

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXVI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1904

1340

The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1904.

PAPAL DIPLOMACY.

The Montreal Daily Witness had a proclamation a short time ago on Papal Diplomacy. The editor does not seem to know the name of the present occupant of the Vatican, but he refers, we presume, to Pius X. He regrets—and he puts it very nicely—the recent protest against M. Loubet's visit. That friction could have been avoided is clear to him. Pius X. and the Cardinal Secretary of State lack astuteness, and the Papacy pays for it by a loss of prestige among the nations of Europe. Were the Pope a diplomat of the elusive type he might have ignored the visit of M. Loubet to the Quirinal—a visit which was intentionally sought for by the Italian Government with a view thereby to weaken the rights of the Holy See.

But because he is a judge and guardian of the rights of Catholics the world over he protests against this deliberate insult. It seems to us that the editor should consider the protest to be in the interests of civilization. Napoleon III. indeed endeavored to make successful brigandage a principle of International Law, but no diplomacy could put this in harmony with justice.

This action, then, of Pius X. in defence of principle, and in arraignment of robbery and usurpation should be lauded by the reasonable. That an old man poor in the resources in which the world takes pride should put himself forward as the uncompromising upholder of the moral law should be commended without reserve.

The editor refers to the impossible position created by Pius IX. in refusing to recognize the established fact of the Italian monarchy.

How and why it is impossible he does not state. At any rate he but echoes the sentiments of those who applauded and abetted the brigands who insulted and outraged and robbed Pius IX., and because he refused to condone theft and usurpation, and to welcome a Government, which, as Crispi declared at Berlin, would soon relegate the Catholic Church to the hell of Dante, he was dubbed a reactionary. Pius IX., as his successor today, invited to give up to the usurpers as their freehold property the provinces arrested from the Pontifical States. Here is his answer: This daring and unheard of proposition simply means that the Apostolic See, which has always been, and shall ever continue to be the bulwark of truth and justice, ought to sanction this principle that a thing taken perforce from its owner may be peacefully retained by the unjust aggressor: it means also a sanction of this erroneous maxim that a triumphant wrong is not an infraction of the sacredness of right.

Hence it follows that the Pontiff can in no wise consent to the spoliation wrought by these Vandals without shaking to its foundations the moral law of which he is acknowledged to be the form and the image.

THE POPE THE DEFENDER OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

The editor also informs his readers that if the Pope's gift of government had been as good as his heart he could have done much to bring about a better state of things.

This pronouncement is, in view of the facts, rather amusing. One thing that escapes the notice of the editor is that M. Loubet, by ignoring the rule regarding the visits of the chiefs of Catholic states to Rome, extorted a protest from the Pope. Could he have acted otherwise with honor? Another thing for the editor to consider is that courage in re-asserting an injury is no proof of a lack of executive ability, and he may also remember that not all the French secular papers denounce the Vatican for the protest. Furthermore, it is not at all certain that the Papacy has lost ground by this episode. But even were that the case, the glory of Pius X. as a defender of truth and justice would not be diminished.

THE CHURCH AND M. COMBES.

It is the fashion with some writers to contend that M. Combes is not warring against the Church. The religious orders only are attacked because they are disloyal to the Republic. These writers are ignorant as to what is a religious order, its origin and its standing in the Church. Then again for proofs of disloyalty they rely on the words of the atheists, or of that kind of Christian who believes in using any

weapons against institutions connected with the Church. The fact is, however, that M. Combes is devoting his energies to destroy religion altogether. He and his satellites leave no doubt as to this. Gambetta's, watchword: "Le clericalisme c'est l'ennemi" is on their lips. The fight in France is between atheism and the Church. And some good folk have been invited to become allies of the atheist. We do not know if they have contributed to his support; but we are not blind to the fact that one Canadian paper published without comment an account of the French Government's policy which was at variance with the truth, and hypocritical enough to make it distasteful to any fair minded human being.

THE CONCORDAT OF 1801.

The Church Made a Servant of the State.

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM—SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE THE MODICUM ACCEPTABLE TO A REPUBLICAN REGIME.

The most casual reader of newspapers or magazines knows of the sweeping policy the French Government has adopted in regard to the religious orders, now nearly all suppressed in France. He must also be aware that the relations between Church and State have become ominously strained in a country once called "the most Christian kingdom," the ruler of which was named "the eldest son of the Church," but where long since the anti-religious spirit has wrought great evils. We would seem, however, to ignore the power of Christian faith, of Christian ideals, also to underestimate their influence—still very great in France, were we to draw from the present state of affairs the inference that Catholicism is doomed—as some will have it—in the land of St. Bernard, of Bossuet and of Lacordaire. True, if the fate of the Church there were dependent on and riveted to the maintenance of the "Concordat" of 1801, her future would look decidedly unpromising. It is asserted, indeed, in seemingly well-informed quarters, that the days of said Concordat are numbered. Such a statement may be a rash one; but whether it is or not, it is far from sure that the abrogation of the Concordat would really sound the death knell of Catholicism in France.

THE CONCORDAT.

When that famous agreement between the First Consul Bonaparte and Pius VII. was signed in 1801, and put in force the year after, it was considered a very happy move by both contracting parties, and the beginning of an auspicious alliance for them. Bonaparte, indeed, wanted the clergy to help him in his general policy and in his personal designs. The Supreme Pontiff, on the other hand, was most gratified to have the Church and the State wedded once again. For it is one of the principal dogmas of the Church, an essential tenet of Catholic orthodoxy, in a normal condition of things, that the State ought to make open profession of Christian faith; that a divorce between the temporal and the spiritual domain is a downright and dangerous heresy. Catholicism—we believe—is wonderfully logical in upholding that doctrine. But for all that, it still remains an open question whether, for the interest of religion and of the Church, that particular agreement of 1801 was the best one that could be imagined, or whether it was not exposing again both religion and Church, to the old, inveterate and irreconcilable animosity of a large body of the people, most influential in Paris; and since it calls itself, and is considered abroad, the intellectual elite of the nation. The reader to whom French affairs and history are not quite familiar, may not know that the rapprochement brought about by the Concordat was intensely resented by the middle class (*Bourgeoisie*) in Paris; so much so that the four political assemblies then in existence, though dreading Bonaparte's enmity and spirit of revenge, plainly manifested their ill-humor and displayed their anger when called upon to discuss the Concordat. The legislative body, the Senate, the Tribunal, the Council of State made it clear to Bonaparte that his Concordat was to them as annoying as anything could be. In fact, the treaty would never have been voted by these assemblies if Bonaparte had not made a second *coup d'Etat*, by re-naming the Legislature and the Tribunal and filling these bodies with men of his own personal choice. And even then the First Consul felt obliged to placate public opinion. That is why, *pro tempore*, he published the *pro tempore* articles of the Concordat itself was termed) he added to the treaty seventy-seven articles called "Organic articles of the Catholic cult." These articles were decreed without the least assent, even knowledge of the Pope, and deliberately put the Church, body and soul, at the mercy of the French Government. "Religion became a department of the Government, a subject of administration," Count Portalis, who endeavored, in a memorable speech, to justify the Concordat before the Legislature, was accused of having turned "Almighty God into a French functionary." In point of fact, that was exactly how Bonaparte looked at religion. "My gendarmes"—said he—"my priests and my prefects have to attend to the peace and order of my empire." Discipline, doctrine and dogma were placed under State control, as will be shown later on. It is interesting to note that quite a few

Cardinals were not at all agreeable to that Concordat, some even offered strenuous resistance to Pius VII. The Holy Father, however, persisted and in the Brief *Ton Altius*, as well as in the Bull *Ecclesie Dei*, he gave the motives of his actions. The sainted Pontiff was actuated, assuredly, by the noblest impulses, by the loftiest reasons. Maybe that if he had known of the "Organic articles," soon to be published he would have kept back his acquiescence and refused his co-operation. Possibly the reader will inquire what, in case the Concordat had not been enacted and enforced, would have been the fate of the Church? The answer is easy enough to give. The Church would have fared then and henceforward in France, as it fares to-day in England and America. This can be demonstrated briefly. Yet, first let us recapitulate what had taken place in Paris in regard to religious matters between the years 1789 and 1801.

The "Constituante" (assembly called upon to make a new Constitution, 1789-1791), fearful of its principles had presumed to organize the Catholic clergy, and indeed had decreed "the civil constitution of the clergy." The majority of the clergy refused to submit to the preposterous scheme and endured, for the sake of their faith, every kind of persecution. The Church was at that time completely disorganized. The "Convention" (1792-1795) in which the Jacobins were all-powerful, thought that some sort of worship should be maintained. One party, therefore, proclaimed the cult of the "Goddess Reason." So Notre Dame and twenty-five hundred churches in France, were transformed into temples of Reason—i.e., of Atheism. Another party afterwards, that of Robespierre, put down the Goddess Reason and proclaimed the cult of the Supreme Being. That period, called very properly the "Carnival of Irreligion," lasted from November 1793 to July 1794. The terrible had its day. The "National Convention" took the middle class, taking courage again, in their turn sent the Jacobins to the guillotine and accomplished the reaction, called of Thermidor (July). They proclaimed the neutrality of the State in matters of religion. Indeed people had experienced more than enough that the interference of the civil power in ecclesiastical questions is, and ever must be, grotesque, absurd and intolerable. Consequently, from Sept. 18, 1794, to April 18, 1802, France lived for eight years under the regime of separation of Church and State, the Government having decreed the complete liberty of worship and made known its firm intention of subsidizing no clergy. That last clause was, undoubtedly, a downright injustice to the Catholic Church, since all her estates had been robbed from her and sold under the revolutionary regime. It is very probable that the penalty of the French clergy was one of the reasons which determined Pius VII. to accept the overtures of the First Consul with a view to a mutual understanding and support. But, save for that aspect of the question, save also for the national establishment of religion, it is very easy to explain how and why the Concordat has damaged at once the Church and the cause of religion in France. For the Concordat, in France, was far from being a demonstration, we make bold to say and to prove that the manner in which Church and State have been united in France for the last five centuries has been for the Church, for the Papacy especially, but a long series of humiliations endured for the fear of worse evils, and for religion a cause of revilement and hatred. Why then the clergy, the secular and the regular, with a few notable exceptions today, have been all along displaying in France their sympathies for the monarchial regime, is an inscrutable mystery, and not for us alone, but for all Catholics abroad who ask angrily what right a part of the French clergy has to denounce the Union of Church and religion for the sake of a policy which all people that experience has sobered, denounce as a folly.

We shall do our best to be brief and clear, though the subject is essentially an intricate and a long one. But facts will speak for themselves and will enable us to show how the union between Church and State in the old regime and in the nineteenth century has wrought two great evils in France: firstly, in depriving the Church of every bit of its independence and self-government; secondly, in forcing upon the French hierarchy a policy which estranged it from the Papacy.

Perhaps, also, will this paper explain the puzzling fact that France, though a Catholic power, though foremost in the world of Catholic piety at home and Catholic missions abroad, has been, more than any other nation, a dangerous foe to the Papacy, as well as the most disintegrating force, dissolving agent of faith and religion.

King vs. Pope. Scarcely had the long strife between the holy Roman Empire and the Papacy (1073-1273) been brought to a standstill, when it began between the King of France and the Pope. The reasons of the struggle were just the same, to wit, the rights and privileges vindicated by the crown as against those claimed by the Supreme Pontiff. Not that the Papacy denied the right of the State, but the "temporal sword"—said the Popes—must be swayed for the service and at the injunction of the spiritual power, *pro ecclesia et ad nutum ecclesie*. The kings of France, on the contrary, were bent on using and extending their rights in favor of their own ambition and at the cost of the Papal and ecclesiastical prerogatives. The

shrewd, unscrupulous and haughty despots who reigned on the banks of the Seine were determined not to yield a hair-breadth of their rights, and only began the contest when their authority at home was sufficiently well-established, in order not to be hampered, like the German Emperors had been, by internal dissensions. Then began the long succession of merciless vexations and humiliations, which in the course of five centuries (1303-1809) the rulers of France—Philip the Fair, Louis XIV. and Napoleon I. foremost of all—inflicted on a helpless Papacy, on Pious Boniface VIII., Innocent XI. and Pius VII., quite especially. At the same time, reviving the old Roman law, the kings' jurists made use of that code of the Roman Emperors, to repel what they called the encroachments of the Church, and help to establish an absolute monarchy on the basis of a national and civil legislation. Such was the origin of what has been named the *regal Gallicanism*, i.e., of a spirit of independence which found its expression in measures enacted to repress the interference of the Papacy in all French affairs, either political or religious. For five centuries that relentless aggression went on, undermining steadily the prestige and the authority of the Pope.

Though bad enough so far, the policy of the French kings had another feature worse still. As may readily be anticipated, a power driving at unrestrained absolutism would never rest until it had secured a dominating influence over the hierarchy and the Church. To that intent nothing could be more helpful than what we have to mention now, as the *Episcopal Gallicanism*, or the policy by which the French episcopate shook off, as much as it could, the useful, necessary and wholesome control of the Papacy. How was that made possible? How did that spirit of independence from the Roman Pontiff originate among the French Bishops? Two circumstances are accountable for that: The sad state of the Papacy in the fifteenth century, on the one hand; the diplomatic skill of two kings on the other. Charles VII. amid the dreadful confusion of the Western Schism (1378-1449) and of the rivalry of two Popes, summoned a synod in Bourges (1438) and had the Bishops and the laymen enact the *Pragmatic Sanction*, which certain French historians call the "first monument of our Gallican liberties." It was nothing less than the noxious doctrines of the Council of Bale, viz., that the general council is superior to the Pope; that the Pope must summon such a council every ten years; that the Universal Church alone is infallible, etc., etc. Such doctrines, utterly irreconcilable with the unity of the Church and the magistracy of the Supreme Pontiff, the latter could never sanction. Henceforth the Popes had no rest until the total nullification of the Pragmatic Sanction. That was brought about eighty years later, by the Concordat of Bologna (1516), agreed between Pope Leo X. and King Francis I., just at the very eve of the Protestant revolution in Europe. There is little doubt that said Concordat saved the kingdom of France from becoming Protestant. But, alas! what a high price the Pope paid for obtaining the eradication of doctrines so antagonistic to and subversive of the papal rights and of true Catholicism. Francis I. acquiesced in cancelling the Pragmatic of Bourges solely on the condition that Leo would grant to the kings of France the right for all times of selecting clerics to all the ecclesiastical offices and dignities, and would keep to himself but the right of confirmation. An immense patronage was thereby granted to the French rulers, who henceforward had in their gift an endless number of rich and fruitful livings, prebends and benefices of all kinds. In point of fact, the humiliation of the episcopal gallicanism was made in Bologna the object of a bargain which simply delivered up the French clergy to the French monarchs. Truly it mattered very little in those days, whether the Papal Bull confirming a Bishop had *nominavit* alone, or *nominavit nobis*, since the haughty, disdainful and brutal King Francis I. suffered no contradiction whatever, so long they were omnipotent. Perhaps it is well to note, here, for the edification of such clerics in France as go on bewailing the monarchial regime, that the French kings have shown themselves more intolerant and more overbearing than any other relations in the world can ever be in its strikingly obvious that by such a system the monarchy has, unintentionally, yet decidedly injured the Church and the Catholic religion. Or was, peradventure, a system that made of the king the fountain of Church dignities and honors well adapted to make the clergy respected and religion revered? When the man in the street, when the people at large saw the clergy always obliged to side with the Government, render itself, so to say, the accomplice of his policy in home affairs or against the Holy Father, that could their impressions be! Did it not suggest the notion of a national Church, wholly independent of the Papacy? It also gave ground to the belief that the hierarchy favored the despotism of the monarch? That the Church was responsible in some way, for the dreadful condition the country was in? Furthermore was it not apparent that under such a lamentable system the nobility was simply monopolizing the higher dignities and the wealth of the Church, much to the damage of the faithful and of religion? Verily, if the

Roman Pontiff had been allowed to exert greater influence in the selection of Church dignitaries in France, never would the French hierarchy have given to the world the sad spectacle it gave all along the eighteenth century.

In the nineteenth, since the Revolution has changed so many things in France, the sons of the nobility never thought again of entering the hierarchy. They have left the priesthood to the sons of the peasantry for whom it is also a kind of social promotion. Since then, let it be said and emphasized, there never has been in France a priesthood more active and pious, a hierarchy more admirable for its virtues, its sanctity and for its disinterested devotion to a noble and beautiful task. The monarchial regime was again harmful to the Church in another way. King Louis XIV., assuming that he was the principal champion of orthodox doctrine and religious opinion, endeavored to protect both by measures of his own devising. The Protestants were endangering the Catholic unity. The process of converting them by controversy and persuasion was progressing, it is true, but rather slowly. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, openly blamed by the Pope, but enforced by the king, re-established order in the realm. So two hundred thousand French families preferred to leave their country than to forsake their faith! Between the *Jansenists* and the Jesuits it was again the king who decided. Beneath the subtlety of theological disputes, Louis XIV. discovered in Jansenism a sect which, through an exaggerated individualism would lead in religion to Protestantism, and in politics to the representative system. It was not enough for the king that Rome had condemned the scholars and theologians of Port Royal; he expelled them, he cast to the winds the people of that once famous establishment; he levelled to the ground the house of Port Royal des Champs. Then under Louis XV. came the turn of the *Jesuits*. The courts condemned them, confiscated their property and banished these staunch defenders of the pontifical power. The king, believing them guilty, forsook them, nay, had them expelled from all the countries where the house of Bourbon was reigning. Pope Clement XIV. himself was compelled to yield to the imperious requests of three kings, to disband and suppress the society. The room left empty in France by the expulsion of so many different people, all victims of their religious faith, was thereafter occupied by the heralds of unbelief, of atheism and materialism. Behold the spectacle: Royal orthodoxy, coupled, as is known, with the most appalling looseness of morals ever seen in a Christian court, in the very age of Bossuet, Fenelon and Bourdaloue, expelling on the one hand such people as are everywhere, for their character and morality, the honor of a nation, and on the other, compelling a sainted Pope to surrender to its dictates; a scandalous lesson of impiety given to a nation! Is that a regime which we should wish to befall the Church, in any country under the sun, ought to bewail and regret? This is not all, either. There is something more to add to the gloomy picture of the relations of Church and State under the French monarchy.

Since we have had to recall the sorrowful failure, in regard to Catholic interest, of the period which is called in France the *Restoration*—we might name it the "monarchical reconstruction"—it is as well to finish the story and to say that the same untoward course was followed again under the second empire, but then with consequences still more disastrous for Church and religion. Indeed, not only did the clergy have to share the discredit and disfigurement that befell the regime which they helped to establish, but they could readily hold themselves foremost responsible for a system which was to be instrumental in destroying the temporal power of the Papacy. Said Mgr. de Salinis, Bishop of Amiens, in a memorable charge to his people: "When the Church meets Caesar, her duty is to go to him and offer him not only peace but her alliance. We are decided to lend the Emperor our most loyal help and we pledge ourselves to aid him in the accomplishment of the providential mission assigned to him." Alas! the Papacy soon experienced what that mission meant for her and for the Church!

It will remain the eternal honor of our great Lacordaire to have foreseen what would be the outcome of that policy of the hierarchy in France. It grieved and disheartened him more than can be described. He had expected something very different. One day he wrote: "The people have had the divine intuition of the natural alliance between Catholicism and liberty." He was precisely that alliance which Montalembert and others (all laymen and French) had emphasized and expounded on all occasions, and especially in their gazette, *Le Libéral*. Said the great orator: "Let us give to the Catholics the taste of liberty; let us persuade them to give up the protection of the State, its favors and privileges and to depend no more but on themselves." True, the government of Louis Philippe had given cause enough to the clergy to make them long for their independence. But it was "love's labor lost." Napoleon III. had but to appear and all the exertions of Montalembert, Lacordaire, etc., were frustrated. It is hard, perhaps, to give up a system that has lasted now for a thousand years, and to sever forever the Church from the State. In the eyes of the best minds, in France, it is now the only way for Church and religion to keep in touch with the age. The liberal wing of the French nobility begin to understand it, at last! In a memorable sitting of the French Academy, on March 10, 1868, Count d'Haussonville, answering the speech of the new member, the very distinguished Count de Mun, said: "As for that conception itself, in regard to the close alliance between the Church and the State, whether it be a monarchy or any other form of government, I shall certainly astonish you, but I am bound to say that I never desired it. I shall never desire it!" Facing such an audience and so many representatives of the more conservative part of his own class, the noble academicians was doubtless quite courageous, even fifty years after Montalembert had said just the same thing.

If Catholicism, if Church and religion are to make up for all the time lost, it

proved severely for having suggested

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.

MARY LEE

or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ. CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PRIEST AND DR. HENSHAW. — THE INFLUENCE OF CATHOLICITY. — ITS ATTRACTIVE AND REPULSIVE FEATURES. — THE PRIEST'S GARDEN AND THE OLD TOMSTONE.

Father John, having waited to see Mr. Quirk completely restored to his usual equanimity, and Captain Petersham in the saddle ready to set off for the court house, took the near cut over the hill, and soon reached his humble home. On his arrival, the servant handed him a letter, and informed him that several persons had called, and among the rest Elise Curley of the Cairn, who expressed great anxiety to see him before the court opened. Mr. Hardswick also had sent his man in haste to say that a riot was apprehended in the event of Barry's committal, and requesting Father Brennan's presence to maintain order and assist the magistrates in the discharge of their duty.

"A very modest request, upon my word," said the priest, opening the letter, and sending it quietly in his easy chair to read it. "Very modest, indeed; but I have a duty of my own to discharge at present." The letter ran as follows: — "MY REVEREND FRIEND: The blow I have so long been evading has fallen at last. My creditors have discovered my retreat, and placed a writ for my immediate arrest in the hands of the sheriff. I leave here to-morrow, by daybreak, and cross over to Malin Head; but where, after that, fate only must determine. What is to become of poor Mary, God alone can tell. For the present, at least, you must be her protector, for I know of no other to whose care I could intrust so precious a charge. I should much rather, for my own part, go to jail and weather out the storm as best I might; but the thought of my incarceration would take the dear child's life. I must quit this place to-morrow, too, without seeing her; for I never could summon courage enough to bid her farewell. The furniture here will, of course, be sold for debt. Save the old Bible and hardswick, if you can. They are of little value, to be sure, to any body; but still they are links—alas! the only links left us now—to connect us with the past. If you speak a kind word to the captain about old Roger, I'm sure he won't let him want. Be kind to Mary, and comfort the poor child in my absence. "God bless you. "Yours faithfully, "E. LEE."

"John!" cried the priest, as he read the letter—"John!" "Sir." "Take the horse and gig immediately, and drive as fast as possible to the light-house. Give my compliments to Mr. Lee, say I received his note, and tell him to come up without a moment's delay, and bring Miss Lee with him. You understand?" "Yes, sir." "And see here—don't wait to feed the horse, but go at once." "No, sir." "Let Mr. Lee have the gig, since he has no conveyance of his own, and you can return on foot at your leisure." "Certainly, sir."

When the servant closed the door the priest leaned back in his chair and composed himself to read Vespers. And a snug, pleasant little room it was, that parlor of Father John's, to read or pray in, with its latticed windows looking down on the placid face of the beautiful Mulroy, now sleeping calmly in the bosom of the hills. Close by the side of the humble edifice grew a long line of gooseberry and current bushes, and up from between them, here and there, the honeysuckle stretched its long neck into the open windows. Out before the door stood an old elm tree, majestic and lonely in the centre of the grass plot, spreading its giant branches far and wide over house and garden. Many a name was carved on that sturdy old trunk in its day, and reverend uncle sat on the stone bench together, and leaned back against it in the summer evenings, to say the rosary and tell the beads. And there, too, round about grew many a flower of native growth, fresh and fair, simple and modest, like the virgin whose altar they were intended to decorate—the mountain daisy, white as snow; the primrose, its faithful companion, at its side; the cowslip, with the dew always on its face; and the lily of the valley, hiding its head in the grass, as if it had no right to occupy a place in the world at all. These and such as these were the only tenants of that modest garden. O, well we remember it—that garden where none but wild flowers grew—those pretty wild flowers, Nature's own spontaneous offering. And every morning would the priest pluck a bunch to scatter on the shrine of the virgin, as he ascended her altar to say the holy Mass, knowing well she loved them best; for it was such as these Joseph used to gather for her, long ago, by the wayside, when his work of the day was done.

Down below the garden, and over the copse which lay between, appeared the whitewashed walls of Massmout Chapel, rising from the water's edge, and on either side facing the sea, the white gravestones peeped out from the long grass and tangled fern. But in that solitary spot there was one particular grave, on which the priest's eye often loved to rest, as he sat by the window gazing down on the old churchyard. It was the grave of an old and long-cherished friend—of one who found him in his early days a little and a wanderer, and took him into his house and heart; one who paused not to ask the poor wayfarer from what nation he came or whether he went—for his big heart knew no distinction of birth or race; who lavished on him all the loving fondness of a father, and at last took him by the hand and led him within the sanctuary. On that humble

slab, covering the old man's grave, the priest's eyes often rested, as he sat by the window of his little parlor; and often he sighed and longed for the day to come when he might see that stone replaced by a monument worthy the great and holy heart that slept beneath it. But, alas! he sighed in vain; for he was poor, and his love alone could never raise it.

Dear reader, many a noble heart lies mouldering in a forgotten grave; and many a grave on which gratitude should have erected a monument to virtue, lies deserted and abandoned to the nettles and the dockweed. We have seen such in our own day. Alas, alas! that the world should be so ungrateful. Once upon a time we stood beside an open grave on a green hill-side in N-E. It was a grave in which the mortal remains of a great and good man were soon to be deposited—a man whose virtues were the theme of every tongue. And well they might, for never breathed a purer soul, nor throbbled a nobler heart than his. At once unaffectedly simple and unconsciously sublime, his nature was a compound of the finest qualities of the Christian and the gentleman, without a single jarring element to mar its modest grandeur.

The funeral procession at length reached the spot, and the coffin lay laid beside the grave with the lid thrown open, that the mourners might look on the face of the dead for the last time. Never was seen such a crowd as that morning gathered there. Fathers and mothers leading their little children by the hand, and young men with bearded lips, and old men with hoary heads, were there, and strangers from distant cities were there, and Bishops in purple cassocks, and priests in black stole and surplice. Kneeling on the greensward, the incense rose, and the psalm was sung, and the people of high and low degree mingled together, and prayed for the repose of his soul; and whilst they prayed their tears fell thick and fast. It was a sad but glorious sight to see that multitude weeping and prostrate that morning before the open coffin; and, gazing on his face, they saw it still beaming with that look of love which ever marked it through life; nay, he seemed at that moment as if making them his last appeal for an affectionate remembrance. And each one answered the appeal by a silent vow—a vow to honor, to gratitude, and to God—made while they gazed on his face through their tears—made with their hands upon his coffin—a vow never to forget him.

Ten years passed away, and again, after many wanderings, we returned to that green hill-side, and looked around for the monument which that crowd of loving hearts had erected to the memory of their benefactor and friend. "What seek you, stranger?" said an old man, seated on the grass by a little mound of clay. "The monument erected to the memory of the illustrious—" Here it is," he replied, laying his hand on the sod beside him. "That?—Yes, that is the monument; I have just been sowing a few flower seeds at his feet." "But his friends?" we inquired. "Friends!" repeated the old man, smiling bitterly. "Yes, that mighty multitude which ten years ago we saw weeping and walling here before his unburied corpse—what has become of them?" "Dead." "What, all dead?" "Ay, they all died on the day of his burial—all save one and myself. That one came often here to say a prayer and drop a tear on the grave, for living and dying he loved him best of all the world. But alas! he is poor, and those whom he trusted to for help have proved ungrateful." "Nay, say not so, old man," we replied; "mayhap he has not solicited their aid. It were sad indeed to think—" "Sollicit!" he repeated, again interrupting me; "no, he could never do that—the peculiar frailty of his relations with the dead forbade it. But, friend," he heaved, "true gratitude never waits for time, nor place, nor man to call forth its expression."

Pardon us, dear reader, for this digression. Perhaps it is out of place, but for the life of us we couldn't help making it. Father Brennan had but little more than commenced to read his history, when the parlor door opened, and a servant announced a visitor. Presently our old acquaintance, Dr. Henshaw, entered, and the priest instantly laid his breviary on the table, and rose to receive him. "Dr. Henshaw, this is very kind. I'm very much pleased to see you—pray be seated." "Sir, you'll excuse me; I merely called to return this volume of Bailly's Theology, and to thank you for your hospitality before I leave." "Ah! then I see you're still angry with me, Doctor; and, indeed, not without some show of reason, for I may, in a moment of irritation, have said more than was becoming in the presence of strangers. Still we must not indulge resentment, you know." "More than was becoming. Why, sir, you said what was both offensive and unjust," replied the doctor, gruffly. "Perhaps so. If I did, I sincerely regret it." "But, sir, your regret is not enough. In justice to me, you are bound to retract the charges you made against me in presence of the parties before whom you made them."

"That I shall, sir, most willingly. Whatever those parties may think unjustifiable in the language I used that night, I am ready to retract and apologize for. What I said, Dr. Henshaw, merely regarded your inveterate habit of intruding your faith into everything. Why, you had hardly been five minutes conversing with Miss Petersham, when you told her she would certainly be damned if she didn't renounce Protestantism and join the Catholic Church forthwith."

"And why not tell her so at once, sir? whose's the use of dilly-dallying about it? Humph! it's charity, sir, to let them see the whole truth at a glance—I say it's charity, sir." "And as a consequence of that charity," subjoined the priest, "they're both shocked and disgusted." "Be it so—the sooner shocked, the better. Protestantism is a chronic dis-

ease, sir, and its by no syllabubs and strups you can cure it; no, sir, but by the most searching medicine, administered very frequently and in large doses." "Such treatment, I fear, would more likely kill than cure," said the priest. "I maintain the contrary, sir. Error should be taken by the horns, and not by the tail. I have seen how you converse with that girl—Miss Petersham; why, you talk to her, sir, as if you were making an apology for the severity of Catholic discipline, and the conservatism of Catholic doctrine. Hoot, sir, you can never make a Catholic of her by such a course of training as that." "You think so?" "Most assuredly, sir." "And yet she is preparing to join the Church in a few days." "I can hardly believe it, Mr. Brennan."

"Why not?" "Why, she hasn't the look of a convert." "What, because she doesn't appear grave and solemn?" "No, but her deportment is not like that of a girl desirous of saving her soul. She's cracked, sir, or, as we say in Scotland, she's clean daff." "By no manner of means, doctor; you mistake her character altogether. Under all that apparent thoughtlessness concealed a fund of natural piety and love of truth, which, if you only knew her as I do, would surprise you. Kate Petersham is not a Scotch girl, you know, to look glum, and shake her head like a 'canny' Presbyterian; nor English either, to wait for the slow conviction of her intellect before she surrenders the heart; but a genuine, true-blooded Irish girl, inheriting the enthusiasm and impulsiveness of her race, whose soul feels the divine attractions of religion drawing her to its bosom, long before her mind recognizes its presence. Like all Irish girls, Kate is playful, witty, light-hearted, and tries every day to hide her piety under an affected recklessness. She will steer the Water-Ion in the teeth of a gale, or ride Mall Picher, at a steeple chase, over breakneck walls, when the humdrum takes her; but see her in her closet, when she shuts the door against human eyes, and you'll find her a very different being. Yes, sir, Kate is an Irish girl in every sense of the term—generous, impulsive, wayward, if you will—but with a heart full of true piety, and a disposition as humble and gentle as a child's."

"Humph!" ejaculated the doctor; "Ten years ago, sir, after this extraordinary eulogium, how you set about her conversion?" "Not by cosing her with dogmas, anathemas, and philosophy, I assure you," replied the priest, smiling. "No, that's not your method, I perceive. You began, I suppose, like all others of the old school, by pushing her down gently from Protestantism into infidelity, and when she could go no farther, led her up again by the old negative process, step by step, through all the isms into the true Church." "No, sir, that course would only have confused without converting her." "And what then?" "I merely pointed out to her the beauties of our holy religion, and sent her down to Mary Lee to see them illustrated." "Ah! Mary Lee—the light-keeper's daughter?" "Yes. She converted Miss Petersham without a word of controversy—converted her by the mere example of her every-day life. It's precisely the force of similar example we owe so many conversions, by the Sisters of Charity, for instance, and the various other religious societies."

"I admit, sir, they are useful in their way—nay, of great advantage as helps to religion, especially as regards the weaker sex; but men of intellect must be treated otherwise, sir. Intellectual men need intellectual treatment; and whilst your Sisters of Charity, and so forth, have done much, and are still doing much, in their own way, there is still need of men who, like myself, endeavor, according to our poor abilities, to defend truth and combat error, by means of that very philosophy, logic, and theology you seem to think of so lightly. Each in his own sphere, sir, is an old adage."

"Certainly, and a good one, too. But you misapprehend me, doctor, if you think I disparage one or the other as a means of conversion. Not at all. I merely say you overrate them, and give too little credit, in your account, to the grace of God and the influence of example. In fact, sir, like the majority of converts, you make a mistake in your very beginning. You think—cr—seem to think, at least—that nothing has been done in the Church for the conversion of heretics till you joined her, and that in the ardor and freshness of your zeal you are expected to make up for the neglect. This is a grievous error, Doctor, and if allowed to go unchecked, might lead to lamentable consequences. Take yourself, for instance. Instead of studying, like a child, the primer of the Church, and learning therein the thousand helps to salvation, and the thousand beauties to be found in her ceremonies and pious observances, you leave all such little things to the ignorant, and jump at once into the higher region of dogma, without the slightest preparatory training. The result is that you often introduce subjects in your writings and lectures which are not only ill timed and uncalled for, but really dangerous in hands so inexperienced as yours. I willingly admit, Dr. Henshaw, you're a very able writer. Indeed, in that department of letters you have chosen as the field of your operations, you have, so far as I know, very few equals. But the greater your abilities, the greater the danger both to yourself and the Church. To yourself, because of the inordinate pride such talents are apt to generate, and to the Church, lest your non-Catholic readers might mistake your productions for fair specimens of the true tone and spirit of Catholicity. In that case the Church would certainly suffer; for I cannot help telling you, Doctor, that so far, at least, you have only presented the Church in a repulsive attitude."

"That is," replied the doctor, smiling serenely. "I have not tried my hand at nambly pamblyism yet." "No, you certainly have not, sir. But by taking the very opposite extreme you have, in my opinion, done very little good to religion. What pleasure or benefit can you find in the use of such language as you uttered that night at Castle Gregory—and not only there, but wherever you had occasion to speak of Protestantism? Then your profound reasoning and subtle logic, on the other hand, may convince intellects, but, be assured of it, will rarely convert hearts. In such an age as this, you must exhibit the Church under her most alluring and attractive form, or you will make no true converts. Men will read your elaborate articles, admire your vigorous thoughts and your cogent arguments, but their hearts will remain untouched. If ever, indeed, by such a course, you do succeed in bringing a Protestant within the vestibule of the Church, he will stand there like a converted philosopher, scanning the books of the new school and examining the principles of the new philosophy, but he will hardly fall before the altar, and with heart bowed down before his God, acknowledge himself a humble and penitent child. No, sir; it's not enough to convince the intellect; you must convert the heart, also, or you will make no converts. Father F. has done more for the conversion of souls, in the smallest and least valuable of his works, than you have ever done, or ever will do, with all your great talents. And the reason is plain. He is not ambitious—except, indeed, for the happiness of his fellow-beings. His thoughts, as he writes, are never of himself. He aims not at the admiration of men, but at their salvation. It is the writings of such converts as he is we want to see, and not elaborate essays on subjects neither practical nor necessary. If you want to make your talents useful to the Church, don't strain them to reach where your readers can't follow you, but write for the people—write for the millions, sir, not for theologians and philosophers. If you do that, you will save your own soul, and convert thousands of others; but, if not, I fear you will lose both."

"Humph!" ejaculated Henshaw, after the priest had concluded his somewhat long speech, and buttoning his coat, as if preparing to leave—"I was not aware that I solicited your advice in the matter; if I had, no doubt I should be prepared to defer to it; but as it is—"

"The doctor," interrupted his friend, "I speak my sentiments on this subject openly and candidly, and at the risk of giving you offence; but I do so both for your own sake and that of religion. The course you're pursuing will undoubtedly prove, in the end, to be an injudicious one—and you will only have the mortification of knowing, in your old days, if you persist in it, that the Church of God has gained nothing by your advocacy." Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, with Captain Petersham's compliments, and his request to see Father Brennan at the court house. "Ah, I expected as much," said the latter. "This trial of young Barry has just commenced, I suppose. Will you accompany me, doctor?" "No, I should rather not, just now," replied Henshaw. "I have some preparation to make before leaving to-morrow."

"What I make going so soon?" "Yes; I must return by to-morrow's packet."

"Why, we shan't have time to make up our quarrel, then. O, you mustn't think of it, doctor."

"To-morrow I shall positively start for Derry." "Well, well, we must talk of that again some other time, for an hour or so, to the court house, to hear this trial. If you refuse, I shall say you parted from me in anger. Come, we are old friends, doctor, and must not get estranged for trifles—come; and the priest, after several unsuccessful attempts, at length prevailed on his discomfited friend to accompany him to the court house.

"TO BE CONTINUED."

KERRY. They called her "Kerry," this small, dark-haired girl with the great mournful eyes, underlined by such deep black circles. She came from County Kerry—that was all her companions knew of her. Like them she toiled from early till late at night in one of those tall mills which were so frequent in our New England States. Like them, she received in return a mere pittance, of which the largest share went to the dear ones in old Ireland. But what was there strange in that? Nothing, surely. One out of every three was doing likewise. "Kerry" worked her long hours with the rest, in that resigned way which is common to the Irish character. The only difference between her and her companions was, perhaps, in the reserve with which she hedged herself about. And her companions, with their true hearts, respected it. During the short respite for lunch each day, no one was more eager than "Kerry" to hear news from the land across the sea, more eager to share in all joys and sorrows. As for herself, she seldom received a letter. In fact, she seemed alone in the world, save that her little earnings found their way back to some one at home. At rare intervals a letter came, having her address in large, foreign writing, and when the girls next saw her there was a suspicious redness about her eyes that forbade questioning.

Was there any little kindness done? It could be traced to "Kerry." Any opportunity to lighten the lot of some poor soul? "Kerry" seized it. After hours she could be seen trudging along with the rest to the cramped compartment of one of those establishments called Corporation Boarding Houses, and very often when the meagre supper had been finished, she disappeared, not to be seen again till retiring time. Where was she after her hard day's weary work? Perhaps if you ask a

poor invalid in the next block who came of an evening to cheer her lonely life, sometimes to bring a morsel saved from a scanty meal, she would answer you. Perhaps the dear Master, so lonely in the church around the corner, could tell. Even the little sanctuary lamp seemed to know when she entered, and to struggle harder to pierce the shadows with its feeble rays. Surely, could you peep over the shoulders of the great white angel with the golden pen you would be satisfied. There was one difference between her cot and the rest. At its head was a tiny picture of St. Joseph. And many of her companions observed that she had a special devotion to the saint. When she was saying her short night prayers, her look was turned lovingly toward the little picture. When any of the others came to her with their trials, she would invariably send them to the foster-father of the Christ-Child. Especially, was it whispered that Mary's or Bridget's mother was dying, the poor lonely girl would feel a little hand steal into hers and hear the simple words: "I am sure St. Joseph will give her a happy death. I am praying hard for her."

This reminds me of the one peculiarity which many of the keen Irish minds were surprised to observe in "Kerry"—a great dread of death. Whenever a weird tale of a deathbed was being told, "Kerry" would slip away unseen, and without the least rites of the Church, try to keep herself pure, God knows, but He also alone knows my frailty and how often I fall. Each of these deaths at home has been taken by a sudden death, and there is a feeling in my mind that I shall soon follow likewise. My only hope is St. Joseph, to whom I constantly pray that I may not go unprepared. I think he will work a miracle if he needs. "As for myself, I am a poor Irish girl, whose history is probably no sadder than the rest. One by one, my dear ones have been snatched away, until now I have but one little crippled brother. I commend him to God's care. "I have had a lover, too, though his love for me has changed. I am not surprised nor hurt, because I am far away and there are many lovely girls he might have for the asking. Do not blame him. This letter is for him. Read it if you wish. "All I ask for you, charitable soul, is to pray for me, I fear I have said too much in this letter, but the shadow of death is upon me and I must confide my sorrows to some one. "KATHLEEN O'BRIEN."

Since all parties interested in this story are dead these many years, we have no fear of breaking confidence by showing the second letter: "My Dear John (I should once have said My John, but that time is past and gone)—This is a voice from the grave. Do not blame yourself, dear. I understood it all. The forlorn girl, slaving from morning till night in these far-off American mills, is not the little sweetheart whom you used to visit in her father's home, who had little to do but talk to her John. "No, I am not angry with you. Not at all. God forbid. It is only natural that you should forget me, when there are so many sweet colleens smiling on you. "I forgive you, John, and now you are free, for I shall not trouble you any more. I was very thoughtful of you to write to me these years, and very manly and frank to tell me in that last letter that you loved some one else. "All I have to ask of you is to be a good man, so that your new sweetheart will be proud of you. It cost me many a bitter prayer before I could say this with an honest heart, John, but thank God, I can now. Believe me, I hope she has dark eyes. You always admired them so. "Once more, I say, be a good man, and never forget your faith. And on your wedding day, do not let the thought of the little grave in America make you sad, for Kathleen, I hope, will be before the throne of God praying for you both. "I have loved you well, John, and now I recommend you to our Heavenly Father. KATHLEEN."

Washington, D. C. HIS PRIMARY MISSION. His primary mission with respect to the sufferings and sorrows of life was, not to relieve them, but to teach men to bear them, to value them, to thank God for them, says Father Tyrrell, S. J. There are two ways of dealing with difficulties and trials, by changing ourselves, or by changing our surroundings; or by running away from hardships and adapting ourselves to them and nursing ourselves to bear them. There is no question as to which is the wisest course. If we fly from one cross it is only to fall into the arms of another. Go where we will, we carry ourselves with us, the source of most of our trouble. Men are constantly laying the blame of their own faults on their surroundings; ever fancying that they would be perfectly happy in some other place, ever keen-eyed to their present grievances and prospective grievances; always loth to face the inevitable truth that life is a warfare upon earth; that it is essentially a cross which must be borne, whether willingly or unwillingly; that there is no other way to life and to true internal peace but the way of the holy Cross and of daily mortification.

Woman's High Ideal. Surely it is not hard to find the ideal that woman needs. The Christian religion gives us the ideal woman—Mary Immaculate; her sweet face radiant with the light of heaven, her foot on the serpent's head; this is woman's ideal. How sublime it is! how beautiful! how sweetly practical! The true woman's heart understands the picture at once. What sweetness! What strength! What imperviousness to the powers of evil, through all-controlling love of the Divine! What might to make the wiles of evil powerless! Christianity gives the ideal: let woman appreciate it, shape their lives by it, and the world is safe.—Archbishop Keane.

WHY I AM A CATHOLIC

Rev. E. A. Hill

The lecturer resumed his gun the preceding Sunday evening. He was in the city, which we encountered the speaker, of course, and forces us, for our sake of the review and under of our belief. Why I answer briefly, for sons which produce begot faith in the heard the preaching life, witnessed His put to death on the with the astonished triumph of the risen Christian for the sake and James and John sons as Paul and St. Christian for the sake duced the five thous Christian, converted by cost, who appealed resurrection of Jesus. What made them all did they believe Christ Son of the living? The Truth and the rection and the Life they became disciples. His apostles, teaching the truth, the Author of Christian faith, was evidence did they be On the evidence of rection, of His Life an work, of which the eye witnesses, or from trustworthiness. Now we are Chris the same reasons. Christ is the Son of God as well as is literally God Incarnate. He founded only true religion, established his mission. On what ground in the divinity of Christ? He left in the words and works, Birth, Life, Teaching, Resurrection, True, we from the eye with earthly career than tians, the converts are farther off in the evidence is no way was for them. True selves eye witnesses we have them from Christ left in the many of Him. We need? They are Gospels, or to spe there is but one spu is the Church who is the precious treasure. The one competent of all that Christ did, is the Church. To be His witness before all nations, pillar and ground of into her care the divine revelation, be the guardian a. He made her a li whose very life and Holy Ghost, the I of truth, dwelling all truth and pres error.

Church was part and fully equ and was successful mission before on Testament was writt fore in no wise de stance or her j written gospels. C gospels were to de many all their word. These rec Augustine claim receive the Gospel of the Catholic Chur written Gospel, but Christ did the Chur sion, her power, h sacraments. Whe written they were Church. All that already in her h heart. These rec only the written fully known to her by her since the She welcomed them as a most precious enced them as the God, intended to spreading the kno Jesus Christ in the pels had never b Church would be divine institution rock, which the p assail in vain. mission of Christ, to legislate, to acments, to bear thon to mankind, Church and not promise of a div assistance in bear Christ and makin given to the Chur tion of writings, infidels to quibbl New Testament r flaws in the sim evangelists! Ho criticism affect the divinity? Why n directly to the li one competent and the divinity of teaching, death a His words and This witness is He founded to continue His witness, a perman petent witness, handiwork and a tributes in her r. She fills the worl. No man who pr educated can ign her history. She yesterday. She power in the wor statute. The F. proudest days ha her, and after te

THE ONE TRUE WITNESS.

WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN. Rev. E. A. Higgins, S. J.

The lecturer resumed the subject begun the preceding Sunday, namely, the evidences of Christianity. The infidelity, which we encounter on every side, said the speaker, challenges our faith and forces us, for our own sake as well as for the sake of fair-minded inquirers, to review and understand the reasons of our belief. Why am I a Christian? I answer briefly, for the very same reasons which produced conviction and begot faith in the souls of those who heard the preaching of Jesus, saw His life, witnessed His works, beheld Him put to death on Calvary and rejoiced in the triumph of the risen Saviour. I am a Christian for the same reason as Peter and James and John; for the same reasons as Paul and Stephen; or, I am a Christian for the same reason that induced the five thousand to embrace the Christian Faith on the day of Pentecost, converted by the preaching of Peter, who appealed to the death and resurrection of Jesus in their own city. What made them all Christians? What did they believe Christ to be? "The Son of the living God." "The Way, the Truth and the Life." "The Resurrection and the Life." In other words they became disciples of Christ and His apostles, because they believed that Christ, the Author and Finisher of the Christian faith, was God. On what evidence did they believe His divinity? On the evidence of His words and His works, of His Life and Death and Resurrection, of which they were themselves eye witnesses, or which they learnt from trustworthy witnesses.

Now we are Christians for precisely the same reasons. We believe that Christ is the Son of God, that He is true God as well as true man, that He is literally God Incarnate, and that the religion He founded must be the one, only true religion, and the Church He established must be a divine institution. On what grounds do we believe in the divinity of Christ? We are convinced of it by the character of His words and works, by the facts of His Birth, Life, Teaching, Death and Resurrection. True, we are further removed from the eye witnesses, of Christ's earthly career than were the first Christians, the converts of the apostles. We are further off in time, but the light of evidence is no weaker for us than it was for them. True, we are not ourselves eye witnesses of the facts, but we have them from the witnesses whom Christ left in the world to give testimony of Him. Who are these witnesses? They are the Church and the Gospels, or, to speak more correctly, there is but one sufficient witness, that is the Church who has in her possession the precious treasure of the Gospels. The one competent and sufficient witness of all that Christ was and all that He did, is the Church. She was instituted to be His witness and bear His name before all nations. He made her the pillar and ground of truth. Christ put into her care the whole deposit of divine revelation, of which she was to be the guardian and the interpreter. He made her a living organic body, whose very life and soul was to be the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, the Spirit of Truth, dwelling in her to teach her all truth and preserve her from every error.

This Church was complete in every part and fully equipped for her work, and was successfully accomplishing her mission before one word of the New Testament was written. She was therefore in no wise dependent for her existence or her jurisdiction on the written gospels. On the contrary, the gospels were written from her testimony all their authority as the inspired word of God. For this reason St. Augustine exclaimed: "I would not receive the Gospels except on the word of the Catholic Church." Not from the written Gospel, but from the mouth of Christ did the Church receive her mission, her power, her jurisdiction, her sacraments. When the gospels were written they were no novelties to the Church. All that they contained was already in her intellect and in her heart. These records or memoirs were only the written expression of truth, fully known to her and freely preached by her since the day of Pentecost. She welcomed them and cherished them as a most precious treasure, and revered them as the inspired word of God, intended to be a powerful aid in spreading the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ in the hearts of men. If, by an impossible supposition, the Gospels had never been written, the Church would have been the same divine institution as now built on a rock, which the gates of hell should assail in vain. In other words, the mission of Christ, the power to teach, to legislate, to administer the sacraments, to bear the tidings of redemption to mankind, was given to the Church and not to a book, and the promise of a divine and permanent assistance in bearing witness to Jesus Christ and making Him known, was given to the Church, not to any collection of writings. How futile then for infidels to quibble about the dates of New Testament records, and to pick flaws in the simple narrative of the evangelists! How can their carping criticism affect the question of Christ's divinity? Why not address themselves directly to the living issue? There is one competent and sufficient witness to the divinity of Christ, to His life, teaching, death and resurrection, to His words and to His works. His witness is the Church which He founded to be His witness and to continue His work. She is a living witness, a permanent witness, a competent witness. She is Christ's own handiwork and she displays His attributes in her own life and career. She fills the world with her presence. No man who pretends to be even half Christian can ignore her presence and her history. She is not of to-day or yesterday. She has been the great power in the world since before Constantine. The Roman Empire in its proudest days had to take account of her, and after ten bloody persecutions

THE ANNUNCIATION—A MEDITATION.

It was morning in fertile Galilee. White clouds of mist, flung as angels' robes, floated upwards from every streamlet and rill, that sung its matin song twixt Jordan and the sea; wrapping a snowy fleece about every twig and bush, and leaf and blossom in all the fruitful land of Zebulon. Tabor and Merom, Gibbos and the lesser hills were like green islands in the mystic ocean—whilst Carmel far over in the west, lit his rugged head perpetually towards Heaven as tho' perpetuating forever the prayer of Elias, the Thesbite: Hear me, O Lord God, hear me! that this people may learn that thou art the Lord God, and that Thou hast turned their heart again!"

As the first sun spears shot upwards behind the eastern mountains, to fall in reflected sheafs of rose-hued splendor on the cloud-like world of mist—a fair, young girl issued from a humble house that hung like a bird's nest, to the steep sides of a hill, in the desolate city of Nazareth—to stand with clasped hands and meditative eyes, reveling in the mystic beauty of the morning. How lovely it was!—as tho' beneath its whiteness there was not sin and horror in the souls of men, and hate and anger in their hearts! How glorious was this rugged Galilee, robed in its wondrous, blessed raiment of mist that was ever a mystic beauty to the country of Judah! Glorious and beautiful; as if, in chosen Israel, faith was not an outworn thing, and the Lord of Hosts once more forgotten by His ungrateful people!

"Israel, O Israel! Ungrateful, faithless Israel! Thou hast worn out the patience of God and thy inheritance shall pass from thee forever! The Gentile and the stranger shall be gathered together from the uttermost bounds of the earth, and they shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of God—and thou, O faithless one! shalt be cast out forevermore, forevermore." Thus re-echoed the old prophets in the mind of the Girl as she stood among the lilies of the garden and awaited the rising of the sun; her yearning eyes turned towards Jerusalem, the Golden. Her heart longed for the courts of the Temple and her soul exalted itself in unexpressed yearning for the Promised Land of Israel. How like the departed Shekinah of the Temple was this wondrous white vapor covering all the land—as tho' God's presence filled it as of yore. It filled the Holy of Holies when He visited the people! She sighed, remembering the glories of ancient days and the marvels wrought for her nation's sight, that once more God's anger was being poured upon the land; that alien kings reigned upon the throne of David; that pride and avarice usurped the service of the Most High, ruling within the very gates of the sanctuary. Aye, the sceptre had gone from Juda indeed but was not that fact the immediate sign that Messiah should come upon the world and save His people!—His proud and obstinate people that ever needed the rod of His justice to make them bend their stubborn necks under the yoke of His discipline.

How long, O Lord, how long before Thy dust come to save, yet once again, Thy faithless Israel! Such perhaps, was the yearning cry of Mary's heart as the sun began to rise majestically, gloriously, behind the humble crown of Tabor, and flooded the land of Galilee with a splendor of radiance that must have dazzled the world. In mental vision she sees its rays strike athwart the eastern, deserted Temple, making it gleam and glow like another sun as its beams touch the flashing gold of that glorious building; and then in imagination, she hears the sacrificial trumpets shake out their silver melody—again, she listens to the musical tinkle of the golden pomegranate bells, fringing the High Priest's garments, as he moves towards the Altar of Sacrifice. Then with all Israel, she extends her arms, lifts supplicating eyes towards Heaven and utters the Kaddish or universal prayer for the coming of the Messiah: "May Thy Kingdom come!"

Israel tho' proud and faithless, preserved the old customs; and now, that Rome had set her iron heel upon the humbled neck, that imploring petition went up more insistently than ever: "May Messiah come! May His kingdom reign!" "Ah, yes; may that Conqueror come who will set them above all the world—in national greatness—and lay in the dust these pagan Romans who treat them so contemptuously and oppress them so cruelly. Let King Messiah come clad in splendid raiment and hedged about with all the panoply of earthly pomp and power—that these Gentile dogs may grovel at the spurning feet of victorious Israel!"

But such was not the tone of Mary's prayer as she stood among the tall white lilies of her humble home garden, with arms outspread and pleading eyes uplifted to the Throne of Grace. Ah, no! Her Temple education had not exalted her humble spirit nor blinded her spiritual sense as to the prophesied mission of the world's Redeemer. She had meditated daily upon the Prophecies; her great natural, intellectual gifts aided by the wondrous infused light of her sinless soul, making it as clear as daylight that the Messiah would be a spiritual King, come to reign over souls and not over empires. The one thought of her heart—that dear heart to be forever filled with "kept" thoughts!—was upon that lowly King, whose advent days were not accomplished, and upon that Blessed Virgin who was to be His chosen Mother. Her heart yearned over the wondrous woman selected by the All Holy from among all of Eve's daughters for the awful mission of being the Mother of the Redeemer of mankind—the Mother of God! A wondrous thought! The humble soul of the Girl well swooned at the sublimity of the stupendous honor some chosen daughter of Israel would be called upon to bear. How holy she must be! How pure! how beautiful! how every way lovely! Ah, to know

THE SECOND PRECEPT.

By the second precept of the Church we are required to abstain from the use of flesh meat on all prescribed days of fasting and abstinence, and on the days of fasting to eat but one full meal. The law, while exacting, is one concerning which confusion sometimes exists as to its precise requirements. It is also one, we fear, concerning which many of the laity rely too largely upon the announcements from the pulpits for a knowledge of the occasions calling for its enforcement.

This is not as it should be. It is anything but the sign of an intelligent faith. Moreover, as the life of such announcements is quite short with many people, it is unsafe to depend upon them for compliance with the law. Herein we find the cause for such numerous infractions. As this, however, is sinful, all will recognize the necessity of having the law so fixed in the mind that there will be no forgetfulness. For forgetfulness in such matters is culpable ignorance. Our first duty, therefore, is to thoroughly inform ourselves concerning the provisions of the law, and our second to faithfully follow them.

By its very terms, the law clearly indicates a twofold injunction, namely, one of fasting, the other of abstaining. Hence to intelligently comply with the law all should understand the two-fold character which it possesses. When, therefore, the Church commands us to abstain she deprives us simply of the use of flesh meats. Foods of every other kind she permits and in whatsoever quantity we desire. When she imposes a fast, however, we are deprived not only of the use of flesh meat but must confine ourselves to one full meal a day with a small colation. This is the direction.

Before proceeding to a consideration of the law in particular a few words on the antiquity of fasting and its purpose might be considered quite opportune. As to its antiquity. That may be traceable back to the Garden of Eden where God placed upon Adam the injunction not to partake of the forbidden fruit. We find it contained in the law of Moses and see it practiced by the prophets and saints of the Old Testament. But even more than this we witness our Saviour Himself setting us the example.

Next as to the purpose of fasting. This is our next and to modify our bodies that we may the better be able to overcome sin. Such being the reason for the law all must readily admit that it is not only a good work but also one which greatly aids us in our spiritual advancement. Hence the Church, always more solicitous for us than we are for ourselves has prescribed certain times throughout the year when we are called upon to avail ourselves of this meritorious aid to salvation.—Church Progress.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

BANISH THE WRINKLES.

IN MANY CASES THEY ARE MERELY SIGNS OF THE AILMENTS OF WOMEN.

A woman's face plainly indicates the state of her health. Wrinkles, which every woman dreads, are not necessarily a sign of age. Pale, faded, wrinkled and prematurely aged appearance are the outward indication of those ailments that afflict woman-kind and from which she too often suffers in uncomplaining silence, rather than consult a doctor. In this condition Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are women's best friend. They actually make new rich, red blood, and this blood acting upon the nerves and all the organs of the body, brings new health and happiness to weak, weary and despondent women. Mrs. John McKerr, Chickney, N. W. T., tells for the benefit of other suffering women how she found new health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "For some years," says Mrs. McKerr, "I was greatly afflicted with the ailments that make the lives of so many of my sex miserable. The suffering I endured can only be understood by those who are similarly afflicted. I tried many medicines, but found that none that I had used until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These have actually made me feel like a new person, and the suffering I had endured almost continuously has passed away, and life is no longer the burden it once seemed. I think these pills worth their weight in gold to all who suffer from female complaints or general prostration."

We ask every suffering woman to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. They will not disappoint you and the benefit they will give is not for an hour or a day—it is permanent. You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box.

SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and heals diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto. See and \$1.00, all druggists, Ontario.

There is a charm which compensates so much for the lack of good looks that they are never missed, and, when combined with good looks, it doubly enhances them. The name of this charm is a sunny disposition. If things go wrong, as they will go once in a while, does it mend matters to cry over them? Sensible women will say no, but women who do not know how to control themselves will say: "Yes, it does me good to cry; I feel better after it." There are times when tears must come, but these are beautiful, holy tears. Quite the contrary are the tears shed over selfish petty annoyances "to relieve nerves." The grandest quality of the human mind is self-control. Why? Because it is the mastery of the soul's divine nature over the body's human nature, and, therefore, imparts that nobleness to the mind from which beauty glows its soul.



Windsor Salt

is all salt—pure, clean, crystals, and nothing but salt.

EDUCATIONAL.

BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED.

We teach full commercial course, as well as full shorthand course. Full civil service course. Full telegraphy course. Our graduates in every department are today filling the best positions. Write for catalogue. Address: J. E. SMITH, PRINCIPAL, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE SANDWICH, ONT.

THE STUDIES EMBRACE THE CLASSICAL, SCIENTIFIC AND COMMERCIAL COURSES. Terms including all ordinary expenses, \$10 per year. For full particulars apply to REV. B. C. GARDNER, C.B.C.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE BERLIN, ONT. CANADA. (GTR)

Commercial Course with Business College features. High School or Academic Course—Preparation for Professional Studies. College or Arts Course—Preparation for Degrees and Universities. Board and Tuition per Annum, \$10.00. For Catalogue, Address: REV. JOHN F. HENRICH, C.B.C., PRIN.

DO NOT FOOL WITH EDUCATION. Get the best by attending the CENTRAL Business College STRATFORD, ONT.

This school stands for the highest and best in business education in Canada. Enter now. Free Catalogue. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

TRANSACTION BUSINESS. It is impossible to go through life without some Business Transactions. To simplify such matters and make them profitable you should have a Business Education such as is given at the NORTHERN Business College C. A. Fleming Principle Owen Sound.

Question Box

Owing to the increased cost of production, the publishers have been forced to advance the price of this book. In future it will be sold at 25 cents post paid.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, CANADA.

Life of Our Lord

WRITTEN FOR LITTLE ONES. BY MOTHER MARY SALOME, of Bar Convent, York.

With frontispiece. Price \$1.25 post free

CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE LONDON, ONT.

MANUAL OF PRAYERS

For Congregational Use. With a supplement containing all necessary Private Devotions.

Leather Binding, postpaid, 50c

CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, LONDON, ONTARIO

Text Books of Religion.

For Parochial and Sunday Schools. BY REV. P. C. YORKE.

First Grade (32 pages)..... 15 cents Second Grade (64 pages)..... 25 " Third Grade (128 pages)..... 35 " Fourth Grade (204 pages)..... 55 "

POST PAID

CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.

INDIGESTION CONQUERED BY K.D.C.

IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, featuring a portrait of a woman and text describing the benefits of the medicine for various ailments.

The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 484 and 486 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

EDITORS: GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels," THOMAS COFFEY.

Agents: Luke King, John Nigh, P. J. Neven and Miss Sarah Hanley are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1904.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

Premier Combes has not announced in so many words that it is the intention of the French Government to bring in a measure for the complete separation of Church and State in France, and the abolition of the Concordat, but the Radicals are certainly pushing him in that direction, and they have succeeded in making him announce that the question will come up for discussion by the Chamber of Deputies in January.

This announcement has been precipitated by the bold position taken by Pope Pius X. in his protest against the visit of President Loubet to Rome, in connection with the plain and powerful arraignment of the French Government uttered by the Holy Father in his address to the Cardinals on St. Joseph's day.

In regard to the President's visit, the Holy Father's protest as sent to all the Governments of Catholic States said: "The official journey to Rome of M. Loubet, President of the French Republic, to visit Victor Emmanuel III, was an event so exceptionally grave, that the Holy See cannot pass it by without calling thereto the most serious attention of the Government represented by Your Excellency."

It is hardly necessary to remind you that the heads of Catholic States, bound by this fact itself, by special ties to the supreme pastor of the Church, are under obligation to manifest toward him the greatest consideration in comparison with the sovereigns of non-Catholic States as regards his dignity, his independence, and his imprescriptible rights.

The Holy Father proceeds to show that France has enjoyed signal privileges from the Holy See, being united therewith by the closest traditional relations by virtue of a bilateral pact between the two parties.

In consideration of such relations it was a wanton insult to the Holy See that France should take the initiative by ostentatiously visiting in the person of its President the king who has possession of the Papal territories without having come to any agreement with the Holy Father, but in spite of repeated Papal protests against the deplorable situation in which the Pope is placed.

The matter is rendered all the worse as the visit to the Italian king was made in the Pope's own capital city, and in the palace which was, before the Italian occupation, the Pope's favorite residence, and the insult is enhanced by the fact that it was plainly deliberate, as the President was forbidden by the Holy Father that the projected visit would be regarded as an act of hostility and as a declaration that France would disregard entirely the Pope's claim to independence in his own city.

The Pope's pronouncement in this matter has given great offence to the anti-Catholic world, and some of the non-Catholic papers are discussing very earnestly whether the course which the Holy Father has chosen to adopt was the wisest he could choose.

tude to religion which was implied in President Loubet's action.

In the Italian Parliament no official action was taken. Signor Mazza, a boisterous Republican, declared that the note of the Papal Secretary of State, Mgr. Mery del Val, which was, of course, written by the Pope's order, was a perfect insult to the Government and people of Italy. He demanded that the Government should "take energetic action to prevent the invasion of the Church into the kingdom's affairs."

He added that the Government had "forgotten all pride and the national dignity in answering the Vatican insult by giving hospitality to Cardinal Svampa when the king recently visited Bologna, and in leaving the defence of Italian rights to the people of France.

Other members, among whom was Signor Guerci, spoke most disrespectfully of the Holy Father; but Premier Giolitti, on behalf of the Government, was more moderate. He maintained that the Pope's protest having not been sent to the Italian Government, did not require that any notice should be given it; nevertheless he concluded ominously: "It will be worse for the Church on the day when she illegally interferes in the affairs of the State."

In the French Parliament the Government, in the person of M. Combes, manifested more ill temper. M. Nisard, the French ambassador to the Vatican, was recalled. By this action the Government manifested its displeasure at the protest of the Holy Father. Yet it is to be remarked that all diplomatic relations between the two authorities were not entirely severed, as the charge of affairs of the embassy was left to the Secretary. M. Combes, however, explained that the intention of the Government in leaving this charge in the hands of a subordinate was to mark its strong displeasure at the note of the Papal Secretary of State.

According to a recent cable report he said: "This recall signifies that we cannot allow the Holy See to interpret the presence of our ambassador in Rome in a sense favorable to its claims, or to make use of his presence to justify pretensions which we reject. It also means that we will not allow the Papacy to intermeddle in our international relations, and that we intend to have done once for all with the superannuated fiction of temporal power which disappeared thirty-four years ago."

It is also stated that the purposes of the Government were approved by the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 427 to 95. It is added that the outline of the plan as laid down by the Premier does not propose any further step beyond what has been taken, which is the recall of M. Nisard; and all attempts of the Socialists to force the policy of denunciation of the concordat were repudiated. We have no doubt it was this assurance on the part of the Government which secured so decisive a majority in favor of M. Combes' present policy.

It appears, therefore, to be settled that it is not M. Combes' intention to push this matter any further, and we may take it for granted that his threat to have the disestablishment of the Church and the annulment of the Concordat discussed in January is a mere bluff as the word goes in the parlance.

It is very true that M. Combes has shown in a way not to be mistaken his hostility to the Catholic Church, and we should not be much surprised at any new hostile measure which he might propose; and with the present Chamber it is possible he might be sustained in any such measures he might choose to adopt. But fatuously anti-Catholic and anti-Christian as he is, he is shrewd enough to know that there is a strong current of Catholic feeling in the country which the temporary success of his anti-Christian policy will not crush out.

Thus, it will be remembered that in September last M. Combes insulted the Catholics of Brittany by personally unveiling at Treguier a statue of the blasphemous Renan whose only claim to distinction is that he was the author of a "life of Christ" the purpose of which is to overthrow faith in the divinity of the Son of God.

The Bretons were deeply stirred by this outrage, and perhaps there would have been a serious riot had not the Premier brought with him four squadrons of dragons and gendarmes for his protection against an indignant people. As it was, the cries of "down with Combes," "a bas Combes," could not be suppressed.

The Bretons have since made public reparation for the insult to God, by erecting at their own expense a magnificent statue to "Mary, the Immaculate Mother of God," and the popular feeling against the Combes Government has become irrefragable.

this sentiment, but it is because the situation is an evidence that religion has ceased to be a dominant influence with so large a proportion of the French people. This is to be regretted, for it must result in the loss of many souls.

The Holy Father has acted with great moderation and patience throughout the incident. He has no desire to widen the breach between himself and the French Government, and therefore, with all the provocation received, he has shown a remarkable forbearance, for he is by nature a peacemaker, and he has always been regarded as essentially a man of supreme benevolence and goodness. For this reason, though while President Loubet was actually in Italy, and perpetrating his act of hostility against the Pope, Mgr. Lorenzello, the nuncio at Paris, was ordered to leave the city, he returned to his post when the visit was completed, and it is now said that he will not leave Paris unless expelled by the French Government—a thing which will not take place, for M. Combes must be aware that he has already exhausted the patience of the Catholic people, and that his own rule must soon come to an end. He threatens to bring forward his measure for the ending of the pact between Church and State in January; but January may see him dethroned from the premiership—a consummation much to be desired.

CHRISTIAN DIPLOMACY.

We have mentioned in another article that the anti-Catholic press are discussing at considerable length the question whether Pope Pius X. the Tenth's protest against President Loubet's visit to Rome was a blunder or a clever piece of diplomacy, and the opinion generally expressed by these hostile critics is that it comes under the former category. They reason that the French Government and people will be, and in fact are roused to anger by the Holy Father's action, and that their indignation will find expression in a way which will lead to disaster for the Church, and perhaps even to a schism, or a rationalizing of the French people.

We would remind these prophets of ill that the Church has passed successfully through many storms quite as serious as the present one, and has come out of the ordeal unscathed and triumphant; and we have no doubt that on this occasion, history will repeat itself. What else means the promise of Christ that the gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church, and that He Himself will remain with His pastors even to the consummation of the world? What else, the command which He gave to His Apostles to preach His Gospel to every creature?

The condition of the Church in France at the close of the eighteenth century, was certainly even worse than at the present moment; for faith seemed to be extinct when the votaries and promoters of the reign of King Terror dared to seat a woman of ill repute on the altar of Notre Dame to receive as the incarnate "goddess of reason," the homage and worship of the giddy multitude. Yet only a few years passed before religion was restored in all its splendor and with greater influence than it exercised just before such atrocities were perpetrated. We do not for a moment doubt that God will keep His promises, and that the faith of the people will assert itself once more, and that the Church will come forth resplendent from the ordeal, with her people purified and strengthened in the faith by the trials they shall have undergone.

For what was the Church instituted? Was it not to teach the nations a pure morality through the inculcation of the true faith—that faith which is taught in the Sermon on the Mount, and throughout the Gospels, and which comprises the principles of justice and charity, fortitude and temperance, and our duties to God, our neighbors and ourselves?

It is not the purpose for which Christ established His Church on earth, to teach such diplomacy as prevails too widely among modern nations—a diplomacy of cunning and strategy, how they might overreach each other—but to tell them of the will of God, and how they are to fulfil that will and sit down in the Heavenly Kingdom with the holy Patriarchs and prophets, with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and David, and others who are described as "men after God's own heart."

A great injustice had been perpetrated when the last remnant of the Patriarchy of St. Peter was wrested in September 1870 from the Saintly Head of the Church, Pope Pius IX., and that injustice was not repaired when Pius X. came to the Pontifical throne. Why then should he not raise his voice to tell the world that a great wrong had been done, and that Catholic nations, all of whom had suffered from that wrong doing, should take steps to see it repaired?

This is what Pius X. did in denouncing the hostile demonstration of President Loubet against the Church when he visited King Victor Emmanuel III., the representative of the sacrilegious robbery of 1870.

And, further, it was the duty of Pope Pius X. to tell the rulers of France that they were opposing the will of God. "He committed a diplomatic blunder," say the Church's enemies! It was not a question of diplomacy, it was a matter of right versus wrong, of justice and religion against spoliation and robbery.

It was the Pope's duty as the supreme vindicator of justice and equity to protest against a crying iniquity whereby God Himself was robbed, and to call upon Catholic rulers to repair the iniquity, for God has given to princes a sword for the protection of right, and they bear not that sword in vain.

Christ commissioned His Apostles to preach the truth, and in doing so, the Apostles refused to listen to the State authorities who admonished them, under threat of severe penalties, to preach no more in the name of Christ crucified. They obeyed not this injunction, but declared that their teachings were in accordance with what Christ had commanded them; and "it is better to obey God than men." This was just the position in which Pope Pius X. found himself when President Loubet visited Rome ostentatiously, making no secret of the fact that his visit was made to condone the spoliation of the Church; and to make the matter more clear, Premier Combes proclaimed the same in the Chamber of Deputies, that France must regard the open spoliation of the Church as an accomplished fact which must not be called into question, and which France will never attempt to change.

How different is the conduct of the present rulers of France from that of King Pepin the Short who took up the sword to wrest from the Lombard usurper Astolphus the territories he had taken from the Patrimony of the Holy Father Stephen III. and the Roman Empire and to restore them to that Pope "doing justice so far as he was able to the See of Peter." How different from Charlemagne are his unworthy successors, M. Loubet and M. Combes; whereas Charlemagne declared himself to be "the punisher of injustice of every kind and the protector of the Church of God."

Signor Giolitti's covert threat to legislate against the Church should she interfere illegally in affairs of the State, is mere mendacious bombast. There is no fear of illegal interference of the Church with the just acts of the Parliament but she must denounce sin in the form of spoliation or robbery, and it is this denunciation against which the Italian Premier raves. Besides, it was necessary that the Pope should warn other Catholic powers against being entrapped into a recognition of Italy's usurpation, at least until a proper arrangement should be agreed upon between the rightful monarch and the usurping government whereby the independence of the Church and its Head should be recognized to govern mankind spiritually and in accordance with divine law.

The decisive vote whereby the French Government's policy was approved by the Chamber of Deputies is no argument in favor of the justice of this decision. It is a proof only of the pride of race which dominates the Chamber, which seems to be of opinion that a French Parliament can do no wrong. The law of God should not be violated by a Parliament any more than by an individual.

THE BIBLE AND THE POPE'S BIBLICAL COMMISSION.

Attacks upon the veracity of the Bible by Protestant ministers of all denominations are becoming more and more frequent every week. Within the last couple of weeks several of the most prominent of the ministers of diverse denominations in the United States have delivered from their pulpits such attacks. Two are reported as having proved to their own satisfaction, from their pulpits that the books of the Pentateuch were not written by Moses and are not historically true, and others have shown that the prophecy of Jonas and Daniel are not in accordance with what history teaches of the belief of the ancient nations referred to in these books, especially Assyria and Persia, and of the manners and dynasties of these nations. The doctrine of the resurrection of the body, the everlasting punishments of hell, the Resurrection of Christ and other Christian teachings were also elaborately refuted, while, strange to say, the preachers still declared that they are teaching the pure Christianity which is the

required the long period which geology shows to have been requisite for this purpose—or the long period requisite, even though millions of years were necessary for the purpose, may have been before the six days commonly called "the six days of creation, inasmuch as the first verse of the Book of Genesis suggests that there was a long period between the creation of the earth, including the heavens as well as the earth, even before the first day of the preparation of the earth to be man's abode, which was the day on which light was made. Then followed the creation of plants and animals of all kinds, and at last of man, the dominant being of the earth; and all this agrees perfectly with what science teaches.

It would need too long a treatise for us to put into our columns in detail here the points of accord between Genesis and science, but we can say confidently that there is no disagreement between the two, while the points of resemblance are numerous and remarkable, and the more so as the Book of Genesis was written so many centuries before geology was dreamed of as a science.

The Cosmogonies given in the sacred Books of pagan religions are in direct opposition to science and right reason, but this is not the case with that of Scripture, and we have no doubt this will be fully shown by the papers which will be issued by the Roman Biblical Commission; and what we have said of the account of creation given in Genesis may be said equally of other parts of Holy Scripture which relate to events which touch upon other sciences than geology, that there is no disagreement between science and revelation.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

The time is now near at hand when the picnic in aid of this worthy institution will be held in this city. Rev. Father Stanley, to whose management the picnic has been entrusted, is, we are glad to be able to say, receiving the loyal support and encouragement of the committees in charge of the various booths, etc.; while, in turn, these ladies and gentlemen are very materially aided in their good work by the generosity of the people, not only of this city, but of the surrounding country. Altogether the prospects are very encouraging; and we have no doubt but that Queen's Park will be crowded on Dominion Day by the friends and well-wishers of the good Sisters of St. Joseph, under whose care the Hospital is conducted.

A SCHOOL DISPUTE.

Complaints are being made in some of the papers concerning harsh treatment of the Protestant ratepayers of Curran School Section in Plantagenet Township, Prescott Co., Ont. The story as told by Dr. Derby, who represented the Protestant ratepayers at the meeting of the Orange Grand Lodge held in Picton on June 8th, and following days, was that the French Catholic majority in the school section had taken possession of the Public school for the use of the Catholic Separate school children.

The Protestant children, as it appears further, attended the Separate school, but on April 26th they were turned out by one teacher who informed them and their parents that they might have for their Public school the old log building which had been previously used as a Separate school. Dr. Derby asked the aid of the Grand Orange Lodge to regain for the Protestants of the section the newer school-house, which is said to be worth \$4,000, and in response to this appeal, the Grand Master, Dr. Sproule, was authorized by the Grand Lodge to appoint a committee to look into the case and to take such action on the report as he might deem advisable.

From other sources we learn that the Catholic School Board purchased the newer school house from the Public School Trustees for \$500, the Public School Trustees deeming it advisable to sell, as there were only a very small number of Protestant children in the section, and those who are there were willing to attend the Separate school, provided their religion were not interfered with.

It is so contrary to the usual course of Catholic Trustees to treat Protestant children and their parents discourteously that we do not believe the story as it has been told before the Orange Lodge. It has on its face the marks which indicate that it was concocted to excite the sympathy of the Grand Lodge, and to this extent it has succeeded, inasmuch as the Grand Master declared that he would probably appoint three able lawyers to investigate the case, and would act when he should learn the result of their enquiries. We are antecedently confident that it will be found that the Catholic Trustees have acted honorably, and we deem it probable that they had it thoroughly understood with the Pro-

testant ratepayers would be allowed to lie school so long a it advisable to do surely no reason of the neighborhood religious and moral ing a Catholic school were a few Protest own benefit might should be no Separ

Before we come to conclusions on this information on the We are informed, newer school house the expense of the locality who far out ants, and such be case, in equity, th titled to share p school assets, th school law makes being done when school is establish however, whenever Public school when part of a section is added school district.

We are confident be the real condition fair settlement wo arrived at by the had asked the Cate fer with them in a stand of appeali Grand Lodge for law suit under the We must here a School trustees ha the law to accep payers as regul supporters havin as Catholic s school. If there fact any inconven at ratepayers of olic trustees cann had not the fram hands, and the P orities, of whom t Rev. Dr. Egerton law expressly in Protestants might become Catholic; there is any bla should be placed o

VATICAN TR L

Count Caggiati, has arrived at St art treasures whi at the St. Lou been commissione purpose. During he was entertain Archbishop Farle The Vatican jent articles sent, ported that this jewels are never from the Vatic manuscripts and inestimable valu celebrated Vatio the Old and New which are regard in the world. of the fourth cen be one of those the Emperor Cor the use of the C Empire. It was published by Ca There are aut and Bulls and e the earliest Bish and letters from America, beside the discovery of which are maste done that it is a tinguish them fr of the highest g Count Caggiati fection, though t the United Stat He is in adm and states that siders the Ame friends. He s which the Hol pressed to the iness with wi immigrants to ceived, and th to his country selves homes in leans, he says, advancement fellow-country ularly interest of beautiful ch erected thro for Italians.

Rev. Father well-known Ca as chaplain f South Africa brated the tw his ordination Quebec city a the hearty coo of friends and of the Domin

Italian Cath ported to be forming parish since the adv in that city. corner-stone plans for anothe for a third, an

testant ratepayers would be allowed to lie school so long a it advisable to do surely no reason of the neighborhood religious and moral ing a Catholic school were a few Protest own benefit might should be no Separ

Before we come to conclusions on this information on the We are informed, newer school house the expense of the locality who far out ants, and such be case, in equity, th titled to share p school assets, th school law makes being done when school is establish however, whenever Public school when part of a section is added school district.

VATICAN TR L

Count Caggiati, has arrived at St art treasures whi at the St. Lou been commissione purpose. During he was entertain Archbishop Farle The Vatican jent articles sent, ported that this jewels are never from the Vatic manuscripts and inestimable valu celebrated Vatio the Old and New which are regard in the world. of the fourth cen be one of those the Emperor Cor the use of the C Empire. It was published by Ca There are aut and Bulls and e the earliest Bish and letters from America, beside the discovery of which are maste done that it is a tinguish them fr of the highest g Count Caggiati fection, though t the United Stat He is in adm and states that siders the Ame friends. He s which the Hol pressed to the iness with wi immigrants to ceived, and th to his country selves homes in leans, he says, advancement fellow-country ularly interest of beautiful ch erected thro for Italians.

Rev. Father well-known Ca as chaplain f South Africa brated the tw his ordination Quebec city a the hearty coo of friends and of the Domin

Italian Cath ported to be forming parish since the adv in that city. corner-stone plans for anothe for a third, an

testant ratepayers that their children would be allowed to attend the Catholic school...

Before we come to any further conclusions on this subject, we await information on the full facts of the case. We are informed, however, that the new school house was built chiefly at the expense of the Catholics...

We are confident that whatever may be the real conditions of the case, a fair settlement would easily have been arrived at if the Protestant ratepayers had asked the Catholic trustees to confer with them in an amiable manner...

We must here add that the Separate School trustees have no authority under the law to accept Protestant ratepayers as regular Separate school supporters...

The historical survey of the connection between Church and State leads Prof. Rivier to the conclusion that the connection has "damaged at once the Church and the cause of religion in France."

VATICAN TREASURES AT ST. LOUIS.

Count Cagiatti, a Roman nobleman, has arrived at St. Louis with Vatican art treasures which are to be exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition...

The Vatican jewels are not among the articles sent, though it has been reported that this was the case. These jewels are never allowed to be taken from the Vatican...

There are autograph letters of Popes and Bulls and Briefs of appointment of the earliest Bishops of the new world, and letters from the early explorers of America...

Count Cagiatti speaks English perfectly, though this is his first visit to the United States.

He is in admiration with America, and states that the Holy Father considers the American people as his best friends. He shares the thankfulness which the Holy Father has often expressed to the Americans for the heartiness with which the many Italian immigrants to America have been received...

Rev. Father O'Leary, of Quebec, the well-known Canadian priest who acted as chaplain for the 1st contingent of South African soldiers, recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood in Quebec city and was the recipient of the hearty congratulations from scores of friends and admirers from all parts of the Dominion.

Italian Catholics in Chicago are reported to be making great progress in forming parishes and erecting churches since the advent of Archbishop Quigley in that city. Within the past week the corner-stone of one church was laid; plans for another completed, and ground for a third, and the largest, purchased.

The Ontario Pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beappre, under the auspices of the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Kingston and his Diocesan clergy, will take place, this year, on Tuesday, July 19th. The arrangements will be similar to those of last year, but the time-limit of tickets is extended so that Pilgrims may remain longer at the Shrine, or in Quebec, or Montreal according to their fancy...

THE CONCORDAT OF 1801

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE. can only be under the regime which has existed once before in France, from 1794 to 1802, and which the writer has learned to know and to value in England, and, especially, in America.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF THE CONCORDAT.

(Springfield Republican, May 21, 1903.) If the Roman Catholics of France were capable of taking so broad a view of the issue of Church and State as are many of the Roman Catholics of America, the growing agitation for the annulment of the Concordat would speedily end as would the anti-clerical party desire.

It is not an uncommon thing among us to sneer at the revival and its sensational methods. However, it is so sure that here is not a case of *fas est hoste doceri?* The revivalist, for obvious reasons, ignores the appeal to the intellect and to reason, and confines himself exclusively to emotion and sentimentality, hence the results of his labors are necessarily of an ephemeral nature and lacking in permanence.

But do not we, on the other hand, lay too little stress on the emotional in attempting to preach to non-Catholics. In missions to Catholics some of our missionaries are not, it appears to me, so very far behind the revivalist in employing sensational methods. In missions to non-Catholics, as a rule, no such charge could be made. Is there rather not some danger that, as a result of our long and thorough training in a systematic and philosophical defence of Catholicism, we are inclined to yield to the temptation to emotion and sentimentality?

We know that we have the truth, and we are inclined to feel that all should be willing and glad to embrace it, if it is only properly presented to them in syllogisms and with well-connected arguments. And yet it is quite generally conceded that those who belong to the Church, and fewer still are driven into the fold by the force of logic and argumentation. We make heroic efforts in our preaching to convince our hearers; we feel that the truths that we present in such a forcible manner should compel assent. "This perhaps would be the case were the greater part of mankind converted to the faith of the true God, and free from all prejudices, are above all else desirous of obtaining and possessing truth for its own sake, longing and thirsting only for the pleasures of the mind. How many such are there in the world to-day? All our hearers, however, have hearts. Why not try to reach their hearts first? Why not come down to the high stults of syllogisms, and speak a language that all men can follow, grasp, retain, and appreciate? If we can win the confidence of our hearers first, and then explain to them that we have all the helps to salvation that they have, and in addition to these a great many more helps of which they are unfortunately deprived, it is comparatively easy afterwards to supply those who have thus become well disposed with all the solid instruction that is necessary to insure permanence and make the work lasting."

It is very easy to sneer at what are sometimes called illogical and disconnected exhortations full of frothy emotion. But the question remains, if in trying to gain converts we are not psychologically more correct, and practically more certain of success, when we try to win and coax our hearers by appealing to their feelings, than when we try to drive them to accept the truth by close reasoning. Valued and cherished as the faith of the true God is, it is more natural and more human to those whom we have laid low by our formidable intellectual ammunition, to resent than to assent. Would it not be well for all missionaries to non-Catholics to inscribe on their banner the motto selected for his cardinal chief by the most intellectual convert and the most forceful preacher in the English-speaking world, "Cor ad cor loquitur?"—Rev. George A. Artcard, St. Paul Diocesan Missionary Band, in The Missionary.

Being good is different from doing good, and much harder.

tutions in the nineteenth century, and had to bear its share of the catastrophe that befell the second empire. To-day religion in France faces a great body of hostility because of the concordat and the obstinacy of the clergy in opposing republican institutions. The review by Prof. Rivier is certainly impressive, and his final word is significant: "If Catholicism, if Church and religion are to make up for all the time lost, it can only be under the regime which has existed once before in France, from 1794 to 1802, and which the writer has learned to know and to value in England, and, especially, in America."

The latest indications in France are that this question may be forced to the front in politics, for on both sides uncompromising spirits are gaining control both of the government and of the Gallician establishment. The number of French Roman Catholics who agree with our American professor is a minority, and the influential ecclesiastics show a disposition to fight the divorce of Church from State to the last ditch.

NON-ATHOLIC MISSIONS.

HEART TO HEART TALKING.

The most lasting impression I brought away from the Missionary Conference was the intense earnestness of the members of the assembly. It was more than an impression; it was an inspiration. To spend a week with men fresh from the field of conquest, who from early morning till late at night could speak of nothing but mission work, would tend to arouse enthusiasm in any one.

The fact that the members of the Conference displayed so intense an interest in their work no doubt largely explains the gratifying results of their labors since the last Conference, and is an earnest that still greater things are to come to pass. With so many able and zealous missionaries giving all their time and energy to the great work in every part of the country, is it possible to be too sanguine about the results of their labors?

For the present, speaking merely from memory of the impressions received while hearing the papers read, a paper that deserves more than a passing notice was the able presentation of Mr. Mackay, of New York, who spoke of Revivals and their Methods. It is not an uncommon thing among us to sneer at the revival and its sensational methods. However, it is so sure that here is not a case of *fas est hoste doceri?* The revivalist, for obvious reasons, ignores the appeal to the intellect and to reason, and confines himself exclusively to emotion and sentimentality, hence the results of his labors are necessarily of an ephemeral nature and lacking in permanence.

But do not we, on the other hand, lay too little stress on the emotional in attempting to preach to non-Catholics. In missions to Catholics some of our missionaries are not, it appears to me, so very far behind the revivalist in employing sensational methods. In missions to non-Catholics, as a rule, no such charge could be made. Is there rather not some danger that, as a result of our long and thorough training in a systematic and philosophical defence of Catholicism, we are inclined to yield to the temptation to emotion and sentimentality?

We know that we have the truth, and we are inclined to feel that all should be willing and glad to embrace it, if it is only properly presented to them in syllogisms and with well-connected arguments. And yet it is quite generally conceded that those who belong to the Church, and fewer still are driven into the fold by the force of logic and argumentation. We make heroic efforts in our preaching to convince our hearers; we feel that the truths that we present in such a forcible manner should compel assent. "This perhaps would be the case were the greater part of mankind converted to the faith of the true God, and free from all prejudices, are above all else desirous of obtaining and possessing truth for its own sake, longing and thirsting only for the pleasures of the mind. How many such are there in the world to-day? All our hearers, however, have hearts. Why not try to reach their hearts first? Why not come down to the high stults of syllogisms, and speak a language that all men can follow, grasp, retain, and appreciate? If we can win the confidence of our hearers first, and then explain to them that we have all the helps to salvation that they have, and in addition to these a great many more helps of which they are unfortunately deprived, it is comparatively easy afterwards to supply those who have thus become well disposed with all the solid instruction that is necessary to insure permanence and make the work lasting."

It is very easy to sneer at what are sometimes called illogical and disconnected exhortations full of frothy emotion. But the question remains, if in trying to gain converts we are not psychologically more correct, and practically more certain of success, when we try to win and coax our hearers by appealing to their feelings, than when we try to drive them to accept the truth by close reasoning. Valued and cherished as the faith of the true God is, it is more natural and more human to those whom we have laid low by our formidable intellectual ammunition, to resent than to assent. Would it not be well for all missionaries to non-Catholics to inscribe on their banner the motto selected for his cardinal chief by the most intellectual convert and the most forceful preacher in the English-speaking world, "Cor ad cor loquitur?"—Rev. George A. Artcard, St. Paul Diocesan Missionary Band, in The Missionary.

Being good is different from doing good, and much harder.

THE CATHOLIC PRIEST AS HE IS.

A bigoted anonymous correspondent having attacked the clergy in a letter to a Dublin paper, the following reply appeared shortly afterward:

Sir,—In spite of all the cant about "honest investigation" and "the growth of a more liberal spirit," and the "passing of prejudice," with which we are regaled in the secular press and the non-Catholic religious press, the letter of your correspondent "Outsider" in your last impression tells us in no faltering way that Catholicism, and the Catholic priests in particular, are still viewed through the mist of inherited prejudice. "Outsider" regards the Catholic clergy—English as well as others—as "tax-collectors holding out greedy hands for money!" He asks, "Are the clergy doing all that God Almighty meant them to do for the souls that commit themselves to their care?" As an honest lay Catholic, I beg to reiterate what you say in the note you append to his letter, viz., that the lives of our priests are given up to their people, and taken as a whole, their self-sacrifice in the interests of their flocks is nothing short of heroic. Our priests are not "tax collectors," but we are frequently asked to voluntarily subscribe money to build and maintain churches, schools, hospitals, asylums, orphanages, creches, homes for the aged poor, meeting-halls, etc., and in this they follow the example of the first Apostles, as recorded in Holy Writ.

Mr. Charles Booth, a Protestant writer, in his work, "Life and Labour of the People in London," devotes portions of it to discussing the religious influences of the great city. He writes: "The reality of the power of the Church of Rome is as remarkable with the cultivated classes as with the rougher, with the educated as well as with the ignorant." In a subsequent passage Mr. Booth speaks of the Catholic clergy in London in language which shows of itself how reasonable and natural it is that the Catholic influence should be what it is: "The priests live as poor men among the poor; their food is simple; their clothes are threadbare; they take few holidays. They live from day to day if they have a shilling in their pocket, no one in want will ask in vain." "The civilizing and moralizing influence of the clergyman in his parish," says Mr. Lecky, "the simple, unostentatious, unselfish zeal, with which he educates the ignorant, guides the erring, comforts the sorrowful, braves the horror of pestilence, and sheds a halting in his way over the dying hour, the countless ways in which, in his little sphere, he allays the evil passions and softens manners, and elevates and purifies those around him; all these things, though very evident to the detailed observer, do not stand out in the same vivid prominence in historical records, and are continually forgotten by his contemporaries." A Protestant divine, Rev. Dr. Field, published the following over his signature some time ago in an American Protestant journal, the Evangelist: "When I first went abroad, fifty years ago, it was with all the prejudice of a Puritan against Romanism in every form; nor was I captivated by the great display in Rome during Holy Week. But alongside of all this pomp and splendor were innumerable institutions for the poor and the sick and for every form of suffering humanity. Coming up from Italy I had to cross the Alps, and having an American friend as a companion, we walked over the Simplon Pass, on the very top of which the Hospice, where the monks spend their lives amid eternal snows that they may rescue lost travellers. One night we slept in the convent, and when in the morning we parted from our kind hosts I could not feel that we were in a position to compare ourselves with them as to which were the better Christians. Such devotion I have found all over the world. Away off on the other side of the globe, coming from the island of Java to Singapore, the most southern part of Asia, I observed sitting on the upper deck a Catholic priest, and, approaching him in French asked the question which would have been the first to address to an American missionary: "When are you going to return home?" to which I received an answer which I never had before: "Never! Never!" He had given his life to the services of the Church and of his Divine Master."

Let all our thoughts run there as to their natural center, let all our love go out to His Sacred Heart, for it wishes to engulf us in its love. Thus shall we be united to God. We shall live in Him and He shall live in us, and make us by union more worthy of Him, because growing more like Him.

Let, then, these June days, so bright with sunshine and so warm with life, be passed in renewed love and as ration of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; that He may renew His love for us,

HECLA FURNACE. Not only will each and every room be perfectly heated and ventilated but it can be accomplished with a considerable saving in fuel over that consumed in stoves. If in writing for a booklet you give us a rough sketch of your house we shall give you an estimate of what it will cost to install our system.

CLARE FURNACE CO., Preston, Ont.

CANADA AND HOME RULE.

It now transpires that the dinner of the Canadian Society at the Excelsior Restaurant on Empire Day (Tuesday) did not pass off as pleasantly as was reported the following morning. At this dinner notable Canadian personalities were present, including Sir Charles Tupper, ex-Prime Minister, who responded to the toast of "The Parliaments of Canada," which was proposed by Mr. Charles R. Devlin, M. P. for Galway, and formerly member of the Canadian House of Commons at the time when Sir Charles Tupper and Lord Strathcona, President of the Canadian Society, were also members. Mr. Devlin was invited by the Society to toast the dinner, and to propose the toast of "The Canadian Parliaments." He did so, stating in his address that his reason of acceptance was that the Canadian Parliaments had passed resolutions favoring the granting of Home Rule to Ireland. He stated that as an Irishman he could have no participation in those Imperial glories which had been vaunted so much on that occasion. He was of an expression of a pious speaker, and gloried in it. Canada was loyal. Justly so, but for one reason, and one reason only, and that was that England could not interfere in her affairs. Representing a constituency in Ireland, whose representative Government was denied, when the people were governed against their will, he could with experience give the toast of "The Parliaments of Canada"—might they ever jealously safeguard their integrity, and they would thus best serve Canada. He had no confidence in

present imperial suggestions, such as preferential treatment. If they wanted closer union let them establish a suitable steamship service with Galway as the terminal point at this side. It would do much more good and prove more useful than the doctrine suggested in so many quarters. As soon as Sir Charles Tupper had responded to the toast, the Vice-President of the Society arose and protested against the tone of Mr. Devlin's speech, and said it was uncalculated, but it was evident he had not the sympathy of the company. The Vice-President subsequently personally renewed his protest to Mr. Devlin, and what at one period appeared would develop into an angry scene passed over peacefully.—Dublin Independent, May 27.

JUNE—MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART.

With the roses of June comes the heart's welcome of love to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. That Heart so full of love for men, draws men to love it in return. Like the sun lighting up and influencing the whole universe, so the Sacred Heart of Jesus would be the light and life of all mankind, whence they would receive of His love human and divine and whither they would return to Him their love.

It is of Faith that the human heart of Our Lord and Saviour is hypostatically united with the divine nature, so that it loves us with an infinite love, and that through the same channel we may return that love and love of God and requite Him for His favors. Now, then, we should cultivate devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus! It is so easy, it is so natural to seek and find Our Lord in this way. There is to be had the fulness of that divine love which prompted the sacrifice of Calvary. There rise the streams of that precious blood shed for us to the last drop on the altar of the Cross. There is the center of that life which Our Lord laid down for man's salvation. There is the seat of His love, the tribunal of His mercy, the treasury of His goodness. There is His thought for us; His design and plan to save and sanctify us, and bring us to Himself in Heaven to share with us His glory and happiness. To that Heart of Heart's let us, then, ever turn our thoughts and our affections and give to it the homage of our being. It is for men to seek their Creator and their God, and here is the way; namely, the way He seeks them through His Sacred Heart—His Heart of Love.

Let all our thoughts run there as to their natural center, let all our love go out to His Sacred Heart, for it wishes to engulf us in its love. Thus shall we be united to God. We shall live in Him and He shall live in us, and make us by union more worthy of Him, because growing more like Him.

Let, then, these June days, so bright with sunshine and so warm with life, be passed in renewed love and as ration of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; that He may renew His love for us,

CLARE FURNACE CO., Preston, Ont. Advertisement for furnaces, including a booklet offer.

OXYDONOR. Master of Disease under all circumstances, conditions, climates, Oxydonor triumphs through merit. Advertisement for a medicine.

and cheer our souls and renew our energies and cause us to love Him, as He does, with an entire and consuming love.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

The English observer of the Russo-Japanese war, General Sir Montague Gerard, is a Catholic.

THE EXERCISES OF A SPIRITUAL RETREAT will be given at the Sacred Heart Convent, London, Ont., commencing Monday evening, July 12th, at 7:30 and closing Friday morning July 18th at 8:30. Any lady desiring to benefit at the Convent during the Retreat will kindly notify as soon as possible, Mother Superior, Sacred Heart Convent, Queen's Avenue, P. O. Box 328, London, Ont. 103 3.

STAMMERERS

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, ONT. For the treatment of all forms of SPEECH DEFECTS. We treat the cause, not simply the habit, and therefore produce permanent speech. Write for particulars.

GINSENG

Parties in this plant. Easily grown in pots and sends for sale. Room in your garden. Plant in Fall. Booklet and Magazine four cents. OZARK GINSENG CO., Dept. 2-12, JOPPIN, MO. 1037-12

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY

In business as a Savings Bank and Loan Company since 1854.

HEAD OFFICE: 78 Church St., Toronto

BRANCH "A" 522 Queen St. W. Cor. Hackney

Assets \$3,000,000.

Interest allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents upwards.

Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

OPEN EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT 7 to 9 O'clock.

JAMES MASON, Managing Director

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A BENEFACTRESS.

By Rhodes Campbell.

Young Patmore was sure that it was some other fellow who lay there on the couch that lovely June day. He could catch a glimpse of himself from where he lay, in the big chevron glass, and after one or two, amazed, disgusted survey, he turned his head. That white-faced, wan, thin creature the athlete of the graduating class of the year before!

And to waken to this—weeks of misery and helplessness! And to learn from his perhaps too outspoken doctor that he could never again be the strong, active agent that he had been. Those were the dreadful words which kept repeating themselves in his confused brain. Why, if he couldn't be that he didn't care to be anything. He'd always had his way; hadn't he heard over and over again that Dick Patmore had been born Fortune's favorite, a lucky fellow?

His mother was a wealthy widow, whose idol was this only son. After graduating there were six months abroad, and then Doctor Elston offered him a place as assistant after two years' additional study under him. It was a chance coveted by many, for Doctor Elston had a large city practice, and Patmore's future was assured.

But that was over. Not ore, but three fine physicians his distracted mother had consulted, declared there must be no thought of his profession.

Patmore lay there watching the sun-beams on the floor with a sigh. Did any one ever have such a fate? It was too cruel to be borne, and still the world went on as gayly as ever. It must not be, his mother came in softly and put her hand on his handsome head, "Poor boy!" she said, "I'm sure you'll like it at Aunt Eleanor's. She writes that it's a lovely place."

Patmore frowned impatiently. "It will be gay, I've no doubt; a little better than imprisonment here. You people who can go anywhere and are strong enjoy anything; no wonder. I suppose I can read and think outdoors there; that's about all the difference."

"Here's the carriage, and Thomas to help you," said Mrs. Patmore at last. The tall colored man came in quietly and helped the young master out to the sports coach, and into the low, handsome carriage. His mother followed with pillows, suitcase, and bag, and they were whirled away to the station.

Patmore had been a week at his aunt's beautiful new country place. He was gaining every day his aunt said, but Patmore denied this. No one could be improving and still feel as bad as he did. A few days after his coming, his cousin Marta had a house party of girls for a week. She said it would be "jolly her cousin up," but Patmore saw but little of them. He had been the life of every party, but of course he couldn't meet these lively, heartless girls. He lay in a reclining chair trying to read a new story, determined to be indifferent to the laughter and gay chatter which came through the open window from the piazza. And then such a clear, distinct voice rang out: "Well, Marta, you all spoil him; yes, you do. Of course I'm sorry for him. You think it's a terrible blow. I don't wonder he felt almost crushed at first; but what I can't understand is, this brooding over it, and shunning everyone as if he were dead. Why, father says there are several openings for him if he can't study medicine. Think what that would mean to him, and how poor fellows, even a semi-invalid in time. Look at my Cousin Arthur. He's really fit half the time to be in bed, yet he works hard and supports Cousin Betina and himself. And he won't let you hint that it's hard. He has to go to bed early and deny himself so much to keep his strength for his work, and he's what I call hard. Mr. Patmore has everything compared with Arthur Steadman."

The voice paused, and another, a nervous, timid one said: "Are you sure, Marta, that your cousin isn't around?"

"Oh, yes," said Marta decisively. "I saw him an hour ago going out with his book to his favorite place under the big trees. Poor fellow! I'm sure I feel sorry for him, if Katherine doesn't. I think he's like a hero in a book. It's all so sad and so interesting."

"Well, he'd be much more interesting to me," said the first voice, "if he'd get to work and make the best of the advantages he has left to him. I may be hard hearted, but I feel more sorry for that poor mother of his than I do for him. Mamma says she's lost twenty pounds since the accident, and she hasn't a happy moment, and such a cross fellow to care for. I should have known if I had to wait on him all the time, and so far, nerves and I are unacquainted."

"Well, I agree with Marta," said Elsie Mayhew. "I think Mr. Patmore a real martyr; and his eyes are so mournful and he looks so sad."

"He'd better look up and not down, and self-pity is the most weakening thing. No strong soul wastes pity on itself. Think of the many who have overcome all kinds of obstacles and kept right on, and they might have lided about and dreamed only of sunless days. Oh, dear! I have no patience with Marta's posing, tragical cousin!"

"You shan't say another word," Marta said warmly. "Now, I mean it. Come, let us play golf."

They all ran down the steps and off to their game, little dreaming of the storm they left behind them.

Dick Patmore lay there speechless with wrath. He had met the girl a few times at Doctor Elston's, for she was his daughter just home from college. He had admired the self-reliant yet modest Katherine Elston; he liked her bright, independent way of delivering her

mind; that is, he had liked it, but now he felt that a good shaking was far too mild a punishment for such heartless, cruel words as hers.

Yet why did he care for such a girl? What did she know of such an affliction as his? And then he remembered what she said of self-pity, and he flushed more angrily as he remembered Elsie Mayhew's picture of him.

"I must be interesting rolling up my eyes like a fourth-rate actor in a sixth-rate play," he thought angrily.

He lay there growling and fuming, story forgotten and unheeded. He'd show that dreadful girl that he could amount to something. He supposed there were others who were talking; it was gossip, unfeeling wags, anyhow. He would go to work, and if the results were fatal he couldn't help it.

The next day Patmore started his mother by asking for paper, pen, etc., and hurrying—actually hurrying—over to the desk and writing letters for the early mail. At the end of the week he announced at the breakfast table—he had come down to eat with the family—that he had made arrangements to go to work Monday, adding that his mother could stay if she wished.

Then there was an outcry. His mother declared he was insane; his aunt said it was suicide. Marta remarked that he looked like working with his white face! His uncle wailed till the hubbub had subsided, and then in his calm, matter of fact voice said: "It may be hard at first, but it's a very sensible decision, Dick. It'll give you something to think about."

Patmore acquiesced outwardly, but he reflected that Uncle Matt was like a horse, so strong and never ill that he didn't know what he was talking about, and had as much feeling as a mud fence.

Monday proved a hard day. Mr. Elgin had, through his uncle, offered him a vacancy in the large department store, with promise of promotion, and if he proved satisfactory an interest in the business and junior partnership.

But there was much to learn first. Patmore had desk work until he was stronger. He set his teeth and worked as he never had before. The first day he kept up till he reached his front door, and then fainted. The next few days he went to bed and to sleep at 7, thinking grimly of the model Arthur, not of the Round Table. Then he began to feel better, oh, much better. He lifted his eyes away from himself, and was a little dazzled at first by some things he saw.

Through the glass doors of his office in an adjoining one was a young fellow with one leg, and such a bright, wide-awake face that Patmore looked again. A fellow with but one leg! Limping through life with smiles and energy. He asked some one about it. "Yes, Crofter was all right till he hurt himself at football three years ago; had to lose his leg. Nice fellow; took it hard, but his disposition's all right. Said his mother took it so much harder that he had to brace up."

The boy had a fascination for Patmore. Once he would have dismissed him after a "What a shame!" but now found himself looking at him, thinking of him. He was an object lesson for a class in life's school he had not entered, and object lessons are more telling than abstract learning.

So the time went on and Patmore began to take a deep interest in business. He felt much better; yes, there was no denying that fact. He fairly shivered as he remembered the days of languid indifference and depression which might have lasted yet if it hadn't been for Katherine Elston. For the first time he thought of her without the unreasonable anger always associated with her name. She was away for a last year and did not come home for the holidays, but she was to come back Easter and not return—so Marta said. Patmore wondered if she had heard of him, and then caught himself up with: Why should she care if he had? She probably despised him. A girl like that was too good for him to waste thought on mere men, and especially a man whom she thought lazy and conceited and selfish. He shivered a little as he recalled her scathing words; he had never in all his life heard such unpalatable truths. And he had seen a careless brute to his gentle, sad little mother; she was quite right there. Men were sort of savages, they needed to be brought up standing. His mother had indulged him all his life, and he had let her do so even after he was grown. But he was a little better now; even Miss Elston would say that. It made him write with shame to remember his mother's grateful look and happy eyes over his novel attentions. "She missed his father's care so much," she said one day. And he had never seen further than his own nose.

It was at a little party given at his uncle's city house that Patmore next saw Katherine Elston. He felt her eyes upon him in a sort of wonder at first, and enjoyed it. Then with a sudden impulse he went over to her and talked of indifferent subject first. Then he asked her to see some fine new prints his uncle had hung in the library. As they looked at them Patmore said earnestly and frankly: "Miss Elston, I owe you a great deal. Indeed, I consider you my benefactress."

Katherine turned and looked at him in honest amazement. "What do you mean? I've never posed as a benefactress before, and after reading Elizabeth's 'Benefactress' I don't believe I want to," she said smiling.

Then Patmore told her of the conversation he had overheard. "I was furious, I confess," he concluded, "but you can't think how it stirred me to action, and waked me up and gave me a stimulus the doctors couldn't supply."

The color came into the girl's face. "It must have sounded so rude; but you know I never dreamed you were in the house. My father tells me I'm too impatient and judge too harshly. Oh, I'm afraid I do, and that is so horrid over and over. But don't—oh, surely, you know that I couldn't be such a priggish, narrow specimen as that."

She looked at him with an anxious, troubled look. He hastened to say:

"No, indeed I don't. You don't understand. I am most sincere in thanking you. I shall always be under obligation to your opinion of me." He laughed.

Katherine flushed. "Your cousin has written me of your application, and Mr. Elgin told my father that you knew more of the business now than any one he'd had in his employ."

Patmore's expressive face showed his pleasure. "Did he? How good of you to tell me. Elgin never says a word, and I fancied he thought me very ordinary. Never mind, Miss Elston, you may yet be proud of being a benefactress—at least your protegee is grateful, and that is something."—Our Young People.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBRIE.

The Descent of the Holy Ghost. MAGDALEN'S CELL.

The convent near Ashton had been in a state of mild bustle and excitement all day, for from over physics were leaving for the holidays, cabs and carriages were coming and going, excited meetings taking place between parents and relatives come to fetch their respective children; there were sad farewells from girls who were not to return, and a general feeling of depression among those who had to spend their holidays away from home, either at the convent or some sea-side place in the vicinity.

However, the bustle was over at last; the convent fell into its normal quiet state, and in the warm summer evening Mother Mary Joseph and a girl who was in her eighteenth year sat under a large copper holly on the lawn of the children's garden. Mother Mary Joseph had a pale face, which betokened delicacy, and the extreme sweetness of her smile could not altogether hide the suffering that had drawn lines on her lovely countenance and had added depth to its expression.

Magdalen Waring, who sat beside her, was tall, slight, with a face which was taking rather than pretty. She had brown eyes, a high colour, and thick dark hair brushed away from an open forehead. High spirits and brightness were writ large on her face, and she spoke with much animation. She was a sweet, fresh, pure-minded girl, long and amusing and what she called having "a good time."

An only child, she had been brought up at the convent, going home only for the holidays when possible. Sometimes she stayed at Ashton or went to the sea with the others who were unable to be at home during that time. Her mother had died seven years ago, and Magdalen had really seen very little of her, as the former had been a great invalid during the last years of her life and had been obliged to attend certain "cures," which belied their name, just at the times when Magdalen was free to leave the convent.

"I am glad to have this little time more, Mother," said Magdalen, looking lovingly at the old house, half hidden by trees, where so much of her life had been spent, "but all the same I cannot think why dad has not written or wired or come for me to-day."

"It is very strange," admitted Mother Mary Joseph. "Such a thing never happened before. He's always been so regular. I hope there is a bad correspondent," said Magdalen. "He wrote from Murren and said he should be in town in July, and come or send for me, and that we were to go straight home. I wrote quite lately to tell him the day we broke up, and he had no answer. I hope there is nothing wrong, but dad is very casual, you know. Oh, Mother, dear I am very sorry to be leaving this dear place, but I am looking forward to being at home and keeping house for dad. I have all kinds of plans and projects, and I do hope I shall be able to carry them out. It will be so good to be so far from a church. I really think that is the only crumpled piece left."

"I am very sorry for that, Magdalen. Will daily Mass be impossible, or if not daily, a few times in the week?"

"Not from the distance, Mother, because the church is really only a temporary thing, and I hope to go to my own home as soon as I can. I have to go up to a kind of ladder to get to it, and there is only Mass—our two Masses rather on Sundays and days of obligation. All through the week it is shut up. It really was only begun four years ago, because two Catholic families came to Farnon and they had a good deal to do with starting the mission. One of the families is that of a rich butcher who owns a great deal of land, and the other is that of a poultry farmer."

"That will indeed be a loss to you, Magdalen. I am very sorry."

"Yes, Mother, so am I. And I shall feel it so much, not having you to turn to about things, or Father Ruthven to help me. Only he says I can write to him if I really want advice about anything special, and I shall write volumes to you, Mother," added Magdalen, with a look manifesting great affection. She did not catch a half sigh that escaped the lips of the Mother, and she continued: "It will be so different, so help me! from convent life. I shall like part of it, I know, the going about and going out, for father knows all the people within driving or bicycling distance, he tells me, and there will be plenty of Society. He says Lady Graham, who is only five miles off, will chaperone me about. It seems she was a great friend of mother's, and I shall never meet her when I was at Homeleigh, and it will be nice for me having her. She is a Catholic, but, beyond her, dad says he does not know of anyone else who is one. My idea is to try and improve the mission by getting people interested in it, and perhaps getting up a bazaar—Professants, too, will offer help, and it would be great fun—and then by-and-by we could get a church built. Oh, I see it all before me so clearly!" and Magdalen smiled.

"You will have a good deal of money at your own disposal, will you not?"

asked the Mother, looking at the bright vivacious face of the speaker.

"Oh, dad is very rich! Homeleigh is a lovely place, there are plenty of horses and all that, and a large estate. He always gave me a liberal allowance of pocket money, as you know."

"And you made good use of it," said Mother Mary Joseph. "You must use your money as well in the future."

"I promise you I will," said Magdalen gravely. "I want to make the best of my life, Mother, you know that, and spending one's money is a responsibility, I know. Dad said when I came out I should have a very large allowance, about £200 a year or more. Dear dad is so generous! Of course I must dress well, must I not? Then there's my money of my mother's to come to me on my eighteenth birthday in December."

"Yes, dear," answered the Mother decidedly, "always dress in accordance with your position in the world, but you need not make dressing yourself one of your objects in life, and give too much thought to it—need you?"

"I am not likely to do that, Mother," said Magdalen. "I have so many other things I want to do, and dad, I am sure, will do lots for the church, if I wake him up to realizing its needs. You see, besides my allowance, I know this money which I am to come into is rather a lot, and with it I can do a great deal for the poor and the church."

"Money is a great thing, certainly, and needed to help on good works," said the Mother slowly, "but it is not the chief thing."

"One cannot do much without it," said Magdalen. Mother Mary Joseph shook her head. "More than you think, Magdalen; it is the life more than the gifts we offer that Our Lord regards, and if we have the spirit of charity always animating our actions they become priceless in value."

"I don't see how they could build a church or clothe the poor, Mother, though I know what you mean about charity, for I remember so well all Father Ruthven said about it the Wednesday of my First Communion and I have never forgotten it," said Magdalen, referring to a sermon which had made a great impression on her. Father Ruthven had quoted the words of St. Thomas Aquinas where he says: "Without charity the highest and most estimable goods are without union or cohesion; charity unites them. Without charity all good things are fragile; charity gives them stability. Without charity goods of an inferior order tend to separation from the supreme good; charity elevates them, transforms them, and makes all goods one only good."

"No, not the spirit of charity itself," said Mother Mary Joseph, answering Magdalen's remark, "but it is the great gift which descended on the Apostles on the day of Pentecost, and comes to each individual in so many ways—in Baptism and Confirmation in particular. And in the exercise of self-sacrifice, which unites them, and strengthens the spiritual powers within us."

"So that it is better to be good and loving and charitable in one's life than to be rich and do a great deal with one's money for God," said Magdalen.

"Do you mean that?"

"St. Paul did," said Mother Mary Joseph smiling, "did he not, when he said: 'And now there remain, faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greater of these is charity.'"

Magdalen was silent for a minute. "And you see that this really builds up the spiritual fabric of the Church, and does wonderful, though unseen work for God."

"But one can have the two, can one not?" asked Magdalen, with a little frown on her brow. "It is not necessary to be poor to have charity."

"By no means," said Mother Mary Joseph. "If it is God's Will to give you riches you will have duties to correspond with them, and in the spirit of charity, you can, for the love of our Lord, discipline your own character that, if they are taken away from you, you may bow to His Will. As St. Jerome said: 'The fire of charity will burn and enlighten,' and when you say the third Glorious Mystery of the Rosary, you might ask that the fire of charity should do so, burn all that is bad, and enlighten you as to God's Will for you, in every detail of your life, in joy as well as sorrow, and the use of riches, as well as the bearing of poverty, should you ever be called upon to bear it."

"I understand you, dear Mother. I shall think of all you say when I haven't you there to help me. You know I do wish to be a good Catholic and live my life for God, but I like pretty clothes and nice things, I must admit, and all that money can do for one."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SIGNALS OF DANGER—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an indigestion? Is the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order, and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He who prefers sickness to medicine must suffer. Under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health and strive to keep so.

CHEAPEST OF ALL MEDICINES—Considering the curative qualities of Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Pills the cheapest medicine now offered to the public. The dose required in any ailment is small and a bottle contains in any doses. If we were valued at the benefit it confers, it could not be purchased for many times the price asked for it, but increased consumption has simplified and cheapened its manufacture.

Surprise is yours and pleasure, too, every time you use Surprise Soap. It makes child's play of washday—every day a happy day. The pure soap just loosens the dirt in a natural way and cleanses easily—without injury. Remember Surprise is a pure, hard Soap.

Ramsay's Paints For Painting Homes. Ramsay's Paints cost little enough to be economical—and cost enough to be good. Any practical painter will tell you that Ramsay's Paints are cheapest in the end. They hold their fresh, bright colors—won't fade, crack, peel or "blister." They are scientific mixtures—blended in such proportions as 62 years' experience in paint making has proved best. No matter what shade or color scheme you have planned for your home, you'll find just the right paint in Ramsay's Paints. Our booklet will help you. We send it free, on request. A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL. Paint Makers since 1842.

The HURON CHIEF Heavy Steel Plate Range. Is specially constructed for the requirements of Colleges, Convents and all Public and Private Institutions. Being designed and constructed by experts with years of practical experience in range building, it is so constructed as to give a maximum amount of cooking power on a minimum amount of fuel. All HURON CHIEF ranges are the most exceptionally economical and very durable. FIREBOXES, OVENS, and TOPS are heavy and durable, the doing away with frequent expensive repairs. Powerful waterfalls give an abundant supply of hot water without affecting the baking qualities of the oven. Why? Because of their scientific construction. WRITE US for particulars. It is a pleasure to answer inquiries.

The WESTERN FOUNDRY CO., Limited, WINGHAM, ONTARIO.

"Dye" Soap! MAYPOLE is a cake of soap that dyes to any desired color or shade. Famous the world over for brilliant, fast, clean, economical, easy, safe dyeing at home. As superior to the old-fashioned "powder" dyes as gold is to brass. Maypole Soap. Made in England, but sold everywhere for its colorings for blacks.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. If you do not enjoy your meals, and do not get O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt. The Diastase in the Malt aids digestion, and the Hops insure sound sleep. One bottle every two days in doses of a wine-glassful after each meal and at bed time will restore your appetite, give you refreshing sleep and build up your general health. W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

PROFESSIONAL. HELLMUTH & IVY, IVY & DROMGOLD—Barbers, Over Bank of Commerce, London, Ont.

DR. CLAUDE BROWN, DENTIST, HONOR Graduate Toronto University, Graduate Philadelphia Dental College, 189 Dundas St. W., Phone 184.

DR. STEVENSON, 301 DUNDAS ST. W., LONDON, ONT. ANAESTHETIC AND X-RAY WORK. Phone 516.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS 180 King Street The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone—Home 373; Factory

W. J. SMITH & SON UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS 113 Dundas Street OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. Phone 588

D. A. STEWART, (Successor to J. T. STEPHENSON) Funeral Director and Embalmer GEO. E. LOVAN, Asst. Manager, Sole Agent for The Detroit Metallic Casket Co. Open Day and Night. Established 1892. TELEPHONE No. 439 104 Dundas St. W. London, Canada.

The London Mutual Fire INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. ESTABLISHED 1859. HEAD OFFICE TORONTO, ONTARIO. FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT. Lowest Paid Share Organization. \$ 2,250,000.00. Business in Force, 65,000,000.00. Assets, 62,000,000.00. ROSE JOHN DRYDEN, President. Vice-Pres. H. WASHINGTON, Sec. and Managing Director. L. KRECH, D. WEISMILLER, Inspectors. Supt. JOHN KILLER.

ALABASTINE The Modern Coating for the walls of Houses, Churches, Lodge-rooms, and all interior decorations. Is not a kalsomine, is more easily applied than old-fashioned white-wash. It hardens with age, will rub off. Is sanitary, and its cement-like qualities will improve the wall. Write for particulars. Made in Canada by The ALABASTINE CO., Limited, PARIS, ONT.

