

The Catholic Record.

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

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I Often Wonder Why 'Tis So.

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on.
I sometimes wonder which is best—
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night hours go;
Some hearts beat where some hearts break—
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some wills faint where some wills fight,
Some love the tent some the field;
I often wonder who are right—
The ones who strive or those who yield.

Some hearts beat where some hearts are
Lifted bravely in the strife;
And so through ages and through lands
Move on the two extremes of life.

Some wills faint where some wills
In tireless march a thorny way;
Some struggle on whose some have fled,
Some seek when others shun the fray.

Some swords rust where others clash,
Some fall back where some move on;
Some flags fall where others flash
Until the battle has been won.

Some sleep on while others weep
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their name above the grave
The vigils of the true and brave.

—FATHER RYAN.

visited the town, called upon the leading citizens and secured for a creditable subscription list. About the same time two young men in the East conceived the idea of building a little monument church. Their attention was called to the conditions in Julesburg. The rest was easy. As the result of the combined efforts of all those interested, a beautiful little church stands in a prominent place in this thriving western town. The pastor tells us that more than forty families have returned to the practice of their religion. The schoolman is still there. She still has charge of the children in the Sunday school, and we presume it will be news to her that the present church is a direct result of her initial efforts in behalf of a little band of forlorn western children.

CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY.

A GREAT WORK GAINING GREAT RESULTS
—FROM THE ACORN COMES THE MIGHTY OAK—STRETCHING OUT TO THE POSSESSIONS.

Contributed to Catholic Union and Times.

"Seven years have passed since I was inside a church," writes a woman from Olla, La. "The nearest church is forty-nine miles off. We are nine miles from the railroad and we are too poor to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, so we stay at home. My family consists of my husband, myself and four children. Two years ago a little girl sixteen years of age died without the sacraments, because a priest could not be gotten here in time. There are few Catholics in the neighborhood, and most of them who have been such are now fallen-aways. God speed the day when the comforts of religion will be brought to the churchless districts of our big country."

The foregoing letter is an evidence that the people living in the desert places have heard the glad tidings of the new movement, having for its purpose the providing of churches and priests for people situated as they are.

It is wonderful how much can be done by humble men and women who are animated by the true Catholic zeal. About a year ago the president of the society received a letter from a man living out in the Dakotas. He wrote to tell him of the old story. There was a little band of ought-to-be's and used-to-be's. They had no church. There were only a few of them. Some of the few already regarded themselves as fallen-aways. He wished to know if anything could be done in their behalf. The president wrote and told him that much could be done. He advised him to go out with a subscription list and see how much money could be raised. When the list had been completed, he instructed him to forward it to the society and he would take the matter up with his Bishop.

The zealous correspondent did as he was told. He returned a subscription list calling for pledges amounting altogether to about \$900.00. The president was present at the time and did not take any action in the matter for almost a month. Before the end of the month he received another letter. It was full of the deepest spiritual joy. The chapel car, in the course of its wanderings, had come to town. It had stirred Catholics and non-Catholics alike to a high degree of enthusiasm. One of the strange results of the visit was a new church already occupied and opened for divine service. They had bought the Methodist Church at a cost of \$1,300.00 had it blessed and held the first service in it before the departure of the chapel car. This is the only one of many instances in which earnest individuals have started movements which ultimately led to practical results.

One of our field secretaries, about two years ago, preached on "Church Extension" in an eastern city. A western schoolman was visiting in the city at the time. She was present at the service and was evidently impressed with his story. She was then teaching at Julesburg, Colo., and she came to the rectory after Mass to tell the priest of the conditions which prevailed in that place. There was no church; the priest came three or four times a year; a few turned out wherever he came; but the majority of Catholics seemed to have forgotten that they ever belonged to the old faith. She wanted to know if anything could be done and particularly if she herself, could be of any assistance in changing conditions. The priest told her that she certainly could do something. He advised her to gather the Catholic children together and to teach them the catechism. He advised her to do another thing, and that was to talk the building of a church to every Catholic whom she met. He sat down on the same day and wrote to good Bishop Matz and inquired who the priest was who attended Julesburg. At the same time he offered to interest the board of governors at their next meeting provided the Bishop concluded that the time was ripe.

The priest in charge of the place, was, fortunately, a zealous, hard-working missionary. Encouraged by the promise, he

visited the town, called upon the leading citizens and secured for a creditable subscription list. About the same time two young men in the East conceived the idea of building a little monument church. Their attention was called to the conditions in Julesburg. The rest was easy. As the result of the combined efforts of all those interested, a beautiful little church stands in a prominent place in this thriving western town. The pastor tells us that more than forty families have returned to the practice of their religion. The schoolman is still there. She still has charge of the children in the Sunday school, and we presume it will be news to her that the present church is a direct result of her initial efforts in behalf of a little band of forlorn western children.

The society's second-hand church goods store department has been an unexpected benefit to many struggling missions. We have distributed numerous boxes of second-hand vestments, albs, altar-cloths, candlesticks, crucifixes, chalices, linens and the like. Many pastors have sent us old stations of the cross and in some instances old statues and altars. They have been distributed where we deemed them to do the most good. Second-hand vestments have been particularly acceptable. In some little mission churches it has been the rule to have only one vestment for all occasions. Frequently priests have been obliged to carry their vestments with them when they say Mass. The second-hand department has enabled us to furnish such poor and needy places with articles necessary for divine service.

In the earlier stages of the society's existence the advisability of reaching out to Alaska, Porto Rico and the Philippines was seriously questioned. The board of governors finally came to the conclusion that an American missionary society ought to reach out to all of America's possessions. The results have been extremely satisfactory. We are helping, at present, to educate ecclesiastical students for duty in the Philippines. A certain sum has been set aside for the Church in Porto Rico. We have three or four churches to our credit in far-off Alaska.

THE NECESSITY OF CONFESSION.

Confession is necessary. It is necessary because, being sinners, we should acknowledge our sorrow for our sins before God. In the old law there were sin offerings, and in the new there is the offering or sacrifice of an humble and contrite heart for the taking away of sin through the power vested in the priests of the Church. As in the old law the priests took the offerings for sin and offered them up on behalf of those presenting them, so in the new the priest offers up the sacrifice of the contrite heart of the penitent one. In the old law the priest could not assure the sinner of forgiveness, but in the new law the priest can do so, in fact, he himself forgives by the power given him by Christ. When our Lord was on earth He was constantly forgiving sin, as we see by His oft-repeated words: "Go thy way, thy sins are forgiven thee;" but as He left His apostles as other Christs to continue His mission of love and mercy towards men, He gave them His own power of taking away and forgiving sin, for assembling them around Him. He said, "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth, and breathing upon them, He said, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained.'"

From this we see not only is confession of our sins necessary that we may regain God's favor, but also that it is obligatory. It is not only what all should do, but what all must do if they would have again the lost friendship of God. Men may suggest other ways, but this is God's appointed way, and from it there can be no departure. Hence we are commanded by Holy Church to confess our sins at least once a year and are commended to go to confession as frequently as we can, at least as often as we find ourselves in grievous sin. At Easter time the Church commands that the faithful approach the sacrament of the holy Eucharist, and this supposes a good confession as the necessary preparation. From this we see how obligatory is the humble acknowledgment of our sins, and how of all Christian duties this is the most important; for as sin cuts us off from God and deprives us, therefore, of the merit of anything we perform while in that state so the remission of our sins is first to be attained before anything else, and is the duty we owe to ourselves as well as to God whenever we have been so unfortunate as to grievously offend Him.

But not only is confession necessary and obligatory, and as such commanded by Holy Church, but it is commended likewise to be practiced frequently by all, for it is not only the remedy for taking away sin, but it is likewise the prevention against relapse. So true is this that it has passed into an axiom "that mortal sin and frequent confession cannot exist in a person at one and the same time." We know how easy it is to fall away, and one of the chief causes of our falling the first time was caused by our failure to grace, but by frequent confession grace is renewed to us again and again, and the sorrow for our fall is deepened and increased and our return to sin made the more difficult. Again, by going to confession often we ground ourselves the more in virtue; faith is deepened, hope increased, charity through the exercise of our humility in confession and the punishment of pride, take root in the soul and make it strong in the love and service of God.

But who will attempt to describe the happiness one experiences by a good confession? The heart is made light, for the weight of sin is removed from it; the spirit is cheered, and the mind made free for the chains of sin have been stricken off, and the whole man again stands up with the freedom of one of the children of God. He is reborn, regenerated by this second baptism, as penance is aptly called, and he begins a life of perfection, a supernatural life, which if he but perseveres in by frequent confession will usher him one day into a high place among the elect in heaven. Such was the practice of the saints, and such is the example imitated by all who are striving for perfection of life. Thus the religious, by their holy rules, are obliged to go to confession every week of their life, and many in the world do the same with the greatest advantage to their souls.

It is this power of forgiving sin that the Church ministers so gladly exercise for the good of the people. It is a power divine in its character, terrible in its responsibility, most trying and laborious in its exercise, and yet a labor of love, so many and so consoling the graces and blessings coming through it. Like the Mass and the Holy Eucharist, the sacrament of penance transcends all human reason to explain, and can only be understood in the light of God's wisdom and the power of His love; and we can but gratefully avail ourselves of its privileges and admit the fullness of our belief in the frequency of our practice. It is the characteristic of the Church alone, saving a small sprinkling of heretics unwarrantably imitating her, to exercise this power, and this she has done from the beginning and will do to the end because she is the faithful bride of Christ, sharing His powers and filled with His spirit of love and mercy to exercise them.

As difficult and irksome as is the office of the priest in the hearing of confessions, as regards the labor and fatigue of the body, comforting and consoling, beyond all that is the happiness his soul experiences. The confessor feels a supernatural strength of the body and a supernatural power of the mind in the duties of the confessional. How quickly pass the happy hours and where is the good priest who does not so truly wage as within its holy precincts. Again and again he recognizes a power of thought and word not his own when in the sacred tribunal, and like the joy and consolation of the soul he reconciles to God, so all the priest's experiences likewise tell that confession is something not of man but of God, of our divine Lord, Who founded the Church and Who with His own sacred person and power has so wonderfully enriched her.

Should we not avail ourselves of God's goodness by confession, and frequent confession, be always worthy in His sight? Holy Church calls upon her children to make such a resolution. "Go show yourselves to the priests," was the command to the lepers of old, and so now Holy Church commands all afflicted with the leprosy of sin to have immediate recourse to the sacrament of penance, and those who happily are free she would have them come, too, to be washed and strengthened anew in the blood of the Immaculate Lamb.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

PRESENT POSITION OF CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND.

Nearly sixty years ago Dr. Newman, in one of his celebrated lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England, declared that the anti-Catholic tradition propagated among his fellow countrymen was the sustaining power of the Protestant view regarding the Church of Rome. "Tell an Englishman, Churchman or Dissenter," he says, "that the vulgar legends of sin to which Catholics are but slanders, simple lies or exaggeration or misrepresentations . . . and he will laugh in your face at your simplicity." With him Protestantism is "the profession of a gentleman; Catholicism, of unbred persons, of the vulgar-minded, the uncouth, and the ill-connected." . . . "for the fathers and patrons of the Reformation have left us a substance, a momentum, and a permanence to their tradition, and have fastened on us Catholics, first the imputation, then the repute of ignorance, bigotry, and superstition." This, he points out, is the tradition of "Kings, Lords, Commons, Law, Literature, and also of the clergy."

Speaking of the Establishment, he maintains that its special duty as a religious body is not to inculcate any particular theological system, but to watch over the anti-Catholic tradition, to preserve it from rust and decay, to keep it bright and keen, and ready for action on any emergency or peril. The lectures make very interesting reading at the present time, not simply as presenting a vivid picture of a condition of things existing when the lectures were delivered, but as placing in non-day light the "vast enchanted palace" in which the Englishman's lot is cast and which must be shivered in pieces before England will ever return to its old-time allegiance to the Church of Rome.

Were any but an Englishman to characterize the great Protestant tradition in terms as scathing as Dr. Newman employs, he would, with the average Briton, risk reputation for honesty or fair-mindedness, and be roundly abused for allowing his rhetoric to color his facts. Beyond a peradventure he would be called a fanatic or a bigot, or both.

In the light of recent occurrences on the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress in London, one may be pardoned for calling attention to Newman's picture of the attitude of John Bull when he is made to face the Roman question. It is at least doubtful if two generations of intercourse with Catholics have soft-

ened the lines of the picture. He charges them with shutting their eyes, with thrusting their heads into the sand, and trying "to get rid of a great vision, a great reality, under the name of Popery." "Was there ever," he asks, "such an instance of self-sufficiency, dense, and ridiculous bigotry, as that which rises up and walls in the minds of our fellow-countrymen from all knowledge of one of the most remarkable phenomena which the history of the world has seen?"—to wit, the broad fact of Catholicism.

Most emphatically was this broad fact brought home to Englishmen in the presence on British soil of the representatives of the great Mother Church of Christendom. This meeting of Cardinals and Bishops drawn from so many parts of the globe, who came not to legislate or to denigrate, but to consider for their own benefit and that of others, the priceless gift which all Catholics possess in the Real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, as well as to deliberate on ways and means of increasing and promoting the devotion of the faithful for this great Sacrament, this remarkable gathering of dignitaries of the Church of Rome could not fail to challenge the attention of the thoughtful and excite a new interest in the ancient faith professed by the assembled prelates. The carrying of the Sacred Host in solemn procession, but a short distance in the neighborhood of the cathedral, where it would naturally be venerated, was only an incident of the Congress. And yet it was sufficient of itself to disclose to the world at large the real sentiments of the Protestant Englishman and to fan into flame the smouldering embers of religious bigotry. We cannot feel that were the people of London only aware of the peaceful mission of the Catholic members of the Congress, or of the meaning of the procession of the Blessed Sacrament—the triumphal march among his children of Him Who came as the Prince of Peace—a brighter page would go as a record into the ecclesiastical history of twentieth century England. Ignorance nowadays is a poor excuse for religious bigotry or intolerance, and yet, we quote Newman again, "In this inquisitive age, when the Alps are crested, and seas fathomed, and mines ransacked, and lands sifted, and rocks cracked into specimens, and beasts caught and catalogued, as little is known by Englishmen of the religious sentiments, the religious ideas of two hundred millions of Catholics poured to and fro, among them and around them, as if, I will not say, they were Tartars or Patagonians, but as if they inhabited the moon." And until the English Protestant knows the Catholic at his door better—and the Catholic at his door is the one as the Catholic in Italy or in Van Diemen's Land—we may expect repetition of the sorrowful exhibition of religious bigotry witnessed during the closing scenes of the Eucharistic Congress in England.—The Messenger.

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GLADSTONE'S MEMORABLE WORDS.

"Go into the length and breadth of the world," said Mr. Gladstone, "ransack the literature of all countries and find if you can a single voice, a single book in which the conduct of England towards Ireland is anywhere treated except with profound and bitter condemnation."

These words were spoken by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons in support of his first Home Rule Bill, in 1886. That Bill was rejected by the British Parliament, but seven years later the same illustrious statesman, introduced another Bill with the same object—the object of giving the Irish people control of government in Ireland—and it was passed in the House of Commons by a substantial majority (of 43), only, however, to be thrown out by an overwhelming majority in the Tory land-lord House of Lords.

Thus the policy of Mr. Gladstone—the policy of conceding the just demand of the Irish people for the right of National self-government—though thwarted for the time by the land-lord assembly was approved and accepted by the great Liberal Party of England. And it was applauded by the outside world. In all the British colonies, in all English-speaking countries, in Australia and Canada and in the United States, legislative assemblies passed resolutions, statesmen made emphatic declarations, and the press with all but unanimity gave voice to public sentiment, in approval of the policy of Home Rule for Ireland and of the Irish National movement for obtaining it. And ever since and up to the present time the same sentiment of sympathy with the Irish cause has prevailed and ever again been strongly expressed through the same channels of public opinion in all quarters of the globe.

That the National cause of Ireland is a just cause and so universally recognized stands therefore as an established fact. And, of course, it is a fundamental fact—a fact of primary importance. "There is," he argued that hath his quarrel just." Justice, like truth, and it is truth, is mighty, and it must prevail. But the just cause must have men of the right kind to take it in hand, else it may be very slow in prevailing. Who can truthfully say that the Irish cause is not in right and good hands? No National cause in the world has ever had a party more qualified and fitted in every way to carry it on to success, and better led than the Irish Party led by John Redmond. Where in the English ranks can Mr. John Redmond be equalled? As an orator there is no man in Parliament at the present time to come within measurable distance of him.

This is the testimony (in his book, "Ireland and the Empire," published in 1901), of Thos. W. Russell, M. P., presently a high Government official in Ireland, who also, referring to John Dillon, asked: "Where is there in the House of Commons a better parliamentarian, a man more skilled in debate, more relentless in argument, a man more feared—I had almost said hated—by the Treasury Bench and by his opponents?" And describing the Party in general Mr. Russell (himself a strong opponent) thus gave his opinion of them:

"These three men are the duly elected representatives of the great majority of the people of Ireland. What is to be done? Whatever fault is to be found with them, they are absolutely unpurchasable. They forego for their country's sake all the rewards that service in the English ranks would give them. Not a man in the Party can be bought. They are able, even brilliant. They have discovered and developed a new method of making war upon England."

Tribute to the Irish Party in the same direction was eloquently rendered by Bourke Cochrane in his speech at the recent New York meeting, in which, referring to the achievements of the Party as recounted by Mr. Redmond, he thus expressed what was undoubtedly the sentiment of the entire assemblage:

"But this splendid triumph has not been won without sacrifice after sacrifice—the renunciation by many of all personal ambitions—the dedication to country of services and talents, which if supposed for personal advantage would have reaped the largest rewards of fortune and affluence. You have heard to-night the leader of that Parliamentary Party describe the achievements of the last thirty years with such lofty eloquence, showing powers so exalted and splendid that had he employed them for his own benefit and the improvement of his own condition with half the zeal with which he has devoted these abilities to the service of his country the highest eminence in professional or commercial life would be his with material wealth in fullest abundance. And now, after a lifetime spent in the service of his country he comes here rich in every possession but one and that the wealth which might have been his in abundant measure had he chosen to pursue it, rather than to pursue freedom and justice for his countrymen—asking us for what? Not for a penny to reward himself, but for the means by which his great struggle already carried to partial success may be prosecuted to final triumph."

Such is the Irish leader and such is the Irish Party.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

SOCIALISM AND CATHOLICISM.

CHURCH IS OPPOSED TO THE REVOLUTIONARILY IN GOVERNMENT.

It would be strange, in one way, for socialists to attack the Roman Catholic Church, inasmuch as that is the only one of the great denominations whose members never have to complain that it is losing hold on the common people. A common saying in the world of dissonance, to which socialism makes its most fetching appeal, is that the Church has grown away from the masses; but to the Catholic Church this criticism does not apply. No sense of caste pervades its propaganda or its sanctuaries. Against it socialism can bring no such indictment.

There is a reason, however, why socialists may be expected to attack the Catholic Church, and that reason consists in the fact that the Catholic Church is the most powerful opponent of socialism in the world to-day. Neither the intensely practical and self-centered mood of the modern man nor the widely pervasive individualism of the nineteenth century, Spencer can compare in vigor or efficiency of antagonism to socialism with the hostility waged against it by the Roman Catholic organization, from the Vatican itself to the humblest priest at the other end of the world. No wonder impetuous socialists sometimes behave ill-advisedly against "the hierarchy" and the Pope at Rome.

That Catholicism is against socialism, without quarrel and without rest, is inevitable; for it is not alone against socialism that this most powerful of religious organizations is arrayed, but it is the greatest conservative force in the world against it. Innovation in every branch of the human mind, in government, in science or religion against which the Catholic Church does not itself instinctively and immovably oppose. Human civilization knows no other repository of conservatism to compare for a moment with that which centers at Rome and permeates every nook and corner of the Christian world. That is why troubled souls tossed on seas of doubt and modern speculation, have found rest in such numbers within the pale of the Catholic faith, tradition, authority, discipline.

An impressive thought for all who look sometimes with misgiving or alarm at the ominous unrest of the time, cropping out in long slumbering peoples of Asia and central Europe, menacing authority in government and religion in new world and old alike. We have all been looking for the titanic struggle for world mastery between Slav and Saxon or between Caucasian and Mongol. Is the final battle, after all, to be between conservatism and innovation to the death throughout the length and breadth of civilization, between the established order and barbarians springing up not from savage Goth and Vandal wilds, but from our own firesides, along our own familiar streets? In such a time, as every thoughtful patriot must reflect with a feeling of satisfaction and security, the forces of conser-

vatism will have no more trustworthy dependence than the incalculable and immutable power of the Church of Rome.—Indianapolis Star.

A TIMELY QUESTION.

(From an address of Lord Macaulay before the British Parliament in 1843.)

"Two hundred and eighty-five years has the Protestant Church been at work. What could have been done for it in way of authority, privileges, endowments, which has not been done?" . . . and what have we to show for all this lavish expenditure? What, but the most zealous Roman Catholic people on the face of the earth? On the great solid mass of the Roman Catholic population you have made no impression whatever. There are against the members of your Established Church. Explain this to me. I speak to you, the zealous Protestants on the other side of the house. Explain this to me on Protestant principles. If I were a Roman Catholic I could easily account for the phenomenon. If I were a Roman Catholic I should content myself with saying that the mighty Hand and outstretched Arm had been put forth according to the promise, in defense of the unchangeable Church; that, He who, in the old time turned into blessings the curses of Balaam, and smote the host of Sennacherib, had signally confounded the arts and the powers of heretical statesmen."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Mr. Burns, the Cattle King of Calgary, one of the most generous Catholics in Canada, has donated two hundred acres of land to Father LaCombe, O. M. I., for his projected home for the Poor and Destitute.

According to the Catholic census of New Orleans, which Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, has been compiling for several months, the Crescent City has 181,549 Catholic communicants out of a total population of about 350,000.

Preaching his first sermon since his return from Rome, Archbishop Farley has made public the fact that the New York offering of Peter's Pence to the Pope was \$60,000. This was the largest offering made by any diocese in the world.

By the will of the late Mrs. Emily R. Lusby, of Baltimore, Md., the Catholic University at Washington, is bequeathed the residue of her estate. The estimated value of the bequest is between \$50,000 and \$200,000.

The Catholic King of the Protestant kingdom of Saxony, whose brother, Mgr. Max, is a priest of apostolic life, declined to be the patron of an art exhibition in Dresden, for the reason that some of its pictures are morally offensive.

Forty thousand men in orderly and disciplined array paraded the streets of Boston on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 1st, to give public testimony of their faith and of their gratitude to God for its preservation and ever-growing influence, says the Boston Pilot.

By the bequests of Lord and Lady Brampton, who died last autumn, the Archbishop of Westminster, received about \$900,000 for the education of priests. By means of this the Archbishop is greatly relieved of his former solicitude to provide his diocese with well-trained priests.

Archbishop Falconio, Apostolic Delegate in the United States, has received formal notification of the appointment of Vicar-General Owen B. Corrigan as Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore. It came in the form of papal briefs and the documents were mailed to Cardinal Gibbons' residence at Baltimore.

One of the greatest religious demonstrations America has seen, and the largest ever witnessed west of the Mississippi River, was the vast multitude that gathered on October 11th to take part in the laying of the cornerstone of the new \$2,000,000 Cathedral at Lindell boulevard and Newstead avenue, St. Louis.

Before several hundred invited guests, including the family, relatives and friends of Boston's former mayor and congressman, the memorial monument of the late Patrick A. Collins was unveiled on last Monday morning. Jerome Jones, president of the Citizens' Memorial Association, presided, and beside him sat the Most Reverend Archbishop, who offered the prayer. His Honor Mayor Hibbard and Honorable John D. Long were the orators of the day.

An evidence of the goodness of heart and democratic disposition of Archbishop Henry Moeller, of Cincinnati, was given during a short stay in Urbana Sunday. After an impressive ceremony of class confirmation in St. Mary's church was over he learned that Mary Logsdon, who belonged to the class, had been injured and so was unable to be at the services. Notwithstanding a banquet had been arranged in honor of the Archbishop, he drove five miles in the country to the humble home and there confirmed the little girl.

Charles W. Burrows, of the firm of Burrows Brothers, Cleveland, prizes very highly an interesting relic of which he acquired possession while in Canada last summer. It is a hanging figure of Christ, in a state of perfect preservation, and evidently the remains of a crucifix. It was dug up by a man named Dion, a stonemason of Penetanguishene, Canada, in his garden, and is said by antiquarians to be at least two hundred and seventy-five years old. It was probably affixed to the cross of some intrepid Jesuit missionary who tracked the Canadian wilds in quest of souls early in the seventeenth century and may have marked the spot of his martyrdom or of his grave. Mr. Burrows bought the relic from the son of the finder, who is a clerk in a jewelry store in Penetanguishene.

splendent beauty, at his feet, with a salver of medical cordials in her hand. Near them stood a young man. On the entrance of Halbert, the earl raised himself on his arm, and welcomed him. The young lady rose, and the young man stepped eagerly forward. The earl inquired anxiously after Wallace, and asked if he might expect him soon at Bothwell.

"He cannot yet come, my lord," replied Halbert; "hard is the task he has laid upon his valiant head; but he is avenged; he has slain the governor of Lanark."

"Slain!—how?" demanded the earl. Halbert gave a particular account of the anguish of Wallace when he was told of the sanguinary events which had taken place at Ellerslie; of the events that succeeded; and of the death of Heselrige—stating that, when the governor fell, Wallace made a vow never to mingle with the world again till Scotland should be free.

"Alas!" cried the earl, "what miracle is it to effect that? Surely he will not bury those noble qualities within the gloom of a cloister?"

"No, my lord, he has retired to the fastnesses of Cartlane Crags."

"Why?" resumed Mar, "why did he not rather fly to me? This castle is strong; and, while one stone of it remains upon another, not all the hosts of England should take him hence."

"It was not your friendship that he doubted," returned the old man; "love for his country compels him to reject all comfort in which she does not share. His last words to me were these—'I have nothing now to do but to assert the liberties of Scotland, and to rid her of her enemies. Go to Lord Mar; take this lock of my hair stained with the blood of my wife. It is all, most likely, he will ever again see of William Wallace. Should I fall, tell him to look on that, and in my wrongs read the future miseries of Scotland, and remember that God armeth the patriot.'"

Tears dropped fast from the young lady's eyes. "O my uncle!" cried the youth; "surely the freedom of Scotland is possible. I feel in my soul that the words of the brave Wallace are prophetic."

The earl held the lock of hair in his hands; he regarded it, lost in meditation. "God armeth the patriot!" He paused again; then, raising the sacred present to his lips, "Yes," cried he, "thy vow shall be performed; and while Donald Mar has an arm to wield a sword, or a man to follow him to the field, thou shalt command both him and them!"

"But not as you are, my lord!" cried the elder lady; "your wounds are yet unhealed; your fever is still raging. Would it not be madness to expose your safety at such a crisis?"

"I shall not take arms myself," answered he, "till I can bear them to effect; meanwhile, all of my clan and of my friends that I can raise to guard the life of my deliverer, and to promote the cause, must be summoned. This lock shall be my pennon, and what Scotsman will look on that and start from his colours? Here, Helen, my child," cried he, addressing the young lady, "take this lock of my hair, have this hair wrought into my banner. It will be a patriot's standard, and let his own irresistible words be the motto—'God armeth me.'"

Helen took the lock, and, trembling with a strange emotion, was leaving the room, when she heard her cousin throw himself on his knees. "I beseech you, my honoured uncle," cried he, "if you have any love for me, or value for my future fame, that you will allow me to be the bearer of your banner in the army of Sir William Wallace."

Helen stopped to hear the reply. "You cannot, my dear nephew," returned the earl, "have as good a much favour that I would grant with so much joy. Tomorrow, I will collect the peasantry of Bothwell, and with those of my own followers you shall join Wallace the same night. Helen, who, ignorant of the horrors of war, and only alive to the glory of the present cause, sympathized in the ardour of her cousin, with a thrill of delight hurried to her own apartment to commence her task.

Far different were the sentiments of the countess. As soon as Lord Mar had let this declaration escape his lips, alarmed at the effect so much agitation might have on his enfeebled constitution and fearful of the perilous cause he ventured thus openly to espouse, she desired her nephew to take Halbert, and see that he was attended with due hospitality. When the room was left to the earl and herself, she remonstrated with him upon the facility with which he had become a party in so treasonable a matter. "Consider, my lord," continued she, "that Scotland is now entirely in the power of the English monarch. His garisons occupy our towns, and his creatures hold every place of trust in the kingdom."

"And is such a list of oppressions, my dear lady, to be an argument for longer bearing them? Had I and other Scottish nobles dared to resist this overwhelming power after the battle of Dunbar; had we, instead of kissing the sword that robbed us of our liberties, kept our own unshaken within the bulwarks of our mountains, Scotland would now be free. I should not have been assaulted by our English tyrants in the streets of Lanark; and to save my life, William Wallace would not be now mourning his murdered wife, and without a home to shelter him!"

Lady Mar paused, but resumed, "That may be true, but Scotland is lost for ever; and by your attempting to assist your friend in this rash essay to recover it, you will only lose yourself also, without preserving him. What would you have? Now that the contention between the two kings is past; now that Baliol has surrendered his crown to Edward, is not Scotland at peace?"

"A bloody peace, Joanna," answered the earl; "witness these wounds. An usurper's peace is more destructive than his open hostilities; plunder and assassination are its concomitants. I have now seen and felt enough of Edward's jurisdiction. It is time I should awake, and, like Wallace, determine to die for Scotland, or to avenge her."

Lady Mar wept. "Cruel Donald! is this the reward of all my love and duty? You tear yourself from me; you consign your estates to sequestration; you rob your children of their name; nay, you

stimulate our brother Bothwell's son to head the band that is to join this madman Wallace!"

"Hold, Joanna!" cried the earl; "speak that word again, and you forfeit my love! What is it I hear? You call the hero who in saving your husband's life, reduced madman. Was he mad because he protected the Countess of Mar from being left a widow? Was he mad because he prevented her children from being fatherless?"

TO BE CONTINUED. LARRY O'NEILL.

Half an hour past noon on a bright May day, Larry O'Neill, for lack of anything better to do, dropped into Christie's salerooms. Some necessary legal business had obliged him to leave his retirement in Donegal, and when he found the family solicitors were not to be hurried into any lawyer-like speed, he found time to do a little of his own business. He had had no difficulty in spending a few days pleasantly enough in London, but that was prior to the time of the occurrence that had transformed the light-hearted Larry O'Neill into a gloomy and morose recluse.

The famous salerooms were pretty well filled, and Larry found an unoccupied chair and looked indifferently at the next seat, turned towards him, eyed Larry doubtfully for a few minutes, and then held out his hand.

"Captain O'Neill, isn't it?" the man said eagerly.

"No—I am in the service no longer, Mr. Hilton," he said quietly.

"Well, you're Larry O'Neill, anyhow," Mr. Hilton said, "though I doubted the fact for a minute. I never knew you had a taste for brics-a-brac."

"Oh, I haven't," Larry smiled slightly. "I merely strolled in here because I had nothing else to do. Are you purchasing?"

"I have just thought a Kan-he-rase," Mr. Hilton replied. "It's very unique. Then he sighed. 'One has to cultivate an interest in something or another.'"

"I suppose," Larry assented indifferently, and rose to his feet. Mr. Hilton did likewise.

"There is nothing else I want," he explained. "Come to my flat for luncheon, will you, Larry?"

Larry began an excuse. Mr. Hilton interrupted him.

"You'll do me a kindness, really old fellow," he urged. "I'm very lonely at times, and then Larry remembered that Mr. Hilton's wife, to whom he had been tenderly attached, had died at San Remo seven or eight years before.

"Thanks, then I will," Larry assented, "but I should warn you that I'm not the best of company."

"Neither am I," Hilton responded. Soon afterwards the two men were seated at a simple, well-cooked luncheon in a quiet street not far from Piccadilly.

"I couldn't bear the country," the older man confessed, "nor the house where Jane and I had lived so long alone together. My nephew, who will succeed me, occupies the house in the summer. I brought a couple of old servants with me to London."

Larry was sympathetically silent.

"But you, Larry, why have you turned hermit, Jane liked you—for her sake, excuse what might seem an impertinent question," Mr. Hilton went on after a moment.

Larry looked across the table. "Do you not know?"

"Know! Mr. Hilton shook his head. "But, there—perhaps my question roused painful memories. Don't—"

Larry laughed a hard bitter laugh. "Painful memories are seldom long away from me," he said. "You know I went to India."

"Well, I was in command of a troop during a period of unrest among the natives. A certain tribe was disaffected and we feared a rising. It took place, and though we had been in a measure expecting it, we were surprised at the moment I was in command, and I blundered hopelessly."

"How was that?"

"I don't know in the least, I felt drunk, stupid, dazed, and my man had to help me into the saddle. What orders I gave I have no idea, but we were beaten back ignominiously, disgracefully, and all through me. Only for Tyson, the next in authority, matters would have been worse. As it was, India and England rang with the miserable story. There were some who said, because I was a Catholic and an Irishman, that I was a traitor."

"But could you not account in any way?"

"In no way. I have no recollection of anything really till our defeat was accomplished. I was a ruined and disgraced man. For myself, though I loved service, it would not have mattered, but my father—the old man believes we are descended from Com of the Hundred Fights. You can guess the blow it was to him to hear his only son described as a coward or a traitor."

"Larry, you are neither."

"I was one or other to all men. My father never openly reproached me or questioned me. Ah, Hilton, I think I could have borne it better if he had. I retired to Carrickduan, and I have tried, God knows, to make the best of things. Some times I see a look on the old man's face that seems a look on an explanation, and I can give none. I wonder you did not hear of the thing at the time it occurred."

"When was it?"

Larry mentioned a date.

"Ah! My wife was dying then, abroad," Mr. Hilton said. "I was only interested in that fact. And then—things are speedily forgotten. Some new sensation turns up."

Larry nodded, a deeper shadow overspreading his face.

"I seldom leave home," he said, after a moment, "but I had to come here. A piece of land was sold to the railway company. I dreaded meeting any of the set I once knew. I need not have feared—not things alone, but people, are forgotten. You are the first to recognize me."

Mr. Hilton played nervously with his fork. He had liked Larry O'Neill well

in the days long past, and ventured on a question hesitatingly.

"And you—you are engaged Larry. Did the marriage come off?"

"No—how could it? I released Miss Trevor. She accepted her release."

"Miss Trevor—Constance Trevor," Mr. Hilton thought a moment. "She is unmarried yet. I saw her at some art show not long since—as beautiful as ever. Did she act under compulsion? Her father was rather determined."

"There was no compulsion. Constance simply thought as the world thought—I was either a traitor or a coward."

"Strange!"

"To none more so than me," Larry said. "How could any one account for what was unaccountable? There was only one person who believed in my honesty and courage."

"Who was that?"

"Mollie Blake. Miss Trevor's mother was Irish, you know. That's how my acquaintance with the family began. Mrs. Trevor was Mollie's aunt. Poor Mollie! She was an orphan, an orphaned, and exceedingly simple, young, unformed, and quite ignorant of the world, too. Yet her vigorous and foolish championship gave me comfort. I wonder what became of the child?"

Mr. Hilton shook his head.

"Like you, I have not mixed much with my kind."

"There was a long silence. Mr. Hilton was not an adept at the art of making conversation. He tried to think of something to say about while Larry sat grave and abstracted, his thoughts far back in the past. The host was relieved by a summons from his manservant, and left the room. When he returned he carried a vase in his hand. Larry had not moved.

"This is my recent purchase," Mr. Hilton began. "It belonged to Sir Stephen Merchem, once Foreign Secretary. He died a year ago."

"Yes," Larry responded. "I know. A sister of his was married to an officer in my—the regiment. Mrs. Tyson was a pretty, hysterical little woman, but very kind. She was much affected by that unfortunate affair. More than she had the least right to be, seeing we were the nearest acquaintances."

Mr. Hilton had no desire to go back to the unsatisfactory subject. He began divesting the vase of its inner wrappings.

"Just look at this, Larry," he said, "even if you aren't an art critic, the vase will appear to you."

There was a loud crash. The precious vase had slipped from its owner's hands and fallen on the side of the brass fender.

"Oh! Larry ejaculated. Mr. Hilton was gazing at the fragments in consternation.

"What a pity!" Larry said. "And the thing is shattered, I fear. No patching of it up?"

"No, no," Mr. Hilton stooped over the pieces and lifted a couple of sheets of paper. Half mechanically he began reading them.

"God bless me, God bless me!" he cried. "How on earth—what on earth!" He dropped into a chair, and went on reading, while Larry retreated to the windows and looked out. When he turned from his momentary contemplation of the opposite houses, Mr. Hilton was still reading, with distended eyes, the thin, crumpled sheets of paper.

"Larry, Larry! Do you know what this is? It is my marvellous, most wonderful. How fortunate I am to find it! God bless me!" Mr. Hilton ejaculated excitedly.

"What is the matter, Hilton?" Larry inquired.

"And you here! Why it is simply astonishing, dramatic!" Mr. Hilton tried to compose himself, and held forth the sheets. "This is a letter from Mrs. Tyson to her brother, Sir Stephen. He must have stuck it in the vase."

"Indeed!" Larry observed.

"And forgotten about it. He was absent-minded, it is said, or perhaps he compromised with his action. One doesn't know, can never know," Mr. Hilton said. "Read the letter, Larry."

"Why should I read what was not intended for my eyes?"

"Nor for mine," Mr. Hilton laughed; then added solemnly: "Why, Larry, it is your justification. It was Mrs. Tyson's—'drugged.'"

"Drugged!"

"Yes. She was nervous about her husband going into action, into danger—a poor, foolish, goose of a woman she was, I should judge. She obtained some powerful native drug from an Indian servant, which she determined to administer to her husband when the hour of danger arrived. The dose was warranted to produce a form of illness that would render the person taking it quite unconscious. The illness was to resemble

WIT AND HUMOR. Couldn't Fool Him.

At a dinner, recently, William J. Bryan was joking about his repeated attempts to be elected President, although Mr. Bryan considers them no joke, at that.

"After a time," he said, "I shall be in the position of the man, somewhat worse for wear, who came into a dance in Texas. The floor manager saw him and let him out. He came back. Then the floor manager pushed him out. He came back. Finally, the floor manager kicked him out, and he rolled down a flight of stairs. At the bottom of the stairs he considered the matter. 'I know what it means,' he said. 'They can't fool me. Those people in there do not want me to attend that dance.'"

An old barber, living in an English market town, recently made a clever

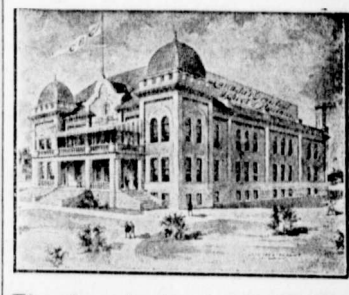
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reply to a farmer who went to his shop to get shaved. It was market day, and several people were awaiting their turn, when the agriculturist, who was wealthy, but inclined to be mean, entered and addressed the barber as follows:—"I say, Billy, farming pays very badly nowadays; thou ought to shave us for half price."

"Nay, nay," said Billy, who knew his business well. "I ought to hev double price now, for farmers' faces are twice as long as they used to be."

Scotland has a great reputation for learning in the United States, and a lady who went over from Boston recently expected to find the proverbial shepherd quoting Virgil, and the laborer who had Burns by heart. She was disillusioned in Edinburgh. Accosting a policeman she inquired as to the whereabouts of Carlyle's house. "Which Carlyle?" she asked. "Thomas Carlyle," said the lady. "What does he do?" queried the guardian of the peace. "He was a writer—but he's dead," she faltered.

"Well, madam," the big Scot informed her, "if the man is dead over five years there's little chance of finding out anything about him in a big city like this."

Mr. Justyn, said the editor, looking over the new reporter's story of the political meeting, "in this write-up of yours you say 'resistless waves of applause from the audience fairly overwhelmed the speaker.' Look at the absurdity of that figure of speech. How could a 'resistless wave' of applause or anything else come from an 'audience,' Mr. Justyn?"

It could come from a sea of upturned faces, couldn't it?" insisted the new reporter.

A rather pompous looking member of a certain church was asked to take charge of a class of boys during the absence of the regular teacher. While endeavoring to impress upon their young minds the importance of living a Christian life the following question was propounded:—"Why do the people call me a Christian, children?" the worthy dignitary asked, standing very erect and smiling down upon them.

"Because they don't know you," was the ready answer of a bright-eyed little boy, responding to the ingratiating smile with one equally guileless and winning.

A man that considers riches better than a good name is to be pitied. Every day should be a day of thanksgiving.

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Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Mr. Hilton played nervously with his fork. He had liked Larry O'Neill well

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

First Sunday of Advent.

LOOKING TO THE END.

And He spoke to them a similitude. See the fig tree and all the trees; when they now shoot forth their fruit you know that summer is nigh.

That seems a strange similitude for Our Lord to make use of, does it not, my brethren? Yet what could more forcibly teach the lesson He would have us learn? Every one, even the simplest child, when he sees the trees beginning to put forth their leaves, knows that summer is nigh. So Our Lord wished us to see that the signs preceding the end of the world are equally clear. And not only is this true of that great last day when all things shall be changed and the voice of the angel shall be heard calling all men to judgment; it is equally true of the day when the world shall end for us, when we shall be forced to leave the world. There are signs all around us telling that we are fast hurrying to the appointed lot of all men. Yet too often we live as if that day were still far off, as if we had yet many years to live; and when the day at last comes, how many does it not find unprepared?

What could be a clearer sign to us of the approach of death than this day, this first Sunday of Advent? For what is it? It is the beginning of a new year. It is the day on which the church begins over again her round of penance and prayer and joy. A year of our lives has gone from us, and how have we spent it? What have we done? How do we stand now in God's sight? Are we better than we were a year ago? Has it not been to us a year of warning? Look back and see how many of your friends and neighbors have fallen in the battle of life during this past year; and how unexpected, perhaps, was it to many of them! How many afflictions have come to you! They were all signs, and the one lesson they should have taught you was that the time of life was short and was rapidly drawing to a close. Did you ever stop to think of that? Did you ever ask yourselves why it was your friend or neighbor was taken away and you were spared? Ah! it was that you might hear again the words of warning spoken to us by Our Lord Himself. "Take heed to yourselves," He says, "lest perhaps your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness and the cares of life, and that day come upon you suddenly." These words are not new to you. You have often heard them before, but what effect have they produced? Have you given up those sins of drunkenness and gluttony? Have you rid yourselves of those excessive and sinful cares of life? Or did you delude yourselves? Did you go forth from the church and say: "Oh! I am young yet; I see no signs of death in me; there will be time enough to think of those things when I get older." Thou fool! Have you not heard the words of the Gospel addressed to the man who thought he had a long time for enjoyment? And even while his heart was filled with such things the awful voice of God was heard saying: "Thou fool, this night all these things shall be taken from thee, and they shall cast thee into hell." My brethren, ask yourselves now, what would be your fate if the voice were suddenly to call you. Do not some of you shudder when you think of it? And what is it then, as reasonable beings, that we ought to do? Is it to go on in that awful state? Ah! my brethren, God has permitted us to hear those words of warning perhaps for the last time, and had indeed will it be for us if we do not heed them. And now is the time to prepare; now, at the very beginning of this new year, is the time to cast off the works of darkness, to free ourselves from the sins by which we have been so long enslaved, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

"WHICH THINGS ARE AN ALLEGORY."

Philip Fletcher in the London Universe.

This year of grace 1908 will be a wonderful year in the history of the Catholic Church in England. It has seen the lifting up of England by Pope Pius X. to a stage higher than that of a merely missionary country. I do not venture to say, without consulting authorities, which I cannot do at this moment, that England's place in Christendom is just yet, exactly where it was before the Reformation, or where faithful Catholic countries have been since. But it is emerging from and rising higher than that lower place into which the fatal sixteenth century thrust it. On this account the year of grace is memorable for us who are Catholics of England.

Again, as even secular journals have pointed out, it is a memorable thing that in this year a Legate a latere came to England. It is, if I remember rightly, exactly three hundred and fifty years since the last Legate a latere died. He has had no successor through all that long period. From Cardinal Pole to Cardinal Yantwelli is a stretch of three centuries and a half. It is bridged over at last. Pius IV. stands at the farther end of the bridge, Pius X. at this end. And across it comes at length the Legate a latere, the successor of Cardinal Pole. Therefore this year of grace 1908 is a memorable year for the Catholics of England.

"My lord will be here in a week, I hope," said the Queen. (Thus Father Benson in "The Queen's Tragedy.") "He has been knocking long at the door of England," said the Bishop, smiling. "Yes," he said; it is Peter who comes, not Pole.

Let us recall that knocking at Rhoda's gate.

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"Peter therefore was kept in prison. But prayer was made without ceasing by the Church unto God for him."

"Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains, and the keepers before the door kept the prison. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by him and a light shined in the room; and he, striking Peter on the side, raised him up, saying: 'Arise quickly.' And the chain fell off from his hands."

"And the angel said to him: 'Gird thyself and put on thy sandals.' And he did so. And he said to him: 'Cast thy garments about thee and follow me.'"

"And going out, he followed him, and he knew not that it was true, which was done by the angel, but thought he saw a vision."

"And passing through the first and second ward, they came to the iron gate that leadeth to the city, which of itself opened to them."

"And going out, they passed on through one street, and immediately the angel departed from him."

"And Peter, coming to himself, said: 'Now I know in very deed that the Lord hath sent His angel, and hath delivered me out of the hands of Herod and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews.'"

"And considering, he came to the house of Mary, the mother of John, who was surnamed Mark, where many were gathered together in prayer."

"And when he knocked at the door of the gate a damsel came to hearken whose name was Rhoda."

"And as soon as she knew Peter's voice she opened not the gate for joy, but running in she told that Peter stood before the gate."

"But they said to her: 'Thou art mad.' But she affirmed that it was so. Then said they: 'It is his angel.'"

"But Peter continued knocking. And when they had opened they saw him and were astonished."

Which things are an allegory. Things which happened in Jerusalem, when Christianity began became an allegory of things happening in London this month. But the allegory begins its tale in 1535 and goes on till now.

Herod the King stretched forth his hands to afflict some of the Church. Change the last letters of Herod's name and you will find yourself in 1535.

"And seeing that it pleased the Jews, he proceeded to take up Peter also." Change the Jews into Anne Boleyn and the Reformers, and you find Peter impersonated, bound, fettered, rendered helpless in England; bound with the chains, the Royal Supremacy and the Penal Laws, which took his liberty away.

But we have seen the light shine into the prison; we have heard the clang of the chains as they have fallen off from his hands. Yes, we have seen Peter gird himself and put on his sandals, ready to walk once more in the streets of the city. He has cast his garments about him; he has clothed himself with the hierarchy, the robe which becomes him where liberty is his. There was one on that memorable day when Peter once more vested himself in England with the robe of the hierarchy, one of whom it might be said, as was said of Peter passing from the prison of Jerusalem. "He thought he saw a vision." Read again, dear reader, the "Second Spring" of John Henry Newman at St. Mary's, Oscott, and let the wonderful and beautiful vision pass before you as it did before his entranced hearers on that day in 1850.

Peter has passed through the first and second wards and the iron gate of those centuries which kept him prisoner in England. And he comes to the house of Mary. I, our allegory Mary, the mother of John Mark, becomes Mary, the Mother of God, whose dowry England was and is; England, Mary's dowry house. Peter knocked at the door. Rhoda, peeping through the grille, thinks it is Peter's angel. And so many think of the Legate a latere simply as the angel or messenger of the Pope.

But Queen Mary Tudor of England was right. "He has been knocking long at the door of England" (and if Mary thought it long, how much more we). "It is Peter who comes, not Pole."

And to us now, in the days which are closing upon us, it is Peter who comes to England. God be praised.

"And when they saw him they were astonished." There is the astonishment of joy, and this belongs to us, the Catholics of England. There is the astonishment of surprise, and this is ours and our non-Catholic neighbors; surprise that such things can be after the things which have been.

Anima nostra sicut passer erepta est de laqueo venantium; Laqueus contritus est nos liberavit annuis. Adjuvator nostrum in nomine Domini; qui fecit cœlum et terram.

Peter is escaped from prison and knocks at the door of England.

OUR PARISH.

SOME PERTINENT OBSERVATIONS THAT MIGHT BE MADE BY ANY PARISHIONER.

On moving into a new parish lately and becoming acquainted I was surprised to note what a small percentage of the congregation can be counted upon for active assistance and cordial co-operation with the parish priest. The great majority are well disposed in a negative way, contribute to the collections and attend to their spiritual duties fairly well, but without much warmth or zeal.

Strange to say, there is a large number who "have something against the priest." Generally it is a trifling matter, but they have nursed it so long that it has assumed magnitude in their eyes. Then the amount of criticism of the pastor and his methods is a revelation. Some say he is too fond of money and others blame him for lavishness. Some aver that he is too familiar with the people and others call him "distant." He has a bad temper or is irritatingly calm according to the company you keep.

I did not notice these things in the old parish. There an familiarity had softened down the roughness of comment and criticism and I knew that some of

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the talkers did not matter and that others did not mean half what they said, but here it is different, and for the first time in my life I begin to realize what a difficult work is that of a pastor. Of course, much of this half-hearted service and readiness to criticize comes from a lack of knowledge of responsibility. Few of those who have so much to say about the priest give much thought to the priest's side of the question. They find it hard enough to keep their own households in order and yet never hesitate to find fault with the man who must look out for a family that runs up into the thousands.

The generality of pastors do not inform the people when they are sick, sore or sad, and yet, when we come to think of it, this must often be the case. In practice it is a gnawing conscience which receives the sympathy that should go to the men who suffer and are silent.

There is the genuine ring of the true parishioner in the statement of the centurion in the gospel who asked the Lord to heal his son. He was a man of responsibility and understood the words of instant and willing obedience. And Christ was quick to approve of that loyal stand with the words: "I have not found such faith in all Israel." This is generally the case. The people of the congregation who have much to attend to are the most helpful and most charitable to the priest, while those who are shiftless and careless have the most to say.

Doubtless the Church has had the grumblers, like the poor, with her from the beginning. In all likelihood there were individuals in old Rome and Corinth who found St. Peter too impetuous and St. Paul too plain spoken. Some people would be lonely without some sort of a grievance against the priest.—Looker-On in Boston Pilot.

GOD'S GRACE.

"It is expedient for you that I go, for if I do not the Paraclete will not come to you, but if I go I will send Him to you."

These words, spoken by Our Divine Lord to His sorrowing apostles, might have been said by the introduction of them and to all of the Holy Ghost in the work of the redemption and regeneration of mankind. Hitherto the Father and the Son alone are spoken of, but the third person of the Blessed Trinity must also appear as one with them, and as He proceeds from the Father and the Son, the living link of their mutual love, so through the Holy Ghost we have the progression and consummation of the Father's will and the Son's fulfillment of it, in their effects the gifts of the Holy Spirit—"best gift of God to men."

"Every best and perfect gift coming down from the Father of Lights is bestowed upon us." As in creation, still more in the redemption and regeneration of man, we are to become more and more after the image of the Creator. As Christ Our Lord is the new Adam in whom we are all regenerated so by His Spirit, the Holy Ghost, mankind was to be born anew to a life of grace, and as creation must needs be sustained and recreated every moment of its existence, so, too, must our souls depend for their spiritual life on the continual flow of God's grace. Thus the word of God, the Spirit of the Lord has filled the whole earth. Grace is given for the merits of Christ all over the earth; there is no corner, even of paganism, where it is not present—present in each heart of man in real sufficiency for his ultimate salvation. Not that the grace presented to each is such as at once to bring him to heaven, but it is sufficient for a beginning. It is sufficient to enable him to plead for other grace, and that second grace is such as to impetrate a third grace, and thus the soul may be led from grace to grace, from strength to strength till, at length it is, so to say, in very sight of heaven, if the gift of perseverance does not complete the work. God wills the salvation of all men, says St. Paul, and so having only the natural law will see the face of their Creator if they but be faithful even to the little light which they have received. Peace and joy come to our hearts in anticipated possession of God in heaven by his happy reigning within our heart on earth. We are, therefore, to renounce sin and purgative ourselves from its stains if we would receive the gifts of the Holy Ghost.

If we are faithful to first graces, many and great ones will follow—graces sufficient, indeed, not only to save, but actually to make saints of us; graces to enlighten our minds to know the truth and see what is really for our good; graces to strengthen the will to carry out the convictions and resolutions we are brought to in all its trials and disappointments and graces, above all, to overcome the enemies of our souls and to secure our eternal salvation. Thus our life will be one succession of triumphs, "for if God is for us, who is against us?" God's grace will be all sufficient, as St. Paul assures us, and like

him, we can do all things in Him Who strengthens us."

But we must take the initiative; yield of ourselves to God's grace, constantly striving for a place in our hearts. God will not do violence to our wills; it is for us to conquer them with His aid. He will suggest, entreat, yes, goad us into better lives, but we shall be masters still and until we shall move, nothing can be accomplished for our salvation. God is always ready and doing what He can to save us without infringing on the liberty of our wills, but we oppose Him and frustrate His designs by our perverse and sinful deeds.

O let us hearken, then to the promptings of the Holy Spirit. Our salvation will turn upon some one of them; those words that come to us from the voice of His ministers; that gnawing conscience within us that will not be still; those trials that visit us sooner or later in life, those hauntings of the dead that follow us, go where we will; those dreams of heaven and loved ones there—the mother's smile, some back again, the father's chiding word—for in these and a thousand other ways does the Holy Ghost try to turn back our hearts to God, to live no longer in the flesh, but in the spirit "new creatures," sons of God and joint heirs in the kingdom of heaven.

It is through prayer well said and the sacraments readily received that grace comes readily to our souls. Hence Our Divine Lord exhorted us to pray, and pray always, and experience proves to us the need of so doing, and Our Lord assures us that we have but to ask to receive. Indifferent would we ourselves if we did not avail ourselves of what is most necessary to us, His grace, and which we can have in abundance just for the asking.

We must also have recourse to the sacraments, for they are the chief channels of God's grace. It is in holy communion we shall find our greatest help, for, speaking of this, Our Lord said: "He who partakes of My body and drinks of My blood, the Father and I will make our abode in his soul, and We shall raise him up at the last day." God give us the grace to be ever faithful to grace!—Bishop Colton in Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

HUNDRED THOUSAND ANNUAL CONVERTS.

EUROPE ASTONISHED AT NUMBER WHO EMBRACE THE FAITH IN THE UNITED STATES EVERY YEAR.

The number of converts to the Catholic Church in the United States is engaging the attention of our brethren in Europe, says the Messenger of New York. The figures published in connection with reports of the missions preached in our churches seem great to those who do not keep in mind the relative value of statistics. Fifteen thousand, the estimated yearly number of converts in England, is very large in proportion to twenty-five thousand for the United States, since the Catholics of England are only one-fifth of our number, and only one-eighth of the whole number of inhabitants, whereas we are about one-sixth of our total population.

Careful and repeated inquiry about the number of converts to the Church in this country has convinced us that three or four times 25,000 are received every year. Unfortunately, every estimate must be regarded more or less as guess-work so long as we have no reliable or certified statistics. Very few of the religious orders or of the secular clergy engaged in giving missions keep records of the converts made, and even the one which reports them most carefully does not always distinguish between those who are received on account as well as on the occasion. Very few of the religious orders or of the secular clergy engaged in giving missions keep records of the converts made, and even the one which reports them most carefully does not always distinguish between those who are received on account as well as on the occasion.

A province of one religious order in which about 100 men have been engaged in the sacred ministry has averaged 1,000 converts for the last twenty-five years. At this rate every 1,000 priests would receive about 10,000 converts, and the whole number of priests actually engaged in the ministry would receive at least 100,000 yearly. This figure may appear very large; but it is very small when one takes into account the number of priests, and the number of religious, of women particularly, who lead inquirers into the Church; and it is small also in comparison to the number of Catholics and to the vast non-Catholic population they influence.

Rarely is any zealous priest without a convert under instruction, and in hundreds of convents the chapel is frequently the scene of a baptism at which priest and neophyte meet the first time. It would be interesting to know the number of Catholics who have come into the

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Church under such auspices, as contrasted with the number due chiefly or solely to missions in our churches, and there would be additional interest in knowing what proportion of each set of converts remains faithful.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

When people lose confidence in God they are guilty of the sin that is not forgiven in this world or the next. St. Thomas says that charity is the principle of merit, but confidence is the principle of impetration. We must learn to have confidence in God; to hope even against hope. Abraham was promised a long line of descendants through his son Isaac. Yet at the command of God he was ready to sacrifice him; hoping, as St. Paul says, against hope.

After an act of love there is nothing that so honors God as an act of hope. The favors of God are always a gauge of further favors. He gives because He loves. He says by the Psalmist: "Thou wilt call on Me in thy tribulation. I will rescue thee, and thou shalt honor Me." When He was about to scourge the people of Israel, Moses recalled to his mind the many and wondrous benefits He had conferred them.

One would think this a poor way of appeasing the Divine wrath. It would appear the surest way of arousing God's further resentment. But Moses knew better. His argument prevailed, and the people were saved. What causes hope to die in the heart is the overwhelming sense of guilt. People must be taught that sin is rather an inducement to hope. The man who approaches God with confidence in his own goodness insults the Divine Majesty, like the Pharisee in the Gospel.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Product of Stale Brains.

The ignorance, the foolishness, of many otherwise prudent, level-headed men, in respect to matters of health, is pitiable. Some of our greatest judges and legislators, men who make our laws, are mere pygmies in regard to their knowledge of themselves, or else they are constantly and voluntarily violating nature's laws. Isn't it deplorable to see a man with the brain of a Plato or a Webster as foolish as a child regarding matters of health? I know a very brainy man in New York who absolutely counteracts a large part of his work, vitiates much of his mental effort, by running his mental machinery when it is out of order, when it needs lubrication so badly that it can do only dry, uninteresting work. During the evening, he will often put hours of effort on a piece of work which turns out to be tedious and ineffective because he tried to force a jaded brain and fagged faculties to produce good results. If he would drop his mental work when the day is past, and spend the evening in getting the greatest amount of physical and mental recreation, lubricating his mind, letting his keyed-up brain uncoil, so to speak, allowing it to regain its elasticity and spring, he would accomplish infinitely more than he does by trying to work fifteen or sixteen hours a day. Brain workers require a great deal and a great variety of mental refreshment. Otherwise the processes of the mind become clogged.

The reason we see so many able men, especially writers, doing so much poor work is because they do not get rid of their brain ash. Their brains are clogged, befogged. They cannot think clearly or concentrate with force. The brain cannot do fresh work while fed by impure blood. In order to produce the best results it must be sustained, reinforced by the whole body; the physical condition must be up to the highest standard.

A large number of the dry, uninteresting books and newspaper and magazine articles are not due so much to a lack of ability of the writers as to the fact that the writing was done when the brain was fagged, or clogged, and not in a condition to give off its maximum amount of power, when the blood was vitiated by overeating, late eating, or improper food, or the body was suffering from overwork, insufficient exercise, or the lack of sleep or fresh air and sunshine.

How can brain workers expect to do good work cooped up in sunless, airless rooms, where a plant not only would not thrive, but would actually die? The brain needs a great deal of the same kind of nourishment that the plant needs.

A brain worker should keep himself always in condition to touch his top note, to do his best. A wide reader and keen observer can detect very quickly the bile of an author in his composition. He can pick out the dyspepsia or the gout by which it is betrayed. Every bit of dissipation of a writer, every physical weakness, will creep out in his composition and betray its secret source.

Some of our best writers occasionally turn out wretchedly poor work, work which is not up to the standard of many second-class writers, simply because at the time of writing they were handicapped by vitiated blood, a low vitality, a reduced physical condition. Even an iron will cannot compensate for the deterioration of a brain fed by vitiated blood.

Everywhere we see the deteriorated results of stale brains, the work of men who are trying to force jaded minds, brains that are exhausted by imprudent or vicious living, to do their best.

I do not believe it is exaggerating to say that the larger part of the work of many authors in dead matter, so far as the public is concerned, because it is forced out of stale brains. It is unnatural product, and people will not read it.

A great deal of the thinking of business men is ineffectual because it is poor, imperfect thinking. Every bit of sharpness, definiteness, because it is done when the brain is not keen, when it cannot grasp ideas with freshness and handle them with vigor.

Many lives become so dry and flavorless from continued monotony that there is no enthusiasm or zest in them. Enthusiasm, spontaneity, buoyancy cannot be forced, even by the strongest will. They are born of that freshness, sanity, and vigor of mind and body which are absent in those who have no play in their lives.

I know men and women who are so dead-in-earnest, so determined to make the most of their opportunities in their work, and for self-improvement, that they entirely miss the great end of cease to be comparable because they have been shut within themselves so long that they have become self-conscious, self-centered, and wholly uninteresting.—Success.

Hints for Business Men.

There is a great difference between speculation and investment. Competition calls out resources, develops one's ingenuity, and stimulates initiative.

Cultivate your customers—"A pleased customer is the best advertisement." Keep a superior class of goods, for people remember quality longer than they do price.

Cutting your prices to injure the man next door is "cutting off your nose to spite your face."

In advertising, the economy of to-day is often the loss of to-morrow; the expense of to-day the profit of to-morrow. A position at \$18 a week that offers no opportunity to get beyond \$20 a week, is not as good as a \$10-a-week foothold in a business that affords opportunity to get up to \$2,000 a year.

Remember that when you are selling your services you are selling your reputation also, just as the merchant sells his reputation with his goods. The reputation is made up of the sum of all his sales, purchases, and other transactions.

A mail-order house which, a few years ago, was selling two or three million dollars' worth of merchandise annually, was confronted by a very formidable competitor, and now the old house is doing three or four times as much business as before.

The proprietors arose to the occasion. Avoid people who depress you. Some people are so sensitive to the personalities of others, that they are not really themselves when in their presence. They are disconcerted, thrown off their balance, like a planet which is deflected from its course when hearing some other heavenly body.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE LONG REMEMBERED PICNIC.

"Tommy!" called Miss Olivia the second and third time. Hearing her voice, the boy dived deep in the fragrant hay to escape detection. "Tommy! I do declare that boy grows more trifling every day!"

By this time Miss Olivia had reached the tall-tale group of boys gathered about the barn-door, and saw the rustling wisps of hay which were still falling.

"You need not think that you can fool me, young man!" she said sternly. "Come out of that hay now?"

"Seeing that hope of escape was worse than useless, Tom Shaffer came sullenly down."

"The idea of your playing half this morning when we have so much work to do!" scolded the good lady indignantly. "You know the picnic is on hand, but you act like you expected me to do everything. If you don't look sharp, you shan't go one step."

The boys who had listened silently to Miss Robinson's words slunk away across the fields, and Tom, when alone, smarting under the allusions of Miss Olivia, began his task in good earnest. In his hurry to finish everything, to make up for the time he had lost, Tom Shaffer, as many an older person has done, neglected his most important duties.

In feeding, he left the granary door open. A brood of saucy little pigs, seeing a gap in the fence, tumbled in and breakfasted sumptuously on the fine spring seed wheat which was Miss Olivia's special pride, and when the good woman discovered the awful truth, she hesitated not an instant in carrying into execution the threat of the morning.

"You need not put on your Sunday clothes, Tom!" she announced solemnly. "You may stay at home and pull weeds all day."

Tom did not believe that she meant it, but when the Sugar Creek delegation came thundering up the road, the hay ladders loaded down with happy boys and girls, he learned the terrible truth. The horses were nodding their heads proudly beneath their red, white and blue plumes; flags were fluttering, horns blowing, banners waving. The very sight filled his heart with tumultuous joy. He grabbed his coat and ran to meet them, but Miss Olivia stopped him.

"Tom! Tom!" they shrieked. "I am sorry, but Tom will not be able to go today!" she announced; then without another word of explanation, she went into the house, and shut the door.

A few minutes later she drove away in her shining buggy, and he was left alone.

Resentfully Tom, after half an hour of useless complaining, slouched out to the garden so lately stripped of the enterprising hoes, and suddenly set to work. At noon, a large pile of wilting weeds showed that he had performed his duty well. Perspiring and tired he hurried to the house at noon, and bathed his hot face in the clear cold water at the well.

When Tom saw the dainty repast spread out for him in the dining room, a sting of conscience oppressed him. There was chicken salad and waters, deviled eggs in an emerald lettuce bed, amber jelly and preserved strawberries, whipped cream and his favorite whipped cream cake. The toothsome edibles were arranged on Miss Olivia's best tablecloth, and there was a china plate with a dainty cup and saucer by it.

"That was pretty good for me to go to so much trouble for me," said Tom, with a mouthful of cream cake. "I ought to be ashamed of myself to torment her."

Then the tempter answered: "It's only some of the stuff she had left over from her picnic dinner. Tom was too hungry to argue. He did full justice to every dish, and after eating threw himself down into the hammock for a moment's rest.

"It would serve her right if I'd let her old cows out, and turn the horses into the road," he muttered angrily. "What business had she to leave me at home? I wish I had never seen this old place."

Tom had the grace to blush furiously at this remark. Ever since the day when Miss Olivia Robinson had rescued him from the crowded streets of Ripley, he had been a life of uninterrupted happiness. Before coming to the Robinson farm Tom had never seen the country. He remembered yet how beautiful everything had seemed when he reached the place ten short years ago. When he lived in Ripley, cold and hunger had met him face to face; in fact he had abided with them. Now looking back at the horrid scenes before he came from the city, like the children of Israel, Tom mourned for the flesh-pots of Egypt. So as he swayed in the dizzy hammock, the long hot day dragged on to a close. With half-open eyes, he lazily watched a buzzing bee which rested its heavy wings on the golden throne of a solitary lily as if he too, meant to sleep. Now and then, he could hear in the distance the strains of the stirring music, and in fancy he could see the cheering crowds and the happy children at the picnic, the one exciting thing of all the year.

Tom Shaffer had not realized that he was half asleep, but clattering hoofs had made him wide awake in an instant. Announced by a cloud of yellow dust, a horse came down the highway at break-neck speed. The frightened animal pruned at the open gate, and sailed up the lane. Then Tom saw that the horse was the Spot, who had so proudly drawn the shining buggy away on that memorable morning.

Spot's bridle was gone. Bits of tattered harness dangled behind him, on one leg was a gaping wound from which

the thick blood was oozing slowly. One wheel of the vehicle was crushed and tireless; the handsome lap-robe which dangled over the wheel had been torn to ribbons.

"What is the matter, Spot, old boy?" asked Tom, patting the horse's head. "Where's Miss Olivia?"

Spot neighed loudly, stamped his foot angrily. "Just wait a minute," Tom speedily loosened the remaining portions of the broken harness, and led the now thoroughly conquered animal to the trough where he drank greedily of the clear cold water.

"I'll bathe your foot, Spotty," crooned the boy, "then it will feel better." Tom washed and bandaged the injured foot carefully. It was really a neat piece of work, but it took him so long to complete it that the old clock struck 4 when he had finished.

"I guess Miss Olivia'll wish she had taken me with her!" chuckled the boy, going to the front gate for the fortieth time. "She had no business to have driven that spirited colt in such a crowd. I wouldn't a took that horse into the crowd myself, and I am big and strong; but you can't tell a woman anything. A man can beat 'em on judgment every time. When she pays for getting her buggy fixed up, I guess she'll think her spite work didn't pay very well. I don't care. It serves her right."

"For another hour the boy, to silence his accusing fears, grumbled and watched and waited. He knew, but would not admit it, even to himself, that the slight punishment which Miss Olivia had inflicted was well deserved; that she was right and he was wrong.

At 5 o'clock the Sugar Creek delegation drove nearly home.

"Have you seen Miss Olivia?" queried Tom, nailing them. The driver shook his head dubiously. "Ain't she home?"

"She had a runaway this afternoon," chimed in Tilly Ford, who lived on the adjoining farm; "she wanted to go home early, so I drove her horse a while to quiet him down. He was so skittish, I could not get her to stop."

"But the horse came home alone. I'll have to go hunt her if she don't come pretty soon." Nonplussed, Tom waited for the string of vehicles which he could see ascending the hill. No one had seen Miss Robinson since early in the afternoon.

It was almost sundown. At the bars the patient cows stood waiting, but he heeded not the reproach in their quick eyes, heeded not the nervous whinnies of the white colt.

"I'll take old Nell and the spring wagon. Nobody knows," he shuddered, "how wild I bring her home. It seems strange that no one has seen her. They must have come the mud road."

In a few moments Tom was on the way. At the corner he left the pike, covered with endless wagon tracks, and swung out onto the path, across the west side of the farm. It was not long until the steady old horse plucked into the very heart of the wood. Tom Shaffer noticed on y dainty the flowers and the birds which were all about him. He realized that, in spite of all the beauty, no path however flower-strewn is without thorns.

Suddenly a blot of purple just ahead made his heart leap tumultuously. Leaping from the wagon, he rescued the lavender-beribboned bonnet which Miss Olivia had worn. And just beyond where the pine trees moaned, and the water broke over the black stones, he saw an unconscious form.

"Miss Olivia!" called Tom loudly. He bathed her face with water from the brook, and used every available means, but all these remedies were useless. Despairingly he led the horse to a great rock by the roadside. Tom was tall and strong, but it was all that he could do to carry Miss Olivia to the vehicle. Then a race, possibly for her life, began. A word to the horse was all that was necessary. Nell strode out of the woods and across the fields fast and faster as they neared the coming town. Miss Olivia did not move. The expressionless face lay passively on his arm. Would she never speak again?

"O Miss Olivia!" groaned the repentant boy, "speak just once more!" But the lips, smiling a mocking smile, did not move.

In that hour of sorrow Tom Shaffer lived over the happy days since he had been brought, an outcast, to Willow Brook farm. He thought of the kindness of this woman who had been a mother to him, of the possibilities of the future and in that moment the boy became a man.

At last they reached Ripley. Holding Miss Olivia in his arms, Tom drove through the maple shaded streets to the doctor's office and not waiting to hitch the horse, went into the little room, and laid his burden on the couch.

Doctor Atkinson came hurrying to meet him. "I heard about the runaway, but I did not expect anything like this. Don't worry. No bones are broken."

While the physician was examining the patient, Tom anxiously paced the floor.

"The weak heart is causing the trouble," he said at last. "How long has she been unconscious?"

"I brought her to you as soon as I found her."

"Clemens," Doctor Atkinson called to his son, "get the restoratives. She will open her eyes pretty soon, but if you had been much later, my boy, help would have been too late."

It was only a short time, but it seemed an age to Tom before Miss Olivia opened her eyes and spoke faintly.

"Who found me? You Tom? And I mistreated you, was unjust, hard. I

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have been sorry all day. If you had not come—if it hadn't been for you— Doctor Atkinson, seeing signs of returning weakness, checked the flow of words. "You are all right now, Miss Olivia," he laughed. "Be quiet and rest." In a few days Miss Olivia was her cheery, thoughtful self. Tom saw that the sharpness had gone from her tone, the sting from her words. She noticed wonderingly that her boy had become thoughtful, affectionate and industrious. Few words were said, and without of gratitude or reproach, but the tie formed that sweet summer day was a bond cemented by love which grows stronger every day.

THE STABAT MATER.

A great many people whose devotion to the Way of the Cross is helped by the hearing of the "Stabat Mater," would like to know something of its origin.

The "Stabat Mater" was written by "Jacopone" da Todi—Italian for "Silly Jack." He was born of a good family in Todi, a village in the province of Umbria, in the year 1230. He graduated with high honors at the University of Bologna, taking the degree of doctor of law. He had not been married one year, when, at a celebration of public games, on a certain fete day, which both he and his wife attended, he, in the capacity of one of the participants in the game, suddenly the temporary structure in which the audience was assembled fell in ruins, and most of it, including the fair Vanna, was crushed beneath the debris.

Almost frenzied with grief, the young husband sought his wife whom he found bleeding and fatally injured. It was then he discovered that she wore beneath her splendid gown a shirt of hair cloth. "It was for you," she told him, and with these words she died. Poor Jacopone, for the first time in his life he realized that he had been treading "the primrose path of dalliance, not reasoning his own road."

Thereafter, having sold all his possessions, and given the proceeds to the poor, he wandered about his native town bare-headed, barefooted and in rags. The boys gathered around and mocked him. He feigned madness in order to punish himself for his love of vainglory and pride of intellect, and he was called "Jacopone"—the silly one. But often when his deriders hemmed him in, he turned upon them and preached to them, admonished them to give up their sinful ways and lead better lives. For ten years he led this kind of a life, until he entered a Franciscan Convent as a Lesser Brother.

He had hoped to find peace, but having become involved in difficulties with the Pope, he was excommunicated and imprisoned. It is pleasing, however, to recall to know that three years before his death he was absolved from excommunication, and died fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, on Christmas night, in 1306, just as the priest in the convent chapel was intoning the "Gloria in Excelsis."

It is not known just where he wrote the "Stabat Mater." It is more than likely that it was the work of years, for such masterpieces are not usually dashed off at one sitting. We have said masterpiece—for such it is, as unique in its way as any of those painted by Raphael or chiseled by Angelo. "The Catholic liturgy," as we are told by Ozanam, "has nothing more touching than this sad lament, whose monotonous strophes fall like tears so sweet that there can be here recognized a sorrow wholly divine and consoling by the angels."

Ludwig Tieck says of it: "The loveliness of sorrow in the depth of pain, the smiling in tears, the childlike simplicity, which touches on the brightest heaven, had to me never before risen so bright in the soul. I had to turn away to hide my tears, especially at the place, 'Vidit stum dulcem natum.'"

It has, moreover, been illustrated by some of the greatest painters, and set to music by some of the world's leading composers. Guido Reni, Salvi Sassoferrato and Carlo Dolce, each devoted a canvas to the Mater Dolorosa. Titian added two, and Murillo and Brockman each one. Lazerges devoted a canvas to the illustration of the poem which he calls the "Stabat Mater"; that name which the only painting by that name which we know of. As to the musical settings, there is first of all the old Gregorian Chant tune, to which the words are usually sung in our churches. Palestina was the first to set it to more elaborate music; he wrote it for double choruses, with an occasional quartette, but the words of the hymn are never re-

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color at 15c. each. Express paid on all orders to the amount of \$2.50 or over. Any one ordering from us and are not satisfied with the goods they received we will refund the money and give them the goods free. We have in stock all kinds of goods for Bazaar purposes from 10 cents a dozen and upwards. Get your order in early so as to receive prompt attention. We will give free to all who place their orders in at once, a large round rosette measuring 30 inches in diameter. They sell at 50 cents each which makes a pretty decoration. Write the Bradford Artificial Flower Co., Bradford, Ontario, Box 45. 1571-2

To keep the tainting influence of modern society, which aims at the forced growth of mind and heart away from childhood, is to produce a well-developed race of men and women, who, coming gradually into their rightful possessions, will properly use and enjoy them.—Anna C. Minogue.

Improve Every Room in Your House From Kitchen to Parlor, there is not a room but what would look better for the change from cracked plaster and unsanitary wall paper, to the bright and clean finish given by our Metal Ceilings and Walls. Do not tolerate any longer the plaster ceilings and walls which are unhealthy and become worse with age. They are a constant expense from repapering and replastering, and the result is never satisfactory. Our Classified Metal Ceilings and Walls are washable and non-absorbent. They give the driest, cleanest and most durable finish obtainable. They are easy to erect and easy to decorate, and are proof against fire, dirt and vermin. Send us a rough plan of your house, and we will submit, free, an estimate of the cost of Metal Ceilings and Walls, also sending you our illustrated catalogue No. 19. Drop us a card to-day. THE METAL SHEING & SIDING CO., LIMITED PRESTON, ONT. 79

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NO REGENERATION IN SOCIALISM.

GREED FOR MONEY TO BE CURED ONLY THROUGH INDIVIDUAL CONSCIENCE, SAYS MSGR. FOX.

In his sermon recently, Msgr. John H. Fox, Vicar General of the diocese of Trenton, N. J., warned his parishioners against the dangerous doctrines of Socialism.

"The Catholic Church is not in politics and does not try to influence her members in things purely political," he said. "But when a party invades the domains of morals it is her duty as the teacher of truth and morality to expose its dangerous and false teachings. If Socialism confined its doctrines to social and political economy and did not interfere with religion and morality the Church would treat it with indifference. The preachers of Socialism tell their audiences that the sole object of Socialism is to improve the conditions of the laboring classes and do away with the existing social and economic troubles. They work upon the passions of the laboring classes by exaggerating their burdens and hardships and the ease and luxury of the rich. They attribute this disparity of conditions to a defect in our government and use it as an argument in favor of their revolutionary doctrines. Political dishonesty, the conflict between labor and capital and the hardships of the poor are not the result of any defect in our government. We have an ideal form of government, a government where the people govern themselves, where every citizen has a voice and a vote in the administration of public affairs. If the government is not honestly conducted the fault lies with the people themselves. By a proper use of the ballot they can remove the dishonest officials and replace them with upright and honorable men. The real cause of all the social and political evils in our country is an overpowering greed for money. Men have forgotten God and spiritual things and are worshipping at the shrine of mammon. Society cannot be regenerated by the destructive theories of Socialism, which would abolish religion, do away with the present form of marriage and substitute free love, take from the individual all ownership of land and the means of production and change our very form of government. Society can be purified only by creating in it through the individual a Christian conscience."

His Enunciation was serious as he spoke, and to emphasize his words he half stood, grasping both arms of his chair with his slender hands. He was very much in earnest.

"And the sacred relations of the family tie," he went on, slowly, "can best be brought about by two things, religion and education. As ye sow, so shall ye reap! Sunday schools, preaching, church services, these are not enough. We must have education. The American school is secular. We of the Catholic Church have both secular and religious instruction, which promotes the welfare of the community inculcatingly. If we do not sow the seeds of the right mode of life in the young we cannot expect them to live up to it in after years.

"The little child that knows his catechism is really more enlightened on the eternal truths than the greatest philosopher of pagan times. He has mastered the great problem of life. So religious instruction in the Sunday schools once a week is not enough. Children should breathe a healthy atmosphere of religion every day, in school and at home. The seeds of sound morality are thus nourished and invigorated.

"Outside of Catholic schools they have shut out religion from the schools of the United States. Now compare us with Canada. Religion enters the school rooms there and we have to hide our faces in shame when we hear of tens of thousands of divorcees in the United States every year, while divorce is scarcely known in Canada. There are ten thousand divorcees in the United States to every six in Canada!"

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE. It is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower sold by dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase, 140 Adelaide Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

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January number of the American Catholic Quarterly Review, 1894. Honorius was not condemned as a dogmatic teacher, either by the Church or by any council. He never taught officially or pontifically anything at all in regard to the doctrines under dispute. The question regarded the two wills in Christ. Sergius, a heretic taught that in Christ there was only one power of will, springing from the Logos. In the controversy Pope Honorius recommended silence, and this not in a doctrinal document, but in a private letter. This letter contained no heresy. The Sixth General Council did not condemn Pope Honorius for having taught what was contrary to the faith, but for having neglected to teach what was the faith. The negligence of his stewardship was blamed, and by this the infallibility of his office is implied rather than denied.

Does the Catholic Church allow one who has joined the Old Fellows in good faith—i. e., a convert—to continue membership provided he take no active part in the society? No; even converts renounce "every sect and heresy" condemned by the Church, and condemn everything opposed to her which she condemns. The Old Fellows are a sect opposed to and condemned in name by the Church.

Was it necessary for Christ to suffer an ignominious death for the redemption of mankind? Man could not save himself. But any act offered by an infinite God would have redeemed mankind. Christ suffered to show His love for us.

Would it be sinful for a Catholic to go to spiritualists' meetings to satisfy curiosity? Certainly, for "they that love danger perish in it."

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY OF RELIGIOUS RECEPTION AT "THE PINES" URSULINE COLLEGE, CHATHAM, ONT., AND COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

On the afternoon of Monday, Nov. 24, the Ursuline college of the Pines, Chatham, Ont., was the scene of two very happy and memorable events. The first was the Religious Reception of Miss Mary Dwyer, B. A., of Toronto, and Miss Ida Strickland of Windsor, Ontario, and Miss Ida Strickland of Windsor, Ontario, and Miss Ida Strickland of Windsor, Ontario.

The entrance into the chapel was made processionally in the usual order, while the choir intoned the hymn "O Gloriosa Virginum." Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given, after which Rev. Father Hanan, who soon returned, wearing the habit of the order. The remainder of the ceremony was very solemn and impressive. The two novices received from the Rev. Mother, the white veil and religious mantle, and having prostrated themselves before the Most Holy Sacrament, they were then received into the choir by the Rev. Mother, who gave them the benediction in alternate verses of the "Veni Creator spiritus." The bright lights and magnificent floral decorations of the altar and prie-dieu, the antiphonal chanting, accompanying the triumphal march of the hymn, the melodious flower-strewn floor before the sanctuary—all combined to make a scene of such unrivalled loveliness and heavenly deities as can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Msgr. Dwyer will be known in religion as Sister Mary Immaculate, and Miss Strickland as Sister Mary Loyola.

How could Pope Honorius be (have been) infallible when condemned as a heretic by the Sixth General Council? This question is one of many put forth by a certain pamphleteer some years ago and ably answered in the

following clergy honored the occasion with their presence: Very Rev. Father James, O. F. M., Chatham; Rev. J. V. Tobin, St. Mary's, London; Rev. C. F. F. Chatham; Rev. J. Scanlon, St. Joseph's Hospital, Chatham; Rev. F. McCabe, Maidstone; Rev. M. O'Neill, London; Rev. P. L. Heenan, Belle River; Rev. Father Simon, O. F. M., Chatham.

After the ceremony, the vesting clergy and a large gathering of friends and relatives of the religious and the students assembled in St. Cecilia's Hall, where they were delightfully entertained with a very select programme of music and songs.

The programme was followed by the conferring of medals and diplomas and other honors upon the students who had been successful in their examinations of the preceding term. The list was read by Very Rev. Father James, and the honors presented by the Right Rev. Administrator.

The following are the names of the successful competitors: Gold medal for Christian doctrine, senior department, presented by His Grace Archbishop McLooney, D. D., awarded to Angela Crotty, Competitors—Marie D. D., Florence Dowdall, Louise Walsh, Silver medal for Christian doctrine, junior department, presented by the Franciscan Fathers, Chatham, awarded to Clara Diemer, Competitors—Monica McKoon, Margaret Dowdall, Pauline Smith.

Gold medal for deportment and application, senior department, presented by Rev. P. Langlois, P. P., presented to Marie Peck, Competitors—Anna Pleasance, Helen Gilroy, Fanny Watson, Marie C. Fung, Hilda Jelliffe, Rev. Father Hanan.

Gold cross for deportment and amiability, junior department, presented by Rev. C. Parent, P. P., Th. Hayes, Marion Johnston, May McKoon, Josephine Dixon, Marguerite Dowdall, Bertha Lamb.

Gold cross for deportment and amiability, presented by Rev. F. Laurendeau, P. P., St. Augustine's, awarded to Lucia Kelly, Competitors—Eva Jacques, Mary Park, Edith Gies, Gladys Barr and Edythe Wright.

Gold medal for domestic science, presented by Mrs. F. B. Hayes, Toronto, awarded to Loretta McNeerney.

Certificate for needlework and order, presented by Miss Mary Crotty, St. Columban, awarded to Florence Lalbert, Competitors—May McKoon, Josephine Dixon and Louise Babay.

Silver pin for sewing, awarded to Mathilde Mulvey.

Certificate for entrance to faculties of education, awarded to Mary Park.

Certificate of entrance to Normal schools, awarded to Marie Peck, Angela Crotty, Eva Doyle, Marie Thibault, Josephine Dixon, Yvonne Goyette, Henrietta Collins and Florence Dowdall.

Gold medal in the commercial and shorthand course presented by Rev. J. V. Tobin, London, awarded to Lillie Renaud, Competitors—Kathleen Manning, Agatha Manning and Rose McInerney.

Diplomas in commercial and shorthand, awarded to Lillie Renaud, Competitors—Kathleen Manning, Agatha Manning, Rose McInerney, Loretta McNeerney, Rose McInerney, Rose Cloutier, Kathleen Manning and Louise Babay.

Diplomas in commercial course, awarded to Hazel Joli and Clara Cloutier.

THE workingman's is the most welcome dollar that comes into the Savings Department of a bank—because the welfare of the community at large depends on the practice of thrift by those whose labor contributes the main part towards wealth of the country. One Dollar starts an Account. Full Compound Interest Paid. THE ORIGINAL 1854 HOME BANK OF CANADA. 8 King Street West, Toronto. LONDON OFFICE: 394 RICHMOND STREET F. E. KARN - Manager.

"Dr. Schu e's" Nerve Tablets. The famous Dr. Schu e used these tablets in his private practice for many years, with wonderful success, not one case of failure being reported. These tablets are a specific for weakness and women, for brain worry, loss of energy, falling memory, deranged digestion, general weakness and indolence. These tablets have cured when all other means have failed. Sent on receipt of price, \$1.00 per box or 6 for \$5.00, only 10c.

SUMMER'S DRUG STORE. 272 Dundas Street, London, Ontario. NEW BOOK. "The Young Converts, or Memoirs of the Three Sisters, Debbie, Helen and Anna Barlow," by Right Rev. L. De Grandpré, Bishop of Burlington, Vt. Published by the Christian Press Association, Publishing Co., 26 Barclay Street, New York. Price 85 cts.

TEACHERS WANTED. A Catholic lady teacher as assistant for the R. C. Separate School, Chesham, Ont. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. State qualifications, experience and salary expected. Address Rev. E. Tourangeau, S. J., St. Joseph, Ont. 1599-3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL SECTION. No. 8, Adjila, holding a second class certificate, professional preferred. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. Salary \$215. Applicants will please state number of years experience as teacher and send testimonials. Applications will be received to Dec. 3. Address James Hanahan, Sec. Treas. Achil, P. O. Ont. 1599-3.

WANTED A CATHOLIC LADY TEACHER for Public School in Josephburg, P. O. Co. Waterloo, Ont. To commence Jan. 4th, 1909. Address Louis Gaudin, Josephburg, P. O. Co. Waterloo, Ont. 1599-3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE school No. 1, Osgoode. Holding a second class certificate of qualifications. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. Apply stating salary to James O'Leary, Sec. Brays Crossing. 1599-3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE school No. 2, Township of Dover. Holding first class certificate and capable of teaching French and English. Duties to begin Jan. 4th, 1909. Salary expected. School situated one mile from village of Pain Court. Church and post office boarding house near school. Average attendance twenty-two. Address A. T. Ouellette, Dover South, Ont. 1599-3.

TEACHER WANTED SECOND CLASS PROFESSIONAL teacher for S. S. No. 3, Township of Maidstone. Capable of speaking and teaching French. Salary \$250 per year. Apply to Mose Bellaire, Secretary, Kinross, Ont. 1599-3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE school, Carleton, Ont. Must be able to teach French, English, and drawing. Address Rev. J. L. Levesque, Sec. R. C. Separate School Board, Carleton Place, Ont. 1599-3.

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