

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1909

1633

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NOT SO SAD.

The other day we read a book, a translation from the French, in which there was a hurry call for tears in nearly every chapter. There was much ado about this vale of tears and sundry pietistic reflections calculated to make the reader bilious if not pious. Autumn seemed to be particularly obnoxious to him. It was sad and melancholy, associated with falling leaves and dying year, and we may add with coal bills and extra money for light. The writer has never been privileged to enjoy those glorious days. The fulness of a northern autumn—there is nothing like it—the ringing, singing joyousness of the Canadian year-end: its colors, sounds, crisp, clear-out days and air alive with energy and health. The autumn is Canada's glory time. It is a time to be alive and good-humored, strong in body and smooth in temper—a time to get out of doors and a time to gather many harvests. We need not be sentimental to feel its subtle influence; we will feel it according, not to our high strung idealism, but according to the measure of our soulfulness. Let us go out with cheerful piety and senses wide-awake, and there will come to us much of the magic power and beauty of the Canadian autumn. The chief feature of the season, and one that distinguishes it among the others as greatly as its coloring and outer feelings, is its homing instinct. The evening chill brings a suggestion of the pleasant fireside and the people around it, of books and work and the heart kindles more kindly and things human become less irksome.

MERELY A CRY.

Now and then we hear the cry to close up our ranks and to be united. But it is but a cry—a safety valve for some overwrought soul. Some day we may be forced to get together, to concentrate our energy in things worth while instead of frittering it away in trifles and on schemes that demand a maximum of work with a minimum of result.

THE POLITICIAN.

The politician who trades on his faith, who tries to hoodwink the elector by eulogy of things Catholic, may be a snare and he may be a hypocrite. We prefer to weigh him in the balance of achievement of his actions. And when we find a Catholic deficient in integrity, and qualified in no wise to be our representative we vote for his opponent. We may be pardoned for having a suspicion that the individual who talks glibly about our institutions before the election, but is not a supporter of our societies and is not interested with the Church's cause during the rest of the year, is using us as a file to whet his political razor. We have heard him descending on the necessity of Catholic education and all the while his children were in non Catholic homes of learning. We hear him waxing eloquent on brotherhood, on the love that should bind us together, despite his own life characterized by indifference to his brethren and unwillingness to help them in any way. This type of a back-bencher Catholic should be relegated to obscurity.

THE CATHOLIC AUTHOR.

In the November Catholic World Miss Agnes Repplier has a rejoinder to a paper, "The Young Catholic Writer: What shall he do?" written by the Rev. John Talbot Smith and published in St. John's Quarterly. The young writer mourns over his rejected manuscripts and arraigns Catholic publishers and the Catholic public for their indifference to his literary wares. "What am I to do?" he asks. To most of us, says Miss Repplier, this final query seems superfluous. If the Catholic publishers decline to accept the young man's manuscripts he is not only absolved from all allegiance to them but he has no option in the matter. He may, if he can earn "fame, honor and money" (three valuable assets) as a secular writer. He may become a broker, or a real-estate agent, or a manufacturer of fancy soaps. It is obvious that he cannot stand as a pillar of the Catholic press on rejected manuscripts, so his case may be considered closed.

Miss Repplier takes exception to Father Smith counselling the young writer to conceal his faith until his fame be won. She does not believe that editors, who are striving to keep their public instructed and amused, are averse to timely, readable matter from

a Catholic writer. He will publish a good story or paper oblivious to creeds and customs. We agree with Miss Repplier. We are not of the opinion that every Catholic aspirant to literary prominence is a genius who must be acclaimed by the secular editor. When his work is crude or untimely or not of the kind sought by the public; if one editor rejects it he should try another or examine his literary conscience. To say, however, that his faith alone is a barrier to his advance may be childish outburst of conceit or a proof that he takes himself too seriously. Catholic writers have felt no need to conceal their convictions from the world.

HER OWN EXPERIENCE.

Speaking of her own experience in the world of letters Miss Repplier says that she has never, in all these years, found it necessary to ignore, much less conceal, her faith. "I could not if I would, nor have I ever been able to trace any failure on my part to an editor's distaste for my creed. When I have failed it was because my work was bad. Nor have I ever been asked by editor or publisher to omit, to alter, or to modify a single sentence because that sentence proclaimed my religious beliefs. It is not too much to say that I have found my creed to be a matter of supreme indifference to the rest of the world as it is a matter of supreme importance to me."

THE POOR EDITOR.

The editor in chief is a sorely pestered man. He is the gentleman at whom the 'stop paper' gems are aimed. He must tread circumspectly so as not to offend some of the brethren, and to please he must be a very Chesterfield in politeness and a master of diction as innoxious as it is meaningless. He can abuse Pontius Pilate to his heart's content but he must not even frown upon Pilate's successor who may be living in the same block with him.

We fear, however, that, judging from the letters he receives, we are adding to his burden. We refer to the individuals who indite screeds that are white-hot with indignation. We wonder why. Must we speak with bated breath, or must we, because some of our brethren are perched on money bags, refrain from any word to which they may object? Must we never allude to the saloon? Or do some of our friends think that an editor should be muzzled and dance when they pull the strings.

A QUESTION.

We wonder why the good people who shrink from vice and its victims are nothing loth to see it in the problem drama. On the streets vice has a hideous mien; on the stage it is shorn of its repulsiveness. But just why men and women, the representative ones as the reporter styles them, throng to witness an actress portraying an adventuress with a past, and clothes breaking the law of God, passes our comprehension.

THE FERRER CASE.

The Ferrer lie is still going the rounds of the press. It will strengthen prejudices, beget hostility and urge scribbles to mix up a lot of mush about the Church. The popular outcry is a phase of hysteria, but it shows that we are not, as yet, in the age of the fair deal.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON "THANKSGIVING"

GRATITUDE THE MOST ACCEPTABLE FORM OF PRAYER.—NO MORE HURTFUL THAN SIN OF UNTHANKFULNESS. Sermon preached in the Cathedral, Baltimore, Sunday, November 7, 1909. "And I saw another angel ascending from the rising of the sun, having the sign of the living God; and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels, to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea, saying: Amen. Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor, and power, and strength to our God for ever and ever. Amen." (Apocalypse vii, 2-12)

In a few days the President of the United States will issue his usual annual proclamation of thanksgiving. It is a source of profound satisfaction to every fervent Christian that the Chief Magistrate of the nation is accustomed once a year to invite the people of the United States to assemble in their respective houses of worship in order to return thanks to Almighty God for His blessings to the country. This is a most laudable and edifying custom. It is a public and solemn recognition of the existence of a Supreme Being and of an overruling Providence and of our absolute dependence on Him, and it cannot fail to exert a salutary influence on the people at large and secure for us a continuance of divine favors.

For the stream of thanksgiving flowing from the heart of the nation into the ocean of divine love will return to

us again, individually and collectively, in abundant showers of heavenly benediction.

Let us consider what we have to be thankful for. God has given us natural life. How precious it is! How delightful it is to cross the mysterious boundary that separates nothingness from existence, to spring from darkness to light, to breathe the air of heaven, to contemplate the starry firmament above us, to commune with our fellow-beings!

Life would be precious in any shape or form. It would be an unmerited gift if we were made birds, or fish of the sea, or creeping reptiles, for even the crawling reptile clings to life and instinctively shrinks from death. But how inexpressibly greater is the boon God has conferred upon us in creating us human beings and the lords of His earthly domain! He has made us in His own image and likeness. "God created man in His own image." (Genesis i.) He has endowed us with a sublime intelligence, with a free will, with an immortal soul. "What is man, O Lord," says the psalmist, "that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him? Thou hast made him a little less than the angels; Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor and hast set him over the works of Thy hands. Thou hast subjected all things under his feet, all sheep and oxen; moreover, the beasts of the field, the birds of the air and the fish of the sea that pass through the paths of the sea." (Psalm viii.) That universal jurisdiction which He gave to our primitive parent is also our heritage. He repeats to us what He said to Adam: "Rule over all living creatures that move upon the earth."

THE LIFE OF OUR LIFE. We are indebted to God not only for the life He has given us, but also for its preservation and continuance; for as without an Almighty Hand could have created us, so none but an Almighty Power can sustain us. Not only must we say with the prophet, "Thy hands, O Lord, have made me and fashioned me," but with the same inspired writer we must exclaim: "If Thou turnest away Thy face Thy creatures shall be troubled; Thou shalt take away their breath, and they shall fall and shall return to their dust." (Psalm cxxxv.) He is the life of life and the breath of our nostrils. He is the invisible sun that illumines our path. Every day we live, every breath we breathe, every pulsation of our heart is a fresh manifestation of divine power and a new expression of divine mercy.

Perhaps you will object and say you have little or nothing to be thankful for. Your lines have been cast in barren places. While others around you have enjoyed robust physical health, you have been the victim of various diseases. While others have been honored and flattered, you have been ignored and despised. While others have possessed in abundance the good things of this world, you have been in straitened circumstances. To this I reply that we should thank God not only for the good things that He sends us, but also for the afflictions and humiliations with which He has visited us. We should love Him not only when as a Father He cherishes us, but also when as a physician He holds to our lips the cup of sorrow and humiliation. We should kiss the hand that strikes us as well as the hand that caresses us. For whether He smites us or fondles us, He does so in love as our Father.

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE. It may seem paradoxical and hard to realize, nevertheless it is true that in the day of the Lord, when He will bring to light the hidden things of darkness and make manifest the counsels of the hearts—in that day we shall discover that we owe a heavier debt of gratitude to the Lord for the trials we have endured than for the comforts we have enjoyed. For how many more are drawn toward Him by sufferings than by consolations! What are the heavy trials of tribulation that fall on us but refreshing showers that quicken and nourish the seeds of faith in our soul and make them grow into fruits of sanctification? What are afflictions, if patiently endured, but the raw material out of which we can weave the royal robe that we shall deserve to wear at the banquet of the great King? "Once," said the Persian poet, Sadi, "I mused at the vicissitudes of fortune when my feet were here and I had not the means of procuring shoes. I entered a mosque with a heavy heart, and there beheld a man deprived of his feet. I offered up my praise and thanksgiving to heaven for its bounty and bore with patience the want of shoes." And yet alas! are there not some of you before me to-day who, in both auspicious and adverse circumstances, are waiting in thanksgiving to God? You do not show your gratitude in prosperity, but rather you are then so intoxicated with delight as to be oblivious of your Benefactor. You fail to thank Him in adversity, for the frost of tribulation congeals the fountain of grateful affections. The only time you feel disposed to make some pretense of gratitude is when you have some favor to ask or some danger to avoid, and then

your sense of gratitude is a lively appreciation of benefits to be received.

THE SUPERNATURAL GIFT. But if we should be grateful to God for the benefit of creation how much more beholden we are to Him for the supernatural gift of redemption. We should thank God not only that we are human beings, but still more that we are Christians. We should give thanks to our Heavenly Father that we were not born and reared amid the darkness of idolatry, but in a civilized and Christian country; that we were nourished by Christian parents, and that we live under the benign influence of a Christian civilization. Above all, how grateful we ought to be that we have Christ the Lord for our teacher, who "is the power of God and the wisdom of God," whose knowledge surpasses that of the pagan philosophers immeasurably more than the light of the sun exceeds that of the flickering lamp. He teaches us not only by word, but by example. He preaches to us not from the pages of the Gospel only, but also from the wood of the cross. He is not only our Teacher, but our Redeemer as well. He has brought us out of the darkness of idolatry to the admirable light of truth. "Ye were once darkness, but now light in the Lord." He has rescued us from spiritual poverty that we might be rich in grace and in good works. He delivered us from the bondage of sin to enjoy the glorious liberty of the children of God.

If, therefore, we should be thankful for our temporal life, how much more for the supernatural life with which He has endowed us! If we should be grateful that He has sent His sun to shine on us, how much more that He has sent His holy spirit to illumine our mind and inflame our heart!

THE SIN OF INGRATITUDE. There is no vice more hurtful to ourselves, more abhorred by man and more odious to God than the sin of unthankfulness. "Ingratitude," says St. Bernard, "is a parching wind that dries up the fountains of piety, the dew of mercy and the torrents of grace." So detestable is this vice in the sight of God that it provoked His most severe denunciation against the Jewish people. "I have brought up children," He says, "and exalted them, but they have despised Me. The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib, but Israel hath not known Me. My people have not understood." (Isaiah i.) The ox recognizes with affection the master that feeds him, and we are indifferent to the Divine Hand that sustains us. The ox meekly submits to the yoke, and we grow impatient of the restraint of the gospel. The ox plows the field which yields a harvest to his master, and we fail to cultivate in our soul the seeds of satisfaction.

The apostle of the Gentiles never wearies in giving thanks to God. In eleven of his fourteen epistles he pours forth his gratitude for the spiritual blessings vouchsafed to himself and his disciples. And in every instance these expressions of grateful acknowledgment are found in the opening chapter, as if to admonish us that all our prayers and good works should be inaugurated by acts of thanksgiving.

The Church in her liturgy imitates the apostle by the practice of thanksgiving. Our Saviour was once scrip-turist for our redemption on the altar of the cross. From the rising to the setting of the sun that great event is commemorated on thousands of altars by the eucharistic sacrifice, which, as its name implies, is a sacrifice of thanksgiving. Embodied in the prayers of the Mass is the angelic hymn, "Glory to God in the Highest. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we give Thee thanks for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God, Father Almighty." And in the same preface those words are daily recited or chanted: "Let us give thanks to the Lord our God. It is meet and just. It is truly proper and worthy, just and salutary that we should always and in all places give thanks to Thee, Holy Lord, Almighty Father, Eternal God."

BAD LITERATURE WAS CONDEMNED.

ABBE LE BEL SCORES SOME FRENCH WRITERS. Abbe Le Bel firmly declines to change his course of lectures on literature from the present schedule. It appears that a small number here and there have criticized his lecture course somewhat as follows: Corneille, Racine and Moliere are all right; your handling of the subject is all right, but we want to hear something of the writers of the eighteenth century, of Rousseau, of Voltaire.

"Now," said Abbe Le Bel last night, "my business is to treat of French literature at its best, not its vilest. I would present the elevating, the ennobling, not the morbid, the debasing, the corrupt. I say this not to my French auditors only, but also to the English present; they, too, want only the best. We have no use for the Rousseaus and Voltaires, nor for the Balzacs nor Zolas either. As the mother, so the child! France to-day is reaping the evil harvest of the eighteenth cen-

tury writers, most of whom come under the 'Index.' Its rulers are devoid of any religion. But the great heart of the French people is still sound and religious, and will always be so. Now every man and woman of every denomination has his or her 'Index,' or moral personality, or 'conscience,' as it generally called—it belongs to all well meaning persons, and when this conscience tells one a book is bad, every well-intentioned person will refuse to read it. I most earnestly ask all young people here to have absolutely nothing to do with any bad book; even a pastor should throw away such a book once he is sure it is bad, for it will have a bad influence on him too."

Abbe Le Bel caused some amusement by telling of a girl whose pastor warned her not to read a certain book that was listed on the 'Index.' But, father," she remonstrated, "I didn't read the book. I knew it was on the 'Index.' But surely we are not forbidden to read the papers. I only read the same story as a serial (feuilleton) in the newspaper."

"How is that for logic?" asked Abbe Le Bel. The bad books of Zola, published as "feuilletons," have done immense harm in France. Bad writings are doing a great deal of harm right here among our people, too, said the lecturer. "I don't want you to be victims of scruples, but I do want you to have a hair-splitting conscience, but I do say your conscience cannot be too sensitive, too delicate, too timid, even in the matter of suggestive literature. If you wish to improve your literary style, your knowledge, there are plenty of books and periodicals and newspapers too, excellent models of style, full of interest, and absolutely blameless from a moral standpoint. I mean this for all—Protestant and Catholic."

THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION. Judge Constantineau here put a few questions: "Are you aware that there is a movement on foot to abolish the French language? What do you think of it?" "I think the best class of English-speaking Canadians, individuals and societies, wish to learn French, and of course the French speak English."

"You come from France. You have Huguenots there?" "Yes."

"At La Rochelle this Protestant party was besieged, and broken up, by Cardinal Richelieu, and Protestantism as a political force was destroyed in France. This was a long time ago?" "Yes."

"Now what would you think of it if French Catholics instituted an annual holiday to commemorate the fall of La Rochelle, celebrated it every year with drum and file, and taunted their Huguenot neighbors therefor for hundreds of years?"

Abbe Le Bel answered that nothing of the kind was done in France. If it were, those doing it should be told to go home and forget it.

Judge Constantineau rejoined that the Battle of the Boyne, celebrating the defeat of the Catholics in far-off 1690, is here celebrated enthusiastically, especially in Toronto. What for?"

This raised a general discussion. Abbe Le Bel said sectionalism should be sunk in loyalty, and the general opinion of the men in the audience was that a few extremists were responsible for a lot of bad feeling, that the big majority wished to be fair and liberal. To this Judge Constantineau agreed, saying a few leaders made a big noise and fostered bigotry to get seats in the house. They fanned the bigotry, they got the seats. One grand advantage the United States possessed was this: A man was advanced on account of his personal fitness; religion or nationality was no drawback. No one inquired about these. Therefore all nationalities were paid and eager to enroll under the Stars and Stripes. It was not always the case in Canada, except in Quebec. There were places in Ontario where Sir Wilfrid could never be elected. He was Premier because the country as a whole put him in.—Ottawa Citizen.

New Church in Toronto.

In the presence of about three thousand people Archbishop McEvay laid the cornerstone of St. Cecilia's church, Toronto, on the 14th. His Grace was assisted by Rev. Father Hand, deacon; Rev. Father Coyle, sub-deacon; Rev. Father McGrand, director of ceremonies, and Rev. Father O'Malley, who preached an eloquent sermon from the text, "The stone which the builders refused has become the head-stone of the corner."

The site of the new church is the corner of Annette street and Pacific avenue in Ward Seven, formerly Toronto Junction, where a Catholic congregation of about 1,000 members is under the charge of Rev. Father E. P. Gallagher, who has been pastor since 1901. The new church will be of gothic architecture, 130x75 feet, with a tower 135 feet high, and will have a seating capacity of nearly 1,000. It will cost in the neighborhood of \$50,000. The collection Sunday in aid of the building fund amounted to nearly \$1,000.

Just as Christianity cannot penetrate in the individual soul without making it better, so it cannot enter into public life without establishing order.—Leo XIII.

Let Something Good Be Said.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall,
The shadow of disgrace shall fall,
Instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge, by the thorny crown
And by the cross on which the
Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair release,
Let something good be said.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

An Irish priest, Father Darmon, formerly a professor at Holy Cross College, Cloniffe, Dub in, has been elected Lord Abbot of the Benedictine Order in Belgium.

Pope Pius received in private audience Mrs. Bowen, sister of Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, last week. To Mrs. Bowen the Pontiff presented his photograph bearing his signature.

The suit brought in the Supreme Court of Porto Rico to establish the right of the Catholic Church to the lands held in that island by the Franciscan and Dominican friars prior to their segregation in 1838, has been decided in favor of the Church.

Miss Carmel Egan youngest daughter of Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, United States Minister to Denmark, is engaged to Count Holstein-Ledeborg, son of the Prime Minister of Denmark. The Premier is the first Catholic to hold that office in Denmark since the Reformation.

According to a press cablegram from Rome, Cardinal Satolli, who has been seriously ill in Milan, is rapidly recovering his normal strength, but the doctors say that to recover perfect health he will need a sea journey, so he is thinking of asking the Pope to allow him to return once more to America, which he loves as his second home.

Charles Conlan of Toledo, Ohio, who returned last week from the Panama canal zone, where he was employed in the clerical department of the canal, brings news of the activity of the Knights of Columbus there. Many Catholic men are employed on the canal work and they have organized a council of the order there.

Over three doors of the Cathedral of Milan, Italy, are three inscriptions. The first, amid a wreath of sculptured roses, reads: "All which pleases us is but for a moment." Over another door, around a sculptured cross, we read: "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." On the central door we read: "That only is important which is eternal."

Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D., J. U. L., rector of the Catholic University of America, Washington, received the Papal brief creating him Domestic Prelate of the Pontifical Household, with the title of Monsignor. The document came to him through the Apostolic Delegate, to whom it was forwarded through the archdiocesan chancery in Baltimore.

It has been estimated that by the abstinence from meat on fifty-two Fridays of the year, and the observance of Lent the beef trust suffers annually to the extent of \$150,000,000. It is also believed that the cutting off of the demand to that extent for all kinds of meats has a tendency to lower the price, so that the whole country is benefited by the observance of the regulation of the Church in this respect.

An amusing incident occurred the other day when Bishop Kennedy, rector of the American College at Rome, introduced to the Pope in private audience W. F. McCook of Pittsburgh, who is a fervent Catholic and has not been in Rome since the election of the present Pontiff. Pius X, evidently having misunderstood the name, looked him in the eyes, saying with curiosity, "Cook? Cook? It is you who discovered the north pole?" and on finding out his mistake was visibly amused.

Word has been received in Baltimore that the late Almira Gideon, colored, formerly in the employ of the Chouteau family of St. Louis, who was buried in that city recently, has left the sum of \$6,124 to the Oblate Convent of St. Francis, at Chase street and Forrest place, St. Louis. For more than sixty years Almira served in the Chouteau family, the older members of which are numbered among the pioneers of St. Louis. She was born in Baltimore in 1823 and was educated at St. Francis' Convent. She then went to St. Louis.

Rev. F. L. Kelly, O. P., the Catholic chaplain of the Ohio State Penitentiary, widely known for his excellent work at the state prison, is agitating a new departure in the treatment of prisoners. Father Kelly believes that as reformatories all penal institutions are a failure. They confine criminals but do not make them into useful citizens. Prisoners leave the prison walls as much a menace to society as they were when they entered. Father Kelly's suggestion, if adopted, would introduce a system of education into the state penitentiaries and would effect a great change in the whole penal system.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA
QUARTERLY DIVIDEND
 hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT. on the paid up stock of the Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the MONTHS ending 30th November, 1909, and the same will be paid at its Head Office and after Wednesday, the 24th of December, next. The dividend will be closed from the 15th of November, both days inclusive of the Board.
MASON, General Manager
 October 21st, 1909.

TO GAIN WEALTH
 Safest way is to become identified with factoring concern. We offer you an interest in a good rate of interest of good increase in value. We will give you the values to you. Any proposition will furnish the best conditions and terms. R. E. KEMERER, Confederation Building, Toronto.

Instant Announcement
The Catholic Home Annual
FOR 1910
 Great improvement and the new features in the Catholic Home Annual for 1910 make it
Catholic Encyclopedia
 RESPONSIBLE TO THE CATHOLIC HOUSEHOLD
 contains a mass of information the Catholic home should have hand upon all matters relating to the life of a Catholic. This is a list of the
new Features
 In connection with the calendar for 1910 are given the Monthly Devotional for each month; Indulgences for each month; What to Plant; Books Suitable for each month; The correct Thing to do; Lenten Dishes; Catholic Events of Importance; Religious Progress; Catholic and Insurance Societies in the United States; The Little Courtesan; Making a Home; Garment Questions on Religious; Answered; First Aid in its; How to Clean Various; Patron Saints of Trades and Professions; Saints to Invoke Against Sickness and Disease; Against the Poultry Raiser.

and Interesting Articles by Best Writers—Astronomical Calculations—Calendars of Feasts and Fasts

THE STORIES and ARTICLES.
 Plain, the Explorer—An interesting account of the noble life and deeds of the great Catholic hero. Illustrated. By Thomas Deane, A. M.
 Shop Kept—A story of an old man and his love for little children. By Maude Regan.
 Home With the Weather Prophet—The Weather Bureau is doing good in our country. Illustrated. By C. Hanson.
 Dream—A touching tale of lives blossoming in poverty. By J. Magann.
 Inspiration—The lifelong stone for a sin of youth. By Mary Magann.
 The Blessed—A thrilling description of the Inspired Maid, the Voices changed from an invincible shepherdess to the invincible leader of a nation's armies. Illustrated. By M. F. Nixon-Roulet.
 Quashed Fires—The love of two hearts for the same girl and what of it. By M. A. Fargart.
 Seaton's Luck—How an accouchee-failed a mercenary matchmaker rewarded a true lover. By Dalen Rock.
 It to St. Anthony's Shrine at Luján—An ancient city, its schools, churches. Illustrated. By Rev. J. Solbert.
 Solvent—A pretty story of a couple and how a Priest tried their difficulty. By Richard Serle.
 Links of the "Salve"—A glimpse of monks as they are.
 Son—The thoughts of a mother for her long-absent son. By Cahir Serle.
 High Her Own Act—A will; a winning woman and what it cost. By Magdalen Rock.
 The Events of the Past Year—Chronological.
 Charming Frontpiece and a Profusion of Other Illustrations

Miss Repplier takes exception to Father Smith counselling the young writer to conceal his faith until his fame be won. She does not believe that editors, who are striving to keep their public instructed and amused, are averse to timely, readable matter from

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The apostle of the Gentiles never wearies in giving thanks to God. In eleven of his fourteen epistles he pours forth his gratitude for the spiritual blessings vouchsafed to himself and his disciples. And in every instance these expressions of grateful acknowledgment are found in the opening chapter, as if to admonish us that all our prayers and good works should be inaugurated by acts of thanksgiving.

The Church in her liturgy imitates the apostle by the practice of thanksgiving. Our Saviour was once scrip-turist for our redemption on the altar of the cross. From the rising to the setting of the sun that great event is commemorated on thousands of altars by the eucharistic sacrifice, which, as its name implies, is a sacrifice of thanksgiving. Embodied in the prayers of the Mass is the angelic hymn, "Glory to God in the Highest. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we give Thee thanks for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God, Father Almighty." And in the same preface those words are daily recited or chanted: "Let us give thanks to the Lord our God. It is meet and just. It is truly proper and worthy, just and salutary that we should always and in all places give thanks to Thee, Holy Lord, Almighty Father, Eternal God."

THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION. Judge Constantineau here put a few questions: "Are you aware that there is a movement on foot to abolish the French language? What do you think of it?"

At La Rochelle this Protestant party was besieged, and broken up, by Cardinal Richelieu, and Protestantism as a political force was destroyed in France. This was a long time ago?" "Yes."

Now what would you think of it if French Catholics instituted an annual holiday to commemorate the fall of La Rochelle, celebrated it every year with drum and file, and taunted their Huguenot neighbors therefor for hundreds of years?"

Abbe Le Bel answered that nothing of the kind was done in France. If it were, those doing it should be told to go home and forget it.

The Catholic Record
 LONDON, CANADA

WILL SHAKESPEARE'S LITTLE LAD.

BY IMOGEN CLARK. CHAPTER IX.

O, that a man might know The end of this day's business ere it come!

Hamnet lay face downward in the lush grass, his head resting on his arms...

There was an open book in front of the lad, propped up against a stone...

Hamnet followed those gaudy-winged butterflies with speculative eyes...

"I' faith, the Latin is no more to their taste than 'tis to mine own this day..."

"He rolled over on his side, and made as if to fondle the dog's ears with his upstretched hands..."

"Out upon thee for a pestilential, destructive rogue!" a voice cried sharply from the other side of the bush.

"I'll teach thee, thou fat good-for-naught, what all the books couldn't learn thee—I'll thresh thee so thou'lt not soon forget this day's schooling."

Hamnet sprang to his feet, his face that had taken on a look of mingled dismay and fun at the mischief Silver had wrought—working with anger...

"Thou'lt not lay a finger on my dog, Ned Shakespeare," he called, defiantly.

"Ay, that I will, or first or last, it matters not," the voice replied, with an ironical laugh...

"Thou'lt not touch my dog," the boy repeated; "an thou dost, thou'lt rue it to the longest day o' thy life."

"Marry, I'll learn him, then, not to follow thy behests," Edmund said, with flashing eyes, angered beyond control by his nephew's tones.

"An thou knowest not the worth o' books, it shall be brought home to thee," he muttered.

"Thou'lt not be sorry hand to do that," Hamnet answered, white with rage...

"How!" cried Edmund, hotly. "Art ready wi' thy jibes? Dost dare outface me, thou little braggart?"

me for that. Thou wouldst not turn on thy foe when he did strike thee, for that he beareth a name we both do love...

"Nay, then, I'll take no eggs for money," Edmund answered, with a darkening brow.

Hamnet felt on the moment something moist and soft against his cheek. It was like the gentle touch of a snowflake...

"Now heaven be praised, dear heart, thou'rt come again," he murmured fondly, caressing the dog with tender hands...

"Down, sir, down!" Hamnet cried. "Thou'rt not thy quarrel, but art my very own, and I'll pay back with interest the blow thou hast received—trust me for that."

An angry push of tears blinded his eyes to the love in the dumb, uplifted gaze.

"In truth thou art my only friend," he went on, working himself up into the belief that all the world was set against him...

He had never been above petty meanness, and though his fists were ready at any time to serve a friend or one who was weak...

"Marry, 'tis a small jest, to my way o' thinkin'," Hamnet remonstrated, though the light was coming back to his eyes.

"Nay, I could not get my lesson memorized—twas too much to ask. On a half-holiday, too! An I had not tried, this never would have happened."

He got up a little soberly and walked slowly to the house, with Silver bringing up the rear, tail and ears hanging dejectedly again—his owner quite oblivious to the task of comprehending his master's varying moods.

Meanwhile the boy was hoping that he would find his grandmother within; the book must be mended before the morning, and hers were the safest hands to have the charge of it.

But if he told her one portion of the story, how could he keep back the rest? Those keen eyes of hers had such a way of seeing the very heart of things.

He struggled into a sitting position and rolled up his shirt-sleeve, which was open to the elbow, with a swift motion...

On the settle was Susanna's work-basket with a bit of white cambric, in which her needle was quitted, lying across the top.

Not far from the settle Mistress Anne Shakespeare's lute lay across a chair, and a little stool in front of it told the boy more plainly than any words could have done that Judith had been picking out the music of different songs.

He was about a mile from the town, and there on his left were the Welcombe Woods. Just beyond them the Dingles—a belt of straggling ash and hawthorn, which went winding irregularly through briery hollows and depths of vivid green where, earlier in the year, the blue-bells swung their tiny chimes—climbed from the footway below to the summit above, while immediately around rose the Welcombe Hills, from whose heights his father loved to look down upon the peaceful valley.

He had never been above petty meanness, and though his fists were ready at any time to serve a friend or one who was weak, he quarrelled but seldom on his own account.

"There dwelt a man in Babylon, Of reputation great by fa' name, He took to wife a fair woman, Susanna she was called by name."

"The girl broke off suddenly and was silent for a few moments, then she resumed the song as if there had been no interruption."

"A woman fair and virtuous, Lady—by day, Why should we not of her learn thus To live godly?"

"Jude," Hamnet called, as she dashed with a laugh—"Jude, what dost thou?"

"I be up to my eyes in work, sweet ape."

"I prithee come hither, I've summat to ask o' thee."

"There was a rush of flying steps, and the next instant Judith's rosy, laughing face appeared at the top of the stairs."

"Nay, Judith, come back to thy work," Susanna cried, impatiently.

"Where's the gran?" he called, in a voice shaking with rage.

"In the buttery, methinks," Susanna replied calmly. "An she be not already repaid, I'm sure."

"Minded to unpick Ned's doublet!" Hamnet put up his hand to his throat as if he were choking.

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in and draw out again, and he would trouble no one to help him, since they all kept aloof from him that day.

He went over to Susanna's work and made as if to take out the needle, then he half drew back his hand in the fear that he might pull the thread and so mar all.

"The girl broke off suddenly and was silent for a few moments, then she resumed the song as if there had been no interruption."

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a cool hand laid on the boy's fevered brow, and for the moment those hideous voices were quiet in his breast.

He paused and looked back at the tranquil scene, at the orange and gold greens of the bosky acres with their broom groves and hazel copses.

"The girl broke off suddenly and was silent for a few moments, then she resumed the song as if there had been no interruption."

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ordinary. Marry, 'twould take more fingers than he had a hundred times over to count all those wonderful places that would be calling to the country youth: "Come, see me! come, see me!" whenever he took his walks abroad.

He paused and looked back at the tranquil scene, at the orange and gold greens of the bosky acres with their broom groves and hazel copses.

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It is soothing and healing. Takes out the fire and inflammation, heals up the sore, forms new, soft skin.

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Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1909.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

When subscribers ask for their paper at the post office it will be well they tell the clerk to give them their CATHOLIC RECORD.

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.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ. D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Aeg. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1909

TO OUR READERS.

Thirty - one years ago, on the 4th of October last, the first number of the CATHOLIC RECORD was published. Its initial number bore the warm approval of the late beloved Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, who was at the time named, Bishop of London.

During the past few years the CATHOLIC RECORD has obtained a greater and firmer foothold than ever before in the Catholic homes of the Dominion. From Newfoundland to Vancouver, and in many of the states of the American republic it has made a headway which is to us as surprising as it is gratifying.

REV. MR. KNOWLES' HERO.

There is another of Mr. Knowles' yarns which deserves contradiction, not that importance can be attached to any of his statements but by reason of his position and also upon account of the circumstances under which he spoke.

witnessed or the hobgoblins which had frightened him. Mr. Knowles cannot thus draw upon his imagination. He owes it to himself and his people to be faithful in his account and just in his estimate of events.

"Society to-day is divided into the privileged and the disinherited. The former usurp everything, while the latter die of hunger.

Religion inculcates falsehood and teaches foolishness.

To maintain order is to maintain injustice against the working-man.

All religions are based on ignorance and aim at exploitation and oppression."

That is bad enough. Let us look at the fruit of the evil tree. We are now about to quote from the pastoral letter of the Vicar Apostolic of Barcelona, written after the riots. In Barcelona—a city of hard toil and progress—lawless crowds delivered up to the flames forty churches and religious houses.

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precipitate the pastor of the Knox Church at the rate manifested by the Galt Reporter. He may be a student, though he gives no evidence. He may believe in seeing things at first hand; his lecture shows that his optic nerve is affected.

BONIFACE VIII. AND PHILIP THE FAIR.

In accordance with our promise we approach this subject. Our correspondent quotes from Gen. Burton Adams' Modern History: "A quarrel had arisen between Philip IV. of France and Pope Boniface VIII. The bitter conflict ended in the death of Boniface.

In this question we propose to follow Cardinal Wiseman. Non-Catholic historians in general are apt to be unfair to every Pope.

When the estates separated Philip sent messengers to stir up all the provinces. The Pontiff, in order to be cut of the power of the Ghibellines then dominant at Rome, fled to Anagni. Philip's boldness followed him. On the 7th of Sept. 1303, William of Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna leading a troop of French and Ghibelline soldiers broke into the town with shouts of "Death to the Pope! Long live the King of France."

Holy See. Here was another source of irritation. A third was when the Pontiff sent the Bishop of Pamiers as legate to France. Then followed a forged brief claiming that Philip was subject to the Pope in both temporals and spirituals.

By a happy coincidence it was on the Feast of St. Charles, Nov. 4th, that the citizens of Ottawa tendered a banquet to the Hon. Chas. Murphy.

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THE VATICAN AND THE ANARCHIST FERRER.

Since writing our article upon the imputation made by the Rev. Mr. Knowles, of Galt who stated that Ferrer was executed at the instance of the Vatican, our Roman exchanges have come to hand.

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN ON CATHOLIC TOLERANCE.

Sometimes one reading the Christian Guardian would think that it is really sorry that it cannot be tolerant to the Catholic Church. Here the other day, it headed an article: Possibly we could do better.

done its best all along. Missionary accounts were zeal, and unjust criticism of Catholic doctrines and practices were only warnings to the brethren. The "We" in question included both Catholic and Methodist.

LIBELLING A PRIEST.

The Roman clergy are, as a rule, averse to resorting to the courts to defend themselves from the attacks made against them by irresponsible parties, or even by those whose position might entitle their opinions to credence.

Father Clark is a native of Dublin, Ireland, beloved by his parishioners, and, in displaying the fighting characteristics of the Celt, when wrongly accused, was also fighting the battle of justice for his people, who would have felt keenly an adverse verdict.

UNKIND WORDS.

A kind word costs little, yet we seldom bestow it upon the absent. We often choose to detract from their worth. We speak little of their noble deeds, but make much ado of trifling defects.

Self-love, at times, prompts us to minimize other's virtue. It is a delicate way of excusing our own sloth. When our own conduct does not favourably compare with that of our neighbours, we pick flaws in their actions, or place an evil construction upon them.

OUR TORONTO CONTEMPORARY.

Our TORONTO contemporary, the Orange Sentinel, is in a despondent mood because it has come to his knowledge that a number of clergymen of the non-Catholic sects receive and read the CATHOLIC RECORD.

"The Corriere d'Italia has private news from Madrid that after the condemnation of the anarchist Ferrer Cardinal Merry del Val proposed to the Holy Father to intercede with the Spanish government for the life of the criminal, and that His Holiness willingly agreed, but that the sentence was executed before the proposed intervention of Holy See was considered by the Spanish authorities.

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CALLING A PRIEST.

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When others unfold his parts, we perhaps toss, shrug the shoulders, ly smile. We sometimes throw

or suggestion of what we might do so inclined. This does than a positive accusation.

reservation makes our hearers usions. The "buts," followed ve blanks, are the unkindest

arity, on the contrary, should e us to speak well of others, e a Christian silence. If we together conceal their defects,

ittle word of censure or en- may turn the scale to air or hope, as the poet has

ter's mission in New York will meet with no more success than that of the late Mr. Dowie. Freaks, we fear, both male and female, will be ever with us.

"FLANEUR," a writer in the Toronto Mail and Empire, and who appears to be the under study of the editor-in-chief, is an ardent hater of the Catholic Church and all its belongings.

And now I come to the city of the Sacred Heart, to the little town that has honored Jesus as King of the Sacred Heart, to the village of the life-work and holy shrine of the Blessed Margaret Mary—Paray le Monial.

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the love that was consuming His adorable Heart for the salvation of poor sinners. How holy and awful this sanctuary! How I longed for the moment, when I would stand at one of its altars and, through the Holy Sacrifice, add to the reparation so desired by Our Lord for the ingratitude and neglect of man for Him in the most Blessed Sacrament of the Tabernacle.

"EVERY CITIZEN," declares George K. Williams, "should give himself thoughtfully and earnestly to the study of his rights and duties in order that he might perform his share of the vast work which the nation is bound to accomplish not only for itself but for the world."

Washington, D. C., November 12. President Taft opened the Laymen's Missionary Conference (non Catholic) here yesterday morning.

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SOUVENIR RANGES are just as near perfection as ranges can be built. Their construction is an absolute guarantee of fuel economy and cooking comfort.

graduated from Harvard University with distinguished honors in 1879 and entered the Episcopal Theological Seminary in New York, from which he obtained a degree in divinity in 1882.

THE CONVERSION OF THE SEVENTEEN ANGELICANS who constituted the Graymoor Community, founded by Father Paul James Francis, editor of the Lamp, should make us pause.

Why do not the Episcopalians be as explicit in giving names and addresses of converts from Catholicism as we are in this particular instance that narrates the advent of seventeen honest and earnest souls who marched as the disciples of old, two by two before the Saviour's face to be participants in His great Catholic graces and to do heroic work in His name?

ROME, Nov. 18.—Pope Pius in an address to the French pilgrims whom he received to-day declared that France was making war against the Church with an aim of undermining the basis of Christianity.

THE QUALITY OF ACTUAL WORK IS THE SUPREME TEST We cordially refer you to our work in the following churches.

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most animate Catholics to defend their religious rights and he concluded his address by urging the faithful to cling to the episcopacy.

It is a good thing that Rome keeps a watch on Catholic journals. The nondescripts, eventually, must give up the ghost. They are a disgrace to the Catholic name.

As we have purchased our Christmas stockings 50 cents on the dollar for useful Christmas presents such as Ladies' Hand Bags, Children's Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, also Dolls, Toys, Christmas Cards, etc.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

First Sunday of Advent.

PENANCE.

"When you shall see these things come to pass, look up and lift up your heads, because your redemption is at hand."

It may seem strange to some that the seasons which precede the celebration of the great festivals of Christmas and Easter, festivals of great joy as they are, should be ordered by the Church to be kept as seasons of penance. Advent is ushered in by the proclamation of the Gospel prophecy of the Last Judgment read to us on last Sunday, and again to-day we are reminded of awful terrors which our Lord foretold will appear before the coming, or advent, of the kingdom of God. In one sense the kingdom of God is already come. It is the holy Catholic Church, of which Jesus Christ is the King, and in another sense we may say that the kingdom of God is constantly coming by the preaching of the Gospel, and the spread of the doctrines and morals of Christianity among men, and the consequent reign of that divine peace and joy which Christ brought into the world.

If the Church calls us to penance at these seasons it is because penance is the necessary means of obtaining divine peace and joy, and when we are, so to speak, at one with God, and free from the slavery of the kingdom of Satan, then is our daily prayer answered, "Our Father Who art in heaven, Thy kingdom come." Then begins the blessed reign of Christ in the soul, of which He spoke when He said, "The kingdom of God is within you." That is the end of our Lord's advent at Christmas and at the day of judgment; to establish the kingdom of God in the hearts of men in life, and give them the glorious kingdom of God in eternity.

How does penance prepare one for such a state of exalted purity, of spiritual peace and joy? By removing all obstacles which stand in the way of the reign of God in our souls. There are obstacles put in the way by the senses and by the spirit. There is a pure gratification of the senses and there is an impure gratification of them. We all know this; too often we know the latter to our bitter sorrow. And so constant and severe are our temptations, and so frequent are our falls, that nothing short of positive acts of mortification of the senses, both penitential restraints and penitential self-punishments, will break the chains of our sensual slavery, and enable us to offer these self-inflicted pains, in union with Christ's passion and death, as satisfaction to our justly offended God. The lives and deaths of the saints, the apostles, martyrs, confessors, and virgins all teach the necessity of this penance of the senses for the purification of the flesh. Let a man give himself up to the unbridled mastery of his senses, and at once the reign of divine peace and joy is over in his soul. How happy, on the contrary, is he who with a good will offers this penance to God. A little self-denial in food or drink, in clothing, in money, amusements, or the too common luxuries indulged in. Do we not all know how much these acts of penance aid us in purifying and controlling our rebellious senses, and make us feel fit to stand in the presence of the all-holy God?

Then so many of us can never hope to get purity of spirit and feel ourselves fit for the near friendship of God unless we make war, so to speak, upon our spirit, upon our self-conceit, our self-love, and our self-love. We must do penance by acts of self-abasement, contrition, obedience, if we would crush out our pride, anger, and uncharitableness, and chase away all sorts of bad desires and imaginations which stain and degrade the soul. We are, unhappily, living in an age of spiritual pride. The common, daily reading in newspapers, magazines, and novels clearly shows the prevalence of this satanic spirit. The arrogant, self-conceited discussions of religion, of divine truth, by infidels, agnostics, and even by many so-called Christians, are all inspired by the same spirit. Can a man touch pitch and not be defiled? Can we daily read such things and not nourish the same evil spirit within us? Here is a good chance to do penance in order to keep the spirit pure and humble. Restrain the curiosity of your mind. Read only what is fit to be read by the children of the kingdom of God. Such a restriction, you say, would be a very severe penance. I say that it ought not to be; but since it, in fact, would be, as you say, it is plain your spirit sadly needs some such penance for its purification, for you are far from being fit to live in the kingdom of God and enjoy its atmosphere of heavenly peace and joy. Think of this and begin to act at once. Do something to purify your senses and your spirit and you shall be moved by the Spirit of all purity and

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grace to do, and a happy Christmas will be your sure reward.

ORIGIN OF METHODISM.

Editor Intermountain Catholic: Who was the founder of the Methodist church, and why was it called Methodism?

Laura White. The Methodist church in America presents some strange peculiarities in its origin and organization. It acknowledges as its founder and apostle, Rev. John Wesley, who was an ordained clergyman of the Established church of England. Born at Epworth, England, 1703, he entered Oxford at the age of seventeen, finished his theological course and was ordained a minister of the Established church. His first mission was a curate to his father, who was also an Anglican minister. Under the influence of his brother, Charles, who remained in Oxford after him, his zeal was aroused at the laxity of morals and irreligious spirit that prevailed at the time. The brother, with some other students, formed a little society. Of this society Charles Wesley wrote:

"Diligence led me into serious thinking. I went to the weekly sacrament and persuaded two or three young scholars to accompany me; and likewise to observe the method of study prescribed by the statutes of the university. This gained me the harmless nickname of Methodist."

John Wesley, returning to Oxford, joined the society. Both brothers, ordained in the Anglican church, refused to accept any curacy, but preached everywhere, visiting prisons and the poor. Both brothers real Catholic works, like the "Imitation of Christ," the "Life of St. Francis Xavier," etc., and distributed them among their followers. In 1735, accepting the invitation of General Oglethorpe, they came as missionaries to Georgia. Their stay in America was not long nor happy. Charles, who was appointed secretary of Indian affairs, and private secretary to General Oglethorpe, being bitterly persecuted by some of the colonists, soon returned to England. John Wesley, who was a strong supporter of the Church of England, insisting on all its ceremonies and rites and refusing all communion with dissenters, did not leave Georgia till he was confronted with several charges, one of which was "of being regarded by all persons of any consideration as a Roman Catholic."

Returning to England, he resumed his former work preaching in the open air and gained many followers. Through a strong advocate of apostolic succession in the Established church, yet when Anglican Bishops refused to ordain his followers, John Wesley resolved that they would be ordained in some manner for the American mission. Accepting as his guide Lord King's Account of the Primitive church, he argued that Bishops and presbyters were of the same order, therefore had the same right to ordain. He tells why he did not exercise that right in England, because "here there are Bishops who have a legal jurisdiction. In America there are none, neither any parish ministers are at hand." "I have accordingly appointed Dr. Coke and Mr. Francis Asbury to be joint superintendents over our brethren in North America; as also Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey to act as elders among them by baptizing and administering the Lord's supper. And I have prepared a Liturgy little differing from that of the Church of England (I think the best constituted national Church in the world.)"

This arbitrary consumption of power and firm adherence to the canons of the Anglican church so alarmed his brother, Charles, that he wrote a letter to Dr. Chandler in America stating: "I can scarcely believe that in his eighty-second year, my brother, my old intimate friend and companion, should have assumed the Episcopal character, ordained elders, consecrated a Bishop, and sent him to ordain the lay preacher in America. I was then in Bristol at his elbow, yet he never gave me the least hint of his intention. How was he surprised into so rash an action? He certainly persuaded himself that it was right. Lord Mansfield told me last year

that ordination was separation! This my brother does not and will not see; or that he has renounced the principles and practice of his whole life; that he has acted contrary to all his declarations, protestations and writings; robbed his friends of their boasting; realized the Nag's Head ordination, and left an indelible blot on his name as long as it shall be remembered.—Intermountain Catholic.

ENGLAND'S FALL FROM CATHOLICITY

"The sudden falling away of a whole nation from Catholic unity," forms one of the most interesting chapters in the latest volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia and is contributed by W. S. Lilly, the well-known Catholic writer.

This falling off is not to be explained, he says, as rising wholly from "the selfish policy or brutal passion" as Macaulay styles it, of Henry VIII.

It was the culminating effect, Mr. Lilly shows, of a struggle between the Papacy and the civil power of England that had been going on for many centuries—even from the Norman Conquest. Henry II. was not less desirous, it is shown, than Henry VIII, to free himself from the Pope's jurisdiction and his plundering of Canterbury was a case in point. Von Ranke, the German historian, points out, says Mr. Lilly, that the state of the world in the sixteenth century was hostile to the Papacy, and that the civil power would not acknowledge any higher power than itself. The sovereign of each country would be supreme in regard to all he might control, and on the death of Wolsey, one of the strongest of Church diplomatists in those ages, the power of the King became supreme.

This fact was shown in that Henry VIII, when he appointed Thomas Cromwell to be his Vicar-General, he reserved to himself, as supreme arbiter in matters theological, all matters of doctrine. More than once he went into the House of Parliament of the time and expounded to legislators what he conceived was the real meaning of dogmas. The greed of Henry VIII was another source of the de-Catholicizing of the country. Evident of the wealth of the monasteries, he confiscated them, thus, as Mr. Lilly says, leaving the foundation of English pauperism, and throwing the people on their own resources, making the practice of their devotional exercises an impossibility. The advent of Mary, and the restoration of religious customs did not avail to keep the faith generally alive when Elizabeth inaugurated the first part of her reign with wholesale measures of persecution against all who professed the Catholic faith. It was soon after her accession that on the Feast of St. John the Baptist, 1559, the statute took effect which was to abolish the old religion, and set up the new.

From that time Catholic worship could only be performed by stealth and at the risk of severe punishment. Had it not been for the founding of the seminary of Douay in 1586, by Cardinal Allen, whose object was to perpetuate the faith in England by creating an apostolate, Catholicity could hardly have survived even in the small numbers which were present previous to the great nineteenth century revival following emancipation.

The total number of Catholics who suffered death under Elizabeth amount to 189; of these 128 were priests, 58 laymen and 3 women.

Under her successor, James, the Catholic clergy and laity fared almost as badly, the fact that his mother, Mary Stuart, having been a Catholic meaning nothing.

Under Charles I, however, only two Catholics suffered, the King's refusal to persecute being, says Mr. Lilly, one of the reasons of his downfall.

By the accession of Charles II, however, a strong anti-Catholic feeling had begun to assert itself in the country, and the King, with true Stuart perfidy, revolted against his Catholic instincts, he more than any other being the cause of the solidification of Protestantism and the decay of Catholicism, which was to remain thereafter a matter for penalization for nearly one hundred and fifty years.

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BODY OF BERNADETTE FOUND INTACT.

There is another and a very remarkable prodigy to be added to the record of Lourdes, says the Irish Catholic. The exhumation has recently taken place, in solemn canonical form, of the remains of Bernadette Soubirous, in religion Sister Mary Bernard, from the grave in the convent cemetery at Nevers, in which they have lain for three decades of years. The body of her to whom, as an humble shepherd girl, the Blessed Virgin appeared and said, "I am the Immaculate Conception," was found to be absolutely intact. The miracle is a rare one; there are few like examples even in the case of the illustrious saints, and a fact of the kind is always specially noted by hagiographers as the most singular and a glorious testimony of heaven's favor. A greater contradiction of the laws of nature cannot be conceived than a corpse, given up to the earth, should thus escape the natural consequence of death, decomposition.

It was a fact soon made known to the world that immediately after ecclesiastical authority had pronounced favorably, after full inquiry upon the authenticity of the apparitions, pious pilgrims wended their way from all parts of the globe to Lourdes, and thither flocked year after year, in their thousands and tens of thousands, the sick, the maimed—ay, almost the dying—to improve in the spot she had favored with her celestial presence the clemency of Mary Immaculate. There was one person in all the world who would naturally be supposed to know all about this, and who yet knew nothing—Sister Mary Bernard, she to whom the Immaculate Virgin had deigned to appear and hold converse. Buried, dead to the world, in her convent, filling its lowliest offices with humble devotion and obedience, no word of the wonderful happiness at Lourdes was ever permitted by her superiors, doubtless inspired by Heaven, to reach her ears, and thus was avoided for her the least temptation of self-glory or complaisance; thus were made easy for her the virtues of renunciation and detachment exacted by her religious perfection.

She was never pointed out to her companions or to the public as the privileged child who at the beginning of her life had received the signal favor of an authentic vision of the Blessed Virgin; nor did she herself ever speak of the great favor of which she had been the recipient. The recent exhumation of the once humble shepherdess, the holy nun, had to do with the gathering of evidence for the introduction of the cause of her beatification.

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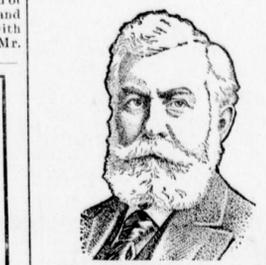
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