

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus nihil solum eat, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Paclan, 4th Century

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### AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

A writer says that the true France, melancholy and delicate, conservative and religious, is not represented by the heterogeneous mob of financiers and demagogues, political adventurers and opportunists, which makes up the government of France. Combes has all the bitterness of the renegade. Jaures the blatant leads the socialists, who are the principal allies of the French premier. Behind the Socialistic leaders are seven hundred thousand voters who war not upon capital, but, as the Bishop of Nancy said, "a Dieu qui u' jamais embête personne."

But so far as we are concerned it is a mystery how a few adventurers can dominate so successfully some millions of Catholics. And yet the Catholics seem to love the men and women who were expelled from France—the religious who were devoted to God and to their country. But the love that manifests itself only by the kissing of hands, by tearful adieus, costs little. The farewell scenes at railway stations were pathetically futile; and the Frenchmen who took part in them went homeward in sullen mood doubtless against Combes but disinclined to pay the price for a determined opposition to him. What is needed is the love that brooks no lowering of the fame and prestige of country, which is a foe to apathy and indifference and urges every citizen to contribute his quota to good government.

### WHAT IS NEEDED.

Not to shouting past watchwords, or to chanting past glories, should all our time be given. The bye-gone ages, glorious indeed—a wondrous picture of struggle and achievement—can but serve to inspire and to guide us. But we have to make our own history and to show that our principles have not lost their vitality. In our keeping is the faith that overcometh the world, to keep and propagate. For this we must be faithful Catholics, in touch always with the sacraments, which are the source of true manliness. We must, of course, be organized: schemes for this and that must not be neglected, but the power to influence others comes not from without but from within, and our success depends primarily not upon plans, however well laid, but upon humility and obedience—in a word, on our living out the truth and love which we claim to possess. In doing this we must necessarily come into the open. We must be soldiers and not camp followers. Our place is in the firing line, either to repel any attack on the Church or to carry its colors onward. Inaction means cowardice at times, and to skulk behind the barricades of memories of past ages or to hymn the praises of things that have been done instead of directing our energies to things which should be done, is merely "rainbow chasing."

### AN EXAMPLE.

Just what organization, pulsing with the blood of practical Catholicity, can effect, may be seen in Germany. Not so many decades ago wise men saw no future there for the faith. But the Catholics, minding not human prophecies, bent themselves to the task of safeguarding their principles and interests. They took their weapons from the sanctuary and used them in congress, in every department of human activity. Priest and layman fought side by side, giving of their energy and courage and self-sacrifice in no rigidly fashioned, and the result is that to day there are those who admit that the day is not far distant when the Catholics will have a predominating influence in Germany. Their press is well manned and supported, and their party—the Centrist—watches with unceasing vigilance over the interests of the Church, and here, be it noted, as a writer has observed, that though this party comprises members of all possible groups, Aristocrats, Democrats, Liberals and Conservatives, nothing is ever permitted to stand in the way of the pursuit of the one fixed goal—to defend the rights and interests of the Catholic Church. Further, the German Catholics bring to the Catholic press the support of their purse and good will, and when one considers the practical sense, the cohesion, and the intelligent activity of the party, the conviction is forced on one that the party is a power which will win in the end.

### THE CONCORDAT.

Some of the quill-drivers who do the French question are merely echoing the statements of the anti-Catholic correspondent. They seem to think that the Concordat is something new in France and that Pope Pius is working hard to have it done away with. They chirrup about freedom and democracy, to show they have not forgotten the ditty that was sung a few months ago in Toronto by the eminent French cleric, d'Aubigne. But it is rather discouraging that editors who we presume have little respect for Combes and the nun and monk harring "democrats" who have just now a stranglehold on French liberty, do not bid their henchmen to comport themselves with some show of decency.

Our readers know that a Concordat of some kind or other has been in France for hundreds of years. The present one dates from 1801. In coming to his agreement with the Holy See Right Rev. Dom Gasquet says:

"Napoleon was certainly not actuated by any love for the religion of his country. To him it was a matter of policy. It was necessary for instance to wipe out the great debt which the nation owed to the Church on account of the confiscations of the Revolution. This required the Pope's sanction, and it was the price paid for the measure of protection to religion secured by the Concordat, and for the guaranteed though slender stipends to be paid to the clergy by the State."

In attempting to show that Rome has violated the Concordat M. Combes has given one more proof of his unscrupulousness. His argument that the Pope in summoning the Bishops of Laval and Dijon disregarded the dispositions of the Concordat, is absurd on the face of it.

The first article of that treaty guarantees the full and free exercise of the Catholic religion. In this "free and full exercise" the Pope must be ever a factor. His is to watch over the fold, to eliminate abuses from it, to govern and to punish. The government, therefore, which essays to hamper Papal authority necessary for the free and full exercise of the Catholic religion, is acting in bad faith. There is not a word in this treaty to justify the attitude of the French Premier. And that its untenability is well known to him is amply evidenced by his suppressing the note of Cardinal Merry Del Val which covered the case of the Bishops and answered his objections.

### A FALSE PROPHECY.

The followers of Combes are not a whit disconcerted by his tactics in regard to this issue and go gleefully on. Already these half-Bourbons who learn nothing and forget everything foretell the downfall of the Papacy. The study, however, of the careers of those who have led crusades against the Church might have a quieting effect on their ardor. Greater men than Combes have stormed at the gates of the Vatican and announced the death of the Papacy, but it remains "not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor." The failures of those who tried to stay the progress of the Bride of Christ dot the centuries, for "no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that resisteth thee in judgment thou shalt condemn."

### DOGMATIC RELIGION BREAKING UP OUTSIDE OF THE CHURCH.

REV. CHARLES ALFRED MARTIN SHOWS CONDITIONS OBTAINING AMONG NOTABLE PHENOMENA.

The breaking up of dogmatic religion outside of the Church is one of the noticeable phenomena of the times. It is interesting in its history, its evolution from certain causes and principles, its phases and effects; but to us as missionaries, I take it that it is of absorbing interest as a condition of the day with which it is our lot to deal, and the very account of its Apostolate. Curiously, at first sight and happily enough, the intellectual and religious unrest of this time of transition, while disastrous to other churches, is favorable to our own, since it emphasizes spiritual wants for which we have the remedy.

Students of the times have long been telling us that the religion of the future will be Naturalism or Agnosticism when it is not Catholicism. The fundamental, it does not get beyond first principles; and it is Reason vs. Revelation.

The religious uncertainty among non-Catholics which tends to filter down through the press and other agencies to the common people, was no doubt bound to follow eventually the teaching of an authoritative teaching Church. Dr. Sheehan traces its connection with the transcendental movement of the past century (Irish Ecclesiastical Review, January, 1904). That philosophy, the characteristics of which were vagueness and abstraction, the fancy that its intuitive knowledge

transcended all experience and was independent of reason and the senses, he finds running through the writings of Rousseau; then broadened and developed in the great German systems; caught up and crystallized in the half-prophetic, half-delirious ravings of Carlyle in England; finally brought across the Atlantic and popularized here by Emerson and the New England school. For the time it was received with boundless enthusiasm; it inspired poetry, and permeated literature, and interpreted history, and became a religious creed.

But nebulous hypotheses about "over souls" and "immensities," and "eternal silences" could not satisfy the native logic of the mind, which demands principles and proofs, and says: "No dogma, no ethics." At the very notion of truth became lost in this subjectivism, people got to quoting such vague sayings as, "Things depend very much on how you look at them;" religion without creed came into fashion; it was counted vulgar to formulate or even to know just what one believed; and so men failed to see why they should go to a Church with no higher claim than the self-imposed task of presenting personal opinion in the form of chiselled essays, and took to reading their Sunday paper at home in indifference, or turned to science or socialism for the meaning and rule of life.

Another cause of the loss of faith; of the religious groping of many to whom the name and personality of Christ is dear and venerated, but who are at a loss to say "who the Son of Man is," and dare not cast the die; who are dazed, not irreverent, and whose neglect is rather a bewildering want of an apostasy, is the dethronement from its position of authority of the Bible.

In the matter of Biblical criticism, as well as of Philosophy, the conclusions of the thinkers and students gravitate to the masses through books and magazines and lyceum lectures; and with them comes the startling exploitation of whatever in them is sensational or destructive, by men who may be publishers without being students or thinkers, and who may be preachers in pulpits without being teachers of Christian truth or conservators of Christian faith.

That difficult questions are involved in the nature of the matter and is suggested by the history of Rev. Abbe Loisy and the writings of our learned Pere LeGrange, and perhaps quite as significantly by the silence of others, or again by the creation of the Papal Biblical Commission. The reader of the Sunday paper, even, is made familiar with the destructive part of the work of the Critics. The said reader may not be very learned, nor able to grasp the whole subject; but he need not be learned at all to have his discussion brought to him and thrust upon him, and to be impressed by it. At any rate the reading, thinking Protestant knows that the Bible, to whose infallibility he had pinned his faith, has been questioned; and that not by infidels but by the leaders of his own party; and has been discredited by them. Henceforth it can never be to him quite what it was to his father and mother, and Christianity grows dim and confused before his blurred eyes.

However it came about, there is undoubtedly a widespread tendency to drift away from Christianity as a supernaturally revealed faith, and to retain at most only its exposition of the natural moral law.

We may observe the conscious expression of the "new Christianity" in the liberal churches. Occasionally its heralds are of the strenuous sort, who are already ringing the knell of old-time orthodoxy; and they deny the fathers and mystics, which were the faith of their fathers and grow impatient at their very names.

Often the new teachers are more tolerant. They repeat the old names even while they strip them of all meaning; perhaps because they feel they can afford, with the patience of culture, to soothe the worn-out creed to its death with the narcotics of the condescension and pity; perhaps because they are not quite sure there is some mysterious reality after all. Familiar instances of this might be multiplied. Among the latest examples is Harnack's saying, that the Resurrection is a great truth; if taken in its higher spiritual sense; or that the world is saved by the sufferings of Christ and His dying for all, just as Luther inwardly bleeding and striving, or any hero of self-sacrificing deeds, redeems the race.

In its positive side, which is the one most frequently presented for our admiration, we find the relic of the old Christianity—to consist of natural religion clothed in the adornment of Christian terms and poetry. Religion is eternal life in the midst of time; God and the soul are its elements; the Kingdom of God within you its end; the fatherhood of God and the infinite value of the soul are its teachings; and the higher righteousness and the commandment of love are its law. This we are told is all of Christ's message—its kernel and essence, and at once simple enough to teach, and broad enough for Jew and infidel, for Catholic and Protestant—to be the religion of the world. And certainly the best expression of its positive teaching, as I have set it down, is simple and sublime, and true as far as it goes. But it is not all of Christianity; it is only the Christian statement of the common religious ideas that underlies all religions, and which they all are an instinctive endeavor to interpret. You will recall how Leo XIII. empha-

sizes the word Naturalism in his encyclical on the Free Masons.

Harnack, whom as rector of the faculty of theology in that hotch of learning, the University of Berlin, we naturally quote as the chief prophet and redoubter of advanced Protestant thought, we find to be but a Robert Elsemer.

Years ago Ernest Renan expressed the regret that he was not a German professor instead of a Frenchman, that he might be a Christian at the same time that he was an infidel. Today he might be both in America as well as Germany.

The effect of this eclipse of the light of faith is a widespread desertion of the news. Only thirty millions of Americans are affiliated with any Church. Many of the great unchurched are merely indifferent, morally at fault perhaps, and intellectually uninformed about religion, but yet the unconscious expression of the loss of Christian unity and an accredited custodian and teacher of the faith. Others attempt to find in socialism or other isms of the day the solution of the problems of life which belong to true religion to provide: the questions of the soul which will not down, the whence and the whither of destiny; the how and the why of morals. Among the better classes are great numbers, I believe, who are in a condition of "waiting," a composite of unattached Unitarian and reverent Agnostic, whose picture of Christ is a dimmed heirloom retained by sentiment, and whose religion is a natural hope more than a Christian faith. If the class gave themselves over to Dr. Sheehan, they might, as Herbert Spencer in his last days, sitting on the sands of Brighton and peering out, silent and dull of eye, over the unattractive sea. But as they happen to be busy and prosperous and not sad, while they "wait," their truer type might be the crowd around the Marconi wires in the saloon of the transatlantic steamer enjoying the applications of science and eager to catch the gossip of two continents.

So much, then, for the non-Catholic who is left a Christian still, by the breaking up of dogmatic religion!

Dr. Sheehan in reviewing the Question Box expresses surprise that the questions are so largely the old-fashioned and oft-repeated objections and misunderstandings which arose at the very time of the Reformation and have been classics for generations, and that the non-Catholic public seems so little affected by the advanced thought of liberal Protestantism.

Happily the affection is not so widespread as one living among the scholars might expect; but I think it is much more general than the contents of the Question Box would indicate.

That vastly many reading and educated non-Catholics are undoubtedly influenced by advanced and rationalistic thought is obvious from the fact that their demands are supplied by the most cultured and generously paid pulpits; by the fact that so large a portion of our better classes are affiliated with no Church at all, or go confessedly for the mental stimulation of listening to another man's views of a question, or for the sentimental nourishing of the hungry religious instinct.

Only yesterday the bright young reporter sent out here to write up our meeting, told me, not flippantly, that he feared he was a pagan. Another reporter, this morning told me, and without my asking him, that he believed in God, but did not understand or believe in the divinity of Christ, and belonged to no Church. His father was a Methodist, his grandfathers were Catholic. What an endless procession of bright young men, students and business and professional men, whom we meet on the trains and every where, are such reverent agnostics! They admit that there is a more satisfying inspiration in a church steeple than in a skyscraper, but their religious education, failing to keep pace with their secular development, was left behind, and the "theology" of the boy of ten is found inadequate to sustain the man of thirty.

It has been said that we can safely neglect the half-dazed unbelievers to the audience to give our attention to the stray Christians whose conversions are more probable and easy. Alternate series of lectures for the two different classes might be a safer solution of the problem, especially in cities where there are many of each.

Men whose faith must be built up from the bottom are likely to let slip a series of lectures whose subjects seem to assume the very things they want proved. A lecture on "Saints' Worship," or "The Blessed Virgin," or "Prayers for the Dead," or "The Sacramental System," will hardly appeal to the man whose questions are: "Who was Christ that we must believe Him?" "Can we trust the Bible?" "Is Science and Religion in Conflict?" "What is Christianity?" "What the need of organized Religion?" "Is there a Revelation of God's will except through reason and nature?" or yet "Is there a further life for the individual?" "Is there a Personal God apart from Universal Life and Law?" A popular and convincing response to these fundamental questions, at the proper place and time, might bring us into touch also with the children of God whom the breaking up of dogmatic religion has left without the light of faith.

Cheered by the presence of God, I will do at the moment, without anxiety, according to the strength which He shall give me, the work that His Providence assigns me. I will leave the rest; it is not my affair.

### THE CARDINAL ON PURGATORY.

COMMON SENSE, SAYS HIS EMINENCE, DEMANDS MIDDLE PLACE OF EXPIATION.

Preaching his monthly sermon in the Cathedral in Baltimore on Sunday last, Cardinal Gibbons took as his text St. John vi., 25-29. He said in part: "The Catholic Church teaches that besides a place of eternal torments for the wicked and of everlasting rest for the righteous, there exists in the next life a middle state of temporary punishment allotted for those who have died in venial sin or who have not satisfied the justice of God for sins already forgiven. She also teaches that, although the souls consigned to this intermediate state, commonly called purgatory, cannot help themselves, they may be aided by the suffrages of the faithful on earth. The existence of purgatory naturally implies the correlative dogma of the utility of praying for the dead; for the souls consigned to this middle state have not reached the term of their journey. They are still exiles from heaven and fit subjects for Divine clemency.

A CONSOLING DOCTRINE. "I do not know of any doctrine of the Catholic religion that is more consoling to the human heart than the article which teaches the efficacy of prayers for the faithful departed. It robs death of its sting. It reassures the bitterness of our sorrow. It reconciles us to our loss. It keeps us in touch with the living dead, as correspondence keeps us in touch with the absent living. It preserves their memory fresh and green in our hearts.

"It gives us that keen satisfaction which springs from the consciousness that we are helping the loved ones who have gone before us; that we are alleviating their pains, shortening the term of their exile and hastening their entrance into Paradise, their true country."

"It familiarizes us with the existence of a life beyond the grave; it inspires us with the hope of being one day reunited with those whom we cherished on earth and of dwelling with them in that blessed home where there is no separation or sorrow or death, but everlasting peace and rest in the kingdom of our common Father.

"It is a doctrine plainly contained in the Old Testament and piously practiced by the Hebrew people. At the close of an engagement which Judas Maccabeus had with the enemy he ordered prayers and sacrifices to be offered up for his slain comrades. 'And making a gathering he sent 12,000 drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection. For, if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead.' \* \* \* It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from sins."

### STUMBLING BLOCK TO REFORMERS.

"These words are so forcible that no comment of mine could render them clearer. This passage proved a great stumbling block to the reformers. Finding that they could not by an evasion weaken the force of the text they impudently threw overboard the books of Maccabeus, like a man who assassinates a hostile witness. They pretended that the two books of Maccabees were apocryphal. And yet they have precisely the same authority as the Gospels of the St. Matthew or any other portion of the Bible, for the canonically portion of the Holy Scriptures rests solely on the authority of the Catholic Church, which proclaimed them inspired.

"But even admitting, for the sake of argument, that the books of Maccabees were not entitled to be ranked among the canonical books of Holy Scripture, no one, at least, has ever denied that they are truthful historical monuments and as such that they serve to demonstrate that it was a prevailing practice among the Hebrew people, as it is with us, to offer up prayers and sacrifices for the dead.

"When our Saviour, the Founder of the New Law, appeared on earth He came to lop off those exorcisemes which had grown on the body of the Jewish ecclesiastical code and to purify the Jewish Church from those human traditions which in the course of time became like chaff mixed with the wheat of sound doctrine.

"But did our Lord at any time reprove the Jews for their belief in a middle state of expiation for the dead—a practice which, to His knowledge, prevailed among the people? Never. On the contrary, more than once both He and the Apostles of the Gentiles insinuate the doctrine of purgatory.

### QUOTING OTHER AUTHORITIES.

"Our Saviour says: 'Whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him. But he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come.' When our Saviour declares that a sin against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven in the next life He evidently leaves us to infer that there are some sins which will be pardoned in the life to come.

"St. Ambrose, fourth century, on the death of the Emperors Gratian and Valentinian, says: 'Blessed shall both my prayers can avail anything. No day shall pass you over in silence. No prayer of mine shall omit to honor you. No night shall hurry by without bestowing on you a mention in my prayers. In every one of the oblations will I remember you.' On the death of the Emperor Theodosius he offers the following prayer: 'Give perfect rest to Thy servant Theodosius, that rest

which Thou hast prepared for Thy saints. May his soul return thither whence it descended, where it cannot feel the sting of death \* \* \* I loved him, and therefore will I follow him, even unto the land of the living. Nor will I leave him until, by tears and prayers, I shall lead him \* \* \* unto the holy mountains of the Lord, where is life enduring, where corruption is not, nor sighing nor mourning.'

"St. Augustine, who lived in the beginning of the fifth century, relates that when his mother was at the point of death she made this last request of him: 'Lay this body anywhere; let not the care of it in any way disturb you. This only I request of you, that you would remember me at the altar of the Lord wherever you be.'

### THE LIFE AFTER DEATH.

"If a brother leaves you to cross the broad Atlantic religion and affection prompt you to pray for him during his absence. And if the same brother crosses the narrow sea of death to pass to the shores of eternity, why not pray for him then also? When he crosses the Atlantic his soul, imprisoned in the flesh, is absent from you; when he passes the sea of death his soul, released from the flesh, has gone from you. What difference does this make with regard to the duty of your intercession? For what is death? A mere separation of body and soul. The body, indeed, dies, but the soul 'lives and moves and has its being.' It continues after death, as before, to think, to remember, to love. And do not God's dominion and mercy extend over that soul beyond the grave as well as this side of it? Who shall place limits to God's empire and say to Him: 'Thus far Thou shalt go and no farther?' Two thousand years after Abraham's death our Lord said: 'I am the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob. He is not the God of the dead, but of the living.'

"If then, it is profitable for you to pray for your brother in the flesh, why should it be useless for you to pray for him out of the flesh? For while he was living you prayed not for his body, but for his soul.

### MIDDLE PLACE DEMANDED.

"If this brother of yours dies with some slight stains upon his soul—a sin of impatience, for instance, or an idle word—is he fit to enter heaven with these blemishes upon his soul? No; the sanctity of God forbids it, for 'nothing defiled shall enter the kingdom of heaven.' Will you consign him, for these minor transgressions, to eternal torments with adulterers and murderers? No; the justice and mercy of God forbid it. Therefore your common sense demands a middle place of expiation for the transgressions of the soul before it is worthy of enjoying the companionship of God and His saints.

"God will render to every man according to his works; to the pure and unspiced, everlasting bliss; to the reprobate, eternal damnation; to souls stained with minor faults, a place of temporary purgation.

"I have seen a devoted daughter minister with tender solicitude at the sick bed of a fond parent. Many an anxious day and sleepless night did she watch at his bedside. She moistened the parched lips and cooled the fevered brow and raised the drooping head on its pillow. Every change in her patient for better or worse brought a corresponding sunshine or gloom to her heart. It was filial love that prompted all this. Her father died and she followed his remains to the grave. Though not a Catholic, standing by the bier, she burst those chains which a cruel religious prejudice had wrought around her heart, and, rising superior to her sect, she cried out: 'Lord, have mercy on his soul!' It was the voice of nature and of religion.

### CONSOLATION OF CATHOLICISM.

"Oh, far from us a religion which would decree an eternal divorce between the living and the dead! How consoling it is to the Catholic to think that in praying thus for his departed friend his prayers are not in violation of, but in accordance with, the voice of the Church and that as, like Augustine, he watches at the pillow of a dying mother, so, like Augustine, he can continue the same office of piety for her soul after she is dead by praying for her! How cheering the reflection that the golden link of prayer unites you still to those who fell asleep in the Lord, that you can still speak to them and pray for them!

"Tennyson grasps the Catholic feeling when he makes his hero, whose course is run, thus address his surviving comrade, Sir Bedivere: 'I have lived my life, and that which I have done I have done within Himself make pure; but if thou shouldst never see my face again—Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer.'

"Oh! it is this thought that robs death of its sting and makes the separation of friends endurable. If your departed friend need not your prayers they are not lost, but, like the rain absorbed by the sun and descending in fruitful showers on our earth, will be gathered by the sun and will fall in refreshing showers of grace upon your head. Can you upon the running waters that long time thou shalt find it again!

"When we ourselves are passing through a cloud, when we feel so alone and deserted, when we bear the stinging accusation in silence, or do not attempt any justification of ourselves lest we hurt others, there is a quiet consciousness of peace and rest, at first incomprehensible. The explanation is this—that we are drawn nearer to God as the ties binding us with ignorant devotion to others are broken.

THE BLAKES AND FLANNAGANS.

BY MRS. JAS. A. SADDLER.

CHAPTER XVI. THE BROKEN HEART—MRS. HENRY T. BLAKE ON BAPTISM.

When Molly Reynolds saw the corpse safely deposited on the pallet in her little room, she went off to ask the assistance of her old cronies. It required all her influence to induce any of them to go with her. "If the man was a good Christian, they'd be willing to wash him and lay him out, but a heathen like that, they didn't care to have anything to do with his carcass."

But Molly represented that, let the poor be as it might, it was still an act of Christian charity to provide decent burial for the dead. This staggered some of the women—they couldn't deny that anyhow, for they had heard it every since they were able to hear anything. Still, they wavered; their horror of the unanointed dead was hard to overcome. But, when Molly went on to speak of the poor who died without their hearts softened, and of four of them who volunteered "for the honor of God, and for the sake of the poor sorrowful mother, that was always a decent, God-fearing woman."

When they all five went into Molly's room, they knelt down and offered up a short prayer for the faithful departed—not for the miserable soul whose earthly companion lay stiff and stark before them, "for, oh! oh! it would be little use to pray for the likes of him!" The first thing to be done was to cheer up the women with a good cup of tea, which Molly did without loss of time. Then the water was "put on" to wash the body, and while it was warming, Molly thought it the best thing to break the mournful tidings to the wretched mother.

While their hostess was gone, the women sat around the stove, talking over the dreadful occurrence which had brought them together. Ever and anon they cast a fearful glance towards the pallet whereon lay the dead body, carefully covered up. One gave it as her opinion, that they should go to work at once and wash the body, so as to get it over, but the others dissented, on the ground that it took three hours or so "to cool the corpse."

"To tell the truth," said the last speaker, "I have neither heart nor eye in the same job. He was an unlucky vagabond all his life, and died without the rites of the Church."

"And how else should he die, Polly?" demanded her next neighbor. "Didn't he just die the death that he deserved to die, and that everybody knew he would die? Didn't he turn his back on the father and mother that reared him?—didn't he disgrace everybody belonging to him?—a worse than all, didn't he deny his religion, and blaspheme God?—didn't he speak with disrespect of the Blessed Mother of God whenever he had the chance to laugh at her?"

"No, no, no," said Molly, "I'm not a matter for that; we'll do it, for the love of God, let it be as it may! Somebody must do it. But, isn't Molly staying long away from us?—maybe Mrs. Dillon wasn't in the house."

"Whist! here they are!—not a word now for your lives!—I wish to goodness we weren't here at all, for it'll be a heart-breaking sight I know well!"

be dead; God will have mercy on your poor soul! not a word! Oh! Blessed Mother of God! Sweet Virgin! is there no hope for my poor boy! is he to be lost, lost, lost! Oh! didn't I often tell you, my son, this would be the end of it!"

Molly here interposed, and would insist on removing her, declaring that she would kill herself if she went on so. "It's a shame for you, Mrs. Dillon, to fly in the face of God that way. A sensible woman like you ought to know better. Come over here near the stove, and stir machree! and turn your back this way."

"I'll do anything you bid me, Molly," said the poor heart-broken mother; "but what are you going to do with poor Hugh?—Won't we take him home?" There was a sorrowful meaning in the last word, that made it difficult for the others to keep in their tears.

"Well! just as you like, achorra. If you think well of it, we'll get a cartan' some of the men at once."

"You know our Jerry has a cart," said Polly, eagerly; "I'll go for him right off."

"God bless you an' do, then," said Molly. Polly disappeared in an instant. "Do you intend to wake him e'er a night, Mrs. Dillon dear?" inquired Molly.

"I suppose so," was the listless reply. "I don't much care—oh, Hugh! Hugh! if you had only died a Christian, she added with sudden energy, "I think I wouldn't mind—I think I wouldn't—oh, Lord! oh, Lord! is my son dead? Molly! Molly! he can't be dead—don't tell me that he died in his sins, without a minute's warning!—Oh! I couldn't bear that—no, no, no!"

Molly answer, whatever it might have been, was cut short, or rather prevented, by the sound of heavy feet on the stairway outside. "It's Jerry Dempsey with the cart," observed one of the women. But it was not. It was two constables, sent to keep the body in statu quo, till the coroner could find it convenient to hold the inquest.

"Lord bless me!" said Molly; "we were forgettin' all about the coroner; an' how long will it be before he comes, if you please, sir?"

"Can't say, sometime to-morrow forenoon likely."

"Couldn't he be taken to his mother's to-night?"

Hugh to be buried, and how was the funeral to be "got up?" Here Hannah and her adviser found their wits at fault. "Ask the old woman!" said Watty, in a low voice. Hannah accordingly went over and shook her mother by the arm; "mother! I say, mother! what are we going to do for a funeral?—won't you go and ask Tim Flanagan to see after it?"

Her mother looked up at her with a bewildered stare, and Hannah found it necessary to repeat her question.

"No!" said Mrs. Dillon, with sudden emphasis; "no! I couldn't have the face to ask a decent, respectable man like Tim Flanagan to invite people to Hugh Dillon's funeral!—no! no!"

"Dear me! and didn't he get up a fine funeral for father?"

"True for you, Hannah, he did—but your unfortunate brother led a different life what his father did—an' oh! oh! he died a different death!—his funeral doesn't make much matter one way or the other."

"Well! leave it to me then," interrupted Watty, with a sudden gust of feeling; "I'll go and hunt up some of the boys. I guess we'll not trouble your pious folk to bury Hugh—we can do it ourselves—eh, Hannah!—don't rather have us carry him to the grave than a pack of hypocritical, praying folk that he never cared a red cent for in his lifetime?" Hannah assented, with a fresh burst of clamorous weeping. All this time Molly Reynolds and two of her friends sat silent and sorrowful in a corner near the poor mourner, regarding her with looks of tenderest compassion, and occasionally offering her those little services which seemed to them useful or necessary.

That same afternoon, about 4 o'clock, the mortal remains of Hugh Dillon were laid in a grave in the Potter's Field. There was no possibility of getting permission to inter him in consecrated ground, so his miserable mother had the crowning torture of seeing him consigned to unhallowed earth. He was followed to the grave by his mother and sister, Watty Sullivan, and some two dozen of his former associates, including Jim and Bill, already unfavorably known to the reader.

As this dreary cavalcade paced slowly along the crowded thoroughfare, it so happened that Henry Blake passed it by in an omnibus. His quick eye instantly recognized Mrs. Dillon as one of the mourners, and an eye chill ran through all his veins. Who could Mrs. Dillon be following to the grave as chief mourner? He looked at the other assistants as they passed, or rather as he passed, but Hugh was not there. "God God!" he said to himself, "can he be dead?—and so soon?"

He thought of the last words he had heard him speak, and remembered the dreary presentation which had haunted his mind that night. Who could Mrs. Dillon be following to the grave as chief mourner, and inquired whose funeral that was. The answer was just what he had expected. All that day, and for many days after, Henry Blake was an altered man. Conscience kept whispering her reproachful accents in the depth of his inmost heart, and do what he would he could not stifle that hissing voice so terribly distinct. But the noise and bustle of the world—the duties of his profession, the charms of the opera and the theatre gradually drowned the troublesome voice, the "still, small voice," that is given us to salvation. A few days—a few weeks passed away, and Hugh Dillon's untimely end was forgotten, at least by Henry. His mind was occupied by new and pleasing cares.

Just three weeks after the death of Hugh Dillon, Mrs. Henry T. Blake gave birth to a son, and great was the joy of the families on both sides. Mother and child were both in the way of doing well. The third day arrived, and as there was no word of anything like baptism, Mrs. Blake, senior, ventured to throw out a suggestion that it was time to have the boy baptized. But to Henry that had the child addressed herself, but Henry referred her to his wife.

"Now, really, Henry, I think you might give an answer without troubling me. You know as well as I do that I am not able to bear much fatigue as yet."

"Why, dear Jane," observed her mother-in-law, "will he be no fatigue to you? You have the child baptized in one of the parlors below, so that you'll neither see nor hear anything of it."

what religion the children were to be brought up in."

"I am really surprised to hear you talk so, ma'am," replied the daughter-in-law, with still increasing emphasis. "I'm sure I never told Henry that I had any thoughts of changing my religion. Did I, Henry?"

"Well! I understood you to say, Jane, on one occasion, just a week or two before our marriage, that you had no particular objection to the Catholic religion, and if you recollect, I observed at the same time that it would be very convenient if you could make up your mind to come to my Church."

"Oh! that was all a joke—at least on my part. I never dreamed that you were in earnest in making such a proposition, or else I should have settled the matter at once."

"Well! but seriously, Jane, I should like to have our boy baptized by a Catholic priest, if you would oblige me so far, but I know it would please my father and mother."

"And I know it would displease my father and mother," was the quick reply; "don't you think their feelings are to be considered, too? I tell you, Henry, you may do as you please with your own child; but if you get a Komish— I mean a Catholic priest—to baptize it, you are shan't be friends—that's all. She observed, in a thoughtful tone, that there might be something in that. She would speak to pa and ma that very day; she was quite sure they were not at all bigoted, and could easily be persuaded that it would be no great harm to have Ebenezer baptized. A few years sooner or later made so great harm after all."

That very night, when Mrs. Miles Blake was kneeling at her prayers, in preparation for going to bed, there came a loud knocking at the hall door that made every one in the house start. The door being opened by Miles himself, he was confronted by Henry's servant, who was sent to beg Mrs. Blake to go down as fast as she possibly could, for that the child was taken bad with some kind of fits.

This was fearful news for the believing parents, especially Mrs. Blake, who forgot all her recent anger in her anxiety to administer private baptism to the child. Eliza would fain accompany her father and mother; but, as she was already half-prepared for bed, her mother would not wait for her to dress, but hastened off with Miles as fast as their feet could carry them, praying all the time that the poor innocent child might not die without baptism.

In vain did good Mrs. Blake and her more phlegmatic husband fly over the ground with a lightness that they could hardly believe possible at another time; in vain did the intense of prayer go up from the grandmother's heart and lips—her prayers were not gathered in the golden urn above—reaching Henry's house they found all in grief and consternation—the child was dead!

"Dead!" cried Mrs. Blake, snatching up the infant of the nurse's knee; "dead!—oh! sure—sure he's not dead!—he can't be dead!" The nurse shook her head, Jane buried her head in her pillows, and Henry walked to the window to conceal his emotion.

Mrs. Blake saw at a glance that it was too true. The swelled and discolored face of the child, already cold and lifeless, told its own sad story. Laying the little corpse quietly down on its cradle bed, Mrs. Blake sat down and wept bitterly. Miles would have soothed her, but, for some time, she resisted all his efforts.

"Let me alone, Miles; let me cry it out. I have good reason! Oh! I've had only taken the darling child myself, and given it a private baptism that day before I left here—I'll never, never forgive myself!"

"My dear mother!" said Henry, "there's no use in your reproaching yourself; it ain't any fault of yours, I'm sure!"

they called the poor infant! Oh! then, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! I ain't it the poor case to have our Henry's son called Ebenezer, and what's worse, grow up a heathen—an unbaptized heathen!—but, I'll take good care that I'll have nothing to do with him—let old Ebenezer take care of young Ebenezer—a shilling of my money he'll never handle with my consent!—eh, Miles—what do you say?"

"I say ditto, Mary!" replied her husband, quietly, but emphatically—"we'll wash our hands of the whole set, since that's the way they're turning out. But, for goodness' sake, don't say anything to Tin about this—he'll hear it time enough!"

"Oh! I never fear, Miles, I'm not such a fool as all that comes to!"

A day or two after, when Jane was considered somewhat stronger, Henry began adroitly to insinuate, it would be anything but advantageous to Ebenezer the Second, in a pecuniary point of view, to quarrel with his wealthy Papist progenitor. This was a startling suggestion to Mrs. Henry, who, having been brought up in the religion of dollars and cents, had a pious veneration for all that appertained thereto, and very naturally shrank from the prospect of depriving her beloved child of any reversibility advantages of that sort. She observed, in a thoughtful tone, that there might be something in that. She would speak to pa and ma that very day; she was quite sure they were not at all bigoted, and could easily be persuaded that it would be no great harm to have Ebenezer baptized. A few years sooner or later made so great harm after all."

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"Let me alone, Miles; let me cry it out. I have good reason! Oh! I've had only taken the darling child myself, and given it a private baptism that day before I left here—I'll never, never forgive myself!"

"My dear mother!" said Henry, "there's no use in your reproaching yourself; it ain't any fault of yours, I'm sure!"

"No matter whose fault it is," observed Miles, "it's a bad business. I wouldn't be in your place, Henry, this night, for a good sum!"

lamentable effects, he had been actually conoling with them in the best of good faith. Poor, honest, kind-hearted Tim Flanagan; it was just like him, as his sister said when he was gone.

"He's a heart of oak," said Miles, with unusual warmth. "After all, there are not many like him now-a-days!"

"I wish he'd only leave off that nasty habit of thrusting his hands in his pockets," said Eliza. "It is so vulgar! I wonder Edward, or John, or the girls don't break him off of it!"

"You needn't wonder, then," replied her mother, quickly; "neither Edward, nor John, nor Thomas that's to be ordained next year—no, nor the girls neither, ever sees any fault in their father. It's proud of him they are. Eliza, not like some folks I know that look down with disdain on the father and mother that have raised them to whatever height they have!"

"Why, dear me! ma, you needn't take on so; I'm sure I meant no harm!"

"Nor no good, either, Eliza! I'll thank you to walk up stairs to your own room, if it's not too great a favor! You have a face of brass, my good girl, or you wouldn't talk to my face about your uncle Tim's 'nasty habits.' He has no nasty habits, I tell you, Eliza Blake. I wish you and your brother were only half as good, or half as respectable as Tim Flanagan is! If you were, we'd all have another story to tell!"

Eliza stood up and put by her work in silence. There was a deep flush on her cheek that was very unusual, but she said never a word, bowing stiffly and formally to each of her parents, she left the room in silence. It were superfluous to say how her parents felt, how they looked or what they said. Suffice it to say, they lay down that night with heavy hearts and sad forebodings.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HIS HEART WAS TOUCHED.

The young priest had celebrated his first Mass. The long procession of choristers and servers had wound into the sacristy. Presently the celebrant would come forth again that his hands might be kissed by the congregation, who sat meanwhile in a hush of expectancy, touched into unwonted stillness by the solemnity of the occasion. The clear, pure sunlight of a spring morning poured through the rose window above the altar, filling the little sanctuary with amber light. Although it was a parish chapel it belonged to a convent of Dominican nuns, and there was about the sanctuary and all its appointments that air of exquisite purity seen only where nuns have charge of the altar. On either side hung curtains of white and silver, against which palms and ferns were massed. The carved brass of the candlesticks and of the burnished doors of the tabernacle shone like gold in the clear light. The snowy white of the marble altar breathed spotless chastity, the air was fragrant with the perfume of spring flowers, and with the faint odor of incense that still showed dimly in the shadow. Shut off from the world by the high Gothic walls and the narrow private chapel, and the foremost of the waiting congregation could see their kneeling forms, outlined in white serge robes against the dark carven oak of their stalls.

In the front seat in the nave sat the young priest's mother, clasping and unclasping her nervous fingers, dazed with unearthly happiness in this the supreme moment of her life. Like Simone she could have sung joyfully "Nunc Dimittis," now that her eyes had seen the glorious consummation of a quarter of a century's hopes, labors, yearnings and desires. Her boy, her darling, the only child of her brief married life, had stood before her on God's altar, clothed in the priestly vestments, lifting the chalice, touching with hands that had lain close to her heart the body of the Saviour, it had been so wonderful! Mass! Nothing that Heaven might offer Mary Gorman hereafter could touch her heart and soul to such ineffable happiness as this past hour had brought her. Long labors, grim struggles, heavy hardships were forgotten, or if they were remembered it was only to be glorified, for were not they the steps by which she had ascended to this?

In the opposite bench sat a tall, round-looking man in late middle life. Black brows marked a face of clear pallor; hair and beard, once jet-black, too, were almost white. He sat very erect, as was his wont, and stared hard at the sunlit altar, and his heart was heavy with the thought that no son of his would ever stand there robed for the Holy Sacrifice. An intensely devoted Catholic, it had been the one great wish of Dr. Nugent's life to have a son a priest. God had blessed him with three fine lads, shapely, clever, and good-living, but to none of them came the call their father had so ardently desired. He prayed for it, he worked for it by seeking to bend their inclination whither he wished, but to no purpose. They grew to manhood, chose professions and were prospering in them, but their father was a disappointed man. He stole a glance at the homely face of Mary Gorman, and his own face grew hard at the sight of the ecstasy in hers. Here was one who had been a servant girl in the town he came from, and who now sat exalted as he might never hope to be.

In that hushed interval he went back in fancy to the little town of his birth. He saw himself the prosperous doctor's son home on a holiday from college, and Maura Rauda, as they called the red-haired Connaught servant girl at Murray's the butcher's, beeding clothes by the canal bank, or carrying water bare-footed to her master's shop. A poor drudge she was, but happy and light-hearted withal. He remembered her well because of her habit of answering in Irish the taunts about her flaming hair. There came a year when he missed her, and was told she had gone to London. For himself there were successful examinations, a prosperous practise in a London suburb, years of married happiness and fatherhood, married only by that one balked desire. But how deep was his disappointment only God and himself knew. When he saw again the Maura

Ruadh of his boyhood she was Mrs. Gorman, the hard-working owner of a little shop. She wrought from sunrise to sunset, and long after it, indeed, to keep her fatherless boy at college, and to make a small provision for her old age. Mrs. Gorman wondered why a shadow fell on his face when she told him he was in a seminary. Dr. Nugent had been genuinely glad to see her, and had felt a glow of Irish pride in being able to say her boy was destined for the altar. She saw his face harden at the news, and wondered if he were upstart enough to think a laborer's son was not fit for the service of God. In that she did him wrong unwittingly, Dr. Nugent was jealous—yes, there is no other word for the feeling that rankled in his heart—but not because God had called a laborer's son to His service. His old regret stirred in him whenever he heard of any vocation, he is given to laborer's or landowner's son. There was bitterness in the thought that others were called, while his were not.

As he sat watching the sunlit sanctuary with dark unseeing eyes, the risy door was thrown open and the young priest came forward to take his seat in the gateway of the altar rails. The snowy alb gave dignity to his slight figure, and his boyish face was gentle and spiritual enough to fit the fine purity and exaltation of the place and occasion. He walked slowly, and his features showed evidence of deep feeling. Beside him was the old parish priest, whose Mass he had so often served, and who came now napkin in hand to stand beside him in the ensuing ceremony. Without lifting his eyes to the watching congregation he sat on the seat prepared for him, his hands extended palm downwards on the alb. The sunlight fell on his bowed head crowned with wavy red-gold hair, and in his mother's eyes he was ennobled and transfigured with unearthly radiance. The parish priest motioned to her to come first. She strove to rise, but could not, and her son looked up and saw the tears streaming down her cheeks. Instead of rising she knelt and stretched out her hands impulsively, saying, "Oh, Michael, Michael!" as if he were a little child again. Dr. Nugent's hard eyes grew soft and moist as he looked. His bitterness fell away from him, and in a moment he had stepped across the nave and was leading her towards the sanctuary. Together they knelt at the feet of the young Levite, and the mother pressed her trembling lips to his beloved hands. He bent down and raised her in his arms, and held her while he kissed her tear-stained face. Then Dr. Nugent laid reverent lips to the hands of God's anointed.—Dublin Leader.

VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued.)

N. Y. Freeman's Journal, June 25. Mr. Jones—"The Church has not appreciated the labors of Jerome." The best evidence of the Church's appreciation of St. Jerome is the manner in which she has treated him. He was held in the highest esteem by Pope Damasus, and it was by request of that Pope that he undertook his translation of the Scriptures into Latin. You ought to meditate on this fact. It has a valuable lesson in it for all those who think or pretend to think that the Church is opposed to the Bible in the common speech of the people. It shows that Pope Damasus, in the fourth century, was anxious to have the best possible translation of the Bible in the language of the people, which at that time was the Latin. His appointment of St. Jerome for the work shows his high appreciation of the saint's great learning and ability. The work when completed was received with applause, and Pope Gregory the Great, a successor of Damasus, preferred it to all other Latin translations. For his holy work and holy life St. Jerome was canonized by Catholic peoples throughout the world as one of the immortal champions of the Catholic faith against the heretics of his time. For his zeal in defense of the true faith he was made to suffer, as many have been made to suffer during the many ages since from the fury of heretics and pagans. The Pelagian heretics, the know-nothings and A. P. A.'s of that day, sent a troop of seditious bandits to Bethlehem to assault the holy monks and nuns who lived there under the direction of St. Jerome. These heretics set fire to the monasteries and reduced them to ashes, just as their successors in iniquity some years ago fired the convent in Boston over the heads of helpless nuns and burned them out in the night. St. Jerome with great difficulty escaped their fury by flight. After this storm on your heart and with a conscience daily awake say that you knew what you were talking about when you said, "The Church pronounced it (the Vulgate) defective in some passages?" We think somebody has fooled you again because we do not assume that you would knowingly tell an untruth. But you should be more careful in making statements on unverified hearsay.

Mr. Jones—"The Church sits fit to cast in several uninspired books among the inspired books of Jerome's Bible." You talk of inspired and uninspired books as if you had a private key or touchstone by which to distinguish the one kind of books from the other, as you would distinguish chalk from cheese, by the taste. If from your Protestant position you examine and carefully investigate the grounds for your belief in the inspiration of any book of the Bible you will discover that you have no touchstone or key to help you in the least.

Try to answer the following question and you will see the difficulty of your Protestant position, resting as it does on Bible alone and private judgment: Why do you believe that any book in the American Revised Version of the Bible is inspired? Ponder this question carefully and then proceed to give, on Protestant principles, an account of the faith that is in you.

Do you believe in the inspiration of

books on a level with the Word of God to be believed in by members of the Church sub poena anathemae."

You should have been more careful with the Greco-Latin genitives, and instead of saying "poena anathemae" you should have said poena anathematis. It would have looked better. But as you put it, it is a very good illustration of how errors creep into manuscripts through carelessness or ignorance.

But your carefully sewn piece which we have quoted must be ripped out of each stitch examined under a glass.

1. "Before the Council of Trent the Church repeatedly revised the Vulgate." This is not true. Your error arose from your confounding the official, magisterial action of the Church with the labors of Catholic Biblical scholars. For more than a thousand years before the Council of Trent the Church used the Vulgate, or St. Jerome's version. But in doing this she did not scrutinize every manuscript copy as it came from the hand of the copyists and give a decision as to its correctness or fidelity to the original of St. Jerome. It was natural and practically inevitable that errors of copyists intentional or otherwise, should during the ages creep in just as the error of "poena anathemae" crept into your letter to us. It was the duty of the Biblical scholars to scrutinize these manuscript copies and such vigilant watchmen as Alcuin, Lanfranc and others during the Middle Ages were as industrious in keeping the original version free from the vermin of mistranscription as the strenuous mother with a fine tooth comb. It was a work that required constant and vigilant attention as long as the Scriptures were handed down by transcription.

You erred, therefore, when you said "the Church repeatedly revised" instead of saying the Biblical scholars repeatedly revised, to keep the manuscript copies as true as possible to the original Vulgate version.

2. "Then in the sixteenth century it (the Church) saw fit to pronounce it (the Latin Vulgate) defective in some passages."

This is a very strange statement from one who pretends to know anything about the Council of Trent and its canons and decrees. In one of your letters you refer to a passage in the History of the Council of Trent where it is given on account of the action of one of the committees of that Council. This committee reported as follows concerning the Vulgate:

"The great variety of translations current in the Church was an evil to be remedied; and it was accordingly advised that one translation only should be regarded as authorized; and for this purpose St. Jerome's version, or the Vulgate, was selected and proposed, as being the most ancient, the most used, as representing more correctly the state of the ancient copies of the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures than any other Latin version, or even, probably, than any other then or now existing Greek or Hebrew edition; and finally, as having been prepared ages before the modern disputes, and therefore unbiased by them."

There is nothing here about "defects in some passages." But this, you may say, was not the action or decision of the Church. True, it was only the action of a committee of the Council, not the act of the Council. But it shows the mind of those learned Biblical scholars, members of the committee, as to the correctness of the Vulgate.

Now let us see what the Council said on the subject; and remember that what it said is the official act of the Church. In its fourth session, on the canonical Scriptures, it decreed as follows, after giving the list of canonical books:

"But if any one receive not as sacred and canonical the said books entire with all their parts, as they have been used to be read in the Catholic Church, and as they are contained in the old Latin Vulgate edition, and knowingly and deliberately condemn the traditions aforesaid let him be anathema." The Council decreed further as follows: "Considering that no small utility may accrue to the Church of God if it be made known which out of all the Latin editions now in circulation of the sacred books is to be held as authentic, ordains and declares that the said old and Vulgate edition, which by the lengthened usage of so many ages has been approved in in the Church, be, in public lectures, disputations, sermons and in expostions, held as authentic, and that no one is to dare or presume to reject it under any pretext whatever. The Synod ordains and decrees that henceforth the sacred Scriptures, and especially the said old and Vulgate edition, be printed in the most correct manner possible."

Now, Mr. Jones, in view of these official pronouncements of the Church on the Vulgate, can you with your hand on your heart and with a conscience daily awake say that you knew what you were talking about when you said, "The Church pronounced it (the Vulgate) defective in some passages?" We think somebody has fooled you again because we do not assume that you would knowingly tell an untruth. But you should be more careful in making statements on unverified hearsay.

Mr. Jones—"The Church sits fit to cast in several uninspired books among the inspired books of Jerome's Bible." You talk of inspired and uninspired books as if you had a private key or touchstone by which to distinguish the one kind of books from the other, as you would distinguish chalk from cheese, by the taste. If from your Protestant position you examine and carefully investigate the grounds for your belief in the inspiration of any book of the Bible you will discover that you have no touchstone or key to help you in the least.

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those books because they say they are inspired? If so, that is not a solid and reasonable ground of belief, first, because they do not say they are inspired, and second, if they said it their authority would be insufficient as a ground of belief until their inspiration was proved, for until known to be inspired their claim to inspiration is equivalent to an uninspired claim like that made by the Book of Mormon or the Koran.

Then their own statement alone—even if such statement had been made—must be rejected as a reasonable ground of belief in their inspiration.

What further reason have you? The Jewish Church? There are two or more reasons why this is not sufficient for you. First, the Jewish Church says nothing about the New Testament. Second, that Church is fallible or infallible. If fallible, it is no better authority on inspiration than your own private judgment, which is equally fallible. If infallible you cannot accept it, because you reject all infallible authority except the very books whose inspiration you have not as yet ascertained.

What further reason have you? The belief of the Christian world? Such belief cannot be of any authority to you, as a Protestant, who rejects all authority but your Bible and private judgment.

Now, if you have no way of telling what books are inspired you have no such assurance, about the Church putting uninspired books in the canon? The only way to know what books are inspired is St. Augustine's way, namely, the fact that the Church of Christ puts them in the canon or list of inspired books. This is the way our Lord indicated when He commanded us to hear the Church.

What you say about the Council of Trent we must leave for another time.

A RECENT VISIT TO LOURDES.

MIRACULOUS CURES OF THE SICK, INTENSE DEVOTION OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

[Special Correspondence.] Lourdes, Oct. 15, 1904.

The world may say that Catholic France is losing her faith under the oppression of her government, but to witness the pilgrimages to Lourdes, and hear the fervent prayers of thousands—nay, even millions—in exhalation of God, one is inclined to contradict this statement.

Bishops, priests, sisters, brothers and peasants, and people of high degree, young and old, sick and well, all mingle in the vast throng who come here to ask intercession of the Queen of Heaven—the Notre Dame de Lourdes. Trains from all parts of the world are depositing here their large cargoes of human freight almost every day. As soon as one pilgrimage is completed, another begins; and frequently they overlap each other. It is wonderful; it is inspiring; it is a living proof of the fervent devotion of the children of the world to the Mother of God, who has been so bountiful in her blessings to us all.

I had the good fortune and privilege to be present during several pilgrimages and to witness three miracles. I was on Sept. 1 at the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, when the sick occurred. On such occasions the sick are arranged in volantes or cots in a large circle in front of the church and the Bishop walks around with the sacred monstrances, giving an individual blessing to each invalid. The third patient visited was a young woman who had suffered with paralysis for years—Irina Thery of Gyved—and at the conclusion of his benediction she made a cry of joy, arose from her cot, and she cleared herself cured.

She was surrounded by the enthusiastic throng, and enthusiastically she thanked the Immaculate Virgin. She was conducted to the Medical Bureau for consultation where her statement was verified after a thorough examination. In the morning of the following day after bathing in the piscina a woman of about forty years, who had suffered many years with a complication of diseases of the stomach, which deprived her of the use of her limbs, was miraculously relieved. She was brought to the hospital in a rolling chair. She could have walked, but the doctor advised otherwise.

On the evening of September 4 Marie Lefavre, who had arrived from Belgium the day before, was cured of a cancer of the stomach, which partially paralyzed her limbs. For three years she had been suffering from this malady and for months past she had not been able to keep any food on her stomach. After bathing in the piscina on the morning of September 4, she was able to walk a little and after another bath in the afternoon of the same day, her stomach retained a little repast. Her complete and miraculous cure took place at the conclusion of the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament that same evening. She is a young woman of about twenty years whose emaciated face was filled with joy when she left the Medical Bureau of consultations. These three cures I saw myself, but during my stay at Lourdes of four days there were nine miraculous cures. Think of such a great blessing being given to the faithful through the intercession of the Queen of Heaven.

The Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament on September 1, was most impressive. The staircases leading to the basilica were thronged with people; the ascending roadways on each side to the same height were also filled with people, while against the balustrade were lined the pilgrims from the north of France in white veils numbering into the thousands. Over this mighty throng rose the lofty spire of the Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, proclaiming to the world the power of God and bidding all the pious to come hither for the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin.

On the plaza in front of the church the clergy and faithful crowded, while arranged in a large circle in front of these were the invalids in volantes,

On every bottle of Ligozone we offer \$1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. We do this to assure you that Ligozone does kill germs.

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When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

Subscribers who are changing their address should notify this office as soon as possible in order to insure the regular delivery of their paper.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

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

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you and wishing you success. Believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Lucca, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 26, 1904.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

Premier Combes has not lost sight of his announced intention to bring about the separation of Church and State in France. On Nov. 10th he brought forward a bill for this purpose, and apparently for the purpose of adding solemnity to the measure, he stated that he proposed it in the name of the President of the French Republic.

It has now been so long talked of that such a measure was to be passed, though it will not come with any great surprise that it is now to be placed before the Chamber of Deputies for consideration.

King Lucius is named Loyer-Maur in the ancient Celtic language. The missionaries above mentioned were called respectively Fagan and Davian or Dayvan, in the same tongue.

The assertion so frequently made of recent years that the present Archbishop of Canterbury is the successor of St. Augustine, Anselm, etc., and that the other Bishops of the Church of England succeed the Catholic Bishops of pre-reformation times, is simply postpostorous.

It is therefore essential that the liberty of the Church should be maintained under all circumstances, and the bill which is extended to her in some states must be regarded, not as a request to be complied with, but as a demand to be resisted.

It would seem that this is even the opinion of Pope Pius X., for he has been several times reported as having stated that the Church is actually prospering better where there is no union of Church and State, and no Concordats, as in the United States and Great Britain.

Whether or not this will be the case in France remains, but from present appearances it will soon be tested whether or not this is really the case. If the Combes regime last but a very short time longer, the Church and State will undoubtedly be formally separated, and even at the present moment the Church is preparing for this condition of affairs, which, as we think, will be only temporary.

It is conceded by every historian of note that the faith established by St. Augustine in England was the faith of Rome, and that it was a Pope, St. Gregory the Great, who sent him on that mission.

To show that St. Augustine and his successors were in all things obedient to the Pope, we will here quote a single episode in the life of one of those who are specially mentioned by Canon Sweeney as the most illustrious Archbishops of Canterbury.

St. Anselm's pupil and historian, Eadmer states (A. D. 1098) that the Pope, Urban II., desired the Saint's presence in Rome owing to his difficulties with the King, William Rufus.

The historian continues: "Anselm, always ready to obey the orders of the Apostolic See, even at the peril of his life, did not hesitate an instant, and we (Anselm and Eadmer) departed immediately."

Anselm declared on his arrival how he had resisted the King's command never to appeal to the Apostolic See, but he declared his obedience to the Holy Father in all things as his "venerated Father whom the Catholic world has recognized as worthy of all love, while confiding to him the government of Christ's Church."

The Archbishopric of Canterbury is no longer the See of St. Augustine's and St. Anselm's successor, as circumstances made it advisable for the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., to suppress that See, but these great Archbishops have in substance a successor to-day in the present Catholic Primate of England, the Archbishop of Westminster.

THE POPE AND THE PRESIDENT. On Nov. 14th Mgr. Chappelle, Archbishop of New Orleans, and Apostolic Delegate to Porto Rico, presented to President Roosevelt a verbal message of good will from Pope Pius X.

No more humiliating acknowledgment could be made by the present rulers of France, than that they cannot produce a soldier from the ranks of their supporters who is capable of managing the War Department.

The French Government seems never to have been so weak and incompetent as it is at the present moment under extreme Radical rule.

It is admitted by all, except the extreme Democrats, that never has there been a President of the United States since the days of Washington himself, who appealed more strongly to the people of the Republic for sterling honesty of character, and sentiments of justice for all creeds and races, than Theodore Roosevelt, and it is attributed to this undeniable fact that he has rolled up such a majority at the recent election for the highest office in the gift of the people.

The demonstration in his favor is a tribute to his well known patriotism and courage, as well as to the faith of the American people in his justice and statesmanship.

An attempt was made at the very last moment to belittle the President's administration by asserting that blackmail had been levied upon officials and men who are supposed to be in business which will profit by President Roosevelt's triumph; but when it came to the point, his opponent, Judge Parker, who made this accusation, was totally unable to produce a single instance where such an attempt had been made.

It was said, and was universally believed, that Judge Parker's reputation for uprightness was quite equal to that of the President. Never supposed that it was any better, and every one was ready to assert that for honesty of purpose, it was absolutely certain that whenever would win, the United States would have for its President a man of unimpeachable integrity.

The unproved accusation brought by Judge Parker against his antagonist is the one act which will leave its stain upon Judge Parker's good name, unless it can be shown that he had solid grounds for his statement, which is not likely to be the case.

In the settlement of the relations of the Church to the people of the Philippine Islands, the strict justice of President Roosevelt has been particularly marked.

In the beginning, indeed, he seemed to be affected with the notion which was so vigorously discredited by the majority of the preachers of the United States, that the Friars were hated by the natives of the island for their tyranny, intolerance, and ill gotten wealth, but he was duly open to conviction when the truth was made known to him, and though he resolved that the Friars' lands should be sold as a matter of public policy, he determined at the same time that a fair price should be paid for them and justice observed in the distribution of the funds, and this was done.

It was a difficult problem to settle; but it was settled satisfactorily to all concerned. Governor Taft was directed in May 1902, to visit Rome and confer with the Pope on the question of the purchase of the lands, and the Pope willingly agreed to a fair adjustment of the claims of the friars, and of the local Church, and a satisfactory solution was arrived at, and the friars themselves were dealt with honorably and honestly,

no attention being paid to the false accusations which many Protestant ministers were making against the Catholic religious orders, simply because they were members of communities whose purpose is the propagation of the Catholic religion.

The President's honest and honorable course toward the Church in the Philippines had much to do with the universal approbation rendered him by the Catholic press throughout the contest just ended. Hitherto a considerable majority of the Catholics of the United States have been Democrats, and voted the Democratic ticket; but this does not appear to have been the case at the recent elections, for we believe that the President's conduct of the Philippine negotiations gained for him a general support from the Catholic body. The fact also that he is known to have been bold and unhesitating in opposition to the dark-lantern methods of the P. P. A. have aided in bringing about this result, and the recent appointment of a Catholic, Mr. Wynne, as Postmaster General, showing that hereafter Catholics are not to be excluded on account of their religion from the higher positions in the gift of the executive, tended to the same end.

For the first time within our memory the Catholic press of the United States was almost a unit in favor of the election of a Republican President, and Theodore Roosevelt has gained this office with the good will of all, whatever may be their race or creed.

MODERN DIPLOMACY. On Monday, Nov. 14, was the birthday of the Dowager Regent Empress of China, who was in truth the chief culprit in the Boxer's attempt to murder all foreigners in that country, and who deserved, more than those who were made the scapegoats and were actually punished for that crime, to be put to death.

Nevertheless, the United States, Belgium, German, and Russian ministers presented themselves, were received in audience by the Empress, and congratulated her on the recurrence of her birthday. The rulers of the countries named sent her congratulatory letters, which were read by a secretary, and suitable replies were given by her Imperial Majesty. It is stated that similar letters were presented later by other ministers.

It is scarcely to be supposed that there was any sincerity in this interchange of compliments, and certainly less than a century ago no such interchange would have taken place. The nineteenth century has, at least, brought about one additional evidence of advancement in general civilization and national progress, which is ill-disguised hypocrisy under the name of diplomacy. No one will imagine for a moment that the expressions of goodwill and the wishes for long and prosperous lives, which were interchanged, were heartfelt.

The Empress is to send her picture to all the Sovereigns, Presidents included, who have sent her their congratulations. They will, of course, prize these pictures very highly.

One of the most remarkable men in the House of Commons is the Hon. John Costigan, who has lately been elected for the constituency of Victoria-Middlesex, N. B. His majority was 1188. He has been representative of that constituency for the long space of forty-three years. We doubt if there is in the public life of the country another member who has been favored with the same honor for a like period. It may also with truth be claimed that amongst the members of the House there are few who can equal so many warm friends and admirers in every part of the country. He is a sterling, worthy man, and a true friend. May he be given many more years in the public life of Canada!

The Court of Appeal has confirmed the judgment of Mr. Justice Macdonald, which deprives members of the religious orders of the right to teach Separate schools in Ontario unless they hold certificates of qualification under the regulations of the Education Department.

We are pleased to be able to note that Dr. McCabe, an esteemed physician of Stratford, has recently been appointed examiner on the Ontario Medical Council on obstetrics. That the doctor will fill the position with credit we have not the least doubt, because he stands very high in the medical profession.

The Peterborough Daily Examiner of November 14 makes the following very complimentary and well-deserved reference to the new Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie:

"The Examiner would join his hosts of friends and admirers in Peterborough in congratulations to himself, his family, this community and the Church upon the fact that a man and a priest, so abundantly worthy, from a human point of view, has been selected as first Bishop of the diocese of Sault Ste. Marie."

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ST. AUGUSTINE'S SUCCESSORS.

Enquirer, of Ottawa, Ont., writes: "In a sermon preached in St. Philip's Anglican Church, Toronto, a few days after the departure of the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the Rev. Canon Sweeney, on the Archbishop's message to Canadians, the Canon said, according to the report given in Toronto papers:

"Before taking up the consideration of the Archbishop's message to Canadians, it is well to pause and give some thought to the greatness of the man and his office. He is the ninety-second occupant of the chair of St. Augustine, and the successor of Anselm, Theodore, Cranmer, and a host of others whose names are among the greatest, highest, and most notable, not only in the history of Great Britain, but of the world.

"Again, toward the conclusion Dr. Sweeney said, 'I believe that the same divine power which had brought the great St. Augustine to the shores of England, had sent his successor to Canada to bring a noble message to the people of this country.'

"I have many times heard and read the statement made, for the most part by clergymen of the Church of England, that this Church is identical and continuous with the Church of England which existed before the Reformation, and that the Anglican Bishops and clergy are really the successors of the pre-reformation Bishops and clergy, and that even before Augustine came to England there was a Church of England established by some of the Apostles. Are these claims correct?"

Ans. It is true that there was a Church established in Britain long before the time of St. Augustine, namely, during the Pontificate of Pope Eleutherius, who died in A. D. 185. Tertullian, who wrote his treatise against the Jews about this time or a few years later, states that "the territories of the Britons, which the Romans have not reached, have been subjected to Christ."

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Roman See, from which all their jurisdiction was derived.

It is certain that at the Council of Arles, held in the year 314, three British Bishops assisted, and signed the decrees. Their names were Eborius of York, Restitutus of London, and Adelfus, who is described as being of Colonia Londinensium, by which name most probably Lincoln is indicated.

This Council, held against the Donatists, being an assemblage of the Bishops of the whole Western Church, with Africa included, has always been regarded as next in authority and weight to a General Council, and it proves that the Church of Britain held the same faith with the Christian Church of the world; from which fact we must infer that, like the rest of the world, it recognized the authority of the Roman See. The report of this Council's proceedings was sent to Pope Sylvester with expressions of regret that he was not present in person, and a request that he should promulgate and enforce its decrees in all the Churches, as his jurisdiction was most ample.

The Pope was, however, represented at the Council by two priests and two deacons.

The General Council of Nice was held eleven years after that of Arles. It was presided over by Osius, Bishop of Cordova, the legate of Pope Sylvester, and it was Osius who composed the creed at Nice. On the question of the observance of Easter, Constantine the Great made a powerful appeal to all the Bishops present to adopt the mode of celebrating that great feast as it was observed by nearly the whole Catholic world, and enumerated the Churches which were then agreed: "Rome, Italy, Africa, Egypt, the two Lybias, Spain, France (Gaul), the Isles of Britain, Achala, Asia, Pontus and Cilicia." Accordingly, this mode of observing Easter was adopted by the whole Church, and has been observed ever since, with the exception that owing to the defective knowledge of astronomy of the time, it necessarily followed that there would occur discrepancies from time to time, unless year after the date were previously announced from some central source of information. Discrepancies might also occur from a misunderstanding of the rule.

We mention this matter specifically because this is exactly what occurred in the case of Britain.

It will be observed that at the time of the Council of Nice, the British Isles were mentioned by Constantine as agreeing with Rome in the observance of the feast. But St. Augustine came to Britain, which we may now call England. As the Angles were dominant in the country, the British Bishops observed Easter in a manner different from Rome and the Roman missionary Augustine.

During this interim, the Romans had abandoned Britain, the Picts and Scots had invaded the country, and finally the Angles and Saxons had become masters driving the Britons into Wales and the neighboring Western coasts of the island.

When St. Augustine landed for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to the Saxons invaders, his mission was distasteful to the British Bishops, who, like the rest of their countrymen, regarded the Saxons as their irreconcilable enemies.

Being constantly harassed by the Saxons, the Britons had no intercourse with Rome, and though they still retained the ancient faith, it is not surprising that they had fallen into an error regarding the day of celebrating Easter. This error was not nearly so far from the method adopted at Nice as the error of which many of the Oriental adherents before that Council were held. Nevertheless, it afforded a pretext for the opposition of the British Bishops to the mission of St. Augustine.

That opposition, therefore, did not arise from any difference of faith, but from an accident in a matter of ecclesiastical discipline only. It consisted in this: that instead of keeping Easter on the Sunday following the day of the Vernal Equinox, as the Council of Nice had ordered, the Britons kept it on the day of the Equinox if it happened to be Sunday. Otherwise it was kept by the Sunday following, according to the Roman mode. Also, the Romans observed the cycle of eighty-four years which was in use among the Jews for the determination of the day. This cycle was not used by the Britons. It will thus be seen that the presence that the ancient Britons held a different faith from the Romans is either a delusion or a deception.

In the year 770, this and some other slight differences were settled, and the whole Church in England was completely amalgamated.

It is conceded by every historian of note that the faith established by St. Augustine in England was the faith of Rome, and that it was a Pope, St. Gregory the Great, who sent him on that mission.

To show that St. Augustine and his successors were in all things obedient to the Pope, we will here quote a single episode in the life of one of those who are specially mentioned by Canon Sweeney as the most illustrious Archbishops of Canterbury.

St. Anselm's pupil and historian, Eadmer states (A. D. 1098) that the Pope, Urban II., desired the Saint's presence in Rome owing to his difficulties with the King, William Rufus.

The historian continues: "Anselm, always ready to obey the orders of the Apostolic See, even at the peril of his life, did not hesitate an instant, and we (Anselm and Eadmer) departed immediately."

Anselm declared on his arrival how he had resisted the King's command never to appeal to the Apostolic See, but he declared his obedience to the Holy Father in all things as his "venerated Father whom the Catholic world has recognized as worthy of all love, while confiding to him the government of Christ's Church."

The Archbishopric of Canterbury is no longer the See of St. Augustine's and St. Anselm's successor, as circumstances made it advisable for the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., to suppress that See, but these great Archbishops have in substance a successor to-day in the present Catholic Primate of England, the Archbishop of Westminster.

THE POPE AND THE PRESIDENT. On Nov. 14th Mgr. Chappelle, Archbishop of New Orleans, and Apostolic Delegate to Porto Rico, presented to President Roosevelt a verbal message of good will from Pope Pius X.

No more humiliating acknowledgment could be made by the present rulers of France, than that they cannot produce a soldier from the ranks of their supporters who is capable of managing the War Department.

The French Government seems never to have been so weak and incompetent as it is at the present moment under extreme Radical rule.

It is admitted by all, except the extreme Democrats, that never has there been a President of the United States since the days of Washington himself, who appealed more strongly to the people of the Republic for sterling honesty of character, and sentiments of justice for all creeds and races, than Theodore Roosevelt, and it is attributed to this undeniable fact that he has rolled up such a majority at the recent election for the highest office in the gift of the people.

The demonstration in his favor is a tribute to his well known patriotism and courage, as well as to the faith of the American people in his justice and statesmanship.

An attempt was made at the very last moment to belittle the President's administration by asserting that blackmail had been levied upon officials and men who are supposed to be in business which will profit by President Roosevelt's triumph; but when it came to the point, his opponent, Judge Parker, who made this accusation, was totally unable to produce a single instance where such an attempt had been made.

It was said, and was universally believed, that Judge Parker's reputation for uprightness was quite equal to that of the President. Never supposed that it was any better, and every one was ready to assert that for honesty of purpose, it was absolutely certain that whenever would win, the United States would have for its President a man of unimpeachable integrity.

The unproved accusation brought by Judge Parker against his antagonist is the one act which will leave its stain upon Judge Parker's good name, unless it can be shown that he had solid grounds for his statement, which is not likely to be the case.

In the settlement of the relations of the Church to the people of the Philippine Islands, the strict justice of President Roosevelt has been particularly marked.

In the beginning, indeed, he seemed to be affected with the notion which was so vigorously discredited by the majority of the preachers of the United States, that the Friars were hated by the natives of the island for their tyranny, intolerance, and ill gotten wealth, but he was duly open to conviction when the truth was made known to him, and though he resolved that the Friars' lands should be sold as a matter of public policy, he determined at the same time that a fair price should be paid for them and justice observed in the distribution of the funds, and this was done.

It was a difficult problem to settle; but it was settled satisfactorily to all concerned. Governor Taft was directed in May 1902, to visit Rome and confer with the Pope on the question of the purchase of the lands, and the Pope willingly agreed to a fair adjustment of the claims of the friars, and of the local Church, and a satisfactory solution was arrived at, and the friars themselves were dealt with honorably and honestly,

no attention being paid to the false accusations which many Protestant ministers were making against the Catholic religious orders, simply because they were members of communities whose purpose is the propagation of the Catholic religion.

The President's honest and honorable course toward the Church in the Philippines had much to do with the universal approbation rendered him by the Catholic press throughout the contest just ended. Hitherto a considerable majority of the Catholics of the United States have been Democrats, and voted the Democratic ticket; but this does not appear to have been the case at the recent elections, for we believe that the President's conduct of the Philippine negotiations gained for him a general support from the Catholic body. The fact also that he is known to have been bold and unhesitating in opposition to the dark-lantern methods of the P. P. A. have aided in bringing about this result, and the recent appointment of a Catholic, Mr. Wynne, as Postmaster General, showing that hereafter Catholics are not to be excluded on account of their religion from the higher positions in the gift of the executive, tended to the same end.

For the first time within our memory the Catholic press of the United States was almost a unit in favor of the election of a Republican President, and Theodore Roosevelt has gained this office with the good will of all, whatever may be their race or creed.

MODERN DIPLOMACY. On Monday, Nov. 14, was the birthday of the Dowager Regent Empress of China, who was in truth the chief culprit in the Boxer's attempt to murder all foreigners in that country, and who deserved, more than those who were made the scapegoats and were actually punished for that crime, to be put to death.

Nevertheless, the United States, Belgium, German, and Russian ministers presented themselves, were received in audience by the Empress, and congratulated her on the recurrence of her birthday. The rulers of the countries named sent her congratulatory letters, which were read by a secretary, and suitable replies were given by her Imperial Majesty. It is stated that similar letters were presented later by other ministers.

It is scarcely to be supposed that there was any sincerity in this interchange of compliments, and certainly less than a century ago no such interchange would have taken place. The nineteenth century has, at least, brought about one additional evidence of advancement in general civilization and national progress, which is ill-disguised hypocrisy under the name of diplomacy. No one will imagine for a moment that the expressions of goodwill and the wishes for long and prosperous lives, which were interchanged, were heartfelt.

The Empress is to send her picture to all the Sovereigns, Presidents included, who have sent her their congratulations. They will, of course, prize these pictures very highly.

One of the most remarkable men in the House of Commons is the Hon. John Costigan, who has lately been elected for the constituency of Victoria-Middlesex, N. B. His majority was 1188. He has been representative of that constituency for the long space of forty-three years. We doubt if there is in the public life of the country another member who has been favored with the same honor for a like period. It may also with truth be claimed that amongst the members of the House there are few who can equal so many warm friends and admirers in every part of the country. He is a sterling, worthy man, and a true friend. May he be given many more years in the public life of Canada!

The Court of Appeal has confirmed the judgment of Mr. Justice Macdonald, which deprives members of the religious orders of the right to teach Separate schools in Ontario unless they hold certificates of qualification under the regulations of the Education Department.

We are pleased to be able to note that Dr. McCabe, an esteemed physician of Stratford, has recently been appointed examiner on the Ontario Medical Council on obstetrics. That the doctor will fill the position with credit we have not the least doubt, because he stands very high in the medical profession.

The Peterborough Daily Examiner of November 14 makes the following very complimentary and well-deserved reference to the new Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie:

"The Examiner would join his hosts of friends and admirers in Peterborough in congratulations to himself, his family, this community and the Church upon the fact that a man and a priest, so abundantly worthy, from a human point of view, has been selected as first Bishop of the diocese of Sault Ste. Marie."

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Sacred Heart Review. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCCCXXVII.

We have seen how the popular passions of half-heaven Rome, toward the fifth century, being sharply repelled from political activity, discharged themselves in such violent and sanguinary tumults as those which marked the election of Pope Damasus I. in the year 366.

As we know, the plain impossibility of educating these rude masses, short of a discipline of ages, to a worthy discharge of so great a function, compelled the Church to confine the right of choosing a Pope within narrower and still narrower limits, and at last to give it over wholly into the hands of the Cardinals.

Yet the Republican correspondent lifts up his hands in holy horror at the thought that any one should imagine the faith and morals of mankind to have been committed into the guardianship of "the Church of Damasus," who was probably about as largely answerable for the disorders of his election as the Governor of Nova Scotia for the tumultuous tides of the Bay of Fundy.

Most men, and this correspondent among them, seem wholly incapable of forecasting the effects of mighty and central beliefs, hopes and fears, suddenly resurgent in the bosom of the leading races of mankind. How could apprehensions so profound ever win their way even to that imperfect and intermittent control which is all we are promised before the great Consummation, without stirring up the whole nature of man, lower and higher alike, his most impetuous passions as well as his mildest affections?

Gioherti well says that before the Incarnation men fought almost wholly for gain or power. After the Incarnation they fought largely for ideas, for the true definition of God, for the true relation of the world, in the Word, to the Father; over the question whether, as Islam sets forth, Revelation is a simple disclosure of Will, or, as the Gospel maintains, of God's whole nature, Will, Wisdom, Righteousness, Benignity, whether, as Arianism and Agnosticism insist, God is merely Energy, wholly incongruous with the nature of Man, or whether, as Trinitarian Christianity has always maintained, God has made Man in His own image, and, in virtue of this congruity, can, in the Son, take full personal possession of an unpeopled human soul and body, making human thoughts, affections and acts, a true and central expression of His own mind and heart.

Dr. Alexander Allen, in his deeply interesting work on "Christian Institutions," shows very lucidly the shallowness of those who, like Sir Walter Scott—a large and healthy, but essentially secular mind—treat the irreconcilability of the Catholics of Italy, Gaul and Spain, to Arian rule, as mere pride of opinion over "a purely speculative point." Dr. Allen shows that the question between the Catholics and the Arians was really this: Is Christ merely the deputy of absolute and inscrutable Godhead, Himself incongruous with God and man, bowing abstractly before the Absolute Divinity, and before whom men in turn are to bow in mere abjectness, and is this therefore to be the relation of human rulers to the ruled; or does Christ, as Catholic faith affirms, come from the inmost bosom of the Father, revealing Divine Will, indeed, but Will as shaped by Righteousness and animated by Love, and lifting those who receive Him to sit down with Him on His throne, as He has overcome and sat down with the Father on His throne; and are, or are not, Christian rulers to be types of Christ, supreme, indeed, but supreme in righteousness and in brotherly affection towards their people their brethren in Christ?

As Dr. Allen rightly says—and he is confirmed in this by the Hegelian Banerianism finally faded out of the Empire from a growing recognition of its essential incongruity with Christianity. Then, as Christianity controls the whole of life, nothing could be more intensely practical than that inflexible opposition to Arianism before which this finally gave way. As George Bancroft, although ecclesiastically a Unitarian, said, some fifty years ago, in a lecture at New York, by the triumph of Athanasius "the pagan party was finally driven from the field." Dr. James Martineau, Unitarian as he was, has, I understand, said very much the same thing. So far was the victory of Catholicity from turning on "a mere speculative opinion."

The Unitarianism of the present is very different from Arianism. It really involves two tendencies. One, it acknowledges the Nicene orthodoxy for true Christianity, but rejects it, or turns it into a pantheistic interpretation. The other, which is gradually making its way back into Trinitarianism, but which emphasizes the human qualities of Our Lord's life and person with a greater fulness than has been customary in the past. Arianism itself is completely and finally discarded.

Now St. Damasus was a vigorous antagonist of Arianism. That is, he was a vigorous champion of Christianity against Paganism masking as Christianity. Then, according to such high authorities as Bano, Bancroft, Martineau—Dr. Allen's modesty would not allow me to place him on a level with these—Damasus was working, in a place of central influence, for the future of Christian mankind. Whether his personal temper was amiable to harsh, is, in these circumstances, a matter of slight account. I might as well refuse to honor the memory of a Secretary Stanton as having mightily helped to save our Nation, on the ground that he was of a disagreeable disposition. Yet how much is Christendom more than any one Christian nation!

Arianism, collapsing within the Empire, took refuge for a while among the German barbarians. These, as so lately heathen, had not yet come to see anything amiss in worshipping a deity, and in the rudeness of their immature moral perceptions, were almost as ready as the Mohammedans to

accept revelation as a disclosure of mere Will. Moreover, the Ostrogoths and Visigoths and Burgundians, constitutionally tolerant, like almost all the early Teutons except the Vandals, were puzzled to explain why their Catholic subjects in the West could not be content with their lordship, although they allowed the Nicene faith free exercise. Yet, as Dr. Allen remarks, the Catholic foresaw that the reintroduction of Arian supremacy from abroad would reorganize the world. At last the German conquerors themselves, who, though rude, were sincere, began to see this, and entered the Catholic Church. Yet had the Teuton sovereigns and soldiers found the central See infected with Arianism, the effect might have been ruinous. It was Damasus, and such Popes as he, that dealt the final blows to Heathenism which, in a Christian form, was still struggling to regain possession of Christendom.

Those, therefore, who say that the faith and morals of mankind were committed "to the church of Damasus," are simply speaking with the voice of history—all petulant and ill considered objections, the fruit of hereditary Protestant antipathy, to the contrary notwithstanding.

We have already fully considered the futility of this writer's angry refusal to acknowledge that Hildebrand was providentially entrusted with the government of Christendom, and that he showed himself extraordinarily competent for his charge. The correspondent has against him men as far from Roman views as Fiske, Godkin, Muller, Allen, and I know not how many more thoroughly Protestant historians. Against such a consensus of Protestant judgment he will have to bring some stronger argument than a sneer or a snarl, or an ejaculation of inherited horror. The time has gone by when the author of the Magdeburg Centuries—that Protestant canon of church history—in his hatred of the Popes could declare that St. Peter himself was half an Apostle and half anti-Christ.

This gentleman is a man of good sense, and, while his utter incapacity to understand Christianity or its history is not concerned, a man of very considerable historical reach. However, we have examined his denunciation of "the culpable innocents" with sufficient minuteness to make sure that for this once he has lapsed into mere silliness. He had better leave these beguiling lists alone, and confine himself to general denunciations of the Popes, as he is too long a list for our examinations within our limits. He would tire us out if we should try to come up with him here.

However, he has still his trump card in hand, Pope Alexander VI. Fully agreeing with him as to Roderick Borgia's extreme unworthiness, we will examine the question how far his conclusions are warranted by this fact.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

The Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist was instituted by our Lord at His Last Supper. This is a very potent fact in the consideration of the subject. It has much to do with a proper interpretation of our Saviour's words used on that memorable occasion. As told by St. Matthew, xxvi, 26-28, "Jesus took bread, and blessed, and broke, and gave to His disciples, and said: Take ye and eat; This is My body. And taking the chalice, he gave thanks; and gave to them, saying: Drink ye all of this; for this is My blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many, for the remission of sins."

Are the words of our Lord to be taken literally as maintained by the Catholic Church or figuratively, as held by sectarian followers of Christianity? In other words, does this sacrament contain, under the appearance of bread and wine, really and truly the body and blood of our Lord? The same question suggested itself to our Lord's disciples. They understood our Saviour in a literal sense, not figuratively. For did they not ask, "How can this Man give us His flesh to eat?"

Did our Lord correct them by saying that they misunderstood His meaning? Did He say to them that were to do so in figure only? "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you. . . . for my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed," was His answer. The occasion and the circumstances which surrounded it demanded that the disciple should know positively what our Lord meant. This He made quite clear to them, namely that His words were to be taken in their literal sense. In stronger confirmation of the fact are the words of St. John vi, 68: "Then Jesus said to the twelve: Will you also go away? And Simon Peter answered him: Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."

Our Lord, however, did not institute the sacrament for the benefit of the disciples only, but for all mankind. Hence He made priests of His apostles and to them and their successors He gave them power to do as He Himself had done, saying "Do this in remembrance of me." Here we have unfolded to us the omnipotent power which works the change and the exalted dignity of the priesthood both of which shall be treated in some later review.—Church Progress.

Admissions to Protestants.

Some of the Protestant ministers are waking up to actual conditions and are talking out in meeting. Rev. M. Lefringwell, rector of Trinity Church, in Toledo, last Sunday sharply criticized many things in "Protestant Christendom to-day." The Times quote him as saying: "More than a year ago at a certain anniversary gathering, an old college mate, a well-known Protestant minister, said in my hearing: 'Protestantism is a dead thing in New England.' 'Perhaps, then, your denomination made a mistake in separating from the old mother Church,' was the mild suggestion. 'Yes,' he replied, 'and it is just that mistake that we have come here to-day to celebrate.'" — Catholic Universe.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

First Sunday of Advent. THE SPIRIT OF ADVENT.

It is now the hour for us to arise from sleep. (Rom. xiii, 11.)

This life of ours is made up of beginnings. After the rest of the night we have on each succeeding day to begin again our round of work, and then comes the night again, when our work must be laid aside. So, too, does the life of our souls, shutting out the beginnings, our souls, the great work of saving our souls there should be no such thing as rest. This work must be unceasing, until that night comes when no man can work, the night of death, when our great Master shall demand of us an account of our labor. On this day, then, which is the beginning of the Church's year, it is well for us to pause and ask ourselves how we are fulfilling the task that is set before us. Are our souls asleep? Have our consciences been lulled into a false security concerning the state of our immortal souls? Are we careless or indifferent about the one thing needful for us—our soul's salvation?

To each and every one of us to-day come the warning words of the Apostle, "Brethren, know that it is now the hour for us to arise from sleep." Now is the time for us to shake off our slothfulness, to rouse ourselves from our dangerous state of idleness and inactivity, to cast off the works of darkness and clothe ourselves in the armor of light, to put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and arrayed in the strength which He gives, to walk honestly as in the day. "The night is passed," says St. Paul. God grant that for each one of us the dark night of mortal sin may be for ever past and gone; that its terrible gloom may never again settle down upon our souls, shutting out the light of heaven, the pure and radiant light of God's grace. For "the day is at hand," the day of reckoning, when we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. The Church to-day warns us of the approach of that time. Year by year, day by day, hour by hour it is drawing nearer. "For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."

Yes, our salvation if we have been faithful, or our eternal damnation if God's judgment overtakes us in the state of mortal sin. Therefore it is that the Church, upon this first Sunday of Advent, lifts up her voice to warn us of the coming of our Lord, telling us of His near approach, and bidding us to prepare to meet Him. Will you heed this warning, or will you still put off the day of your conversion to God? Beware! God's warning may be given you to-day for the last time. Behold, now is the acceptable time; "It is now the hour to arise from sleep." There is still time for you to turn from your sins and begin again to serve God. Perhaps you have tried before and then have fallen back into old ways and habits of sin. Begin again. We must always be beginning if we would make any progress. We must examine our consciences at the end of each day, and find out how we have offended God, make repentance resolutions for the morrow and then begin each day with the determination to avoid the faults of the day before. This is a sure means of perseverance.

And this beginning of the Christian year is a good time to take a fresh start in the affairs of our souls. During Advent the Church brings to our minds the consideration of the four last things: Death and judgment, heaven or hell are awaiting us. Begin this day, then as though it were to be your last day on earth, and on each succeeding day for the rest of your life keep up this practice. "For as lightning cometh out of the east, and appeareth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." "Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness" now at the beginning of this holy season. Drunkenness, impurity, contention, and envy are, alas! far too common amongst us. Let them be not so much as named among you, as becometh saints, mindful of your high calling in Christ. Then when the Judge appears, He will find you ready to meet Him. Having begun each day with the intention of serving God, you will then be ready and fit to begin that day which shall have no end in that heavenly city which "needeth not sun nor moon to shine in it, for the glory of the Lord hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof."

FATHER SCHOLLES, S. J., ON PALMISTRY.

Preaching at St. Wilfrid's, Chapel street, at the evening service on Sunday last, Father Scholles, S. J., returned to the subject of Superstition, on which he spoke a fortnight ago. In the course of his remarks he read a letter which he had received from a "society" palmist, who had abandoned her profession, and, according to her voluntary admission, eight out of every ten clients, who consulted her came with the object of gaining information about the future, and the effect of the forecasts upon young and impressionable girls she admitted, was very serious. The writer of the letter also stated that among her patrons were married women who made many inquiries as to when their husbands were like to die—an exceedingly disquieting inquisitiveness in women of highly strung temperament, and to whom these pretended peeps into the future were likely to prove most harmful. Father Scholles in a scathing manner exposed the hallowness and the humbug of palmistry, spiritualism, and their concomitants.—Catholic Times, London, Eng.

Tobacco and Liquor Habits

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires flushing the tongue with it occasionally. Price 2s. Truly marvellous are the results on smoking his remedy for the liquor habit. It is a safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 78 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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WHAT IS PURGATORY?

The month of November is regarded as the special time when Catholics remember their dead. True it is that in the one great Church of Christ our dead are never forgotten. In the great Sacrament of the Mass, offered daily on our altars, the priest prays, before the consecration: "Accept, O Holy Father Almighty, Everlasting God, this stainless Host . . . for all faithful Christians, both living and dead." Then, with explicit earnestness, after the consecration, he pleads: "Remember, O Lord, Thy servants and handmaids, N. and N. who have gone before us with the sign of faith, and sleep the sleep of peace. To these, O Lord, and to all who rest in Christ, grant, we pray Thee, a place of refreshment of light, and of peace. Through the same Christ Our Lord."

Nor is this all, for the Church has indulged for our dead many prayers and devotions; she has, as it were, set apart Psalm 123, commonly called the "Depth," to be said for them; she has guarded and set them round with most loving care, so that indeed they may have peace, light and refreshment, even in their place of purgation and of pain. But the great feast of All Souls occurs in the month of November, the month of falling leaves, of decaying nature, of evident death and gloom; and we have come to look upon November as the month distinctively of the departed, of the waiting dead—the place of waiting, of waiting to see again the Face of God once seen.

According to the doctrine of the Catholic Church, these are two judgments that await us after death—the particular judgment, meted out to each soul directly after its departure from the body at the time of death; and the general judgment of all mankind at the resurrection, on our great first day. The Church does not teach that every soul is immediately assigned at death either to endless joy or to eternal woe. She teaches us that we go individually to meet our Judge; and that many, very many, meet Him then, at the particular judgment, who are indeed unprepared for the saints' crown upon whom, nevertheless, He has infinite compassion. These He assigns to purgatory, an intermediate state of spiritual purgation or cleansing, where they are made ready and pure to enter into eternal bliss.

These souls have already seen His face at that most unforgettable moment after death. Of their own wish they would fly to purgatory then, in order to be rid of everything that stands between them and the eternal possession of that heavenly vision. What cleanses them, or by what process, makes no sort of difference to these souls, enabled by that brief glance. They are consumed by the longing to possess their God. They sin no longer, they practice perfect conformity to God's will, they wait, they suffer, they endure. Our prayers can relieve them and hasten the hour of their release. But, no matter how long or how short the time may be, no matter how severe the pain, one thing they never do, they never question the decrees of God. Nothing that He may do seems to them too hard to bear; nothing seems strange to them, however contrary to our poor blind conceptions of His love or His might while we still live on earth.

Herein are the holy souls our constant pattern. Much is said in our day of God's love and mercy; much is said, also wildly and angrily, against a Power that can allow tremendous catastrophes of flood or fire, disease or sudden death. But all the while, God is God. If, instead of striving to bring Him down to our standards, and measure Him by our human limitations, we bowed before His justice as well as before His mercy, as the suffering souls always do, peace would be ours. He shall make all things work together for good to them that love Him. If there were no trials for our faith, what would have any merit for our love?—Sacred Heart Review.

He who lays aside his own will gets rid of a heavy burden.—St. Lawrence Just.



NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY HOME OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT. L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A. JOHN L. BLAQUIE, President. W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Secretary.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF THE DESIRE OF ETERNAL LIFE: AND HOW GREAT THINGS ARE PROMISED TO THEM THAT FIGHT. Others will be great in the esteem of men; but of thee no notice will be taken. To others this or that will be committed; but thou wilt be accounted fit for nothing. At this nature will sometimes repine and it will be no small matter if thou bear it with silence. In these and many such-like things the faithful servant of the Lord is used to be tried, how far he can renounce himself in all things.

There is scarcely any one thing in which thou standest so much in need of mortifying thyself, as in seeing and suffering the things which are repugnant to thy will; and especially when that is commanded, which seems to thee incongruous and to little purpose. And because being under authority thou darrest not resist the higher power, therefore thou art apt to think it hard to walk at the beck of another and wholly give up thine own sentiment.

THE SEASON OF ADVENT.

Next Sunday is the first Sunday of Advent, the season set apart by the Church in preparation for the coming of Christmastide, the great feast day when the Christian world commemorates the birth of Jesus, Son of Mary, Saviour of Mankind, the greatest day in the Christian calendar. For had there been no Bethlehem, there would be no Calvary and no redemption. It is a season, therefore, when men should set their souls in harmony with the sentiments of the Church. These sentiments we hear expressed in the Gospels. Through the lessons therein contained our thoughts and hearts are directed to the coming of the Messiah Whom the Blessed Virgin is about to give to the world.

Both the lessons and liturgy of the Church at this time admonish her children to purify their hearts and perfect themselves to welcome their Saviour. Her words are those of joy. Her admonitions those of motherly appeal to be properly prepared for the reception of the Son of God made Man. All her prayers, exclamations and invocations plainly manifest this purpose. Happy, indeed, those who catch her spirit. If only a small portion of the joy which thrills her becomes our own the measure of our happiness at Christmas will be complete. To insure such a result we need only to enter into and hold a proper appreciation of the present season. And the more completely we succeed in so doing the more thorough and abundant will be our joys on the happy and holy feast of Christmas.—Church Progress.

FOR ALL TIME.

The Church's enemies in all the centuries have foretold her destruction, the wish being father to the thought. "The Church," wrote St. Augustine fourteen hundred years ago, "is about to die; soon there will be no more Christians—they have run their course! And while they so speak," he writes, "see them dying day by day, and yet the Church remains, always erect, showing forth the power of God to all succeeding generations." She was on the point of death in the seventeenth century; in the eighteenth her grave was prepared, but those who dug it fell therein and she still lives. She lives though her noblest children at times lose heart. The providence of God seems to sleep. Christ's promises would seem to fail. On Gallilee's lake when tempest lowered and winds raved, and the waves made a clean breach over the frail craft, the disciples woke the sleeping Master crying, "Lord, save us, we perish," and He arose. So at times in all these years when all seems lost, and the very providence of God unkindly of its promise seems to reek not of the desperate crisis of the Church, Christ arises and upbraids our lack of faith and stretches His hand across the weltering waters saying, "Peace, be still," and lo, there is a great calm!

With a strong will and prayer we can do everything.



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

"Adversity is an Educator"

This is very true, but no man who is healthy enough to obtain insurance should leave his family to be educated that way. Considering the benefits secured, the cost of a policy of insurance is small, and you will have no better time to obtain one than now. The premium increases with advancing age, or a short time hence you may be uninsurable altogether. Drop us a line and we will be pleased to explain the matter fully. The information will cost you nothing, neither will it commit you in any way.

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With a strong will and prayer we can do everything.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

To achieve victory, we must not only take the things that help, but also avoid the things that hinder.

Things That Hinder. "Rocks whereon greatest men have oftst wrecked."—Milton.

If we are to fight the battle of life with strength and success, we must "lay aside every weight," not merely the sin that so easily begets us, but every hindrance that might hamper our progress and endanger our victory.

Let us think of some things that have thrown many a man down and involved him in failure and despair.

First I would refer to lack of faith in whatever work or enterprise we have in hand. One of the chief necessities for genuine success is that we should love our work and thoroughly believe in it.

Secondly, how many men are hindered in life by ill health. "There is no good in arguing with the inevitable," says Lowell: "the only argument with an east wind is to put on your overcoat."

Many men consider they are very bold and manly and plucky if they ignore overcoats and umbrellas, and laugh at all protection against wind and wet.

Thirdly, what bright and promising careers have been wrecked by gambling. The awful power and fascination of this vice has seldom been shown in such a glaring light as by the frank confession of Lady Sebright.

Some Helpful Thoughts. The first rule to be observed by the young man who is determined to save money is to get money to save.

To commence many things and not finish them is no small fault; we must persevere in whatever we undertake with an upright intention and according to God's will.

Let us occupy ourselves with one thing alone—that is to do well what we are doing, because God does not ask anything more of us.

People who are going forward to a happy eternity ought to be cheerful while on the way there. Everything counts. Actually, there are no failures. Whatever leads to eventual success and growth cannot justly be called a failure.

Do something for somebody now! You have only this life in which to labor for the crown which should be yours hereafter.

If we need to be cool and quiet, and trustful for a game, which is merely an amusement, and if we play the game better for being cool and quiet, and trustful, why is not a quiet steadiness of life itself just as necessary, not only that we may meet the particular problem of the moment truly, but that we may gain all the experience when it may be helpful in meeting other difficult circumstances as they present themselves.

Compelling himself to do what he knows he should do, is what makes a strong man. A weak man is the one who follows his appetites, who can not say "No," to his passions.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

The Scourging at the Pillar. BY LOUISA EMILY DOBRIE. A FAILURE.

Polly learned a great many things at her school, and her parents felt great pride in her washy little drawings, needless bits of fancy work and the times she wrung out of the old spinnet in the parlour when she came home for the holidays.

There were many changes after the school days were over. Diphtheria carried Mrs. Lumsley off one damp autumn, Polly married Mr. Jervis, the brother of one of her school-fellows, his death happening a year after their marriage.

In that one year of married life Polly seemed to have all the very greatest events crowded. Shortly after their marriage Mr. Jervis became a Catholic, and Polly, after some careful thought, followed suit, her baby being born and died just before she was left a widow.

Farmer Lumsley was still too irate at Polly's reception into the Church to have anything to say to her. Then he married again, and Polly's fortunes, as far as earthly prosperity was concerned, declined gradually but certainly.

Vividly now each event was present to her memory, the deaths, the losses of money; and now here she was old, a continual sufferer from rheumatism, and with only a very tiny annuity to live on, barely enough to keep body and soul together.

Her life was a very lonely one. She was extremely shy, intensely sensitive, and somehow or other never could make friends with the rough but sometimes kindly neighbors.

Father Donaldson, the parish priest, a big, burly, genial man who generally had the right word to say to every one, came to see her occasionally. Not very often it must be owned, and no wonder. His was a crowded parish of the very poor who needed everything in the way of relief he could give them.

He tried little jokes and funny remarks to Mrs. Jervis, who was rather scared by them, and considerably in anxiety during the whole of his visit as to whether the small frail chair he invariably selected—after the manner of big men—would not break down with a crash.

He was very sorry for them as they would have been for any one with defective sight or hearing, but he had not the remotest idea how to break down the wall of timidity, to draw out the real man or woman from the hiding of shyness.

However, one day when a fit of the blues had taken strong hold on her, she summoned up courage to tell him, as he happened to call, that when she died, money for her funeral would be found in a little old work-box which she pointed out to him.

That little store of money was the result of years and years of self-denial and saving. Her annuity was so tiny that she could only put by a small sum of it annually, by dint of extreme carefulness and deprivation.

Very good, Mrs. Jervis, I will see after it if I am alive," said he, and she thanked him.

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Advertisement for Surprise Soap. A Yard of flannel is still a yard after washed with Surprise Soap. Its pure hard Soap—that's why. Don't forget the name—Surprise.

Advertisement for Gold Dollars. DOES IT PAY TO BUY A CHATHAM INCUBATOR? Yes, better than it would to purchase Gold Dollars at forty cents each. You can get one of the CHATHAM 100 EGG INCUBATORS with BROODER to match for \$10.00 in 1905; \$10.00 in 1906 and \$11.00 in 1907, without interest.

Advertisement for Professional services. HELLMUTH & IVEY, IVEY & DROMGOOLE Barristers. Over Bank of Commerce London, Ont. DR. CLAUDE BROWN, DENTIST, HONOR Graduate Toronto University.

Advertisement for The London Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Canada. ESTABLISHED 1859. HEAD OFFICE TORONTO, ONTARIO. FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT.

Advertisement for O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt. Is the best made. During the last few months a great many so-called Liquid Extracts of Malt have been placed on the market.

Advertisement for Thorold Cement and Portland Cement. For building purposes of all kinds including Churches, Schools, Houses, Barn Walls and Floors, Silos, Root Houses, Cisterns, Pig Pens, Hen Houses and Sowers, Tile, Abutments and Piers for Bridges, Granolithic Sidewalks, in fact, for all work that it is possible to do with cement.

Advertisement for Estate of John Battle. THOROLD, ONT.

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A PRODIGY OF THE ALTAR.

MARVELOUS OCCURRENCE THAT HAS BEEN AUTHENTICATED BY REGULAR CANONICAL INVESTIGATION. Apropos of the recent Eucharistic Congress in New York, says the Ave Maria, unusual interest attaches to the following well authenticated narrative published by several of our French exchanges. It was related by the parish priest of Saint-Andre at another Eucharistic Congress held some weeks prior to the American one, at Angouleme, France. The genuineness of the prodigy involved is vouched for by the diocesan authorities of the Ile de la Reunion, in which see Saint-Andre parish is situated.

On the 25th of January, 1902, Father Labouche was celebrating in his parish the exercise of the Perpetual Adoration. He had reached the "Pater Noster" of his Mass when, chancing to raise his eyes to the ostensorium, he saw a species of shadow, or sombre aureole, clearly defined at the upper portion of the Sacred Host. Continuing the Holy Sacrifice, he beheld the progressive formation of a human countenance—the forehead, eyes, nose, lips, chin—the full face, in fine, set off with hair and beard. The expression of the figure was profoundly sorrowful; its complexion was cadaverous, and the head was slightly inclined to the right.

The Mass over, Father Labouche returned to the sacristy, quite naturally preoccupied with the vision that he had been witnessing. Distrusting possibly some illusion on his own part, he called the oldest of his altar boys, a youth of eighteen or nineteen years, and said to him: "Go out and see whether you notice anything strange about the Blessed Sacrament."

The young man did so, and in a few moments came hurrying back to the sacristy, exclaiming: "Father, there's a man in the ostensorium!" Thereupon the other altar boys hastened out to the sanctuary, and they, too, perceived the human countenance which none but the pastor had noticed during the Holy Sacrifice. In the meanwhile most of the congregation had left the church. The pastor sent for a number of Sisters who were still in their pews near the sanctuary, and, without telling them what he himself had seen, asked them to look at the ostensorium. They did so, and beheld the holy face of Our Lord just as the priest and his altar boys had done. Some of the boys had told of the prodigy to the few parishioners who had not yet left the sacred edifice, and these, turning back and entering the sanctuary, witnessed the same spectacle.

PEEKED TO THE CHURCH. The news of the marvel spread like wild-fire through the little town, and within an hour practically the whole population had betaken itself to the church. All saw the prodigy—practical Catholics and nominal, the pious and the scoffers, fervent Christians and those who had long neglected the sacraments. In many cases, indeed, the impious appeared to see the figure even more distinctly than the devout. Entering the sanctuary from time to time during the day, the priest perceived at each visit the same features, which at first looked a yellowish white like the face of a corpse, and later, in the afternoon, took on the coloring of a living countenance. Naturally enough, the abbé desired to take a closer view of the apparition and examine more minutely into all its details. He accordingly mounted the little step-ladder ordinarily used when the ostensorium was placed above the tabernacle; but when he reached the top he found that a black veil like a heavy coating of ink, was spread over the glass face of the lunette, rendering it absolutely opaque, so that he could see nothing whatever.

Keeping his gaze fixed on the ostensorium as he descended backward, he saw the features reappearing; but on his arresting his descent they again vanished, and not until he got off the step-ladder did he once more behold, in common with the other spectators, the adorable face of Jesus Christ.

DIocese OF LONDON.

IN MEMORY OF DEAN KILROY. A memorial window to the late Rev. Dean Kilroy will be placed in St. Joseph's church, St. James' parish, London, Ontario, and will be dedicated and blessed by His Lordship Bishop McEvoy of London on December 8th. The window is to be made from Munich, will cost about \$500, and is the gift of Miss Kilroy of Windsor, sister of the late Dean Kilroy.

DEATH OF REV. JAS. KILCULLEN, P. P., COLGAN, ADJALA.

On Monday, 14th of November, the Rev. James Kilcullen, P. P., of St. James' Church and parish, Colgan, Toronto, died at his residence at the parochial residence of heart failure after an illness of three days. Father Kilcullen was born in Sligo, Ireland, in 1819, and came to this country at the age of seventeen years. His studies were made at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and the Theological Seminary of Montreal, and in 1839 was ordained to the holy priesthood. For two years he served in the parishes of St. Joseph of Vrooman, Township of Brock, and was then appointed pastor of Port Colborne and Willand, in each of which towns he served a handsome church; his place of residence being Port Colborne, where he remained as pastor for eighteen years, and then returned to Toronto, where he remained for the remainder of his life. He was noted for his ability and kindness of heart. He was an eloquent pulpit orator and was greatly respected and beloved by his fellow-priests and his parishioners.

The funeral took place at St. James' church, Adajala, on Wednesday, Nov. 16. His Grace, the Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto, assisted in cope, and ministered the Holy Mass was sung by Rev. John Conolly, P. P., of Ingersoll, and Rev. J. J. Sullivan, P. P., of Thorold as Subdeacon. Rev. Dr. Tracy of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, was officiating at the altar. The Very Rev. Joseph McCann, V. G., of St. Mary's church, Toronto, preached an impressive funeral discourse. He spoke of the life and death of the deceased, and especially of his zeal in the discharge of his sacred duties. The Archbishop gave the last absolution, after which the remains of the Rev. Father Kilcullen were consigned to their final resting place.

NEW OBLATE PROVINCE.

A new province of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate has been established for the West and South. An Indult of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, in Rome, defines the limits of the province, which comprises all the States west of the Mississippi River, from the Rio Grande to the British America, and all the Republic of Mexico, and all the States of the United States west of the Mississippi. The complete list of offices comprising the administration of the province is as follows: Provincial—Very Rev. H. A. Gagnon, O. M. I., D. D., San Antonio, Texas. First ordinary superior and administrator—Rev. Louis Frayre, O. M. I., Houston, Texas. Second ordinary superior—Very Rev. Albert Antoine, O. M. I., Ph. D., D. D., San Antonio, Texas. Extraordinary superior—Rev. James H. Quinn, O. M. I., Castroville, Texas. Second extraordinary superior—Rev. Francis Roguard, O. M. I., La Loma, Hidalgo Co., Tex. Liturgical procurator—Rev. Adolph Martin, O. M. I., San Antonio.

UNITED IRISH LEAGUE.

Boston, Nov. 16 1904. Toronto, Canada. Dear Sir—Your kind letter with enclosure of cheque for \$101.55 same being contribution from the Toronto branch of the United Irish League has been received. Enclosed please find formal receipts for same. An enclosure of the League in this country I thank you sincerely for this very substantial evidence of your co-operation in Ireland's national cause. This is the first of the second evidence that the good people of Toronto have given of their sympathy with this great national movement. A. J. GIBNEY, Secy. I am glad that it has helped in the most generous manner. Aside from this, the cause of Home Rule in Ireland has received a very great stimulus on account of being championed by you, a Canadian from your good city, the Hon. Edward Blake. In season and out of season, he has devoted his matchless ability to the attainment of this great end, and all the members who have come over here have assured me that much of his success was due his mastery of skill. Again I thank you for your very generous aid, and remain, Very truly yours, T. B. FITZPATRICK, Treas.

THIRTY MILLIONS FOR FLOUR.

CANADA SPENDS THIS YEAR ANNUALLY FOR BREAD, CAKE AND PASTRY. Since Canada spends thirty millions a year for flour, and makes the best in the world, it would seem as if every Canadian family could and would have this flour. The British Isles selected it for the Royal household, and hence its name. No flour ever became popular so rapidly, it owes everything to the way it is made. The best mills in the Empire grind it again and again to make it fine enough. Process after process is applied and finally electricity to make it pure enough. Electricity is a new idea in flour making. It makes flour whiter, sweeter, purer and more nutritious. This process is controlled in Canada by the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, and used exclusively in making Royal Household Flour, which has captured the best in the world, in France, Scandinavia, Finland, South Africa, Gibraltar, the West Indies, Newfoundland and even far off Australia, and Canada from coast to coast. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials pour in on the Ogilvie Company. The best grocers certify to their customers that no flour is the equal of Royal Household Flour for either bread or pastry. The Ogilvie Mills at Montreal and Winnipeg, and its new mill being built at Fort William are backed to their utmost to produce the famous flour fast enough, and yet their capacity is more than double that of any other flour concern in Canada.

MARRIED.

At St. Martin's church, Drayton, Ont., by the Rev. Father Hennon, on 8th Nov., Mr. James Davis to Miss Marie Hogerty.

BISSENETTE-LEBONTE.

At St. John's Church, Hagersville, by the Rev. Father Colby, on Nov. 15, William Francis Bissette of Cleveland, Muskoka, to Miss Mary Le Bonotte.

DIED.

SHIELDS.—At Sault Ste Marie, Oct. 28th, Cornelius Shields, manager of the Lake Superior Corporation, aged forty-eight years. May he rest in peace!

On Sunday, Nov. 6th, Mrs. Mary Phelan of Merlin, Ont. May she rest in peace.

On Oct. 17th—Removal of remains were passed in the last regular meeting of St. Paul Court, No. 1520, Toronto, to the Past Chief Ruler John P. Mallon, on the death of his beloved sister. R. I. P.

NEW BOOKS.

A book that deserves to have a large sale is "The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate" by Katherine E. Conway. Published by The J. P. Ryan & Co., Boston, Mass., 98 pp. Price 45 cts.

"Royal Household" makes the Bread used on the tables of Royalty. OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED. MONTREAL. WINNIPEG.

MARKET REPORTS.

London, Nov. 24.—Grain, per cent.—Wheat per cent. 105 to 107; corn, 91 to 95; peas, 110 to 115; barley, 100 to 105; rye, 100 to 105; clover, 100 to 105; timothy, 100 to 105; hay, 100 to 105; straw, 100 to 105; oil, 100 to 105; sugar, 100 to 105; cotton, 100 to 105; wool, 100 to 105; hides, 100 to 105; skins, 100 to 105; tallow, 100 to 105; lard, 100 to 105; butter, 100 to 105; eggs, 100 to 105; poultry, 100 to 105; game, 100 to 105; fish, 100 to 105; fruit, 100 to 105; vegetables, 100 to 105; sundries, 100 to 105; miscellaneous, 100 to 105.

Toronto, Nov. 24.—Wheat—The market is steady in tone; red and white are quoted at 110 to 115; Manitoba has a slightly easier tone, with quotations unchanged. No. 1 northern, 110 to 115; No. 2 northern, 105 to 110; No. 3 northern, 100 to 105; No. 4 northern, 95 to 100; No. 5 northern, 90 to 95; No. 6 northern, 85 to 90; No. 7 northern, 80 to 85; No. 8 northern, 75 to 80; No. 9 northern, 70 to 75; No. 10 northern, 65 to 70; No. 11 northern, 60 to 65; No. 12 northern, 55 to 60; No. 13 northern, 50 to 55; No. 14 northern, 45 to 50; No. 15 northern, 40 to 45; No. 16 northern, 35 to 40; No. 17 northern, 30 to 35; No. 18 northern, 25 to 30; No. 19 northern, 20 to 25; No. 20 northern, 15 to 20; No. 21 northern, 10 to 15; No. 22 northern, 5 to 10; No. 23 northern, 0 to 5; No. 24 northern, 0 to 5; No. 25 northern, 0 to 5; No. 26 northern, 0 to 5; No. 27 northern, 0 to 5; No. 28 northern, 0 to 5; No. 29 northern, 0 to 5; No. 30 northern, 0 to 5; No. 31 northern, 0 to 5; No. 32 northern, 0 to 5; No. 33 northern, 0 to 5; No. 34 northern, 0 to 5; No. 35 northern, 0 to 5; No. 36 northern, 0 to 5; No. 37 northern, 0 to 5; No. 38 northern, 0 to 5; No. 39 northern, 0 to 5; 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