

# The Catholic Record.

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

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London Saturday, August 24, 1901.

### LIBRARIES A MIXED BLESSING.

How some of our citizens do wax eloquent over our public libraries! They are indicative of our superior enlightenment, and we look upon each one established as a step nearer to the golden age of civilization. But it strikes us that we were a deal better off, mentally and morally, in the days when, for instance, family prayer was more in vogue than at present. Each household had a few well thumbed books and libraries were not numerous. For instruction we had the Poor Man's Catechism and Cooper, and the matchless Scot, delighted us with tales of forest and tournament. All that, however, is changed save in some favored parts of Arcadia. Libraries are undoubtedly of use to the student who has to consult books of reference, but they are to the general multitude a very mixed blessing. The statistics, says a writer of popular and circulating libraries, show that 70 per cent. of all the books taken out are novels of recent production. A library for the general public that did not furnish them could not be sustained, whatever real treasures of knowledge and literature it might offer. In view of the facts it would be well for the next generous millionaire to devote his money to some other object.

### ENERGY AND DETERMINATION NEEDED.

Most of us have happened upon the young man who cannot get on because he is a Catholic. It is sad to see a robust specimen of manhood, intelligent and industrious, as his certificate of character declares, unable to make his way on account of his religious tenets—sadder still when the story turns out, as it often does, as an excuse for incompetency. Outside the yellow-streaked parts of the community we believe that men are in business for wealth and not for health, and therefore give employment to those who will help them to make the most money. If a Catholic can do that he will in the matter of a position have nothing to complain of; if not he should take his medicine like a man and have done with kindergarten talk. The right men, Jew or Gentile, succeed, and the wrong men continue to dawdle over cards and to quote base ball records. Sometimes they indulge in the innocuous pastime of passing resolutions that are fabled and forgotten or of discussing the ineffable banalities of ward politics. But one thing they do not seem to understand is that the world has no diplomas for those who are destitute of energy and determination and love of work.

### WORTHY OF IMITATION.

We have opportunities of noticing our separated brethren at work amongst the young and the poor, and their earnestness and self sacrifice cannot but extort our respect and admiration. Prominent amongst a band of workers a short time ago was an English officer. He might have spent his leisure hours at his club or frittered it away in diversion, but he gave it ungrudgingly to the gamins—the walfis who are everywhere and ruled only by their own sweet will. And he had the field to himself. Some Catholics observed his labors with grave concern, and even termed it sonperism because the officer occasionally paid attention to the boy's stratches. But having expressed their disapprobation they became quiescent. Instead of making an attempt to love the friendlessurchins who, whatever raiment may be on their half starved bodies, have immortal souls, they simply lolled back in their easy chairs. What did it matter to them? So thought the pagan, who viewed the slaves who ministered to him as the dust beneath his feet. But that is not the teaching of the Church. The condition of his brother must have some interest for the Christian.

We cannot all go questing for the gamins, but some of us at least might think of the advisability of devoting a fraction of the time that is squandered on frivolities to that work or to any other dealing with wretchedness and

sorrow. It may not be "nice" work, but it is work, and will go a long way to convince the world that the love for the Church of which we prate so loudly is not mushy sentimentalism.

### OUR YOUTH.

It often strikes us that we are devoting too much attention to young men's societies. We admit, of course, that they must be given due encouragement, but we think that sometimes our anxiety to promote their welfare makes us lose sight of the juvenile. Not that he is entirely neglected, but that the care devoted to him is scarcely commensurate with his needs. The juvenile is the most important member of the community, and no labor should be spared in order to safeguard him from the pernicious influences of the streets, and to develop, at a time when development is easy, mind and heart on true Catholic lines. A few individuals can do much to this end in every parish. It is not the business of the priest only; it is the business of everyone who realizes that the mark by which the disciples of the Lord are to be recognized is that they love one another.

It has ever been a strange thing to us that men and women who are aware of the dangers that menace the physical and eternal welfare of the young never do anything in their behalf, save perchance to criticize them for their roughness—to censure poor youngsters who have been kicked up for not having the newest thing in manners. And so they are allowed to drift into the ranks of the great unwashed. Time is thrown away on trifles and frivolities, and souls for which Christ died are left to sink or rise of their own volition. And we are certain that the harvest which in abject selfishness we refuse to garner, will be reaped by other agents.

### CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

We earnestly hope that our readers who have children under their care will see to it that they have the advantages of Catholic education. Do not be misled by those who will have it that non Catholic schools and colleges are superior to all others. Do not pay any attention to the individuals who contend that graduates from non-Catholic institutions have more polish and culture and are better equipped for the battle with the world than our own. You may hear that remark from Catholics; and if you do, remember that such Catholics are not representative by any means and are merely paying deference to the scarecrow planted in educational fields by departed bigots. Furthermore, you should know that culture and polish, as imparted by our pedagogues, is the perfume of morality based on Christian doctrine, and that our institutions here and down by the sea coast, and do, furnish us with graduates who are quite able to take care of themselves. If you lock upon us as a special pleader, we then advise you to consult your pastor or an intelligent layman and they will tell you that "education is fraught with danger in which a corrupted religion, or none, is taught. If in no period of life, nor in matters public or private, may the duty of religion be neglected, much less in that in which judgment is most lacking, impulses are strongest and enticement to sin most numerous. "Wherefore," we are quoting Leo XIII., "he who so regulates instruction that it has no association with religion, corrupts the very germ of the Good and the Beautiful, and prepares not a defense for his country, but a plague and the ruin of the human race."

### CATHOLICITY IN SPAIN.

The daily press reports of uprisings in Spain against sacerdotalism would lead the unwary reader to believe that religion in that country must be in a very decadent condition. Some editors of religious journals read them with unbecoming exultation, and have consequently very positive notions as to the waning power of "Romanism." Now, it seems to us that our brethren should be more discriminating in their taste for knowledge. And if they make a little effort to obtain more particulars they may discover that the report of disruption of Catholicity in Spain is but a

story invented and put into circulation by the professional liar. There have been riots; but what else could we expect from a mob drunk with licentiousness and insensate fury. But some of our separated brethren have a strange liking for mobs—that is under certain conditions. It is a little way they have. They exhausted their vocabulary of adulation in behalf of the ruffians who invaded Rome and voted for an United Italy, and any attack against the Church, no matter from what source it emanates, will receive, if not their approbation, at least the benefit of their silence.

We are informed by reliable witnesses that the old faith is, despite the ravings of an infidel press, still rooted in the minds and hearts of the Spanish people. The Jubilee processions are going merrily on, and are participated in by lay and ecclesiastical dignitaries and by men prominent in every walk of life. The Holy Father is respected and obeyed by the greater part of the nation, and there is every indication that the day is far distant when Spaniards shall prove themselves unworthy of their historic past.

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCEISM.

We will consider further some points in Mr. McCrackan's explanatory statement of X Scienceism. For the purpose of discovering, if possible, how the X Scientist administers his "understanding of the nature of God" to a person, as a narrative agent, we assumed for the time that his understanding of that nature and that of the Christian are the same. We wish to learn how he applied his mental state to the mind of the sick man in order to effect a cure.

But there is no real similarity between the Christian conception of God and that of the X Scientist. The likeness is only superficial, and arises from the X Scientist's Scripture phraseology and the use in an indefinite and misleading sense, of words appropriated by Christianity in a definite and fixed sense. The X Scientist's may claim the right to use these words with which they have no others with which to express themselves. The right cannot be denied, providing when they use them they define carefully the new sense in which they use them and adhere invariably to that sense.

Between the X Scientist's idea of the nature of God and the Christian's idea there is a radical difference, or, in the words of William H. Seward, an irrepressible conflict. This antagonism is so direct that all the pious Scripture phraseology of X Scienceism cannot veil it from the student who takes the trouble to study its vague formulas and get at the principles that lurk beneath them.

For instance, Mr. McCrackan tells us that "God is Spirit or Mind." This appears innocent enough, and the Christian, thinking he means "God is a spirit or mind," considers it as orthodox. In like manner when he tells us "God is divine principle, incorporeal Being," the Christian, thinking the article "a" has been left out accidentally, makes the correction and puts it, "God is a, or, the, divine Principle or incorporeal Being," and again it is orthodox Christian doctrine. But when the Christian, as he goes farther, finds a persistent omission of the article "the" and discovers a meaning in the phrases that he did not see at first. He finds that when Mr. McCrackan says, "God is Spirit," he means to deny that God is a spirit or mind, as distinguished from other spirits or minds. This meaning is brought out more clearly when he says: "Christian Science heals by an understanding of Mind—not the human mind . . . but the One Mind or Spirit, which is God." And more clearly still is the X Scienceism meaning brought out by another accredited representative who says: "Christian Science teaches the eternal reality of one divine mind, and the absolute nothingness of everything else." This denies the existence not only of the individual human mind, but the human body as well, and all the material world. This, it ought to be needless to say, is pantheism pure and simple.

Christian Science, says Mr. McCrackan, "explains the life and works of Christ." This is an illustration of the inconsistency of the X Scientist. They proclaim a principle which they contradict in words. If there be nothing but mind, as they teach, there could never have existed that historical Personage who lived among men, who was executed by the authority of the Roman Government by being nailed to a cross in Judea, and Who is called Christ. The X Scientist speaks of "life and works" of this Personage just as other people do, and yet if they are consistent with their leading doctrine—that nothing but mind exists—they must believe that He never existed; that belief, or what is called knowledge, of His life and works is a mental error, a delusion; that there was no Jewish people to accuse Him

and no Roman empire to crucify Him. How, then, can Mr. McCrackan pretend that X Scienceism explains the life and works of Christ?

Here is another illustration of the same inconsistency of speech with doctrine: "The physicians are rapidly growing away from drugs." How can you talk in this manner when, according to your doctrine, there are no such things in existence as physicians or drugs? That all these are mental delusions having no reality external to the deluded mind that erroneously thinks they exist? How can the non-existent physicians grow away rapidly or otherwise, from non-existent drugs?

What you should say, to be consistent and scientific, is, that the erroneous idea or delusion indicated by the word "physician" is rapidly growing away from the erroneous idea or delusion indicated by the word "drugs." You would thus keep within the sphere of ideas or delusions and avoid mixing in the material world whose existence you deny.

But we do not see how consistency can permit you to write even this with a pen on paper, for both pen and paper, and ink have no existence outside of your mind. They are delusions with which your X Science mind is sited in common with the rest of deluded mankind.

That you are suffering under this delusion is evidenced by the fact that you sent us a letter printed on a non-existent thing called paper with a non-existent thing called ink and dated it from a non-existent city called New York. It is clear that you are suffering from the delusion very severely, though you profess to know that all these things have no existence outside your mind. While you are thus a victim of delusion, how can you hope to free us from delusion by using a delusion as the means of doing it? It requires a strong intellectual tonic in the way of common sense to keep one from getting inextricably tangled in threading the intricate mazes of X Scienceism that is enough to give one the delusion that one has a headache in one's head, or the erroneous idea of a headache in one's mind.

X Scienceism is a revulsion against gross materialism. It is the opposite extreme of everything that is not matter; X Scienceism denies the existence of everything that is not spirit or mind. They both errors, equidistant from the truth, which is, that both material and spiritual beings exist.

Mr. McCrackan's paragraphs on the nature and origin of evil show that he has not made a study of the subject as treated by great Catholic theologians, such as St. Augustin, St. Thomas of Aquin, Suarez, and others.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

### A CURIOUS CONVERSION.

From The London Catholic Universe.

The maligners of the Rev. Dr. O'Haran in Australia must feel exceedingly small and foolish. As our readers are aware, the most abominable crime charged upon a most reverend cleric was that of a sensational trial in the annals of the Australian law courts he was acquitted unanimously. This attack on the Catholic Church—because it was the Church that was aimed at through Dr. O'Haran—failed, as so many have done before. The Catholics of Australia are in a stronger position to-day than at any time in her history in that continent, and moreover the saying, "Out of evil comes good," has been emphasized in a remarkable manner. In the Advocate of June 1 we find Dr. O'Haran has received the following letter from Edgar G. Craddock, Terah, Glenview street, Paddington, Australia, wherein the writer says: "In offering my humble congratulations to you on the result of the recent law court proceedings, it may be of some satisfaction to yourself to know that the affair has, among other causes, been the means of my conversion to the Roman Catholic Church. I was educated in England in the strictest schools of Nonconformist Protestantism, and until the recent trial I had been satisfied with Protestant versions of Roman Catholic doctrine. However, in view of the aspersions which were cast on Roman Catholics, I made inquiries, and as a result I am thankful to Almighty God I was enabled to accept the teachings of the true Church and be received into its fold."

### A POINT TO REMEMBER.

From The New Zealand Tablet.

There is one curious feature in connection with this barbarian mode of controversial warfare against the Catholic Church to which we might usefully direct the attention of our readers. A general notion seems to prevail that when, say, an affirmative calumny against the Church is given to the world through the medium of the newspaper, the burden of proof does not fall upon the accuser, but that the onus of disproof rests with the accused! The idea is, of course, in absurd opposition to legal procedure and the recognized rules of debate. Nevertheless, it is widely accepted and acted upon, and scores of letters received by us during the brief period of our jour-

nalistic labors tend to show that Catholics themselves are to a considerable extent influenced by it. If really competent Catholics, in brief and temperate terms, promptly challenged, and still urged either adequate proof or withdrawal of calumnies against their religion in the secular newspaper press, they would in time make the path of one kind of transgressor so hard and thorny that there would be few to travel by it.

### FEAT OF A MISSIONARY.

Recently the Rev. Father Rouillac, S. M., an intrepid French missionary laboring in the Solomon Islands group, piloted a frail craft of 19 tons to Sydney, Australia, a distance of 1,700 miles. The heroic priest steered the vessel all the way, and successfully accomplished the adventurous and perilous voyage over a course beset with dangers in sixteen days.

The courageous act of Father Rouillac was referred to in a public address by Cardinal Moran, who said: "Only within the last week a missionary from the Solomon Islands came to Sydney in his little schooner of 19 tons, steering it all the way himself, with only eight of his own black boys to aid him. This intrepid missionary illustrates the spirit which pervades the men engaged in the mission in our own day. I might mention that the steamer that sails amongst the islands of the Solomon Group just before the 19 ton schooner left. The missionary was such a voyage from Solomon Islands to Sydney in a 19 ton schooner and with no one to steer but himself would mean certain death. But what has been the result? When the steamer arrived here they found that the 19 ton schooner arrived two days before them."

One of the objects of Father Rouillac's journey was to have his vessel repaired. When this became known a subscription was started among the shipping men who admired the priest's heroism.

One of the crew is a boy of 12 who escaped being eaten by cannibals by swimming six miles to the Marist's mission station. Fifty five years ago the Marist's first landed on the Solomons, and within two years the natives had killed and eaten the Bishop and three or four of the mission Fathers. Then the mission was abandoned for a time. About two years ago the present Fathers took up the work, and their labors are being crowned with wonderful success. Quite a number of tribes inland are still addicted to cannibalism. Father Rouillac was once surrounded by about forty men in canoes. It was certain death if he had shown the slightest fear, but he displayed assumed indifference, and so pleased the natives that instead of murdering him they led him to their chief, who treated him with the greatest honors. The natives always strike from behind; as long as you can look at them in the face they appear harmless. The launch is absolutely indispensable to the Fathers. Without it they could not go to different parts of the coast, as a journey inland at present would mean certain death.

### CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.

Plain and Sensible Statement Upon an Important Subject.

Elopements, depraved Malthusianism and divorce seem to be the order of the day. The following remarks upon Christian marriage, are, therefore, very opportune. Marriage has always been a solemn compact and a means of perfect natural union between man and wife. But Christian marriage is something far higher and nobler. Just as baptism is a veritable rebirth and incorporation into the mystic body of Christ, so is marriage a means of supernatural union between the contracted parties, by which their union becomes like that of Christ and His Church. It is something in the order of grace or divine favor, a heavenly infusion of strength and light, not merely the best that nature has to give, but the virtue of making the husband really Christlike in quality and character, while the bride puts on a real resemblance to the Church in her fidelity, obedience and humility.

No such contract can be imagined save where one to one are joined to make the new domestic unit. And it is one to one forever, because the first object of their union is to form a permanent society. The family, domestic society is something of its nature permanent. Father, mother, brother, sister, son, daughter, home—each sacred word is a nest of arguments in favor of indissolubility. We have but to think of the thrill of horror and disgust, the appalling sense of misery which fills the hearts of a household when first they hear of the whispered possibility of divorce, to realize how loudly nature cries out against this terrible evil.

Marriage, no doubt, has several ends and objects, but the chief of these is the happy extension and continued existence of the human race. They who enter upon this state, therefore,

give themselves up, by their own act to this important task, and pledge themselves to its fulfillment. Woman marries to become a mother. Maternity is her highest privilege, as well as her sordest burden. It is the sum and substance of her duties. It is the one thing necessary. To it all else whatsoever, even the solemn duty of praising God in His temple, is made subject. She may attempt naught incompatible with this duty, without becoming a criminal. Whatsoever stands in the way is to be resolutely thrust aside. All her glory, all her dignity, all her solid peace and happiness, life in being stoutly true to this divine prerogative, stoutly opposing or discouraging whisper, nay to the roaring voices of our new paganism, the protests of fashion, of sloth and of folly she must answer ever "Get thee behind me, satan." It is necessary thus formally to state the chief end of marriage, partly because the corruption of the age obscures even such fundamental principles, partly because the ignorance of the innocent not unfrequently leads to grave consequences.

It is evident that a whole series of sacred relations of rights and duties spring from paternity and maternity. It is clear that the permanent, even, and symmetric developments of the child depends in a thousand ways on the father and mother. The life of the orphan is the saddest spectacle on earth, and the richness of Christian charity can ill supply the place of nature's handwork. Parents mould the growing character of the little one, correct the faults which are a reflex of their own, open the mind to knowledge, the heart to love, and in a thousand unnamed ways give a bent to the whole being of their offspring. All this and much more springs directly from the consideration of marriage as a state and emphasizes the impossibility of severing the bond.

What is to be said, then, of the divorce laws which exist in nearly all our states? So far as they sanction remarriage such laws are gross usurpations of Divine power. They are not to be obeyed by the Christian. It is a standing disgrace to our country.

The crime of severing the supernatural tie which binds Christians is analogous to the awful sin of schism which rends the perfect unity of the Church herself. It is worthy of note that those, and those only, preserve the perfect idea of marriage and enforce the consequences who grasp the full idea of the union of Christ and His Church. Outside the fold there is no unity of faith, neither is there perfect and assured unity of marriage. It is the supernatural bond tying soul to soul in the mysterious mutual infusion of divine grace, of which not one but both are recipients, and that from one another, which renders divorce blasphemous. What God has joined, man dares to sunder. Under the new law man and wife are not merely one flesh, they are one spirit, and not merely one spirit, they are one with God in a mysterious triple contract, the end and object of which is to fill the thrones vacated by the fallen angels. The Christian man and woman who stand together at the altar and are there joined forever, bargain to give their whole lives to the great task fulfilled by Mary and Joseph when they reared Jesus of Nazareth.—Rev. Thomas S. Sherman, S. J.

### THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

What the Irish have achieved in America in a purely material way is evidenced in the fact that though they constitute but one seventh of the population, they own nearly one twenty eighth of its wealth—a sum sufficient to buy every acre of ground in England, Scotland and Ireland, together with all buildings thereon, at full appraised value. This settles the hoary falsehood of British Tory statesmen that the Irish are thrifless, and that the unprosperous condition of Ireland is due to "priest-craft, shiftlessness and Fanaticism," as James Anthony Froude asserted, and as Father Tom Burke denied during his triumphant tour in our country thirty years ago, where he saw on every hand the work of his race in all godliness that binds mankind, to heaven and in the arts and handicrafts that uplift from the condition of British serfdom.

In all lands where the Irish people have sought asylums from British misrule they have prospered—notably in France, that most Celtic and Catholic of nations—and in Australia and New Zealand, where the inhabitants of Irish blood have been foremost in the passage of legislation which has made these colonies, in all essential particulars, more democratic than our country has been for fifty years. Verily, the Ancient Days has led the Irish, as He led the Israelites, from the promised house of bondage into the promised land. But the Irish, unlike the Israelites, have not "followed strange gods," nor languished for "the flesh pots of Egypt." A few sheep have gone astray, but few other nations can show as good a record for straight walking in the paths of righteousness.

The old books look out from the shelves, and I seem to read on their backs something besides their titles—a kind of solemn greeting.—Holmes.







had been but boyish follies with no grave consequences. Afterwards things began to look more serious, when I had set up my own studio, and began work as a sculptor in earnest (if I had any earnest about it). True, I had a certain ability—great ability, I think—and I had only chosen friends to use it, and I knew within myself I was born for a sculptor and nothing else; for from a baby I done naught but model, in sand, in clay, in whatever material could be found. But I would only work when the spirit moved me; now feverishly, then lazily; then not for weeks at a time; for in a fit of irritation I would often destroy the work of months. As time went on the natural result of my ill-regulated life followed. I drank, I gambled with the money earned by an occasional fit of hard work; and little by little I had lost my company and the way of a thoroughly long ago; the conduct of a sculptor found a ready reception in my proud brain and overwhelmingly arrogant will, impatient of all control and self-restraint. I fully agreed with the demagogues who preached the doctrine that no men of brain and spirit should be under the guidance of priest or church. Casting off every restraint, I went as far as the worst of them, reckless and impulsive in this as in everything, without belief in God, a future, or anything else pure and noble and holy. Gradually the mode of life began to tell on me and on my art; uncertainty clouded the power of ability, and I knew myself, what I never would and I knew acknowledged by others (for I have acknowledged to others—that a hold—what many people do not—that a sculptor or artist, if not deluded by too much modesty, is the best judge of his own efforts; that the quality of my work was going down. It was a faithful reflection of myself; wayward, full of strength and power, then feeble and futile as a girl's first efforts. God, people, may, even respectable people, began to look askance at my wild doings and my idleness, but worst of all (to me at that time) sculptors would look at one of my gesso models critically; then turn away from it without the joking, yet often frank and true, criticism of its badness or the tribute of jealous praise for its perfection. It was a bad sign, for I knew the fraternity and what that silence meant—utter disapproval, and may be pity for my inability.

Only one man of the better set had until now no blame but encouragement for me always—a man who had been my friend from boyhood, and who had first started me on an artistic career. Every one knows the sculptor Francesco Lorenzi and his work. His splendid statues have gone over the world far and wide; and his name was already celebrated when he lent a hand to a passionate, headstrong boy, whom he always declared "not only had the artistic face, but still worse, the artistic temperament—all ups and downs!" "Fights like it is not good, but you can do better," he was wont to say at first, when my failures were only the result of boyish carelessness or negligence; for his faith in my talent was as unbounded as his generosity. But when he saw my life was going from bad to worse, my art in consequence following his footsteps, Lorenzi spoke to me sternly, and rebuked and blamed me unflinchingly for the wilful losing of talent and soul. Arrogant always, I brooked control or advice from no man, even my life-long friend. First contemptuously, then passionately angered by his plain speaking, I told him to leave my studio; that I wanted no saluts or preachers there, and that he could keep his wisdom for priests or old women, instead of wasting it on men of the world, who had thrown off the trammels of conscience once and forever.

After my curt dismissal Francesco Lorenzi never came to my studio again. An estrangement arose between us, and we seldom met; for he was very different to me. Indeed, I tried to avoid him, for, somewhat, but I dreaded the full, honest glance of the kind face; and with the capacity of an evil nature to corrupt good into bad, I was beginning to hate the sculptor as much as I had loved him formerly. On the rare occasions on which we met he looked at me with a grave, almost pitying look which maddened me. Then poor blind fool that I was! I would rebuke my reckless talking, and pile on all the bitter, revolting cynicism I was capable of; content if I could, as I fondly imagined, shock him into turning away, pained and serious. But now I know better. "Maestro!" you with your wide, great-hearted knowledge of the world of men and things, were not shocked, nor even yet impressed, with my parrot-like puerilities, but your good heart yearned with unavailing pity for a foolish lad who, like so many other young idiots, was ruined by men believing themselves not one atom of the foul doctrines they preach, yet leading others to the brink of damnation. Certain it is that my new friends did little for me in return for my devotion to their cause; but the one commission I obtained from being favorably known as a promising member of the advanced anti-religious sect, came like a thing accursed into my life; bringing me, through my own blind jealousy, to the death which no repentance can blot out from time's avenging record.

My first large commission that of a monument for a public square was an important one for a young sculptor just beginning his career. My nomination for its execution caused me a considerable amount of gratification; for it showed a confidence in my abilities I had begun to lack sadly myself of

late. It was the statue of one who might stand for the patron saint of the sect I elected to follow, a renegade and apostate monk, whom the false sentiment of a materialistic age would fawn embellish and erect into a martyr! For awhile I put all my powers of conception and execution in my subject. Heaven knows I had ideas evil enough to create a thing breathing forth the fallen soul of Lucifer; but how to combine it with power and nobility; above all, to render it convincing enough to be held up as an ideal, a martyr of the intellect to the people? This was the obstacle that rose like an iron wall between me and success, a task to puzzle cleverer brains than mine. Harder and harder I worked at the statue; destroying model after model in dissatisfaction, and toiling with a frenzy of industry not known for months. But all in vain. The day came at last when I saw my model was a total failure; weak, faulty in every line, lacking in conception, realization, and above all in virility. I failed to infuse even the soul of evil into my marble renegade; and not all the angry, surging passion of mortified pride lent one touch of power to the chisel with which I wrought so feverishly. Even the monkish draperies hung stiffly from the rigid wooden limbs of the dummy. Fairly heated, I flung down my tools hopelessly, giving myself up to an access of despair.

The time was drawing near now when the commission must be finished; yet all the long weeks passed in futile endeavor saw the work absolutely no nearer completion. All my dreams of fame and distinction vanished. The creative power had gone from me for ever; and in imagination I saw myself fallen to be one of those aimless, unoccupied beings who haunt the studios in hopes of obtaining a few stray jobs. What added most to the fury of impotent passion was the fact that the artist-world rang with the praises of a successful statue Francesco Lorenzi was completing. A "capo-lavoro," a triumph of pure idealism and other praises, couched in terms of wild extravagance, made me long with a sick, jealous longing to see the thing which had evoked such a storm of approval. I knew he had a commission from Prince Morosini, about the same time as mine, for a statue of some saint or doctor of the Church, for the sculpture hall of the great palace; and that he had been asked to go to the palace to do the work. But since then I heard nothing more of the matter till the news of his extraordinary success came to me, in the day of my own bitter failure. Well, he had succeeded where I had failed; he, the rich man, who needed no more laurels to add to his fame, while I, who might have made a name just by the one success, was destined only for miserable failure.

All the hot envy rose rampant within me at the thought. Never taking into consideration Lorenzi's years of patient, steady work contrasted with my own hit-and-miss efforts; his superior genius and character with my ill-regulated life; his pure ideals with my unworthy aims, I brooded, nursing my envy; finally persuading myself that my former friend had done me a positive injury by his success. I drank deeply to drown the thoughts which filled my brain, and from being gay and devil may care turned daily more moody and morose. I was left much alone; for the merry lads of the studio were afraid of me, none daring to arouse me from sullen apathy into the fits of passion which were its only alternative.

One evening I overheard some sculptors talking in a "cafe," where I spent my nights as usual drinking; and the very truth of their carelessly-pungent Roman wit made me long to draw a coltello from under my cloak and stick it in them, though their words only increased the longing to see my rival's masterpiece.

"Young Guido's going down the hill fast, isn't he?" said the elder of the two; "drinking himself to death, they say. But he always was a man with a temper like his, never come to a good end."

"Glad," assented the other; "his artistic career is about ended now with the mess he has made of Sor' Carmano's statue! Small wonder that I never saw Per' Bacco's life renegade monk; he resembled a timid novice more than an apostle of a novel heretic! Lorenzi's statue is worth a dozen of it. Well, well, caro mio, give me the saluts instead of the saluts, if that is the way they make them."

Then they both laughed, and, dismissing the subject of my poor statue contemptuously, launched into a stream of praise on Lorenzi's, until my blood, heated with drink, fairly boiled over with passion; and it was all I could do to keep my head enough to get out of the place before doing the gossips some harm.

That night, returning to my lodging, I cogitated as to how I could manage to secure a glimpse of Lorenzi's statue; to judge for myself what man's attitude of a marvel had so aroused Rome's critical enthusiasm. I had no mind to humble myself to the man after our quarrel, pondering to his no doubt all ready overflowing self-satisfaction by asking to see his statue. But see it I would, by hook or by crook. At last a plan suggested itself. The studio where Lorenzi worked was in a kind of outbuilding in the Palazzo Morosini; and if I went there at a time when the sculptor was temporarily absent, there would be no difficulty about getting the power to admit me for a moment; if not, well, there was always the win-

of mercy. Then the spell was broken. Absolutely startling myself with my own sneering laugh, which reverberated eerily through the solitude, I muttered: "Frightened by a moonbeam on the face of a marble saint! Bah, Guido, thou art but a coward! What is saint or devil to thee? At any rate, if thou starvest in thy garret, Francesco Lorenzi will not cross over thy failure; his own troubles will keep him busy." My jealous passion overflowed with a sudden burst of homicidal fury; and as I would have killed the man in cold blood if he had stood before me at that moment, I took out my vengeance on the offending marble. Seizing a hammer from the heap of tools and mulling it in some sacking, I struck repeatedly, heavy blows at the statue, hacking, marring, and disfiguring it into a shapeless torso. The fiendish work took but a few moments to accomplish; and when I paused before the marble fragments littering the floor my white heat of frenzy cooled instantaneously, leaving only despair like that of a lost soul, to be replaced in turn by the animal instinct of self-preservation, engendered by the dread of discovery.

A slight rustling of the curtains which hung across the doorway made me start as if shot; then remain rooted to the spot, when they were drawn slowly backward and a figure appeared in the opening—a figure of Francesco Lorenzi; his face strangely aged and drawn, and ghastly pale in the streaming moonlight! Like one in a nightmare I stood confronting him, my eyes fixed on his face, my feet weighted with lead; unable even to move or speak, much less to escape from the place. The sculptor made one step forward, with agonized eyes turned upon the ruin of his work—the masterpiece of his old age—and on his destroyer—his once dearly loved friend and pupil! Then, with a terrible cry which rang out in the stillness, throwing up his arms as if in acute physical agony, Lorenzi fell heavily to the ground not many yards away from me!

Throughout this heart-breaking scene I had looked on dumb and frigid as the marbles around me. But with the dull thud of that falling body life came, as it were, consciousness awoke within me of overwhelming guilt and consternation. My madness had passed—but too late, too late! For as in an agony of remorse I knelt beside the prostrate figure, striving to raise the gray head on my knee, it fell back helpless and inert. Again and again I felt for the heart—it had ceased to beat; and, knowing little as I did of death, I realized that this was putting out my hand cautiously at the doorway to feel for the lock, I found to my astonishment that the door-lock yielded to pressure and opened. Could the sculptor be still at work? But there was no sound or light. Nevertheless the fact of his having gone away and left the studio open seemed incredible; even though, practically speaking, the statue was safe once the outer portone of the palace was closed, as no one could possibly steal so colossal an object. Still I hesitated. What if he should be inside?—the man who all in Rome that I was wanted to see. However, this was no moment for delay. So far I had favored me, but at any moment I might be forced to escape without accomplishing my purpose.

With a forwardle unsteady and unaccountable, I pushed the door open and entered. All was darkness; and I had to light a wax taper, shading it with my hand so that no ray of light should be seen from outside. Then by the feeble, uncertain glimmer I groped my way to the statue, which stood revealed at the farther end of the great empty chamber on a stone pedestal, veiled by a cloth. My goal was in sight. With a trembling hand I tore off the covering, the sudden draught raised by the movement extinguishing the light. Simultaneously a burst of moonlight clear as day flooded the high-bared windows, and fell all searching upon the pure marble of the sculptured form; revealing light every exquisite and merciless light every perfect execution of which no smallest part escaped my trained eye! And this was the thing they had called merely beautiful, with their painful meagreness of speech! Beautiful! Gran' Dio! It was a revelation; a dream of peerless beauty worthy of the master Greeks; and gazing spell-bound, I was fain to lift my hat from my head involuntarily as one does in a church (I, who had never entered a church for years nor felt the sentiment of pure emotion!) It stood there towering above me in awful majesty, with the form of some avenging angel, with unearthly очен depicted on the chiselled ascetic features, the deep-set eyes blazing forth a scorn which seemed to blast and scorch me. Such must have been the aspect of the Angel of the gates of Paradise, driving back sin-stained humanity from the golden portals.

Stunned but momentarily, however, with unwilling admiration called forth by this vision of unearthly purity, my mad jealousy returned a hundredfold. A storm of bitterest hate and passionate resentment broke over my soul, in which ten thousand evil demons whirled in my ear!

Looking back upon it now, the thing seems incredible! I was mad, we would say nowadays, with the pitiful sentimentalism which screens every crime on the plea of inherited or temporary insanity. Yes, mad, truly; but with evil passions, long unrestrained, burning like a hell of fire within my breast. For a second I stood there irresolute; for each one of the worst of us—has his moment

me in my anguish and my want. Forgive me my sins and my short comings. Show me Thy mercy and compassion, fortify me with patience and humility. Deliver me from all sinful lust. To Thee I commit my body and soul. Protect me, O Lord, and those I love especially. Let Thine eye rest upon us at all times. Be not far from us in our sufferings. Keep us, O Lord, in Thy holy keeping forever. Amen."

**THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.**  
Thirsting for souls,  
Aching for sinners,  
Broken for love of us,  
Torn with sorrow unexpressed,  
Pierced by cruelty of unbelievers,  
Compassionate for the sorrowing,  
Heating in sympathy for sufferers,  
Filled with the Precious Blood of pity,  
Out-pouring with redeeming affection,  
Faithful and true always,  
Rejoicing with the penitents,  
Spring of consolation,  
Well of sympathy for the oppressed.  
A fountain of living waters,  
A reservoir of Life eternal,  
Never-failing supply of Divine love,  
Offered for sinners,  
Refuge of the wretched,  
Casket of mercy,  
Treasure of hope for the despairing,  
Furnace of Divine love,  
Emblem of affection,  
Sacrifice for all,  
No gift more precious,  
No offering so costly,  
Pledge of brotherhood.

Have mercy on us!  
Let us meditate upon the Sacred Heart of Jesus, from which the "healing flood" proceeded, to cleanse, sustain and nourish all for whom He died.

"My crucified Jesus! I devoutly adore Thee for Thy love and precious bloodshedding for me, and I grieve that my sins should have been the occasion of Thy pierced Heart and cruel sufferings."

"Soul of Christ! sanctify me.  
Body of Christ! save me.  
Blood of Christ! refresh me.  
Water from the Side of Christ! cleanse me.  
Passion of Christ! strengthen me.  
O good Jesus! hear me.  
Within Thy Sacred Wounds hide me.  
Permit me not to be separated from Thee.  
From the malignant enemy defend me.  
At the hour of death call me.  
And bid me come to Thee,  
That with Thy saints I may praise Thee forever. Amen."

"Jesus, most dear to sinners! no one who ever had recourse to Thy Sacred Heart, implored for help in vain. No one who ever sought Thy mercy was ever abandoned. O tenderest and most beloved of Hearts! I fly to Thee, and cast myself before Thee, sighing beneath the weight of my sins. Accept my penitence, my sorrow, and my humble prayers, and graciously have pity upon me and save me. Amen."

"Jesus meek and humble of Heart,  
Make my heart like unto Thine.  
O Heart of Jesus, burning with love for me, inflame my heart with love of Thee.  
O Sacred Heart of Jesus once in agony, have pity on the dying.  
O Jesus, dying on the cross for love of poor sinners, through Thy sacred wounds have mercy upon me and those I love, both now and at the hour of death.  
O Sacred Heart of Jesus, adorned Thou be known and loved and adored throughout the world. Amen."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."  
WM. THORNTON PARKER, M. D.

**An Episcopalian on Negative Christianity.**  
Negative Christianity—and Protestantism, by its very name, shows to be negative—proves its utter insufficiency," says the Living Church (Protestant Episcopal) of Milwaukee and Chicago, "in the astounding increase of such cults as Christian Science and the like, which shows the yearning of the human soul for a positive religion based on faith. The Catholic religion, fully comprehended, would make these cults impossible; but the lack of certainty, the unreality of the faith, and the feeble hold on prayer of Protestants alike are shown by the tendency of Protestants, within as well as without the Catholic Church, to seek these cravings of the human soul—religious certainty, faith, and prayer, in grotesque forms which parody the Church's doctrines, rather than in the Church herself. It is a fact easy to discover that where individuals have had the full conception of the Catholic position of the Church, her losses to Christian Science and kindred cults have been trivial; but where Protestantism is uppermost, her losses have been large."

The martyrs and virgins alike live and die not for themselves and for their own even lawful glory, but for God and His Christ, at the foot of whose Cross they always stand in spirit with Mary, the Mother of Jesus.—Rev. R. S. DOWSE, S. J.

EVERY HOME NEEDS a remedy that is adapted for use in case of sudden accident or illness. Such a one is Pain-Killer. Avoid substitutes, these, but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

The superiority of Mother Gray's Worm Expeller is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what amount of pain is saved.

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Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine for colds, coughs, croup, inflammation of the chest, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

A NEW NAME. It is once more proposed by the High Church party in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States to change the name of the Church, and to call it hereafter "The American Church."

THE FRIARS IN THE PHILIPPINES. The Rev. Father Doherty, a Paulist, who was in Manila for some time, in a lecture delivered at the Catholic Summer School held in Detroit, declared that in his belief, the United States Government will not interfere with the Friars in the Philippines.

SUNDAY DANCING IN IRELAND. His Eminence Cardinal Logue has issued a pastoral letter in which he declares that the sentence of major excommunication shall be incurred by all Catholics within his jurisdiction who open or attend dancing saloons on Sunday.

FEDERATION OF SOCIETIES. It is a mistaken notion on the part of some people that the movement for a federation of the Catholic societies of the United States has for its object the gaining of political control of the country by the Catholics.

solely to prevent bigotry from depriving Catholics of their full rights as citizens of the United States. Efforts have been made by several associations in succession to ostracize Catholics politically and socially, and the promoters of the Catholic Federation Movement expect to foil such efforts by means of the proposed Catholic union.

The movement is an excellent one, as nothing can be more unfair than to ostracize twelve million of staunch American citizens, whether they are Americans by birth or by naturalization.

FURTHER ANARCHISTIC OUTRAGES.

It was hoped that the vigilance of the French police, and the summary justice inflicted on the Anarchists who had operated in various parts of France during the last few years, had effectually stopped these enemies of the human race from continuing their operations in that country.

The city of Troyes was horrified on Sunday, the 11th inst., with the alarm that an Anarchist plot in that city had resulted in the explosion of a bomb near the altar of St. Nizier's Church in the afternoon while 100 children were making a visit to the Church under charge of a priest.

THE CONTINUITY THEORY. The following paragraph, which appeared in the Peterborough Examiner of Aug. 9, has been going the rounds of the press for the last couple of years: "These who claim that the Church of England is far older than since Henry VIII., while others assert it was established during his reign, have their contention strengthened by the following circumstance: A 999 year lease expired in London the other day, and the property reverted to the original possessor, the Chapter of Westminster parish. The Chapter of England regards this fact as unassailable proof that she has lasted as a distinct national organization for a thousand years, though claimed by another great ecclesiastical power to be a comparatively modern creation of a very unchristian King."

What was the Church of England 999 years ago, or say 1000 years ago, as the argument is now over a year old? It was the Church of the date of Alfred the Great, who began his reign in 871. Let us see, therefore, whether Alfred belonged to the Protestant modern Church of England.

THE CONVERSION IN TEXAS. The Catholics of Beville had the great consolation of witnessing the conversion of one of their old fellow townsmen to the Catholic faith the other day. The convert was Mr. Daniel Merritt, who has been a member of the Baptist denomination for over twenty years, says the Southern Messenger.

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King Henry VIII. established the modern Church of England, is the Catholic Church in communion with the Pope, and which recognizes the Pope as its Supreme Head. This is made still more evident by the following incidents of Alfred's career, showing that he performed acts of devotion which are specially Catholic, or Roman Catholic, if you will.

The portion of the universal or Catholic Church which was in England, before the Reformation, to distinguish it from the local Churches of France, Spain, Germany, etc., which were all parts of one universal Church which believed everywhere the same doctrines, and acknowledged everywhere the authority of the Pope.

THE GOVERNMENT CRISIS IN HOLLAND. The recent elections in Holland have resulted, most unexpectedly to the Liberal party, in the utter defeat of that party at the polls.

As in Belgium previously to 1884, so in Holland, the Liberals being in power, used that power to establish a compulsory system of godless education.

There is this difference between Belgium and Holland, that while Belgium has a population almost exclusively Catholic, the population of Holland is chiefly Protestant and Lutheran, though a large proportion, namely, about 37 per cent., are Catholics.

THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN AND THE PRIESTHOOD. Rev. A. A. Lambing, of the Pittsburg diocese, who is well known to the Catholic reading public of the United States, spoke last Sunday about the dearth of vocations to the priesthood.

There must be some reason for this regrettable state of affairs," continued Father Lambing, "and I think it is to be found in two conditions: Some are too worldly minded to think of entering the ministry, and others are deterred by their parents, who think they are too poor to afford giving their sons the necessary education.

Woe cease to be spiritual when we cease to be serious.—Father Faber.

Europe. The armaments of the continental powers are too great at the present day for Great Britain to intervene by force in European affairs, even though the whole contour of the map of Europe were to be changed, except so far as her immediate interests in the Eastern part of the Mediterranean are concerned.

The unifications of Italy and Germany were effected entirely without England being consulted. Austria was driven out of Italy, and France was shorn of Alsace and Lorraine, without leave being sought; or obtained from Great Britain. Schleswig and Holstein were annexed to Prussia, and the liberties of Finland were taken away without England having a word to say in the matter, and if Germany were tomorrow to quarrel with Holland or Denmark, or both, and to attempt the annexation thereof to the German Empire, there is good reason to believe that Great Britain would look on without armed intervention, though she would undoubtedly make some attempt to secure the continued independence of these two countries by diplomacy, which might or might not succeed.

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There must be some reason for this regrettable state of affairs," continued Father Lambing, "and I think it is to be found in two conditions: Some are too worldly minded to think of entering the ministry, and others are deterred by their parents, who think they are too poor to afford giving their sons the necessary education.

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Europe. The armaments of the continental powers are too great at the present day for Great Britain to intervene by force in European affairs, even though the whole contour of the map of Europe were to be changed, except so far as her immediate interests in the Eastern part of the Mediterranean are concerned.

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THOMAS A. KEMPIS

The Unveiling of His Statue at Kempen, June 8, 1901.

It is not only an inspired text of Scripture, but the words fell first from the lips of Our Redeemer Himself, that no prophet is accepted in his own country. This tendency of mankind to neglect their own and to disparage those that are nearest to them increases our wonder that, five hundred years after his time, the name of Thomas A. Kempis should wield so powerful a spell that his native town of Kempen, which gives him his name, has just erected a public statue to his honor. This is the latest tribute to the humble author of "The Imitation of Christ—to him who obeyed what the counsel he gave to others: Ama necirri—"Love to be unknown."

Kempen is a small town in the Rhine Province, nearer to the Aix-la-Chapelle than to Cologne, but brought by the railway within an hour and a half of the latter city. I do not know when Kempen discovered that its greatest glory—outdoors would say its only glory—was having given birth to Thomas Hamerken. Probably the knowledge came to them later than to all the rest of the world. Even with regard to our present subject, I should not be surprised to learn that the first idea of a Kempen statue to A. Kempis came from without.

Although the statue has only just been unveiled this summer, the project was started as far back as 1836. In the year certain admirers of A. Kempis at Kempen formed themselves into an association, the object of which was to obtain funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of their great townsman. It was also proposed to found an institution for the aged and suffering poor. The amount, however, of the funds collected in six years did not exceed 9,000 marks (4500), and there seemed no prospect of an increase adequate to the proposed objects. The committee decided that their wisest course would be to invest the money judiciously until in the lapse of time it might become large enough to realize their plan. This course was adopted; and in 1897 the fund amounted to 41,000 marks (20,500). They considered that they were now rich enough to go to work; and it was finally decided that of the fund thus accumulated 10,000 marks should be devoted to the erection of a statue of Thomas A. Kempis, whilst the interest of the residue should be used for the relief of the sick and suffering poor. The task of executing the statue in bronze was accordingly entrusted to Herr Pledelöf of Aachen (Aix la Chapelle), who has fulfilled the commission very successfully.

A site for the statue was given beside the parish church; and there it was unveiled with joyful solemnity on Saturday, June 8, 1901. The Most Reverend Hermann, Bishop of Munster, arrived the evening before, with the Coadjutor Bishop Manden; and many strangers gathered into the town to join in the feast of the morrow. The day was all that the good Kempeners could desire, bright and sunny. What a difference rain and sunshine make in such public functions! Since I began this paper, I have paid a visit to my Kempen. I have had the happiness of being present in the Cathedral of Newry when the new Bishop Dromore, Dr. Henry O'Neill, was consecrated by our beloved Cardinal Pate on the 8th of July to which day was applicable the description given of June 8, in the Kampener Zeitung which has before me. There is some much difference between "some" and "sunshine," which favor respectively the unveiling of the statue and the consecration of the Bishop. Not indeed that the joyful event could have chafed the good people and priest Newry and Dromore; but no doubt the delightful weather heightened the festivity of that old frontier town. The North, as it showed off to advantage the triumphal arch which on one side cried "Welcome to our beloved Cardinal!" and on the other prayed "Live our Bishop!"

On the day of the festival Kempen was a blaze of flags. The ceremonies began at 9 o'clock with Pater Noster, Mass, during which Father Schluken preached an eloquent sermon appropriate to the occasion. The unveiling of the statue was fixed for eleven o'clock. The ground and adjacent street were thronged long before the time. The various societies and sodalities were marshalled in finest state, such as Grefrath, the venerable and pastor, Rensen, who chanced to see in the local journal had just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his priestly ordination. Names of sundry high officials, presidents would have no meaning to my readers; but one is glad that the sculptor, Pledelöf, was sent to see the work of his hands unveiled.

After the choir had sung "Dies quae fecit Dominus," Herr Bonninghausen, President of the Thomas Institute (which forms the memorial of the great form of Christ) gave an account of the life of that institute and the other circumstances which I have already mentioned. When he had concluded Mayor gave the signal for the unveiling of the statue. It represented uncanonized Saint seated on a throne, which is placed on a massive pedestal, his religious habit falling in folds around him. In his right hand he holds a pen, while his left is open on his knee his immortal "The Imitation of Christ." The expression is a placid sweetness con-



AUGUST 24, 1901.

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Although the statue has only just been unveiled this summer, the project was started as far back as 1836. In that year certain sumptuous of A Kempis at Kempen formed themselves into an association, the object of which was to obtain funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of their great townsman. It was also proposed to found an institution for the aged and suffering poor. The amount, however, of the funds collected in six years did not exceed 9,000 marks (£450), and there seemed no prospect of an increase adequate to the proposed objects. The committee decided that their wisest course would be to invest the money judiciously till in the lapse of time it may become large enough to realize their plan. This course was adopted; and in 1857 the fund amounted to 41,000 marks (£2,200).

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On the day of the festival Kempen was one blaze of light. The ceremonies began at 6 o'clock with Pontifical High Mass, during which Father Schunkes preached an eloquent sermon appropriate to the occasion. The unveiling of the statue was fixed for eleven o'clock. The ground and the adjacent street were thronged long before the time. The various societies and sodalities were marshalled in their finest state, and processions came from other places, such as Greifrath, with its venerable pastor, Benen, who (I chanced to see in the local journal) had just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his priestly ordination. The names of sundry high officials and presidents would no meaning for my readers; but one is glad to see that the sculptor, Pledtke, was present to see the work of his hands unveiled.

After the choir had sung "Hæc dies quam fecit Dominus," Her von Bonninghausen, President of the Thomas Institute (which forms part of the memorial of the great follower of Christ) gave an account of the founding of that institute and the other circumstances which I have already mentioned. When he had concluded, the Mayor gave the signal for the unveiling of the statue. It represents our unconquered Saint seated on a chair, which is placed on a massive pedestal, his religious habit falling in graceful folds around him. In his right hand he holds a pen, while his left hand upon his knee his immortal work, "The Imitation of Christ." The expression is a placid sweetness combined

with earnestness and dignity. It is a fine work of art. When the statue stood unveiled, the choir sang the hymn:

O Thomas, ians et gloria Urbis Kempeno patrio, Urbis et ruris incolis, Sicut doctor ad colenda, Dux ad colendum patriam Per viam Christi Domini.

The Bishop of Munster then addressed the vast crowd, giving two reasons for his special joy in being present; namely, that he was himself a native of Kempen, and that he hoped the statue of the holy man would sanctify not only that town but his entire diocese.

The pastor of Kempen, Father Schunkes, promised for himself and his people that they would take the greatest care of their new treasure. After thanking the Bishop, the sculptor, and others who had a special share in the undertaking that was then just accomplished, he ended by saying that their gratitude was in a special manner due to one whose presence they had earnestly desired, but who had been unable to accept their invitation—the learned Irish physician, Sir Francis Cruise, of Dublin, who had devoted many years to the investigation of every question concerning the authorship of "The Imitation" and the life of Thomas A. Kempis, and who had established, beyond all doubt, that Thomas A. Kempis was born in Kempen, and that he was the true author of the book "De Imitatione Christi." Father Schunkes also thanked two Kempeners who were absent, Herr R. Pen in London, and Herr Klockner, in Strasburg, who had translated into German Sir Francis Cruise's smaller book, "Who was Thomas A. Kempis?" an abridgment of this great work on this subject of predilection. This German version has already in a few weeks run into a second edition, and the profits thereof are part of the large pecuniary aid that Sir Francis Cruise has given to the movement which was brought to a brilliant conclusion at Kempen on June 8, 1901.

There is a wonderful tribute to the beauty and power of "The Imitation of Christ" in George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss." But I will not quote this or similar testimonies of an uncommon kind that could refer to, still less the praises of saints and spiritual writers. Some may be struck more forcibly by the practical wisdom borne to the merit of Thomas A. Kempis by an active man of the world who would hardly have been supposed to be very familiar with such a book. A Latin copy of "The Imitation" was for years the favorite and constant prayer-book of Lord Russell, of Killowen, and in the last year of his life he gave a curious proof of his familiarity with it. In the Derby week he had, as usual, filled with friends his country home which lay near the famous Epsom Downs. On their return one day from the race course the chief justice engaged in a game of "Bridge" with two visitors and one of his sons. In the game he attempted some *finesse* in the hand and having failed, exclaimed *Vanitas vanitatum*. His father challenged him to continue that quotation from the first chapter of "The Imitation." The continuation not being supplied, he himself repeated very slowly and seriously the ten concluding verses of the chapter. Which of us is equally familiar with this boldest of uninspired books? Yet there are few things that it would be better worth while to get off by heart than that very passage.

This statue of Thomas A. Kempis that has begun its work of sanctifying his native Kempen may sanctify souls at a distance also. If, for instance, the presence of his name might be used by God to inspire any one with the resolve to begin or to resume the blessed habit of reading habitually each day a chapter or a page of the marvellous little book "De Imitatione Christi."—M. R., in Irish Monthly.

THE WAR ON THE JESUITS.

An Unprejudiced View of the Recent Outbreak in Spain and Portugal.

The anti-clerical agitation in Spain and Portugal has spread to South America. At Lima, Peru, there was a small riot upon the presentation of the play "Electra," such as there was at Madrid over a month ago. The populace cried, "Down with the Jesuits." Certain papers in clerical territory, commenting upon the anti-clerical agitation in the Latin American countries, seem to think it a spontaneous indignation, the result of a justifiable indignation, the part of the population at the gradual encroachment of the Friars, and especially of the country. In reality (according to the London Saturday Review, a pronouncedly non-Catholic journal) it is an artificially got up demonstration, organized by a certain brotherhood which, although styling itself Masonic, is not in any way connected, so we are assured, with any of the lodges presided over by that fraternal body. The Masonic lodges in the Latin American countries are avowedly anti-religious, and do not for a moment conceal their intention to espouse vague code of ethics which, in their own wisdom, they consider infinitely superior to the teachings of the Gospel.

Some where about August last a certain class of Spanish and Portuguese papers, controlled and inspired by the republican and secret societies which honeycomb the peninsula, began to publish a series of articles directed against the religious orders. In this they evidently obeyed an inspiration emanating from the Grand Orient of Paris, where the eventual suppression of the regular clergy and the secularization of education was already being

worked up into an anti-clerical crusade, the results of which became apparent at the beginning of the present year in the parliamentary hubbub over the Associations Bill. Spain was the first country after France where this anti-clerical movement assumed anything like considerable proportions. Some few months ago a well known dramatist produced a play at Madrid, entitled "Electra," on a subject of the Maria Monk order, which the Government thought fit to suppress, owing to its being a pretext for an agitation which it provoked on its first representation. It is a very indifferent work, both from the literary and dramatic point of view.

A well-organized campaign broke out on the morrow of the suppression of this piece. Every Spanish town has one or more so-called Liberal Clubs, and these, being mainly composed of persons who have nothing to lose, but might have something to gain by the fermentation of disorder, soon began to start anti-clerical demonstrations, which speedily degenerated into street riots. There was an incident of an extremely commonplace character, in which a young woman, twenty-six years of age, who was not comfortable at home and who, if we are to believe all we are told, "was hypnotized by the eloquence of a Jesuit preacher" and entered a convent and elected to remain there against the wishes of her mother. The similarity of this adventure with the main incident of the riot of "Electra" sufficed to induce an excited populace, in obedience to the outcry of its leaders, to clamor for the suppression of all the religious orders as a punishment for an alleged offense committed by one of their members.

The writer of the Saturday Review article says he has read carefully a number of Spanish and Portuguese papers, expressing the opinions of both parties and dating from the very beginning of this extraordinary manifestation, and does not find therein one single definite charge brought against any member, male or female, of any monastery or convent, either in Spain or Portugal. The promoters of these demonstrations have confined themselves entirely to those loathly generalities which in England are associated with such intuitive geniuses as the person of Rutherford, who was lately condemned and punished by a Protestant judge and jury for his gross attacks on conventional life and morality.

The Portuguese demonstration, however, is far more remarkable than the Spanish, since it affords still greater proofs of organized conspiracy. It started at Oporto, where an incident happened which, as usual, has been greatly misrepresented in this country. Those newspapers which accept the utterances of the Jesuit-baiters assert that "a young girl, the daughter of the Brazilian Minister at Oporto, had been incarcerated by the Jesuits in a convent, against the wishes of her father." The facts of the case are as follows: Dona Rosta Calmon is the daughter of the Brazilian Consul at Oporto, but she is not "a young girl," being over thirty-three years of age. For a long time past the unfortunate terms on which this lady lived with her father were well known to her circle of friends and acquaintances. The specific charges which she brought against him are no concern of ours, but in the end they led to such scenes of violence between the pair that the gentleman threatened to shut his daughter up in a lunatic asylum, whereupon she appealed to law for protection and even obtained it. After this, as may well be imagined, her home existence became less pleasant for a walk, over. One day she went for a walk, met some friends, who were neither priests nor Jesuits, assured them that she was very miserable at home, and they advised her to enter a certain convent as a parlor boarder, which she did. The populace, misinformed as to the facts of the case, worked itself up to a frenzy of indignation, not only against the Jesuits of Oporto, the majority of whom were, probably, not even aware of Mlle. Calmon's existence. Instead of arresting and trying the accused monks individually, in a batch, the Portuguese Government has ordered the Jesuits and other religious orders straightaway to leave the country, which is their great inconvenience, they have been compelled to do. This violent intolerance seems to have given much satisfaction to the vast majority of the English and some of the American press, which usually prides itself upon its love of fair play. In this instance it has not hesitated to applaud an unjustifiable action, which, if the victims had been "Jew, Turk or Infidel," instead of Jesuits, it would have stigmatized, and very justly so, as outrageous.

In Portugal there really was no reason for all this outcry, for, suppressed in 1834, the existing monasteries and convents may be counted on the fingers of one hand. The Jesuits were the first of the religious associations to return after an exile of nearly half a century. They did so about thirty-five years ago, on the invitation of the Archbishop or Patriarch of Lisbon, and established a college at Campolide, just outside the walls of the capital. Since 1865 four or five other Jesuit Colleges have been opened in other parts of the kingdom. To these houses may be added two belonging to the French Fathers of the Holy Ghost (du St. Esprit) who are missionaries, three Franciscan monasteries and two very small Benedictine monasteries. The convents are not much more numerous and are nearly all educational and tenanted by Sisters mostly of foreign origin. Probably there are not more than a dozen Portuguese nuns, all told, and about as many monks. The Portuguese are and cry over the relig-

ious associations is a ridiculous but dangerous parody of the Spanish, which, at any rate, has a motive, for in that country there are a great number of monasteries and nunneries. Portugal is, unfortunately, a place where there are an amazing number of idle people who contrive to live on the smallest of incomes, and who use politics as a means to "arrive" and to add to their puny resources; hence this agitation.—Mirror, St. Louis, Mo.

A CHALLENGE

Given by the Pope Not Accepted by Skeptical Physician.

Just ten years ago Leo XIII. offered an excellent opportunity of investigating the reality of miracles occurring at Our Lady's famous shrine in the Pyrenees. He issued, in fact, a species of challenge to the most eminent non-Christian medical men of France. As we have seen an account of the matter in an English publication, it may be well to narrate it here.

In 1891 an illustrious French physician visited Rome, and before leaving the Eternal City solicited an audience with the Pope. His request was granted and Dr. X. was presented to Leo XIII. The Pontiff's first word to him was "Do you know Lourdes?" "By hearsay, Holy Father." "Do you believe in Lourdes?" "The doctor, whose personal narrative we are translating, was somewhat embarrassed. "By his past, his writings and his position," he was opposed to manifestations of the supernatural. He answered by evading the difficulty.

"I have known, Holy Father, sick people who have declared to me that they recovered their health at Lourdes."

The Pope was not satisfied with this evasive reply.

"But you," he rejoined, "what did you think of these declarations?" "I thought that the nervous systems of these patients had been happily restored by the spectacle of what was taking place under their eyes."

"Then you received these declarations from patient's suffering from nervous affections only?"

The doctor grew more and more embarrassed.

"Holy Father," he submitted, "it is a difficult matter to say where the nerves begin and where they end."

"But, after all, my dear son, can such a disease as that of the spinal marrow, for instance, be radically cured by a nervous commotion?"

"No."

"Very well. Now, would you like me to give you a commission?"

"I should be much flattered, Holy Father."

"Well, then, find twenty free-thinking doctors. Have them select a hundred patients from those who accompany the national pilgrimage from Paris to Lourdes. Let them depart before the departure, with these hundred persons are afflicted with diseases absolutely irremediable, impossible to cure by purely medical resources. If, among these hundred patients you find, after the pilgrimage, radical and sudden cures, you are to declare to the world that at Lourdes are occurring things beyond modern science."

"And if there is not a single miracle?" asked the doctor.

"If there is not a single miracle, I shall withhold my approbation from an office that has been asked for the pilgrimage—an office that will have for result the scornful."

The doctor accepted the charge and promised to establish the committee before the national pilgrimage of 1892. He and the Pontiff made out the list of the twenty physicians—all men of national prominence and all free-thinkers.

Ten months later the doctor himself brought to the Pope the result of his proceedings. His Holiness learned that one of the physicians selected refused to serve on the committee, saying that he would not allow himself to accept the offer of the Holy See. A second confessed that he had been at Lourdes, but he had not felt bold enough to go to the bottom of things. Eight other doctors gave virtually the same reply; while the remaining ten simply refused, point blank to act.

As for Dr. X. himself, he went to Lourdes twice, and was so fortunate as to witness the striking miracle wrought in favor of Maria Vincent, as well as to assure himself of the reality of a number of others. He became a convert, and has written a notable work on the Grotto of Massabielle. Among the exvotos that he has deposited on which, with allusion to Zola's statement is inscribed: "A converted physician, who came to Lourdes despite his past, his writings and his position."—Ave Maria.

Bigotry Becoming Unfashionable.

Preaching recently at a corner store in Manchester, England, Bishop Blisborrow declared that, happily, prejudices against the Catholic Church are slowly melting away, that bigotry, at least of the aggressive and intolerant type, is becoming unfashionable and intensely vulgar; at the present time no man of learning would risk his reputation by defending the ex-ploited fables and slanders which used to be the stock in trade of the liberal-minded and enlightened men are beginning to be more than suspect that the Catholic Church had never deserved, nor deserved at the present day, such treatment.

BUYING AND SELLING VOTES.

In the August number of "The American Ecclesiastical Review," the question of election bribes and restitution is considered in a highly instructive manner.

During an electoral contest A offers B—twenty dollars if he will vote for C— B meant to vote for D; but in consideration of the money, agrees to vote for C, which he does. Being afterwards troubled in conscience, he lays the matter before his confessor, who obliges him to give the money back to A.

An instruction to Confessors warns the priest that he cannot impose a strict restitution in such cases, but can only urge the penitent to bestow his ill-gotten goods, or at least part thereof, in alms. Not that a claim to compensation can be based upon the sinful act as sinful, but as serviceable to the other party. His sins, indeed, in making the contract and in carrying it out. But that is a matter between himself and God.

Two conditions are requisite to the validity of the contract of buying and selling. The first is the thing must be a marketable commodity. The second is, the party who sells shall own and have the disposal of that which he offers for sale. Now, in all cases, where it is the thing, and not the giving or taking it for a price, that is wrong, both of these conditions may be fulfilled, and the contract will give a valid title under the natural law, to the price paid for wrongdoings.

In such cases as simony, bribing of judge or elector, taking money from a thief for not "telling on" him, and in cases where it is the giving or taking for a price that is in itself wrong, the one who takes the price has no valid title to it, even after he has fulfilled his part of the unlawful contract. The decision of a judge or vote of an elector is a priceless entity. It is not the class of things that are bought and sold, but it is like honor and virtue, unpurchasable.

It follows that a judge cannot keep the bribe given him, when he returns a verdict in accordance with the facts; nor the elector the money he gets for his vote, even when he votes according to the dictates of his conscience. For every such contract is void by the law of nature, which dictates that no price shall be given or taken for that which is not one's own, and outside the order of things that we are bought with a price.

There is one more point to be considered. St. Thomas teaches that restitution is to be made in such cases, but not to the one from whom the money has been received. How is this? The saint says that the man who does not deserve or has no right to get his money back. This implies that the price paid is by the law of nature for the man to society. The man of his own will agreed to pay a price for what was in itself unpurchasable, but what he wished to obtain by the payment of a price. He got what he wanted for his money, what he looked upon as the worth of his money. Therefore, he has no longer a claim to his money; else one can have and hold what one bought and with it the price that one has paid for it, which is absurd.

The opinion that one who takes a bribe for his vote, may keep the money, or at any rate is not strictly bound to put it away from him, is wholly destitute of intrinsic probability, and cannot therefore be followed with a safe conscience.

LAY CO-OPERATION.

"I am a profound believer in the need of greater activity on the part of the laity," Bishop Spalding said in his address to the German Catholic Societies recently at Chicago. "We are not a Church of priests and nuns, we are a Church of the people. The laity and priests are becoming more and more united, and that is as it should be. We should work together. I am no pessimist. I can see no dark days for the Catholic Church in America. The Catholic Church in the United States is the Church of the people. It was never in any country a Church for or of the aristocracy. There are no politics in the Church. We will have none of it."

In these few sentences the Bishop of Peoria lays the foundation of strength for the Church. Lay co-operation on the part of the men of the church is of the first importance, if our religion is to grow and flourish. Societies and sodalities are all well enough, and absolutely necessary to sustain fervor. But men need something more. Their heads just as well as their hearts should be enlisted in the holy cause of religion. Utilize their business abilities, interest them in the active work of the parishes, place responsibilities upon them, let them manage the temporalities and they will surprise you with the results. Under this regime men will feel that they are more than mere passive members of the Church. They will know that they are expected to plan and work with the priest; and plan and work they will. As a necessary consequence they will become more regular and fervent Catholics. This is the experience wherever the plan has been in operation.

A parish should be a co-operative concern under the superintendency of a wise pastor.—Catholic Telegraph.

New Plan to Convert "Irish Papists." The Dublin Freeman's Journal tells about a new plan for "converting Papists" in Ireland, devised by the "Irish Church Mission Society," now in full operation in Limerick. The operator, it seems, is Dr. Long, and

his programme is free medicine and free gospel. In a statement recently made about his progress, he said that in a very short time after opening his "dispensary" he "had a number of poor people coming for relief," and "from the first, he spoke to those who came about the disease of sin." The doctor gives no figures as to the number of his converts, and it is probable it will be a long time before he shall be able to do so. Nether flame, nor sword, nor famine have been able to make the Irish people abandon the faith.—American Herald.

ACCESSIONS TO THE CHURCH.

One of the most important conferences in the history of missionary enterprises in the United States will be held on August 27, at the Missionary House in Winchester, Tenn. For the first time since the inauguration of the movement of the missionaries in this country who preach exclusively to non-Catholics will meet to formulate plans that will tend to make action more unified and decisive. The conference will embrace a period of three days. The discussion will range over a wide diversity of subjects. It will touch upon the relation of negroes to the Church, the instruction of converts, and the South as a field for missionary activity.

The conference will be held under the direction of the Catholic Missionary Union. This flourishing organization has for its president Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, and for its secretary and treasurer, the Rev. Father Doyle, of the Paulist community. The Union gathers funds for the maintenance of priests in those parts of the country where Catholics are few. Its growth has been rapid, and the work that it is engaged in promoting has had a no less marvelous development. At first the task was entrusted mainly to the Paulists, but as the work grew many of the diocesan priests entered upon it. There are now more than thirty priests who devote their entire time to making converts. They are reinforced, also, by the Passionist and Redemptorist Fathers. It is difficult to gather authentic data as to the number of converts made. A conservative estimate, however, would place the number at 250,000. It is thought 100,000 converts were received into the Church last year. This indicates that the work of the Union is increasing in importance as time passes.—The New Century.

THE CRUCIFIX

Recalls the Principal Mysteries of our Religion.

The Crucifix is to the Catholic an object of great devotion and veneration, as the Lord died on the Cross. At a glance you can bring to mind all the sufferings of His cruel death on the Cross, and quickly arouse in your heart the sentiments of love and gratitude. The Cross is a great source of consolation and instruction, as it recalls the principal mysteries of our holy religion. Every Catholic family has a Crucifix hung on the walls as a sign of their religion and as the most beautiful ornament in the room. If you love the Lord even a little, you will carry about you a small Crucifix, have it on your desk so that it may sometimes be seen by you and bring good thoughts to your mind.

There is also the Sign of the Cross which you make on yourself and which is even more important, as you can perform this little act of devotion without ostentation. Before your principal actions, when you go to work, when you finish, before and after your prayers, say: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen," so that this stamp of consecration may be put on all your actions and make them pleasing to God.—Our Favorite Devotions.

CONVERTING MORMONS.

During the two middle weeks of the past month, says the Catholic Sentinel, Rev. W. H. Papp, C. S. P., gave a most successful mission in Dimpsey, Bannock County, Idaho. This little congregation is composed of Mormon converts, taken into the Church by Father Hendrickx, of Montpelier, who built a nice chapel for them. People coming from McCammon and elsewhere were camping at the foot of the hill, upon which the little church is situated.

To understand how impressive it is to see these good people, now saved from the horrors of Mormonism, receive Holy Communion, one must witness the real ceremony. It is this belief in the real presence of Jesus in His sacrament of love that causes the greatest admiration and affection in the hearts of these happy converts.

The sermons preached made a great impression, and other deluded persons have requested to be instructed.

Gives a New Church.

Father Hickey, pastor of St. Thomas Catholic Church at Braddock, Pa., read the following letter from Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation on a recent Sunday:

Dear Father Hickey—As a personal favor to you and in keeping with our promise of the 19th ult., Mrs. Schwab and I agree to erect and pay for St. Thomas' new Catholic Church, Braddock, Pa., at a cost not to exceed \$50,000, the whole work to be left to the lowest and most responsible bidder, the plans and specifications to be submitted to me to begin on or after the first day of work to be on or after the first day of October, 1901, and to be continued to completion. Your very truly, CHAS. M. SCHWAB.

Mr. and Mrs. Schwab were married by Father Hickey eighteen years ago, and while they lived in Braddock they were always much interested in the church.



THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

CLIL.

The Presbyterian Church has published a little work of about three hundred and sixty pages, entitled "Fundamental Ideas of the Roman Catholic Church." The author is Professor Frank Hugh Foster, of the Congregational seminary at Oakland, California.

It is early believed that Paul was acquainted with the philosopher Marcus Annaeus Seneca. It seems improbable, however, that they ever corresponded directly.

As the great Protestant cyclopedias of Herzog and Liebenberg show, there is very great force in the single fact that no other ancient Church ever claimed to be the scene of Peter's or Paul's closing life, martyrdom and burial.

Now, by the 21st of St. John's gospel, which even the critical school at present will not allow to be later, and as follows to be probably earlier, than A. D. 110, we perceive that the Church already knew the circumstances, and therefore, the place, of Peter's martyrdom.

We have but one letter of the first century from the Roman Church, that of Clement. This mentions the apostles, but names only two, Peter and Paul. They are not named because they alone were martyrs, for the apostle proto martyr was James the son of Zebedee, and James the Lord's brother also probably suffered before them.

We have but one letter to the Roman Church of the early second century, that of St. Ignatius of Antioch. He mentions the apostles, but names only two, Peter and Paul, apparently for the same reason as above, namely, that being apostolic martyrs, they were the two apostles whose memories were especially cherished at Rome.

The Emperor Vespasian had a granddaughter, and also a grand niece, named Flavia Domitilla. Both these ladies were banished, if not murdered, as Christians, by their kinsman Domitian. In the burying place of the second princess has been found a large bronze medallion, having the

effigies of Peter and Paul. Many put these in the second century, but Herzog is inclined to assign them to the first. The great archaeologist Kraus remarks that they are executed in that high style of Greek art which flourished under the three Flavian emperors, and then rapidly declined.

This medallion therefore shows us the affectionate honor in which Peter and Paul were held from the first at Rome as being the two specifically Roman apostles.

Here again we see the special honor in which the two Roman apostles were early held at Rome, Peter especially. Indeed, so marked was this, as Christianity spread at Rome, that the pagans themselves soon got in the way of calling their sons Petrus.

These facts alone, in their combined effect, seem enough to give a moral certainty that Peter, no less than Paul, lived, taught, suffered, and is buried at Rome. However, there are other evidences still, which we will consider next week.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Familiar Friendship With Jesus.

Without a friend thou canst not well live; and if Jesus be not thy friend above all, thou wilt be exceedingly sad and desolate.

Thou artest, then, foolishly, if thou puttest thy trust or rejoicing in any other.

We ought rather to choose to have the whole world against us than to offend Jesus.

Of all therefore that are dear to thee let Jesus always be thy special beloved.

Let all things be loved for Jesus sake, but Jesus for His own sake.

Jesus Christ alone is singularly to be loved, Whom alone is found good and faithful above all friends.

For Him and in Him let both friends and enemies be dear to thee; and for all these must thou pray to Him, that I may know and love Him.

Neither desire to be singularly praised or beloved; for this belongs to God alone, who hath none like to Him self.

EXTERIOR PRACTICES OF PIETY.

The following is taken from Fr. Grunnewald's Translation of the Spiritual Letters of the Ven. Libermann:

It should be our care and occupation to establish the reign of God in our souls and to approach Him with all the love and tenderness and fervor of our hearts.

and lead us to God. We must, therefore, pay particular attention to our interior. If we become aware, later on, that we have no taste for exterior works we need not worry about it.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Thirteenth Sunday After Pentecost. FORGETTING GOD'S GOODNESS.

"Were not too made clean? Where are the stains?" (St. Luke xvii, 12.)

If our Lord, dear brethren, stood in our midst to day He would not have to confine this rebuke to the nine, but might with justice ask: Where are the ninety-nine; where are all those whom I have made clean; where are those whose sins I have washed away, where are those whose sufferings I have lightened where are they, for there is no one to return thanks?

Good Christians, is there need to remind you to return thanks—you for whom God is doing so much, you who are now living in His peace and friendship? Alas! that the truth must be told, we are as a whole ungrateful. Not that we mean to be such—God forbid! but we are so taken up with the cares and troubles of this life, so worried about our present needs, so anxious about our future wants, that we forget for the most part to look back, forget to reflect upon all that has been done for us.

Recall how generously He dealt with many souls of your own acquaintance, even perhaps with some of yourselves; recollect how many were cleansed from this foul leprosy of sin by His holy word and saving sacraments; but where are they all now? Some perhaps have already gone to answer at the judgment seat for their ingratitude; others are still left among us as a parable of the extraordinary patience and long-suffering of a loving God.

They are sick, and He still feeds them; they are in trouble, and He still comforts them. Yes, they are even in mortal sin, and from time to time He cleanses them. But, oh! ungrateful Christian, how long is this to last? how long is God to be tempted? It stands to reason, it cannot but have an end. Put it to yourselves, is there any sin or vice you have less patience with than that of ingratitude, of forgetfulness for favors and kindnesses received? No, brethren, there is no vice that so incenses us, no sin find so hard to condone, because it is an abuse of that which is highest and noblest in us our love.

Indeed, brethren, if all of God's creatures owe Him a debt of gratitude, if everything created should praise the Lord, oh! how much more does this obligation fall on you, for we who are children of the faith are His debtors indeed! When our souls are sick even unto death with sin, He is ready to heal them as He did the lepers in to day's Gospel; when weary with the cares of life, He is ready to refresh us; when tempted beyond our strength, He is faithful to us and what does He ask in return? Listen, to day, to His lament and harden not your hearts: "There is no one to return thanks."

Be generous, then, henceforth in your thanks to God, for He loves and will reward those who are grateful for all He has done for them.

WHOM WILL THE NEW LAW FIRST STRIKE?

For a certainty the Jesuits will be among the first struck, they and the Assumptionists having been especially aimed at. Every Jesuit community will be disbanded. The Paris one of the Rue de Sevres, with its pretty church will cease, for the moment at any rate, to be an active religious centre.

There the Rev. Pere Leroy will no longer give his conferences, upholding in simple and sublime language the hidden meaning of the gospel. There the Rev. Pere Coube will no longer receive visitors in his modest parlor and thence give impetus to different religious movements. But the urs of the Society of Jesus will not, it is believed, all leave France. Some will probably remain scattered and hidden for a time.

There is nothing to prevent one here and there from being, for preaching purposes, incorporated in a body of parochial clergy. Though Jesuits are to the front in the present persecution of the Orders and Congregations, obstacles, Marists, and others are under no delusion as to what may await them any minute. The Rev. Pere Thiriet,

TOBACCO, LIQUOR AND DRUGS.

Dr. McCace's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few weeks. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price 50c.

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BRISTOL'S PILLS For Torpid Liver, Flatulence, Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache, TAKE Safe, Mild, Quick-acting, Painless, does not weaken, and always give satisfaction. A most reliable Household Medicine, can be taken at any season, by Adults or Children. All druggists sell "BRISTOL'S."

It may be so That next year your friends and dear ones will be mourning your loss; WHY NOT BE SURE that if it should prove to be so they will be amply provided for by a policy of Life Insurance in that strong and reliable Company, the North American Life. HEAD OFFICE: 112-118 King St. W.

PURE GOLD JELLY POWDER Joyfully Quick and Healthy too. Beware of Imitations.

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Mother and child, run down—there are hundreds—lucky if you are not one. And what do you think they want? They want rest and a change, and can't get either. Pity to speak of it! Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is almost rest in itself!

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- On Receipt of Prices named Below we will send to any address any of the Following works: Address Thea Coffey, London, Ont. THE NEW TESTAMENT - CLOTH LIME cover—45 cents. VISITS TO JERUSALEM IN THE TABERNACLE, by Rev. P. E. LAMONT, Price \$1. GOLDEN BOOK OF THE COMMEMORATIONS and Sacraments, by St. Alphonsus Liguori. (Paper) 25 cents.

THE CHRISTIAN FATHERS, price 35 cents (cloth); The Christian Mother (cloth) 35 cents. Thoughts on the Sacred Heart, by Archbishop Walsh (cloth), 40 cents. Catholic Belief (paper), 25 cents, cloth (strongly bound) 50 cents.

ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL, FOURTH EDITION with Appendix containing MUSIC and Vespers for all the Sundays and Festivals of the Year. The book is compiled from the Hymns, together with Litanies, Daily Prayers, Prayers at Mass, Preparation and Prayers for Confession and Communion, and the Office and Rules of the Societies of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Compiled from approved sources. Price, 25 cents.

FAMILY BIBLE.—FOR THE SUM OF \$5 I will mail to any address—charges carriage prepaid—a family Bible (size 10x12 1/2), bound in cloth, gilt edges, splendidly illustrated throughout—and also give credit one year's subscription to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

FAMILY BIBLE.—THE HOLY BIBLE containing the entire Canonical Scriptures, according to the Vulgate, with the Council of Trent, translated from the Latin Vulgate; diligently compared with the Hebrew, Greek, and other original languages. Price, \$5.

A Great Picture of the Pope. The magnificent painting of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., is the work of one of New York's most celebrated artists, J. A. Mollie, who, in painting this picture, has had the advantage of the constant criticism and advice of the highest dignitaries of the Catholic Church in America, who have devoted unusual time in going over the details of this painting with the artist, so that the finished work would be as near perfect as anything that has been brought out. With an audience exclaim over the remarkable likeness in this painting, "It is, indeed, a portrait absolutely true to life."

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THE GRAND JUBILEE MANUAL OF THE GRAND JUBILEE OF 1901 granted by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Those, Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London, Ont.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Thrifty Little Box. Just a little box. Say four inches long, two inches wide, three inches deep. A locked door in front, a slot in the top, a handle to carry it by. Just a little box—but it can do great things. It can make you economical, forehand, thrifty. It can lessen the evils of sickness or loss of work. It may sometimes even prevent them. It can help you to get ahead in the world. It can help you to save money. It means education, a good start in life. Only the few become rich by a stroke of luck. Most successful people have become so by practicing economy and saving the surplus. The habit of saving, persistently practiced, soon becomes settled thrift. Saving is hard with most people—at first. It is hard to find a surplus when wages are small and wants many. Unless you can get it into the bank right away, the money burns holes in your pocket. You miss it, but you don't know where it went. To make saving easy use the box. It will take what you mean spare—a cent or a nickel or a dime at a time—until there is enough to go to bank. It will serve you when the saving impulse is upon you and protect your savings—even from yourself when you begin to weaken. To get the good of the box, you must give it a chance. Place it in plain sight—on the mantel shelf in the living room or on the bureau in your bedroom. If you have a coin you don't really need to use, drop it in the slot. Repeat this operation at intervals—the oftener, the better. Most banks pay interest upon savings accounts. They welcome small savings accounts. Money at interest works three shifts a day—Sundays and holidays, too. The more you add to it the better it works and the more it earns for you. Money in bank is more than money; it is character. The boy with a bank account is seldom out of work. His thrift is recognized. It makes him a good workman. If a boy is to be selected for promotion, the boy with a bank account is apt to be chosen. He is looked upon as a reliable boy. He makes a good citizen.—The American Boy.

Wagner's Dog. A strong sense of justice or a strong love for animals must have actuated Richard Wagner, to judge by the stories told of him in the "Staats-Zeitung" by Auguste Wilhelm, the celebrated violinist. The Literary Digest translates the stories.

I was present when the young Countess Armin was conducted into the "Home for Incurables," in which he kept a collection of aged and infirm animals for distribution among his friends. After making her selection among the inmates, the Countess has to sign a paper in which she promises to take the best possible care of the animal as long as it should live, and this as a return for the services rendered to mankind by animals.

The last time I was in Balreut Wagner was hard at work on "Tristan and Isolde." One day as we were walking together in silence—for even on a stroll his guests seldom venture to interrupt the current of his thoughts—he suddenly stopped and exclaimed angrily: "Look! Look there!" He pointed to a boy who was fastening a string about a large stone. To other end of the string was tied to dog's leg. Wagner hastened up to the lad and demanded what he was doing. "Going to drown the dog," said the boy.

"Why?" "Because he is old and no good. His half blind." "How long have you had him?" "About ten years as a house dog. He used to draw milk and vegetable market," was the response. "So!" exclaimed Wagner. "Now you won't give this faithful servant food and lodging in his old age. Shame on you!" "No; we can't be bothered with sick old dog," answered the yokel, ceceding with his executioner's work. Then Wagner seized his arm said: "Here is a thaler (about six take-one cents) I will buy the dog. Take yourself off, and remember you were about to do something shameful. A beast feels the sting of indignity as keenly as a man."

The boy went off, blushing a bit but carefully pocketing the coin, the dog, attempting to follow, driven back. Wagner then tripped the dog to stay with his best hand. Wagner turned pale uttered a cry of pain, and I raised my hand to chastise the snarling beast. Wagner stopped me. "Would you punish him for true to his old master?" he asked. He bandaged the injured limb strange to relate, when he no second attempt to caress the dog, as if conscious of his fault, anxious to make amends, licked hand that stroked him. From moment Karo, who under Wagner's care soon presented a respectable appearance, was constantly at his side. Wagner could not use his right for two weeks, and his work stopped, seriously, but no one ever heard after a word of complaint, although



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Any one who wished to enter the narrow circle of Wagner's friends, says the writer, was compelled to earn that privilege by adopting a superannuated dog or a crippled canary.

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Wagner could not use his right hand for two weeks, and his work suffered seriously, but no one ever heard him utter a word of complaint, although he

was usually impatient of the slightest annoyance or interruption.

A Boy's Success.

Once there was a little boy in a far away city who loved music. Harry was his name. He was a bright lad, had a merry nature and a quick temper. A stout fist in defence of a boy knocked down, and equally prompt in asserting his own rights. He was an only child and lived with his widowed mother, helping as he could in and about his home. They were kept busy thinking how to meet their daily needs.

At school Harry generally led the marches and the songs, because of his quick ear and love of music. From his infancy he was a musician.

One very warm summer about three years ago Harry and his mother were invited to join a party of friends in camping out for a week on the shores of Lake Michigan. They packed their simple effects and with content in their hearts were soon on their way with the merry crowd.

Every morning, early, Harry and his boy friends were up and doing, some fishing, some climbing the trees, Harry always imitating the singing of the different birds. Sometimes it seemed as though the birds were deceived as he meant they should be, and from far away in the woods he could hear a faint response to his call. A certain brown boat on the shore was a certain delight to the children. One morning they pushed it off and the boys jumped into it and rowed off in fine style. So busy were they in trying their strength and skill, taking turns at the oars that they never noticed the wind had freshened and soon began to blow a stiff breeze. The rain came down and the boys were frightened out of their wits, but luckily no worse befell them. On how glad they were when they pulled into shore, nor did they ever venture out so far again.

The last evening of the camping out party was warm and soft. About twilight a jolly boat party was made up and they rowed a short distance. All were in good humor. Sea songs were in order and each one had to contribute when called upon. At last it came to Harry's turn, who was only ten years old and naturally quite timid. After some encouragement from his mother he sang out in a clear tone that sweet little hymn of Mrs. Heaman's so well known to every Catholic child:

"Ave Sanctissima; we lift our souls to thee Ora pro nobis; 'tis night fall on the sea. Watch us while shadows lie Far o'er the waters spread; Hear the heart's lonely sigh, Thine too hath led."

The full rich voice rang out with as much ease as the warbling of a bird. Every one in the boat was surprised, except his mother. When the boat returned to the shore the party found a lady waiting for them. She anxiously inquired who was the singer. On being told she said, "God has gifted you with a voice of most unusual sweetness. Now don't be vain, it is only lent to you for some good purpose."

From that day forward the lady took a deep interest in Harry's welfare. By dint of perseverance, practice and hard work he is now a phenomenal contralto singer. Harry is still a typical boy and loves his game of marbles, which he finds very hard to leave for voice culture, but he loves his mother better. He is now thirteen years old and fills a prominent place in church and concert work.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Whatever you want to be, keep before you as you kept the model in your copybook in childhood, the image of the beautiful, completely attained ideal.

He always wins who sides with God. To him no chance is lost; God's will is sweetest to him when it triumphs at his cost.

All that God blesses is our good, And unblest good is ill; And all is right that seems most wrong, If it be His sweet will!

When obstacles and trials seem Like prison walls to be, I do the little I can do, And leave the rest to thee.

I have no cares, O blessed will! For all my cares are thine; I live in triumph, Ever for Thee Hast made Thy triumph mine. —Faber.

A Temptation.

At a gay party one night last winter, claret punch was served. One young man declined it. Several of his neighbors rallied him on his abstinence. Still he refused to drink. Then the daughter of the house, in honor of whose birthday the entertainment was given, exclaimed: "I'll make him take it!"

So she filled a glass and presented it to him herself, saying: "Drink it for me!"

"No, thank you!" he replied.

"Now do!" she urged him, "as a favor to me on my birthday." "Please don't press me," he said, "as I have made a promise not to drink."

"Oh, do," came from some one on the right. "A little wine won't hurt you," said some one on the left. "This doesn't count," chimed in some one else.

Still he refused, embarrassed but politely and quietly firm.

The daughter of the house turned away from him in displeasure and some of the others present murmured at his obstinacy. When the head of the house, who had become aware of the incident, joined the group and said: "I admire your grit, Fred; you are made of the right metal."

After the party the head of the house said to the daughter:

"Why did you persist in asking Fred to take the punch? Don't you know that his father fills a drunkard's grave and that over the corpse the lad was made by his mother to vow never to taste a drop of intoxicating drink? He is the most agreeable young man I know, and he must have had a hard battle to keep his word to-night. Thank God that he remained the victor! I would not have had you to be the means to make him break his promise for all the world!"

"There were tears in the eyes of the girl as she answered: "If I had only known, I would not have asked him. O, I'm so sorry!"

The Show for the Poor Man's Son.

"Some people say that the poor man's boy doesn't stand any show," remarked U. S. Congressman Dilliver, at Lincoln Park, as reported by the Jewell Republican, which continues as follows:

"There never was a worse mistake. Mr. Dilliver said. He had himself helped to make a list of all the very eminent men and women of New York city; all the great mechanics, great authors, editors, physicians, presidents of banks and railroads, statesmen, philanthropists, ministers, — every name well known in the city of New York, and out of the whole lot only one had been born in the city. The rest had walked in from the rural districts. The poor man's son, Dilliver says, is the only one that has any show. The son of the rich man never did and never will have an equal chance. The reason is easy to find. There can be no high attainment without great effort, toil and self-denial. Whatever simply floats, floats down stream. It is only the live things that work up the stream. The rich man's son sees no need of bestirring himself. A boy reared in luxury will not work. He curls up like a dog on the doorstep, and the tatter from the field passes him by. Only one rich man ever became president of the United States. Dilliver says he has himself examined the will of George Washington, and according to Washington's own estimate he was worth at the time of his death a million dollars. All the other presidents were comparatively poor men. If you have a boy and \$100,000, Dilliver advised, keep them apart. It will be better for both of them."

The Uses of Adversity.

Ex President Grover Cleveland of the United States is the author of this article.

"No young man should wistfully look ahead at the bright awards of a grand career and allow himself to be prevented from entering the race for their possession by adverse surroundings. Of course, there may be conditions of his own mind or character that absolutely and unreluctingly close the door upon him. If he be infirm in resolution, deficient in self-reliance, perseverance, lacking in courageous ambition or generally weak in disposition, he should cease the contemplation of a high career and fix his eye on something lower and less difficult. Ease may bring to such a man contentment, but neither ease nor adversity will make him great. To those who are courageous, self-reliant, determined, and constant, it is given to soar high, as they breast the keen wind of adversity, and for them there is nothing more exhilarating and stimulating than to see threatening circumstances gathering in their path, and to feel the goyons thrill that gives the signal for a confident rush against them."

"It must be admitted that, after full recognition of the honor due to those who have broken away from temptations of ease, the banner for the most valuable accomplishments in the field of the world's activity must be awarded to the graduates of the hard school where, by keen contest with adversity, the power of will and the vigor of self-reliant persistency are trained and developed. This proposition is justified not only by the preponderating number of those graduates among those who give push and movement to great enterprises and direct and regulate the currents of the world's business, but by the further fact that the momentum of effort gained by hard training, together with the constant goading of necessity, impel such graduates to a long continuance of work, an assiduous interest in the participation in the affairs of life and lively anxiety for their extension and betterment. It must be conceded that these give a better guaranty of usefulness than is promised by the success attained without rugged contest and which constantly invites indifference and tranquillity and comfort."

"The consideration of our topic cannot be better concluded than by a few words suggestive of the kind of success most worthy of struggle and effort. The best quality of success is not often found in relationship with affairs ordinarily considered the most practical and material. The strife to put one's self in the way of acquiring a fortune, and gaining popular praise and admiration, or power, or even fame, involve an element of self-seeking and selfishness which cannot fail to cheapen the heroism of the struggle. The young man who engages in the fight with difficulties for the purpose of acquiring riches may become a new and important recruit in the busy forces that create and increase the vast volume of the world's progress and greatness; he may be charitable and may devote a fair share of his wealth to the amelioration of distress and the relief of destitution, and his career may fittingly illustrate the helpful needs of adversity. These things are by no means to be deprecated."

"But the young man who enters upon the contest for the sole purpose of fitting himself for a life that will be useful and valuable to others, who loves success only as a means of doing good and who sees as the pleasant fruit of victory an increased opportunity for leading his fellow man to a higher plane of conduct and to a purer moral and mental atmosphere, will achieve a career free from any taint of selfishness and whose grandeur will shine as a bright light guiding those who seek self-sacrificing human virtue and seeking manifest every feature of the sweet uses of adversity."

How One Man Got Back His Health.

"There are no two ways about it, Jack," said the doctor, a fellow student, and intimate friend of the patient, "it will be suicidal to go back to that desk work of yours. If you do your life will not be worth a year's purchase. What you need is at least six months of out of door life."

"It is all very well to tell me that," fretfully answered the invalid, a tall, gaunt, good looking young fellow, who was all too slowly recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever, "but where is the money to come from? I realize the situation, but to give advice of that kind to a fellow who lives from hand to mouth with his pen is useless. I can't do it, that is all there is about it."

"Where there's a will there's a way," returned the doctor, cheerily. "I have an idea, and if you are the man I take you for, you will seize any chance to regain your health and strength that may be offered to you. To be sure, I will see you this evening, but the healthy young man, full of the energy of living, left, for the time being, his sick comrade, who had been flung by the wayside and was so weak, depressed and morbid that he felt ready to cry like a woman."

But he was better; decidedly better. That was not to be denied. As he crawled out into the spring sunshine and sat on a bench in the square, watching the trees bud and the grass grow, hope returned. It was when he forgot his weakness. It was when he got back to his dingy little rooms and saw the old worn inkstand and tray of pens and pencils, that his courage deserted him and he realized his hopeless condition.

"Tom is right!" he exclaimed to himself in utter dejection, "I cannot work; to beg I am ashamed. What am I to do?" And then, as if in answer came a note from the young doctor. "I have a call that will prevent me from looking in on you to night, I ran, 'so I will write you what I must have been thinking of. You must take a situation in the country; be a 'handy man,' a truck farmer's assistant, anything that will keep you working out of doors for the next half year. Pick up your courage, man, and put your pride in your pocket, and please God we will have you well and hearty by next winter."

Oldly enough the idea pleased the sick man instead of repelling him; he seemed to smell the moist earth, to see the green things growing that he himself had planned, and to feel the entire rest to his weary brain that he so much craved.

"By Jove, I'll do it!" he exclaimed with sudden hope. "It's the plank that Tom has pushed out to save me from the deep waters. I'd be a fool to reject it. Besides, it may be an interesting experience that I can make 'copy' of later on, who knows? It is as a useful man that I would shine, I take it. I begin to feel any number of undeveloped talents in that direction. I'm a fair carpenter, I've hunted for eggs enough times in the country when I was a boy to say that I have had something to do with hens, and I know how to harness and drive a horse. I can certainly rake, and dig, too, as soon as I am strong enough, and I flatter myself I have adaptability."

The doctor next morning was delighted with his patient's ready acquiescence—he had not expected it—and together they searched the "want" columns of the daily newspapers. After a number of disappointments the very thing was found, a Long Island farm not far from the ocean.

It would be too long a story to tell of his varied experiences—how he gratified himself with the farmer's family and rendered numberless little services to the widow and her two pretty daughters who had taken board with his employers for the summer; how the farmer, through an odd train of circumstances finally discovered his ineognito, and the consequences that ensued. Suffice it to say that the doctor's prediction was abundantly verified. In early October no one would have recognized the splendidly healthy looking young fellow in the conventional garb of a well dressed man as the dependent invalid of — Square who felt that life was not worth the living.

"A Man's a Man For a That." Even if he has horns on both feet. But he is a stronger, happier and wiser man if he uses Putnam's Painless Corn Extract and gets rid of the unsightly corn, painlessly and at once.

Tired Mothers. It's hard work to take care of children and to cook, sweep, wash, sew and mend besides. It makes a shop of the home—a shop, too, where sixteen hours make a day and yet there is much working overtime. Hood's Sarsaparilla helps tired mothers in many ways—it refreshes the blood, improves the appetite, and assures restful sleep.

The public should bear in mind that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is eminently pure and really efficacious—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion. — C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling Parmelee's Pills than any other Pills we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. Mr. Chas. A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: 'Parmelee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe head aches, but these Pills have cured her.'"

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaints, and find Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flavor of Licorice to preserve agreeable taste."

THE WAY TO HEAR SERMONS

Right Rev. Dr. Mostyn, Bishop of Menavia, speaks of the duty of Catholics attending those services of the Church at which sermons and instructions are given:

"It is with much regret," writes the Bishop, "we often hear it remarked how many there are who do not attend the sermons and instructions given in our churches and while such people are careful to hear holy Mass on Sundays and holy days they are seldom to be seen at the principal Mass in the morning or in the evening service when sermons or instructions are given. People who thus habitually absent themselves must, we think, forget that it is a duty to hear the Word of God, and evidently do not realize the harm they are doing to their souls by neglecting this important duty. Always bear in mind when listening to a sermon that the preacher is not preaching his own word, but the Word of God. Listen, then, attentively and respectfully, for it is God Who is speaking to you through the preacher—He that heareth you, heareth Me." (Luke x., 16.)

"Be careful never to show contempt for the preacher, because perhaps he is not what the world calls an orator or because he speaks in a homely, simple manner. The sermon that pleases the ear is not always the one that touches the heart. The simplest sermon ever preached by the most indifferent preacher is capable of doing as much good as the greatest sermon of the most accomplished orator. Apply what is said to yourselves and do not think that it is intended for others. If you are free from the sins pointed out by the preacher, thank God and pray that you may never fall into them. If you already practice the virtues recommended, encourage yourselves to persevere and to practise them in a still higher degree."

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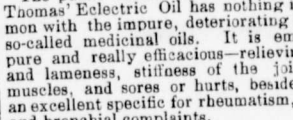
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ITCHING LIMBS

And All Forms of Itching, Scaly Humours are Instantly Relieved and Speedily Cured by



Complete Treatment, consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle. CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, and pimply skin, scalp, and blood humours, when all else fails.

Millions of People Use Cuticura Soap, as attested by Cuticura's statement, for beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp, and stopping itching hair, for softening and whitening the hands, for baby itches and rashes, in baths for soothing irritations and chafes, or for the feet or offensive perspiration, in washes for alleviative purposes, for many purposes to women and mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

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CHURCH BELLS

Chimes and Peals, Best Superior Quality. McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY Baltimore, Md.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY

THE E. W. VAN DUSEN CO., Cincinnati, O.

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Chimes and Peals, Best Superior Quality. McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY Baltimore, Md.

AUCTION SALE OF TIMBER BERTHS.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to authority of Orders in Council, the Red and White Pine Timber in the following townships in the DISTRICT OF ALGOMA, namely:—The Townships of GRIFFIN (part), HART, CARTER, LEWIS, JAMES, ANDERSON, RUTHERFORD (part) and certain areas between the Pigeon River and the Arroyo River will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Parliament Buildings, in the City of Toronto, on TUESDAY the SEVENTEENTH day of SEPTEMBER next, at the hour of ONE o'clock in the afternoon.

At the same time and place certain forfeited and abandoned Berths in the Townships of PIGEON, CHURCHILL and LUTHERFORD, in the District of HALIFAXTON and County of VICTORIA, will be offered for sale, the purchasers of these latter Berths to have the right to cut all kinds of timber.

Sheets containing terms and conditions of Sale and information as to Areas and Lots and Concessions comprised in each Berth will be furnished on application, either personally by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, or the Crown Timber Agents at OTTAWA, SAULT STE. MARIE and PORT ARTHUR.

E. J. DAVIS, Commissioner Crown Lands, DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS, Toronto, and J. DILL, N. S. B.—No unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for. 113-9



SURPRISE SOAP

Is a Pure, Hard, Solid Soap. Economical in wearing qualities. Most satisfactory in results. Gives the whitest clothes, clean and sweet. You make the best bargain in soap when you buy SURPRISE

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET & BATH. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

Formerly The Ontario Mutual Life. Head Office, WATERLOO, ONT.

Assurance in force..... \$29,500,000 Assets exceeded..... \$5,000,000

Reserve held on 1 and 3 1/2 per cent. Tables. Every desirable kind of policy issued.

A Company of Policy-holders, By Policy-holders, For Policy-holders.

GEO. WEGENAST, Manager. W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED POND'S EXTRACT

FOR BURNS, SPRAINS, WOUNDS, BRUISES OR ANY SORT OF PAIN.

Use Internally and Externally. CAUTION! Avoid the weak water with Hazel preparations, represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sores and often contain "wood alcohol" an irritant externally and, taken internally, a poison.

BUY..... COWAN'S COCA A and CHOCOLATE

And get the Choicest Quality

CHURCH BELLS PEALS AND CHIMES OF LAKE SUPERIOR, INDIAN COPPER AND EAST INDIA TIN ONLY.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY, THE E. W. VAN DUSEN CO., Cincinnati, O.

FOUNDABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826 BELLS CHURCH SCHOOLS & OTHER PURPOSES. G. MENCKLEY & CO. WEST TROY, N. Y. GENUINE BELLS CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE PRICE FREE.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

A 'JEW HOUSE' CAUCIPX.

Church Authorities Caution Catholics Not to Buy Certain Symbol—Condemned by the Holy See.

Indignation has been caused among the clergy and laymen of the Catholic Church over a cross bearing the figure of the Virgin which has been offered for sale by a Chicago firm. It is called the "Cross of the Immaculate Conception" and was placed on the market about two months ago.

The article was put on the market by a Chicago firm, manufacturing Church goods, about two months ago and had a large sale.

ARCIDIOCESSE OF ST. BONIFACE.

His Grace Archbishop Langevin, the Right Rev. Abbot Dom Greg. C. R. I. C., and the Very Rev. Dom Benoit C. R. I. C. visited His Grace Administrator the Sacrament of Confirmation to a number of children and he also placed the large statue of St. Claude, which is to be placed above the High Altar.

A DESERVING WORK OF CHARITY.

Prince Albert, Sask. N. W. T. Aug. 7, 1901. Rev. and dear Father—In this vicariate there is a colony of some two thousand Galicians who are in the greatest want of help.

MARRIAGE.

Mr. Gaetano Lombardo and Miss Angelina (Lena) Paladino were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on Monday morning August 13th at 123 St. Charles street.

THE LATE MR. D. REGAN.

At a recent meeting of the License Commissioners of London, the following resolution was passed: "The Board of License Commissioners wish to express their sorrow in the loss they have sustained by the death of their late chairman, Mr. D. Regan, who had been a member of the Board twenty five years, and chairman twenty years of that time.

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We learn from the Chicago papers that Mr. Arnold F. Teffy, a native of the United States, has resigned his post of Assistant Corporation Counsel, of the City of Chicago.

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SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH.

The Sisters of St. Joseph of the Diocese of London held their annual Teachers' Institute during the course of the past week. Members of the Community attended from Goderich, St. Thomas, Ingersoll, and other places.

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VERY REV. DR. CONSTAN- TINEAU AT THE CATHEDRAL.

Very Rev. Father Constantineau, D. D., O. M. A., Rector of the University of Ottawa, spent a few days in our Forest City last week. He was in the Cathedral on Sunday he preached the sermon, referring particularly to the Assumption of Our Lady, the solemnity of which Feast Holy Church was to give us this week.

He took the opportunity to give us a short course of instruction on the Assumption of Our Lady, the solemnity of which Feast Holy Church was to give us this week.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE CONVENT AT POINTE AUX TREMBLES.

On the bank of the St. Lawrence about nine miles north of Montreal, is situated the little, rambling town of Pointe aux Trembles. It is connected with the city by the Montreal and St. Lawrence Railway, and is a beautiful spot in the summer and early in the winter.

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DR. O'HAGAN'S 'CANADIAN ESSAYS.'

Dr. O'Hagan's "Canadian Essays" which we reviewed some time ago in our columns, is meeting with much acceptance on every side. Both Catholics and Protestants are giving it unstinted praise in their columns, and the community at large is taking from leading metropolitan papers and magazines.

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