

The Catholic Record.

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

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A FAMILIAR CHARACTER.

The man who remembers the past frailties of his brethren should learn the art of forgetting. The man who remembers them but as arguments that a brother who is down should be kept down is a white-livered cur. We might, but for the strictness of the proof reader, say something stronger, and so we use the word with apologies to decent canines. Perchance our readers have met it. If not they will recognize it by the following description drawn from life. First of all, it is, according to itself, "above board." It says this so often that it believes it. The guileless believe it too because the "above board" animal has the knack of covering up its tracks. Its prominent characteristic is a hatred for those who are supposed to stand in its way. This hatred, however, does not blaze up and then disappear. It is a noisome thing that crawls and skulks, attacks and retreats, now fawning, again arrogant, and always contemptible. It can play the role of spy and fashion with peculiar deftness all manner of lies and calumnies. But its prominent characteristic is a tenacious memory in respect to others. It never forgets what we did in the past and never fails to retail it. "Why yes," it will say, "M— was always a bad egg—always crooked, you know, and untrustworthy. I remember on such an occasion"—And so it goes on spewing the foulness of an envious and cowardly heart on the reputation of its neighbors.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.

An esteemed pastor requests us to say a few words as to the desirability and usefulness of having a family library. We hardly know how to grant this request. In the first place we have written on this subject in previous issues of the CATHOLIC RECORD. We might refer our readers to those issues, but the average individual is not given to the habit of placing newspapers on file. Then again some people, being sensitive on this score, are apt to write us to stop the paper if we even hint that a family library may be found in a museum of curiosities and rarely elsewhere.

We might, as a starter, deck those columns with the praises of books by those who love them. Their undying charm—their messages vibrant with the harmony of the master mind—the words that strengthen and soften—all this, and more, we might dilate upon to the filling of space, but, we fear, to no practical purpose. And it would be inopportune just now, because championing a family library or otherwise would make indifferent running against the Autumn attractions. Library talk is slow, and, moreover, the young man can pick up a surprising amount of information from the various newspapers which are to be found in barber shops, and when so inclined can turn to the big family bible—which, however, is never handled save when the housewife gives it a dusting.

SOME NOVELISTS.

We are told that a woman novelist in the United States wrote eight books, all sellers, last year and is still at it. This fact is mentioned as a proof of the lady's versatility, of her publishers' shrewd advertising methods, and of the amazing gullibility of the public. But the achievement is of little moment when we remember that Col. Ingram when in his prime wrote one novel per week. Be it said however to his credit, that he did not try to persuade his readers that his nibs and ink-well were devoted to the cause of art. He wrote because it connected him with the Shining Dollar. Hence he was unlike the authors who pose as literary people and who would have us believe that no thought of lucre as a reward for their labors ever enters their minds. For instance Miss Mary Cornelli and her friend Mr. Blaine he of the lofty brow and variegated whiskers, loathe the material and decay it in large type, and, when reporters are near by, as the evil of the day.

How noble of them, cry their admirers. How beautiful to see a lone female bestowing her wisdom and extensive vocabulary on material-burdened mankind! The fact that the ladies utterances are rough-edged betimes may be due to the clouds of disappointment and disgruntlement which overshadow the skies of spinsters. There are, of course, spinsters and spinsters. Some are lovable personalities who make the

way easy for untried and whose ministering angels of happiness are kindly thoughts and deeds. Others are in a chronic state of ill-humor and seek to punish all men for the one man who was coy or who never existed save in imagination. For these, the only salvation is a taste for doing things in Berlin wool: that failing, they either go into literature or become concocters and retailers of acrid criticism. Or it may be that the lady novelist's beautiful soul is perturbed by the thought that her efforts for pure literature are not taken seriously. But if she, Mr. Blaine and others were shut out from the dollar for which they avow contempt we might be able to announce their retirement from the writing business.

We were always under the impression that members of the writing fraternity had a plentiful stock of this world's goods. In fact, allured by the prospect of owning automobiles and a block or two of stock, we were seriously thinking of putting a few little things of our own into the voracious maw of the reading public. But now comes a veteran editor to shatter the illusion. He knows of many men and women who haunt the editorial offices of newspapers and magazines, always in the ragged edge of obvious, and often painful impudency, offering and thankful to sell at almost any rate the literary wares they have produced. He tells us in Leslie's Weekly of an author who has twenty-two books, dealing mainly with travel and exploration to his credit, and yet finds himself at the end of twenty-five years of unceasing literary activity worse off financially than an ordinary mechanic would probably be who had never received a higher wage than fifteen or twenty dollars a week.

It is sad to think that an author has been for years on the literary stage without making a hit. Perhaps he wrote too quickly or failed to observe that readers take kindly to productions that have no wearing effect on the brain tissue. He might make a more cheering pronouncement were he to give us something spectacular—a book for instance resounding with the noise of swords and French oaths, or portraying the various kinds of messes that a woman with a talent for discovering affinities and with no knowledge of the commandments can get into. Better still he might interview the distinguished editor of the Philarene magazine and learn something about self-advertising as a fine art. Meanwhile he should talk about his soul: decorate all things inanimate and animate that do not meet with his approval with red and yellow epithets, cultivate the white impression that his eyes are filled with tears for suffering humanity and he may have a chance of capturing people who like this kind of thing and incidentally adding to his bank account. The only drawback to this advice is that the Philarene editor has the star part in this drama and wants no understudy. Some day perchance he may disclose the secret of his success in a book entitled "Some People I have Met and Dined."

PROGRESS.

Patriotism—not the mere flowering of arrogance and ignorance—is a good thing to have and to talk about on occasion. To believe in the possibilities of one's country—to have a reasonable admiration for its past, and to be hopeful of its future, is the duty of every citizen. But let us not reckon our progress solely by smoke-stacks and warehouses. Neither let us be deceived into believing that we are the only people on earth, or our quick-moving methods have been and are the only factors in the world of industry. The reading of screeds in magazines and newspapers would lead one to believe this, but it is well to bear in mind that the writers are more remarkable for fertility of imagination than for their grasp of facts. We have our successes, but the efforts of other people have not always resulted in failure. The Chinamen, for instance, knew of the circulation of the blood and vaccination centuries before the days of Harvey and Jenner, and can turn out to-day porcelain which defy the skill of our workmen. Our wood carving is distinctly inferior to that done in the Middle Ages. Book-binding as we know it, does not come up to the Venetian standard of beauty. And we think that the merchants of Pisa, Genoa, Venice and France who ventured into Arabia, India and Syria for purposes of commerce are entitled to more praise than traders who have every business convenience that can be supplied by money and science. Travellers, that is when they

can get far enough away from their town pump, admit that not everything good is made "at home." But the fact that many tourists never part company with their prejudices and ignorance may account for the many fool stories on the market.

THE REAL PRESENCE.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

IV.—CONTINUED.

CATHOLIC REVERENCE.

To prepare her children for the worthy reception of their Lord in the Eucharist, the Church bends all her energies. All her instructions are directed to this end, all her commandments are enforced, and all her sacraments are conferred that this end may be attained. St. Paul's injunction: "Let a man prove himself, and so let him of the bread and drink of the eucharist," has been kept constantly ringing in the ears of Catholics in order that the communicant may be prepared both in body and soul to receive this sacrament worthily.

The communicant must be fasting from midnight in order to prevent any one from approaching the holy table after having eaten or drunk to excess, and in order to impress upon him that he is about to receive the food of his soul. The communicant must be clean and neat in his person and clothing, showing his reverence for this sacrament. The soul of the communicant must be above all free from the guilt of mortal sin and adorned with faith and fear and love.

The communicant is reminded that the temple of the Old Law in which God dwelt in the spirit of His power and those temples of the New Law in which He dwells in His sacramental presence are only the types of man's soul, the living temple of God, in which alone the Lord finds His delights. "Ye are the temples of the living God."

"The Most High findeth not His delights in houses made of hand. 'Hollow becometh Thy house, O Lord.' Hence the communicant is reminded that all of the decoration of the material temple is simply employed to incite him to adorn his soul with the virtues necessary to make it a fit dwelling house of Jesus in the sacrament of His love.

If, then, from the appropriateness of its setting we can argue to the value of the gem, surely from the preparation of the soul for Holy Communion we can argue to the real presence of Jesus in the Eucharist. If over a precious gem found a setting worthy of it, certainly our Lord finds an abode measurably worthy of Himself in the soul purified from sin, clothed with innocence, adorned with virtues. Of such a soul does our Lord say: "This is My rest forever, here will I dwell, for I have chosen it."

Just as the wild vine is reclaimed from its bitterness and made to bear sweet grapes by grafting into it the domestic vine, so all the injuries inflicted by sin on human nature are repaired, and all its vicious inclinations removed by incorporating the divine nature with the human in Holy Communion. Belief in revelation enables man's mind to share in the divine intelligence, observance of the law makes the body and blood of Christ in the Eucharist make a man a partaker of the divine nature, can enable him to rise on the last day in the measure of the age and the fullness of the stature of Christ, can enable man to attain that perfection which becomes him who is to occupy a seat with which an angel fell. Thus we see verified through the Eucharist, the words of St. Paul: "Even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption of the sons of God, for the redemption of our body." (Rom. viii., 23.) And again: "We look for the Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ, who will reform the body of His glory, according to the operation whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself."

Let us now recapitulate the Scriptural facts concerning the Eucharist. Christ promises the fulfillment of all types and figures, to give men a pledge of His love surpassing anything yet given to them, and Godlike He promises to give them Himself, saying: "And the bread which I shall give you is My flesh for the life of the world." Christ fulfills this promise at the Last Supper, and Godlike He gives us Himself, saying: "This is My body." St. Paul, taught of God, tells us that the Holy Eucharist is worthy of the very reverence due to Christ, that sins against it are the same crimes which Judas and the Jews committed against Christ, saying: "Guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord." "They eat judgment to themselves, not discerning the body of the Lord."

When we thus place one after another the words of promise, the words of institution, the words concerning the use of the Eucharist, we see how naturally they follow each other, how they make clear and confirm the meaning of each other, until the cumulative force of their testimony in favor of the doctrine of the Real Presence becomes simply irresistible.

We may not take up the broken threads of the life that is gone and weave them into a web of joy and hope; but to those who are still left us, who have ears to hear and hearts to throbb with pain and grief, we may be generous and just, forgiving, loving and kind.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

My last report was written while giving a mission in the Cathedral at Dallas, Texas. After that mission I went to a town in Texas to visit some of my relatives. I had been there only a few hours when I was invited by some non-Catholic gentlemen to lecture for them before I left. I told them I had come up simply for a short visit and for a few days' rest, and would talk to them some other time. They continued to insist, and were so evidently sincere that I told them I would talk to them on the following evening if they would find a suitable place. They went away and returned in a short time saying they had procured the most commodious building in the town. I asked what it was. They replied that it was the Campbellite Church for me and I would deliver the Bible for me and I would do the rest. The Bible was brought, and then they asked me what I would speak about. I said, I suppose you all know but very little about "Confession" as taught by the Catholic Church, so I will talk about that. They then went away to the printing office, and at their own expense had several hundred hand bills printed and distributed through the town. When I went to the church to deliver the lecture it was crowded to overflowing. They listened for the first time to a Catholic priest. The lecture lasted for nearly two hours, and I never had a more attentive or respectful hearing. A number of preachers were there, and after I had finished, three preachers sought an introduction, and invited me to return again. At this place I found a young woman who had attended a convent school some time before. I went to see her. Her eyes were filled with tears as she said she had wanted to be a Catholic in her younger years, and the same feeling had now returned with increased intensity. I gave her a catechism and told her to study it till I returned, at which time I would baptize her—which I expect to do on my return to Texas.

In passing through another town, on my way to give a mission, I was invited on my return to stay over a night and deliver at least one lecture. A Catholic gentleman of the town went to the Baptist brethren to see if he could get the use of their church for me. Some of the trustees told him that there would be no trouble about it, and that he could have it for my use.

He then had several hundred circulars printed for distribution. But before they were distributed trouble arose in the Baptist camp. The Baptists got together and condemned the action of the trustees, so the trustees who had given returned to the Catholic gentleman to whom it was given and told him that they were very sorry that they had been overruled in the matter, but under the circumstances it would be impossible for me to use their church. The Catholic gentleman stated that he was very sorry too; that he had ready several hundred circulars for distribution, stating that I was to lecture at the Baptist Church. Then they offered to pay for the printing of the useless circulars, which was declined by the Catholic gentleman saying that he would pay for them himself.

The Methodist brethren, who do not revel in a wealth of affection for their Baptist neighbors, came forward at once to the rescue, said they considered the action of the Baptists an outrage, and tendered, with the greatest alacrity, which was accepted. The church was filled to the doors, with part of the audience on the outside. My subject was "Purgatory." I concluded after a talk of an hour and a half. Many came up and shook hands, expressing astonishment that I had proven a doctrine from their Bible which they had been taught all their lives to ridicule. I was warmly invited to return, which I expect to do in the future.

It was growing warm, and I was arranging for my summer vacation. I was getting everything in readiness to go to Denver, Col., Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, California. One day I went for my mail and found a letter post-marked Port Henry, N. Y. On opening it I found it to be an invitation from Very Rev. M. W. Hollister, pastor of that place, to spend the summer with him. This was a pleasing surprise, having never met him. I had thought about the matter several days, and the current of my original purpose was entirely changed, and I determined to accept the invitation and spend the summer in the East. I went, and am indebted to Father Holland for one of the most pleasing and delightful vacations I have ever spent. A arrangement was made for a mission at Port Henry, after spending some days in Port Henry I went to Plattsburg, a guest of Father Kelly, pastor of St. John's. He made everything most pleasant for me, and is one of the most companionable men I have ever met. He took me for a trip to Burlington, Vt., and later on to Montreal, Canada, which I greatly enjoyed.

While at Plattsburg I visited the Cliff Haven Summer School. Here I was invited to address the Summer School, which, at first, I declined to do, as I had come with no purpose of saying anything. Besides, it was out of my line, and I did not want to take chances of making a failure. They insisted, and I reluctantly promised to do the best I could. Sunday morning I preached the sermon at High Mass in Plattsburg, and that evening was to make my talk at the Summer School. There were bishop and priests and people from all the principal cities of the East. I managed to get through very well. A Texas attendant at the Sum-

mer School wrote the following, which was published in the Southern Messenger, our Texas Catholic paper:

"The little group of Texans at Cliff Haven have been rejoiced this week by the presence of one of our priests, the Rev. P. F. Brannan, the celebrated Texas Missionary, who, in an address at the Auditorium Sunday night, captured the entire Summer School. Father Brannan had been invited by the directors to give some of his experience in the missionary field, and was flatteringly introduced by the Rev. J. J. Mullany, of Syracuse. In his own unique and indimitable style Father Brannan proceeded to tell some of the actual experiences of his labors in Texas, interspersed with witty stories, and in a few moments it became evident that he had his audience most intensely interested. In fact, he was interrupted so frequently by applause that an hour and a half slipped by before his hearers were aware of it. Father Brannan concluded his remarks by reading his verses, 'The Dead Pope,' which recently appeared in the Southern Messenger."

A little later on I began the mission in Port Henry. An account of this mission was furnished the Messenger by a gentleman who has been a school professor, a political campaigner, and a fine talker, who is now a deacon and will be ordained a priest next Christmas. I think I can safely say that he will do great work for the Church a little later on:

"The feeling of every Catholic who heard the eloquent priest during the mission just closed is that he has been greatly benefited spiritually and strengthened for the spiritual warfare, which Father Brannan so clearly, so forcibly, and yet in such simple language showed that we are engaged in carrying on while in this world. His instruction to Catholics was simple, touching and impressive. He not only reached the heart of every Catholic listener, but he increased the fervor, zeal, and the love of the heart so the zeal and the love of our Holy Mother the Church. So that all the Catholics of our parish who were able to avail themselves of the opportunity of attending the mission certainly feel they are strengthened and fortified in their holy religion, and that their devotion to the Author of our Blessed Mother are correspondingly increased. To the non-Catholics who witnessed the arguments presented by the Reverend Father seemed what they were—incontrovertible, and some of them so acknowledged. For, from the Protestant Bible, mutilated as it is, he proved that the doctrines as taught by the Catholic Church to-day are the same doctrines delivered to the Apostles by Christ, who established the Church on earth. His closing lecture proved the infallibility of the Church, even from that same Protestant Bible. In a style courteous, clear, forcible, impressive, logical, he marshalled in so masterly a manner such an array of scriptural argument from the authorized version of their own Bible that they were forced to admit that his argument was so thoroughly convincing that it could not be denied. However, though the Reverend Father could not be disproved by any non-Catholic present, yet perhaps none of them will be found ready to believe. Their intellect may be convinced, but their will hinders them from entering the door of the true Church, which they see so clearly is the place for them to enter. Though the eloquent priest was earnest, forcible, pungent as in his lectures to non-Catholics, yet he was at all times courteous to them in his utterances and very careful not to wound the feelings of any one who conscientiously held views consonant with the so-called creed or doctrine of the denomination to which he happened to belong."

"ONE WHO WAS THERE."
Port Henry, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1903.

From Fort Henry I went to New York City, where I had the pleasure of being the guest of the Paulist Fathers for a few days. During my stay there I had the pleasure of seeing the largest Sunday School I ever saw—about sixteen hundred children, under the direction of Father McMillan. He makes catechism easy, attractive, and pleasant for the children, instead of irksome, onerous and disagreeable, as it very often is. Many pastors would do well to imitate his methods. I had the pleasure of addressing these children. I asked all who were willing to be assistant missionaries with me in my work to say Mary every day. I asked all who had at least one Our Father and one Hail Mary every day. I was most pleased to see sixteen hundred hands go up. Some raised both hands to make it even more emphatic.

From New York I went to Baltimore. Dr. Dyer, the President of St. Mary's Seminary, had returned from Rome a few days previously. I found the seminary in retreat preparatory to their coming work. I was invited to address the seminarians. I did so, and also asked their co-operation, by their prayers, in my little work.

I am now spending a few days at the Catholic University with my old-time friend, Rev. H. M. Chapuis, Treasurer of the University. Took tea last evening with Fathers McSorley, Elliott, and the other Paulist Fathers, and dinner to-day with Father Duffy, in charge of the Sulpician house of scholastics.

To-morrow I leave for Winchester, Va., and a little later on I shall go to Kansas. A little later still, I expect to do some work in Maryland, the District of Columbia, and New York State. REV. P. F. BRANNAN, in the Missionary.

DR BRIGGS' ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The American Journal of Theology (Chicago) has a remarkable article on the Catholic Church, written by Prof. Charles Augustus Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. It is entitled "Catholic—The Name and the Thing." Dr. Briggs, some years ago, severed his connection with the Presbyterian Church, and joined the Episcopal Church. He took this step because certain views of his were condemned as "heretical" by the Presbyterian Church.

In the article which appears in the American Journal of Theology, Dr. Briggs uses historical arguments to prove that the Catholic Church is the only church that has a claim to the name Catholic. Speaking of the Roman See, he says:

"Rome was the martyr church above all others. In her two chief Apostles, Peter and Paul, suffered with a great multitude from all lands in the dreadful blood-bath of Nero, which is the undertone of the Book of Revelation. In her Ignatius, of Antioch; Clement, Hippolytus, Justin and a host of Christian heroes suffered and died for the faith. In her St. Cecilia, St. Agnes, and a multitude of matrons and virgins offered up themselves in loving sacrifice to Christ. The Roman Church has its foundations in martyrs' blood, and this more than anything else makes her pre-eminent and perpetuates her pre-eminence. In Rome one feels close to the martyrs, in touch with original Christianity."

Dr. Briggs scents the claims of the Protestant Churches to the name Catholic. He points out that these claims have no basis on which to stand. Here is what he has to say on this subject: "Geographical unity has been lost by the Protestant Churches—the Church of England more than any other; for the Church of England is so strictly a National Church that she is confined to the Anglo-Saxon race. She not only has no communion with the Roman Catholic Church, but she also has no communion with the other National Churches. . . . The Reformed or Presbyterian Churches have always made more of catholicity in its geographical form than the Church of England. One looks in vain in the 'Articles of Religion' for any conception of a Catholic Church. But in the Westminster Confession it is very prominent. . . . The Westminster divines conceived of an ecclesiastical council of Reformed Churches. Their chief purpose was to reform the Church of England in accordance with the teachings of Holy Scripture and the example of the best Reformed Churches of the Continent, and to enter into closed union and fellowship with them. But the Church of England held aloof, content to be simply a National Church."

This language sounds strange, coming as it does from one who is outside of the Catholic Church. Dr. Briggs declares that none of the Protestant Churches can rightfully assume the name of Catholic. Like thousands of others, he yearns for the re-union of Christendom, and still he remains a member of one of the numerous sects that were born of the Lutheran revolt against the Holy See. He thus rebukes those of his co-religionists who would be known as Catholics, while still remaining Protestant.

"Unless the name corresponds with the thing, it is a sham, and it is a shame. Many earnest Christians, not only Anglicans, but men of every name and denomination of Christians, are under the influence of a Catholic reaction and are sincerely desirous of being truly Catholic, and especially of regaining the Catholic unity of the Church. When we have regained the name of Catholic, we may with propriety call ourselves by the name. . . . The greatest movement now going on in the world is the Catholic reaction; it is too great a movement to be guided or controlled by any leadership. God's Holy Spirit is breaking the way for the revival, the re-catholicization and the re-union of Christendom in holy love."

We have quoted at sufficient length from Dr. Briggs to show that he feels no more at home in the Episcopal Church than he did in the Presbyterian Church. He seems to be one of those whom Cardinal Newman thus describes in his sermon on "Invincible Ignorance and Anglicism."

"There is one set of persons in whom every Catholic must feel intense interest, about whom he must feel the gravest apprehension; viz., those who have some rays of light vouchsafed to them as to their heresy or as to their schism, and who seem to be closing their eyes upon it, or those who have actually gained a clear view of the nothingness of their own Communion and the reality and the divinity of the Catholic Church, yet delay to act on their knowledge."

Drink Plenty of Water.

Many persons, especially middle-aged lapse into a state of chronic poisoning simply because they do not take enough water to wash impurities through the system. Although water should not be used to bolt unmanicured food, experiments prove that gastric digestion is more rapid when the stomach contents are moderately diluted, so that if little fruit and little or other beverages are taken, a glassful of water should be sipped at the course of each meal. A glassful between meals, one at night and one before breakfast completes the quantity of water needed daily. But the water to be of benefit must be pure.

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PALMS

ANNA HANSON DORSEY, AUTHOR OF "COAINE," "FLEMMING," "TANGLED PATHS," "MAY BROOKS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

NEMESIUS MEETS POPE SILVERUS—VALERIAN'S DIABOLICAL INFLUENCE, AND HOW HE WAS RAFFLED.

At the appointed hour, Nemesius, clad in armor, his sword at his belt, and a dark toga thrown around him, passed out of the bronze gates, and, walking rapidly, soon reached the spot where he expected to meet Admetus and found him waiting his arrival.

"We have far to go," whispered the boy. "Lead on," was the quiet answer.

So much mystery might naturally have awakened distrust, but strange to say, Nemesius felt none, his mind being occupied solely with the object he had in view. Together they walked down the steep road, through many turns and windings of the city, past guards, whose challenge the officer met by the countersign, until they were safely outside the walls, on the wide, shadowy Agro Romano, which looked vaster under the pale starlight.

Nemesius and his guide had walked some distance in an apparently aimless way, when the latter turned to the left, disturbing several flocks of sheep that were slumbering in the grass around the poor huts of their shepherds, and at last stopped before a small, dilapidated building so far gone to ruin as to be unable to hold itself together only by the aid of numerous props. A bunch of grape-vines hung ostentatiously over the doorway, indicating that wine could be here obtained by thirsty travellers. Three quick raps on the door were answered by a woman, who opened it cautiously, and peered out.

The boy Admetus whispered a single word; she threw open the door, and invited them to enter the poor place, which was dimly illuminated by the flickering rays of a lamp suspended by an iron chain from a rafter. There were one or two shelves, which held a few amphorae, drinking-cups, and flagons; a rickety table, some rude seats, and a water-cask—all in keeping with the poverty-stricken exterior.

"Follow me," said the low, sweet voice of Admetus, as he led the way down a steep, dilapidated staircase into a cellar, that gave out an odor of rotten wood and mouldy straw.

Nemesius cast a quick glance around the vault, whose gloom was only intensified by the dull torch borne by his guide, and for the first time his instincts as a soldier suggested a trap. But he did not hesitate; peril or no peril, he would risk everything to secure the object of his hope; and, following the light, he descended another steep, narrow stairway, cut in the rock of some older foundation than that on which the tumble-down wine-shop had been built.

At the bottom his guide turned into a narrow passage, then entered another that ran across the stone in a zig-zag, and, after proceeding a short distance, stopped, and pushing aside some rubbish, picked up a stone and rapped sharply against what appeared to be a solid wall of travertine. Suddenly an aperture opened, caused by the turning of a block of stone, which revolved on a pivot fixed into it at the top and bottom.

"Enter, I will await thee here," said Admetus.

Nemesius saw a long gallery stretching away into the darkness, and two soldiers with a light advancing towards him. They were unarmed, and gave him the military salute, saying "Deo gratias." He entered; the stone door closed, then they courteously but briefly told him that they were sent to conduct him to the presence of the holy Bishop Stephen.

"Lead on," was all he said; but what were his thoughts as, following his unknown guides, he beheld stretching away in interminable lines, as far as the torch cast its light, tier above tier of square blocks of stone, carved in devices unknown to him, which sealed the graves of the Christian martyrs? None might know, nor could he define the strange awe that sat upon his soul as he moved through these ranks of the holy dead. He knew now that he was in the Catacombs; and, although his hand instinctively grasped the hilt of his sword, the faith and hope—devoid of superstition—which had brought him thither, to ask the intercession of a mysterious and divine name, unknown to him, to give sight to his blind child, did not permit him to falter a moment in his purpose, or ask a single question of his companions. His step was firm and steady, his splendid eyes clear and unturbed, his helmeted head erect, while the faint ring of his armour kept time as he moved.

After many sinuous turns along these silent corridors, filled with the columns, whose, like "doves in the clefts of the rocks," the martyred dead reposed, a sweet, solemn sound stole out on the silence, growing more distinct as they advanced; and presently, through an arch near which they were passing, a soft halo of light was shed, and Nemesius heard the words chanted:

"O ye holy and just ones, rejoice in the Lord! God hath chosen you; He Himself for an inheritance He hath chosen you, O Israel! Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. Alleluia!"

The sweet, restful strains died away; only a faint echo sounded along the dim galleries of the dead, like the whispered response of angels, as the martyr was laid to rest. Nemesius did not then know the significance of the light he had seen and the words he had heard.

At length—it seemed as if miles had been traversed—the soldiers stopped before an opening, where a white curtain was suspended. One of them passed behind the screen, and quickly returning, invited Nemesius to enter. He did so, and found himself in a lamp-lighted apartment, its only occupant a man past middle-age, clothed in a white woolen robe, whose

aspect was majestic but mild; whose countenance, shining with sweetness and compassion, was full of power; and whose eyes, penetrating yet kind, inspired him with emotions such as he had never before experienced in the presence of any human being.

He knew that this was the Christian Pope, Stephen, and involuntarily knelt before him; while the holy man, impressed by his appearance, and the spontaneity of his homage, laid his hand upon his head and gave him a benediction: then invited him to be seated near the chair from which he had risen to greet him; and, in tones that inspired confidence, asked the object of his visit, and expressed his readiness to serve him.

"I thank thee for granting me audience. I am here as a suppliant, but I will not deceive thee. Know, then, that I worship the Genius of Rome and the gods, and that I have taken part in the persecution of Christians," said Nemesius, with dignity, his voice subdued, yet firm, as he made his frank avowal, not knowing but that it might bring defeat to his hopes; but, as an honorable gentleman and a brave soldier, he could not act otherwise.

"I have heard of thee," was the mild answer, "but know that it is a fundamental law of the Christian life to forgive our enemies, and do good to them who despitefully use us; otherwise we are not true disciples of Jesus Christ. Speak, then, for it must be no light cause that leads thee to seek me in the Catacombs."

"Thou shalt judge," answered Nemesius, refusing by a gesture the seat offered him. "It is for one most dear to me—my only child—for whom I solicit a share in those favors which I am credibly informed thou bestowest on the miserable and unfortunate."

"I but do the holy will of Him whose servant I am," was the gentle response.

Then Nemesius, in brief words, unveiled the story of his grief; the most eloquent language could not have increased the pathos of its facts; tears rose unbidden to his eyes, and fell unheeded; the very depths of his strong heart were broken up, and he asked, as a boon more precious than any life could give, that sight might be given to his blind child. Nor—pagan as he was—did he spare lavish offers of treasures and countless gold to the Christian Pontiff; for had he not, from time to time, poured out his riches to the priests of his false gods for the same object? and he did not yet know the difference.

"The gifts of God cannot be bought with silver and gold; they are gratuitous, and of His divine mercy," quickly responded the Pontiff, whose heart was moved with Christlike pity towards the noble pagan. He saw in his simple faith a glorious possibility, and a swift, divine inspiration dictated the words: "With our God all things are possible; take comfort, therefore, for thy desire will be granted."

"Do I hear aright? Oh! sir—" Nemesius was overwhelmed by this calm assurance that his long-delayed hope would be at last confirmed; he could scarcely believe, after all his bitter disappointments, that this was not some illusion of his over-wrought senses; his face paled, and for a few moments his thoughts were confused.

"On the morrow the blind eyes of the innocent one will be opened," continued the Pontiff. "Bring her to me in the morning early—not here, but to the old, walled villa west of the second milestone on the Via Latina."

"I would thank thee, could I find words adequate to express my gratitude; but language fails. I can only say that all I have—eyes, my very life, would I lay down, and still think the price too small for that which thou hast promised," said Nemesius, with profound emotion; then, with generous after-thought, quickly added: "but may I not bring my Claudia here? It may be unsafe for thee outside."

The holy Pontiff knew that the time had not yet come for his crowning, and that many others will be no danger. The villa belonged to an officer of the Pretorian Guard, whose wife is a lady of the imperial household; both of them are Christians, but not yet open. Now we must part. May He Whom I serve enlighten thee! Farewell!"

And so saying he passed out beyond the leather curtain that covered the doorway.

The Pontiff had scarcely gone, when the two soldiers who had guided Nemesius hither came to conduct him back to the place where the youth Admetus awaited him.

While traversing these dim, silent streets of the dead, he was too deeply absorbed in thought to observe them as at first, when but one idea dominated his faculties; for now, radiating from that many others occupied his mind. He thought of the old, walled villa out near the Via Latina, which had long been deserted as a permanent residence by its owners, who only came there occasionally in the summer, accompanied by numerous friends, to enjoy open-air festivities in the beautiful grounds. Nemesius knew it well, having visited there with Fabian; but he found it difficult to think of the brave, flashing Tertullus, and his gay, pretty wife Camilla, as Christians. Truly did it appear to him that the nets of the Christus were spread far and near, snaring in their meshes not only the ignorant rabble, always ready to follow novelties, but those whom Rome could ill spare from her patrician ranks.

Nemesius wondered if Tertullus and his wife were at the villa, and whether they were alone, or surrounded as usual by visitors? Their being alone would ensure greater safety for the Christian Pontiff; in either case, his own way would be smoothed for the approaching interview, when, as if for the purpose of an early drive, accompanied by Claudia, he sought admittance at the old iron-ribbed gates, to a sunrise visit to the near country-place of a friend in warm weather being too usual an occurrence to attract attention.

Not the least surprising incident of the night's experience, he thought, was the confidence reposed in him by the Pontiff, who had virtually placed his life in his hands, were he base

enough to betray him; it appealed to Nemesius' best instincts, and, without the least admixture of that shallow gratitude derived from the expectation of favors to come, but moved solely by the magnanimous chivalry of a true, noble heart, he vowed that should any danger, from whatever quarter it might come, assail the holy man in their approaching interview, he would defend him with his very life.

How strange it was that he should, all at once, be mixed up in this secret way with individuals of that despised class which he, loyal to his own traditions and convictions, had persecuted, did not for a moment disturb him; for he had not for a moment thought of his child had led him, as it would have led him into the fires of Tartarus, could he have hoped to find there some potent elixir that would open his blind eyes,—love which, although he did not then understand it, was as a pillar of cloud to his feet, and a voice to his darkened conscience, that was like the voice of a cry in the wilderness to make straight the path of Him Who was drawing near.

Nemesius did not question the mysterious influences that were silently operating on his inner life; had he paused to do so, he would have ascribed them to the singular impressions he had received, and the profound joy he felt at the certain prospect that the long-hoped-for time—namely, almost the hour (for it was past midnight)—was at hand when the eyes of his beautiful one would be opened. It did not enter into his mind to doubt it—he a worshipper of the god! And, what is more singular, he believed with simple faith that the wonder would be wrought by the power of the God of the Christians, and not by the exercise of Gothic and heathen mind ascribed the miracles by which the divine power was manifested in those days.

Broad and white lay the radiant moonlight, broken by black grotesque shadows, over the Agro Romano, when Nemesius and his youthful guide emerged from the dilapidated wine-shop, which concealed one of the many entrances to the Catacombs; soft winds from the sea, bearing sweetest odors from the numberless flowers over which they swept, filled the air with refreshment; here towered the mountains, draped in purple shadows; far away stretched the aqueducts; and there superb Rome, her marble splendors flooded with silver, as the Christians, queen upon her seven hills, with the openness of the world she had conquered at her feet; while silence, like a sacred hush, brooded over all.

Nemesius did not pause to note the entrancing loveliness of the scene; the cool, sweet air, the close atmosphere of the Catacombs, refreshed him; but his mind was too full of his approaching happiness to be diverted by exterior objects, however attractive. Followed by Admetus, and never halting in his progress, the ground seemed to fly from under his feet, and he reached the great bronze gates of the villa without having realized the distance he had traversed.

Here the Roman gentleman remembered his faithful guide, and thanked him for his attendance, and told him that he wished to retain him in his service. There was no one to listen; the porter, who had taken one draught of wine too much, was in a profound sleep; and, not caring to rouse him, Nemesius entered by a narrow, private postern a little farther on, to which he alone had the key; but when he turned to his guide to follow him, he had disappeared.

Hasping up the broad avenue, Nemesius reached the house; but, before passing in, he stood looking up with yearning heart to the windows of the room where his blind darling reposed in peaceful slumbers, undreaming of the happiness so near at hand—but no! Could that white figure walking there in the moonlight be hers? She detected the footsteps for which her ears had been on the alert, although he had walked lightly, fearing to disturb her; and her glad cry answered his thought. A minute later she was in his arms.

"I was waiting, my father, just for this, and began to think thou wouldst never come," she murmured, in loving tones.

But here I am, my little one! but only to kiss thee good-night, and bid thee go to thy couch and sleep; for we are to take an early drive together. And, O my child! something awaits thee, full of happiness for both thee and me," he said, the glad news hovering on his lips; but he refrained, fearing that the excitement would keep her awake, and he wanted her to be all fresh and rested when they started on the morrow's quest; then he would tell her, on their way to the villa of Tertullus.

After the interchange of a few more fond words, she laid her golden head upon her pillow, satisfied to know that he had come, that he had kissed her good-night; while the thought of the promised early drive with him was so entirely delightful that, like a pleasant song, it lulled her to sleep.

When in the silence of his own apartment, Nemesius stood at his casement gazing out at the far distance, and wishing for the dawn, the sunrise, the beautiful day, which the eyes now sealed in darkness would behold for the first time, until strange, wonderful thoughts, that awed his mind by their mystery, began to move the depths of his soul. "Vast, incomprehensible thoughts of the God of the Christians, before which all finite questions shrink defeated, but he discerned 'as in a glass darkly' something of the Truth unobscured, and felt the touch of a power so divine and resistless that he cried out: 'Thou art unknown to me, O great Deity, but if Thou give Thou art God, and Thou only will I adore and serve.'"

His vow was registered in Heaven. It was no longer a pillar of cloud, but one of fire, that was leading him out of the darkness; "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" was no longer an indistinct echo, and the way was being made straight for Him whose footsteps were already heard.

Nemesius dismissed the two drowsy servants whom he found nodding in the anteroom, and passed into his sleeping

apartment. But his impatience for morning and all that it would bring banished even the thought of slumber, and he determined to keep vigil until it dawned.

How slowly the moments seemed to drag, as he stood at the casement straining his eyes towards the dark, distant mountains, to catch the first pale glimmer that would illumine their summits! But what human heart-longing ever quickened the march of Time? It was hard to wait, but how futile to stand idle when things were to be attended to which, if deferred later, would cause delay!

He remembered that no orders had been sent to the stables, and, stealing noiselessly out, he reached them in a few minutes, roused the sleepy and astonished guardian of the stalls, and, in those firm, quiet tones of command that always ensured obedience, directed him to have the low two-seated chariot readied and at the door by sunrise.

Then, refreshing himself with a thermal bath, he went back to his apartment to lit a lamp, and began preparing for the approaching momentous event. His child had never seen him, and he would appear well in his sight; he would don rich garments, and his superb armor of Damascus steel inlaid with arabesques of gold; his jewel-hilted sword, made with such cunning art that it was as keen and flexible as lightning, and wore across his breast the splendid armor of his military grade. He scanned his dark, noble face in a mirror, holding the lamp so that its rays shone full upon his countenance, and wondered if at first sight its strangeness would repel her.

Never before, even in the days of his early love, had this man, self-poised and indifferent to externals, given so much thought to his appearance; for it was not alone the impression he would make on his little daughter, should she receive her sight—which he had not the smallest doubt—that occupied his mind, but he wished to show due respect to that Power by which the wonder would be wrought, by appearing in all the insignia of his military rank, as before an Emperor.

His preparations at length completed, a more noble figure could scarcely be imagined; he looked the ideal of one of his own gods. He extinguished his lamp, and renewed his vigil at the casement, his gaze turned towards the mountains. At last! at last! a filmy, luminous whiteness faintly outlined their grim crests; the moon was beaming low over the sea; hints of palest saffron veiled the morning-star, and the shadows began to be transmuted with flashes of gold and veins of crimson as they drifted away.

Nemesius went to the shrine that stood in a corner of the apartment, and, mixing wine and frankincense together in a gold cup, he offered the morning libation in honor of the gods. Having performed this act of devotion, he walked out into the corridor, walked softly towards Claudia's apartments, and met Zilla, who had just left them, her countenance wearing an anxious and perplexed expression; which vanished in surprise at his appearance. Folding her hands on her bosom, she bowed her head, and waited for him to speak. He asked if the child was still asleep.

"She is awake, and wishes to rise and be dressed for a drive which, she insists, she is to take with thee. She must have dreamed it, sir, as she was asleep before I sought my own couch last night."

"It was no dream; I saw her for a few moments after I came in; she was at the window listening for me. I promised the early drive. We started at sunrise, and will pay a visit to the grove before we take a biscuit and a little wine before we go. And Zilla! be ready with thy gladdest smiles to receive her when she returns; for, if I am not mistaken, she will bring thee cause for rejoicing," he answered, scarcely able to hold back his secret.

While Nemesius and his little daughter were speeding on their way towards the villa of the Agro Romano, a soldier, anticipating their arrival, took a glimpse of the ancient structure. Its thick, extensive walls, which are twelve feet high—the bricks showing dark and mouldy where the plaster has dropped off, or where there are spaces clear of wall, clambering vines—would give it the aspect of a prison, were it not for the great trees waving above; and the roses that toss blushing, wanton sprays over them; and the odoriferous wall-flowers and vetches that grow out of the crevices of the crumbling mortar. Evidently these ancient walls, with their deep-sunken iron-ribbed gates, were built for protection in lawless times.

The villa itself is a rambling structure, and originally had a tower at the north end, the upper portion of which had yielded to the tooth of Time, and had fallen in a mass of debris around it and upon its second floor, the stout timbers of which had withstood the shock, and still upheld the heap. Vines with pendulous scarlet flowers, ivy with vetches, and blue wistarias, are in possession, draping the ruin in colors and overlapping folds more gorgeous than the rich tapestries with which the Jews were compelled by the imperious edict to decorate the Arch of Titus on each anniversary of the destruction of their holy city. The grounds, interferred with by art only so far as to prevent their becoming a tangled wilderness; the grass, like violet-streaked velvet; the old, mellowed statues looking out here and there from green, shadowy places, and the antique fountains that all glow in the golden splendor of the newly-risen sun.

Tertullus and his wife are not here; two or three old slaves moved about lazily; and several peacocks, trailing their superb plumes over the grass, are the only signs of life apparent. Suddenly the sound of horses' feet, and wheels, is heard outside; the porter came out to the gates, and Nemesius drives through. Slaves are ready to stand by the horses' heads as he draws up in front of the pillared entrance of the house; and he alights, his toga draped over his armor, and lifts Claudia out of the chariot.

"I will conduct thee," said a low,

sweet voice at his side; and, turning, he sees Admetus, the choragus of the Aventine—his guide of the catacombs! Was the boy ubiquitous? He led the way into the vestibule, through the atrium into a wide corridor, which stretched through the villa, and ended in an apparently dead wall, panelled in wood that was black with age, where, except heretofore, and as a result of the waters of generation upon her head, the Apparition touched her eyes, (it is so related) and—she no longer blind! She looked up around, in glad surprise, and uttered a cry of gladness; the darkness had disappeared, and there was light. It was a moment to be more easily imagined than described. She gazed into the smiling face of the Pontiff, Stephen, into her father's, then flew to his embrace, crying: "At last I see thee!"

A short walk through a narrow passage brought them to a door, which Admetus opened, and, having invited them to enter, left them, closing it after them. Looking around, Nemesius saw that he was in an oblong apartment, the windows of which were concealed on the outside by an interwoven mesh of vines. At one end, in the centre, there stood, upon a dais elevated three or four steps above the floor, a large, curiously shaped chest, with two massive iron rings at each end. Three panels formed the front. On the central one, inlaid in gold, was the monogram I. H. S.; on the one to the left was delineated a pelican feeding her young with the blood from her wounded breast; on that to the right, a fish. On the top of the chest stood a narrow, arched cabinet, about two feet high, its doors plated with gold; and a silver fretwork chain of the same metal, burned with clear, steady light before it.

On the top of the cabinet stood a crucifix of such realistic art that Nemesius, as he gazed upon it, thought with a sudden thrill of what Fabian had told him of the death of the Christus, that day in the lex grove. Presenced on the wall above the crucifix was the saintly face of a woman, her eyes uplifted, her hands folded in an attitude of supplication, and there was a shadow of sadness and tears on the fair, virginal countenance. Could this mean the Virgin-Mother foretold by sibyls and prophets—the Virgin-Mother who brought forth the cross. Yes, the same—*Advocata nostra* as she was known from the earliest days of Christianity.

There were some rude benches in the apartment, a cross-crowned chair, and about midway a sliding screen, which, when drawn together, concealed the altar—for altar it was; a portable one, as the rings at each end signified; such was its use in the early Christian churches, which were not edifices built separate and apart to themselves, but the private mansions of rich converts, consecrated to the worship of God, and permitted by some of the heathen tyrants to be so used when the fires of persecution were not abroad.

The Church of St. Clement, (under the foundation of the present Church of St. Clement), and that of St. Pudens, the friend of St. Peter and St. Paul, are still to be seen and venerated here. And here in the villa of Tertullus was one of the few that had been left un molested, because unsuspected and undiscovered; for who among the heathen, be his zeal ever so ardent-eyed, would suspect such an abomination to exist in the dwelling of an officer of the Pretorian Guard? Even had such a suspicion arisen, Valerian Emperor would have thought twice before he ventured anything aggressive, knowing that the Pretorian Guard sometimes, with a word and a blow, made and unmade, such as he. Still less was it dreamed that under the ruined, ivy-draped tower, there was an opening through one of the old wine-vaults into the Catacombs.

While Nemesius was observing the unfamiliar objects around him, a soldier, of which he required far less time than it has taken to describe them, a door opened, and the Christian Pontiff entered. He wore the same white woolen robe as on the night of their first interview, with the addition of a stole about his neck. Nemesius, who had thrown aside his toga, bared his head with reverent salutation, which was returned by a whispered "Deo gratias"; and the holy Sign of the Cross made by the Pontiff's uplifted hand towards him. The anxious father then led Claudia forward. The lovely child was arrayed in soft white garments; her long, golden hair fell in shining curls over her shoulders; her fair face wore the innocence and purity of an angel's; and as the saintly Pontiff gazed upon her, an expression of benign pity illumined his countenance, and, laying his hand upon her head, he blessed her.

"What wouldst thou have, sweet child?" he asked.

"Oh! sir, I am blind, and would see," was the pathetic answer.

"I will give thee my baptism, my child, and He who opens the eyes of the blind will enter thy heart, and teach thee to love and serve Him."

"I will love Him!" she said; and turning to Nemesius, who pressed her hand more closely, she continued: "Oh! my father, will we not both love Him Who gives light to my eyes?"

"And to thy spirit," responded the Pontiff, who had among other supernatural gifts that of being able to distinguish the great gates ereak slowly open, and Nemesius drives through. Slaves are ready to stand by the horses' heads as he draws up in front of the pillared entrance of the house; and he alights, his toga draped over his armor, and lifts Claudia out of the chariot.

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natural desire for her blindness to be removed. The little girl stood silent, waiting; the sacred rite began; she felt a strange sign made upon her forehead; and at the same moment beheld a beautiful One in shining raiment approach, whose presence was invisible to all except herself; and as the Pontiff poured the waters of generation upon her head, the Apparition touched her eyes, (it is so related) and—she no longer blind! She looked up around, in glad surprise, and uttered a cry of gladness; the darkness had disappeared, and there was light. It was a moment to be more easily imagined than described. She gazed into the smiling face of the Pontiff, Stephen, into her father's, then flew to his embrace, crying: "At last I see thee!"

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On the top of the cabinet stood a crucifix of such realistic art that Nemesius, as he gazed upon it, thought with a sudden thrill of what Fabian had told him of the death of the Christus, that day in the lex grove. Presenced on the wall above the crucifix was the saintly face of a woman, her eyes uplifted, her hands folded in an attitude of supplication, and there was a shadow of sadness and tears on the fair, virginal countenance. Could this mean the Virgin-Mother foretold by sibyls and prophets—the Virgin-Mother who brought forth the cross. Yes, the same—*Advocata nostra* as she was known from the earliest days of Christianity.

There were some rude benches in the apartment, a cross-crowned chair, and about midway a sliding screen, which, when drawn together, concealed the altar—for altar it was; a portable one, as the rings at each end signified; such was its use in the early Christian churches, which were not edifices built separate and apart to themselves, but the private mansions of rich converts, consecrated to the worship of God, and permitted by some of the heathen tyrants to be so used when the fires of persecution were not abroad.

The Church of St. Clement, (under the foundation of the present Church of St. Clement), and that of St. Pudens, the friend of St. Peter and St. Paul, are still to be seen and venerated here. And here in the villa of Tertullus was one of the few that had been left un molested, because unsuspected and undiscovered; for who among the heathen, be his zeal ever so ardent-eyed, would suspect such an abomination to exist in the dwelling of an officer of the Pretorian Guard? Even had such a suspicion arisen, Valerian Emperor would have thought twice before he ventured anything aggressive, knowing that the Pretorian Guard sometimes, with a word and a blow, made and unmade, such as he. Still less was it dreamed that under the ruined, ivy-draped tower, there was an opening through one of the old wine-vaults into the Catacombs.

While Nemesius was observing the unfamiliar objects around him, a soldier, of which he required far less time than it has taken to describe them, a door opened, and the Christian Pontiff entered. He wore the same white woolen robe as on the night of their first interview, with the addition of a stole about his neck. Nemesius, who had thrown aside his toga, bared his head with reverent salutation, which was returned by a whispered "Deo gratias"; and the holy Sign of the Cross made by the Pontiff's uplifted hand towards him. The anxious father then led Claudia forward. The lovely child was arrayed in soft white garments; her long, golden hair fell in shining curls over her shoulders; her fair face wore the innocence and purity of an angel's; and as the saintly Pontiff gazed upon her, an expression of benign pity illumined his countenance, and, laying his hand upon her head, he blessed her.

"What wouldst thou have, sweet child?" he asked.

"Oh! sir, I am blind, and would see," was the pathetic answer.

"I will give thee my baptism, my child, and He who opens the eyes of the blind will enter thy heart, and teach thee to love and serve Him."

"I will love Him!" she said; and turning to Nemesius, who pressed her hand more closely, she continued: "Oh! my father, will we not both love Him Who gives light to my eyes?"

"And to thy spirit," responded the Pontiff, who had among other supernatural gifts that of being able to distinguish the great gates ereak slowly open, and Nemesius drives through. Slaves are ready to stand by the horses' heads as he draws up in front of the pillared entrance of the house; and he alights, his toga draped over his armor, and lifts Claudia out of the chariot.

"I will conduct thee," said a low,

"I'll do the dishes he volunteered, promptly. "And make it necessary for me to do them over after you," she laughed. "No, thank you!"

"Aggie, why don't you try one of those other registry offices? You're not having much luck at this one. "I may try," she said, doubtfully.

But the grimy, dingy, disreputable looking place in which she found herself following day was not one to inspire hope of finding a satisfactory match therein. The crowd of applicants present was of a disheartening appearance. The person in charge was advancing a man of woman in precisely the same manner in which Mulvaney dominated the raw recruits whom he was given to lick into shape.

Agnes Marsden did not push forward to make an application. She felt faint in the atmosphere of the place. She thought of her pretty home and her white clad little children and turned toward the door. A girl who had just entered stood within the threshold. She was staring at the motley group ahead of her and listening to the harsh nasal voice of the person in charge.

"Are you looking for work?" she asked. The girl looked clean and healthy. She was neatly dressed and carried a little satchel. She had smooth brown hair growing low on her brow, patient hazel eyes and a modesty of expression which attracted her questioner.

"I was, ma'am," she answered. "But I think I will go back to my friends." "Come outside," said Mrs. Marsden. "I will speak with you."

After that it was clear sailing. She went home in triumph, the captured maiden by her side. And when she had shown her to her room to change her woollen gown, she burst in on the head of the house in a whirl of satisfaction.

"Oh, Jack! She's treasure! There isn't a doubt of it. I was just leaving that dreadful place without asking a question when I chanced on her." "Wait till you try your new broom, my dear," he cautioned.

"Jack, from her hand-made gloves to her well-brushed hair she's clean. You've only to look at her to know she is good. She's been used to housework all her life!" "References?" he questioned.

"Letters from her priest in Ireland to the one of our church here." He smiled quizzically. "Roasts and desserts, eh?" "Oh, she'll learn. You know, the cooking doesn't bother me as much as all the rest. Now, I feel as though I could get into a pretty wrapper and take an evening off at that table load of magazines. I know that she will—What's that?"

She was on her feet in an instant, questioning—alarmed. Jack Marsden's shoulders shook with laughter. "That sounds uncommonly like crashing glass," he declared. "Your treasure is giving us a rattling good exhibition of her ability. Hark! There goes some more!"

gallon can. I—I'd like if you never was to pay me. I—I—in a crowning burst of happy generosity—I'd like to give you my whole dairy—I would, ma'am!" "Oh, yes!" echoed Maggie, joyously. "Oh, yes, ma'am!"

MARY: THE PERFECT WOMAN.

It is not easy to decide whether this work—carefully printed and bound in the colors of our Lady—should be considered as a theological treatise, or as a Marian Epic. The book may be described in both ways. It consists, as the title-page tells us, of one hundred and fifty rhythmic stanzas; and it is also described, on the same page, as being written in honor of the mystical life of our Blessed Lady. The Epic is composed of a systematic but simple plan, from a high dignified level of poetic excellence, in an unusual metre previously employed with good effect by the author, in rhythms consisting of seven stanzas with five lines each—every line in each stanza ending with a repetition of the same rhyme. This metre, explained and defended in the introduction, is allowed in Cardinal Vaughan's Preface to have both its advantages and its drawbacks.

The treatise is based on the implicit faith of Christendom on the explicit teaching of the Church in the Missal and Breviary, and on theological statements of both the earlier and later Fathers, Doctors and Saints. The results are developed in logical dogmatic sequence, from these several sources and individual utterances, of course, after having passed through the pious and poetic imaginings of the author. The work may thus fairly be considered either as theological poetry, or as versified dogma. Perhaps, under existing circumstances, it will be well for the present writer to essay the easier task, viz., of offering an appreciation of the main governing principle of the book under the former condition—as verse with a doctrinal intention and tendency. A dogmatic estimate of the Epic will be better made by a trained theologian; and a critical and detailed estimate of Mary, the Perfect Woman, by the writer would be considered out of place. But an appreciation only of a noteworthy effort to popularize the position, and the reason of the position, which our Mother and Queen necessarily occupies in the divine scheme of the Christian religion, may not be thought out of place to the reader, nor unbecoming in the writer. And this is all that will be here attempted. The estimate will be given as fully as the exigencies of space at disposal in the hospitable pages of The Dolphin may permit.

A preliminary statement, however, has to be made. The origin of the poetical treatise is traced in the latter part of the author's Introduction, in an extremely interesting fragment of mental and incidental autobiography. The theme and its treatment reached the author immediately from without. A chance suggestion came—that a history, not a life, of our Blessed Lady was needed, at the present time, for England. This suggestion, which was conveyed to Mrs. Shapote in an unquoted letter from an unnamed priest, gave to the work its conception and origin. The priest failed further to explain his meaning; but his message was accepted and was understood to convey that he desiderated a narration of the mystical story of Mary, certainly at some length, and possibly in verse. In any case, the seed of suggestion fell upon good and very good ground. It fell upon ground to a large extent, prepared and predisposed towards the proposed end, and that in three ways. The mind which received the good grain had been moulded, in the first place, by long years of singular devotion to and of intense love for the all-embracing doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; then, by contemplation led into this special direction by apparently fortuitous circumstances of study and literary composition; and lastly, by personal observation of the life and conduct of the inhabitants in general of Catholic Germany, and specially of those of one of the sanctuaries of divine graces, amongst whom the author was led to sojourn.

It was some thirteen years ago since the first idea of this work dawned on, or was seriously entertained by, Mrs. Shapote; and about ten years since the poetical inspiration, so to say, to write upon this subject actually came. In the beginning of the following year—1894—the actual labor year, in honor of "Mary, the Perfect Woman," was first commenced; and it was perseveringly and persistently carried on daily for upwards of three and a half months. The august subject matter was contemplated night by night, very much in the temper and spirit of Fra Angelico, or of some other old-world saintly painter—and the meditative was drawn out in verse, morning after morning, until the doctrinal Epic was completed in its present form. Subsequently, but after a long interval, the not unusual fate which often haunts and delays the publication of religious poetry—difficulties connected with material reproduction of the MS.—was met and was harmlessly passed by. The combined result of inspiration, preparation, thought, creation and issue, now lie before the reader.

As a treatise of versified dogma, the Perfect Woman stands in an isolated, perhaps in an unique position, in regard to its sacred subject-matter. That such a book could be written under the conditions described by the author—away from libraries, with few extraneous helps from stray books to read, and with no one to advise or console, as the Introduction reveals—is in itself a feat, literary and doctrinal, of which Mrs. Shapote's friends may be justly proud. The volume, however, is worthy of consideration on higher grounds than those of personal distinction in thought and composition. It is not only written by

a woman, and reverently, he it said, of a Woman; but it is written by a woman with a womanly intention to restore to the great Woman Personality a descriptive and representative of woman, and to have fulfilled all the conditions and requirements of womanhood. But more than this has been essayed by Mrs. Shapote. She has attempted to enter into many of the feelings and thoughts and actions of our Blessed Lady, and to sympathize with all she paints. She glances at, alludes to, or describes at length, many of the circumstances of Mary's chequered and eventful, though silent and hidden life, which was begun in before time, which was anticipated and continued in grace, which was harassed by tragedy, and yet, finally, was crowned with glory. And she strives to show in what manner and with what discretion, ease and dignity our Lady met and dealt with them all as a Woman. She has also endeavored to picture the thorough womanliness of the character of Mary as the pattern and exemplar of woman, as the ransomer and savior from degradation of women, and as the patron and restorer of the claims and rights of woman—together with and not apart from woman's inherent duties—to the extent that our Blessed Lady proved herself worthy of the title of the Perfect Woman. So far as the author knows, this effort has not been previously made; and for a first attempt the result must be judged, if not leniently, at least with appreciative follow-feeling.

For the first is a great advance—if one forgoes a misused term—in the "higher criticism" of the history of Mary, upon any former estimate, at least in our mother-tongue, of her origin, life, character, words and actions. Apparently, the intention of the work is to attempt to replace our Lady in the minds of some, of all who will accept it, as Cardinal Vaughan's Preface says, in our generation, in the position which the Blessed Virgin occupied in principle, if not in practice, over the ages of Faith all Christendom over, and ever still occupies in all Catholic countries, and lingeringly fills in some lands not Catholic. The author would show how Mary was looked upon and venerated, how she was imitated and invoked, why she was believed in and worshipped, why she was treated as woman, but as something more than woman, though less than divine; as a creature of creatures and a woman of women; as the Perfect Woman, supreme over all creation under her, but yet as ever herself under God. She always would indicate, directly or indirectly, Mary's actual standpoint and foothold in the revealed scheme and system of Christianity, and the necessary and unique part which she played in the Church's history for fifteen hundred years. She would trace our Lady's prerogatives in the ages before she was de-throned from her incomparable dignity and honor, especially in unhappy England, and especially in unhappy Ireland, as re-litigated by heresy, ignorance, hate, and indifference, alone or combined, to the condition of irreproachable respectability—tinctured with strains of weakness—whose claim to the attention of Christians consisted solely in her having become a Mother to a Son.

Viewed dogmatically and uttered by the lips of a Catholic, of course, such a claim to consideration is sufficient for all time and is enough for all purposes of God. The plain title of "Mother of God" includes by implication all the reverence can demand, or love can wish, or theology can teach. Chosen by God, from eternity, to be His Mother, what wonder, asks Cardinal Vaughan in his Preface, "that her power, her magnificence, her goodness, her holiness are beyond the grasp of any human estimate?" Yet the simple title Mother of God commands itself universally to every intelligence, to spontaneous adoration, to all ages. It can be every condition, to all ages. It can be ascribed by children, proclaimed aloud by men, muttered by old age. And that one title is all-sufficient. For, as Cardinal Vaughan continues, in these direct, well-weighed and heavily-weighted words which demand consideration: "To belong integrally and intimately to the Order of the Hypostatic Union, by having been the conscious and deliberate instrument of its accomplishment, is to share an elevation more sublime than anything open to men and angels." Hence we, Catholics, may be content with the simple, loving, child-like words, "Mother of God." But many who avowedly, or inferentially depreciate Mary's exalted claims to the honor and worship of the Church even if they formally admit and pronounce the title, do not and will not acknowledge the underlying truth, in all its infinite and supernatural fullness. For it must not be forgotten that the Church, not only suggests and encourages, but even teaches and commands us to consider the Blessed Virgin as our Advocate and Refuge, the Seat of Wisdom and Gate of Heaven, our Mother of Mercy, our Lady of Perpetual Succor, our Lady of Good Counsel, the Cause of our Joy and the Consoler of our Sorrow—as well as our Mother, and our help in every need. Neither are these high sounding, melodious, affectionate, or poetical titles indicative of the law of faith. Hence, it is the part of all who would restore to our Queen her rightful prerogatives in the Kingdom of Grace, to accept the title of Mother of God as a foundation-stone, only of something above, or as a stepping-stone only to something beyond. For it is not less critically than morally certain, that a mere believer in revelation cannot consistently accept the truth that Mary was the Mother of God, and remain content with only such an elementary position. He must adopt one of two courses. He must either submit to an accommodation by over explanation, and water-down, or whittle away their deeper import, until he finds himself mentally and theologically indistinguishable from one who holds the Nestorian error, which not only denies the supernatural Or, on the other hand, he must advance systematically and logically, though not necessarily by the same path, or at the same pace, with the author of the

Perfect Woman, until he believes in effect that he will find of Catholic doctrine embedded in verse in the work before us. In such a case, there is, there can be, no legitimate *Via Media*.

THE ROSARY—THE BEST OF DAILY PRAYERS.

If we were asked which is the best form of prayer for daily use, we would unhesitatingly answer, the Rosary—for, by its very comprehensiveness and for, its use is made for everyday use. It is meditation, and that is its highest recommendation. It permits one to pray and meditate at the same time. Meditation, we are told, is the necessary daily practice to insure religious perfection. We must think, and think deeply, if we are to profit by prayer. God will not take His service, for He rejected the prayers of the Pharisees. "These adore Me with their lips," He said of them, "but their hearts are far from Me." "We must feel what we say, and this we easily do when we meditate."

Now, meditation is a most difficult thing to do well, because of the noisy world about us. It is difficult for the long-tried religious man or woman who is consecrated to the service of God. How much more difficult, then, is meditation for the one who must live in the world? Still, even such a one must meditate to some degree, if stability in God's service is to be acquired, "for with desolation is the world made desolate," says the Psalmist, "because no one thinketh in his heart." The Rosary might well be called the daily meditation for the people, for, in possessing its different mystical subjects, it will have most useful subjects for meditation which, united with the prescribed Our Fathers and Hail Marys, make up an easy and most effective exercise of prayerful union with God.

The Rosary was instituted by the Blessed Virgin herself, who taught it to St. Dominic and bade him to teach it to the people. It is sometimes called the Palace of Mary, for in the 150 Hail Marys which are said, there is a correspondence to the 150 Psalms. The very repetition of the Hail Marys gives renewed strength to the prayer. It is a humble perseverance which God appreciates and responds to His injunction, that we are to keep asking and asking that we may receive. When we think of it said daily the world over by all the religious and by countless holy souls living in the world, we see what a wonderful offering it is going up to God every morning through the hands of His Blessed Mother, which overflows His heart, and causes Him to shower down His choicest blessings upon those saying their Rosaries. The very name Rosary suggests the sweetness of the prayer. It tells us that every bead is like a beautiful rose springing from the virgin soil of a simple and an innocent heart. We give the chaplet to Our Blessed Lady and she gratefully lays it at the feet of her divine Son.

Our late glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII, was called the Apostle of the Rosary, for he ordered that it be said daily in every cathedral, and recommended that the same be the rule in all the churches. He prescribed that in the month of October it be said unitedly by the priests and the people in the churches and chapels, and that it should close with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament when said in the evenings. He well knew the value of the Rosary as a prayer, and hence his desire to reap great fruit through it—fruit for God's glory in bringing souls into holy union with Him—and fruit for the Church in spiritualizing her children, and making them examples of piety and holiness that may influence for its betterment all the world around them.

It is easy to say the Rosary well. A determination to be recollected during it is all that is required to make it the most acceptable offering to God. It is easy also to say the Rosary by reason of the short time in which one may say it—say, ten to twelve minutes—and it may be said kneeling, standing, or sitting, as one desires. Yes, walking to and from business or our daily avocation a person may say the Rosary well, and this should induce everyone to say it, and to never omit it. What a power for good it will be to the one who will recite the beads daily! Great graces will attend the soul; the special love of God and that of His Blessed Mother will ever be his to keep him in the right path, and he will be brought close to both one day in heaven after he has been so closely united with them on earth. Let us carry with us a Rosary, and recite it daily; recite it earnestly every day of our lives.

If some mothers would devote as much time and attention to understanding and instructing their daughters as they do to learning the ins and outs of neighborhood gossip and scandal, there would be fewer young women going down the broad road that leads to hell.

SAVED BABY'S LIFE.

Mrs. T. Brisson Gold Rock, Ont., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets saved my little boy's life when there seemed no hope, and he is now a bright, rosy healthy child. He suffered more than tongue can tell from obstinate constipation, and medicine gave him no relief until I gave him Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without the Tablets in the house, and I think they should be kept in every home where there are young or delicate children."

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IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF ASKING THESE DIVINE ASSISTANCE, AND OF CONFIDENCE OF RECOVERING GRACE.

I can quickly raise thee up again and turn all thy burden into joy. Nevertheless, I am just and greatly to be praised when I deal thus with thee.

If thou thinkest rightly and considerest things in truth, thou oughtest never to be so much dejected and troubled for any adversity; but thou oughtest rather to rejoice and give thanks, yea, to account this as a special subject of joy, that afflicting thee with sorrows I do not spare thee.

As the Father hath loved Me, I also have loved you. (John xv, 9). Said I to my beloved disciples, whom certainly I did not send to temporal joys, but to great conflicts; not to honors, but to content; not to idleness, but to labours; not to rest, but to bring forth much fruit in patience. Remember these words, O my son.

THE GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER IS "OUR YOUNG MEN."

Old as well as young men are an object of our prayers. No doubt why the young are specially recommended is because they are a source of great solicitude; and they are so because frequently they have to encounter greater dangers than older men, with less experience, and because also they can be made to exercise a beneficent influence on their fellows.

Common though the complaint be that young men do not respond to all the efforts that are made in their behalf, it is sure that they do respond to the efforts of all who work for their welfare sincerely and persistently. Witness the many flourishing Catholic organizations, literary, benevolent, made up wholly of young men who are a credit to religion for their intelligent Catholic spirit. Of late years these organizations have multiplied in variety and in membership simply because earnest priests faced the problem of forming them.

"Our Young Men" is even a more serious subject for a general intention than our young men—boys just leaving school, no longer in place in the school societies and sodalities and too young to enter organizations adapted only for young men. This is a problem for diligent priests and laymen alike. The Boys' Club has solved it in part, but there is a world of work to be done before it is fully solved, and that this work be done speedily and effectively is the chief object of this intention.—Catholic Columbian.

A SHY YOUNG GIRL.

A young girl who suffers much from embarrassment and timidity when in the presence of people, asked how she may overcome her self-consciousness. The best cure for this sensitiveness is to forget one's self as utterly as possible when in an assemblage, and to think of others.

This young woman dreads the thought of going among people because she feels such painful embarrassment when she is the object of observation.

Instead of dwelling upon her own timidity, she ought to make up her mind to watch for an opportunity to be of service to some one.

Let her go forth with the fixed intention of making a pleasant evening for one or more of the people she is to meet.

In almost every social assembly—small or great—there is the dull or plain girl who receives no attention, the awkward youth who is a bore to himself and others, the older people who are simply on-lookers, and the stranger who knows few of those present.

If the embarrassed girl will put all thoughts of herself in the background and decide to devote herself to the pleasure and comfort of any of those neglected ones, she will soon find her timidity disappearing, and she will make herself a social favorite.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1903.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 17, 1903.

HIGHER CRITICISM.

We have not often the opportunity to speak a word of praise of the pronouncements regarding Christian doctrine issued by Low Church divines, chiefly, perhaps, for the reason that Low Churchism in its very essence arises out of a spirit of opposition to the authority of the Catholic Church, and, as a consequence, to all Catholic authority.

We notice with pleasure, however, that the Rev. Principal Sheraton of Wycliffe College, Toronto, in delivering the opening lecture of the session of that institution a few evenings ago, spoke on "Higher Criticism" in a manner calculated to strengthen faith in the authority and veracity of Scripture.

He showed that, under pretence of discovering the origin and authors of the books of Scripture, many difficulties in the text had given occasion to so-called Higher Critics to attack the authenticity and truth of the Scripture itself.

It is to be admitted that there are difficulties in the Bible. It could not be otherwise, for it relates to different periods of the world's history beginning with the Creation of the world, and it covers a historical period of over four thousand years, down to the time when Christ lived upon earth.

The report showed that the work was growing more difficult, the missionaries were less welcome than formerly, and three missions had to be closed during the past year, viz., Manitoba, Digby, N. S., and Sord.

One of the reasons for the lack of the success expected in the Mission was set forth in the general report as follows: "The present religious crisis in France, and the resistance to the new education law on the part of many of the religious orders, are now causing hundreds of monks and nuns to come to this country."

So, then, it is to be understood that the influx into Canada from France "of hundreds!"—mark, hundreds—of the expelled Religious Orders, (who by the way have been coming in very small numbers only within a few months,) accounts for the closing of three of the missions, in Manitoba, Nova Scotia and Quebec, during the past year, and the general "lack of the success expected."

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION. The New York Freeman's Journal says: Mrs. Harrison, daughter of Charles Kingsley (author of "Westward Ho!"), whose attack upon Dr. (later Cardinal) Newman forty years ago was the occasion of the writing of the famous "Apologia," has been received into the Catholic Church.

It is the age that forms the man, not the man that forms the age. Great minds do indeed react on the society which has made them what they are, but they only pay without interest what they have received.

have applied it only to such investigation as is anxious to throw aside all divine revelation as a web of errors. For such false Higher Criticism as this we can only utter our disapproval.

Here we deem it appropriate to add that in a book like the Bible, which treats of so great a variety of subjects, and which was written by so many writers, about fifty in number, of every degree in life, and during a period of over fifteen centuries, if the writers were ignorant of the subjects on which they wrote, or if they relied on insecure sources for their information, or if they did not belong to the country of which they asserted themselves to be citizens, or if they belonged to any other date than that during which they claimed to have written, the discordances between their statements and the truth would have been numerous and glaring.

Its cosmogony was written by one who had been for forty years a pupil of the Egyptian wisemen or magicians, who believed that the sun, moon, planets, and stars were intelligent beings who governed the universe. His teaching is altogether different from theirs, and from every system which paganism has ever produced.

The Bible describes not only what has happened on earth, but the mysteries of heaven, and the events of future ages. It tells of the origin of nations, their development and geographical peculiarities, their history at later dates, the customs and manners of the people, and other matters which could be known only by those who lived and shared in the events recorded, and if it were a spurious work, or if it fell short of being what it professes to be in every detail, thousands of errors would have been detected in it by those investigators who have for nearly two thousand years examined it critically for the express purpose of finding errors in its pages.

THE GRANDE LIGNE MISSION.

This body, constituted in order to convert the French-Canadian people from "the errors of Popery to those of Baptist-ism"—as it has once been written—held its annual meeting in Montreal on Thursday evening, 8th inst. From the proceedings, as reported in the Star of the 9th, it appears the affairs of the organization are in anything but a flourishing condition.

"The report showed that the work was growing more difficult, the missionaries were less welcome than formerly, and three missions had to be closed during the past year, viz., Manitoba, Digby, N. S., and Sord. Notwithstanding this, the expenditure was \$2,202 more than the receipts, which have amounted to \$15,756. There were no contributions from Great Britain, and no legacies during the year."

So, then, it is to be understood that the influx into Canada from France "of hundreds!"—mark, hundreds—of the expelled Religious Orders, (who by the way have been coming in very small numbers only within a few months,) accounts for the closing of three of the missions, in Manitoba, Nova Scotia and Quebec, during the past year, and the general "lack of the success expected."

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION. The New York Freeman's Journal says: Mrs. Harrison, daughter of Charles Kingsley (author of "Westward Ho!"), whose attack upon Dr. (later Cardinal) Newman forty years ago was the occasion of the writing of the famous "Apologia," has been received into the Catholic Church.

It is the age that forms the man, not the man that forms the age. Great minds do indeed react on the society which has made them what they are, but they only pay without interest what they have received.

THAT VETO.

During the Conclave which elected the Holy Father Pope Pius X. to the Sovereign Pontificate of the Church, it was stated very positively by the press correspondents that the Emperor of Austria had sent his veto against the election of Cardinal Rampolla.

As it is notorious that the Roman correspondents of the daily press of Europe and America are very apt to give out false intelligence as true where the Church is concerned, this statement regarding the veto was very doubtfully received by the public, and little attention or credence was given it, even when it was reiterated by more than one correspondent.

The truth is that the business of the Church, and the internal affairs of the Pope's household are matters which the Church authorities are not accustomed to turn to subjects of gossip, and consequently there is little opportunity for the newspaper correspondents to ascertain any authentic intelligence regarding them until by the authorities themselves it is deemed advisable they should be made known.

The matter whether there was really a veto or not could not be altogether a secret, inasmuch as it was a communication from one Government to another; but it may well be regarded by the Church authorities as something to be kept secret on their part until it should be deemed desirable to make it known, and there was, therefore, good reason for the suspicion that the statement of the correspondents was incorrect.

In fact the London Tablet's Roman correspondent, who is usually one of the best informed of the newspaper correspondents when the affairs of the Church are in question, positively denied that the veto had been exercised; but it now appears that it was really exercised, so far, at least, as it lay within the power of the Emperor of Austria to exercise it.

The facts as now made known for certain have been related by Cardinal Gibbons, and are also published in the "Diarium Cœlesti Romanæ," or "Diary of the Roman Court," which has just been issued in Rome.

On Cardinal Gibbons' return home he was asked by a reporter of the New York Evening Post, "Is it true that Austria used her veto concession during the Conclave?"

"Is it true," answered the Cardinal, shaking his head deprecatively, "Austria did use her veto, but it had no effect on the election. I shall make no comment on it."

It is to be noted in connection with this matter that the veto was given in the form of a request, with the address, "We beseech you, Lord Cardinals." On the surface, no formal veto appeared; but the Cardinals were all aware what it meant, and that it was intended as a prohibition of the election of Cardinal Rampolla.

The attempted veto appears to have had very little, if any influence on the Conclave of Cardinals; for as soon as Cardinal Puzyna, who conveyed the veto to the Conclave, spoke in the name of the Emperor Francis Joseph, Cardinal Oreglia arose and denounced any attempt on the part of any government to influence the election, or to restrict the liberty of the Conclave to the smallest degree. Other members of the Sacred College spoke to the same effect.

In times past it was, indeed, an understood thing that the nations Austria, France, and Spain, which countries were Catholic in deed as well as in name, and which guaranteed to protect the Church in her temporal possessions as well in the free exercise of the supreme authority of the Pope, were tacitly and singly permitted to veto any Cardinal whom they did not wish to be elected to the Papacy. This was allowed in practice, only rarely, as a return for the protection afforded to the Church by the States named. But that protection has passed away, as there was not one State to tell the Italian Government in 1870 that it should not take possession of the States of the Church. In the face of these circumstances, any claim to the right of veto, which existed merely on tolerance and not on a definite law, has passed away by the force of events alone.

This right of veto of the sovereigns named was never recognized by the Church as an inherent right of the sovereigns themselves, though it was permitted to be exercised in practice. It was claimed by these monarchs as being the successors of the Emperor of Germany, Henry IV., on whom the right of veto was conferred by Pope Nicholas II. and the Council of Lateran in 1059, in consequence of dangers which at that time threatened the Church from political intriguers who did not hesitate to attempt to influence Papal elections by bribery. The Emperor was held to be the only safe authority who could circumvent these sinnedical attempts at electing a Supreme Pontiff who should be their tool, as his empire extended over a great part of Europe. This privilege of veto was not, how-

ever, conferred in perpetuity, but was personal to Henry, and was to go to his successors only in case they should receive it personally from the Apostolic See, the canon conferring the said right having this clause:

"This is accorded to him and his successors who shall receive it personally from the Apostolic See. Hence, it did not descend to any of the sovereigns who afterward claimed it. But even if it had done so, it would have lapsed when the circumstances on account of which it was given ceased to exist, or if at any future time the Pope himself should declare that privilege ended."

From what we can learn of the proceedings of the Conclave, Cardinal Rampolla received twenty votes out of sixty-two cast on the first ballot. It was because of his being at the head of the list that Austria took alarm and sent in the veto, against which Cardinal Oreglia protested, and in the ballot which followed the announcement of the veto and the protest against its exercise, Cardinal Rampolla's vote, it is said, rose to thirty-six. Thus the Cardinal actually received a good majority of the votes cast, though under the rules governing the election of a Pope, a two-thirds majority of the electors being needed, the majority obtained was insufficient to elect him.

The probability is that Cardinal Rampolla's full strength in the Conclave was developed in spite of the Austrian Emperor's veto, and that the choice fell upon Cardinal Sarfo by some sort of an understanding arrived at between Cardinal Rampolla's supporters, and those of the other Cardinals who were named in the first ballot, when it was seen that the two-thirds vote could not be concentrated on any one of those named in the first instance. Pope Pius X. was elected almost unanimously. From these circumstances it will be seen that the statement of the London Tablet's correspondent that the veto was "not exercised" may be considered as strictly accurate, inasmuch as the College of Cardinals was not influenced by it. It is expected that an early opportunity will be taken by the present Pope to issue a decree whereby all claims on the part of any government to exercise a veto on the Papal election shall be set aside, once for all; and it is not probable that such a right will ever revive, unless it should come about once more that some nation shall arise which shall, by its overshadowing power, be both able and willing to protect the Church in her liberties and rights from all assailants. In such a case, it will be necessary that the right of veto should be conferred by the supreme authority of the Church, otherwise it would have no foundation, as the Church of Christ on earth is essentially self-governing.

THE REV. DR. WORKMAN'S RECENT APPOINTMENT. The Rev. Dr. George Coulson Workman, formerly of Victoria University, Toronto, has been appointed to the professorship of Old Testament exegesis and literature in the Wesleyan Theological College of Montreal, to succeed the Rev. Dr. Maegs who recently resigned this Chair.

The Rev. Dr. Shaw of Montreal presided at the meeting of the Board of Governors which made the appointment, and the Board was represented in full force, so that it must be understood that the appointment was their deliberate act. We are told that the question of the appointment was long and earnestly discussed, the cause of this exceptional discussion being the fact that in 1890 the Rev. Doctor delivered a lecture in Victoria University, in which he maintained that the Old Testament does not contain references to Christ as the Messiah, as Christians generally believe. This opinion which the Rev. Doctor held and still holds, was considered by the Faculty of Victoria College to be subversive of Christ's office as our Redeemer, and of Christianity itself, and he was asked by the Faculty of Victoria College to resign the chair of Biblical exegesis which he occupied in that institution. This was done, and since that time the Rev. Dr. Workman has had no office in the Methodist church, though he has frequently been invited by individual clergymen to perform functions such as preaching and conducting of Sunday services in their churches.

The late Rev. Dr. Dowart, who was for many years editor of the Toronto Christian Guardian, maintained strongly the orthodox view that Christ is the Messiah foretold and promised in the Old Testament, in accordance with the frequent positive statements of Christ and His Apostles, as in St. Matt. i. 22: "Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which the Lord spoke by the prophet, saying: '...'"

The Montreal Theological Faculty after full discussion on the matter has come to the conclusion that Dr. Workman's views "are in harmony with the best critical scholarship, and are not opposed to the standards of the Church." As a result of this decision, Dr. Workman was appointed by a large

majority, without any change in his views. We presume it must be inferred that the Church has come over to his sentiments, and not he to those of the Church.

Dr. Workman, even after his resignation from the faculty of Victoria University, was offered a position in the same institution, but a different one from that which he had filled. This he refused to accept on the plea, as we understand the matter, that he could not take any other position than one similar to that which he had already filled, so that his views on the meaning of the Old Testament should be endorsed by the Board of Directors. The Montreal Board of Directors must therefore have acted on the understanding that the Rev. Dr. is to teach just what he was condemned for teaching in Victoria.

The doctor is undoubtedly a scholar of high attainments and if the institution were one aiming to teach only secular sciences, he would be able to meet fully the requirements of his position, but we cannot be otherwise than of the opinion that the Montreal University in appointing him to teach the anti-Messianic views he has maintained, has departed from the plain truths of Christianity on which the teaching of Holy Scripture is unmistakable. We are not very much surprised at this vacillation in belief on the part of the faculty of a Methodist Theological College, for we are aware that the tendency of a system which, as Protestantism does, leaves every individual to draw his faith from the Bible as he chooses to interpret it for himself, is naturally to end in Rationalism, or at least in an unextricable confusion of opinions. Yet we regret to see any denomination which professes to adhere to Christianity drifting further away from the moorings of faith and sound doctrine. We are reminded thereby of the late Mr. Spurgeon's reasons for seceding from the English Baptist Union because that body by ceasing to maintain certain articles of the Christian faith proved itself to be "on the down grade toward the abyss of Deism or Rationalism."

The appointment of Dr. Workman will give him every opportunity to inculcate his views on the rising generation of Methodist ministers, and thus within a very short time we may expect a more rapid spread than ever, of rationalistic views among that body.

CONTRASTS.

During the Boer war many Boer family Bibles were carried off with other plunder by British officers and men. As these Bibles were in many instances of considerable intrinsic value, and besides contained unique genealogical records, they were regarded by their Boer owners in the Transvaal and Orange River Republics with great veneration, and many complaints were made to the British War Office in regard to their loss.

The Boers led a sort of nomadic life previously to their final settlement in the two Republics, and many of the Bibles contained the records of the families owning them, extending back at times even more than one hundred years, and if these were lost it would be impossible to replace these records from any other source. These circumstances gave the Bibles a great value in the eyes of their former possessors, and owing to the frequency with which the War Office was asked to restore them, General Lord Roberts requested the soldiers who had served in the war, so far as they know of any Bibles which had been carried away from South Africa, either to restore them to the War Office, or to give such information regarding them as might facilitate their recovery.

This appeal was remarkably successful, and many hundreds of Bibles have already been restored. They are deposited at the London Headquarters of the Society of Friends, which was requested by Lord Roberts to undertake the work of collection and return. As the volumes come in they are registered and carefully placed in a strong room under lock and key.

Descriptions of the books received, and of some which though not yet received, are known to be in England, and are believed to be recoverable, have been sent to South Africa and have been circulated broadcast in order to give their owners an opportunity to reclaim them. Many of the Bibles have already been claimed, and on being duly verified have been sent back to their owners. Many of these have been photographed, and the pictures printed on pages of the South Africa, a paper or magazine published in London, England. These photographs show that the records kept in the Bibles were often of a very elaborate character.

That these Bibles have been restored at all is an evidence of the much more civilized character of warfare at the present day than the warfare of even half a century ago. It is probably the

first time in the history of nations of any general restoration being made of property plundered during wartime, though even the restoration in this case is very partial, being confined to Bibles. There is no restoration dreamed of to be made through the kind offices of the American Government for Church vestments, drapery, statuary, etc., stolen from Filipino churches during the war on the Philippine Islands. On the contrary, even down to a few weeks ago, the plunder of Catholic churches on the islands has been publicly offered for sale at several camping stations of the American Army. Among other places, there was a public bazaar for the sale of such articles, at Fort Wayne, Michigan. After all, it appears that the British Government takes the lead in humanizing war and making it less terrible and odious.

A NOVEL TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

Herr Otto Von Leixner of Berlin, who is one of the foremost Social reformers of the German Empire, has inaugurated a novel movement in the interest of Temperance, in the form of a vigorous and impassioned appeal to the people of the German Empire against the habit of poetic praise and glorification of habitual drinking. His appeal is entitled "Poetry as the handmaid of Alcohol."

He declares that "it is a terrible fact that the most eminent poets of Germany have degraded their muse to the service of people who are actually committing suicide, slow or rapid, by being addicted to drink. He says: "Drinking songs with their vividness of imagination, their tavern wit, their easy rhymes, are made particularly attractive for young people, and these songs are set to music by the best composers. They glorify intemperance, ridicule moderate drinking, and hold up total abstinence to scorn."

Dr. Leixner continues: "These songs are sung by school-children over their first glass of beer, and incite them to indulge in further drinking. When these boys come to the universities, their ambition is to become toppers. These songs, to which public attention has not hitherto been sufficiently directed, have contributed as much as anything else to vitiate and destroy the youth of the country, to set up a false standard of honor, and are responsible for much in the conduct of the nation, which brings upon Germans the contempt and ridicule of foreigners."

Herr Von Leixner proposes to establish a League pledged against the use of these drinking songs. Germany is not the only country in the world whose drinking songs have contributed toward making the young votaries of the god Bacchus. Burns, Moore, and even Shakespeare have contributed their laudatory odes to drunkenness, though, so far as Shakespeare is concerned it may be said that he has furnished us also with some of the most pungent warnings against the vice.

It is frequently in utter thoughtlessness of the dreadful consequences which follow the glorification of alcohol, that insidious enemy of mankind, that many who are in head and at heart true moralists, give their implicit or explicit approbation to drinking habits by singing drinking songs, or applauding such when they are sung in their presence. We heartily endorse Herr Von Leixner's proposition to taboo such songs in order that our youth may be saved from the danger which confronts them in the form of the songs which allure them to ruin. An anti-drinking-song League is as much required in this country as in Germany; but until there is an actual League of this kind formed, each young man would do well to consider himself individually a member of such a League, and to refuse absolutely to join in the singing of these dangerous songs.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES MONTHLY.

A bright little magazine, put up in a neat and attractive style, bearing the above title, published in the interest of St. Francis de Sales Church, Smith's Falls, has lately appeared. It is printed on good paper, in large clear type, and is edited by the talented and energetic pastor, Rev. Thos. Kelly. Containing interesting and instructive articles on affairs in general, with special attention given to local topics, St. Francis de Sales Monthly cannot fail to prove an important factor in Church work for the good Father Kelly and his parishioners.

We heartily wish this new journalistic venture every success.

Rev. Robert Benson, son of the late Archbishop Benson, of Canterbury, of the Established Church, has been received into the Church in London.

Judge Hiram H. Carver, of Crowley, a prominent member of the judiciary of Louisiana, and one who has long taken an active part in public affairs, has been received into the Church. The Judge is now in his seventy-fifth year.

The Hon. James Eric Drummond has been received into the Church at Downside Abbey, England.

A MONUMENT TO SERVETUS

The Historical Society of the Protestant Church of Switzerland, determined to erect a monument to Michael Servetus who was staked at Champel, on Oct. 27th, 1553, by order of John Calvin. The monument is to be unveiled on the 50th anniversary of the execution of Servetus, and the latter in Geneva from Vienna where he was condemned for heresy charged with teaching doctrines, which include Pantheism, Materialism, and the Bible.

At the trial, Calvin and the case was ability on both sides, time with much keenness.

Concerning the action in the prosecution the Calvin was at this time autocrat of Geneva, but nominally ruled by a council.

It has been stated that Servetus was ordered that he might sign against him, but not to be said to be had Calvin's admission sense nineteen but their enmity had carried further than discussions to be carried.

In 1553 Servetus would be pleased to whereupon Calvin in he should come, he (Servetus) to the death many heresies; and the contemplated of Servetus is not a the part of the Swiss proposition originate alists, and was taken lists to prevent a stration on the occa by Rationalists. The character of an expi on the monument is

"Erected in honor of Servetus, victim of the fanaticism of his time, convictions at Champel, 1553—by followers years later, as an act, and to repud matters of faith."

BRITISH

Only a very few of the unfortunate National Party—Rule for Ireland disposed of the the demonstrated the ing self-government pointing to the the and winding up are always quarrel selves; they never on a government.

Well, look at the political parties to clipped from an says: Mr. Chamberlain have added to the the names of their lows: Taxation of Foot Retaliatory Tax four.

Free Trade Unions Hicks-Beach. Home Rule Par bell-Bannerman. Imperial Libera berry. Trade Unions Independent La Hardie. Irish National mond.

What have the of Irish Home R going? The fac Irish Nationalist —are the only it follow that and Welsh peopl govern themsel against the Irish

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A MONUMENT TO MICHAEL SERVETUS.

The Historical Society of the Calvinistic church of Switzerland has determined to erect a monument in Geneva to Michael Servetus who was burned at the stake at Champel, near Geneva, on Oct. 27th, 1553, by order of the Council of 60, for heresy, at the instigation of John Calvin. The monument will be ready to be unveiled on the date mentioned, its ostensible purpose being to make some sort of expiation for this act of cruelty of John Calvin, who caused the arrest of Servetus on the arrival of the latter in Geneva, after escaping from Vienna where he had also been condemned for heresy. Servetus was charged with teaching blasphemous doctrines, which included Anabaptism, Pantheism, Materialism, and contempt of the Bible.

At the trial, Calvin was the accuser, and the case was discussed with ability on both sides, and at the same time with much keenness and bitterness.

Concerning the active part of Calvin in the prosecution there is no doubt, as Calvin was at this time practically the autocrat of Geneva, though the city was nominally ruled by a Council.

It has been stated that Calvin induced Servetus to come to Geneva in order that he might carry out his designs against him, but this charge cannot be said to be proved. Servetus had been Calvin's adversary in a polemical sense nineteen years before this, but their enmity had not then been carried further than to cause public discussions to be carried on between them.

In 1533 Servetus wrote to Calvin that if the latter would permit him he would be pleased to revisit the city, whereupon Calvin informed him that if he should come, he (Calvin) would prosecute him to the death on account of his many heresies; and he kept his word.

The contemplated erection of a statue to Servetus is not a spontaneous act on the part of the Swiss Calvinists. The proposition originated with the Rationalists, and was taken up by the Calvinists to prevent a Rationalist demonstration on the occasion of its erection by Rationalists. Thus it takes the character of an expiatory monument.

The inscription which is to be placed on the monument is:

"Erected in memory of Michael Servetus, victim of the religious intolerance of his time, and burned for his convictions at Champel, Oct. 27th, 1553, by followers of John Calvin, 350 years later, as an expiation for that act, and to repudiate all coercion in matters of faith."

BRITISH PARTIES.

Only a very few years ago—during the unfortunate "split" in the Irish National Party—the enemies of Home Rule for Ireland considered they had disposed of the whole question and demonstrated the impossibility of granting self-government to that people by pointing to the then existing divisions and warring with: Oh! the Irish are always quarrelling among themselves; they never could agree to carry on a government.

Well, look at the state of British political parties to-day. Here is a list clipped from an English paper which says:

- Mr. Chamberlain's food tax proposals have added to the number, which, with the names of their leaders, reads as follows: Taxation of Food Party—Mr. Chamberlain. Retaliatory Tariff Party—Mr. Balfour. Free Trade Unionist Party—Sir M. Hicks-Beach. Home Rule Party—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Imperial Liberal Party—Lord Rosebery. Trade Unionist Party—Mr. John Burns. Independent Labor Party—Mr. Keir Hardie. Irish Nationalist Party—Mr. Redmond.

What have the erstwhile opponents of Irish Home Rule to say to the foregoing? The fact stands out that the Irish Nationalists—eighty-two of them—are the only compact party. Does it follow that the English, Scotch and Welsh peoples are incompetent to govern themselves, as was alleged against the Irish?

The Girl Who Works.

The girl who earns her own money should endeavor to save a portion of it from each payment. A bank account can be opened with \$1. No matter how small the saving may be, it will be forming a wise habit to lay it aside. At the end of a year quite a little sum is realized that can be turned to good advantage. A more intelligent sense of what constitutes thrift and economy is needed, especially among women of the working classes. It is the easiest thing in the world to spend money, but we all find it difficult to save it. To study one's needs and supply them in accordance with one's circumstances is making the best results out of our limitations. Moreover, the discipline of character—learning to control desire for luxuries—will be worth more than all the money saved.

THE SUPPART OF THE CHURCH.

WHAT YOU GIVE IS ONLY A TRIFLE FOR WHAT YOU GET.

Though the Church is all and more to you than described in the preceding article, yet in her external make-up she is an organization, a society, composed of rulers and subjects, just as the State. As the State should work, the Church does work, for the common good of the people, and hence, like the State, she must be supported by the people. The Church is so much more deserving of support than the State, as the Church is higher than the State, as the good she does is greater than that done by the State. Yet, oh, inconsistency! (surely the devil is to blame for it), people find no fault whatever when the State asks for some of their earnings, but let the Church do so, and what fault-finding! The State levies taxes according to the amount of one's possessions—so much on every \$100 and the people pay it. If they do not pay it, the authorities sell them out. But in many congregations every person wants to determine for himself how much he pleases to give.

In most countries the tax for the Church is levied as the tax for the State, and the people pay heavily towards the Church, though you may imagine they pay nothing. It is true that the government pays for the support of the Church, but are not the people taxed heavier for the government on that account?

Some people imagine that because the Church is not of earth, because her work is of the spiritual, charitable order, she ought to go along without money. Would that she could! She is not of earth, but she is on earth, and who or what can get along on earth without money? God Himself realized this, for He gave the first law regarding taxation for the Church, and He levied a heavy tax—one-tenth of all one's earnings. Listen to God's own words:

- 1. "I have given to the sons of Levi (priests) all the tithes (one-tenth) of Israel for a possession, for the ministry wherewith they serve Me in the tabernacle."—Num. 28:21, and again: 2. "All things, which you shall offer of the tithes and shall separate for the gifts of the Lord, shall be the best and choicest things."—Num. 8:29. 3. "Everyone shall offer according to what he hath."—Deut. 16:17. 4. "No one shall appear with his hands empty before the Lord."—Deut. 16:19. 5. "Give unto the Most High, according to what He hath given to thee."—Ecclus. 35:12. 6. "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and give Him of the first of all thy fruits."—Prov. 3:9.

Look over these texts again and note how general their application is, "all the tithes," "everyone shall offer," "no one shall refuse." People who would be insulted if others paid their grocery or butcher bill, are perfectly willing to let others pay for their places in church.

The Literary Digest of Jan. 17, 1903, quotes statistics showing that Catholics, considering their large number, contribute less than Protestants toward church support. Hence complaint from Catholics is unreasonable when we reflect how much more they get from their Church than Protestant churches can give.

Besides being commanded by God to give one-tenth of all their earnings, we read in Exod. 35:29: "All the children of Israel dedicated voluntary offerings to the Lord." And again in 1 Paral. 29:9: "And the people rejoiced when they promised their offerings willingly, because they offered them to the Lord with all their heart."

Religion demands sacrifice, and people who are not willing to do much for the Church certainly do not prize very highly the benefits they derive from the Church. To do good is all that we are let live for, and surely one can do no greater good than and enjoy no greater honor than to help build and maintain temples wherein alone God is properly honored. Do away with Catholic churches and I think God would hurriedly do away with the world.

But to sift things down to a finer point, how much do you really give to your church?—you who think church dues are too high? Thirty to forty dollars a year? That appears to be a big amount, but it is about 10 cents a day. Do you smoke? The price of one good cigar laid aside every day, would pay your church dues. Do you drink? The price of one bottle of beer put aside every day would pay your church dues. Do you go to the theater occasionally, to other amusements? What you give thus for pleasure, for a pastime, would pay your church dues. The better you put on your bread would about pay them, and yet you grumble over the amount—though we have seen that nothing on earth is so useful and necessary to us as the Church is.

My dear friend, by your little outlay you make it possible for the truth of God to be preached in your locality, for Christ to dwell in your midst as truly as He dwells in Heaven; you draw upon yourself God's blessings, and receive His graces, which are worth more than all the world. You are assisted on to Heaven. Do you get your \$40 worth? You could never give as much to the Church as you receive from her. God assures us that He will not allow Himself to be outdone in generosity; but remember, "He who soweth sparingly, will also reap sparingly."—Rev. JOHN F. NOLL.

On the Streets at Night.

How can a sane and sensible mother dream of allowing her little daughter to gad about the streets with a lot of others equally young and ignorant, long after dark? Don't they know the temptations and the dangers? How can they be ignorant of them? They must have had some experience of life or, if they haven't, the newspapers are full of tragedies which must enlighten them.

SOME HEROES IN REAL LIFE.

The fashion of "holding up" railway trains in the Far West has been abated considerably since the trainmen have been armed for the protection of life and property on all the great lines. The Jesse James type of highwayman has practically disappeared from that section; but only to change his field of operations to the Atlantic coast. Last Saturday, just before daylight, five desperadoes attempted to rob an electric car within the limits of New York City, at the junction of Eighth Avenue and 159th Street. They wore masks and carried weapons. Three of them boarded the front platform and ordered the motorman, at the pistol's point, to stop the car. Motorman Thomas Garaga was not that kind of a man, as his name indicates. He put on full power and, though stabbed in the hand by one of the ruffians, stuck to his post until he encountered two policemen, who begged the three after a short chase. Meanwhile Conductor Charles McCarthy, with the two other highwaymen, using a heavy iron connecting-bar to point his arguments. One he knocked off the rear platform, and the other jumped without waiting for further explanations. Those two escaped, unfortunately, for they ought to have remained and heard the whole of his discourse.

Plucky, quick-witted men were both of those car men; but what shall be said of another railroad man who displayed remarkable presence of mind, a played a clever game, and was confronted by a puzzle in a dilemma as ever man had to face? Engineer George W. Boss was running the boat train from Worcester to Providence when at about 6:39 p. m. he suddenly saw the "block" signal beside the track ahead changed from green to red, the sign of danger. According to all railroad law it was his imperative duty to stop his train at once, and he proceeded to do so, by slowing his engine and putting on the brakes. Just before he could come to a stop, he noticed some one near the track swinging a red lantern, another and corroborative sign of danger. But he also saw that the lantern was swung awkwardly and not as a railroad man would have done it. Jumping to the immediate conclusion that was false warning, give for the purpose of holding up the train, he crowded on full steam and dashed past the danger point. As he did so, he saw nine men scattered along the track and putting on to board it if it came to a standstill. There was nothing wrong with the track, as he shrewdly guessed; but suppose he had guessed wrongly? Suppose that he had disobeyed orders and caused a frightful accident—what would be the consequence to him if he survived? Any jury would find him guilty of manslaughter, and he would be disgraced and ruined for life.

We do not know what action, if any, the railroad company has taken in the case of Engineer Boss; but if he is not rewarded liberally for his wise disregard of a custom rule, the company does not deserve to have so capable a man in its employ. The corporation, not being a poet, cannot imitate Victor Hugo's captain when a subordinate officer by his carelessness in making fast a gun allowed it to break loose during a storm, career wildly about the deck, killing and maiming a dozen men, until he put an end to its mischief. The imminent peril of his own life, the lament on identifying the officer, decorated with a hero, and then had him summarily shot as a culprit! That was Hugo's notion of poetical justice; but since the incident was altogether imaginary, it did no harm, and pleased the theatrical fancy of a writer who never knew when his own train been side-tracked from the main line of the sublime to the switch of the ridiculous. If nobody else appreciates the splendid deed of Engineer Boss, at least the passengers, whom he saved from robbery or worse, ought to make him a substantial testimonial of their gratitude. The world is too much disposed to accept heroic deeds as a matter of course in our army of unutilized heroes, the firemen, policemen coast-service men, railroad men and others, who are not glorified as soldiers are, because they die to save life, instead of destroying it. Some day the world will recognize the distinction, but it will not be until it sees the outward and visible sign of which the outward and visible sign of which is shown in the military costume—leather, buttons, tinsel and all the gew-gaws of the Big Chief, whether he be an Ashanti warrior or the member of a "crack corps" of militiamen.—Boston Pilot.

SOME NOTED CONVERTS.

Rev. Ernest Rich Grimes, of the "Cowley Fathers" and for some ten years precursor of their church at Oxford, England, has been received into the Catholic Church at Erdington Abbey, England, by Dom Bede Cann, O. S. B.

Rev. Robert Benson, son of the late Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1896, has been received into the Catholic Church in London.

Judge Hiram H. Carver, of Crowley, a prominent member of the judiciary of Louisiana, and one who has long taken an active part in public affairs, has been received into the Catholic Church. He had been a regular practitioner at the Louisiana bar for more than twenty-five years.

Harry Patrick, a popular young man of Montrose, Pa., was received into the Church recently, by Rev. Father Anthony Broderick. Mr. Patrick's sisters, Misses Bessie and Belle Patrick, are also converts to the faith. They are graduates of the Montrose high school.

Captain Garrett, formerly well known as a popular commander in the Cunard steamship line, has been received into the Catholic Church at Boston, where he has resided for many years.

The Rev. Henry Gray Graham, Presbyterian minister of Avondale, in the Presbytery of Hamilton, Scotland, has been received into the Church.—The Missionary.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

A CATHOLIC SOCIAL CRUSADE. Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.—London, Eng., Catholic Truth Society.

NOTE.—When my booklet "St. Francis and You" appeared, I was asked by several friends among the clergy and laity to issue a smaller pamphlet on the same lines, but addressed to Catholics in general. The present pamphlet is issued in response to the request. It is essentially, with the exception of the first few pages, a re-issue of "St. Francis and You," with a few verbal alterations made necessary by the fact of being addressed, not to Franciscan Tertiaries only, but to Catholics at large.

The close of the nineteenth century found the Catholic world protesting its homage and devotion to the Divine Redeemer. It was a fitting act of worship, coming at the end of a century marked at once by a great denial of faith in our Lord's divinity and by a widespread indifference to practical religion. But this denial of Jesus Christ in word and deed has of late years been followed by a keen revival of faith in Him and of interest in His Church. The present is a time of promise. Already we see signs of a great re-awakening of the Christian world to the reality and responsibility of Christian life—an awakening based on personal devotion to our Divine Lord. In this fact especially lies the hope of the near future. Personal devotion to Jesus Christ is the key-note of true religious life as we find it in the history of the Apostles and first disciples. They left all things to follow Christ, and, like St. Paul, they so identified themselves with him and His cause, that they seemed no longer to live except in Christ and for Him. "I live, and yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." But what was it that made them so entirely surrender themselves to Jesus Christ? This and his true value of life, as shown them of eternal life. He implanted in their hearts a firm belief in life on earth, and taught them that this life is the beginning of eternity. More than this, Jesus Christ gave them the hope of attaining themselves eternal life, by attaching themselves to Him, becoming His disciples, and putting on His own divine spirit. To those who did this He promised the gift of eternal life and life eternal. He was the Redeemer of all who, believing in Him, gave themselves to Him and became His.

Such was the faith which transformed the lives of those Galilean fishermen who became Christ's first Apostles; which replaced the pagan philosophies that had promised the soul happiness but left it dry and discontent; which replaced the despair of a decaying empire with the hope and joy of a new life, the same faith, realized with the directness and simplicity of the primitive Christians, made St. Francis of Assisi what he was. He loved Christ. His joy was to follow in Christ's footsteps and, as far as he could, to carry out Christ's precepts. In the following of Christ he experienced in truth the joy of life; for Christ's sake even hardships and persecution became sweet; just as joyfully accepted, except, indeed, the interest of those who love. As it was with St. Francis, so it is with all the saints.

But Jesus Christ Himself has warned those who come to Him that "the road is narrow," and that to follow Him is to "take up the cross daily." We cannot walk with Him unless, like the Cyrenian, we help to carry the cross on which our own sin and that of the world, at large is redeemed, except, indeed, we are of those who follow Him in order to mock and jeer—if not in words, at least by the infidelity of their lives. The true Christian is he who suffers with Christ for the redemption of the world. And the world is redeemed from its sin only by much suffering. There is the suffering one cannot escape—poverty, sickness, persecution, temptation; all the results of the world's sin, and consequent of the "penitential discipline" of the world. Then there is the suffering which comes to us directly by our own will—the self-denial which we deem necessary for the overcoming of our own evil inclinations or for the avoidance of temptation; and still further, the self-denial we impose upon ourselves for the sake of others, to assist them by example in their struggle with the evil that is in them. "Bear ye one another's burdens," is the Apostolic command. We must think of ourselves alone but of those around us. Our service of Christ implies service of our fellow-men. "As you do unto these my least brethren, you do unto me." We all of us must bear the burden of the world's sin as Christ bore it, if we would be faithful disciples of Christ.

We must preach by example the Christian doctrine of the Cross, of that self-denial whereby alone the world is saved. To-day it is as true as ever it was before that only by the Cross can the world be redeemed. But to those who for Christ's sake take up the cross of self-denial will be given that crown and joy which is the portion of those who may follow Christ—the crown and joy of life eternal.

OUR SOCIAL CRUSADE. Now there are three chief evils in the world to-day which sap the foundation of its moral and religious life and effectually put it at variance with the teaching of the Gospel. These evils are: selfishness in the commercial dealings of man with man, intemperance in drink, and the growing disregard of the marriage vow. These are the foes against which the Church has in a particular manner to do battle at this time.

THE FIRST EVIL OF THE DAY—COMMERCIAL SELFISHNESS.

In the first place there is the intense selfishness of our commercial system. Based essentially upon free and open competition, it has tended to develop that spirit of self-reliance and personal initiative of which we may well be proud; but it has also degenerated too frequently into a means of oppressing the weak and ignorant. By if the nation has become rich and powerful; it has created fabulous wealth, and for great numbers of the people has raised

the standard of comfort higher than ever before in the nation's history. At the same time, it has created wealth and comfort at a bitter cost; the cost of countless lives, incessant labor, and the estrangement of class from class. It has developed the sweating system, bloated monopolies and trusts, whereby the lives of the poor are made a constant misery and anxiety, through uncertain labor and starvation wages. The tradesman of small capital is at the mercy of the large capitalist, and little mercy he experiences at times. When the market is overstocked with workers the opportunity is taken to lessen a wage oftentimes already hardly just. In the competition between rival companies the worker is made to suffer in order that the employer may compete successfully, and yet not lose his own profits. The owner of house property in a crowded city seizes his chance of exacting higher rent as the city becomes more crowded. Men must have some sort of shelter; their need becomes the selfish owner's cruellest ally in exacting a rent out of all proportion to the wretched tenement rented. Gambling and speculation, in one form or another, has become an ordinary source of income, against which men's consciences have ceased to protest. To be able to outwit one's neighbor is considered almost a virtue.

In such a condition of society the weak, the ignorant, the unintelligent, and the poor have no chance of escaping social degradation and constant suffering. True, the balance is slightly righted by the doles of charity now and again thrown out by some successful speculator; but such doles can never repay the poor for the injustice and misery inflicted by the grasping competitor or clever gambler. Yet it is not fair to blame those who succeed and rise upon the wave of commercial prosperity. If men and women are sweated to death for a miserable pittance, who are to blame? Not the employers only, though their sin is great; but all who patronize such labor contribute to sin. The insatiable yearning to buy cheaply, without any thought of whether cheapness is consistent with fair wages, this is the incentive which tempts men to buy cheap labor and underpay the workman. Were people in general not willing accomplices, there would be no sweating system, no unfair competition. The sin falls not on the few, but on the many, who too readily condone the sin of the few for the sake of the resultant advantage to themselves. They pay a half-penny less for a pound of sugar, or a shilling or two less on a ton of coal; what does the public care that the shop assistant or the miner is unable to get a human wage? And therefore this craze for cheapness, but that most often people may have more money to spend in unnecessary luxuries, in fine ribbons or a better brand of tobacco and such like. It is the increasing luxury of the period which gives the public its thirst for cheapness and condones the injustice of the sweater and smiles on the successful gambler.

THE DEMORALIZATION OF LABOR.

Nor must we forget how in the race for money labor itself has become degraded. There was a time when men delighted in the work of their hands for its own sake. Nowadays the workman from the mere financial point of view—he values it by its weight in silver or gold; and as the employer has sweated him for an inhuman wage, so oftentimes he will scamp his work when he gets the chance, and prides himself upon being thus equal with the employer. Frequently, however, it is the just employer who suffers most from the dishonest workman. Yet in the commercial scramble who cares? The appalling fact is that the majority of people are blind to the injustice of it all.

Commercial speculation and intercourse are, in fact, placed outside the ordinary Christian law. When it comes to buying and selling, hiring and being hired, all idea of inherent justice and Christian charity is put aside. "We cannot conduct business on the principles of the eight beatitudes," is their variation of the famous dictum of the Anglican bishop.

Now, this is just one of the points where society to-day needs Christianity most urgently. Christian principles must enter into business transactions equally as into any other act of life. A healthy rivalry in trade, based upon ability and energy, is quite consistent with justice and charity, and with that regard one for another which the Gospel commands. It is the grasping, selfish abuse of ability and strength which is incompatible with the Gospel.

THE GOSPEL AND TRADE.

Under an evangelic condition of commercial dealings, there would doubtless be less mighty fortunes; but there would probably be more general comfort, and a greater proportion between the conditions of rich and poor; there would be less luxury, but also less misery. The idler would be banned from society; but the helpless and the weak would not be left to starve in a garret.

It is impossible, we ask, to get men in these days to base their commercial transactions—their buying and selling—upon that justice and charity which is the groundwork of truly Christian society? St. Francis of Assisi in his day did not find it impossible to supplant the civic feud by Christian fellowship; why should it be impossible in these days to suppress commercial selfishness by the same spirit of Christian fellowship? Is it to much to expect of Catholics in these days that they should pledge themselves to strive after justice in dealing with their neighbors; not to take an unfair advantage of their neighbor's weakness or necessity; to consider, before they demand cheap goods, whether such goods can be sold cheaply without decreasing the fair wage of the laborer; to pay the "human wage" when they hire labor; (Pope Leo XIII. describes a "human wage" as that which enables a man to live by his labor in reasonable comfort) and to give a just return in labor for wages received? Such a pledge to-day would correspond with the civic pledge demanded by St. Francis of the world of his day. Then it was the free use of

arms which caused the misery; now it is the selfish use of open competition. If Catholics would set themselves to oppose by their example the commercial sin of this age, truly they would show themselves the standard-bearers of that Christian Brotherhood of which the earliest Christians have left us an example in the Acts of the Apostles, and for which Christ prayed with earnest prayer the night before His passion.

But it may be objected that whoever would set himself to act in his commercial dealings differently from the community at large will suffer much loss and hardly succeed in whatever business he may undertake; that nothing can be done until all men agree to be Christians in business. The answer to such objection is given by the early disciples of our Lord. Had they waited for the whole world to become Christian before themselves professing their faith, there would have been no Christian Church. Had the first Christians held back until the whole of pagan society responded to our Lord's teaching, the Church would never have existed. Some personal loss or suffering accompanies every good work; the world is ever doomed on Calvary. Is not our symbol the Cross, and our watchword "Who follow Christ and Him crucified"? Who ever is unwilling to suffer some loss or some pain in the cause of the Gospel has assuredly no right to the Christian name.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"ROME" AND THE PRESS.

Some of our sectarian exchanges are misled because of the attention given by the Associated Press to the sickness and death of Leo XIII. and the election of his successor. The Northwestern Christian Advocate says: "There are many persons who believe that the Associated Press is as much a tool of the Roman Catholic Church as it is one of the regularly authorized institutions of Romanism. These persons were reassured by the amount of space which was devoted to the death of Pope Leo XIII., the election of his successor, Pius X., and to the incidents related thereto. This Pope and Cardinal, the news in Rome could scarcely smother without the fact being reported at length by the Associated Press."

The Associated Press, through its agents, is a most expert pulse-feeler of public interest, curiosity and anxiety. Its clients, the newspapers, require it to supply them with reports of events that are interesting to the civilized world, and about which the civilized Press strove to supply the demand of their clients, the newspaper publishers, who, on their part, want what would help to sell their papers. This is why the Associated Press gave long reports about the Pope departing and incoming. It wanted to gratify the greatest number of readers, and it did so by its very extensive reports. The problem is a very simple one. If the reading public wanted to know and would buy a paper that would tell them the news, the editor would audibly and violently through the editorial nose, the event would be published with capital headlines, and if not so published, it would be because there isn't any money in it. The Advocate might sneeze his head off, and the civilized world outside the Chicago office would not pause to ask: "What fell?" It is different with the Pope; when he takes a pinch of snuff the world takes out its handkerchief to make ready for the editorial nose, the Associated Press knows this very well, and acts accordingly.

The Michigan Christian Advocate says: "Rome has her thumb on the Associated Press, and is in a position to dictate not only how much Catholic news shall appear, but also how little Protestant. Her ears are at the phones. Her fingers are on the wires. Her eyes survey the press letters."

And yet we are told that Protestants are more intelligent, more advanced, more enterprising and progressive than Catholics, and that the Church is old-fashioned, decadent, paralyzed, moribund old institution.

It is funny; at one time modern enlightenment has robbed the Church of all influence and caused her to lose her hold. At another she hypnotizes the world and controls its wire and wireless telegraph and phones and sets all minds atninking. To the sectarian mind she is the unsolvable problem of the ages.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The Altar Lights

The candles on the altar should always be lighted begitt with the one nearest Jesus in the Tabernacle altar. This is to signify that light comes from our Lord in the Tabernacle and that He is the source of all truth, of which light is the emblem.

ST. PATRICK'S BLESSING.

A short time before St. Patrick's died he is said to have ascended a high mountain and blessed the whole island. The blessing put into poetry is about as follows, which we republish by request:

Blessed be at evening hours, When sunset glids her fragrant bowers, When twilight winds howl, my blessings be, My generous will, all with thee; To thee be every blessing given From a favoring skies by bounteous Heaven; Be blessings in thy beautiful meads, Be blessings on thy battle fields, Be blessings on the fisher tribes that roam Thy blackening surge and white foam; Oh! blessed be thy stormy night, And blessings on thy morning bright, Be blessings on thy castle towers, Be blessings on thy village bowers; My blessing on thy waving corn, And every babe in Erin born, Bless be thy thunder angry roar, And every wave that laps thy shore, And blessed be the sultry scene Of sunshine on thy forest green; Where meadows spread, where hilllocks rise, Where lordly mannikins kiss the skies, On every banist, vale and hill, My blessing be with Erin still, My blessing be the rain and dew, And every breeze that visits you, And blessed be the sun that glows, My blessing on the matrons' fair, My blessing on the miners' toil, The miners' treasures rich and rare; The flocks that bleat, the birds that low, On every cottage, hall and hill, My blessing be with Erin still, My blessing be with Erin still.

—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Sacred Heart Review. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCLXXI.

You can hardly open a book treating, even incidentally, of the Catholic Church, but that you meet with some gross and calumnious blunder.

Take, for instance, Lady Jackson's work on the court of France in the sixteenth century. The purely historical parts of this are written with female vivacity and picturesque details, with accuracy, and with enlightened judgment, except that while she brings out in all their ugliness the darker sides of Charles the Fifth's character, she seems to have no apprehension of the higher and less selfish qualities of the great Emperor, the Burgundian rival of Francis. Ranke fully appreciates these, and so, indeed, does Froude.

Of course Lady Jackson is not a Ranke, nor even a Froude. She does not even apprehend Charles as what Froude rightly calls him, "one of nature's gentlemen." Melancthon, by the way, Janssen remarks, while pulchelly he followed his master's lead in charging the Emperor with habitual treachery, in his private correspondence draws a very different picture of him. The accusation of treachery, no doubt, is one of those "edifying and salutary lies" which Luther introduced into the Lutheran system, and which he energetically recommends as a means of bringing down the reputations of conspicuous Papists, not least, certainly, the good name of the head of the Holy Roman Empire.

Lady Jackson, however, warmly commends Charles' conjugal fidelity to the Empress Elizabeth.

When our authoress turns to the relations of the court of France at the time with the Reformation on the one side, and with the Church of Rome on the other, with both of which it was intricately involved, few traces of enlightenment appear. She does little more than follow the common beaten track of thoroughly common-place Protestantism. The Reformation, for her, is purely enlightenment and patient mildness, Catholicism sometimes superstition, sometimes hypocrisy, always infernal cruelty. The infernal cruelties of French Protestantism, which the great Protestant Guizot describes as so relentless, are something of which she seems wholly oblivious. The slow tortures in which many hundreds, even several thousands of priests and monks expired under Protestant hands are never mentioned by her. Even the less appalling picture is invisible to her which shows the fanatic Huguenot throngs, headed by their great theologian Beza, invading the cathedral of Orleans, and blowing up three great pillars, thereby bringing down the whole western front.

To be sure, Lady Jackson might urge that these scenes lie beyond the bounds of her book. Yet we might well look for some glance of anticipation at them, to show that she does not imagine the Reformation to be purely angelic. It is very few shadows that she brings upon the face of its execution, which is partly real and partly imaginary. I only remember now, to qualify this judgment, her mention of Clement Marot's libidinous life, and her censure of the foul voluptuousness of the writings of the Huguenot-Queen Margaret of Navarre, sister of Francis. Indeed, she describes her as the common patroness of free-lovers, free-thinkers, and Calvinists. This certainly does count for a good deal in mitigation of our indictment, although it has little effect on her generally admiring tone in speaking of Protestantism, which even includes Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn, and allows of no reflections on the entire honorableness of Elizabeth's birth.

Imagine a writer, addressing as a chief authority Merle d'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation." She might as well have given us Jack the Giant-Killer. I think I could devise a history of the Reformation out of that, not very much less authentic than Dr. Merle's.

Lady Jackson's most conspicuous blunder is now to be mentioned. She speaks of the effect of Luther's sudden outbreak as being to throw rapid discredit on "the doctrine of the Pope's power to forgive sins, past, present and future."

We see here that the author supposes it to have been an actual doctrine of the Catholic Church that the Pope has this power. If that was a doctrine then, of course it is a doctrine now. I do not suppose that even Lady Jackson is ignorant that no doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, once dogmatically received, can be reversed. Is it then a Catholic doctrine that the Pope can forgive future sins? Certainly not, in the usual and obvious sense of such a proposition. All Catholics, indeed all Christians, indeed all believers in God, of necessity allow that God can not forgive sins of which the man does not repent. Now no man can repent of past sins who is already meditating future. And if not forgiven by God, then certainly not by the Pope, whose only power to forgive is allowed to be delegated from God. Where can Lady Jackson show a declaration, or implication, by any Pope of possessing such a power?

There is a sense, indeed, in which the Pope claims the power to forgive even future sins, and this claim has been in no way debilitated by Luther's explosion. In the tribunal of Penance (in which, it is true, the Pope seldom sits) he, like every other confessor, assures the penitent sinner that God will not forgive his past sins, but will certainly forgive all the sins into which he may hereafter fall, provided that he shall have thoroughly repented of them before the hour of death. The confessor, however, Pope or common priest, does not, and can not, give a present absolution of these future sins, the issue of which no man can know. All Catholic theologians allow that an absolution would be null and void if

given to a man who did not heartily abhor every mortal sin, and heartily determine to avoid it. Should he again fall into it, absolution could only be given afterwards, never before.

Then the Pope's or a confessor's power to forgive sins is simply such a power as is claimed by every Protestant clergyman and church, namely, power to assure a true penitent of even future forgiveness of even future sins, on the one condition of genuine penitence. Original Lutheranism, indeed, did not require much as this, but most Protestants do. However, as we know, the Pope seldom hears confessions. A Papal absolution commonly means a remission of excommunication, major or minor, or of canonical penances. Now all these are simply acts of external jurisdiction, which imply no authority to intervene between the soul and God, or between the soul and the confessor. When Clement VII. remitted the excommunication of the Constable Bourbon's army, which had taken Rome and committed untold abominations, every soldier involved knew that this only meant that thenceforth any confessor was free to hear his avowal of sin, and finding him thoroughly contrite, to absolve him, and assure him that he would no longer be guilty of sacrilege in approaching the Communion. Previously no priest could have heard his confession except in extremis.

Was it then so utterly abhorrent an act in Giulio de' Medici, whom Ranke describes a deeply religious nature, to assure these rude handi that, if they were deeply penitent for their iniquities, they might now lay down their burden at the feet of a confessor, and also be now refreshed with the Bread of Life? No soldier imagined that if he should die unconfessed and impenitent, his simple restoration to the right of confession and Communion would save him from hell.

Of course Lady Jackson speaks of indulgences with all the dense unintelligence with which Protestants in general speak of them, and with which Luther himself frankly avowed that he had written about them. Tetzel certainly is by no means an Aquinas, yet even Tetzel sarcastically reminds Luther that no indulgence had ever been granted by any Pope except to "the contrite and absolved," and that to any other man or woman an indulgence would be mere waste paper.

However, we must not require of Lady Jackson to know more about the Reformation than Luther knew, who owns that he has made something of an ass of himself in his Ninety-five Theses. It was not his ignorant manning about indulgences which gave these their tremendous effectiveness, but their veiled denunciations of the deep venality into which the court of Leo X. had fallen. As Luther wrote to Tetzel afterwards: "Do not be too down-hearted; I am not you that have stirred up this commotion. The child has quite another father."

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

THE GOD SPOKEN WORD.

When pointing out the four chief marks of the Church established from speaking of a matter which bears directly upon the same. This is the character of the teaching authority of the Church. It is one also which marks a strong and forcible distinction between Catholicity and all forms of Protestantism. It is her infallibility, or possession of what St. Ignatius terms the "God-spoken word," over against which Protestantism sets the fallible opinion of individual interpretations.

The Church claims and her children confess that she is infallible. Reason substantiates the claim. That she must be a matter of logical sequence. It is predicted of her with as much positiveness as in her ownness, her infallibility, her universality and her apostolicity. Christ established His Church to teach mankind the way to eternal happiness. Therefore, she must be a never-failing teacher of the truth. For could she teach error then would she fail in her mission and stand as an imperfect work of a Divine Founder. More than that, the purpose of her establishment, that she could be led astray and God's promises remain unfulfilled.

In the first place, the infallibility of the Church is limited to divinely revealed doctrines of faith and morals. This is, to the truths essential to salvation, and to these alone. It is urged, however, that this teaching authority has been reposed in men and therefore must be tainted with the likelihood of error. Such might be the case had not Christ provided for the preservation of truth in His Church by extraordinary means. This was none other than the aid of the Holy Ghost. "And I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete that He may abide with you forever, the Spirit of truth, Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not nor knoweth Him; but you shall know Him; because He shall abide with you and shall be in you." Again, that the teachers of the Church speak with an infallible voice we know from the promise of Our Lord Himself: "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Hence the teachers are guided in their decisions by the Holy Ghost and there can be no error.

Too many of our separated brethren conceive the idea that when we say the Pope is infallible we mean in all matters. Catholics do not so believe. But we do maintain that when he speaks officially as Supreme Head of the Church upon such matters of faith and morals he cannot be in error. In such cases only is he infallible, and this for the reason that he is exercising that teaching power promised to St. Peter by Our Lord. Guided by the Holy Ghost when deciding such questions of faith and morals, it is impossible to commit an error. Hence in such cases his is the God-spoken word.—Church Progress.

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Twentieth Sunday After Pentecost.

GETTING NEARER HEAVEN. Brethren, I recommend to you the reading of the whole of this Epistle to the Colossians, especially chapter first, from the ninth to the fourteenth verse. It contains a short summary of the graces which should adorn the Christian character. "Being filled with the knowledge of God's will, walking worthy of God, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God." It is upon these last words that I wish to dwell this morning.

Have you increased in the knowledge of God since your childhood? Now, I fear that many of us must admit that we knew more of divine things the day we quit Sunday-school than we do at present. I think the words of the poet apply pretty fairly to many of my hearers: "Now 'tis little joy To think I'm farther off from heaven Than when I was a boy."

And this refers to heavenly knowledge in a special manner. When a boy starts out in life, even a good boy, he usually takes it for granted that his religious instruction is finished. That is a poor compliment to the divine wisdom in our Lord's revelation. It is a poor compliment to one's own intelligence. "As the hart panteth after the fountains of water, so doth my soul long for thee, O God; my soul hath thirsted after the strong, living God." Well, brethren, no doubt you have thirsted, but how many have thirsted for the true knowledge of God? Your knowledge of God was enough for a boy's religious life, but a man's religious life requires more. In your secular affairs you must keep up a constant study of all that concerns your business in order to make money, so must you study God, His Church, His Scriptures, His saints, to make progress in the spiritual life—man's most vital interest.

Just so; to make progress. But who wants to do that? Come, brethren, be honest with me: isn't it true to keep out of jail, in the spiritual sense, is the main business of your life? Isn't your whole religious career one everlasting struggle to keep the devil's claws off of your throat? Yet the essence of religion is not that, but it is elevation—elevation above the world, the flesh and the devil, elevation to God and nature's powers. Now, union with God is in the intelligence by knowledge of Him, and in the will by love of Him. Our Lord said to the Samaritan woman: "We adore that which we know." We love that which we read about; and about, and hear others talk about; and once we love anything we want to talk about it, read about it, and listen to other people talking about it.

But some one might say, Father, this is rather theoretical; give us a word of practical advice. Well, then, attend the High Mass and hear the long sermon on Sundays. Don't pick out the shortest Mass, in order to run home and spend the whole day in reading the Sunday paper and trashy novels. Come to all sermons in Lent and Advent. Read a chapter in the Bible once in the week, at any rate during Lent and Advent. And didn't you ever hear of parochial libraries? It is full of good books, secular as well as religious. Join it; it costs little and will give you good spiritual and doctrinal reading. Make religious questions matter of conversation in your family, and don't be ashamed about it. If some men and women would talk as much about the truths of religion as they do about the revered clergy they would greatly increase in the knowledge of God.

The Value of Time.

In each moment, a man may, by an act of contrition or of love, gain Divine grace and eternal glory. . . . "Time is worth God Himself; because God is gained in well-spent time." (St. Bernard.) Time is a treasure which is found only in this life; it is not to be found in hell, neither in hell nor in heaven. I, hell, lamentation of the damned is, "O, that an hour were given us!" They would pay any price for one hour of time to redeem the past; but never will they have that hour. In heaven, there it no weeping; but the blessed could weep, their life would be shed for having in this life lost time, in which they might have acquired greater glory; and because this time they can never again possess.—St. Alphonsus.

Manners of Some Pious People.

There is often a strange cruelty, a strange unkindness in our natures. We are so indifferent to the sufferings of others. We are very hard—sometimes we come out of the confessional absolved, but less pleasing to God than others who have just done to their neighbors a kindness. Oh, how cruel good people can be! How they can drive some miserable offender into the corner, as the fellow servant! How they can stand on their rights on what is due to their position! How they can humble and hurt some one whose necessities compel him to be outwardly unresentful! Is it any wonder that non-Catholics, knowing all that the children of the Church claim in the name of their Mother, are shocked at the want of magnanimity and honor, nay, at the positive meanness and dishonor, too often displayed by pious people!—Catholic Columbian.

On receiving some little attention from others, as a drink when thirsty, or such like, we should lovingly consider the goodness of our Lord and Master, whose wonderful solicitude procures us this relief.—B. Bartholomew of Martyrs.

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Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few weeks. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally, at the rate of \$2. Truly marvellous are the results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. It is a safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address: consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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LAW AND LURID LITERATURE.

Our daily press and court calendar show an increase of crime among the youth of the country that is certainly alarming. One need not be a close student of criminology to discern the cause. Slight observation tells us that it may be placed at the door of the blood and thunder novel of the cheap and lurid character. This is its leading, our boys astray. To their book companions they chiefly owe the fall. Lack of parental care is largely responsible. It is difficult to convince parents of the fact, but that does not invalidate its correctness. In view of this criminal indifference of parents, what is to be done? How are conditions to be remedied? What should be taken to remove the evil and thus protect the boys from this contamination? To our mind there is but one way, and that is recourse to the lawmaking power.

Let those who are interested in the future of our boys press for the passage of a law fixing severe penalties upon persons who offer such literature for sale. With such a statute incorporated the laws of our various states a positive remedy is at hand. To make the enactment effective nothing is necessary beyond its enforcement. And if it be faithfully invoked the result will be quickly beneficial. As may be readily observed, the effect of such a law would be to destroy the source of a supply. It not only punishes the dealer, but it goes further and makes the writing of such tales unprofitable. If the distributor is made to feel the penalties for laws infraction the writers of such trash will soon discover the market for their wares destroyed. None will care for a business with such serious risks and such small profits. Having thus removed the cause severe headaches, and sometimes fainting fits; her color left her and she was greatly reduced in flesh. In fact her condition was such that I feared she would go into consumption. We tried a number of medicines but they did not help her; then a doctor was called in, but there was no improvement, and things looked very hopeless. At this stage acting on the advice of a lady friend (who, by the way, was studying medicine and is now practicing in Chicago) I started giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the course of a few weeks there was a decided improvement in her condition, and by the time she had taken nine boxes she was again enjoying perfect health. During her illness her weight was reduced to ninety-five pounds, and while taking the pills it increased to one hundred and ten pounds. My advice to other mothers who have weak or ailing girls is to lose no time in giving them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

THE STRENGTH TO REFUSE.

"Temperance lectures are countless," says the True Witness; "they have been delivered in every key and every strain; but they can all be reduced to that one phrase: 'Do not drink.' It is easier to refrain from drink, before the habit is ever contracted than to break off the habit once it has taken root. You have never taken intoxicating liquor—then you are free, and you know nothing of its powers. Keep away from it. You never wrestled with a glass—you have no idea how you would feel or act when in his clutches, then keep away from him, do not waste it. We have before us a good, solid, common sense article on the drink question from the Kansas City World which says: "The young man who drinks strong liquor is like the commander of a fortified city who deliberately admits a known enemy within the walls. Drink is more hostile and more deadly than any army. It has sent more men to destruction and death than have all the armies of the world. There is nothing in it. You can not gain by it; you may lose everything—health, position, reputation, self-respect, manhood, soul. The first drink admits a demon that every successive drink strengthens until some day it may be strong enough to denigrate and glut its ravenous appetite with your brain and blood. Don't deceive yourself about your strength. You know nothing about that until the test comes, and then it often is too late."—Sacred Heart Review.

Every character is the joint product of nature and nurture.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents. THE MOST POPULAR PILL.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Holloway's Vegetable Pills, because they do what it is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any fictitious claims to excellence. They are compact and portable they are easily taken, they do not nauseate nor grip, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

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MOTHERLY ADVICE

From one whose Daughter was Restored to Health.

HAD SUFFERED FROM HEADACHES, DIZZINESS AND FADING SPELLS—FEARED AT ONE TIME THAT CONSUMPTION WOULD FOLLOW.

All the freshness of youth, the rosy cheeks and bright eyes of girlhood, the charms of budding womanhood, are due to pure, rich blood and healthy nerves. When the face is pale and the eyes lack lustre, when there are headaches and palpitation of the heart, the blood is seriously out of condition, and decline and consumption may well be feared. In emergencies of this kind there is no medicine so certain in its beneficial results as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every pill makes new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves and puts the sufferer on the road to health. Proof of this is found in the case of Miss Bertha Milloy, Port Dalhousie, Ont. The story of this young lady's restoration to health is told by her mother as follows: "A few years ago my daughter Bertha began to decline in health. Among the early symptoms were loss of appetite, loss of strength and an aversion to exertion. These were followed by severe headaches, and sometimes fainting fits; her color left her and she was greatly reduced in flesh. In fact her condition was such that I feared she would go into consumption. We tried a number of medicines but they did not help her; then a doctor was called in, but there was no improvement, and things looked very hopeless. At this stage acting on the advice of a lady friend (who, by the way, was studying medicine and is now practicing in Chicago) I started giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the course of a few weeks there was a decided improvement in her condition, and by the time she had taken nine boxes she was again enjoying perfect health. During her illness her weight was reduced to ninety-five pounds, and while taking the pills it increased to one hundred and ten pounds. My advice to other mothers who have weak or ailing girls is to lose no time in giving them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Nearly all the ills of life are due to bad blood, and they are cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills simply because these pills make new, rich blood thus bringing strength to every part of the body. That is the whole secret, and is the reason why these pills have cured after other medicines have failed. All medicine dealers sell these pills, but there are some who offer substitutes; see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

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CHATS WITH

Self-Reliance. We often find educated themselves almost without making the most vigorous of their own. In some cases, mental vigor, and independence upon their school teachers; in others, they know what will gain power for them. Such made men carry munities because and think vig they have learn.

Self-help is the make strong, vig- ace is a great ery a good t ever been the p called man out him on to his go. Grit is more t any handicap, and abolishes dig- who makes an op wait for it—the and does not w makes the stron operator.

It is he who d to work by ths initiating othe- "The hardest aspring youg with his shoul the Pittsburg C inequalities in a bound find at clism whisp- the victim of inj ought to be a good common se tell him that ey pression and inj exist in the bus- business could was a socialist tainments, he w one man ahead tules will als do not succo- "Whoever painting, or said Sir Josh all his mind from the mon to bed."

The advic- trate, once divided at- desire to ex- purpose, be- stars in the- "We mus- Fitch, the s- recent inter- on our lan- earned. W- of mine said- Write one- Say your o- joyment." The youg- enjoy the- only when t- to do much- one else. Webster d- for the att- be present- make him- world. It- science in- successful. When D-

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

MISS MAGGIE KEEFER FROM DOURO.

THE HOME SAVING & LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. 75 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO. IN BUSINESS AS A SAVINGS BANK AND LOAN CO. SINCE 1854.

REV. FATHER KIERNAN DEAD. Collingwood Bulletin, Oct. 8, 1932. It is with deep regret that the people of Collingwood...

THE most prominent men of the present day, among them Lester Mack, John J. Fallon, Chief Police Hayes, Police Commissioner Anthony Capelli, City Clerk James Landon...

Dear Father Kiernan: Among your best of friends and devoted friends, your following to you, our prayers on this, your anniversary...

What greater reward, dear Father, can a pastor of souls wish for than the genuine love of those with whom he is so intimately connected...

On this, Thursday, morning at 9 o'clock a solemn Requiem Mass will be said in St. Mary's church...

THE funeral of Mrs. Mary Dwyer took place on Monday, Oct. 3rd, from the residence of her brother-in-law, J. McKelvey...

Mrs. McCausland, who was the oldest teacher in the Public School No. 3, Hoboken, since 1871, died last night at St. Joseph's hospital...

St. Michael's day was a great day this year in the parish of Douro, Ontario, which was celebrated on the 29th of September...

Dear RECORD: The above article clipped from the Stratford Age calls for a few comments. Unfortunately there are still some anti-Catholic persons who love to dilate upon the evils of Catholicism...

A pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Clement's Catholic church, on Wednesday morning, Sept. 21st, when Mr. J. J. O'Connell...

St. Peter's Cathedral, London, was well filled on Tuesday morning, October 11th to witness the marriage of Mr. Edward J. O'Connell...

The mission was a great success at Boristown. Every one went to the sacraments and the attendance was all that could be desired...

On Thursday last, fifteen priests came to Collingwood to assist at the Mass for the late beloved pastor, Rev. Fr. Mackenzie...

On Sunday evening, the 27th, the Rev. Father delivered an able and original sermon at the Sacred Heart church, Parkhill.

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In a letter to Dr. Geer, Vicar of Trinity Episcopal church, the editor of the Call writes...

Family Medicine. Don't say you're not interested in your health...

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SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS FOR THE SOUL OF THE LATE REV. E. J. KIERNAN.

OBITUARY. Mrs. MARY DWYER. The funeral of Mrs. Mary Dwyer took place on Monday, Oct. 3rd...