

The Catholic Record.

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

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HOW HE VIEWS IT.

Writing in the Illustrated London News, Mr. G. K. Chesterton says: "All reasonable men believe in symbol; but some reasonable men do not believe in ritualism; by which they mean, I imagine, a symbolism too complex, elaborate and mechanical. But whenever they talk of ritualism, they seem to mean the ritualism of the Church. Why should they not mean the ritual of the world? It is much more ritualistic. The ritual of the army, the ritual of the navy, the ritual of the law courts, the ritual of Parliament are much more ritualistic. The ritual of a dinner party is much more ritualistic. Priests may put gold and great jewels in the chalice, but at least there is only one chalice to put them on. When you go to a dinner party they put in front of you five different chalices, of five weird and heraldic shapes, to symbolize five different kinds of wines."

AN ANGLICAN VOICE.

Commenting on the statement of Rev. Arthur Lloyd, of Japan, that he has taken to the periodical payment of Peter's Pence as an outward and visible sign of the desires of his heart, The Lamp, an Anglo-Roman monthly, says that "already, under the blessings of God, results of far-reaching consequence have grown from that generous initiative. Who among our readers will follow his example and send a Christmas gift of Peter's Pence to the Pope in honor of his sacerdotal jubilee. It should contain a short personal message to the Holy Father, letting him know that the giver is an Anglican Churchman whose heart's desire is corporate reunion with the Holy See."

THE WITNESS ADMITS.

The Montreal Witness informs its readers that the Romans have given their reply to the Pope's fulminations against Modernism by electing as Mayor a Jew, Ernest Nathan. Now Nathan is not an Italian at all, and is half English and half Jew. He is a rabid anti-clerical, and Honorary Grand Master of Italian Freemasonry. Furthermore, out of 42,000 electors but 17,000, and these avowed enemies of the Vatican, appeared at the polls. Hence their victory was not an answer to anything but a manifestation of the spirit that is opposed to religion. The editor may attribute it to the Pope's utterances because the one came after the other, but people who are not editors have some regard for the most ordinary rules of logic. One of the members of the new Roman City Council is the editor of the Asino, "that notoriously blasphemous and obscene paper," says a correspondent of the Saturday Review, "which is simply a disgrace to journalism and to Italy." The editor, it seems to us, is at no pains to conceal his joy at the situation in Rome. Perchance the gentleman who writes passionately on other topics did not pen the article which has astonished us. One can dislike Rome without trampling on the canons of social amenity. And one can criticize the Holy Father without forgetting the rules of fair-play. But how any reasonable individual can view other than with abhorrence the anti-clerical whose weapons are calumny and obscenity passes our comprehension.

AN INSINUATION.

When the editor insinuates that the Holy Father is seeking to crush democracy we remember the dictum of knowing things that "aint so." Not being a mind reader we take the Holy Father's instructions as they come, and we confess that the eye of the editor has discerned far more in them than we have discovered. We know that the Holy See has declared that the Church is indifferent to all forms of government. She has seen them pass and re-pass on her journey down the ages. All this is accidental so far as she is concerned.

With regard to civil liberty let us glance at the thirteenth century, one of the most memorable most organic in the annals of mankind, and one in which the Church exercised vast influence in civil matters. "For Northern Europe the thirteenth century is the era of the definite establishment of rich free self governing municipalities. It is the flourishing era of town charters, of city leagues. And out of those rich cities arose that social power, the

middle class. The latter half of this same century saw the birth of the characteristic feature of modern society—the control of political power by representative assemblies." (Meaning of History, Frederic Harrison.) All that is best about Canada we have inherited from our forebears in the faith. But why should the Pope seek to crush democracy? The Witness seems to think that it bodes danger to the Church. While waiting for his reasons we may point out that some of the most brilliant minds are not so sure as is the editor on this point. M. de Tocqueville believes that among the different doctrines Catholicism is one of the most favorable to democracy. Proudhon has no doubt about it. Others declare that the Church alone can regulate democracy, that is, prevent it from becoming an unbridled despotism.

GOOD ADVICE.

In the course of an article on books, Mr. G. Chesterton says that everyone ought to know Newman's Apologia, not specially the subtle history of his early hesitations, but most emphatically the fine and firm conclusion of the book in which he sets out his fundamental reasons for being a Catholic. Nothing ever written on behalf of Christianity is stronger than that celebrated passage in which he contrasts the presence of God in the heart with His seeming absence in nature, saying that it appals him as if he had looked into a mirror and not seen his own face. The whole notion of a conflict between science and religion is futile; it can only arise out of an unsentient deduction of science or else an irreligious definition of religion.

Science, he says, is dangerous, not because it encourages doubt, but, on the contrary, because, when thus popularly presented, it encourages a universal credulity. Merely new books tend to narrow us. We require old books to broaden us; we require orthodox books to bewilder our organs. He tells us that a man ought to know at least the Confessions of St. Augustine, some part (the theistic part) of St. Thomas Aquinas (this is harder to get, but there is a good English abridgment, published recently) and he ought to know the philosophy of Descartes. Many of us, however, prefer the popular magazine with its chit-chat about the stage, story-tales, and scraps of information. A good book, one that demands attention, would discipline the mind, but these articles about nothing in particular debauch it, and render it incapable of application and effort.

A VERY OLD STORY.

His Lordship, the Bishop of London, whose doings and sayings were recorded so minutely by the press, has given us his impressions of his visit to America. Whatsoever may be thought of them they are indicative of wide sympathy, and are, so far as gracious urbanity goes, beyond reproach. But to our mind he agrees with Mr. Froode that history is a "child's book of letters." For instance, he tells the readers of the Cosmopolitan that "I found in up-to-date America a little ignorance about ancient Church history. Some of them imagined that the Church of England began with Henry VIII." We are of the opinion that this question has been removed from the domain of imagination by historians. They agree that the infatuation of King Henry VIII for Anne Boleyn was the direct cause of his challenge to the supremacy of the Pope. "A king," says Macaulay, "whose character may be best described by saying that he was despotism itself personified, unprincipled ministers, a rapacious aristocracy, a servile Parliament—such were the instruments by which England was delivered from the yoke of Rome."

"It may be disagreeable," says Dr. James Gairdner, "to trace the Reformation to such a very ignominious origin; but facts, as the Scottish poet says, are fellows that you can't coax, and that won't bear to be disputed." This effort was to make the Church of England a national Church, recognizing as its head the English king. Aymer, Bishop of London in the time of Elizabeth, has no imagination on the question of the source of the Church of England. "Was not," he says, "Queen Anne the chief, first, and only cause of banishing the beast of Rome with all his boggary baggage." It seems to be certain that if Anne Boleyn had been as unattractive in the eyes of Henry VIII. as Anne of Cleves, the English Reformation might never have taken place.

In pre-Reformation days the Church in England was obedient to the Pope.

Is this the attitude of the Church of England to-day to the Holy Father? Before Henry VIII, the Church in England was one: to day the Church of England is a camping ground for hopelessly irreconcilable opinions. Before Henry VIII, the Church in England held that her authority to teach and to govern came from Christ and His Apostles: the Church of England is, to quote Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, "a political institution, established, created and protected by law, absolutely dependent on Parliament." The Bishop of London has just so much jurisdiction as a Prime Minister can give him. "The position of Bishops in the Church of England has been from the first anomalous. He says that no national object was secured by the transparent fiction of the election and consecration. The invocation of the Holy Spirit either meant nothing, and was a taking of sacred names in vain, or it implied that the Third Person of the Trinity was, as a matter of course, to register the already declared decision of the English sovereign. The wisest and best of its bishops have found their influence impaired by the element of unreality that adheres to them." (Frodes History of England, Vol. xii, p. 557-558.) And Dr. Elliot, Dean of Bristol, in his sermons on some of the subjects of the day, p. 11, avers that the clergy of the Church of England are but ministers and stewards, not lords and masters in a Church, which so far as it is the English Church because established by the English nation, is created by the law, upheld by the law, paid by the law, and may be changed by the law just as any other institution of the land.

A PRIMARY CIVIC DUTY.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record. It is not a little surprising how sparingly our ordinary text-books of Moral Theology deal with the virtue of legal justice. They admit or at least clearly imply its importance, for they invariably raise the question whether every sin is a violation of legal justice, as well as of the particular virtue to which it is immediately opposed. Farther than this, however, they rarely go. The explanation of such a method of treatment seems to me to be found in the social conditions that prevailed when the classics of Theology were written. The practical obligations arising from legal justice could, at that time, be very easily described in general terms. The rulers were simply bound to enact equitable laws and the subjects to observe these laws in a proper spirit. These principles, specific enough for the age in which they were written, were merely repeated by later theologians, when social relations had lost much of their ancient simplicity. It is a long cry from the veritable monarchial governments of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to the democratic spirit that obtains in European countries to-day. The voice of the people has now to be listened to; and it is no longer even the will, but the mandate of the people that is spoken of. Thus we have all come to share the responsibility for the laws and government of the country. To day the masses play—or are supposed to play, and may actually play—an important part in the public administration. Still many appear not to realize their influence, or their obligation to use that influence to some purpose.

The lower classes of workmen have not yet come to exercise that power in public matters that their numbers might seem to entitle them to. As a rule, they are too ignorant to take an intelligent interest in public questions at all, or too poor to concern themselves about anything, beyond what will minister to the immediate wants of themselves and their families. But their season of power will come; and ready it is beginning to appear, according as one or other of the great political parties finds it to its advantage to remind them of it.

Not quite so intelligible nor excusable is the position of educated men, who profess to hold themselves aloof from public interests, and live practically, as if they were under a sixteenth century despotism, simply trying to make the best of what others—the government—will do for them, as if the government were something altogether removed from themselves—something which they could not hope to influence. Politics of all kinds—national and municipal—they ostentatiously hold in abhorrence. Politicians, they will tell you, are a venal and corrupt tribe, with which they could not mix without defiling their fair fame. They are fully satisfied that no one will have anything to do with politics that has not some axe to grind—some stroke of business to effect for himself or his friends. And so drawing their double mantle of probity and respectability tightly around them, they protect themselves from the contaminating influence of vulgar politics.

Others again are too indifferent to affairs of public interest to take active part in them. Without actually reviling politics or politicians, they are well content to let others see to them, and devote their entire attention to private business or domestic concerns. Now there is no excuse for the two latter classes. The plea that politics

are corrupt, sunk to low a level that elicit the serious attention of honest, intelligent men, is simply an excuse for the arrogance that makes these people regard themselves as so much superior to their fellows, or for the laziness and cowardice that prevent so many from taking their proper place in the community—the place their talents and social standing require of them. There is no reason, surely in the nature of things, why politics should be corrupt, or politicians dishonest. Politicians will be precisely what politicians make them; and politicians, in turn, will be the class of men that obtain the confidence of the public with whom their words have weight. Of course, according as thoughtful and unselfish men hold aloof, political influence gets into the hands of worthless, self-seeking demagogues. Naturally we should expect trusted politicians to be the reflex of the people that trust them. It would appear impossible that immoral or atheistic politicians should flourish in moral, Christian communities; if they do, we may be sure it is because something has gone wrong, because some have failed to do their duty. On this point I shall have occasion to speak at greater length in another connection.

Man is by nature a social being. He may not, even if he could, live a solitary unit, not affected by nor affecting others. He might, indeed, if left to himself, manage to subsist; possibly, he might attain to the knowledge of a few elementary truths, and realize a few principles of morality; but he could not develop, as he ought, and perfect the faculties of mind and body that have been bestowed on him. It is only in community that he can lead the life his Creator intended him to lead even in this world. Hence society is necessary for us all. It is the element in which the seeds of human intelligence—so feeble and so little sufficient for themselves that some have really doubted whether they would exist at all in a state of complete solitude—develop and are perfected until they reach their consummation in the most perfect citizen of the most perfect state. As to how far that perfect citizen or perfect citizen will ever be realized, we may all very well have our own opinions. At least it is certain that community makes for the realization of such an ideal, and will be successful to the extent to which the mutual relations of its members are wisely determined and conscientiously observed.

As members, then, of society—that, in some form, is absolutely necessary for us, and that, if perfectly constituted, might elevate our lives into an altogether different sphere—we are all bound to aim at that society's perfect state, to foster whatever makes for its improvement as well as to prevent anything that should tend to injure it. And this is the object of legal justice; for legal justice is the virtue that inclines the individual of a community to promote the common good. Now the most important element in the constitution of community life is its authority; since community life, of any kind worthy of the name, is impossible without authority; and authority, moreover, it is by the nature of its authority, the manner in which that authority is exercised, and the respect shown to it, that a society's success or failure will ever be measured. And herein we find the justification of theologians, in determining the obligations arising from legal justice for the ruler to consist in the equitable enactment and administration of laws, and for the subject's submission to legitimate authority and in obedience to just laws. With the subject's obligations we are not now concerned; the ruler's, strange as it may appear, have a practical bearing for us all, which it may be worth while considering at greater length.

If the entire government of a nation were vested simply in one individual; if, for instance, an absolute monarch had complete control of the laws, if he were free to make what laws he would, and able to determine the manner in which these laws should be administered, would it not be his obvious duty to provide that that nation should be equitably governed? Would he not be bound to study the needs of the people, to seek out abuses, and to provide remedies as far as he could? And if all this were to much for him, would he not be bound to associate with himself prudent advisers and able assistants? If, instead of being vested solely in one, the supreme sovereign power were shared by a dozen hereditary rulers, the only difference would be that the obligations, in the first instance confined to one, would now be extended to twelve. Each would be bound to do his own share to secure good equitable government.

Similarly, if instead of a definite number of hereditary rulers, a particular section of the community, e. g., landed proprietors, lawyers, or members of any other profession, were endowed with supreme ruling authority, every individual of that class would be responsible for the government. The ruling section of the community might be too large to admit of all taking an active part in the actual government, and an agreement might be entered into by virtue of which the authority would be exercised by a select few, in the name of the whole class. Even in such a case, the others would not be entirely freed from responsibility. The government would be still carried on in their name, and its enactments would be morally regarded as the acts of the entire body, i. e., unless they validly renounced all right both to participate in the government themselves and to have any voice in the selection of their representatives.

This responsibility does not imply that every individual of the ruling body should be condemned for every mistake or fault of government, as if he had entire control. It implies merely that each is guilty, as far as he has conducted positively towards the evil, by actually conducting, or negatively by remaining passive, when he might reasonably be expected to oppose it. Every individual of this governing class would be clearly bound to make some effort to understand public questions and everything that might have an important bearing on them. How much, in particular cases, this duty would embrace would depend on a variety of circumstances, principally on the intelligence, social position and opportunities of the individual concerned.

Finally, when the governing power is extended still farther, even so far as to be shared in by every member of the community, it still carries its concomitant obligations.

Taking it then, as certain, that citizens are morally bound to endeavour to promote a good government of the state, whenever, and so far as, the means of doing so are placed in their hands, I think there can be no doubt about the general principle of our practical obligations and responsibility in this respect. Every person entitled to a vote is, by that very fact, bound to use it for the benefit of the entire community. And even more, by it he becomes responsible for the official acts of the legislative and administrative bodies, that he and others like him have selected to act in their name. The practical government of the country at present is carried on by elective bodies. Without raising the question of the origin of the authority by which elected legislators act, there can be no doubt about the one pertinent fact, that, in its exercise, it is dependent on the people. All that Members of Parliament do officially, whether directly or indirectly, is done in the name of the people that select them. Local affairs, too, are administered by elected representatives of the people, by aldermen, councillors, guardians and similar bodies; the people, accordingly, are responsible for the manner in which these offices are discharged.

If, therefore, Members of Parliament are guilty of unjust legislation, or if they make unfair appointments to government boards, the whole thing is done in the name of the people whom they represent. It is the public, it is every one of us that have votes, that have placed them in that position, to act in our name. Their injustice, their corruption, is truly the injustice and corruption of the community. If a sovereign were to appoint a councillor to carry on the government of his state without inquiring into his qualifications for such a position, beyond noticing that he was able and high-spirited, should we not justly say that all the blunders such a deputy fell into, and all the crimes he committed in the exercise of his office, were to be attributed to the sovereign?

So, likewise, if people are content to be guided in their selection of parliamentary representatives, merely because a certain candidate is eloquent, popular, or because he makes fair promises, must not they be adjudged guilty of the crimes he commits in his representative capacity? And not only the public generally, but every individual of it in particular, is guilty of the crimes of its official representatives, according to the nature of the responsibility I have already explained, i. e., according as each has conducted positively to have unworthy or dishonest representatives selected, or failed to make a reasonable effort to prevent it. Viewed in this light, and I cannot see that is not the true light, many of us that have been accustomed to pride ourselves, on our indifference to political questions, and from our lofty pinnacle to look down with contempt on the vulgar squabbles of politicians, and with horror on their dishonesty, may begin to feel disquieting doubts about the nobility of the part we have been taking—may, in fact, see reasons for turning our condemnation of politicians back upon ourselves. For, surely, if anyone is ever guilty of culpable negligence in this matter, it is these revilers of politicians who, with nothing better than a word of loudly indignant, or hopeless criticism, look on passively when candidates whom they profess to believe unworthy of confidence seek election and win.

And if all this is true of our obligations in what may be called national politics, and of our responsibility for the laws passed by our parliamentary representatives, as well as for the working of all administrative boards subject to them, equally true, and much more evident, is it of our obligations in municipal politics, and of our responsibility for the acts of our representatives on local boards, boards of guardians, county councils, etc. We constantly hear complaints of the manner in which the affairs of these boards are administered. Members are often said to be more influenced by considerations of the interests of themselves and their friends than for those of the public whom they represent. And it is not infrequently do we hear suggestions of even grosser practices of corruption. I do not mean to imply that public boards in Ireland are worse, in this respect, than similar bodies in other countries. On the contrary, as far as it is possible to compare them at all, they appear better and purer.

But taking into account the method in which the members of these boards are selected, it would be too much to expect from human nature that abuses should not prevail here as elsewhere. It

is quite intelligible that there should be grounds for complaint from time to time. Even the most carefully selected representatives will sometimes prove unworthy of the trust reposed in them. But there is, in the nature of things, no reason for the prevalence of these chronic dissatisfactions of the people with their representatives. The record seems evident: It is the people themselves that select their representatives; if, therefore, they are unsatisfactory, why select them? Does it not sound almost paradoxical that the public freely, with their eyes open, depote men to act in their name, and if the complaints we hear be justifiable, to mismanage their affairs, sometimes even to cheat and rob them. In sober earnest, if there are robberies committed in these matters at all, the people are robbing themselves through their representatives. And a particularly sad feature of the case, as far as the people are concerned, and that which is most responsible for most of the complaints, is that, while they are robbed truly enough, they never receive the spoils, which are manipulated by the representatives in their private capacity.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SAINTE BLASIIUS.

The Festival of this saint is kept on February 3. He was Bishop of Sebaste, in Armenia, and suffered martyrdom for his faith in the year 316. Many wonderful cures were performed through his intercession, and on that account he is particularly honored and invoked by the sick.

Amongst the remarkable cures wrought by his prayers was that of a boy, who was nearly choked to death by a fish bone sticking in his throat, from which the saint freed him. Hence came the practice observed in many places, and approved by the Church, of the blessing of throats on this day.

At the end of Mass the priest first blesses two candles, using a form of prayer approved for this purpose, and found in the Roman ritual. Then the people come forward and kneel at the Communion rail, and the priest holds the candles crossed on their necks, praying at the same time in Latin: "Through the intercession of Saint Blasius, Bishop and martyr, may the Lord free thee from sore throat and from every other evil. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

I know of some parishes in this country where this devotion to Saint Blasius has become very popular amongst persons that do not belong to the Catholic Church, as well as amongst Catholics. In one of these towns in particular, the priest has so many to bless that for some years past he tries on this day to get two or three priests to help him on Saint Blasius's day. Beginning immediately after Mass, he used to continue blessing throats till 12 o'clock and after eating his dinner, he returned again, and was kept busy at blessing throats till 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

And why do even Protestants and others continue to come on that day to the Catholic Church to have their throats blessed, and bring their children? Because for many years it had been noticed that when diphtheria, croup, or other maladies of the throat broke out, the children escaped whose throats had been blessed on the feast of Saint Blasius; and if any of them happened to have the disease, it was only in a light form.—Catholic Messenger.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Official notice was received from Rome last Saturday by Bishop Hortsman that Rev. Joseph M. Koudelka had been appointed to the position of Auxiliary Bishop of the Cleveland diocese.

Two young Levites, Rev. Ferdinand H. Angel and Rev. John C. Angel of Pittsburg, celebrated their first Masses on Christmas Day in St. Joseph's Church, Bloomfield. About eight hundred men, members of the Foresters, C. M. B. A., Knights of St. George and parish societies, attended both Masses in a body.

A dispatch from Washington, D. C., dated Jan. 6, says: As a mark of the high respect in which Dr. Stafford was held by others than Catholics, Rev. Frank M. Bristol, pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, has directed that the chimes be tolled during the funeral services on Tuesday. During the funeral march to Mount Olivet Cemetery the chimes will play "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Lead Kindly Light."

The staff physicians of St. Mary's Hospital, Milwaukee, acted as pallbearers at the funeral of Sister Theresa, who was shot by a discharged patient, supposed to be insane. The Most Rev. Archbishop Messner was present at the Solemn High Mass of Requiem, and addressed a few words of consolation to the Sisters on the untimely taking of their beloved companion.

"Belgium," says the Glasgow Observer "is a Catholic country—the only country in Christendom with an expressly Catholic Ministry in power for the past twenty years, the only country where Catholics as a party have had and have the upper hand. Belgium is the most prosperous country in the world. The Belgian state pays the Catholic priests a state salary. The Belgian state goes further. Catholic ministers state attends, and it pays even Jewish rabbis the same."

THE QUEEN'S CONFESSION.

OR, THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. JOHN NEPOMUCENE. FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI DE NAVERY.

CHAPTER XI. THE MARTYR'S DEATH.

The kingly power was fast losing all its authority and respect under Wenceslaus. The king's worst qualities were rapidly developed. He was once more a puppet in the hands of Hatto. He was jealous, cruel, selfish. Hatto was virtually the sovereign. The good, disgusted with the brutish helplessness of the young king, fled far from his presence. The wicked gathered around him; they were his advisers, his agents; he was their tool, and under his name and authority their lawlessness filled the land with corruption and misery.

These evils prepared the way for worse. The teachings of Wickliffe were whispered in Bohemia. The flourishing university of Prague had fallen into the hands of John Huss. He had not yet begun to teach his errors openly, but enough could be gleaned from his opinions privately expressed, to influence the future of the king. From among Wenceslaus' learned ecclesiastical advisers, a tyranny invented by the priests, and that the Papal dignity depended on the good-will of the emperor. Wenceslaus was flattered. In his most delirious humor, he never dreamed that his kingly power could reach so far, that if the Pope did not bow to his sovereign will, he might chastise him as a rebel.

The hour was come in which the holy martyr, John Nepomucene, was to preach for the last time to the people whom he loved, and by whom he was so much revered. A thrill of sorrow passed through every heart as they saw his pale face, and his worn, worn hands still bearing the scars of the torture he had undergone. He had been their father and their friend; the moment he began to speak, the chests of strong men heaved, and tears began to course down the cheeks of women and children. "My dear children," said he, "I have not much time to speak to you. I am going from you, I am leaving you! Would that in leaving you, I left with you the peace of the Savior, that peace in which the prince of this world has no part. But no! I have not my voice which shall deceive. My last words shall not lead you astray.

"The Church in Germany has had her years, her ages of glory. Her years of trial are begun. The time is gone when kings were obedient to Peter, when monasteries rose on the hills tops, when men's minds were awakened in men's minds thoughts of God. To the glorious ages of the past are succeeding ages of shame. Men shall try to deface the beauty of the spouse of Christ. The maid face of the Savior shall be again outraged in the insults which shall be heaped upon His Church. The blaspheming Jews said to Christ, 'Come down from the cross and we will believe Thee'; and men who trust only in the strength of their arms and the edge of their swords, shall say to the spouse of Christ, 'If thou shalt outlive these things which come upon thee, we will believe that art upheld by the might of God.'

"Aias, that my eyes should foresee the desolation of the Church. I would fain turn my mind from such a distressful vision, for my soul is filled with a nameless dread that such evils are coming upon you, and I am unable to avert them.

"Oh, great and noble Germany! Thou art given sovereigns to Papal Rome! Land of powerful kings, how low art thou fallen! The bones of thy mighty tremble in the tomb! Passion-unchecked bring forth crimes hitherto unknown. The blood of thy priests stains thy altars. The voice of false prophets is heard in thy cities. The tyrant and the palm are drowned in the hoarse cry of sedition. Instead of prayer, thou hast blasphemy. Heresy is in thy midst; the altar of Christ is changed for the altar of Baal. The Church is crucified with Christ. Pray ye to the Lord that the days of your trial may be shortened.

"The picture drawn by the preacher was prophetic indeed. The heresy of John Huss sprang into life a few years after, and for one hundred years it filled the land with bloodshed, plunder, sacrilege and ruin.

While Father John Nepomucene was speaking, the people were visibly affected. Often during his discourse he said to them, "A little while, and you shall not see me." Coming down from the pulpit, he found his hearers kneeling in groups, begging his last blessing. Laying his hands on them as he passed through them, he murmured, in a voice broken with emotion, "May God protect the Church of Bohemia!"

which shall draw upon you the hatred of men. Summon up all your strength; let fervor increase in your soul. You shall expiate the crimes of the wicked, you shall suffer for the guilty."

Ofried begged that he might be allowed to accompany him to Prague. "I allow you to come with you, but at the gates of the city we part." They walked on together towards the city, discoursing as they went of heavenly things. John Nepomucene exhorted his young companion to fulfill the rule of the Cistercians with the most exactness, and Ofried begged the martyr to remember him before God.

Near the gates of the city John Nepomucene clasped the young monk in his arms. It was a long and affectionate embrace. At last he tore himself from the arms of his young friend, and passed alone through the streets of the city. Ofried never saw him more.

Wenceslaus was standing on a balcony outside one of the windows. It was yet early in the day, but the flush of drunkenness was on his face, and the stupor of drunkenness was in his eyes. He was talking to a woman whom he had cruelly wronged. She had pardoned him; but as he was too revengeful to forgive, so he knew not what it was to be forgiven. In Ofried he believed he saw an enemy of his honor, in John Nepomucene an enemy of his happiness.

"One word," thought he, "from that stammering priest could restore my happiness. Then the red flush of drunkenness was made redder still by the heat of his anger. At that moment the priest passed below. Wenceslaus saw him, and gave orders that he should be immediately brought before him.

A squerry delivered the message. The priest smiled gravely; he knew what the king required of him. He entered the palace and awaited the king's pleasure. In a few moments he was standing in the presence of Wenceslaus. "You shall speak this evening, or"

"The priest looked at the king with a calm look, which said more plainly than words, "Do you not know that I do not fear death?" but not one word came from the king's lips. "Call six soldiers," said the king to the same person who had delivered his message to the priest. "Take this man," said Wenceslaus to them, when they entered the apartment, "take this wretched priest from my sight, and when night is come cast him into the river. I do not wish his death to cause needless noise; a fanatic people would give him the title of martyr."

"Sire," said one of the soldiers. "They have already given him that title."

"Away with him!" roared the king. The night had fallen; all the bells of the city announced to the faithful the grand festival of the coming morrow. The priest rejoiced; he would soon be keeping the Ascension of our Divine Master with the angels and the saints of God. He no longer thought of himself. He spent the few hours that remained to him in prayer. He prayed to the Almighty to spare and to save the country so soon to be made desolate by the heresies of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. He offered up his coming martyrdom for his unhappy country, and he earnestly besought the Lord to console the queen, whom he would no longer be able to console.

When the soldiers went into the room where the priest had been left to await their coming, they found him on his knees, wholly wrapt in communion with God. They rudely wrenched him and dragged him to the bridge. The distant bells rang out in mellow tones. The starless, moonless night was dark and dark below. The soldiers raised up the body of the saint; one moment they poised it in the air, then let it fall. The martyr fell with a loud splash into the waters below. The whole river was lighted up with bright rays which came from the martyr's body. From her window in the palace the queen saw the light on the river; she saw many forms moving rapidly to and fro, and she heard the hum of many voices breaking the silence of the night. She hastened to the king to ask what it meant. The tyrant, struck with awe at the news, and forbidding anyone to follow him, fled like a madman from the palace into the country.

The seal of confession, he was cruelly tormented, and afterwards thrown from the bridge of Prague into the river Muldaw, by the orders of Wenceslaus IV, King of Bohemia, and son of Charles IV.—1383.

The Ball of St. John Nepomucene's benediction was solemnly published by Benedict XIII, in 1729.

Year after year, and night after night, pious mothers gather their little ones round the firesides of Prague to tell them the story of the martyr-saint, who died rather than betray the queen's confession. And never does citizen of Prague cross the bridge from whose battlement the saint was cast into the waters of the Muldaw, without proudly uncovering his head as a mark of respect to St. John Nepomucene.

CHAPTER XII. LAST DAYS OF WENCESLAUS.

"The wicked man doeth when no one pursueth." As a demoniac carries his tormentor with him wherever he goes, Wenceslaus carried with him the torment of a guilty conscience. There was no peace in his soul. Change of scene brought him no relief. There was no pleasure in his food, no rest in his sleep. His crime had "murdered sleep;" horrible dreams harassed him in the night; he feared dawn; every morning began a long day of torture. The viper of his conscience was ever at length showing its ugly head. The heresy of John Huss had taken deep root. This bold heretic was an able man, one to lead others blindly by the energy of his strong will. He had won over a great number of the students to his side. They took his adopted heresy for originally of character, and with him they were ready to profess and maintain the errors of Wickliffe. To the sophistry of John Huss, they added the zeal and enthusiasm which young men bring with them to every cause they take up warmly. Young people are fond of hero-worship; John Huss was the hero of the university of Prague, and the students, who followed his lead, blindly worshipped him. They carried his name to the furthest bounds of the city; they discussed his theories, and wrangled over what they did not understand. Owing to their numbers, their activity, and earnestness, they were a powerful body for good or evil. They were to be met in groups in every quarter of the city, denying, distinguishing, and granting arguments heard for the first time in the streets of Prague.

The good people of Prague were astonished at what they overheard from the mouths of the students. They soon gave place to curiosity. The people wished to know what the students argued so learnedly and so noisily about. The students were right glad to satisfy them. The vulgar stared at them in open-mouthed wonder. They would not say a single word, and thus the way was prepared for the arch-heretic in the city of Prague.

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John Huss was born in the village of Huss, from which he took his name. His advancement in learning, and in social life, proves him to have been a clever, energetic man. His parents were too poor to afford him the means of a good education. He carried a young gentleman's books every day to the university. The lad found it hard to be trudging in ignorance beside his more fortunate companion, and with a manly pride and bold resolve, he determined to know more about the books than their mere weight.

Mixing with the students and professors of the university, he soon became a great favorite. He would lead him a book, or a helping hand in his rugged path, he pulled down one by one the barriers which stood in his way, till he became one of the chief professors in the university.

learning of the lowly born were frequently forgotten. Be that as it may, John Huss had soon a large following. Simek, Archbishop of Prague, called a Synod, at which were gathered men remarkable alike for virtue and learning. This Synod condemned the doctrines taught by Huss. Huss strove to stir up the people to oppose the Synod. The Archbishop excommunicated him. He appealed to the Pope; in the meantime the Archbishop died, and Bohemia became a prey to the growing heresy. The heresy preached by John Huss aimed chiefly at sapping the authority of the Pope, and of the superiors in the Church. He said that priests, though excommunicated, ought to preach; but civil and ecclesiastical lords, as Prelates and Bishops, lost all right to rule when they were guilty of mortal sin.

John Huss was fast approaching his unhappy end. He was cited to Rome by the Pope; he refused to obey the summons. In 1414 a General Council was held in the city of Constance. Simek, Huss' arch-enemy, was before the council to defend his doctrines, by the Emperor Sigismund. "This Council," said Schlegel, "Sigismund, true to the ancient idea of emperor as protector of the Church, and of the whole Christian republic of Europe, supported with the utmost zeal the standard of the Council. A social cause more nearly touching his own interest, for he needed these general assemblies of the Church, and the expression of public opinion they formed, in order to subdue the more readily the Hussites, either by forcible or by peaceful means. . . . And now, in the early Hussite war, for the first time, perceive what fruitful effects must ensue when the affairs of the Church and of Christianity, neglected by their spiritual and temporal heads, whose first duty it had been to watch over them, at last devolve upon a passionately excited people, to leave to be decided by a desolating civil war."

Huss refused to leave Prague unless the emperor furnished him with a safe conduct. Sigismund gave him the safe conduct demanded. Instead of peacefully awaiting the issue of the council, or preparing to defend his doctrines, Huss raised the standard of revolt, and freed himself from the control of Albert of Austria. Wenceslaus sold the duchy of Milan for one hundred thousand florins; one by one he sold out to the highest bidder many of his richest and fairest provinces. He had lost every feeling of manly dignity and self-respect; but the stubbornness of the tyrant and the stottishness of the drunkard accompanied him to the last.

In 1383, the princes and states begged the tyrant to leave Bohemia, to reside in the empire, and put a stop to the growing evils. He laughed at their fears, spurred their entreaties, and continued to allow as course which shocked the good and enabled the bad to plunge the whole land into deepest misery. He had no pity for the wretched. The cry of the widow and the orphan was heard in every street and corner of the kingdom. Still Wenceslaus ate like a glutton, drank like a drunkard, and laughed like a madman. By the advice of his brother Sigismund, the twelfth of Bohemia looked him up twice as a dangerous lunatic; he escaped from his keepers, but a fit of apoplexy swept him from the lane he had so long cursed with his presence; the German empire and the kingdom of Bohemia began to breathe the pure air of freedom, and to grow strong under the rule of the wise and able Emperor Sigismund.

There is deep solemn silence in the hospital of the Cistercian monastery. He is lying motionless on his bed. A group of monks are kneeling on the floor, their heads bowed in prayer; they are praying for the eternal rest of a departed soul; they are begging the Almighty to have mercy on the soul of the generous Ofried.

THE END.

IN AN OLD CASTLE. A MYSTERIOUS GHOST, A PICTURE AND A HAPPY DISCOVERY.

Every evening since I had come, old Shawms had been sitting in the old house or something within it yet drew me back.

madly to the front, and though he quickly disabled more than one of them, they dragged him from his horse and trampled him to death. The troop of soldiers fought bravely, but were at length overpowered and disbanded.

At the beginning of the conflict Mauper turned and fled; but the moment Hatto was dragged to the ground his horse was mounted by one of the Hussites, who followed Mauper, overtook him, and slew him.

Thus perished two men joined through life in forming plots of the deepest villainy. Their names were not linked with a single virtue. They fell under the hands of men whom they had wickedly incited to rebel; they were made the victims of passions which they inflamed for the purpose of achieving their own heartless aims.

The fate of Wenceslaus is soon told. Four years after the martyrdom of St. John Nepomucene Wenceslaus lost his gentle and virtuous queen. The death of her gave her a terrible shock. Weak and languishing, she lingered from 1383 to 1387, when she closed a life of great self-sacrifice and keen sorrow, to begin a life of peace and changeless rest with the blessed.

Wenceslaus remained some months in the castle of Zboraz, whether he had fled on the night of St. John's martyrdom. His heart grew harder; his ear was deaf to the voice of Heaven; his only joy was the brutal pleasure arising from a slothful voluptuous life. But his punishment came swiftly. The whole empire was a scene of bloodshed and wild ungovernable disorder. The Switzers raised the standard of revolt, and freed themselves from the control of Albert of Austria. Wenceslaus sold the duchy of Milan for one hundred thousand florins; one by one he sold out to the highest bidder many of his richest and fairest provinces. He had lost every feeling of manly dignity and self-respect; but the stubbornness of the tyrant and the stottishness of the drunkard accompanied him to the last.

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THE END.

loer which I thought carried some apprehension. "So close that I might have easily overtaken her," said I. "But 'tis no business of mine, though the fortune of war has made me the unwelcome guest of the house to spy on a lady, living or dead."

"Madam could hear your Honor," said Shawms. "She would not grudge you the shelter of her house, then?" "She would grudge it now?" "Not to your Honor any more than the people in the valley grudge the shelter of their rooftrees to your Honor's Highlanders. There were terrible tales before you came. The women were for hiding themselves in the vaults in the old abbey."

"Alas," said I. "If others had come in our place they would have had too much cause." "Would your Honor know the ghost again if you were to see it?" asked Shawms, with the sly look which evoked the fear of a timid and meek old man.

"The garments," I returned. "I caught no glimpse of her face." "Would your Honor come with me?" he asked, his smile all deference, his old hand inclining toward one of the silver candlesticks.

I rose and followed him. At the end of the first flight of stone steps he unlocked a door. The place struck odd, and the candle was but a glow-worm lamp amid all that darkness.

I followed him down the long stately room. The moon came from behind a cloud and mildly illuminated it. Pictures were ranged along the walls. There were cabinets between the long window full of china and silver. It was well the Highlander had come here and not the Hessians. The house had great treasures, although it was falling to ruin.

Half way down the gallery Shawms paused and lifted the light in his shabby hand. It illumined a picture. "It is Madame Bridget," he said, "the mother of Sir Hugh." "It was painted when she was newly wed and I but newly come to Kilmanus."

"It is the lady," I cried, "or it is her gown."

of death I should cease to be haunted by the face of the living woman. "Up she came, with the swish, with the silks all rustling softly and a light came with her. A second more she came above the upper step. She carried a silver branch of three wax candles; and their light was full on her face. It was pale, paler than the face of the portrait, yet the minute I saw it, I knew it was the face of no ghost but of a warm, living woman."

Hardly had my blood begun to run tumultuously through my veins at the knowledge that it was frozen again. Had I made an unconscious movement? "Hush!" said the lady, in the soft, whispering, and then drew back little by little.

When I saw she was not alone, A extremely handsome youth was with her, following close behind. "Did you hear anything, Harry?" she asked in a whisper. "Nothing, sweet," he replied. "The room was always a place of strange noises at night."

His face came into the light of the candle. He wore his hair unpowdered and it fell over the collar of a soldier's cloak. Under the cloak I saw the glitter of uniform. He had fine blue eyes and features of a classical delicacy and dignity, finely set off by his magnificent black hair. He looked pale and harassed, and I thought he held a hand to his side.

So much I recalled afterward, and wondered how I had carried so clear an impression from the black passion of rage and jealousy which swept over me at the sight of her lover. As they stood there, she hitching me slipped an arm about her neck. "I had went to my sword. I would have killed him without a scruple. The her words saved him."

"Your wound—she began. So he was wounded and unharmed. I turned away, setting my teeth in the darkness. When I looked again, she had passed up the stairs. Now, even then, in the extremity of my jealousy, I did the lady no wrong. So it was a lie old Shawms had told me, and the family yet hid in the wilderness of the great house, which had never thought to explore. Much consideration had I shown there though I believed it empty. Doubtless they had thought she coming; the soldierly menaced them with all its spears and bayonets, as it had done us when, and so they barrowed away from the poor Highland gentlemen who would not have been a hair's breadth from their heads. And the lady's lover—rebel, doubtless—came to see her nightly.

I tossed on my bed sleepless till morning. I, who had not known sleepless night till I came to Kilmanus Abbey, I had not thought to explore. Much consideration had I shown there though I believed it empty. Doubtless they had thought she coming; the soldierly menaced them with all its spears and bayonets, as it had done us when, and so they barrowed away from the poor Highland gentlemen who would not have been a hair's breadth from their heads. And the lady's lover—rebel, doubtless—came to see her nightly.

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 Bridget," he said,
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 resolved within myself to leave the place
 which had worked so evilly upon me.
 by, and the wild and
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 ad Cameron, fast fall-
 a dead woman or her
 doors as long as it was
 y, but while I visited
 from picket to picket
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 ing within it yet drew
 hink of it; yet when I
 nightfall with the snow-
 laid I was as any
 the kiss of a fond wife
 sited for me, none but
 and the lonely meal
 library, so ancient and
 of precious things bea-
 shed. I knew nothing
 at what the house told
 gattered from the gar-
 servant; but I knew
 y proud and very poor.
 at it was suspected of
 ere in France, and the
 suspected of complicity
 for, which heaven
 him not, nor would the
 he had blamed him if he
 at things were done in
 is unhappy land.
 night, as I sat in the
 ad or wrote, my sword
 y, my pistols at hand
 ere while I was alone
 and would come be-
 ad the page. I fought
 session of it, and time
 ed to be dragged, and
 ad have dragged me, to
 ally to gaze upon her
 here was something un-
 ed, I thought, in
 sion for the dead.
 ly there came a proof that
 after I had tossed for
 to the desire that beset
 ad seen it, I might per-
 I therefore rose and
 self, and went down-
 oon, and I knew just
 would shine on the pic-
 I needed no light.
 y fill, and was bent to
 chamber. Alas! looking
 ad face had not assuaged
 obold the living woman,
 ad out within me as I
 because she was dead.
 remembered old ballads
 to sing of unhappy knights
 with dead ladies in im-
 forests, and lost their souls
 set one thing in a sure of
 no lost soul, the gay and
 of the picture.
 the gallery I heard a sud-
 wish of silks in the great
 e, and drew back into the
 the curtain that overhung
 The ghost of the lady was
 I should look upon her
 ad. Perhaps when I had
 ce in the quiet compo-
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of death I should cease to be haunted by the face of the living woman.
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 carried a silver branch of three wax
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 their heads. And the lady's lover—a
 rebel, doubtless—came to see her by
 nightfall.
 I tossed on my bed sleepless till
 morning. I, who had not known a
 sleepless night till I came to Kilmannus
 Abbey, found my bed that night a
 place of torture. Indeed, my looks
 and the sorry breakfast I saw roused
 the commiseration of old Shawms,
 who appeared as if my horse's head, as I
 mounted, with a flazon of spiced wine.
 "A stirrup cup, Your Honor," he
 said. "Your Honor looks this morning
 as though you had seen a ghost."
 I took the wine, and it warmed me. As
 I rode over the frosty ground, I
 resolved within myself to leave the place
 which had worked so evilly upon me.
 There was another house of some con-
 sideration in the glen which would re-
 ceive me, and I should be among loyal-
 lists. I had chosen Kilmannus Abbey
 because the house should be safe—for
 me.
 When I returned at night and told
 old Shawms that I was about to be
 quit of me, I saw first a light of relief
 in the rascal's face. Then it was fol-
 lowed quickly by a deeper shadow.
 "Would be better Your Honor
 stayed," he said, "for we may get a
 worse in your place."
 I had no thought to sleep that night.
 The fire went low in the library; I re-
 placed it. The candles burnt to the
 socket. I had the full moon and the
 daylight. So I sat in the deep chair
 within the screen of Spanish leather
 by the fire, and with my chin on my
 breast, thought my bitter and jealous
 thoughts.
 It was about two of the clock and
 bitter cold when I heard the lap, lap
 of the lady's silks gliding down the
 stairs, and the hurrying tapping of her
 little heels. She came hurriedly, to
 smelt her lover, I did not doubt, a
 business which admitted of no delay.
 Suddenly there was a little shriek,
 so soft and quiet that I hardly knew
 if I had really heard it. But I went to
 the door and looked out. There was
 the lady sitting on the lower step, pale
 to the lips, the branch of candles
 beside her fluttering in the wind. As
 she saw me, her lips opened as though
 to speak, and closed. Her eyes looked
 at me as though they prayed me for
 mercy. It was the girl of the picture
 with a shadow of fear all over her joy.
 "Madam," said I, going nearer,
 "what is the matter?"
 "I have twisted my foot," said she.
 "My heel turned beneath. I cannot
 stir. What am I to do?"
 Kneeling down by her, I felt about
 the ankle. I am the seventh son of
 a seventh son, and know something of
 medicine.
 "Tis a strain," said I. "You had
 better let me lift you to a couch. You
 will not be able to stand upon it."
 Only then I noticed that she wore a
 large, feathered hat, and a cloak of
 velvet that hid her dress.
 "What an she-cried,
 wringing her hands. "It is not myself
 sir, but some one needs help. Will you
 find old Shawms and send him for a
 doctor? There is a horse in the abbey
 ready to be ridden."
 "If the case is urgent," I said, "you
 had better trust me. I know some-
 thing of medicine. It is seven miles to
 the nearest town."
 "Sir," she replied, "the old man
 Shawms has learned to love you. We
 have not dared to trust his report of
 you. But now I cannot help it. So
 I will trust you in the name of God.
 Upstairs a gentleman is a bleeding, for
 all we know, to death. We cannot
 staunch the wound."
 "Show me the way," I said, and then
 added: "I beg your pardon, but there
 is nothing else to be done."
 And with that I took her in my arms
 and ascended the staircase with her.

She said nothing, but guided me
 with a pointed finger this way and that
 through a mass of corridors. At last
 we entered a room—a library, well
 walled with books. No one had
 thought the shelves to be anything but
 what they seemed, but at one point a
 door opened in them, from which we
 passed into a warm corridor, with
 rugs below our feet.
 A light streamed through a distant
 door. We reached it and passed with-
 in.
 "The lady has a hurt," I said, lay-
 ing her down tenderly upon a sofa.
 "She has trusted me. Let me see the
 wound."
 An elderly lady, with a very stately
 powdered head, sat on a couch by the
 fireplace. Along the couch the body
 of a young man, partly undressed, was
 laid. His head was in her lap. Her
 face was the face of the Mater Dolorosa
 of the Italian painter. I dressed the
 wound and then bandaged it.
 "The bleeding is stanch," I said,
 "and with my lotion the wound will
 heal."
 "O sir!" she said, "a mother's
 prayers and thanks are yours."
 "And a sister's," said a low voice
 near me.
 I turned then, and saw the lady of
 the picture smiling at me, though her
 face was pale. The thing flashed on
 me then like lightning from a cloud.
 "I thought you at first to be a
 ghost," I said; "the ghost of the
 lady in the picture gallery. After-
 wards I thought you to be—"
 "The picture is my grandmother, for
 whom I am called," she replied. "I
 am a Bride Aylmer."
 "And now, sir, at last, accept our
 hospitality at hand, most willing to
 give it," said the elderly lady.
 "Nay," said I, "because I am a
 King's officer. I can stanch a sick
 man's wound, but presently I should be
 asking questions. Let me go; in
 happier times I will return."
 In happier times I won Mistress
 Bride Aylmer to be my own; and dear
 to me as my own mother and brother
 are the lady of Kilmannus and her son,
 Sir Harry.—Katherine Tyeann Huskion.

has wished to be known by the name of
 Father, the Father of all the faithful.
 THE GOOD FATHER'S INFLUENCE
 "I, therefore, can not but praise
 your initiative, and your aim to re-
 present truly God on earth; but remem-
 ber that to represent God properly
 neither power nor the work of creation
 is enough—there must be goodness,
 too, for God is good, good by ex-
 cellence, and fathers must represent
 Him also by their goodness. When a
 good father, with all the aids that the
 Lord has given him and with that
 crown which He has placed on his
 brow, exercises his authority and his
 goodness, it cannot be but that those
 who depend on him must resemble him
 in their works. Thus the good father
 will make his son good, and his grand-
 children good, and he will see the
 second, the third and the fourth gen-
 eration praising his goodness and the
 providence which the Lord dispenses
 through him."
 "I, therefore, praise, approve and
 encourage in a special way your Asso-
 ciation, founded here in Rome and al-
 ready diffused in so many other centers
 and I pray that the Lord may give you
 light to enable you to select the best
 means for exercising this holy apostol-
 ate of being the coadjutors of the
 priests, the bishops, and the Pope him-
 self in restoring the kingdom of Jesus
 Christ on earth, and that he may grant
 you to see your old age surrounded by
 children and grandchildren to manifest
 their gratitude to you for the good you
 have done them by setting them on
 the path of virtue, so that you, raising
 your hand over them in blessing, may
 be able to say at the end: "We are
 parting for a little while to meet again
 in Paradise." May the blessing of God
 be on you."—Sacred Heart Review.

clean away from all the theological
 and philosophical errors which was
 overwhelming it, and has assured the
 existence of a healthy Modernism and a
 genuine progress.—The Messenger.

ABOUT JOE WIGGINS.
 Rev. Richard W. Alexander.
 In a little Pennsylvania town I was
 giving a mission, and as is always the
 case in a small town, there was consid-
 erable stir. The whole population
 was on the move, some through devo-
 tion, some through curiosity, some an-
 tagonistic.
 I had introduced the Question Box
 and was looking over the questions pre-
 paratory to answering them. One im-
 proved me—"Is the club or saloon a
 civilization or a demoralizer?"
 While I searched my mind for the
 best answer, I went down town to the
 only barber shop. Now, Joe Wiggins,
 was the barber, a character like Mr.
 Doolley—witty, racy, jolly and wise—
 and his shop was the Mecca of the
 town for gossip. Wiggins was no
 church goer; made no pretensions to
 sanctity, but was a good man; I heard
 he "ought to be" a Catholic; and I
 determined to make a strong effort for
 his soul.
 Wiggins was very pleasant, though
 curt. While I was in the chair an old
 resident, who had come back after
 some years' absence, dropped in to in-
 quire about the town.
 After the customary salutations, the
 old resident asked for John Such-a-one,
 "Down and out; all from booze,"
 said Wiggins laconically.
 "Don't say 'that a bad.' And
 where is Tom Such-a-one?"
 "He's down and out; same reason."
 A third was asked for.
 "Down and out; likewise booze."
 "Lud-a-mighty! What's the mat-
 ter?"
 "Booze knows let a man down so
 easy he never knows it till he's out,"
 said Wiggins.
 And I thought, as I listened, here is
 my answer for that query, and so I left
 the shop.
 In the evening, when the audience
 was assembled, the question came
 along out of the Query Box, and I said:
 "My friends, let me reply to this
 question by stating a circumstance. I
 was in the barber's chair this after-
 noon (an observant and intelligent man,
 by the way, is the barber), and I heard
 an old resident, just returned to the
 town, ask first about one, then about
 another and then about another old
 citizen. The answer was always the
 same: "Down and out—from booze."
 "They were gone; they had passed
 into another world, and all that re-
 mained to say of them was in the strik-
 ing words of my friend the barber:
 "Down and out; all from booze."
 "My friends, is not this question
 answered? Need I say more? You
 know the people of this place. Was my
 friend wrong? I leave you to come to
 conclusions."
 I saw I had made a deep impression.
 The non-Catholic wife of the barber
 was present. She had been persuaded
 to come to the lecture by a friend.
 Of course, she told her husband as her
 return home that he was honorably
 mentioned, and the good man was
 pleased with what he called an ad-
 vancement, and came the next night to
 show his appreciation.
 He came again and again, and so did
 his wife. I learned he had great influ-
 ence over his wife and might have
 brought her to the church if he had
 not been careless himself. I deter-
 mined to talk to Wiggins, so I went first
 to see his wife. She said she was
 pleased with the lecture; a great
 many doubts were removed, and she
 would think about being a Catholic; in
 fact, I got her to acknowledge that if
 her husband would practice his faith
 she would join him.
 I started for the barber shop. No
 one was there but Wiggins. He was
 glad to see me, and while he ministered
 to me, I told him that I was pleased to
 be met there. Yes, he had been there,
 and had not seen his wife?
 Yes, she was there, too. And had I
 heard correctly that she would be a
 Catholic if he practised his faith?
 "Aye, told you that?" said Wig-
 gins.
 "She did. And she is a good woman."
 "She is indeed," said Wiggins.
 "Well, she'll never leave that excuse
 for not being a Catholic. I'll change
 my conduct and go back to church.
 I've been thinking about it, Father,
 ever since you came."
 He was as good as his word. He
 went to confession, and his wife was
 received into the Church, and a neighbor
 who had gone through curiosity with
 her to the mission, received instruc-
 tions at the same time and became a
 convert. So these three souls were led
 to God through the gossip of a barber
 shop and a query from the Question
 Box, and no doubt by the good prayers
 of those whose hearts are in the glori-
 ous work of saving souls.
 This mission took place more than a
 year ago. I visited the town lately,
 and the first one I met was my friend
 Wiggins, now a good Catholic, together
 with his wife, although she made a
 domestic storm when her friends heard of her
 conversion.
 Lovers of our holy faith, pray for the
 conversion of souls! Prayer is the up-
 lifted hands that bring God's blessing
 and help, to those who go forth to win
 souls to the truth.—The Missionary.

WHO WROTE THE ENCYCLICAL?
 Such is the question which the enemy
 is just now assiduously proposing. It
 may be answered by another: Who
 wrote the one on the Labor Question
 entitled *Rerum Novarum*? Every one
 will say, Leo XIII. In the same way,
 Pius X. wrote the *Pascendi*. To deny
 it would be to assert that an architect
 did not build the house because he did
 not lay the bricks. Leo XIII. has some
 interesting details on the subject.
 When Leo XIII. determined to give
 to the world his famous letter, he sum-
 moned around him the most eminent
 men, whose competency in that particu-
 lar matter was incontestable. Results
 of individual research were also sent
 spontaneously from all parts of the
 world. When he was thoroughly ac-
 quainted with all this accumulated
 material, he was classified and arranged
 by his secretaries and when the ques-
 tion was sufficiently clarified he chose
 a man whom he judged best qualified to
 grasp and interpret his thought, and
 confided to him the editing of the first
 draft of the document. That man was
 Cardinal Zigliara; but no one attrib-
 utes to Zigliara the authorship of the
Rerum Novarum, nor to Mgr. Tarozzi, the
 Secretary of Latin Letters, to whom
 the text, after being touched and re-
 touched by the Pontiff, was finally com-
 mitted.
 In the same way was the *Pascendi*
 written. It is an insult, which should
 be indignantly resented, to say that the
 present great Pontiff is incapable of
 such a work. As a curate and parish
 priest, he was immediately promoted to
 the study of scholastic theology; be-
 came Bishop of Mantua, he found his sem-
 inary in the condition in which some of
 the French ones were previous to their
 suppression; and he constituted him-
 self professor of theology; as Patriarch
 of Venice he organized the reunions of
 young theologians for special studies,
 and the patriarchal palace was thrown
 open for their instruction. The very
 subject that came up for considera-
 tion in those reunions was Loisy's
 "Church and the Gospel," which was re-
 futed and condemned. When Loisy pub-
 lished his second book, "Autour d'un
 petit livre," Pius X. had need of no one
 to show him its character, and it was
 quickly condemned as absolutely in
 opposition to the Catholic faith. This
 condemnation immediately provoked the
 attack which the Pope was hoping to
 make, and this same accusation is the burden
 of the Modernists' complaint. That
 their writings were filled with error was
 clear enough to any one, because of
 the disastrous consequences they in-
 volved, and they might have been con-
 demned outright for that reason. But
 to cut the ground from under their
 feet, the Pope subjected all their books
 to a formal, scientific examination, so
 as not merely to indicate their evil
 tendencies, but to show the principles
 on which they were based, and from
 which they were evolved, and how such
 principles, though some of the writers
 themselves did not suspect it, ran
 through all their works. For that pur-
 pose, just as in the case of the *Rerum
 Novarum*, the most competent and emi-
 nent men in the Church were made use
 of, and notwithstanding the multiply-
 ing disasters which those heretical
 teachings were causing everywhere
 while the investigation was going on,
 the scrutiny continued for three entire
 years. The work was a great one, so
 much so that the combined analyses of
 all those Modernist works form a huge
 volume. All this work was inaugurated
 by the Pope; he suggested the method,
 he followed its execution, and in pro-
 portion as it was evolved he made him-
 self thoroughly master of it through-
 out, and it was due to him that the com-
 mon traits of the various Modernist books
 were brought to light, and their formal
 principles clearly enunciated. When
 this preliminary analysis was finished,
 the whole was synthesized and when
 the synthesis was completed, the Pa-
 pal Secretary of Royal Letters, Mgr.
 Sardi, put it into Latin. But it would
 be ridiculous to say that the document
 is Mgr. Sardi's work, or that it is to
 be attributed to any of the distinguished
 men who participated in its elabora-
 tion. Finally it may not be out of
 place to note that the age which boasts
 of its scientific objects in this Papal
 document on the score of science,
 although in its production the most
 scientific methods have been adopted.
 The rancor it has evoked is due to
 the fact that it has not Catholic thought

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times for a century or more. A re-
 viewer in the Tablet questioned the
 truth of his statement and Mr. Figgis
 triumphantly quotes its authority—the
 constancy of the society. He was
 frank enough to acknowledge that if
 the clause he quoted in Latin did not
 justify his statement, it could not be
 justified. Now all England is laughing
 at him. For one who claimed to be
 familiar with the literature of his sub-
 ject, his blunder was little less than
 amazing. As an authority on Jesuit
 history and literature he should have
 encountered the correction of his blun-
 der at least a dozen times—even
 enemies of the society having pointed
 out the error and warned against it.
 But in spite of that these man-traps do
 their work—and from time to time a
 new victim—with more zeal against the
 Jesuits than knowledge of their Latin
 —is held up to the ridicule of the
 world.—True Voice.

**THE CURE'S WORK IN THE
 FIELDS.**
 M. Lecomte, Cure of Montgivray,
 near station at Sainte-Piaultraire,
 near Barry,—a country where the vine
 is not used except as a trellis or decorat-
 ing the trees in the garden—was
 convinced that grape culture could be
 carried on successfully. In spite of
 objections and resistance he held to his
 idea, studied the different varieties,
 and on the 27th of August, 1904, pre-
 sented to his friends and neighbors
 perfectly ripe grapes from his vines.
 "The wine which I made in September,"
 said he, "acquired an unusual degree
 of perfection. The test was made, and
 I received orders for the vines."
 "After three years I left the parish
 of Sainte-Piaultraire, leaving to my suc-
 cessor my experimental field. I found
 at Montgivray, my new post, excellent
 earth, and I produced some novelties.
 In the following year I produced a new
 species of potato, and later a vegetable
 known in America as salsify. Straw-
 berries are engaging my attention at
 this moment."
 "It is a novelty for our parishion-
 ers," said he, "to see their Cure sup-
 port himself by work in the open fields.
 Encouragement and marks of sympathy
 have not failed me despite the critics,
 and occasional harsh words. Critic-
 isms, doubtful compliments, insults, I
 accept all without saying anything,
 convinced that I am in the right, and
 encouraged by my Bishop, who ap-
 proves our means of providing for our
 personal needs and above all the good
 example given to our parishioners of
 gaining a living through constant prac-
 tical work."—Priest-Workers in
 France, in Donahoe's for January.

"Too Busy to Pray."
 Too busy to pray? You might as
 well say "Too busy to live."
 Prayer is never lost time. Prayer
 is living itself. It is that without
 which no time is saved, but all time
 lost. It conserves time, making itself
 valuable and effective. Jesus prayed
 before He worked and so taught us
 how to gain strength for our work.
 He prayed after he worked, and so
 gave us the lesson of how to make
 labor effective and enduring. Like
 Him, we should pray before we act,
 and so get counsel and strength from
 God, and we should offer prayer after
 we act, and get the blessing of God
 upon what we have done. Otherwise we
 shall labor in vain and shall fail. We
 should pray because we are busy. Re-
 member this, especially in these busy
 rushing days. To pray is to live; not
 to pray is not to live. It is simply to
 exist.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 18th, 1905. Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906. Mr. Thomas Coffey: Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you on 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.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1908.

THE GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND AND ORANGEISM.

We learn from a correspondent who writes us from St. John's, Newfoundland, that the Orange Society of that city called upon the Governor on New Year's Day, and that his honor received them. In this he, to say the least of it, showed very bad taste. It was a cut at every Catholic subject in the colony, and it was giving importance to an association whose presence in any country is an eyesore and whose importation into America is an execrable perpetuation of feuds which no patriot, high or low, should encourage.

A COMMON BIBLE.

As the prospect of divided Christianity becomes more gloomy the expressed desires for union become more frequent. They are not, it seems to us, characterized by sufficient seriousness to give hope that this laudable purpose will be accomplished. We can see none of the leaving-all to follow Christ in any of the proposals. There is less adherence to principle or saving of truth than a practical economy or an enumerating of the Kingdom. Pride and worldliness count for more in the plans than real unity of faith and bond of peace.

and abroad, in Ireland, Canada and Newfoundland, whether by its childhood's name of Peep of day boys, or by its later and more euphonious and odoriferous title of Orange Society, whether as Sons of England or American Protective Association—call it what you will, it has always been animated by the same unjust, division-spreading spirit—loud in speech, bullying in prosperity and cowardly in adversity. Its unpatriotic and selfish methods were evidenced at the time of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne. Its rude impudence received a well deserved rebuke at the time of the visit of His Majesty to Canada when Prince of Wales. The stand then taken against Orangeism is the stand which all public men should since have followed. It was the proper precedent. His Royal Highness would not recognize the society, would not receive its officers, accept its badges in his processions or march under its arches. This is what the governor of any province should do. And because Sir William McGreor has acted just the other way he has added neither glory to his own name nor peace to his rule.

Before parting with this subject we express dissent from the statement that William was a protagonist of civil and religious liberty. Even if the Orange Society had been directly established by him, and if its constitution would simply endorse King William and his apologist down by the sea. So far as Ireland is concerned this King's reign is characterized by proscriptio. The only display of determination he made was in the case of Irish woollen manufactures. He said: "I will do all in my power to discourage the woollen manufactures of Ireland and to encourage linen manufacture there."

THE POPE ON GOVERNMENT.

A London, Eng., despatch dated Jan. 8, appearing in The Sydney Post of the following day, has been sent to us. The report credits the Holy Father with the following statement in his address to the anti-slavery Congress lately held at Rome: "A government, in order to govern well, must be despotic and tyrannical." Our reply is simply that we do not believe the Pope ever made use of such language. As this is the only extract from the address which the correspondent gives it is impossible to form a judgment from the context. It has no appearance of truth. This sentence, it is claimed, was expressed from the official report. But its authenticity is vouched for by some individuals. The translation of the Pope's address evidently gives a wrong impression. Likely the press correspondent was not a bi linguist. He does not know both Italian and English. He thought he heard the Holy Father announce some political principle—he was not quite sure—but it seemed to him that the Pope said something in favor of despotism and tyranny. He translates it, cables it, and scatters it broadcast. In the meantime the official report comes out. There is not a single word of this irrational, absurd theory. Which is to be believed? These press correspondents are so dreadfully addicted to magnifying and manufacturing stories about our Holy Father, that such rumors as the above should be absolutely ignored or positively denied. Pope Pius X. knows too well both the theory and practice of good government to hold such error; and he is too astute a ruler to enunciate a principle which must have shocked the members of an anti-slavery Congress. Our press correspondents would be without work if the Vatican were closed to them and the Holy Father made no reply to addresses.

IRISH REUNION.

For a time there seemed to be a prospect of union between John Redmond and Wm. O'Brien; but it has not materialized. The first meeting, an informal one, took place when the Bishop of Raphoe and Mr. Redmond had a conference with Father Clancy and Mr. O'Brien. After a couple of sessions an agreement was arrived at upon the general basis that the right of the Irish people to the largest measure of self government could be circumscribed by no man or party; that meanwhile minor ameliorative measures should be supported, that the co-operation of all classes and creeds should be welcomed, and that the existing party pledge must bind members of the Irish Parliamentary party to support in and out of Parliament any decision of the majority. Here the agreement ended. When Mr. O'Brien asked that a National Convention should be summoned on a different basis of representation from that laid down by the present constitution of the Irish League for the consideration of these propositions, it was objected to by the Bishop of Raphoe and Mr. Redmond as beyond their power. There was also the ground that a National Convention would be summoned about Easter to consider the Government's bills. Then

result of common Bible reading. Divisions innumerable, standards variable, truths mutable—these are natural consequences. When will Protestantism see its initial error? This is private judgment. The Bible is surely to be read—God's own Book—the history of His mercies and His revelations to the world. But it is to be read under guidance. Its truths and hidden meaning may be wrested to falsehood by the ignorant and unstable. Common Bible has done more harm than good. Not only did it produce divisions amongst the less learned; it tore the very Bible itself to pieces when it was put into the hands of the more learned, who, with their ruthless criticism and false philosophy, have not left a page upon a page. Private judgment is to blame. A man has not the right to frame his religion. Religion is a law—the sovereignty of God over man, over his thoughts, words and deeds, over man as an individual and as member of society. Man can no more frame his own religion than he can be a law unto himself. There is another point which cannot be lost sight of. Who can with certainty hand a book to his neighbor saying: "This is God's Book?" The neighbor will naturally ask how the giver knows it. No one should preach unless he is sent. Authority is needed both to present the Bible and to guide the reading. It is needed to protect both against the devastations of criticism and the pride of rationalistic learning. To expect union from a common Bible without a living teacher is building a house on quicksand. Experience shows it to be a complete failure; and the basis of private judgment upon which it rests is false and productive of nothing but error.

QUERY COLUMN.

A correspondent has sent us a clipping from a Seattle newspaper with an account of an ill timed practical joke. The extract stated that a young lady traveled a long way to Seattle to marry a young banker in that city. They met at the station and proceeded immediately to some minister. The young man was asked for the licence. He drew out of his pocket what he thought was the proper document. His surprise and horror may be imagined when he found it was a dog licence, which some regular friend had substituted for the regular licence on such occasions. The minister having been let into the secret, first upbraided him and then performed the ceremony. Immediately afterwards he opened the door into another room where were concealed several of the friends of the groom who had been leaders in the joke. We are asked whether we see anything wrong in the thing. Our answer is that we are too old to appreciate such a joke, or it may be that we are too serious. Matrimonial ceremonies are too frequently the occasions of practical jokes which should be frowned down rather than laughed at or encouraged. There is in our western world a spirit of levity and irreverence which finds fun in what ought to be most serious, and ridicule in what should be most sacred. In our opinion the minister should not have been a party to the practical joke; he should have rebuked sternly those who forgot the sacred character of matrimony. But we must not be too hard upon him. He, like most ministers, may have looked upon the matrimonial ceremony as a mere civil contract and himself as a servant of the State.

TAKE AWAY THEIR CUSTOMERS.

Perhaps one of the greatest engines of usefulness in the service of the enemy of mankind is the groggery established in the midst of our hives of industry. Starting with the coal mines in the East, and coming westward to great manufacturing cities like Montreal and Toronto, and along to the shores of the Pacific, wherever our workers are engaged in the activities of industrial life, the groggeries are to be found in plenty. Quite true it is that a very large number of the working people pay no tribute to these breeders of discord and poverty and misery and crime. But, alas! it is only too true that many are following the road to perdition by frequenting the bar-room in the localities named. We have just read in one of the American papers that 25,000 employees of the North-western Railway Co. had signed a pledge of total abstinence, a copy of which was forwarded to the railroad officials during the holiday week. What a splendid piece of work it would be were some one to initiate a like movement amongst the railroad employees and coal miners in Canada.

POLITICS AND CONSCIENCE.

The daily papers of Chicago are reporting the Rev. Peter J. O'Callaghan, pastor of St. Mary's (Paulist) Church as saying: "Politicians and their henchmen who masquerade as 'good Catholics' while conducting low saloons, dance halls and other dens of vice, must be driven out of politics for the sake of religion and the public welfare." Speaking to General Shields Council, Knights of Columbus, Father O'Callaghan told the members that they must unite to defeat disreputable office-holders who trade upon their religion to get graft out of the public service. He said: "Get after them, and keep after them. They have no rightful place in public life. There are too many so-called Catholics in official positions who are allied with all that is degraded in politics. They bear the name of Catholics, but they disgrace Catholicism. Your organization will never do its full duty until it gets into politics—not the politics of partisanship, but the politics of true citizenship. If your vote or mine helps to multiply sin or makes wickedness more common, then we are responsible to God. We are responsible, too, for our Church, for conscience and Catholicism are synonymous. You can never rise to the true plane of your duty as a Catholic until you show you have a conscience in politics."

took place on the 15th inst. a meeting of the Directory of the Irish League at Dublin, at which two nationalist supporters of Mr. O'Brien presented themselves at the meeting. They were rejected upon the ground taken by Mr. Redmond at the informal meeting. When men stick so close to precedent and principle they are not likely to unite. We do not expect every one to see eye to eye with us in any question, though we agree to disagree. It is a pity that patriots like Redmond and O'Brien cannot unite, or that they have some more serious difference than they seem to have.

make a determined crusade on those who, while seeking prominent positions in public life, parade as Catholics for the purpose of gaining Catholic votes, while their conduct is a scandal and a reproach. We repeat that the Catholic who sincerely loves his faith, and who is anxious to guard its honor, should thank heaven he has a vote to cast against the brawling demagogue to whom hoodling and grafting seems to be a legitimate game in this our day. And not alone in this manner is he a reproach to us. He will be found in the bar-room of high and low degree, a swaggering, empty-headed bully, flourishing a roll of bills and asking the boys up to have a drink. He ambitions to be labelled "good fellow" that the ballot box may deal kindly with him on election day. We strongly exhort our people to have care, when casting their ballots, that they place not in positions of honor in the gift of the people men whose conduct will bring to their cheeks the blush of shame. We would say to them, whenever they find a Catholic who has been untrue to his trust and has given scandal, turn him out of office the first opportunity. We have reason to be grateful that Catholics of this character are few in number, but they loom large by their noisomeness in public places.

A QUOTATION FROM ARCH-BISHOP RYAN.

In the Baptist Watchman of this city, Dec. 20, a correspondent, trying to make out a case against the Catholic Church, pretends to quote from Archbishop Ryan the following words: "The Church tolerates heretics where she is obliged to do so, but she hates them with a deadly hatred, and uses all her powers to annihilate them. If ever the Catholics should become a considerable majority then will religious freedom in the United States come to an end. Our enemies know how she treated heretics in the Middle Ages, and how she treats them to-day, where she has the power. We no more think of denying these historic facts than we do of blaming the Holy God, and the princes of the Church for what they have thought fit to do."

THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY NAMES.

The Sisters of the Holy Names, a branch school of which order is established in Windsor, Ont., have received distinction from the Education Department in the State of Washington. It has recognized the work of the Normal department connected with that Academy. Young ladies who graduate from the Normal department of the school carried on by the Sisters of the Holy Names will hereafter be granted certificates to teach in the State of Washington.

POLITICS AND CONSCIENCE.

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THE CARDINAL APPEAL.

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Catholic, however, should take some inspiration from the life of Frederick Ozanam. Every Catholic can be a missionary in his own sphere. True, he may not consider that he is his brother's keeper, but it would be well to remember that there are sins of omission as well as sins of commission for which he may have to account in the world to come.

We are not intimately acquainted with the license laws of the Dominion, but we trust that all, like Ontario, have laws forcing the closing of whiskey dens from 7 o'clock Saturday evening until 8 o'clock Monday morning. Indeed, considering present conditions we think another step may be taken to promote temperance among the people. Would it not be a good plan to put an end to the whiskey seller's business on Saturday at 12 o'clock and take steps to keep the savings-banks open on Saturday afternoons. The Saturday half holiday gives the wine clerk a bumper business, and makes him wear a smile of happiness with all the world; but what of the wife and the children who are naked and hungry because the foolish father has ceased being a manly man and has sacrificed all his respect and all his prospects for the future in that place where is to be found but the atmosphere of degradation, where blasted hopes and lost souls cry to heaven for vengeance.

LAST WEEK we made the announcement of the death of a great American priest, Rev. Dr. Stafford, of Washington. This week we regret to chronicle the death of a most noted Catholic layman of that country, Mr. James R. Randall. He has been for some years a regular contributor to that excellent Catholic weekly, The Catholic Columbian, of Columbus, Ohio. At the time of the civil war Mr. Randall became famous as the author of the song, "Maryland, My Maryland." Oliver Wendell Holmes said that the wish of his life was to do for his native State, Pennsylvania, what James R. Randall had done for Maryland. He was ever a staunch Catholic as well as a true American and his death will be universally regretted throughout the Republic.

THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY NAMES, a branch school of which order is established in Windsor, Ont., have received distinction from the Education Department in the State of Washington. It has recognized the work of the Normal department connected with that Academy. Young ladies who graduate from the Normal department of the school carried on by the Sisters of the Holy Names will hereafter be granted certificates to teach in the State of Washington.

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make a determined crusade on those who, while seeking prominent positions in public life, parade as Catholics for the purpose of gaining Catholic votes, while their conduct is a scandal and a reproach. We repeat that the Catholic who sincerely loves his faith, and who is anxious to guard its honor, should thank heaven he has a vote to cast against the brawling demagogue to whom hoodling and grafting seems to be a legitimate game in this our day. And not alone in this manner is he a reproach to us. He will be found in the bar-room of high and low degree, a swaggering, empty-headed bully, flourishing a roll of bills and asking the boys up to have a drink. He ambitions to be labelled "good fellow" that the ballot box may deal kindly with him on election day. We strongly exhort our people to have care, when casting their ballots, that they place not in positions of honor in the gift of the people men whose conduct will bring to their cheeks the blush of shame. We would say to them, whenever they find a Catholic who has been untrue to his trust and has given scandal, turn him out of office the first opportunity. We have reason to be grateful that Catholics of this character are few in number, but they loom large by their noisomeness in public places.

A QUOTATION FROM ARCH-BISHOP RYAN.

In the Baptist Watchman of this city, Dec. 20, a correspondent, trying to make out a case against the Catholic Church, pretends to quote from Archbishop Ryan the following words: "The Church tolerates heretics where she is obliged to do so, but she hates them with a deadly hatred, and uses all her powers to annihilate them. If ever the Catholics should become a considerable majority then will religious freedom in the United States come to an end. Our enemies know how she treated heretics in the Middle Ages, and how she treats them to-day, where she has the power. We no more think of denying these historic facts than we do of blaming the Holy God, and the princes of the Church for what they have thought fit to do."

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LESSON FOR TODAY IN THE CAUSES OF THE GROWTH OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH.

One of the largest congregations that ever attended a regular service at the Cathedral was present at High Mass on a recent Sunday when Cardinal Gibbons preached. Many persons went away unable to gain admittance.

The Cardinal took for his theme "Secondary Causes of the Growth of the Primitive Church." He said: "On another occasion I spoke of the rapid growth and development of the Christian religion in the days of the apostles and in the centuries immediately following. I asserted that the Church's expansion and enduring vitality must be regarded as miraculous. For whilst all human institutions and Governments are subject to the law of birth, development, decay and death, the religion of Christ maintains her vigor unimpaired. The primary cause of her miraculous continuity and expansion must, of course, be ascribed to the promise made by Christ to His apostles when He said 'Go teach all nations, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.'"

"But as Almighty God works His wonders through human instruments and secondary causes, it may be interesting and instructive to us to consider some of the leading agencies which, under the influence of God's grace, operated so powerfully in the diffusion of the Christian religion in the early period of the Church."

"The first and most efficacious influence may be attributed to the sublime and beautiful teachings of Christianity. The Christian religion proclaimed, then, as it does now, doctrines which satisfied the highest aspirations of the human intellect and gratified the legitimate cravings of the human heart. It solves religious problems which had baffled the researchers of the most profound philosophers of pagan antiquity, and which baffle the investigations of the thinkers of our day who are not guided by the light of revelation."

GAVE RATIONAL IDEA OF GOD.

"The Christian religion gave the pagan world a rational idea of God. It proclaimed a God essentially one, existing from eternity to eternity. It proclaimed a God who created all things by His power, who governs all things by His wisdom, and whose superintending providence, watches over the affairs of nations as well as of men, without whom not even a bird can fall to the ground. It spoke of a God infinitely just, infinitely merciful, infinitely holy, infinitely wise. This idea of a Supreme Being so consonant to our intellectual conceptions was in striking contrast with the low, debasing and sensual notions which the pagan world ascribed to its divinities."

"The religion of Christ not only gave man a sublime notion of his Creator, but gave him also a rational idea about himself. Hitherto man was a mystery and a riddle to himself. He knew not when he came nor whether he was going. He was groping in the dark: the past and the future were for him buried in impenetrable darkness. The religion of Christ imparted to him a knowledge of his origin, of his destiny, and the means of attaining it. It rescued him from the frightful labyrinth of error in which paganism had involved him. West light and joy Christian revelation brought to those who were walking in the darkness of paganism may be inferred from the sagacious speech of the English thane to Edwin, king of Northumbria. When Edwin deliberated in 627 on becoming a Christian, whose wife Ethelburga had already embraced the Christian religion, he convoked an assembly of his counsellors. One of them thus spoke: "O then, O King, in the depth of winter when you are feasting with your thanes, and the fire is blazing on the hearth in the midst of the hall, you have seen a sparrow pelted by the storm enter at one door and escape at the other. During its passage it was visible, but when it came, or whither it went you know not. Such seems to me to be the life of man. He walks the earth for a few years, but what precedes his birth or what is to follow after death we cannot tell. Undoubtedly, if the new religion can unfold these important secrets, it must be worthy of our attention, and ought to be followed."

"The Christian religion gave not only light to man's intellect, but also peace to his heart. It brought him that peace of God which surpasseth all understanding, and which springs from the conscious possession of the truth. It communicated to him a triple peace. It taught him how to have peace with God by the observance of His commandments; peace with his neighbor by fulfilling the law of justice and charity, and peace with himself by keeping his passions subject to reason, and reason guided by the light of faith."

CHRISTIANITY UNIVERSAL. "Another distinguishing feature of the religion of Christ, and which attracted the admiration and sympathy of the masses, was its all-embracing mission and its appeal to the universal human race without distinction of rank or condition. In this respect it differed from all other religions that had preceded it. They were all local and national in their character, the creatures of the State. They had the official seal of the Government stamped on them. The religion of Christ, on the contrary, was cosmopolitan, world wide, universal, restricted by no State lines or national boundaries. Christ came as the world's physician. He alone could feel the pulse of humanity and prescribe to each man the remedies to assuage his fever and restore him to spiritual vigor. It was the first and only religion that proclaimed the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of Christ. Like the air of heaven, which ascends the highest mountain and descends down to the deepest valley, everywhere purifying the face of nature, the Gospel permeated every rank and grade of society, diffusing everywhere a healthy moral atmosphere. It had a message for

master and man, for rich and poor. To the Greek and to the barbarian, to the wise and the unwise, I am a debtor," said the apostle.

"Without rudely dissolving the relations between master and slave, it admonished the master to be kind and humane to his slave, reminding him that he had a Master in heaven Who had no respect for persons. It taught the slave to be docile to his master. It cheered him by the comforting thought that he was not a mere animated machine or a chattel, but that he was endowed with an immortal soul and was a child of God. It gradually relaxed the severity of his bondage, till the chains fell from his feet."

ITS PROMISES BROUGHT COMFORT. "It charged the rich not to be high-minded, nor to trust in the uncertainty of riches, but in the living God: to do good, to become rich in good works." It comforted the poor man by the old, old, but never tiresome, story of a God Who became poor for our sakes, that by His poverty we might be rich. It held out to all the blessed promises of eternal life and of a happiness which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man was capable of conceiving.

"But beside these intrinsic claims which Christianity exhibited, there was another cause which contributed powerfully to the development of the Christian religion. I refer to the irreproachable lives of the primitive Christians, some of whom are thus portrayed by the apostle: "Ye became followers of us and of the Lord, having received the word in much tribulation with joy of the Holy Spirit, so that ye became a model to all who believe in Macedonia and Achaia."

"The pagan world saw with admiration the great moral change which the religion of Christ had wrought in the hearts of their converted brethren. They saw that amid licentiousness and sensuality the Christians remained pure and chaste. Like the children in the fiery furnace, their robes of innocence were not scorched by the flame of wantonness which surrounded them. Amid drunkenness and debauchery they remained sober and abstemious. Amid injustice and rapine and over-reaching they were not only strictly just, but they distributed with a ready hand their goods to their suffering brethren."

"While the pagans fled with horror from the breath of pestilence, the Christians nursed and buried their plague-stricken friends, and even their enemies. No wonder, as Tertullian remarks, that the enemies of Christianity were forced to exclaim: 'Behold how these Christians love and are ready to die for one another.' In a word, amid contempt and calumny, insults and persecutions, the Christians maintained an invincible patience and confronted death itself not only with sublime fortitude, but even with serene joy. The public were convinced that a tree which bore such celestial fruit must have been planted by the hands of God Himself. They saw and they believed."

ZEAL OF EARLY CHRISTIANS.

"The primitive Christians aided the apostles not only by their edifying example, but also by their zealous co-operation. They were all missionaries on a limited scale. They were ever ready to give an account of the faith and the hope that were in them. The more enlightened lay converts, like Tertullian, Justin Martyr and Lactantius, vindicated the claims of Christianity by learned treatises. The merchant was a travelling evangelist. Together with his wares, he brought a knowledge of Christ to the houses which he visited. The soldier proclaimed Christ in the camp. The captive slave preached Him in the mines. The believing wife made known the Gospel to her unbelieving husband, and the believing husband to the unbelieving wife; and thus as all nature silently, though eloquently, proclaims the existence and glory of God, so did the whole Christian family unite in magnifying the name and in proclaiming the divine mission of our Savior Jesus Christ."

"Let us now bring home to ourselves these historical facts I have set before you, and let us make a practical application of them to ourselves. The Gospel which is preached to you brings you the same blessed message of light and peace and hope which it brought to the primitive Christians. It reveals to you the same knowledge of God and of yourselves, and the same eternal heritage which is revealed to them. The seed of the word of God is the same. Would to God that I could say the same of the soil in which it is cast."

"Our forefathers eagerly embraced Christianity at the risk, and often at the sacrifice of their lives. No such sacrifice is exacted of you. But it is just because our faith costs us so little that we do not esteem it at its due value. The father who possesses a fortune by his own individual exertion appreciates his wealth far more than the son who falls heir to it. We are the heirs of this blessed kingdom, and how many alas! are there who let it slip from their hands and who, like Esau, sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. Let us preserve this treasure of faith as the apple of our eye."

AID OF LAITY NEEDED.

"But your faith should not only adorn your own person: it should also diffuse its heavenly perfume among those with whom you are thrown in family or social relations. We need your help. We have seen what valuable and efficient aid the primitive Christian laity rendered to the apostles in propagating the Gospel. And if the apostles, with all their piety, zeal and grace, could not have accomplished what they did without the help of the laity, how can we ministers of the Gospel, who cannot lay claim to their piety or zeal or eloquence, hope to spread the light of the Gospel without your earnest concurrence?"

"How are you to co-operate with us? First, by the open and many profession of your faith, by being always ready to satisfy every one that asketh you a reason for that hope that is in you." While you will accord to those who differ from you the right of expres-

sing and maintaining their religious opinions you must claim for yourselves the same privilege. You ask for nothing more. You will be content with nothing less. And surely if there is in this world anything of which you ought to be justly proud, it is this: That you are members of the religion of Christ. In the days of pagan Rome's imperial splendor the Roman said with pride: 'I am a Roman citizen.' This was his noblest title. It was a title which even St. Paul claimed and vindicated when he was threatened with the ignominious punishment of scourging. The Roman was proud of the Republic because it was venerable in years, because of the vast extent of its domain, and because of the valor of its soldiers and the wisdom of its statesmen."

"And if the Roman was proud of being a Roman citizen, if you are proud of claiming the title of American citizen, how much more should you glory in being citizens of the republic of the Church! "Do you seek for antiquity of origin? Nearly two thousand summers have already rolled over her head, and she is to-day as fresh and vigorous as when she issued from the conch of Jerusalem. Time writes no wrinkles on her heavenly brow. She has seen the birth of every dynasty of Europe, and it is not impossible that she may witness the death of them all and chant their requiem."

"Do you seek for wide expanse of territory? Her spiritual dominion extends over the surface of the globe."

SAINTS' WISDOM BORN OF GOD.

"Where will you find a wisdom comparable to that of her saints? This is a wisdom born not of man, but of God. And where will you find a heroism so sublime as that of her martyrs? There is a heroism not aroused by the sound of martial music or by the clash of arms on the battlefield, or by a lust for fame, or by the emulation of comrades, but a heroism inspired by a love for God and their fellow-beings."

"You can co-operate with us by your generous offerings in the cause of religion and charity, and by helping us to build the temple of Jerusalem and by contributing to the decency and splendor of divine worship."

"Above all, you can co-operate with us by the rectitude of your private lives and the influence of your example. Having your conversation good among the Gentiles, that whereas they speak of you as evil-doers, considering you by your good works, they may glorify God in the day of visitation." When God visits them by the light of His grace and removes from their eyes the scales of prejudice, your virtues will shine resplendent before them. Let your light, then, so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, Who is in heaven."

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

NOTABLE CATHOLIC ACTIVITY.

SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS, SARATOGO SPRINGS, N. Y.

As it is a praise-worthy custom to publish broadsheet annual reports of the successful labors performed by the respective missionary bands operating in the United States and Canada, for the purpose of exciting still greater interest in furthering the glory of God and the salvation of souls, we accordingly submit the present summary report, which a careful search in the chronicles of that particular band of Redemptorist Fathers, who are under the direction of Rev. Francis E. Klauer, entitled our review. The labor of only one of the six bands of Redemptorist missionaries in the Baltimore Province busy with this special work. The returns are Missions and Mission-Renewals, 93; Retreats to parishes and church societies, 25; Retreats to priests and religious, 22; Forty Hours' Devotion and Missions to Non-Catholics, 22; Total 162. Significant results of these labors are 225 converts made and 108 SSX confessions heard, not to speak of the many remarkable conversions from a life of sin to a life of virtue, begun at the mission, continuing for a twelvemonth, perfected at the renewal."

Never in the history of the Redemptorist Mission House at Saratogo Springs, N. Y., have the Fathers been called upon by zealous pastors, ever watchful for the best interests of their flocks, to give as great a number of renewals in the course of one year. This commendable step in the right direction offers a splendid opportunity to explain this special feature of missionary work as conducted by the Redemptorist Fathers. The sons of St. Alphonsus, who, by the way, were the first in this country to give popular missions, both Catholic as well as non-Catholic, are the only missionaries, that follow up their missions with renewals. Their return to a parish for the purposes of conducting a renewal takes place not earlier than six months, nor later than a year. Although the exercises of the renewal are the same as at the mission, the sermons and instructions delivered are entirely different. The aim and purpose of the mission is to induce the people to serve God through fear of divine chastisements. The aim and purpose of the renewal is to make them steadfast in this service through the nobler motives of reward, gratitude, love. The good are made better; the newly-converted, strengthened; the relapsing sinner tenderly lifted up and encouraged to persevere in the good fight; incidentally the obstinate are given another opportunity to make their peace with God. For these reasons, St. Alphonsus, holy founder, saintly bishop, learned doctor, deemed renewals of such great importance, that he earnestly directed superiors to give them invariably preceded. Slowly but surely have devoted pastors also come to realize the same. In our own day a noted prolate, who had looked upon renewals with an unfavorable eye, having assisted at some of the exercises and having learned some of the results, candidly confessed: "After all St. Alphonsus knew a thing or two more than we do

about human nature and the great necessity of renewals."

A striking feature of these renewals is the atonement service. This most solemn ceremony is celebrated to make amends for all the insults, indignities, and outrages that are committed against Jesus Christ in the august sacrament of the altar, as also to instill into the hearts of the faithful a tender love for Him. For this purpose an evening in the latter part of the week is chosen. The people are called upon to furnish potted plants, cut flowers and wax candles, as tokens of sorrow for past offences, as pledges of love for future fidelity. With these generous gifts the main altar is elaborately decorated to serve as a fitting throne for the Great King, granting pardon to a sorrowing people and receiving the homage of their loving fealty. At the hour appointed children beautifully clad and sweetly singing, enter the church in solemn procession doing honor to their royal friend. The Blessed Sacrament is then exposed for adoration. A sermon is delivered eloquently describing the pain offered to the Sacred Heart by unrequited visits, indecent genuflections, irreverences at divine service, absence from the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, rare and devout as well as unworthy Holy Communions. At the close of the sermon the children, with fervent hearts and ringing voices render devout reparation to the wounded feelings of the Heart of Jesus. The atonement is followed by that of the adults. Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament is then given, at the close of which the children march from the church in devout procession, raising their innocent voices in hymns of praise and honor to the King of kings. So profoundly impressed are the people by this beautiful ceremony that they eagerly beg permission to receive Holy Communion, two, three or even four times upon the one confession. In this way the atonement service deals another blow to Jansenistic severity, which St. Alphonsus fought so gallantly and at the same time meets the ardent desire of our Holy Father to have the faithful receive Holy Communion much more frequently."

Although the missionaries have received a warm welcome and have labored successfully as well in the land of everglades as in the land of snows, on the coasts of eastern gales as well as on the fields of the golden west; nowhere have they received a heartier reception and nowhere have they labored more profitably than in the Valley of the Black Diamond. Two years ago the torch of religious enthusiasm set fire to the hearts of these sturdy inhabitants of the mining districts of the Keystone State. And the Redemptorist missionaries were chosen by zealous pastors up and down the valley to fan the flames into a sweeping religious conflagration. Two years have they labored and the coming year will again find them at their post breaking the bread of life to these people, whose sterling faith urges them on to great sacrifices in order to reap a rich harvest of mission blessings. Many of them set aside their work; scores of them walk miles in the most inclement weather; hundreds of them with discolored countenances and swinging dinner-pails, still clad in their working garments, may be seen after long and weary hours of exhausting toil, moving towards the church, to attend the mission services. So eager are they to drink in the word of God as it flows from the

mouths of His prophets. To have been honored with the privilege of having labored among such a people is a memory forever to be cherished.

The unvarying success attending the apostolic labors of the Redemptorist missionaries must testify to the grace of God and the tender solicitude of His mother, be attributed to the wonderful system of St. Alphonsus, to which his acute legal mind, profound knowledge of human nature and unyielding love for souls gave birth. According to this system two observances are of paramount importance, the method of preaching and the method of hearing confessions. St. Alphonsus never ceased to deplore those lofty and florid styles of preaching, which, like fireworks, while they last, make a great noise, but leave after them only a little smoke. He accordingly earnestly directed his missionaries to deliver their carefully prepared sermons with apostolic simplicity, clearness and force, thereby complying with the injunction of St. Paul: "Except you utter by the tongue plain speech, how shall it be known what is said? For you shall be speaking unto the air." (1 Cor. xiv, 9.) Nor did it matter whether the audience be composed of the learned or the ignorant. For the missionary's duty is to remedy the miseries and iniquities of the world. "Such dangerous diseases," says a celebrated writer, "are not cured by the soft incentives of polished and delicate discourses—they require strokes of fire." Preaching the word of God, however, is but the means to the end, which is the perfect reconciliation of the people with God through the sacrament of Penance. Oras Blessed Clement Halbauer expresses it in his own popular way: "By means of our sermons we energetically shake the ants from the tree and by means of the tribunal of penance we patiently gather them in. Careful at the time of a mission to have only his missionaries in the pulpit, St. Alphonsus would have them only in the confessional. Anxious to have them fiery apostles in preaching the word of God, in dispensing the sacrament of Penance he would have true redeemers, patient and prudent, shunning the rocks of severity as well as the quicksands of over-indulgence."

A TOUCHING EVIDENCE OF DEVOTION FROM ROME.

Here is a Christmas story, which labors under two great disadvantages, for it is true and it happened only last week. It was Christmas Eve and the Redemptorist community of San Michele at Paganì had made everything ready for the midnight festival. It is no stretch of the imagination to suppose that as they decked the church and passed to and fro in front of the altar where lies the body of St. Alphonsus Maria di Liguori, they must have thought of the saint every now and then—the enthusiasm his preaching used to excite, especially at Christmas, among the simple folk in the whole countryside around Naples, and how he himself used to lead them in his own lovely hymn to the Divine Infant. But it was growing late, and the community at Paganì were waiting the return of the Fathers who had been giving a mission in a parish some six miles away. Everything was very still in the darkness around, until at last a faint murmur was heard in the distance, which grew louder and louder and nearer with every minute. What could it be? The mystery was revealed a quarter of an

WOMAN RESCUED.

Ottawa, Ont.—Slavery is not dead. Daily, the traffic in human souls goes on. Only a short time ago, a number of Chinese were arrested as they attempted to smuggle young girls from Canada into the United States. In Eastern countries, the slave trader piles his vocation in the market place. Some go into another kind of slavery—unknowingly—yet make a valiant effort to escape. Ottawa is all agog over the wonderful escape of one of her charming matrons from that physical slavery, Rheumatism. Mrs. R. C. Small says, "I was a constant sufferer from rheumatism for over seven years. I used many treatments—consulted doctors—tried hot baths—used almost every known mineral water—but nothing did me any real good. The pains were in my joints and back, and I had frequent headaches and bad indigestion. About a year ago, I saw 'Fruit-a-tives' advertised and decided to try them. After I had taken two boxes, I was much better. Altogether I took seven boxes. I have had no rheumatism for over six months now and feel that I am quite cured. I have gained over ten pounds in weight."

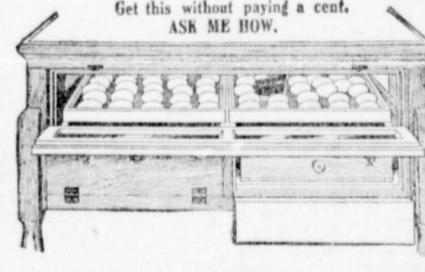
"Fruit-a-tives" cure because the intensified fruit juices and tonics strengthen the kidneys—regulate the bowels—and invigorate the skin. This means pure blood, free of uric acid. Cure yourself. Take "Fruit-a-tives" now and be free of Rheumatism all winter. 50c a box; \$ for \$2.50. All druggists, or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

hour later, when the square in front of the church became filled with a multitude of men, as many as three thousand, and there in the midst of them was a carriage without horses with the three Redemptorist missionaries seated in it. They had been drawn in triumph the whole six miles of the journey, and they had been accompanied by practically the entire male population of the parish they had been evangelizing. Then they filled the church, sang a hymn, listened to the thanks of the Rector of Paganì, received his blessing, and returned in a body to their distant parish to take part in the midnight Mass there.

Nothing more un-modernist could be imagined than the service that followed at Paganì. Matins were chanted, and then one of the Fathers entered the pulpit and preached a *ferrovinio*. While he was yet speaking the solemn procession issued from the sacristy, with the celebrant last, bearing in his hands a statue of the Divine Infant which he presented to the preacher, who in turn presented it to the people, addressing it as if it were in truth the very Child just taken from the manger. And afterwards, before the Mass began the people went up to the altar rails to kiss the face and feet of the Infant. One can imagine the fervent devotion of the great congregation during the solemn Mass that followed—perhaps one can even imagine that a voice from the tomb under the altar joined with theirs as they sang:

When Jesus first appeared on earth
A babe in Bethlehem
The father as night of his birth
Did wait as noon-day seen.

Get this without paying a cent. ASK ME HOW.



Plenty of Time To Pay For It In A TEN YEAR GUARANTY

And I Will Find a Market For All You Want To Sell

MOST incubator-men talk loud about steady heat and little about Clean Air. I can afford to talk both, and more besides. Because—

The Peerless is the incubator that hatches with clean air,—the incubator that has real ventilation.

Now the quality of air an incubator-chicken gets before it's hatched is far more important than the quantity of food it gets after it hatches.

And many a poultry-for-profit venture has gone to smash by the carbon-dioxide route—bad incubator air. Carbon-dioxide is a deadly gas every egg gives off as it hatches.

Open the ordinary incubator's door and sniff,—that sulfurous, musty, choking smell is carbon-dioxide; and it is poison to animal life.

There is no smell in a Peerless—the poison is continually flushed out of the Peerless hatching chamber by the Peerless natural, unfauling ventilation.

Remember that for almost 500 hours the chick breathes what air seeps through the porous shell. If that air is poison loaded, as it is in badly-ventilated ordinary incubators; that chick is stunted, its vitality impaired, its vigor weakened.

It never can thrive as Peerless-hatched chicks, that breathe pure, clean air, do thrive.

Remember, too, that this is only one of fifteen plain reasons why the Peerless incubator not only hatches every chick that can be hatched, but gives those chicks the right start.

Every one of the fifteen reasons means the difference between money made and money lost in poultry-raising.

I will even find you a cash buyer for all the poultry you raise—and all the eggs.

SEND NOW FOR FREE BOOK **LEE-HODGINS CO., LIMITED** 353 PEMBROKE ST. JUST ADDRESS THE **PEERLESS** PEMBERG, ONT.

Suppose you send me your address—use a post card if you like—and let me send you the free book that tells some things you need to know, whether you are a beginner in poultry-raising or an expert.

Sending for the book doesn't commit you to buying the incubator. All I ask you to do is read the book. I won't importune you nor bother you.

Just send for the book and read it—that's all.

If you do that right now, I will tell you, also, how you can make the Peerless earn its whole cost long before you pay one cent for it.

Whether you have ever thought about raising poultry or not,—whether you know all about incubators or you don't, I will show you why it will pay you,—pay you, personally,—to know what the Peerless is and what it could do for you if you wanted it to.

Simply your name and address fetches what will tell you that,—and no obligation on your part. The obligation will be mine to you, if you'll just write now.

In this Free Book I show you how to start in the poultry business without spending a cent for the important part of your outfit.

I will make you a partnership proposition that puts the risk mostly on me and leaves the profit wholly for you.

I will tell you how to get the incubators and brooders you need without paying for them till they have paid for themselves twice over.

I will show you why that beats all the free trial offers you ever heard, and why my way is the only sensible way for you to start raising poultry for profit.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Qualities That Outlast Disaster.

When health is lost, nothing is lost; when wealth is lost, something is lost; when character is lost, all is lost.

The San Francisco disaster emphasized the fact that the only real wealth is that which the earthquake cannot shake, or fire, or any other disaster, destroy.

Men who were congratulating themselves because they had solved the problem of living, and had secured luxuries and leisure for the rest of their lives, men who thought they were forever beyond the reach of want, suddenly found themselves homeless, penniless, accepting the rations of charity right beside those who had been living in the slums.

How often do we hear people say they have "lost everything" they had in the world! No doubt thousands of the San Francisco sufferers felt wretchedly poor, because they thought that they had lost everything. Brought up in a country where the value of wealth has been greatly overemphasized—where the man who does not accumulate money is thought to lack something, no matter how much he may achieve in some scientific or art specialty, or how valuable a citizen he may be, they thought that they had lost everything in the world because their property had been destroyed by a great disaster.

Naked and destitute, indeed, do men feel when their dollar-making machines are broken or burned, their material gods destroyed, when they, themselves, are snuffed for anything else than pouring all their ability, all their energy, into dollar-making.

But if the making of a man has been carried on principally by the making of the dollar incidental, we shall not feel that we have lost everything we had in the world, when our property is destroyed by an earthquake, or burned up, or lost in a business panic. Our real self ought not to be at the mercy of a mere accident. It is a pretty poor kind of wealth that can burn up, that cannot stand earthquake or fire.

There is certainly something in immortal man that is fireproof and earthquake-proof, something beyond the reach of any disaster on land or sea. Man is principle, and principle cannot be destroyed. Our real self ought not to be at the mercy of a mere accident. It is a pretty poor kind of wealth that can burn up, that cannot stand earthquake or fire.

What a pitiable view of man and the great meaning of life, the best product of his life's endeavor should hinge upon any accident, so that his efforts shall go for naught! But the aim which dominates the life decides all this. A noble purpose will protect the results of your efforts. If your aim is sordid, if there is nothing but money, more property, in your purpose, of course, fire may burn it and earthquake destroy it. But if your aim has been to yourself a larger, completer man, to make the world a little more decent place to live in, to help your fellow men, if you have regarded your vocation as a great life school for man building, nothing can touch the results of your efforts.

Could anybody imagine a disaster that would make an Abraham Lincoln poor in the estimation of the American people? The assassin's bullet only stopped his heart's beating; it never touched the great principle and aim of his life. These were indestructible bullet-proof, fire-proof, earthquake-proof.

There was no power in heaven or earth that could make Lincoln a poor man in the estimation of his countrymen, because he worked for an indestructible principle. He accumulated a wealth which needs no insurance, for it has the protection of divine principle. A man who has developed the best thing in him, who has attained a large, full, well rounded manhood, will never lose his mind balance with his bank balance.

If we have not put the emphasis on the wrong things, if we have lived the life that is worth while, we have a wealth which will survive all disasters, which will outlast all misfortunes that can come to get any enjoyment, or see anything really worth while in their property. Things do not exist for them which they cannot see and handle. The great world of the mind and heart have little meaning for them.

Ought not every youth be brought up to think that there is nothing so great in the world as a well-developed manhood, that nobility of character is the grandest thing in the world? But when he sees everybody money-mad, when he sees men everywhere crowding, pushing, elbowing their way, regardless of others' rights, trampling down the weak in their rush for the dollar, everybody scheming and planning for more money, what can be expected but that he also will develop the same spirit of greed and selfishness.

Were he reared to put the emphasis upon the man instead of the dollar, on the aristocracy of merit, not money, there would not be utter despair for him should disaster later on destroy his material wealth.

There are men in San Francisco today who may not have a dollar in the world, and yet they have a better credit, can buy more goods than many other merchants who did not lose their property, because they have something which cannot burn up, something which is beyond the reach of the elements. They have never gone back on their word. They stand for something. Their reputations have never been smirched.

their names have never been dishonored. They have a clean record. It does not seem to matter what some people pass through—troubles, trials, afflictions or losses—they never lose the best thing about them; they still radiate an atmosphere of love and good cheer, of helpfulness, encouragement, and a gracious sweetness wherever they go.—Success.

A perfect understanding of self is a perfect understanding of all things, for man is the condensed whole. From such a man no power is withhold. All things are obedient to him. The old Greek motto, "Know thyself," covers the whole range of wisdom. A man who really knows himself, all the inner recesses of his being, all the wonders of his body, soul and spirit, has found the royal road to God.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Hampfield, CHAPLAIN I.

MR. POPWICH IN EARNEST.

"Really, Mary, something must be done with that boy—9:30 at night and he still running about the streets of Bernonsdey!"

"Kunuing about the streets, Mr. Popwiche! Well, you needn't go scolding your own flesh and blood; he's only been to night school, and perhaps he's stopping to choir practice, or has just stepped in to Bob Crampet's house on his way back."

"He must be very fond of choir practice," growled Mr. Popwiche. "I never heard him sing anything more sacred than 'Put me in my little bed,' or 'Come back to Eria'; and as for night school, I called in as I came round from Benediction and the master said he hadn't been near the place for many months."

"Oh, the great falsehood! He call himself a schoolmaster! Why, Johnny had told me regular every night about his going, and what he did, and how often that brute of a master has given the cane; ninety six cuts they counted one in five minutes. And one night he came home with a bloody nose which the master had given him because he couldn't do two sums in a rule he had never learned."

"Bloody nose! Fighting with Archie Scarpwell and got licked, though Archie is head and shoulders shorter. I shouldn't have minded so much if he had thrashed the cheeky young imp," muttered Popwiche. "I tell you what it is, mother: you are a good wife, and all that, and not a bad sort for a North of Ireland woman—but you are bringing up that boy to be a snuff; and a boy who's a snuff grows up into a man who's a devil. You spoil him outrageous, you do."

"Spill him, Mr. Popwiche! You never had a mother's feelings, and don't know what it is. You never suckled him!" "I worked for him and you too, while you did it though," put in Popwiche, abashed. "You never nursed him through measles; you never had him down with scarlet fever for three weeks without pulling your clothes off. You smoked your pipe outside the door while your own flesh and blood lay hovering between life and death, you—"

"Shut up, woman," said Popwiche. "You mothers do a great deal, but you needn't brag about it. Bothered if the hens don't crow louder than the cocks in these days! I'll tell you what it is," said Popwiche, "the young beggar's not in yet. I'm going down to the schoolmaster, and I'll see into it; and mark my words, if he's been carrying on his games he must leave home and go to school or somewhere. I've enough to do to answer for my own soul, without losing my boy's soul too."

And as he put on his hat and went out of the door, something like a tear was in the corner of Popwiche's eye. A good man was Michael Popwiche—kind, loving, warm hearted, but far too easy-going; and, if truth was to be told, it was not the fairest thing in the world for him to lay the blame of spoiling Johnny wholly on the "missus."

I have known Johnny get a draw of Michael's pipe and a pull out of Michael's pot many a summer evening before he was ten years old, and Michael would laugh to see him try to make the smoke come out of his nose and ears; and wouldn't frown too much if he found Johnny had taken a longer pull out of the pot than he had altogether meant. Oh! the lad wants it, thought he; he hasn't quite got over the measles yet; which, as the father went on saying this for some three years, shows that Johnny must have had them severely.

But it happened—as it occasionally does happen—that a sermon preached by the priest on the duties of parents to children came home to Michael's heart; and he began to consider whether Johnny had been given to him simply for a sweetheart or a toy. It came across him, as it had never come across him before, that Johnny had a sort; and he began to enquire where he was day and night, and who were his companions; and what his tastes and amusements; and what he heard when he enquired made him uncomfortable. Up to this time Johnny had been a little saint for truthfulness. "My Johnny never told a lie," said Mrs. Popwiche— "never in his life." For between the Popwiches and the Muttieburys there was always a feud, and "some people" meant Muttieburys.

And, to tell the truth, Mrs. Popwiche still stuck to this opinion. Witness after witness did the merciless Popwiche bring to show that Johnny, if with his mother's milk (as Mienael put it cleverly) he had drawn in the virtue of truthfulness, had lost it soon after ceasing to drink of that truth-giving stream. But like other advocates in more famous trials, Mrs. Popwiche preferred to believe the whole world false and her darling true. The schoolmaster was a brute, the papill teachers young villains, the Scarpwells always had a spite against Johnny because of his curly hair; and as for Mrs. Muttieburys,

for I Popwiche, if you value that woman's word at a pin's weight, you must have lost your wits with smoking and drinking.

And this was the first step to making a man of Johnny. He soon found out that with his mother all his lies were Gospel. "Never, mother; it wasn't I at all, but Joe Muttieburys," with the most innocent look in his pretty blue eyes, and the most innocent smile on his rosy lips; and Mrs. Popwiche believed those eyes and lips, and defended her boy against an unjust world. And so Johnny learned that he could do wrong and say wrong without punishment.

But Popwiche had advantage over the mother; he had been a boy himself, and knew what was in boy's; he saw the boy's untruth and the mother's foolish love, and he saw that there was nothing for it but to part them. And so this night, when he found Master Johnny at last playing hide-and-seek at 10 o'clock with stooop and hulloa in the streets of Bernonsdey, he took him home silently and bade the mother pack up his clothes, for to-morrow he would take him to school.

In vain Johnny poured out a flood of his accustomed falsehoods; in vain he declared that the master had kept him an hour behind time for not doing stooop; that he had been "chevied" by the police for "never going nothing";—that he had only played one go at hide-and-seek just for a minute before father found him; Michael puffed at his pipe, and again bade the mother pack up his things, for to-morrow he would take him into the country to school.

When Popwiche was in earnest his wife feared him, and Popwiche was in earnest now. In vain his wife kept up a flood of talk, showing how Johnny's things were in the wash tub, how his shoes were at the cobbler's, how his breeches all wanted patching; Michael smoked and spat and was silent.

CHAPTER II.

ALONE IN A CROWD.

"To-morrow, by the 12:20 train—Great Northern Line—King's Cross. Good-night, Johnny; good-night, mother;" this was all that could be got from Popwiche.

And when he had gone off to bed, the mother comforted her weeping darling as best she might. There was a good boy, father wouldn't leave him for the nasty school. She had heard all about the school—they starved the children and beat them cruelly, and Johnny was to be sure and let her know if he hadn't enough to eat. And look, Johnny, here is the cake I'd got made for Sunday. I've put it in the box: see that you keep it for yourself—don't give it away to those rough boys, but take a bit every day at 11 o'clock; and if you don't get enough to eat, be sure to let us know, and we'll soon come and take you away. There! don't cry; it's all along of those nasty Muttieburys; but I'll be even with them yet."

And this was the second step in making a man of Johnny. His school was not far before him as a prison where they starved and beat, and his going there as a punishment; and while young lads, many years younger than he, in every part of England, were rejecting to leave wealthy homes, full of comfort and love, to rough it at Harrow or Rugby, or other less famous schools, Johnny was weeping his eyes out on his pillow, because he was to be banished from his loved home and his more loved streets. An end had come to his wild freedom, and he was to be no more an Arab.

To be sure—and there was comfort in that—he would tell lies of his school as he had told lies of everything else, and then they would take him away. And, oh! what jolly lies he would tell. And with this virtuous resolve he fell asleep.

The morning came, and the 12:20 train; and all too soon poor Johnny found himself the observed of many youthful observers, in a large gravel playground, some miles away from home. Johnny did not like it. Wild and wild he had been; ready to run out in the streets of Bernonsdey, and make friends of any one whom he could find; apt to go after street amusements, till in the sweet society of organ grinder and his monkey, or in the wild excitement of Lord Mayor's Show, he forgot even his dinner sometimes, and found he had been a whole day from home. But then home was always there, and he could seek it when he chose; and though mother scolded and father frowned, still the home was his; and he knew, spite of the angry word and the stern look, that he was somebody in his own home, and that he was more precious to his parents than all the other children in the wide world put together.

But who was he now? The darling of home was nobody at school, and he felt that which the human heart cannot bear, because it is against human nature and man was never made for it, the sense of being alone—alone in the midst of a crowd; and there is no loneliness so lone as that. Who in that big school cared for him? Upon what one heart had he any special right? The masters were half afraid to speak to him, seeing him ready to cry. And the boys, though they were not truder than other boys, gazed at him with boyish curiosity, much as he had been wont to gaze himself at the organ-grinder's monkey.

The parents had not helped him much. Michael kept to his purpose bravely. But as he parted from his boy, he was crying like the child himself. "Never mind, Johnny," said he, "holidays will soon be here." And the mother whispered to him, "Never mind, Johnny, I'll soon get you out of this nasty place, don't be afraid, my boy!" And so his thought was to get away. Home seemed to him such a paradise as it had never seemed before. Oh! to sit, as he had often sat, upon his mother's lap! and oh! to help his mother in her work! and oh! to be for his father's knee, or for the matter of that, his father's hand, word or his father's hard hand—so long as it was his father's. And as the door was at last shut upon his father and mother, and he heard their steps going heavily down the walls, he could scarcely keep from screaming for his home.

Beyond all doubt it was a sorrow. A child's sorrow, but none the less a sorrow for that. Childhood's sorrows do not deep. The young heart is weak to bear them; and they are the first that we have felt; and all first things, whether in pleasure or in pain, in learning or even in devotion, have a keenness which is scarcely felt again. No kind man will mock at childhood's sorrows, or childhood's fears, because to his man's strength they are so little and so empty; but what kindness will do is to teach the child to bear its sorrows manfully, and face its dangers bravely, and stand firm before its ghosts and bugbears, and so learn to become a man.

But Michael Popwiche and his wife had not quite taken this way of making a man of Johnny. Rather they invented ghosts and scare-crows for him. "Be sure and let us know, Johnny," were the parting words, "whether they give you enough to eat, and how many blankets you have over your bed, and whether they beat you. If the master dares to lay a finger on you, Johnny, as sure as my name is Martha Popwiche, he shall get as good as he gives."

"I hope the boys is not very rough, Mum," said Mrs. Popwiche to the mother, Johnny listering the while, "my little boy" as always been used to good society; he "as scarcely been with anyone but me all his life."

"And oh! Father," pleaded poor Mrs. Popwiche to Father McReady, whom she had only kept half an hour from a multitude of letters which were waiting to be answered, "might my Johnny have a nice fresh egg every other morning, and just a sup of milk at 11 by way of lunch, but he always a man to stuff children, but he always gave him a taste of his bacon for breakfast before he went to work. And oh! Mum," continued the anxious mother, coming back from the door as she was going out, "you'll not forget about his little flannel vest; he always wears two the winter, and doesn't change 'em more than once in two months for fear he might catch a chill. And now, Johnny, love, here are your cakes and oranges, and mind you write home often, and," as she bent down to kiss him, "I'll soon come and take you away from this nasty place."

And all this taught Johnny to run away from his sorrows, not to bear them bravely; and running away from sorrow is not the part of a man, nor the way to become a man.

His school fellows, it must be confessed, took a line which might have been kinder. The young rascals had, no doubt, been as bad as Johnny when they first came; but they had forgotten or pretended to forget. "Now, Pimples," (oh! Martha Popwiche! if you had heard your blue-eyed, rosy-lipped darling addressed in the moment of his agony as "Pimples," in scornful allusion to that slight eruption on his usually spotless skin!) "now, Pimples, what are you blubbering for? Do shut up that howling!" It was very rough, and somewhat cruel. There was very much of it, however, for older and more thoughtful boys came to the rescue, and there was another Bernonsdey lad, who found out that he needn't drink tea with Johnny's grandmother "out Greenwick way"; and so here was a sort of spark from Johnny's own fire, a little bit of something that had some connection with home.

Father McReady gave him into the care of this boy and one or two others, and asked him several questions about himself, and told him to be a man, and he would soon be very happy. But for all that the Superiors could do, there was a little thoughtless teasing and nonsense from his fellows; schoolboys usually put each other through a slight mortification; it was their way of making a man of Johnny.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FIVE OUT OF SIX.

ANTI-ENCYCLOPEDIA WRITERS HAVE EXPRESSED THEIR CONTRITION.

It is stated on good authority in Rome that five of the six authors of the anti-encyclical have expressed to the authorities their contrition for the part they took in that publication.

The Studi Religiosi of France, edited by Don Salvatore Minocelli, which was perhaps the first review in Italy to unfurl the banner of Modernism, has announced that its present number is the last. In France the Modernist magazines Demain and Quinzaine have disappeared.

It is certain that another condemnation of the Modernist Rinnovamento of Milan is imminent, and more than likely that the censures, which consist almost entirely of criticism or defiance of the Encyclical "Pasceudi."

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FATHER HERMAN COHEN.

In a series of articles on the London Churchman, written for the Catholic Weekly of that city, Wilfrid Wilberforce thus describes the conversion of the remarkable man who founded the Carmelite Church, Kensington:

"In 1820 there was born in Hamburg a man who combined in a happy degree the robust and determined nature of the Teuton, with the rich, varied and artistic gifts which so often distinguish a Jew. Herman Cohen, in the early years of his vigorous manhood, had been rescued by a signal act of our Lord's mercy from the errors of Judaism and brought in a moment into the clear light of faith. Like so many of his race, Cohen was a brilliant musician, and his services were frequently called into requisition in churches. During the month of our Lady, in the year 1847, he was conducting Benediction in the Church of St. Valerie, in Paris. All at once, as was St. Paul on his road to Damascus, he was struck by the arrow of divine love.

"At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, Father Herman went to Germany and devoted himself to the French prisoners of war in that country. They were his country's enemies, but he was of German birth, but Father Herman was free from racial antipathy as was the great saint to whose conversion his own bore such a likeness. Ministering to the sick and ad wounded Frenchmen he contracted small pox and died on Jan. 20, 1871. A panel in an altar of the church in Kensington represents him engaged in this last of his apostolic labors."

A CONVERSION WITH A LESSON.

Religious controversy has been given a bad name because it is rarely, if ever, productive of immediate good results. Too often the soil into which the seed has been dropped is prematurely abandoned as barren, when under the surface the roots are spreading and must shoot forth in due season.

Such is the lesson contained in the announcement in the Central Catholic of Winnipeg, Manitoba, of the conversion of L. M. Fortier, an official of the Department of the Interior, at Ottawa. Twenty years ago Mr. Fortier, who signed himself "An Anglo-Catholic Layman," engaged in a lengthy controversy with the editor and proprietor of the Northwest Review, a Catholic paper. Apparently the discussion was fruitless. Mr. Fortier holding tenaciously to his original views.

Now, after the passage of two decades, Judge Beck of Edmonton, the erstwhile Catholic editor, writes to the Central Catholic as follows: "When I called on him (Mr. Fortier) some years ago in Ottawa, he said he was very happily situated as to being provided with the kind of Anglican service that suited him. A couple of weeks ago I had a letter from him, saying that after a long struggle with the question, he had at last determined to become a Catholic, and he reminded me of our controversy. In reply to my answer, he tells me he is to be received on Dec. 7, and to make his First Communion on the feast of the Immaculate Conception."

"This case," says the Central Catholic, "shows that religious controversy is not so fruitless as many believe it to be. After the first irritation of defeat had passed away, the arguments go handering on in the silence of the sinners' soul, and the grace of God does the rest."—Sacred Heart Review.

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