

The Catholic Record.

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

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IF SO—WHY SO?

A correspondent tells us that Catholics are discriminated against in Canadian public affairs. It so, we should like to obtain data, and an explanation about the matter.

Letters and "resolutions" which are always "eloquent" and "thoughtful" may agitate the atmosphere, but that they can redress grievances may well be doubted. Moreover, we may be pardoned the suspicion that maybe our indifference to matters affecting the common-weal, our interest in the things that concern the body, and our indolence, that allows partisan talkers to do our thinking so far as current issues are concerned, may serve to show that not all the blame must be placed on the shoulders of the civil authorities. Grievances are not brushed aside by complaints. The oration in a minor key is melancholy music, indeed, to men who are not in this country on sufferance. And we have noted that many of these dolorous gentlemen play for their own hand and use the brethren who follow their pipings as stepping stones to fortune. And whenever we see one of these tear-compellers in our halls and hear him on the question of grievance we know that he means his grievances. An old trick this—the device of the bunco-steerer to get something for nothing. For if we are coaxed into supporting him we receive as reward a few promises which are never honored. Organization, however, with a business end to it, is respected by the professional politician. The amateur with his whining about rights is a contributor to the gaiety of the public—a spinner of phrases that suggest nothing to men who have red blood in their veins. "Oblige me to know you," said Cardinal Newman, "persuade them, importune them, shame them into knowing you, make it so clear what you are that they cannot affect not to see you nor refuse to justify you."

To know what we stand for—to realize that our principles have not lost their value and to welcome any opportunity of making them known to our fellow-citizens—will increase our influence for good and render us unable to take any part in the fashioning of prejudice against ourselves.

A FREE FIELD.

But give us as much as this, an open field, we ask no favor: every form of Protestantism turns to our advantage. Its establishments of religion remind the world of that archetypal Church of which it is an imitator; its creeds contain portions of our teaching; its quarrels and divisions serve to break up its traditions and rid its professors of their prejudices; its scepticism makes them turn in admiration and in hope to her who alone is clear in her teaching and consistent in its transmission; its very abuse makes them enquire about her. And speaking of the movement towards Pantheism, whose fruitage we see to-day in the "new theology," Cardinal Newman tells us that the preachers of these new ideas are really, however much against their will, like Caiaphas prophesying for us. Surely they will find no resting place anywhere for their feet, but will be tumbled down from one depth of blasphemy to another till they arrive at sheer and naked atheism.

In the meantime, Christianity as seen in chaotic sectarianism, has lost its hold upon the hearts and minds of men.

SHOULD TAKE THE NOTE FROM HIS EYES.

The editor of the Christian Guardian opines that indulging in personalities is a degenerate form of controversy. When, however, he baits the Pope and Catholic religious he is not averse to phrases which transgress the laws of Christian charity. Bent on maintaining the cause of Clemenceau, he says, (quoting a member of the Chamber of Deputies) that to the Protestant Reformed and Lutheran Churches as well as to the Jews the Law of Separation has been applied to the general satisfaction of their followers without either protest or difficulty. Our readers will remember that several Protestant consistories, as well as the chief rabbi of France, M. Lehmann, condemned the law and did not acquiesce in its provisions without complaint or protest. But, taking the viewpoint approved by The Christian Guardian, we fail to see how the situation can commend itself

to any self-respecting non-Catholic. To accept the law without protest means to support the principle that the State is omnipotent, and that we ought to obey man rather than God.

THE RIGHT VIEW.

Pope Pius forbade the formation of Church associations, contemplated by the law, as antagonistic to the sacred rights pertaining to the very life of the Church.

The Guardian blames the Holy Father for this, and declares that the law would have worked as well for the Catholics as for the sects. Curiously enough, the bitter enemy of the Church, Mr. Combes, says:

"Pius X. is not acting as an obstinate man by ordering the French Bishops not to accept the Separation Law. He is acting as Pope, conscious of his office, and conscious too, of the fundamental doctrine he is commissioned to uphold. His irreconcilableness is not that of a man, but of a doctrine which he is not at liberty to mutilate or suppress. Justly and rightly he held it to be a duty and a point of honor to proclaim this doctrine from the height of the Papal chair under pain of incurring the guilt of neglect of duty on the matters of Catholic teaching." (Published in the Neue Presse Presse, of Vienna, on January 5, 1907.)

THE BEST WEAPON.

The Catholic who knows his faith and manifests it in daily life fights for Christ with the weapon of good example. He edifies and strengthens his brethren and holds up to the non-Catholic the beauty of religion. He may be thwarted in his endeavors, but contempt, which abides in every true heart for the "trimmer," and the hounded words reserved for the spineless, touch him not. He is a good friend and a good opponent—the comfort of his household and a source of strength to the community—a Catholic, in a word, who does not hide his faith or send his children to the Y. M. C. A., and who takes an interest in the affairs of his parish.

OUR NEGLECT.

Some of us do not advert to the fact that co-operation with our parochial organization is but obedience to the apostolic precept: "Let us work good towards all men, but most of all towards those who are of the household of the faith."

The interests of God's kingdom are not the exclusive business of the priest. The layman who bustles himself with but what concerns him or his family, caring nothing for the souls round about him, is a poor Catholic. There is no money in it, it is irksome to devote time and toil to our fellow Catholics, but it is, nevertheless, a plain duty. Fellow Catholics, that is, if we know our faith, are not aliens. Hence, they should be helped and safeguarded and encouraged to make the best of themselves. Pious platitudes will not do this. The market is overstocked with harangues on being resigned. But a willingness to face conditions as they are, and to use our money and influence to forward Christ's interests, bespeak a zeal that is not academic. It may ease our conscience to call attention to the fact that some of our people drift into the Salvation Army and other Protestant organizations. But whose the fault? We mind us that when a non-Catholic undertook in one of our towns to provide a club room for its newboys, irrespective of creed, some of the brethren went in haste to headquarters to make a complaint. They, of course, saw the newboys ill-clad and with peaked faces, but they did nothing to help them. A club room means money and they refuse to untie the purse. And they passed by them and remembered them only when the non-Catholic took pity on them and brought, via a square meal and some music, a little sunshine into their lives. The cleric cannot, if he would, do all that appeals to his heart and mind.

Do Not Read It.

A magazine called Current Literature almost wholly made up of borrowed scraps of information so that it would be more appropriately named Scrap Book, publishes in its June issue an article on His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, which for audacious insinuations and unscrupulous falsehoods about the Holy Father and his great secretary of state could not be paralleled outside the pages of Munchausen. Catholics should not continue to read so depraved a sheet, and Protestants who have visited Rome, and felt the indescribable charm of Pius X.'s personality will sharply resent the ignorant vulgarity of the attack made on the august Vicar of Christ.—New World.

ROMAN EVENTS.

POPE PIUS X. GIVES AUDIENCE TO A BODY OF ENGLISH MARINES.—ITALY'S PROFIT FROM ART.—DEPARTURE OF NEWLY-ORDAINED AMERICAN PRIESTS.—THE GARIBALDIAN LEGACY OF IRELAND.

Though foreigners are quitting Rome for the summer, the Holy Father is daily besieged for audiences. Of course, nearly all given are audiences of a public character, not one in a thousand is received in a private manner. Australian and American always get the preference when there is a crowd—they come a long way and deserve it for more reasons than one. This week an unusually large number of persons from these two distant continents have sought and obtained audiences with His Holiness, and, needless to say, received a hearty and affectionate welcome.

Perhaps the most interesting group that entered by the great bronze door during the week was that of the English marines, who took advantage of their cruise in the Mediterranean to run up to Rome. We would venture to say there is no living ruler better able to place sailors or soldiers at their ease and gain, after a few moments' chat, their love and confidence than Pope Pius X. He dislikes ceremony—and they are sworn foes to it; he is always frank and jovial—and these characteristics are most admired by them; they say what they have got to say in a few sincere words—he won't waste talk, and whatever he says is as honest as the sun. And there is Pius X., friend of soldiers and sailors. In the present instance His Holiness, after giving each of his briny visitors his ring to kiss, spoke to them on the duties of their state. The debt they owe to their government, their families and, above all, their religion came under their notice. Then the audience ended, and the brave fellows went away delighted.

MR. MORGAN AND ITALIAN ART.

We translate the following from the Corriere D'Italia of Monday, 27th inst., and in no way vouch for the truth or falsity of the report: "A telegram comes to us from Barne, 26th inst.: 'Morgan, the well-known millionaire, is presently at Geneva, and will go to Italy, where he intends making many purchases of objects of art.' The Italian Government will have him shadowed by agents dressed in plain clothes, in order to prevent the removal of classic masterpieces."

Whether the above is true or not, certain it is that within the last ten years the Government of Italy has grown extremely jealous of the more wonderful art creations. This feeling is not entirely due to sentimentality. Art is the chief attraction Italy has to offer the tourist, and he is her support at present. Indeed, we may say, take the Vatican and Capitol Museums, the Forums and catacombs from Rome tomorrow and she simply starves. She has an industry worth mentioning, and therefore relies solely almost on her foreign visitors.

AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICS.

The present week has brought a large number of American priests to Rome on their holidays. It also sees the departure of several of those ordained on Sunday morning by the Cardinal Vicar in St. John Lateran's. Among the young priests of the American College are two belonging to the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, Rev. Leo McGinley, D. D., and Rev. J. Ratto, D. D. Both these gentlemen won the doctorate of divinity last month in the Propaganda University, eight in all competing for the degree, six of whom were students of the American College—and all successful.

On Monday, Mgr. Thomas Kennedy, rector of the college, was received in private audience by Pius X. After the transaction of business, Mgr. Kennedy presented the newly-ordained priests to His Holiness.

GARIBALDI.

The Italian Parliament has been asked to signalize Garibaldi's centenary by a grant of over a 1,000,000 francs to his surviving "red shirts." It is probable the request will be acceded to as most of those old soldiers are in a poverty-stricken condition, and many of them are usually as miserable in soul as in body. The favor wrought by Garibaldi on religion extends even to the dying moments of his followers. Refusing the last sacraments, they leave orders that their funeral be civil ones. The hearse conveying the remains to the cemetery is stripped of its cross, and in its place appears the little red cap worn by the deceased on the battlefield.

Indeed, it would seem as if the names of Giordano Bruno and Giuseppe Garibaldi are to be passwords in Rome for irreligion. A few days ago the people of the parish of S. Maria del Monti, when holding an open air service in expiation of an outrage done to a street shrine of the Madonna, were assailed by a small band of Godless ruffians. Now the easiest thing in the world is to arouse the viraculous temperament of the Italian, and soon "Kivviva Gesù!" "Erviva Maria!" rang out from the Catholics (for prudence was thrown to the wind), only to be answered by "Erviva Giordano Bruno!" "Erviva Garibaldi!" And had not the gendarmes led the valiant champions of the unclean work to the look-up, we should have a "fracasso" of no mean order.

Partly, of course could not allow the opportunity of the centenary to slide by without offering some petty insult to the Holy See. It is going to erect a monument to the arch enemy of the Church, who is usually referred to as the gentle Pope King, Pius IX., as

"the sacerdotal vampire."—"Varietas," in Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

A LETTER FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

Archbishop Harty tells of a pretty custom among the people of the Philippines. After the Angelus at noon, and in the evening, the children kiss respectfully the hands of the father and mother in token of loving submission.

Wherever there is a real Catholic atmosphere their obedience and respect to parents are always in evidence. The great revolt of the sixteenth century wrought itself into every relation of life. When the authority of the Church was denied, the authority of the parents also declined. An independence, bordering on insolence, crept into the home. The rights of the parents gradually gave way before the assaults of this growing license on the part of the children. The spirit of disobedience invaded even the innocent years of early childhood. In many American families children do pretty much as they please. They come and go as they like; they choose their own company; they keep late hours; they are found parading the streets with an utter lack of modesty of girlhood, or the boys gather on the street corners to gape and stare and often indulge in low language and conduct that are scandalous.

Where are the tokens of love and the sweet recognition of parental authority? Where are the kindly customs that delight the father and stir the heart of the loving mother? Where are the gentle courtesy and the manifest concern for the dear old folks? What is done to brighten their pathway and give joy to their hearts?

Money-making is not all life; neither is money-spending. Deeper, truer, sweeter are the pleasures of a Catholic home. The tear glistening in the eye of a proud mother is worth all the gold dug from the earth. The trembling voice of a grateful father is music sweeter than any the world of mad revelry has to give.

The happiness of the parent is the happiness of a dutiful child. Much of that happiness is built from the small things of life.—Newark Monitor.

STRIKING BLOWS FOR OLD IRELAND.

PEACEFUL ANARCHY, LIKE THAT IN FRANCE, IS MAKING ENGLAND TAKE NOTICE.

Dublin, June 24.—Now that the abandonment of Mr. Birrell's Irish council bill has made it clear that nothing is to be hoped for from Parliamentary agitation for some time to come, the people of Ireland have turned to other methods of working out their salvation, the chief among them being at present the war on the grazing farms of the West, previously mentioned in these letters. Already that war has been so successful that many of the largest grazing ranches have been abandoned and the congested estates commission has been forced to consider the demand of the people that they be broken up and brought under cultivation.

The grazing farms are a relic of the great famine. The emigration after that great national calamity gave rise to an exodus that cleared the best and strongest of the peasantry of the lands of the South and West. The landlords of that time suffered almost equally with the peasantry as their estates were turned over to the hands of the new owners were wealthy cotton spinners and other business men from England, who had not even the small sentimental interest in the land and the people that was possessed by the old landlords. They saw money in rearing and fattening cattle for the English markets and they ruthlessly cleared the remaining farmers of the land and drove the tenants to the mountains. The farms of land that had supported hundreds of families were turned over to sheep and cattle, while the people who had gained their living from them starved.

Even the English admit that this was uneconomical and criminal, but nothing has been done to remedy it. Now the people have taken the case into their own hands. They have decried the machinery provided by the English law shall be set in motion to restore the Irish land to the Irish people, and night after night parties of young men have driven the cattle off the grazing farms. The inherent honesty of the Irish peasant is shown even in the methods adopted in this war. Not an animal has been lost or injured. The cattle have been driven for miles to the yards of the owners and left there, and when they were put back they have been driven off again in the same orderly and peaceable manner. No one has been hurt and the police have been unable to allege the slightest act of violence against those whom they have brought before the magistrates. These magistrates, who are now in many cases Irish themselves, have as a rule, discharged the men brought before them. The national county councils have passed resolutions upholding the agitation and the Rosecommon county council has started a defense fund for those who may be prosecuted in connection with it.

An amusing result of the grazing war has been the position of the police.

Hundreds of them have been drafted into what Mr. Birrell calls "the disturbed districts," and the result has been that the reserve force in Dublin has been so depleted that the sports tournament of the Royal Irish Constabulary which is an annual feature of fashionable life in Dublin, has had to be abandoned this year, because the men who should have taken part in it were all on special duty watching the cattle drivers. It is whispered, too, that they have not watched too closely, and that many even of the officers are in secret sympathy with the people. A force of 200 men encamped for three weeks on a grass farm in Rosecommon. One night 400 cattle and 200 sheep were driven away from the fields in which their camp was pitched and taken ten miles to the owner's house. The police reported without even a wink that they heard nothing of what had happened until daylight came and they missed the cattle.

Another blow has been struck by their friends at those who declare that all the troubles of the Irish people are due to their own laziness. The Irish agricultural department—a British board—has just issued its annual report on "Irish migratory laborers." This is a report on the work of the thousands of Irishmen and women who travel to England every year to assist the English farmers with their harvest and to earn money with which to pay rent of their own little holdings in their native land. The opinions of the English farmers on the industry, efficiency and thrift of their Irish helpers are given and make interesting reading. In every case the English farmers declare that their Irish laborers are far superior to the home-bred article.

The report estimates that the 25,000 laborers who went to England last year from the west of Ireland brought back \$1,375,000 and that at least half of it went to pay rent. Another example of Irish thrift is given in the report of the Irish Building and Loan Societies for 1905, which has just been issued. There were 99 such societies with a total membership of 13,595, and total receipts of \$2,591,930. The amount advanced on mortgages during the year was nearly \$1,000,000 and the undivided profit was \$500,000.

THE PERSONAL CLEMENCEAU.

"One of his former pupils," writing in Collier's of last Saturday, exposes some hitherto unknown facts in the career of Clemenceau, the Premier of France's atheist government. The writer came into close personal contact with Clemenceau during his enforced exile in the United States, from 1885 to 1893. He had been asked to leave France because of certain liberal utterances, and coming to America, he taught for nearly three years in a private French and English boarding school in Connecticut. This "former pupil" first speaks of the talent of the man; he was alert, sarcastic, poetic, quick, businesslike and had a vast amount of personal magnetism. His teaching was successful. But, "even then he played the gallery; e. g., 'at the dinner table,' writes the correspondent, 'we were fascinated by his trick of tossing bits of bread into the air far above his head and catching them in his mouth as they came down, much as a pet dog might do. . . . He was always quick to glance around and to note the effect. Then is related an incident (sic) which the writer probably had in mind when he referred to his 'strange weakness in person.' Mary Plummer was one of the oldest pupils of the school, beautiful, etc., from Wisconsin State. Toward the end of her second school year, Mary Plummer often went to New York for a few days, and after one of these departures she did not return. And just here we find the moral depravity and the venom that to day marks every act of France's first minister. 'They were on the ocean before we heard of the civil marriage, followed as a concession of the bride's family prejudices, by a religious ceremony, in which Professor Clemenceau (always an atheist) would not allow the name of God to be mentioned.' . . . Four children were born, and then, after a few years came rumors or traditions. The erratic stage was beginning to fire of his gentle American wife. She was heard of her living under an assumed name in a small town in Indiana, having left her husband and taken refuge in America. She could not, however, long endure the separation from her children, and after a few years returned to Paris and endeavored to support herself.

"She issued cards, to be extensively circulated in this country among her old friends, bearing her name and address, and soliciting the patronage of American-tourists as a guide around Paris, to the shops, theatres, art galleries, etc. 'Finally two years ago we heard of her death.' . . . And this is the type of man, this wife deserter, 'hobnobbing with women of the Parisian stage,' this is the foremost figure among the 'Voices and Appearances' now ruling Catholic France. His former pupil concludes with the remark: 'Those who know him are holding their breath as they watch his impetuous career, and they repeat the query, What next?'

Never forget, O most sweet Jesus, that infinite sorrow of Thy Heart when Thou sawest Thine afflicted Mother at the foot of the Cross, and that Thy sorrows unite Thy Sacred Heart to mine.—B. Henry Szuo.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Humility, meekness, charity, love of work, love of prayer, persevering devotion to small daily duties, these are some of the lessons to be learned in the humble home of Nazareth.

There is one Catholic among the four British delegates to The Hague international peace conference, Sir Henry Howard. He has been British Minister to Holland for the past eleven years.

The Holy Father has composed a new Memorandum to Our Blessed Lady, chiefly for his own use. It is very beautiful. It is in the words: "I prostrate myself at thy feet until thou art willing to answer my prayer."

The Central Catholic says that W. F. Luxton, ex-member of the Manitoba legislature and ex-editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, who died the other day, was a genuine martyr to the Catholic cause, having sacrificed his position, though not a Catholic himself because he could not secure justice in educational matters for the Manitoba minority.

Some idea of the extent of the labors of our priests in the West may be gleaned from an account of the missionary field of the Rev. John J. Gallagher of Hearne, Texas. His parish embraces nine whole counties, and his monthly itinerary exceeds one thousand miles. He recently called to his assistance a Polish and Italian priest to aid him with his work during the Easter tide among the people of those nationalities.

The German Catholic paragraphs are turning the tables on the French atheists. One of the quips recalling the jibes of Bismarckian days is served in this style by the Jugend of Munich: "Stranger to French soldier: 'Are you marching out for parade to-day?' French soldier: 'No; to-day we fight the Capuchins, to-morrow we besiege a nunnery, the next day we storm a hospital and an orphan asylum.'"

Holland is small and is still suffering from the shock of the Protestant revolt, but to day Holland gives a striking example of charity to the world-wide Church, with 1,200 of her men and women, priests, Brothers and nuns, spreading the gospel in other countries. She has seventeen houses for the training of missionary priests and Brothers and ten convents for missionary Sisters.

Rev. T. I. Gasson, S. J., of Boston College, recently conducted a retreat for the Passamaquoddy Indians, of Maine, in their Church which is under the patronage of St. Anne. Nearly four hundred members of the tribe attended the services. It was given at the special request of Rev. Jos. J. Ahern of Eastport, who has spiritual charge of these Indians and at the earnest desire of the Indians themselves.

Last Sunday, on his birthday, the Holy Father admitted nearly two hundred persons to his Mass and distributed holy Communion to almost all present. Among the many telegrams of congratulation sent to the Holy Father on the occasion were those from the Emperor of Austria, the King of Spain, the Emperor of Germany, the President of the United States, the King of Portugal as well as from a great number of Catholic bodies and associations.

From Rome, June 8th, we take the following item, which will be read with interest by Canadians: "Last Thursday a dinner was given at the Canadian College in honor of Sir Wilfrid Laurier; among those present were Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, Mgr. Lepid, Mgr. Fraser, Mgr. Prior, Father Gilles, O. P., the Abbe Hayzog, Father Vigoroux, Comm. Professor Maruochi and many others. Cardinal Vannutelli proposed the health of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in a very complimentary speech and the guest of honor replied eloquently."

Newspaper reports state that the Oblate Order has won an indirect victory before the court of appeals in Paris. The liquidator who is winding up the affairs of the Order in accordance with the Separation laws, claims that seventy thousand shares of Gold Ram mining stock held by the Misses de la Tour du pin Chomy, were really the property of the Fathers and should be confiscated with the rest of the estate. The court held that it had not been proven the contention was true. The judgment involved the fate of the Canadian chapel in Paris.

Another proof of the good relations existing between the Italian Government and the Vatican was given the other day, when Mgr. Galli, the Bishop of Sarsana, was appointed by the king a Commandatore of the Order of Saints Mauritius and Lazarus. It is very seldom that such a decoration is conferred by the Italian Government on an ecclesiastic. The minister of marine recommended Mgr. Galli's promotion because of his personal services in connection with the launching of the armored cruiser Roma. Mgr. Galli blessed the ship.

Father Fortunat de Fours, a Franciscan missionary priest now in India, in an article contributed to the Catholic publication, Eudes Franciscaines, says that Catholicity is increasing very rapidly in that country. Of 1,500,000 Christians, in 1872, there are now 3,000,000, half of whom are Catholic. Between 1891 and 1901 the Catholic population has increased at the rate of 15 per cent. Summing up, Father Fortunat is of opinion that a social cataclysm cannot be far distant in a country which is divided at present into two castes—the very rich and opulent on one side, the starving and outcast on the other.

LUKE DELMEGE

BY THE REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE," "CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

It happened in this way. I was absorbed in a day dream—an academic disquisition with myself as to whether demand created supply or supply elicited demand—a hoary question throughout all the debating societies of the world; and I was making but little progress toward its solution, when suddenly it solved itself in a remarkable manner. I thought I heard above the rumbling and muffled thunder of the colossal printing press far away the word "Copy," shouted through a telephone. The voice was the voice of that modern magician, the foreman printer. "Copy" echoed in the manager's room, where, amid piles of paper, damp and moist, and redolent of printer's ink, the great potentate sat. "Copy," he shouted through his telephone, with something that sounded like prayer—but it wasn't—the editor, many miles away. "Copy," shouted the editor through his telephone—no! that hasn't come yet, but it will one of these days. But "Copy," he wrote three thousand miles across the bleak, barren wastes of the turbulent Atlantic to one sitting on a rustic seat in a quiet garden of a country village beneath the shadows of the Carthage mountains that separate Cork County from Limrick, and with Spenser's "gentle Mailla" almost washing his feet; and "Copy" settled the academic question forever. That mighty modern Minotaur, the press must be gluttled, not with fair youths of Arcady and fair maidens of Athens, but with thoughts that spring from the brains of mortals, and dreams that draw their beautiful irregular forms across the twilight realms of fancy.

was unapproachable and impenetrable. One day, however, it was borne to his ears that I had done a kind thing to some one or other. He no longer said with his eyes: You are a most impatient fellow! The outworks were taken. Then I wrote him a humble letter about some old fossil, called Maximus Tyrius. To my surprise I received four pages of foolscap on the Fourth Dissertation—*Quomodo ad adulteros amicos distinguat possit.* Then, one winter's night, I was bowling home in the dark from the railway station, and became suddenly aware that voices were shouting warnings from afar off, and that the line was blocked. So it was—badly. My mysterious friend was vainly trying to cut the harness on his fallen mare, whilst his trap, dismembered, was leaning in a maudlin way against the ditch. "A bad spill," I cried. "Yes," he said laconically. "Is the jar broke?" I asked. "I beg pardon," he said at length. Then I knew he had not heard the famous story. "Pardon me," he said, "I don't quite understand your allusions." "Never mind," I said, with all the contempt of a professional for an amateur, as I saw him hacking with his left hand, and with a dainty mother-of-pearl-handled penknife, the beautiful harness. "What do you want untying that harness for, when the trap has been kicked into space?" "I thought 'twas the correct thing to do," he murmured. Then I said in my own mind: He is an immeasurable—

child at tennis parties and 5 o'clock teas; then discovered that once he had preached a borrowed sermon, and ever afterwards remonstrated with him in public on the misdemeanor: "Ah! you dear old sly-boots, when you can preach so beautifully, why do you give us that wretched Penny Palpit so often?" "Look here," I said, "that's a perfect mine. Have you any more diamonds like that?" "Well, not many. The mine is salted. But what do you think of the good rector, who advertised for a curate, married, and childless, to occupy the rectory, whilst the incumbent was off to Nice on a holiday?" "Well, did he get him?" "Rather. But the lady was a dog-fancier, and brought with her fourteen brindle bulldogs. That rectory and its grounds were a desert for three months. No living being, postman, butcher's boy, baker's boy, dare show his face within the gates. Occasionally there was a big row in the menagerie. The mistress alone could quell it." "How?" "Can't you guess?" "I give it up, like Mr. Johnston." "Well, a round with iron which she kept always in the kitchen fire for the purpose." "Rather drastic," I said. "Who could have thought it in staid England? Verily, human nature is everywhere the same." "Which proves?" he said questioningly. "I waited." "Which proves," he continued, "that there is nothing half so absurd as to deduce general sweeping propositions about nations and races from very slender premises. The world is full of strange faces and strange characters." Then I knew he was coming around. And he did. Poor fellow! he had to take to bed a few days after, for the pain was intense and the weather was moist. I had great doubts whether our local physician was treating that dangerous wound scientifically, and I longed several times to call in some leading surgeon from the city. The medical attendant indeed assented, and I saw he looked alarmed. But my poor friend declined.

"It will be all right," he said, "and after all it is but a weary world. Oh! to sleep and be at rest forever: to know nothing of the weariness of getting up and lying down, and the necessities of the body, and the necessities of the eternal vexations of men, their vanity, and folly, and pride. I shall dread to meet them even in heaven." "Look for me, my dear friend," as a good poet has said, "in the nurseries of heaven." Then my heart went out to him, for I saw he had been a troubled life, and by day I sat by his bedside, whilst partly as an antidote to pain, partly to see how he went over the details of his life. Then, one day, I hinted that his life had been a *carriere manquee*, and that he was a sated and disappointed man. He raised himself on his left arm, and looked at me long and wistfully. A slight discoloration had appeared above the fractured wrist. He pointed to it. "That is the black flag of death," he said. "You will find my will in the locked drawer of my writing-desk. I have left all to sick and poor children. But you are wrong. I am not sated, or deceived, or disappointed. I have a grateful heart to God and man. I have not had an unhappy life. Indeed I have had more than my share of its blessings. But, my friend," he said earnestly, "I am a puzzled man. The earnestness of life has been always too much for me. It has been always too much for me. I have always sought the solution in eternity of the awful riddle of life." "Now," I said, "you are despondent. Your accident and this confinement have weighed on your nerves. You must let me send for Dr. S. I'll telegraph to the Bishop, and he'll put you under obedience." He smiled faintly. "This is septiconia. I have probably forty-eight hours to live. Then, Rest! Rest! Rest! It's a strange thing to be tired of life when I had everything that man could desire. This pretty rural parish; a fair competence; churches and schools perfect; and, he gave a little laugh, "no curate. Yes, I am tired; tired as a child after a hot summer day; and tired of a foolish whim to reconcile the irreconcilable." "And why not give up this brain-racking," I said, "and live? Nothing solves riddles but work, and steadily ignoring them. Why, we'd all go mad if we were like you." "True," he said feebly, "true, my friend. But, you see, habits are tyrants, and I commenced badly. I was rather innocent, and I wanted to do what I pleased, and I was sorry to do what I ought to do. I was a little puny, that which ought to be, and that which is, it was rather late in life when I discovered the utter impracticability of such a process. Life was a Chinese puzzle. Then, too late, I flung aside all the enigmas of life, and flung myself on the bosom of the great mystery of God, and there sought rest. But, behind the veil! Behind the veil! There only is the solution." He remained a long time in a reverie, staring up at the ceiling. I noticed a faint odor in the air. "You know," he said at length, "I was not loved by the brethren. Why? Did I dislike them? No! God forbid! I liked and loved everything that God created. But I was unhappy. Their ways puzzled me, and I was silent. There was nothing sincere or open in the world but the faces of little children. God bless them! They are a direct revelation from Heaven. Then, you will notice that there is not a single modern book in my library. Why? Because all modern literature is a lie! Lies! Lies! And such painful lies! Why will novelists increase and aggravate the burdens of the race by such painful analyses of human character and action?"

"Now, now," I said, "you are morbid. Why, half the pleasures of life come from works of imagination and poetry." "True. But, why are they always so painful and untrue? Do you think that any one would read a novel, if it were not about something painful?—and the more painful, the more entrancing. Men revel in creating and feeling pain. Here is another puzzle." It was so said, this gentle, pitiful life drawing to a close, and without a farewell word of hope to the world he was leaving, that I had neither comment nor consolation to offer. It was so unceremonious that I experienced that I was silent with pity and surprise. He interrupted me. "Now for the great wind-up. To-morrow morning you will come over early and administer the last sacraments. When I am dead, you will coffin my poor remains immediately, for I shall be discolored, and no shall rapidly decompose. And no shall give you poor people the faintest shock. I wish to be buried in my little church, right under the statue of our Blessed Lady, and within sound of the Mass. There I spent my happiest hours on earth. And I shall not rest in peace anywhere but where I can hear the Mass-bell. You think I am wandering whether I should perhaps wear the parson outside, where I should bear the people walking over my grave. But no! I have decided to remain where the Divine Mother will look down with her pitying eyes on the place where this earthly tabernacle is melting into dust, and where the syllables of the mighty Mass will hover and echo when the church is silent beneath, and 'pray for his soul.' That's all." He was silent for a little while; but now and again a faint shudder showed me the agony he was suffering. "I am tiring you," he said at length; "but sometimes I dream that in the long summer twilights, when my little village choir is practicing, some child may allow her thoughts, as she is singing, to pass down to where the parson lies; and perhaps some poor mother may come over to my grave, after she has said her Rosary, and point out to the wondering child in her arms the place where the man that loved little children is lying. We are not all forgotten, though we seem to be. Here, too, is another puzzle. I am very tired." I stood up and left the room, vowing that I would leave that poor soul at rest forever. I administered the last sacraments the following day, after I had seen the doctor. He was much distressed at the fatal turn things had taken. "He had not anticipated; 'twas a case for hospital treatment; the weather was so sultry; he had dreaded amputation, etc. No hope? None." The patient was right. And so two days later, exactly as he had anticipated, we were grouped around his bedside to watch and help his last struggle. But even in that supreme moment, his habitual equanimity did not desert him. Courteous to all around, apologizing for little troubles, soliciting about others, eagerly looking forward to the lifting of the veil, he passed his last moments in life. Then about 6 o'clock in the evening, just as the Angelus ceased tolling, he cried: "The soul-bell, the passing-bell, is it not?" "The Angelus," I replied. "Say, it with me, or rather for me," he said. Then a few minutes later: "This growing very dark, and I am cold. What is it? I cannot understand—"

And so he passed to the revelation. An unusually large number of the brethren gathered to his obsequies, which was again very strange and perplexing. He was buried as he had desired, and his memory is fast vanishing from amongst men; but the instincts of the novelist have overcome my tenderness for that memory, and I give his life-history and experiences. And I should, however, mention a few circumstances. At the obsequies were two old priests, one bent low with years, the other carrying the white burden of his winters more defiantly. The former asked me: "Did Luke speak of me, or wish to see me?" "I had to say 'No'." He went away looking very despondent. The other called me aside and said: "Did Luke express no wish to see me?" "Now, I was afraid of this man. He, too, was an oddity—a deep, profound scholar in subjects that are not interesting to the multitude. He was one of the few who knew Luke well." "Yes," I said; "several times. But he always drew back saying: 'Father Martin is old and feeble. I cannot bring him such a journey in such weather. Don't write! It will be nothing.'"

"Did you think that this accident was a trifle, and that there was no danger of fatal issues?" "I coughed a little and said something." "And did you think it was right," he continued, "that the only friend he probably had in the world—here his voice broke—should have been excluded from his confidence at such a momentous time?" "I really had no alternative," I replied. "I did all I could for him, poor fellow; but you know he was peculiar, and you also know that he was superstitious about giving trouble to others." "Quite so. But when you saw danger, you should have summoned his friends. This is one of those things one finds it hard to condone. He has left a will and papers, I presume?" "Yes," I said; "I have charge of all." "Have you opened the will?" "Not as yet." "Please do so, and see who are the executors." We opened the will then and there, and found that my troublesome interlocutor, the Reverend Martin Hughes, was sole executor. He closed the will at once, and said, coldly:—"Now, would you be pleased to hand over all other papers and confidential documents belonging to my deceased friend? You can have no further need of them—"

CHAPTER II.

THE ILLUSIONS OF YOUTH.

He was a young man, a very young man, otherwise he would not have been so elated when Lucas Delmege, X—ensis, was called out for the fourth time, and had to request his diocesan to watch the huge pile of premiums he had already gathered to his obsequies, ready now, whilst he passed up the centre aisle of the prayer hall, and the Bishop, smiling as he raised another sheaf of self-bonded volumes, handed them to him, with a whispered "Optimus Lucas." And yet, if a little vanity—and it is a gentle vice—is ever permissible, it would have been in this case. To have led his class successively in the halls of a great ecclesiastical seminary; to be watched and followed by five hundred and sixty fellow-students, as he moved along on his triumphal march; to have come out victorious from a great intellectual struggle, and to receive this praise from his Bishop, who felt that himself and his diocese were honored by the praise reflected from his young subject—surely, these are things to stir sluggish pulses, and make the face pallid with pleasure. And if all this was but the forecast of a great career in the Church; if it pointed with the steady finger of an unerring fate to the long vista of life, strewn with roses, and with laurel crowns dropped by unseen hands from above, there would be all the better reason for that elastic step, and that gentle condescension which marked the manner of the successful student, when his admirers gathered around him, and even his defeated rivals candidly congratulated him upon his unprecedented success. Yet, withal, he was modest. Just a little spring in his gait; just a little innocent reception of adulation, as a something due to his commanding position; and just a little moistening of his eyelids, as he dreamt of a certain far home down by the sea, and the pride of his mother, as he flung all his treasures into her lap, and his sisters' kisses of triumph for the beloved one—let the world say nay to this? Let the sunshine, and the roses, and the love of his loved one play around thee, thou pale and gentle Levite, while they may. Soon the disillusion will come, the laurels will fade, and the sunshine turn to gray ash shadow, and the tender and strong supports of home and love will be kicked aside by Time and Fate; but the arena of life will be over; fore thee, and every fresh triumph will be a fresh conflict, and thou wilt be a friendless one and naked. But how didst thou come to believe that the quiet study hall was the world, and that the cynosure of all eyes—the pro-

verb in all mouths? Listen, dear child for thou art but a child. The mighty world has never heard of thee, does not know thy name; the press is silent about thee; the very priests of thy diocese do not even know of thy existence. Thou art but a pin's point in the universe. He does not believe it. He has been a First of First (first prizeman in his class) and the universe is at his feet. His first shock was at the Broadstone Terminal of the Great Midland Railway. A young and unsophisticated porter was so rustic and ignorant as to raise his hat to the young priest as he leaped from the carriage. "Why did you do that?" said an older comrade. "Sure, thim's but colligians. They wor't be priested for another year or two." The porter had not heard of Luke Delmege, and the First of First. He ran his eyes rapidly over the newspapers in the restaurant, where he was taking a humble cup of coffee. There was news from all quarters of the globe—an earthquake in Japan, a revolution in the Argentine, a row in the French Chamber of Deputies, a few speeches in the House of Commons, a whole page and a half of sporting intelligence, a special column on a favorite greyhound named Ben Bow, an interview with a famous jockey, a paragraph about a great minister in Austria, gigantic lists of stocks and shares, a good deal of squalor and crime in the police courts, one line about a great philosopher who was dying—can it be possible? Not a line, not a word of yesterday's triumph in the academy! The name of Luke Delmege, First of First, was nowhere to be seen. Could he be, by any possible chance, in the photographers' windows? Alas, no! Here are smiling actresses, babies in all kinds of postures and with every variety of expression, favorite pugdogs, dirty boats of every kind with tufts of hair on their tails, fashionable beauties, Fortias, and Imogens and Cordelias; but the great athlete of yesterday? And the porters made no distinction between him and his fellow-students as he sped southwards to his home; a few school-fairs stared at him and passed on; commercial men glanced at him and buried themselves in their papers; a few priests cheerily said:—"Home for the holidays, boys?" But Luke Delmege was but a unit among millions, and excited no more notice than the rest. He could not understand it. He had always thought and believed that his college was the Hub of the Universe; and that its prizemen came out into the unlettered world horned and aureoled with light as from a Holy Mountain. Was not a prize in his college equivalent to a university degree; and was it not supposed to shed a lambent light athwart the future career of the winner, no matter how clouded that career be? Did he not hear of men who foisted their arms and leaned on their laurels for the rest of their lives, and were honored and respected for their boyish triumphs far into withered and useless age? And here, in the very dawn of success, he was but a student amongst students; and even these soon began to drop their hero-worship, when they found the great world so listless and indifferent. He is troubled and bewildered; he cannot understand.

Well, at last, here is home, and here is worship, and here is love. Ay, indeed! The news had gone on before him. The great athlete in the greatest college in the world was coming home; and he was their own, their beloved. It nearly compensated and consoled him for all the neglect and indifference, when on entering beneath his own humble roof, where he had learned all the best lessons of life, he found the whole family prostrate on their knees, and here his newly consecrated hands on the gray head, and pronounced the blessing. He extended his hands to be kissed, and the rough lips almost bit them in the intensity of affection and love. The old man rose and went out, too full of joy to speak. The young priest blessed his mother; she kissed his hands—the hands, more than the skill of his pen, that had won the head. He blessed his brothers, and laid his hands on the smooth brows of his sisters. Reverently they touched his palms with their gentle lips; and then, Margery, the youngest, forgetting everything but her great love, flung her arms around him, and kissed him passionately, crying and sobbing: "Oh! Luke! Luke!" Well, that at least was worth working for. Then the great trunk came in, and the vast treasures were unlocked, and taken out, and handled reverently, and placed on the few shelves that had been nailed by a rustic carpenter in the little alcove of his bedroom. There they winked and blinked in all their splendors of calf and gold; and every one in the room, for how did they love them? They were the priest's books, a better have nothing to say to them. The priests are the Lord's anointed, you know. The less we have to say to them the better! But a few privileged ones amongst the neighbors were allowed to come in and look at these trophies, and offer the incense of their praise before the shrine of this family idol, and think, in their own hearts, whether any of their little flaxen-haired goswons would ever reach to these unapproachable altitudes. "Well, Luke, old man, put on the Melchisedek at last? How are you, and how is every bit of you? You look washed out, man, as 'tin as a lat," as Moll Brien said when her son came out of jail. A few days' courting on the mountains will put new life into you. The two dogs, Robin and Raven, are in prime condition, and the mountain has not been coursed since the great match in May. Ah! these books! these books! Luke's prizes, did you say, ma'am? They're vipers, ma'am, sucking the rich red blood from his veins. That's what I never bothered much about them! Here they are, of course! Cambrensis Eversus! By Jove! I thought that fellow since. Why, in my time ago, ma'am—time I declared out of p fellow turns up as regular resurrection the same. Nobody ever will. O' Kane good book. Poor soul that ever lived on the Church! The tub of the Contractus! Here a dreadful his stalwart frame enough of these for-morrow and dine a Father Tim and his boys. "What?" "I was not called said Luke, mildly. "Never mind! I can call to-morrow mind! Between in time for what tea. Let me so that you c getting away dining with me, forgive you. A He to into a were some troub up. "By the way, Maas?" he cried. "I shall feel much kindly assist me, Luke. "Of course, c said the curate, a little assistance thinking." "If I could s under my father's priest, timidly. "Of course, c curate. "Let n against the statu the Bishop's pr know—but we'll on this occasio. "About half a Luke. "Ay, it will reverence, before say Maas like you? "Sure, 'tis you waiting." "No, indeed; want ye to hav the poor old of Egypt." "Mike said to keep up you. Though you h lieve there are Latin, and we h us intirely." "Look at the Father Pat, look Cork with the weeklies little saw. "Twas ab and the print wa him now," sez h if I don't leave, and yer reverer Profundus before Noster." "Well, you s comes from long it up in the pre said with a smile. "Troth, an' y mege, 'tisn' c comes from the "There now, for you. Look, forgot. You ar fellow! 'Tis o in for sharp hi to-morrow. He moment later. ality. Good da I was forgettin ing, my poor kind of indulg He bent his kneel and recei what ever, and "The best says of Ireland wiping her eye down the little lightly over the But though I kind words, a What was it? on the Melch Casey had not and meant no ing Maas in a episcopal and statute bind? shuddered at ing under su would write th and put off There was som course, but th that. "The peo shocked. But and was there ries about the the people he that he sho a man of thir mission? The plexed and p books, and th high places of the happy stu had spoken n student, affec note of admir even in an allu was it? For see the book. Could it be th living in a fo great world academic tri and won at The thought Canon will highly polish will apprecia trial success listaded an plexed. It what he d read? "Fo brace of the fool forever." The next visit to his dread of that

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He bent his head reverently as he
knelt and received the benediction.
"There, that will do me some good,
whatever, and I want it."
"The best poor priest within the
says of Ireland," said Mrs. Delmege,
wiping her eyes, as the curate strode
down the little footpath, and leaped
lightly over the stile.
But though Luke echoed his mother's
kind words, deep down in his heart
there was a jarring note somewhere.
What was it? That expression, "put
on the Melchisedech?" Well, after
all, it was a pretty usual colloquialism
and meant no irreverence. Then, say-
ing Mass in a private house without
episcopal sanction? Was it that that
stirred him? Was it the thought of
shuddered at the thought of Luke
would write that evening to the curate,
and put off his Mass till Sunday.
There was something called Epiketeia,
of course, but—he was perplexed. Then,
that awful rapidity in celebrating!
The people noticed it and were
shocked. But, after all, they liked it,
and was there not something in the rub-
rics about the propriety of not keeping
the people waiting? Who was
he that he should judge his superior—
a man of thirty years' standing on the
mission? Then it dawned on his per-
plexed and puzzled mind that Father
Casey had not even once alluded to the
high places that had fallen to the lot
of the happy student in his college. He
had spoken to him as to an ordinary
student, affectionately, but without a
note of admiration. Had he not heard
it? Of course, he had. And yet,
never an allusion to the First of First,
even in the mother's presence! What
was it? Forgetfulness? No. He had
seen the prizes and made little of them.
Could it be that, after all, he had been
living in a fool's paradise, and that the
great world thought nothing of these
academic triumphs that were pursued
and won at such tremendous cost?
The thought was too dreadful. The
Canon will think differently. He is a
highly polished and cultured man. He
will appreciate distinction and academi-
cal success. And poor Luke felt
battered, annoyed, distressed, per-
plexed. It was all so very unlike
what he had anticipated. He had not
read. "For there shall be no remem-
brance of the wise no more than of the
fool forever."
The next day Luke paid a formal
visit to his pastor. He had an old
dread of that parochial house—a shrink-

thought that fellow was spun out long
since. Why, in my time, thirty years
ago, ma'am—time flies— that book was
declared out of print; and here the
fellow turns up as spruce as ever. A
regular resurrectionist! Well, it's all
the same. Nobody ever read him, or
ever will. O'Kane on the Rubrica! A
good book. Poor Jimmy! The best
soul that ever lived. Hurrah! Murray
on the Church! Poor—old—Paddy!
The tub of theology! I Croly de
Contractibus—"
Here a dreadful shudder shot through
his stalwart frame.
"Now, look here, Luke, you've had
enough of these fellows. Come up to-
morrow and dine with us. No one but
Father Tim and one or two of the neigh-
bors. What?"
"I've not called on the Canon yet,"
said Luke, timidly.
"Never mind! I won't ask him. You
can call to-morrow. But not too early,
mind! Between 4 and 6. You may be
in time for what he calls '5 o'clock
tea.' Let me see! I'll say 4:30
so that you can have an excuse
for getting away. Don't say you're
dining with me, though. He'd never
forgive you. Anything but that."
He fell into a fit of musing. There
were some troublesome memories called
up.
"By the way, what about your first
Mass?" he was asking.
"I shall feel much obliged if you will
kindly assist me, Father Pat," said
Luke.
"Of course, of course, my boy,"
said the curate, "though, indeed, very
little assistance you'll require, I'm
thinking."
"If I could say my first Mass here
under my father's roof," said the young
priest, timidly.
"Of course, of course," said the
curate. "Let me see, though. It's
against the statutes of course, without
the Bishop's permission; and I don't
know—but we'll dispense with statutes
on this occasion. Will you take long?"
"About half an hour, I think," said
Luke.
"Ay, it will be many a day, your
reverence, before Luke will be able to
say Mass like you," said Mrs. Delmege.
"Sure, 'tis you who don't keep us long
waiting."
"No, indeed; why should I? Do I
want ye to have camels' knees, like
the poor old saints over there in
Egypt?"
Mike said there was no use trying
to keep up with your reverence.
Though you had the Latin, and I be-
lieve there are very hard words in the
Latin, and we had the English, you bate
us intirely."
"Look at that for you now," said
Father Pat, looking around admiringly.
"Thin, the last time he went to
Cork with the butler, he bought the
weehest little prayer book you ever
saw."
"Was about half a finger long,
and the print was mighty big. 'I have
him now,' sez he; 'tis a queer story
if I don't love him behind.' Troth,
and yer reverence, ye were at the De
Profundis before he got to the Pather
Noster."
"Well, you see, ma'am, that's what
comes from long practice. But I make
it up in the preaching, you know," he
said with a smile.
"Troth, an' ye do," said Mrs. Del-
mege, "it's 'till much, but what ye says
comes from the heart."
"There now, Luke, there's a critic
for you. Look sharp, old man; but I
forgot. You are going abroad. Happy
fellow! 'Tis only in Ireland you come
in for sharp hits. Well, don't forget
to-morrow. Half-past four; not a
moment later. I'm a model of punctu-
ality. Good day, ma'am; oh! by Jove!
I was forgetting. Give us your bless-
ing, my poor man. Let's there some
kind of Indulgence attached?"
He bent his head reverently as he
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he that he should judge his superior—
a man of thirty years' standing on the
mission? Then it dawned on his per-
plexed and puzzled mind that Father
Casey had not even once alluded to the
high places that had fallen to the lot
of the happy student in his college. He
had spoken to him as to an ordinary
student, affectionately, but without a
note of admiration. Had he not heard
it? Of course, he had. And yet,
never an allusion to the First of First,
even in the mother's presence! What
was it? Forgetfulness? No. He had
seen the prizes and made little of them.
Could it be that, after all, he had been
living in a fool's paradise, and that the
great world thought nothing of these
academic triumphs that were pursued
and won at such tremendous cost?
The thought was too dreadful. The
Canon will think differently. He is a
highly polished and cultured man. He
will appreciate distinction and academi-
cal success. And poor Luke felt
battered, annoyed, distressed, per-
plexed. It was all so very unlike
what he had anticipated. He had not
read. "For there shall be no remem-
brance of the wise no more than of the
fool forever."
The next day Luke paid a formal
visit to his pastor. He had an old
dread of that parochial house—a shrink-

ing and tingling of the nerves when he
opened the gate and crossed the well-
trodden lawn, and knocked nervously
with that polished knob, which sounded
altogether too loud for his tastes. It
was an old feeling, implanted in child-
hood, and which intensified as the years
went by. Custom had not modified it
nor habit soothed it; and as Luke
crossed the lawn at 4 o'clock this
July day, he wished heartily that this
visit was over. He had often striven
in his leisure moments in college to
analyze the feeling, but without suc-
cess. He had often, as he advanced in
his collegiate course, and had begun to
feel a certain self-reliance, tried to
gather his nerves together, and face
with coolness this annual ordeal. It
was no use; and when the servant ap-
peared in answer to his knock, and an-
nounced that the Canon was in his
library, his heart sank down, and he
paced the nervous drawing-room in a
nervous and unhappy condition. Now
this was unbusinesslike and unintellig-
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enigmas in his own soul, and in the vast
universe outside, that he was perpetu-
ally striving to solve.
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of most blameless life, of calm polished
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Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 15th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir,—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

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

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, APOST. DELEG.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1907.

A QUESTIONABLE RUMOR.

The Globe of the 25th inst. contained a dispatch stating that a joint open letter had been written by four or five priests to the Holy Father.

mons which this school of critics wish to have thrown open to every theorist in the civilized world.

INSULTING INSPECTION.

The other day a motion was adopted in the British House of Commons which is as insulting to Catholics as it is un-English in spirit.

ornament which proposes the measure will have everything to fear. The motion will meet the condemnation not only of all Catholics but of fair-minded Protestants as well.

THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN.

From Rome we learn that the Biblical Commission has given a decision which furnishes a safe guidance for Catholic students of Holy Scripture.

SCHOOLS OF TORONTO.

We are not surprised to see that the manners of the Toronto children are exciting very severe, though just condemnation. A letter written by Henry O'Brien Esq., one of the most prominent lawyers in Toronto, characterizes the children as probably the worst on the continent.

AN OUTRAGE.

The daily papers contain an advertisement of a certain patent medicine which states that many miracles have been reported from St. Anne de Beaupre and other shrines.

DR. SPROULE AND THE MONTREAL GAZETTE.

Every country has its "undesirables." The president of the United States recently referred to the "undesirables" in Idaho.

FATHER CONRARDY'S PLAN.

At the Gesù, Montreal, last Sunday, the congregations at the various Masses were profoundly moved at the appeal made to their charity by a heroic worker in the cause of God and humanity.

STILL THE EVICTOR.

Despatches from Cork advise us that evictions have been carried out in certain parts of that county. We are also told that a stubborn resistance was offered, but no one appears to have been hurt.

A DIAMOND JUBILEE.

To few are given the length of years enjoyed by Rev. Sister Theresa, superior of the Rideau street convent, Ottawa.

bers, at a recent meeting of the United Irish League, supported a resolution calling upon the Irish members of parliament to resign.

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THE LATIN VILGATE.

The London Times, noting the action of Pope Pius X. in ordering the revision of the Vulgate, says that: There is no book which has exercised so wide and so powerful an influence in moulding the faith, the morals, the thought, traditions and literature of the European world as the Latin version of the Scriptures which we know as the Vulgate.

WEIGHTY WORDS FROM PIUS X.

The Bishop of Bayonne has caused to be published some words which the Holy Father addressed to him on the occasion of a recent audience.

A POOR POUITICE.

The meagre bill of fare—a mere shadow of Home Rule—offered to Ireland by the Campbell-Bannerman government, has wounded the feelings of the Irish people both at home and abroad.

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THE EVIL OF

Cardinal Gibbons in "The Church regards most inalienable contracts that Every human contract fully dissolved but is justified in abrogating each other; mere partnerships; brotherly leave the paternal and fraternal friends, like Abraham obliged to part of law of God the bond and wife can be death. No earthly nuptial knot was tied, for "what God together let not man."

TESTIMONY.

St. Paul in his thians forbids divorced terms. His opposition to the wedded person divorce among the Protestant community Scripture justifies in separating from and marrying again Church explains sense that while wife he is not a vinculo matrimonii privilege of marriage.

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THE EVIL OF DIVORCE.

Cardinal Gibbons in "The Marital Unrest" series, in the Delinquent.

The Church regards marriage as the most inviolable and irrevocable of all contracts that were ever formed.

Every human compact may be lawfully dissolved but this, Nations may be justified in abrogating treaties with each other; merchants may dissolve partnerships; brothers will eventually leave the paternal roof, and, like Jacob and Esau, separate from one another; friends, like Abraham and Lot, may be obliged to part company, but by the law of God the bond uniting husband and wife can be dissolved only by death.

No moral precept is more strongly enforced in the gospel than the indissoluble character of a valid marriage. The apostle Paul is unhesitating in his opposition to the second marriage of a wedded person during the life of his spouse, and Christ was clear in His denunciation of the easy custom of divorce among the Jews.

Protestant commentators assert that Scripture justifies an injured husband in separating from his unfaithful wife and marrying again. But the Catholic Church explains the gospel in the sense that while the offended consort may obtain divorce from his unfaithful wife he is not allowed a divorce *vinculo matrimonii* so as to have the privilege of marrying another.

St. Paul in his epistle to the Corinthians forbids divorce in most unequal terms. His letter is addressed to the people newly converted to the Christian religion. He does not mince matters, but states clearly:

"If you are married, not I but the Lord commandeth that the wife depart not from her husband. And if she depart, that she remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband. And let not the husband put away his wife."

Here we find the apostle, in his Master's name, commanding the separated couple to remain unmarried, without any reference to unfaithfulness. If so important an exception existed St. Paul would not have omitted to mention it; otherwise he would have rendered the gospel yoke more grievous than its founder intended.

Both St. Mark and St. Luke forbid second marriage during the life of the spouse, no matter how aggravating the cause of separation. Nowhere in the Gospels do the inspired writers state that unfaithfulness authorizes the aggrieved party to re-marry.

We therefore must admit that, according to the religion of Jesus Christ, conjugal infidelity does not warrant either party to marry again, or we are forced to the conclusion that the vast number of Christians who have divorced since the teachings of Saints Mark, Luke and Paul were imperfectly instructed in their faith.

The Catholic Church, following the light of the Gospel forbids a divorced man to enter into second espousals during the life of his former partner. This is the inflexible law the first promulgated in the face of pagan emperors and which she has ever upheld against all opposition.

Henry VIII. of England, once an obedient son and defender of the church, conceived in an evil hour an attachment for Anne Boleyn, a lady of the queen's household, whom he desired to marry after being divorced from his lawful consort, Catherine of Aragon. But Pope Clement VII. sternly refused to ratify the separation, though the Pontiff had determined action would have been taken in the persecutions and a whole nation in the unhappy schism of his ruler.

Had the Pope acquiesced in the repudiation of Catherine in the marriage of Anne Boleyn, England would, indeed, have been spared to the Church, but the Church herself would have surrendered her peerless title of "Mistress of Truth."

When Napoleon I. repudiated his devoted wife, Josephine, and married Marie Louise of Austria, so well assured was he of the fruitlessness of his attempt to obtain from the Holy See the sanction of his divorce and subsequent remarriage that he did not even consult the Holy Father on this subject.

burden; the mistress was the petted and pampered animal. These "hetairai" derived additional importance from being legally chosen to offer sacrifice on certain public occasions. This demoralizing system, so far from being deplored, was actually defended and patronized by statesmen, philosophers and leaders of public opinion, such as Democritus, Pericles and Lysias, Aristotle and Epicurus.

Solon erected in Athens a temple to Venus, the goddess of impure love. Greece is full of such temples, while there is not one erected to chaste conjugal love. No virtuous woman has ever left a durable record in the history of Greece. The husband could put away his wife according to his capricious humor, and take a fairer, younger and richer bride. He could dissolve the marriage bond without other formality than an attestation in writing before an archon; and the wife had practically no power to refuse, as she was completely under the dominion of her husband. She was a mere chattel, marketable at will; nor had she any power to dissolve the marriage without the husband's consent.

In a word, the most distinguished Greek writers treat women with undisguised contempt; they describe her as the source of every evil to man. One of their poets said that marriage brings but two happy days to the husband—the day of his espousal and the day on which he lays his wife in the tomb.

MARRIAGE LAXITY IN ANCIENT ROME. So notorious were the morals in the time of Augustus that men proffered the unfettered life of celibacy to an alliance with partners bereft of every trace of female virtue. The strict form of marriage became almost obsolete, and a laxer one, destitute of religion or civic ceremony, and resting solely on mutual agreement, became general. Each party could dissolve the marriage bond at will and under the most trifling pretext, and both were free to enter at once into the second wedlock.

Marriage was accordingly treated with extreme levity. Cicero repudiated his wife, Terentia, that he might obtain a coveted dowry with another; and he discarded the latter because she did not lament the death of his daughter by the former. Cato was divorced from his wife, Attilia, after she had borne him two children, and he transferred his second wife to his friend, Hortensius, after whose death he married her again. Augustus compelled the husband of Livia to abandon her that she might become his own wife. Sempronius Sophus was divorced from his wife because she went once to the public baths without his will and under the escort of his mother.

Emilius dismissed his wife, the mother of Pompey, without any reason whatever. Pompey was divorced and remarried a number of times. Sylla repudiated his wife during her illness, when he had her conveyed to another house. Wives emulated husbands in the career of divorces. Marcius speaks of a woman who had married her tenth husband. Juvenal refers to one who had eight husbands in five years. St. Jerome declares that there dwelt in Rome a wife who had married her twenty-third husband, she being his twenty-first wife.

THE MOHAMMEDAN BOND. The Mohammedan husband has merely to say to his wife, "Thou art divorced," and the bond is dissolved. To his followers Mohammed allowed four wives; to himself an unlimited number was permitted by a special favor of Heaven.

Afghanistan has the questionable honor of presenting a new plea for divorce, which, if applied to this country, might fill with dismay many unfortunate husbands uncongenial with their spouses. An Afghan lady once applied to the Ameer Abdur Pakhman, for a separation from her husband on the ground that her spouse was becoming bald. The defender and savior of Afghan unity, recognizing the importance of vindicating the sanctity of her domestic life as well as governmental authority, decided, after due reflection upon the demoralizing tendency of feminine darning for intellectual men, to make an example of the presumptuous plaintiff. His first step was to order a bottle of sour milk to be poured on her husband's head, whether as an "invigorator" or a "tonic" the Eastern journalist, who reported the occurrence did not say.

Then, abandoning curative for punitive measures, the ameer next commanded the wife to lick the milk off with her tongue, and when that was done, and the husband's head shone like a billiard ball, his highness directed that the un sympathetic woman should be "placed on the back of a donkey, with her face to the tail, and thus be forced to ride through the bazaar." After that she knew better, it is reported, than to heed heartlessly to the misfortune of her head. A humane sentence, if not respectful consideration, was the least that a proper respect for the marriage dictated.

To the ladies of America the ameer's conduct in this instance will perhaps savor of Oriental despotism, but it is possible that not a few of the worst halves will envy the position that Eastern law secures to the bald-headed husband.

POSITION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. The Church has ever maintained, in accordance with the teachings of our Savior, that no man can lawfully have more than one wife, and no woman more than one husband. The rights and obligations of both consorts are correlative. To give to the husband the license of two or more wives would be an injustice to his spouse and destructive of domestic peace. The Church has also invariably taught that the marriage compact, once validly formed, cannot be dissolved only by death, for what God hath joined together man cannot put asunder.

It has again and again been alleged that this law was too severe; that it is harsh and cruel, and that it condemns to a life of misery two souls that might find happiness if permitted to have their marriage annulled and to be united with more congenial partners. Every law has its occasional inconveniences, and I admit that the law abso-

lutely prohibiting divorce *a vinculo* may sometimes appear rigorous and cruel. But its harshness is mercy itself when compared with the frightful miseries resulting from the toleration of divorce. Its inconvenience is infinitesimal when contrasted with the colossal evils from which it saves society, and the solid blessings it secures to countless homes. Those exceptional ill-assorted marriages would become more rare if the public were convinced once for all that death alone can dissolve the marriage bond. They would then use more circumspection in the selection of a congenial partner. Hence it happens that in Catholic countries where faith is strong, as in Ireland and the Tyrol, divorces are almost unheard of.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES 1907.—RECTOR'S ADDRESS. I desire to thank the authorities of St. Patrick's association for allowing us the use of their splendid hall. The kindly manner in which the favor was done is even more appreciated than the favor itself, for the kind word is always better than the gift. This is, I think, the first time that the Commencement exercises are held outside our own buildings. It is certainly the first time in more than twenty years. The great destroyer, fire, drove us first from our commodious academic hall, and lately from the assembly hall connected with the Sacred Heart Church. Our visitations by fire of late years, explain, and I hope, excuse, our Commencement Exercises being outwardly less academic and less elaborate than we would like to make them. For instance, the fires have taken from us the dozens of academic robes that used to be an interesting and inspiring feature of these exercises.

And yet, through the fires, advantages have come. That of last week illustrated the advantage of having a fire proof building like the new Arts Building, constructed since the fire of 1903. Of course the temporary wooden building did catch fire, and burning material flying through the air, threatened to enter open windows and do danger within. All, however, who have examined the reinforced concrete floors and beams, the asbestos partitions and terra cotta lathing, are convinced that fire could not spread rapidly, nor indeed spread at all throughout the building, and that consequently there is no danger of a total absence of the danger of enormous loss of property and particularly the danger of loss of life.

The security which a fire proof building thus affords, should be a great consideration indeed for parents and students in the choice of a college. God grant that the necessity of obtaining not too generally disregarded in our educational institutions until some day the appalling loss of many lives is joined to loss of property. During the two destructive fires which have taken place since the erection of the Science building, we have seen the wooden fittings about the roof in danger, but those of us who saw it constructed, feel that the building will never rapidly and totally become the prey of flames. Terra cotta floors and lathing combine with the stone and iron of the frame work, to greatly reduce, if not to preclude the possibility of fire spreading rapidly and of burning material falling from one story to another. The Science Building was constructed in the light of experience furnished by a big fire in the Eastern wing of the old College Building in 1898, and very little wood was used.

St. Francis of Assisi used to speak very affectionately of fire. He was accustomed to call it "Brother Fire." The advantages of security, of a plentiful supply of natural light and pure air and conveniences and comforts to be found in our new buildings will perhaps move students to have, like St. Francis, a certain paternal regard for fire. The authorities of the institution, however, those at least who have had to handle the financial legacy and other odds and ends that Brother Fire has left them, hardly wish to have another visit from him, or to see him enfolding any more of their belongings in his warm embrace.

It is not to be inferred, however, that the eagery mentioned is so cunning because that it cannot be candel. On the contrary it has now been got pretty well in hand and we are beginning to look toward new work of construction. Regarding new work of construction, I suppose that no one expects a definite announcement just now, least of all my Colleagues in Council but I am not going too far in saying that I am hopeful, that I fully expect something in the way of construction on the College premises will be under way before next fall.

Turning to the future; the University Calendar will be sent out before the end of the month, it will contain a couple of announcements to which I would wish to draw attention. The first consists of fairly definite information regarding the manner of taking advantage of the Extra Mutual Contract initiated a couple of years ago. We have had many enquiries lately about this course, and in enabling deservng persons to obtain some of the advantages of college training, without constant attendance, we are following the lead of older sister institutions.

The second announcement in this year's calendar refers to our Rhodes Scholarship. The year is approaching when the University of Ottawa will present a candidate under the Rhodes bequest. This scholarship at Oxford is tenable for three years and is of the value of £300 per annum. In the choice of the Rhodes scholar, not only academic attainments, but general intellectual and physical development and personal worth are taken into account. Every student registering next September in any class from the Second Form to I believe, the Seventh inclusive, will have a chance of winning the Rhodes Scholarship, provided that in October 1st, 1911, he shall have passed his nineteenth but not his twenty-fifth birthday.

The Rhodes Scholarship should excite commendable emulation. Incidentally, but very really, it should have a good effect in developing self-reliance and especially in developing manliness in all who have the prospect of winning it.

As this church on wheels rolls over prairie and desert, pierces mountains, crosses rivers or climbs the steeps, and at the end of its journey is cut off from the rest of the train, of which it will form a part, and switched for service, its arrival will be either the beginning or the restoring of great things for many a soul in the little isolated settlements, hitherto unblest and unalloyed by Catholic ministrations.

ARCHBISHOP BLESSES "CHURCH ON WHEELS." THE "ST. ANTHONY," THE EXTENSION SOCIETY'S CHAPEL CAR, LEAVES ON FIRST TRIP TO KANSAS. To the accompaniment of locomotive whistles, the song of escaping steam, and the roll of wheels, made by trains leaving the La Salle street station in Chicago, the impressive ceremony of dedicating the first Catholic chapel car in the world was performed by Archbishop Quigley a few days ago. Assisting the Archbishop in this novel ceremony was Bishop Muldoon and about one hundred priests of Chicago and other cities, members of the Catholic Church Extension Society, under whose auspices the car is launched and will be maintained.

effect in developing self-reliance and especially in developing manliness in all who have the prospect of winning it. Before concluding I feel that I should not let this occasion pass without just a word to parents and students regarding the advantage—often the necessity—of completing a University Course, or at least of securing as much College training as pecuniary means and other conditions will permit. Very few professions can be provided as a man who regretted having taken a college course, no matter how great the sacrifice. In England, practically all of the high places are filled by university-trained men, and in America this condition will prevail more and more as we grow in education and culture.

Now I wish students the pleasantest of vacations, I congratulate all who are receiving medals and diplomas. These certificates are testimonials of ability and work that deserve and command success. This is especially true, if it is not presumptuous for me to say so, of the distinguished gentlemen who are receiving the LL. D. Degree. Ability and hard work have won for them eminent places indeed in their chosen callings.

Finally let all students remember Cowper's immortal lines: Knowledge dwells, In heads remote with thoughts of other men, Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

ONE CHURCH HAS ALL THE TRUTH. SOME COMMENTS ON REV. CAMERON J. DAVIS' SERMON ON LIMITS OF RELIGIOUS FELLOWSHIP. There is among Protestants a widespread, sincere conviction that all believers in Christ should unite in one Church and form "the one fold" of His Passion, offered His sublime and touching prayer. The Rev. Cameron J. Davis falls in with the tendency of religious minds to unity and states as the ultimate object of his lecture "to bring together again a Catholic Church."

This is a noble endeavor which must be welcomed by every Christian who sincerely believes in his religion. But what is that unity which ought to bind us together? Is it merely a spirit of broad-minded toleration and of charity? The spirit of Christ, no doubt, is charity, and nothing is more antagonistic to His religion than hatred, fanaticism and persecution. Toleration and charity are necessary elements of religious unity. But they are not all that is necessary to constitute it.

The Rev. C. J. Davis says that "the essential to fellowship is a willingness to bear and forbear in church as in marriage." True, we must bear and forbear. It is commanded that we should have charity toward all. We should also be willing to work together. But, however tolerant we cannot tolerate error. All truth is intolerant. Truth may have many aspects; we may look at a fact or a doctrine from different stand-points. Still, of contradictory views or statements, only one can be true. And, therefore, if we are sure that we are right, we cannot help thinking that everybody differing from us is wrong. Truth is intolerant of error.

It is, therefore, wrong to say that creeds "represent different sides of truth as it appears to different minds." Contradictory creeds do not all express truth. Only one of them may be true and all the others must be false.

THE TEST OF MEMBERSHIP. This leads us to the crucial point. If truth is necessarily one, the test of membership in the Church of Christ is creed, not ideals only. By creed is meant a body of truths held on the authority of a witness. The question, therefore, resolves itself into this: Does Christ or does He not demand that we should hold certain truths which He has revealed and reject whatever contradicts them?

It is clear that in the matter of religious unity all depends upon the will of the Master. We are not free to lay down the conditions of our membership in the Church of Christ, or to make religious unity as we would like it to be. We have to take the religion of Christ as He revealed it. If He wants all men to unite in one faith and, consequently, to profess one creed, nobody has a share in the blessing of His religion who knowingly rejects one of His doctrines.

Now it is evident that Christ demands of all men faith in all that He has taught us. He said to His apostles "Go and preach the gospel to every creature." "Teaching them to observe all things whatever I have commanded you." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be condemned." To reject one tenet of truth is to question the authority of the divine Teacher; it renders all faith impossible. Christ, therefore, demands that all men should have one faith and profess one creed. Christ wants, above all, faith to be the basis of religious unity, and makes faith, though not faith alone, the test of membership.

ONE CHURCH HAS ALL THE TRUTH. Christ built His Church upon the rock and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. Now, if the Church of Christ ever teaches error in matters of faith or morals, the gates of hell have prevailed against her and the kingdom of God, founded "to teach all nations," is destroyed. The Son of God, moreover, has promised and sent His Church to abide with her all truth and therefore to teach her all truth and therefore, there must be one Church that has one truth. If there is none, the words of Christ, in whose divinity the Rev. C. J. Davis professes to believe, have come to naught.

And where is this Church to be found? The Rev. C. J. Davis says: "To say that any Church can express all essential truth is absurd, except for the Romanist." Romanist is a Protestant term for Roman Catholic and smacks rather strongly of religious prejudice born of contempt. The choice of a word may, however, be nothing more

than a concession made to a Protestant audience. As to the statement itself, we thank the preacher for the candid admission, as he thus virtually, though unintentionally, asserts that the Roman Catholic Church is the only Church of Christ. Christ founded but one Church and this Church He enjoins to teach all truth. The Church of Christ, therefore, must claim that she has all the truth and, as no Church advances and proves such a claim except the Catholic, she must be the only Church of Christ.

THE ONLY CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN. The "Romanist" is, after all, the only Christian who is consistent and clear about what he believes. This is the reason why he does not "change statements of truth." Times change and men change, but the truth "remaineth forever." Twice two were four before the creation of the world and will continue four throughout all the succeeding ages and ever changing generations. If Christ has taught us the truth, the doctrine of the Church must remain unchanged forever.

WHAT IS TRUE ASKED. And is it true that Christ never asked dogmatic faith? Can any one read John 6 and say that dogmatic faith, i. e., faith in clearly-stated and sharply-defined truths is no condition of religious fellowship with Christ? Did not our Lord permit some of His disciples to "go back and walk no more with Him," because they found His saying hard to believe? If dogmatic faith was not demanded how could Christ say: "He that believeth not shall be condemned?"

We may grant that "doing the will of the Father," is the test. But the will of the Father includes faith in the Son and in the Son's teachings: "This is My most beloved Son . . . Hear ye Him." MODERN SCHOLARSHIP. "Modern scholarship has done much for us. We have, indeed, the splendid works of the modern standard Catholic authors and of some Protestant writers. But when the Rev. C. J. Davis says that modern scholarship has done "nothing better than freeing Catholicism from the grave errors of medieval speculation and dogma," he is evidently speaking of things of which he has still the very alphabet to learn. No one can read the words of the grand medieval scholars without being struck with admiration for their close reasoning and their profound learning. St. Thomas, St. Albertus Magnus, Dun Scotus, do not give us a false presentation of the Christ of the gospel, verily not. Their immortal glory will remain as long as the world endures to have shown in their own inimitable way that faith does not destroy but perfect reason.

The Church of Christ is one. It must have one faith, one government, one cult. "If there is a thing," says Matthew Arnold, "specially alien to religion, it is division. If there is a thing specially native of religion, it is peace and union. Hence original attraction towards unity in Rome, and hence the great charm and power for man's mind that unity when once attained."—Catholic Unity and Times.

The ignorance of some is greatly to be pitied. They load themselves with unwise penances and other unsuitable exercises of their devious, putting all their confidence in them, and expecting to become saints by their means. If they would put half this labor upon mortifying their passions and appetites they would gain more in a month than by all their other exercises in many years.—St. John of the Cross.

Take care that you do not knowingly rejoice at the downfall of your neighbor or at a misfortune that has befallen him.—Venerable L. De Blois, O. S. B.

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than a concession made to a Protestant audience. As to the statement itself, we thank the preacher for the candid admission, as he thus virtually, though unintentionally, asserts that the Roman Catholic Church is the only Church of Christ. Christ founded but one Church and this Church He enjoins to teach all truth. The Church of Christ, therefore, must claim that she has all the truth and, as no Church advances and proves such a claim except the Catholic, she must be the only Church of Christ.

THE ONLY CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN. The "Romanist" is, after all, the only Christian who is consistent and clear about what he believes. This is the reason why he does not "change statements of truth." Times change and men change, but the truth "remaineth forever." Twice two were four before the creation of the world and will continue four throughout all the succeeding ages and ever changing generations. If Christ has taught us the truth, the doctrine of the Church must remain unchanged forever.

WHAT IS TRUE ASKED. And is it true that Christ never asked dogmatic faith? Can any one read John 6 and say that dogmatic faith, i. e., faith in clearly-stated and sharply-defined truths is no condition of religious fellowship with Christ? Did not our Lord permit some of His disciples to "go back and walk no more with Him," because they found His saying hard to believe? If dogmatic faith was not demanded how could Christ say: "He that believeth not shall be condemned?"

We may grant that "doing the will of the Father," is the test. But the will of the Father includes faith in the Son and in the Son's teachings: "This is My most beloved Son . . . Hear ye Him." MODERN SCHOLARSHIP. "Modern scholarship has done much for us. We have, indeed, the splendid works of the modern standard Catholic authors and of some Protestant writers. But when the Rev. C. J. Davis says that modern scholarship has done "nothing better than freeing Catholicism from the grave errors of medieval speculation and dogma," he is evidently speaking of things of which he has still the very alphabet to learn. No one can read the words of the grand medieval scholars without being struck with admiration for their close reasoning and their profound learning. St. Thomas, St. Albertus Magnus, Dun Scotus, do not give us a false presentation of the Christ of the gospel, verily not. Their immortal glory will remain as long as the world endures to have shown in their own inimitable way that faith does not destroy but perfect reason.

The Church of Christ is one. It must have one faith, one government, one cult. "If there is a thing," says Matthew Arnold, "specially alien to religion, it is division. If there is a thing specially native of religion, it is peace and union. Hence original attraction towards unity in Rome, and hence the great charm and power for man's mind that unity when once attained."—Catholic Unity and Times.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. BRILLIANT ADDRESS TO YOUNG MEN.

We print below an address delivered to the graduates of St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont., by Mr. W. H. Riddle, on Wednesday June 19th. From this address may be derived many beautiful lessons by those who are possessed of ambition to work their way to the top in life's work.

My Lord Bishop, Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I have to thank the Rev. Father Zinger, the energetic and popular rector of the College, and the very great privilege of addressing a few words on this occasion to the young gentlemen graduates, in the hearing of our beloved Bishop whom we are all delighted to see present to encourage the students by words of cheer and advice and to sanctify his presence by the excellent good and very effective educational work carried on by the able and zealous Fathers of the Congregation of the Resurrection within the classic walls of St. Jerome's. I need hardly say that I appreciate very highly the honor of speaking in an institution whose mission—may, whose glory—it is to form the characters and to mould the brains which will help to shape the future of this great Dominion as well as to influence, to some extent, at least, the destinies of the powerful Republic to the south of us, many of whose sons, by their own choice, receive their education here.

Gentlemen of the Graduation Class:—In this strenuous age in every department of human activity—in this encyclopedic age—when everybody knows something about everything, the value of a liberal education is of vital importance. With it the chances of achieving success in any chosen walk of life are very materially changed and without it, the struggle even for a mere competence has many serious and embarrassing drawbacks. A sound, practical education, resting upon the sure foundation of religious principles, is the best asset a young man can possess when venturing out upon the tumultuous sea of modern conditions such an education is indispensable in any line of work—it is the magnetic needle which points out to him the direction in which his ambitions lie, as well as the best course for him to sail in order to reach in safety the haven he has in view as the scene of his future career in life.

Franklin who discovered the identity of electricity with lightning and demonstrated the feasibility of making the electric fluid subservient to the will and uses of man, said: "If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest." Ruskin, the eminent English art critic, tells us that "Education, briefly, is leading the human mind and soul to what is right and best; and to make what is best out of that; and these two objects are always obtainable together and by the same means. The training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others." And Baron Leibnitz, a German philosopher, declared, two centuries before Ruskin was born, that the "proper education of youth was the very foundation of human happiness."

In point of fact no system of education can be called perfect unless it develops the whole man—his physical, moral and intellectual faculties. To neglect any one of these is to destroy the equilibrium of the "triple man," and thus introduce grave disorders into the sphere of his influence in the world. Educate the body and you have only an animated clay, educate the intellect at the expense of the moral and religious feelings and you add to man's power to effect evil.

Thus, then, the essential element of education—its pith and marrow—is the religious element. Lord Derby contended this view of the question when he said that "Religion is not a thing apart from education but is interwoven with its whole system; it is a principle which controls and regulates the whole mind and happiness of the people." And Gaiot, one of the greatest thinkers of the last century, who was Prime Minister of France under Louis Philippe, the citizen King, was so thoroughly convinced of the necessity of early moral training that he would have the air of the school room, as it were, impregnated with religion. "It is necessary," he said, "that national education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate all its parts." Alas! how far afield his countrymen of the present day—I refer to the ruling classes—have drifted from the sound views on education of this illustrious Protestant statesman and historian!

His contemporary, that no less distinguished French statesman and writer, De Tocqueville, who flourished in the first half of the last century, held that "the safeguard of morality is religion," and he concluded a chapter of his celebrated work, "The American Republic"—a work which secured his admission to the French Academy in 1841, with the pertinent remark that "Religion is the companion of liberty in all its battles and triumphs; the cradle of its infancy and the divine source of its claims; it is the best security of law as well as the surest pledge of freedom." And coming down to our own times His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, concludes an article in Van Norden Magazine for April on "Honor in Business Life," in these impressive and beautiful words: "There can be no stable prosperity without justice, no justice without morality, no morality without religion, no religion without God."

Such an education, my young friends, buttressed by the principles and sanctioned by the aims I have endeavored to outline, you have received at St. Jerome's, your beloved Alma Mater, under the prudent guidance of her ex-

perienced, wise and learned professors; and now that you have graduated, the time has come to bid farewell of old companions, to sever old associations and to step down and out into the busy world to take up in due course, each for yourself, that occupation, profession, or calling in life which your culture and tastes best qualify you to follow with expectations of ultimate success.

Remember, my young friends, that whatever your hands or brains may find to do, do it with all your might. The world steps aside to make room for the earnest worker. A writer of modern verse assures us that "The man who wins is the man who does, The man who makes things hard and busy, The man who works and the man who uses, Who builds on a basis of solid facts, Who doesn't sit down to mope and dream, But humps ahead with the force of steam, Who hasn't the time to fuss and fret, But gets there every time—you bet!"

Nor should it be forgotten that every man and woman too for that matter, must work, for labor is the law of man's inheritance. Nor is the intellect exempt from the operation of this law; the education of heart and mind is never finished—it begins in the cradle and ends in the grave, and no one knows this better than the really educated and cultivated man. The storehouse—the well spring of knowledge—is never depleted and there is none so rich or so poor in knowledge that he may not draw something useful and sparkling from the store. One may be a graduate of the highest educational institution in the land but he will still find that there is more—very much more—for him to learn. "Live and learn," should be the motto of every one. Books and standard literature are now within the reach of all, and "home study" will make "home life" more happy, keep our education alive and enrich our minds as the same time develop and enrich the body. And as the contact of diamond with diamond increases their brilliancy, so also intercourse with educated men will be of the greatest advantage in the work of self education; and where this is wanting intellectual progress will be much slower and less satisfactory. If, as is claimed, activity is the law of all progress, then the more we use our intellectual powers the greater will be their growth; while, on the other hand, inactivity or idleness, whether enforced or wilful, is the death of every high principle, and noble impulse. It has been aptly said that "It is better to wear out than to rust out." It is the canker of indolence, not work, that kills.

"Absence of occupation is not rest; A mind quiet vacant is a mind distressed." Edison the wizard of electricity, who has literally worked himself into world-wide fame, was complimented by an admirer who attributed his wonder-ful discoveries to his great genius. Without looking up from the bench upon which he was conducting an experiment, Edison asked his friend what constituted genius and not receiving a satisfactory reply, he said, "Genius is 95 per cent. perspiration and 5 per cent. inspiration." There is, my countrymen, no royal road to learning nor to enduring fame! "Ich dien" is the national motto of Germany whose people are noted at home and abroad for their untiring industry, and labor omnia vincit has been and will continue to be the motto of successful men as well as of prosperous nations in every age of the world.

Great possibilities lie hidden within the brain of man or within the hollow of his hands, and the problem of his advancement in life is solved when he discovers and uses his talents to the full measure of his opportunities. Some men, we are told, are born great and others have greatness thrust upon them; nevertheless it falls to the lot of most men to be the architects of their own fortunes. But the faint hearted content that the professions and all lines of industry are overcrowded, and yet it may be well to remind them that there is always room at the top. A young man, impatient to succeed, however brilliant he may be, need not expect to gain the uppermost round of the ladder at a single bound; he must work his way "upward and onward" from round to round, sometimes against very unfair competition, and often against the most discouraging influences; but as "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance" so also the price of success is work, earnest unremitting work. Men of iron will, unflinching pluck, and tireless energy are kings among men, and such men influence, if indeed they do not rule the destinies of the age in which they live.

"Such earnest natures are the fiery pit. The compact nucleus round which systems Mass after mass becomes inspired therewith, And, while impregnate with the central glow."

There are, however, other qualities, other virtues which are essential to a successful and honorable career besides those I have already mentioned and among them are sterling honesty, intrepid courage, uncompromising truthfulness, good citizenship, moral worth and a constant mutual charity; for on such Christian traits of manly character are based, as upon a rock, all just decisions in the final court of appeal, the conscience, at whose portals whispering angels from the Father tell us what is right and what is wrong.

To each of you permit me to say that in every relationship of your life, under all circumstances, be a man—a gentleman—in word and deed. A Catholic gentleman "wearing a white flower of a blameless life" exemplifies in his own person every Christian virtue. Ability counts for much; knowledge counts for much; but behind them both—more important than either—is character. But above all things, in the practice of your religion be consistent, persistent and practical; the indifferent or ornamental Catholic is an abomination in the eyes of men and angels! It is also well to have our duties tend to broaden the sphere of our usefulness in life. A Dominion Cabinet Minister, speaking at the graduation exercises of Columbia University, last

year, said: "But above all, believe in ideals; pin your faith to them, they are the great incentives of life, and it is the privilege of youth to possess and nurture them."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, one of the greatest statesmen of the present or in fact of any age, has his ideals. One of them is to make Canada a noble and puissant nation; and with the welfare of his fellow Canadians "deep on his front engraved," to minimize and, if possible, to eliminate altogether every trace of friction and prejudice among its people arising from differences of race and creed. How he may succeed, and we hope he shall succeed, history will tell us.

We have, my young friends, a country of which we may all well feel proud. It has taken its place among the most up-to-date and progressive commonwealths of the world and is destined, in my opinion, to influence for good the future of North America. Let us see what our cousins to the south think of us. Speaking at the Canadian Club banquet in New York a few months ago, the Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury, said, "Canada is a great country. In area she is so large that I will not attempt to define her borders. She possessed resources exceeding the power of enumeration, and surpassing all estimation. The Canadians are a great people blessed with an excellent government, and with any and every compare favorable to the United States." In addition, Canada is well located on the map. She is situated in the best neighborhood with which God ever blessed the earth, and her nearest neighbor is her best friend.

These are neighborly words though a little too flatteringly expressed; nevertheless I am sure I voice the sentiments of my fellow Canadians when I say that it is Canada's fond ambition to be the rival of the United States only in the arts of peace and in the race for prosperity. With large fields open to ambition on both sides of the line with possibilities unbounded, the people of the United States and of Canada now live in peace and have lived in peace for almost a hundred years, and they may be looked upon today as the two most prosperous and happy countries in the world.

As citizens of one or the other of two such nations, working out their destinies in friendly rivalry, you may, my friends, now enter upon the busy and inviting walks of life, in either country, full of confidence that there is a useful, perhaps a brilliant, future awaiting you provided you live up to the ideals I have with indifferent success, outlined for your benefit. The whole world is before you; it needs men of ability, energy, probity and character; even now it is becoming to us an advance. Go forth, my young friends, and according to your deserts, take possession of your full share of the many good things it has in store for you!

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Dick's Courage. "Tired of digging in the sand already, Dick," asked Gertrude Frew, with a mischievous glance at her cousin's idle shovel.

"Well, not exactly tired, but I like better to watch the sports of the little people over on the island," replied Dick, shading his eyes to obtain a better view. "There are the Fisher boys, Dick and Ada Clark, and the Murray children—I know them every one," looking in the direction of the island. "I mean to get papa's boat and row across to the place where they are playing. You must come along and get acquainted with them."

"All right!" exclaimed Dick. "I am always ready for sport, and if we can manage the oars we'll have a jolly time."

"I must run to the house for the boat keys and to tell papa that we are going," said Gertrude.

Soon she came back looking somewhat gloomy, with the key dangling from her finger.

"Can we go?" asked Dick, cheerfully. "Yes, I suppose we can if we choose," answered Gertrude, crossly. "Come on and help me get the boat out."

"We did uncle say?" queried Dick, rather anxious to find out what his cousin's sunny face so quickly.

"Oh, Dick, what a bother you are!" retorted Gertrude impatiently. "But I know he would have said, 'Yes,' and I'll ask him when we get back."

"Let us wait until he comes back, Gertrude," said Dick, sure he would not like our stalling away without his permission," said Dick.

"He won't care," snapped Gertrude, unlocking the boat-house door. "Why don't you help me to get the boat out!"

"Never mind about the boat now," said Dick, in a coaxing voice. "I am sure uncle would be angry, and I do not wish to displease him."

"I am going to have a boat ride, Dick, and you must do as I bid you. Climb in there and hand me the oars. Be quick, too!"

For once Dick refused to obey her commands; and when she found how resolute he could be when he took a stand she exclaimed in a loud, angry voice:

"You're afraid, that is why you won't go—afraid of papa and afraid of the water. You can't swim the least bit, you know, and you a boy, too!"

Dick turned very red at this thrust, for, boy though he was, he had never learned to swim, while his little tormentor could float and dive like a fish.

"I am not afraid, Gertrude, but I shall not go without uncle's consent," he said quietly yet firmly, as he turned toward the house.

"Coward! Coward!" shouted Gertrude. "You're just as mean as you can be. Just think of a great boy allowing a girl to get such a heavy boat out by herself!"

During the rest of the afternoon she scarcely noticed him, and in the even-

ing, when he asked her to take a stroll, she turned up her little nose and said, with all the scorn she could summon: "I do not choose to walk with cowards. How do I know but that you may get frightened at some shadow and run off and leave me?"

Dick bit his lips to keep back the hot words that almost choked him, and instead of going to the woods, as he intended, he turned into the lane that led to the railroad. He soon came back, looking flushed and excited, but he said nothing. Gertrude was afraid he was still angry at the cutting words she had uttered.

A little later the spoiled child ran down the gravel walk to meet her parents, who had just come off the train. For once her father turned away from her caresses to clasp Dick to his heart, and she was sure his voice quivered when he said:

"You are a brave boy, Dick, and your name will be remembered in my prayers to night."

Then, with Dick's hand still in his, Mr. Frew told Gertrude and her mother how he had crept over the dangerous trestlework to warn the express, then due, that there was danger ahead, and how the train had come to a standstill just in time to prevent being derailed by an obstruction that some one had placed across the track.

"O papa," cried Gertrude, "I've been calling him a coward all day just because he would not disobey you, but I see now that he is the hero, while I am the coward. If I had done right I would have been with him when he saw the rock on the track, and I might have helped him to save your life."

"You see, my dear," said her father, "people must have both physical and moral courage if they wish to be heroes."—The Young Catholic Messenger.

CHICAGO'S CATHOLIC COLLEGE THEATRE.

BISHOP DEDICATES PLAYHOUSE BUILT BY PRIESTS, AND TO BE MANAGED BY THEM.

The new theatre attached to St. Vincent's College, Chicago, the first American playhouse to be built by priests and to be managed by them, was formally dedicated by Bishop Muldoon last week.

"To many it may seem strange," said the Bishop in his address, "that the Church should lend itself to the theatre. Yet, after all, there is nothing strange in it, for by rights the theatre belongs to the Church. It was the Church, with its mystery plays, that discovered the theatre, and it must be the Church that will rescue the theatre."

The new theatre is unique from the fact that it has been built by St. Vincent's College, and that it is to be managed, largely as a public playhouse, under the supervision of the faculty. Plays and operas will be presented at intervals. It was explained by Father Byrne that the institution will be both a public playhouse and a purely college theatre. It is not intended to give plays for the public continuously, but the structure for the college will use the theatre for its own purposes.

On the evening following its dedication the theatre opened with the English grand opera, "Othello Visconti." The production was a big success.

The new building is said to challenge interest by its many architectural innovations. All the seats, with the exception of boxes in the balcony, are on the main floor, and each aisle leads directly to an exit, of which there are twenty-four. A magnificent octagonal dome surmounts the auditorium, and on its panels are eight notable mural paintings. The exterior design follows the line of the old Spanish mission. The auditorium is 84 feet deep, 100 feet wide and 56 feet high. The main floor, including ten boxes, has a seating capacity of 1,075, and the balcony boxes will accommodate 250 persons.

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And he spoke from personal experience, for he has gone up and down the great city in the guise of a working-man out of employment. The Catholic priest may be too "easy" in this matter, but he acts on the principle that it is better to help nine undeserving ones rather than run the risk of refusing Christ Himself in the person of one of the ten.—Casket.

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"A SONG FOR THE POPE."

LONG SUNG BY THE IRISH CLERGY, IT PROMISED TO BECOME POPULAR THE WORLD OVER.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. A feature of the closing exercises at the Archdiocesan Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo was "A Song for the Pope," rendered in chorus by the students. The incident promises to be memorable. In December last, when Catholic feeling the world over was inflamed by the outrages incident to the practical application of the so-called separation law in France, there was brought to general public notice an inspiring composition which for forty years has been so generally sung at the termination of the social gatherings of the Irish priests that it might be called the Irish Church anthem. It is "A Song for the Pope," written by the late Dr. Murray, for many years professor of theology in the College of Maynooth. The original version was given in The Catholic Standard and Times of December 22, 1906:

A SONG FOR THE POPE, FOR THE ROYAL POPE, WHOSE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN NEVER CAN FAIL— What a grand old King is he! No warrior hand hath he, with his sword, His rock built throne to guard; For aye he sits in the state of his hall. In vain, as they ever have warred.

CHORUS. Then hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! And one cheer more for the grand old Pope. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Great dynasties die like the flowers of the field. Great empires wither and fall. Glories there have been that blazed to the stars: They have been—and that is all. They have been—and that is all. But there is the Grand old Roman See. The ruins of earth are gone. Young with the youth of the early prime. With the strength of Peter, strong.

Over all the orb no land more true Than our own old Catholic land. Through ages of blood to the Rock hath stood. True may the ever stand! True may the ever stand! O ne'er may the star Saint Patrick set On her radiant crown. Hurrah for the grand old Catholic land! For the grand old Pope hurrah!

SUGGESTS A UNIVERSAL HYMN. In its May number the Ecclesiastical Review publishes the words and music of the song, with a most interesting introductory note, specifying its origin, its present use, and its future possibilities. Said the Review:

It is strange that, considering the loyal enthusiasm of Catholic students of every nationality for the Pontiff King in Rome, there should exist no international song or anthem sufficiently popular to become the common acclaim of cheerful adherence, like "God Save the King" of the English, "Heil dir im Siegerkranz" of the Germans and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," of the Americans, all of which have become familiar by the same melody. The Pope, whether he be in possession of temporal rule or not, remains the chief monarch of the city of the soul, the Sovereign whose rule extends over the hearts of the faithful without diminishing their patriotism and without division or rivalry.

The following "Song for the Pope" in a measure supplies this want and suggests the composition of an air to words in the language of the Church—a song or universal hymn that would express the sentiment of loyalty to the Pope in a way to find a ready echo in any company of priests or ecclesiastical students the world over. It would be, as it were, a watchword of a common and loftier patriotism than that which separates the nations and, however noble in its essential elements, is yet a hindrance to that universal peace for which Christianity and particularly the Church stands.

The "Song for the Pope" which we reproduce here was originally composed by the late Dr. Murray, for many years professor of theology in the College of Maynooth, and well known to students as the author of a treatise on the canon law, "De Rebus." It has been forty years, and the melody suggested by Professor V. O.'Brien, of Rathmines, furnishes the pianoforte accompaniment, is in keeping with the cheering words, and calculated to kindle the enthusiasm of a goodly company. We owe the publication of the music to the courtesy of Canon Fricker at Rathmines, an old Maynooth student, and we present it to our clerical readers as a song that should become popular especially among our young students—and at once.

Church Music, for May reproduced the Review article, and commented thereon as follows: From the above quoted words one might fancy that the "Song for the Pope" is adapted solely for clerical singing; and yet we have heard from two different sources suggestions concerning its availability for a wider circle of performance. One of these gentlemen is a Knight of Columbus, who thinks it highly suitable for those meetings whether public or private, in which the Knights are accustomed to sing a hymn in praise of the discoverer of America.

Two difficulties, nevertheless, present themselves in connection with the singing of the "Song for the Pope" by the Knights of Columbus, Catholic Benevolent Legion, or, indeed, by any organization of male singers in America. The first one is the arrangement of the four-part chorus for four mixed voices—a difficulty easily surmountable, happily, by making some slight adjustments such as will suggest themselves readily to a choir leader. The second difficulty is the fact that the wording of the third verse restricts the song to Ireland—the "grand old Catholic land"—on whose "radiant brow" still gleams in its original brightness "the star St. Patrick set" there. We venture, therefore, to suggest some slight modification of the wording, which may make the stanza suitable for American singing (and, by the use of the name of Columbus, especially adapted to its possible use by the Knights of Columbus):

O'er all the earth no land more true Than our own dear Fatherland. Through storm and stress to bath faithful blood— O, true may it thus forever stand.

May it thus forever stand. And ne'er may the star by Columbus set. On her radiant brow, decay. Hurrah for the dear Columbian land. For the grand old Pope, hurrah!

The second one of the suggestions alluded to came from the Superintendent of parish schools of Philadelphia, who proposes having the song adapted for singing by the graduates of the Girls' High School Centres during the closing exercises this year at the Park Theatre. Perhaps the proposed amendments of the third stanza will recommend themselves for adoption here, also, as well as in the song cycles of the Knights of Columbus.

The third stanza could be varied, in similar fashion, to adapt it for use in other "grand old Catholic lands." "St. Austin" might replace "St. Patrick" for England, and some record be made in the altered wording of the "storm and stress" through which "Merrie England" has had to pass because of the splendid loyalty to the Rock of Peter exhibited by its many martyrs and confessors in pre as well as in post-"Reformation" days.

AS SUNG AT OVERBROOK.

In their rendition of the song at Overbrook on Tuesday the students adopted the altered wording of the third stanza suggested by "Church Music." There was still another departure from the original. The chorus printed above consists mainly of "Hurrah" The singing took place in the Seminary chapel, and, notwithstanding the Blessed Sacrament had been removed, it was deemed desirable to substitute for the original chorus the following:

These lines fit in with perfect accuracy to the rhythm of the chorus. The original music of the chorus is arranged for quartette of mixed voices. The chorus as sung by the seminarians of Overbrook was arranged for three part male chorus.

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man no doubt possessed the natural right of association or obtaining the necessary aid when and where he would, and in cases of necessity still possesses that right. But in the acquisition and perfection of society he voluntarily surrendered many of his rights for the good of the social organization. And thus it is that whatever authority the law power for the time possesses is derived from or delegated to it by the individual members of the social body.

But religion is the bond between the individual members of society. It has often been grounded with a certain ostentation of worship or outward show practiced for the sake of the individual and his Creator, and is, therefore, a matter purely of conscience. It follows that the right of directing that conscience could never be, and in fact never was, delegated to others than the accredited representatives of Christ on earth. They and they alone possess that right in the same manner and to the same extent that Christ Himself did when on earth.

Now the school is an institution wherein the consciences of the Catholic youth are formed. They are taught their duties to God and to one another; to the State and to the various individual members of society. There the religion of Christ is expounded to them in its fulness.

Thus it is that the existing school laws are unjust. They interfere with the free exercise of the right of conscience, and usurp on the part of the legislators who the latter do not possess. It is a violation of conscience by the Catholic laity to let their clergy appear in public and outside the Church, in the Church, but let it be remembered that those same clergy are the accredited representatives of Christ on earth, and in this connection connect them directly with the Founder of the Christian religion. And no one will venture to suggest that the disciples of Christ: Himself of slavery.

Winnipeg, June 12, 1907. THOMAS THOY.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENTS, LORETTO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Loretto convent, with its beautiful surroundings, was the scene of the annual commencement exercises of 1907. The assembly hall was filled with guests. The programme opened with graduating honors being conferred on five young ladies of the convent. The following were the graduates: Miss Mary Ann, Miss Mary Ann, Miss Mary Ann, Miss Mary Ann, Miss Mary Ann.

Prizes were awarded as follows:—Obtained by Miss Jane Heffernan. Gold medal for Christian doctrine—Miss Anna Staley and Frances Coffey. Bronze medal for English literature—Miss Mary Ann. Gold medal for mathematics—Miss Rita Simpson.

Gold medal for literary interpretation and education—Miss Eleanor Lilley. Gold medal for elocution—Miss Florida Webb. Gold medal for German—Miss Georgie Cannon.

Gold medal in senior University course of music, presented by Rev. Father Bench—Miss Bernice Park, Niagara Falls, Ont. Silver medal in University course of music—Miss Stella Talbot.

Silver prize in primary University course—Miss Helen Lewis. Fidelity to school rules—Miss Louise Clark. Amiability—Miss Agnes Mullen. Prize for order—Miss Dorothy Reichford.

Prompt return—Miss Irene Dolan. Fine drawing—Miss Josephine Callahan. Prize for penmanship—Miss Ernest Mackay. Prize in first year Latin—Miss Rita Simpson; prize in first year, German—Miss Fanny Coffey.

Prize for literature and composition—Miss Iona McLaughlin; prize in third year, French—Miss Dorothy Clark. Excellence in French in undergraduate class—Miss Fanny Coffey.

First prize for singing in undergraduate class—Miss Fanny Coffey. Diploma for stenography and typewriting—Miss Iona McLaughlin. Certificate for passing the Regent's Examinations in stenography and bookkeeping—Miss Anna Staley.

Certificate for passing the Regent's Examination in book keeping and for obtaining the required percentage in theory and stenography obtained by Miss Florence Martin. Prize for highest marks in shorthand and typewriting—Miss Pinemona Stevens.

Prize for highest average in composition and history—Miss Lillian McSherry. Prizes for penmanship—Miss Helen Lewis, Irish history—Miss Frances O'Farrell. General Proficiency in fourth class English—Miss Rita Simpson. French in junior department—Miss Angela Burns.

French in preparatory class—Miss Florence Cannon. In the absence of the Archbishop the prizes were distributed by Rev. Father Cauley, Erie, Pa. An interesting programme followed, consisting of vocal and instrumental numbers, and clever recitations.

The prizes were presented by: Rev. Father Murphy, O. C. O. Prior, Monastery; Rev. Father Ross, C. M.; Rev. Father Walsh, C. M.; Rev. Father O'Connell, C. M.; Rev. Father Lynch, C. M.; Rev. Father Bench, Niagara; Rev. Father Cauley, Erie, Pa.; Rev. Father Gleason, Erie, Pa.

The address to the graduates was given by Rev. Father Cauley, the programme closed with the singing of the "Ave Maria." The results of the University examinations of music will not be known until July.

The happy and successful conclusion of the day's work was a most gratifying one to a final close by the pupils repairing to the chapel where Rev. Father Tonelle's beautiful services were read. The ceremony was rendered by the entire school. As the close of the day drew near, the Rev. Father, the Blessed Virgin asking in a special manner for her protection on those who were about to leave their homes, the Rev. Father, also bringing their own petitions to the altar, the devotion of the young ladies and the devotion of the young ladies and the devotion of the young ladies.

"O Sacred Heart, have These more and more" was sung by the rest of the pupils.

THE HONOR LIST. Following is the honor list for Christian doctrine presented by His Lordship Right Rev. F. P. McEvay, obtained by Miss Rita Simpson. Gold medal for good conduct in boarding school presented by Very Rev. Dean McGee, obtained by Miss Rita Simpson. Gold medal for good conduct in day school presented by Very Rev. Dean McGee, obtained by Miss Rita Simpson. Gold medal for education presented by a friend, obtained by Miss Anna Bayer.

class presented by a friend, obtained by Miss Rita Simpson. Prize for order and neatness equally merited by Miss Rita Simpson, Mecheline Kilma, Kestis, Frances Chamberlain, obtained by Miss Katie McCullum.

Prize for Christian doctrine, awarded to Miss Mary K. Leiber. Prize for highest standing in junior part second, awarded to Master Wilfrid Badour. Prize for highest standing in senior part first, awarded to Master Frank Ryan.

Prize for highest standing in junior part first, awarded to Master Norbert Dillon. Prize for highest standing in tablet division, awarded to Miss Mary Dolan. Silver thimble for darning, awarded to Miss Madeline Holden.

From Form II to Form III, junior leaving, with honors—Miss Rita Simpson. From Form II to Form III, matriculation with honors—Miss Rita Simpson. From Form II to Form III, matriculation with honors—Miss Rita Simpson.

From Form I to Form II, with honors—Gertrude Ryan, Gertrude McQuade, Angela Ryan, Gertrude Ryan. From Form I to Form II, with honors—Gertrude Ryan, Gertrude McQuade, Angela Ryan, Gertrude Ryan.

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VOLUME X The Catholic LONDON, SATURDAY, AUTHORITY—THE A few Catholics, distinguished, are cited new movement with They are acclaimed men who are bent upon keep step with modern short, as advocates of licism. Their talk is pose. They but encouraged to write sermons no signs either of good labor. These evoke fear from certain quarters meditation of those who of the Church as they should not give any why Catholics, who enough not to wax new fangled ideas, s Liberals, is not very obvious why we should voice of self-conceit These Liberals may the Catholics who never antagonistic to not bereft of wisdom that one of these me a "star," we say that orbit is not viewed v Our humble opinion l orals "take themse They hear the voice voice of authority. are antiquated requi the assertion of the ers."

On the occasion of the new C Father referred to and propagate novel ful forms as rebels. jection in order to convictions. For th the Scriptures is li doctrines and these their own fashion. terpreter of the Bi but the Church in s called critical scienc and enslaves Theol and a thousand othe gated in pamphlets wrapped up in amb to incur an open co be calculated to t their tolls.

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A NOISY One of these n his piece some columns of the No The Holy Father subjected to an ex pners on the par according to the "a prominent R in good standing we fail to see how part of an unflin standing with his gentleman should He is sore, doubt tion given him by but he should n man who poses shelter himself anonymity. It a certain kind to and assertions m Catholics as cri ordinary acute in them evidenc when one hears Newman and Pa mental freedom with equality neither their ab

WHAT In an article, the Nineteenth writer asks: "Grouble!" The