

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXVI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8 1904

1355

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THE CATHOLIC SOCIETY.

We have more than once chronicled the demise of a Catholic society. On these occasions we are ehary of sympathy to those interested. An organization may, of course, wilt and die and be entitled to a dose of commiseration. But as a rule its departure from the world of realities makes one feel joyful that it no longer cumber the ground; and this for various reasons. A society, for instance, which burdens itself with debt is more or less of a nuisance, besides being a drag on parochial progress. An edifice or a "commodious hall" contributes doubtless to the architectural beauty of the town, and may be a "show place" for our rural friends, but it is an eye-sore to those who have to pay for it. When the gentlemen who patronize it defray all expenses in connection therewith we have no comment to make, but when it is built and supported mainly by those who are not affiliated with it, it is about time to ask the members to put on their thinking caps. A big building adorned with a big mortgage is not business by any means. Also a building which contains pool and billiard rooms which are supposed to be an antidote to the poison of the streets, and a lecture hall used chiefly for dancing purposes, does not cause us to be unduly boastful. A big building wherein young and old smoke and talk and spin dreams of our progress might pass away without causing any regret. And one may further remark that some of those who haunt this building take themselves too seriously. We believe in organization that gets somewhere and stimulates Catholics to know and to do. We believe, too, that a dollar invested in a building which is the camping ground of the ambitious might be put to better purpose.

Let us not forget that the parish and its requirements must take precedence of all else. The church and the school—these are the things of primary importance. These have the first claim upon us. The beauty of God's house, and the care of the little ones, should call our energy and devotion. And they who are mindful of this prove to be the most efficient members of an organization.

THE CAUSE OF DECLINE.

The apathy of Catholics of influence is always called upon to pose as one of the influences which make for the decline of any one of our organizations. We have no desire to offer any excuse for that apathy. While hoping that these individuals may come to understand that to wrap oneself up in one's comforts, in one's family and take no share in saving souls is to be a poor and contemptible Catholic, we must put the blame for decay where it belongs—on our own shoulders.

We ought to enquire, too, if we ourselves are, or have been, factors in causing the indifference of our "influential Catholic" towards our societies. They may think that an effort on our behalf may be unappreciated, and they may have reasons for so thinking. We mind us in this connection that a gentleman accepted an invitation to lecture in aid of one of our organizations, but the auditors were few. The society was represented by perhaps a score of its members, though it can make a goodly showing where there is an opportunity of enjoying the amenities of the euehre party.

AN IMPEDIMENT.

We grant, of course, that sympathy and support make the way smooth for a society. But the fact of these being withheld does not mean ruin. On the contrary, it should nerve the members to merit the good will of all classes, to compel support, and to give proof of their ability to walk unaided. One thing that makes this difficult is the presence of the spouter. We have too many of him. He breeds disunion and weariness and is a menace to routine work. And a society which suffers "oratory and sentiment" to interfere with business pays for it in prestige and confidence. With cheap talk eliminated valuable time would be saved, the sessions would be better attended, and the spouter would have a chance to rest and to think of something worth saying,

WHAT THE NAME OF MARY IMPLIES.

SERMON BY FATHER DRUMMOND.

Winnipeg Tribune Sept. 12.
"And the Virgin's name was Mary," were the opening words of the sermon delivered at St. Mary's church last evening, by Rev. Father Drummond, S. J. It was the sermon of the feast of the Holy Name of Mary, the patronal feast for the parish. In the morning the feast was observed with the celebration of Solemn High Mass, with deacon and subdeacon and Rev. Father Guillolette, O.M.I., former pastor of St. Mary's, preached to his old congregation, his theme being "Humility," taken from the gospel of the day: "He that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he that humbly himself shall be exalted."

In his introductory passages Father Drummond referred to the inability of certain men to discover the hand of the Creator in the making of the natural universe; these had studied only superficially. "Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring; a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." So is it with the spiritual world. Herein also there must be order and harmony. In order to discover this order and harmony men must approach the mysteries of the supernatural order with reverence and prayer. What wonder is it then that men spending six days of the seven in the search of wealth or pleasure, should be startled by some of the true revelations venerated by the Catholic faith. This is especially the case with regard to Mary.

DIVINE MATERNITY.

The doctrines with regard to Mary as held by the Catholic church, are essential to all Christian belief; the revelations concerning Mary are integral to the worship of Christ. When the Father sent Christ into the world, He was to be a real man; truly God and truly man. Outside of the Catholic church this truth of the one person and the two natures in Christ is very faintly apprehended. Atrement, sanctification through the gospels, etc., are spoken of, but the fundamental dogma of the real divinity of Christ is lacking. St. John said, "the world became flesh," showing that the lowest part of man, not his spiritual nature alone, was joined to the divinity by a real personal union. God has a mother, not of course of His Godhead, but a true mother, just as truly as our fathers can claim us. Christ's birth places Mary in a special sphere as the custodian of the true doctrine of the Incarnation. When the prophet says: "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel," that is, "God with us," it is plain that the Virgin brings forth a God. In the fifth century Nestorius denied the divine maternity of Mary, and the Church refuted him by calling her "Mother of God." In the sixteenth century those who began by scoffing at the Mother, soon went on to deny the divinity of the Son.

If Mary had only this attribute of being the Mother of God, she would not be worthy of it. She must have virtues of her own. Purity, which is the best synonym of holiness, is the characteristic virtue of holiness from the flesh, from worldly things, from everything that is not God. Free from mortal and venial sin, Mary, the Catholic church holds, was conceived and born into this world, through the foreseen merits of her Son, free from original sin, that taint inherited in all creatures since the fall of Adam and Eve. She is the most perfect specimen of our race, the exemplar of our race, "Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

SUBERNATURAL REVELATIONS.

The remainder of the discourse was devoted mainly to the intercessory power of Mary. Father Drummond showed that if "the prayer of the just man availeth much," the intercession of the Mother with her divine Son must be all-powerful. Intercessory prayer is exemplified in the first days of Christianity in the case of the Gentiles who wished to speak with Jesus. They first approached Philip, who spoke to Andrew and the two disciples led the petitioners then to Jesus.

So long as there was danger of idolatry devotion to the Blessed Virgin remained in the background, though always practised in the Church, as we see by the paintings in the catacombs. But, when all the traditions of idolatry had passed away, then Mary came more and more to the forefront of the Church's life. No century has witnessed greater manifestations of her intercessory power than the nineteenth. The revelation made at Lourdes, when Mary appeared to an ignorant peasant girl and said, "I am the Immaculate Conception," is especially remarkable.

The cures wrought at that celebrated shrine are among the best attested miracles ever known. Father Drummond related one case that came within his personal knowledge. Henry Bourque, son of Dr. Bourque of Montreal, wished, some seventeen years ago, to enter the Society of Jesus, but superiors would not admit him because he suffered from chronic headache, which is an obstacle to the life of contemplation. He, therefore, went to Lourdes and asked Our Lady to obtain his cure. His prayer was granted, and he became a Jesuit, his cure remaining so complete that he has felt no more headache during sixteen years of study. Several of these years were spent at St. Boniface College, where he became well known to many members of the University of Manitoba. But, his other serious ailments, first, synovitis of the knee, which made walking extremely painful, and later on, such weakness of the eyes that he could not read and

had to learn his theology by hearing others speak of it. However, owing to the brightness of his intellect, he succeeded in his studies and was ordained priest last year. On the 19th of March of this same year, being then in France, he went to Lourdes and was once more perfectly cured of his knee and eye troubles. His double, or rather, his triple cure has continued ever since. He is now at Sault-au-Rouelle, near Montreal.

Father Drummond concluded with an exhortation to Catholics to continue firm in their devotion to the Blessed Virgin, who stands in the Church as the exemplar of the highest purity among creatures. It would be well also that they should learn of the wonderful graces that have been obtained through Mary's intercession; though they are not dogmas of faith, they serve to revivify the devotion of the faithful.

MUCH ABUSED SPAIN.

A remarkable testimony to the honesty of the Spanish is given by an Englishman, Sir Hiram Maxim, who is quoted by the Glasgow Observer as saying that:
"His firm, which carried on business in Spain, never needs to lock the doors of its factories and workshops, and that thefts are entirely unknown. He also says that if they were to pursue this policy at one of their English factories the whole place would soon be carried away by thieves."

The Observer remarks upon this that: "It would seem as if the Catholic religion in Spain makes the people honest." And it asks, "Why does not the dominant religion in this country (Great Britain) have a similar effect upon the population?"

The "dominant religion" is not built that way, that is, in the way of being able to produce any moral effect or impress on the character of a nation. At least it has not done it in Great Britain.—New York Freeman's Journal.

THE CATHOLIC VIEW OF ATHEISM

BY A JESUIT FATHER.

By the term "Atheist" is understood one who lives without regard for God. We are compelled to use the word, promising, however, that nothing unpleasant or disrespectful to any individual is intended. Atheism is of two kinds, practical and theoretical. The first implies that while God is admitted to exist, His law is so disregarded as to make life a practical denial of the admission. Theoretical Atheism may be divided into species, dogmatic and sceptical. The dogmatic Atheist asserts that without any doubt there is no God. This position has already been sufficiently dealt with.

The sceptical Atheist or Agnostic maintains that nothing definite can be known concerning the First Cause of all things. It is with this contention that we shall endeavor to show that its consequences are so opposed to reason as to carry with them a condemnation of the theory.

THE AGNOSTIC "FAITH."

"Positively, the principle may be expressed: In matters of the intellect follow your reason as far as it will take you, without regard to any other consideration. And negatively: In matters of the intellect, do not pretend that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable. That is to say, the Agnostic Faith, which if a man keep whole and undefiled, he shall not be ashamed to look the universe in the face, whatever the future may have in store for him." (Nineteenth Century, Feb. 1880, p. 186, Professor Huxley.) With respect to the positive side of the question we may note with interest how far the Professor's reason appears to have taken him: "The one act of faith in the contentment to science is the universality of order, and of the absolute validity, in all times and under all circumstances, of the law of causation. . . . such faith is not blind, but reasonable, because it is invariably confirmed by experience, and constitutes the sole trustworthy foundation for all action." (Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, by F. Darwin, in 2 vols., written by Prof. Huxley, p. 200.) Further:—"Do not really believe that any event has no cause, and could not have been predicted by anyone who had a sufficient insight into the order of Nature? If they do, it is they who are the inheritors of antique superstition and ignorance, and whose minds have never been illuminated by a ray of scientific thought." (On the reception of the Origin of Species, in "The Life of Darwin," II, p. 200, Prof. Huxley.) From this it would seem that Believer and Sceptic can both start from the same point, viz.: the absolute validity of the law of causation. Consequently the universe must owe its existence to some First Cause, however remote. If, then, the Agnostic doctrine is true, and this First Cause is not known and unknowable, the conclusion is forced upon us that it produced this marvellous universe, including the earth on which we find ourselves, endowed with man not only with life, but also with reason, set everything in motion, and having done so, retired within itself, and ceased to care for its handiwork. This idea is unworthy in the highest degree of such a supreme intelligence. Were such a course of action forced upon us that it produced this marvellous universe, including the earth on which we find ourselves, endowed with man not only with life, but also with reason, set everything in motion, and having done so, retired within itself, and ceased to care for its handiwork. 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THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS. JAS. A. HADLIER.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SOURCE — THE IRISH JIG — FILIAL ADMONITIONS VERSUS PARENTAL.

Mrs. Blake's party went off amazingly well, all things considered. Miles had heard nothing of Tim's practical joke, so that there was nothing to disturb the cheerful serenity of his mind. His wife was not so fortunate; ever and anon amid the brilliancy and gaiety of the scene, came a chilling remembrance of her brother, and his gentle wife, and their amiable and intelligent family, excluded from this social meeting by a caprice which she could neither understand nor justify. "It's very strange," said she to herself, "very strange, indeed; now they're all very fine here, and very polite, and all that, but I think Tim and Nelly can conduct themselves well enough, no matter where they are, and I'm sure Edward and John are as well to be seen as any one here. I wonder what's got into Henry and Eliza; that they don't want to see their own people about them, as they used to do." The first thought that crossed her was the marked attention paid by Zachary Thompson to Eliza. At first, she thought it was only common politeness that made him lead her to the piano, and keep turning the leaves of her music. By-and-by it struck her that there was something more than politeness in the rapt attention which he hung over her while she sang and played, and the rosy blush on her daughter's cheek made the mother's heart throb with pleasurable emotion. "Now, if that should turn out to be a match," said Mrs. Blake to herself, "wouldn't it be a great thing all out?" And she wondered that the thought had not occurred to her before. She glanced at Miles, where he was playing whist with Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, and Mrs. Green. She saw that he was stealing a look occasionally from under his bent brows at what was going on at the piano, and there was a gratified expression on his face that his wife well understood.

"What about the concert?" inquired Mr. Green, the father of our former acquaintance, Silas, now a tall young man of twenty-one. "I thought the young folk were to have given us something of that kind." "And I thought so, too," observed Silas, "but I see the performers are all too much engaged with their separate parts to think of the promised concert." There was a bitterness in his tone which none but Eliza and Zachary thoroughly understood. Zachary looked at Eliza, and Eliza blushing still more deeply affected to look before her. "It's all Henry's fault," said Zachary, in the true spirit of mischief, "there he sits moping in that corner, turning over in his mind his opening charge for to-morrow." Now Zachary knew very well that Henry was doing business on his own account, pleading a most interesting case with Judge Pearson for Judge and jury, and he was much amused at the annoyance visible on the face of both when his words drew on them the notice of the company. "Come along, Henry, and take your flute!" said Zachary, when he had given sufficient time for the enjoyment of his practical jest; "I move that you adjourn that case till next term. There's a judgment pending over somebody's head in a low voice to Eliza, as he began to tune his violin." "If I don't pay you off for this!" whispered Henry, as he took his station at the end of the piano, flute in hand. "All right, old fellow! I give you full permission! mind the music now, and don't let your eyes go straying into that corner; let your fair client judge of your music now instead of your soft professions. You know

"Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast, and I'm sure your lady-love has no 'savage breast,' so, courage! leave your hopes in the hands of Orpheus!" Henry only knit his brows and tried to look stern, but it would not do; there was a smile lurking around his mouth, and sparkling in his dark eyes, for, in his heart, he was not sorry to be recognized in public as the favored author of Jane Pearson.

Commenced under such favorable auspices, the concert could not fail to give satisfaction. Eliza's fingers had never flown so lightly or so easily over the polished keys of her piano, Zachary's bow was actually inspired, and Henry's flute gave forth sounds of ravishing sweetness. As he shrunk back into her corner, and sat with eye and ear intent on the triple performance. Even Silas Green declared it "capital," and complimented Henry on his share of the music.

"What!" said Zachary, with a malicious smile on his lip; "does all the praise belong to Henry? now, that's hardly fair—I appeal to the company!" The answer was a general outburst of applause, during which Eliza made her escape into the back-parlor, where her mother was superintending the arrangement of the supper-table. Henry immediately led Jane to the piano, and placed before her the beautiful song, "Hear me, Norma!" By the time the song was finished, Henry was called on to choose a partner for the first set of quadrilles. Dancing was kept up till a late, or rather an early hour. The young people forgot alike the past and the future in the intoxicating whirl of the waltz, and the slower, but more graceful, movement of the quadrille. Their fathers and mothers kept their places at the card tables, pausing at times to enjoy the sight of their children's cloudless mirth. Miles Blake and his wife were at the summit of earthly bliss. The dreams of years were at length fulfilled. They looked around on the brilliant assembly sparkling with costly jewels, and gold chains, and superb brooches of every shape and size. They saw their children playing a distinguished part in everything that was going forward, whether music, dancing, or conversation. They saw, mingling

and splendid hangings, and fine pictures, and marble-topped tables; and they reflected that all this was theirs. Who may doubt but they were happy.

Elated by the joyous inspiration of the scene, Miles started up from the card-table, resolved to have his share of the fun. Seizing his wife by the hand, he called out: "Eliza, play us up a good Irish jig. It's many a long year since your mother and I footed it together, and, by the powers! we'll have a jig now."

There was a general disposition to laugh. The ladies were seen raising their handkerchiefs to their mouths; Eliza and Henry were utterly confounded, and looked at each other in much astonishment. "For any sake, Henry try to get them off the floor," whispered Eliza; "if you don't, we shall be disgraced for ever."

"Go on, Eliza!" said her father; "we're waiting for the music. Now, Mary, you were famous for a light foot and a light heart once in your time. Remember 'Auld Lang Syne,' and show our friends here some of your Irish steps. Why don't you go on, girl?"

"I don't know what to play, pa." "Why, what the deuce, Eliza, can't you play 'Judy Brallaghan'?" "No, pa."

"Well, the Fox-hunter's jig, then, or 'Off she goes,' or any of them good jigs?"

"I don't know any of them, pa, I never heard of them before. Oh, Henry! Henry!" aside to her brother, "won't you get them to sit down? See, everybody's laughing at them already!"

"Well, I declare this is too bad!" said Miles, while his wife struggled to draw her hand out of his, in order to escape to her seat. "Can none of you play an Irish jig, or a country-dance, or a cotillon? Mister Zachary! you can surely give us something of that kind on the fiddle—mean the violin!"

"Oh! certainly," Mr. Blake, certainly. And Zachary drew his bow with a flourish, and a deprecating glance at Eliza, as much as to say: "you see I can't get out of it."

"What will you have, Mr. Blake?" "Oh! anything at all; I'm not particular, so as you give us something that there's good footing in."

"Well, here's the chorus jig for you." Whatever reluctance Mrs. Blake might have had to stand up, it seemed to vanish at the first notes of the merry music, and she "footed it," as Miles said, "as if she were only sweet fifteen." Though heavy of flesh she was light of foot, and catching a portion of her husband's joyous excitement, she seemed to take a real pleasure in proving that Miles's retrospective compliment was not undeserved, and that over, that she was not as yet too old to mingle in the dance where maidens gaily trip.

As for Miles himself, he danced with all his heart and soul, determined to show his American guests how a jig ought to be danced. He had been a famous dancer in his young days, and could still "take a turn at a jig, reel, country-dance, or cotillon—nothing that sort came wrong to him. As for their well-angled dances, he'd have nothing to say to them—he left them to the young folks."

Henry and Eliza affected to be very busy looking over some music, but the scarlet hue of Eliza's cheek, and the frown on Henry's brow, betrayed the vexation which they would fain have concealed. And yet they had no reason to be as'wared, for their father and mother danced as well as any couple who had figured before them. But then they were so keenly alive to the eccentricities and peculiarities of the Irish, and so deeply sensible to the misfortune of having "uneducated parents," that they were constantly on the watch for fear of their exposing themselves to the ridicule of those friends and associates whose opinion was everything to them.

Whether the company did see anything ludicrous in the jig, as danced by Miles and his wife, it is not for us to say, but certain it is, that they were a little too warm and too noisy in expressing their approbation. Their applause savored too strongly of that bestowed on honest John Gilpin, when

Eye's soul cried out: "well done!" As loud as they could bawl. But Miles and his comely partner were not disposed to examine too closely. They were well satisfied with themselves, and took it for granted that others were so too. The plaudits greeting them on every side seemed no more than their due, so they never dreamed of doubting their sincerity.

"That's not a bad jig, Zachary!" observed Miles, when he had conducted his wife to a seat. "But still it's not the thing. The old 'Fox-hunter's' is worth a dozen of it."

Zachary assented with mock respect, adding with an equivocal smile, Mr. Blake, I confess the jig is a species of composition to which I have not given due attention. I may study it more in future under your auspices."

"Stop there, now, Zachary, you've gone far enough with that. You can't come it over me that way. I'm too old a bird, Zachary, to be caught with chaff. But I really feel as if I wanted something after the hard work I've done to-night. Who'll join me in a glass of punch?"

None of the gentlemen would join him in the punch, but most of them guessed they would try a little brandy and water. Eliza took the opportunity to whisper to Zachary: "I'm not at all obliged to you for helping pa and ma to make themselves ridiculous." "Why, what was I to do when your father asked me to play for them? I couldn't refuse point blank, could I?" "Yes, you could—you might have said you couldn't play a jig! I'm sure I'll hate the very name of it as long as I live! I could have played one if I had liked, but you saw I didn't, and you might have done as I did; I tell you, Zachary, it wasn't at all kind of you, and it shows that you don't care much about either Henry or myself, when you study our feelings so little!"

"Come, come, Eliza, don't let us

quarrel about such a mere trifle. You know too well, my pretty one, how much I do care about some folks! If you didn't you wouldn't talk so! I don't know why you feel so sore about your father and mother retaining their old-fashioned ways. There's nothing so very ridiculous about them, after all. But come, let us have a waltz, will you, before I leave? I see mother and the girls are thinking of going home?"

Eliza placed her hand in his in token of acquiescence. Henry drew Jane Pearson from her seat, nothing loath; Silas Green obtained the fair hand of Arabella Thomson, while her sister accepted the earnest invitation of Joe Smith. Mrs. Green took her place at the piano, and the four couples were speedily whirling around the room to the tune of the Duc de Reichstadt, waltz, then new and exceedingly popular.

This was the finale of the evening's amusement. By the time the last couple had reached their seats, the gentlemen made their appearance from the supper-room, whereupon the elderly ladies declared it high time to separate. A few minutes more and the brilliant rooms were in the condition of a ball-room.

Some earnest had deserted, whose lights are lit, whose candles stand.

and would that we could say happiness meaning. "But, alas! such was not the case. Far, far from it. The door was scarcely closed on the last of the company, when Henry opened on his father and mother, asking them what on earth had put it in their heads to expose themselves and others in that fashion."

"Expose ourselves and others!" cried both parents in a breath; "why, what do you mean, sir?" "I mean just this, that if you have no regard for your own respectability, you ought to have some at least for us. What a precious pair of fools you made yourselves to-night!"

"Henry!" said Eliza, in a tone of reproach. "Never mind him, Eliza, let him go on," said her father; "it's just what we deserve from him—he's only paying his old debt."

There was a withering coldness in Blake's tone, and a sternness in his look, which his children had never heard or seen before, and though Henry was fully resolved to brave it out, he could not help feeling rather uncomfortable. Mrs. Blake took up the matter more warmly than her husband seemed to do.

"Why, then, Henry Blake! are you taking leave of your senses altogether? If you're not, I'm afraid it's something worse that's the matter with you, for the devil's taking full possession of you, the devil's taking full possession of you, this time back, and many a time you brought the blood to my face with your jibes and your scolds before strangers, but this last is the worst of all. What do you mean by saying that your father and I made fools of ourselves?"

Eliza made a sign to Henry to keep silent, and undertook to answer for him. "Now, don't be angry, ma, I'm sure Henry don't mean to be disrespectful, but I know he felt annoyed to see folks laughing when you and pa were dancing."

"And do you pretend to say that they were laughing at us?" demanded her father.

"Yes, pa! I'm quite sure of it; and it makes Henry and me feel so bad!" "Get out, you young prate! how dare you talk to us in such a way? I'd have you to know that your mother and I must be treated with more respect by you, if you want to live in the same house with us! Remember we're not depending on either of you, though you treat us as if we were, which God in heaven forbid! Now, just mind what I'm going to tell you both: as them friends of yours have no better manners than to laugh at them that were doing their best to entertain them, you may tell them to go to the devil, for the first, so it'll be the last time they'll all gather together in my house!"

Eliza took out her pocket handkerchief, and applied it to her eyes, while Henry started to his feet, and commenced walking up and down the room with rapid strides.

"And I'll add a word or two to the message," said Mrs. Blake; "tell your companions from me—of a slighted and afflicted mother—that it would be well for them, and well for you, if you never danced anything but jigs and reels, and such like old-fashioned dances. If that was the case, Eliza, there wouldn't be the curse on dancing that there is now. Our dancing never brought a blush of shame to any one's face, but it isn't so with your waltzes, and some others of your dances, that I defy any mother, decent woman, to look on with approval. And another thing, if you and your dandy brother there, can dance quadrilles, and mazourkas, and waltzes, and all the rest, who paid the piper, I want to know? If it hadn't been for your father and mother, that you think so little about, you'd neither be able to dance nor play—remember that, my young dame, and your mother, Henry, for all you think yourself such a great man, and look down so scornfully on them who made you what you are. God forgive us for that, anyhow! I'm afraid we'll have it to answer for!"

"Mother," said Henry, stopping short in his march, and planting himself right in front of his parents, "if either you or my father suppose that I will allow you to treat me as a boy, I beg to assure you that you are much mistaken. It is very strange if I cannot regulate my own conduct without parental admonitions—believe me, I am fully competent to do so—pardon me if I give you pain, but I would have you understand, once for all, that I will allow no one to dictate to me what I am to say or do! If it does not suit you to have me remain in your house, I can go elsewhere! Indeed, I would prefer a change of residence to any number of such as you have proposed, if it were not that I feared it might hurt your feelings. Good night! Bon soir, ma chere mere!" So saying, he left the room.

"What's that he's saying?" said Lis

mother. "I suppose that's some more of his impudence!" "No, no, mother," said Eliza, eagerly; "he only bid me good night in French. That was all, I assure you."

"And he couldn't say it in English," observed Miles, the frown still lowering on his brow—"oh! no, he wanted to show off—to taunt us as it were, and make little of us, by speaking to you in a language we don't understand. Just as if his languages, and her music, and his dancing—and his law into the bargain, didn't all come out of our hard earning?—and because we hadn't laid out enough already on them, we must be giving a party, to be sure, on your account—gathering a faction of their friends to laugh at us! But I'll go bail, they'll never do it again, at least, in our own house?"

"Well, it serves you right, Miles," observed Mrs. Blake; "you were all turning up your noses at the Flanagans, and our old friends, the Reillys and the Sheridans—Irish as they are, it would be long before they'd act so. I think our own notions of politeness are the best after all, though we don't make such a parade of them. Go to your bed, Eliza! and pray to God to give you grace to obey the fourth commandment."

Eliza said nothing, but there was a smile curling her pretty lip, that, to a close observer, would have a world of meaning. She kissed her father and mother and left the room.

For some minutes after her departure, there was not a word spoken; and the father and mother stood looking at each other with a sort of vacant stare. At last Mrs. Blake drew a long sigh and spoke. Her words were few and ominous.

"It's too late, Miles! too late! I our own hands pulled the rod that whips us in our old age! This is only the beginning of it!"

The father shook his head, but made no answer. Such was the close of that festive evening. Aching hearts and remorseful consciences, and dreary forebodings of coming evil.

"The dark communing with God. The warning from on high."

Leaving the Blakes to rest, if rest they could, after the fatigues of the day, let us return to our good friend, Tim Flanagan. Returning home after his visit to Mrs. Blake, already duly recorded, he began to entertain his wife with an account of what had passed. To his smile and chuckle, but she did not seem to enjoy the fun as much as Tim had expected.

"Sure enough, Tim, it was a good joke," said she, "but I feel too sorry for poor Mary to laugh at it. And, then, how could you reconcile it with your conscience, to say that Harry asked you to the party—oh, Tim?"

"Pooh! pooh! woman dear, that was only a white lie; if I never do more harm than that, I hope it'll not keep me long out of heaven."

"I don't know about that, Tim; it's not good to tell a lie, either in jest or earnest. But that's true; did you see Mrs. Reilly to-day?"

Tim answered in the negative.

"Well! of all the women ever you saw, she's the most disappointed. She had heard of the great party that was to be at Blake's, and didn't the poor soul go and lay out upwards of \$20.00 for a black silk dress, so as to make a decent appearance before the strangers. It never came into her head but that herself and Tom would be at it, and she wanted Tom, right or wrong, to get a new suit; but Tom said his clothes were good enough, and he wouldn't be spending his money foolishly. Still he was quite willing for his mother to get the new silk dress, for, says he, 'I know you want a decent dress at a rate, mother, even if you don't go to the party.' Somehow, Tom had his doubts all the time, whether they'd be asked or not; but poor Sally wasn't so sure, and you never saw a woman in your life so confounded as she was, when she found herself and Tom, and the whole of us, overlooked. She swears she'll never exchange words with one of the Blakes, old or young."

"Poor Sally!" said Tim, with a hearty laugh; "it was too bad to treat any of us so, but a woman of her consequence to be slighted by her own cousin—why, that's a downright affront to the memory of Father O'Flynn, and all the other great people, not to speak of her uncle Phelim, and her great-grandfather, Terence O'Shaughnessy. God be merciful to them all!" added Tim, with a sudden change of manner. "I shouldn't speak so lightly of the dead."

"I was telling Edward about her disappointment," resumed Mrs. Flanagan, "and he said he'd ask you to have them all here some of these evenings, just to please Sally." "We must give her a chance to show off her new dress, and my father have no objection. Poor Mrs. Reilly! we will do what we can to console her; and I think our party will be a more congenial one to her than my aunt Blake's."

"God bless his kind heart!" said the father, wiping away a tear, which had found its way over his cheek; but it was a tear of joy, not of sorrow. "That's so like him!—indeed, and he must have the party! I'm going to the store now, and I'll speak to him about it. What day would you like to have it, Nelly?"

"Oh, any day you like. There's no ceremony about our parties, for we never have any one but our own friends. We can talk it over when you all come home to dinner."

"Well, but I want to go and ask them all."

"Very well, this is Wednesday—let it be to-morrow evening, then. And do you hear, Tim," she called after him, as he was going out, "tell Sally Reilly and Jenny Sheridan to give me a hand at the cooking."

When Tim and his sons came home to dinner, there was a good deal of talk about the proposed party, and the question naturally arose as to whether the Blakes were to be invited or not. Edward was, at first, decidedly opposed

to their being asked; and his father was rather of the same opinion. "Not that I love them any ill-will," said Edward, "but then, it really does seem to me that they are disposed to cut our acquaintance, at least as far as they possibly can, and those who can so easily discard old friends, and even relatives, for some new acquaintances, are hardly worth the trouble of continuing to be acquainted with. The friendship of such people is but the shadow of a shadow."

"True for you, Edward," said his father; "I wouldn't be bothered with them and their high notions; they seem to think far more of these Thomsons, and Greens, and all the rest, than they do of us—at least of late years. So, as God is so good as to leave us wholly independent of them, we'll just let them run their rig. Not a one of them we'll ask."

But Mrs. Flanagan could not agree with these sentiments. Ever kind, and gentle and forgiving, she had so many reasons to offer on behalf of the Blakes, and our old friends, the Reillys and the Sheridans—as they are, it would be long before they'd act so. I think our own notions of politeness are the best after all, though we don't make such a parade of them. Go to your bed, Eliza! and pray to God to give you grace to obey the fourth commandment."

"Only think, father," said Eliza, "she has never spent an evening with us since she came home from school. She just called to see us one afternoon, and staid only a little while. Susy and I went to their house the other day, and we wanted her to play something for us, but she said she had some letters to write, and was in a hurry for the post."

"I don't like cousin Lizzy as much as I used to do," cried Susan, who was sitting on a little bench near the grate, playing with a favorite kitten; "she's not near so kind as she was long ago before she went away to school."

Edward smiled sadly as he replied: "You must not be too hard on cousin Lizzy, my dear sister. Before she left home she was a little girl like yourself—at least not much older than Miss Blake, and your romping playmate a young lady. She has been at a fashionable school, you know."

"Well, I'll tell you what, Edward," said Eliza, in her own decided way; "if that's what people learn in fashionable schools, I never want to go to one. I want to love every one, and have every one love me."

Her brother drew her to him and kissed her fair forehead. "If you can only succeed in that, Eliza, you will do a fortunate girl; to love and to be loved, is the sum of life's happiness. But to return to our subject, father. Will you go and see my aunt to-morrow—you can find out privately from her whether the others will be willing to come or not. If you'll do that part of it, I'll undertake to invite Mrs. Reilly and Tom, and the Sheridans. That is, if you wish it."

"All right, Edward, all right; we'll divide the task between us. What about Mr. Fitzgibbon—won't we ask him?" "Oh, to be sure, father; I'll see him in the course of the evening."

Mr. Fitzgibbon was the successor of poor Mr. Lanigan in St. Peter's School, the good old man having paid the debt of nature some three or four years before.

These matters being all arranged, Edward took out of his vest pocket a tiny parcel, nicely wrapped up in tissue paper. "Come here, girls," said he to Eliza and Susan, "I was forgetting a very important affair. I met a person this forenoon who sent a present to two good girls—if I could find them anywhere."

"Oh! we're good, Edward; we're good—give it to me—and me!" cried both girls.

"Self-praise is no commendation," replied Edward, with a smile, "but if mother will answer for you, I'll see what can be done."

"Oh! well, if that's the way, I haven't much to say against them."

The parcel was then opened, and was found to contain two miniature pairs of silver beads. The girls clapped their hands for joy, and running up to their brother, threw their arms round his neck and kissed him on either cheek. "Ha! ha!" said Susan, archly; "I know very well who sent the beads—it was your own self—nobody else!"

"What a witch our Susan is!" said her brother, placing her a low seat beside him—"no matter who the giver is, Susy dear! he gives them on the same every day. Remember that, my sweet sisters, and don't ever forget him in your prayers!"

"There now, Nelly," said Tim, with assumed gravity, "you see that's the way Edward's money goes!" and his voice trembled with emotion. "God's blessing be about him, I know it well!" said the fond mother, "if every young man of his age was like him, there would be few broken hearts amongst father and mothers!"

"Take care mother," said Edward, gaily; "take care that you don't make me proud. You know flattery is always dangerous, and never more so than when it comes from those whom we love and honor. Well, father, are you coming back to the store—if not, John and I will go, for we may be wanted before now!"

"Indeed, and that's true, Edward, it's hardly prudent for all of us to come home together, and leave the store to strangers, let them be ever so honest." "Well, father," said John, "I'll stay every day till you and Edward come back. I can wait very well, and I'd just as soon do it."

"No, no, John," replied his brother, "it will be much better for me to stay, as I can take a hand at any branch of the business. For the future, then, you and John can come together, father, and it will be time enough for me when you get back."

"What have I done that God is so bountiful to me—how can I repay him for all his wonderful goodness to me and mine?" From the depth of his own heart came back the answer: "As you sowed, so you are reaping—as you brought up your children, so you have them!"

But still Tim kept thanking God, and praising His holy name, and wondering how he came to be so highly favored.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BEFORE THE MAST.

TEACHING THE TRUE VALUE OF FOOL-HARDINESS.

Catholic Columnian. The father was speaking impatiently. "There, now you're all right; reach out with both your hands and place it in position."

"I can't do that, father; if I do, how can I hold on? I'll fall out of the window."

"Fall out? What are you going to fall out for? Can't you steady yourself there for a minute, and put that blind on or master I come up and do it for you? You're a smart boy you are; daren't reach that little corner long enough for to hook on a light thing that your four-year-old sister could lug a mile."

"It isn't because it's heavy, father, but you know as well as I do that the minute I reach out I'm sure to lose my balance and fall. If I had a ladder to stand on I could do the job all right, and if you'll let me I'll go to neighbor Hartley's and borrow his light ladder; it won't take but a minute," said the boy pleadingly.

"If you ain't got sand enough in yer to put on that blind, come down and I'll do it myself. I never see such a coward in my life, scared to death to do such a little bit of a job like that and tryin' all you can to make yer poor, old father, lame and crippled as he is, to go up and do it for yer."

The boy, a fine looking lad of seventeen years, flushed as he started from his position in the second story bay window of his father's house, where he had been trying to replace a blind which had been blown off in a high wind the night before. He put one foot upon the windowsill in preparation for doing the work as his father desired.

In order to do it, it would be necessary for him to stand up on the outside of the sill and to use both hands. The window was low, and while ordinarily he might stay inside and lean out, yet because the window was low and there was not much to lean against for support, he felt it would be much safer to get outside and put his weight against the house, trusting to his steady hand to allow him to do the work without an accident. Now that his father had called him a coward, he had determined to hand the blind even if he was killed in the attempt.

What made the work appear more difficult was that the wind was still blowing strong. It swept down the side of a house spitefully and would make his position, with the blind in his hands, still more insecure. Any one who has tried hanging a door or a window blind, even under the most advantageous circumstances will recognize the difficulties of the boy's position.

But the last words of his father had stung him to the quick, for he was not a coward by any means, only just a boy who was in the habit of thinking and weighing carefully every phase of whatever he undertook. It was that characteristic, rare enough in boys, which made him so kind and thoughtful to his parents, and especially to his mother, although his crippled father, with his quick temper and somewhat unreasonable demands upon him, tried him hard at times.

He stepped out upon the sill and reached down inside to pull the blind out, when he heard a voice below him say: "Step into the room again, Dick! I'll be there and help you in a second."

He knew that his Uncle Frank, who was at home from a sea voyage, had spoken, and he never questioned anything said by him, for he rarely spoke lightly. Aside from the feeling one had that Captain Frank Blake was a man not to be contradicted, there was always a feeling, that he never said anything which needed contradiction. In another second Jack had stepped back into the room.

Jack's father opened his mouth to expostulate with Captain Frank, but before he could say anything the Captain remarked, laughing: "I know, Dick, that it isn't just right for me to interfere with your discipline, but I know, also, that you were going to do a wrong thing. After I hear of Jack put that blind where it belongs I'll prove it to you by an incident that came under my observation some time ago, and which I won't forget as long as I live. You sit right down there and wait until we get through and then I'll tell you a story. Don't you get it into your head that Jack's a coward."

Just call to mind his work when the dam burst last spring, and ask yourself where little Sammy Rhodes would be now but for Jack's courage then. I wasn't here to see it, bless the boy, but I know all about it."

In a few moments Captain Frank and Jack were on the ground beside the old man, who was sitting in a chair, gazing thoughtfully on the ground. "I didn't mean to call you a coward, Jack," said he, "but I guess I won't say that again. When I was a boy it seems as though boys were different from what they are now—had more snap and ginger in them, somehow or other—play for love, or else there wasn't any call for them to exist. But it does seem as though you might have put that there blind on without getting yer uncle to help you."

"There, there, Dick, what did I tell you?" said Captain Frank. "Just keep still until I spin my yarn, and then you'll take back water. I know I can convince you that you're on the wrong tack when you try to make Jack boy like Jack do anything of that sort against his judgment, or try to have him take

risks which you know very well are dangerous."

"Dangerous—oh, pshaw!" said the father.

"Yes, dangerous. Jack might have gone out there and put that blind on all right, but had he missed his hold, or had the wind blown the blind or had the wind blown the blind around, don't you see, there would have been grave danger for him?"

"If he had fallen, you might have lost one of the brightest and best boys, yes, and one of the bravest that I ever knew. Boys are venturesome enough without trying to drive them into more of that sort of thing. Now you listen to what I have to say."

"When I was before the mast in the clipper ship Electric Spark we were bound to San Francisco and two other clippers were bound there, too. All sailed from New York within a few hours, and considerable interest was taken in what amounted to a race."

"Everybody on board from the Captain down, was as much interested in having our ship get in ahead as any of the owners, and we stood any amount of extra work without flinching or grumbling. We made good weather of it until we got within a few degrees of the line, and ran into the Dolldrums. Then it was nothing but make and take in sail, wear and tack ship, what with calms and squalls and light winds from all quarters, and there nearly everybody's temper became as ugly as sin."

"Finally we got across, struck the trade winds, and had a splendid run down as far as the river Platte, where we had a tussle with the tall end of a pampere. Next day the thing occurred that I'm going to tell you about."

"In my watch was a young fellow from Freeport, Me., one of those honest, well-meaning lads, whom it is a delight to meet, and of whom the Pine Tree State seems to furnish so many samples. It was his second voyage, and, although he was not rated as an able seaman yet, he had the spirit and the will in him to make considerable of a sailor if his life was spared. Well, this day the wind had left us rolling and slapping about at a great rate, and during the morning watch the starboard fore royal brace slipped off the ends of the yard."

"Braces in those days were not hooked on with 'sister' hooks and 'moused' as they are now, but were slipped on over the ends of the yards and 'toggled' or cleated there. The brace fell across the topgallant yard and hung there while the royal yard swung to and fro as far as starboard as the port brace would allow it."

"The second mate, in whose watch we were, a thoughtful man in some ways, although a thorough seaman, shouted for one of us to go aloft and put on the brace. Young Blanchard—that was the youngster's name—always quick as a cat sprang into the rigging before any of the rest of us could get there, and was aloft in a trice. The yard was lowered on the lifts, the slack of the remaining brace taken in, nothing more, but the second mate, and there the yard remained, still swinging with every roll of the ship."

"Blanchard went out on the topgallant yard, secured the end of the brace, carried it into the slings of the yard, and before those on deck realized what he was doing had passed his left hand over the royal yard, standing upright on the topgallant yard, and was working his way outward. We saw at once that he intended keeping right along until he reached the end of the royal yard, and then was going to put the brace on and try to fasten it in that position."

"The second mate turned as white as a sheet. I guess the hearts of every one on deck seemed to stop beating, for we expected every moment to see the lad thrown from his position either to the deck, headlong, or into the sea."

"Bear in mind that the royal yard, even when lowered, was still as high above the topgallant yard as Blanchard could just reach it with his hand. Remember, also, that the motion of the vessel was such that, calm as it was, and braced tight as was the topgallant yard, there was considerable 'give' to it."

"But worse than all, there was the danger of Blanchard losing his balance and being pressed against the royal yard forward, when nothing under heaven could save him from dropping to, perhaps, a terrible death."

"The leech of the royal was flapping against him with every roll of the ship; there but a hand clasp on the yard above him, with uncertain footing on the yard below upon which he stood. If he reached the yard end all right and got the brace on, it would give him a purchase by which to steady himself, and then he could release his hand from the terrible strain which must be on it."

"If we had tried to call him we could not, and if we could we dare not; the sound of our voices would have startled him and perhaps cause him to do the very thing we were praying he would escape from. The seconds seemed hours. Would he reach the yard end?"

feelings of the foremost hands. The Captain did not press him for an answer—he, too, understood that this was no time for words, nor was it, in fact, any time for action. Nothing, absolutely nothing, could be done."

"But the sweet little cherub who looks out for the life of poor Jack had not deserted Blanchard. He had at last reached his goal and was placing with trembling fingers, we were sure, the loop of the brace over the yard arm. As it went on and he passed his right hand down a foot or two from the end I hauled it taut gently and took a turn under the braying pin."

"At least the yard could swing no more. Slowly he crept in toward the mast, more slowly, it seemed to us than he had worked out, and in another moment he had slid down a backstay and dropped into my arms senseless."

"We took him into the cabin by the Captain's orders, and that man, one of the sternest men I ever sailed with, rolled down his cheeks until he brought him to his senses. The first thing Blanchard said was, 'Captain, the cleat is gone.'"

"That meant that when I hauled taut the brace there was nothing to prevent the brace from being pulled off again, and had I not handled it very carefully it must have done so. It meant that had this happened, no power on board that vessel could have saved Blanchard from being thrown from the yard, for by this time he was exhausted."

"It was not until months had elapsed that I got the true idea of what he went through on that yard, for he didn't like to talk about it. From that time until we reached San Francisco Blanchard never went aloft, and every time he saw one of us go into the rigging he shivered like a leaf. He told me that after he started out on the yard he lived a lifetime—that he saw his danger, but wouldn't have come back for anything to ask the second mate to brace the yard up sharp to port that he might creep out on the royal yard."

"Why were you so reckless, Blanchard?" I asked him, after he had told me the story.

"Do you remember the time," he said, "when we were coming across the gulf stream—that time when the flying jibstay worked out of the martingale?"

"Yes," I said, "the second mate told me to go out and 'jump' it into place, but, see, he was pitching into the head sea that I hesitated. He called me a coward and went out and jumped the stay in himself. I made up my mind right there that he would never have a chance to call me coward again, and I would have gone, out on that royal yard if it hadn't a brace on it and it had been hanging by the halliards."

"I felt as he did, then, but I have since learned that the most cowardly thing one can do is to do foolish things, an unmanly thing, one which one's better judgment tells him is not right."

"Dick when I heard you calling Jack a coward a little while ago, when you knew he wasn't anything of the sort, when I heard you trying to drive him into a position where the least slip might have caused his death or made him a cripple for life, and when there wasn't the slightest time to tell you the story of Blanchard, and I hope you will learn a lesson from it as I have."

"It is safe to say that Jack's father never called him a coward again."

VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE

(CONTINUED.)

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Mr. Jones—"You seem not to take well to an 'if.' But you need not shie at it, for reasoning based on an 'if' leads to valid conclusions when the antecedent is admitted in the minor premise. Let it come out to the light."

"Major Premise: If the American Revised Version had been made from duly authenticated copies of original manuscripts is more correct than a version made from copies of versions."

"Minor Premise: But the American Revised Version has been made from duly authenticated copies of original manuscripts."

"Conclusion: Therefore the American Revised Version is more correct than a version made from copies of versions."

"This conclusion is based on an 'if,' and seems to me not lame in the least. It is nevertheless lame, but it seems like a loss of time to spend any of it in following your dialectic excursion. But we have no choice but to go where you lead. Well, then, your conclusion does lead. Rest not on an 'if' as you think. It rests on the minor premise; if the minor be true the conclusion is true, if the minor be false, or not proved, or not admitted, the conclusion is false, or not proved, or not admitted. Again, if the minor be affirmative the conclusion must be affirmative; if negative the conclusion must be negative. A short reflection on these principles of the syllogism will make it clear to you, or ought to, that in your syllogism the nature of your conclusion depends on the nature of the minor, and not on the 'if.' To make this still more clear, we will show you how your conclusion may be as logically deduced from your premises after we have changed your hypothetical major to the categorical form."

"Using symbols to save space, your syllogism stands thus: If the American Revised Version is A it is B. But the A. R. V. is A. Therefore it is B."

"Changing the major from the hypothetical to the categorical form the syllogism stands thus and reaches the same conclusion: Every version that is A is B. But the A. R. V. is A. Therefore the A. R. V. is B."

"Here the conclusion is arrived at without the 'if,' and, therefore, it in no way depends on it."

"But why this dry digression about so little a word as 'if'?" Well, we took your hint and thought that it was not of the fundamental importance you thought it was. We have said that your conclusion is lame. To show this we must consider

your syllogism as a whole. There is a defect in the major which finds its way through the minor into the conclusion, vitiating and rendering it lame. It is the failure in your major to make a very important distinction and limitation."

"You say, 'If the American Revised Version has been made from duly authenticated copies of original manuscripts.' Here you do not distinguish between correct and incorrect versions or translations, and you do not limit your statement to correct translations. Owing to this lack of necessary syllogistic explicitness you make the more fact of translation from authenticated copies of the originals the ground of superiority over other translators made from copies of versions. Now 'correctness' of translation is a necessary element of your reasoning, if you would have your conclusion go without crutches. Owing to this defect—failure to say 'correct translation or version'—your conclusion proves that even an incorrect or false translation of an original is superior to a correct translation of a correct translation from authenticated copies of the originals. The incorrect translation is made from duly authenticated copies of the originals. Now we have enough confidence in your judgment to believe you did not intend to make so absurd a conclusion. But nevertheless this absurd conclusion is the logical deduction from your premises, and is all sufficient to prove that your whole syllogism is vitiated by the defect in your major, a defect that passes to the minor and links in the conclusion. Your syllogism, as worded, is illegitimate—a logical monstrosity."

"You will say you meant 'correct version or translation.' Doubtless you did, but we are now criticizing your syllogism as you made it, not as you may have intended to make it. It is the business of a syllogism to say all and no more than its maker intends as to its force. Overlooking the vitiating matter of it, we will now consider the matter of it. First, by comparison with the original; second, by some competent authority declaring that it contains the true sense of the original. The first way is practically impossible, since the originals no longer exist. The second way is impossible to the Protestant, since he recognizes no competent authority to determine the true sense of the non-existent originals."

"Now, inasmuch as the originals no longer exist we ask you who authenticated the manuscript copies used by the translators of the American Revised Version? On what authority do you say they were 'duly authenticated'?"

"The fact is you have in the last analysis no competent authority for saying those manuscript copies are duly authenticated, either as correct reproductions of the words or the sense of the originals. We, therefore, reject your minor, and with it the conclusion which follows. This is why we have called it lame. On reflection we must candidly admit that the word 'lame' is not strong enough. We should have said it had no legs on which to even limp."

"But you will ask, does not all you have said as to the authentication of copies bear equally against all copies in existence or that existed since the originals were lost?"

"It certainly does, so far as copies claiming to be verbal reproductions of the originals are concerned, and it is equally against all copies claiming to reproduce the true sense of the originals, unless there is on earth an authority competent to determine the identity of sense in the existent copy and the non-existent original. For you, with your Bible alone, there is no such authority, and consequently the authentication of copies of any or all the sacred originals is impossible, not only as to words but as to sense as well."

"It is different with the Catholic. He holds that our living Lord, before departing, left this world, established His Church, to continue His work of teaching and governing His flock for all time. He promised to be with it for all time and commanded His followers to hear it under pain of being looked upon as heathens and publicans."

"According to His promise the Holy Ghost is with it to direct its teaching and guard it from error and from all danger of leading into error those whom it was commissioned to teach and lead to salvation. This Church, St. Paul calls 'The House of God, the pillar and ground of truth.' (I. Tim. 3:15.)"

"This Church, visible now as always, taught and governed the flock of Christ in obedience to His command before one word of the New Testament was written. He made it the guardian of His revelation of all that He revealed, it knew the sense of the original Scriptures and knows it through all the centuries. It was this Church that in the post-apostolic age taught the people what books were inspired and what were not."

"It was this Church that, in the General Council of Trent, ordained and declared that 'the old and vulgar edition, which, by the lengthened usage of so many ages, has been approved of in the Church, be * * * held as authentic,' that is that the vulgate reproduces the true sense of the original Scriptures. This is the only authentication that is needed by those who seek the truth. For the Catholic it, and it alone, is all sufficient. It is a sense authentication, not a verbal one, for the Church does not depend on the fallibility of transcribers or copyists for the truth she teaches, but on the promise of its Divine Founder, who builded it on a rock and made it the pillar and ground of truth."

"If you can not be great, be willing to serve God in that which is small. If you can not do great things for Him, cheerfully do little ones."

A TALE OF HEROISM.

HOW THE GRAY NUNS OF CANADA WERE WELL NIGH WIPED OUT IN THEIR FIGHT WITH THE SHIP FEVER AT POINT ST. CHARLES.

There are heroes and heroes—heroes whose names are boldly emblazoned on the scroll of fame and whose courageous deeds are published to the world. There are others, too, whose dauntless ness is unbounded, but whose fortitude is scarce ever known. Not on history's page, nor on tablet or monument are their names to be found. To them it is enough that God knows—enough that in eternity's imperishable record their name be placed."

History tells us of the frightful famine in Ireland in '47, and also of the terrible ship fever that brought desolation. The heroism displayed by the religious, however, was scarce worth mentioning from the historian's viewpoint. At that dreadful time the Gray Nuns of Canada were well-nigh wiped out."

When news reached the mother house that hundreds were dying unaided and unattended on the shores of Point St. Charles, venerable Mother McMullen at once visited the scene. She collected all the facts and sent them to the emigrant agent, requesting power to act so as to ameliorate the sufferings of the unfortunate Irish immigrants."

Preliminaries settled, she returned to headquarters. A little book published years ago and which is not in general circulation, gives details of later happenings as follows: "It was the hour of recreation. The Sisters, old and young, were gathered in the community room, the conversation was animated and from time to time peals of laughter issued from one group or another. The superior entered and the Sisters arose to receive her. Having taken her seat in the circle, she said after a short pause: 'Sisters, I have seen a sight to-day that I shall never forget. I went to Point St. Charles and found hundreds of sick and dying huddled together. The stench emanating from them is too great for even the strongest constitution. The atmosphere is impregnated with it, and the air filled with the groans of the sufferers. Death is there in its most appalling aspect. Those who thus cry aloud in their agony are strangers, but their hands are outstretched for relief. Here the venerable superior burst into tears and in sending you there I am signing your death warrant, but you are free to accept or to refuse.'"

"There was no hesitation, no demur. All arose and stood before their superior. The same exclamation fell from their lips: 'I am ready!'"

"On arriving at Point St. Charles the little band of volunteers dispersed among the sheds with the persons whom they had engaged to assist in the work of mercy. 'What a sight before them!' 'I nearly fainted,' said one of the Sisters, relating her emotions on that eventful day. 'When I approached the entrance of this sepulchre the stench (the little band of volunteers dispersed among the sheds with the persons whom they had engaged to assist in the work of mercy. 'What a sight before them!' 'I nearly fainted,' said one of the Sisters, relating her emotions on that eventful day. 'When I approached the entrance of this sepulchre the stench

colored bodies lying heaped together on the ground looked like so many corpses. I knew not what to do. I could not advance without treading on one or another of the helpless creatures in my way. While in this perplexity I was recalled to action by seeing the frantic efforts of a poor man trying to extricate himself from among the prostrate crowd, his features expressing at the same time an intensity of horror. Stepping with precaution, placing first one foot and then the other where a space could be found, I managed to get near the patient, who, exhausted after the efforts made to call our attention, now lay back pillowed on—dear God, what a sight!—two discolored corpses in a state of decomposition. We set to work quickly. Clearing a small passage, we first carried out the dead bodies, and then, after strewing the floor with straw, we placed thereon the living who soon had to be removed in their turn."

"In the open space between the sheds lay the inanimate forms of men, women and children, once the personification of health and beauty with loving and ardent hearts, now destined to fill a nameless grave. More sick immigrants arrived from day to day; new sheds had to be erected. These temporary hospitals stood side by side, each containing about one hundred and twenty common cots, or rather plank boxes littered with straw, in which the poor fever-stricken victims frequently lay down to rise no more. Eleven hundred human beings tossed and writhed in agony at the same time on these hard benches. The hearse could hardly suffice to carry off the dead. The number of Sisters increased till none save the principal officers, the superannuated and those absolutely necessary to maintain the good order of the establishment remained at the Gray Nunnery. The abated, and until the 24th of the month (June) no Sister had been absent from the nunnery roll. On this eventful morning two young Sisters could no longer rise at the sound of the main bell. The plague had chosen its first victims, and more followed hourly after, until thirty lay at the point of death. The professed nuns of the establishment, numbering only forty, could not suffice to superintend their institution, tend the sick Sisters and assist at the sheds. There went novices who eagerly requested to be allowed to fill up the vacancies in the ranks. Their offer was accepted and side by side with the professed Sisters they toil and triumph—for what else is death when it gives the martyr's crown? Fears were entertained for the safety of the convent, fears that increased still more when seven Sisters were called to receive their reward."

"Overcome by fatigue and with aching hearts the remaining ones saw themselves obliged to withdraw for a few weeks from the scene where the voice of sympathy and the hand of charity were so greatly needed. It was to their

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great relief that they beheld the good Sisters of the Providence take their place at the bedside of the suffering and dying. Shortly after the devoted religious of the Hotel Dieu obtained the permission of the Bishop to leave their cloister walls and assist in the good work. "Meanwhile the venerable Mgr. Bourget, the priests of the seminary, the Jesuits and several other members of the clergy, who from the first days had been unrelenting in their efforts to afford help and comfort to the poor exiles, continued their heroic ministrations. Many were the grateful souls who carried with them beyond the grave the remembrance of their generous benefactors, not a few of whom soon followed to receive the crown reserved for martyrs of charity. Survivors recall to this day with feelings of love and gratitude the draught doubly refreshing because held to their parched lips by the consecrated hand of a Bishop or by that of a devoted priest so worthy of the name of father."

Such is the religious hero. The priesthood and the Sisterhood truly are possessed of that "Courage—Independent spark from heaven's bright throne By which the soul stands raised, triumphant and alone."

TIRED AND DEPRESSED. THE CONDITION OF MANY YOUNG WOMEN IN SHOPS AND OFFICES.

Thousands of young women have to depend upon their own efforts to gain a livelihood and to these, whether behind the counter, in the office, the factory or the home, work means close confinement—often in badly ventilated rooms. There is a strain on the nerves; the blood becomes impoverished; the cheeks pale; there are frequent headaches, palpitation of the heart and a constant tiredness. If the first symptoms are neglected it may lead to a complete breakdown—perhaps consumption. What is needed to restore vim and energy and vitality is a tonic, and absolutely the best tonic in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new blood, and bring health and cheerful energy to tired and depressed girls and women. Miss Viola Millett, Robinson's Corners, N. S. says: "I was a great sufferer from headaches, heart palpitation and troubles that afflict my sex. My blood seemed almost to have turned to water, and the least exertion left me weak and depressed. I used seven boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have made a remarkable change in my condition. I can truly say that I feel like a new person and I strongly recommend these pills to all weak, ailing girls."

These pills cure all forms of blood and nerve troubles, but you must get the genuine with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around each box. Ask your druggist for them or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 181 and 183 Richmond Street, London, Ontario.

Editor: GEORGE R. NORRIS. Author of "Mistakes of Modern Idols."

Proprietor: THOMAS COFFEY. Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey.

Advertisements: Ten cents per line each insertion. Single copy 2 cents.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 10, 1904.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 8, 1904.

CATHOLIC ORGANIZATION IN THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

One of the most remarkable gatherings of Catholics, if not actually the most remarkable, which has ever taken place, was the recent Catholic Congress which assembled at Ratisbon, at which the Papal Nuncio at Munich presided, all ranks and organizations of Catholics of the German Empire being largely represented.

There were many prelates to represent the hierarchy, among them being the Archbishop of Munich, Prince Charles of Loewenstein, and other nobles represented the aristocracy and members of the Reichstag, and other public men of every class were present, besides students and peasants representing the Universities, colleges, and various Catholic Societies. The object of the Assembly was to promote the cause of religion by putting into practical operation the Federated Catholic Associations of the Empire, and to secure justice to Catholics in the political arena.

At all events, as soon as Herr Bismarck succeeded in transforming the numerous small States of Germany into one powerful Empire, the opportunity was in his hands to begin his anti-papal policy in very earnest. But in spite of the greater power which was now in his hands, he found himself balked at two points which were very serious obstacles to his plan.

On the other hand, he failed completely in the attempt to seduce the Bishops from their allegiance to the Holy Father, for they unanimously handed in their letters of submission to the Vatican decrees, and the proposed National German Catholic Church was a fiasco from its beginning.

A few priests who had been punished by their Bishops for serious faults did indeed start a schismatical Church which they called the old Catholic church, and the Government endeavored to subsidize it into life, but did not succeed. It lasted but a few years, and then vanished into thin air, notwithstanding that Dr. Dollinger in Germany and Father Hyacinth in France joined this schism.

From the establishment of the German Empire in 1871 till January 1879 the war was carried on against the Church. The Jesuits were expelled from Germany in 1872. Candidates for the priesthood were ordered to attend Government universities instead of ecclesiastical seminaries, ecclesiastical disputes were ordered to be tried in civil court, instituted for the purpose, and all ecclesiastical appointments were ordered to be submitted to the Government for approval before being made.

The attacks upon the Church in France grew stronger with each successive Republican government; but in the German Reichstag Herr Windthorst organized the Catholic party under the name of the Centrum. This party soon grew to such a degree that

and almost simultaneously with the time when the war broke out between Germany and France the Prussian Minister, Herr Von Arnim, actually suggested to the Archbishop of Treves to declare his non submission to the Vatican decrees, and to carry with him as many of the German Bishops as could be prevailed upon to adopt Bismarck's proposition.

It is stated by Dr. Busch that Bismarck fully expected that on the defeat of France in the war of 1870 and the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops, Pope Pius IX would find it impossible to remain in Italy and would seek an asylum elsewhere. Bismarck would offer him a princely residence at Fulda, and thus pose before the world as the loving friend of the Pope, while secretly fomenting a deadly rebellion against his authority, with the so called old Catholics for a nucleus, and all others who could be induced to secede with them for the formation of the proposed schismatical National Church as accompanying satellites.

It is well known that the plan miscarried. It is true that the French Republic fell at once into Bismarck's scheme. Not, indeed, intentionally to strengthen the hands of Bismarck or the German Empire, but because it was the wish of the wealthy Jewish and Masonic leaders to destroy the Christian religion, and so from the beginning of the Republic, MM. Thiers and Gambetta, being themselves infidels, gave momentum to the attack upon religion, and their successors, with the exception of Marshal MacMahon, did all in their power to promote the cause of Atheism. Thus they did in their own way the very thing which Bismarck wished for, and in the end they have brought about the present condition of affairs which makes the quarrel between France and the Pope almost irreparable, though we are still of the opinion that it will yet be discovered that the true spirit of France, when it will be fully evoked and roused, will be found to be on the side of the Church and Christianity.

For the present appearances do not support this expectation, and we shall not in this article urge our opinion in the matter any further than to say that in the struggle as it stands at present there are many other issues concerned which have given a momentary apparent triumph to infidelity, and this is owing partly to the fact that the political bickerings of the truly Catholic party and certain other issues which have weakened that party to such a degree, that for the moment the victory appears to be in the hands of the enemy.

At all events, as soon as Herr Bismarck succeeded in transforming the numerous small States of Germany into one powerful Empire, the opportunity was in his hands to begin his anti-papal policy in very earnest. But in spite of the greater power which was now in his hands, he found himself balked at two points which were very serious obstacles to his plan.

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the Government required its assistance in order to have a Parliamentary majority and that assistance was obtained only by the Government's beginning at once to repeal all the laws which had been passed having in view the final suppression of the Catholic Church.

The last elections, which were held in 1903 gave a compact body of 102 members to the Centre party, and in addition to these 18 are elected as Poles. These are staunch Catholics, and may be relied upon to support any purely Catholic measure, though on general politics they often diverge from the Centre party's opinions, and in such cases they vote differently. There are, therefore, 120 reliable Catholic votes in the Reichstag, which is composed of 399 members.

Of course 120 members cannot be supposed to control by themselves a house of 399. But it must be remembered that the remaining 279 are so far from being a united party, that they are divided into no fewer than 13 factions under different names. Eighty-one are pronounced Socialists, and 36 are Radicals of three different shades. These alone, being bitterly hostile to the Government, make it absolutely impossible for the government to rule without the help of the Centrists.

Thus the Catholics of Germany have felt the power of organization, and it is in a great measure to perpetuate the organization of the Centre party in the Reichstag that the great Congress was held in Ratisbon.

The Catholic Church is now in a flourishing condition in Germany, but the Centrists assert that they still have serious grievances which must be redressed, and they cannot dissolve the Centre party till full redress is obtained. The Catholic Congress will, however, still continue to meet even if there were no political grievances to be remedied, so that Catholic interests of every nature may be studied and promoted, which can be done only by such an organization as the Catholic Federated Associations.

HOME RULE.

The visit of Mr. John Redmond, M. P., and his companions to the United States and Canada has awakened renewed interest in the cause of Home Rule. Time was, and not long ago, when the Irish race the world over were heartily ashamed of the want of unity apparent in the ranks of the Irish Nationalist party, and, as a consequence, little interest was taken in the struggle for self government in Ireland. The past few years has brought about a complete union of the Irish members, and now we behold a strong party in the English House of Commons, their minds set upon the attainment of local self-government. Such being the case the visit of the Irish envoys to America has been successful in every particular. The enthusiasm with which they have been received, and the substantial contributions handed them for the carrying on of the warfare against injustice and oppression, is most gratifying indeed, and will serve to spur on the Irish members to still greater efforts, and these efforts will, we are sure, not be relaxed until Ireland enjoys once more a native Parliament for the transaction of all business having for object the prosperity of the country. May the good work go on, and may we in the near future witness a condition of affairs in the Green Isle that will remove from English legislators a reproach cast upon them by every civilized nation in the world. Tyranny kept alive by self-interest dies hard, but it has to die, and the sooner the better.

GOD AND THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

Notwithstanding the fact that many naturalists of undoubted eminence have of late years rallied round the theory of Darwin as to the origin of species from one common source of life, there have been other biologists quite as eminent who have embraced opposite theories which cannot be reconciled with that of Darwin and his followers, and the conclusion of the untrammelled student of nature it seems should be at least that of Virchow, the eminent German professor, that the theory of Darwin is still to be placed among the unproved speculations of men of admitted learning.

If it be true, as Darwin asserts, that all living species are descended from a common origin by development, there should be for the most perfect species of living beings, as, for example, man, a complete chain of ancestors, each link of which is evidently derived from the preceding by a slight change in the development from one degree to the next. The truth of this reason has been admitted even by the most zealous Darwinites: yet what are the facts of the case?

Professor Haeckel, an earnest Darwinite, within the last couple of years declared at the Cambridge Congress of Zoology that "science has established the absolute certainty that man has

descended through various stages of evolution from the lowest form of animal life during a period estimated at a thousand million years. Lumark, Darwin, and finally scores of other investigators won the knowledge which must now be accepted as the crowning achievement of science during the nineteenth century. Recent discoveries of fossil remains in Java, Madagascar and Australia have made still more complete the evidence of the origin of all mammals from one common parent to man—from a single common ancestral form which lived in the triassic or permian period." He traces the descent through reptiles to an amphibian, and thence through "Devonian fishes" to "lower vertebrates," so that "man is a primate, and all primates, lemurs, monkeys, anthropoid apes and man, descended from one common stem."

It was remarked by one present that Lord Kelvin had declared that he had proved by other methods that this world as the scene of life could not be more than twenty five million years old: a pretty good age too; but Professor Haeckel found no difficulty in reducing his one thousand million to Lord Kelvin's period. The difference is nine hundred and seventy five million years—a mere bagatelle!

Professor Haeckel said the computation of time was not his own. He took it from one of the most eminent geologists. For himself, he confessed he had no intuition as to the length of time required for the evolution.

But scientists are far from being agreed on Professor's Haeckel's computation. It has been confidently stated by eminent scientists that in the chain by which man is supposed to be connected with protoplasm, in no two successive links is there a single organ or bone which could by any possibility of development be derived one from the other. They are essentially different, and this single fact is irreconcilable with the whole Darwinian-Haeckelian theory.

Virchow, who beside Haeckel appears to be a great Titan beside a Lilliputian, said that in the enunciation of mere theories, a professor of science should speak modestly. He should say: "Observe this is my opinion, which is not proved. It is my idea, my theory, my speculation, etc."

We do not presume to say precisely what is the comparative standing of Hugo de Vries, Professor of Botany in the University of Amsterdam, and Prof. Haeckel; but Professor De Vries has just created a great sensation in the Congress of Arts and Sciences at St. Louis by opposing directly the Darwinian theory of the origin of species. He asserts:

"No two of the same species of animals from the lowest species to man are heredity does not transmit the distinguishing feature or element of an individual to its offspring, and an entirely new species may be developed within one or two generations."

We do not believe that even if the Darwinian theory were perfectly demonstrated, it would do away with the need of an infinitely perfect God. God would be needed as the Great First Cause in any case, but that theory has yet to be demonstrated, and the demonstration must be made known to the public before it will be necessary to show that even if we accept it, there must still be a God, the Creator and Preserver of all things, the Great Primary Cause of the existence of heaven and earth, and even of the protoplasm which some scientists would make appear to be themselves the great first cause.

GROTESQUE CONDUCT IN CHURCH.

A story which is not altogether new, but which has been recalled to our mind by the frequency of sensational preaching of late years in Protestant churches, we are convinced will be interesting to our readers in this connection at the present moment.

We have heard within a short time of one preacher who illustrated the viciousness of the use of tobacco by extracting in the pulpit, by a chemical process, a quantity of nicotine, and then killing a cat with the product to show that the use of tobacco is pernicious. We have very frequently indeed read of other practices unbecoming to the House of God, all of which lead to the inference that the respect due to the place of worship is fast disappearing, and the following story will show that this disrespect is sometimes punished on the moment in a manner as unexpected to the congregation as to the preacher himself, who has been the cause of his own discomfort.

The incident is related as a fact by a person who was present, but we abbreviate it not to take up too much space in our columns.

A certain minister boasted on a Sunday that he could preach off-handedly from any text (furnished him from the Bible without previous thought or preparation, and to test this he invited his congregation to hand in on the next

Sunday any text from which they might desire him to preach. That he might not be suspected of previous preparation, the texts were to be handed in, written on slips of paper enclosed in envelopes and sealed, to be opened in the pulpit that the sermon might be delivered at once.

On the following Sunday morning, the pastor entered the pulpit with confidence gleaming in his eyes, and found there several envelopes lying on his Bible. When the proper time for the sermon was reached, he took one of the envelopes, saying that he would preach from this text on that day and from the others on succeeding Sabbaths, in order. Opening the envelope, he found his text, unfolded the paper and read the passage addressed long ago to the prophet Balaam, and which is found in Numbers xxii. 30: "Am not I thine ass?"

It is needless to add that the preacher was demolished for that Sunday, and asked to be excused from preaching the regular sermon for the day.

His pride was rebuked for the time being in accordance with the words of another Scriptural text: St. Luke i. 51: "He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their Heart."

INTERPRETATION OF THE SEPARATE SCHOOLS ACT.

An important judgment on the interpretation of the Separate Schools Act has been given at Stratford by his Honor Judge Barron in regard to the 42nd section of the Separate Schools Act.

The 42nd section of the Act provides that any owners or tenants paying rates "who by himself or his agent, on or before the 1st of March in any year gives to the clerk of the municipality notice in writing that he is a Roman Catholic and a supporter of a Separate School situated in the municipality, or in a municipality contiguous thereto, shall be exempted from all rates imposed for Public School purposes in the city, town, incorporated village or section in which he resides, for the then current year, and every subsequent year thereafter while he continues a supporter of a Separate School; and the notice shall not be required to be renewed annually."

Provision is also made for those becoming residents at a later time also to become Separate School supporters by giving similar notice before the time assigned for appeal from the assessment to the Court of Revision.

Public School rates imposed before the establishment of the Separate School are excepted from the operation of these provisions, and also persons who live beyond three miles from the Separate School house in question.

It has hitherto been generally taken for granted that there is no other mode of becoming legally a Separate school supporter than that which is here indicated; and this interpretation of the law has been generally held by municipal officials and acquiesced in by Separate school trustees throughout the Province. But a careful consideration of the matter has led Judge Barron to decide that the Act provides other methods which have been generally overlooked.

The circumstances under which the case in point has arisen are, briefly, the following:

A number of Catholic ratepayers of the township of Ellice did not give the notice above specified. The notice was not given, either through negligence, or because by the 1st of March they had not made up their minds to become Separate School supporters. But when the assessor made his round, they informed him that they desired to be classed as Separate School supporters, and this was done.

An appeal was made to the County Court by the Public School trustees to have the Catholic ratepayers referred to placed on the assessment roll of the Public School section No. 1, Ellice. The plea upon which this appeal was founded was that whereas there had been no notice given on or before the first of March that they were Separate School supporters, they could not be placed upon the Separate School roll, but must be regarded as Public school supporters.

It is noted in addition that section 48 of the Act requires the clerk of the municipality to keep an Index Book in which the names of all persons who have given written notice that they are Separate School supporters, as required by section 42, shall be entered, with the date of such notice. Any withdrawals from the Separate School roll are also to be entered here, and any disallowances of notices by the Court of Revision or the County Judge, with dates of such disallowances.

The appellants (the Public School Trustees) maintained that these provisions also show that in the absence of such notices, the ratepayers cannot be regarded as Separate School supporters.

The Judge takes a different view of the matter. He points out that sec-

tion 49 provides that the assessor shall accept the statement of any ratepayer made by such ratepayer, or by anyone acting on his authority, and it shall be received as sufficient prima facie evidence for placing such person on the Separate School roll, or if the assessor knows personally any ratepayer to be a Roman Catholic, this shall also be sufficient for placing his name on said roll.

His Honor states that the Index Book does not change the law already existing, but makes the law more operative by providing machinery for the better information of all interested in the vital question of supporting schools of their own choice, and for the safe-keeping, by means of registration in an Index Book, of the notice of support of, or withdrawal of support from a Separate school. The preservation of this registration might be useful against the misconduct of an obstinate assessor, or as a means of information to them whose duty it is to see that the carelessness of a ratepayer does not take from the Separate school its proper support.

The law states that the assessor shall be guided by this Index Book; but it does not say that the Index Book shall be his only guide.

Here lies the crucial point of this decision. The Public School trustees held that no other guide but this Index Book should be followed by the assessor. On the contrary, the assessor must be guided by other means of information, namely, by the statement made by the ratepayer himself, or by another person on his authority, and even he may be guided by his own personal knowledge that the ratepayer is a Roman Catholic. But if he does not know by these means that the ratepayer is a Roman Catholic, he must still enquire from the clerk, and look at the Index Book. If he thus ascertains that there is a notice from the ratepayer to the effect that he is a Separate school supporter, he must be guided thereby.

It will thus be seen that the assessor has three modes of ascertaining when a ratepayer is a Separate school supporter, and is to be guided by these three modes in making up the assessment roll. The Judge asserts that "he cannot say to a ratepayer: 'Because I find no notice in this Index Book, I shall not put you down as a Separate school supporter, although you inform me that you are a Roman Catholic,' simply because the statute says he shall so assess the ratepayer if he gets such a statement. In my opinion subsection 4 of 48 and subsection 2 of 49 are cumulative, and together furnish various means for the guidance of the assessor."

Again, if all hinges on the notice, why does the statute give power to the assessor to assess a ratepayer on his own verbal statement that he is a Roman Catholic?

"Section 49, subsection 2, must mean something or nothing. If it means something, why is it there? If it means nothing, it can only mean what it says, namely, that the verbal statement of the ratepayer shall be taken by the assessor as evidence for placing him in the column of assessment for Separate School purposes. As I have said, the assessor must be guided by the Index Book containing the registration of the notices of the 1st of March before he begins to make up his assessment roll, and if this notice is the single test of who is to be assessed as a Separate School supporter, then, what possible use is there for his subsequently accepting the statement of the ratepayer, or acting on his own knowledge, as the law requires him to do?"

It will be seen from these well reasoned extracts from Judge Barron's decision that his Honor's opinion differs in regard to this question from that which is now generally held upon this subject, namely, that the notice of the period from 1st Jan. to 1st March is absolutely required to constitute ratepayers then resident in a municipality supporters of the Separate school.

The decision states that the school which is to be held as the rule is the Public school. The Separate school is to be regarded as the exception. Therefore, if the written notice of support be omitted, and also the ratepayer neglects to state by himself or through another who has been authorized by him, that he is a Catholic Separate school supporter, and if the assessor has not personal knowledge of the fact that the ratepayer is a Roman Catholic, he must be put down as a Public school supporter. But "if the notice has been given or the statement of knowledge acted upon, then in any of the three events, the ratepayer may become a Separate school supporter;" and if an assessor fails to put down a ratepayer as a Separate school supporter, he might still resort to the municipal council for relief, and he may be placed by the Council on the Separate school roll.

The law as thus interpreted by Judge Barron becomes more equitable than it has hitherto been generally supposed to be; for there is no good reason why a Catholic should be deprived of his right to be a Separate school supporter through an error, even if we should

suppose that he should be punished for neglect. This would be a form of punishment inflicted on the innocent as well as those who have been guilty of the neglect in question, and it would be an intolerable injustice to deprive the Catholic School Board of the support to which it is equitably entitled because the ratepayer has neglected to declare himself properly, whether this was done designedly or not.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

A priest of this province who had been a special friend of Father De Costa, the distinguished convert, while he was a minister in a prominent New York church, sends us the following poem which he received from the writer. The lines breathe the long struggle and persevering search for the light that poor Newman and Faber so heavily sighed for, on their way to the Promised Land. But in the case of all Mary's clients, the Sweet Star of the Sea, as a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day, brought him safely into the Land of Promise.

MARY IMMACULATE, DISCOVERED—AN EXPERIENCE.

How tender was thy patience, Sweet Mother, in the days Of vague uncertainty and doubt, full wondering ways.

I did not fall in Aves Or tributary vows, And of employed full numbers Thy merits to rehearse.

Yet something still was wanting, Sweet Mother, faith unregarded Long delays and long toils High o'er my nature reigned.

'T was thought that trust fealty, A loyalty sincere, Should guard thee from false honors, And wisely bound thy sphere.

Thus led, I failed to trust thee, And had I might see darts, To flow then Sweet Mother, Always and every where.

It seemed, too, one might weary Thy eyes and patient heart, Beseech upon thy bowers, And ask too great a part.

Yet, kindest of all beings, Thou didst not despise, In rich unending measure Thy Christ's munificence.

Again, might not thou enter Between my Lord and me, To rob Him of His love, His love of His Eternity?

I feared, alas! Sweet Mother, Amazed, I own it now— That thou might'st dim His diadem Thy blaze on His brow.

I feared that fuller service To thee His work would mar, And, a seeming of His grace, I followed thee afar.

Do angels know a sadness Amidst their holy mirth, To see the Queen of Heaven Light-honored on the earth?

But joy! Oh joy, Sweet Mother, Tower of ivory fair, The dream has passed, I trust thee Now, always.

One day thy veil was lifted, And then came red grace, To see in Plan Redeemptive Thy lofty, radiant face.

Thus now who pays his homage Thy wondrous merits won, And honors thy deity, Most honors thy devotion.

Thou wouldst not pale the splendour Of His dear bright renown, Or wear a single jewel That glitters in His crown.

'T is thine to aid His subjects In Kingdom of advancers, And by sweet mediation His majesty enhance.

Who loves thee most devoutly Let's a Jesus most adore, And learn from thy example, His Saviour to adore.

Supreme of all creations, Thou lovest in our hearts, The glories of Redemption Christ brings the world to day.

Through thee the world first found Him, Through thee His love reigns, And through His children's love Until He comes again.

Forgive the past, Sweet Mother, Each holy effort bless, And rob me in the splendour Of Jesus' Righteousness.

On midst Christ's bannered legions A host deemed all mine own, Safe led me in the triumph With victors toward His throne.

B. F. De Costa, Vicar of the Nativily B. V. M., 1904.

KING EDWARD AT MASS.

WHY HE REMAINED STANDING AT THE ELEVATION.

In honor of the Austrian Emperor's seventy fourth birthday King Edward VII. attended Mass at Marienbad. His Majesty was accompanied by his equerries, and wore the uniform of an Austria field marshal. The Abbot of Tepi received the King at the church door and preceded His Majesty to a seat at the left of the altar. During the service the King was seen to accept the promptings of Sir Francis Plunkett, English Ambassador at Vienna, who is a Catholic, and who signified to his royal master to sit or stand. But it was noticed that at the Elevation His Majesty stood all the time.

A discussion as to the reason for the King's failure to kneel has arisen in the European secular press. It is contended that by standing the King broke no conventional or offered, no slight to the solemnity of the Mass. In support of this contention it is asserted that soldiers by common custom stand upright at the most sacred moments of the Mass, because kneeling is the posture of the defenseless. As King Edward attended the service at Marienbad in the uniform of an Austrian field marshal, his action in not availing himself of the kneeling stool at his feet at a most solemn moment is generally defended. On the other hand, it is declared that soldiers do not remain erect except when attending Mass regimentally, on duty or on guard.

Interviewed on the subject, a prominent English ecclesiastic said: "I do not believe that the King intended any slight to the solemnity of the service by remaining standing. It was merely intended to please the feelings of the Protestants, for of course it has been something of a blow to them that the King should attend Mass under any circumstances. I believe the King only endeavored to please Protestant sentiment on the matter, but as to the soldiers not kneeling at the service—that is not so. I have seen soldiers kneeling in the street before the Blessed Sacrament when a priest is going on a sick call.

IN PURITAN DAYS.

STATUTES FRAMED IN BOSTON THAT MADE SUNDAY A DAY OF DISMAL GLOOM.

This religion of a people who believed in taking literal interpretations of the Old Testament as their guide in the government of a country which they had misnamed the "land of the free," reached the height of its impossible demand at the middle of the seventeenth century. A statute framed in Boston in 1653 regarding the penalties for breaking the laws of Sunday observance are the severest of any formed before or since and show what a day of dismal gloom this day of rest must have been.

In the days of the Puritans, an observance of Sunday meant an attendance at all the church meetings, and it meant little else. Worship in the public meeting house was compelled by law. When the bell tolled out its summons, all must go, willingly or otherwise, and notwithstanding the difficulties in the way of the journey. This often meant a tramp of many miles over rough ground where one carried his footgear in his hands.

At the time of this severest of all statutes was passed in Boston, no one was allowed to go abroad anywhere on Sunday except to church, unless there was some extraordinary need or tie errand was one of mercy. No one was permitted to go from one town to another on that day or to enter any public house for a drink. Guards were stationed at the edge of the town Saturday night at sundown to see that no vehicle passed either in or out of the city from that time until the close of the following day, and labor of all sort was prohibited. Even children were not allowed to be seen in the street nor young men and women to promenade. In fact, it was because the worthy town officials had heard of the grievous misdemeanor of childish laughter in public highways, and had been informed that certain young people had committed the offense against God of walking in the fields on the Lord's Day, that the statute regulating penalties for these faults had been enacted.

Parents were responsible for the misdemeanors of children between the ages of seven and fourteen. Over that age they were required to receive themselves the penalty of their own misdoing. For breaking any of these laws the first time, the punishment was a severe reprimand from the chief executive of the town. If any daring child escaped for a moment the family control to frolic upon the public highway, this untoward action would not fail to bring his parents into open disgrace. For a second offense of the same kind a fine of 5 shillings was imposed, and for the third offense, 10 shillings. Adults who could not pay the fines were subject to a public whipping at the hands of the constable, who was not allowed, however, to deal out more than five blows as an equivalent for the 10 shillings fine, and less for the smaller one.

In the Puritan days in Boston an officer of the law was given charge of every ten houses in one neighborhood to see that the observance of Sunday was kept. His authority was supreme. He was not only allowed to keep a watch upon who came in and went out of one's house, but he had the right to go inside himself to see just what was being done. He was an inspector. There were inspectors for everything that might unlawfully happen. Among others, there was the inspector of youths, who saw with them in church to keep them quiet during the preaching of the sermon. The last benches of the lower floors were reserved for small boys, and the rear benches of the gallery for boys of a larger growth. Knowledge of the American boy-to-day will aid any one who needs such help in determining whether or not these inspectors earned their wages. But not even Puritan adults enjoyed going to church if the records of his-

tory are read aright. They went because they had to and they didn't listen to the sermon either. If they had been in the habit of so doing, the stories told of them would never have been recounted. One of these concerns an old woman who, when she was asked if she had understood the sermon, answered by exclaiming that she wouldn't have so much presumption as to try to understand what the good man was saying.

It is also told of a minister of the early time that he tried to instill good cheer into the hearts of one member of his flock by exclaiming after the service: "Sunday must be a great blessing to you who work so hard during the week?" "Indeed, sir," the good churchman replied, "I work hard enough all the week, that's certain. But then I come to church Sunday and just sit down and think about nothing."

He did not reply that he went to sleep although he probably did. For sleeping in church was so much a custom among the early Puritans that one of the church officers was a man who went up and down the aisles during the services armed with a long pole with a hard round knob on the end of it. With this, in an particularly gentle manner, he touched the heads of those who, sleeping, snored too loudly.

When they were dismissed finally it was in a regular ordained manner, which ruled that the first pews must be emptied first, because here the people of rank and wealth sat. Occupants of rear pews were required to wait until their betters had left the church. Outside the meeting house no one was allowed to loiter to say a kindly word to a neighbor, on pain of being caught by an ever vigilant officer of the law and hurried away to the pillory. The best part of the modern church service—the kindly shaking of hands after the sermon—was considered a crime in the days of the Puritan. The modern habit, also, of beginning to think of departures before the end has arrived is seen in the light of historical facts to be honestly inherited.

HOME AT NAZARETH, MODEL OF CHRISTIAN HOME.

In the Christian's home is found rest, rest for the entire man. It is the earthly port of safety, where the frail bark of humanity may weather the storm; where the soul may nestle in peaceful hope undisturbed by the elements that ruffe the sea of life.

And how could it be otherwise? Is not this the Christian home? Christian, Christ like, therefore similar to that in which our Lord spent most of His earthly days.

Let us go back in spirit to Nazareth, where Christ, our model, lived, and see His home, which should be forever the model. In that humble, little town the holy home was placed: Joseph and Mary were the happy inmates. In persons three, but in spirit one; their pure thoughts ran in the same mold, their loving hearts beat in the same measure. Poor, they labored hard for their common support. Jesus was the most obedient of children; Mary the most tender of mothers, Joseph the most devoted of fathers. They knew no will but God's, and in this lay the secret of their happiness. Obedient to that holy will, all else was easy; they wished for nothing more than God was pleased to give them; asked for nothing other than to know and do His pleasure.

It is this home that the Church proposes as the model for all Christian families. Peace and good will, mutual love, sanctity, all the virtues were shining there in all their beauty, only the intervening skies made it a place different from heaven. That home is the most Christian, and, consequently, the most happy which is most like the home at Nazareth.

If we would have happy homes we must make them Christian. But to succeed we must first be Christians ourselves. We must begin within and build outwardly; commence at the heart, purge it of all defects that impede its natural goodness and open it wide to the influence of God's grace. All the members of a family becoming good and holy in this way, we have union and peace, and all that makes happiness, or, in other words, the Christian home.

On such a home God sends his choicest gifts and blessings. It matters not whether this home be rich or poor, whether it be known to many or few, it needs but be wholly Christian to be truly and constantly happy.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

THE PRIESTHOOD.

BY FRED EYMARD.

The priesthood is the most sublime dignity on earth. It is far above that of kings. Its empire is over souls, its arms are spiritual, its goods are divine, its glory is that of Jesus Christ Himself. Its power is divine. The priesthood engenders souls to grace and for eternal life. It has the keys of Heaven and hell. It possesses all power over Jesus Christ Himself, Whom it daily brings down from Heaven upon the altar.

It is, in the name of Jesus Christ, every gracious power. It can pardon all sins, and Almighty God has promised to always ratify its sentence in Heaven. O formidable power, divine power, which commands even God Himself! The angel is the servant of the priest. The demon trembles before him. Earth looks upon him as its savior, and Heaven as the prince that acquiesces for its elect. Jesus Christ has made him His second self. He is a God by participation. He is Jesus Christ in action. The priesthood is the holiest of states. The life of the priest ought to be in accord with its dignity. How pure ought to be the priest's life! "Pater," says St. Chrysostom, "than the rays of the sun"; "sicut lux mundi." It ought to be more incommunicable than the salt, which preserves other substances from corruption; "Vos estis sal terrae." It ought to be more unaste than virgin chastity. The priest ought to be an

angel in mortal body, and, as it were, already dead to any sensual emotion.

The humility of the priest ought to be as great as his dignity, for all that elevates him is from God, all that lowers him is from himself. He is of himself only misery, sin and nothingness. The charity of the priest ought to be great as God Himself. Who was upon earth His minister of charity and mercy on earth. His gentleness ought to be that of his good Master, Whom the people called Sweetness, Whom the children loved as sweetness itself. The priest ought to be the living image of Jesus Christ, and he should say to all as did the great Apostle Paul: *Imitatores mei estote, sicut et ego Christi.* The ministry of the priest is the most glorious to God. The priest perfects God by restoring him to His image and likeness, which sin had sullied and deformed: *Creavit in Christo Jesu.* By His minister we are created anew in Jesus Christ.

He raises up the ruins of this magnificent edifice and makes of it the masterpiece of grace, the object of God's complacency. Man baptized becomes again a child of God. Man sanctified becomes an honorable member of Jesus Christ, the spiritual King of the world. The priest continues the Savior's mission on earth. At the altar, he continues and perfects the Sacrifice of Calvary, and applies to souls its divine fruits of salvation. In the Confessional, he purifies souls in the Blood of Jesus Christ, and engenders them to the holiness of His love. In the pulpit, he proclaims His truth, His Gospel of love. He reflects upon the rays of that Divine Sun, which enlightens the man of good will, and renders him fruitful in good works.

At the foot of the tabernacle the priest adores his God, hidden through love, as the angels adore Him in glory. There he prays for his people. He is the powerful mediator between God and the poor sinner. In the world the priest is the friend of the poor, and, like his Divine Master, the consoler of the afflicted, the sick. He is the father of all. He is the man of God: *Tu autem, O homo Dei!* How charming, how lovely is the mission of the priest! It consists in establishing on earth the reign of truth, of holiness, of the love of God. It is to do good to man. But how holy the priest ought to be worthily to serve the God of sanctity, and not, like the angels, to lose himself through pride in his own dignity.

How can the priest acquire that supereminence, sanctity?—By Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ, loves His priest. He is prodigal toward him of all His graces, all His favors. The eagle flies with more ease and power than does the tiny bird. Its strength lies in its wings. The strength of the priest is in the royal love of his Master, Jesus Christ.

INTEMPERANCE—IRELAND'S DEADLIEST ENEMY.

The Rev. Father Kavanagh, O. S. F., is one of the most ardent patriots in Ireland. He is a man who has studied the Irish question deeply, and has written and spoken much on the subject. He is the author of a history of the "Ninety-eight" movement, and a man who does not minimize England's long years of oppression and blunders, yet he does not hesitate to inform the people of Ireland wherein they have lacked. He can not be classed as a temperance crank or fanatic, yet he tells the Irish people of to-day that sobriety is their greatest possible ally, humbly speaking, in the struggle for Irish freedom. In a recent address, of which Mr. James K. Randall, the Southern poet, declares that he has "never read or heard a finer." Father Kavanagh says: "Read the history of your country, and you will find that every effort the 'sober' Irish patriot made to win her freedom was foiled by the Irish drunkard. The great rising of 1641 was foiled by the drunken folly of an Irish leader, who drank to a Government spy the plans of the confederates. The battle of Ross the turning point of the rising of '98, was lost by the Irish drunkards in the insurgent ranks. Emmet's well-planned scheme was frustrated by the madness of a drunken mob.

"I look upon the drunkard as the deadliest enemy to the prosperity, to the freedom, to all the hopes the Irish patriot cherishes for the welfare of his native land. But I look for the coming of the time when the drunken Irishman will be shunned in this country as a pest who loves Ireland to speak temperately of intemperance, our deadliest enemy. Let us try to do so. I do not expect the Irish nation to become a nation of total abstainers; but it might, it ought, to be a nation of sober men. I do not condemn those who sell drink, or those who drink moderately, but I do condemn the drunkard, for drunkenness is a crime against God, against country, and against the soul, the mind, the body of the person who is guilty of it. But do I not despair of seeing our people shaking off the fetters which this hideous vice has imposed upon them. Here let me mention a movement for the abating of intemperance recently started amongst you by your own good and zealous priests—the anti-treating movement. I would advise everyone of you to join it, for I believe the foolish custom of treating is the cause of half the excess in drink which prevails amongst us.

We wonder if the leaders of Irish movements in this country ever read such expressions of opinion as these. If they do, we fear the words do not make much impression on them; for they are as silent as the grave on the temperance question as connected with Irish patriotic affairs. Mr. Randall, whose name we have mentioned above as praising Father Kavanagh's address, anticipates some of the objections that may be made to it.

"The Irishman may retort," he says, "that England is equally guilty of the sin of intemperance; but that is no excuse. All the more, as England degenerates as a drunken nation, should Ireland become a sober country, to ac-

celerate her triumph, sure to come at last."

AN ANARCHIST RUNS AMUCK.

An anarchist went into a church in Paris recently to disturb the whole congregation with two policemen added. He is part of the story: "The evening service had just begun when a man in workman's garb rushed towards the altar, overturning women and children as he went, and shouting, 'Long live Anarchy! Down with the priests!' The verger endeavored to stop him, but the intruder knocked him down. Several members of the congregation went to the verger's assistance, and began a most violent and insulting attack on religion. In the meantime the police had been sent for, and two constables arrived on the scene. They asked the man to leave the building, but he refused, and began throwing Bibles and chairs at the constable."

Now, just imagine a person—one man—attempting such a programme as that in a Catholic church in Cork or Dublin or New York or Boston or Chicago. He might possibly get as far as overturning one woman or child, but that would be about "the end of his tether." As with a famous character in a famous poem of Bret Harte's who was injudicious enough to raise a point of order at an inopportune juncture it would probably have to be recorded of him that "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." What sort of verger, and "members of the congregation" have they in Paris? And then fancy the police merely "asking" the ruffian to go out.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

RELIGION AFFECTED BY NON-CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

The university is just beginning to feel the effects of the disregard of religious instruction which has been prevalent during the last twenty years. In the home and on through the preparatory school there has been a peculiar and fatal lack of religious training. The boys and girls whose characters and habits would be affected by this irreligious spirit have now reached the age when they should enter the universities, and their views on life and religion are accepted by the public as those fostered by the university. There is naturally a tendency in a university environment to conform them to their skepticism. They are thrown into the company of others of like opinions, opinions that have been formed through lack of religious instruction in early life. The university training may possibly strengthen these opinions. To teach a man to discriminate is the primary purpose of education. If it does not do that, it has not served its purpose. But in doing this it very frequently causes the student to doubt the truth of what little religion he has. It is difficult to see why it should not do this. No truth is accepted on the basis of another person's authority, accord to the scientific attitude of mind which is taught in the universities and colleges of to-day. The college student is taught to question everything. Problems whose very existence he had never imagined are offered to him for solution. Problems which in his years of adolescence he had firmly believed were settled are being investigated and new solutions offered by his teachers and fellows. He passes through not only a mental but a moral evolution. The same questioning attitude which he is directed to assume in the class room toward scientific phenomena may be unconsciously assumed by him in his everyday life toward religious dogma. Just as he doubts the occurrences of everyday life he doubts the teachings received from parent and pastor.

Do not think of your faults; still less of other's faults. In every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves, when their time comes.—Ruskin.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Ratisben Congress while in session received greetings both from Pope Pius X and the Emperor William. The Pope, in addition, sent his Apostolic Blessing.

Right Rev. Mathias Clement Lenihan, of Marshalltown, Ia., was consecrated Bishop of Great Falls, Mont., in St. Raphael's Cathedral, Dubuque, Iowa, on September 21.

Very Rev. Thomas F. Lillis, Vicar General of the Diocese of Kansas City, and pastor of St. Patrick's Church in that city, has been appointed Bishop of Leavenworth in succession to the late Bishop Fink.

The opening of the third Eucharistic Congress in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, last Tuesday morning was one of the most imposing religious demonstrations ever witnessed in New York. When the Pontifical High Mass was begun the state's Cathedral contained an impressive congregation, including as it did, hundreds of prelates and priests from all parts of the country.

While Right Rev. Thomas Beaven, Bishop of Springfield, was laying the corner stone of St. Stanislaus Polish church Adams, Mass., on Sunday last a floor collapsed, precipitating one hundred and fifty persons into the basement. A dozen were injured, several seriously. Bishop Beaven and seven of the priests assisting him were slightly hurt.

Courage! The ground is very difficult to cultivate but each prayer left fall is like a drop of dew. The marble is very hard, but each prayer is a blow of the chisel which gradually shapes it.—Golden Sands.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse much more than from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.

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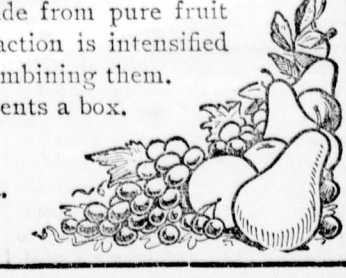
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

By thy own rival, comparing thyself with thyself, and striving day by day to be self-sufficed. If thy own little room is well lighted the whole world is less dark.

How to Treat a Lie. It's pretty hard to know how to treat a lie when it's about yourself. You can't go out of your way to deny it, because that puts you on the defensive; and sending the truth after a lie that's got a good running start is like trying to round up a stampeded herd of steers when the steers is on them.

What a Good Appearance Will do. Let thy mind's sweetest have its operation upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

We express ourselves first of all in our bodies. The outer condition of the body is accepted as the symbol of the inner. If it is unlovely, or repulsive, through sheer neglect or indifference, we conclude that the mind corresponds with it.

That's the word, "Hustle," with a large H, for it is only through hustling that one achieves advertising success nowadays.

Personal cleanliness and neatness in dress. At West Point Academy a slight untidiness in dress is punished by one demerit mark.

Providence shapes our lives, no matter what plans we make. Look up. The sun is still shining. Every life has in it reasons for gratitude. Count the blessings. After the night comes the dawn.

Man's ideal is the truest expression of his nature, and the most potent agency in developing its powers. If the ideal we aspire to be below us, life's aim will be downward, and the nearer we approach its realization, the smaller and littler we become.

Work is sacred, not only because God has ordained it as a means of supporting life, but also because life is in the work and it is bringing out of it grand results. God is a worker. He is now working together with every toiler.

A well known teacher, in an address delivered at the commencement of an industrial school recently, said: "I have always experienced a certain resentment against the fact that the wages of the ditch-digger and the scavenger were not the last of all so to become compensation for the ignominy which they have been awarded."

There is still deeper truth here. God works not only with the toiler, but in him. It matters not his brain or both. God is working in him if his labor be right and worthy.

them. In fact some of these firms are so dependent upon the personality of these men that, should they leave them, a large part of their trade would go with them.

The largest establishment in Paris—the Bon Marche—was literally built up by the amiability and pleasing manners of its founders, as was also the famous grocery business of Park & Tilford of New York.

There is a very close connection between a fine, strong, clean physique and a fine, strong, clean character. A man who suffers himself to become careless in regard to the one will, in spite of himself, fall away in the other.

Miss Linton was not a demonstrative woman, but as Josie left her studio, she kissed her and whispered in her ear: "Say your rosary for me sometimes."

After dinner she drew out her desk, took out a letter she had that morning received and re-read it. It was from an old friend in America, to whom she had evidently written most fully about her having given up the practice of her religion.

So far is genius from being a transcendent capacity for taking trouble, first of all, as Carlyle has it, that it is rather, as in Franz von Vecsey's case, the capacity for doing without trouble that which other people cannot do with any amount of trouble.

A word is a little thing, but the good it can do is unlimited. It may save a world, or, what is of infinitely greater value, a soul. Many a man has dropped over the brink of ruin, perhaps for eternity, when a word of hope or cheer might have saved him.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

BY LOUISA EMILY DOBREE.

The Crowning of Our Lady in Heaven.

THE PROVING OF JOSIE.

Miss Linton looked pleased at the praise, which was very real and more to her than many a studied criticism. "You would never take us for sisters, would you?" asked Josie, in her quiet voice.

"No, you are not alike," said Miss Linton, glancing at Josie. "I wish we were," said Josie. "I can't help it," and tears rose again to her eyes.

"I think I can guess about it," said Miss Linton, who was large-hearted, sympathetic, very observant, and had noticed that Josie was always put into the background and her lovely sister made so much of.

Josie's hand in hers and gave it a sympathetic squeeze, and somehow or other Josie found herself telling Miss Linton a good deal of herself and her life, how she missed her father, and without complaining at all of her mother.

"I do try, Miss Linton, very hard, and I think, though I don't feel it less, that God is helping me," said Josie, who, usually so shy and reserved, was talking to Miss Linton as she had seldom been able to do to anyone besides her father.

"I wish, my dear, you would tell me why you kissed your rosary just now," said Miss Linton suddenly.

"I often do it—or my medal. It helps me," said Josie simply.

"But how? Kissing a thing like that cannot really do anything for you."

For a moment Josie looked puzzled, then she answered slowly. "It helps me to remember about Our Lady, and asking her to help me," said Josie.

It seems so superstitious," said Miss Linton, in an irritated voice, "wearing medals and kissing pictures and all that kind of thing—childish nonsense it seems to me."

"Of course I don't think wearing a medal and kissing my rosary is going to do instead of prayer and watchfulness," said Josie, "only it makes me remember to do both, and, as I said, about asking Our Lady to pray for us. Oh, no, Miss Linton, I don't think it childish. Father was a very manly man and hated superstition, but he was never without his rosary, and he had it in his hands when he died."

Miss Linton was not a demonstrative woman, but as Josie left her studio, she kissed her and whispered in her ear: "Say your rosary for me sometimes."

Josie raised her clear truthful eyes to Miss Linton's face, and the latter said hurriedly, "And of course I won't talk about you. I can trust your eyes, and a beautiful soul looks out of them."

Josie returned the kiss, then she said in a low voice: "I won't forget—and I know Our Lady will help me, whatever it may be that's troubling you—only do ask her," she added hurriedly and shyly.

Miss Linton closed her studio and then went down to her drawing-room, where the lights were lighted and a wood fire was burning in the open grate. It wanted an hour to dinner-time—the solitary meal that always seemed so long. She was not lonely, though, for her kith and kin were dead, and as she detested boarding-houses and hotels she preferred living alone, having usually a good many friends and acquaintances.

After dinner she drew out her desk, took out a letter she had that morning received and re-read it. It was from an old friend in America, to whom she had evidently written most fully about her having given up the practice of her religion.

But that evening she was disappointed. Josie's story of herself and her battles against the unseen foes that tried her so had touched her profoundly, and she resolved to see more of her through the winter, and to talk to her of many things. Her plans, however, were doomed to being upset, for the next day's post brought a letter from America which decided her to go.

The little packet contained a rosary which had been blessed by the Holy Father, and which Josie had got from one of the nuns at the convent.

Three years after Miss Linton wrote this in a notebook she sometimes used: "This book has been neglected a long time. I see the last entries are made in Chicago, where I spent the winter of '81—I returned to Europe a year ago, and Denis Heriot, my nephew, came with me. I wrote to my little friend Josie asking her to come to Florence and spend a month with me there, and it was nice to see her enjoying herself, and she just appreciated everything thoroughly, and had read so much about Christian art that she was a valuable guide. I could see that Denis liked her very much indeed, though I cannot say he went so far as to pay her attentions which might mislead her. But I cannot tell of course, for certain, only my hopes rose, and, so I fear, did hers. He is a good fellow, clever, and an excellent Catholic. We drove to San Gimignano in the moonlight, stayed there two days and went back to Siena by Volterra. Two months later Denis was engaged to Veronica, whose beauty seemed to me to have increased since the days when I had her as a model for my picture, which made such a sensation in New York.

"They were married that same autumn, and Mrs. Wilcox having married a German artist some time ago, I

begged to have Josie with me on a long visit, and she is with me now, and perhaps the visit may be of indefinite length. That Josie's heart was given to my nephew I could not doubt, and I knew she suffered deeply, though she never in the remotest way had alluded to the subject. She is much attached to me and I to her. I look back to that evening in my studio as a date I can never forget. Not long after that evening I laid down my pride and my rebellion at the foot of the Cross, and resolved to fight my temptations and doubt with the weapons provided for me in God's Church.

"We walked out yesterday to the Osservanza, and stood for some time before that most beautiful work of Andrea della Robbia, the Coronation of Our Lady. Josie was delighted with it; we are both so fond of it. It put me in mind of the reward which will one day belong to all who strive and endure, each in his or her own way, and who, though they had been going on the same lines, for Josie took my hand and pressed it, and I knew what she meant when she said: 'The proving comes in such different ways—doesn't it?' I nodded: I understood her; she suffered, and would perhaps always do so, for her heart was very tender. She little knows how hard I find it to endure! But we both find much comfort in the thought of that 'gracious advocate' whose eyes of mercy are always turned on her children, and who will pray for us that 'we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ,' and these promises stand sure, that no one is tempted more than he is able to bear, and that for the term of probation those who endure will receive the crown of life."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ABUSE OF OUR FAITH.

IT IS NOT SO COMMON A PRACTICE AS IT USED TO BE.

There are still some persons and a few papers that never miss an opportunity to revile the Catholic Church and that eagerly seize on any incident which may be utilized as a vehicle for the transmission of their abuse.

They are not so numerous as they used to be, and in the light of the twentieth century intelligence they are gradually hiding their diminished heads. In this connection the following editorial on the altered attitude of non-Catholics toward Roman Catholicity, which appeared in a recent issue of the Boston Evening Transcript, is of more than passing interest:

"The opposition of eminent laymen in the recent Methodist Episcopal conference sitting in Los Angeles to the rapid attack on the Roman Catholic Church by Rev. Dr. J. M. King and the reference to a committee of the venerable Catholic hierarchy's recommendations is symptomatic of a marked change in Protestant bodies' attitude within a decade. Like action led by Mr. Butler of East Weymouth was taken at the recent meeting of the Southern New England conference. The same spirit was seen in the decision of the Presbyterian Church North when it recently excised from its standards of faith denunciations of the Pope as anti-Christ.

It was shown in the generous cooperation of the Protestant press of Christendom after the death of Pope Leo XIII. It is seen in the recent large gift by a Protestant toward the building of a Roman Catholic cathedral in St. Paul, Minn. It is conspicuously evident in Harvard's course of lectures by an eminent French Catholic on 'Religion and Democracy.'

"Part of this change of attitude is due to a clearer recognition of the limits of the Protestant reformation—its latent perils as well as its obvious merit. Part of it is due to a prudential desire to have the conservative force of the Roman Catholic Church remain as a bulwark of society in times when other forces are making strongly against the rights of property and the rights of individuals. Part of it also is due to a growing recognition that many of the foreign born citizens of this country and their descendants the Roman Catholic Church is a Church that just now affords a home infinitely safer than the outer world of secularism.

"Here, as in Europe, it is becoming clear to the more thoughtful men that a battle is on in which Christians of all names and types must shoulder to shoulder if the historic faith is to be conserved, and the action of the Methodist Episcopal church conference in deciding to be committed to underlining condemnation of the Roman Catholic Church is a sign that a new era has dawned, for in days gone by it has been asserted often that Loyola and Wesley were types of groups that were doomed to war to the knife and founders of movements that existed only to war the one on the other."

The Churches and Theirs.

"Protestants admit," says the Catholic Forum, "that they may learn one thing from Catholics, and this is to reverence their Church as sacred to the worship of God. They consider their own church as a place of work and social intercourse rather than a temple of worship, and a Baptist paper regrets 'it is not a place where one needs God,' and thinks there would be a change for the better in the Sunday attendance were it so regarded. Though the Protestant meeting-house may be respected as a temple dedicated to God, the very creed of its people forbids that it should ever be what each Catholic Church is to its members, the abiding place of the Crucified Saviour."

CRYING BABIES.

Babies do not cry unless there is some good reason for it. The cry of a baby is nature's warning signal that there is something wrong. If the fretfulness and sources it is caused by exterior to the crying baby is ill. The only safe and judicious thing to do is to give Baby's Own Tablets without delay. For indigestion, colic, teething troubles, constipation, diarrhoea, worms and

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THE BLACK HAND.

Reports from Italy bring the news of another Socialistic uprising in that country. The revolt is said to have been stirred up by the lower class of citizens, who are eager to have a free hand to pillage the property of the rich.

As it has been only a couple of years since the Italian Government bought off the last strike threatened by the labor leaders, the present uprising proves that there is something radically wrong with Italian legislation. And the countless number of Italian emigrants who are leaving the land of their birth and coming to our own country confirms us in the belief that all is not so well in United Italy as the secular press and ministers of state would have us think.

The government of Italy and the government of France are alike in so many ways that we are led to surmise a strong sympathy dictates the policies that are responsible for like effects. Both governments are bitterly anti-clerical, though the people of both countries are nominally Catholic; both are tyrannical; and both are thoroughly Masonic.

Freemasonry is undoubtedly the guiding star of all legislation that has been enacted by both governments. And herein lies the explanation of all that has come to pass. The revolutions and seditions that have kept both countries in a state of terror for these hundred years were concocted and made certain in the lodges a long time before. It was a mighty work for the lodges, that of overturning the established order of things and passing their heroes into the chairs of monarchs and sovereigns.

No wonder, then, that confusion has become the condition of the day. Order is heaven's first law and confusion is the devil's watchword. Murder and rapine were brought into the world by the serpent when he taught Eve to disobey the command of God and told her that she would thereby know the science of good or evil.

The only difference between the two governments is that France has more money and allows the lawless classes more liberty, so the people of France stay at home while the Italians bundle up their earthly possessions and come to America.—Providence Visitor.

A PIOUS GUESS—EXERCISE.

Do not look at the end of this paragraph, but read it without knowing who was the writer of it, guessing as you go along to what century he belonged.

There are many things which most justly hold me within the bosom of the Church: the unanimity of peoples and nations; authority begun by miracles, nourished by hope, increased by charity, and confirmed by antiquity; the succession of priests retains me in the Church's bosom, coming down as it does from the very See of the Apostle Peter, to whom the Lord entrusted His sheep to be fed; in fine, the very name of "Catholic" holds me of which not without reason the Church in the midst of so many heresies has obtained possession in such a manner that, while all heretics wish to be called Catholics, nevertheless not one of these heretics would dare to point out his own conventicle or meeting house to any stranger who inquired where was the Catholic Church.

Has not this a wonderfully modern sound? Yet it was written by St. Augustine (b. 354, d. 430) (Lib. Contra. Foes. Ford, c. 4).—Irish Monthly, March, 1904.

A CONVERT'S IMPRESSION.

The readers of the Glasgow Observer are being favored nowadays with a noteworthy series of articles bearing the general title "A Convert's First Impressions." More interesting and readable matter than is furnished by this particular convert's experience on joining the Church we have not met with in a long while. In the latest issue of the Observer, the writer discusses the spontaneity and naturalness of Catholic piety, and illustrates his point by many a graphic picture—among others, the following:

"Go to Ireland (and a more Catholic nation does not exist on the face of the earth), and there you see how simply and naturally the people practice their religion. There is an easy, unassuming, unostentatious style about the whole thing which is truly edifying. Not one morning, but seven mornings in the week, whether in crowded cities or quiet villages, the church bells summons the faithful to Mass and Holy Communion—not after an ample breakfast of ham and eggs (according to the principle of that typical Presbyterian, Dr. Guthrie: 'porridge

first and then prayers') but with an unbroken fast—at 5 or 5 or 6 a. m., when Protestants are snoring in their beds. Cheerfully the people respond and Scotch folk would be astonished if they beheld the numbers who morning after morning, without any obligations but purely out of devotion, begin the day with Jesus Christ, in the Blessed Sacrament. At midday the Angelus bell peals through the streets and hills and valleys in the afternoon there is a constant stream of visitors to the Blessed Sacrament, some remaining for long periods of time, so sweet do they find it to be in the presence of their Saviour.

"At the corner of almost every street a little shrine is fixed, from which some holy face looks down upon you as you pass. On the country roads you suddenly find yourself kneeling before a wayside Crucifix or Shrine of our Blessed Lady in the fields and on the hillsides you hear the pious workers singing their sweet and simple hymns to Mary; and even the little children run up and take your hand and beg a holy picture or a rosary in a way that is not to be resisted.

"These are but samples to show how natural and simple and unaffected Catholics are in practicing their religion. I am not copying this from a guide-book, but writing what I know and have seen myself. They do not put on long faces and a special black suit and look preternaturally solemn on one day out of seven. They live in constant remembrance of their religion; and by ever-recurring fast and festival, by rosaries, scapulars, crucifixes, medals, and the Agnus Dei, it is kept before their minds and eyes." If the best of Catholics to the manner born were to be thrust into the darkness and barrenness of Protestantism or unbelief for a brief period they would love their religion more than they do, be more faithful in practicing it and more zealous for its propagation. We hope that "A Convert's First Impressions" will be republished in book form for the good that they are calculated to do among Protestants, as well as Catholics for whom they were primarily intended.

IRISH WOMEN.

Reviewing Sr Horace Plunkett's book on "Ireland in the New Century" a Dublin paper, the Leader, notes the author's eulogistic remarks on the chastity of Irish women, "almost the credit" of which is assigned to the Catholic clergy, quotes the following tribute to the same influence paid by the historian Froide in a lecture in New York city in 1872:

"I do not question the enormous power for good which has been exercised in Ireland by the modern Catholic priest. Ireland is one of the poorest countries in Europe, yet there is less theft, less cheating, less house-breaking, less robbery of all kinds than in any country of the same size in the civilized world. In the last hundred years impurity has been almost unknown in Ireland. This absence of vulgar crime, and this exceptional delicacy and modesty of character are due, to their everlasting honor, to the influence of the Catholic clergy."

It was not to praise the Catholic Irish and their clergy that Froide was thus lecturing in America—quite the opposite. His mission was to "curse," but like another personage who of old was sent on a similar errand, he felt obliged to some degree at least to utter words of eulogy and admiration instead of abuse.

JUST ONE.

A reverend contributor to a contemporary tells a little incident which carries a lesson for many well-meaning people:

In Central Park, one day last summer, I was looking at a beautiful flowering shrub. While I looked, a well-dressed, nice-looking man accompanied by a handsome young woman drew near the shrub and paused to admire it. After a moment the man broke off a branch of blossoms and handed them to the lady. She took the flowers deprecatingly, I thought, and I heard her say, "You ought not to break the bark rules."

His reply was, "One branch will make no difference." I strolled along beside them, thinking about the philosophy wrapped up in the little scene, when, hearing a boyish shout behind, I turned and looked back. A group of boys had been playing ball near the flowering tree, and had never thought of breaking branches from it until they saw the old gentleman's example. But he was not one hundred yards away before half a dozen boys were at the tree breaking down branches, until in five minutes it was a ruined and ugly wreck.

I walked along, thinking to myself that this is the way anarchists are made. Respectable, well-bred people break the law in little things when it pleases them, and forget the multitude that, looking on, break the law when it pleases them until the land is filled with lawlessness and riot.

STORIES OF CARDINAL WISEMAN.

Gentleness, benevolence, hospitality, were among his (Cardinal Wiseman's) notable characteristics. None could tell a story better than he. One day when the Cardinal had had some chivalrous plants on the table, someone ventured to ask their names. "I'm afraid I can't tell you," said the Cardinal. "I am sometimes as much puzzled by botanical nomenclature as the old lady who said she couldn't be bothered to remember all the long Latin names; the only two she had ever been able to retain were Aurora Borealis and dill-umbrellas."

He used to relate with amusement and satisfaction how, on his last visit to Ireland, he had been characteristically welcomed by a ragged native. As soon as he had set foot on Irish ground this warm-hearted fellow pushed his way through the crowd, and, falling on his knees before him, seized his hand, at the same time exclaiming: "Now thin, by holy St. Patrick! Heaven bless your Imminity!"

THE UNANSWERED PRAYER.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

Through long, long years a prayer arose each day. To Him who answereth each pure request; But no bright messenger came to His knowledge!

The years fled on—a heart at last forgot A plea'd prayer that Heaven answered not. Diviner gifts came streaming down above. One day a soul, remembering, looked to Heaven. And thanked its God for what He had not given!

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH AT WEST LORNE. Sunday Sept. 18 was a red letter day in the annals of the Catholic people of Hamilton. The Bishop of London and auxiliary clergy having arrived there for the purpose of dedicating the parish church, blessing the new bell and holding confirmation. The church, which is a noble structure, has been beautified within and without, and can comfortably seat three hundred people. It is the gift of the late Mrs. J. J. O'Leary, widow of the late J. J. O'Leary, Esq., who died in 1897. The church is situated on the corner of St. George's and St. Patrick's streets. It is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, and is well adapted for the purpose. The Bishop of London, in his address to the congregation, said that he was glad to see the church in such a state of perfection, and that he hoped it would be a source of blessing to the people of West Lorne.

THE NEW BELL. A new bell weighing one thousand one hundred pounds was donated by John Brady, Esq., of Lake Shore, Port Stanley. It was dedicated on Sunday, Sept. 18, by the Bishop of London. The bell is a fine specimen of the work of the foundry, and is well adapted for the purpose. It is the gift of the late Mrs. J. J. O'Leary, widow of the late J. J. O'Leary, Esq., who died in 1897.

THE DEDICATION SERMON. By Rev. Father F. E. McGee, O.S.A., of St. George's, West Lorne. The dedication sermon was by Rev. Father F. E. McGee, O.S.A., of St. George's, West Lorne. He spoke of the importance of the church as a place of worship and of the duty of the people to attend Mass and receive the Sacraments. He also spoke of the need of prayer and of the power of the church to bring about the salvation of the world.

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touching upon the great sacrifices of the religious life and the incomparable reward which it offers in the future world. He spoke most eloquently of the devoted life and exemplary virtues of the deceased. The funeral oration then proceeded to St. Mary's cemetery, where the final ceremonies and interment took place.

The deceased will be tenderly mourned in Canada by her sister-religious of the Ursuline Monastery, Chatham, and by a host of friends who held her in high esteem before her removal to Muskogee. Of her own family there are but two surviving members, her sister, Miss Isabella McDonnell, Northport, and her brother, Augustus McDonnell, Chatham, Ont.

A Useful Society. On Tuesday evening last, a meeting of the young men of St. Francis parish, Toronto, was held for the purpose of organizing the St. Francis Literary and Athletic Association. The object of the new association is the promotion of the religious, moral and physical welfare of the members and in fact all the young men of the parish. Rev. Father McCann, parish priest, is heartily in sympathy with the movement and has been elected Spiritual Director. The officers elected are as follows: President, J. O. Byrne; Vice-President, W. J. Byrne; Secretary, P. P. O'Sullivan; Treasurer, W. E. Ryan; Executive Committee, A. Donnelly, G. O'Leary, R. Power, P. O'Sullivan, J. J. Wright. The members of the club have cordially invited to join the association.

MARRIED. FRIZZARD O'LEARY, of St. Joseph's Church, Toronto, on September 23, by Rev. Father Kelly, P. P. Charles Frizzard, Esq., of Chatham, P. C., to Miss Emma Frances O'Leary, eldest daughter of Daniel O'Leary, Esq., "Riverdale," Ontario.

PERSONAL.—Mr. George Pilon, Jeweller, who has been in the employ of P. Burwell, Esq., for the past twenty-four years, has resigned his position owing to ill health. His many friends will be pleased to hear of his speedy recovery.

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