

The Catholic Record.

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

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A GOOD THING.

We are glad to learn that many of our young people are ranging themselves under the banner of Total Abstinence. They believe that conviviality can be had without alcohol. They accept the ruling of scientific men that there is practically no physiologic or therapeutic excuse for the use of alcohol and that it does not even fulfil the semi-medicinal indications for a temporary stimulant which are met by tea, coffee and chocolate. It is injurious to brain and muscle. The moderate drinker is wont to have many a reason to justify his conduct; but we are told that, viewed from an old-blooded, scientific aspect, it must be admitted that the use of alcoholic beverages is reduced to a matter of self-indulgence. He drinks because he likes it. Time was when strength and efficiency were wont to be associated with alcohol, but medical men have disabused us of such notions. They assure us that the total abstainer is more in keeping with the tendencies of the times than one who acquires and cultivates a habit which carries with it a continued menace of acute intoxication. And this drinking, especially when done by a drinker who holds a responsible position in the community, may have a very bad effect upon others. At all events it causes unbecoming exultation among the cynical and the toper. And the young, who see the respected citizen making the acquaintance of sun-dry high balls, may be induced to imitate his example and to join the ranks of the moderate drinkers. It strikes us that they who help to fashion public opinion, and who by reason of their position or office are looked up to for guidance, could, by being total abstainers do much for temperance—much for their neighbor and God. This may entail some self-denial, but then engineers and others whose work demands cloudless intellect and precision of muscle abstain from drink.

WHAT "THE THUNDERER" SAYS.

"It may be stated," says the London Times, "as an opinion upon which most, if not all, physiologists are agreed, that alcohol contributes nothing to the permanent powers of the healthy organism, whether physical or intellectual. No man, it is said, is the stronger for taking it; and no man is the wiser. The experience, now very extensive, of insurance offices, seems to place it beyond doubt that even the moderate regular use of alcohol in any form is on the whole contributory to the shortening of life. When these views come to be fairly balanced against temporary gratification of the palate, or temporary stimulation of the brain, they will be likely to lead to a gradual change in the habits of the more intelligent portion of mankind." Therefore the man who strikes alcohol off his list of beverages is acting in accordance with the instructions of those who know whereof they speak. The man who does not drink is more likely to be a better son, a better husband and father than the man who does. He is more likely to conserve unimpaired his vigor, mental and physical, until late in life; and he will not, as it happens with many moderate drinkers, degenerate into the drunken Catholic.

The pledge, supported by sacred help, is indispensable for success here and hereafter. The drinking man is out of date, and the saloon-keeper may be compelled to "adopt a more decent method of gaining a livelihood."

DO NOT SIGN THEM.

The gentlemen who solicit signatures for an application for liquor licenses are inclined to wax eloquent over the virtues and benefactions of some saloon-keepers. For our part we confess that we have no pride in such benefactions, and when evidence of the generosity of the knights of the bar comes across our path of vision we study other parts of the landscape. These benefactions represent nothing that can be admired by any self-respecting Canadian. But they do represent what is detestable and detested—sin and poverty, broken and dishonored lives.

Why then should we sign applications for liquor licenses? Is the saloon necessary? Are we obliged to help any man who is not willing to contribute his share to the betterment of our community? Has any individual, merely because he wishes to sell rum, a right to our support? Does not the saloon

as it exists to-day trade in and bitter upon temperance? Have our wives and mothers no rights? Do not be ejected or bullied into establishing the saloon, "the personification of the vilest elements in our modern civilization."

WHICH IS THE TRUE RELIGION?

REASON POINTS UNMISTAKABLY THAT THERE IS BUT ONE RELIGION, WHICH ALL MUST EMBRACE.

Rev. B. J. Otten, S. J.

In the first lecture of this present course, it has been shown that of several religions, which are opposed to one another in doctrine, as they needs must be, only one can be true. And as a false religion is necessarily evil, because diametrically opposed to God's essential truthfulness, reason points unmistakably to the fact that there can be but one religion which all are obliged to embrace. What reason thus demonstrates as a logical necessity, Christ Himself, as was proved in the last lecture, taught as a moral duty. When He said: "He that believeth not, all things whatsoever I have commanded, shall be condemned." Hence there rests upon every reasonable being the strict obligation to ascertain as far as he can, which is the true religion established by Christ; and the further duty to embrace the same, notwithstanding the greatest difficulties that may bar the way. Consequently the vital question that now presents itself for solution is: Which is the true religion?

This question, as is manifest, presupposes that the one true religion established by Christ still exists somewhere upon earth. Nor is there any need of proving the correctness of this supposition. For the very fact that Christ built His Church upon a rock, so that the powers of hell should not prevail against it; the fact that He commanded the Gospel to be preached to all nations and to every creature; and the further fact that He promised those who were to announce the Gospel His own divine assistance and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit till the very end of time, places the indefectibility and the perpetuity of the Church, and therefore of the one true religion, beyond all reasonable doubt. As it would be against reason and Revelation to hold that Christ came to redeem only the few who were contemporaneous with His stay upon earth, so also would it be both again the one and the other to maintain that His Church, or the one true religion established for the salvation of souls, was intended only for the contemporaries of the Apostles. Hence the religion which Christ established nearly two thousand years ago exists to-day, and exists in all the fullness of unadorned truth with which it was dowered by Him as its divine founder.

Nor yet is its mere existence a certain and indisputable fact, but it must needs exist as a visible religion, which can be recognized by all. For those terrible words of Christ, "He that believeth not shall be condemned," bear reference to the men of our day, as well to the contemporaries of the Apostles. Consequently the one true religion, which one soever it be, must be distinguishable from all others in such a way that any sincere and earnest searcher after the truth can satisfy himself that it is the religion, which was established by Christ, and which laws and their successors. This is quite in harmony with Christ's own teaching on the matter, for He calls His Church a city built upon a mountain, which any man may behold if he will but open his eyes and look.

From what has been shown in the last lecture, I think all will agree that the most essential mark of Christ's religion, whereby it may with certainty be recognized as His own, is absolute unity of faith among all believers. Upon this He insisted in season and out of season; He not only prayed for it, and urged it upon all his followers, but He made it so essential that He threatened eternal damnation to everyone who should in the slightest interfere therewith by refusing to believe in the whole Gospel as preached by the Apostles and their successors. Nay, He made that unity a proof of His own divine mission, saying: "Holy Father . . . I pray . . . that they all may be one . . . so that the world may believe that Thou has sent me." Hence it is quite obvious that a religious system which has not this unity cannot possibly be the true religion. And on the other hand, if it can be shown that there exists to-day but one religion that has, and always had, and always will have this unity of faith, the same must be admitted to be the one true religion acknowledged by Christ as His own. The question, therefore, which is the true religion? is identical with this one: Which of the existing Christian religions is the only one that has this absolute unity of faith?

Now, I think, you will concede that I answer this question fully, if I show that there exists to-day just one religion that contains within itself the principle of unity; just one religion that actually possesses this unity; and lastly that there is but one religion that even claims to have this unity. A religion which these three points can simultaneously be predicated must certainly have unity of faith, and on the other hand, a religion of which not one of these same points can be affirmed can certainly have no unity of faith. Which religion has this unity, and which religions have not, I shall now proceed to show.

It has been computed that there are

at present about seven hundred different religious denominations which profess to prove their system of theology from the Bible, and, therefore, in one way or another, claim Christ as the founder of their religion. In view of this multiplicity of professedly true religions, our present inquiry would seem to be about as hopeless as the proverbial search after a needle in a haystack. However, we can facilitate this matter very considerably by following the time-honored custom of dividing all these systems into two general classes, represented respectively by the Catholic Church as one class, and by the Protestant churches as the other. The reason for this division lies primarily in the fact that the Protestant churches, though at variance among themselves as regards many points of doctrine, admit one and the same rule of faith, and this rule is rejected in its entirety by the Catholic Church. It is, therefore, not an arbitrary division, made to bias judgment in solving the proposed difficulty, but flows spontaneously from the very essence of the religions in question, and, this being the case, it must be acceptable to all. Nor can anyone reasonably object that the schismatical or so-called orthodox churches of Greece and Russia are thus left out of count; for in as much as they have no initial judgment in matters of faith, they naturally belong to the same category as the numerous progeny of the Protestant Reformation. Hence the question: Which is the true religion? is narrowed down to this: In which of these classes, in the Catholic Church or in Protestant Churches, is found that unity of faith which is an essential mark of the true religion established by Christ?

If we now examine into the matter with a view to answer this question we find first of all that the Protestant churches, whether taken as a collection or considered singly, do not possess a principle of unity. For the principle of unity must be identical with the rule of faith, and in order to be a uniting principle, it must of its own nature tend to unite individual judgments in regard to revealed truths. Yet such a rule of faith none of the Protestant churches admit. In one and all the decision as to what is of faith rests ultimately with the Bible as interpreted by each individual. Hence the individual means neither more nor less than the individual's interpretation of the Bible, or his own private judgment concerning the truth said to be contained in the Bible, and, therefore, the rule of faith common to all Protestant churches, and in practice followed by every one of them, is Private Judgment. Now private judgment, so far from being a principle of unity, is rather a source of discord. The old saying, *tot sententie, quot capita*—as many opinions as there are heads—is applicable in matters of religion as well as in other affairs of life when left to the decision of many. If every doctrine contained in the Bible were as clear as the fact that two and two make four, private judgment might possibly be compatible with unity in faith, but as there are very many biblical truths that are anything but clear the inevitable result of applying private judgment to them is the veriest Babel of conflicting opinions. Nay, this diversity of opinion is apt to arise even in cases where the truth is quite self-evident and obvious. What could be simpler or clearer than this short sentence, spoken by Our Lord at the last Supper: "This is my body?" It is a direct and positive statement, containing just four words—the simplest proposition that can possibly be uttered by man; yet hardly a quarter of a century had elapsed since the introduction of private judgment as a rule of faith when this simple sentence was interpreted in as many as two hundred different ways. Surely a principle that can give rise to such a variety of opinions in regard to the meaning of the simplest of propositions cannot be considered a source of unity in the faith. Yet every rule of faith that the different Protestant churches make use of is ultimately reducible to this one; consequently not one of these churches has the principle of unity.

And as Protestant churches have no uniting principle, so neither have they actual unity. Division, disunion and discord have been the distinguishing marks of Protestantism from its very birth; so much so that it alarmed the reformers themselves. "It is of great importance," wrote Calvin to his fellow reformer, Melancton, "that the divisions which subsist among us should not be known to future ages; for nothing can be more ridiculous than that we, who have been compelled to make a separation from the whole world, should have agreed so ill among ourselves from the very beginning of the Reformation." To this Melancton replied that "The Elbe, with all its waters, could not furnish tears enough to weep over the miseries of the disunited Reformation." The same note of alarm is sounded by Theodor Beza, another reformer. "Our people," he says, "are carried away by every wind of doctrine. If you know what their religion is to-day, you cannot tell what it may be to-morrow. There is not one point which is not held by some of them as an article of faith, and by other rejected as an impiety."

Nor are the different denominations united at variance with one another, as might be expected, but there exists the greatest diversity of opinion even among the members of one and the same denomination. This is especially the case where successive unity comes in question. What yesterday was held

as an article of faith is to-day rejected as rank heresy. The course of Protestantism through the four centuries of its existence is strewn with the wrecks of cast-off doctrines, which were at the outset restrained, then called in question, then modified and finally abandoned. The eternity of hell, the necessity of faith, the efficacy of the sacraments, the virgin birth of Christ, the divine personality of the Saviour, and scores of other doctrines, upon which the very existence of Christianity depends, have either wholly or in part been relegated to the limbo of half-forgotten fables, so that in many churches little remains save the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man which even a pagan of Nero's time might have professed without running the slightest risk of ever being called upon to seal his faith with the sacrifice of his life. If Luther, or Calvin, or Zwingli, or any other so-called reformer were allowed to visit to-day the sects which they originated some three hundred years ago, they would recognize little in them as their own beside the name.

And as there is no bond of union with the past, so neither is there unity of faith among present members. It is the hardest thing in the world to find even a small number of Protestants of the same denomination that agree on all points of doctrine. Each one has his own opinion in the matter, and as often as not these opinions are irreconcilable one with the other. Hence there is a continual splitting up of older denominations into new ones, the oddity of whose names is not more striking than the strangeness of their doctrine. As an instance, take the Baptist Church, which is said to number some four million communicants in this country. Internal dissension has been so active that it has given rise to thirteen new denominations, each one of which contends that it possesses the pure gospel. Hence we have the Regular North Baptists, the Regular South Baptists, the Regular Colored Baptists, the Six Principles Baptists, the Seventh Day Baptists, the Free Will Baptists, the Original Free-Will Baptists, the General Baptists, the United Baptists, the Separate Baptists, the Baptist Church of Christ, the Primitive Baptists and lastly, the Old Two Seed in the Spirit; Predestinarian Baptist. A similar condition of things obtains in other denominations. Thus the Presbyterian Church comprises twelve separate religious bodies differing in doctrine, the Methodist Church seven, and the Lutheran two. The same is true of older sects into new ones does not seem to occur, there is unity only in so far as all agree to disagree. What Dr. Ryle, the Anglican Bishop of Liverpool, said some years ago of his own church, is wholly or in part applicable to every Protestant denomination existing to-day. The English Church, he said, "is in such a state of chaotic anarchy and in such a state that it does not appear to matter a jot what a clergyman holds and believes." The same point was strikingly illustrated a few months ago in our country, in the case of Dr. Carter, of the Nassau Presbyterian, Long Island. He absolutely refused to believe in the fall of man, the Redemption, and the Westminster Confession, yet the Presbytery decided that Brother Carter might, his heretodox views notwithstanding, continue his honored connection with the Presbyterian communion. Surely where such things happen it were idle to look for unity of faith.

But what is worse still, not only is there no actual unity of faith anywhere in these churches, but not a single one of them lays claim to such unity. This may seem strange, yet it is an undeniable fact admitted by eminent Protestant divines. As early as 1808 the Protestant bishops of England, gathered in Convocation, announced this openly to the world. His Lordship of Winchester maintained that "disorder in doctrine in a thing as inevitable as that different men should have different faces." His Lordship of Salisbury opined that "if any attempt were made to enforce a uniform creed it would break up the church? His Lordship of Ely volunteered the information "that at all times since the Reformation people had been allowed to hold extreme doctrines on one side and on the other." Whilst the Archbishop of Canterbury remarked: "As to divergencies of opinion among the clergy, I do not wish to restrain and curb the liberty of the clergy." Statements like these do not only prove the absence of all unity in the faith, but they are a positive renunciation of the same. And the condition of England has its counterpart in Protestant churches wherever found. Freedom of opinion in matters of faith is the watchword of one and all. Can this be reconciled with the statement of Christ: "He that believeth not all things whatsoever I have commanded, you shall be damned." If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as a heathen and publican? Does it agree with the declaration of St. Paul, "If we, nay, if an angel from heaven, preach to you a gospel other than that which you have received, let him be anathema"? If it does, then one contradictory is as true as the other, then black is white and white is black. Hence whatever may be said of Protestant religion, they certainly are not the religion that Christ acknowledges as His own; for they one and all lack the essential mark which Christ impressed upon His Church for all times—they lack unity of faith and oneness of doctrine. And this applies with equal force to the Eastern schismatical churches, because in the absence of an

infallible and universal rule of faith, sects are forming with such rapidity within these same churches that years ago Czar Nicholas I. did not hesitate to predict that Russia would perish by her religious divisions.

From this we might safely infer that the one true religion established by Christ is found in the Catholic Church. Because, as I pointed out in the first part of this lecture, the true religion must and does exist to-day, and since it does not exist in any one of the non-Catholic churches, it follows unavoidably that it must and does exist in the Catholic Church. This argument is conclusive, even as it stands; but to make assurance doubly sure, I shall now proceed to show that the Catholic Church has that unity of faith which is an essential mark of the true religion.

And first of all, the Catholic Church possesses most certainly the principle of unity. The oneness of faith admitted and accepted by all Catholics is the inflexible Church, handing down and interpreting the truths of revelation; and this is a principle necessarily directed to bring all men's minds into oneness of thought. It is a principle that begets in every mind absolute certainty, for in its last analysis it is the inflexible voice of God, independent of human wisdom, though manifested through human agency. The Christ Who said to His Apostles: "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world," abides to-day in the Church which He has built upon the rock, so that the gates of hell, the powers of error and of falsehood may not prevail against it. No individual Catholic ever takes it upon himself to decide finally what is, and what is not, revealed truth; that belongs either to a general council presided over by the Pope, or to the Pope himself, when he acts as supreme teacher of all the faithful in matters of faith and morals. For yet does the Pope, whether in union with the council, or acting by himself, speak in these matters simply as a human being, but as the Vicar of Christ, under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit, who places the seal of his own essential truthfulness upon all doctrinal definitions. Hence the Catholic rule of faith is one and indivisible, the same for all times and for all nations. What is proposed to the belief of one, is proposed to the belief of all: what is once defined as an article of the faith forever. And as each and every one of the faithful is obliged, under pain of immediate separation from the Church, to give his full and unconditioned assent to the truth thus defined and proposed, the accepted rule of faith of the very nature productive of the most perfect unity of belief and oneness of doctrine.

As in principle so also in fact is there found in the Catholic Church the most perfect unity of faith, both successive and simultaneous. There is not a single doctrine, which was accepted by the Apostles and their successors, that is not accepted to-day by every Catholic. Neither is there a single truth now held as revealed which was not also firmly, though perhaps only implicitly, believed in the days of the Apostles. Change of extrinsic conditions has in the lapse of ages called for a fuller declaration and authoritative definition of many truths, but the truths themselves have thus explicitly defined were contained in the Gospel preached to the first Christians, and were implicitly accepted by them on the infallible authority of the Apostolic Church. The deposit of faith was complete at the death of the last Apostle, and from that deposit not an iota has ever been removed, nor has an iota ever been added thereto. The present and the past are one in faith, identical in doctrine.

Nor is this unity of faith less perfect as it exists among the faithful of the present day. Go where you will, visit what lands you please; roam from continent to continent, sail to islands most remote; wherever you will find children of this one Church, you will find them among all peoples and tribes and nations, the most diverse in language and customs and conditions of life; yet everywhere, and under all conditions, you will find them one in faith, accepting without a moment's hesitation whatsoever the Christ upon earth proposes to their belief, so that from the hearts and lips of two hundred and seventy million men and women lies heavenward this one sublime act of faith: "O my God, I believe all the sacred truths which Thy Holy Church believes and teaches, because Thou hast revealed them. Who canst not deceive nor be deceived." It is a unity such as Church prayed for on the eve of his death, when He said: "Holy Father . . . for them also do I pray who shall believe in me . . . that they may be one even as we are one."

Lastly the Catholic Church lays the most absolute claim to this unity of faith. On matters of revealed truth she grants no liberty of opinion. Any one of her children, be he rich or poor, lay or cleric, bishop or cardinal, who refuses to say with his whole heart, "I believe all the sacred truths which the Catholic Church believes and teaches," is cut off from her communion and cast aside as a dead member. She carries out to the letter her Divine Founder's behest: "If any man will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican." She follows the advice of St. Paul to Titus: "If a man be a heretic, admonish him once or twice, and then avoid the man." She says with the same great Apostle to every one of her children: "Though an angel from heaven should preach to you a gospel other than that which I have preached unto you, I say let

him be anathema. Protestants call this bigotry; yet why do they not fling that term of reproach into the face of St. Paul? Why do they not urge it against Christ? They call it bigotry and yet can they not see that by doing so they renounce their own claim to unity of faith, and concede that of their rival? Truly they stand condemned out of their own mouth.

Hence, whatever way we look at it, the Catholic Church has certainly unity of faith; its presence is most conspicuous. And again whatever way we look at it, Protestant churches have certainly no unity of faith; its absence is most notorious. Yet Christ says in explicit terms that unity of faith is an essential mark of the one true religion which He has established; consequently it follows as a logical necessity that the true religion, of which we are in quest is none other than that which is found in the Catholic Church.

IT IS ONLY INFIDELITY DISGUISED

I had a conversation with a man on the train one day lately. We spoke of the religious principles and prejudices of the people of the old world and of the commercialism and religious indifference of the people of the United States, or the "liberal views," as he called it, of our people. "But," he concluded, with a kind of boastful satisfaction, "it's all right; we are all striving for the same end." "Are we?" I said, "What is your end?" "Well," he said, "I try to live a good life, attend to my affairs, and deal honestly with all men." "This is very good," I said, "but there are thousands striving for that same end who do not succeed half as well as you, and there are millions who are seeking an end far different from yours, and your end and mine are certainly not the same. You do not travel half way with me, I too, try to do as you do, but not as an end; only as a means to an end. I try to live an honest, good life, and by that life gain eternal life and heaven promised to me by faith in God and His Church. So you see while you stop off at the border line of the natural—less all—I go on into the supernatural to the higher end by higher motives. That is your end, I say, but you are careless of the one means of attaining it. You should not be indifferent on a point so important." Then the real trouble manifested itself when he said: "Well, that is all very dubious anyway. You can't be certain on religious matters. It is only a matter of education; one Church is as good as another; you may be all wrong and I am as right as they. I would like to see all this theological wrangling stopped and a platform of broad principles adopted free enough to suit all parties. Then we would have no creeds or excommunications, no religious bickerings, and all would be at peace." This declaration opened my eyes to a condition of things very different from that of which my companion was only an exponent. I was speaking with an infidel masquerading under the guise of a free and easy infidelism—"a goodly apple rotten in the core. Indifference is but a form of infidelity or the very next step to it. It is this dry rot that is ruining the very vitals of the nation, its religion and morality, and makes the millions churchless." The Missionary.

EPISCOPALIONS DO NOT WANT THEM.

The Episcopal church does not want the Catholics who have been thrown out of their Church for rebellion against ecclesiastical authority. The Living Church of Milwaukee, in its current number, makes this plainly apparent in discussing the Omaha affair. The paper says: "We hope it may not be true that the Episcopal Church has become the dumping ground for the big game men who have been excommunicated in Omaha by the Roman Catholic bishop for participating in a divorce. The excommunicated party are not wanted as members of the Episcopal Church, even as members and all priests become so impervious to considerations of wealth and social position as the part of sinners that the discipline of the Church becomes a thing to be respected by them, there will be less cause to deplore the vast gulf between the professions of the Christian Church and the actions of the Christian people."

How to Have God's Grace in Our Hearts.

"The divinely appointed means for making our peace with God is the Sacrament of Penance," says the Rosary. "Let us then see to it that the days of Advent pass not by unheeded but let them be to us days of prayer and preparation for the coming of the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem, the 'Word made flesh,' because God so loved the world." Let each of us receive at Christmas morning the Most adorable Eucharist Bread of Life, the Body and Blood of Christ; then indeed shall we be partakers of that holy joy that passeth understanding, and we shall experience a foretaste of that heavenly peace which God's angels proclaimed from on high to "men of good will on earth."

To-day the children of the Church number two hundred and sixty five million. They are found in every quarter of the world, thus showing that Our Lord's injunction to preach the gospel to all men has been well heeded.

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR SIEUR'S ACADIAN HOME.

A few weeks later, on the 25th of June, 1687, Therese was married to Antoine de la Mothe Launay, Sieur de Cadillac. The ceremony was performed before the high altar of the cathedral, by the cure, Pere Dupre, and the nuptials were long recalled as of the grandest of the time.

Old Quebec has seldom seen a fairer bride than this sweet sister of mine. My father gave, in her honor and in compliment to her gallant bridegroom, a wedding banquet, which was attended by Governor Denonville, the noble Bishop Laval, the Intendant, and all the distinguished society of the town.

After the feast there were toasts and pleasures apparently without end, and among the guests, and foremost in the dance, was the willow lover of Therese—Sabrevois, in the blithest of humors, and more agreeable because less consequential than hitherto. In faith, I opine there is many a man who would thus be the better for a broken head.

Blue as were the skies, and red as the sunshine of that happy day, so the week following, during which the festivities were kept up, both at our house in the town and at Beauport, yet ever drew nearer the hour when our dear girl was to set sail with her husband for his far-away home in Acadia.

My mother, to whom Therese was as a right hand, kept up bravely and tried to see the romance of her youth renewed in the marriage of her daughter; my father would have no word spoken of the coming parting. As for myself, although I danced with the maid of honor and every pretty demoiselle of the company, and banded merry speeches with all, there were moments when the spectres of the adieu to be said spoiled all the mirth for me.

Not only would I miss Therese, the confidant of my boyish peccadilloes and a most sage adviser, but now that my momentary distrust of La Mothe was proved unjust, it seemed to me that with his going the star of my horizon would set, leaving me in darkness and discontent.

"There will be for me not even the resource of escaping from life's prosiness to the Rocquet book room with its scanty treasures," I muttered to myself one morning. "Since my father has made me his clerk, my days henceforth must be spent in the office of his great warehouse at the foot of Sault-au-Macellot. Ah, if I could but all-day with my hero! Why, I will go with him." I cried with sudden resolve, and sought him out forthwith.

Cadillac stood on the deck of his ship at Beauport, watching his men as they stowed the cargo of various stores not procurable at Port Royal. "Mon Chevalier, take me with you," I called to him. "Never can I abide the dullness of this place when you are gone!"

At my impulsive words he wheeled about in his alert way, gave me a searching glance, and laying a hand on my shoulder, and with his captivating smile— "To, lad; dazzled by the glamour of an adventurous life, you set nothing of its realities. The uncertainties, the perils beyond the waves and the casualities of the sea; the rigors of a climate as inhospitable as a Canadian winter joined with the privations and dangers of a still wilder land;—times actual poverty—even hunger and cold."

"Surely I was a waking not to be able to dare hardships wherefrom Therese, a mere girl, does not flinch," I protested hotly. His looked amazed, and shook his head, as one not yet recovered from the half-awed surprise of a dawning realization of a true woman's heart; as I remembered long afterwards. "Ah, Normand," he said gently, "the love of a devoted wife braves with loyal steadfastness privations from which the strongest hero might well shrink. In sooth, I doubt if I did right to link the fate of your sweet sister with my own; whether indeed it might not have been better to have sailed away with my love unspoken, after all. However, the deed is made. For myself, I am richly content, and for her—well, I will do my best to shield and make her happy. But you—why should you cast away a tranquil existence, and the chance of acquiring honor and fortune in the King's strong town of Quebec, for the whim of following the hazards of a distant soldier of fortune? Your uncle Gayton follows the sea; but he is not so rich, nor has he so enviable a social position as your father, who remains quietly at home giving his time to business and the best interests of his family."

"Mine is no whim," I persisted with indignation. "Hain, beau frere, I question neither your endurance, nor your valor," laughed he. "I did but wish to warn you that the life you would fain take up is by no means plain sailing, nor yet a matter of courting a fair demoiselle and winning a bride. It may perchance hold great prizes, but the interval between is one of discouragement and struggle."

"For that I care not," I broke out. "I am young and strong; and is it not the struggle that makes life worth the living?"

hand. In my joy I could have fallen upon his neck with a grateful embrace, or upon bended knee sworn fealty to him as a landholder pays homage to his lord; but I felt intuitively that, whatever tribute he might require from other men from me he liked better this simple hand clasp. He had named me brother, and by so doing had bound me to his interests forever.

Thus it came about that I sailed away with the dashing Sieur de la Mothe to his Acadian home, as his clerk, but with the promise of having part at times in his voyages and expeditions. And in being thus blessed I was given a preference over my cousin Robert de Reanne, who much desired to go.

But at my departure little Barbe wept nearly all the brightness of her pretty eyes away, nor would she be comforted, even when I promised to bring her, when I came home again, a chain of gold set with rubies, like to the one the handsome bridegroom had bestowed upon my sister as a wedding gift.

The occupation of privateering in which Sieur Cadillac and my uncle Gayton were engaged was esteemed in those days a lawful one. The French buccaner considered himself in the King's employ, and while his pay depended upon the fortune he met on the ocean, he received the protection of his own government. He was expected to take, pillage, or destroy as many good English or Spanish vessels as crossed his course; but he was supposed to leave the sailing-craft of his countrymen alone, or give them assistance as to friends in distress. It is true, many of those engaged in this daring warfare on the high seas were pirates who hoisted the black flag and slew all who fell into their hands with barbarous cruelty; but my uncle and La Mothe were by no means men of this stamp. They were well regarded by every one for their good service in his Majesty's foreign wars, and as a recognition of this service the Sieur de Cadillac, during the summer that followed his marriage, received from Governor Denonville and the Intendant de Champligny a grant of the Island of Mont Desert, and of Donaque, a large tract of land on the coast of our province of Maine, which lies to the south east of Quebec and between it and Acadia, as a glance at the chart will show.

In the spring we went down from Port Royal to the island for a few months, and the next year we did so again; for, the King having confirmed the grant, Cadillac determined to use the dowsy Theresse had brought him to improve this seignoury.

Already my brother-in-law was looked upon as a man of importance. Well too had he kept his promise to me that I should have a share in his adventures and exploits. I had sailed with him upon several voyages, visiting New England, and going southward, even to the shores of Virginia. The bays and rivers, as also the settlements of the Atlantic seaboard from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Bay of Chesapeake, were as familiar to him as were the banks of the little river St. Charles and the streams about Beauport to me, in the days of my boyhood.

At Mont Desert we were kept from annoy by the menaces of an Andros, the English Governor who claimed the province. It was the same Andros who later demanded from the settlers of Conception the surrender of their charter, which forthwith disappeared as though plucked away by the hand of Liberty herself.

Years after, there came to me, as upon the wind, a rumor that this document had been concealed by some staunch rebel in the hollow of a tree. If so, all honor to him for the deed. As for our Sieur, he laughed to scorn the claims of the pompous Governor, Law leaving him to the storm of clouds, and danced in white waves along the shore—sporting white waves that some how made me think of the pretty feet of little Barbe, as once, of a summer's day, I saw her tripping unshod upon the sands of Beauport. And ever after it seemed to me that shoes were all too heavy for her dainty grace, although my uncle was wont to bring her shapely footgear, upon his return from his voyages—Spanish slippers and the like.

But to resume my story. Taking my dear with the courtly dignity natural to him, Cadillac said: "Normand, there are great things at hand. I am shortly to entertain the Sieur Meneval."

I shrugged a shoulder, for the Governor of Acadia had more than once been hospitably welcomed at our house without this ado.

My brother gave a good humored laugh over my incredulity. "Hain! I you have not heard all," he proceeded. "With the Sieur Meneval is to come a stranger of wide repute, an Admiral but lately out from France."

"Ah," I ejaculated, comprehending the gravity of the intelligence. "My expected guest is the Sieur de la Cadillacere," he pursued, swooping like an eagle with his right hand, as though he held a sabre and he was cleaving his way to glory. "He wishes me to sail away with him, no matter where—in the service of the King. My knowledge of the North Atlantic and the shores bordering thereon, is recognized by the ministers of his Majesty, and I am selected for an important task."

As I listened, my ardent young blood glowed in my veins and rushed to my face in a crimson flush, while my heart throbbed exultantly at the hope of having a part, even if an humble one, in the great enterprise.

Reading my thoughts, La Mothe sighed. "You would fain go with me, Normand," he said hesitatingly. "And so it may be, provided the Sieur de la Cadillacere consents. There is a service as onerous, if less dazzling, I thought to ask of you; but—"

"What is it you would have me do?" I stammered with emotion. "My one anxiety is for my wife," returned Cadillac, moodily. "I am loath to leave Therese here alone, yet at present I have no way of sending her back to Quebec. My absence will be short, I trust; if I am delayed, Francois Gayton will be here in the spring, and she can return with him to visit her people. Indeed, at the expense of some degree of my estate, I will send my wife and one infant child to stay with the Lady de Meneval; but in that event this household would be broken up."

"Plainly enough I saw wherein lay my duty," I interrupted in a voice that trembled somewhat, half from the bitterness of the disappointment I strove to conceal, half through the earnestness of my new resolve. "I will remain here, since it is my wish."

He thanked me warmly and after a pause continued— "To you, Normand, jointly with Therese, I commit my lands, and whatever of bullion, specie, or jewels have come to me as spoils of Spanish galleons or English merchantmen, and are still in my possession. Above all, to your protection I confide the treasures beside which all else is dross, my precious Therese and my little daughter Madeleine."

"Am I not bound by the ties of nature to shield my sister and her child from all peril, even by my life?" I answered. "By content, I solemnly pledge myself to do. With your Acadian men servants, farm laborers, and Indians, and myself to defend them, Therese and the little one will be as safe here as if under my father's roof in that secure town founded by the wise Champlain on the rocky promontory of the St. Lawrence."

My brother pressed my hand and said once more, as on the day I had prayed to follow his fortunes— "Normand, you are a good lad, and as brave as true. I thought you would respond as you have done, but when the spirit is troubled one craves a word of loyalty from a friend."

At this commendation my heart grew light again. Our Sieur had honored me with his confidence, and my youthful vanity was well pleased that my sister would look to me to manage for her the considerable estates of La Mothe.

As for the feast in honor of the Sieur de la Cadillacere, it was prepared for the night of the 15th of August, and when the skies cleared, a wind so swept the sea that when the Admiral's ship, the Eubuscade, was sighted, the impossibility of its effecting a landing was soon apparent. Cadillac went out to him in a canoe which every moment seemed about to become the prey of the waves. But the Indians who guided it were themselves like children of the deep and took a savage pleasure in the danger.

The ship sailed away, and after many weary weeks came a packet from our Sieur to Governor Meneval with an enclosure for Therese, these letters being brought by a privateer who was scouring the waters of our latitude on the watch for foreign craft.

The mysterious expedition had been the outcome of a brilliant plan to proceed to the Gulf of Mananah and capture New Amsterdam, the city recently taken from the Dutch a second time by the English, and renamed for the Duke of York. But the project failed, and the Sieur de la Cadillacere set sail for the Old World, taking Cadillac with him.

"Keenly do I regret our prolonged separation, ma mie," wrote De la Mothe to my sister. "But I must follow my star, that one day its radiance may shine upon you whom I so dearly love. Only to the bold man does Fortune hold out a helping hand, and luck comes but to those who go after it. Be of good cheer. Return to Quebec in the spring, if you so will, and there await my coming, which shall be before the end of the summer."

Thus it was that our Sieur went to the court of the Grand Monarque. Unhappily his resources became exhausted during this strange quest for employment. Whatever there was, we sent to him; but although he found favor with the great in France, he was soon forced to live upon borrowed money.

How often does success take roads that lead well nigh to despair! Had Madame Cadillac returned to Quebec with my uncle Gayton when he came again to our province, she might have escaped grave danger. But Therese ever believed that a wife is her husband's best steward, and was unwilling to intrust even to me the sole management of the fertile lands granted to her lord by the Crown.

One May morning, as I looked out to sea, I saw through my lenses a strange ship approaching the harbor. Presently another came into view, and then a third.

A few minutes later, a messenger upon a horse shod with fire tore down the road from the Governor's residence. "The English," he shouted to the peasants as they rushed out of their houses, "the English! Arm your selves and to the ramparts, every man of you!"

It was as when a whirlwind threatens our crops in midsummer, or a wave of the froreacherous sea breaks through the dikes. The Acadians sprang into their cabins, tore muskets, axes, pikes from the walls, and hurried to the fortifications. The women too, in their blue kirtles and with the strings of their Normandy caps flying wild, followed to the stockade with the ardor of warriors.

But I need not describe the defence of Port Royal against the assault of the froreacher Sir William Phillips. The story of the brave resistance which won for our small Garrison honorable terms of surrender, is told in the annals of New France. Having fought my best, I now thought the time was come to keep my promise to our Sieur, for I distrusted the pledges of the English filibuster. Madame Cadillac would fain have remained to guard the interests of her husband, but I would not hes of my command to guard her safety and insisted that she take refuge in the woods.

Our party consisted of Therese and her child; a little girl cousin, Elizabeth Brunet, whom my sister had brought from Montreal; Gaspard, the Abenaki youth that Cadillac had rescued just as a band of savages were about to burn him at the stake; two Indian guides, and myself. In the forest we lived on into the summer, subsisting upon edible roots, upon rabbit's meat, and the fish of the pools and streams. Occasionally our Indians shot a deer, and often their arrows or my own fuses brought down wild birds, whereof over our camp-fires Therese made a ragout that was most tasty.

Madame Cadillac and the little girl Elizabeth endured that hardships of this rude life uncomplainingly, and the winsome baby chirped and twittered as gaily as any nestling in the trees above us, by her pretty ways beguiling her mother to merriment. Even I, who was wont to regard her with amused awe, like to a boy who sees in an aviary some pert bird of a rare species—even I found her infant coquetries and smiling humors most diverting; while, when she lifted up her voice, and wept, her baby wail disconcerted and alarmed me more than would the prospect of a foe lurking in the underbrush.

Ever we haunted the woods near the coast, and at last succeeded in signalling a French vessel. A boat came up to the beach for us, we were taken to the ship, and the gold I had brought prepared for my passage home. But alack, during the voyage we were seized by a corsair. For the sake of Therese I availed of the opportunity offered to send to Quebec and beg my father to ransom us, which he did at great price. On my own account I would never have asked it; and indeed I felt that I cut a sorry figure when, after our many vicissitudes, we reached our parent's roof.

Later we learned how the doughty Sir Phipps, disregarding the terms of capitulation, gave Port Royal over to pillage; how our too credulous Governor Meneval was himself held a prisoner, plundered of clothes and moneys, and carried off on board the conqueror's frigate to view the further spoliation of his people.

The booty taken away from the province must have paid the cost of the expedition, and left besides a rich surplus to be divided among the soldiers, even though the commander kept the best of the spoils for himself. For the thrifty leader went so far that he actually plundered the kitchens and wardrobes, and Therese often speculated as to how Madame Phipps was pleased with certain laced gowns clasped with silver, which had once been my sister's pride.

As for our Sieur's home in fair Acadia, the house, spacious and imposing albeit built of pine logs, was like the other principal buildings of the settlement, reduced to ashes. His fields were laid waste, his fine herds gone. Of all his estates there was left but a desolated tract of land; and doubtless, had we not remained so long in the forest, we should never have gotten away at all.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TAKEN IN TOW.

He was a tall man, and shapely, with a walk that, even now in his hour of abatement, had in it something of grace and distinction. The last of a string of sandwichmen who paced dejectedly beside the kerb in Whitehall, he overtopped them all by some inches, even though his back was bent beneath a humiliating burden. His eyes were resolutely fixed on the gutter, but if they were lifted you would see that they were blue and kind and gentle. Alas, they were also wavering and watery, and the growing blotches on the once delicately-cut nose beneath them confirmed their confession of a fondness for the sup that had become a passion.

Aloysius Gonzaga Mullaly was the son of a respectable grocer in a small town in Leitrim. I hesitate to describe it more exactly. There are many Mullalys in many towns in Leitrim and I shrink from indicating precisely the branch of the house of Mullaly, of which Aloysius Gonzaga was a scion. If asked of his parentage he would have spoken of his progenitor as a provision merchant—pipping hurriedly over "provision"—and of "the master" as the daughter of a solicitor, the sister of a barrister, and the niece of a dean. This is the way of your Aloysiuses, a harmless way enough within certain limits, and one that stimulates the quiet humor of acquaintances. But sometimes it indicates a fat habit of mind; a fondness for titles as such; contempt for hard and settled work in field or factory; an undue pride in professions, with much else that goes with this mental bent. And that is bad, both for your Aloysiuses and the land that bears them. But to return to this one: he was, as I have said, the son of a hard working grocer, an honest, upright man, a little aspiring and given to "grandeur," who was fated to marry a lady with a contempt for trade.

Mrs. Mullaly grew up in her professional atmosphere, and alas! became "stale" therein, for no doctor, barrister, or attorney sought her hand or modest fortune. At thirty-four, then with other matrimonial prospects growing grey, she smiled upon Michael Joseph Mullaly, and the aspiring grocer became the proud husband of a lady hitherto unsullied by contact with commerce.

O this man! Aloysius Gonzaga, and two girls who were now nuns, nursing evil-smelling half-breeds in a torrid town in far-away Texas, were the offspring of Mrs. Mullaly had genuine piety as well as pride, and her great ambition had been to see her on following the footsteps of her uncle, the dean. But Aloysius had no notion that way, so his mother's hopes and prayers were mainly unfulfilled. Until the age of fourteen he was a scholar in the "Catholic Brothers' College" in the town; then he was transferred to a very high-class school near Dublin. Stoneyhurst was talked of for a while, for Mrs. Mullaly was equally anxious about his accent and the acquaintances he would make, but in the end it was decided that a very superior Irish Colle would do. And his career was not indefinitely decided upon. Law, Medicine or the Indian Civil Service would be graceful and honored by Aloysius by and by, when his inclinations were more settled.

Now in all these years the grocery business had flourished like a cedar of Lebanon. Mrs. Mullaly, whenever by any chance showed her nose in the shop, lived in far greater comfort than when the solicitor's roof sheltered her, and the three small Mullalys were being expensively educated. But there was no thought of a Mullaly succeeding to the business. Not for a moment did the solicitor's daughter think of such a thing, and her honest, but proud and admiring, husband was content to leave the children's future to her. Vaguely she saw in the coming time her handsome son, and he was that, ruling millions of blacks in India, or adorning the Bench at the Four Courts—or even beyond the sea. Who knew? Such thoughts had happened to other talented Irish boys. And for Anastasia and Madeleine, the girls, there would be good matches with professional men, or if God willed, convent life in some order that only ladies entered. For her piety and her pride were equal; a religious order wherein gentle women did rough and menial work was never dreamt of by Mrs. Mullaly for her daughters.

Alas for her might-have-beens. It was twenty years and more ago since she dreamed, and now she lies all dreamless beside the green in Rathcolman Churchyard, while her girls are ministering angels to Mexican half-breeds in a Texas town, and Aloysius walks between sandwich boards along a London gutter.

The first shock came when Anastasia asked her mother's blessing on her resolve to go out to Texas. There was always something good in the Mullalys; even Aloysius, who had imbibed more of his mother's inflated pride than her daughters, was ever kind and lovable beneath all his pretensions and affectations. The girls had character and he had not, but all were good at heart. Mrs. Mullaly dissented bitterly from her daughter's resolve, but to no purpose. Then within a year Madeleine determined to follow her sister and her Lord, and Mrs. Mullaly began to feel as if the foundations of her life were falling asunder. She would not have begrudged her daughter to the cloister, but it humbled her pride to think of them in the hospital of an order in which many "quite common persons" were enrolled. But Aloysius remained, and he, now grown a very shapely lad of seventeen came home on holidays with an accent and a taste in dress that spoiled her pride and endangered her hopes. To be sure he had not done very well at his exams, but he was always going to work hard and do better, and a high spirited, head some young fellow must not be driven over much. So she told her own heart, and so she insisted to Michael Joseph when he began to express dissatisfaction. Once he half-vowed to suggest taking his son from College, where the youth seemed to be acquiring no more than an accent and nice aesthetic tastes, but his spouse and more than better half withered him with her glances and her scornful references to the trade by which both loved.

When Aloysius was eighteen, with his future all undecided, the worthy grocer took ill, and died within a week. With his last breath, and with the clearness of mind upon him which death sometimes brings, he besought his wife to keep their son at home, and make him work at his father's business. Humbled and awed by the shadow of eternity, and grieving that her husband's last hours should be troubled by not unnatural fears, she made some sort of promise, but in her very first weeks of widowhood she found plenty of excuses to break it. Aloysius left the college, indeed, but it was to enter as a student at a hospital in Edinburgh, and as she saw no meaning of business a man from the North was found for the shop.

Two years went by, during which the canny Northern feathered his nest at Mrs. Mullaly's expense, and then went farther afield to set up a grocery of his own. Meanwhile Aloysius Gonzaga, the child of so many hopes and prayers, was acquiring a strong dislike for the study of surgery, and an expert knowledge of Scotch whiskey. His taste in dress was more refined, if anything, than when he abode near Dublin, and his accent suffered little from his Scottish acquaintance. But he got "plucked" quite steadily at his exams, and almost as steadily by his friends at cards and by the bookmakers to whom he began to resort. Mrs. Mullaly sold the business in despair, feeling quite sure that even if her son deserted medicine for grocery it could only be with disastrous results. She went to live in a little cottage outside the town and Aloysius, who always meant well, resolved to work hard, and trouble her less for money.

He was twenty one when his mother died, and although he had occasionally got work at dispensing, or as an unqualified assistant he had taken no degree, and a few in his heart of hearts that he never would. He lost through drink the few precarious berths he got, and each loss was followed by a month or so at home, during which he would keep sober and make good resolutions. To the last his mother believed in him and inspired him with fiftal resolves. He was her darling boy, so good to look at, so gracious in manner, so certain to be successful in his profession, she was sure, when those elusive degrees were won. I think that for her the sadness

of death lay only in the thought that when his triumphant success came at last, as come it must, she would not be with him to share it.

Thereafter came chaos and ruin irretrievable. With the few hundred pounds he inherited he justly that Edinburgh, determined to justify that loved mother's hope and belief in him. But in a very little while work began to fall, and whiskey to charm, and once more Aloysius "trod the primrose path to the sound of flutes." It was so easy and so agreeable while it lasted. People liked him; women were amiable and men genial. It was nice to live pleasantly, and would have been if it were not for the chances of the morrow. But a little whisky soon sent them packing, while Aloysius idled and told himself that all was well. Once or twice before the money went he reflected that it would be a sensible thing to invest it in a chemist's business. He could dispense, and there was, at least, a living to be had that way. But the thought of being tied to a shop, of serving pennyworths of this and ounces of that, was hateful to his mother's son, and the investment was never made.

When the money was gone he drifted South to London, and for a while got work here and there as an unqualified assistant. A few months was the longest time he ever kept any of these berths, for the work was hard, and the wages scanty. Then he got too shabby in appearance for even these, and despair, born of whiskey, sent him back to whiskey. There were days of dreadful craving when he could not get it at all, lean days and weeks when food was hard to find, and his landlady pressed for her rent. Then he drifted to the docks, to loaf and hang about with hungry seekers for work that was so terribly hard to get, and to him, harder still to do. And finally came the doss house, and many an awful night when he roamed the streets, and eyed the sullen river wistfully. This or that slight acquaintance, made on a seat on the embankment, where he sought sleep and found not, took him to an advertising agent. And thus it was that, a wreck at thirty-four, Aloysius Gonzaga Mullaly found himself between two sandwich boards, pacing the West-end streets, and drearily striving to banish thought.

When the file at whose roar he walked had reached Downing street, two men stood on the curb waiting for it to straggle by before crossing the road. One of these was a bronzed man of about the same age as Aloysius, and the other a smart young fellow of some ten years younger. They were brothers, the elder a sheep farmer in Argentina just now on holiday, and the younger a civil servant who had finished for the day, and was guiding the other through London's sights. Catching sight of the last sandwichman, the younger man, Christie Murray, seized his brother's arm, whispered excitedly "Look, look, Ned! There's old Mullaly's son."

The elder brother looked round eagerly. "Where?" said he. "Which Mullaly?" "There, the last man," said Christie, pointing. And then in a low tone—"Don't look, don't look, look beside us." There was pity in his face as he turned his head away.

His brother gave one startled glance at the bent figure between the boards. "My God!" said he. "Is it possible?" The Murrays were the sons of a farmer from within a mile of the town from which Aloysius came. Ned was at school for some years with the grocer's son, and the two lads had been close friends. They were even closer still but for Mrs. Mullaly, who discouraged very strongly her boy's liking for the son of "a struggling farmer with the grass of a few cows." A few letters passed between them after Ned went to Argentina when he was twenty, but with half a world dividing them, and with new interests claiming each, the correspondence languished and died untimely. This was Ned's first holiday, and he was spending a few days of it with his brother in London. Something of Aloysius Mullaly's downward career he had heard at home, but nothing to prepare him for so sad a sight as this. Just as the exclamation passed his lips, and while he stared with eyes full of horror and pity Aloysius looked up. At the same moment Ned stepped forward impulsively with outstretched friendly hand. But the other had seen the horror in his old friend's eyes, and it froze him. This last awful phase of his career had lasted but a week, yet in that time he had suffered misery unutterable. But this was worse than all. His wavering eyes grew hard, he bent his head over boards again, and passed on as if he had not seen.

Ned turned to his brother. "He knew me well enough," said he, "but he wouldn't let on. But don't wonder. Oh, Heaven, have been what a state for a man to bring him self to!" The tears were in his eyes as he looked again at the retreating line of sandwichmen.

Christie stepped into the roadway. "Come on," said he, "where's the use in talking? Dick Lavey and I saw him a couple of days ago, and he didn't recognize us. 'Twas as well, I'm thinking. I'm afraid he's done for."

Ned still stood on the kerb with his kind eyes fixed on the slouching figures beyond. "Poor fellow, poor fellow!" said he. "Then turning excitedly to Christie he called out—"Come here and wait for me. I'll go after him, and see could I do any good. Just wait awhile." And he hurried away. Aloysius heard the quick footsteps on the light tap on his shoulder did not startle him. He turned to drink a new in his heart of hearts that he never would. He lost through drink the few precarious berths he got, and each loss was followed by a month or so at home, during which he would keep sober and make good resolutions. To the last his mother believed in him and inspired him with fiftal resolves. He was her darling boy, so good to look at, so gracious in manner, so certain to be successful in his profession, she was sure, when those elusive degrees were won. I think that for her the sadness

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Ned still stood on the kerb with his kind eyes fixed on the slouching figures beyond. "Poor fellow, poor fellow!" said he. "Then turning excitedly to Christie he called out—"Come here and wait for me. I'll go after him, and see could I do any good. Just wait awhile." And he hurried away. Aloysius heard the quick footsteps on the light tap on his shoulder did not startle him. He turned to drink a new in his heart of hearts that he never would. He lost through drink the few precarious berths he got, and each loss was followed by a month or so at home, during which he would keep sober and make good resolutions. To the last his mother believed in him and inspired him with fiftal resolves. He was her darling boy, so good to look at, so gracious in manner, so certain to be successful in his profession, she was sure, when those elusive degrees were won. I think that for her the sadness

of death lay only in the thought that when his triumphant success came at last, as come it must, she would not be with him to share it.

Thereafter came chaos and ruin irretrievable. With the few hundred pounds he inherited he justly that Edinburgh, determined to justify that loved mother's hope and belief in him. But in a very little while work began to fall, and whiskey to charm, and once more Aloysius "trod the primrose path to the sound of flutes." It was so easy and so agreeable while it lasted. People liked him; women were amiable and men genial. It was nice to live pleasantly, and would have been if it were not for the chances of the morrow. But a little whisky soon sent them packing, while Aloysius idled and told himself that all was well. Once or twice before the money went he reflected that it would be a sensible thing to invest it in a chemist's business. He could dispense, and there was, at least, a living to be had that way. But the thought of being tied to a shop, of serving pennyworths of this and ounces of that, was hateful to his mother's son, and the investment was never made.

When the money was gone he drifted South to London, and for a while got work here and there as an unqualified assistant. A few months was the longest time he ever kept any of these berths, for the work was hard, and the wages scanty. Then he got too shabby in appearance for even these, and despair, born of whiskey, sent him back to whiskey. There were days of dreadful craving when he could not get it at all, lean days and weeks when food was hard to find, and his landlady pressed for her rent. Then he drifted to the docks, to loaf and hang about with hungry seekers for work that was so terribly hard to get, and to him, harder still to do. And finally came the doss house, and many an awful night when he roamed the streets, and eyed the sullen river wistfully. This or that slight acquaintance, made on a seat on the embankment, where he sought sleep and found not, took him to an advertising agent. And thus it was that, a wreck at thirty-four, Aloysius Gonzaga Mullaly found himself between two sandwich boards, pacing the West-end streets, and drearily striving to banish thought.

When the file at whose roar he walked had reached Downing street, two

The Catholic Record.

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Letters of Recommendation: Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. To the Editor of the Catholic Record, London, Ont.

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

ANNOUNCEMENT WAS MADE in St. Peter's Cathedral on Christmas morning that the Vicar General Meunier had received a cablegram from Rome to the effect that a special blessing had been granted by the Holy Father through Bishop McEvay, who is now in the Eternal City, to the priests and people of the diocese of London.

UNITARIANISM AND PROTESTANTISM. The Rev. Dr. Edward Hale, the most prominent Unitarian minister of Massachusetts, in conjunction with Messrs. John D. Long and Samuel Elliot, of the American Unitarian Association, have together written a letter in reply to the Inter-Church Federation Conference which met recently in New York for the purpose of considering on what terms and under what form of government the Protestant churches of America, and perhaps of the world, may unite as one.

The Unitarians were excluded from this conference, as it was tacitly, at least, agreed that Unitarians are not a body of Christians, and that it would be a farcical Christian Church which should include them within its pale.

The three Unitarian gentlemen above named have resented this implication and have come forward to vindicate their position as Christians, and their protest was read in the Unitarian churches of Boston and vicinity on Sunday, Dec. 10th. Their reply says: "We were refused admission to the meeting on the ground that Unitarians are not Christians. Our characters were not impeached, but our beliefs were condemned as heretical."

"We make no controversy over this action, which puts, not us, but its promoters at the bar of enlightened public opinion. In view of it, however, it seems timely for us to affirm anew the simple truth proclaimed of old by Christ Himself, that righteousness of life and spiritual efficiency rather than orthodoxy of belief is the test of Christian discipleship."

"We affirm that the doing of the will of the Master is the vital thing, and that beliefs about the nature of Christ are unimportant in comparison with practical obedience to his precepts."

Toward the end of this letter there is an appeal to all liberal Christians to put fresh courage and patient devotion into their own significant work, and the letter ends with the declaration that, "By fearlessly proclaiming the ideals of a simple and rational Christian faith and of spiritual high-mindedness, by living lives of public-spirited service and widespread charity, by increasing the power and usefulness of our liberal Churches and upbuilding our Christian discipline those who have been alienated from all religious connections, and best promote the cause of truth, freedom and righteousness."

The necessity of belief in the truths revealed by Christ is thus openly denied by the exponents of Unitarianism, and indeed, as is well-known, they deny the divinity of our Lord Himself, and all the miracles of Holy Scripture while professing some respect for the Bible, and especially for the example if not the teachings of Christ.

The Inter-Church Federation, whose decisions are thus repudiated by these gentlemen, was composed, as they them-

selves declared, of the representatives of forty Protestant denominations; but they were not in reality representatives, inasmuch as they were merely so many respectable members of so many denominations, not one of which had authorized them to confer on their behalf or in their name. Only from this point of view can we regard the conference as of any practical importance.

It may indeed lead to some future action by which some of the sects represented may at some future time come together more closely, but we cannot believe that it will result in any real union of sects which differ from each other seriously; and even should it do this, it will only result in the renunciation of truths or supposed truths which are now admitted to have been revealed by God.

The refusal to admit Unitarians to this conference is an assurance that most of the sects represented, or supposed to have been represented at this conference still believe in the miracles of the Bible and the Divinity of Christ—doctrines inseparable from historic Christianity. But how long will these sects maintain this position? There is probably not one of them which has not ministers who have either openly or implicitly denied these divine truths with impunity. And yet the sects themselves permit them to go on in their career, which must end in the total denial of all truth which is undoubtedly essential in Christianity.

The tendency among them is general to the position asserted by the three exponents of Unitarianism, though it has not yet resulted in the open avowal of the Unitarians that the doctrines of Christianity are of no importance. The New Testament, equally with the Old, proposes truths for our belief, and St. Paul declares (1 Tim. ii. 3) that "God will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth."

Among these truths which Christians must believe, none is more clearly laid down than that Jesus Who was slain by the Jews is "the author of life." (Acts iii. 15) also that (Phil. ii. 6) "being in the form of God, He thought it no robbery to be equal with God, but emptied Himself taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men and found in habit as a man."

Unitarianism is simply the renewal of the old Arian heresy which was willing to assign the highest characteristics which can be conceived to Christ, so long as he should be regarded as a mere man. It was even granted by the Arians in the effort that He should be declared to be of "like substance" with the Father, provided he should not be said to be of one or the same substance with Him: "homoiousios, not homoousios."

But the Council of Nice settled this matter for all time by its clear definition that our "one Lord Jesus Christ is the only-begotten Son of God, born of the Father before all ages, God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God, begotten not made, consubstantial to (i.e., of one substance with) the Father, by whom all things were made."

This was the belief which came down through the ages from the Apostles, and which had been preached throughout the world, to Britain, Gaul, Iberia, Persia, Scythia, Ethiopia, throughout Europe, Asia and Africa, and which twelve millions of martyrs had maintained till they suffered the last punishment which tyrants could inflict upon them. The Creed of Nice is summed up in the words of Gregory Nazianzenus: "In Christ there are two natures, the divine and human: in the Trinity there are three persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, Who are one in essence, that is one God."

The forty Protestant denominations did well in not recognizing as Christians the Unitarian body which denies the most fundamental of Christian doctrines. But does not the primary teaching of Protestantism open the door wide to Unitarian teaching, as it proclaims the private judgment of the individual to be the sole tribunal by which the teachings of God and Christ must be adjudged?

This being the case, the Inter-Church Federation was not consistent. A Church must accept all the consequences of its first principles, but the churches of the proposed Federation are not willing to do this.

In fact all these denominations are drifting into the abyss of Rationalism, which is really identical with Unitarianism, and there is no means whereby they can escape the abyss into which they are drifting unless they unreservedly accept the teaching of the Catholic Church, which is the only bulwark of Christian faith, and the only upholder of the real teaching of the Bible as the undoubted Word of God revealed to mankind for our salvation.

It will be noted that the three exponents of Unitarianism speak of Christ as "the Master." Why should He be "the Master" if He be not God?

It would be interesting to know why the Unitarians are so anxious to be regarded as Christians, entertaining such views as they hold in regard to Christ Himself. They deny that He is God;

yet they read in the twentieth chapter of St. John's Gospel that Christ passed Himself as God in the incident of the faith shown by St. Thomas. After Christ's resurrection from the dead, this Apostle, who had not yet seen Christ as risen, would not believe. He said: "Unless I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe."

After eight days Jesus appeared again to His Apostles, Thomas being present. He said to Thomas: "Put thy finger hither and see my hands, and bring hither thy hand and put it into my side, and be not incredulous but faithful."

Thomas did as commanded recognized Jesus, and said: "My Lord and my God." Jesus accepted this declaration, saying: "Because thou hast seen me, Thomas, thou hast believed. Blessed are they that have not seen and have believed."

How can the Unitarians reconcile this acceptance of a worship which is due to God alone with their theory that Christ was indeed the holiest, the most excellent of men, with this scene? And, further: the fact of Christ's resurrection from the dead was one of the points at issue—the greatest of His miracles. How can Jesus be regarded as the holiest of men if, as the Unitarians contend, this and all other miracles of the New Testament were illusory?

Elsewhere, also, Christ appeals to His miracles innumerable as proof of His divine mission, and of His divinity. He would not be the most holy Person, whom the Unitarians profess to see in Him if He were a deceiver in this regard.

Unitarian doctrine is, therefore, a tissue of contradictions, and the only inference we can draw from it is that our divine Master and Lord was a deceiver of deceivers. Surely the forty Christian denominations which refused to recognize the Unitarians as Christians, were so far right, though as we have already shown they were most inconsistent with themselves.

AN ULTRA PROTESTANT EDITOR. Occasionally there comes to our notice the sayings of some of our Protestant fellow citizens which are calculated to stir up strife in the community. One of these, we regret to say, is the editor of the Huntingdon Gleaner, quoted in a late issue of the London Free Press as finding fault with the Premier of the Dominion because he did not send a letter of regret to the Salvation Army people and to a certain Monsieur Mage because of insults which had been offered them in the Catholic city of Montreal. We are not the champions or advocates of violence in any form. Canada is a country in which we have good laws, and all its people should respect them; and any one, young or old, who breaks the law should be punished. But let us have a little talk about this matter, Mr. Editor of the Gleaner. We will go back a few years, much against our inclination; and we are forced to do so when we see Bigotry and Inconsistency go hand in hand to befoul the public. Not many years ago the members of the Salvation Army were not only insulted in this Protestant city of London, but were put in jail. But when the army are insulted in the Catholic city of Montreal the Catholic majority are held to be blameable. Not many years ago, too, Bishop Walsh, on the occasion of his going to Toronto to take possession of that See, was stoned in the streets of that city by a mob consisting of that unlovely element who receive their inspiration from the Orange lodges. About the same time Wm. O'Brien came to Toronto to speak in favor of Home Rule and to tell the people how Lord Lansdowne managed his Irish estates. A ferocious mob chased him about the streets, and had they succeeded in catching him, his life would have paid the penalty. A report of this savage outbreak appeared in the Toronto Mail and Empire next morning in the shape of a paragraph of half a dozen lines. Will our friend of the Gleaner say that the Protestant premier of that period sent letters of regret to Bishop Walsh and to Wm. O'Brien? As to Monsieur Mage we deem it a most unbecoming thing to offer him violence in Montreal or any other place? He is one of those individuals who deserve, and should receive, the supreme contempt of all Canadians worthy the name. He comes to Canada for the purpose of misrepresenting the Catholic Church and her ministers. But what if we turn the tables on our friend of the Gleaner. We will suppose a priest comes to the Protestant province of Ontario and goes into such constituencies as those represented by Messrs. Sproule, Taylor, Hughes and McLean for the purpose of preaching against the Protestant faith and the ministers of the Protestant denominations. There is no life insurance company in the Dominion who would take a twenty four hours' risk on such a priest's life. It is a pity that we

have in the Dominion a number of papers whose editors seem determined to create strife and keep the embers of the old discord still burning. Some of the editors of the Toronto papers and the editor of the Huntingdon Gleaner are doing a goodly share of this execrable work.

LAST WEEK the manager of the opera house in Batt city, Montana, offered an "attraction" at which the Irish residents took deep offence. The performance was, as usual, calculated to caricature the Irish people. The result was that the "attraction" was discontinued, and the opera house locked up for a week. In the city of London, Ont., at the same time, the public were informed that Mrs. Murphy and Mr. Dooley would present a very interesting performance at the Vaudeville theatre. "Mrs. Murphy" and "Mr. Dooley" turned out to be monkeys. The Irish residents of this city were, as might be expected, very indignant, and protests in large numbers were sent to the manager. An ample apology was made and the posters were removed from public view. It might also be stated that Mr. Bennett, the manager of the Vaudeville, feels deeply grieved at the occurrence. The "attraction" was offered him by a gentleman from the other side. We trust the owner of the enterprise will have the good sense to give his monkeys other names. It is too late in the day to ridicule the Irish sect which this country; and those who attempt to do so will find that they have made a very serious mistake.

ILLINOIS DELUSIONS. John Alexander Dowie, the head of the Zion Church, which he has pompously styled the Christian Catholic Church, and who calls himself the third Elijah, has for the time being resigned his role of that Church owing to ill health. It was announced officially a few days ago in the Shiloh Temple at Zion City by Overseer John C. Speicher that the control of the financial affairs of the church will be in the hands of Overseer Speicher, Judge D. Y. Barnes, and Deacon Alexander Granger. These managers state that there will be a complete revolution in the industrial and financial methods of the church, as the various institutions and industries which are now placed in one account will be separated in regard to earnings and expenses.

A few weeks ago, while on a trip to Mexico, Dowie suffered from a mild stroke of paralysis, from which he is said to have recovered; but it is admitted that his health has been so much impaired that it is necessary for him to give up work for the present. He proposes to go to one of the Caribbean islands in the hope that he will recover his health, and be again able to take up the management of his church affairs.

Near Zion City, which is Dowie's own property, there is another sect which has adopted the Communistic plan of life. This new sect is called "The Spirit Fruit Cult" and is under the leadership of one Jacob Bellhart. Jacob declares that it is only a coincidence that the site of his colony is near Dowie's Zion, as the two sects have no connection with each other. He proclaims that he is set by God to spread the doctrine of non-resistance all over the world, and that not only Dowie's, but all other religions will be put to rout by his teachings.

Bellhart and his followers have built a large two-story structure of cement on a tract of two hundred and forty acres, which is now nearly finished. It is stored with some one thousand five hundred bushels of oats, besides a large quantity of corn, cabbage, potatoes, melons, cucumbers, and other vegetables raised by the members of the sect, the head of which states that "he will bring peace and contentment to all mankind, blessings which they cannot procure except through his ministry." There will be no marriage and no divorce among his people, and no war nor suffering. Outsiders who have visited the settlement state that his doctrine of non-resistance simply means that his sect live without law except such commands as are issued by Bellhart, who must be implicitly obeyed. He says he wants no drones in his settlement, and any one who is idle will be sent away. His neighbors criticize him sharply, but he treats their remarks with stolid indifference, and says to his critics: "Give me plenty of work to do every day, and I do not care for what you say against me. I can do more by good work in one day to maintain my character than I could deny by words in a year, and it is in this way that I intend to treat all calumnies against me."

Bellhart has found a good many who have willingly joined his community; and even the women and girls help in working on the farm, and in carrying water and mixing sand and cement for the huge building within which all live in common.

From Bellhart's present success, and

that of John Alexander Dowie, it would appear that the State of Illinois, or at least the neighborhood of the great city of Chicago, is a fruitful soil for the growth of every species of delusion, however absurd and anti-Christian.

It is one of the undeniable results of Protestantism that it has made its votaries an easy prey to every delusion and superstition which can be invented by the busy brains of the army of impostors who infest the world. By abandoning the one Church which Christ established, they have exposed themselves "to be tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, in the wickedness of men, in craftiness by which they lie in wait to deceive," as St. Paul declared should be the case. (Eph. iv. 14)

THE CHRISTIAN UNION MOVEMENT. Committees of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches respectively met a few days ago to consider again the question of union between these three bodies, which has been now for some time much spoken of but which has not yet been accomplished.

The three committees are subdivided into sub-committees on doctrine, polity, ministry, administration and law, and consist of some of the most prominent clergymen and laymen of the three denominations concerned, nearly all of whom were present at the deliberations, the general meeting taking place in the Metropolitan (Methodist) Church.

It does not appear that much progress was made toward effecting the end in view, but the members of the committees assert that they feel assured the union will take place before very long, even though the progress toward the desired end may be slow. It is a general opinion among them that another year will be required before a positive basis of union can be laid before the governing bodies of the respective sects.

It is no direct concern to Catholics whether or not the projected union be accomplished, but we do look with concern upon the abnegation of Christian doctrine which must take place, slowly, perhaps, but surely when the three denominations named become one.

Among the five subjects mentioned above as being under consideration by the union committee, three, or perhaps four, may be considered as of minor importance, for the reason that a compromise upon them can be effected without much if any sacrifice of principle, that is to say, polity, administration and law. The fourth point presents more difficulty, which is the ministry. The Methodists do not indeed very seriously claim to have an Apostolic ministry, yet they did so to some degree in the early stages of their Church's existence, for John and Samuel Wesley, John Fletcher and George Whitfield, were all clergymen of the Church of England, and claimed to have regular ordination to the "priesthood," and to have the right to transmit it to others.

The Presbyterians also have a form of ordination which is deemed to be a necessity; but they admit even in their standard of faith that in its origin, owing to the extraordinary circumstances of the case, many of their clergy did not possess that ordination.

The Congregationalists, on the other hand, being successors to the Independent Puritans, have no claim to any ordination of higher than human origin. The differences between these three ministries, we presume, will be settled by an agreement not to deem an Apostolic ministry as necessary in the Christian Church. This is contrary to St. Paul's declaration that "no man taketh this honor to himself, but he that is called by God as Aaron was." But this scriptural requirement will be easily set aside by the contracting parties, on the principle which comes so handy nowadays among the sects, that the origin of the ministry is not an essential matter, but a fit subject for compromise for the sake of peace.

No other solution of this question will be reached, we feel assured; for it was on this very rock that the negotiations between the Presbyterians and Episcopalians founded when union between those bodies was proposed in the United States. The Presbyterians were too "high-spirited," as they said, to admit that for over three centuries they had no valid Christian ministry, so they would not demean themselves and their religion by accepting orders from the Episcopalians Bishops, even though ordination was freely offered them by the self-styled "Historic Episcopalians." We may be sure that the Congregationalists will reason in a similar way, and that the difficulty will be bridged over in the manner we have indicated. Let our readers note this prediction, and we are confident we shall be found to have uttered a true prophecy.

But in the matter of doctrine there will be a serious obstacle. Presbyterians and Methodists are respectively

Calvinistic and Arminian, opposites as far asunder as the poles of the earth. Nevertheless both these sects have hitherto been stalwarts in maintaining the basic doctrines of Christianity at least. But the Congregationalists! Alas! With their theory put into practice that every minister and every congregation may settle its own doctrine as well as discipline, they have practically set aside most of the doctrinal truths which Christ taught, according to both the other two churches of the proposed compact.

Professor Hyde lamented in an article in the Congregationalist about a year ago that "evolution and (higher) criticism have wrought havoc in the traditional teachings of American Congregationalism. He quoted with approbation the remark of "an intelligent Congregationalist" that "the doctrine preached in many Congregational churches is nothing better than debris floating in dish water," and he thinks that the process of disintegration has gone far enough. And what is his cure for the case? "Let the brethren gather up the fragments that remain and piece them with the truths which modern historical and scientific study have discovered and construct a new theology which will satify alike the minds and hearts of men."

How will the negotiators deal with these discrepancies? There is only one way, as we believe, in which the trouble will be settled, and that is by eliminating nearly all obligatory Christian truth from the creed of the new church, and we are convinced that this is the mode of settlement which will be adopted.

The Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, was one of the delegates to the recent meeting above referred to, and we presume he is convinced that the union will take place, as it probably will. But at a meeting of the Methodist conference held in this city a couple of years ago he was not so confident, as he then said in a vigorous address: "Union is in the air and we had better get it down to the ground and see if it can walk. The General Conference is ahead of the other churches, and will have to wait until the proposed union bodies meet and appoint similar committees. I do not believe in a hop, skip, and jump union, a money or convenience union, a political or social union. It must be brought about for purposes of the Kingdom of God."

It is a serious question whether the Kingdom of God will be promoted by a union which relegates to the waste bin the principal truths of revealed religion.

We may add that the difficulties arising out of diversity of doctrine are not a visionary bogey of our own. At a meeting of the Baptist Ministerial Association held in Toronto in May, 1904, the Rev. Dr. Stewart said: "The unity of believers in Christ should be one of life, love and truth. While I am in favor of the fullest cooperation of Christians in matters of common interest, a serious hindrance to an effectual unity of the faithful will be met with in the tendency to errors in doctrine."

Most of the other ministers present declared that "Baptists are not ready to participate in the movement, as they cannot give up their distinctive principles of regenerate membership and adult immersion."

At a meeting of the alumni of Knox college, Toronto, held not long ago, most of the Presbyterian clergy who spoke on this subject were of similar conviction, that the desired unity can be attained only by a sacrifice of truth, and this not ordinary truth of little importance, but of revealed truth. This is the truth of which Christ said: "He that believeth not shall be condemned."

We may add that the venerable Professor Gregg, who has held for so long a period the position of Professor of Apologetics in Knox College, is among those who have held this view.

A NICE NEW YEAR'S gift to a friend would be a copy of the CATHOLIC RECORD each week for a year.

Odor of Incense Made a Convert. As an instance of the trifling incidents to which God often attaches the grace of conversion, Bishop Casco related the following at a recent meeting of the Catholic Converts' League of New York: An English child of Protestant parentage was taken by his Catholic nurse into a Catholic church. The only thing that the child noticed particularly was the smell of the sweet incense. Forty years later, in this country, that same English person, now grown to manhood, was invited to attend the dedication of a Catholic church. As soon as he entered the edifice his nostrils were assailed with that same sweet odor that he had noticed when he was a small child. He was struck at once by the sameness of the Catholic Church in this country and in England, and the result was he was soon afterwards converted, with his wife and six children.

FINDING THE CHURCH

A DISTINGUISHED CONVERT'S INTERESTING ADDRESS TO THE HARVARD GATHOLIC CLUB - AUGUSTUS D. SMALL, PRINCIPAL OF SOUTH BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL, DESCRIBES HIS EXPERIENCES...

The first of a series of talks before the Harvard Catholic Club by converts to the Catholic faith was given on Tuesday evening of last week...

In the place where I now reside I was a member of the Baptist church and teacher of a Bible class in its Sunday school...

There I paused to take up the next topic, when some one asked me: "But what is your opinion?"

My opinion! Had I not expressed my opinion by stating my preference among the three readings? Of what consequence was it?

These thoughts did not have the same force to me then as now; they had more vagueness...

paying tribute and later in the matter of fidelity. St. Peter needed discipline, because the chief disciples should not be rash and impetuous...

Christ had predicted as we translate it: "Simon (not now Peter), Simon, behold, Satan desired you (plural) for sifting as wheat; but I prayed concerning thee (singular) that thy faith may not fail; and when thou shalt turn aright, establish thy brethren."

That which is so reprehensibly referred to as "Peter's weakness" was evidently predicted, and perhaps was an incident in a wise plan. The sifting—both incident and lesson—the strengthened faith, the commission for the brethren's sake, all befell...

Even after I felt satisfied of the identity of the Catholic Church with that which Christ established, an inner voice warned me that the end of my quest was not yet reached. It cries, with St. Paul to the Thessalonians, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

Now Christ foretells, as St. John explains it, the manner of St. Peter's death, by which "he should glorify God," stretching forth his hands and being bound—his crucifixion.

Unless one can believe that Christ would withhold His bodily presence from His Church and leave His earthly flock without an earthly shepherd, it is pertinent to ask, "Was not St. Peter clearly that shepherd?"

It was now my quest to find the Church of Christ, I was not disposed to presuppose the result. It was natural to read non-Catholic elements and authorities at first...

personal "choice" of belief; they denote as the son of perdition him who should some time arise to split the Church by schism.

In science, which is human knowledge systematized, we hold to first principles, and all appeal to standard authority. Why should one depart from the truth Christ taught at the beginning, and why not abide in that Church which He founded and to which He promised the guidance and truth of the Holy Ghost through all time?

It became clear to my mind that the Catholic Church is the Church of apostolic unity. I began to study the decisions of the councils against the great heresies, and particularly the Council of Trent. The idea of a reformation took new shape.

Reformation by schism seemed to me to be an alienation from Christ. When self pride and self seeking lie at the root, can the outgrowth be divine? His separation contained the unity of truth or the seeds of variation, and therefore of error?

Now could I neglect an inquiry into the Anglican position, or more personally necessary the Baptist history and doctrine. Dr. Armitage, in his large history of the Baptists, emphatically discards any apostolic origin for his church, but professes that the initiation of the Baptist polity was a secondary separation.

"Liberty of Thought" is a catch phrase at the present time used with great effect, apparently, to overturn the old apprehensions regarding the necessity of orthodoxy in matters of faith and morals.

"Liberty of Thought" catches popular fancy because it serves as an excuse for licence of action. No man who uses his common sense can approve of such wild theories as anarchy or socialism, or the degrading dissolution of the marriage tie.

for getting at the causes of things, that the ocean of waters cannot be contained in a cup, however delicately served the cup may be, never appears in the premises of our reasoning about the Trinity.

If the world would only think seriously and deeply, intelligently we should find no ready victims to demand "Free Thought." For an account of the littleness of our knowledge we must needs have some guiding light from heaven to show us the way.

It may be a matter of real Christian pleasure for Catholics to learn that our Protestant brethren are steadily coming over strongly and more strongly to the Church's position on the question of divorce.

Right Rev. William Crosswell Doane Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Albany N. Y., address of the Interchurch Conference on Federation in Carnegie Hall, New York, last Thursday night upon the divorce evil.

"We are confronted and confounded in our day and in our land with a condition of things about this question which discredits our country, dishonors our Christianity, disgraces our manhood and our womanhood, in the unparalleled frequency and the unlimited facility of divorce.

Spain and its bull-fights. We take the following from the Catholic Magazine for South Africa: A reference to Spain would seem to be complete without a few words on bull-fights, relics of a barbarous age.

"Liberty of Thought" is one of the popular errors that took their rise after the religious revolution of the sixteenth century. Luther's teaching that man was privileged to do as he liked was not long in begetting the kindred fallacy that it was man's right also to think as he liked.

FIVE GOLDEN RULES.

First—Eat only 3 meals a day, 5 hours apart. It requires 4 to 4 1/2 hours to digest a meal. This leaves 1/2 to 1 hour for the stomach to rest.

Second—Eat nothing between meals. If anything is taken into the stomach while digestion is going on, digestion stops and may not start again for an hour.

Third—Eat slowly and chew food thoroughly. This insures food being well mixed with saliva and partially digested before it reaches the stomach.

Fourth—Drink little fluid with meals. The stomach gives out about a pint of gastric juice to digest each meal. If you take another pint of tea, wine or water, then the digestive juices are too diluted to properly digest the food.

Fifth—Take one "Fruit-a-tives" tablet about twenty minutes before meals. "Fruit-a-tives" tone up and sweeten the stomach—insure an abundant flow of digestive juices—and cure Dyspepsia.

Follow these directions for a month and see how much better you are in every way. (See a box) At all druggists.

ANOTHER PHASE OF THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE"

The London Catholic Times calls attention to a movement amongst the Anglican clergy in England for presentation to the Catholic clergy in France of an expression of sympathy in the personation of the Church in that country. From the last issue of the Anglican Church Times it says it finds that an address which is proposed, individual Anglican clergymen should present to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris has been drawn up for signature.

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A Handsome Gift The Rosary in Fine Jewels. We have made a careful selection of Jewels and you will find them "rich and rare." Our Rosaries are especially strong in wire and chain connections, and we claim they are the best now offered to the public. REAL STONES. Imitation Jewels. Gold-filled Chain Heart and Cross. Amethyst, Topaz and Crystal. No. 6825 - \$2.00. 6826 - 2.50. 6827 - 3.00. Imitation Jewels, Sterling Silver Mount. Heavily gold-plated. No. 2578 - Crystal - \$2.00. 5234 - Amethyst and Garnet - 2.50. 2580 - Crystal and Amethyst - 2.50. 5962 - Saphire - 2.50. 6757 - Crystal and Topaz - 2.50. 5714 - Amethyst, Crystal and Topaz - 3.00. 2974 - Crystal and Amethyst all beads capped - 3.00. 2976 - Crystal and Amethyst all beads capped - 3.75. 2583 - Crystal - 3.75. 2585 - Crystal - 4.25. Order by Number. All Beads shipped in neat satin-lined cases. Catholic Record Office, - London, Canada. This new year that is just begun will be a happy one for those and those only who conform to His will. Naught else will bring happiness. - Rev. Walter J. Shanley. Boys should not be allowed to attend theaters by themselves. They go to shows that demoralize them. No boy who goes to low variety performance regularly has a clean mind or a pure heart.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

Western Europe, up to the sixteenth century, rested on the basis of the Catholic religion.

Indeed, in the Middle Ages there were found those who, in honor of the devil, made vows, and "observed chastity."

In Scandinavia, too, I have seen it stated that it had been found necessary to suppress local revivals of the worship of Odin and Thor.

Indeed, we should acknowledge that, however splendid the triumph of the Gospel has been in myriads of souls, and in many a community, yet it has thus far been comparatively superficial.

Protestantism, of course, was not an outbreak of Heathenism, as the Catholics had as firm a belief as the Catholics in God, Christ, Redemption, Immortality.

Reverting now to Paganism—and it matters little whether it appear at the pole of Anarchism or of Socialism—bearing in mind that there is a Christian Socialism—its dangers are by no means merely abstract and future.

Had they accomplished their purpose, will any reasonable man say that it would not have been the superior duty of every Christian power, Catholic, Protestant, or Greek, to march upon Rome and put every Garibaldian soldier to the sword, and thereonward to make it a capital offense to belong to the "Mary Anne," or any such diabolical league?

If the Protestants of England could have saved themselves by overthrowing Mary, they would have had subjectively, a right to do so.

As the great Catholic philosopher Franz Baxler remarks, we greatly mistake if we suppose that the continuity of Paganism in Europe has ever been broken, and of Paganism its distinctly diabolical form.

THE HABIT OF RIDICULE.

(From "How to be a Saint in a Workshop" by William J. Foreman.)

In nearly every workshop there is at least one man who is witty.

It is really very easy to be witty, and it is really very easy to be foolish.

There are many people in workshops who, when they joke, almost always do so at the expense of another.

These men, if they feel inclined to say anything which they think funny, will say it, no matter whom they offend.

Now, a Catholic should refuse to encourage joking which hurts another.

Genuine wit is harmless, and only meant to chase gloomy thoughts and make the people who laugh brighter and better able to do their work.

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THE OUGHT-TO-BE'S.

(Written for The Catholic Standard and Times by Rev. J. P. Roche, author of "The Obligation of Hearing Mass," "Our Lady of Guadalupe," "Month of St. Joseph," "Belief and Unbelief," etc.)

As I write high society in Omaha, Neb., is deeply stirred by the action of a Catholic Bishop in forbidding his people, under pain of excommunication attending the weddings of divorced persons.

The Bishop's pastoral was occasioned by the marriage announcement of a member of the National House of Representatives to a young lady of that city.

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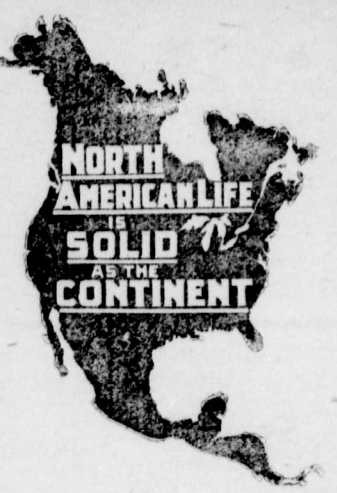
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the men and women who had not approached the sacraments. The neglect in almost every case could be traced to one cause—a mixed marriage.

O, yes, there are good men and women who have contracted mixed marriages. It is not of these I am treating.

I do not think it necessary to enumerate here the broad principles which lie at the root of the Church's disapproval of such marriages.

The majority of those promises are never kept. Priests and Bishops are accused of intolerance and a lack of liberality because they are strict in this matter.

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From time immemorial the doctors prescribed cod liver oil for consumption. Of course the patient could not take it in its old form, hence it did very little good.

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