

The Catholic Record.

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

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MUCH-NEEDED INFORMATION.

In an article "The United States and Latin America," in a recent number of the Fortnightly American Review, Mr. John Barrett, who is by personal experience and intimate knowledge of the people well qualified to write on the subject, gives the United States much-needed information. Many of us depend for data on Latin America, or out of date text-books, newspaper screeds and tracts from wandering evangelists. And so South America is merely a place which shelters yellow fever, coffee, animals more or less pictures que, and myriads of dark-hued people who take life languidly in the accompaniment of cigarettes and castanets.

The tourist who sallies forth in quest of confirmation of his prejudices is rarely disappointed, even as the rural life, eager to penetrate the mysteries of the great city, finds the bunco-steerer. The evangelist is always in danger of falling into the hands of a keen-witted Spaniard, who furnishes him with tales which later on are published for the edification and purse-unburdening of the guileless souls who live in cold countries. Mr. Barrett, however, depicts actual conditions. While Latin America is no laggard in the race for commercial pre-eminence, it does not neglect the cultivation of the arts and graces which beautify and ennoble life. He calls attention to the fact that South America can boast of poets, historians and philosophers who are as worthy of respect as those of the United States. Chicago alone has more domestic infelicity than Latin America; and in regard to crime, the United States has easily the unenviable honor of first place.

THE POOR MINISTER.

Some non-Catholic divines tell us that the number of college men who go into the ministry is decreasing. The reasons are that clergymen are underpaid and that the pulpit cannot compete for the prizes of the world. Another reason may be that young men who take notice of the aberrations of this and that divine, of the Bible dissected and discarded by hostile critics, prefer to be listeners rather than contributors to religious discord. And with non-Catholic historians relegating stories, which were once accepted as history, to the domain of the myth and legend, our friends may see a still further decrease in the number of ministerial recruits.

That the majority of Protestant clergy are underpaid is vouched for by those who are competent to speak on the subject. It is a task of some magnitude, we admit, to educate a family with a pittance that seems barely sufficient for one. It would be discourteous, we presume, to ask why the prosperity and wealth which ever accompany the "open Bible" are not visible in these ministerial households. They who so often appeal to the progress of the Protestant nation as proof of the genuineness of its religion should apply the test to a poverty-stricken minister. Is Rev. —, with a salary of \$800, inferior in holiness to Mr. J. Rockefeller? While waiting for an answer we may say that, according to the prosperity test, Mr. Rockefeller is the holiest man in America.

But it is strange that men who are supposed to be the champions of the Lord, who repressed the earthly ambitions of His disciples, and denounced riches as one of the greatest obstacles to the attainment of eternal happiness, should cry out against poverty. No plaints come as a rule from the Catholic clergy. The majority of them are poor—so poor in many instances that they are content with the necessities of life. Their days are made out of the warp and woof of self-sacrifice and work. And they are happy and know that the priesthood offers prizes besides which riches are as nothing. The bringing of sunshine into clouded lives, the uplifting of the fallen, the administration of the sacraments, give to the true disciple an inexhaustible source of beauty and wonder. The Catholic priest cannot understand why they who minister to the Lord should shrink from His poverty. Yet Dr. Livingstone, in his Travels in South Africa, page 117, asks: "Can our wise men tell us why the Catholic mission stations were self-supporting, rich and flourishing, as pioneers of civilization, while the Protestant mission stations are mere paper

establishments without the permanence of the ability to be self-supporting."

MR. J. HOCKING'S "FORT."

Every man, according to Artemus Ward, "has got a Fort. Shakespeare wrote good plays, but he wouldn't have succeeded as a Washington correspondent of a New York daily paper. He lacked the reposit fancy and imagination."

Joseph Hocking's "Fort" is the iniquity of Rome. He pursues Rome unceasingly and the things that aint so that he has discovered in the line of the noise and uncanny indicate that his fancy is of a high order. His rhetoric is warm and expansive and his scorn is of the "chund me you villain" type. How deftly he limns the picture of the priest who enmeshes simple souls in the nets of Rome. The priest Rittoon, whom he depicts in his serial now running in The Presbyterian, a paper for the home by the way, will make Protestant boys and girls afraid of the Catholic cleric. And the young girl who was educated in a French convent, and who knew nothing of "those dark days when the Roman Church made Europe a scene of superstition, cruelty and horror—to read which is to make the heart shudder," will make them weep. But how can the editor of the Presbyterian allow a novelist of this type to spoil good ink and paper with this melodramatic rubbish. We hazard the statement that the editor would not sponsor Joseph Hocking as a novelist before an audience of intelligent Canadians. Why permit him to put the dirty fingers of calumny upon the impressionable souls of children.

WINONA AND OTHER STORIES.

By Wm. J. Fischer.

Within the covers of the book are eight tales, fresh and pure and brimful of pleasure for all those whose tastes have not been vitiated by doses of nauseous literature. There are no social problems, no descriptions of the seamy side of life. But the stories are radiant with the glory of the sun, the earth and of virtue, and they bring us back to the days when "life was like a story that held neither sob nor sigh." And this is what we all need.

Anything that can help us to forge through the walls of sordidness, of strivings for place and pelf, into the broad open spaces where honor walks, and men love and give and expect no return, and white souls are pearls beyond price, should be given a kindly welcome.

To our mind Dr. Fischer's work will aid us in this some measure. When his powers are matured he will help us still more. Here and there in the book are things unsaid which warrant one in believing that the author can win a high place among short story writers. We gladly recommend the book to our readers. Father Copus, S. J., tells us that Dr. Fischer takes life seriously—as all physicians must necessarily do—and yet one cannot fail to discover between the lines of these pretty stories a glowingly warm heart which loves humanity.

THE "YELLOW" QUILL DRIVERS.

If all the political prophets and amateur theologians were guiding the destinies of Rome there would be no trouble in France. They, with experience of ward politics and the perillities of a 2 by 3 town, know what should be done, and, inspired by correspondents who see Rome through the mists of prejudice, wax melancholy over the attitude of Pius X. And the young Cardinal Merry del Val is too impetuous, too fanatical. And the man who rule France are so statesman-like in word and action—so ready to adopt a conciliatory policy. One objection to these sapient articles is, that they embody ineptitudes, calumnies and nonsensical maunderings. Suffice it to say that the writers thereof are in the class represented by the Chicago reporter who, in a description of a Church function, told the world that the celebrant, Cardinal Satolli, wore a tansure on his shoulder and carried a thurifer on his head.

THE DEMOCRATIC BRIAND.

M. Briand, Minister of Education, is doubtless a man of ability and an eloquent testimony to the mysterious apathy of the French Catholic. He may be pledged to what he styles democratic ideas and various other things that were fathered by Voltaire and Rousseau. They, however, who still adhere to Christianity should for seemliness' sake be chary of adulation of Mr. Briand. We did pride ourselves on our

spirit of fair play: we may not have lost it; but at any rate we are, we trust, not base enough to sit meekly down at the feet of a man who spurns what we hold in reverence. And this man is M. Briand. His contempt of Christ is clean cut. For the garlands of rhetoric woven for him by sympathetic Christians, he returns thanks in the following words culled from a speech delivered at Amiens a few weeks ago: "We have hunted Jesus Christ out of the schools, out of the university, out of the hospitals and the asylums, nay, even out of prisons and mad houses; it now remains for us to hunt Him out of the Government of France. Isn't this Democracy done to a turn?"

HOW THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

Written for The True Voice by Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J.

V.—ORIGIN OF THE ANABAPTISTS AND BAPTISTS.

We are not inquiring here what kind of men the Baptists are to-day, but what was their origin; what their early history. They state in their writings that their origin is wrapped in obscurity. But history has of late torn away the veil of many pretences, and it has done so in the present case. It is now clearly known that the Baptists have come from the Anabaptists; they have dropped the first two syllables of their original name in order to escape the odium attached to those early sectaries. The history of the Anabaptists is as well known as any ordinary event of the past four centuries.

The word Anabaptist etymologically means a person who baptizes over again. It was used to designate the fact that their new doctrine held infants' baptisms to be of no avail, since the sacrament could benefit those only who desired it. Now as all Christians before the Reformation began had been baptized in their infancy, those who joined this sect were rebaptized. This error was originated by Thomas Munzer, the Lutheran pastor of Zwickau in Saxony in the year 1520. He and his followers carried the principle to its logical conclusion to the furthest consequences; every one was to interpret the Bible for himself and they professed to find texts in the Sacred Volume that justified rebellion against princes as well as against Bishops and Popes. They were socialists, mystics, fanatics; they rejected all authority, all tradition, all control of any kind. Intoxicated with individual liberty, they went about committing such excesses, such outrages on morality, as disgraced the name of Anabaptists for all future generations.

Munzer gave a fresh impulse to a new character to the "Peasants' war," as it was called, which was directed by him to the establishment of an ideal Christian commonwealth with communistic institutions. In 1525 his army was defeated at Frankenhausen; he was tried, condemned and executed.

But this well deserved punishment was looked upon by the Anabaptists as a form of most unjust persecution. New associations were formed among them, new prophets and teachers arose, the propoganda was extended among the peasants and serfs of Germany, Austria and Hungary in every direction. They summarized their tenets as follows:

"Impiety prevails everywhere. It is therefore necessary that a new family of holy persons be founded, enjoying, without distinction of sex, the gift of prophecy, and skilled to interpret Divine revelation. No need of learning; for the internal law is more than the outward expression. No Christian is allowed to go to law, to hold an office in the civil government, to take an oath in a court of justice, or to possess any personal property; everything among Christians must be in common."

They went about burning all books but the Bible, and destroying all churches within their reach. Catholics are often blamed for being intolerant of heretics, for refusing them liberty of conscience. But when they saw what heresy and liberty of conscience meant during the first decades of the Reformation, how could they help being intolerant? Who, if he knows the facts, can blame them for defending their own liberty of worship, their churches, their altars, their priests, Bishops and the Supreme Pontiff against all manner of insult and violence? Must a man stand by and see what is nearest and dearest to his heart outraged by mobs and fanatical leaders of mobs? I do not think the Catholics to-day would patiently submit to such mob violence if it were offered, and I do not know that any would expect it from high-spirited citizens.

A few years later John of Leyden, a tailor by trade, was proclaimed King of the New Zion. He put all the laws of morality, of decency and moderation at defiance. He was tyrant to his subjects; yet, he pleased them by introducing polygamy. He pronounced anathemas against Luther as well as against the Pope of Rome. At last Munster, the capital of his kingdom, was taken in 1535, and he and others of the leaders were tortured with hot pincers till they expired.

The most fanatical of their leaders being thus removed, new prophets arose, who objected to polygamy among the most revolting disorders. In many places the better element among the Anabaptists prevailed, and the sect became more like to the ordinary followers of the Reformation. But its name has ever since remained one of extremely bad repute, and its members have often been persecuted by other Protestant bodies. Some of them

went to settle in the Netherlands, and thence passed over into England, in company with some English dissenters who had fled from the persecution in their own country, and which in Holland had taken up the main tenets of the Anabaptists. As early as 1535 we read of ten Anabaptists suffering death for their heresy under Henry VIII. in England, and in 1538 of three men and one woman executed for the same opinions. Yet their tenets gradually spread, and now there are said to be about 500,000 of those sectaries in Europe; but the name Anabaptists has been changed to that of Baptists.

In America they are far more numerous. In 1533 a colony of Welsh Anabaptists had come over to settle in Massachusetts. Here the celebrated Roger Williams undertook to defend the same errors as the Anabaptists in Europe, as far as baptism was concerned. But instead of the lawlessness and the excesses of the early leaders of the Anabaptists, he displayed a spirit of moderation and tolerance which has made him one of the most honored pioneers of religious liberty in the United States.

From the beginning of the heresy its followers objected to the name "Anabaptists," because, they said, "infants were incapable of receiving baptism, and therefore, and simply baptized when they desired it in riper age. They claimed the name "Anti-paedobaptists," against the baptism of children." But the appellation was cumbersome, and, besides, the term Anabaptists was not incorrect, for the vast multitudes of Christians in all ages have considered infant baptism valid, and therefore the repeating of the ceremony in later life an attempt to repeat baptism, to baptize over again. History has consecrated the term Anabaptism, and it will no doubt remain to the end of time.

But the Baptists of the present day have another objection against the name as applied to themselves. In this they are right. For although they are historically connected by descent of organization and doctrine with the Anabaptists of Reformation times, still, as it is a given or proper, not a common name, and the appellation has been historically disgraced, they have an undoubted right to disown it as the designation of their present organization. We respect their reasonable wishes in this matter, and therefore we have headed this paper "Origin of the Anabaptists and Baptists," admitting the distinction, yet tracing both divisions to their common historical origin.

It would certainly be unjust to blame the modern branch for the wild fruit produced by older branches which are now dead and cut off. But the root of the entire tree is evil; at most the defense can be made that the Baptist sect is the growth of human passion prompted by human reason, but it is in no sense the work of God. It is the same with many others of the early Reformation sects. Their modern members have to a great extent disowned the most objectionable principles of their founders. Thus most Lutherans of the present day no longer believe in the total depravity of human nature, in the slavery of our will and the needlessness of good works. The Presbyterians no longer so ardently uphold their Calvinistic profession of faith as to strike out from it the most offensive tenets.

In fact, even in Luther's time the fruit produced by the tree which he had planted had become so bad that he was forced by what he saw and heard on all sides to lament the sad results. Thus he complained, saying: "The world grows worse and worse, and becomes more wicked every day. Men are now more given to revenge, more aversions, more devoid of mercy, less modest, and more incorrigible, in fine, more wicked than in the Papacy." In his Table Talk he commented thus:

"One thing no less astonishing than scandalous is to see that, since the pure doctrine of the gospel has been brought to light, the world daily grows from bad to worse." He would willingly have corrected some of his own teachings if he could have done so without justifying himself before the whole world.

FORCED TO HIS KNEES.

A METHODIST MINISTER'S IMPRESSIONS OF A VISIT TO ST. PETER'S IN ROME.

Curiously enough, in an article written for the New York Christian Advocate (Methodist) by A. H. Tuttle, D. D., we find, along with references to "thousands whose consciences are racked to sleep in the cradle of priestly rites," and who "would never know of a vital religion except for the clear testimony of our (Methodist) people," the following fine tribute to the glorious pile that rises above the resting place of the Prince of Apostles:

"One day our little company went by themselves over the Elian Bridge to that most majestic building in the world, St. Peter's Cathedral. Every time I enter it its power grows upon me. It is the house of God, not alone in the sense that it was erected for His worship; but that is true of every church. But this one impels to worship, in my mind imperatively commands it. Here is the most perfect symbolic expression of the soul's deepest want that human genius has ever devised. Some may sneer at the idea of any vital union between symbolism and devotion, calling it aestheticism or, what is worse, idolatry. But architecture, pictures, music and ritual, which have their origin in the soul's aspiration for the divine, cannot be of the devil, as the iconoclasts believed. It is certain that

here this morning they forced me to my knees.

"We walked together under these lofty arches in vast spaces, where human beings seemed to shrivel to the stature of a hand's breadth. The great central dome swells out like the vault of the sky, and is so perfectly illuminated that the prophets and the apostles painted there seem to be living realities hovering over us in the air. All around us are the monuments of the heroes and saints of the Church. Incessant is continually ascending. The Mass is forever being performed, helping the devotion of feeble hearts, just as a mother helps its child to say its prayers. Music from some unseen organ floats through the spires like an invisible host singing glorias. Every where and in everything are proclaimed the majesty and holiness of God. How insignificant I felt and how sinful before His glory and His power. I was troubled and alarmed. Who can stand before God?"

"With such feelings I came to an altar over which hung a picture of the Crucified One. His bleeding hands seemed to be extended to me, and His eyes of love penetrated my heart. His lips seemed to say, 'I have redeemed thee with My blood.' My spirit bowed in adoration and was filled with an indescribable peace."

THE UNTRUTHFUL PRESS DISPATCH.

A fair sample of the daily newspapers' happy faculty for presenting Catholic news as it is not has been brought to our attention. In a recent issue of the Washington Post, considerable space that might easily have been devoted to better things (and truer) without detriment to the paper, was given to an article, purporting to come from a correspondent in Rome, and describing the "mysterious disappearance" of an Italian priest. When it was found that the priest had left Rome (and this interesting fact was probably discovered by the postman, the newsboy or someone equally capable of deducing cause from effect,) the Busybody immediately commenced to earn his name by "investigating"—viz., looking around for some matter or circumstance that might in some way aid him in putting scandalous construction upon the unexplained (and unexplained, that is by the postman, the newsboy or the like) absence of the priest. Now who knows but that the Busybody, through his untiring efforts, his unceasing persistence, finally discovered that on the same day, or perhaps, a day or two earlier, or a day or two later, but anyway, about (which is near enough), the same day, a girl also disappeared from Rome. Ah! Then the Busybody rested from his labor; he licked his chops. For had he not found a choice tit-bit of scandal wherewith to regale himself and his friends? What matter that the priest went north and the girl went south; what matter that the priest had sailed for America, and that the girl had not disappeared at all, but had gone to another section of the city to visit her grandmother. What, in deed, might all this matter. The existence of a few trifling facts one way or another should never be allowed to spoil so delectable a feast as that prepared by the hard working and diligent busybody.

And so the tale goes forth (even as the story printed in the Post), wired across the ocean, gobbled up avidly by the press, even as the Busybody had anticipated. It is spread before the eyes of thousands who do not care to doubt it—the few who recognize the handiwork of the Busybody, being less than a dozen. The matter that the priest went north and the girl went south, and under absolute secrecy sent forth their decisions touching the salvation of their country and the triumph of the Church.

Before separating, and sending the result of their votes to the Supreme Pastor, they proceeded to the national Basilica of Montmartre, on the first Friday of June, at 3 o'clock. There, in that sanctuary dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and placed upon an eminence which dominates the whole of Paris, they ranged themselves in three rows of stalls. The prelates, including Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, numbered almost eighty. The venerable Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, who is nearly ninety years of age, intoned the Vespers. Then his coadjutor, Mgr. Amette, made an announcement in a voice full of an emotion which was shared by the throng filling that vast basilica. "We are going," he said, "to renew the consecration of all our dioceses, and consequently of the whole of France, to the Heart of Jesus Christ. We are about to make our protestation of faith—our true France—does not seek separation from Him who is the Way the Truth and the Life."

It was a sublime spectacle thus to behold all those dignitaries of the Church of France prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament. When the moment came for the consecration, the sound of the organ died away into silence, and the venerable Cardinal Archbishop arose and pronounced the first words of the formula. The Bishops immediately joined their voices to his, and all recited together that beautiful prayer, at the conclusion of which they renewed the National Vow of France to the Sacred Heart. Their solemn and measured utterances resounded through the arches like the ardent and impassioned supplication of pastors for their guilty children. The multitude listened in awe-stricken silence, comprehending that, like Moses of old, the Bishops wrestled with the Lord for the pardon and salvation of the people who were erstwhile called most Christian.—Ave Maria.

A WORK OF WONDERFUL GROWTH

Religious activities usually begin in October, but what is remarkable this year, is the unwonted activity in the field of Missions to Catholics. From the reports received at the Apostolic Mission House there are nearly one hundred Missionaries actually engaged in giving missions to non-Catholics. In the twelve regularly established diocesan missionary bands there are nearly sixty secular priests devoted to this work and this work alone. Some of these are now among the very best missionaries in this country. They are men of learning, of more than ordinary persuasive powers and they have behind them nearly ten years of experience. Others are younger priests who are strong in their enthusiasms, and ardent in their zeal, for this particularly attractive kind of work. Besides these Missionaries who are working in the regularly established bands there are ten who are affiliated to the Catholic Missionary Union and who draw from this missionary organization the money necessary for their support. These Missionaries are working in Virginia, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee. The work that these Missionaries do is of the most difficult kind. There are pioneers. They go into places where there are few if any Catholics. They gather into halls the townspeople who have rarely if ever heard an address from a Catholic priest. Their lecture is very often on "What Catholics do not believe." Any how it is given with the purpose of clearing away the immense amount of prejudice that exists in the minds of non-Catholics and of preparing their hearts to accept Catholic truth.

Then finally there is the work of the religious orders. Every missionary order has its band of Missionaries for non-Catholics and most of them make it a rule to follow a Catholic Mission with one to non-Catholics. So that to say that there are one hundred missionaries actually engaged in giving Missions to non-Catholics at the present time is to make a very conservative statement. The Apostolic Mission House graduated twenty five priests, well trained to mission work last year. Some of these have gone to assist in the existing bands. Rev. J. P. Moore is working with Fathers Randall and Crane in the St. John's Apostolate. Rev. Wm. Huffer has gone to help with the Missionaries of St. Paul, Minnesota. Rev. G. Hurley is assisting the Providence band and Rev. J. J. Reilly is helping Father Kress and his associates in Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. J. H. Mahoney inaugurates the non-Catholic mission work in South Carolina, while Rev. S. J. Kelly the Josephite is engaged in giving missions to the colored people in Mississippi. There is no department of activity in the Church that is growing so fast as this work that centers about the Apostolic Mission House. Nor indeed is there any that is so full of promise for the future of the Church in America.

A SUBLIME SPECTACLE.

Beautiful spectacles, the fruit of persecution, are being offered in France to the entire Church. They are the outcome of recent events, and are calculated to cause both edification and rejoicing. Fourteen French priests were consecrated Bishops, at one time, in Rome, by the hand of the Sovereign Pontiff himself, just as upon the day of Pentecost the Apostles in the Cenacle received the tongues of fire and the gifts of the Holy Ghost. More recently still, at the archbishopric in Paris, all the Bishops of France, in conclave assembled, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and under absolute secrecy sent forth their decisions touching the salvation of their country and the triumph of the Church.

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A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER XXII. NEW CALEDONIA.

Father Montmoulin had not reproached him to himself in very brilliant colors on the way to Marsailles; but on arriving there, he found the reality far worse than he anticipated.

In the prison at Marsailles, where he remained a few days awaiting the departure of the ship, he had a foretaste of what he would have to endure on the voyage. Till then he had been in solitary confinement, and nothing had interrupted his thoughts and prayers.

Here he was penned in a common room with over a hundred other convicts, and was not alone for a single moment.

And what company was he in! The scum of society: thieves, burglars, forgers, murderers, anarchists—the lowest and vilest of mankind. Even the sight of all these countenances bearing the stamp of vice and moral degradation was painful in the extreme.

And then to hear their filthy conversation, the oaths and blasphemies whereby they gave utterance to their hatred of God and man!

With the quick perception of the criminal, his fellow convicts knew instantly that the fresh arrival who, pale and horror-struck, was thrust in among them, was not one of them.

Consequently everyone felt him to be an enemy. "Hullo!" cried a brutal-looking fellow from Lyons, who had killed his wife in a fit of intoxication, staring at him with vulgar curiosity.

"What a sweet creature we have got here! Look at his smooth hands, I bet he has never earned twopenny in all his life! And look at his face! It is like the saints one sees in the prayer-books!"

"It makes me sick to see him," interposed a burglar from Toulon, "he smells of incense and wax candles! Dence take me if he is not a scapristan or even—"

"A priest, sure enough!" exclaimed a Paris pickpocket, who had got behind the new comer. "Do you not see the place where his tonsure has been? What a joke! His Reverence shall preach some of his sermons to us, and sing a High Mass for our benefit."

"A priest, a parson!" they roared and shouted. One began to bawl a requiem, another knelt down and began a mock confession for the entertainment of his fellows, saying such horrid things that the priest, in shocked astonishment, put his fingers to his ears; others inquired of him what good work he had done, to be rewarded with the honor of their society.

In a word, the oaths and revellings on all sides resembled nothing, the unhappy Vicar of Ste. Victoire thought, but the torture a lost soul endures in the company of the damned. "This is hell upon earth," he said to himself with a shudder.

He spent five days in the prison at Marsailles before the convicts were embarked on board the transport ship Durance. Chained together in couples, they marched through the streets, with a strong escort of police, down to the harbor.

On the way thither, Father Montmoulin saw a priest with whom he was acquainted, coming out of a church. The priest scanned the ranks of the convicts as they filed past him with a sorrowful expression; he was evidently looking to see if the priest of Ste. Victoire was among them, for his supposed crime and his pardon were known far and wide by means of the daily papers.

At length his eyes fell on the object of his search; he recognized him more through his timid, shamed face than through his features, for the calamity that had overtaken him had altered and aged him sadly. The priest's countenance changed, and he raised his hands with a gesture of dismay. A blush of shame dyed Father Montmoulin's cheeks; he cast down his eyes; that was the last expression of sympathy that he would meet with for many a long day.

On board the Durance the convicts were confined in the hold, packed closely together, and chained at their benches to rings in the side of the vessel. As long as the vessel remained in the harbor they were not allowed to go on deck. Fancy all these men full of hatred and every evil passion, shut up together in this narrow, and almost dark space! And when after many weary hours had elapsed the engine began to throb and the screw to revolve, and the steamer, getting into open water began to roll as the waves, driven by a stiff south-west wind, broke against its sides, sea sickness, miserable enough under any circumstances, made itself felt in the crowded hold, the state of things became deplorable indeed.

What Father Montmoulin had to suffer in the company of these degraded criminals' beggars description. Happily, after a few days of almost insupportable misery, calmer weather set in, and the convicts were allowed to go on deck for at least several hours. The Durance had passed through the Isthmus of Suez, and was steaming south down the Red Sea. The heat increased day by day, and in the hold of the steamer it was hardly to be borne.

Whenever the order was given to the prisoners to go back to the ill-ventilated, unsavory place of confinement, Father Montmoulin felt as if he could endure his lot no longer. Already three of his unfortunate fellow-sufferers had thrown themselves overboard, in order to escape from their misery, and if the priest's faith in God, the sole disposer of life and death, and his belief in a life to come had been less firmly rooted, he also would have scarcely been able to resist the temptation of self-destruction.

Presently, when the vessel had reached the Indian Ocean, and was pursuing its course over the wide expanse of waters towards the south coast of Australia, Father Montmoulin became seriously ill, so that the ship's doctor ordered him to have a better berth assigned him, apart from the other convicts. For weeks he hovered between life and death in high fever. The doctor watching by his side when he was delirious, was astonished at the

pure and pious fancies that flitted across the diseased brain of his patient. He thought he was preaching in his parish church on the subject of the seal of the confessional; or he was catechizing the school children, and again confession and the secrecy to be observed was the theme of his instructions; or he was talking to his mother with filial affection and simplicity; once in his wanderings he fancied himself in court, and cried excitedly: "They will condemn me, and I cannot, I dare not say who did it." The doctor felt convinced that the man was innocent and intimidated as much as the Captain, very emphatically. The Captain shrugged his shoulders, and said: "Number 5,348 is the parish priest of Ste. Victoire, who was tried for murder. I read the whole account of the trial in the Figaro, and no doubt of his guilt was left on my mind. I confess it seems highly improbable that a man could keep up the part of a deceiver in a state of cellium. But granted that he were innocent, we could do nothing to alter his lot. You could not induce a Court of Justice in France to try the case over again on your psychological grounds."

"But we ought perhaps do something to make his lot less hard," the doctor replied.

"I can do nothing. I have the command of the ship, and I do not meddle in other men's business. If you chose, you can speak to the Commandant of the jail on the island, to whom I have to hand over the convicts, but I warn you, you will do so at the risk of being laughed to scorn." Then the Captain turned on his heel, and went off to his own cabin.

The Durance was nearing the straits which separate the southeast point of Australia from Tasmania. They had got in sight of Cape Wilson, which stretches far out into the wide passage, when Father Montmoulin, leaning on the doctor's arm, once more came up on deck.

"Is that the coast of my future home?" he asked with a melancholy smile.

"That is the most southerly point of Australia. We are a good distance from New Caledonia yet. I thought for some time, you would not reach your destination, but your strong constitution and your vigor have done you well in this invigorating sea breeze."

"Much better, thank you. But for your kind care I should now be lying at the bottom of the blue water."

"And you think it would be all the better for you if you had died? I can understand your feelings."

"I think it is all for the best as God has ordained; but I cannot deny that listening only to the voice of nature, I should infinitely prefer death to my present lot."

"Yet I am glad that I succeeded in pulling you through," the doctor rejoined. "The fact is I believe in your innocence, and I trust it may be made apparent some day."

The prisoner's countenance brightened. "God bless you for saying that," he replied, pressing the doctor's hand gratefully. "It is the first word of human sympathy that I have heard for weeks. I cannot venture to entertain the hope of obtaining justice on earth, but I look forward to it all the more confidently hereafter."

The doctor turned away, to hide the emotion that these words awoke within his breast. In common with many other medical students he had made shipwreck of his faith through the pernicious teaching of unbelieving lecturers. Now he was compelled to acknowledge that there was something sublime in the courage wherewith belief in the justice of God and in the immortality of the soul inspired a man. What would an unbeliever have done in the place of this priest? he asked himself. He would long ago have made away with himself in utter despair.

Could Father Montmoulin have foreseen that his patient endurance was the germ which ultimately bore fruit in the doctor's conversion, that knowledge would have given him far more pleasure than the kind words that were addressed to him.

Onwards sped the Durance, now in a north easterly direction, and ere long the mountain heights of New Caledonia appeared on the horizon. On the fifth day of the voyage the white foam that marked the coral reefs surrounding the island became visible. At a signal from the steamer a tiny boat came tossing on the waves, bearing the pilot, who was to guide the vessel through the dangerous entrance to the harbor, and before long the Durance cast anchor in the bay of the island of Noue, the peninsula Ducloux and the island of Noue. The convicts were all marshalled upon the deck; Father Montmoulin took his place among them, in iron like the meanest.

On the beach the barracks of the convict's prison stood in long rows, covered to right and left by the cannon of the forts, while the brown hills of the little island rose in the background. To the left, behind the bay in which lies Port de France, the chief town of New Caledonia, which was not discernible from the ship, the rocky summits of the large island rose to the clouds. A tropical sun poured its dazzling beams on this unfamiliar landscape, and even the most degraded criminal could not repress a sigh, as the thought rose in his mind how far his home was left behind. Father Montmoulin, at any rate, felt this keenly, when the vision of his country and all who were dear to him rose up before him, and he realized that half a hemisphere separated him from them, and he could not hope ever to see them again.

There was no time however to indulge in melancholy reflections just then. The Commandant of the island of Noue came on board, to take the convicts over into his charge. He inspected each one singly, man by man, or rather number by number, and No. 5,348 came in his turn.

"This convict was very ill on the voyage," the ship's doctor remarked.

"He does not appear to be accustomed to hard labor. I should advise his being given work in the hospital, for a time at least." Then he added, drop-

ping his voice: "He is a priest, and I fully believe him to be innocent."

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After this speech, which was uttered in a lower tone, but every word of which reached Father Montmoulin's ear, as he stood by the Commandant, the latter turned to the convicts, and said in a loud voice: "Attention! I give you all to understand that you have not been sent over here from France in order that you may live in idleness at the expense of the State, and I promise you, that if one of you fails to conform to the strict regulations of the place, I will lead him in the life of a dog. He shall be put out in the yard, and feet chained together, till he thinks he is in a frying pan. Do you understand? But those who are docile and willing to work, will have it made easier to them. So you can choose for yourselves. One thing more: It may occur to some of you, as it has to others before now, to make an attempt to escape. Now I tell you as a warning: First, all the sentries carry loaded muskets and have orders to shoot down any convict who is out of bounds. Secondly, the nearest land lies thousands of miles away to the west; and how many a man can swim from this shore to that, without a boat and without provisions, is his lookout, not mine. Thirdly, there are some skilful swimmers here, who are sometimes contrived to make good their escape. Well, I wish a pleasant voyage to those who imitate them. Most of the fugitives came back to the coast in a pitiable state of starvation, and gave themselves up at one or other of the French stations. I can assure you the reception they met with took away all desire to make another little holiday trip. Do you all understand? Right about, march!"

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THE SUCCESSFUL MAN.

Garth hath not anything to show more fair than Rostrevor on a summer eve, with Cloughmore rising from its wooded base a gray, lonely peak against the radiant sky. In this romantic spot Herbert Grey, in his fair young manhood had elected to spend their honeymoon.

At present Grey was figuring rather largely in the public eye as one of the leading men of a new colony, where, by a clever stroke of commercial enterprise, he had achieved an enormous fortune. He had returned to England to be lionized, feted and flattered in a style that made him look back with a curious shiver to the days when he had not always had enough to eat, and had wandered a friendless lad through Gila's streets in search of employment. Under the searchlight of critical investigation he revealed not a scrap of "side" or arrogance; he was found to be straightforward and unassuming, with the frank geniality of the colonist, and they related tales of his sturdy self-reliance of the Scot, and the one made an admirable background to the other.

Fashionable and "society" journals had been provided with abundance of "copy" by his marriage with Madge Moneriff whose family, though poor, was very old and proud. Those persons who always sneer at the successful man held that Grey would be posing as an aristocrat himself and going for a peerage; and they related tales of his early struggles with an air of implying that it would have been more to his credit had he remained in poverty stricken obscurity. They were also in a position to state that his marriage had been made by Miss Moneriff's scheming mother, who had simply sold her daughter to the highest bidder proceeding from which only money could be gained.

They might, perhaps, have thought that that prediction was being fulfilled if they had been able at this moment to see into the room where Madge was sitting in pensive solitude. She was realizing that it is a solemn, strange and perilous thing for a maid to become a wife. More intimate knowledge of Mr. Grey's qualities and character, which she had gained by long acquaintance, had produced liking and esteem, but the splendid dreams of young romance were over. She was married to a man of whom she knew very little, for whom she felt rather fear than love. Her consolation was in the belief that marriage is a sacrament, and that God would give her grace to do her duty.

There was an interruption—swift and rather heavy steps, and a smothering embrace, from which she extricated herself to gaze upon a lady with close-cropped hair, a sun-burned face crowned by a hard felt hat and surmounting it a "mannish" collar and tie; and she recognized Flora Winthrop, an old school friend, who lived apart from her husband and had made herself somewhat notorious of recent years by the liberty, not to say license she permitted her tongue and pen. From press and platform she advocated "women's rights," the chief of them being, in her view, the right to dissolve the marriage tie for any reason whatsoever. She was an old friend, however, and Madge's heart was looking to the past for comfort.

"My dear girl, what a tiny place the world is!" cried Flora. "Fancy us both selecting Rostrevor for our summer holiday! Congratulations! And please show me your very own husband."

"Mr. Grey is out," said Madge. And Flora shrieked: "Don't you know him well enough to call him by his Christian name, you little silly?" As Madge colored and looked down with brimming eyes, she added quietly: "Dearest, what is the matter? Aren't you happy? Is he a brute? For love of said lady, you, trust me and I'll soon straighten the angled threads."

"At times silence is a prison from which we long to escape. Madge, moreover, was touched by Flora's solitude. "I have nothing to complain of but my own ridiculous fancies," she said. "No doubt I ask too much from life, more than it has to give, and I should be well content with being the object of a sensible man's care and courtship."

"Is courtesy another name for indifference? One doesn't associate the former with a self-made man, you know. But isn't yours the ideal love match you always said you would make?"

"Circumstances are stronger than schoolgirls' vows, Flora. Mine was a marriage arranged." On the one hand madame, with so many daughters and debts and so little money, on the other Mr. Grey with his vast fortune and his ambition for social success. I dared not interpose my personal feelings between their plans. Now—well, now I wonder how I could marry a man who was content to take a wife for such reasons and on such terms as these?"

"At least you can spend his money, and that's always a pleasant pastime. I want you both to dine with me on Friday."

"Not on Friday, surely?" smiled Madge. "Haven't you better choose another day?"

"What's the matter with Friday? Good gracious, child, you don't mean to say that you cling to those silly old superstitions yet? You are far behind the times. It is many a day since I ceased to believe in God and the fables they told us at school."

Madge winced and shuddered. "What would you say of a person who bared an arm hideous with sores and ulcers and thrust it under your eyes?" she asked.

"I should say the person did a disgusting and offensive thing," declared Flora emphatically. "Why?"

"You have just done it to me," said Madge; and the other woman colored, paused, shrugged her shoulders and rejoined: "I grasp your meaning. Well, I won't exhibit my spiritual ulcers to you again, and you shall stay on Friday to your heart's content. But on Thursday I'll hope to see you and your husband."

Shortly after her departure Herbert Grey came in—a tall and sinewy man, with a shapely head, deep blue eyes and well-cut bronzed features. The construction of his fine black brows was a new development, and to Madge's undiminished perceptions it denoted temper. What had roused his wrath, she wondered.

"Mrs. Winthrop called," she said. "I don't know whether you have heard of her or not."

"Most people have, it strikes me," he interjected dryly; and Mad

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION, Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1906.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country.

Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes.

I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success. Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Believing you and wishing you success. Believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Lodi, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1906.

THE FRENCH CULTURAL ASSOCIATIONS.

It is sure that the Bishops of France have agreed upon a uniform procedure based upon what the Pope has directed to be done in case some priests and laymen participate in the election of cultural associations in the various parishes, but it is not sure what that procedure will be, and many of the statements which have been made in reference thereto have evidently no foundation in fact.

Neither the Pope nor the Bishops desire to come into open conflict with the State, and we may presume that if certain associations can be formed which can be worked in harmony with the full exercise of Episcopal authority, they may be tolerated. In fact the Holy Father himself made this statement in his letter to the Bishops, but as such a condition can not be fulfilled without large concessions from the State, it is difficult to conceive what form such concessions may take, as there are not at present any diplomatic relations existing between the Pope and the Government. Something may be done, however, to restore these relations before the law will take effect in December. It is certain that the Holy Father will not accede to any arrangement which will destroy or weaken the authority of the Bishops in their dioceses, as is intended by the Government in its present honor.

Many of the assertions which have been made on this matter have been wild, and far from the truth. Thus it was reported by cablegrams that the Pope is about to issue a bull against priests and other Catholics who presume to participate in any way in the formation of a League of French Catholics which is now being organized with the object of forming cultural associations to take possession of Church property for the purpose of administering it under and in accordance with the law separating Church and State.

We are told by a later telegram from Paris that this statement has no foundation in fact. Other statements come to us that a number of cultural associations have already been established, some of these having appointed excommunicated or suspended priests to take charge of the parishes. This may possibly have been done in a few instances, the details of which have not reached us, but certainly, if this be done at all, true Catholics will give no countenance to such intruded priests, but will go to whatever hall or house may be selected for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass by priests in communion with and properly submissive to their Bishops and the Pope. True Catholics will not go to schismatic or heretical churches on any mandate of the Government, even though it were a Government professing to be Catholic. Still less will they do so under command of the Atheists who now rule the country.

December will certainly be a critical month for the Church in France, but even though the priests and their congregations are compelled to take refuge in barns or caves, they will cling to the one Church which Christ established, and which has for its supreme head the successor of St. Peter, who rules the Church by Christ's appointment. There may be schisms and heresies, and the worldly-minded and the proud may follow such, but Christ's promise will be fulfilled that the gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church, but that He will remain with her until the consummation of the world.

There have been more critical times in the nineteen centuries of the Church's existence even than the present, and the Church has emerged from them victorious and triumphant, and we are fully satisfied that the issue of the present struggle will be a repetition of what has been in the past, that Christ will bring back most of his errant sheep to His fold, that there may be at last one fold and one Shepherd.

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THE ENGLISH EDUCATION BILLS.

The Bishops of England have united in sending to the House of Lords a letter which was read in all the Catholic churches and chapels a couple of Sundays ago, asking that the Government and the House of Commons amend the Education Bill which is now before that House. This pastoral letter asserts that this Bill perpetuates and extends many inequalities which already existed in part ever since the Education Act of 1870 became law, and the conditions imposed by the new law will be more oppressive on Catholics than any they have suffered for a very long period.

Three things are asked for: Catholic schools for Catholic children, Catholic teachers, and effective Catholic oversight of all that pertains to religious teaching and influence.

Under the law as it stands already, public aid is refused to one half of the Catholic schools, though rates have been levied on Catholics, part of which will be devoted to a religious teaching alien from and opposed to the teachings of the Catholic Church.

They point out that existing Catholic schools will be starved to death by the action of the Liberal Government, in defiance of all the principles to which it owes its appellation.

"We are told," the Bishops continue "that we must trust to the goodwill and fairness of the local authorities. Such assurances are unworthy of being called serious legislation. They add: "Our public appeal now lies to the House of Lords, and we call upon members of that House to prevent the injustice which is contemplated, and to see that fair treatment is meted out to all parents alike without violating the religious convictions of any."

It is now seen that the Nonconformists, who are the chief supporters of the recent laws passed by the House of Commons, are satisfied to have that kind of religion taught in the schools which suits them, which is secularism pure and simple, while they will not allow Catholics or Anglicans to have schools in which their children will be taught in accordance with their religious convictions.

It cannot be supposed that this glaring injustice will last long.

THE POPE'S HEALTH.

It will be interesting to our readers to learn that whereas on the one hand we have quite recently been told in the Mail and Empire's special despatches from Rome, that the Holy Father Pope Pius has been losing his activity of late, having become inert, and that, contrary to the advice of his physicians, he has become a confirmed wine-bibber, who will not be controlled by wiser heads, the most recent authentic accounts by the associated press reporters state that the contrary to all this is the truth. A despatch dated 13th October says: "The Pope, who is in perfect health, received many people in private audience to-day, including Archbishop Mazzella of Rossano, Italy, also the following Bishops from Canada: viz., Bishops E. Grouard, Apostolic Vicar of Athabaska, Joseph A. Archambault of Joliette, and E. J. Legal of St. Albert.

With Mgr. Grouard the Pope had a long conference on matters concerning the Church in Canada, and especially in the newly settled provinces and territories of the Canadian Northwest.

He also received many Canadian pilgrims who were introduced by the Bishop of Joliette.

The Holy Father, too, performed the usual duties which devolve upon him in his daily occupations.

We had occasion to state when the special despatch concerning the Holy Father's "inertia and wine-bibbing" appeared in the columns of the Mail, that no credit was due to it. We are, therefore, happy to be able to contradict it now on incontrovertible authority.

We do not mean to deny that the

Pope's advanced age enfeebles him from time to time, especially when he undergoes heavy labors, but this does not justify calumniators in making false statements in regard to him. With them "the wish is father to the thought."

It will be seen by the above statement that the Holy Father takes special interest in the state of the Church in Canada; nevertheless he is interested in the matters which concern the Church in all parts of the world, as is shown by the reports of his reception of Bishops, priests, and laymen from the most distant countries every day.

THE CHURCH UNION QUESTION.

The Western Congregational Association held its regular meeting in Watford on October 9th, at which about thirty churches were represented. This was considered to be a good turnout of delegates, as the Congregationalists are not a numerous body in Canada, and there are many large districts in which there are few or no churches belonging to that body. Nevertheless, as this is one of the three bodies which are expected to unite at an early date to form but one denomination in Canada, it will be of considerable interest to learn the conditions of union which will be acceptable to them when the union takes place. This is shown by the resolution passed at this meeting, and which is identical with that of the Congregational Union of Canada, and setting forth that the united Church must have "a simple creed, which will be experimental and devotional rather than theological."

This theological means that the creed of the new church shall demand from its members a belief in the fewest possible dogmas of religion, an end which can be attained only by throwing to the fishes all the distinctive doctrines of the sects forming the union.

But it cannot be denied that distinctive doctrines were taught by Christ in the sermon on the mount, in the institution of the sacraments, and the explanation of the parables of which he made use in order to teach us the way of salvation.

Thus when the Pharisees and Herodians made up a party to entrap our Lord by asking Him doctrinal questions which they supposed would puzzle Him to answer, as they were of opinion that whatever answer He might give would either alienate the affections of the people from Him, or lead to His arrest by the Roman authorities as a disturber, He did not hesitate to tell what should be done.

His questioners asked Him: "Master, we know that Thou art a true speaker, and teachest the way of God in truth; neither carest Thou for any man. . . . Tell us, therefore, is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not?"

"But Jesus calling for a current coin asked: whose image and inscription is this? They say to Him, Caesar's. Then He said to them: 'Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and to God the things that are God's.'" (St. Matt. xxii. 16-21.)

There was no hiding away of moral teaching here. He told them plainly what was to be done, and, further, He declares that to His Apostles the Holy Ghost will give a full knowledge of all truth, as He Himself had done already. (St. John xiv. 16-20; xv. 26-27; xvi. 13.)

The nature of the case shows that the truths of which our Blessed Lord speaks here are those which affect the way of salvation, and these are the same truths which are to be taught by His Apostles to all mankind; for "all power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them, etc. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (St. Matt. xxviii. 18-20.)

There is no provision here for a multitude of denominations or sects, nor even for a union of sects on the simplest possible creed platform, such as that for which the Congregational union cries out so loudly. The unity which our Blessed Lord requires is that unity which comes down from the Apostles, and includes that Apostolic succession in the ministry which is specially repudiated by the three denominations proposing to become one. It is repudiated because they know well that they do not and cannot have it. Therefore, they argue, it is not needed.

A unity of doctrine is also needed; and this is to be attained, not by ceasing to teach "the faith once delivered to the Saints," but by showing that this faith has been taught constantly in the Church from the time when Christ committed to His Apostles the duty to teach it to all nations, and made St. Peter His chief apostle whose faith should not fail, but who should confirm the brethren therein, no matter how fearfully Satan by his wiles should endeavor to weaken it: for on St. Peter depended chiefly the duty to feed the lambs and sheep of Christ's flock. (St. Luk. xxii. 31; St. John xxi. 15-17.)

It is thoroughly understood, especially by the Presbyterians, that to bring about the proposed union they must abandon the doctrines of predestination and infant reprobation; and they are prepared for this, for the reason that, within the growing up of the present generation, the Presbyterians have ceased to believe these doctrines, and the Congregationalists have done the same. Hence, though a good deal has been said of the sacrifices made by Presbyterians for the sake of union, the actual sacrifice made is wonderfully small, but the course which is being followed can give neither an Apostolic ministry to the united Church, nor can the mutilation of doctrines as effected by the union committee transform three Churches which reject the creeds they have hitherto believed into the one Church of Christ which should have taught Christ's true doctrine in the past and present, as well as in the future time.

At the Methodist Home Mission, which held its sessions recently at Toronto, the question of French Evangelization in Quebec was discussed, and the facts brought out that the French-Canadian mission work, which has been going on for many years, has been a complete failure. The opinion was generally expressed that, considering the large amount of money given every year toward evangelization purposes, the results were poor. In fact the Board was generally of the opinion that the aid to French missions in that province should be spent to better advantage and thus more tangible results secured. It was explained by the French Mission Secretary that a large number every year affiliate themselves from the Roman Catholic Church and become Methodists, but that these persons do not become Protestants by conviction. They become Protestants in order to escape paying the tithes which are collectible from Catholics, and make poor Protestants. The opinion was expressed freely that the money given by the Home Missions Board to provide for such converts would be much better spent if it were devoted to foreign missions or the missions of the Canadian North-West.

We have been accustomed to see annual glowing reports of the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist missions to the French-Canadians, and they were nearly always highly colored to represent that the Catholic faith is dying out in the Province of Quebec. The Canadian decennial census has proved the contrary of all this; but it is only by representing the great strides which Protestantism of various forms is making among the people of that province that cash for their evangelization purposes can be drawn from the pockets of the adherents of these various sects in Ontario and the other Protestant provinces of the Dominion. The decennial censuses of past years have shown a decline in the ratio of increase of Protestant population of Quebec for several decades past; and even down to the present moment a discussion is going on in the columns of the Montreal Daily Witness in regard to the "decline of Protestantism in the Province." The actual decline is conceded by the disputants on both sides, but the causes of that decline are discussed in a very sprightly manner.

Some years ago it was maintained in some Ontario journals that this decline was occasioned by an insidious and persistent conspiracy which had for its leaders the cures of the province, who so managed matters that the Protestants were harassed into selling their farms to the growing up French-Canadian young men, who then settled upon the newly acquired property, put the Protestants out and obliged them to settle elsewhere.

We remember well many articles which appeared in our columns at that time disproving the assertions of these journals, and showing that it was the desire of the Protestants themselves to seek their fortunes elsewhere, which influenced them by degrees to go westward, after selling their farms in Quebec, which tended to Catholicize many townships, and even some counties which many years before were English and Protestant have become French and Catholic.

In the present discussion in the Montreal Witness, it is fully admitted by all the disputants that the Protestant settlements which are found here and there throughout the province are everywhere well treated by their Catholic neighbors, and that the causes of the decline are not such as have been put forth in the past by some Ontario journals for political effect.

Many Protestants have left Quebec because they prefer Protestant surroundings: others, because the Protestants of the locality have become so few that they are unable, even with the aid given by the government to all schools, to support special Protestant schools in their locality. Some have left because they believe that their prospects of be-

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coming wealthy are greater in the West, and for other causes. We must add here that we have good reason to believe that a considerable part of the decline has arisen from the fact that, though great efforts were made by some politicians to create a high wall of separation between the Catholics and Protestants in Quebec, those who attempted to create dissensions between the two classes, Catholics and Protestants, were found out to be demagogues who over-reached themselves, and the result was that their motives were found out to have originated in self-interest. Thus, instead of political hatred arising out of the situation, the Protestant minority itself, on discovering the illusion set before them, gradually amalgamated with their French Canadian neighbors and often became even more French than the French Canadians themselves, and finally disappeared by being absorbed into the French and Catholic population around them.

This, as well as the other causes mentioned above, have been assigned by some of the writers in the discussion going on in the Montreal Witness.

Here we must add that all this was attested in the most direct way by the Protestant members of Parliament from Quebec, who so fully admitted these causes, that, with the exception of one member, all the Protestant members of Quebec, Conservative as well as Liberal, who are in Parliament, voted for the educational clauses of the Autonomy Bill of the North-West Provinces, because, as they said, they had themselves received from the Catholic majority of their own province the fullest justice and most liberal treatment possible in regard to education. Gratitude alone should bring them to do for Catholics in the North-West what a Catholic majority had done for them.

STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

It is well known to our readers that year after year remarkable cures of all manner of diseases have been effected at shrines of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin Mary, and other Saints in many parts of the world. Among the more notable of these places of special devotion may be mentioned the holy places in Jerusalem which were sanctified by the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, and which were the scenes where some of the principal mysteries of the Christian religion took place. One of these is the sacred staircase which led to the hall where Pilate pronounced the decree which condemned our Blessed Lord to death. This memento of Christ was brought to Rome, where it is still, and is visited daily by hundreds of visitors who ascend it on their knees, and come down by another way after prostrating themselves in adoration of God, who for us became Man, and suffered on the cross. At Bethlehem, the Church of the Nativity of Jesus is still visited by thousands of pious pilgrims, and in Jerusalem the Way of the Cross is constantly visited in like manner and Christ is adored devoutly by multitudes on the very spot where He was crucified.

Among the shrines dedicated to the Blessed Virgin are the Basilicas and Churches of Loretto, Lourdes, Montmartre in Paris, and Mary the Guardian of Marseille.

Notable among these shrines are also St. James of Compostella in Spain and St. Mary's Church of Guadalupe, Mexico.

The well attested miracles which have been vouchsafed by Almighty God at these places are an undeniable testimony to the truth of the Catholic Church, which has always held that sacred relics are to be venerated, as their veneration has the seal of God, who on these occasions makes manifest their sanctity.

There are several well known shrines in America, but the best known in North America is that of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, near Quebec. Not a year passes in which there is lacking much evidence that God wishes his saints to be honored by His faithful people.

On one day of this year, August 6th, five thousand visitors were at this shrine when the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up. Among them was a party of fifty American tourists, who should rather be called pilgrims, and this multitude were eye-witnesses of a great miracle performed in the Basilica.

A cripple was just finishing a novena, or devotion of nine days. To end this devotion he walked up the middle aisle of the church on crutches. He knelt for a while in prayer before the altar, and in a few minutes got up, and, being completely cured, he walked away, leaving his crutches behind him. The party of fifty Americans were among those who witnessed this fact, and we are told that many of the women especially were affected to tears at having witnessed so positive a proof of the power of the prayers of God's saints, and especially of Ste. Anne.

We have not learned whether there was any medical inspection in this case, but the facts cannot be doubted, as

they were witnessed by thousands, and they were only one example of what occurs frequently at this renowned shrine.

INFIDELITY'S WAR ON CHRISTIANITY.

A despatch from Paris states that the members of the French Government at a cabinet meeting held recently, took up the question of the application of the Separation Law.

It now appears that the bold front which has been put on by the Government is but a mask, and a glimpse of what is behind the mask was recently given when M. Clemenceau announced that the Government will enforce the law, but will at the same time make provision that there shall be no martyrs on the occasion.

Are we to conclude that the Government is in a quandary? The despatch adds that strong differences of opinion have arisen between members of the Government in regard to the enforcement of the Law which is calculated to cause general resistance throughout the country.

A few weeks ago one of the Bishops told his people in a pastoral letter that the whole body of Bishops and priests throughout France are ready and willing to suffer hunger and persecution even to death for God and the Faith of Christ.

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A MENACE TO THE COUNTRY'S PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

In the Toronto Globe of Oct. 19th appeared a very remarkable editorial. In calling attention to the death of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, wife of the late President of the Southern Confederacy, the editor draws attention to the fact that "the bitterness of the mighty struggle has largely disappeared. In the haste of magnificent progress the republic has left those great historical events so far behind that they seem like records preserved from a past age, and it requires a reminder from some of the actual participants or spectators to help us realize that the mighty struggle was within our own time."

The Globe then draws the following parallel between Canada and the United States well worthy of consideration:

"In Canada we still celebrate the battle of the Boyne, and the anniversary is marked in Ireland by renewals of the rancor and bitterness of an historic struggle. Two hundred years have not softened the hostility and antagonism of the opposing elements in that political and sectarian conflict. While this antagonism is kept alive as a thing of yesterday, and the battles and engagements are kept fresh in the public mind, the great struggle for human liberty in the trial times of the republic is passing into forgetfulness, and the men who faced each other on the field feel no remaining trace of their once destructive hostility. Our neighbors have shown an excellent capacity for forgetting, and their example is worthy of emulation. Compared with the great clash of arms which they have so splendidly forgotten, the engagements of two hundred years ago, so unfortunately remembered and publicly celebrated, were mere skirmishes. This should make it all the easier for those who have inherited the bitterness of the earlier struggle to forget it and unite in a warmer and truer friendship. The men who defeated the forces of the Southern Confederacy in the struggle for freedom do not celebrate their victory nor engage in any demonstration likely to keep alive the fires of hatred and antagonism. The soothing influence of good industrial conditions and general commercial activity has certainly helped them, and they are already moving forward with a spirit of unity. So far as their example can help us to bury our lingering antagonisms of creed and race we should endeavor to adopt it as a guiding principle."

It is encouraging to note the outspoken condemnation of Orangism by thoughtful, intelligent and prominent Protestants of the Dominion. They recognize the fact that the existence of this society adds no strength to, and reflects no credit upon, Protestantism. Those who read its official organ and study its methods will unhesitatingly arrive at the conclusion that the main object of its existence in Canada is to provide a means whereby mediocrity may be enabled to occupy a prominent, even if not creditable place, in the minds of the public. It would be far from the truth to state that the average Orangeman cares a farthing for the memory of the battle of the Boyne, and why he should set himself upon the ramparts, with gun in hand, as the defender of Protestantism, when he is not often seen inside a Protestant church, and is seldom known to contribute a dollar toward its maintenance, is one of the puzzles of the day. There will be a Dr. Sprone, a Sam Hughes, and a Hocking so long as there are "innocents abroad." Those who are made to believe that the Catholic Church would, were it not for the existence of the Orange association, deprive us of civil and religious liberty, belong to the class who purchase shabby cloth and wooden nutmegs.

EDITORS WHO ARE COARSE.

It is to be deplored when there appears an evidence of coarseness and unfairness in the utterances of our Canadian newspaper press. The Toronto papers, notably the Mail and Empire, are, we regret to say, frequent offenders in this regard. At the Home Rule meeting recently held in that city, some person, it is said, raised a hiss when "God Save the King" was played, and thereupon one of the editors of the Toronto Mail and Empire, having been asked if he were at the meeting, made reply as follows:

"I should no more think of attending a Home Rule meeting than I should think of going to a monkey show. The tramp patriots (meaning, of course, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., and the Hon. Daniel O'Connor of Australia) got abroad calling meetings when they can. They fog the dead horse, froth out the usual amount of national blather, call a collection, tear up the Union Jack, and hiss our national anthem. Then Pat goes dancing home."

And is this the same Mail and Empire which declared in its prospectus that it was to be published by gentlemen for gentlemen.

At nearly every public meeting one or more persons are accustomed to bring themselves into prominence by imbeciling behavior. This might have been the case at the Home Rule meeting in Toronto. But why should our contemporary make such ado about

this occurrence when he said not a word in condemnation of the Orange body in Belfast, when they solemnly decided at a public meeting that they would kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne if Ireland were granted self-government. The board of directors of the Toronto Mail and Empire owe an apology to the Irish people of Canada for this lapse of one of its editors, let us charitably say, in a moment of weakness. If it does not come, and come quickly, we trust every Irishman in Canada, Protestant as well Catholic, will do what many men should do under the circumstances. The law does not compel us to buy the wares of those who insult us.

THE RACE FOR THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

CARDINAL GIBBONS RESUMES HIS MONTHLY SERMONS IN BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL.

Baltimore, October 8. "The Race for the Kingdom of Heaven" was the subject of Cardinal Gibbons' sermon at the Cathedral Sunday morning. It was the Cardinal's first sermon at the Cathedral since he left his summer vacation, and the edifice was thronged with worshippers.

The Cardinal preached with his usual force and vigor, saying: "St. Paul raises the Corinthians for their faithful correspondence with the grace of God, so that they are rich in faith and in the practice of good works."

"In the same epistle he stimulates them to renewed efforts in co-operating with the gifts of God, and he calls their attention to the Olympic games, which took place in Corinth and other cities of ancient Greece. Among those games there was one in which a number of athletes entered the lists as contestants in a foot race. These competitors, as the apostle remarks, were subjected to a very severe regimen several days before the race began. They were compelled to eat sparingly, and were restricted to the plainest and coarsest food, being forbidden all kinds of delicacies. They were obliged to abstain from sensual gratifications, which were calculated to weaken their bodies and lessen their chances of success. The successful competitor was crowned with laurels by the judges and greeted with the plaudits of the multitude."

"St. Paul, with admirable tact, takes occasion to remind his dear Corinthians that they also are candidates for a prize; that they also have a race to run—a race immediately more important than that of the Olympic exercises. He tells them that life is the race course on which they have to run; that death is the goal; that their degree of sanctity is the measure of their speed; that the invisible angels and saints are the spectators of the contest; that God Himself is their judge, and that a crown of immortal glory is their recompense."

"Now, if these contestants, adds the apostle, abstain from enervating pleasures and sensual gratifications for the sake of a little temporal glory, will you, O Corinthians, refuse to lead a life of self-denial and holiness, who have a higher and more lasting reward to expect? Every one that striveth for the mastery abstaineth himself from all things, and they indeed that they may gain a corruptible crown, we an incorruptible one."

TRIALS OF CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENTIAL HONORS.

"Let me present to you another illustration with which you are more familiar. I refer to our quadrennial Presidential elections. Although two years will elapse before the next election, there are already several prospective candidates in the field. One evening a few months ago, in Washington, I had the honor of conversing separately with six distinguished statesmen, all of whom are available candidates for the Presidency. I found them all in a receptive mood, and any one of them, in my judgment, would fill the office with credit to himself and with honor to his country."

EVERY CANDIDATE THAT IS TO BE NOMINATED WILL LEAVE NO STONE UNTURNED TO INSURE HIS VICTORY.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars will be expended where they will do the most good. An army of campaign orators will advocate the claims of their respective champions in every part of the country. All the candidates will be compelled to stand on the pillory to be lashed with the scourge of vituperation. Their family record will be searched, and all their shortcomings and those of their forefathers will be laid bare. And if the record is not dark enough, it will be blackened by the brush of calumny. Indeed, a man never discovers what a miscreant he is till he has the temerity to run for a public office. Oh, my brethren, if you add I were to endure so much for the crown of eternal glory we would be regarded as idiotic or fanatical."

THREE POINTS OF DIFFERENCE.

"Now, I observe three important points of difference between the candidates for Presidential honors and the aspirants to the kingdom of heaven."

"First. The Presidential candidates know from the very outset that only one of them will be successful, and that all the others will be defeated and all their efforts thrown away. 'All run, but only one receiveth the prize.' But the candidates for immortal glory can all be victorious if they make proper exertions. The victory of one does not involve the defeat of the others. The apostle implies this in his epistle. He does not say, 'So run ye that one may obtain.' But he does say, 'So run ye that you (all) may obtain.' Our Heavenly Father has crowns ready for each of you. His prizes are inexhaustible. Again he says: 'I run not at an uncertainty. I so fight not as one beating the air. I know that there is laid up for me a crown of glory which the Lord, the Just Judge, will give unto me on that day, and not to me only, but to them also who love His coming.'"

for the Presidency enjoys his honors only for four short years, after which he retires to the obscurity of private life. But the candidate for heavenly honors inherits an eternal recompense. They indeed receive a corruptible crown, we an incorruptible one. Your joy no man shall take from you."

"The red, Presidential honors, even while they wait, are full of cares and anxieties. The more precious the crown the more heavily it presses on the brow of him that wears it. 'Un-easy lies the head that wears a crown.' The cares even of a Pope are poorly compensated by the splendor of a tiara. Pope Adrian IV, the only English Pontiff that sat in the chair of Peter, opened his heart one day to a friend and said to him: 'In my cell I have tasted happiness for in my ascent to greatness at every step I have been harassed by additional cares. Observers might deem the tiara a shining crown, but I find it a burning one.'"

WHEN POPE PIUS X. WRET.

"And I myself can testify, for I was an eye witness of the scene which I describe. I can bear witness that Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, now Pius X., when he saw that he was threatened with the burden of the Papacy, with tears in his eyes, made most earnest and pathetic appeal to his colleagues, to be relieved from a yoke too heavy for him to bear."

"On the other hand, the joys of the victorious aspirant to heaven are without any alloy of bitterness or solicitude. 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and shall be no more, nor mourning, nor wailing, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away.' But you will say to me: it is impossible for me to attain that sanctity which you commend. The temptations incident to my business or professional affairs and my domestic vexations are an insuperable bar to that purity of soul and tranquillity of heart which are essential to union with God. I should have to retire from active life in order to escape my daily delinquencies. I am a merchant, for instance. I am tempted to overestimate the value of my goods if I don't exaggerate their price, I am in danger of losing my customers and of being over-reached by an enterprising rival in the trade. I am a lawyer. I am tempted to encourage my client's suit, though I regard the case as a hopeless one. I am a physician. I have to deal with some patients whose only disease is a morbid imagination. I am disposed to humor them, and to prescribe some firm or some narcotic pills which cannot remove a disease which does not exist. I am a contractor, and the competition has been so close that I feel inclined to use inferior materials in the construction of the building. Or, I am in the service of others, and for a lack of what I consider a just compensation for my labor I am tempted to appropriate to my own use the funds of my employers. Or, there is a member of my family of so disagreeable temper that I am habitually irritated and provoked to resentment."

FINDS ANSWER TO EXCUSES.

"In answer to these several excuses I can say that there is no trade or profession or honest avocation which is essentially at variance or incompatible with the integrity of Christian life. For God wishes all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth. And we know that there is no salvation without sanctification."

"When John the Baptist was preaching the gospel of penance along the banks of the Jordan, among those that went to hear him were soldiers and tax-gatherers. Now, there is no class of persons who are more exposed to the temptation of deeds of violence and injustice than military men and collectors of tribute. Did John command them to renounce their calling? Did he say to them, Give up your business? Get ye to a monastery? Become hermits with me in the desert? By no means. He simply exhorted them to live within their lines of duty, and to abstain from injustice and oppression."

"To pursue this subject a little farther. Two elements are essential and sufficient for a life of righteousness: First, the grace of God; second, the correspondence of our own free will with His grace."

"God's grace will never be wanting to us. To every one He says what He declared to Paul. 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' And each one of us can say with the same apostle, 'I can do all things in Him that comforteth me.' God bestows His grace on each of us according to our respective needs and condition. 'There are diversities of graces,' says St. Paul, 'but the same Spirit; there are diversities of ministers, but the same Lord; there are diversities of operations, but one God, Who worketh all in all.' The same God Who gives us grace to perform our ministerial functions gives us grace to fulfil our daily avocations of life. The same God that sanctifies my prayer sanctifies my labor. Labor is prayer when it is consecrated to God."

FREE WILL A PRECIOUS GIFT.

"God has endowed each of you with the gift of free will. We hear now and then of persons being betrayed into sin by hypnotic influence. But neither men nor devils can hypnotize you will so long as you resist them. Man may assail and destroy the temple of the body, but your free will, enshrined in the sanctuary of the soul is beyond his reach, unless you voluntarily surrender it."

"Herod had power to bind John the Baptist, to cast him into prison and cut off his head; but he was not able to deprive him of his free will. The procurator bade defiance to the tyrant. 'Even the pagan poet, Horace, declares that the just man who is conscious of right principles cannot be swerved from the path of duty against his will. 'Neither the shouts of the populace, nor the frown of the tyrant, nor the rage of the elements, nor Jove's thunderbolt can shake him. Though the heavens fall, the ruins will strike him undismayed.'"

"Sanctity, therefore, is not impossible. In the vocabulary of a Christian there should be no such word as impossibility when it is a question of personal righteousness. If holiness of life

were beyond your reach, vain would be your hope and vain would be your preaching. You would be wasting your time in coming to church and hearing the Word of God."

"God never commands impossibilities. He knows full well what you are capable of accomplishing. Now, God commands each one of you to be holy. 'Be ye holy,' He says, 'for I the Lord your God am holy.' This is the will of God, your sanctification. He counsels you to aim even at perfection. 'Be ye perfect even as your Heavenly Father is perfect.' Nay, He exhorts you to advance higher and higher in the region of Christian perfection. 'Let him that is just be justified still more. Let him that is holy be sanctified still more.'"

SANCTITY NOT DIFFICULT.

"I will even add that sanctity is not only practicable, but is not so difficult when we consider the graces and helps at our disposal. 'Take upon you My yoke,' says our Lord, 'for My yoke is sweet and My burden is light.' Sweet is the yoke which Christ puts on us, and light is the burden which He bears with us. 'This is the love of God,' says St. John, 'that ye keep His commandments, and His commandments are not heavy.' I may apply to the subject of your sanctification what Moses said of the Decalogue: 'This commandment which I command thee this day is not above thee nor far off from thee. Nor is it in heaven that thou shouldst say: Which of us can go up to heaven to bring it unto us? Nor is it beyond the sea that thou mayest excuse thyself and say: Which of us can cross the sea and bring it unto us that we may hear and do that which is commanded? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart that thou mayest do it.'"

"Have you not the assurance of God's help in the combat? And if God is with you, who can be against you? When the servant of Elishae beheld an army with chariots and horses sent by the King of Syria to capture his master he was filled with despair; but the man of God said to his servant: 'Fear not for there are more with us than with them.' And the Lord opened the eyes of the servant, and he beheld a heavenly host surrounding the prophet of the Lord. Fear not, brethren, though demons contend against you, the angels of God are fighting more powerfully for you. You have the same help that was given to the saints in their earthly campaign, and they had to pass through the ordeal of temptations which now assail you."

"Let us, therefore, be firm in will and fervent and diligent in prayer and ask of God the precious gift of holiness. In the words of St. Paul, 'Forgetting the things that are behind, let us stretch forth to those that are before and press towards the mark to the supernatural vocation of God in Christ Jesus.'"

A DEVOTION EXPLAINED.

The following letter was recently received at the True Voice Office: Editor True Voice—Rev. Dear Sir: We live several miles away from any Catholic Church, in the western part of Nebraska. Would you be so kind, for the benefit of a few isolated families, to explain fully the Devotion of the Sacred Heart? We want to know fully what this devotion is, what are its principles, and its underlying motives?—A Subscriber."

The writer of the above letter makes a rather comprehensive request and a demand on our space which we could not satisfy in any one edition. We will, however, divide the answer into two or three sections and publish them in different issues. If we answer the questions: What is the Sacred Heart? What is the devotion of the Sacred Heart, and what is the authority for this devotion? We shall probably be able to satisfy the enquirer."

What is the Sacred Heart? The answer to this question is that the Sacred Heart is the real substantial, human heart that beat in the breast of our Divine Lord while He was here on earth and is now in glory in Heaven. The real heart of flesh and blood? Yes, the real heart of flesh and blood, and not a symbol or figure, although symbolism is also used in connection with the devotion, and this will be explained."

The ceremonies of the Church are full of symbolism. A symbol is one thing which represents or interprets another. We stand to sing praise. We kneel to show our repentance, and to pray. We sign ourselves with the sign of the cross as a symbol of our belief in the mystery of the Holy Trinity."

Now, all these actions, beside being prayers in themselves, are symbols of something deeper and more important than the mere actions themselves. I could pray, or make the most fervent act of contrition without kneeling. I could have the most firm faith in the greatest of all mysteries—that of the Most Holy Trinity—without making the sign of the cross. And so on through not only our own personal devotion and religious life, but also of all ceremonies of the Church."

Why does a nun wear the habit and veil? Could not one be a good religious without these? Why, for instance, are all the pictures and statues in church covered with violet cloth during Holy Week? It is symbolic of our grief at the sufferings of our Divine Lord during His passion. And why violet clothes rather than white, or green, or any other color? Because violet the world over is said to symbolize sorrow and grief."

In fact, this symbolism enters into our natural lives and very existence. Why does a person wear black clothes and crepe? It symbolizes the sorrow felt for the death of one near and dear to that person. And why does a bride wear white at a wedding? Is it not to symbolize the joy that is in her heart? For the same reason we fill our houses and adorn our altars in May to show our joy at the return of our Lady's month. In fact, we live in a world of symbolism. The very words we use are only symbols or signs of our ideas, for the name of a thing is not the thing itself."

Our Divine Lord, in these later

times, desiring to see in the world a more earnest and filial love and devotion to Himself as the Christ, the God-man, revealed to a very holy nun—the Blessed Margaret Mary—this His strong desire.

Being infinitely wise, He knew the nature and tendency of the human mind to attach symbolical meanings to things, and in these revelations He used His heart, which is to teach men a personal love for Himself."

Every one knows that the heart is always regarded as the seat of the affections. It is so regarded because it is the most sensitive organ of the body to the impressions of the soul. Great joy, for instance, is not experienced in my hand or my foot. It is felt in my soul. Now, the soul is so intimately connected with the body which it informs and vivifies that any emotion of the soul is reflected, as it were, on the body, and that part of the body which is most sensitive and most responsive to the soul's emotions is the part which is quickest affected. And that part is the heart. This can easily be proved. A person receives a great fright. We know very well that the hand or the foot is not frightened; but it is the heart that is frightened. Owing to the close connection which we have mentioned between the soul and the body, this fright of the soul will sometimes so influence the heart that it will stand still. Then the face turns pale, because the heart is not pumping up the blood to keep it red under the sudden effect of fear. Sometimes the heart is so affected that it ceases to beat altogether and the person faints or even dies."

The soul, on another occasion, receives the impression of an exceedingly great joy. The sensitive organ—the heart—is affected, and it beats with extra vigor under the impulse of this great joy. Do we not talk of the "heart ache" for sorrow, or grief, or remorse? Do we not say that hope deferred "maketh the heart sick"? Is it not a common expression to call a person loved by another that person's "sweet heart" or that one loves with his "whole heart"? Thus our correspondent may see that the heart is always regarded as the seat of the affections, because it is the first organ of the body which is affected by the emotions of the soul."

World wide and all time experience proves that there is no stronger emotion in the soul than love. The heart, then, is always taken for a symbol of love. Those who have ever received a Valentine know that: The love which makes the heart beat is not merely a poetic formula; it is also a physical reality. All this far is an argument from nature—from the natural order of things, for we know that the heart always stands for love."

What, then, is meant by the Sacred Heart, and what does it stand for? "My soul, give Me thy heart," says our Divine Lord, and we know that means, "Give me the affections of your will," and we are aware that the will is a faculty of the soul and not an organ of the body."

As the heart, as has been explained, stands for love, so the Sacred Heart—by which is meant the actual, living heart of Jesus Christ—stands for the love of Jesus Christ, although we must not forget that His Heart is itself an object of our profoundest and highest affection. The actual human, beating, throbbing Heart of Jesus is presented to us both for our worship, and as a type and picture of the overmastering, all-absorbing love with which Christ is inflamed for us. The Sacred Heart, then—adorable in itself—is an exposition and at the same time an epitome of all that Jesus Christ has done for all mankind and for each individual.—True Voice.

TOTAL ABSTAINERS AND "MODERATION."

The following article is an extract from an extended address by Rev. F. Mueller, C. P. S., Professor of Philosophy at St. Charles Seminary, Carthage, Ohio, delivered at the annual anniversary of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union at Columbus, Ohio. The entire address was a strong arraignment of the drink habit, and a tremendous argument for total abstinence as the only remedy for the evil. All true Catholics were urged to enroll under the banner of total abstinence from all that intoxicates.

"Teach moderation!" I hear you say. That is very nice in theory. But experience tells us that it is in vain. Cardinal Manning for a while suffered under this illusion that "preaching moderation would suffice." But he was soon disillusioned. "How," says the great Bishop and total abstinence advocate of Southern Germany, Bishop Egger has to say:—"As long as I as a Bishop I have never ceased to preach moderation. But I can assure you the effect was zero. What I have accomplished since I have preached total abstinence is not yet great (it was only a year after he had inaugurated his total abstinence crusade) is not yet much, but I can feel already some change. I am convinced that if I had continued for yet twenty years to preach moderation, the drink evil would have been worse in the twentieth year than in the first."

AGAIN HE SAYS:

"All denouncing of drunkenness and intemperance in word and print is in vain if we can not break the power of modern social habits. But this can be done by the total abstinence only. The main troops in this battle must be total abstinence. I do not blame the moderate drinker, but salvation I expect alone from the abstinent."

"Let me add right here that most of our so-called moderate drinkers would be highly astonished if they would once take up a real study of the question, and would find that the highest medical authorities on the continent, Doctors Bunge, Baer, Krapelin, Forel, and a host of three hundred and fifty professors of the most celebrated universities, state that any quantity beyond one quart of beer or its equivalent within twenty-four hours is already physiologically immoderate."

WHAT Fruit-atives ARE



ARE

Fruit-atives are the marvels of modern medicine. They have accomplished more actual cures—done more good to more people—than any other medicine ever introduced in Canada for the time they have been on sale.

- Fruit-atives are fruit juices. They are nature's cure for:
-CONSTIPATION
-BILIOUSNESS
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Fruit-atives are the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes. These juices are concentrated—and by a secret process, the juices are combined in a peculiar manner. This new combination is much more active medicinally than fresh juices—yet so perfect is the union that Fruit-atives act on the system as if they were in truth a natural fruit, medicinally stronger than any other known fruit.

To this combination of fruit juices, tonics and internal antiseptics are added, and the whole made into tablets.

These are Fruit-atives—sold everywhere for 50c a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. FRUIT-ATIVES LIMITED - OTTAWA.

How many of our so-called "moderate" drinkers will then be moderate?

"I know a few that are really moderate, but their number is rather small. And these men are far from tooting constantly the horn for moderation. On the contrary, though for reasons known to them they persist in making use of their liberty, they are much in sympathy with our work. They are very careful to show preference to total abstinence over moderate use."

"It has been said that a 'glass of beer is no more harm than a dish of ice cream.' As far as morality is concerned, I admit this. Though alcohol be a poison, in small quantities it is probably harmless to the system. But there is still one point of vast difference. Alcohol predisposes to excessive use, ice cream does not. This is proven medically. 'Its first rapid effect is a craving for more,' says Norman Kerr, the greatest authority on narcotics and inebriety. There are certainly characters strong enough to resist this craving and command a halt, but how many can do so. Experience proves it."

URGE LOYALTY.

FRENCH BISHOPS, IN THEIR PASTORAL, PLEAD WITH CATHOLICS TO STAND FIRM.

The Paris Figaro published the text of a pastoral letter addressed to the clergy and faithful of France by the Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops who met in Paris to confer upon the Church and State Separation Law and Pope's encyclical upon it. The letter, it is said, was sent to Rome for approval and was returned and read from every pulpit the next Sunday.

The letter began by declaring that the hierarchy accepts the words of the Holy Father with filial obedience, affirms the union of the clergy around the Sovereign Pontiff and affirms that the Separation Law ignores the Catholic hierarchy. The Pope said the letter pointed out that he had no choice but to confirm the law. In this His Holiness had no other object in view than the salvation of the Church. Continuing the letter said that the Bishops and Archbishops have no concern save that France shall not only have the name of being a Catholic nation, but shall have true liberty of religion. They have nothing to do with the political interests. All they ask is that the constitution of the republic shall not contain falsehoods that are anti-Christian. They desire to wash their hands of all responsibility for the calamity that is threatening France. The Separation Law, it is declared, deprived France not only of its name of a Catholic nation, but of true religious liberty."

After expressing the hope that France might be spared a religious war, the letter went on to say that if the separation of Church and State shall be carried out at all costs Catholics ought at least be allowed to use the Church properties which belong to them and enjoy common liberty as it is enjoyed in really free countries. If an attempt is made contrary to the wishes of the head of the Church, to establish congregations which can be Catholic in name only, none of the faithful will join them. The priests have submitted to spoliation and poverty rather than betray their trust, and all Catholics are therefore bound, according to their means to support the Church and clergy."

Archbishop Keane Scores Dance Halls.

"The dance hall is the wide open gate of hell, calling the young to feast on its fruits; hot beds of lust kept up by men who are vampires—men who are drawing money into their purses not caring how many are damned," said Archbishop Keane in a sermon preached in St. Raphael's cathedral Sunday morning at the High Mass.

"How will it be in a year with the Church in France? The clergy deprived of their lives; everything they own confiscated and turned into the state, and Christ driven out. The spirit of Joseph and Nicodemus must animate the church throughout the world, and lend assistance to poor France."

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty second Sunday after Pentecost.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

We are so near the Feast of All Saints and the commemoration of all the faithful departed—All Soul's day—that we may well let our affectionate thoughts follow after our brethren who have gone before us and sleep in the peace of Christ.

There is scarcely one of us, dear brethren, who has not been familiar from childhood with the article of the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in the communion of saints;" and there are few, if any, who have not derived consolation from this dogma of our faith, isolation from this dogma of our faith, teaching, as it does, that we are not entirely cut off from those who have gone before us, but form with them one great family, of which the head is Christ and the members the souls of the just, whether in heaven or in purgatory, or still in the flesh.

But if this truth of Holy religion brings consolation, it brings also the duty of praying for our brethren who are passing through the cleansing fires of purgatory, who, because of sin or the debt due for sin, cannot enter their eternal home until they have repaid the last farthing. They can do nothing for themselves—their day of meriting is past; they look to us who are their friends to help them.

While they were with us they were very dear to us—bound to us by ties of blood or friendship. Let us do our duty to them now; let us, by our good works in their behalf, show how much we love them; let us show that our affection for them was not selfish nor pretended, but so real and strong and lasting that death has but strengthened it and brought it to its fullness.

What one of us but has his daily task—his allotted work? Yet as each day brings its own burdens, so each day is full of opportunities of gaining indulgence for the souls in purgatory. The many inconveniences we all of us are called upon to suffer, the many sacrifices of comfort and of pleasure we make, the disappointments we meet with, the fatigues we bear—all these may be made sources of refreshment to our friends beyond the grave. If in the morning we would but offer to God all we shall do and suffer during the day for His honor and glory, and for the relief of the departed, oh! how soon would the angels welcome them to their true country, and how many advocates we should have before the throne of God!

But if so much can be done without any particular effort on our part, what shall we say of the efficacy of the special prayers we recite for them and the Masses we have offered for their repose? How shall we tell of their gratitude for our unceasing supplication for us! We lose nothing, dear brethren, by praying for them; be assured we are rather the gainers, for not only do they pray for us, but more—our charity towards them deepens in our souls our love for God, and makes us thirst the more after virtue and holiness, and wins for us a higher place in heaven and a brighter crown of everlasting glory. Let us be generous, then; let us storm heaven with our prayers for the souls in purgatory, and we shall find rest for ourselves as well as for them.

TALKS ON RELIGION.

HOLY EUCHARIST.

The greatest of all the sacraments is the Holy Eucharist, which is pre-eminently the Blessed Sacrament. The other sacraments are all blessed fountains of grace, but this is the very source of grace itself. The other sacraments may be compared to the rays of the sun; this, to the very sun itself, since it is not only a sacrament, but the Author of the sacraments—our Lord Jesus Christ.

Though our Lord sent His Apostles without any worldly goods to preach the Gospel to all peoples, nevertheless they carried a great treasure, His own Real Presence in the Blessed Eucharist. In the days of persecution, when all the faithful had to hide for their lives, they carried this great treasure down to the catacombs, and there they celebrated Mass upon the tombs of the martyrs. Since Isaiah felt unworthy to preach in the name of God, and Jeroniah trembled at a like mission, we have to recognize our great inability and unworthiness to speak properly of the Holy Eucharist. This great sacrament naturally comes after baptism and confirmation. After birth the child needs nourishment, and the soldier requires food and strength to battle on to victory.

Though the Holy Eucharist is the most sacred of all the sacraments, it is not the most necessary, since our Lord says, "Unless a man is born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." The Blessed Sacrament is designated in the hierarchy of the Church by various names. It is called the Holy Eucharist or Thanksgiving; it is called the Blessed Sacrament, because it is the most Holy of all the Sacraments; it is called the Bread of Heaven, because it contains Jesus Christ, Who came from Heaven to dwell in the Bread of Heaven.

It is called the Holy Table, because it is a consecrated banquet prepared for the faithful; it is called the Viaticum, because it is the food of the faithful during the pilgrim age of life, and because the pilgrim journey is so long that they are imperiled, but the Holy Eucharist is actually existing independent of its reception, and the burning lamp of the tabernacle reminds us of the continuous presence of our Lord.

It was after the miracle of the loaves and the fishes that our Lord promised the Holy Eucharist to His followers. We take the following texts from the sixth chapter of St. John: "Labor not for the meat which perishes * * *

but for that which the Son of Man will give: (27): "My flesh is meat, and My Blood is drink;" (56): "He that eateth of this Bread shall live forever." (59.) These promises were fulfilled when our Lord instituted the Blessed Sacrament on Holy Thursday, the day before His Crucifixion.

The Holy Eucharist may be considered in two great divisions. First, as a Sacrament to be received for the sanctification of man, and second, as a Sacrifice to be offered as adequate worship of God. The Holy Eucharist as a sacrament is defined as the true Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, together with His soul and Divinity under the appearance of bread and wine. Catholics believe in the Real Presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, because they believe in the explicit declaration of our Lord at the Last Supper, when He said, "This is My Body; This is My Blood." He was making, as it were, His last will and testament, and the words of a last will and testament must be strictly construed. We know that many non-Catholics interpret the word "represents," as though our Lord had said, "This represents My Body," etc. Our Lord knew very well that His teaching would be accepted literally, by millions of people yet to live. We read in the sixth chapter of St. John that after our Lord had made the explicit declaration, "The Bread that I will give you is My Flesh, for the life of the world," the Jews said, "How can this Man give us His Flesh to eat?" Jesus answered, "Amen, amen, I say unto you, except you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you." A great many non-Catholics say and act as the Jews then did, when they said, "This saying is hard, and who can stand it?"

Though many of them turned away and left Him, our Lord did not call them back and say they had misunderstood His declaration, but He turned to His disciples and said, "Will you also leave Me?" And they replied as we reply, "No, Lord; because Thou hast the Words of Eternal Life."

Were the last will and testament of a man to be presented in probate court, and the will contained the following declaration: "I give and bequeath to my son John, my house and lot on Fifth avenue," would not the lawyer be laughed out of court were he to declare that the proper interpretation of that bequest would be as follows: "I give and bequeath to my son John, the photograph of my house and lot on Fifth avenue." Protestants have just as much reason, and no more reason to interpret the words of our Lord as—"This represents My Body."—Catholic Universe.

CONSAnguINEOUS MARRIAGES AND DEFECTIVE OFFSPRING.

We received a communication from a clergyman of the diocese about the question so opportunely treated by the Messenger that we reprint the entire article, as it answers the problem proposed:

There are not a few people who think that some of the Church regulations with regard to marriage among relatives by blood are founded on something a little better than old foggy notions with regard to the possible danger to the offspring of such marriages that has no definite basis in scientific investigation. Not a few are very ready to say that they have seen the marriage of first cousins in a number of cases result in no detriment to the children, and while they are ready to admit that very close blood relationship may have many moral and natural objections within the second degree, there is no physical reason for the prohibitions that exist. For people that have any such mistaken notions as this a little attention to the recent volume issued by the Bureau of the United States Census on the Blind and Deaf, which was published by the government printing office during the present year, will doubtless prove a startling surprise. This report was written by Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, who was well known as an expert in all matters relating to the deaf, and whose investigations into the status of the blind in this country, and as causes of blindness, as embodied in the present report, add very much to our knowledge and stamp his work as some of the best accomplished in recent statistical science.

As the work will not be readily available to all, though most public libraries will have or can obtain copies of this census report, we have preferred to abstract certain passages which show very clearly the influence of consanguinity in producing congenitally blind and deaf children. A certain number of children are born blind every year. Of these four times as many have parents who are cousins by blood, as of those whose parents were not so related. These statistics are not made with reference to only a few cases, but include altogether nearly sixty thousand instances, so that there seems to be no doubt but that the rule deduced can be considered as representing no mere coincidences, but an actual relation of cause and effect. We quote Doctor Bell's exact words in this matter:

"The most abundant fact to be derived from the figures given in Table XIX is found in the showing that of the 2,537 blind whose parents were cousins 632, or 25 per cent., are congenitally blind, of whom 330, or 55.4 per cent., also having blind relatives of the classes specified, while among the 55,329 who were not so related, the number of congenitally blind is but 6.8 per cent., and of these only 1,023 per cent. have blind relatives."

With regard to congenital deafness the case is almost, though fortunately not quite so, bad as regards blindness. Doctor Bell says: "The most striking feature seems to be the large proportion of congenitally deaf among those whose parents are cousins. The percentage of the congenitally deaf is nearly three times as great as among those whose parents were cousins as among those whose parents were not." This fact has been

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known for the last ten years, and these statistics have been confirmed by investigators in other countries. In fact, it is now generally accepted that those statistics with regard to the greater number of those born deaf from consanguineous marriages absolutely prove the advisability of the old ecclesiastical regulations and demonstrate only too amply how wise beyond their generation were the ecclesiastical authorities in making such regulations.

These statistics, far from representing the state of affairs worse than it is, probably minimize it somewhat, for people often refuse to admit such consanguinity and, as is stated by Doctor Bell in his discussion of the statistics, it is probable that there are not a few of the born blind whose parents were cousins who either are unaware of the fact or prefer not to state it to them.

On this matter Doctor Bell says: "These would be the true percentages on the usual assumption that the ratios in the 'not stated' cases are substantially the same as in the cases stated, but in the present case there is some reason for supposing that they are different. Some people are sensitive to questions concerning consanguinity in marriage, especially where defective offspring have appeared, and in such case no reply would be an easy way of evading the question. It may be possible, therefore, that the proportion having parents cousins may be larger among the 'not stated' than the stated cases." This would make the condition of affairs in this matter actually worse even than has been stated.

There are now some twenty States in the union in which the marriage of first cousins is forbidden by law, to the extent that such marriages are declared null and void. An attempt was made last year to include such a restriction in a law with regard to marriage and its impediments which failed to pass the last Legislature of New York State. The reason for such drastic measures is to be found in these recent statistical investigations, which go so far to prove the wisdom of the old Church authorities. If there has been, as naturally to many, a decrease of the natural repugnance to such marriages in recent years, and if there has been a tendency to allow dispensations more easily than before, especially to our foreign-born populations, it is to be hoped that this recent report will tighten the bond of ecclesiastical jurisdiction and reinvigorate the old natural feelings that the contemplation of such marriages used to arouse.

AN APPRECIATION.

CARDINAL NEWMAN AS VIEWED BY A CONVERT.

A theme which never palls is the life and character of the late Cardinal Newman; and the appended sketch is of double interest because written by a convert who attributes his conversion indirectly to him. Mrs. Henry's husband was one of Cardinal Newman's converts; his father, Bishop Henry of the episcopate of the Church of England, having been an Oxford man, as was also the Cardinal.

Cardinal Newman was one who did not lean on others, but on whom others leaned. He has told us in his "Apologia," that "Dr. Whately had attributed to him the ambition to be the head of a party," but he thought he had attributed it to himself. "My habitual feeling then and since has been that it was not I who sought friends, but friends who sought me." Never had man kinder friends, or more indulgent.

"Speaking of my blessings," he said: "Blessing of friends which to my door have come, they have gone, they come to my joy, they went to my great grief. He who gave took away." Dr. Copleston minus solus quam cum solus. (Never less alone than when alone), and that is one reason why he leaves such a blank behind him. It is always the lonely spirit on which most social natures lean. And yet he was quite right in saying ambition was never his weakness.

He speaks of a sense of relief, rather than a sense of mortification, when he found himself after the publication of Tract 39, posted up on the buttery hatch of every college, "like a discomfited pastry cook."

He found it hard enough to make out whether he was going, but it was much easier inquiry than it had been at the time when he felt himself more or less responsible for a whole host of other men's movements, and indeed for a great party in the Church. He once wrote of himself that he was "a St. George" in his own poem (Palmerston, June 12, 1853): "That makes a people safe, but could do so."

So gentle was he. He never spoke of his own merits, but of the faults of others. He was a man who was not to be taken upon the past, to serve, yet to be at ease.

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Cardinal Newman enjoyed. Yet though he "served and was at rest," the more knowledge that he was living in the quiet oratory at Edgbaston helped men to realize that the spiritual world is even more real than the material world, and that in that lonely austere and yet gracious figure God had made a sign to England—Great Britain—that the great purpose of life is a purpose to which this life hardly more than introduces us.

It is impossible to find any life in this century so singularly and simply devoted to spiritual ends as Cardinal Newman's. There have been more heroic lives, the lives of soldiers, martyrs, missionaries, all lived nobly in the sight of God, but none of them at once so detached from the common human interest and yet so natural, genial and human as Cardinal Newman's. He was not sixteen when the impression came upon him "that it was the will of God" that he should lead a single life. "There can be no mistake," he tells us, "about this fact, and it was an anticipation," he added, "which has held its ground ever since, with a break of a month now and then."

Cardinal Newman was always human, and even when on his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church he finally determined to be a religious, he chose no regular order but preferred a semi-monastic life, feeling the supreme attraction of a saint who, like St. Neri, lived half in the world, and whose home was called "the home of Christian mirth." He paints in the most natural way his deep sense of his own frailties and sensitiveness when he is setting before himself St. Philip Neri's example—

"I'm ashamed of myself, my tears and my tongue. So easily fretted and so often unstrung—Mad at trifles, to which a chance motive gives birth. Complaining of heaven, and complaining of earth."

At the age of only thirty-two years he could truly write this of himself: "But thou, dear Lord! While I traced out bright scenes which were Isaac's pure blessings, and a verdant home; Diddie spare me, and withhold Thy fearful Willing me year by year, till I am found, A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girde bound."

Cardinal Newman's life was evenly divided between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. He was forty-five years of age when he left the English Church, and died after forty-five years of service in the church of his adoption.

It was not until after he left Oxford, as he tells us in a humorous passage in the "Apologia," that he learned that he was an object of imitation to crowds of young men at the university. His dress, gait, pose of his head, the play of his features, were copied by his admirers. On one occasion he was obliged to wear a shoe turned down at the heel, on account of a chilblain, and it immediately became the fashion for a time among the under graduates who had fallen under his spell to go about with the heel of one shoe turned down.

Cardinal Newman wrote all his sermons, and delivered them without gesture and nearly in monotone, and yet so vividly did the personality of the man speak through the tones of that silvery voice that he managed to express more feeling in that monotone than others could express by all the arts of oratory. As a writer, his style is perfection of that art which conceals art. It reads as if it grew out of his mind, spontaneously and without effort, but is in reality the result of laborious training.

The conversion of Cardinal Newman was thought at the time to be a staggering blow to the English Church, while at home it raised hopes of the speedy conversion of England.

At the time of Cardinal Newman's conversion his two brothers, one Francis Newman passed from a fervid Evangelicalism to Theism, and the third brother became an Athlete and died not many years ago at Tonby, England, where he had lived years as a recluse.

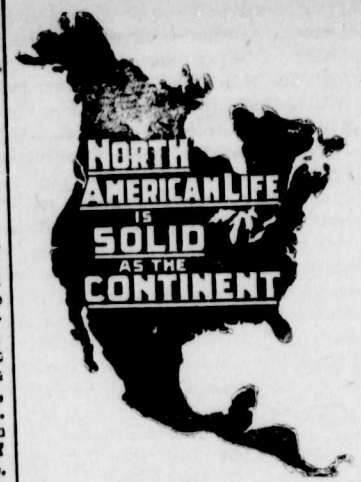
The last eleven years of his life were the happiest in the Church of Rome, so made by the late Pope Leo XIII., who redressed the wrongs done to Cardinal Newman.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Imperious "Must."

What does the world not owe to that imperious "must,"—that strenuous effort which we make when driven to desperation, when all outside help has been cut off and we are forced to call upon all that is within us to extricate ourselves from an unfortunate situation.

Many of the greatest things in the world have been accomplished under the stress of the impelling "must,"—moritose in its lashings and proddings to accomplishment.

Thomas Eskine, whom Lord Campbell pronounced the greatest advocate and most consummate forensic orator that ever lived, began his legal career under many discouragements. Though he had a sublime self-confidence, which was itself a prophecy of success, yet he fought the battle of life for many years against great odds. His father's means having been exhausted in educating his two elder brothers, he was obliged to start in life with little training, and a scanty stock of learning.

While pursuing his law studies he found it hard, even with the strictest economy, to keep the wolf from the door. For several years he lived so economically as to be often "shabbily dressed." Conscience, all the time, of powers that fitted him to adorn a larger sphere, he chafed against the iron circumstances that hemmed him in. A chance conversation led to his being employed as counsel in an important case. The effect produced by his speech was prodigious. He won a verdict for his client, and by a single bound, over leaping all barriers, passed from want to abundance, from the castle of Giant Despair to the Delectable Mountains.

Entering Westminster Hall that morning a pauper, he left it prospectively a rich man. As he marched along the hall after the judges had risen, the attorneys flocked around him with their briefs, and retainer fees rained upon him. From that time his business rapidly increased, until his annual income amounted to twelve thousand pounds. He said that he never could have made his first great plea, which made him famous, but for this imperious "must." He said that, when making this speech, he could feel his children tugging away at his coat tails, and asking him for bread.

Necessity has been a priceless spur, which has helped men to perform miracles against incredible odds. Every person who amounts to anything feels within himself a compelling power which is ever prodding him to perpetual improvement, pushing him on. Whether he feels like it or not, this little inward monitor holds him to his task. It is that little insistent "must," that dogs our steps and pushes us on, that makes us willing to suffer so many privations, to endure so much inconvenience and lack of comfort, and to work so hard when it is so tempting to take it easy.—Success.

Grudging Givers. God has filled this world with many beautiful and pleasant things, and we never seem to see them. We fasten our hands on a little bit we call our own, while and while because it isn't more. Grumble because some one has more than we have. Economize and deny ourselves every little pleasure in order to add to our saving. Hate to pay for a Catholic paper, hate to give more than a copper to the contribution box, hate to hear the priest say that a collection will be taken up on certain Sunday—hate to go to church on that day, so stay at home. And how generous the good God has been to us! We are surrounded by all that He has made or has taught man to make. And He has given us a soul that looks out through our eyes, to see and appreciate all these things, but we keep our eyes fastened on the low, sordid things of life and often fail to see that all that we are and have is from Him. Look up, not down, and don't give grudgingly of what has been given to you to use for a time. Be sure you can not take it with you. Even if you wished to, there may be those "left to mourn your loss" who are waiting anxiously to claim all that you have loved, and must leave. So it is wise to try and do a little good while in the land of the living.

The Fragrance of Life. On a recent evening during a severe hail storm we opened our door to observe the progress of the storm, and were surprised to find the air laden with the odor of nasturtiums. There were porch boxes containing nasturtiums, geraniums and other flowering and foliage plants. Beds of nasturtiums were by the street's side and at the side of the lawn, and into these the hail had fallen, beating down and breaking the vines until the porch floor and the ground beneath the boxes and the vines were covered with ends of broken sprays, leaves and bright bits of yellow and gold, scarlet and maroon of the mangled flowers. But the air was full of the sweetness of the crushed and wounded vines. They were returning good for evil in the misfortune that had come upon them. For every wound that the hail had made they were giving out the fragrance of a beautiful spirit. Though bruised and broken they were filling the whole atmosphere with an aroma which was in beautiful contrast to the adverse rain of hail that still rattled on the roofs and walks and fell among the prostrate vines. It seemed almost startling as I opened the door and the storm blew the odorous breath of the wounded flowers in my face. Blessed is that life which can yield its sweetest fragrance when the storms are at their highest. We have all known men and women who when lacerated with pain, prostrate under the hand of God, have made the very atmosphere of the sick room redolent with the incense of Christian hope and trust. When the storm beat the hardest and the very atmosphere was gray with driven rain the smiting and the wounding had been answered with a beauty of spirit, a trustfulness of resignation, which, in spite of the storm, have filled all the air with the fragrance of a happier world.—Catholic Citizen.

What Cigarettes Can Do. The evil effect of cigarette smoking upon the youth was again illustrated in the case of a Malden, Mass., schoolboy,

who, although fourteen years and eight months old, is going backward in his mental development and who can hardly write his own name.

The boy's case was called to the attention of the school board by his application for a certificate to enable him to go to work. He stayed away from school two weeks. Then the boy was sent back in the third grade of the Emerson primary school, where the average age of the other pupils is between eight and nine years.

The boy is declared by the superintendent of Malden schools to be a ruined youth, a mental and physical wreck. He has a tobacco heart. His ambition is gone. He has smoked cigarettes since he was about eight years of age. He has not advanced beyond the lower grades since his entrance to school nearly ten years ago.

"How many cigarettes do you smoke a day?" he was asked. "O, sometimes a dozen," he replied, "sometimes about forty, I guess." "Why do you smoke?" "Can't help it; tried to stop it and can't."

"Do you know it hurts you?" "Sure. Get a pain in my side when I run, and have to sit down and rest. Get out of breath."

"Where do you buy them?" "I can buy them lots of places."

"What is your teacher's name?" Daniel thought a minute, then announced that he knew, but couldn't remember.

The boy's pulse to-day was 100. According to his teachers he has not the slightest ambition to learn. He was given the numbers 4, 3, 1 and 5 to add. He made the total 75.

The principal of the Emerson school said that she had taken an interest in the boy and had tried to help him, but her efforts seemed to meet with no success.—New York World.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Ashamed of Mother. "It is a sorry day for a girl," says a writer in Success, "when she feels herself superior to her mother, and considers herself called upon to apologize for her bad grammar, mispronounced words, foreign accent or slips in her speech. When a girl becomes so small and contemptible that she is ashamed to appear in public with her mother, because she is old-fashioned and dowdy in appearance, her hands brown, her face prematurely wrinkled and her form bent by long years of drudgery for her children, she is indeed to be pitied. She has fallen below contempt."

"What a return to make to the poor mother for her self-sacrifice, for the years of patient trials, cheerfully plodded through, that her daughter might enjoy advantages that she in her youth never dreamed of!"

"The girls who are ashamed of their hard-working mothers are few, happily, compared with the vast number who appreciate and endeavor to repay their mothers' sacrifices. Still, there are too many of them—girls who do not even darn their own stockings, mend their own clothing or make their own beds."

"I have in mind a mother who is constantly making sacrifices in order that her daughter may make a good appearance. She wears her old cloak and shabby bonnet another year; she remodels for the second time and tries to freshen up the gown which should have been discarded last year, so that the young girl may have new ones and appear to as good advantage as other girls of her age. She drudges from morning till night, and often far into the night; so that her daughter may have more leisure—recreate accomplishments or to have a good time. Anything is good enough for the slave-mother. When the tired hands should be at rest, they are busy with some dainty laundry work, or plying the needle on some pretty thing for the girl's adornment when she shall make her next appearance at a dance or a reception. The daughter, meanwhile, is gossiping about the neighborhood, or is at the theatre or some other place of amusement, or perhaps she sits by reading a silly story or strumming on the piano. Should her mother ask her to assist her by washing the dishes, clearing off the table or doing some other simple duty, she usually finds some excuse for getting out of it."

The Rosary of the Regiment. The hero of this true narrative was a young soldier of the infantry, who went by the name of the "Little Angel." It was whispered around the barracks that the Little Angel had a rosary. Some of those who had seen it said that "it was an enormous concern, long as the girdle of a Capuchin monk, and with beads the size of the colonel's plume." On one occasion, more than two hundred soldiers gathered around our young man, jostling and mocking him at the expense of his rosary.

"Let us see it, young fire eater!" said one.

"He thinks he can hang the whole regiment with that chain of his," shouted another.

"You're wrong," said a third, "it's a new-fashioned necklace he wants to introduce."

So it continued. Now, what do you think he did? Did he break out in explosive abuse as young men usually do? Or did he want the insult wiped out on the field of honor? He did neither.

He quietly drew the rosary from his pocket—an ordinary cheap rosary—which had seen much service in his keeping, and holding it up in both hands, said:

"There, now, you see my rosary! Would you like to measure it?"

but courage displayed in the service months old, is going backward in his mental development and who can hardly write his own name.

It gains the esteem of Heaven and man.—Catholic Columbian.

Fact. If a woman has it, she is a success every hour of her life, and there is no limit to what she can accomplish. She will be successful in her home, in society and in business. She will enter heartily into another's happiness and be a welcome comforter in times of trouble.

To be tactful, one must be utterly free from self-consciousness and try to think only of the wishes of others. A ready listener is always welcome in all grades of society, and the tactful woman will listen patiently to the woes of other people without letting them see how uninteresting they are to her or, in return, repeating her own troubles.

What good can it do to divulge a family secret or failing. A tactful woman will find no interest in such conversation and will introduce pleasanter topics. She can hold her tongue when necessary and will not spread unkind gossip. She is the one to whom young and old go with their secrets, and they are safe in her keeping.—Catholic Citizen.

If I Were You, My Boy. I would learn to be polite to everybody. I wouldn't let any other boy get ahead of me in my studies. I would never make fun of children who are not well dressed.

I wouldn't go in company of bad boys who use bad language. I wouldn't get sulky and pout whenever I could not have my own way.

I would see if I could get people to like me by being civil to everybody. I would keep my hands and face clean and hair brushed, without being told to do so.

I would try to see the little things that I could do to help my mother, and do them without being asked. I wouldn't conclude that I knew more than my father before I had been more than sixty miles away from home.—Catholic Sun.

Perseverance. "Keep pegging away," is what that exemplary man, Abraham Lincoln, said when asked by an anxious visitor what he would do provided the war was not over after three or four years' effort.

Perhaps the fault of the modern boy, and with many of us, in fact, is a lack of true and steady purpose, or, in other words, a lack of perseverance. Perhaps the reason the modern boy does not persevere in trying to reach a certain goal is that there is so much said about "the hustler," who is the hero of the present age.

"Perseverance" is slow and steady but always moving; just the opposite of the freak, the hustler, who is quick and nervous, and goes by jerks.

Boys, don't grow envious of the hustling abilities of your comrades. If you have the ability to persevere under adverse circumstances, you may be as well equipped for ultimate success.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

"For Francis of Assisi, poet and God's troubadour, Martyr in his love for Jesus, truest lover of the poor." —FATHER BENSON.

God is great in his saints, says Holy Writ, and among the greatest, stands St. Francis of Assisi. He is one of the glories of our holy religion, whom the whole world honors and holds in highest esteem.

Francis Bernardon, son of Peter Bernardon, a merchant, was born in Umbria's hills of beautiful Italy, in the town of Assisi, in 1182. He waxed strong with his years, and was still a youth when he entered his father's store to help him in the business, which was chiefly trading with France, for which he had him qualified by having him taught the language. He was naturally good of heart and amiable of disposition, ready to do a kindness for every body, which made him a general favorite, and the leader in all the innocent pleasures and festivities of the town. And yet with all he was most pious in his soul so that whenever he heard the love of God mentioned he felt his soul thrill with joy.

In the first years of his manhood Francis joined the army with other young men of Assisi, in defense of Umbria; and being taken prisoner he was detained a while by the enemy. He was the life of his fellow prisoners, but when he was liberated, he was completely broken in health, but had come strong in soul and was filled with the desire to live henceforth for God alone.

Francis again resumed work with his father, but it now seemed that he was called to something better. He took to serving God in serving the sick in the hospitals, giving all his free time, and one day whilst going along a road he met an old acquaintance who had grown poor and was in tattered rags. Francis insisted on changing suits with him, and he did it so kindly and graciously that the poor man had hardly realized what had been done, was desirous to undo it, but his benefactor had disappeared.

That night Francis had a dream; he saw a great house filled with swords and spears, each marked with a cross. He knew not what it meant. He went to offer his services to the general of an army that was near by, but the Lord interposed by another dream and told him that He wished him to fight for Him against the world, sin and Satan. He was still helping his father in his business, but his heart was ever with God and holy things. He met a leper who besought him an alms, but he passed him, and then hastily turning he yielded to his request; and the man disappearing at once, Francis believed that it was the Lord Himself who appeared to him under that guise.

He was now far advanced in spirituality and mortification. Christ appeared to him and said: "If any man will come to Me, let him take up His cross and follow Me." A little later He spoke again and said: "Go and re-

pair My Church which you see falling into ruin."

Francis thought our Lord meant St. Damian's Church in Assisi, and he began to put it into good condition, using some of the family possessions for this purpose. In this he met the censure of his father, who was worldly and covetous, and to escape his wrath he betook himself to a cave where he remained in solitude for a month; then returned to the parental roof only to be imprisoned within its walls for several days till released by his sympathizing mother during the father's absence.

Peter Bernardon was cruel and inexorable, and determined to disinherit and disown his son, and for this cited Francis before the Bishop. The young man was immovable, and the Bishop could not but admire his saintliness, and showed him his sympathy. Francis cheerfully renounced all and even gave back his clothes to his father, the Bishop procuring for him a servant's blouse, and exclaimed: "Now, I have only one Father, 'Our Father, Who art in heaven,' in Whom I place all my hope, in Whom is all my treasure."

In this poor habit of a farmhand, Francis, the gentleman's son, Francis, the idol of Assisi's youth, goes out to face the world alone, to become the by-word of all who knew him—who considered him a fool and treated him accordingly. But he bore all meekly and uncomplainingly, remembering all Christ had suffered for him, and soon those who scoffed at him came to respect him, and they who hissed at him began to pray and weep with him. Francis was now twenty-five years old.

There was a little church under the title of Our Lady of the Angels—called Portiuncula, because it was built on a little portion of land that had been willed to the Benedictine Fathers for the site of a church. Here Francis lived in the greatest spirit of piety and mortification for two years all by himself, communing with his Lord and Saviour. Who was preparing him by this novitiate for the great work which He had designed for him. He passed his time repairing and improving this church as he did previously in the case of St. Damian's and another church of Assisi, called St. Peter's.

Hearing one day the deacon of the Mass chant the words, "Do not possess gold, nor silver, nor money in your purses; nor scrip for your journey, nor two coats, nor shoes, nor a staff."

Francis recognized for him the special call of God, and divesting himself of his ordinary habiliments, he donned the dress of a peasant, a poor coat with girdle, and set out to preach and convert the world. It was a strange sight that that met the gaze of men as he went into Assisi—going into the market place where he would preach and pray by turns, and then would fall to weeping at the hard-heartedness of his hearers, who mostly turned a deaf ear to his words as he told them of the salvation that Christ had gained and offered to them by His passion and death on the cross, and bade them repent and return to Him.—Bishop Colton in C. U. & T.

FREQUENT COMMUNION.

Saint Catherine of Siena received Holy Communion every day, and like most of the saints, believed and thought that after a sinner has carefully purified his conscience from all guilt of sin, he should not stay away from Holy Communion under the pretext that he was unworthy of the great favor.

She wrote a remarkable letter on that subject to one of the Senators of the Republic of Florence, in which she says: "Do not act like so many imprudent persons who do not comply with the commandments of the Church, claiming that they are unworthy of receiving Jesus Christ in Holy Communion; under that pretext they remain a long time in a state of mortal sin, unable to partake of the nourishment of the soul—O fatal humility! Who does not know that you are not worthy? But why wait? You will not be more worthy at the last hour than you are at the first. We will never be just enough to be worthy; but God is the one Who is worthy and Who makes us worthy by His own infinite worth which ever purifies and never ceases to do so."

Her union with the Holy Sacrament of the altar was of every minute of the day; so intimate and strong that the mere view of it satisfied her often and

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frequently caused ecstasies. Many a time the Sacred Host rose from the paten or escaped the hand of the priest to rest on the tongue of the only virgin whose soul was abashed after the body and blood of the God Man, the spouse of virgin souls.

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FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. From Newfoundland. LITTLE BAY MINES, N.S.W. I suffered five years from epileptic fits. I tried several doctors but they didn't do me any good. Then Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic was recommended to me by our pastor. Since I took it I had no more attacks in six months and I find myself as well as ever. Mrs. J. BOZMAN.

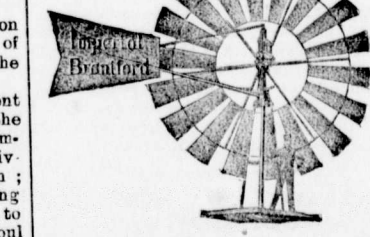
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Catholic Record, LONDON, CANADA

PROTESTANT PRESS TESTIMONY TO A MIRACLE AT LOURDES.

The Paris correspondent of the Glasgow Herald reports in that paper (August 31, p. 7) a marvellous cure recently wrought at Lourdes. The correspondent who reported the miracle is clearly not a Catholic, and that fact gives greater value to the almost reluctant testimony he is obliged to give with regard to the wonderful cure at Lourdes. Appended is the whole of his account in reference to the case of Mme. Courel. What he calls "the alleged miracle" seems too great to marvel to be got over, and the question with which he concludes his account gives really greater weight to the simple record he is obliged to publish. This is his report:

IN THE LAND OF "MIRACLES." (From Our Own Correspondent.)

Paris, August 20. Lourdes, it goes without saying, is just now the locality whence "miracles," duly attested by medical men, are reported. Notable cures, be it also remarked, are alleged to have been effected at the shrine of Notre Dame des Victoires.

Having heard, through the channel of the clerical papers, that a certain Mme. Courel, aged forty-six (a street singer by calling), had had her sight restored by the healing waters of Lourdes, whether she went with the pilgrims the other week, I undertook a journey to the Latin quarter in order to see if possible the woman. It was a long trudge—a veritable little pilgrimage in its way—to the queer old corner of Paris where she resides with her husband. When I called she was out, gone somewhere, her concierge told me, to return thanks to the Virgin for the unexpected recovery of her sight. I questioned the concierge (an aged man, and by no means a model of piety) concerning the alleged miracle, which, he it noted, is for the moment the talk of the district. He affirmed that his lodger, Mme. Courel, had been stone blind for the last three or four years. On account of this infirmity, which prevented her from earning her living otherwise, the city authorities allowed her to sing in the streets or in the courtyards of private houses, her husband accompanying her with his guitar. Being assured if I fixed an hour and a day Madame Courel would keep an appointment, I gave her a rendezvous, to which she very punctually came.

Our conversation was distinctly curious. The woman, he it said, had not, or at any rate had not, previously to her Lourdes visit, a spark of religion in her composition. She went to Lourdes without either faith or hope, she said, and solely in order to content her husband and a worthy Sister of Mercy who had frequently helped her in time of need. To please the latter and make herself eligible for Divine mercy, she consented to be baptized about a couple of months ago, and she confessed that the whole ceremony seemed to her ridiculous, whilst as to the accounts of miracles she compared them to fairy tales, or "histoires de brigands," as the French say. Relating her experiences at Lourdes, she said when at the sacred grotto two young girls dipped her handkerchief in the holy water, and sought to apply it to her sightless eyes. She resisted the attempt at first, declaring the Paris hospital doctors had enjoined her to bathe her eyes in luke-warm water and never to use cold water. She added, "I am not going to make a fool of myself." Nevertheless, almost unconsciously, she did apply the moistened handkerchief to her eyes, and simultaneously she felt a sharp pain in them. She grew very angry, imagined she had done herself harm, but at the same moment she began to perceive objects. She was almost frightened, thought she was dreaming, but ultimately was compelled to admit the astounding fact that she could see with one eye and see perfectly well. The other eye remains blind, however. The first thing she noticed after recovering her sight was a couple of ladies near the grotto who wore, as she put it "extraordinary hats," such as she never remembered seeing. This she never forgot. The next thing she remembers was that several people laid hold of her and almost carried her to an adjacent medical "bureau," where the "miracle," with all its details, was consigned to paper.

Her husband, the guitar player, says that since the age of twenty his wife had been under treatment for her eyes at the Paris hospitals. Very gradually, he asserts, her sight became worse and worse, until about three years ago, when she became totally blind. Now, she affirms, she can read with the easiest eye the smallest handwriting, but her great anxiety is to know whether, being no longer sightless, she will be allowed by the police to continue to earn coppers by street singing. She hopes, however, that the Virgin who has cured her will not leave her to starve.

Such is the "miracle" story briefly put. As it is impossible not to be sceptical on the subject, one is inclined to ask whether Mme. Courel was ever really entirely blind, and whether, perchance, she did not feign to be so in order to obtain the authorization to sing in the streets. The doubt thus expressed by the correspondent of the Glasgow Herald is shown to be unreasonable by the Glasgow Observer in the following paragraph:

The suggestion that the blindness of the woman was feigned is absurd on the face of it. Had it been feigned, why should the woman have gone to the shrine, as she did? Why Lourdes at all? More than that, the attestation of the medical bureau at Lourdes is something which cannot be got over. The doctors there deal with all these cases in the most frigidly scientific way, and if the woman was shamming, she would not pass that test without detection. The miracle is one of the most remarkable in the whole history of Lourdes, and the fact that it is published by Protestant press with such a wealth of detail

indicates that the miracles of Lourdes are beginning to percolate even the thick pachyderm of Protestant prejudice.

THE SECRET OF THE CHURCH'S STRENGTH.

The Detroit News Tribune has a regular department in its Sunday issue dealing with religious affairs. The department contained Sunday, Sept. 23, the following answer to the query, "Why is there not among Protestants a revival of religion?" "The reason why we have no revivals of religion is because the people have no faith in the sincerity of revival preachers. The impression abroad is that these men do not 'serve God for naught.' There is money in it and, they are after the money. The frequent 'calls' to higher salaries which preachers accept, and the fat purses presented to rivalists who 'got up a successful revival,' foster and strengthen this popular sentiment. But let there be sacrifice and suffering manifested, let the cross be borne publicly, then people will begin to think that preachers themselves believe what they preach—now they doubt it. This is what makes the Roman Catholic Church the power in the world that it is. It is not the hierarchy; it is not gorgeously apparelled Popes, Cardinals, Bishops and priests; it is not the pompous ceremonial of the Mass, nor the magnificent vaulted domes of its cathedrals; it is the religious men and women who go barefoot, wear hair shirts, tie a rope around their waist and beg bread for their religion; it is the priests who forego matrimony for their religion; it is the nuns who nurse leprosy, small-pox, fevers, and worse, not for \$20 or \$30 a week, but for a bare living, and their religious life is a sacrifice; it is not a theoretical but an actual giving up of the world and doing works, menial and unpleasant, as a proof of their professed faith. And, until Protestants display somewhat of the same spirit of sacrifices as an evidence of the genuineness of their faith, comparatively few Catholics will be converted to Protestantism, and supplanting the Catholic Church with something better will continue to be a dream, and there will be no genuine revival of evangelical religion.

Yes, all these things are true. But the fundamental point is missed. All the fine qualities which this writer finds in the Catholic Church flow from the fact that it is the Church founded by Christ Himself—the Church against which He promised that the gates of hell should never prevail—the Church with which He promised to remain until the end of time. If there is found among its priests and nuns and lay a spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion more marked than that presented by the people of other creeds it is the firm and unshaken faith in Christ's words spoken when he established the Church which is the source of all.

There are no doubts in the minds of the Church's children as to her divine foundation and her divine mission. They know she is the Church of Jesus Christ, that she speaks to them with the authority of Christ. This is what sustains the Pope in his arduous work of administration and government; this is what sustains the other officials under him; this is what sustains the Archbishops and Bishops in every part of the world; this is what sustains the priests in their life-long labor for the salvation of their people; this is what sustains missionaries, brothers, nuns, of all kinds, in heathen lands, in leper hospitals, in lazar houses—everywhere. This faith is the life principle of the Catholic Church. Other churches founded by men do not possess it. Hence their weakness when compared with the one true Church of Jesus Christ.—Sacred Heart Review.

"THE NEED OF A PROTESTANT CONFSSIONAL."

PITTSBURGH MINISTER TELLS HIS FLOCK THE PRACTICE WOULD LESSEN IMMORALITY. From the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times, Sep. 23. Confession would prevent many scandals in churches, declared the Rev. Dr. B. Stocking, of the Universalist church, Allegheny, in his sermon yesterday morning on "The Need of a Protestant Confessional." He instanced particularly the recent elopement of a pastor with a deaconess, and said in part: "Nothing will so aid the individual in attempting to live Christianly as the fixed determination and habit of confessing sin. Not simply to confess sinfulness and depravity, but particular sins—the particular evils committed, calling them by name. If one is guilty of bearing false witness, confess that fact. So of slander, so of stealing, so of extortion, or lying, or hypocrisy. Acknowledge the theft, acknowledge the lie and honor forsake them.

"In the Roman Catholic Church confession is made a strict religious duty. In some countries confession is made legally obligatory. In the Church of England it is a voluntary practice. In the Roman Catholic Church the communicant is expected to make admission or acknowledgment to the priest—on own a fault or a crime, or to know one's wrongs, and I am persuaded that if this practice was taught and observed in our Protestant churches there would be less immorality among the ministers and church members. There would be fewer instances of ministers alienating some parishoner's wife's affections, less elopements, as in the case of the Rev. Mr. Coombs, of the Leaning Tower Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, whose case concerning administration and discipline. If all were under solemn obligation to confess their faults there would be less wickedness in our Protestant churches.

"I know of nothing that would tend to produce a better state of moral purity than the obligation to make confession to the brethren, unless it be to emphasize the great fact that there is no escape from the consequences of one's own sin, either in this world or in the world to come."

THE QUEEN OF THE ROSARY.

"Since the dawn of Christianity, Mary has been loved and honored as the mother of its Divine Founder," says Our Parish Calendar. "She has ever been invoked as the advocate and protectress of all those who love her Son. But no devotion has been handed down to us from our Catholic forefathers, which bears more evidence to the love they had for Mary, than the Rosary. The Rosary! How tenderly the words appeal to all true Catholic hearts. What beautiful thoughts of Mary, linked with still more beautiful thoughts of Jesus it brings before the mind. In what harmony it blends these two lives, and leads to the contemplation of their combined sufferings. Beginning with the angel's visit to announce to Mary that she had been chosen from among all other mortals, to become the Mother of the Eternal God, it leads us step by step through the mysteries of the birth, passion, life, death and glorious resurrection and ascension of our Divine Lord. It leads us through the manifold sufferings of Mary. His mother, to her union with Him in Heaven. How beautifully suggestive it is throughout the entire prayer, and a prayer which leads us to the contemplation of these mysteries which form the very basis of our religion, can not fail to be pleasing to our Divine Saviour; it can not fail to be efficacious. And, as if to render it more powerful, we offer it through Mary 'Queen of the Rosary,' to Jesus her Son."

A HINT TO THE CARD-PLAYERS.

Says the Catholic Columbian: "The long cool evenings are coming, when the lights will be lighted early and the members of the family will stay indoors. To prevent the free time from being wasted and to provide a useful form of recreation, the old custom of reading a book aloud to the home circle should be revived. Many old persons can recall that in the days that are gone they spent delightful evenings listening to such readings. Often it happened that an interesting passage made for an explanation of some passage not understood by a younger member of the group, and still more frequently it occurred that interesting chapters or incidents formed subjects for discussion at the time or at the next meal. And much was learned that it was worth while to know. Books are cheap. Good ones are better than theaters or concerts, or card parties, or going to meetings. They are introductions to the best works of some of the finest minds that ever were created."

THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

MIRACLE OF ITS LIQUEFACTION WITNESSED BY OUR BOME CORRESPONDENT. Roman Correspondence Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Naples, September 20. We have heard and read many accounts of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius in Naples, but we had only a very faint idea of the awe with which one is inspired on standing by while a miracle is being wrought, of the enthusiasm of the Neapolitans and Catholics from other parts at its accomplishment.

There are two days in the year on which this miracle takes place. The first occasion happens early in May, the second on September 19. We had the privilege of being present yesterday in the Piazza of the Miracles, while the miracle was wrought, and we believe few things would be more welcome to our readers than an account of it.

Januarius, protector of Naples, suffered martyrdom under Diocletian about the year 305, in company with Festus, his deacon, and Desiderius, his lecturer. As Bishop of Benevento, he attracted the attention of Draconius, the governor, and on refusing to certify the gods, was by his orders decapitated at Pozzuoli, two miles from Naples. His body was brought to the city, and buried in the grotto of St. Januarius, where, after sixteen centuries, we beheld yesterday—fresh, living blood, as if it had come from veins but a few hours before.

These few remarks are sufficient prelude to giving a detailed account of the liquefaction. The great event may take place at any moment between seven and twelve, and therefore it was no wonder to find a crowd in the church at an early hour. By 9 o'clock the Piazza was filled, while in the chapel of the cathedral treasury, there were about fifteen hundred persons laboring under intense excitement. On the steps of the high altar of this chapel an aged canon stood, holding the phial half full of Daemo's blood. Priests, laymen, soldiers and gendarmes stood around. Outside the rails young and old, rich and poor stood jammed together, praying, singing, crying out to the protector of Naples that the miracle might take place. The tension was great, for Neapolitans believe if the blood does not liquefy they shall suffer either pestilence or scarcity of crops. They regard St. Januarius as father from whom they expect almost everything. Their confidence in him is strong, but they know that on more than one occasion the blood did not liquefy and a plague followed. His protection saved the city of which they are so proud from being destroyed by Vesuvius two or three times, especially in December, 1631; but they must admit they have not always deserved it. It was not a thing to be surprised at, therefore, that the various people were rather hysterical.

THE MIRACLE. From the moment the canon held up the phial to the light of a candle before the concourse until the liquefaction occurred forty minutes passed by. Litanies, hymns and various prayers succeeded each other, yet no sign of any change in the hard mass was apparent. At length it began to grow soft. Pieces of the dark lump commenced to fall off. Then, the next moment, the whole phial was almost filled with blood—and the miracle had taken place. A cry went up from the crowd, and a

wild scene followed. "Ecco! il miracolo è fatto!" "Look, the miracle has taken place!"—came from every side. Words of thanksgiving, repeated in a hundred forms, were given to "San Gennaro," only to be drowned by the strains of the "Te Deum," in which all joined.

From the heights of the citadel cannon boomed out the glad tidings over the city, and on every tongue were the same words—"Ecco! il miracolo è fatto!" And Neapolitans, always merry and happy, were more so than ever. The coming year was to pass without mishap, for "San Gennaro" would still protect the city.

And that day in restaurants, in the streets, in hotels, at railway stations the miracle was the dominant theme. Men wrangled over the precise moment the liquefaction had taken place; shrill-voiced women argued about how long "San Gennaro" had delayed them, but all were happy and agreed on one point—their protector has not forsaken his beloved city. VERITAS.

THE CATHOLIC CONFSSIONAL AND THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE

This week we present to our readers complimentary notices of Father McKeon's little book, by three eminent theologians, viz. Rev. G. R. North, editor-in-chief of the CATHOLIC RECORD, Rev. Wm. Foley, S. T. D., and Rev. L. A. Lambert, editor-in-chief of the New York Freeman's Journal.

"The Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament of Penance" is the title of an exceedingly interesting and instructive pamphlet, just issued by the Rev. G. R. North, S. T. D., of St. Columban, Ontario, Canada. The author treats his subject in a lucid, forcible and able manner, and explains his doctrines clearly and supports them with an abundance of Bible texts referring to them. In fact, he bases all his arguments on Scripture and on an appeal to common sense. In his answer he clears away a vast amount of false information and misconceptions about the Catholic doctrine of penance. Father McKeon's work is an earnest and direct talk to the reader, and holds the attention of the sincere seeker of the truth, from beginning to end. It is just the kind of book for the Catholic people, and it is to be read by every one who is in doubt about the Catholic doctrine of penance, and also to read himself.

REV. L. A. LAMBERT, LL. D. PARISHOR, N. S., Oct. 14, 1906. Dear Father McKeon—I like your book, and I hope to see others from your pen. I like the style simple and unpretentious, and the doctrine, needless to say, sound. What pleases me is your moderate tone, as well as who is sure of his ground. Please, Father, give us some more of the old truths in a new garb. With every wish for your success, yours faithfully, our Lord, WM. FOLEY, S. T. D.

From Rev. G. R. Northgrave, editor-in-chief of the Catholic Record and author of "Mistake of Modern Indolence": "The Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament of Penance" is a book that should be read by every Catholic. It is well written, and within the resources of the most uneducated people. It is a book that we need a new school of writers to meet the requirements of the twentieth century, not less thoughtful or less serious than those of old, but who, instead of folios, will write six penny tracts and will write one eye to the people of the schools, but to the man on the street. Their language must be thoroughly modern and simple, and must be so that he who runs may read, and reading may comprehend. Hence there are no purple patches and devoted to the exposition of a much misrepresented subject. It is a book that should be read by every Catholic, and we are sure that the non-Catholic who reads Father McKeon's book will be led to a new and more correct conception which prevail even in this enlightened age, respecting the confessional, and the sacrament of penance. We hope that Father McKeon's book will have a wide circulation. It is simple, concise, and it is inexpensive. Sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. The publishers are Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Price \$1.25.

DIocese OF LONDON.

On the occasion of the ceremonies attending the reopening and consecration of Wallaceburg church, the report of which appeared in last week's issue, the Vesper service drew an immense congregation, a great number of the most prominent non-Catholics of Wallaceburg and Chatham, and other surrounding places were present. The Rev. Father, in the course of his address, which revealed beauties not visible by day, making the interior a brilliant scene of color and light. The music during the entire day was rendered in a most artistic manner. Miss Dunlop presiding at the organ and the choir, under the direction of Mr. Grady, of Toledo, who possesses a voice beautifully sympathetic and highly cultivated. The choir, consisting of Mr. Gordon and his daughter, Miss Ruby Gordon and by Mr. Dickenson, Principal of the Public school, and voice blending beautifully and the different passages rendered with ease and feeling.

THE EVENING SERMON. Rev. Father McKeon, president of Assumption college, preached the sermon in the evening, the subject of which was "The Dignity of the Mother of God." The reverend father treated his subject in an admirable manner. We deeply regret we have not a record of the entire discourse, as it was both edifying and instructive, and could be read and studied with interest and profit by Protestants as well as Catholics. The reverend thought of the discourse was the honor due to Mary because of her relationship to the Redeemer of the world. Such a subject as this masterly discourse of the President of Assumption college are calculated to bring non-Catholics closer to that divine institution which will exist in all its glory until the end of the world.

MY BEADS. By Father Abram J. Ryan. Sweet, blessed beads! I would not part with one of you for richest gain. That gleams in kindly diadem; Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every secret In all the days of twenty years, And I have misused you with tears. And in your decades found relief. Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed And joys have died; but in my needs, O beads, you were my blessed beads. And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time, in grief, My weary fingers wandered round The tired chain, and said always found In some Hall Mary sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell Of long life, to you all unknown; I trusted you and you alone, But ah! ye keep my secrets well.

Ye are the only chain I wear— A sign that I am not a slave, In life, in death, beyond the grave, Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

The Home Bank. The Home Bank of Canada has opened a branch at Blue River, Ontario. W. C. Walker, formerly cashier at the Walkerville branch, is the manager.

TEACHER WANTED. A TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE T. School Section No. 5, Normandy. Duties to commence about Jan. 2, 1907. Applicants should send salary and experience, also enclosing testimonials. John Mulqueen, Ayton, Ont. 14622

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