

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1902

1248

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### A WASTE OF INK AND PAPER.

A book has been sent to the office with a request for our opinion of it. We may say that this particular volume is written by a woman who hails from the breezy west and whose claims to literary distinction are vouched for by herself. Our readers doubtless have seen the work referred to in the daily prints and need not be enlightened as to its title.

Our humble opinion is that it is a waste of ink and paper. The writer plumes herself on being bold and bad, but she is merely stupid. However, the publisher has managed to get it acclaimed with more or less joyousness by the individuals we suppose who are wont to grow maudlin over murderers and outlaws. We may be wrong on this supposition—but there are still about ground some who are not to be lured by epigrams to the perusal of crude feminine vapors.

### THE RESULT OF SUPERIOR WISDOM.

Our Anglo-Saxon friends are making up and displaying an amazing fertility of invention. One gets the idea from histories written for their benefit that they are usually stolid and unimaginative, blunt and latent at all times upon rendering justice to others. We have alluded to this fact before, but recent events constrain us to put it again before our readers. And it is all the more remarkable when we remember that the fanciful devices of the Latins are viewed with contempt by the average Briton.

Why, when it was suggested that Mussolini, the brigand, should, on some pretext or another, be given his liberty, an esteemed editor worked himself into several kinds of a fit at the very thought of it. What thwarting of justice and various other things! When he heard of the unspeakable antics of the Orangemen in Ireland he was silent! We venture to say that he could have advanced excuses for the unvarnished brutality of these blackguards—for some editors have elastic consciences when it comes to dealing with outrages against Catholics. It would not be parliamentary to say that he and his kind are smug hypocrites, for a Briton is never a hypocrite. It is so alleged by his enemies, but we know him as the very embodiment of honor.

He is adopting the method of explaining away things that were wont to be looked upon as infamous and unjustifiable, but this is merely the result of his superior wisdom. Perhaps he is trying to emulate the example of these good people of the United States who assure us that the weather is responsible for the "water cure," and that other gentle pastime of skinning the Filipino alive and then roasting him. We do not know, and our readers may glance over the following news from London and decide for themselves. A despatch of Sept. 6 informs us that

"Since the Old Daily sessions five weeks ago 20 people have been murdered in London. In the same time there have been 350 deaths from violence, including 60 suicides."

Pretty bad record for the people who, as say our Ontario brethren, glory in the "open Bible." So we thought at first, but a well-known London specialist has shown us our mistake. He lays the blame on the weather. It need not be too hot, he explains, to drive people mad. It need be only depressing; and it has been that. He has also a theory that the liver has a great deal to do with these murders and suicides.

How delightfully simple and enlightening, and what a consolation for Londoners to know that these suicides were insane and the murders due to the weather and a torpid liver! The theory, however, has its disadvantages. The Londoner may stay in doors during a period of depressing weather and avoid the danger of being sandbagged. But how is he ever going to escape the man with the deranged liver who may run amuck in any kind of weather? According to this theory anarchists, and such, should be given a dose of pills and not prison. The noble lords and ladies who keep the sewers of the divorce courts in operation are moved by forces beyond their control. Things of all kinds may ply their trade with the hope that if ever they come to trial they may be discharged with the caution to get their livers running smoothly.

But suppose these murders took place in Dublin, and a Dublin specialist put

them down to the liver! Would the London press, which is chucking over the wisdom of the London specialist, give him a hearing, or would it publish reams of stuff about Irish lawlessness? We are sure that short shrift will be given to any such picturesque theory emanating from an Irish source. But let us hope that London may become a model city though it is placed before the world with a record of 20 murders, 290 deaths from violence, and 60 suicides, all in one week. And whatever happens they can call upon the specialist of weather and liver fame for explanations.

### SIR RICHARD CALMADY.

It would seem that few educated readers could peruse the novel entitled "Sir Richard Calmady" without appreciating to a great extent the remarkable talent of the author.

The scenes depicted are perfectly true to life in England, whether of the nobleman or the servant; the descriptions of nature are extremely beautiful, although certainly open to the objection of undue length, and we modestly submit that this last criticism applies equally to the interchanges of sentiment between Lady Calmady and Miss Honoria St. Quentin. Many of the conversations in Sir Richard Calmady are immensely entertaining, while the details regarding female attire are furnished with a minuteness that would have rejoiced the heart of Baron Worth himself.

Few books can aspire to unqualified praise and so we hope that we shall not appear to be actuated by an unfriendly spirit when we express our opinion that the volume in question, despite its consummate ability, is one of the limited number, while several passages render it unfit to be placed in the hands of the young.

As our remarks are to be of the briefest, we will at once proceed to make known our appreciation.

To begin with—was it the best taste to hold up before the mental gaze a distinctly unnatural deformity? Are there not grave reasons, outside the painfulness to all minds, for rendering it undesirable that such misfortunes should take strong hold of susceptible imaginations? Why should the mind be quite unnecessarily invited to dwell on what the eye would on no account be permitted to see? Again, the repeated lamentations on the subject end by begetting a feeling of impatience that a simple way out of the difficulty is systematically ignored and that Lady Calmady did not allow an operation, which, thanks to medical science, could have been quite painless to have put her son in the position of many a brave man, who has lost his limbs in the service of his country, and round whose chair fair women press, without the least sense of repulsion. Sir Richard Calmady could not, clearly, have been made to run and jump, but there are human joys, after all, outside these acts. Thus, while the historic Don Quixote rode gallantly forth to fight windmills he caused his vivid Spanish imagination pictures to seem as actually existing, it seems constantly to the reader of Sir Richard Calmady that the author has built a wind-mill for the sole purpose of laying lance in test against it.

Then, how could Lady Calmady, who is described as a type of womanly instinct, have remained all her life completely oblivious of Mr. Julian March's sentiments in her regard? There is magnetism about all true affection which is manifest even in the brute creation. How, then, is such lack of perception to be accounted for in such a character?

As to the fanciful description of Mme. Vallarbes' visit to the confessional in the old church at Naples, it is the old, old story! However mentally gifted our separated brethren may be, their understanding of our doctrines and practices forever eludes their grasp. We must believe this, or nothing will remain but a distressing suspicion of misrepresentation. We are told that Helen rose from her knees a free woman (from sin), and four lines lower down the author goes on to say how far she literally believed in the efficacy of that solemn rite she would not have found it easy to declare, "It (confession) being to her an insurance against the accident of the vegetable existence of Heaven and hell!"—and sin being actually punishable by a narrow-minded Deity! If people who undertake to write about Catholic matters would only condescend to study the child's five-cent catechism for a few days before putting pen to paper, or how much rash error might they not be spared the humiliation!

At different stages of the narrative great changes take place in the mental attitudes of both Lady Calmady and her son, and on each occasion the cause assigned as leading to the altered view of things seems inadequate to the result obtained. What, however, defiantly sets at naught a general experience, is the marriage between Sir Richard Calmady and Miss Honoria St. Quentin. After years of mutual dislike, they fall suddenly in love! Who can furnish a precedent to this?

It would be difficult to define accurately the religious ideas of the writer, who now and then seems generously disposed "to give or take," on this subject "a little all round," his or her political views, however, are left by no means a question of doubt. They are strongly socialistic, indeed the exaltation of socialism is apparently a main object of the work.

In the prophetic dream which draws

the senses of Sir Richard Calmady in his opera box at Naples, admiration for the working classes rises nearly to frenzy, while the author's sentiments are made known to us through the medium of his hero. It is said that in "art, letters, practical civilization, even religion, even in a degree of Nature herself—they (the working classes) are the architects and judges—in their corporate strength they are little short of majestic! Why have they been so patient of constraint? Why have they not risen long ago to obliterate the pretensions of those conspicuous by birth and wealth? In plainer language, why have they not turned the world upside down before now?"

The lady socialist, Miss Honoria St. Quentin, has the sorrows of the working classes much at heart, but God had thought of them long before, when He commanded "Love thy neighbor as thyself." No more human plan for man's well-being can ever go thus far. Before His formal injunction all social difficulties at once vanish and if it be urged that this precept of Holy Writ is too universally disregarded, no one will ever dare deny that it was so solely because the Catholic Church raises her voice in vain!

Father Faber tells us of people who look upon God as a burly policeman, whose business it is to keep order in the world for their convenience, but who is required to abstain from intruding His Personality upon them uninvited. We think that there is a trifle of this spirit in Sir Richard Calmady. The brilliant book will, however, have rendered its tribute of service to the cause of truth, if it has accentuated the conviction in some candid mind that escape from seeming contradictions, wild theories, and vain dreams, is only found by taking refuge within the tranquil fold of the Catholic Church. C. M. C.

### A MINISTER IN A CATHOLIC COUNTRY.

He Falls to Find the "Blighting Influence of Romish Superstition."

Writing lately to his Parish Bulletin, Rev. E. L. Stoddard, rector of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Jersey City, describes a visit to Innsbruck, in the Austrian Tyrol. His revelations will doubtless surprise many who are accustomed to look upon most of the European countries—particularly those the majority of whose people are Catholics—as in a state of moral and mental decay as a result of the "blighting influence of Romish superstition."

"I began this letter," writes the Rev. Mr. Stoddard, "to tell you that it is not wise and is not patriotic to think, as so many Americans do, that their country is so much better than any other that we Americans have nothing to learn from any one else. This sort of notion is unwise, for it is untrue. It is unpatriotic because it keeps us Americans from learning from Europe a great many things which it would be well for us to learn. Last summer I spent the night at one of our American country cities with a population of 29,000. In the best hotel men were sitting with their feet up and spitting around the office. The stiff and awful parlor, with its hideous furniture, smelled as musty as if it had not been opened since the last funeral was held in it. The dining room was hot and far from neat, the waitresses were dowdy, impertinent girls, who joked with the boarders, and the dishes which they showed at you were so awful that I went upstairs and ate crackers. The city itself was ugly and dirty, its streets half swept, and it had no park."

"Now, in distinction from such an American town—and there are thousands of them—let me draw a picture of the town where I spent last night, and which is a picture of hundreds. It was in what people call 'blighted Austria'; it had only a population of 12,000; it was not a resort for tourists. Let us see the train stopped a man ran to the car window and for thirty cents took my hand baggage and my two trunks to the hotel, a short block away, so that in ten minutes I had my trunks open; the proprietor met me at the door, his hat in hand; no water ever dripped of passing without saying good morning or good evening; the elevator, the dining room opens on a beautiful garden, and if you prefer you can have your meals in the garden under a shade tree; your chamber has a writing desk with paper, pen and ink; you had a little electric light by your pillow, so that you can touch it in the night or read by it."

"When you walk out in this little town you find the street spotless. You see one or two little shaded parks with benches and old trees. In front of some of the houses or hotels are tables on the broad sidewalk, and there, as the sun has gone down, people are eating. The waiters are as respectful and courteous as the Junior St. Hilda Guild girls were at the strawberry festival. In the great square of the town is a handsome fountain, a thing of coolness, beauty and so on. There was not a place, as we understand it, in the place, there was no disorder, though many of the people were very poor and ignorant, and in comparison with its beauty, its courtesy, its delicious food and its cleanliness our American city was a barbarous hovel, and the boarders and servants half civilized."

We must be penitents before we are saints.—Manning.

July is the month of the Precious Blood. Every Catholic would be benefited by reading Father Faber's book on that subject. Will you get it for yourself?—Catholic Columbian.

### SAINT AUGUSTINE.

The Following Panegyric on the Famous Bishop of Hippo was Delivered in St. Augustine's Church, New York City, August 21, by Rev. Henry A. Judge, S. J., of St. John's College, Fordham.

Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man shall hear my voice, and open to me the gate, I will go in to him and will sup with him and he will sup with Me. (Apoc. C. 3, v. 20)

Though St. Augustine is popularly known and referred to as an eminent doctor of the Church, his life history is more properly the story of the wanderings of a great heart in quest of happiness and the supreme good than of the brilliant achievements of a profound and subtle intellect. "The heart," to use his own expression, "is the man," and never perhaps was there a more affectionate nature than his own, to symbolize which Christian art has represented him as a person of majestic figure, bearing in his hand a flaming heart. That great heart at first resisted the gentle solicitation of grace, the Holy Spirit stood at the door and knocked in vain; it was wayward, it thought to find its satisfaction, its complement, its repose in creatures, but afterward realizing the vanity of its search it opened wide its portals and grace had triumphed.

Augustine was born in Tagaste, a town in Numidia, in 353. His father was a pagan, who, convinced of the folly of the worship of the gods, had lapsed into a condition of religious indifference, ambitions only to amass riches and to secure an honorable position in the world. His mother, on the other hand, was a highly educated and devout Christian, who, with untiring energy and unflinching courage, devoted herself to the conversion of her husband and religious formation of her children. The youthful soul of Augustine was accordingly influenced, that of his father, who, indifferent to his moral condition, cherished only the hope of making him a famous orator and statesman; and that of his mother, whose darling ambition it was to see him as well as a scholar an ornament to the city of God. The influence of Platonism, flattering as it was to fallow prayers and entreaties of Monica, corroborated by the inspirations of grace, prevailed in the end.

Our saint was possessed of rare and surpassing gifts of nature. His literary triumphs, wherever he went, read more like a romance than like a true narrative. As soon as he had completed his primary studies in his native town, his father sent him to Madaura, a neighboring city, in order that he might study grammar, poetry and rhetoric. Thence he went to Carthage, where he further cultivated literature and the fine arts and took up the study of philosophy. So great was his progress that even in this large city he surpassed with ease all competitors. Returning to Tagaste he opened a school of rhetoric, and the enthusiastic applause of a great number of the ambitious of seeking a more spacious theatre in which to appear, and he set out for Carthage. Next he went to Rome, where the most famous scholars of the world marveled at his learning and parts and were charmed by the sweetness and amiability of his character. He had scarcely spent six months in the metropolis when deputies of rhetoric were sent thither from Milan, now the court of the Emperor Valentinian, and at the recommendation of several persons of distinction Augustine was chosen. His reception here eclipsed all former triumphs; the verdict of the learned world was unanimous. Augustine was a prodigy of learning and eloquence.

Our illustrious saint was a new in the zenith of his reputation was in the middle of the path to riches and fame was smooth and easy. But strange as it may appear, this was precisely the moment chosen by Divine Providence for his conversion. Allured by the reputation which St. Ambrose, the bishop of Milan, enjoyed, he listened with a critical ear to his discourses, attentive at first only to the beauty of the style, but later on he was profoundly impressed by the wisdom and truth of all he heard. It began to dawn on him that he was in pursuit of vain honors and trivial pleasures which could never satisfy his heart. Having been appointed to deliver a panegyric in praise of the emperor and of the newly elected pontiff, he had been very solicitous about his success, when walking along through one of the streets he saw a beggar one of the streets he saw a beggar laughing and merry over an alms which he had received. "What torments," said he to his companions, "our only folly creates, only to purchase a tranquility which perhaps we can never attain, but which the poor man seems to enjoy in the trifling alms which he has to-day gathered!" His soul was filled with bitterness, he began to yearn for freedom and peace.

But the spirit of Augustine was yet enthralled, for despite his great gifts he had fallen into error and sin. Despairing in his pride the simplicity of style in which the gospels were written, he had subscribed to the folly of Manicheism. He had idolized the world, allowed that noble heart of his to be seduced by the allurements of sensuality; and custom long continued had strengthened the fetters which hold him captive. "I sighed and longed to be delivered," he wrote, "but was kept fast bound not by chains fastened upon me by another, but by my own iron will."

Nothing can be more touching than the narration of his conversion. "The load of the world," he said

"agreeably kept me down, as happens in sleep; and the desires by which I meditated to rise were but like the struggles of such as would awake, who nevertheless are still overcome with drowsiness and fall back into their former slumber, whilst a heavy laziness benumbs their limbs, though reason tells them it is wrong and that it is high time to rise. I had nothing to reply to thee when thou saidst to me: 'Arise thou that sleepest and rise up from the dead, and Christ will enlighten thee.' I had nothing at all to reply but certain lazy and drowsy answers, 'Little while,' but this presently did not presently come, but had no bounds, and this little while ran out into a long space."

The story of the life of St. Anthony related to him by a friend roused him from his lethargy, and when he heard how another acquaintance had resolved to leave the court and follow the saint's example he was transported out of himself and filled with a holy zeal and with a sober shame and indignation against himself. He said, "Tell me, I pray, with all the pains we take, to what does our ambition aspire? What is it we seek and propose to ourselves? Can we have any greater hopes in the court than to arrive at the friendship and favor of the emperor? And in that it is obtained what is there in it that is not brittle and full of dangers? Through how many dangers do we ascend to greater danger? And how long will it last? But behold if I please I become this moment the friend and favorite of God and such I remain forever! His breast began to heave under the influence of his spirit, and when he read some portions of the epistle of St. Paul he sighed as if his heart would break. Upon the departure of his visitor Augustine remarked: "What are we doing who thus suffer the unlearned to start up and seize heaven by force, whilst we, with all our knowledge, remain behind cowardly and heartless and wallow still in the mire? His countenance was entirely changed, his tone of voice was so unusual that his companion was amazed at his pathetic manner and the signs of extraordinary emotion. "I would," he said afterward, "and I would not: Thou, O Lord, continuedst to press sore upon me in my interior, with a severe mercy redoubling the stripes of fear struggling and my chains should grow again and bind me faster than ever. I said within myself, Come let it now be done; let it be done at this moment! Neither did I do it quite, demurring still awhile to die unto death and live unto life. Trifles of trifles and vanities, my old mistresses, hung about me and pulling me by the garment of the flesh, softly and imperceptibly to me: Will thou then forsake me? From this moment shall we be with thee no more forever? Will thou never hereafter taste these pleasures? Dost thou think that thou canst live without these and those delights? But the chastity of Continence enticed me to come forward, and with her were great numbers of boys and girls of young men and maidens, of grave widows and aged women, and he laughed at me somewhat derisively, saying: Canst thou not do what these do? or are these able in themselves and not in the Lord their God?"

The storm had soon subsided and Augustine subdued by grace, poured forth his soul in humble thanksgiving and joy. How sweet had it on a sudden become to me to be without the sweets of these trifles? What I was before so much afraid to lose, I now joyfully cast away. Thou didst cast them out to enter Thyself, O Lord, sweeter than any pleasure!

From this moment the path of our saint was like the path of the rising sun. His one desire was to make up for time misspent and for graces lost. Too late," he exclaimed, "have I loved Thee," he loved Thee! "Too late have I loved Thee!" He sought to repair by greater love the great offenses which had been forgiven. O Love, which always burneth and art never extinguished, true charity of God, set me all on fire!" So tender were his sentiments of devotion that in reading the psalms of David or in hearing hymns sung in the church his heart was all inflamed and copious tears flowed from his eyes unceasingly. He gave himself up to a life of retirement and solitude, and so great was the esteem which his sincere piety won for him that when on a certain occasion he was visiting the church in Hippo the people lay hold of him, presented him to the Bishop, and in spite of his humble protestations he was ordained priest. Wherever he went he was entreated to address large audiences, eager to listen to his inspired utterances. He preached daily and sometimes twice a day. Being shortly afterwards made Bishop, his zeal and clarity know no bounds. "I desire not to be saved," he said to his flock, "without you. What shall I desire, what shall I say? Why am I Bishop? Why am I in the world but to live in Jesus Christ—but to live in Him with you! This is my passion! my honor! my glory! my joy! my riches!"

Time will not permit the mention of his numerous great deeds, of the holy foundations which he established, of the alms which he disbursed, of the miracles which he performed. Suffice it to say that by writing or in public debate he vanquished the representative defenders among the Manichees, Donatists and Pelagians, and that his writings are a vast treasury of theological and moral doctrine, being the foundation of the modern exact science, and that portions of his works have been engraved into the decrees of the councils of the Church.

When at length his strength began to fail, and he knew that his end was approaching, instead of fearing death as most men do, he welcomed it. Unable to contain himself from joy, he cried out: "Till I shall come, till I appear before Him I cease not to weep, and these tears are sweet to me as food. With this thirst with which I am consumed, with which, whilst my joy is delayed, I am ardently drawn toward the fountain of my love, I continually burn more and more vehemently." About him on the walls of his room he had the seven penitential psalms and these he read with abundance of tears. In order not to be interrupted in his devotions he would receive no visitors some days before his death, which occurred in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

This ended the earthly career of Augustine, and when we behold the marvelous change which came over him we are instinctively led to exclaim: Truly the grace of God is wonderful! But let us remember that this grace is working to-day in our midst. "Behold I stand at the door and knock," which was whispered into the ear of Augustine, is repeated to each one of us. To one it says: "Wilt thou longer remain enclined a slave of sordid avarice, of low pleasures, of vain glory, of foolish ambition—of sordid, low, vain, foolish trifles which can never satisfy your heart? Is this the great purpose for which I made thee? Is this the measure of your manhood, of your nobility?" To another it whispers: "Son, give Me thy heart; leave all, come, follow Me, and I will give thee a hundred in this life and eternal happiness in the next." Let us not turn a deaf ear to the kind invitation of the King, but be prompt and ready nobly to obey His call. Let us open wide our gates, while we exclaim with the saint: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our hearts are unhappy until they rest in Thee!"

### THE GIFT OF A SOUL.

Triumph Which Enriches the Universe and Makes Angels Glad.

BY REV. PETER O'CALLAGHAN, C. S. P.

God hath plans and man hath plans. God's plans are not as man's plans, neither are man's plans as God's plans. But God's plans are always best. Faith alone can give us God's point of view, and show to us the blessed purposes of our Heavenly Father. Unless we understand the value God puts upon each human soul, we cannot grasp the meaning of His universe or the significance of the gospel.

The dogmas of Holy Church will be as enigmas if we do not realize that all God does is aimed at perfecting His everlasting kingdom and fitting human souls to sit down with Abraham and Isaac and all the saints in the kingdom of His glory. The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, the doctrine of virginity—all the doctrines of that Master Whose kingdom is not of this world—will have no meaning if we do not understand that the sanctification of each individual soul is worth the best effort and whole attention of a lifetime.

That life is a glorious triumph which adds one soul to the choir of the saints, whether it be his own soul or the soul of another. That life is not wasted that achieves such a triumph, even if it contribute nothing to this passing world; any more than Christ's life was wasted when He died, a seeming failure in the eyes of the world, that we might live eternally. He who gives the gift of a human soul unto heaven has enriched the whole universe.

How vast are the confines of the material order! How terrible are the forces that express themselves through the laws of nature! How awful have been the upheavals and the reconstruction whereby the stars have found their places and the earth has been fixed in its orbit! We may dream of the peoples of other planets, but we know only of men upon earth. All that Nature has done, through the long ages, has not been wasted effort, because it has prepared a habitation for man. And there is nothing great in the world but man; and nothing great in man but mind. How much more sublimely true it is that the cares and sorrows of a bereaved mother have been well spent if they have brought forth and prepared one single child for its everlasting dwelling place!

Blessed is the faith that shows us God's point of view and suggests to us some of the glorious things that God has prepared for those that love Him. Faith is truth. Faith alone can explain all the facts of life and strengthen a soul amid the experiences of sorrow and death—those experiences that are the most real of all; ten thousand times more real than the hollow laughter and giddy joy that fill the hearts of the thoughtless.

Blessed is the faith that can be strong when the heart faints! Blessed is the faith that can see the higher good when other ambitions and hopes and loving dreams are thwarted! Blessed is the faith that soothes the wounded heart of the bereaved mother and lets her see through her tears the glory of her child's present habitation!

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.

Temptations are instructions.

Poverty makes some humble, but more malignant.

They who await no gift from chance have conquered fate.

Kind thoughts are wings which bear us on to kinder deeds.



English, "I prefer to ride backward, thanks, as I escape the draught and the chinks."

She was elegantly dressed in the height of fashion, with huge crinolines, wide-spreading skirts, and a stylish poke bonnet of immense size framing her pretty face.

"I have a dear little boy, six years of age," she said, "and before I know it he will be growing up as tall and as handsome as you."

"But I do not know the name of his hotel," I reminded her. "I am quite sure that he is in the one that I am stopping at, for I recognize your guardian perfectly by your description," she replied.

"I did not see why my youth should give a strange young woman the right to treat me like a son, but I could not be rude to any one so kind. She asked me many questions about my destination and my guardian, and when I confessed that I did not know his address she eagerly offered to drive me to his hotel."

"I am quite sure that he is in the one that I am stopping at, for I recognize your guardian perfectly by your description," she replied. "A pleasant journey of an hour and a half brought us to Pleasant Valley, where my new-found friend asked me to call a cab for her from the different descriptions twenty vehicles of different descriptions standing in front of the little station, and their drivers were all shouting, gesticulating, and waving their hats towards me at once."

"I must have a cup of tea with me after the hot, close air on the train," she insisted. "I could not dream of letting you go after all your kindness without showing you that little hospitality. Come, no remonstrances! Your guardian is not expecting you, so there is no hurry."

"I did not wish to offend. I blushed and murmured, 'I shall be delighted.' The tea things were brought in by a maid, and then I was left alone with the mistress, who sat by my side and argued me to partake of the little dainties on the tray. She grew very confidential, even tender in her manner, and it soon seemed as if our relations had been reversed and I was acting the paternal role while she poured out her troubles to me as a fatherly ear with cheerful ingenueness. She had been an English officer who had treated her brutally. He had been in the Crimea and was now stationed at Halifax. She had left her in poverty, and she had been forced to send her two darling children to her mother to be educated. She had been too young to know her own heart when she married, she sighed, and now she must wear out her life in poverty and loneliness, deserted by him who should protect her and separated from her darlings."

something I could not hear. I moved towards the door when suddenly she snatched up a handful of coins from the table and threw them at me with all her might.

"Take your money," she hissed, "and never let me see your face again." The coins struck me full in the chest and fell on the floor all about me. I glanced at them and smiled significantly. They were all of silver. The nine gold Napoleons lay untouched upon the little tea-table near her.

She saw my smile, and, turning round, threw herself sobbing on the couch. Suddenly the door from the other room opened, and the maid entered hastily. As I started to pass out into the hall, there was a rap on the outer door. I threw it open, and there stood the coachman who had driven us from the station. He looked into the room apologetically.

"Parlon!" he coughed, discretely. "I only stopped up to ask the gentleman to be kind enough to write a bit of paper to certify that it was my carriage he chose an hour ago. The drivers of the barouche and the pony-chaise each declare that he signed to them first, and that I came by my fare unjustly. Just a word, sir, to save me from trouble at the stand."

He looked so piteous that I wrote out the desired certificate, but without signing my name. The maid who had glanced over my shoulder suggested, deprecatingly: "But the gentleman should sign his name. It will be of no use without a signature."

"If you please," said the driver, hesitatingly. For a moment I thought of signing a false name, but I considered that if discovered it would give matters a bad look. All the world might know what I had done that morning, and I boldly signed the name my grandfather wished me to bear in France, and the date, "Eric de Maecarty, July 12, 1857." Then I stepped out into the hall without further words, leaving the three together, and went rapidly down the staircase and into the street.

I inquired at every hotel in the town for Dr. Chabert, but without result. The hot noon hours wore away, and I sought refuge in the stately forest, and stretched myself to rest and think over the situation under a spreading oak-tree. I could hear the horns of gay hunting-parties through the woods, and caught an occasional glimpse of the plumed coats of the gentlemen and the swept hats of the ladies as they swept by through the forest of Belle Isle, living in the shady forests of Belle Isle, living in the past, and seeing in imagination the canoes of explorer, missionary, and the *conneur de bois* passing up and down the broad Detroit! Theirs were lives worth leading, lives of high purpose, sincere faith, dauntless energy, and thrilling adventure. Who would not live with them rather than amid the artificialities, the trivialities, the indifference, the shameful sins of an unbelieving world?

In the cool of the evening I wandered back into the town. It was nearly dark, and I was feeling very tired and hungry when I suddenly caught sight of Dr. Chabert's fine, open countenance and big, curly hair. With a shout of delight I sprang at him and flung my arms round him. "My God, Eric Fremont!" he exclaimed. "What does this mean?" "It means that I don't like Mr. Arthur, that I have run away from him, that I want to stay with you, and that I haven't a cent in my pocket and am as hungry as a wolf."

"TO BE CONTINUED." A LITTLE SAINT AGNES. Anna Blanche McGill in Donahoe's Magazine. When Gerard Foster consented to fresco the walls of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament it was as much a surprise for him as it was a surprise and cause for chagrin to some others, because there seemed such a sad incongruity between his doing the work and a fact pretty well known in the village of Pleasant Valley, the fact of his absolute agnosticism.

So when he heard of the little village, he went there endeavoring to get utterly away from the palling, uninspiring old life—that, indeed, had given him success, as far as the acknowledged skill of his brush went, but which he was beginning to realize, been so meagre in actual gratification. He was weary of it all. He sorely hoped his spirits would be healed there. But he hoped the body would, and in his desperation all he asked for his mind was a kind of forgetfulness which, in a sardonic humor he grimly promised himself, the monotony of the life would induce—drugging him about a month, at least one of his pur- poses began to be realized. His strength began to return. After sitting there several weeks on the veranda, looking away over the fields and across to the hills, whose gentle, graceful uprise made the valley, he was able to be able to take short walks over the meadows, and then tramps up the hills.

As for his mind, with his innate turn for psychology he derived much amusement from his condition. For he was gradually lapsing into that state of placidity which he and his old fellow-students used to characterize scottily as "bovine." There was not positive happiness, but the bitter desiccative quiet indifference that amused him, while it soothed. He said to himself that he was beginning to comprehend the delightful insouciance of the lilies of the field. By his complete isolation, as well as his deliberate desire to forget the burdens, worries and excitements of the old wild life he had been gradually slipping into an unconsciousness to fall from him as unloosened letters. Sometimes, as he sat there looking over the fine landscape before and around him, he would murmur to himself:

"There is no world for this side. Flowers and daisies, and birds a-fly And clouds that soar Slightly in the sky. The sunbeams in it."

It grew to be so that he scarcely thought of the old times, save when Father Bouchard came to visit—since somehow he did more frequently since Foster had begun to see the dear shepherd beside the fact that the dear shepherd felt that every one in the village was his flock—did not even the stray ones who were his Master's—there were other reasons for his liking to stop there for a chat with Foster. For it was an old, sweet delight to hear some one talk again of the pictures and scenes of his loved and used to know. And then it was interesting to see the work of the new schools. Besides he felt that of these things, and there was not a multitude of the inner circle in Pleasant Valley, though it was not sunk in primitive ignorance. So many an evening as Foster was sitting smoking, and the Bouchard would come along, and the two—the jaded man of the world and the great strong pastor—would sit almost till midnight talking art, literature, and the material of both—life.

One evening when they were together and some one else had dropped in, the old town, the decoration of the church, came up for consideration. In a moment of generosity Foster offered to finish the walls. With his returning strength, the old desire to use the brush was beginning to tingle his fingers. He but began to tinkle his fingers. A wish voiced, said Father Bouchard, a wish that had been lurking in his heart ever since he heard that some one who had exhibited at the Salon was going to summer in Pleasant Valley.

As soon as he was able Gerard Foster began his work. It half amused him, because it was a departure from his ordinary themes. Ecclesiastical art he had known, but on other men's canvases. However he knew one or two, and he was glad to have an opportunity to repay the good of his many kindnesses. So every day or so thereafter might be seen the scaffolding Gerard Foster, working and blasé man-of-the-world, sweeping away on some symbol whose value his artistic sense could not apprehend, if his intellect did not approve. Often as he sat there working away, whistling some old snatch from the opera or a lit of old comrades of the Bohemian days would laugh if they came to this! By the end of the winter it was all finished, except a small shrine at the end of the Church, to St. Agnes. Just as he was about to begin work on this an attack of his former exhaustion came upon him. He had to discontinue. When strength came back he resolved to do it. He had to follow the power to work. In a few weeks he began to slip past with his feeling able to use art and pigment, and mind, which is guide for both. And with this failure of energy to assert itself again, there he used to the old depression, to which he used to be a victim, when it felt anything worth while. All his former weariness with things haunted him again, till once more he was in that slough of despair from which he had hoped himself rescued—

around Father Bouchard's library for interesting indeed, but the possible divinity of this force he scarcely considered—till now when it was thrust upon him, as it were. What a strange thing it was that the persuasion to which Agnes had been a martyr in that old far-off time still endured, still had his supporters! . . . As he watches his "little saint Agnes" praying at the shrine, he knew that the severest would not flinch from the severest ordeal for what she was worshipping there on the altar. It was the first ray of light in the darkness—what then did happen in Galilee? over and over he began thinking. It lent a grave quality to his work as he continued finishing the shrine, a reverence to his pre-entation of what he was just beginning to comprehend.

When the shrine was completed, and Father Bouchard was gratified beyond his expectations, he was also baffled beyond comprehension at how a man with ideas such as Gerard Foster had honestly confessed, had been able to grasp and depict with his brush that impalpable spiritual beauty born only of an exaltation, which he had felt. Gerard Foster. Yet there was a quality in his light and tone that Father Bouchard knew only too well came not from mere artistic composition, but from an innate spirituality—Raphael and others in "the day-spring of art so fresh and dewy" had worked it in with their pigments.

About a year after this, Foster returned to Pleasant Valley. He had been abroad again, but had come back to Father Bouchard to be baptised. The morning of his first Communion he lingered in the church after every one else had gone. As he stayed there making a long thanksgiving, wrapped in the comfort and the joy of it, the sacristan came out to drap the church pews was borne to him the fragrance of flowers. It was the first service for the departed he had ever attended, and he departed he made a profound impression of it made a profound impression upon him. He said to himself: "you've come to the best port, old man, whence come to the best port for eternity." As the Mass to embark on his own work, and having had no breakfast, but he did not like to leave. As his attention flagged a little he glanced about the church, and his eyes falling upon his own work, he lived again some of his old life, then his coming to Pleasant Valley and his conversion came before his mental vision. As his eyes rested on the shrine of St. Agnes, spontaneously they received his inspiration—the "little saint Agnes" was not there. He thought again of how she had been not only his inspiration, but the street instrument, as it were, of his faith in the first revealing to him a faith he had not realized before. He felt that he had not realized before. She he would like to see her again. She was probably some girl of the village, but no matter, he felt he would like to see her, perhaps know her. Once again the tones of the Marche Funebre came plaintively from the organ loft, dis- tracting his thought. He glanced at the cortege. It was apparently a young person there borne out under all the white flowers, perhaps . . . she? One afternoon later he strayed into the church, thinking he would look over his work critically. It had been finished long enough for him to get the right perspective.

As he entered the church he saw an old man and woman standing in front of the shrine he had decorated. The old man, looking intently at his own work, he was surprised at what power he put into it. "I wish some of the fellows could see it; I believe it would convert them!" As he drew closer, he observed the aged couple. The woman was crying; he heard her say: "Isn't it like her? Every day and almost just come here every day and almost have her back again." Foster bent his head and passed into a pew. "O little saint Agnes," he prayed, "thank God that once at least my brush has been true, thank Him that you led me to His feet."

Cancers and meliomas are forbidden fruit to many persons so constituted that the indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, erysipelas, etc. These persons are not aware that they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. B. Serravallo's Cordial, and that this will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

The next few mornings he went to Mass. One morning, he met Father MacLean, the assistant, who said to him: "You don't get to work too early, do you? You know Mass is being celebrated just now." "I'm going to celebrate just now," Foster with a twinkle in his eye answered the young priest. "Aren't you afraid we'll make a Catholic of you, if you do such things?" "Not much afraid, wish you could," said Foster.

There in the same place, when he went in, was his unconscious model. There was a great charm about her face, simplicity and purity were its keynote, and she had never seen before a spirituality, and, adding to it a illumination, he had not hitherto known, though his friendships had been with women whose mental calibre had undeniable distinction. That was the thing that first set him thinking—her unmistakable, cool intelligence about what she was doing and about what was about going forward on the altar. He began to meditate how strange it was considering all the ages, all the centuries piled on centuries between them, that there were two women, one far away in the first dawn of the religion of Christ, one in twenty-ninth century year thereafter, apparently feeling the same exaltation, had but devotion to Him who the great Man vaguely known as an age, a locality, Galilee. Product of his drift from the old moorings, Gerard Foster had come in contact but very indirectly with Christianity and its teachings. The history of Jesus Christ had been to him in his career, which he deemed a very real, intense life, but which was really an undeveloped dream; the history but of some mysterious, powerful pillar, anthropist of unusual psychic power.

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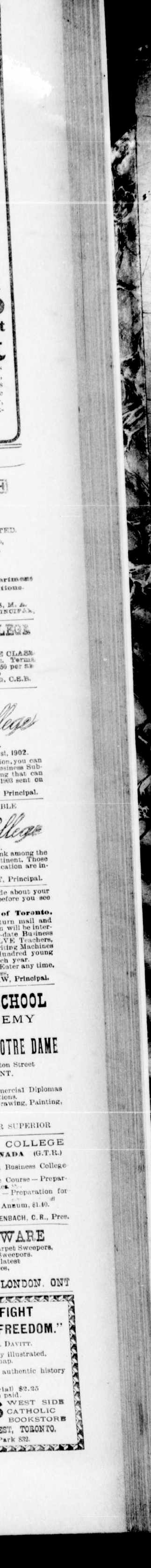
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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1902. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 20, 1902. THE CHRISTIAN PROTECTORATE IN THE EAST.

The French Government is already finding out that it cannot be anti-Catholic at home and yet retain its prestige in the East as a leading Christian nation.

Already Germany and Italy have succeeded in asserting their claim to be recognized in the Turkish Empire as the guardians of the interests of their own subjects in that country.

The Porte had agreed to appoint a Christian Governor of the province of Syria in order to satisfy the European powers that the Christians there would not be subject to such persecutions as have almost exterminated those of Armenia.

The more conservative religionists express great doubt that the proposed union can be brought about, but the religious press of nearly all the Protestant sects are favorable to the plan.

A FRANCO-SPANISH ALLIANCE.

A despatch from Paris announces that Spain is on the point of concluding a treaty of alliance with France.

The official newspaper of Madrid, the Correspondencia Militar, enumerates many common interests of France and Spain.

It is stated that the Spanish Government would have been glad to have made the alliance with England in preference to France.

The strength of the present tendency towards an alliance has been emphasized by the marked cordiality of the speeches made by the French Minister of War, M. Andre, and the Prince of Asturias, who interchanged compliments

in their speeches delivered at the banquet given in Paris at the end of the military manoeuvres recently held in France, and at which the Prince assisted.

Minister Jules Cambon has been appointed French ambassador to Madrid, and this appointment will also undoubtedly tend to strengthen the bonds of friendship between the two nations.

A POPE FOR LUTHERANISM AND CALVINISM.

The Emperor William of Germany recently delivered at Gotha an address in which he advocated strongly a confederation of all the State Churches of the Empire.

Nearly all the Protestant States of Germany have State Churches which are Lutheran or Calvinistic, and Prussia itself has no less than six.

A conference of the representatives of these Churches was recently held at Eisenach, and a committee was appointed to conduct a propaganda for their federation so that if possible there may be one State Church recognized throughout the Empire.

It is proposed that each district Church with the new federation shall retain its doctrinal peculiarities, and adhere to its own Confession of Faith.

Another argument was that Catholics should not be employed by Protestants, because Catholic School Boards do not employ Protestants.

It is true that the unions which have been effected in Canada between the different Methodist and Presbyterian sects have been very complete.

But the Kaiser is astute. He is convinced that the headship of the whole German Church will give him as great a power over the consciences of men as he now wields over their political aspirations.

ism adheres to its primary principle that each individual is the supreme authority for himself to determine what is of true Christian faith, and what is subversive of Christ's teaching.

The present effort to unite German Protestantism is without doubt preliminary to a further endeavor to make the Emperor be regarded as a sort of Pope having jurisdiction over the State Churches of the Scandinavian as well as the Teutonic races.

FLAGRANT BIGOTRY IN FORT ERIE.

A case of flagrant bigotry and injustice on the part of the Public School Trustees of the village of Fort Erie is strongly commented on by the Illustrated Buffalo Express of August 31st.

Miss Elizabeth Harcourt, a highly respectable young lady, was engaged by the Board of Trustees to teach one of the schools of the village on the reopening of the schools on Sept. 1st after the summer vacation.

Early in August an advertisement appeared in a Toronto paper for a teacher, and seventy applications were sent in, among which was that of Miss Harcourt.

Among the applications Miss Harcourt's qualifications were deemed by the Board to be the best, and Mr. Porter declares that the possibility of Miss Harcourt being a Catholic was carefully discussed.

It came to Miss Harcourt's ear that a number of the people of Fort Erie are much opposed to Catholics, and as she did not wish to accept the position sailing under false colors, she wrote to Joseph Schryer, secretary of the Board.

Another argument was that Catholics should not be employed by Protestants, because Catholic School Boards do not employ Protestants.

At a meeting of the School Board held on August 25th it was determined to ask Miss Harcourt to agree to the cancellation of her contract.

In reference to the arguments used by Mr. Porter we have to say that the action of Catholic School Boards is not to be set forward as a plea in regard to the management of Public schools.

It should be scarcely necessary for us to say that this story is an evident fabrication. It is true that the toilet of the Italians is not generally so elaborate as that of the English or Germans.

way of taxation or by Government grant allowed for Protestant children who attend the schools.

There is some doubt whether the darker shade of the Southrons be not more characteristic of health and endurance than the fairer one of Northern countries.

In this case we may see a strong reason why Catholics should loyally support Catholic schools wherever they are established.

We can well imagine the spirit in which this gentleman's teaching will be given. Undoubtedly his influence will be directed toward proselytizing Catholic children.

The fact that this anti-Catholic influence pervades the public school teaching, even when it is not openly manifested, is one of the reasons why Catholics should have Catholic schools wherever it is possible to support them.

AN ARBITRATION CASE BEFORE THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL.

The first international dispute which comes before the Arbitration Tribunal established by the Peace Conference which met at the Hague is a claim made by the Government of Mexico.

A century ago Lord Cornwallis called the Act of Union, consummated as it was through the shameless purchase of a Parliament which in no sense represented the people of Ireland.

Mr. George Wyndham, the Secretary for Ireland, has recently exhibited remarkable activity in repressing the expression of public opinion on the misgovernment of Ireland.

A DUCK STORY.

A ridiculous story has been despatched to the press of this continent from London, England, which is said to have been sent originally from Rome by the correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle.

Students belonging to the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon colleges at Rome are easily recognizable by their general neatness and cleanliness.

It should be scarcely necessary for us to say that this story is an evident fabrication. It is true that the toilet of the Italians is not generally so elaborate as that of the English or Germans.

We do not deny that the two last named nationalities are as a whole fine specimens of humanity, and in their own estimation at least their blonde hue gives them a personal beauty which Southern races cannot claim.

the tune which the landlords piped.

The peculiarly odious act of tyranny perpetrated by Mr. Wyndham is the proclamation under the Crimes Act of five peaceable Irish counties together with Dublin city, which is at the present moment the most orderly and law-abiding city in the world.

Mr. John Dillon fully approved Mr. Redmond's proposal, and described the proclamation as "audacious and ruffianly." He said that "Belfast has more crime in one month than Dublin has in five years."

It is a satisfaction to know that even Belfast is becoming restive under the persistent tyranny of landlordism.

Mr. George Wyndham, the Secretary for Ireland, has recently exhibited remarkable activity in repressing the expression of public opinion on the misgovernment of Ireland.

IRELAND UNDER COERCION AGAIN.

Mr. George Wyndham, the Secretary for Ireland, has recently exhibited remarkable activity in repressing the expression of public opinion on the misgovernment of Ireland.

Again the Viceroxy wrote: "The political jobbing of this country—that is to say, of that portion of the country which hang on to the castle—gets the better of me."

Mr. Wyndham has no such conscientious scruples as those which tortured Lord Cornwallis.

NATIONAL CHURCHES.

The question of changing the name of the Church of England in Canada was discussed by the General Synod of that Church which met recently in Montreal.

The mover argued that the present name of that Church is "long, unsuitable, and entirely indefensible, and the formation of a General synod combining all the dioceses into a national Church had done away with all excuse for its use."

Some idea made by Catholicism in England is a century is a Catholic Word: "Many, in which were intelligence to villages that guised priest-tolic visit. to detail methods of Sometimes in village a cent it would be few these few Catholic that on the would be holy mystic English man day the h to which during the made by the Government Satan any

lived to be just as ap ada in the ecclesiastical tional sense."

Other speakers objected to the proposed changes of the members of the Church mind their dependence country. Judge Macville entered at length ogy of the word Ar understood was prop name; but he failed to be gained by substituting Saxon term.

A motion was then N. Hoyle of Toronto committee be app whether or no it is the church in Canada distinctive national accepted by the uov motion, and became motion.

Mr. Matthew W moved, and a Judge S seconded a sixth S carried by vote of 3 the present the p shelved, but the cl on the first occas coming before the makes it highly pr soon be brought for A similar agitatio for some time in the object in view of the Protestant I that country, in ord which will not sugga tive character of th tion, as the term This agitation has result so far; but believe that some desired by the int made there also.

It does not int what name modern designate themse transform themse indefectible Chru stituted by any el they may adopt; marked that the v agitation is going sects the want of which is essenti Christ; and they for the absence of adoption of some Christ institut fold under one sh Faith and one Da of England in Can at Episcopal C States, though Church of Englan from their so-cv and are liable its teachings time. Being dis Churches, "mis houses" as Can it cannot be ex not adopt new d can Church has at least actual standards teach given in the Common Prayer and Baptismal r these rejected the nature of me that such chang time in the Can South Africa C independent of mother Church.

The "Church called in Holy and ground of human organiz or local church of being so des The principle churches which anxious to ass of England name, has no which makes m of Christ wh throughout all Church is not national, un application of

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lieved to be just as applicable to Canada in the ecclesiastical as in the national sense."

Other speakers objected strenuously to the proposed change, as Canadian members of the Church should bear in mind their dependency on the mother country.

Judge Macdonald of Brockville entered at length into the etymology of the word Anglican, which he understood was proposed for the new name; but he failed to see what was to be gained by substituting a Latin for a Saxon term.

A motion was then made by Mr. W. N. Hoyle of Toronto that "a joint committee be appointed to consider whether or no it is desirable to have the church in Canada designated by a distinctive national name."

This was accepted by the mover of the original motion, and became the substantive motion. Mr. Matthew Wilson of Chatham moved, and Judge Savary of Annapolis seconded a six months' hoist, which was carried by vote of 37 to 35.

Thus for the present the proposal has been shelved, but the closeness of the vote on the first occasion of the question coming before the General Synod makes it highly probable that it may soon be brought forward again.

A similar agitation has been going on for some time in the United States with the object in view to change the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church of that country, in order to assume a name which will not suggest that the distinctive character of that Church is negation, as the term Protestant implies.

This agitation has also been without result so far; but we have reason to believe that some such change as is desired by the innovators will yet be made there also.

It does not interest us greatly by what name modern sects may choose to designate themselves. They can never transform themselves into the ancient indefeasible Church which Christ instituted by any change of name which they may adopt.

But it may be remarked that the very fact that such an agitation is going on shows in these sects the want of that quality of unity which is essential to the Church of Christ; and they endeavor to make up for the absence of this quality by the adoption of some captious name.

Christ instituted one Church—"one fold under one shepherd," with "one Faith and one Baptism." The Church of England in Canada, and the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, though offshoots from the Church of England, are quite distinct from their so-called mother Church, and are liable to wander from its teachings in the lapse of time.

Being distinct and independent Churches, "mistress in their own houses" as Canon Welch expresses it, it cannot be expected that they will not adopt new doctrines. The American Church has already done so, or has at least actually eliminated from its standards teachings which are clearly given in the English Book of Common Prayer.

Priestly absolutism and baptismal regeneration are among these rejected teachings, and it is in the nature of merely human institutions that such changes shall take place in time in the Canadian, Australian, and South African Churches which are also independent of each other and of their mother Church.

The "Church of the living God" is called in Holy Scripture "the pillar and ground of truth," but merely human organizations like these branch or local churches are not at all worthy of being so designated.

The principle of independent national churches which Canon Welch is so anxious to assert by giving the Church of England in Canada a new name, has no foundation in Scripture, which makes mention of only one Church of Christ which should be spread throughout all nations. The Scriptural Church is universal or Catholic, not national, notwithstanding the Canon's application of Mr. Kipling's aphorism.

HEARING MASS IN ENGLAND IN THE 17th CENTURY.

Some idea of the efforts that were made by Catholics to practise their religion in England in the seventeenth century is given in an article in the Catholic World Magazine for September. "Many, indeed, were the artifices which were adopted to convey the intelligence to the Catholics of towns and villages that some unknown and disguised priest would pay them an apostolic visit. One could scarcely begin to detail the different ways and methods of this sacred telegraphy. Sometimes in the outskirts of a town or village a certain quantity of linen would be spread on the mead; at other times it would be hung along the hedges to dry; these were recognized signs to the few Catholic inhabitants of the place that on the morrow God's minister would be with them to dispense the holy mysteries. In some of the old English manors there may be seen today the hiding-places in the walls to which the priest might retreat during the frequent domiciliary visits made by the brutal commissaries of the Government. Had these agents of Satan any suspicion that the walls con-

tained a living being, the posse would be turned into a crowbar brigade whose satanic work made saints for paradise. The fugitive priest, whose parish was all England, said Mass at daybreak for his little flock, administered the Sacraments, and at eventide preached the word of God. When his priestly labor was finished, he departed to some other centre of Catholicism to renew his efforts in behalf of souls. Thus, providentially, some glimmering of the faith was left amidst the general national apostasy."

FINGERS OF CHRIST THRUST IN THE EARS OF POLITICIANS.

Masterly Sermon of Rev. W. O'Brien Pardon, S. J. Rev. W. O'Brien Pardon, perhaps the most forceful pulpit orator in the Society of Jesus in this country, preached a notable sermon to the students of the Catholic Summer School of America, Cliff Haven, N. Y., on Aug. 3. In the gospel of the day was narrated the miracle of the healing of the deaf and dumb man by our Blessed Saviour, and the preacher, in a manner as graphic and inspiring, applied the lessons of that incident to the living questions of the hour. The discourse was marked by numerous striking, not to say startling, passages, and the quality of the utterance as a whole entitled it to the widest possible circulation. Father Pardon spoke in part as follows:

Before working the mighty miracles, Our Blessed Lord went through a whole series of ceremonies. He might have cured the man by a single word, but instead of this He thrust His fingers into his ears and touched his tongue, raised His eyes to heaven and pronounced the life-giving words, and only then was the cure effected. This is a clear Biblical confirmation of the entire Catholic doctrine of ceremonial in the Church. Our Lord was teaching a great truth, and in order that this truth should sink more deeply into the minds of the whole world He taught it, by means of a living object lesson. He groaned. Now why should Our Lord have groaned if His attention were only centered on the man before Him, whom He was going to cure? He groaned undoubtedly because He realized that the lesson would not reach all the souls that were deaf in the world. I may say at once that this object lesson is the one most needed by the world in which we live. Nations as well as individuals were becoming de-Christianized. They are striving in a half-hearted sort of a way after ethics and morality independently of the teachings of Jesus Christ. But there is no cure either for the individual or for society unless the Man-God thrust His fingers far into the ears of the world. We hear, it is true, now-a-days a great deal of praise of Christ as man. He is lauded to the skies as the noblest boast of human nature, and then, almost in the same breath He is pronounced the "greatest impostor that ever lived"; for if He is not true God, He claimed to be, then He out-satans satan himself. This point we must insist on with all possible vehemence.

Any praise of Christ less than the highest, that is the divine, is only gilded blasphemy. This thrusting of His fingers into the ears of the deaf man and thus reaching down to the very soul was the fulfilling part of the mission given Him by His Father. But the great work was not to be done by Christ alone. "As the Father hath sent Me," He said, "so I also send you." The mission of Christ thus becomes the mission of His Church. Christ's fingers are to be thrust deep into the ears of the world by the institution of which He said: "He that heareth you heareth Me."

THE WORLD AND THE CHURCH. It is this divine mission of the Church that the twentieth century opposes with all its vehemence, for this mission is the thrusting of the supernatural into mundane affairs. Very many consider Christianity as nothing more than a sublime effort of the human mind; but if it is only that, it is a dead issue. The world does not object to having the world go to the slums and help the great unwashed; it does not object to the Church going to the battlefield and staunching the blood that flows from the veins of the wounded soldier, but when the Church wishes to enter the domain of science, and of social questions, the world raises its small thou go, but no farther.

But how can the Church of the Incarnate Son of God agree to any such limitations of its powers? How can the Church accept any definition of its sphere which would leave all real speech and all real influence and power to the state with its politicians? These men would fain drive the Church off, bid her stay apart with folded arms and look up at the sky, contemplating the palest-faced virtues of a far-away heaven, while they make their own robust sort of heaven on earth. But the Church stands for divine law, the law of laws, and if true to her mission can never be satisfied with a little mountain top, up-in-the-air citadel, where she would feel impregnable only as long as she remains shut up behind its gates.

It is true, "business is business," and "politics are politics," but as soon as a social question ceases to be speculative and grows urgent and palpitative, as soon as it becomes ethical it also becomes political, and then Religion cannot step back and play the part of a spectator, or at least the mute spectator. It is because the divine interests of Jesus Christ are seriously menaced by the world to-day that the Catholic Church speaks out in unmistakable tones. The Catholic Summer School of America has a duty in this regard which it owes to the country and the world. We live in days when nothing is hidden, when that which is spoken in one corner of the globe is immediately blazoned forth from the press. Thus the telegram and the press, the Summer School and the present will be like a beacon light to our Catholic brethren in the world over.

It is because we Catholics are convinced that the teachings of our Church are the surest support of the nation that we insist on them with ever-increasing energy. Our great Pontiff, who personifies before the world the teachings of the Church, has set us a noble example and has never ceased to proclaim during his long pontificate the sublime lessons of the faith. This explains his attitude in the momentous questions that have come up for settlement in the last few days.

It was his love for our great country that made him wish that we should not sully the pure white stripes of our flag by any hasty decision at the risk of giving to all the other nations of the world an example of unfairness and bigotry.

One of the fundamental principles on which the American Constitution is based is the trial by jury. Even when a vile assassin a year ago struck down with treacherous hand our late lamented President, although the deed was witnessed by hundreds of men, yet the country, in spite of its indignation, gave the assassin the full benefit of legal defense by an able advocate and a trial by jury. Even though so many saw him do the deed, still the inhuman wretch was not to be considered guilty until he was legally proved to be. PREVENTED A SAD MISTAKE A few days ago our great country seemed to be on the verge of driving, by skillful diplomacy, some four or five hundred men from the very homes which they had created, from the very land which owes to them its civilization; and yet we did not think of giving one of these accused men the benefit of legal defense or a trial by jury. The Vatican, which was accustomed to deal with mighty questions and mighty peoples, fifteen centuries before we were born as a nation, acted as to stop and think, assured that American fair-mindedness would finally gain the day over misrepresentation and bigotry. The American people have not been allowed to know that the most respectable and order-loving element among the Filipino laymen was not permitted to give testimony in favor of the friars. Great stress was placed upon the testimony of the avowed enemies of the friars. Had they been officially cited as well as lay-owners among the Filipinos would have testified in strong terms in favor of the accused. This is proved by the fact that when the news reached Manila that the dioceses of Grand Rapids and Hartford had respectively protested against the expulsion of the friars, one million five hundred thousand Catholic laymen in the Philippine Islands sent a cablegram stating, "Filipino Catholics desire the friars to remain." This is only one example in which the renovated produce and slow deliberation of the Vatican has prevented many a sad mistake. This is a case in which the Church has thrust the fingers of Christ into the ears of some politicians.

But there is another topic which is of still greater interest to all Catholics, and that is the question of the schools of our country. Any one who has followed this question for the past twenty-five years can see how the tide is turning. Not long ago it was supposed by many of our intelligent fellow-citizens that the instruction in "rhetoric," "reading," "writing" and "arithmetic," would be the remedy for all our woes and a sufficient training for every American citizen.

The Catholic Church, of course, had no objection to the "three R's," only it wanted four R's instead of three; it wanted religion, reading, "rhetoric" and "arithmetic." Recent discussion in the press, on the platform and in the pulpit shows how our people are beginning to realize the fact that mental development, and not the race of men and women on whom it can count in the day of need, it must somehow or other increase the moral power of the schools. Protestants now join their Catholic brethren in clamoring for a truer basis of education.

Let the reasoned basis of the Public School," said recently an Episcopal minister, "is to make good citizens. If it does not achieve this it has failed in the purpose of which it exists. Now does it make good citizens by emphasizing the head at the expense of the heart, by training the intellect and slighting morals?"

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOL. The crucial point at present is how to teach morals and leave out religion. No clearer statement of the seriousness of the question and of its solution can be found than that which appeared as an editorial in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle of June 1. The editorial is entitled "By the State—or Without it."

Every mother and every father should weigh well the crisp and cogent arguments of this masterly paper. We select a few thoughts: "Right or wrong," so runs the leader, "in the affairs of conduct are matters which have to be learned just as truly as history and handicrafts. Is this knowledge being imparted to our children in any efficient way? Is the Public School doing it? Is the Church doing it? Are the fathers and mothers doing it? We are compelled sadly to say no to all these questions. There have been times and places in which no distinctive instruction of this sort was needed, the standard of right living being held and practiced that the children came into the knowledge of it unconsciously. There were no doubt bad boys a century ago, and when they were bad they knew they were bad. There never was any question in their minds as to what they ought to do. Their duty to God and to their neighbor was as clear in their minds as any other fact, but the conditions in life have wonderfully changed in this regard. The truth is we are taking for granted a moral intelligence that does not exist. We are leaning upon it, depending upon it, trusting to it, and it is not there. The great company of educators and the whole American community need to be warned that if morally cannot be specially taught in the public schools without admitting

religions dogma, then religious dogma will have to be taught in them. Any school which permit, a pupil to be in it for six months without seeing to it that he has learned essential morality has shown its unfitness to be a place of training of future citizens."

We thank the Brooklyn "Daily Eagle" for its plain speech. We believe that it has the honor of being the first of the great daily papers to dare speak out what thousands of men and women have felt in their hearts but had not the courage to utter. The Catholic Church in America has been for years educating one million children at its own expense, in both mental attainments and moral, and yet it has hardly received even recognition, let alone praise from the country, although it has been doing so at the expense of untold sacrifice and labor. There was enough power to do right the wrong, but we did not take the pains to make the necessary connection between the power and the will. Let me illustrate my meaning. We have stood in breathless admiration before the mighty cataract of Niagara. We have realized the tremendous power of these rushing, whirling waters. For centuries that power had been in existence. It had no need of a poet or an imagination of a passing fancy to stir the pen of an emulative author. It had done little else. It had never lifted a hammer or turned a wheel. Some thinker saw a way to harness Niagara Falls. "Before long," he said, "you will be able to ride in the trolley cars of Buffalo impelled by the waters of Niagara. No sooner said than done. That man the proper connection between the mighty power house and man's material needs. Something like this must we Catholics do.

Throughout ages has coursed a mighty cataract—mightier than the mightiest. This is the cataract of the blood of Jesus Christ. Power is there to illuminate every nook and corner of the world, and to inflame the hearts of all mankind with the love of what is right and noble. That divine cataract has not done all that it has the power to do. Whose fault? In many cases yours and mine. We Catholics have not bestirred ourselves to make the proper connection between the divine power house and the needs, political, social, educational and moral, of our day and our country. The Catholic Summer School is a grand object lesson which will encourage our fellow-Catholics all over the land in meeting this necessary connection and taking the proper stand as regards the tenets of our faith.

What our fellow-citizens need is to know us better. As has been ably stated in the Messengers for July: "The people are not altogether to blame for having wrong ideas about us. Those who really to blame are the publishers who for over a century have been poisoning the wells." Very many men and women who boast of their intelligence and call themselves "advanced thinkers" have in reality never advanced beyond the popular encyclopedia as the source of their information. The motto of our day is to refuse such second or third or fourth hand information; it is not to believe all that one sees in print and to be absolutely convinced that more than nine-tenths of the accusations found in certain histories against the Church are absolutely without proof that would stand before a jury.

POWER OF FEDERATION. If the tens of millions of Catholics in the United States would take a firm and united stand; in other words, if all the Catholic societies throughout the land would be alive to the great power of Catholic Federation, then might we hope to have justice done us; and justice is all that we are clamoring for. Let us then be up and doing. Let the Catholic spirit of our Summer School bring a new and east, and west into one grand union for the spread of true Catholic ideas, which will be no less a support to the State than to the Church. Several of our recent visitors have remarked that the prevailing Catholic spirit which one feels in the very atmosphere around Cliff Haven reminds them of what they have read concerning the early Church, when, as the Scripture says, "all the faithful had but one heart and one soul."

Let us in conclusion never forget that the Church of Christ must continue the mission of Christ and realize to the full the words of St. Paul: "Woe to me if I do not preach the gospel." Now every true child of the Church must help in this divine work. Preaching is not confined to the pulpit, for, as the old adage has it, "Actions speak louder than the words." We must aid the Church in pushing the fingers of Christ into the ears of the world. This will be to carry out the purpose of the Incarnation, since God has become man and the Incarnation is the solution of all social problems, the one dominant principle of economics and politics, as well as of ethics and religion. Man means all that man thinks, desires, does; in a word, the entire scope of humanity. God must not be excluded from any part of His creation. A fenced out God is no God at all. Since, then, the Incarnation reaches into all society, we must have, as has been truly said, the Christ of the home, the Christ of the school room, the Christ of the workshop, the Christ of the chisel, the brush and the pen; or, as the Bible puts it, "All things and in all things Christ."

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate—good books, good friends, and good humor. Three things to contend for—honor, country and friends.

CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION. By Archbishop F. J. Ryan of Philadelphia. III. Passing to another class of the unfortunate sufferers of our race, let us consider the condition of prisoners, even those of war, usually supposed to be privileged. Let us consider them under the most refined and cultured Pagan civilization.

Look at that scene of a Roman triumph. See the kings and generals who are taken prisoners of war, whilst defending their own countries. Behold them led along in melancholy, insulting procession. Worse than this, they force these prisoners to become slaves and gladiators, and to butcher each other for the amusement of their highly civilized Roman conquerors. Brother had to encounter brother in the bloody arena. Pliny and Tertullian, the Pagan and the Christian, both inform us that it sometimes happened that when the fresh, warm tide of the gladiator's blood gushed out, it was received in drinking cups, handed round to the audience and sipped by Roman men and—Roman women!

This was Paganism treating its prisoners when there stood in the hall of Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor of Judea, a prisoner. He stood there as a malefactor who was to strike off the character of the prisoner, sacred and inviolate. He identified himself with the prisoners of all time. He made kindness to prisoners the condition of eternal salvation.

"I was in prison and you visited me," as if He said, "I will live in every heart-broken captive until the end of time." His spirit has ever animated that Christianity which He founded.

By decrees of the Christian Roman Emperors, especially those of Theodosius, the condition of prisoners and prisoners were mercifully ameliorated. Christians visited them. The Christian Church perpetuated this charity. You know how the dreadful gladiatorial combats were finally abolished. Men continued them in spite of the Church's protests, when a monk of the distant Thelaid heard of the terrible excesses. A light flashed on his soul, like inspirations on the souls of the prophets. He left the desert and journeyed on to Rome. Though no longer young, his spirit was young and fearless, and he bounded into the midst of the gladiators, whilst the gladiators were fighting, and commanded them in the name of God to desist. Eighty thousand people filled the mighty building and looked in wonder at the audacious stranger. He appealed to the Emperor, in the name of Christ, to stop this terrible combat. The appeal was not heeded. The populace demanded the blood of the intruder, and he was stoned to death.

But this scene ended the gladiatorial combats. They never revived after it, and the monk is honored now as St. Telemachus, truly a hero of Christian civilization! Time and suffering quenched not the fire of zeal in the old Church. On the contrary we behold here in the time of the Crusades establishing that wonderful Order for the "Redemption of Captives," the members of which bound themselves by vows, not only to collect money to redeem the Christian prisoners retained by the Turks, but actually to go, as they not infrequently did, to exchange places with the prisoners, in order that the men of family could return to their homes to support their wives and children! Behold them offering their hands for the prison chains of the Mussulman!

What was true of individual prisoners was true also of oppressed nationalities. The Church which Christ organized, was ever of the people and with the people. When the Normans invaded England, who came over with the invaders, stood up for the oppressed Saxons and their own countrymen, and defended with great self-sacrifice the conquered nationality. Who was it that here on the soil of this New World protected the primitive people from the savage excesses of their Spanish masters?

The King's preachers and Las Casas formed a junta of their own. They resolved to begin by the then angelical Indians by the men of the blood, and their own countrymen, and defended with great self-sacrifice the conquered nationality. Who was it that here on the soil of this New World protected the primitive people from the savage excesses of their Spanish masters?

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If all these earthly powers turned a deaf ear to fraternal admonitions, they, from the Cross and the Gospels to the brethren, would then preach publicly against all these great men.

This resolution, drawn up in writing, they subscribed to; and they swore to carry out their resolve. So has it been also in our day with the North American Indians. Missionaries like Father De Smet and his companions have done more to civilize the Indians by the influence of the doctrine and institutions of the Christian religion than all other influences united. That remarkable man thoroughly studied and deeply loved these primitive tribes. I remember once having incautiously asked him how he could have lived so long and so happily amongst these savages. "Savages" exclaimed the old man. "The only savages I have met in this country I have met in New York and St. Louis, where I have stayed. The civilized savages who have received and rejected Christianity truly deserve that name."

General Harney, then the oldest officer told me that Mr. Lincoln, during his presidency, sent for him to consult on the subject of sending troops to subdue some troublesome Indians. "If you wish my opinion, Mr. President," said the general, "it is that you send not troops, but Father De Smet and myself on peaceful campaign." The influence of the old missionary was marvellous, and the peaceful campaign effected more than could have done several regiments of soldiers.

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Indians, I need not say was true also of the relations existing between the Catholic clergy and the Irish people. Christianity civilized and sanctified that island. A civilization far above that of material progress has signified her—civilization which narrowed her to sacrifice the things of this world for her honor and her good.

The action of the Christian Church is so well known that it needs but a passing reminder. In the first century Callista, passing through the slave market of Smyrna, was attracted by the gentle and intelligent looks of a young slave, and redeemed him. He was afterwards instructed in the Christian faith by St. John the Evangelist himself, and subsequently became Bishop of Smyrna and the celebrated martyr St. Polycarp. Callista's action foreshadowed the action of the Church in future ages. We find the Church gradually preparing slaves for the enjoyment of liberty, and then seeking their emancipation; civilizing at once and sanctifying them. St. Patrick had been a slave in Ireland, and we find him writing to Coroticus, a Welsh noble, begging him to liberate his Irish slaves.

The doctrines of Christianity, especially those of the origin of man, the doctrine of the Incarnation, and of the destiny of the immortal soul, tended to bring up the individual, no matter who he was, to the plane of equality with other men. Popes and Councils have protected and emancipated such men during all the centuries of the Church's existence.

M. COMBES AND FRENCH SCHOOLS

The London Spectator, commenting on the present violent action of M. Combes, the present French premier, in closing all unauthorized schools by police agency, says that he has been "even more imprudent than we imagined, so imprudent, indeed, that we can not but doubt whether M. Combes made a wise choice in selecting him for the premiership." This conclusion is not surprising when we consider that schools to the number of two thousand five hundred, are thus to be forcibly closed, and that seventy thousand pupils are thereby compelled "to choose between lay instructors, not always or everywhere to be found, and a complete absence of instruction." Moreover, there is a contention on the part of the Opposition "that a pledge given by M. Waldeck-Rousseau has been broken, and that the schools ought to have been closed by legal process,"—a contention that is supported even by newspapers friendly to the Government. The Spectator declares that M. Combes "has made a bad blunder," especially as the majority of the schools closed are girls' schools (taught by nuns, and while, in its opinion, "the majority of Frenchmen are possibly skeptics, pseudo-skeptics . . . they are very doubtful whether they wish their wives and daughters to hold similar opinions."

"They think that religion becomes women, or at all events helps them to be gentle and charitable, and to go straight. They prefer them, therefore, to be educated by religious women, and will send their daughters to be taught in schools of whose special instruction they do not themselves believe one word. Thus the shutting of the nuns' schools gives them deep annoyance, which in their wives, who were themselves bred in the nuns' schools, rises often to red-hot passion, as if they had been personally insulted."

It seems from advices from abroad, that the French women—not only Parisian ladies and Breton peasants, but the nuns themselves—have risen in protest against the gross injustice of the present Government. Meanwhile the lion-hearted Count de Mun, secretary of the Chamber of Deputies, in a noble race, is "stamping" the "country in behalf of the old rights of that France who is the Church's eldest daughter, and is taking advantage of this crucial moment. M. Combes has indeed greatly increased the difficulties in his own path, has "roused into active antagonism the conservative forces of France, and given new life and verve to the Opposition." It is possible that M. Combes and the majority of Frenchmen are not skeptics or pseudo-skeptics, and that the faith, lying dormant in the hearts of too many, will flame into vigorous life again in defence of the old faith of France, now that the outcome of so many acts against the Church is more clearly seen and closely felt.—Sacred Heart Review.

Pride of Education.

The girl who is educated above her parents' social position has a lot of unpleasantness before her unless she makes her character strong enough to rise above her circumstances. There is much that is petty and snobbish in society, and she must learn to ignore the little stings and heartaches her sensitive nature will feel when she meets with those who burst their superiority on her. Of course she loves her good old fashioned mother and father, but their appearance so devoid of tone when she compares them with the fashionable parents of her college companions. Accustomed to the refined surroundings of college life she cannot help noticing how different the things at home are, and the little ungrammatical phrases she is forced to hear grate on her feelings and wound her pride. If she is the right kind of a girl she will not let herself feel humiliated. She will, instead, endeavor to make her life useful and happy by applying the benefits of her education in a way that will bring out the beautiful qualities of her character. Petty pride is about the meanest trait one can possess. When education does not go down into the heart as well as into the mind its best meaning has been defeated. When the heart is beautiful with gentle virtues the intellect is of a rarer and higher order.

Three things to wish for—friends, health and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to like—cordiality, good humor and mirthfulness.



CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Each of us is bound to make the small circle in which he lives better and happier...

A Good Sign. When you go to Communion frequently in a body then you know that the name Catholic is in their case no misnomer.

Good Works Necessary to Young Men. It is not rather astonishing that the young men take such little interest in the parish affairs?

Make the Most of Opportunity. Opportunities do not come with their value stamped on them. Every one must be challenged.

A Familiar Character. The discontented worker who pines for wealth without being willing to labor for it regards the idleness in which it would enable him to live as the acme of temporal happiness.

Cultivate the Faculty of Winning Confidence. Tactful people are good judges of human nature. They can read character quickly, almost instinctively.

Test of a Man's Mettle. Among the men who have passed the foothills of success there are those whose efficiency is the final fruit of failure and discouragement.

Success is Natural to Man. Activity is as natural to man as harmony to music. His whole anatomy was made for achievement.

God never made a man for failure. We are success-oriented, success-organized, success-tuned achievement planners.

The Creator never made a human being to live in poverty or wretchedness; there are all indications and proofs possible that man was made for happiness.

Keep Your Memory Busy. Memory does not "fail"—except in loss of all faculties; it simply gets weak and languid for the want of use.

Non-sense! It hasn't. It is there just as much as it ever was, only there are a lot of things over it; keep at work; bring your will to bear upon it; try and try and try, and after a while you can get it.

And, better, you will find the exercise required in remembering it will help you next time, and that a little toil and determination put together will accomplish wonders in the whole range of the faculties.

Trailers have no "go" in them. Many people are like the street cars called "trailers," which have no

motors or power-generators of their own, or, if they have, do not use them. They depend on the cars ahead of them, or, perhaps, on some poor hack of a mule, which, in spite of his leanness, has some "go" in him.

"Trailers" are always dragged behind. So are the people that correspond with them. They are imitators. They do not think, because it is easier to let the leaders do it for them.

Many of these human "trailers" might have been leaders, had they taken pains to develop their inherent qualities of leadership. They thought it would require too much effort to train for generalship.

The discipline for self-mastery is too strenuous for them. They want to lead an easy life, and yet they complain because they do not enjoy the success that can come only from effort.

And they went on, on, on, again, over hill and dale, over sea and land. And the flowers faded, and the bright stars grew pale, and all things trembled before the dark master and the giant slave.

But as they journeyed on, over a dark mountain, they suddenly came to a sharp turn in the narrow way, where stood a granite cross.

One night the river rose unusually high; the melting snows from the mountain heights had swelled the uncontrolled torrent, and the steep banks scarcely contained its seething waters.

The wind shrieked wildly among the forest trees as they rocked beneath its furious blows. Rhoostum went out into the darkness to see if he could help some benighted wanderer.

Clear above the roar of the waters, high above the swirling wind, rose that still, small voice; and for the first time in his life the giant's brave heart trembled at the unwonted sound of that childish cry.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. CHRISTOPHER'S QUEST.

Many hundreds of years ago there was a great king, who lived in a beautiful palace. He had horses and carriages, and hundreds of men could do everything that the heart of man could desire.

There were no such flowers as those which grew in his gardens. The fountains which watered them played in a thousand showers of living light; they were like sparkling diamonds in the bright Eastern sunshine.

The waving palms moved languidly in the soft West wind, fanning the crown of the nightingales, as they sang their sweetest songs in the setting sun. The great white elephant, with his gorgeous trappings, waited beneath the thick peep trees in solemn silence for the coming of the king.

The whole cavalcade moved on through the long avenues of feathery palms and trees which might have grown in Paradise. The fruit of the mango flecked the dark green foliage like spots of gold.

The wind shrieked wildly among the forest trees as they rocked beneath its furious blows. Rhoostum went out into the darkness to see if he could help some benighted wanderer.

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MASS IN IMITATION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Dominiciana's Reply to the So-Called Catholic Witness, an Episcopal Journal of the High Church Party.

From the first number of the third volume of the Catholic Witness, published by members of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States (this is the official title, despite the assumption of the word Catholic) we make the following extract:

"The Roman Catholic magazine Dominiciana, which is published by the Dominican Fathers of San Francisco, and which is one of our exchanges which we always delight to read, has recently been saying some things in connection with the English Mass with which we are unable to agree.

In speaking of the coronation oath of Edward VI. of England, that paper says that after the oath had been taken in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, Archbishop Cranmer sang a Solemn High Mass, and that then, in less than two years, the Mass was abolished and the altar-stones cast to the ground.

We confess that, that it is a subject concerning which we might be supposed to know something. We venture to assert—and it is a confidence of boasting that no man may take from us—we venture to assert that the Mass has never been abolished in the Church of England. When with the Roman Catholics learn that the Church of England is a living branch of the ancient apostolic Church of Jesus Christ? The Mass has never been abolished by our Holy Mother, the Church of England. Now may God indeed forbid!"

Our first comment is one of grateful appreciation because of the courteous compliment paid to our work; and we may add that we read the Witness with interest. Our second word is that the Witness, in the issue named, speaks of the "emasculated Protestantism in vogue" in the Episcopal churches of California. Its claims, therefore, to the title Catholic are quite personal to the editor and to those amiable ladies and gentlemen who are associated with him.

The author of the article of the Witness, as they do the Mass. And we refer to the point on which the Catholic Witness seems to seek light. The twenty-ninth article of the famous thirty-nine of the Church of England explicitly rejects transubstantiation and the Mass. In his history of the Anglican Church of England, the Anglican Bishop Short (of St. Asaph) writes that the Church of England first ceased to be a member of the Church of Rome during the reign of Henry the Eighth, but it could hardly be called Protestant till that of Edward the Sixth.

During his short reign it became entirely Protestant, and in point of doctrine assumed its present form. And let the Catholic Witness recall the thirty-first article: "The sacrifices of Masses, in which it was commonly said that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead to have remission of pain and guilt, are blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits."

We could cite numerous Anglican authorities to prove that the Church of England repudiates all the essentials of priesthood in her ministers.

Let this may not satisfy the inquiring editor of the Catholic Witness we add that shortly after her accession Elizabeth effectually repudiated the reconciliation of England with the Holy See secured by Queen Mary and Cardinal Pole. The "virgin Queen," who had declared that she prayed God for the earth to swallow her up, and who were not a true Roman Catholic, had passed the Act for the Uniformity of the Church and Administration of the Sacraments." By this act, the Mass was once more abolished, as it had been in young Edward's time, and the Communion service of the Book of Common Prayer substituted for it.

Does the Catholic Witness forget the solemn declaration, under oath, made by the head of the Church of England, who may be called the Archbishop, who may be called the Archbishop of the P. E. Church of the United States, that Catholics, believing in the Blessed Sacrament and in the Mass, are Popish idolaters? If the Catholic Witness can successfully blind the eyes of its followers by throwing in them the chaff and dust of such appalling ignorance (shall we say dishonesty?) as we have quoted from its columns, we should almost despair of their final enlightenment.

As further evidence of Anglican consistency, not presenting a more serious phase, we should also like to remind the Catholic Witness that during the coronation of Edward the Seventh, His Majesty swore to maintain the Protestant reformed religion, established by the settlement of the Church of England (not the Church in England) its doctrine, worship, discipline, etc., as by law established; and that the Archbishop charged him to receive the royal ring as the ensign of the defense of the Catholic faith.

A great many people like to be humbugged, and none more thoroughly than the simple-minded folk who talk historically, illogically, falsely, about the Church of England and its American offshoot, the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, as a part of the Catholic and Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ.

Feeling that so devout a man as the editor of the Catholic Witness must desire only the light, we turn this page over to the Catholic Witness, and we pray that he may see the folly which even his own magazine recognizes (in another law) not by our Lord Jesus Christ and the settlement of the Church of England (not the Church in England) its doctrine, worship, discipline, etc., as by law established; and that the Archbishop charged him to receive the royal ring as the ensign of the defense of the Catholic faith.

Of course, we do not commend the department or taste of those riotously disposed citizens of Bristol, but we are constrained to recognize their doctrinal consistency.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Gray's Worm Expeller is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why not let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

Apure hard Soap. SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY.

The Whistling Minister Outdone. Boston, September 1.—Rev. J. P. Rixby, of the Boston Evangelical Institute, of Revere, preached in the Menagerie at Revere Beach yesterday on "Can the Leopard Change His Spots?"

He used a caged leopard as an illustration. Several ladies and gentlemen sang, but the animals in the cages didn't like the singing, and set up opposition by emitting doleful yells.

A silver collection was taken up, but no admission was charged. Mr. Rixby has been identified with the Law and Order League of Revere for several years, and the League's most strenuous efforts have been toward causing a close Sunday at Revere.

There's a bit of schism in the League now regarding Mr. Rixby's action in preaching on Sundays in a place of amusement on the beach, and the League members the other day voted that it was against their wishes that such places be used for religious services on Sundays.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

The Desires of our Heart are to be Examined and Moderated.

For every inclination, which appears good, is not presently to be followed; nor every contrary affection at first sight to be rejected.

Even in good desires and inclinations it is expedient sometimes to use some restraint; lest by too much eagerness thou incur distraction of mind, lest thou create scars of discipline or lest by the opposition which thou mayest meet with from others thou be suddenly disconcerted and fall.

In some cases thou must use violence and manfully resist the sensual appetite, and must not regard what the flesh hat and must not let it would fly from; but thou must rather labor that whether it will or not, it may become subject to the spirit.

And so long must it be chastised and kept under servitude, until it readily obey in all things, and learn to be content with a little and to be pleased with what is plain and ordinary, and not to murmur at any inconvenience.

At first weak, one finishes by becoming vicious.—Gilbert. When the ears are chaste also.—J. Pomere.

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FATHER Koenigs FREE NERVE TONIC. A Valuable Book on Nerve Tonic and a sample bottle to any address. Poor get this medicine FREE.

The Standard Brews of Canada are the ale, porter and lager made by

CARLING LONDON.

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA. Formerly The Ontario Mutual Life. This Company issues every safe and desirable form of policy. We have policies, An Income to Yourself for life. An Income to Your Wife if you have one for her life.

An Income to Your Children if you have any for twenty years after your and your wife's death. They also guarantee Liberal Cash and Loan Values and Assuredly Extended Insurance for full face of the policy.

ROBERT MELVIN, President. GEO. WOODS, Manager. W. H. TRIDDELL, Sec'y, Waterloo, Ont.

BELLS. Church Bells and Peals. Best Superior Copper and Tin, set for price. MESHANE BELL FOUNDRY, Southwark, Eng.

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DR. WAUGH, 53 TALBOT ST., LONDON, Ont. Speciality—Nervous Diseases.

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SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE. Makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble to waste. In small and large bottles, from a Grocer. GUARANTEED PURE. 10.

The London Mutual Fire INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. ESTABLISHED 1850. HEAD OFFICE LONDON, ONTARIO. FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT.

Losses Paid Since Organization, \$ 3,000,000.00. Business in Force, 50,000,000.00. Assets, 2,000,000.00. Government Deposit, 57,535.00.

HON. JOHN DRYDEN, President. HON. WASHINGTON, Sec. and Managing Director. L. LEITCH, D. WEISBERGER, Inspectors. Supp. JOHN KILLER, J. Inspectors.

W. H. A.—Branch No. 4, London. Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at 8 o'clock at their hall, on Albert Block, Richmond Street, T. J. O'Hara, Proprietor, P. W. Doyle, Secretary.

BABY'S NEEDS. are best supplied at our store. We have a full line of all it may require in health or illness. Everything here is fresh, pure and the best that money can buy. The stock includes all the leading proprietary remedies, patent medicines, perfumes, toilet articles, etc. Special attention given to prescriptions at Waiton's Grand Opera Pharmacy.

ALCOHOL AND DRUG USERS. Victims of the above habits will be interested in the discovery of a harmless antidote which quickly and permanently removes all desire for liquor and drugs. This medicine has been publicly endorsed before Congress of Bishops and at Father Matthew's Anniversaries, also by Clergymen from their pulpits and by temperance societies of all denominations. Interested persons can obtain full particulars from Mr. Dixon, 81 Wilcox St., Toronto, Canada.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. If you do not enjoy your meals and do not sleep well, you need O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt. The Disease in the Malt aids digestion, and the Hops insure sound sleep. One bottle every two days in doses of a wine-glassful after each meal and at bedtime will restore your appetite, give you refreshing sleep and build up your general health. W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

A DIME. Sample copies of our different leading Catholic papers and magazines sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents to pay for mailing. Bureau of Catholic Literature, 85 Maple Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

LOST HEARING QUICKLY RESTORED. No matter whether of long standing or not deafness can be permanently cured by CATARHOLZ, which never fails even in the most chronic cases. The pleasant steam vapor of this medicine always inflammation, prevents deafness and restores hearing. Thousands have proved the efficiency of Catarrhohol, and with such a valuable remedy reason for people to remain deaf. Catarrhohol is recommended also for Coughs, Croup, and Bronchitis. Complete out \$1.00; trial size, 25c. Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U.S., or Kingston, Ont.

IF AN OFFICER OF THE LAW OF HEALTH. When called in to attend a disturbance it searches out the peace, lays hands upon it and says "I arrest you." It is a substance, as the law of health imposes a sentence of partial abatement on pain and Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was originated to enforce this sentence.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Congestive Syrup will cure, but none so far that it will relieve. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It procures a free and easy expectoration thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

It gives me great pleasure to write you and congratulate you on having put upon the market such a valuable medicine in a minute form. It has done me so much good that as soon as one box is gone I purchase another. I have been somewhat constipated and my liver has been out of order, but Iron-Ox Tablets have put my whole system right. F. H. HARRIS, 59 Grove Street, New Haven, Conn.

IRON-OX TABLETS. Fifty for 25 Cents. AN UNRIVALED NERVE TONIC.

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