple, Catalpa and Tulip-tree. These will be furnished free gratis on application to rural school trustees and it behooves the trustees of rural separate schools to take advantage of the opportunity to beautify the grounds and improve the planting and cultivating of trees will be a good training for the children on a very important subject.

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NEW BOOKS.

"Cousin Wilhelmina" by Anna T. Sadler, author of "The Lost Jewels of the Mortimers," "Arabella," etc. Published by B. H. Herdson, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.00

TEACHERS WANTED.

TEACHER WANTED FOR ROMAN CATHOLIC Separate School No. 5, Carrick. Duties to begin Jan. 3, 1908. One able to teach German preferred. State salary and qualifications. Address Joseph Schwehr, Sec. Treas. Toronto, Ont.

WANTED FOR THE ROMAN CATHOLIC female teacher, holding either a first or second class certificate, first preferred. Duties to commence January 3rd, 1908. Apply at once with references to Rev. Father Bernier, Sec. Treas. Verdreville, Alta. 1513-2

FEMALE TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, Red Jacket, Sask. Services to begin in one month. Applicant's state qualifications and salary wanted. School is a yearly one. Apply to James N. MacKinnon, Sec. St. Margaret's, S. D., N. 30, Red Jacket, Sask. 1511-3.

WANTED A MALE TEACHER FOR THE Wilminkong Boys' school. Salary \$25.00 a month, board, lodging and washing included. Fine opportunities for private studies, lessons in French, Latin or Greek given gratis. Absolutely no experience. Apply to Rev. Father Th. Couture, S. J., Wilminkong, Ont. 1511-7.

WANTED CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR S. S. No. 5, Glenora. Services to begin January 7th, 1908. Applications will be received up to Oct. 30th. State experience, qualifications, and salary expected. Apply to Jas. Morrison, Sec. Treas. Verdreville, P.O. Verdreville, Alta. 1512-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR CATHOLIC Separate school section No. 15, St. Raphael's, West, Ont., a second class professional teacher for the balance of the school year 1907. Capable of teaching English and French. Duties to commence at once. For all information apply stating salary to Fabian Dupuis, Secy. Treas., S. S. No. 15, St. Raphael's, West, Ont. 1512-2

Notice. As the Hotel-Dieu intends opening their training school for nurses, in the near future; applications for candidates may be forwarded at any time, to the Mother Superior, Hotel Dieu Hospital, Windsor, Ont. 1512-3

INFORMATION WANTED Tidings of Anthony O'Connor who left Montreal for Upper Canada about forty five years ago, will be gladly received by his brother Frank Hamburg, Iowa, U. S. A. 1512-4

SITUATION WANTED A YOUNG MAN WANTS A SITUATION as janitor for a church or hall. Has been janitor of a church for five years. Can serve Mass and make himself generally useful. Apply to J. K. Catholic Record Office, London, Ont. 1512-8

C. M. E. A.—Branch No. 4, London. Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at 8 o'clock, at their hall, in Albion Block, Richmond Street. M. J. McGrath, President; P. F. Boyle, Secretary.

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LOYALTY ABOVE

Were the Acadia Great Britain? Did they refused or threatened into lance. To Durie said: "We live tranquil Governor good reason to be In a letter day Governor Mascare

The Catholic

LONDON, SATURDAY, O

KINGSMILL AND

The editor of The G should refrain from app that "aint so." His dous and time-occupying minutes devoted to the tion of his paper wou from being sullied with worse, such as we notice of Sept. 31. In that Kingsmill, a very superi cecilian myth, informs Acadia with, informs regret it, but with in type doling out "copy the myth will be foisted public for some time in the narration of Kingsmill does not ach ure of brilliancy. As tory is dull and inspid by the tiniest ray There is not even a th with so much material many aids to the imagin has created a bit of stinct with life and set to set a tingling the readers. As a myth- "not make good," and ligible to the Toront back to the bush leagu

THE GLOBE HI

We caution our read of the Acadians as a "Unfortunate? A absurd and do use, the langua when dealing with this are more sentimental coddles, wasting tears imagination. Erudit above such weakness. tent upon chronicling regions swept by the social detachments, of historic perspective. Looks down upon peopl by novelists and poet that this individual facts that "aint so phrases that are as va ignorant and impuden

KINGSMILL, THE

And he is not even peater, as may be seen Parkman's "Jouists in as the source of his i may be pardoned for his "copy" is eloque the indulgence of the ing to Mr. Kingsmill created by Governor predecessors with sing had virtues, although have been vastly o despite the kindness they were irreconcil when Abbe LeLout Acadians for the pur French in their invas the good Laurence pu an humanitarian stat

What this critic nentily we are unabl but anyone with a fair modicum of brains amount of mildness posal of the Acadia To do this he is not Parkman's monum North America."

A FEW

Now for a glance according to the four Treaty of Utrecht th have liberty to r within a year to s they shall think f morable effects."

Parkman, in "A Couatit," admits th everything in their the Acadians from I "Nicholson," h to keep the Acadia if he could. He t their lands and ho even let them s effects; only sell the treaty of Upro the Queen."

LOYALTY ABOVE

Were the Acadia Great Britain? Di war they refused or threatened into lance. To Durie said: "We live tranquil Governor good reason to be f In a letter day Governor Mascare