

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE SISTER OF CHARITY ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

The following beautiful poem was written by a lady after the American Civil War. A well known literary gentleman has kindly translated it from the French, and although the beauty of it in the original is somewhat marred by translation we have no doubt that it will be read by our numerous readers with great pleasure:

Where bullets hiss in maddening clow,
And shot and shell rush wildly on,
Where dead and mangled forms we see
Amidst a wild and frantic throng.

Far louder than the thunder's roar,
Or the tempest's howling blast,
Are men half mad and drunk with gore,<
Besmeared with blood and rushing past.

But there amidst the carnage seen
God's own sweet angel bright and fair,
Kneeling on the blood wet green
Her hands to God are raised in prayer.

For the dying soldier at her feet
Whose brave young life is near its close,
Her words are gentle, kind and sweet,
God grant to him endless repose.

A pillow of fresh autumn leaves
Are gently placed beneath his head,
And many a fervent prayer she breathes,
Nor leaves him till his spirit's fled.

Then as God's messenger of peace
She presses on through shot and shell,
Everywhere she brings God's grace:
The good she does no tongue can tell.

Let wounded's dress be grey or blue,
She gives a sister's kindly hand,
She has but God alone in view,
And serves Him in the wounded one.

The dying soldiers bless her name,
And those who live do her rever:
But God's grace is all she'll claim,
This alone to her is dear.

At death she'll bring her harvest sheave
Of rich ripe grains—yes, grains of gold.
It at her Master's feet she'll leave
And enter into joys untold.

Her death comes, she hears the bride-
groom's call,
Her life's lamp's filled with oil and trimmed,
She enters into the banquet hall,
Whose brightness never shall be dimmed.

For all and all eternity,
With Thee her God and King Divine,
Her deeds and love of charity,
Will far the brightest stars outshine.

DON BOSCO.

The Apostolic Career of This Holy Man.

The life and work of Don Bosco by J. M. Villafraña, translated into English by Lady Martin, has, no doubt, been read by thousands; yet for the sake of those who may not have heard his name I propose to enlighten them with the following analytical data in a chronological order concerning the greatest doings of this saintly man of God during our own times.

Don Bosco was born at Merialdo, in a hamlet of Castelnuovo, d'Asti, near Turin, in Piedmont, on the 16th of August, 1815. When sixteen years old he began his studies, and during his curriculum at Chieri, until his ordination at the Seminary in Turin, on the 5th of June, 1841, constantly manifested a certain latent energy, the true harbinger of a mission, not localized to Piedmont only, but universal in its enterprise and final success. The 8th of December was the real beginning of his Apostolic career by the gathering around himself of all the children who at that time in Turin were in need not only of food and raiment, but required secular education and religious knowledge.

In 1844 Don Bosco accepts the spiritual direction of an hospital, and on the 8th of December blesses the first chapel of a nascent institution and dedicates to St. Francis of Sales, to be known in the future as the Salesian Institute. It was not, however, until 1846 that his great hopes were realized in the permanent establishment of his oratory after a great many trials and sufferings. Don Bosco was the first to establish evening schools in Italy for the benefit of the poor children who otherwise would have had no chance of education. In 1852 his zeal was crowned by the existence of two more oratories and by the completion of the Church of St. Francis of Sales, which was solemnly opened on the 20th of June. From the date everything that Don Bosco undertook grew as it went, *crescit eundo*, in a most mysterious and seemingly supernatural manner. The oratories were enlarged and multiplied; the real work of preparing his children for their different vocations in life was not only started but produced already good fruit; the publication of Catholic ecclesiastical and sacred history made their appearance, and in a short time, being translated into different languages, were spread beyond the seas for the benefit of the world in general.

This desire to consolidate the long-felt necessity of rescuing the youth of both sexes from the brink of perdition and bring them out as champions of the evangelical virtues was realized, inasmuch as the rules of the new Salesian Religious Order were proposed by Don Bosco and sanctioned by the late immortal Pius IX. on April 3rd, 1874. They had for their primary object the acquiring of Christian perfection, of devoting themselves to works of charity, spiritual and temporal, especially among children and youth, and to the education of students, destitute children being preferable to others. The first Salesian college was established at Mirabello, in Monferrato, in 1863. A second college sprang up at Lanzo, near Turin, the following year, in 1864, and in 1869 the third college made its appearance at Cherasco. In 1870 the Municipal college, of Alasio,

near Geneva, was handed over to him for its direction and supervision. In the following year this man of God opened an institute for poor abandoned children at Sampierdarena, under the title of St. Vincent de Paul. In 1872 we see him engaged at Valsalice near Turin in directing the college for children of noble birth and bringing it foremost amongst colleges for the refined education of the mind according with this peculiar preventive and repressive systems of educating youths of God, the Church and the State.

Piedmont was too small a territory for his energy and for his zeal. It was neither ambition nor filthy lucre that caused him to soar aloft and fly over the Alps and the seas, to carry his superabundant love of God, love of his neighbor and love of the poor. Behold then in 1875 he opened the first Salesian home at Niza Maritima in France. On the 11th of November he sent his first army of missionaries to South America; and the work done by these Christian heroes in the way of civilizing the savages of Patagonia and the surrounding countries without Government help, but the help of Providence alone, suffices to demonstrate the spirit, the energy, the undaunted courage of this the greatest of heroes of the nineteenth century. Yes, *crescit eundo*, and this work is carried on by yearly expeditions of newly-ordained priests, to supply the want caused by the untimely death of their seniors through exhaustion in their labors and the palm of martyrdom. Whilst the new enterprise was felicitously progressing in South America the home work was bearing its fruit in a most astonishing manner. New churches, new oratories, new orphanages, new convents, were built, and additional numbers of strays and needy were rescued in Italy, France and Spain.

From this epoch until his death in 1888 the name of Don Bosco became, according to the emphatic praises of his admirers, a wonder-worker, and therefore a saint of God. Pius IX., the greatest veteran of the Church of God, knew well the extraordinary abilities of Don Bosco, and through him, as an agent, many intrigues on the part of the Italian Government against the Vatican were apparently healed and quieted down, remaining *in statu quo* until this very day.

I should be too prolix if I were to enumerate one by one the multifarious deeds of this great man within the decade previous to his death. Suffice it to say that in 1879 Pope Leo XIII., the greatest veteran of the Church of God, knew well the extraordinary abilities of Don Bosco, and through him, as an agent, many intrigues on the part of the Italian Government against the Vatican were apparently healed and quieted down, remaining *in statu quo* until this very day.

To complete this enormous work of prayer was not sufficient, and here we see Don Bosco becoming a missionary preacher in Italy, in France, Spain, and Austria. His appeal to the believers and unbelievers met with not merely a cordial reception, but the golden metal required to further advance his projects and meet the enormous liabilities on his shoulders. The triumphant and Royal-like reception given to him by the Parisians in France, the Macedonians in Spain and the Trentians in Austria is in itself proof that Don Bosco's work was more of a supernatural than of a natural character. Buenos Ayres became a second Turin, a centre from which radiated on all sides the beneficent influence of Christian love carried onward to the most desolate and barbarous corners of South America by the apostles from his seminaries for foreign missions.

It was, however, in 1887, during the month of November, that Don Bosco sent a small number of his sons to London, according to the saying of Our Lord, "without scrip and without purse." They came and, like Caesar of old, could say *Veni, vidi, vici*. Twelve years have scarcely elapsed and during that short period these sons of Don Bosco have proved by their indefatigable, unostentatious and persevering work, and imbued with the spirit of their beloved Father in acting according to his peculiar mode, that Divine Providence would not forsake them. That beautiful plot of land secured by them at Battersea, the magnificent temple there erected in a special manner for the benefit of the poor people, the new college which is already in course of erection, the number of children who receive even now every kind of secular education and preparation for their success in life, stand there as a monument of the power of Don Bosco and of his faith in Divine Providence. Here also the *crescit eundo* is realized, not in a strange country but under our own eyes and in the midst of the greatest of all cities in the world—the metropolis of England. If so much has been done in such a short time there

is every reason to expect that in the near future their new college will become one of the foremost not only for the youth of the middle class but in a special manner for the humbler classes.—Rev. J. B. Gastaldi, D. D., in Liverpool Catholic Times.

HOLY FIRECRACKERS.

"Converted" Celestials Make Use of a Shipment of 84,000 dibles. From Frank Leslie's Popular Science Monthly.

"Independence Day reminds me," said the missionary from China, "of the most encouraging and the most disillusionizing experience in my life. I had labored hard in the work of converting the Chinese to Christianity, and there was unfeigned rejoicing among all the missions in China and the churches in America when the demand for Bibles on the part of our converts culminated in orders for 84,000 Bibles in one shipment.

"The remarkable number of new Christians thus indicated, while it occasioned much thankfulness in America, caused the heads of the missionary associations to set on foot an inquiry as to the methods employed in saving the souls of such an unusual number of Celestials and the uses to which they put the Bibles sent them.

"You may not know that in China the majority of the firecrackers with which we celebrate our day of national independence are made by the Chinese in their homes. Contractors for fireworks give each man a certain amount of powder and that must be made into a given number of crackers. The paper used in the manufacture he buys himself—and paper is not a cheap commodity in China. The powder furnished seldom fills the required number of crackers, but that does not disturb the Celestial in the least; he turns in his quota all the same, and the American boy, in consequence, invariably finds in each package of firecrackers a few that 'won't go off.'"

"I discovered that Yankee thrift had been absorbed by the heathen Chinese with much more readiness than Yankee morals. In contributing his labor toward our festival occasions he hit upon an expedient whereby a considerable profit accrued to himself. In other words, our great shipment of 84,000 Bibles had literally 'gone up in smoke.' They were to be had for the asking, and the Celestial conscience seems never to have suffered a pang as to their disposal for firecracker wrappers."

SPIRITUALISTIC HUMBUG.

Our spiritualistic friends have opened their annual tomfoolery and sleight-of-hand performances at Lake Brady. Knowing Artemus Ward's love for good humor they are introducing him as the star performer. But spiritualism is more than a joke, it is a humbug. There may be some things in the history of spiritualism that baffles explanation. It is difficult, for instance, to see how the introduction of the cult in America through the Fox sisters—only children at the time—can be attributed to chicanery and fraud. But aside from the first manifestations it is certain even by their own confession that the pretended spirit communications of these women were legerdemain pure and simple.

Dr. Home in his exposure of spiritualism explains every trick of so-called mediums up to his time, and we know that within a year the Anti-Spiritualistic Society of Indiana, where the nuisance was becoming especially intolerable, challenged the mediums of the United States to a public trial and agreed to duplicate every trick performed by spiritualistic mediums. The challenge has never been accepted.

With its free love principles, its jugglery, modern spiritualism, deserves no quarter and has no title to existence. Even by the admission of spiritualists themselves the spirits lie and steal. They make no claim that they are good spirits. Spiritualism leads men away from God; it opens the door to sensual indulgence. Its whole stock in trade is the trickery palmed off on its blind votaries under the cover of darkness and atmospherized by surroundings in which there is no element to make the visitations unpropitious.

Judged by experience, while it may not be safe to say that there is absolutely no spirit visitations, it is safe to say that as a rule the whole thing is trickery and fraud. Judged by its fruits and the well known principles that govern its leaders it is a hot bed of sensuality, and while there may be no need of spirit interference to cheat the dupes who believe in it, there is every evidence of the influence of the spirit of darkness in the attempted overthrow of Christianity, the denial of future punishment and the free rein given to licentiousness.

Catholics, as a rule, have too much faith and too much good sense to have any dealings with spiritualists. Spiritualism is a crime against God. It violates the first precepts of the Decalogue. It is a sin to have anything to do with it. It is always safe to stick to the old creed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord.—Catholic Universe.

"SOME OXFORD CONVERTS."

Henry and Robert Wilberforce and T. W. Allies.

According to T. Mozley, the young Wilberforces were already gradually forsaking the family Evangelicalism when they went up to Oxford. Three remarkably interesting brothers they were, of three distinct types, alike only in their common ability and warmth of affection: Robert (1802-57), quiet, studious, humble-minded; Samuel (1805-73), brilliant, fascinating, ambitious; Henry (1807-73) hiding under a boyish humor a deep, unsuspected thoughtfulness. It was certainly a strange thing that of the family of the great evangelist leader, three sons should become Catholics (for the eldest, William, as well as Henry and Robert, was a convert) and the fourth, a Protestant Bishop, should, besides being denounced as a Papist in disguise, have to mourn the "secession" to Rome of his only daughter and her husband. Moreover a grandson of the Abolitionist is a Dominican friar—the Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P., son of Henry, and eloquent writer on the lives of the saints and the saintly life.

Henry Wilberforce married one of the four Misses Sargent of Lavington, and settled down as rector of East Farleigh, Kent. It was a "fat" living, but he had his troubles there. He lost a bright boy at Sowell's school at Radley, and in addition suffered many things of the inevitable "aggrieved parishioner." Archbishop Howley stood by him, and, after inquiry into the charges, exonerated him. One accusation, by the way, was that he had actually spoken of the Blessed Virgin Mary! He was in the confidence of Newman, but he struggled on in the Church of England for five years after the fateful visit of Father Dominic to Littlemore. In 1849, Wilberforce's old friend, Faber, appeared at East Farleigh to arrange for the care and consolation of the Irish hop-pickers stricken with cholera. The Oratorians received every help from the Anglican rector, and a year later they had the joy of welcoming him to Holy Church. In a characteristic letter to his parishioners, he gave thirteen "plain reasons" for becoming a Catholic. The pamphlet is still procurable, and worth perusal. Unlike some converts, Henry Wilberforce had the happiness of "bringing his sheaves with him," his wife and family being fellow-converts. As a Catholic layman, he did a good work in founding the Weekly Register, and he did only three months before his brother Samuel's fatal accident, in 1873. "Dear Henry!" wrote Bishop Wilberforce, on hearing of his death, "what a charm there was about him, if you knew him ever so little." And Manning, asked which of the Wilberforces had, in his judgment, the profoundest intellect, on consideration gave the palm to Henry.

If Manning's verdict was correct, Henry Wilberforce ranks high, for his brother, Robert Isaac, Archbishop of the East Riding, was unquestionably one of the deepest thinkers of his time. His learned treatises on the Incarnation and the Eucharist are still standard works of High Anglicanism. The close friend and confidant of Manning, though long before he could reach his mind to leave her. At last, however, in 1854, he was received. He now talked of devoting himself to geological studies, but Manning's wise urgency overruled the notion. He had lately been left a widower, and was about to receive priest's orders when he fell sick and died at Albano, near Rome, in February, 1857. One of the humblest of men, he had great gifts, and his death was an abiding grief to Manning and a real loss to the Church on earth.

The association in this paper of the veteran, Mr. Allies, with the two Wilberforces has more than mere chronological justification, for he was benefited in Bishop Samuel Wilberforce's diocese, and was, it must be confessed, a thorn in the side to "S. Oxon." Thomas William Allies was born at Bristol in 1813, was an Eton boy, and took a "first at Oxford." He became examining chaplain to Bishop Bloomfield, who, in 1842, presented him to the rectory of Leighton, in the county and diocese of Oxford. He soon became known as having "foreign" leanings, and his outspoken "Journal of a Tour in France" moved Bishop Wilberforce to request the withdrawal of the book. Mr. Allies obeyed; moreover, he undertook to keep faith with the Thirty-nine Articles. But a voice superior to Bishop Wilberforce called him, and in the next year (1850) he found rest and refuge where the Thirty-nine Articles cease from troubling.

As an Anglican Mr. Allies had published "The Church of England Cleared from Schism!" There is no need to describe his words and work since his conversion. As secretary to the Catholic Schools Committee he was in labor abundant; he learned and exhaustive writings on the formation of Christendom and the Petrine privilege have earned him the honor of a K. C. S. G. from the Holy Father, the gratitude of Catholic readers, and the sore displeasure of Anglican critics.—The New Era, London, Eng.

DRAMA OF THE MASS.

Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J. Explains the Ritual of the Divine Sacrifice.

Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J., professor of philosophy at Boston College, preached in the church of the Immaculate Conception last Sunday on "The Drama of the Mass." He said in part: "I call the ritual of the Mass the drama of the eucharistic sacrifice. By drama I do not mean either a succession of meaningless rites, a procession of spectacular displays or continuous outbursts of emotional rhetoric. These would arouse no deeper feeling than that excited by scenic ceremonial and would be strikingly out of place in an act of worship that is closely allied with the most solemn fact in Christian history and that comes down to us with the pathetic memories that cluster around the martyr days of Nero and the subterranean chapels of ancient Rome.

"An eminent writer tells us: 'The object and power of dramatic poetry consists in its being not merely descriptive, but representative, and that not only when reduced to action, but even when reduced to words. Its character is to bear away the imagination and soul to the view of what others witnessed and to arouse in us through their words such impressions as we might naturally have felt on the occasion.'"

"The book of Job is an example of dramatic composition, where scene succeeds to scene, and where a growing beauty or majesty of dialogue is exhibited which will defy all rivalry with secular productions. This dramatic power runs through the service of the Church in a marked manner and must be kept in view for a right understanding thereof."

"The drama of the Mass means, consequently, that the entire ritual is not an unmeaning pageant, but a ceremony full of deep signification and symbolizing in word and movement the relation to the last supper and to the tragedy of Calvary. These momentous incidents in Christ's life, and the important bearing they have upon the very foundation of Christianity, must be the end of every part of the pathetic function.

"How strikingly the mind is carried back to those events by the solemn surroundings of the Christian temple. The altar the most prominent object, speaks of sacrifice; the sacerdotal robes with the cross speak of Calvary; the chalice speaks of the passover supper so elaborately described by the learned Dr. Bickell.

"What words can delineate the exquisite adaptation of part to part in that ritual, the warning words and prayers of the opening service, the piteous cry for mercy in the 'Kyrie Eleison,' the grand outburst of the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' and the impressive acknowledgment of faith in the recital of the Apostles' Creed.

"Everywhere symbolism, even in the number of times certain prayers are repeated. The preparatory part leads to the offertory, when the dramatic form becomes clear, and the scenes of the Last Supper are solemnly enacted, culminating in what stands out as the central point of the service, viz., the consecration.

"There is no need of words to explain this consoling action, because here the representation ceases and gives place to the reality, and Christ's adorable presence is acknowledged by every bowed head and by every banded knee. The parts from the consecration to the Communion, and from the Communion to the end, continue to bring back the same thoughts that throng around the consecration, and which are at once the comfort of the Christian soul and the source of Christian bravery and influence."

A FEW WORDS TO CATHOLIC GRUMBLERS.

We recently heard some sharp and uncharitable criticism of a good priest because he complained that his flock were not as liberal as they should be in contributing to the Church. Now, if the critics would seriously reflect on the exalted position, great dignity and sacred character of the Catholic priest their duty to contribute to his support would become light and pleasant. We never will be able in this world to understand fully what God has given us in the priest; we will understand it only in the hereafter. The good priest is with us at Baptism, and watches over us with a fatherly interest at our First Communion; he stands by our side when the Bishop's hands are imposed upon us in Holy Confirmation, and reverently blesses us at the impressive ceremony of Matrimony. Through life's wild storm he is our beacon light, and, at last, when we are in the struggling agonies of painful death, he breathes sweet consolations and strengthening hope into our departing soul. The good priest is our loving guardian and strong support on the tempestuous sea of life. He is with us in sorrow and in grief. He does not abandon us in life, and abides with us in death. When the world has lost its charm and sway on us, when earthly life has fled away and the immortal soul passed into eternity, and when all friends seemingly have forgotten us, then the

priest, with uplifted eyes, sends soothing mementos to our abandoned soul, perhaps still suffering in purgatory's cleansing fire.—American Herald.

GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

The Part It Plays in the Battles of Life.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Common sayings and what we are pleased to call superstitions are very often based upon accurate observations by people who had not the knowledge required to give them a scientific basis or explanation. For ages the belief has prevailed that a guilty conscience unnerves or paralyzes a man. That idea was at least a part of the theory under which the wager of battle was established, as well as many other crude devices for determining disputes. By some it was supposed that there would be supernatural interposition in favor of the right, but even such interposition was assumed to take place by the unnerving of the guilty man. It is not improbable that when this belief prevailed the effect itself was actually produced. The guilty man, believing that the result of the engagement would be controlled by a mysterious force in favor of the innocent, would be terror-stricken and rendered incapable of such resistance as he might have offered if his conscience had been clear.

The idea has been carried down to later ages. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all" and "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just" express the same idea in different forms, and there is at least a germ of truth in it. Men who are entirely free from superstition, to whom the thought of supernatural interference has never occurred, are nevertheless under the influence of conscience. If they are in the right, or think they are in the right—which amounts to the same thing so far as they are concerned—they fight bravely to the death; if they are in the wrong and know it, there is more or less hesitancy in their actions, unless, indeed, they have stifled conscience and are hardened in crime. The man who is doing wrong and whose conscience upbraids him is nervous and ill at ease; he is suspicious of others and his imagination makes him extremely sensitive to criticism. He distorts innocent remarks into accusations, pictures in his own mind evils that do not exist, and is rendered so nervous that he is unfitted to defend himself against attack. The innocent man, with a clear conscience, presents an opposite character. He is contented and self-contained. Even an accusation may pass by him unobserved; he is impervious to hints, and, if assailed, is ready to defend himself with all his facilities.

Increases of knowledge does not lessen the force of conscience, but makes those who are disposed to deal justly with their fellows more responsive to its action. Conscience may be stifled or hardened, but only by the destruction of moral character. One who desires to live uprightly should aim to maintain its influence, and this he can do only by respecting the warnings it may give.

LYING.

Lying, to take a purely superficial view of it, is the most disgraceful of the minor vices, and every man, who finds that his imagination inclines to talking liberties with facts or to supplying him with facts ought, in the interests of self respect, to repress its vagaries. There are people, who, it has been wittingly said, make one doubt the truth of the famous dictum of Aristotle and St. Thomas—that the object of the intellect is truth. They lose all sense of proportion. They lie, even when they know that their listeners know that they are lying. The regular motive for lying, the wish to deceive, appears to be absent, and they become a standing proof of the wisdom of the Arab proverb—"The penalty of untruth is untruth." Not every school boy has heard of the case of King George IV, the first blackguard in Europe. He used to tell about his experiences in the battle of Waterloo, though as a matter of fact he was in England at the time of the great fight. It severely taxed the politeness of the Duke of Wellington to be appealed to now and then to corroborate the royal mendacity.

We might say that the penalty of untruth over and above the habit of untruth which it begets is the scorn, good humored though it be, which upright men entertain for liars. Lying is the vice of cowards, of weaklings, of slaves. It is contemptible, ridiculous, unmanly. And more than this, it is an abuse of the gift of speech which God gave us in the interests of human society.—Providence Visitor.

In proportion as we possess sufficient evidence to know the truth, God will require of us to give an account of that truth at the last day. We must give an account both of what we have known and what we have not known, the reason why we have not known that which we might have known.—Cardinal Manning.

Many people are afraid of germs. Few people are afraid of germs. Yet the germ is a fancy and the germ is a fact.



Dr. Drennan, in one of his best poems, fancies himself beside the bier of William Orr, the first of the United Irishmen to succumb to England's hate, and thus passionately addresses his fellow countrymen:

WILLIAM ORR. The Gallant United Irishman Who Died for His Country's Freedom.

Dr. Drennan, in one of his best poems, fancies himself beside the bier of William Orr, the first of the United Irishmen to succumb to England's hate, and thus passionately addresses his fellow countrymen:

Here our murdered brother lies; Wake him not with woman's cries; Mourn the way that manhood ought; Sit in silent trance of thought.

Why cut off in palmy youth? Truth he spoke, and acted truth, "Countrymen, unite," he cried, And died—for what his Saviour died.

Here we watch our brother's sleep— Watch with us, but do not weep; Watch with us thro' the dead of night, But expect the morning light!

THE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN STRUCK TERROR INTO THE GOVERNMENT.

We know now that the progress of this grand society filled the Government with alarm; that the decline of fighting, quarrelling and drinking throughout the country made tyrants and flunkeys quake in their shoes. They understood well that when men cease to drink they begin to think. Therefore it was decreed that the Society of United Irishmen—so beneficial to Ireland and consequently so dangerous to England—should be put down.

A royal proclamation declared it an unlawful association, membership of which was treason-felony, a crime punishable with death. The organ of the society, the Northern Star, had its office raided and sacked by soldiers; and its brilliant and intrepid editor, Samuel Neilson, was flung into prison.

However, in spite of proclamations, arrests, imprisonments, threats and punishments of every description, the society continued to make such rapid progress that in the Province of Ulster alone there were in the beginning of 1797 not less than one hundred thousand members. The Government, having compelled it to be a secret society, now cast about for victims, and one of the first to be selected was William Orr, of Farraneshane.

A disreputable fellow, a soldier named Wheatley, was employed to make the acquaintance of Orr, and if possible get sworn in by him as a United Irishman. Orr had sworn in hundreds of men in his time. He was a keen judge of character and distrusted Wheatley from the start; therefore he treated the man civilly, but absolutely declined to discuss politics with him.

This was somewhat of a disappointment, but the difficulty was soon got over by instructing Wheatley to charge Orr with treason-felony and with endeavoring to seduce him—Wheatley—from his allegiance to his most gracious majesty King George.

The circumstances surrounding the judicial murder of this noble and gifted young Irishman were of such a nature as to excite a fever of indignation all over the country and to make the phrase "Remember Orr!" the rallying cry of the United Irishmen.

He was born in 1766 at Farraneshane, in the parish and county of Antrim, where his father was a farmer and bleachgreen proprietor in comfortable circumstances. Nature appears to have been lavishly generous toward him. When he reached the age of manhood he stood six feet two inches in height and was a perfect model of strength, symmetry and grace.

The expression of his face was frank and manly. He possessed a sound understanding and considerable talent in the conduct of affairs. His affections were strong, and his disposition so kindly that he was loved and respected by all classes.

In short, William Orr was exactly that type of man whose presence is a blessing to the community. He was that type of man whose career under any well-regulated government would have been one of honor and reward.

But William Orr had the misfortune to be an Irishman and to love his country; therefore he perished on the scaffold in the very flower of his manhood.

When Wolfe Tone published his celebrated "Plea on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland" Orr was one of the first to read it. Its noble tone and generous sentiments touched a sym-

pathetic chord in his heart and he straightway joined the Society of United Irishmen. He was an enthusiastic believer in the grand policy of breaking down the barriers of sectarian bitterness and uniting Irishmen of every class and creed in one solid phalanx, animated only by his desire of advancing their country's interests.

Accordingly, Orr was arrested and put under trial at the Carrickfergus Assizes. Wheatley came forward and glibly told the lying story which he had been rehearsing for months; but when the great counsel, John Philpot Curran, proceeded to cross examine him, the whole fabric of falsehood collapsed like a house of cards. The jury retired at 6 in the evening and sat up all night considering their verdict. In the morning they asked if they could bring in a qualified verdict as to the prisoner's guilt. Judge Yelverton directed them to give a special verdict on the general issue. They retired again and after a short absence they found the prisoner guilty with a hypocritical—and as they knew, perfectly useless—recommendation to mercy. Then Judge Yelverton pronounced the death sentence in a voice—we are told—"scarcely articulate," and at its conclusion burst into a flood of crocodile tears!

What a contrast then must have existed between the stalwart and noble-looking young felon in the dock and the wretched pack of rogues and time-servers by whom he was surrounded! When called upon to say why the death sentence should not be passed upon him his eyes swept scornfully over the court.

"That jury," he said in an unflinching voice and with his accustomed grace of speech, "has convicted me of being a felon. My own heart tells me that their conviction is a falsehood, and that I am not a felon. If they have found me guilty improperly, it is worse for them than for me. I can forgive them. I wish to say only one word more, and that is to declare on this awful occasion and in the presence of God that the evidence against me was grossly perjured—grossly and wickedly perjured."

The conviction of Orr aroused resentment among all classes against the Government. He was so young, so handsome, so brave, so generally beloved—above all, his conviction was so palpably a put up job—that a storm of indignation over swept the country.

The informer, Wheatley, repenting of his crime, went before a magistrate and actually made a solemn affidavit that his evidence against Orr was untrue of perjury. Two of the convicted jury made depositions that they had been inessentially plied with liquor while in the jury room, and that they were blind drunk when they gave a verdict which was contrary to their opinions. Two others swore that they had been menaced by their fellow jurors with denunciations and the wreck of their property if they did not comply with their wishes.

Under these circumstances no Government with any sense of decency would have let the verdict stand. However, when Dublin Castle gets a victim in its clutches it does not easily let go. A short respite was granted to the condemned felon, and the interval was employed in devising against him one of the meanest and most atrocious plots on record. It had been resolved to execute Orr at any cost and under any circumstances. His trial, however, had been such a farce and a scandal that some step was required to placate public resentment. If Orr, in hopes of a reprieve, could be induced to sign a confession of his guilt the Government would be to some extent vindicated, and any protests against his execution might be disregarded.

REFUSED TO MAKE A "CONFESSION" TO SAVE HIS LIFE.

Accordingly, Mr. Skelington, the high Sheriff of Belfast, and a well-known clergyman named the Rev. Mr. Bristowe visited a brother of the prisoner, named John Orr, a man who appeared to have possessed a keener sense of affection than of principle. They informed him that if his brother could be induced to confess his guilt he would infallibly be reprieved and in all probability liberated after a short period. James at once proceeded to the prison, and with tears, prayers, entreaties and every manner of exhortation, begged him to sign a confession, to save his life, and not to leave his family despairing and heart-broken. But when honor and principle were at stake no arguments, no prayers, no lamentations could shake the resolution of William Orr. He bade his brother go, telling him he would rather die ten thousand deaths than do what he asked of him.

The wretched man went back to the emissaries of Dublin Castle, and informed them of the result of his mission, in reply they craftily pointed out a way in which his brother might be saved in spite of himself. He had merely to forge William's signature to the confession which had been drawn up and forward it to the Lord Lieutenant, and a reprieve would immediately result. The affectionate, but weak and ill-advised, man fell into the trap. He was ready even to commit a crime to save his brother. The forged confession was sent to Dublin. Next day the startling news over spread the country that William Orr had broken down, confessed his guilt and acknowledged the justice of his punishment. Every one who had known and loved him previous to his arrest now blushed for shame at such unexpected and incredible potroony.

In spite, however, of the alleged confession, the preparations for his execution rapidly proceeded. On Oct. 14, 1797, at the hour of 2 o'clock, he was handed over to the Sheriff by the Governor of

Carrickfergus Jail. A vast assembly of soldiers attended the Sheriff. There were the Fife-shire Fencibles (the corps to which Wheatley, on whose evidence Orr was convicted, belonged,) the Monaghan Militia, the Royal Fencibles, the Twenty-second Dragoons and the Carrickfergus Yeoman Cavalry, besides a detachment of artillery with two cannon. Followed by a great concourse of people, the procession marched some distance from the town. The prisoner then spent some time in prayer with the Rev. Mr. Stavely and the Rev. Mr. Hill, two Presbyterian clergymen who had been in constant attendance upon him. Then he bade farewell to the weeping friends who surrounded him, and who were astonished by his unshaken fortitude. Next in a firm voice he delivered a declaration of innocence, printed copies of which he distributed to those near him. He then mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and the apparatus being adjusted, he was launched into eternity. So, in the flower of his manhood, and leaving a beloved wife and five little children to mourn his death, was the gallant, incorruptible William Orr judicially murdered.

LOVE OF HIS COUNTRY HIS ONLY CRIME.

In his dying declaration he prayed God to forgive the informers, the judge and the jurors who had conspired to take away his life. "My comfortable lot," he continued, "and industrious course of life best refute the charge of being an adventurer for plunder; but if to have loved my country, to have known its wrongs, to have felt the injuries of the persecuted Catholics, to have united with them and all other religious persuasions in the most orderly and least sanguinary means of procuring redress—if these be felonies I am a felon, but not otherwise."

He indignantly repudiated the charge of having acknowledged his guilt. "A false and ungenerous publication having appeared in the newspapers stating certain alleged confessions of guilt on my part, and thus striking at my reputation, which is dearer to me than life, I take this solemn method of contradicting the calumny. It was applied to by the High Sheriff and the Rev. William Bristowe to make a confession of guilt, who used entreaties to that effect, but I peremptorily refused."

The document thus touchingly concludes: "I trust that all my virtuous countrymen will bear me in their kind remembrance and continue true and faithful to each other as I have been to all of them. With this last wish of my heart, nothing doubting of the success of that cause for which I suffer, and hoping for God's merciful forgiveness of such offences as my frail nature may have at any time betrayed me into, I die in peace and charity toward all mankind."

When we consider the unassuming heroism of this young patriot and the foul conspiracy which extinguished his life we understand why the cry "Remember Orr!" was such a thrilling inspiration to the men of '98. He was not fortunate enough to share the joy of those comrades who beneath the folds of the green flag fought for country and liberty, but

Whether on the scaffold high Or the battlefield we die, 'Tis no matter, when for Ireland dear we fall.

In conclusion, we will quote the words of Peter Finerty, the gallant editor of the Dublin Press, who was imprisoned for ten years in consequence of publishing them. Here is now Finerty addresses Lord Camden, the Lord Lieutenant, shortly after the execution of William Orr:

"The death of Mr. Orr the nation has pronounced one of the most sanguinary and savage acts that have disgraced the laws. You did not exercise the prerogative of mercy—the mercy which the law entrusted to you for the safety of the subject. Innocent he was. Nevertheless his blood has been shed, and the precedent is awful. Feasting in your castle, in the midst of your myrmidons and Bishops, you have little concerned yourself about the expelled and miserable cottager whose dwelling at the moment of your mirth was in flames, his wife or his daughter suffering violence at the hands of some commissioned ravisier, his son agonizing on the bayonet and his helpless infants crying in vain for mercy. These are lamentations that disturb not the hour of carousal or the counsels of intoxication. The constitution has reeled to its centre—Justice herself is not only blind, but drunk, and deaf like Festus to the words of sobriety and truth."

Let the awful execution of Orr be a warning to all thinking men that, like Macbeth, the servants of the Crown have waded so far in blood that they find it easier to go forward than to go back.

"Let us not burden our time with trifles and our souls with grievances. We are every one of us good, bad and indifferent in our daily journey, walking with steady or unsteady step directly towards an open grave, and why worry and fret over anything? What is the laurel wreath of fame but a shadow? What is wealth but a bubble? Let us do our duty—the right as God gives us to see the right, with malice toward none, with charity for all."

Thinking of it.

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FATHER MATHEW. Justin McCarthy on the Apostle of Temperance.

I can hardly say when my acquaintance with Father Mathew began. His noble, dignified figure, his graceful face, his sweet smile, his gracious, genial manners made up a presence which belongs to my early boyhood and even to my childhood. I was born and brought up in the city of Cork, where Father Mathew's chapel, "The Little Friary," was situated, and I was in the habit of meeting the good and great priest and reformer almost as far back as my recollections can go. I took the temperance pledge from him while I was a mere boy—little more indeed, than a child—and I was in the habit of meeting him very frequently for many years until I left my native city and settled in Liverpool and then in London. Father Mathew had a finely-moulded, rather aquiline face, a face that somehow suggested high birth, and was certainly remarkable for its quiet dignity. His smile was most winning and even captivating. It seemed to bring man, woman, and child at once into a relationship of confidence and affection with the benevolent priest. He spoke with a strong Waterford accent, and he never was an orator or made the slightest pretensions to rhetorical eloquence. But he could carry a great meeting along with him by the force of a charm which not even the genius of eloquence can always confer—the charm of boundless charity, of exquisite sympathy, of Christian meekness, tenderness, and love.

Everybody in Cork knew Father Mathew, or perhaps I should rather say Father Mathew knew everybody in Cork. For him, in his friendly intercourse and his charitable dealings, there were no distinctions of rank or class, of sectarian denomination, or of political party. He was the friend of the rich as well as of the poor. The title to his friendship was to be honest of purpose, to aim at living a pure life, to be helpful to one's neighbors, and perhaps above all things else, to be in need of Father Mathew's help. The most devoted and assiduous of Catholic priests, he was on the most cordial terms of friendship with the clergymen of the Established Church—for there then was a State Church in Ireland—with the ministers of all the Dissenting denominations, and perhaps especially with those of the Unitarian and Quaker bodies. He visited everyone who was in any manner of difficulty or distress, and indeed, it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that whenever there was trouble in any household the helpful presence of Father Mathew brought brightness to the scene. He needed no introduction to any home to which he believed his visit might bring comfort or assistance of any kind. He took but little concern in the workings of political life, and while I imagine that his own innermost inclinations were rather Conservative than what we call Liberal in their nature, one could never have guessed at his political opinions by any of his daily sayings or doings. I do not think I have ever known a man who was so absolutely above and beyond all the distinctions of rank and class which count for so much even in republics and democracies. Thackeray tells in his "Irish Sketch Book" that he met Father Mathew in Cork in 1842. "On the day we arrived in Cork," he says, "and as the passengers descended from the 'drag,' a stout, handsome honest-looking man, of some two and forty years, was passing by, and received a number of bows from the crowd around. It was Theobald Mathew, with whose face a thousand little print-shops had already rendered me familiar. He shook hands with the master of the carriage very cordially, and just as cordially with the master's coachman, a disciple of temperance, as at least half Ireland is at present." Again, during the same visit, Thackeray met Father Mathew at one of the hotels where "one of his disciples in a livery coat came into the room with a tray. Fr. Mathew recognized him, and shook him by the hand directly; so he did with the strangers who were presented to him; and not with a courtly, popularity-hunting air, but as it seemed, from sheer hearty kindness, and a desire to do everyone good." I have seen him in many a house shake hands with the butler, and heard him ask about the butler's wife and children, and all this "not with a courtly, popularity-hunting air," not with the faintest suggestion of patronizing condescension, but simply a part of the natural bearing of the kindly priest, to whom all men were as brothers.

I came to know Father Mathew very soon, because he was always particularly fond of the young, and there was something in his every look and word which won the instantaneous confidence of boys and girls. He constantly spoke of the wonderful work which he hoped to do "through my young teetotalers." There was nothing whatever of austerity or of asceticism about Father Mathew. His eyes beamed with delight at any chance of finding amusement and pleasure for the young, and indeed, for the old as well as the young. He thoroughly entered into the Irish love for music, and his temperance movement, as directed by him, brought with it an organization for bands and musical societies in the city where he worked, and, indeed, all over Ireland. We used to have great processions of teetotalers, old and young, with bands and banners, on all manner of holidays and as important parts of every open-air temperance demonstration. We had Temperance Halls all over the city, and in each of these halls there used

to be from time to time temperance tea parties, which Father Mathew honored and brightened by his presence and where he spoke words of encouragement and comfort to those who were gathered round him. Music always formed a great part of these entertainments, and Father Mathew knew everybody, and if any of the guests had the gift of song Father Mathew was sure to call upon him by name and to insist on his giving the company a specimen of his skill. He understood human nature and especially Celtic human nature far too well not to know that innocent amusement is a splendid weapon against vice. He made his movement educational in the narrower as well as the broader sense. For instance, he started in Cork a society called the Temperance Institute, which became an immense influence for good among the boys and young men of the city. It was a large hall, almost in the very centre of Cork, with a library attached to it and with reading-rooms and writing-rooms; and this institute was open all day and until a reasonable hour every night for the benefit of its members. Father Mathew's idea was to form a sort of literary and educational club house for the benefit of his young teetotalers where they could be brought into frequent intercourse with himself and all the leading members of his temperance organization, representing every class and every religious denomination. The rooms were comfortably and even elegantly fitted up, and the library had many shelves filled with histories, books of reference, standard authors in all branches of literature, and the best magazines and newspapers of the day. Each member paid a small subscription and Father Mathew himself exercised a certain control over the admission of members. Many a boy who was too poor to pay even the small subscription found himself, nevertheless, admitted a member of the institute at Father Mathew's suggestion, and the members in general were not allowed to know that the new member had not paid his subscription for himself. The place became a regular home of evenings for numbers of boys who would not otherwise have had much of a home in which to spend their hours happily after school or after work. Many of the leading members of the temperance movement in Cork used to look in there a good deal during the evening, and used to direct in an unassuming way the studies and amusements of the boys. We used to have evenings set apart for the reading of essays on all manner of literary and historical subjects, and for discussion of the questions they opened up. One evening was generally given to the reading of the essay, and a later evening set apart for its discussion. Father Mathew himself often attended these meetings, and spoke a few pleasant, appropriate words on some casual question that happened to arise in the course of the debate.

I remember that on one occasion the dispute wandered off into a controversy as to whether ambition was or was not a noble feeling in the human mind. We debated the matter in true schoolboy fashion, every speaker adopting the assumption that his own definition of ambition was the true and only one, each speaker citing portentous authorities to justify his own views, this set of speakers pointing out that but for ambition no great work could ever be done, and that set of speakers insisting that because of ambition the noblest efforts of mortals had been fully undone.

Father Mathew quietly arose, and in a few bright sentences pointed to the fact that without some definition being agreed upon as to what we meant by ambition, and without some limitations as to its aims and its powers, it would be hard to get to any satisfactory conclusion from the moralist's point of view. But then he added, with a humorous smile, he was glad to be able to say that his young friends were not more wanting in definiteness than Shakespeare's Brutus, who had said of Caesar, "There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition," and had left it entirely to his audience to define for themselves the nature of Caesar's ambition. This charming little touch of humor had its happy effect. With all our high-wrought eloquence, we boys of the Temperance Institute could understand a joke, and we knew that we had been gently reminded that we were making fools of ourselves, and the debate was allowed to return to its natural course. Among the young fellows who read essays and took part in the debates was one whose name I have already mentioned in the pages of St. Peter's—my old friend Joseph Brennan—then a boy of remarkable intellect, culture and reading, who afterwards took part in the Irish Rebellion of 1848, then went to the United States and made a distinguished name there as a poet, a journalist and a politician, and whose career was cut short by a premature death. I reviewed not long ago in these pages "A Trinity of Friendships," a charming story written by my dear old friend's daughter, who is now a nun in an American convent. Another of our prominent debaters was a dear friend of mine, still living and flourishing, Mr. Thomas Crosbie, now and for a long time past editor and proprietor of the Cork Examiner, and who not long since held the high position of President of the Institute of Journalists of Great Britain and Ireland.

I made my first speech at one of these literary gatherings at the Temperance Institute, and I think that just before delivering it I was, if possible,

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even more to make years ago. When Father Mathew's pleasant fellows, were ready to be wondrous, the con- putting into the Father M know all about us. The city was us. The indeed, his boys said be- of the amongst help us was don himself in the perance solemn appoint good be heads u Mathew way to thing sort of ade won among curvings, ings, our am was al- served. Shakesp help of moun- parts a appear eous au a part in which and of John P well. be a m but I c and the know t word of pra- were a the pu- I ha Father- ous atten- ance In seem t thing. priest, of his no no dressin- of tem- of all tions: the co- own s find th- ing it- and to- how o- ther was b- life, I to ha- time uoa- Mathew could- could- even given- fende the o- come dissa- his m- defin- the o- of his agal- unfa- lead- who cate- as he- Fathe- yet re- man- able- recie- frier- I ha- see- pan- cou- I ter- per- inv- con- Fat- by- frie- the- Exa- men- wor- as a- he- pat- the- scr- say- mu- Ma- lu- loc- rov- ev-

even more nervous than when I rose to make my first speech some twenty years ago in the House of Commons. When each debate was over, Father Mathew used to come round and hold pleasant talks with all the young fellows, and used to find out what we were reading and studying, and what we were thinking about; and he had a wonderful way of getting easily into the confidence of every boy, and putting him by the gentlest guidance into the right path for everything. Father Mathew made it his business to know all about us, about our parents, about our homes, and our ways of life; and his home on the south side of the city was always open to every one of us. The Temperance Institute was indeed, Father Mathew's school for his boys, and he took care, as I have said before, that some of the leaders of the movement should be always amongst us to direct our readings and help us in our amusements. All this was done in the most unostentatious way possible; neither Father Mathew himself or any of his elder companions in the work ever appeared in the Temperance Institute with the air of a solemn schoolmaster or moral director appointed there to drill the boys into good behavior and to try to set old heads upon young shoulders. Father Mathew's idea as to the true way to influence boys was something quite different from that sort of discipline and that kind of parade work. The elders always came among us as if they were boys just like ourselves. They took part in our readings, in our musical entertainments, in our discussions, in all our amusements; and their influence was always felt, although never asserted. We used to enact scenes from Shakespeare sometimes, without the help of any stage costumes or stage mountings and we used to study our parts as carefully and prepare our declamation as anxiously as if we had to appear before a public and miscellaneous audience. I remember enacting a part in a scene from "Henry VI.," in which my friend of early boyhood and of advanced manhood, the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, took a part as well. Father Mathew never set up to be a man of high literature culture, but I can well remember the keenness and the justice of his criticisms, and I know that we boys were as glad of a word of advice and as proud of a word of praise from Father Mathew as if he were a professor of declamation and we the pupils under his care.

I have often wondered since how Father Mathew, with all his multifarious duties, found time to give so much attention to the work of the Temperance Institute. He was, however, one of those happily endowed men who seem to be able to find time for everything. He had his constant work as a priest, he had his work as the leader of his great temperance movement; no week passed by without his addressing several meetings in the cause of temperance; he attended meetings of all manner of charitable associations; he travelled far and wide over the country and throughout England and Scotland in the promotion of his own special work; and yet he could find time to give up a night every now and then just for the purpose of looking in at the Temperance Institute and talking with the boys and seeing how everything was going on. One other man, and one only, with whom I was brought, during the course of my life, into frequent association seemed to have the same faculty for finding time for everything, and that other man was Mr. Gladstone. Father Mathew had a sweetness of temper which nothing could embitter. He could be righteously angry, but on occasion called for anger, but even his very rebukes appeared to be given for the sake of the offender, and out of charity and love of the offender, and had nothing in them of the common-place anger that comes of mere temper or mere dissatisfaction. The charm of his manner was something not to be defined or described, it came from the boundless sweetness and charity of his nature. Nothing could exhaust his patience, even with those who again and again proved, for the time, unfaithful to his teaching and were led away from the life of temperance which it was his chief object to inculcate. He would never give up a man as hopeless. So long as the man lived Father Mathew believed it possible yet to reclaim him, and I have known many cases in which his unconquerable influence and patience did at last reclaim men whose families and friends had given them up as hopeless beyond recall. "Despair of a man," I have heard him say, and I can still see the sweet quiet smile which accompanied the words: "do you think I could despair of the Grace of God?"

I may be allowed to close this chapter of memories with an anecdote of a personal nature, and which, indeed, involves something like a personal confession. A complete biography of Father Mathew was published in 1883 by one of my kindest and dearest friends, the late John Francis Maguire, then editor and proprietor of the Cork Examiner, who was for many years a member of the House of Commons, and won high distinction there, although as a Catholic and an Irish Nationalist he was naturally not often in sympathy with the feelings and temper of the majority. Mr. Maguire, in describing Father Mathew's speeches, says:

"As may be supposed, there was much similarity in many of Father Mathew's speeches, for he delivered hundreds of speeches in the year. By local allusions, and illustrations borrowed from some circumstance or event of the day, he imparted as much

novelty to each speech as the nature of the subject well admitted of, still, to an accustomed ear, especially that of a reporter, the generally similarity was obvious. A very young and talented member of the Cork Press, and who is now making for himself a reputation in the very highest class of periodical literature, was especially instructed to attend a certain meeting, and be sure and give Father Mathew a full and careful report. The meeting was held on Sunday—a beautiful, bright day in summer, which, invited to pleasure and enjoyment—but it was not honored by the attendance of the representative of the Palladium of our liberties. He was far away, outside the harbor, amidst the young and gay, revelling in the enjoyment of his given holiday. Nevertheless, the next issue of the paper contained a long and careful report of Father Mathew's speech of the day before, which, besides arguing the question with more than usual force, contained some admirable descriptions and powerful appeals, and was enriched by several local allusions and personal references of a complimentary character. Thus, for instance, the people of the parish and their beloved pastor came in for more than their share of affectionate eulogy; even the band was praised for 'its delightful performance,' and 'the fidelity of the members of the reading-room was held up to all societies in the country as a shining example. The speech told wonderfully well. 'Really,' said a knowing one, 'that's the best speech Father Mathew ever delivered.' And Father Mathew thought the same; for when he next met the reporter, he shook him by both hands, saying, 'My dear J— that was a most beautiful report of yours. I don't think I was ever better or more faithfully reported in all my life.' The modest reporter blushed, and answered: 'I was afraid sir, you might not have been pleased with it.' 'Pleased, my dear J— why it was literal. Only it was rather better done than I spoke it.' The mind of the reporter was much relieved by this assurance; for the report had been prepared the day before the meeting was held, and was borrowed from Father Mathew's former speeches which were contained in the newspaper file. It was ingeniously supplied with such novelties, in the way of courtesy and compliment and illustration, as the reporter knew would be introduced on the occasion. It was not until many years after that the proprietor of the paper heard of the ingenious instance of 'literal reporting.'

Now comes the confession I have to make, I was that truant and diletto reporter whose audacious hand constructed the speech with which Father Mathew's kindly and gentle nature was so easily satisfied. The truth is that Father Mathew had not the slightest feeling of personal vanity in regard to any of his speeches or deeds. When he had delivered his speech, and thus done all he could for the moment for his cause, he probably forgot all about the speech itself, and as the oration with which I supplied him undoubtedly expressed his sentiments and taught his moral lesson, it never occurred to him to trouble himself with any doubt as to whether the report was or was not a literal version of his spoken address. If I am inclined to admit a pang of remorse because I did not attend that particular meeting, my regret is perhaps somewhat tempered by the fact that my desertion of duty and my endeavor to supply the want occasioned gave me one other chance of appreciating the exquisite good nature and simple self-forgetfulness of the great priest, preacher and moral reformer whom it was my happiness as a boy to know, to revere, and to love.

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Named by the Cardinal Protector and Blessed by the Pope for all Associates.

The twenty-ninth day of August, in this year of grace, 1892, will be the hundredth anniversary of the death of Pius VI. A parallel between the state of the Holy See then and now naturally suggests itself and ought to fill all Catholics with abiding trust in the ultimate triumph of the Papacy.

When the venerable Pontiff Pius VI. died at Valence, in France, in the eighty-first year of his age, he had been, for more than eighteen months, a prisoner of the French Republic. Dragged successively from his own city of Rome to Florence, Siena, Parma, Turin, Briancon, Grenoble and finally to Valence, he was welcomed everywhere with veneration and love by the people while he was inhumanly treated by his captors.

How thoroughly the saintly Pope was at the mercy of these liberty-shouting tyrants may be gathered from what happened to him towards the end of his long captivity. Pius VI. reached Turin in the night between the 24th and 25th of April, 1799, so nearly dead that more than once he was thought to have breathed his last. Hardly had he been carried to bed when a Piedmontese lawyer, who was then adjutant in what had been but lately the capital of Sardinia, stalked into the Holy Father's room and said: "Citizen Pope, I have the honor to offer you the assurance of the consideration and respect entertained for your person by General Grouchy, commandant in Turin. However, he invites you through me to start to-morrow before daylight for Grenoble. This is the decree of the Directory of the French Republic."

The Sovereign Pontiff was too ill to reply or even perhaps to understand this strange welcome. Nevertheless, he was forced to set out the following night. The route lay in front of the residence of Cardinal Gerdtl, that marvel of erudition and amiability who wrote with equal charm in Italian, French and Latin so many admirable works on Apologetics. Pius VI. was as anxious to see his dear friend the Cardinal as the Cardinal was to meet the Pope. Yet this consolation was sternly refused to both.

At Susa the commandant declared that the Holy Father was not to go to Grenoble, but to Briancon, an Alpine fortress. As the road climbed Mont Cenis, carriages were useless in the ice and snow. The Pope, whose enfeebled condition made lying down almost a necessity, was obliged to sit up in a chair and be jolted over the mountain passes. On the summit of Mount Genèvre Pius VI.'s companions were afraid. Beneath them lay revolutionary France, that France whose name in Italy was a byword for war, brigandage and impiety. As they neared Briancon their fright grew into terror; for they beheld approaching them a troop of armed men with drums beating, who looked more like banditti than regular soldiers. Fortunately, however, they turned out to be a guard of honor coming to escort His Holiness.

Meanwhile the allied Austrians and Russians were advancing to attack the French; so the republican authorities ordered him to be transferred on the 27th of June to Grenoble, dead or alive. Thence the Holy Father was taken to Valence. This, his last journey, began on the 10th and ended on the 14th of July.

Like his Divine Master, Pius VI. was dragged from one prison to another and expired in the clutches of the law. On the 22nd of July the apostate Abbe Sleyes, who was the President of the Directory, decreed that the "ex Pope (le ci devant Pape)" should be dragged still further, from Valence to Dijon. But the order was never carried out. The Holy Father was too ill to be moved. He died in the sentiments of the greatest humility and trust in God on August 29th, 1799.

"It is not strange," says Macaulay in his oft-quoted essay on Rankin's History of the Popes, "that in the year 1799 even sagacious observers should have thought that at length the hour of the Church of Rome had come. An infidel power ascendant—the Pope dying in captivity—the most illustrious prelates of France living in a foreign country on Protestant aims—the noblest edifices which the munificence of former ages had consecrated to the worship of God turned into temples of victory, or into banqueting-houses for political societies, or into Theophilanthropic chapels—such signs might well be supposed to indicate the approaching end of that long domination."

"But the end was not yet. Again doomed to death, the milk white hind was fated not to die. Even before the funeral rites had been performed over the ashes of Pius VI. a great reaction had commenced, which, after the lapse of more than forty years, appears to be still in progress. Anarchy had its day. A new order of things rose out of confusion—new dynasties, new laws, new titles; and amidst them emerged the ancient religion. The Arabs had a fable that the great pyramid was built by the antediluvian kings, and, alone of all the works of men, bore the weight of the flood.

"Such was the fall of the Papacy. It had been buried under the great inundation, but its deep foundations had remained unshaken; and when the waters abated, it appeared alone amidst the ruins of a world which had passed away. The Republic of Holland was gone, and the Empire of Germany, and the Great Council of Venice, and the old Helvetic League, and the House of Bourbon, and the parliaments and aristocracy of France.

"Europe was full of young creations—a French empire, a kingdom of Italy, a confederation of the Rhine. Nor had the late events affected only the territorial limits and political institutions. The distribution of property, the composition and spirit of society, had, through a great part of Catholic Europe, undergone a complete change. But the unchangeable Church was still there."

Thus far Macaulay, but no farther will he go. As illogical as he is purblind, he can dramatize the facts and group them with telling effect, but he will not draw the obvious conclusion that, since the Catholic Church is the only institution which thus periodically renews itself, it cannot be of human origin, it must be divine. Let us, who see, not the wrong side of the tapestry as Macaulay did, but the right side of the Providential Design, examine into the facts a little more closely.

After the abduction of Pius VI. and the occupation of Rome and Italy by the French, all the infidels, heretics and schismatics in the world openly proclaimed that the Papacy was expiring and that Pius VI. would have no successor. On whom, indeed, could the Church of Rome rely? On the Sultan of Turkey? On Protestant England, where the Pope was still generally looked upon as anti-Christ? On half barbarous Russia, steeped from its birth in the Greek schism? On Germany or Austria, infected with Lutheranism or Josephism? On the Bourbons of Naples and Spain who, for the past hundred years, had taken pleasure in harrying and badgering the Holy See: Naples deceiving the Pope and getting ready to share with the French republic the spoils of the Papal States; Spain, allied to the same republic pestering the Holy

Father in his last hours at Valence to obtain the means of setting up in the Iberian peninsula a sort of national, independent Church? And yet, in the very midst of these wars, revolutions, open antagonisms and covert desertions, Cardinal Chiaromonte was quietly elected Pope by the unanimous vote of all the Cardinals, except himself, and took the name of Pius VII.

How had this wonderful event come to pass? By a combination of circumstances in which it were blindness not to see the finger of God. When Pius VI. was carried off from Rome, the French held the Eternal City and all Northern Italy, and Austria had made peace with them. But as soon as the Pope was gone England organized a new coalition against France. An alliance was brought about between Austria, Russia and Turkey, angered at the French invasion of its Egyptian province. Hence that formidable army, swollen with Cossacks and Tartars, commanded by Souvarov, which expelled the French from Rome and Italy, despite the valour of Macdonald and Moreau. Just then occurred in Venice the election of Pius VII. England, Austria, Russia and Turkey mounted guard, as it were, at the door of the conclave, so that the Cardinals might peaceably and leisurely do their work. The deed done, the motley sentinels are called off elsewhere and the scene changes.

Thus began that great reaction of which we have heard Macaulay say that "after the lapse of more than forty years it appears to be still in progress." Nearly sixty years have passed since the spectacular historian penned those memorable words, and the progress is now greater than ever before.

We all have heard of the trials and triumphs of Pius VII.; his re-establishment of public worship in France with the help of the conquering Napoleon; his subsequent persecution and imprisonment by that same resistless conqueror; his sentence of excommunication causing, as Allison testifies, the muskets to fall from the frozen hands of Napoleon's soldiers during their retreat from Moscow; his triumphal return to Rome, where he survived, during eight years of a peaceful reign, the fall of the Emperor he had crowned in Paris.

Leo XIII., his successor, is known especially as a declared enemy of the secret societies which were then laying the foundations of that occult government of Europe which is one of the blots of the present age. He was also a staunch upholder of discipline in all ranks of the clergy.

Pius VIII., the next Pope in the hundred years under review, is, by the shortness of his reign, an exception to the long reigns that have marked the last century and a quarter. Since the accession of Pius VI., in 1775, there have been only seven Popes in a period of one hundred and twenty-four years. This gives an average of almost eighteen years to each pontificate. When we consider that the average length of each pontificate, taking the whole list of Popes since St. Peter, is only a little over seven years, this extraordinary average of eighteen years during one of the most troubled epochs in history is, of itself, a proof of God's watchful providence over His Church. Never were the pontificates so prolonged because never were the outside conditions of states and kingdoms so insecure.

Pius VIII. was a remarkable exception, since he reigned only one year and eight months. But he had time to hail with joy Catholic Emancipation in England, one of the most notable instances of this century's reparation of an iniquitous past, and to brand once more, as his predecessors, Clement VII., Benedict XIV., Pius VII., and Leo XII., had done, those secret societies which have been the ruin of Italy.

The next Pope, Gregory XVI., witnessed the vigorous growth of that Catholic re-action, which had been heralded by Chateaubriand and Lamennais in France, Newman in England, Goerres and Moeller in Germany, Balmes in Spain, England and Brownson in the United States, and Plessis and Bourget in Canada.

Pius IX.'s was a wonderful pontificate, by far the longest on record after that of St. Peter (counting the years of Antioch), and probably unequalled in the splendor of its achievements. At first flattered and cajoled by the revolutionary party, then forced to flee to Gaeta, then again returning in triumph to Rome, there to view with anxious dread during twenty-one years the encroachments of Italian usurpers, which culminated in the downfall of the Temporal Power and his own imprisonment in the Vatican, Pius IX. maintained, amid all the trials of his thirty-two years of reign, a cheerful, apostolic spirit. Never was the Papacy more active in combating error and defining doctrine. The personal definition of the Immaculate Conception, in 1854, and the collective definition of Infallibility by the Vatican Council, in 1870, would be enough to illustrate a century of Popes. Never did the great heart of the Catholic world go out to the Vicar of Christ with such intense loyalty and love.

On the 7th February, 1878, the golden-tongued fascinating Pontiff gave up his sweet soul to God. "Thirty-two years of mingled glory and sorrow, of incessant conflicts, chequered with success and failure, thirty-two years of contrast between the passionate devotion of Catholics and the bitter hatred of sectaries sank into the tomb with Pius IX." When he died, Catholics the world over said "When shall we see his like again!" And lo! there was found sitting in the Chair of Peter one who is, in some very vital respects, greater

even than Pius Nono.

During the latter reign the brilliant battles of the Catholic reaction were at their height; during Leo XIII.'s reign, the solid triumphs of that reaction are come. The non-Catholic world listens, as it never did before, to that passionate Papal voice speaking in a series of expository, hortatory and dogmatic encyclicals such as were hitherto unknown.

Leo XIII. seems to embody, perhaps better than any of his predecessors, the Thomsonian idea of "Eternal Peter of the changeless chair." In that he quietly bides his time almost as if his life here below were never to end. The way in which he has leisurely covered, during more than twenty-one years, the whole field of live theological, philosophical, political and social questions in that magnificent sequence of argumentative documents which constitute the great work of his pontificate would seem to show that he has simply filled out a plan sketched by himself as soon as he was crowned with the tiara.

This is what all the world can see and admire in our venerable Pontiff. It can also take cognizance of the most striking of which is, of course, the subjugation of Bismarck and the repeal of the Kulturkampf. But those who are not of the household of the faith can form no adequate conception of Leo XIII.'s masterful influence on that inner life of the clergy and laity which is the mainspring of their outward action. His recent invitation to all Catholics to consecrate themselves to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is but the crowning act of another series of devotional encyclicals recommending the rosary of Our Blessed Lady and prayer to the many saints canonized during this pontificate, enforcing ecclesiastical and religious discipline, imparting new life and vigor to the Third Order of St. Francis, the Apostleship of Prayer and other distinctively popular forms of Catholic piety.

These manifestations of an interior spirit of devotion, inseparably connected as they are with soundness of Catholic much stronger proofs of the quickening energy of the Holy See than even that exterior progress of Papal influence which we have attempted to sketch. It will, therefore, be well to hark back to our starting point and glance at the doctrinal advance of the Catholic Church during the last hundred years.

Pius VII. had been only sixteen months Pope when he performed an act of Pontifical authority which is unprecedented in the history of the Church. In order to carry into effect the Concordat with the First Consul, Napoleon, in 1801, he called upon all the Archbishops and Bishops of France to resign their sees unconditionally into his hands. He might appoint many of them to new dioceses—for the diocesan limits were to be completely changed; but, if they refused to resign, he would nevertheless proceed to erect the new dioceses with new Ordinaries. To understand the stupendous import of this act of supreme Papal jurisdiction, we must bear in mind how rare then were in France the Gallican theories contradicting the supremacy of the Sovereign Pontiff. In point of fact, thirty-six out of the eighty Bishops who had survived the Revolution refused to resign. They protested that the demand was most extraordinary, that the Holy See had never displayed such power as this implied. This was true; but France must be saved to the Church, and the success of the Pope's drastic measure furnished forth at once the noble example of the majority of the episcopate yielding up their sees and a dogmatic lesson of apostolic authority which made schism henceforth impossible in France.

This one act of Pius VII.'s paved the way for the definition, sixty-nine years later, of the infallibility of the Pope. Like the philosopher who proved that motion was possible, by walking—*solitur ambulando*—the Holy Father gave to the world a practical illustration of his God-given power.

No more striking proof of the development of Papal influence in this century can be found than the rapid decline of Gallicanism. In 1799, when the dispersion of religious orders, and especially the suppression of the Society of Jesus, had borne their bitter fruit, Gallican error was rampant wherever French ecclesiastics had penetrated. Not only Catholic clergy of England, Ireland and Scotland were tainted with it, but it was unfortunately too common in Canada and the United States. Josephism and Febronianism were sapping Catholicism in Germany and Austria. Spain and Portugal suffered less from these anti-Papal heresies, though even they were honey-combed with the spirit of revolt against Rome. But soon there grew up, under the breathing of the Holy Spirit, a love of Rome and Roman doctrines which gradually leavened the whole mass of clergy and laity all over the world. The blessed work has gone on with ever increasing success in the successive generations of this nineteenth century.

Nursing Mothers
dread hot weather. They know how it weakens and how this affects the baby. All such mothers need Scott's Emulsion. It gives them strength and makes the baby's food richer and more abundant.

One bottle of O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt will do what it requires two of other makes to accomplish. If you are run down or have no appetite, and cannot sleep, take a winglassful of O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt four times a day (one bottle will last two days) and you will be surprised at the results in a few days.

W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

There have been here and there halts and pauses; it is so hard to shake off old habits. On our Canadian soil the last roots of Gallicanism and Jansenism were torn up within the memory of some who have not yet reached 'the serene and yellow leaf' of age. There were heart burnings over the great Catholic Liberal battle of the sixties and seventies. There were a few defections after the Vatican Council. But what are these tokens of human frailty to the grand and universal harmony of the whole Catholic world believing in and implicitly trusting the Pope in this year of grace, 1892? So unchallenged is the Holy Father's word at the present day that the very persons whom he paternally corrects are the first to protest that they never meant to entertain the slightest opinion of which he might disapprove.

That is what makes this centenary of the death of Pius VI. more important than the thousand and one centenaries trumped up every other day. This one is full of light and hope. Although the trials of the Papacy are longer now than they were in the past, yet that very past shows us the ever kind and watchful Providence of God tenderly protecting the Vicar of Christ. True, the Holy Father is still a captive in his palace. He himself is always calmly but persistently protesting against this injustice. But we must not lose heart, we should not even fear, were woes far greater than the present to befall us. The Chair of Peter is built on the rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. Let us pray for our Father in Rome—this is a labor of love—but let us not be so faithless as to tremble for the Church of God.

Lewis Drummond, S. J.
DAILY PRAYER DURING THIS MONTH.
Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer Thee, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the prayers, good works and sufferings of this day in reparation of our offenses and for all the intentions for which Thou continually immolatest Thyself on the altar.

I offer them, in particular, in order that Thou mayest restore to the Sovereign Pontiff the full liberty due to his supreme ministry.

Apostolic Resolution: Pray for the Pope and contribute to Peter's Pence.

"To Do Ill Costs More Than to Do Well."
This "wise saw" might properly read, "It costs more to BE ill than to BE well." The source of all health is rich, strong blood. It is to the body what the mighty streams are to the earth. If the blood is pure, the body thrives; if the blood is weak or impoverished, then every pulse-beat carries weakness instead of strength.

Why make the cost of living more than it need be? Purify your blood and give your constitution a chance to do its level best. The only perfect blood purifier and vigor-maker in existence is the world-famed Hood's Sarsaparilla. It brings good, perfect health. It never disappoints.

Erysipelas Sores—"After scarlet fever a running sore was left on my nose. Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured me. My brother was also relieved by it of erysipelas in his face." ELLA COCHRAN, Burden, N. B.

Bowel Trouble—"My mother, Mrs. John Reed, suffered with bowel trouble for four years and tried different doctors, but obtained no relief until she began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this medicine entirely cured her." LIZZIE REED, Tracy Station, N. B.

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Dyspepsia—"For twelve years I was dyspeptic and broken in health. I had terrible pains in my back and was unable to work. When I had taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I recovered my health. I always recommend it." J. B. MASON, 302 8th Street, Oswego, N. Y.

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London, Saturday, August 5, 1899

CONSECRATION OF BISHOP-ELECT McEVAY.

Mr. Clarke's ability occupy a higher and worthier position.

The publication week after week of matter put together by characterless penny-a-liners, the purpose of which is to lead our Protestant fellow citizens to believe that the Catholic Bishops, priests and people would deprive them of their civil and religious liberties, were it in their power so to do, is not only reprehensible but criminal.

The Orange Sentinel and its staff and Mr. Clarke Wallace and his associates in the government of the Orange order are simply political thimble-riggers.

The rank and file form merely the rounds of the ladder by which these gentlemen hope to climb to exalted positions. The wonder is that in this age of the world so many people who pretend to have a full share of enlightenment can be so easily humbugged.

LEO. XIII. AND THE BIBLE.

The Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., has issued a Brief in which he grants special Indulgences as an encouragement to the reading of the Bible.

The request was presented by the Abbe Garnier of Paris that the Holy Father should encourage the devout reading of the Bible in editions containing Catholic notes, and approved by one or more Catholic Bishops, by granting to those who would read the Bible for a quarter of an hour the same Indulgences which have been accorded to those who recite the Christian Acts.

His Holiness graciously acceded to the request, and now an Indulgence of three hundred days may be gained by those who read the Bible for a quarter of an hour, provided the edition read has been approved by lawful authority.

Furthermore a Plenary Indulgence may be gained every month by those who keep up the practice for a month. To gain this Plenary Indulgence, beside the conditions already mentioned, the sacraments of penance and holy Communion must be received, and prayers offered for the intentions of the Holy See.

The readiness of the Holy Father to concede these privileges is a proof of his desire that Catholics should make themselves familiar with the Holy Scripture.

DREYFUS.

The French Government has given a new proof of its desire to do complete justice to Dreyfus. It has completed 20,000 francs (\$4,000.) in the hands of the clerk of the court by which he is to be tried, to be given to him in case his innocence is proved in the trial which is soon to take place.

The prisoner would be justly entitled, in addition, to a generous indemnity for the sufferings he has been compelled to endure during his four years of imprisonment, but it is said that he refuses to accept indemnity. The money already paid in by the Government is the four years' salary to which as the captain of artillery he would have been entitled if he had remained undisturbed in his position in the army.

ANOTHER PROSPECT OF UNITY

According to the London Daily News, there is again a movement towards the reunion of the three Irish Nationalist parties under one leader, and this time there is strong reason to expect that the union will be completed. It is to be hoped that these prognostications may prove to be correct, but similar anticipations in the past have been so frequently not realized that we fear to be too sanguine on the subject now. However, the time for a general election is drawing near, when those who have been keeping up dissension may be brought to account by the Irish people, and the consciousness that an account must soon be rendered may operate beneficially in making those who are responsible seek to come out from their present false position, and to work harmoniously with the main body of the Irish party for the common good. We hope sincerely that the rumors now current may prove to be well founded. It is only through union that Home Rule can be secured.

THE ORANGE SENTINEL.

We have received a special number of the Orange Sentinel (the official organ of the Orange association) issued in honor of its existence of twenty-five years. We are sorry we cannot commend the course of the Sentinel, and we also regret exceedingly that we cannot compliment Mr. Clarke upon his work. The Orange Sentinel has during all these years been engaged in the task of endeavoring to create ill-will between Catholics and Protestants. It is a bad business. We should much prefer to see a man of

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE FRAUD.

We have received from several different quarters copies of so-called Christian Science journals, and sermons or addresses in advocacy of the fanciful theories of the Christian Scientists.

We have many times in our columns pointed out the fallacies which these sectaries set forth as the basis of the new religion which they have constructed upon a misinterpretation of some texts of Holy Scripture.

For the most part these discourses consist of an incomprehensible jumble of words which may mean anything or nothing, and which would be unprofitable even if a meaning could be extracted from them.

As an example, let us take the following conclusion, drawn by a lengthy argument of the editor of The Christian Science Sentinel, of Boston, in its issue of 20th July, 1899:

"The teaching of the unreality of evil (sin, suffering and sickness) is based upon the Scriptural declaration 'All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made.' The unreality of evil can be demonstrated only as one gains the understanding of the aliveness of God. Christian Scientists are gaining this understanding, and it saves them from the desire to sin, thus proving that it does not encourage one in the indulgence of sin."

With an inconsistency which is almost inconceivable, the writer of this asserts he who commits sin must be punished for it, and that it is a debt which no one but himself can pay.

We may admit this contention that sin is not an actual entity. This is held by many metaphysicians as a theory, but we do not deem it necessary to discuss it here. We prefer to reason from principles which are beyond doubt, though this theory is the one on which the Christian Scientists seem to base their whole religion, inferring that the adherents of that sect are exempt from the commission of sin, and they assert that physical suffering and sickness are equally nonexistent from their point of view. We may remark, however, that the theory does not justify the inference.

It is certain that the essence of sin consists in its being a disobedience to the law of God, whether by thought, word, deed, or omission; and St. Thomas properly defines it to be a turning away from God, who is our first beginning and last end.

We admit also that the reconciliation of the co-existence of sin with the existence of an infinitely powerful and pure God is a difficulty for the finite human intellect to fathom; but this co-existence is a certainty which cannot be denied. Still sin is not, of itself, either a substance or an act, but only a state or condition arising out of our relations to our Creator, inasmuch as He has given us free will to obey or disobey Him. It is by creating a confusion in regard to this, in the minds of those who can be readily duped, that the Christian Scientists endeavor to mislead their votaries and propagate their tenets, as well as by an appeal to the vanity of hearers who are pleased to be told that they are beyond the danger of sinning.

The doctrine we have stated is clearly that which St. Paul lays down. Even this great Apostle proclaims that he must persevere in works of penance, "chastising his body, so that while preaching to others he may not himself become reprobate." (I Cor. ix., 27.) This teaching is widely different from that of the Christian Scientists, who claim an absolute immunity from sin, as in the article to which we have already referred.

We have another direct contradiction to the Christian Scientist doctrine (I John i., 8): "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

One of our correspondents calls our attention specially to a letter professionally written by a Catholic who having been afflicted with "a claim of" locomotor ataxia of three years' standing, had tried all the "pathies," for the purpose of obtaining relief—allopathy, electropathy, osteopathy, and presumably hydropathy and homeopathy, without success. At last he was induced to try "Christian Science," which means that he gave up all medical treatment, and allowed the quacks who call themselves Christian Scientists to operate on him—and he was cured in an incredibly short time.

The ailments under which he was suffering were numerous enough: "paralysis, gastritis, fugitive pains in the legs, partial loss of eyesight," with four or five others. All these ailments he calls "a string of beliefs," which means in the parlance of the quacks, imaginary ailments. If the ailments were only imaginary it may reasonably be inferred that the cure was only imaginary also, and we

THE ANTI-RITUALISTIC DECISION.

The mountains in labor have once more brought forth a mouse. The Archbishop of the Church of England at Lambeth has given a decision after many weeks of serious discussion, and the result is that the ceremonial use of incense and candles in the Church is pronounced to be contrary to law.

This decision has been arrived at after a most careful investigation, and the Archbishops of York and Canterbury are agreed on the matter, but how they reached such a decision will probably remain a mystery to the outside world.

It is admitted that even since the Reformation, and since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there are to be found traces of the use of incense in the Church, and it does not appear that there has been any positive prohibition of it, but the Archbishops hold that it was used solely for the purpose of stifling unpleasant odors in the Church, such as those which arise from dead bodies during the funeral services. They assert that "the symbolical and ceremonial use of incense arose out of the original sanitary use of it where the sacrifice of animal life made some sort of a deodorant necessary," and that in the ancient account books in which the purchase of incense for the Church is recorded through the middle ages, the purpose for which it was purchased is sometimes set down, that it was used for deodorizing!

We do not deny that incense was sometimes employed for the purpose here indicated, but we do say that the two Archbishops in making the assertion that this was its general purpose in the Catholic Church in England, and in the Jewish temple from the time of Moses down to that of Christ, run counter to the whole testimony of Holy Scripture and tradition or history.

As regards the Jewish temple, it is, of course, true that animal sacrifices were constantly offered up, and it is very easy to assert that it was for the sole purpose of stifling the disagreeable odor arising from these sacrifices that the use of incense was prescribed, but it would not be easy to prove such an assertion. On the contrary, any one can see by reading Ex. xxx. that the primary object for which Almighty God commanded the use of incense under the old law was on account of its beautiful symbolism.

An altar of incense was ordered to be erected, a cubit in length, and of the same breadth, that is, very nearly twenty-two inches square, and forty-four inches high, of a precious and sweet smelling wood. This altar was to be overlaid with gold, and a gold crown was to be placed over it, to impress the people with the importance of the use of incense in the divine worship; and even the rings by means of which it was to be carried about were to be of gold, and the bars of setim wood overlaid with gold.

On this altar, incense was to be burned perpetually, at least every morning and night and not merely while sacrifices were being offered, and the people present. (Verse 8.)

It was commanded that the incense to be used should be compounded in a specially prescribed manner, and that it should be "well tempered and pure, and most worthy of sanctification," and "most holy shall this incense be unto you. You shall not make such a

CATHOLICITY IN CHINA.

The recent decree of the Emperor of China, recognizing the Catholic religion as a national religion of the Chinese empire, is regarded as a great triumph for religion and for the Catholic Church in particular, as it will cause the natives of the celestial empire not to regard the Church in future as a foreign religion, as has been hitherto the case.

It has been in the past a great obstacle to the progress of religion that the Chinese look upon all foreigners with suspicion, and are of opinion that it is the wish of the foreigners to partition China among the various European powers, and thus to make the Chinese serfs in their own country. But the recent decree will remove very much of this feeling in respect to the Catholic Church especially, inasmuch as it will be now seen that the Catholic religion is regarded with honor and reverence by the high authorities of the Empire, while its aims are entirely religious, and not political.

By recent statistics published by the Propaganda, the total number of Catholics in China, exclusive of Corea, is 532,448. In Corea the number of Catholics is estimated to be about 25,000, but as Corea is now independent of the Peking Government, the decree will at all events affect the religious standing of the 532,000 Catholics of the Empire proper.

Politically, this decree has also an effect, as Bishops are raised by it to the rank of viceroys or governors of Provinces, and the Pope is recognized as Emperor of the Catholic religion, being thus placed by the Chinese Government on a par with the highest sovereigns of the world, and entitled to send an ambassador or nuncio to Peking to guard the interests of the Church. It is considered to be highly probable that a special representative of the Holy Father will soon be sent to Peking, or that Mgr. Favier, who is the Vicar Apostolic of the District of Peking, will be designated as the Apostolic Delegate to the Empire. This appointment would give great satisfaction to the Chinese Government, which has great respect for Mgr. Favier, to whom, also, it is due, in a great measure, that the Church is held in such high esteem by the Government, and that the recent recognition of the Church has been officially promulgated.

The Chinese title by which the Pope is designated in the decree is "Kiao Hoang," which signifies "the Emperor of a religion."

Beside this official recognition of the Church, France has been proclaimed by another decree to be the recognized protector of the Catholic Church throughout the Empire. This is an important step for French interests in the East. The French Government did not fully appreciate its importance until Germany seized Kiao Chou province, and thus established for itself a permanent foothold on the Chinese coast. Germany, also, backed by the triple alliance, aimed at being appointed protector of the Christians of the Chinese Empire, the importance of which position may be estimated from the fact that China with its four hundred millions of people, contains one-fourth of the population of the globe. Christians form but a small percentage of this population, but they are very likely to increase rapidly in numbers, and the Catholic Church, which already numbers more Chinese in its ranks than all the Protestant denominations, many times over, is likely to make much more progress than the Protestant sects.

Beside this, the recent visit of the German Emperor to Palestine, and the ostentatious opening of a German Lutheran Church in Jerusalem, increased the prestige of Germany in the East to such a degree that the French Government had its eyes opened to the value of the French protectorate.

This French protectorate of the Church in the East dates back to the period of the Crusades, when it was agreed to by the Christian powers of Europe and the Turkish Sultan that the protectorate of Christians should be held by France, and since that time France has exercised it without dispute, with the exception of the claim which was made by Russia during the days of the French Empire, that Russia should be regarded as the sole protector of the Christians in Palestine. This attempt to oust France from the protectorate was one of the chief causes of the Crimean war in which England, France, and Turkey fought successfully to preserve the ancient condition of things, and the French protectorate was once more vindicated and firmly established.

Pope Leo XIII. has always consistently

composition for your own uses; because it is holy to the Lord. What man soever shall make the like, to enjoy the smell thereof, he shall perish out of his people." (Verses 34-38)

Incense is symbolical of prayer, as we learn from Psalm cxi., 2 (Prot. Bible, Pa. cxli): "Let my prayer be directed as incense in thy sight; the lifting up of my hands as evening sacrifice." Under the New Law we find the significance of this symbolism recognized by the Evangelist St. John, who in the Apocalyptic vision beheld, round about the throne of God, "four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment . . . having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints." He saw also an angel who "stood before the altar having a golden censer, and there was given to him much incense, that he should offer of the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which is before the throne of God. And the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the saints ascended up before God, from the hands of the angel."

The Venerable Bede, the Anglo-Saxon Ecclesiastical historian, explains this altar of incense to be the symbol of the life of the perfect, on which not the flesh of animals, but only incense is to be offered up, because they who are perfect have no need to overcome the sins of the flesh and the allurements of thought, but only to offer the sweet odors of spiritual prayer and heavenly desires. St. Gregory I. also declares that "we (the Christians of his day) offer incense of sweet spices when we give out the odor of virtue on the altar of good works."

During the middle ages, in the Church in England, equally with the rest of the Christian world, incense was used for ceremonial purposes, inasmuch as the rubrics of the Mass and Vespers, and of other offices of the Church, commanded its use on the most solemn occasions. It cannot be at all maintained, therefore, as the two Archbishops maintain, that it was used only to correct unpleasant odors.

But the use of incense is not held to be essential to the divine worship, and we may say the same of lights or of the altar. They are merely accessory ceremonies which the Catholic Church uses in order to excite greater respect and reverence in the divine worship. Hence the issuance of a prohibition by the Archbishops against the ceremonial use of incense and lights in the service of the Church is a very insignificant result of their many weeks' deliberations to settle the fierce conflict which is going on between Ritualists and Evangelicals.

Lights are symbolical of faith and of grateful joy. Hence the holy Simeon calls Christ "a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people of Israel." He is the object of Christian faith. (St. Luke, ii., 32)

The Prophet David also says: "Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my paths." (Ps. cxviii., 105) Nevertheless, no one imagines that either incense or candles on the altar are essentials to divine worship.

If the high Ecclesiastical Court of the Church of England had any real authority to deal with the substance instead of the shadow, it would have settled such questions as whether or not Christ is really present in the Lord's supper, whether the Eucharistic celebration is a sacrifice for the living and the dead whether we may pray for the dead and ask the saints to intercede for us with God, and whether or not the priests of the Church have the power to forgive sins.

On all these points the Church of England is in inextricable confusion. In one Church or parish the affirmative is taught in regard to all these matters, while the rectors of the neighboring parishes stigmatize these practices as superstitious, idolatrous or immoral!

It is evident that the Archbishop's decision is merely the sop thrown to the Cerberus of violent Low-Churchism:

"A sop, in honey steeped, to charm the guard; Which, mixed with powerful drugs, they cast before His greedy, grinning jaws, just op'd to roar."

It is very doubtful whether the Ritualists will obey the injunction to abstain from the use of incense and lights, for it is admitted on all hands that the Archbishops are not the Court of last appeal in the Church; but, however this may be, it is somewhat ridiculous to hear the preans which have been sung over the decision on so minor a point, as if that would settle once for all the tempest on doctrine as well as ritual which is agitating the whole Church. We may take it for granted that neither Ritualists nor Kenites will consider the controversy ended by such a decision.

ently advocated the French protectorate, but the Government of M. de Freysinet almost let the authority it conferred upon France slip out of his hands, and Pope Leo's efforts to solidify it were almost nullified by M. de Freysinet's apathy in regard to it. But a letter from the Holy Father to Cardinal Langenieux, dated in August last, brought up the matter once more, and the Emperor of Germany was somewhat angered by the position taken by the Pope in favor of the continuation of the French protectorate. The Holy Father, however, was firm in urging this protectorate to be maintained, and the French Government itself laid aside its former apathy in regard to the matter, and the result is now before us, that beside the maintenance of the French protectorate in Turkey, it has now been extended to China, where, owing to the immense population of that Empire, it is of even more importance than in the dominions of the Sultan.

It will be easily understood why the Holy Father should prefer that the protectorate of the Catholics of the East should be held by France, rather than by Germany; for, though the present Kaiser is friendly to the Catholic religion, and to the Pope personally, the traditions of the German territory have been preponderatingly Lutheran during the last three centuries and a half, and consequently the protection of Catholic interests will be better provided for by a Catholic power than they could possibly be by any Protestant power, even though the present inclinations of the Emperor of Germany are undoubtedly favorable to the Catholic Church.

The Chinese Imperial decree is, therefore, a great victory for the policy of Pope Leo XIII., both on account of the recognition of the status of the Catholic religion, and because the protectorate of France has been definitely proclaimed for the entire Orient. Even it is understood that the Protestant missions of China will reap the benefit of this protectorate, which has been established for the sake of all Christians, independently of their denominational differences.

RUSSIA AND THE POPE.

A good deal has been said in the press recently in regard to Cardinal Vaughan's utterances at the 4th of July banquet held in London, England, to do honor to the United States, and at which Mr. Choate, the American ambassador, was present, as a matter of course.

Owing probably to the late hour at which the speech was delivered, the principal papers of the great metropolises did not report it; but, as it made a reference to Russia, advantage has been taken of the fact by some of the reporters for the other journals to represent that his Eminence spoke disparagingly of Russia as "the great despotic power that looms north of Asia," and declared his preference that the liberty-loving United States of North America, hand in hand with England, should predominate over the great continents yet unreclaimed by Christian civilization."

The reporters of the Associated Press have taken special trouble to inform American papers that the Cardinal's views on this matter were "practically inspired from Rome, and that they indicate that the Catholic Church and the Holy Father have stepped into the lists for the purpose of throwing the whole weight of their influence into the scale against Russia, and on the side of Russia's opponents, even though the chief opponent be a Protestant country like England."

There is no foundation for this way of representing the matter. The Holy Father is on excellent terms with the Czar Nicholas, and there is not the least reason to suppose that he is endeavoring to raise any European combination against him. The Holy Father has, indeed, the interests of the Catholic Church at heart, and is doing all in his power to bring back the Greeks and Protestants to the one fold of the Catholic Church, but nothing is further from his thoughts than to raise a political combination against Russia or any other power. The methods whereby he hopes to effect his purpose are those of peace, and not of political intrigue. He expects that by the preaching of the Gospel of Christ in the manner after which Christ commanded His Apostles to teach the whole world, Protestants and Oriental Schismatics alike will be brought to acknowledge the divine authority of the Catholic Church and of the Apostolic See which has been appointed to the supreme spiritual position by Christ Himself.

There is special hope for the conver-

sion of the Greek Church, because the differences which separate it from the Catholic Church are so slight that they would be easily dispelled if political influences did not interfere to suppress the natural yearning of the people toward universal or Catholic unity.

In fact, so great is the intimacy between Pope Leo XIII. and the Czar, that it has transpired that it was from the Pope that the original suggestion emanated to the Czar himself to make the peace proposals to the powers which have resulted in the Peace Congress at the Hague. Mainly for this reason the Czar was really anxious to have the Pope's representative take part in the proceedings of the Congress, but this was bitterly opposed by the Italian Government, backed by the Dreihund, and the result was that the Pope was informed that, as he has neither an army nor a navy, he could not be asked to take part in a conference which had reference solely to the question of increasing or diminishing the armaments of the nations of the world. Italy was moved to make opposition to the Pope's taking part in the Peace Conference by the fear lest the question of the restoration of the Pope's temporal power should be brought forward; but though, for the time being, its intrigues succeeded, this question must revive again in spite of all efforts to keep it in the background.

The arbitration proposals which have been finally adopted by the powers at the Hague are, in the main, identical with those which the Pope proposed to the Czar, so that though the Holy Father was not represented at the Conference, it is due to him in a great measure that the results have been so practical, though, through the counter interests of the powers concerned, they fall short of what was expected by the most sanguine of those who hoped for the best of results from the Congress.

Cardinal Vaughan, therefore, at the 4th of July banquet, did not speak for the Pope, but gave utterance to his personal views in regard to the suspicion that the Russians are playing a double game in holding up the olive branch before the world with one hand whilst brandishing the torch and the sword with the other. We may readily believe that the Cardinal's views are accurate enough, but there is no reason to assert that they were inspired by the Pope, who, from his position as Head of the whole Church, spread throughout the world, must keep on good terms, as far as possible, with the rulers and those exercising civil authority everywhere. There is not, in fact, a single word in the Cardinal's address which would indicate that the sentiments were suggested by the Pope. Intrinsically they bear evidence that they are his own views—the views of a man who has great confidence in the power for good which England and the United States will exercise in civilizing barbarous nations. His views are merely political, and he is free to maintain them, while others are free to controvert them without doing violence to Catholic faith.

By his tact and conciliatory attitude toward the Czar, Pope Leo XIII. has already gained much for the harshly treated and persecuted Catholics of the Russian Empire, and especially for the Poles, who have suffered so much for their faith. It is expedient that the universal father of Christians should continue to gain for his children the good will of monarchs who, like the Czar, exercise absolute power over their subjects, without hesitating, however, to condemn tyranny and oppression wherever it is necessary to pronounce judgment even upon the actions of kings and princes. This the Holy Father has prudently done in all his relations with temporal rulers, and he has thereby rendered himself *persona grata* to the rulers of all the nations, whether Christian, Pagan or Mahometan, and Catholic, Protestant, or Schismatic. In fact there has never been a Pontiff more universally beloved and revered than Pope Leo XIII.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

The International Peace Conference which was called by the Czar, and which has been in session for several weeks at the Hague in Holland, has concluded its deliberations.

It has not been so successful as the Czar hoped in the first instance, yet neither has it been a failure as pessimists prognosticated it would be. A number of practical conclusions have been agreed upon, which, when put into effect, will much mitigate the horrors of war.

On the question of disarmament of the powers, and even on that of lessening their standing armies and naval forces, it was found impossible to arrive at

any practicable agreement, nevertheless it has been agreed that in case of a threatened war there shall be an international court of arbitration composed of the representatives of neutral powers, and which shall use every effort to induce the possible belligerents to come to a peaceful settlement; and even after war shall have been declared, the proposed court of arbitration shall continue its efforts. There will be comparatively but small expense to the belligerent powers in making use of the offices of the court of arbitration, which will not be compulsory, in the sense that either power shall be obliged to submit the case under discussion to arbitration; nevertheless they are not to regard it as an unfriendly act if the neutral powers urge arbitration upon them persistently, even while hostilities are being carried on.

The use of explosive bullets, and of those which expand on entering the human body, has been prohibited so as to lessen the horror of war, and also the throwing from balloons of projectiles which spread asphyxiating or deleterious gases.

The convention also adopted contains five expressions of opinion on matters which are to be left to some future conference; namely,

1. That it is desirable to lessen the armaments of the world, and so to diminish the burdens now imposed on nations for military purposes.
2. To protect better the rights of neutrals while war is going on.
3. To consider the calibre and type of rifles and artillery to be used in warfare hereafter.
4. To revise the Geneva convention.
5. To declare private property inviolate, and to limit the bombardment of towns and villages during war time.

The decisions which have been reached give hope that at some future meeting of the delegates of the powers a much greater advance may be made in making war less disastrous than it is at present.

A COMMUNICATION FROM REV. S. BLAGDEN.

We are requested by the Rev. Silliman Blagden, now of Orchard Grove, Maine, to publish the following correspondence, which explains itself:

AN EDITOR'S MODEL LETTER.
La Salette, Ontario, Canada,
14th July, 1899.

Rev. Silliman Blagden:
Rev. dear Sir:—I have approved of and directed publication of your last letter in the *LONDON CATHOLIC RECORD* (Province of Ontario).

I have no doubt the letter will appear in next week's issue, though sometimes when there is an excess of matter, publication may be deferred.

We thank you cordially for your frequent contributions to our columns, which show that you have a noble Christian heart, full of love for all mankind. We are only sorry for the fact that as our columns are frequently crowded, it has been impossible to insert all the communications you have sent us. Sometimes, also, your views are so different from ours that they could not be inserted without some comment which might make some readers imagine that we published your letters with a bad grace. You will pardon us, therefore, if we have not in every instance acceded to your request. You will understand that it is necessary for us to use our discretionary powers in regard to what appears in the columns of our paper.

Praying that God Almighty may bless you for your kind and brotherly spirit of love and charity, and that you may have the light of faith.

Yours respectfully and sincerely in Christ,
Rev. George R. Northgraves,
Ed. *LONDON CATHOLIC RECORD*.
NOTE BY REV. S. B.

The sweet milk of human kindness, genuine courtesy, and the grace of God, when exercised by mortals, and especially by Christians, go a very long way to smooth out the wrinkles and roughness of life; help to "break up the fallow-ground"; lighten the weary pilgrim's heavy and irksome burden; check irascibility; and "turn the tables" on sin, Satan, and the powers of darkness; and inaugurate instead, an Heavenly atmosphere, full of joy, peace, and love in the Adorable Holy Ghost. O would to God, all editors, and others, would copy and model after the Rev. George R. Northgraves! Amen.

A PICTURE OF INGERSOLL.

Without a moment's warning, but surrounded by the members of his family, Robert G. Ingersoll, professional anti-Christian lecturer and scoffer, dropped dead last week. In the sacredness of home and in the relations of friendship he appears to have been a singularly amiable man. On the platform, his flippancy wit and his skill in all the arts of the comedian made him a popular lecturer, and, for ignorant people, a dangerous enemy of Christianity. But he was only a clever man, not in any degree a great man; and because elocution and smirks and grimaces and ludicrous expressions and gestures can not be perpetuated in print, he will be forgotten ere his bones are dust. His life was a tragic failure; for the best that can be said of him is that he traded in human faith for filthy lucre sake, and that he sought to turn the hope of humanity into despair for the sake of money, laughter, and applause. He will never have followers, in any true sense, because he lacked sincerity; but he has destroyed the faith of many by his sacrilegious satire.—Ave Maria.

BISHOP-ELECT McEVAY.

His Farewell Sermon to the People of St. Mary's Cathedral, Delivered at High Mass on Last Sunday.

My Dear Brethren—His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton has kindly dispensed with the usual High Mass sermon this morning. As I am on the eve of my departure from this parish I take this occasion to say a few words to thank you all for your great kindness to me during the past ten years and to request you to remember me in your prayers in the future.

I am aware that many members of the congregation were most anxious to show in a formal and tangible manner their appreciation of what has been done during my stay in your midst, but that is not at all necessary. You have shown your loyalty, your affection, your confidence on so many occasions that it is altogether superfluous to accept any other proofs of your goodwill, and for this reason I declined to yield to the desires of my many warm friends in this parish. On numerous occasions I requested you to make sacrifices—especially financial ones—and I am glad to say that, even in times of depression you never failed to respond; you were always equal to the occasion; every undertaking was carried to a successful issue, and, better than all, you gave promptly and cheerfully. Scripture tells us that God loves the cheerful giver and He will reward him an hundred fold.

However, in all Church work the very first essential is to act under the direction of the Bishop of the diocese.

We are told "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it," and since the Holy Ghost places Bishops to rule the Church of God, it follows that the priests and people who obey their rulers are certain of a special blessing; their works must prosper, and both pastor and flock will be united and happy. Having enjoyed, therefore, the guidance and the confidence of the Bishop, and knowing that I could always rely on the good will and the support of the congregation, my stay in your midst has been a happy and pleasant one, and if it had been God's holy will I would have been content to remain with you until the end of my life. But a priest is a soldier of Christ. He must obey his superiors promptly and cheerfully, and as I came to this diocese through obedience, so now I am leaving it by the command of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

During my stay here the Bishop of the diocese has obtained for me many honors and titles and dignities that I can never sufficiently thank him for the great things he has done for me.

I also express my gratitude to the good priests who from time to time have assisted me in the Cathedral work; and, since I have to go, I am delighted that the priests appointed to continue the work understand it so thoroughly. You will find that the children, the sick, the dying, the poor will be looked after, and that every branch of the parish work will be attended to with earnestness, zeal and punctuality, and I feel confident that you will show a proper appreciation of their labors whenever an occasion presents itself.

In addition to the assistance of the priests I received a great deal of valuable help from the good Sisters of St. Joseph and of Loretto, who were ready at all times to make any sacrifice requested to carry on the important works of education and charity, and for their good-will and co-operation I am grateful. The fact is, my dear people, we all should be thankful to God for many favors. We have the grand gift of the true faith, the greatest gift that God can bestow on a creature in this world. We have the external evidence of this faith in your magnificent church property, in your schools and institutions that you can justly be proud of. You have a wise and able and kind Bishop to guard this faith as being to render an account of your souls. You have a zealous priesthood and fervent religious communities in your midst to carry on the work of the Church. You reside in a beautiful, healthy and progressive city, and in a province where, while claiming no favors our rights and liberties as Catholics and citizens are recognized and respected, and we in turn are taught to recognize and respect the legitimate rights and liberties of our fellow-citizens without distinction, and with them we should co-operate in promoting peace and good-will and all the best interests of our beloved country.

In a word, there is no reason why you should not be happy here in fulfilling the purpose God had in creating you, and in this way prepare yourselves for the attainment of that everlasting happiness in the next world, where separation shall be unknown, and where I hope and pray we shall all meet to enjoy God's presence and glory forever. This, my dear friends, is the blessing I wish you, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Bishop Dowling addressed the people afterwards. He evidently spoke under restrained emotion. He spoke of the long friendship that had existed between himself and the Monsignor, and of the valuable assistance he had given him in the works of God's church, both in the diocese of Peterborough and Hamilton. It was a consolation to know that, though he lost Mgr. McEvoy as an adviser and helper in the work of the diocese, he would still have many opportunities of meeting him as a brother Bishop. The many great works that the Mgr. had accomplished during his ten years' residence in Hamilton would remain as a lasting evidence of his piety, zeal and sterling worth. After many other complimentary expressions to the Mgr. he as-

sured him that he took with him to his new home the best wishes and prayers of the people of the cathedral. He hoped that the new Bishop would come often to visit the cathedral, to which he would always be most welcome. The Bishop then asked the people to give to the new rector and staff that loyal support which they had given to Mgr. McEvoy.

CHRIST IN THE HOME.

A Christian home cannot be built alone of brick or wood or stone. Tapestry walls and costly works of art cannot make it, and yet a wind rocked tent may inclose its atmosphere. A prairie cabin may contain its sacred household treasures. Strange it is, the effect of roofing in a few feet of ground to make it in time a focus of love for generations! Even a migratory dwelling may have a home life which is wanting in a local habitation. Abraham's moving tent, with its altar near, was far more sacred than Lot's house in Sodom, which the angels hated to enter.

An isolated, separate house is more hospitable to Christian home elements than the gathering of many families under one roof. Take the twenty families who live in a single tenement block in a city and place them in twenty small separate cottages, and you have by that single fact greatly enhanced the opportunities for comfort and morality. The tendency to hotel life, and the necessary aggregation of children in a social commune is to be discouraged by those who would afford the family the highest protection.

We have profound social wants, but we have just as deep hunger for healthy isolation. Dryden says "Home is the sacred refuge of our lives." But it is not possible to have such associations given to any house in crowded Jerusalem as belong to that breezy cottage over the hill at Bethany, where Jesus went to lodge.

Macaulay says that before Horatius plunged into the Tiber he saw on Palatinus "the white porch of his home." I do not think the vision of a certain number of square feet of brick wall, not isolated, could have so sustained his heart in its last earthly moments.

A Christian home must be furnished within. Its defenses are not in the plan of your architect. He will not tell you that prayer and counsel and love should have an abiding place here; and yet these are its chief adornments, its unwasting glory.

The recognition of God in the paternal home will be spiritual legacy in the memory of every child who goes out from it. The pause of a moment before the household meal, the more deliberate thanksgiving and petition at morning and evening seem very humble acts, but they involve the fundamental ideas upon which the family is organized. They are like the blood on the lintels of Israel's houses which separated them the houses of Egypt.

Family prayer should be brief, and so conducted that children should have an interest in it. Their wants and trials should not be overlooked.

The remembrance of household prayer, the restraint which it exercises over us in hours of temptation, are reasons why we should make our children sharers in its efficacy. The strain of life's battle will be severe enough with this succor. It will be greatly harder to bear without it.

For how much hinges upon the right beginning of the young people starting out to make a new household? Ah, think of the interior, spiritual furnishing of the house! Will you be able to say when sickness and trial cast their shadows upon it that the God who has been honored there in the bright days of sunshine, will not fail you in the shadows?—Baltimore Mirror.

ULTRAMONTANISM IS CATHOLICISM.

A recent article, written by a recreant Catholic, in the *London Contemporary Review*, has deeply pained all Catholics who read it. Skepticism is the besetting sin of this so-called age of enlightenment, and its most zealous apostles are men like the writer in the *English Review*. In all the arrogance of human pride they attempt to dictate to the successor of St. Peter a policy of sin. They tell him to be silent when he should speak, and make themselves the standard and measure of Right and Truth. In politics they advocate the doctrine that "might is right," and in literature they substitute sentiment for duty. The absurdity of such men counselling Pope Leo XIII. as to what he should do in the government of the Church would be ridiculous were it not almost blasphemous. In all that concerns faith and morals the Holy Ghost is the Heaven-given-guide of the Holy Father, and the attempt of any man or body of men to usurp His place is treason against the Almighty.

The Vatican Council crushed Gallicanism, which would make the obligation of the dogmatical decrees of the Pope dependent on the consent of the Church, and all attempts to revive it are but the slanders of heretics trying to silence their consciences. From the time that the tyrant, Louis XIV., of France, framed the so-called four articles of the Gallican liberties, that great nation became the prey of revolution and infidelity; but since the anathema of the Vatican Council struck Gallicanism and expelled it from the body of the Church of France, a new era has dawned on the children of St. Denis. It is, indeed, a sad truth that the anti-Christian and atheistical parties were not immediately touched by the teaching of the Church; they continue and will continue to make the greatest efforts to destroy religion; but they are opposed by the Bishops

and priests of France, who are united under the glorious banner of Ultramontanism, which is Catholicism.—American Herald.

THE REVIVAL OF THE NEWMAN CULT.

With the recrudescence of the movement looking to the conversion of England the Newman cult is reviving. John Henry Newman belongs to no age or country. During the days of his activity he cultivated ideas that will live for ever and will influence many nations, and for this reason he will live in history when other men who seemingly absorbed more of public attention will have been forgotten. Newman's life-idea was the conversion of England to the old faith. The stream of converts which poured its burden of souls into the Church in '45 with such volume, owing to peculiar circumstances seemed to decrease; but with the discussion of Lord Halifax concerning the validity of Anglican Orders and agitations of the Ritualistic party within the Anglican Church, as well as on account of the yeoman service that has been done by such organizations as the Catholic Truth Society and the Ransomers, the stream is again increasing in volume. The prudence of the present leaders is such that this movement will be manipulated with extreme care, and we may hope that the early years of the twentieth century will see it grow in such volume that the whole world will be astonished at it.

The central figure of it all will be Cardinal Newman, and the awakening of an increasing devotion to his name and memory is the aurora of this dawning day. The *Catholic World Magazine* of late has had a good deal to say about the influence of Newman. Father Walkworth speaks of his life and work in his Reminiscences as of one who knew it intimately by personal experience:

"The work to which God called John Henry Newman and to which he devoted his whole heart and soul was the conversion of England. He loved Englishmen. If his love amounted to something more than an instinctive preference for one's own native land, it was this divine interior calling which, in him, lifted love up into the supernatural. By a reverse action this accounts for the prevailing love of Englishmen for him. Setting aside some undoubted and very natural exceptions, this great man's name was honored and dear in England during his lifetime and will remain so. Love begets love. Devotion begets devotion.

"I do not think that right-minded Protestants are unfavorably impressed by the thought that Catholics are anxious to convert them. In their hearts they know that it ought to be so. Gladstone must have been perfectly aware of this burning zeal in the friend of his early years, and that his own conversion was a hope near to that great heart. Could he love Newman less for being so valued? Gladstone was only one conspicuous man amongst many others that did not follow Newman into the Church, but loved him none the less.

"To another distinguished convert, an old friend and acquaintance at Oxford, when he said, 'This is the first misunderstanding,' Gladstone replied curtly, 'I think not the first!'

"Is human nature different here in America? Do Protestants in this country feel greater respect for American Catholics, or love us more, when they perceive that we manifest little concern in their conversion? Can we gain their hearts to our cause, or accredit our Church as the true Church of Christ, when we are forward to wave the religious flags for them and assure them they need no conversion? No indeed, this cannot rightly pass for genuine liberality. It finds no model in the example of Christ. It is not Christian, it is not apostolic."

In still another article, on "The Influence of Newman," by A. E. O'Hare, in the current *Catholic World Magazine*, is related the following interesting incident:

"Only a very few of those who sat beneath him in those days are living now to tell us of their impressions, but I once spoke to a man who entered Oxford just when Newman's power there was at its zenith, and he said to me: 'I was a very young man, then, a very foolish and thoughtless young man, with little capacity and little disposition for serious thought. . . . One night, with a crowd of other young fellows like myself, I went to hear Newman preach. I do not know what it was—certainly not any eloquence, properly so-called, on the part of the preacher, but something in the directness, the quiet ardor, the strength and appeal of the man's soul which even then was struggling, awakened something in me that has made me different from that hour. I never knew Newman well,' he went on, with a little break in his voice, 'but I wish I could tell you what his life has been to me in those days and now.'"

The colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods, and the painted flowers,—they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common, unpoetic life.—Faber.

Many men are in revolt against the kind of religion which is exhibited to the world,—against the cant that is taught in the name of Christianity. And if the men that have never seen the real thing—if you could show them that, they would receive it as eagerly as you do.—Drummond.

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY. BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

All propositions are acts, and the obstinate and proselytizing use of a proposition which, in the best present judgment of the Church, is not true, is an act of schism, even when it is not an act of heresy.

Tanquerey is not only an eminent and carefully balanced theologian, but he is of the latest date, and he agrees with Christmann and Bartolo, though with a somewhat different turn of thought.

In an address the other day at an annual meeting in London of the (Protestant) "English Church Union," Lord Halifax, the President of the Union, put the following suggestive and significant questions:

"Why is it that whereas formerly in England everyone professed the same faith, and there were no religious divisions, now, not only are the great masses of the population indifferent to the Church, but, with the exception of America, there is no country in the world in which there are so many independent and conflicting religious sects as in England?"

"How comes it that at a time when the country was infinitely poorer than it is now, when the whole of its population did not, I suppose, equal the present population of London, the self-sacrifice of our forefathers was able to cover England with magnificent cathedrals and abbeys like Canterbury, York, Durham, Lincoln, Ely, and Westminster, with colleges like those of Oxford and Cambridge, and with churches such as those at Beverley, Coventry, Sherborne and Wimborne— I say nothing of all the parish churches throughout the land, and of all the monastic buildings now, alas! in ruins—and that since those days, with the exception of rebuilding St. Paul's Cathedral, after the fire of London, which was done by the nation, and the Cathedral at Truro, which, after all, is a very small church, and is not yet finished, no church which can be compared with any one of the churches I have named has been built in England?"

But Lord Halifax forgot to observe that though, as he truly says, England since the "Reformation" has built no cathedrals, it has built a great number of magnificent "poor-houses" and jails.

"Necessity knows no law." It is a law of nature that the blood must be kept pure, and Hood's Sarsaparilla does it.

ous distinctions of food and scornful rejection of bloody sacrifices, the Saviour has emphatically protested against even the mildest Pharisaic observance of the first two, and has assumed the lawfulness of the third, as we know that His Jewish disciples offered them more or less as long as the Temple stood.

You have represented St. Paul as virtually the father of historical Christianity, an opinion which Renan respects, and which is shattered by a few calm sentences of the positivist: John Stuart Mill. If, then, the fundamental and palpable facts of original Christianity seem to make no impression on your preconceptions, we can hardly expect that, as theology becomes more complicated, your apprehensions will always keep pace with it.

There is undoubtedly such a thing as learned socialism. What is a learned socialist? It is one who has read largely in the literature of a subject, or of a system, but who, from beginning to end, remains outside, never has an interior sympathy with things as they appear to its genuine adherents.

Now when such a slander appears in the Cambridge Tribune, it means mere blackguardism. It is a much more serious matter when Doctor Littledale advances it. He finds his accusation on the fact that the Bible declares (I give the substance compressed) that "these precepts do not bind up the brethren to sin, either mortal or venial, unless furnished with this power by the superiors."

Now this would be intensely droll, were it not intensely sad. It is the most unhappy example now in my mind of the evil possibilities of learned socialism. Why, I will show in my next paper. After having viewed it at all, we may turn with a light heart to the genuinely amusing and much more amiable instances producible from Mr. Lea. As he is still living, and is our own countryman, we may well be pleased to know that we may part from him in good humor and mutual good will.

England Now and Then. In an address the other day at an annual meeting in London of the (Protestant) "English Church Union," Lord Halifax, the President of the Union, put the following suggestive and significant questions:

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"Necessity knows no law." It is a law of nature that the blood must be kept pure, and Hood's Sarsaparilla does it.

Fate, sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

The real founder of the devotion to the Sacred Heart is Jesus Christ Himself. It was revealed and explained by Him, the form of its practice prescribed, and the many graces and blessings that were to be bestowed on those who devoutly practise it were proclaimed by Him.

Her pure heart being thus prepared, and every faculty of her soul pliously utilizing the means God would give her to make the devotion known among the children of the Church, Jesus appeared to her, and made known His designs, adding that He had chosen her for the fulfilment of His wishes.

In the vision she saw the Sacred Heart surrounded with flames, surmounted by a cross, encircled by a crown of thorns. The details of the apparition are best told in her own language: "Being in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, I received from God marvelous proofs of His love. Moved with a desire to make some return and to give love for love He said to me, 'Thou canst not give me a greater proof of love than by doing what I have so often asked of thee.' Then showing her His Sacred Heart He said: 'Behold this heart that has loved me so that it has spared nothing, even to the exhausting and wearing itself out, to manifest to them its love.' Hearing these words, to which was added the announcement of herself to carry out His designs, she was struck with consternation owing to her natural timidity and the retirement in which she lived.

A REPRESENTATIVE CATHOLIC ON THE JEWS. Boston Pilot. In an admirable book, "The Reaction from an Agnostic Science," by an American priest, the Rev. W. J. Madden, he calls the attention of the unbeliever to the preservation of the Jewish people—a most significant and mysterious fact—and points one obvious lesson from it.

"If he read history aright he will think gently of the Jew. He will forget Shakespeare's Jew—the worldly and commercial Jew—that Christian 'usance' and 'pounds of Christian flesh.' He will remember this people for their grand tradition. He will remember them as the progenitors of our whole race, as the chosen people of God and of old time His most favored nation. He will think of them as the people whose influence on the world stands first and without any rival; and he will think of them in the later time when alas! they let their day go by, and standing belated by the way-side, allowed their sacred inheritance to pass to the Gentile. He will think of them then as the poor, outlawed, hunted race, driven and persecuted for weary centuries at the hands of those whom the divine compassion of their gentle Master, Himself of Jewish blood, should have taught humaner methods. He will recognize in their marvelous preservation a divine intention and a lingering of divine regard. He will recognize remnants of their greatness in their great intelligence which, when the opening comes to them, makes them still leaders among men, as it has at this hour made them princes in the world's commerce. And finally he will remember them as the people of a prophecy yet to be fulfilled, which tells that their latest progeny on earth will be rallied to the spiritual kingdom of Him whom their fathers, folled in their mistaken hopes for national glory, rejected and delivered over to torture and to death.

"It is not good in us to think unkindly of Jews, when the Master's latest prayer was for their forgiveness. They are a living fact in our world today. In their creed they profess and possess the truth—the genuine truth, that we, too, hold in honor—only they have halted short of its divine fullness.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN ON THE ANGLICAN CRISIS.

Preaching on the morning of Sunday, June 18, at St. Anthony's Church, Forest Gate, London, Eng., Cardinal Vaughan said at the present day they saw a large, cultured and sincere body of men, both clergy and laity, in the Anglican Church—a very important and growing party—looking for Catholic truth, and trying to popularize once more in England those Catholic doctrines and practices which were known in England for a period of a thousand years, but which were unhappily suppressed at the time of the so-called Reformation.

They went a step further, and said that, while they were willing to accept the judgment of bishops, yet they could not obey national bishops who were not in harmony with the faith and practice of the Catholic Church beyond the seas. All the world knew that this party in the Church of England was coming as fast as it could to the Catholic Church, and that it had already created a revolution, within the pale of the establishment. The Archbishop sat smiling, and hoping that some compromise might be come to whereby they might be able to still comprehend within the elastic limits of their Church even those who professed doctrines and practices which were denounced to the echo by the majority of its members.

Converts in St. Louis. His Grace Archbishop Kain has during the past three months administered the sacrament of Confirmation to 3,848 persons in St. Louis and the towns in the immediate vicinity of the city. Of this number 246 have been converts to Catholicity, and many of them are prominent in business and social circles. In St. Leo's church in this city, the largest number of converts, 32, were confirmed. St. Francis Xavier's church comes next, with 29; while at St. Mary's, Perryville, last Sunday, 28 converts were confirmed by His Grace, in a class of nearly five hundred.

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New Volume of... CANADIAN POEMS. Dr. Thos. O'Hagan has lately published a new volume of Canadian poems entitled "Songs of the Settlement" to which very many complimentary references have been made, amongst others the following: "I specially like the fire and lyric spirit of your poems on Ireland. Your true melody is in them all." —Charles Dudley Warner. "I especially like your poem 'A Christmas Chant.'" —John G. Whittier. "Songs of the Settlement" by Dr. O'Hagan, is a volume of poems with a true Canadian flavor." —Toronto Globe. "Your poetry has Irish sweetness and fineness." —Katharine Tynon Huskon. "I have found your little book full of the true breath of poetry." —Louis Frechette. These poems are well worthy personal being patriotic in spirit and popular in sentiment. The volume is attractively bound in extra silk finish, with cloth, and is written in gold and gilt top. For sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD office, Address: Thos. Coffey, London, Ont.

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FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.
Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.
ON THE LOVE OF GOD AND OF OUR NEIGHBOR.

"Master what must I do to possess eternal life?" (Luke 10, 25.)
These words, my dear brethren, were addressed to our Lord by a certain lawyer, and for us what question could be of greater importance? What must we do to possess eternal life? If we ask our Divine Saviour this question not to tempt Him, but to receive the words of life everlasting, He will also answer us: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul and with all thy strength and with all thy mind and thy neighbor as thyself." (Luke, 10, 27.) Listen, therefore, O Christian soul, and imprint it deeply on your mind. To love God above all things and to love neighbor as yourself, this is the sublime commandment on which the eternal happiness depends. This is, according to the declaration of our Lord, not only the first and greatest commandment, but is also the one wherein the laws of Moses and the prophets, that is, all other laws given by God, are included. It is impossible to love God above all things and at the same time to transgress any of the other commandments. Love of God and sin are contradictory terms, which in their very nature exclude each other.
But, alas! there are innumerable Christians who seem not to understand this truth. They become indignant if a child declares he loves his parents and yet offends them daily by his disobedience. They call such conduct lying and hypocritical. Nevertheless, they imitate this child, saying: O God, I love you above all things, and at the same time offending Him continually by committing sins, they still have the audacity to call such conduct loving God. My dear Christians, be not deceived, such a love of the lips will not be accepted by God; the gospel does not inculcate this, on the contrary, St. Paul tells us: "Love, therefore, is the fulfilling of the law." (Rom. 13, 10) that is, it consists in fulfilling God's commandments. Our Lord says: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me." (John 14, 21), and the apostle St. John says: "For this is the charity (that is the love) of God, that we keep His commandments." (I John 5, 3) Now that which we are taught in these solemn words of Holy Scripture concerning the love of God, the same is said when referring to the love of our neighbor. It must not manifest itself in words only, but also in deeds, and by the deeds, the sincerity of our love will be judged. Thus St. John, the apostle of love, writes: "He that has the substance of this world, and shall see his brother in need, and shall shut up his bowels from him, how doth the charity of God abide in him?" (I John 3, 17.) The apostle then continues: "My little children, let us not love in word, nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth" (3, 18) And again, he says: "He that loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not?" (4, 20) How beautiful also are not the words of St. Paul which teach that the love of our neighbor must show itself not in words alone, but in actions. "Charity is patient, is kind, charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth, beareth all things and endureth all things." (I Cor. 13, 4-7.) But why quote the words of the apostles to teach you in what true love of our neighbor consists, when our Lord Himself has taught us this in the beautiful parable narrated in the gospel for this Sunday. The Jewish priest and the Levite had no true love for their neighbor. They may have had some compassion for the poor traveller wounded unto death, they may, perhaps have spoken words of consolation, but they did nothing to alleviate his sufferings. The Samaritan, however, not only felt compassion for the poor sufferer and expressed it in words, but he also did everything in his power to assist him in his great need and misfortune, and hence our Divine Saviour said: "Go, and do thou in like manner."
Yes, my dear Christians, go and do in like manner, for these words were addressed to all "Go, and do thou in like manner" for this is obeying the greatest law of our holy religion, in whose fulfillment God will recognize His own. Go, and love God by act, conscientiously keeping His laws and carefully avoiding every transgression of the law. Go, and love God by preserving your heart pure and spotless. Go, and love God by performing all the duties of your state of life, and prove your love by perseverance in all these actions. Go, furthermore, and love your neighbor in deeds, by wishing him everything that is beneficial for body and soul. Go, and love your neighbor by speaking and thinking well of him, by defending his slandered virtue and innocence. Go, and love your neighbor by practicing the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, in one word, by assisting him in all his necessities of body and soul. See, my dear Christians, in this consists the fulfillment of the commandment of God's love. This is what will make you a child of God, a favorite of the angels, and of all men of good will. This is the key which at the hour of death will open for you the gates of the eternal Paradise and which will make you worthy to love God, the greatest and Infinite Good; to possess Him and to partake of His glory forever. Amen.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if we have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for His mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.—Dewey.

Clothes.
He who pays disproportionate attention to his dress is a fop; he who ignores it altogether is a clown.

A Useful Struggle.
The struggle to obtain knowledge and to advance oneself in the world strengthens the mind, disciplines the faculties, matures the judgment, promotes self-reliance, and gives one independence of thought and force of character.

More Than Fill It.
There is one sure way of bettering our position in life, and it is the only sure way—by overflowing it. The person who is honestly too big for a place will not have to continue long in it, for a dozen larger places will soon claim him. Real ability—large ability—is at a premium. It is easy enough to find thousands of men and women who are discontented with their lot, and who feel too big for their place in the world, but to find those who have more than filled their positions is quite another matter.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Birds and the Crucifixion.
A number of bird myths are associated with the legends of the Cross. From the folk-lore of more than one nation comes the story that when the sparrow mocked at the sufferings of Our Lord, a swallow, perching upon the fatal rod, sang tender notes of love and consolation. Since that awesome day the sparrow has been sung with a note, and is the most silent and most sombre of birds. The crossbill wears forever, in the strange shape of his beak and the red stain of his plumage, tokens of his efforts to draw out the agonizing nails. The robin, too, by breaking a thorn from the crown, received on her breast a drop of Sacred Blood, which still tinges her ruddy feathers. The thrush carried the whole crown away, and her red coat still shows how she was wounded in the effort.

A Gentleman.
A "Christian gentleman" is one who unites in his personality a religious character and the urbane courtesy and kind thoughtfulness of a man of the world. There are Christians who are not gentlemen and gentlemen who are not Christians. While we may hope to have the company of the former in the future world, we may be so constituted as to prefer the company of the latter in this world. No one can measure the goodness of Divine Providence; the professing Christian who says long prayers and yet cherishes a testy temper, who manifests the disposition of a petty tyrant or a common scold, whose meanness excuses itself by squinting towards holiness, may be saved, but he will need all the purging fire of Purgatory.—Catholic Citizen.

How to Lean Your Cycle.
Many riders are careless in the matter of resting their machines against a wall. The correct method obviates that disastrous scratching of the plate off the handle-bar, and at the same time prevents the machine from slipping away. By turning the front wheel slightly inward so as to allow the saddle to rest gently against the wall, and also placing the back wheel so as to rest close in, the handle-bar is kept clear, and the trick is done. It would not be inconsistent with the right sense of duty, though, to clean the tires before leaning the wheel against the wall, especially in the house.

Maxims for the Young.
Early in life secure a practical business. Do not make too great haste to get rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind. Never play games of chance or make bets of any description. Avoid temptation through the fear that you may not withstand it at last. Never run in debt. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young, to spend when you are old. Aim high in this life, but not so high that you cannot hit anything.

The Man With the Bad Temper.
There are multitudes of people who are subject to paroxysms of passion, in which they are carried completely beyond the bounds of reason, and for the moment become madmen, fit for almost any deed. We punish the murderer who strikes down his fellow, but how seldom do we condemn the unbridled temper which finally culminates in sudden death. We have analyzed enough of the conflicting emotions that spring from unrequited love; we have had the ebullitions of torturing jealousy described and dissected; we have had revenge, stealthily creeping on its end, pictured a thousand times; but of anger pure and simple there is, so far as we know, no physiological study extant. It does not lend itself to treatment; it is irremediable, disconcerted, pauseless, a spontaneous creation, an isolated phenomenon. We never know when a passionate man will burst out into a fury; the most trivial rebuff will let loose the torrents of his wrath—may, he will go off with less than the mill of a hair-trigger; he is like the bottles that burst through atmospheric changes with out outside interference. It is the absolute uncertainty of anger which gives it its worst terror.

Blessed Thomas A Kempis.
Mary Pines in Echoes from the Pines.
While St. Vincent Ferrer was realizing the ideal of a Catholic missionary; while Blessed John Dominic was laboring at the restoration of regular discipline, and with the generous and spontaneous gifts of converted sinners was building new monasteries; while that bright light of the Seraphic Order, St. Bernardine of Siena, was endeavoring to effect a reconciliation between the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines; and St. John Capistran was forming regiments, reconciling princes, selecting generals, and tracing a plan of campaign to crush the power of Mahomet and prevent the Muslim's Crescent from being raised on the walls of Vienna and Rome, we find the subject of this sketch dwelling in a world of spiritual life, in his monastery of Zwoll, ever slumbering nobly, but playing his part and scattering broadcast devout books to enlighten and lead Christian souls of the fifteenth century, and

indeed of every succeeding century, over the dark and rugged road of life. The period in which Thomas A Kempis first saw the light of day was the narrow link of years which joined medieval with modern history. The Crusades were ended; the people became restless and had a strong desire after they knew not what; they were impatient for the coming of dawn and they knew not where to seek the light. The ignorant and obstinate scorn of knowledge from intercourse with magical charms, while the learned sought the truth through the labyrinth of Nominalism and Realism, which had been renewed by William of Ockham. This did not continue long, as the people soon fell into gross errors. Others through an exaggerated taste for classics were reviving Paganism. Master Eckhart acknowledged Mysticism as the people's only guide, but he and his followers had the same fate as their predecessors: in trying to lead men through the tangled paths of his doctrine he soon lost own way in the mist of Pantheism.

Among those who understood the true mystical life was the celebrated painter, whose fascinating eloquence pierced the hearts of thousands inhabiting the shores of the Rhine.
About this time, Gerhard Groote, who was celebrated for his learning and piety, founded the Brothers of the Common Life, into whose rule of living the Mystical Spirit largely entered, but in a practical form. It is in one of their schools we find a child six years of age, with rather a broad forehead, a Flemish cast of features, and large bright eyes. This is Thomas Laemmerlein, or Haemmercher, in Latin, Malleolus.

He was born in 1380, at Kempis, a short distance from the City of Cologne, whence he received the name of Kempis by which he is best known. His parents were of humble station, but very pious. From them he inherited many virtues, and in his writings he shows great love and respect for them.

Years have passed away, Thomas has become celebrated in calligraphy and has found great pleasure in copying useful books and selecting beautiful passages from the writings of the Holy Fathers; and among his works are a large Latin Bible in four volumes and some of the works of St. Bernard.
In his nineteenth year, he began to think seriously of embracing a religious state, and finally determined to seek admission into the monastery of St. Augustine, recently instituted near the town of Zwoll. At this time, John A Kempis, his brother, was prior. Thomas was received with great joy and continued a novice for seven years, during which time, under his brother's direction, he order to found a library in the monastery, he applied himself with new ardor to transcribing and composing books. Excepting the hours passed at the foot of the altar or before the crucifix, this was his only occupation.

It is here that he wrote that book of books, which to every soul, no matter how temper-tossed, is an atmosphere of rest; a book that turns bitter waters into sweet—the Imitation of Christ. George Eliot, who vainly tried to satisfy the yearnings of her soul with the husks of Positivism and Agnosticism, found many a precious question answered by "the voice from out the far-off Middle Ages."

For sixty years, he remained a friend of virtue in the monastery of Zwoll, in this solitude he wrote, after the Imitation, the following treatises, which are regarded as his masterpieces: "The Garden of Roses," so called because it treats of several virtues that grow like so many beautiful roses in the garden of Jesus Christ; "The Valley of Lilies," where he speaks of several other virtues that grow in the valley of Humility, where they are watered and fertilized by the interior infusion of the Holy Spirit; "The Three Tabernacles," Poverty, Humility and Patience; "The Soliloquies of the Soul," and "Meditations."

Towards the close of his life he often said that he sought rest everywhere but found it nowhere "except in a little corner with a little book." But though he is represented with a grave, far-off look, as if gazing into the world of spiritual life in which his soul dwelt, he was nevertheless a busy, practical man, and as we see by many chapters of his writings, never complete perfect from the duties and responsibilities of life.

The Holy Eucharist was the central object of his devotion. Those who leave out the Fourth Book of the Imitation destroy its unity, mistakes its philosophy, and give us Thomas A Kempis diluted and seared.

He died on the 25th of August, in the year 1471, in the ninety-second year of his age. On the 28th of October, 1874, a monument in his honor was inaugurated with great pomp in his native city.

Heroic Act by Nuns.
We quote the following significant statement from a Kansas paper: "An instance of devotion to duty comes from Emporia. The mayor of the town searched far and near for nurses to take care of a couple of smallpox patients, but was unable to secure them. At last he went out to where there were six Catholic nuns. Every one of them volunteered to go. It is such acts of heroism that endear these women to the public and make it impossible for sensational self-seekers to make any headway denouncing them." Yet there are in Kansas thousands of persons who would pay money freely to hear some peripatetic libel slander these zealous and self-sacrificing daughters of Christ, remarks the Boston Republic.

Blessed Thomas A Kempis.
Mary Pines in Echoes from the Pines.
While St. Vincent Ferrer was realizing the ideal of a Catholic missionary; while Blessed John Dominic was laboring at the restoration of regular discipline, and with the generous and spontaneous gifts of converted sinners was building new monasteries; while that bright light of the Seraphic Order, St. Bernardine of Siena, was endeavoring to effect a reconciliation between the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines; and St. John Capistran was forming regiments, reconciling princes, selecting generals, and tracing a plan of campaign to crush the power of Mahomet and prevent the Muslim's Crescent from being raised on the walls of Vienna and Rome, we find the subject of this sketch dwelling in a world of spiritual life, in his monastery of Zwoll, ever slumbering nobly, but playing his part and scattering broadcast devout books to enlighten and lead Christian souls of the fifteenth century, and

LABATT'S PORTER.

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A SONG OF THE ROAD.
BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

O I will walk with you, my lad, whichever way you fare, You'll have me, too, the side of you, with heart as light as air; No care for where the road you take's a leading—anywhere— It can be but a joyful jaunt the whilst your journey there. The road you take's the path of love, an' that's the birth of you— And I will walk with you, my lad—O I will walk with you.

Ho! I will walk with you, my lad, Be weather black or blue, Or roadside frost or dew, my lad— O I will walk with you.
Aye, glad, my lad, I'll walk with you, whatever winds may blow, Or summer blossoms stay your steps; or blinding drifts of snow; The way that you set face and foot's the way that I will go, And brave I'll be, abreast of you, the saints and angels know, With loyal hand in loyal hand, and one heart made of two, Through summer's gold, or winter's cold, it's I will walk with you.

Sure, I will walk with you, my lad, I love ordains me to— To heaven's door, and through, my lad, O I will walk with you. —Lippincott's.

Into what sweetness, into what gladness will you enter if you are disciples of the Sacred Heart. You will understand by experience the words, "How great is the multitude of Thy sweetness which Thou hast hid for them that fear Thee." Throughout the whole world, from sunrise to sunset—for in the Kingdom of Jesus the sun never goes down—the Sacred Heart is worshipped day by day.—Cardinal Manning.

An habitual sinner always has the look of a jaded and disappointed man.—Faber

LOOK OUT for the first signs of impure blood—Hood's Sarsaparilla is your safeguard. It will purify, enrich and vitalize your blood. Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never seen its failing to remove even the worst kind.

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Stomach Regulators.—Mandraks and Dandelion are known to exert a powerful influence on the liver and kidneys, restoring them to healthy action, inducing a regular flow of the secretions and imparting to the organs complete power to perform their functions. These valuable ingredients enter into the composition of Parallele's Vegetable Pills, and serve to render them the agreeable and powerful medicine they are. There are few pills so effective as they in their action.

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ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. BONIFACE
IT HAS BECOME A NECESSITY to appeal to the generosity of Catholics throughout Canada for the maintenance and development of our Indian Mission. The resources formerly at our command have greatly failed us, and the necessity of more part support is felt at the present moment, owing to the social disposition of most of the Indian tribes and to the fierce competition we have to meet on the part of the sects. Persons feeling this call may communicate with the Archbishop of St. Boniface, or with the undersigned, who has been specially charged with the promotion of this work.
(Our Missions may be assisted in the following manner:—

1. Yearly subscriptions, ranging from \$5 to \$100.
2. Legacies by testament (payable to the Archbishop of St. Boniface).
3. Clothing, new or second hand, material for clothing, for use in the Indian schools.
4. Promise to clothe a child, either by furnishing material or by paying of a month in case of a girl, \$1.50 in case of a boy.
5. Devoting one's self to the education of Indian children by accepting the charge of day schools on Indian Reserves—a salary attached.
6. Entering a Religious Order of men or women specially devoted to work among the Indians; e. g. for North-Western (Canada) the Oblate Fathers, the Grey Nuns of Montreal, the Franciscan Nuns (Quebec), etc.

Donations either in money or clothing should be addressed to His Grace, Archbishop Langevin, D. D., St. Boniface, Man., or to Rev. C. Cahill, O. M. L., Rat Portage, Ont.
C. Cahill, O. M. L., Indian Missionary.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' ANNUAL FOR 1899.
THIS BEAUTIFUL AND VERY ENTERTAINING little Annual for 1899 contains something to interest all boys and girls, and as it costs only the small sum of FIVE CENTS it is within the reach of all. The frontispiece is a very nice illustration of St. Anthony proving by a public miracle the Real Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.—The King of the Priests (illustrated); How Jack Hildreth understood; Playing with Kitty (illustration); Stolen Fruit (illustration); An Army of Two; A True Story; Our Blessed Mother and the Divine Infant (illustration). This little Annual has also an abundance of games, tricks and puzzles.—The Magic Dart, Shadows in Disguise, The Impossible Cat, Fire, The Inverted Glass, A Home Telephone, To Preserve Flowers, Another Way To Keep a Bouquet Fresh; as well as splendid recipes for Home-made Candy. Altogether it is one of the nicest little books that we know of, for the price—five cents. Orders mailed at once on receipt of price. Address:—
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Cobbett's "Reformation."
Just issued a new edition of the Protestant Reformation by Wm. Cobbett. Revised with Notes and Preface by Very Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, D. D., O. S. B. The book is printed in large clear type. As it is published at a price of 25 cents per copy in the United States, 30 cents will have to be charged in Canada. It will be sent to any address on receipt of the sum, in stamps.
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THE FRENCH CLERGY.

From time to time we come across disquieting reports about the "longing for reform" which is alleged to prevail among a considerable number of the younger clergy in France.

That in the recitation of a devotion like the Rosary, it is not needful to keep in mind the meaning of the words uttered, but that a contemplation of the mysteries, joyous, dolorous and glorious, is sufficient, all Catholics are aware.

According to the ex-abbé, Bourrier, things are in a bad way in the French church, and the solemn and decisive moment is drawing near when the French nation, disgraced by its intolerance of clericalism and by its insulgence to justice and good sense, to nature and to truth, will raise the cry that has lately been heard in Austria.

André Bourrier is frank enough to say that repugnance to the obligations of celibacy is the prime reason for the new "movement."

They are clearly of the stripe of the gentlemen who for years past have been trying to establish their "Independent Catholic Church" in this country.

Shortening the time of prayer from ten to five minutes does not reach the essence of the evil; for the indolence is not due to the length of the prayer, but to the faith of the Christian.

DIocese of Peterborough.

Laying of the Corner Stone of the New House of Providence.

The new building will stand on the same hill as the hospital, about 70 feet long and 42 feet wide, the long side facing north.

The floor above will be the women's department, consisting of sleeping and day rooms, private rooms for inmates, a room for the sick, a room for the laundry, and a room for the laundry.

On Wednesday, the 26th July, feast of St. Anne, about one thousand five hundred people assembled at St. Anne's of Tecumseh to do honor to the sainted patroness of the district.

At last the lakes of Killarney have fallen into the hands of a citizen of America. A. G. Peck, of Cohoes Falls, N. Y., has bought the Muckross estate on the shores of Killarney.

Unless we read the Scripture, which is the infallible Word of God, we could hardly believe how immense are the rewards promised to the charitable.

THE CLEVELAND RIOTS.

The scenes of disorder and lawlessness attending the strike of the street railway men in Cleveland, Ohio, have been a terrible sight to the Catholic daily.

Prayer is powerful, and if offered up for peace and unity in the streets, it will be a most efficacious remedy for the evils which have befallen the city.

On Thursday, the 27th ult., Rev. J. J. O'Brien, Administrator of St. George's Falls, received a telegram announcing the death of Rev. Jas. Gignac, P. P., Sturgeons Falls.

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A Haldimand Boy Dies From the Effects of Sunstroke in Chicago.

On Saturday, the 1st of July, William H. Murphy, a young man of the Sons of Canada at St. Paul, Fe Park, and while viewing a lacrosse game was overcome with the heat.

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HUNTSVILLE.

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MARKET REPORTS.

London, Aug. 3.—Wheat—Fair demand and prices are well maintained.

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