

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### SENILITY.

We hear oftentimes that a man ought to retire when he has passed the sixtieth year mark. This opinion emanates from those who believe that one burdened with sixty years is apt to be bankrupt both in mental and physical force. Some of that age are indeed fit for little. They have overdrawn their account at the bank of Nature. Late hours and cocktails are responsible for many a break-down. But when, in the language of Carlyle, health is attended to regularly there is no reason why anyone past sixty should not be equal to every emergency of life. Some of the best work of the world has been done by men past seventy or even eighty. Leo XIII. is still active and competent to discharge the duties of his office. Sir Sandford Fleming is going down into the valley, but we have yet to learn that he has lost the ability which has made him play a large part in the history of Canada. We might mention other instances of workers in various departments of life whose vitality was unimpaired at four-score years. But such men are always young. The passing of time but makes them saner and gives them a freer outlook. Years come and go and they never lose faith in their kind. Never cynical because they understand; always kind because noble men have the hearts of children. Above all, they never lose sight of the fact that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination. Others may be old ere they have twenty years to their credit. Every parish has its quota of old youngsters. Sometimes they are made so by foolish parents who trot out their precocious offspring for the delectation of company, or allow them to be trotted out in the stage for the benefit of some worthy object. Also it may happen that premature senility is due to the youngsters themselves. The lad who is destitute of ambition is pathetically old. And we have them in job lots. They form a crowd—there is scarcely a person among them. They have none of the fighting instinct which should characterize a man. We say "fighting instinct" because he who wishes to do the best with himself will have sin and ignorance and indolence to battle against. Obstacles and difficulties keep him in training. And he will be young though he were to live for a century.

### DOUBTFUL DRAMAS.

In looking over the criticisms of the dramatic productions as given in our parts one cannot help being struck by their inanity. It is easy doubtless to play the censor, but we have a right to expect from newspapers which claim to be up to date fairly readable accounts of such and such a performance. There is, however, scarcely a gleam of intelligence in them, and they are as interesting as quotations from the stock market. They are merely a dreary waste of superlatives plus a description of costumes—for the benefit, we suppose, of the female. There is not a critical note struck on the stuff that we see flourishing as copy, nor a sign that the scribes who indite it are qualified to write discriminately about the theatre or anything else.

The drama may be prurient in its tendencies, but the critic seldom notes it. He is so engrossed, we suppose, in the delineation of character, or so in love with art for art's sake—a favorite theory of the people who buy nasty books and pictures—that this little thing escapes him and is denied the tribute of even a passing allusion. Perhaps the influence of "free tickets" dims his eye and causes him to see in a mass of mediocrity, oftentimes coarse and offensive, nothing but what is worthy of commendation.

And how delightfully innocent are the scribes who do the drama! They can follow all the meanderings of a problem play and never dream that it may have a soporific effect on the moral instinct of the audience. They can see no evil in it because they have either been cautioned not to see it, or because they believe with some all-around Christians that morality is but a matter of convention.

The very same gentlemen, however, harrow us now and then with details of the "red light" district. They clamor to have it wiped out because it is a menace to the town. They wax hysterical over keeping unsullied what they

term the "fair fame of the community," and are joined by the politicians who want to let the public know that they are still alive. They revile the unfortunate women who are what they are, many of them because of the blackguards who make the problem play possible, and have never a word to say when they are behind the footlights and put through the paces of intrigue and criminality. And our representative citizens, we are informed, through to see it. So do the matrons—another case of art for art's sake—and give their child on a lesson on the flesh and the devil, such as they might never receive were they to go a hundred times through the red light district.

Honest and intelligent criticism would do much to remedy this state of things and to make the stage a powerful instrument for good. It is of little avail to abuse it, because it has come to stay. Our business should be to purify it both by our refusal—and, for all this, a plain duty—to patronize dramas of a doubtful kind and by the well-directed criticism of the influential journal.

### OUR POSITION.

The meeting of the New England History Teachers' Association held in Boston a few weeks ago was a memorable one in some respects. We say memorable, because such gatherings are usually given over to unstinted eulogy plus dinners and receptions. The learned gentlemen who grace them with their presence have all the limelight and centre of the stage and concoct what the reporter styles powerful discourses which are duly chronicled and forgotten. This time, however, the members of the New England Association did some business. They departed from the time honored custom of throwing bouquets at one another and gave some solid advice. Prof. Robinson, of Columbia, in discussing certain ever-recurring problems of history, said that in some instances truth has been sacrificed in order to make history interesting. In speaking of the denunciation of the Church by some writers he declared that it is absurd to state that any institution so bad as it has been represented could remain and be accepted by a very large number of the most intelligent and conservative people of Europe and this country. Furthermore—and it speaks volumes for the integrity of the Professor—he asserted that the reading of the Bible was in vogue before Luther, and that modern students of history can find no record to confirm the statement that indulgences were sold for the remission of future sins. The Professor agrees with Leo XIII., that historians should dread falsehood, tell the truth and be impartial. A disregard of this rule has plagued the world with special pleadings not to state the truth but to shape it to fit in with preconceived opinions, nor to approach an historical personage judiciously but to vent upon him or her eulogy or denunciation in partisan spirit, has been the bane of much historical writing. Some imagine that Churchmen, for example, must be given a clean bill of character and that their business is to write large an approval of their every word and action. But their duty is to state the truth without minimizing or garlanding it. To do otherwise is to write fiction.

So far as non-Catholics are concerned we have naught but compassion for them. But let us state our position explicitly. Because we know that we are in possession of the gift of God we feel sorry that others are without it. We are neither more learned nor more devout than they are, and our heart goes out to men and women who are pursuing phantoms and juggling with the creeds of yesterday. They have been induced to look at us as we are not by generations of hot-headed writers. True, Catholic historians do not furnish the antidote; but how many households does it enter? The average man takes his opinions in matters of this kind from the authorities of his own sect, and when inserted in encyclopedias or pronounced from the pulpit assume for him the dignity of a dogma. It is, therefore, upon the moulders of public opinion that the responsibility rests. And we must say that it is a very light burden upon the shoulders of some of our brethren in Ontario. They are a class apart, beating the air with weapons that have been relegated long since to controversial museums. And the misery is that their outcries against Rome are carried to backwoods

districts to confirm good old souls in their prejudices. The man who does not believe that he has a monopoly of learning should reflect before repeating oft-explored charges, whether it is likely to enhance his reputation for truth and scholarship.

We are of the opinion that if preachers throughout Canada should get outside the influences of the nursery and the college and use the sources of the information that are accessible they would disprove the charge that theological partisans are less truthful, less candid, less high-minded, less honorable even than the partisans of political and social causes who make no profession as to the duty of love. We want but fair play in the pulpit and elsewhere.

We object to such bigoted text-books as Compayre's History of Pedagogy. The educator who allows them to be used is beneath contempt. He may have a score of academic titles, but he lacks the fundamental qualification of a teacher, and is thereby unfitted for his position. It is our business to point this out, but the business of the taxpayers is to see that he gets no part of their money. A little agitation in such matters will go a long way. Just touch him on the pocket, and he will come out of his dignified retirement and resolve himself into a committee of ways and means in order to accede to just demands. But we have not the slightest hope that the tax-payer will do anything of the kind. He is contented enough with things as they are. They are prudent in utterance; prudent in action. They walk tip-toed, so fearful are they of disturbing their neighbors. They dispute not, neither do they clamor for any right. They seat themselves meekly down at the gates of prosperity and are content with and grateful for the scraps that are flung to them. And this self-abasement and timidity is called prudence. But backbone counts, and is always respected. We commend this to the individuals who are afraid to own themselves—whose aim seems to be to not disturb the equanimity of their Protestant friends and who would have us believe that we are living in this country on sufferance.

### AGAIN ON THE SCENE.

A correspondent has sent us excerpts from the address of the President of Harvard to the Connecticut State Teachers' Association. We are glad to see from that the learned gentleman is regaining his health. He was a pretty sick man when he picked a quarrel with the Jesuits, and much more so when the same Jesuits took him under their paternal care and dosed him to the edification and instruction of educators far and wide. But even then he was far from being a well man. When he essayed to welcome Prince Henry of Prussia he displayed a lamentable dearth of the ability and courtesy that are wont to be associated with the chiefs of great institutions. However, Richard is himself again—more or less. There is nothing original in his indictment of the common school. Others have said the same as far back as 1869. It was pointed out by a secular daily, the Express, of New York, that education without religion has produced an abundant crop of infidels living as if it were beyond time more than the brute. Family statistics are also enlightening.

Possibly Dr. Elliot's remarks may cause some consternation in the camp of those who are advocating the fatuous policy that has been tried and found wanting here and in Europe. But his remedy for existing defects is no remedy at all. How will shrubs and flowers around school-houses, fire proof buildings, and better paid teachers check gambling, a fondness for vulgar plays, a depraved taste in books and newspapers, political corruption and a general tendency to embrace absurd delusions? As well expect a local application to cure an organic disease. What the pupils of common schools want is something that will get inside them and not confine itself to externals. Without that we shall have sham culture, but not virtue. The upholders of the goddess school have been endeavoring for years to fight the passion and pride of man with such keen and delicate instruments as human reason and human knowledge, and they have failed. They admit it themselves, though they have not as yet lost confidence in their weapons. But they may come around to see that the only way of turning out good citizens is to make them acquainted with God and His law—to

teach them the morality that is based on reason and the doctrines of Christ.

### MEMORIAL TO EX-PRESBYTERIAN

INTERESTING DISCOVERY HAS BEEN MADE IN SOUTH LONDON.

The ecclesiastical authorities of the diocese of Southwark have discovered that St. George's Cathedral mission owes its existence to an ex-Presbyterian, and so remarkable is the history associated with the work of this gentleman in the slums and alleys of Southwark that His Lordship Rt. Rev. Dr. Bourne, has decided to erect a church to his memory in Cornwall Road, Lambeth. After exhaustive research it has been found that Mr. John Theer (of Boston) an uncompromising Presbyterian, was dispatched by the American government to Rome to make investigation into some language question.

For some reason he entered a Catholic church in the Eternal City one day, and the impression made upon his mind was so great that he made inquiries into the teaching of the Church, and, in 1783, was received into the Church in Rome. Flinging aside his business prospects, he studied for the priesthood, and in 1787 Mr. Theer had the happiness of being ordained at San Salpice. He volunteered for missionary duties, with the assistance of the Guildford Street (Southwark) district, where he stayed for more than three years. It is therefore correct to say that, through the efforts of Father Theer, the present cathedral parish of St. George's owes its existence. Father Theer built schools, and gathered around him the poor of the neighborhood. He was recalled to Baltimore by Bishop Carroll, where it is believed, he died.

His Lordship the Bishop of Southwark, who has the sympathy of Cardinal Gibbons in the movement, will, with the assistance of the general public, erect the memorial church in Cornwall Road, Lambeth.—London Universe.

### THE NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS AS AN EPIC IN THE HISTORY OF CONTROVERSY.

REV. WILLIAM SULLIVAN.

Religious discussion as carried on between the Church and the sects goes ordinarily through three stages of development—Polemics, Irenics, and Conciliation. The student of history is familiar with the three controversies of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. In those days there was hardly time or opportunity to think of winning over those of the hostile camp. The immediate and pressing need was to meet attack, to repel the onslaught of those days of rebellion against the Church, men were taken with a kind of mania for searching out weaknesses in her defenses. History was torn to pieces, theology was cut from top to bottom with the knife of analysis. Philosophy was offered violence and Scripture tortured, in order that from all these sources might be dragged forth a troop of arguments, objections, distinctions, and reservations for the total overwhelming of the bleeding Catholicity. And accordingly the Catholic apologist's duty was to fly to the exposed position and defend it, and then to get back at the foe with as valiant and passionate a sortie as possible. It was the polemic age—full of storm and stress, a necessity to be sure, but a permanent effects which this time has produced is the impression in the minds of men that this kind of religious discussion is the one sole possible kind. Both Catholics and Protestants as a general rule take violent and polemic controversy to be the type of ecclesiastical apologetic. And so one often hears even priests say: "I shall not have a mission to non-Catholics in my parish. We are now on terms of perfect friendship with those outside the Church, and I do not care to change all this and arouse religious feeling by attacking them." In the mind of one who would speak thus in the historic notion, bequeathed as a mournful inheritance from dark and bloody days, that attack is essential to religious discussion; that you cannot invite a man to examine the Catholic Church without first crushing him beneath oppression and ridicule, and that a neophyte's preparation for baptism must necessarily include an ordeal of the cudgel.

Now just here is where non-Catholic missions open a new era in religious differences. They inaugurate the irenic stage, which is but one step removed from the victorious stage of glorious conversions. The days of bitter attack, one Church against another, are over. Religious controversy of the old-fashioned type no longer sets a nation on fire. On the contrary, it has become a weary thing that arouses only languid interest when it does not inspire impatience and disgust. Shall we therefore say that there is no longer room for the exposition, proof, and defence of Catholicity? No; realities endure; methods change. And with non-Catholic missions it is all a question of method. The non-Catholic missionary appears before his audience of unbelievers, he expresses the purpose of his mission in language that is filled with a vast zeal for God and a tender love for souls; he explains and proves Catholic doctrine, and vindicates it from misunderstanding and objection, but opens not his lips for words that would wound, for taunts, harsh names, or the rehearsal of ancient scandals; he holds up before his listeners the fair picture of the Church of Christ and says to them:

"Will you not call her mother? Does not your heart inspire you to return?" The result of it is that non-Catholics, to their own astonishment, find themselves speaking kindly of a priest. His courtesy—and how divinely courteous was Christ!—has captivated them. It is the irenic displacing the polemic. The pastor notes the good feeling produced by the mission. It has brought to his flock, both those within and those without the sheepfold, the benediction of greater peace and more fraternal love. And finally, won by the graciousness of all this, converts come—the supreme reward of the missionary's work. Thus it is that this movement marks a new era in the history of the Church. Thus it is that a non-Catholic mission conducted by the proper type of priest is so fruitful to the Church and so helpful to the community. Thus it is that work, conceived and carried on in the Spirit of the Master, trusts that His blessing will never fail it.—The Missionary.

### BISHOP SPALDING

PREACHED LAST SUNDAY AT ST. PETER'S, SCRANTON.

Scranton, Pa., Nov. 2.—There was a great crush at St. Peter's Cathedral this morning where Bishop Spalding of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission was announced to speak. It was the first opportunity that many in this city had of seeing the members of the commission and they turned out by the hundreds, men of all denominations, many from the cities and towns up and down the valley. It was simply another indication of the intense interest that the people of this region are taking in the doings of the commission.

The commissioners occupied front seats and were evidently much pleased with the eloquence, force and theme of the Bishop. There was a great gathering of priests in the sanctuary, including Bishop Hoban of the Scranton diocese. The musical features, too, were elaborate.

The theme of the Bishop was "Man's Love for Man and the Rights of Property." The application of his remarks to the task before the strike commission was so plain that every one understood. He said in part:

"Infinite power is the power of kindness in justice. The essentials of life are therefore a kindly love, helpfulness and faith. I contend that there is no harmony of union unless we look beyond our own selfishness and have the idea of what appears is not merely what is; but that beyond and above all things there must be a cause, known or unknown, from which all things spring and to which all things must be referred and to which they must in some way return.

"Since the visible universe springs from an invisible cause we must think that cause is love. Love creates all beauty. The more one considers nature the more we see it is a harmony, not a chaos, not disorder.

"The quality of a man's love is the test of his nature. A man's worth is not what he has most of. Consecration to God and to truth is the test of a man's life. We must seek and understand what the man really does. We love the things which we are always thinking of. We are taught to know ourselves and if we know ourselves, what is our purpose? What is it that I look upon as ideal? What is our permanent thought? What is the goal we are all striving for? Is it something material? Is it money, things to wear, or to feast upon, or a distinction? Is it to appear among men in something that will lift us up in the esteem of men? The quality of such a man is material. If he be a fop, he does not need serious attention. What our Lord aimed at sending His Son upon this earth was to create a new life in man. It is the tendency of all education to bring out God what is His talent. Our Lord wanted to make us feel that we were under the eye of a Father whom we cannot escape. That is the only way in which we are made His children.

"We can sing against love although we hurt nobody else; against our body, which is the seat of an immortal soul. Lust kills all that makes life pure and fair. To love our neighbor as ourselves means every human being, whatever be the color of his skin and whatever tongue he speaks. We are to constantly do him good and never hurt him.

"Thou shalt not steal!" All the world has grown up to recognize the right of property. Everything that we have has come down to us. We must therefore respect the law of property; Thou shalt not bear false witness. Calumny is worse than death. If the quality of our love is spiritual there could never be any jealousy or strife. If it were otherwise material things would become extremely jealous, because the thing held by one cannot be held by another. If this desire is not watched over with care it becomes greed, and just a turning to things in which no human being can find joy. The man who is always seeking to possess more goods becomes hard, metallic and material.

The law of life is the law of love of God, of home, of the Church and of country. Society is not possible unless men love one another. It is then representative of God Himself."

No one ever sounded the heights and depths of life and drew from it the teaching and blessing which it is capable of giving, without enduring suffering, sharp and real, as a part of it. The year is not all composed of summer days; it has its long expanses of winter cold and gloom.—George MacDonald.

### SOCIALISM CONDEMNED

IMPORTANT DOCUMENT IN ROME.

A notification concerning the much-debated question of Christian democracy has been issued from the office of the Cardinal Vicar. It recalls the Encyclical "Rerum Novarum" of May 15, 1891, in which the rights and duties of labor were set forth, and states that in consequence a number of Catholics began to assume the title of Christian Democrats. The controversy which arose over this name, and about the ideals involved, was settled by the Encyclical "Graves de Communi" of January 18, 1901. Some, however, of these Catholics—the notification goes on to say—pretended to see a justification of their views and practice in this Encyclical, wherefore on January 27, 1902, there was issued from the Congregation of Ecclesiastical Affairs a lengthened instruction.

But the discord was not yet to end. On Aug. 4 the Rev. Romolo Murri delivered a lecture at San Marino on "Liberty and Christianity," concerning which various ordinaries addressed questions to the Holy See. "The said speech," says the present notification, "has been submitted to an accurate examination, and found deserving of blame." The second group of the work of congresses (which the lecturer and his friends have bitterly assailed) deserves complete trust.

So far the theory is set clear in the notification. But it adds: "The present notification, by special command of the Holy Father, is being communicated also to all the most reverend ordinaries of Italy for their conduct, so that their pastoral vigilance may safeguard the faithful against the theories and the tendencies described above, and so that they may procure that the directions and laws given in the instruction of January 27, of the current year, in the Rules of the Work of Congresses, and in their Appendix, be fully known by, frequently read to, and faithfully observed by all classes of popular Catholic activity, and that they may remind all that those documents are a splendid confirmation of the happy hopes which the true Christian democracy inspires to the Holy Father, who with fatherly and unceasing solicitude forewarns it against the errors which might render its labors unfruitful."

It thus fixes the name of Christian Democracy upon the general movement of Catholic social effort, and while depriving of this title in any exclusive way the friends and followers of Don Romolo Murri, stamps his and their efforts of late years and the common tendency to go to extremes with the disapproval of the Holy See.

### DO YOU ATTEND VESPERS?

Away back in the days when the Church was young, one of the most beautiful services of the new religion was the singing of psalms in the evening. Work then was over, all the trouble and worry of the day were forgotten for awhile and the people went to the places set apart for honoring God and there sang the ancient songs of Israel.

To-day we still have that ancient custom. Every Sunday afternoon or evening our churches are opened for the final Benediction of Christ. But although the service is so beautiful, although the scenes recalled by the psalms are so sacred, so time-honored, yet unfortunately too few attend the uplifting religious service of the day consecrated to our Lord.

In the morning, services are well attended; but in the evening, when Christ as it were is present to bid farewell to His people, too many refuse to be present with Him in His churches. Probably this is due to carelessness, probably also to the lack of that sincere interest and love that were characteristic of the primitive Christians; but now that attention has been called to the beautiful evening service, certainly attendance should increase.

The Sunday is the day of the Lord, it never was intended to be observed as a day of abstinence from all right and Christian joy, but a few minutes should be spared every Sunday evening for communion with God, for listening to the singing of His praises and for receiving His Benediction. The blessing of God surely must not be lightly esteemed. It is the blessing of the Creator and Giver of all that will ever make life holy, happy and beneficent for future salvation.

The Vesper services, then, must be better attended. Every family, or at least some member of every family, should make it a rule to attend the service Sundays. This being done the new week will be sanctified and the Benediction of Christ will be carried out into the great world that needs it so much.

### The Negro.

"Why is a Negro black?" asks an exchange. Mr. Charles Carroll, in a book recently published in St. Louis, answers: Because he is a beast, not a man—a beast of the ape family, created prior to Adam. If cruelty and the spirit of torture be bestial qualities, then the white mobs who burn Negroes at the stake belong to the race of lower animals rather than the Negroes. The Catholic Church, at all events, will never subscribe to the disgraceful theory propounded by the author of such a work as this. Men of every hue belong to her fold, and she teaches in the face of the whole world that Christ came to the earth and died to save both black and white—and, what is more, gives the most practical effect to what she so teaches.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

HEART AND SOUL.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "ESPIRITU SANTO" CHAPTER XXIII.

The remaining ten days of our stay gave me a clearer view of things. Captain Larpent's visions no longer seemed so impossible, for I soon discovered that Oneida was not the experienced society girl I had supposed. Her cousins, Diana and Mireya, who were heiresses, granddaughters of a prominent public man, had been presented at court and were recognized leaders in Halifax society, but their cousin Dido, an orphan, and half American at that, adopted by a maiden aunt in moderate circumstances, was in a very different position. When Sir Everard and Lady Bourke wished to bring out their granddaughters in London, society they had taken a house, entertained lavishly, and in turn been extensively entertained. Miss Sophy Bourke, living in modest lodgings in York Place, was unable to bring out her niece in the same style. The cousins were not ungenerous; they invited Dido to the dances and general receptions, and Dido was from among ineligible younger sons. At the end of the season each presented her with a cast-off ball-gown, a dinner-dress in fair condition, and several pairs of half-soiled gloves and slippers. These Miss Sophy promptly donated to her maid as perquisites, and Dido was fitted out with new trinkets from the hand-some checks which her queer, unrepresentable Yankee uncle sent her every Christmas and birthday, but she could count upon her fingers the number of fashionable entertainments she had attended during two London seasons. Sometimes her cousins, who were not musical, sent her tickets to concerts and operas which they did not care to attend. Aunt Sophy had taken her twice to hear Tietjens in opera; she had seen three Shakespeare plays; and a Christmas pantomime, and Sir Everard had once insisted upon her being included in a party to the Goodwood races. In Halifax, however, things were very different; society was less conventional, the young Haligonian girls were gay and informal, they fancied the genteel, reserved Oneida rather than her stately cousins, and invited her on her own merits to a number of small affairs, from which her cousins were omitted, and she was beginning to receive an amount of attention from the young officers and civilians that might easily turn the head of even an experienced society girl.

A large part of this information I obtained from Miss Sophy herself. I accompanied the major almost daily in his visits to the city, and taking it for granted that he wished to walk and talk, to row and ride with his lovely niece, I devoted myself to the aunt. Miss Sophy was an admirable woman, sensible, independent, high-spirited, and so very talkative that I no longer wondered to find Miss Dido somewhat shy and uncommunicative. In her aunt's Sophy's companionship she would certainly have little opportunity to develop whatever conversational powers might be latent within her. I could sit by Miss Sophy's side on the lawn, or in the pleasant morning-room and watch with admiring glance the young girl with the figure and bearing of a goddess and the eyes of a Saint Cecilia, while I listened to the lively, caustic and never-failing from her unobtrusive communicativeness the whole history of her charge's life and education, from the feeding of her infancy to her present social success, from her primer with her first governess to her later instructions from her aunt in the mysteries of house-keeping and marketing, and casting of accounts. If Miss Dido did any justice to her instructress she must be well versed in all domestic accomplishments and virtues. I also learned that she had shown signs of temper at five, had passed through a phase of obstinacy at seven, a phase of personal vanity at ten, and a phase of phenomenal piety at twelve. In all these phases, as well as in scarlet fever and croup, the judicious methods employed by Miss Sophy, of which she gave me detailed accounts, had obtained the best possible results. This was quite ready to believe from the evidence before me.

The major's pride and joy in his beautiful niece was something unusual to witness, and there was a touch of pathos in it as I remembered her to be the daughter of the young woman he would rather have married an American boy and a friend of his own than any of the British officers or Haligonian gentry that waited upon her, but his delicacy was so great, and his never hinting his wishes or lifted a finger to bring us together. I found opportunities, however, to pay my court to the shy, gentle, high-bred beauty at some of the many entertainments that marked the close of the season, and with a little patient endeavor I was able to find the subjects she most liked to talk about, and to draw her out of her shell of timidity or reserve. Her uncle Levi's labors among the negroes, my own stories of the legends of the habitants, and of engineering enterprises on the lakes, and the many deeds of heroism among the workmen and sailors that marked them, these she would listen to from me with sympathy and interest, while she grew almost talkative when I asked her about her visits to the National Gallery and the British Museum, her trip to the Irish Lakes and among the English Cathedrals. Her drawings and water-color sketches, which she was prevailed upon to show me, surprised me by the talent they evinced, and by a touch of poetic feeling and imagination which I had not given her credit for. They were not wholly correct in perspective, and as that was my specialty I ventured to suggest an alteration here and there, which she received with angelic grace and humility, while the major, standing by, seemed bursting out of his waistcoat with pride in both of us.

I reviewed the situation as I knelt by my bedside with my forehead resting

on my crossed arms, and I lifted my heart with gratitude to God who, in my hour of sore need, had sent this sweet, grave, queenly girl to draw my heart from danger and lead it to paths of peace and virtue. I prayed that she might love her as she deserved to be loved, for it troubled me that there should be so little of the romance and passion of youth in my feeling for her, though the very deliberation with which I had attached myself to her was, in a greater tribute to her worth. It was due to her, however, that I should test my affection and prove its sincerity and truth before I asked for a short absence would do, and planned a trip to Annapolis, the Port Royal of historic days, on the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and to the region round Wolfville and the Minas Basin, where the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline" is laid. If, amid the interest of scenes and away from the influence of her stately beauty, I still felt that I could forget the past at Oneida's side, then how gladly I would return and ask her to accept my life and service.

I called a last time at the cottage to say good-bye before my flight to the land of the Acadians. The good aunt and her niece received me informally in the morning-room upstairs, a pleasant airy room with flowering plants in the window, comfortable chairs, Miss Sophy's work-table, Oneida's easel, and a bookcase in which I detected Scott's novels, expurgated editions of Shakespeare and Byron, the poems of Longfellow, Aubrey de Vere, and Adelaide Proctor, stories by Miss Yonge, Madelon Craven, and Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and several books of a devotional character. Miss Sophy did talking enough for the three of us, while I was almost as silent as the handsome girl at her side. When I rose to go, after explaining that it was uncertain whether I should return to the States by way of Halifax or by St. Johns, New Brunswick, and therefore uncertain whether I should see them again, there was no abatement in Miss Sophy's good-natured cordiality, but when Oneida held out her hand to me it was with a cool dignity of manner and a proud flash of the dark-blue eyes that took me aback and made me feel that an intolerably conceited had I been to receive her. I had already attracted towards me, I stumbled down the stairway in a deep chaste friend of mind. That proud, stately girl upstairs held all my future happiness in her hand, and I had learned in one minute what I thought it would take me a week of absence and reflection to find out. I was a fool to think of going away, I was a fool every day and hour of that precious week to try to win her in!

At the foot of the stairs I discovered that in my confusion I had left my hat and riding-whip in the morning-room. It was embarrassing to return for them after all our adieux had been said, but I could not well ride hatless and whipless to try to win her in!

"Oh, Aunt Sophy!" she sobbed. "He does not care for me! He finds me dull! I know he will never, never come back again, and I love him so! I love him so!" I had only one thought—to escape unobserved! That proud, sweet girl must never know that I had seen her in her humiliation, that I had learned to unbind the holy secrets of her maiden heart. I slid quietly down the banister, tiptoed to the front door, sprang on my horse's back and rode off, all hatless as I was.

I could not go to the city yet, I had other things to think of. I turned my horse's head towards the north, and I was bordered by a deep wood of scrub-pine. Into the wood I rode, dismounted and fastened my horse, then threw myself at full length on the ground to think. My first feeling was one of triumph, of ecstasy! I laughed aloud and hugged myself for joy, then threw out my arms exultantly. This was such a happy, glorious thing that had come to me—to me who had suffered so much in my mind, so much sorrow and humiliation in my other affairs of the heart. This queenly girl, so good, so beautiful, so true, loved me, me, Roderie Fremont! I could have her for the asking, even as Larpent had told me! She would be my wife, my own! She was the gift of God to me! The sweet reward, one hundredfold for virtue and duty. I was happy, gloriously happy, strong in hope and manhood, fervent in consecration to God and to her, my stately lily! My beauty! My dear, good girl! My queenly Dido!

My second thought was that Oneida must not shed one unnecessary tear! I had been gone long enough to play my part and to win my way, and now I must return as fast as the prosaic hired animal from the livery-stable would carry me. I took him into my confidence as we trotted along over the common and towards the Arns, for he had witnessed my extraordinary actions in the woods, and I felt that they called for some explanation. So I patted his neck, and bending over him, whispered all sorts of foolish things in his ear, impressing upon him the necessity of keeping my counsel. I came near promising to buy him in the exuberance of my joy, as he seemed part and parcel of my romance, but common-sense came to my rescue in season, and I compromised on a resolution to hire him and him alone for my future rides to my sweethearts' home, for needless to say I had thrown to the winds all thoughts of absenting myself from Halifax. The trip to Acadia should be reserved for my wedding journey. I had no tears for Evangeline until Oneida's should be wiped away forever.

I gazed noisily up the approach to Middlefield, and reined in my rosinante before the cottage, under the window of the morning-room. "Miss Sophy!" I

called; "Miss Sophy! come to the window!" In a moment the little lady's head was thrust out. She was open-mouthed with surprise. "Look at me!" I exclaimed. "Just look at me! I galloped half-way into Halifax without a hat on my head! You must think me demented! May I come up and explain?"

"Why, certainly," she said, cordially. "Your hat and whip are here, Dido, noticed them after you have been gone fully ten minutes. Come directly up and fetch them."

Again I fastened my horse's bridle to the post. "We didn't think we should be back so soon," I whispered to him. "Now be good and don't listen! I'll tell you all when I come down again, and I could have vowed that the beast winked at me."

Miss Sophy was in the morning-room with my things in her hand. She was alone, but the door into the inner room was half open, and I suspected that Oneida had taken refuge there, and that she was shadow that fell across the doorway. I went round and stood near the door, but with my back to it, facing Miss Sophy.

"You will not wonder that I forgot my hat when I tell you all," I said. "Miss Sophy, I have given up my trip! I cannot leave here, at least I cannot unless you tell me it is useless for me to stay, and send me away forever. I know when I planned to leave that I loved you, but I thought that I had loved you new affection, for I had loved one before, and that thought with whom I grew up in Detroit and Paris. She married four years ago, and I was not sure that I had forgotten her as I should forget. But I had hardly said good-bye, I had not crossed the threshold of your door, before I knew that I was a fool to think I needed any more love in my hands, and I come back to ask your leave to devote every moment of the short time that is left me to try to win her, to try to gain some word of hope."

There was a little stifled cry behind me; I turned and saw Dido standing there, her cheeks flushed red, her beautiful eyes swimming in tears, her hands outstretched. I sprang towards her, and in a moment her arms were around my neck and her lips raised to meet mine. I was clasping her as if I could never let her go, and Aunt Sophy in the background was murmuring incoherent words of blessing and happiness.

Two hours later I returned to our rooms to find the major fretting himself into a heat over my tardiness. "Well, this beats the Dutch?" he exclaimed. "To see you sauntering in as cool as an cucumber, the carpet-bags lying there, and the train gone half an hour ago!" "Let it go, Uncle Lee!" I cried, joyfully. "You do not care for the trains in this country, do you? To Jericho if they wish to! I do not stir from this blessed spot! I have a message for you from Miss Sophy. You are to come right back with me to Middlefield, for Dido has something very important to tell you!"

I do not think I had fully realized till then the strength of this good man's affection for me. I did not deserve, no trait man could wholly deserve, the things he said to me, but the one object of his lonely life was his beautiful niece, and if he had been attached to me before for my own sake he now loved me doubly and trebly for hers. I humbled myself to her, and I did not care to see to what with what I did in mine. It was given to her partly owing to the glamour cast by the name of Fremont; for what was there in my unheroic character and commonplace attainments to inspire such trust and love in this strong, homely man, who had seen men and knew the life and works of men both in his greatness and their littleness as he knew them?

But there was one feature of the affair that seemed to mystify him. "I declare to reason I don't see how you done it," he said at last, after much frowning and puzzled thought. "It beats all how you done your courtin'!" "Appeared all the time like you war courtin' the old lady, and didn't care for the young one?" "We done things different in my day." "I did it in the old French way, Uncle Lee," I replied, laughing gleefully. "I will teach you how it is done. You talk to the parents and get on the right side of them, and this gives the girl a chance to watch you and think what a nice young man you war talking to. I declare to reason there is generally some third person, a friend of yours, who goes with the girl and praises you up behind your back and makes her think better of you than ever."

His mouth opened wide and he stared at me blankly for a moment; then he smiled from ear to ear. "You air powerful sly! I wouldn't 'a' thought it of you! You took me in, and I done yo'r courtin' for you without knowin' it! You didn't need to give me no instructions, for you knew yo'r reputation war safe with me. Come to think, I used ter notice her eyes, them deep, shifty eyes o' her'n, kinder travellin' round in yo'r direction a good deal, and it used to make me mad that you didn't seem to see 'em. But, Lor', you sene! and what odds does it make how you done it so long as you done it!"

CHAPTER XXIV. Before the major and I left Nova Scotia it was arranged that Oneida should visit her uncle in the States and that we should be married there during the Christmas holidays. This plan seemed to satisfy every one. Sir Everard and Lady Bourke had indeed offered, rather faintly, to have the wedding breakfast at the Hall, as Miss Sophy's cottage was too small for the necessary number of relatives and intimate friends, but their relief was very apparent when Major Halliburton put in his claim. He was her father's only brother, and had long urged Dido to make him a visit. It would be very proper that she should make this visit now, as it would be the nearest thing to being married from her own father's house, and Miss Sophy

herself would be there to represent the mother. I also ventured to put in my word from my own point of view. My grandfather, my only living relative, would wish to see my marriage. At his advanced age—eighty-five—had he and hearty as he was, a winter's voyage to Nova Scotia would be very dangerous, especially in view of his having had to be sprung of the lungs the preceding spring. This decided the matter, Sir Everard and Lady Bourke withdrawing their claims with graceful alacrity.

The major and I left Halifax full of the happiest anticipations. A number of my friends came down to see me off and offer me their congratulations, among them Captain Larpent. "Do not ask me to the wedding," he said, with his peculiar sad smile. "I will do much for you, Fremont, but I drew the line at that. I have half a mind to sell out and go to my children. I think that before Christmas you will hear of me on the ocean, homeward bound. You see I have given up the comedy I was playing. I am going to admit my children behind the scenes and dispel their innocent illusions. Better the truth from me than from a cruel world. Poor chaps!"

My letters, overflowing with happiness and with descriptions of Oneida's grace and goodness, had reached my grandfather a few days ahead of my arrival in Detroit, and he was prepared to give me all that was in our sweet hearts. There was a tinge of sadness underneath that troubled me. "It is right that you should marry, Roderie, my boy," he said, "right from every point of view. I approve of youthful marriages, the younger the better, and I should have liked you to marry at twenty-one if she had been old 'sich' he had in mind. "We have been very happy together, my child, but the old man will be passing away soon, and he will be glad to bless the new household before he goes. There are a few things for your angel mother's I should have liked to keep till I went, but it is right that you should have some memorials of her in the new home."

"The new home!" I stammered. "Why, Pepe, shall we not live with you? I have described the old house to Oneida till she knows its every nook and corner. It is her wish that you should sit at the head of your table and I at the foot, as we have always done, and she will be between us as our sweet guest. She would not wish you to feel that her coming made any change, except in our having her companionship."

"Imprecious young lovers!" he smiled, shaking his head sadly. "That would do in France, where the old families still live in the patriarchal system, three generations in the home at once, the old people providing for the household needs in the old days, and the New World has different ideals. In justice to Oneida you must consider a little how it will appear to the society in which she should take her place if you bring her to this old homestead. The Detroit ladies who have entertained you at their houses, those with whom you have danced and dined, will call upon your bride, and where will she receive them? Save the kitchen and offices, we have but two rooms on the lower floor, the plain, old-fashioned dining-room, and this big, shabby sitting-room, fitted up with all the old notions that come to two old bachelors. Is this a proper drawing-room for a beautiful young bride?"

"You do not alarm me in the least, Pepe," I said, resolutely. "I am not so unpractical as you suppose. I have thought it all out. Our surroundings will make no difference to our old family friends, those of French traditions and faith, who will be always our friends no matter where or how we live, and they are, like ourselves, the true Detroiters, the children of the pioneers. What care we for the opinion of the new-comers, who are almost strangers to us? Besides, Pepe, there is the tower-room, of the first landing of the stairs, which we have been using for a store-room. We did not care for it because it had not the river view, but now that there is nothing to be seen from the front windows but the old Rouge—that is this was the name of the factory, the view over the garden is really the prettiest of any, and the tower room is just the size for a bride's boudoir."

My grandfather became so interested in the project of fitting up the tower-room that he quite forgot his other objections. After all, the house had been comfortable enough for his wife and daughter in the old days, and he then had been considered a handsome residence. The sitting-room, with its fine dimensions—thirty-five feet in length by twenty in breadth—had been the scene of many gay dances and hospitable entertainments, which many a feast had been served at the cheerful board in the big, square dining-room. The hall, which cut through the whole width of the house, was spacious and dignified, while opposite the entrance was the wide, low staircase, with a large landing half-way up opening into an octagonal tower-room which had been my grandfather's study thirty years before when the ladies monopolized the drawing-room. But ever since I could remember it had been used as a place of refuge for all things used and the drawing-room had degenerated into a sort of rough-and-ready abode for a lonely man and boy. I would not change its character while my grandfather lived, or disturb one inch his special chairs and tables and the hiding-places of his pipes and books and secret treasures, but the hall and the dining-room might be refurbished to advantage, while the tower-room could be charmingly fitted out in modern style as a reception-room worthy of a lovely young bride.

The day after my return I resolved to call on the Chaberts and receive their good wishes. There would be a slight embarrassment in meeting Etienne, but it would be best to have over as soon as possible. "Have you told the Chaberts?" I asked my grandfather. "Told them what?" queried the old gentleman, slyly.

"The one only really important thing in the world," I replied, nothing daunted. "I have told Nita, and she has told the others, who have all been over to give me their felicitations. Your letter came the day before she went away," and the Chevalier eyed me very intently from under his shaggy eyebrows. "Went away?" I echoed. "Has she gone?" "Her father feels worried about her," said my grandfather, somewhat gloomily. "She seemed happy enough to be here among her own again, but a few days before you came home she suddenly took it into her head that it was her duty to be near her husband so that she could go to him if anything happened."

"Where is he now?" I asked, rather faintly. "He is travelling up in the Northern Peninsula, and a valet who is really his keeper. They are camping and fishing upon Lake Superior, and they hope that the out-of-door life and freedom from business worries will restore his health and mental balance. Nita is especially worked up about it, as she is visiting the McMillans, who are now settled in Marquette, and she may be within easy reach of her husband if he should send for her."

I had never thought of the possibility of his getting well and of her going back to him. Of course, if the physicians pronounced him cured it would be her duty to return to her husband, but I remembered how little faith Dr. Netley had in the chances of a permanent cure, and it seemed to me that relatives ran a terrible risk in allowing her to live with him again. But I told myself sharply that it was none of my business, that her father was her natural guardian, that I had my own responsibilities now, and other people must shoulder theirs.

Fortunately I had plenty of work on hand, a blessed work, a sovereign relief to so many ills. My plans and specifications for the Delta Harbor improvements had been accepted, and the contracts made by the Survey Office, so that I had to set forth almost immediately to superintend the dredging and straightening of the channel, the building of the breakwater, and the laying of the foundations of the light-house before winter set in.

As was my custom, I superintended personally every inch of the construction and shared all the exposure with my workmen. A succession of early autumnal gales, striking us before the stone foundations for the light-house were properly completed, threatened to undo the labor of weeks by submerging or dragging from their moorings the huge iron cylinder which we had driven into the sand and which was riveted to huge piles forming a sort of exterior breakwater. It was a heroic task to keep this cylinder dry, and more than once we spent the whole night in water, holding on to ropes and pulleys while the great surges of Lake Michigan, rolling in upon us in foam-blown masses twenty feet in height, swept us off our feet again and again. We were clad in life-preservers and lashed to the great wooden piles, otherwise many lives would have been lost in those ice cold, raging seas. But we triumphed! We were numb and bruised, but our great cylinder stood its ground against the sledge-hammer blows, and when the surface water grew calmer and we removed the enormous tarpaulins that covered it not a pint of water had forced its way into the interior, not a stone was ever so little jarred from its setting. Workmen, foremen, contractors and engineers, we hugged each other and indulged in a very riot of shouting and cheering, while the old lake frowned and tossed and sullenly surrendered to the power of man, till the sun shone forth after days of gloom and careased it into a gentler, triendlier, happier mood.

It was late in November before the work was brought to a point where we could leave it for the winter. Oneida and her aunt were now in North Carolina, where the major was in the seventh heaven of happiness preparing his house for the wedding and lavishing presents upon his beautiful niece. Like many timid, reserved natures, Oneida wrote more freely than she talked. Her letters were long, descriptive, flowing smoothly and pleasantly with an unexpected touch of dry humor here and there, and much sly tenderness. I kissed the precious missives and slept with them under my pillow, an ever-increasing pile, which I carefully hid by day from the prying eyes of the landlady of the Delta Tavern.

When we touched at St. Ignace on our homeward voyage, I was met by Emile McNiff. "Rory, there is a job that you positively must do for us. We will have no denial. You know I am now superintendent of the Redoubtable Mine, and we have a scheme on foot for getting at the rich beds of ore under the adjoining lake. "But I am not a mining engineer," I interrupted. "I know nothing whatever of metallurgy." "That is not the question," explained McNiff. "The ore is there all right. What we want you to do is to see if it is practicable to drain the lake and to divert the streams that feed it into some other basin, and to estimate the cost of such an undertaking. This sort of thing is in your line, and it will be a big contract. You have lost so much money in mines you ought to make some out of this one. Did you know that the Forest Lake Copper Mine is coining money for us hand over hand? What a pity you ever sold out your shares in it to Moir, who has millionaires enough already from other sources!"

"Sold out!" I echoed bitterly. Then I stopped myself. Let bygones be bygones! Emile evidently had no notion of the true state of affairs, and as he was working for a company in which Moir was a director and one of the largest shareholders, it was best he should remain in ignorance. "Is Mrs. Moir still with you and your wife?" I asked after a while, hesitatingly. "She went to join her husband about three weeks ago," she replied. "He is as right as a trivet now. In fact, he

never was mentally wrong, only in a very nervous condition from business worry. He is just as well to-day as you or I. Etienne will cheer up now, I hope, for she seemed awfully sad when she was with us. She is plucky and tried not to show it, but she could not deceive me, who have known her from a child, though she is queer, like all women. For instance, she kept up as bravely as possible all through the harrowing anxiety about Moir, and then, when she got the news that he had broken down and went all to pieces—got hysterical and all that sort of thing, My wife firmly believes that Etienne fears and dislikes her husband and was frantic at the thought of having to live with him again, but I tell her that is nonsense. All women who are brought ought to laugh, and laugh when they ought to cry, and you should always judge them by contraries."

Now that I knew I should not have to see Etienne again, I consented to Emile's proposition. Emile was an old friend and the playmate of my childhood, and I disliked to refuse him, especially as it was evident that he was hoping to do me a good turn and compensate me in some degree for my losses in the other mine. We went into the hill country of the interior, in the Gogebie Range, where such treasures of iron ore were being brought to the surface. The great Redoubtable from Mine was the most extensively worked at, and it was in the range. We found the director and his wife were entertaining a party of Eastern ladies and gentlemen who had mining interests in that region, and it was proposed that we should visit the famous mine before I made my inspection of the neighboring lake reservation. It was with a look of dismay, when, too late to withdraw, I discovered that the party included Mr. and Mrs. Montgomerie Moir!

TO BE CONTINUED. DO SOME THINKING. SERMON PREACHED AT "FATHER MATTHEW MEMORIAL SERVICES," FATHER PATRICK CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY, SUNDAY EVENING, OCT. 12, 1902, BY REV. PATRICK G. MURPHY, C. S. C. "Then Jesus said to His disciples, if any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me." (Matt. xxvi. 24.) There is a very pretty tradition that tells us about the following incident. At first sight it seems only a little thing. But it is one of those things that speak so eloquently to the minds of those who are intelligent enough to appreciate the great and simple things of life. It concerns our Divine Redeemer; and is supposed to have happened when He was only a Child. From the very beginning it was noticed by our Blessed Mother that His mind was always occupied by something of the nature of deepest thought. He was living in the future. He was taking in, not simply the events that were happening in His own immediate vicinity, but He was looking out through all the world; and even the affections of His childhood covered all the races and the nations of the sons of men. His Blessed Mother found him one day standing in the attitude of deepest thought. She came upon him when He least expected it. And before the Divine Child realized her presence, there was enacted before her the first great tragedy of the Saviour's life. The little hands were folded on His breast. The little body trembled. The little eyes were filled with tears. The little hands were clasped in prayer, and all the sorrows of the world were pressing heavily upon him. It was only for a moment. But it was like a awful moment, when He cried out in all the strength of manhood, and the great, red drops of blood were flowing from the heart that loved the world so well. It was only for a moment. But it seemed like an eternity for the mother who must look on in vain, for she was powerless to help him. The cloud was passing in the heavens. The sun was shining on His little form again. The plan was made. The tangled threads of human destiny were straightened out. The pale face brightened, and the little hands were stopped. The little folded hands were once again unclasped. The little form regained its strength and its determination. He took a few steps forward, and He planted Himself firmly in the attitude of hope and expectation. His Blessed Mother forgot for the moment the struggle that had passed. She saw the little One she loved so dearly standing once again in the sunshine of God's love causing to fall upon the world the shadow of His Cross—"standing," as the poet tells us, "with all the colors of the rainbow in His vesture, and all the sunlight of the ages in His face."

that follows after death. He tells us that they found Him in the agony of death, with words of heaven, "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me!" I wish you to stand for a beside that Child of Nazareth. Him broken-hearted in the cloud. I wish you to stand for a minute in the garden of suffering, to do a little of the subject He was trying to do. And the reason why I wish you to do a little of the world in regard to that half so careless as they should most concern themselves. "With desolate despair." "With desolate despair, and with sorrow world is filled with sorrow, no man that thinks." You minds of men are busy fields of thought. They mistakes, even where they so serious, among them may be corrected by the another. In all the other there seems to be a lack of affairs of this life that do our eternal destiny seem to adjust themselves. But things that religion deals with those things that have to do with our relations to our fellow-creatures, to the best interests of the world, is always something that misleads detrimental to the ends in the time to come. The relationship between parts of the material world and so nicely, dropping of the street is paved, it tremor through the verse. It may be just as in the social and moral even greater things depend upon the decisions make between right and are always ten thousand may be cured, but it is always ten thousand lives that more miserable and all above all things, there that is in our hands, a life end at death, a life that and a life that is not guided by our deeds or by the present or in the future, but a life that is going through the sequence of the present ages of eternity. "is the whole world where there is no man that wonder that the little O hesitated for a moment, overcome by despair! that the strong man was night in the garden of What wonder that so their death-beds cry of moment more to think! reference these thoughts vice of interpenetration.

THE PURPOSE OF YOUR LIFE IS TO CONVINCE YOU TO DRINK ALONE WHO THE SINS OF DRUNKENNESS FOR THEM. We all have tions devolving upon the prevalence of this ness is a sin, because it dulls the conscience and deals with it as sometimes is. The upon as one of the causes of poverty and that reason tries to The court considers it manifests itself by violence tolerates it as for the individual, but an abundant source of state. The Church is a very serious of goodness and mercy of wrong done to man's commandments forbid makes man less than I ed. The priest is opp he knows by careful is the most productive sides being a very gr Most people are int know their own inter not take much hard vince an honest-min man or woman that course, and that mode leads up to it. Dr make a man respecta not recommend him position. It is the confidence of his fri company does not on signal-house or on the steamship company d the bridge. The e banking institution handling its funds. not want him behin manufacture dock the machine. We drunken physician the patient. We do lawyer to gain a sui drunken teacher in not want drunken There is the stron most people in favor even in favor of Tota is not to be gained there is not much drinking. Now let the arguments in fa in favor of drunken

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1902.

THE MIRACLES AND WATER OF LOURDES.

Some months ago the Press Publishing Company sent from Paris to this continent a despatch concerning Lourdes which was published in the daily papers, and of course very widely circulated.

While making arrangements for his wife's funeral, the engineer made several observations, the chief of which was that the water used in the bottling department had a different taste from that in the grotto.

His investigations by chemical analysis showed that there was the difference which he had suspected between the exported water and that of the grotto; and further examination revealed that the water is brought from a river in a neighboring cave through subterranean pipes which were secretly laid by monks years ago.

The Rev. J. Van Der Heyden, a priest from America who is now at Louvain, Belgium, has written to the Catholic Sentinel of Portland, Oregon, stating the result of enquiries made by him in reference to the matter; and it appears that the whole story is a tissue of falsehoods.

The pseudo-engineer Probst is not an engineer at all, neither is he a Catholic, nor does he occupy any high position, as the story tells. He is a Lutheran, and a violent anti-Catholic agitator. His profession is that of an ordinary clerk in an obscure dry goods store in a small provincial town, and all the engineering he ever did was to measure out yards of calico for his employer's customers.

Whether the wife of Probst went to Lourdes or not is uncertain, but she is alive and in good health. It appears, indeed, that Probst did make the statements attributed to him, but they were merely such an hypothesis as any mendacious and malicious sceptic might have made without any foundation for his statements.

It is clear that waterworks on so large a scale as Probst pretends to have existed could not have been removed so as to leave no trace, and on the other hand the work of removing them would have been seen by the many hundred thousands of witnesses; but there are no such witnesses to be found.

Altogether the story is an idiotic attempt to throw discredit on the miracles of Lourdes which are attested by thousands of visitors who were eye-witnesses to very many of them. We might mention here numerous cures which have certainly taken place through the patients bathing in the Lourdes waters, but we will merely indicate one instance which is attested by Senator Chauncy Depew of New York.

It is true that Mr. Depew did not see the young lady who was cured till after the cure was effected, but he ascertained the particulars by enquiries made of unimpeachable witnesses. We take this case, which occurred a few years ago, because Mr. Depew is so well known in America as a Protestant of the highest integrity that his testimony cannot be questioned.

A New York lady of his acquaintance, who was also in hope of being cured of a disease which was pronounced by the doctors to be incurable, was accidentally met by Mr. Depew, and she told him of the cure which she and her son, a New York medical student, had witnessed that day.

Mr. Depew was determined to see the girl, and though the crowd of pilgrims was too great to be admitted, Mr. Depew was admitted to the room where the girl had been, on account of his being a distinguished New Yorker; but the patient had left just before her hotel.

The knee was shown him. "It was quite normal. The flesh and muscles were firm and natural. Black spots marked the places where the sores had been, but the sores were healed, and healthy skin, not scales, covered them."

Mr. Depew found her out, and heard from her lips the same story which he had already been told. She had been unable to walk for six years, but, to satisfy Mr. Depew, she walked around the room, limping some, but with no apparent pain.

Mr. Depew said: "I have little faith in modern miracles, but this case puzzled me. Of course, its weak point, so far as I am concerned, is that I did not see her before the alleged cure. The testimony, however, of the New York medical student; of his mother and of the English doctor was clear and positive. They might have been deceived or tried to deceive me, though neither seemed probable."

Another feature of Mr. Probst's story deserves also to be mentioned here which proves that his testimony is not worth the paper it was written on. He declares that Lourdes is a city of 80,000 inhabitants. Father Van Der Heyden states that the population is about one-tenth of this number.

We find a great many men and women sidetracked all along the pathways of life because they were not taught the value of good manners and of a fine, gracious courtesy in their youth. The result is that they have grown up hard and coarse and repulsive in manner and have not been able to win favor or attract trade or business. In other words, their bad manners and repulsive ways have kept them back and handicapped their careers.—"Success."

RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Dr. Adolph Danziger, a Jewish Rabbi, who is also editor of the Chicago Israelite, has been investigating the works of the Sisters of Charity of the Catholic Church, with the result that he earnestly urges the young women of the Jewish persuasion to institute similar organizations with the object of "working for God's glory, and to increase the happiness of mankind."

Look at the Sisters of the Catholic Church how they work *sans peur et sans reproche* (without fear and without reward), and how they minister to the sick and the dying. You, too, by a grace as mysterious as divine, could discard your fiery, don a simple garb and form a glorious sisterhood, helping mankind and lightening the burden of all who suffer, regardless of creed.

In conclusion the Doctor asserts that "the Church of Rome could ever boast that wealth that will stand behind you and your work. Build a great Jewish convent, found a Jewish sisterhood, and spread a new and glorious light upon the world."

Notwithstanding that for three hundred years abuse of monks and nuns has been the staple means whereby Protestantism has endeavored to stir up the world against the Catholic Church, maintaining that the monastic life is a blot upon Christianity, and that it encourages idleness and vice, many of the Protestant sects have of late years established their religious orders both of men and women, and especially of women, so that the Church of England has its Sisterhoods, and the Methodists have followed in the same course with deaconesses and sisterhoods.

A RAMPANT PREMIER. The Paris correspondent of the London Times reports in that journal that M. Combes, the French Premier, has just issued a new decree which, for atrocious disregard of the natural rights of French citizens, finds its equal only in the treatment of the Poles by the Russian Czars and the present Emperor of Germany who issued similar decrees.

The decree is that priests in Brittany must not teach catechism in the Breton tongue. The effect of such an order put into execution must be to prevent the teaching of the catechism altogether, inasmuch as the Breton language is almost exclusively spoken in the province. Thus Bishop Quimper, in whose diocese there are one hundred and ten parishes, declares that there is not a single child capable of receiving proper instruction in French, and in most of the parishes only 12 1-2 per cent of the people understand French.

In Russia similar degrees have been issued for the express purpose of keeping the Polish children in ignorance, and orders were not long ago issued in Prussia that the Polish language should not be used in the teaching of catechism. This order created fearful excitement in Prussian Poland, and almost drove the people into open rebellion, but the Emperor has had the good sense to countermand it to some extent. M. Combes will probably not have so much good sense, but as it is well known that his Government is held in detestation by the brave Bretons, as well as in other departments, he will probably endeavor to enforce his tyrannical order.

During the reign of terror in France, toward the close of the eighteenth century, the last battle fought for the cause of royalty was fought by the Bretons, who for years defied and destroyed several armies of the Republic of that day which were sent against them. It would not be surprising if the worse than despotic measures which are now being forced upon the people should again lead to a civil war for the maintenance of popular liberty, though the proper time for the fighting of that battle of liberty was at the general elections. It is no exaggeration to say that a large majority of the French people are and have been in favor of religion; but they were apathetic when the time came for them to vote.

Only 50 per cent. of the French electorate voted at the last elections by which the anti-Catholic Government of M. Waldeck-Rousseau was sustained. Then it was that M. Combes accepted office, expressing himself ready to pursue a more drastic policy than M. Waldeck-Rousseau dared to inaugurate. Of the 50 per cent. of those who voted, 24 per cent. were against the Government, and 26 for it; but the vote for the Government was composed to a great extent of officials who were compelled to vote in that way, while terrorism was used to prevent a free expression of Catholic opinion. There is not the least doubt that a free and full expression of opinion on the part of the electorate with a full understanding of the situation would have resulted in a vote of at least 70 per cent. of the people in favor of religion.

These sectarians assert that prayer only, or the mental influence of the healer, should be resorted to. Their differences of procedure are unimportant, as they are merely human inventions under pretence of being divine revelations. The little girl Esther Quimby was afflicted with diphtheria and blood-poisoning and her parents, John and Georgiana Quimby, instead of calling a medical man, secured the services of a so-called Faith-healer named John Carroll Lathrop, but as they did not make use of the ordinary remedies, the child died.

Should it occur that the people of Brittany and La Vendee should be goaded to resist the tyranny of the present Government, the struggle would be a fierce one, for these provinces furnish the army and navy with their best soldiers and sailors. We would desire, however, that the struggle should be a constitutional one, and not that the matter should be left to the decision of the sword employed in a civil war. At all events, M. Combes shows his incapacity to govern by setting at defiance the honest faith of a majority of the population at the risk of rousing the passions of the people to the peril of civil strife.

It is significant that Colonel St. Remy, who was court-martialled for refusing to lead a troop of soldiers against the nuns in order to close their schools, received a sword of honor from the people of Paris, that approval of his conduct might be manifested. It is equally significant that the court-martial sentenced him to only one day's imprisonment, which was the least punishment it could inflict. The officers composing the court thus manifested their sympathy with him, and their practical approval of his courage and convictions, but again approval comes from another and a most unexpected quarter; for the seventy thousand miners who are at the present moment on strike expressed approval of Colonel St. Remy's course, and a desire that if soldiers should be sent against them they should act similarly. Premier Combes appears to ignore these signs of the intense dissatisfaction which his arbitrary conduct has created.

While on this subject we must here add another unexpected and disastrous effect of Premier Combes' action in closing the religious houses of France and banishing the religions. Many girls from all parts of the country have been given employment in the postal service in Paris during recent years. It is obvious that it was very necessary, for the sake of preserving the purity of the young girls, there should be some adequate provision made for housing and feeding them. The religious orders were equal to the occasion, and established restaurants and lodging houses in the most convenient localities to meet this necessity. The houses were under the charge of nuns, and in them the girls could always find protection and advice as from their mothers.

Now the girls were already forbidden under pain of dismissal to live in lodgings under the care of nuns. There was danger, forsooth, of their becoming disloyal to the Republic as governed by Premier Combes if these employees of the government should come into contact with such dangerous conspirators against the peace and welfare of the country as are the Sisters of Charity and Mercy! And the girls, of course, had to find lodgings elsewhere. It is notorious that the hotels residences of Paris are not desirable residences for young girls, but these youthful civil servants can now find no other lodging houses but these where their morals are always in peril of being corrupted.

It was partly in consequence of this evil perpetrated by the Government that Paris turned so decidedly against it at the recent elections, for the girls who have been thus ill-treated have necessarily many friends throughout the city who are painfully conscious of the dangers arising from the course which has been pursued by Messrs. Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes. Should this single fact prove to be the rock on which the present government shall suffer shipwreck, France will be the gainer.

Another case of malpractice by a Faith Healer has occurred at the village of White Plains, N. Y., the victim being a girl named Esther Quimby. It is not stated whether or not the parties guilty of negligence in this instance belong to the Eddyite or Dowdite sect, or to some form of pretended Faith-Healing independent of both these, but the underlying principle is the same: "Are diseases to be cured without recourse to medicines or medical men but solely by prayer or mental influence?"

As a meeting of the Unitarian Club which was held last week in Toronto, the principal speaker was Mr. E. E. Sheppard, the subject of his address being "Religious Thought in Toronto." Mr. Sheppard declared that material conditions in the city are changing, and that the people of the different denominations now pay less attention to the doctrines of their churches than formerly.

From the short synopsis of this address given in the Globe we cannot be sure whether Mr. Sheppard meant to congratulate the people of Toronto or not on this state of affairs, but from the general tenor we should judge this to be his intention, and he cites St. James I, 27 to show that the only true religion is "to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and to keep unspotted from the world." The speaker continued saying: "He had noticed a great change in the doctrines of the different churches within the last fifteen years. In fact he had found that many of the churches have doctrines and creeds of their own which they preach but do not believe." It cannot be doubted that Mr. Sheppard in this truly describes the existing condition of things; but heads the noteworthy commentary: "In this way he did not see how a man could be truly religious if he continued to follow them." By this we understand that Mr. Sheppard condemns the religious duplicity of a church which professes to maintain a creed in which it does not believe. We fully agree with the speaker in this sentiment. The Churches which, while admittedly revising their creeds, pretend to hold still the faith to which they have hitherto adhered, are guilty of a hypocrisy which becomes sacrilegious when it is given forth by a church in the act of professing to utter God's truth for the instruction of mankind; and yet we are informed that "the churches" have followed this course. As a matter of course, Mr. Sheppard has only the Protestant Churches in view while he speaks thus; for he knows well that the faith of the Catholic Church changes not. As years pass we may become better instructed in the church's teaching, we may know its consequences better, but the truth of revelation remains unchanged. As to the passage quoted from the epistle of St. James, which Mr. Sheppard asserts to be the only true definition of religion, we fully admit that it expresses beautifully our duties of charity to our neighbor; but it is not the Apostle's intention to say that we have no duties to fulfill in regard to the personality of God. The Apostle intends that we shall be

both hearers and doers of the Word of God, not hearers only, as he so states the case a few verses before. To be hearers of the Word, we must believe in what God has taught, and fulfill the positive laws of God, even those which have God for their direct object. Thus we find in St. Mark vi, 16: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned."

Here it is right to remark that the Catholic Church truly does its best to relieve suffering humanity, and the charitable institutions of Mr. Sheppard's own city, which are under Catholic management, sufficiently prove this. The Protestants of Toronto, also, have shown a laudable zeal to build up charitable institutions; but we fear that if the charge of visiting and caring for the fatherless and widows were left to the unbelieving population, but little would be effected in this respect. Rationalism has torn down and destroyed works of charity for mankind; but it has never built them up.

A CAUTION. We cannot too strongly warn our readers against certain humbugs who are travelling throughout the country selling objects of devotion. One of the gentry visited this district recently, and went so far as to assert that certain indulgences were attached to a picture which he was endeavoring to sell at \$1.00 each. This same picture would likely have cost him about 10 cents. A short time ago we considered it a duty to caution our subscribers against another individual canvassing for a paper published in the United States. He promised to all who subscribed a share in a daily Mass. In many instances these canvassers assume a clerical or semi-clerical appearance, thereby deluding some simple people into the belief that what they offer is genuine. Frequently they make use of the names of Bishops and priests, without ever having asked their consent, for the purpose of increasing a sale of their wares. They are never, of course, able to show any recommendation from these dignitaries authorizing their action or recommending them to the people. Another trick these sharpers practice is this: They represent themselves as of limited means and are selling these goods to raise money to study for the priesthood. The fellow who was in these parts last year, being asked on his present visit why he had not gone to college as he said he intended to do, replied that it was his brother who came around in 1901.

AN ANTI-IRISH PAPER. An Orange paper in Dublin gave currency to the report that the Irish Parliamentary Party had misappropriated the funds collected for the Parnell Testimonial. This report was said to have been originated from a statement made by Mr. Parnell's sister that nothing had been done with the money collected in America for the purchase of the Parnell homestead. Mr. Wm. Redmond has made a statement that an effort was made to purchase the homestead; but a Dublin butcher, acting for Mr. Parnell's brother, bid more than they considered the property worth. The funds are deposited with a Trust Company in Dublin, and an order had been given some time ago to an American artist to produce a magnificent statue of Parnell, to be erected over his grave in Glasnevin cemetery. One of the editors of the Toronto Mail and Empire, in Saturday's edition, publishes an article designed to lead the public to the belief that the Irish Party has been in the habit of misapplying funds collected for the Irish cause. The statement published by Mr. Redmond has appeared in nearly all the papers of the country; but it would not, of course, suit the purpose of the narrow-minded bigot who has a chair in the Mail office to present both sides of any subject where Irishmen are concerned.

THE FRENCH CONGREGATIONS. A report has been published in some European papers to the effect that the Pope has addressed letters to the Emperor Joseph of Austria and the Prince Regent of Bavaria requesting them to use their good offices on behalf of the Congregations of Religious expelled from France. It is not stated whether the purport of this request is to intercede with the French Government for greater leniency, or to have the religious received kindly by the governments of these two countries, but if the report be true the latter purpose is the most likely one. To live without working is to check in one's self the well-spring of life.—Mgr. Angebaud.

As so many of our ma... from the nefarious co... cected by Titus Oates, i... here to give some accou... pulent adventures and... revelations. He began... testant passed, but con... great deal of capital mig... of the national Spain... Paptists, he went to Se... conversion entered the... at Valladolid. His cond... was such that he was se... end of five months, but... critical tears and prom... admission into another... same Order at St. Omer... soon began to be suspe... being admitted into... he desired he was per... missed. Whatever may... original plan, it was now... by schemes of reorgani... long, Oates had ready a... circumstantial account... which he declared... on foot by Popish recuse... the assassination of... the destruction of the... religion. He had nothi... word to support his test... furnished a term of... descriptions of individu... tended to know were i... his character was know... putable, and yet he lo... in gaining the ear of... Parliament, and his f... to be very convenient.

Badloe, a notorious cr... just finished a term of... at the House of Correc... he invented a tissue of... and scandalous lies agai... Nothing was too bold o... the combined audacity... plotters, who even ave... herself of conspiracy w... to poison the King. Th... excited state of protest... very generally believe... were brought to trial, and quartered on the te... wretches, but although... Jesus under pre-mi... Housen romance, rese... dream of a sick man... action which ever took... world, the French cl... clergy had a large shar... tion.

John Wall, the son... country gentleman, h... cated at Donay pass... College in Rome, wh... dained. At the age o... took the habit of St... 1657 was sent to the... where he laboured inde... salvation of souls for... years, esteemed and... came in contact with... Having been denounc... Worcester Gaol, where... months, bearing his s... most heavenly dispo... narrative which he di... imprisonment and tri... imprisonment in our times... none can send to th... friends come to them... to teach us how to p... in God alone, in all... He will make His pr... all things shall be ac... xiii.), which chapter if... read and made good... would be better than... finement for religion... science more pleasant... ties the world could... own part, God give... all Christians their pr... enough. We all oug... narrow way, and th... difficulties in it. It... thing to run the bli... but God deliver us... sweet ways."

Father Wall was br... the 25th April followi... sel for the prosecuti... the case in a violent... the horrible calamit... disclosures of Titus... holly martyr was con... statute of Elizabeth... the oath of suprema... having said Mass he... ceived converts, and... He was sentenced by... he hanged, drawn, a... these counts, and... words which were... passage to eternal... lead, and said aloud... God! God save the... seech God to bless... all this honourable... "You have spoke... pled the Judge, "a... that you shall die, a... present, until I kno... ther pleasure."

Father Wall gave... as ready, by God's g... morrow, as he had b... ence to-day, and as... a grant of the great... Nearly twenty... about this time lying... death, for the exer... tual functions, all o... accused of complet... plot. No one belie... guilty of any real... were interested in... criminals, and Lor... vehemently that... handled as if it w... was so or not... that Judge Atkin... trouble to save Fa... his execution took... near Worcester, o... 1679, and was carri... the sentence pass... were buried in S... yard, and it was... afterwards that... green where the... Yard was all bar...

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THE VEN. JOHN WALL, O. S. F.

As so many of our martyrs suffered from the nefarious conspiracy concocted by Titus Oates, it may be well here to give some account of the important adventures and his pretended revelations. He began life as a Protestant parson, but conceiving that a great deal of capital might be made out of the national prejudice concerning Papias, he went to Spain and feigning conversion entered the Jesuit College at Valladolid. His conduct while there was such that he was sent away at the end of five months, but by dint of hypocritical tears and promises, he obtained admission into another College of the same Order at St. Omers. Here too he soon began to be suspected, and instead of being admitted into the Novitiate as he desired he was peremptorily dismissed. Whatever may have been his original plan, it was now supplemented by schemes of revenge, and before long Oates had ready and produced a long, unimpeachable account of a supposed plot, which he declared had been set on foot by Popish recusants, and aiming at the assassination of the King, the subversion of the Government, and the destruction of the Protestant religion. He had nothing but his own word to support his testimony, his evidence broke down in every point, his descriptions of individuals whom he pretended to know were invariably false, his character was known to be disreputable, and yet he found no difficulty in gaining the ear of both Houses of Parliament, and his fictions were found to be very convenient. Together with Bedloe, a notorious criminal who had just finished a term of penal servitude at the House of Correction at Bristol, he invented a tissue of the most absurd and scandalous lies against the Jesuits. Nothing was too bold or shameless for the combined audacity of these two plotters, who even accused the Queen herself of conspiracy with the Jesuits to poison the King. This, in the madly excited state of Protestant opinion was very generally believed. Five Jesuits were brought to trial, hanged, drawn, and quartered on the testimony of these wretches, although the Society of Jesus suffered pre-eminently from the hideous romance, resembling rather the dream of a sick man than any transaction which ever took place in the real world, the Franciscan and the secular clergy had a large share of the persecution.

John Wall, the son of a Lancashire country gentleman, having been educated at Donny passant to the English College in Rome, where he was ordained. At the age of thirty-two he took the habit of St. Francis, and in 1657 was sent to the English Mission, where he laboured indefatigably for the salvation of souls for about twelve years, esteemed and loved by all who came in contact with him.

Having been denounced in December, 1678, he was arrested and committed to Worcester Gaol, where he lay for five months, hearing his sufferings in the most heavenly dispositions. In the narrative which he wrote of his imprisonment and trial he says: "Imprisonment in our times, especially when none can send to their friends, nor friends come to them, is the best means to teach us how to put our confidence in God alone, in all things, and then He will make His promise good, that all things shall be accomplished to us, which He has sworn to do." Luke read and made good use of, a prison would be better than a palace, and confinement for religion and a good conscience more pleasant than all the liberties the world could afford. As for my own part, God give me His grace, and all Christians their prayers, I am happy enough. We all ought to follow the narrow way, though there be many difficulties in it. It is an easy thing to run the blind way of liberty, but God deliver us from all broad, sweet ways."

Father Wall was brought to trial on the 25th April following, and the counsel for the prosecution having stated the case in a violent address, in which the horrible calumnies and pretended disclosures of Titus Oates were introduced, the prisoner was free to speak in his own defence, counsel not being allowed to the accused. He neither confessed nor denied his priesthood, but conducted his defence in such a manner as to gain for himself a reputation for great wisdom and prudence. The absurd charges brought by Oates were of course easily refuted, but the holy martyr was condemned under the statute of Elizabeth, for having refused the oath of supremacy, as well as for having said Mass heard confessions, received converts, and for being a Jesuit. He was sentenced by Judge Atkins to be hanged, drawn, and quartered on these counts, and on hearing the words which were to ensure him a passage to eternal life, he bowed his head, and said aloud, "Thanks be to God! God save the King, and I beseech God to bless your lordship, and all this honourable Bench."

"You have spoken very well," replied the Judge, "and I do not intend that you shall die, at least not for the present, until I know the King's further pleasure."

Father Wall gave answer that he was as ready, by God's grace, to die on the morrow, as he had been to receive sentence to-day, and as willing as if he had a grant of the greatest dukedom. Nearly twenty four priests were about this time lying under sentences of death, for the exercise of their spiritual functions, all of them having been accused of complicity in the pretended plot. No one believed that they were guilty of any real offence, but many were interested in treating them as criminals, and Lord Fairfax declared vehemently that "the plot must be handled as if it were true, whether it was so or not." It does not appear that Judge Atkins really took any trouble to save Father Wall's life, for his execution took place at Red Hill, near Worcester, on the 22nd August, 1679, and was tried out according to the sentence passed. His quarters were buried in St. Oswald's churchyard, and it was remarked, some time afterwards that his grave remained green, whereas the rest of the churchyard was all bare, the place being a

constant thoroughfare.—English Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

VARYING VIEWS OF PROTESTANTISM.

Speaking recently in Boston, the Rev. W. I. Haven, D. D., one of the secretaries of the American Bible Society, made a most optimistic address on the Protestantism of the present day, its work and prospects. Never in all its history, he declared, was it engaged in so many noble enterprises. Never was it so prosperous, so powerful. Never was it so pure. On the same evening another man of prominence in Protestantism, Mr. Henry Varley, the London evangelist, spoke before another assembly of Protestants in Boston, and this is what he said:

"The Church of God (by which he meant Protestantism) to-day has lost its power by reason of her want of spiritual vigor. The churches are weak, and conversions are few and the ministers are dispirited. Considered as business propositions, the churches are failures. If the amount of money that is represented in their buildings and the number of men and women who are found in membership were engaged in any business enterprise and there was as little result, they would be adjudged a bankrupt estate. When you tell me that your Sunday morning service is fairly well attended and your church is able to pay its bills, you may call that success; but I do not."

Which is right? "You pay your money and you take your choice." In this connection the Rev. Edward Everett Hale's opinion of the progress of so-called evangelical Protestant churches of to-day may not be without interest. In his contribution last week to the Christian Register he said:

"The Methodist Church appears to an outsider to be most occupied in giving a code of instruction to its members whether they shall play whist or 'authors,' whether they shall go to the theatre, and similar instructions; the Baptist Churches seem to be eager and successful in building up their separate organizations; the Presbyterians are still in that annoying tangle which hinders people who have to say they believe one system while they know they do believe another; and the Episcopal Church seems more interested in its own dignity and prestige than anxious for its own enlargement."

WOUNDING THE FEELINGS.

If at times the Catholic priest's language is severe, let no one rashly accuse him of sporting with the feelings of his own and of his separated brethren, writes Rev. C. Vander Donckt in the Catholic Sentinel. While virtue is to be commended, vice is to be condemned and stigmatized. In his office of spiritual physician he may not content himself with diagnosing malignant tumors; he is bound to cut them out, no matter how painful the deep incisions are, if there is no other way to eliminate the poison.

If feelings were the only things involved, a gentleman—and every priest must first of all be a gentleman—would much rather keep silence than wound into the hearts of the Apostles, he them. Like unto the Apostles, he them. Like unto the Apostles, he them. As Christ's ambassador he has His message to deliver, and as an introduction to it he would in many instances find make his own these words of Cardinal Manning: "I know that what I am about to say will give pain to many of my countrymen, but woe to me if I should not speak. I should prove unfaithful to every man's charity." (II. Cor. v. 14.) Christ presseth us, the charity of his fall, and refrain not to speak in the time of salvation." (Eccles. iv., 27-28.) If a bridge watchmen failed to pull a drowning woman out of the water, because the only part of her anatomy he could take hold of was her hair, would he be excused from his duty on the plea that he feared to hurt her feelings? Likewise if saving truths cannot be told without wounding the sensibilities of every man's, and above all every priest's, duty of charity to wound their feelings if necessary to save them from everlasting fire.

One Impression.

Cardinal Newman saw a brick taken from the foundation of the Tower of Babel on which the impress of the child's hand that carried it to its place was still plainly visible. The impression was made while the clay was yet soft. That impress will remain until the brick has been pulverized. We know nothing of the boy or of his companions who worked with him on that tower, but the impression of his hand, which had long been buried with the brick, now tells the tale of centuries. Ah, Christian reader, think of it! The child's mind is like the soft clay. What impression will you make upon it?

CHRISTIANITY AND KNOWLEDGE.

RIGHT REV. JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING.

One of the most notable events in the history of Washington was the discourse delivered on last Sunday morning at St. Patrick's church by the Right Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria.

A large and representative congregation gathered to hear the distinguished orator. The sermon was based upon the Gospel of the day. It was in reality a transcription into the modern mental idiom of the exquisite Biblical narrative, the text being: "She is not dead, but sleepeth."

The Bible is a whole literature—a literature of infinite tenderness, mercy, and Divine love. The tenderest, the sweetest, and the richest lessons are embodied in the Gospel of to-day. God manifests Himself in many ways, in nature, in conscience, in history. He speaks to us from the starpeeled firmament, the flowers show forth His beauty, the mountains are clothed with His Majesty; the never-resting ocean proclaims His power. To teach one He whispers reproval or condemnation, and universal experience teaches that however the wicked may seem to prosper, the wages of sin is death, and of righteousness, life. In individual men and women His attributes shine. In this one, His love and patience; in another, His purity; in another, His justice; in another, His mercifulness.

But in Christ dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. As he says of himself: "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father."

Life, as manifested on earth, is largely life in death; it is subconscious, partial, superficial. The race has been busy with efforts to survive, to secure the means of living, rather than with learning how to live. The great mind of the noblest races have been busy with speculative truth; they have striven for the beginning, to fathom the eternal problems which deal with ultimate causes and final ends; and it may be said that the outcome has not been satisfactory. In the modern world the search for speculative truth has largely been superseded by the method of scientific investigation which aims at getting at the facts of nature and life.

The supreme charm of science lies in the hope it inspires of getting at some solution of the eternal problems. But those who have best insight now perceive that this hope is illusory. If all the facts from the beginning of time until the present moment were known in all their details, the infinite mystery would remain unillumined.

Science has transformed and improved human existence in a thousand ways, but it has thrown and can throw light on the beginning, purpose, and end of conscious life, which, so far as science makes it known to us, is evanescent, unsatisfactory, and illusory. Hence the Saviour turns from speculative truth and scientific truth and directs our attention exclusively to vital truth, to the truth which is revealed by faith, hope, love, and conduct, rather than by rationalistic processes. They and those who live the life can know the truth which He reveals and enforces by deed and word. His truth is a principle of life which is engrained on the life of man and re-creates it, resulting in newness of life. It is the truth which is brought home to the lowly-minded, the pure of heart, the lovers of peace, the hungerers for righteousness. It is the truth which produces a nobler and more unalterable faith, a more all-prevailing hope, a more Godlike love, a profounder conviction of the worth and sacredness of life. It turns the thoughts of a man from his circumstances to himself, from outward success to inner worth.

The kingdom of God, which He wished to realize on earth, consists essentially in an inner disposition, in a state of soul. Let men become lowly in mind, pure in heart; unselfish, devoted to truth and love, strivers for righteousness, and whatever social and material conditions are helpful to the best life will result as the natural outcome of the true self, which is from God and for God. What He would bring about is a transformation of love, a turning of the whole man to the truth of conscience, to conduct, to the indispensable element in all real progress and improvement. His thought has been but partially realized, but the tendency of civilization for nineteen hundred years has been in the direction in which Christ has walked and lived as a doer and teacher.

Religion not philosophy, nor culture, nor science, first set up the ideal of a kingdom of God, which shall be fashioned more and more into the likeness of that of the blessed in heaven; a kingdom which is not a polity or state, but divine rule; not merely course of life, but an animating principle, diffusing itself through the world, and transforming individual and social life. Ideas are the ultimate realities, the thoughts of God which will make the substance of things, religion, science, and government. Christ did not send His apostles to teach all knowledge, but to teach His religion; to teach the worship of God in spirit and in truth, in lowliness of mind and purity of heart, as men who hunger and thirst for righteousness. In all that concerns the religious life the Church has the office of Christ, repeating His and speaking with His authority, and to enable us to do this with infallible certainty, the Holy Ghost was sent and abides with her. But Christ did not teach literature, philosophy, history or science; and consequently He did not establish His Church to teach these things. He founded a Church, not an academy. Non in dialectica complicit Deo saltem facere populum. He left natural knowledge soft, and to enable us to grow by accretion, and development, through the activity of special minds and races, with the process of the ages. He bade His Apostles teach whatsoever things He had commanded them—the doctrine of salvation and the principles of Christian living. These things He came to reveal; these He lived and died to plan-

in the minds and hearts of men as seeds of immortal life. God doubtless might have made known from the beginning all the truths of science; but this was not part of the Divine economy. For thousands of years the race was left to make its way amid the darkness of universal ignorance; and when here and there a ray of light fell from some mind of genius, it seemed quickly to be extinguished amid the general obscurity. The philosophy and the science of Plato and Aristotle had been in the world for three centuries when Christ came, but He made no allusion whatever to them. He neither praised nor blamed these great masters of all who know. Those whom He denounced were not the teachers of wisdom, but the formalists, who, holding rigidly to the letter of the law, and adding observance to observance, and rule to rule, had lost the spirit of religion, had apostatized from the infinite Love, which is God.

Christ came to bring immortal faith and hope and love to man. He uttered no word which might lead us to suppose that He considered literature or philosophy or history or science as an obstacle to the worship of God in spirit and in truth. He denounces greed and lust and indifference and heartlessness; but He does not warn against the desire to know, the desire to uphold one's being on every side, to become more and more like unto God in power, in wisdom, in goodness, and in beauty. He lays the stress of His example and teaching upon religion, upon eternal things. He tells us that we cannot serve God and Mammon, but He does not say that faith and reason conflict. We are human because God is present in the soul; we have reason because the divine light shines within us—the light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.

To attempt to set up an absolute distinction between faith and knowledge is to undermine faith and enfeeble reason; for each strikes its roots into other, and draws thence sustenance and life. We believe because we are rational, and we are rational because we believe in the messages borne to us through the channels of the senses, and in the intimations given. We know not how, to the soul.—Washington New Century.

LADY GEORGIANA SWEPT.

The Western Christian Advocate (Methodist journal) prints the following, which Catholic readers ought especially to note, owing to the fact that the English lady who did the sweeping, was a Catholic, as well as a distinguished novelist. Says the Advocate: "In a little Roman Catholic paper we came across the following significant anecdote: 'We read in Lady Georgiana Fullerton's life that one Sunday, as she was going home from Mass, she passed a poor woman sweeping a Catholic house, whom she knew to be a Catholic. 'Have you heard Mass?' asked Lady Georgiana. 'O no,' was the answer. 'I am too busy. I can't leave my crossing.' 'Well, if that is all,' answered the Christian lady. 'I will take your broom, and when you have fulfilled your obligation you can come back and resume your work.' The proposal was accepted, and many people who knew Lady Georgiana, and who chanced to go that way, were considerably surprised at her occupation." "This little story of Lady Georgiana," says the Advocate, in words which Catholics may heed as well as others, "set us asking whether there might not be many in all of our churches who might find some similar need. For instance, who can rarely attend worship because held at home by the care of little children. If some one could come in and relieve them for a couple of hours occasionally on Sunday, and allow them to go to church, they would surely receive a warm-hearted blessing in return. We have known some churches where the mothers were urged to bring the babies to the church, and a committee of young ladies took turns Sunday after Sunday in entertaining the little ones in some other room, while the mothers joined in the public worship. We think there are many ways in which ingenious and willing persons might carry out Lady Georgiana's principle in action."

HOW COMES IT? ASKS CARDINAL MANNING.

Every religion and every religious body known to history has varied from itself and broken up. Brahminism is now extinct. Buddhism, Mahometanism, the Russian, Constantinopolitan and Bulgarian autocephalous (self-ruling) fragments; Protestantism into its multitudinous diversities. All have departed from their original type, and all are continually developing new and irreconcilable, intellectual and ritualistic, diversities and repulsions. How comes it that, with all diversities of language, social and political, including persecution and warfare, the Catholic nations are at this day, even when in warfare, unchanged unity of faith, communion, worship and spiritual sympathy with each other and with their Head? This needs a rational explanation. It may be said in answer, unless divisions have come out of the Church, from Arian to Photinus, and from Photinus to Luther. Yes, but they all came out, and remain in the Church, corrupting the faith. They came out, and ceased to belong to the Catholic unity, as a branch broken from a tree ceases to belong to the tree. But the identity of the tree remains the same. A branch is not a tree, nor a tree a branch. A tree may lose its branches, but it rests upon its root, and renews its loss. Not so the religions, so to call them, that have broken away from unity. Not one has retained its members or its doctrines. Once separated from the sustaining unity of the Church, all separations lose their spiritual cohesion, and then their intellectual identity. Ramus procius arecit. (The cut off branch withers.)—Catholic Home.

YOUNG CATHOLICS SHOULD READ.

BISHOP HEDLEY'S NOTABLE ADDRESS.

The inaugural address delivered at the annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society of England by Right Rev. Bishop Hedley, O. S. B., of Newport, was in substance an eloquent appeal to establish a Catholic press with sufficient power and organization to neutralize the evil influence of the secular press, now ubiquitous and doing infinite harm to the cause of Catholic truth. In the present day, His Lordship said, there was no question more vitally important than that of reading. The working classes seemed to have little time for reading, but they did read just as everybody else read now. In these days the country, as it were, was under a ceaseless shower-bath of news. It did not wait for men to seek it out; it came to them, it followed them, it forced itself upon their attention. A rival press, the Bishop urged, secular press which, though not always utterly unscrupulous, could not be said to be guided by the ordinary moral rules for conscience. To meet the evils of the secular press they must have a rival press. They could not, it was true, have a press with anything like the ubiquity the secular press had, but they could have a press which, though not always so well organized, they had enthusiasm, and though their means for printing and distribution, though their pecuniary means might be relatively small they could make their influence felt and could overcome many obstacles if they were resolved to promote a rival to the secular press.

MUST CREATE A DEMAND FOR GOOD READING.

Passing from the discussion of the supply of good reading, the Bishop dwelt upon another most important phase of the subject, namely, the demand for good reading.

"All of us," said the Bishop, "whether priest or layman, are doing an excellent thing if we try whenever we can to teach the young to read. I am not, of course, referring to what is taught in the elementary schools, but to what has to be taught to those who are grown up and are material out of which our Catholic public is being formed. To teach a young man or young woman to read you must lose no time with them. If they get through a year or two after leaving school without reading they will never read. Do not expect them to read the parish paper, the sporting and betting paper, the 'scandal' papers and perhaps the short and silly story papers. But they will not read good and salutary reading. You must begin at once with your suitable Catholic literature; with your guild, your society, your club, your good advice. They must be got to feel by degrees that there is a vast field of no mean interest, that lies outside the daily life and material existence and which can be known from books. They must be made to feel that a man or woman who does not to some extent travel or live in this ideal and intellectual world lives only half a life, nay, not half, but a stunted, poor and sordid life. They must be shown that their religion is a vast and glorious universe which they can only come to know really well by reading. And they must also be taught by experience that one way to sweep to and to help a man to a quiet, kind and peaceful life is to take frequent plunges into that world of curious and refreshing reality which is made up of the story of the past and the fancies of men who can think and dream. Doubtless this kind of training will fall most upon the young, but it is one of the most essential parts of pastoral work.

"But this is a matter in which the laity also, both men and women, can effectively help, and it would certainly be worth their while to do so. In what is called social work probably there is not half enough use made of the press. School teachers who retain an interest in their growing up boys and girls should never be satisfied until they have given them a taste for reading. Fathers and St. Vincent de Paul and visiting ladies should have little things ready to attract young persons and to interest the family. And our Sunday schools might profit by the example of non-Catholics and send the children home rejoicing with a penny illustrated magazine or tale. So by degrees with the habit of reading would come the demand for reading, and the Catholic body would stir itself more and more to visit better and better reading. And with high ideals and thorough education these would come from time to time one of those speculative literary productions which would be not only a treasure to ourselves, but an intellectual fact in the great world; which would in some sense enable us to rival that great part of the world, which we on our part would call anti-Catholic, but which was its own part admits and boasts that it is anti-Catholic."

OUR CHANCE.

"And to keep ourselves in heart we must always remember that the very growth and spread of the modern press gives us our chance. All the authorities, from Mathew Arnold—who ran the beginning of the cheap press—to Bishop Creighton, who wrote the other day, keep preaching and repeating that education in the true sense of the word is getting more and more rare in the country. People are informed, interested and amused, but not educated. Reflection, principle, character—you have to search very closely to find them; but what you do find is superficial smartness, the exchange of phrases, a mob-like unanimity in taking a thing up and dropping it again, fits of excitement, insular prejudice and an almost complete ignorance of the venerable past. Here, I say, we have our chance. For a piece of strong and unchangeable truth will always go through this flabby modern growth like the thrust of a knife. We have our truth, which can never decay nor be out of date. We have not only our creeds, but our Catholic philosophy, our noble and wide theology and clear and strong ethics, another story of our fathers, doctors and saints. There is not and there never can be a

day or an hour in the cause of the development of human thought when these undying verities, this inalienable treasure, will be powerless to generate light and energy in the confusion and doubt of a world which after all is intended by its Creator to know and to believe. What we have to do is to put weight into our weapons, to see they have an edge and to get hold of them with a man's grasp. The work is worth all our energy. To do it well we can surely afford to brace our sinews, to look over the walls of our own little gardens, to labor seriously, to efface ourselves a little in order to co-operate and so to make straight the way for the advance of that Catholic rival press which is yet, we hope, to play such a mighty part in the history of the coming century."

A SECOND ENUMERATION.

A second count of the Church-going people of Chicago, made Sunday week by one of the daily papers, presents a rather good showing. Though the weather was bad, and therefore unfavorable for a large attendance at the Churches, the Catholic people were well represented at their respective places of worship. By actual count there were present 207,765 persons at 56 out of the 132 Catholic churches in Chicago. The rainy weather kept fully 10 per cent away, which would swell the numbers to 228,541. As the attendance at half of the Catholic Churches was counted, we must not forget that double the above amount, or 457,082, including children, actually attended divine services last Sunday. We are satisfied that this is pretty close to the truth. At this rate about 75 or 80 per cent of Catholics go to church. But we must make due allowance for the sick, infirm, and small children. The percentage of men going to church was very noticeable. About one-third of the total number were men. The percentage as far as Catholics are concerned between the men, women and children was a natural or normal proportion.

We are convinced that an honest effort was made to arrive at an accurate estimate of the number of people commonly called "church goers." The task was a difficult one. A large territory had to be covered. To take the count properly more than a thousand enumerators would have to be employed. Most Catholic churches would require at least three of them, and then they would need the assistance of the ushers. We know of one instance where the reporter could not get into the church on account of the crowds. The vestibule was so crowded that he could not get in, then he went around the back way and thus got into the body of the church, but the aisles were so crowded that he could not get out!

All this illustrates that the people of Chicago—we refer to our own—are religious, and as a rule they try to practice their religion. The daily papers should make this known with more emphasis. It would give a better name abroad. Anything that reflects upon the morals of Chicagoans reflects upon the city and injures its name and reputation. For instance, every one in England and too many in this country read Mr. Stead's book on Chicago, the vilest thing that was ever written about any place. The impression one gets from this book is that the saloons run Chicago, that it is an abominable nest of vicious characters and that it is well for the sake of safety to travel "a la mode"—Rattlesnake Pete of the plains with two or three revolvers attached to a belt around the waist! That impression can be corrected by making known from time to time the best traits in Chicago life—its religious faith, its virtue, its charity, its almost countless institutions which place the people of this city far ahead of anything that has ever been accomplished in the line of charity work.—Chicago New World.

ROME'S ATTRACTION.

People say to me: "Never seen Rome or Florence? St. Peter's! The frescoes of the Sistine! The galleries in the Vatican! You'll never! Nor do I much care! If I were to go to Italy I would go to see the Supernatural, because it is the only thing I could really and permanently admire. I would go to Rome and see the Spiritual Head of Christ's Empire; I would go to Loreto and kiss the ground once trodden by Jesus and Holy Mary. I would go to Assisi, and walk every step of the Via Crucis the 'rose Mary' tread. I would make a pilgrimage to Siena, and I would visit every stigmatica and ecstasica. And there in her humble chamber, I would wonder and rejoice! I would have emotions which the grandeur of St. Peter's, and the terrors of Vesuvius, and the beauties of Naples, and the sublimity of Pompeii could never excite. For I would come into touch with the Supernatural—with God! and the work of His fingers is more to me than the most stupendous creations of human hands!—Fr. Sheshan, in the Dolphin.

A Manly Faith.

"The Catholic Church makes men. By which I do not mean boasters and swaggers, nor bullies, nor ignorant fools, who finding themselves comfortable think that their comfort will be a boon to others and attempt (with singular success) to force it on the world; but men, human beings, different from the beasts, capable of firmness and discipline and recognition; accented death; tenacious. Of her effects the most gracious is the character of the Irish and of these Italians."—Hilaire Belloc: "The Path to Rome."

Father Faber says that one of our culpable faults that cause distractions is our neglecting to practice ejaculatory prayers. They are, so to speak, the heavenly side of distractions—thoughts of God which distract us from the world and interfere with the quiet possession which the world has taken of our souls. Ejaculations are our doing for God what distractions do against Him. They have a speciality to evict and distract. There is no better practice for bringing distractions under control.





