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ARMINIE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXV. (CONTINUED).

It was, therefore, without any of the fears which beset a timid lover that Mr. Talford weighed the pros and cons of freedom and matrimony. The first was the good of many years—proved, enjoyed, tested and prized; the other an untried experiment, promising something to one desiring novelty, but also threatening much to one desiring change.

It was unoccupied; and while his card was taken to Miss Bertram, he walked about the room, observing idly the variety of articles which filled it. But suddenly he paused to look at a picture that he had never seen before. It was the photograph of a singularly handsome man, who wore a uniform which struck him at first as entirely unfamiliar, but which he presently recognized as that of the Papal army.

He turned, they shook hands, and after the first commonplaces of greeting were over it was natural that she should say, with a smile:

"What do you think of the picture you were examining when I came in?"

"It is the likeness of a handsome man," he answered carelessly. "The original, I presume, is the M. d'Antignac of whom I have had the pleasure of hearing a good deal."

"Yes; a photograph taken when he was in Rome. His sister gave it to me, and I consider it a treasure; though I would rather have one of him as he is now."

"But I have been under the impression that there is very little left of him—not enough to photograph."

"Do you remember the story of the lady who, hearing that her lover had been shot to pieces in battle, said that she would marry him if there was enough of him left to hold his soul?"

"There is enough of M. d'Antignac left to hold his soul, and enough also to make a most interesting picture."

"Your story," said Mr. Talford, with a smile, "reminds me that I heard it suggested only yesterday that you are the victim of a grande passion for this interesting gentleman."

"I suppose Laura made the suggestion," observed Miss Bertram quietly. "It sounds like her. But Laura's ideas of a grande passion and mine are very different."

"So I presume," said the gentleman; "and I confess I should like very much to know what your idea is."

"Should you?" said Miss Bertram, smiling a little. "Pardon me if I say I think you are mistaken. I don't think you would care for my opinion or that of any one else on such a subject—the last I can imagine of interest to you."

This was not very encouraging; but a man of the world is not easily discouraged, and after a moment Talford said:

"Why have you conceived such an opinion of my insensibility?"

"Do you consider that insensibility?" she asked. "I thought you would consider it simply good sense."

"I certainly consider it good sense not to fall too readily into grand passions, which, generally speaking, are grand follies," he replied; "but nevertheless I should like to hear your definition of such a passion."

"I am afraid that I do not know enough, nor have even thought enough of it, to venture on such a definition," she answered; "and probably I could not improve on yours—a grand folly! All feeling is folly—to those who do not share it."

Mr. Talford did not care to confess how nearly this was his own opinion. He felt that such an admission would not be a very auspicious opening for a suit in which the heart is supposed to play a prominent part. So he observed:

"And yet feeling is necessary."

Sibyl looked at him with the smile still shining in her eyes. "You have discovered that?" she said. "Yes, I think we may not only say that feeling is necessary, but that the degree of feeling of which a man is capable is generally the measure of his worth."

"We live by admiration, hope and love."

"Do we?" said Talford, unable to

repress the scepticism of his tone. "It strikes me that we live by much more material means, and that, though admiration, hope and love are very good things in their place, they are not at all essential to our existence."

"I should say that depended upon whether you consider our existence to be animal or spiritual," replied Miss Bertram; "or, rather, since it is both, on which you consider the most important of the two."

"Rather a difficult question, inasmuch as no one has yet proved where the animal ends and the spiritual begins," answered Talford, not unwilling to evade more direct reply. "But I beg that you will not misunderstand me. If admiration, hope and love are not essential to our existence, they certainly enrich and give it value."

"As luxuries that are desirable, but can be dispensed with," said Miss Bertram. "I don't think I can admit that. On the contrary, I believe that they are vital elements in our life. I can answer for myself that if I find nothing to admire—that is, nothing to look up to—I feel life to be not only empty and worthless, but disgusting. Think of being doomed to believe that the meanness and littleness of which we are conscious in ourselves are simply duplicated all around us, that no one rises higher, and that there is nothing whatever above us! Why, it is the most horrible of all mental nightmares! Yet there are people in the world who not only accept but who cultivate such a belief."

This being the belief on which her listless whole life was based, it may be imagined that he felt inclined to reply as Talleyrand did to Madame de Remusat: "Ah! what a very woman you are, and how very young." But he contented himself with smiling as he said:

"I am quite sure that you will never cultivate such a belief, and I should be sorry to see it forced on you."

"I have felt sometimes as if it were forced on me," she said; "and it is from that my knowledge of M. d'Antignac has delivered me."

"Do you mean," he asked, "that you have found so much to admire in M. d'Antignac?"

"I have not only found so much to admire in him," she answered, "but he has put the world right for me; he has raised me from the level on which I was sitting, to believe again in possibilities of nobleness. I was trying to believe in such possibilities when I met him, but it was a desperate and failing effort. She paused a moment, then added quickly: "I had begun to feel as if your philosophy of life, Mr. Talford, might be the true one after all. But it was like the taste of dust and ashes in its bitterness. If I felt as you do—that is, if I felt as you talk—I should be the most miserable of creatures."

"The presumption is, therefore, that I should find myself the most miserable of creatures," Talford answered quietly; "but, on the contrary, I fancy that there are few people who derive more satisfaction from existence than I do. My aspirations are limited to things within the range of my senses, and I expect nothing more from life than I am certain that it is able to meet."

"I am content with the possibilities of usefulness, believe me, my dear Miss Bertram, men like your friend M. d'Antignac are mere dreamers, whose ideas of life are no more to be trusted than the bravery of a soldier who has never seen a battle."

"M. d'Antignac has seen battles," she said. "He has lived in the world."

"Then he has learned little from it, for no man of any worldly knowledge could cherish dreams like those of which I understand you to speak."

"I have never in my life seen any one who gave me less the idea of a dreamer than M. d'Antignac," she said. "If you saw him you would never apply such a term to him."

"The only reason why I could possibly desire to see M. d'Antignac would be to discover what you find so attractive in him," said Talford, who began to feel that Laura's warning had not been so preposterous as he imagined.

"In that case you might discover nothing," said Sibyl. "For, as I remarked a little while ago, whatever we are not in sympathy with seems to us folly."

There was a moment's pause. Then Talford said quietly, but with a tone and manner not to be misunderstood: "I should like so to be in sympathy with you on all points."

The young lady flushed a little, but answered lightly: "You are very kind, but before you could attain such sympathy I fear that one or the other of us would have to be made over again; and I cannot think that it would be a pleasant process, that of being made over. Happily there is no need to try it. We can be very good friends as friends go, with sympathy on some points and toleration on all."

"I have always thought moderation a virtue," said Talford, "and have flattered myself that when I could not obtain what I wanted I was able to content myself with what I could get; but I am not sure that my philosophy will stand the test you propose. Very good friends as friends go—I am afraid, Miss Bertram, that will not satisfy me."

"Very good friends, then, without the clause," said she. "I think you will be unreasonable if you are not satisfied with that. At least, going on quickly, 'it is all I can offer; and since you have been good enough to compliment me on being a woman of the world, let me suggest that our conversation has wandered into a region where people of the world can hardly

feel at home. Let us leave sympathies and sentiments and talk of more practical things—horses, pictures, music, or what they are saying on the boulevards. And here"—as she door opened—"comes mamma to offer the needed inspiration—a cup of tea."

But instead of Mrs. Bertram the opening door disclosed the white capstrings of Valentine, the maid, who announced "M. Egerton," and then drew back to admit that gentleman.

It is probable that Sibyl had never before welcomed him with such sincere cordiality, and it is also probable that Talford was not sorry to see him, since his entrance relieved what might have been in another moment an awkward situation. For how can a man, having gone so far, not proceed farther? And yet Miss Bertram's manner certainly had not encouraged that proceeding, nor inspired confidence of a favorable issue. Talford's experience of feminine nature was, however, large; and he knew that the resources of that evasion which it is hardly fair to call coquetry sometimes renders it difficult to foretell the nature of an answer up to the instant of receiving it. His vanity had, therefore, a loophole of escape; and he was not sorry to have provided.

"Though who can tell that I shall ever be so near the point again?" he thought, with genuine regret and genuine doubt of himself.

"You have come in time to share the offer of a cup of tea which I was just making to Mr. Talford," said Miss Bertram, after she had greeted Egerton with unusual warmth. "We will have it without waiting for mamma, who has been out since breakfast indulging in the delights of shopping with some American friends. There is an occasion at the Bon Marche, and no feminine mind can resist the fascination of a bargain."

"You have apparently resisted it, since I have the pleasure of finding you at home," said Egerton.

"Oh! but I know that mamma will find all the bargains and bring them to me without my undergoing the purgatory of crushing which is the penalty of the great shops. I confess that I have a most undemocratic dislike to coming into close contact with my fellow-beings. I am never in such a crowd that I do not think I should like to be an archduchess, in order to have room always made for me."

"An archduchess with socialistic sympathies would be something very piquant," said Egerton, smiling.

"But it is unfortunately true that democratic theories and democratic practice are very different things."

"And the impossibility of the last proves the unsoundness of the first, only your visionaries will not see it," observed Talford.

"Am I a visionary?" said Egerton.

"I hardly think so, though I should be rather proud of belonging to that much-reproached class; for it is surely better to see visions of higher things, even if they are not altogether practicable, than to limit one's eyes to the dusty road of actual life."

"I have noticed that those who see such visions are rather prone to stumble on the road," said Talford.

"But what would the road be without the visions to brighten it?" said Sibyl.

Talford elevated his eyebrows. "And why," he asked, "should visions of a future democracy be more attractive than a present democracy as typified in the bourgeois crowd of the Bon Marche?"

"I was not thinking of democracy," she answered. "I confess that I have never had much more fancy for that in the future than in the present. I have been touched by dreams for relieving the suffering of humanity, but I have never relished the thought of enforced equality."

"Yet that is what your friends the Socialists would insist upon," said Talford.

"It is hardly fair to call them my friends, since I have not an acquaintance among them, and M. d'Antignac has nearly cured me of admiring them," said she, smiling. "If they have a friend present it must be Mr. Egerton."

"I don't know that I have a right to call myself a friend," said Egerton. "My interest in them has sprung chiefly from curiosity, and some sympathy with their aims—or, at least, their professions. No one who walks through the world with open eyes," continued the young man quickly, "can avoid being struck and saddened by the misery of human life, the hopeless misery that encompasses the vast majority of the human race from their cradles to their graves. One feels absolutely paralyzed in the presence of it. What is to be done? Where is any help, any hope of making the lives of all these millions better for them? Now, we must admit that, with all its follies, Socialism tries to give some sort of an answer to that question."

"But what sort of an answer?" said Talford, while Sibyl looked intently at Egerton, as if some new idea with regard to him was dawning on her mind.

"It is the answer of a man who would burn down your house because it is defective in construction."

"Oh! I grant that the answer is not very wise," said Egerton; "but I think there can be no doubt that it is an answer which the world will have forced upon it, unless some change comes over the spirit of society as we know it, unless it becomes less grossly material in its ends and less merciless in the methods by which it seeks those ends. But I don't mean to inflict my opinions upon you," he broke off with a laugh. "The attraction which I have found in Socialism—at least in the

representative Socialist whom I know—is that he feels so intensely on this subject."

"I suppose you mean M. Duchesne," said Miss Bertram.

"Yes, Duchesne, of whom you have so often heard me speak. He is so sincere an enthusiast, so ardent a visionary, that it is impossible not to be swayed by his personal influence when one is near him. In proof of which I am going with him to-morrow to Brussels."

"You!" said Miss Bertram in a tone of surprise. "For what purpose, if I may ask?"

"To attend a meeting of delegates from various countries who wish to secure amity of aim among the different revolutionary societies—in short, to revive the International. Duchesne promises that I shall see all the most prominent leaders."

"You must have become a revolutionist in earnest," said Talford.

"By no means," answered Egerton. "I am bound to nothing—Duchesne fully understands that. Very likely he thinks that I shall join him eventually, but I have never told him so. I represent myself simply as what I am—actuated by curiosity. Of course I shall not be allowed to see or know anything that would compromise them."

"I should not be too sure of that," said Talford. "You might come to know enough to compromise your own safety if you refused to join them at last. I do not think that, if I were you, I would go to Brussels. Here, at least, you are known and have friends."

"And, therefore, could not be disposed of by dagger or dynamite without exciting some inquiry," said Egerton, smiling. "I have not the least fear of the kind."

"But the absence of fear is not always an argument against the need of fear," said Sibyl. "And if you have really no motive but curiosity—"

"I assure you I have no other," said Egerton, meeting her eyes and thinking them kinder than he had ever seen them before. "But that is sometimes a tolerably strong motive."

"It ought not to be strong enough to induce a man to run a grave risk."

"But there is positively no risk at all," said he. "Talford is simply indulging in a jest at my expense. I shall have great pleasure in giving you the points of the coming revolution when I return. Meanwhile, you spoke once of desiring to know Mlle. Duchesne. I may be permitted to say that you have now the opportunity of making her acquaintance. She is again in Paris."

"But this was a little too much for Talford. He frowned, and, while Sibyl hesitated for an instant, said curtly:

"Upon my word, Egerton, I think you forget that Miss Bertram's curiosity is probably less developed than your own, and that she can hardly care to make the acquaintance of socialistic madmen—or madwomen, who are even worse."

"I should never dream of proposing such an acquaintance to Miss Bertram," answered Egerton. "Mlle. Duchesne—of whom I spoke—is indeed the daughter of a Socialist, but she is herself neither a Socialist nor a madwoman, but a very charming person and a great friend of the D'Antignacs, whom Miss Bertram knows well."

"I have heard them speak of her with high praise," said Sibyl. "If she has returned to Paris I shall probably meet her in their salon."

"It is likely that you may," said Egerton, who did not know of the decree which had gone forth, separating Armine from her friends.

"So it seems," said Talford; "that the remarkable M. d'Antignac is picturesquely eclectic in his acquaintance."

"Above all people whom I have ever met," said Sibyl, "he gives me the idea of basing his regard entirely upon what a person is, not at all upon what his or her outward circumstances or position may be. By the side of his couch one takes rank simply according to one's merit."

"But how if one should chance to have no merit?" asked the gentleman sceptically.

"In that case one must rely upon a charity which is broad enough to cover a multitude of follies," answered the young lady, smiling. "But I am sure that you are by this time tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, so happily here comes Valentine with the tea; and here, also, is mamma to tell us all about her bargains!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Irish Cause.

The Irish National Federation of America is behind the English Liberal and the Irish Nationalist in the anti-Lords campaign, which begins in good earnest in the impending session of Parliament. All the branches of the New York City Council I. N. F., have been instructed to hold meetings as soon as possible, in order to be ready to give effective aid in levelling the Tories' "last ditch" (and Ireland's unrelenting enemy), the House of Lords. One thousand dollars was sent from New York, last week, to Justin McCarthy, M. P., chairman of the Irish party, and \$1,000 more goes this week. The Municipal Council I. N. F., of Philadelphia, has just sent \$1,000 expressly for the anti-Lords campaign. We may add that this renewal of vigorous action of the Irish party against factionists and vituperators; \$2,500 having been sent from Philadelphia alone, since the memorable meeting in Dublin last November.—Boston Pilot.

A Story of Sunda Gunge.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

On the 1st of July, 1857, the Indian Mutiny was at its height. For ten days the little station at Sunda Gunge had been besieged by the Sepoys.

The town was situated at the foot of a range of hills, and from one particular point upon the slopes outside the walls the well in the middle of the square was visible. This the Sepoys had at length discovered. Their single piece of cannon was at once pointed at this point, and brought to bear exactly on the well within the town.

The result of this proceeding is self-evident. If one of the garrison should now venture into the square for the purpose of fetching water, he would run an imminent risk of being blown to atoms by a volley of grape shot.

The group of spectators looked in silence at the well. The same thought occupied the minds of all. There were women in the garrison—delicate ladies, girls and children, and within the room set apart for the purpose of a hospital, wounded men were moaning for water. Water, at all costs, must be had—even in the face of a vigilant enemy and a loaded cannon. But how?

"This is an awkward business," Vane, remarked Colonel Dundas, the officer in charge of the garrison, to Lieutenant St. George Vane. The Colonel was a tall, gray man, grave, stern and martial. The Lieutenant was not more than five or six and twenty, with blue eyes, fair moustache, and careless, handsome features, much bronzed by exposure to the sun.

"True," said Vane, reflecting, "yet—stay! one of us must go out alone and try to bring in water. If they hit him, as they most likely will, three or four others can be ready to rush out, and may bring him in and the water as well, before he has time to load again."

"And he looked inquiringly at the Colonel's face, eager to learn what he thought of the proposal.

"The cannon is not the only danger," said the Colonel. "They have rifles there as well."

"But a rifle at that range would most likely miss—a shower of grape is different."

The Colonel hesitated. No commander likes to send brave men on desperate ventures. But he could see no other scheme which would not involve much greater risk of life with still less prospects of success. And they must reach the well in some way—the necessity was vital. If once their supply of water were cut off their chance was gone. They could not last twelve hours.

Vane had kept his eyes fixed upon the Colonel's face.

"Let me try," he said eagerly. "Give me a few men—a score will volunteer."

The Colonel hesitated—but only for a moment. There was no man in the garrison whom he valued and trusted more than St. George Vane. He knew well the danger of the proposed adventure, and he knew well, also, that Vane if he were allowed to undertake it, would never rest until his task succeeded, or he himself was killed in the attempt. But in warfare, private feelings must give way to the general good. After a moment the Colonel laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and said, briefly:

"Try!"

An hour or two later Vane entered his own room.

It was a large apartment, situated at the back of the walled inclosure, which, on account of its size, had come to be used by the officers as a common room. Its windows opened on a wide veranda, which extended the whole length of the building, having the windows of other rooms also opening upon it. The largest of these had been set apart for the use of the ladies of the garrison, and as the veranda was cool, shady and retired, they were often accustomed to sit there, in preference to breathing the close heat of the room within.

At the moment when Vane entered two figures were sitting on the veranda, not far from his window—two girls. One of these was a tall, slight girl, pale and light-haired—not handsome, nor even remarkable, except for her eyes, which were large, gray, serious, and, when at rest, deep rather than bright. Her companion, on the other hand, was a girl of singular beauty—with dark hair, dark eyes, rather full red lips, and skin of soft and flower-like bloom. The name of the pale girl was Mary Sulland; that of the beautiful one was Lenora Dundas. The latter was the Colonel's daughter; Mary Sulland was his ward. Before the mutiny they had lived together with an old English servant, Mrs. Jessop, in the Colonel's bungalow, outside the fortified inclosure.

The characters of these two girls we will leave to reveal themselves as we proceed, only recording the relative positions in which they stood to St. George Vane, who had known them both since they were children.

Like all men of her acquaintance, Vane admired Lenora, greatly, and sometimes half believed himself in love with her, and whether he were really so or not, he had been accustomed for years to call himself her worshipper. On the other hand, though he liked Mary Sulland very warmly, and would have done anything in his power to give her pleasure, he never told himself that he was in love with her, nor even thought about it.

Both the girls on their side regarded Vane with feelings far different from those of ordinary interest. But it is

characteristic of each that while Lenora never forgot that Vane was a rich man, Mary Sulland never gave the fact a thought, nor would have considered the subject of much interest if she had.

The two girls were now alone on the veranda, anxious, restless, uneasy. "Over all there hung a cloud of fear—a sword hanging by a single thread; the cruel uncertainty as to what was going to happen, which makes the peculiar horror of a passive siege. In such a situation the ear is always listening, the nerves are ready to start at every sound, and the mind is kept stretched constantly on the rack.

Vane had no knowledge that the two girls were at that moment on the veranda, so near to his own window. He had just been round the station, and had got together with some difficulty half a dozen men who could be spared from active duty at the watch-posts on the walls; and these, as he had given orders, were now collected about the door of the room, awaiting his arrival. Four were English, two were Sikhs—every man of them, as Vane well knew, to be trusted to the death.

These he now placed on one side of the table, while he himself stood on the other. Then, in a few words, he explained the nature of the service for which they were required; adding that he only wished for volunteers, and that any man who disliked the duty might retire at once. Not a man stirred, however. The Sikhs saluted gravely; the British soldiers broke into a cheer.

Vane looked round him, and his eyes glistened; but he said simply: "The man that goes out first will run by far the greatest risk. Who will undertake the duty?"

There were, as already stated, six men present, besides Vane himself. Six right hands immediately saluted—there were six competitors for the privilege of being the first mark of the Sepoy's cannon. Vane smiled.

"We must draw lots, I see," he said.

Opening a shadow drawer in the table he took out a pack of cards. "Here are seven of us," he continued. "I am going to deal these cards round. Whichever of us receives a certain card—we will say the Knave of Spades—will be the man selected."

He cut the pack. The deal began. A hush fell on the six spectators—a hush of rising interest. Except for the slight fluttering noise made by the cards, not a sound was to be heard. Strange that there is something in suspense which affects the mind more strongly than the actual danger.

These men had volunteered, without a space of hesitation, to face the risk of death. Yet not one of them could now look on without a tingling of the blood, as they waited for the card to fall that carried a man's life!

Such was their absorption that they did not see two faces which came suddenly peeping in upon them through the window of the room.

The whole scene was over almost in a moment. Yet scenes as brief have often been the turning point of lives—and so it was to be with these.

Lenora, with a half-hysterical laugh, turned to the window and went out. Mary Sulland was left alone. Suddenly she sank upon a chair and burst into such a passion of tears as shook her very frame.

It is not in the nature of any woman, however nobly made, however jealous of the honor of the man whom she regards, not to feel, at such a moment, a cruel agony of mind. She was alone. The excitement which had sustained her was already over, and now the hard, plain fact, without disguise, pressed itself remorselessly upon her soul. Her hero had gone forth to almost certain death.

Her hero—yes—he was her hero. She made no secret of it now, in her own heart. Gladly would she have given her own life for his. But, alas! what could she do?

All at once a wild thought struck her. Her cheek flamed; the old light kindled in her eyes. She started to her feet, pale, eager-eyed and trembling, trembling now with new excitement. She seemed like one possessed by a spirit stronger than her own—by an impulse overmastering and resistless. For a moment or two she stood motionless, her eyes gleaming. Then turning, not to the window, but to the door, she hurried from the room.

She went straight to her own chamber. In a few minutes she came out again. She was now draped in a long close gray dressing-gown, which completely covered her own dress. Her tall, slight figure, thus garmented, looked like nothing so much as a gray ghost—and like a ghost, in the falling light of the evening, she glided out of her chamber, and passed along the passages and down a flight of stairs.

All at once she stopped. Some noise alarmed her. And now she was afraid—afraid, not of what she was about to do, being seen and thwarted in the execution of her plan. Presently, all being still, she again stole forward. The men were, for the most part, busy at their posts about the fortifications, and the part of the station through which she had to pass was almost deserted. Fortune favored her, besides; no eye observed her as she stole upon her way.

At last, to her infinite relief, she reached her destination. She stood in the archway which led out into the square.

It was still empty. Vane's volunteers had gone in search of the articles required for the adventure, and had not yet arrived. The open court was before her; and there, in the middle of it, was the well.

She knew the archway well!—its image had been clear to her mind's eye all along. It was a kind of tunnel, or covered passage, of brick work, some half a dozen yards in length. Near the outer end of the archway there was a buttress, and beyond it a recess or deep niche in the masonry. The niche was close beside the buttress on the side towards the square.

The gray figure reached the buttress—glided into the recess—and disappeared.

Five minutes passed—ten minutes. Then the sound of steps was heard, and men entered the room; immediately afterwards he appeared, together with another officer—the surgeon.

No time was lost. Vane spoke a word or two, by way of last directions to the men; then taking a bucket in his hand, so that if by any chance he escaped the shot he might do his share in bringing in the water, he turned towards the square. That his chance was very slight, he knew. And as he turned to go forth into the range of the cannon, his face, though resolute, was grave.

He had already taken a step or two in advance, when he suddenly stopped short.

What was that? A soft, gray, ghostly figure started out of the wall in front of him, and flitted forth into the open air. Before he had recovered from his amazement it had already reached the well. For the space of an instant it stood there motionless, then, as if desiring rather to attract attention than to shun it, it raised both arms above its head and waved them in the moonlight.

In a moment—just as Vane, recovering a little started out of the archway—the cannon thundered; a storm of shot whistled in the air, ploughed up the ground, and rattled among the ruined woodwork of the well.

Vane was still outside its range, and no shot struck him. But the phantom figure—what of it? He looked, and thrilled. What dark thing was that which now lay motionless beside the mouth of the well? He had not seen the figure fall—but it was down upon the ground!

When the night was passed, when the next day shone, when the dial-needle marked the hour a little after noon, the garrison of Sunda Gunge was shaken suddenly by strange excitement. First, there became audible a noise of wild confusion in the encampment of the Sepoys round the walls. It grew—it gathered volume; it swelled into a tumult. Guns fired, voices yelled, a sound was heard as of the stamped of innumerable feet.

Suddenly—unexpectedly—relief had come. The Siege of Sunda Gunge was over.

It is not our purpose to dwell upon the scene that followed. From that tumult of wild joy, of almost fierce excitement, we must turn away and follow St. George Vane.

As soon as the fact of the relief was certain, he stepped out of the crowd and made his way, along the deserted passages to a certain room which lay in the rear of the walled buildings—the room from which the night before a slender, gray-draped figure had stolen softly out.

Just as he reached the door and was hesitating at the threshold, Mrs. Jessop, who had been called out by the noise of the cheering, was seen returning in a state of much excitement. Vane accosted her eagerly, but in low tones. "Is she better? Can I see her yet?" he said.

"She is much better; she is dressed and sitting up. But the noise alarmed her. She does not know the cause of it. Will you come and tell her?"

Vane followed her into the room. In a large chair, next the window, looking very white and weak, with a bandage round her temples, where the shot had grazed and stunned her, sat Mary Sulland. As Vane entered she looked round. He paused, and for some seconds the two regarded each other.

He had not seen her since, the night before, he had carried her swooning to her room. He had heard with infinite relief, that the wound was not serious, and inquiring hourly at the door throughout the night, he had learned that with some hours rest there would be little to be feared. Yet the shock which he had felt at the moment when he had raised her in his arms, and caught sight of her white face in the moonlight, was with him still.

And indeed she had had a wonderful escape.

Every sportsman who has tried his gun at a sheet of blank paper knows that it will sometimes happen that, while the paper will be spotted thick with pellets, there will sometimes be a space left free of shots—large enough, perhaps, to have let the game escape, however true the aim. It had so happened here.

Amidst the storm of shot only one had grazed her; the rest had whistled past without harm. But where her slender figure had so narrowly escaped, a man, being of larger bulk, would inevitably have been struck down. Mary Sulland had, in fact, been slightly wounded where Vane would have been killed.

During the hours of night, while he had wandered up and down outside her door, too restless to seek for sleep, he had thought of the girl who had risked her life for his; he had let his memory go back into the past, and called to mind all that he had owed to Mary Sulland through the years that he had known her: how all his noblest aspirations, dreams, ambitions, had come from her, or had been fostered or strengthened by her sympathy, and he had wondered how it was that he himself had never realized, till now, what she had been to him. And now, what she stood beside her, as he looked at her again, he wondered more and more.

The look of inquiry on her face recalled him to himself.

"I am forgetting," he said. "I am glad to be the first to bring the good news. I see you guess it. Yes, relief has come. The siege is over."

She looked at him with eagerness.

One thought filled her mind—it forced a passage to her lips.

"Then you will not have to go again for water?"

As the words escaped her she flushed.

Her action of the night before had hardly been her own—so overmastering had been the impulse which had hurried her away. And now, like a woman, she was troubled by a doubt—what would be the result? Had she, in thrusting herself between him and danger, forfeited for ever his esteem? How could she expect that he would understand the unselfish devotion of her act?

He did understand, however, at least partly. He saw that she was troubled and he took the best course possible to set her at ease. He meant to regard what she had done as a matter which, between themselves, required no explanation. As for others, they knew nothing. Except that she had been hurt by a stray piece of shot, no one, not even the Colonel or Lenora, knew the truth. The men who had been at the archway had only the vaguest idea of what had passed. The secret was their own.

"No," he said, smiling. "I shall not have to go again. Nor, what is of greater consequence, will you, Mary!"

From the distance came a noise of voices cheering, as if they never meant to stop, but in the room itself there was no sound but their own murmured talk.

She laughed softly. His words thrilled her, but it was not his words alone, for in his eyes was that look which no woman ever mistakes.

They were married in the early days of October.

words or figures the great amount of good that Archbishop Ryan has done for humanity and religion in Philadelphia.

Scores of handsome new churches, a baker's dozen of parochial schools, the successful inauguration of the magnificent new Catholic High school, the improvement of the seminary at Overbrook, the ordination of hundreds of young men into the priesthood, and the reception of as many young women into the various Sisterhoods, the establishment of St. Joseph's House for Homeless Boys, the erection of the Industrial School for Boys at Edgington, the establishment of a colored parish at twelfth and Lombard streets, the purchase of an edifice for Polish Catholics on German street—these form a small part of the good that the prudent Bishop and the wise counsellor has done in his large field of labor.

America's Largest Congregation.

The biggest congregation in the country is in New York city and it is one of the poorest. It worships in the smallest of edifices. It numbers 10,000 souls. Father Russo, of the Society of Jesus, is its pastor, and last year he baptized 750 infants, beating all metropolitan records. Father Russo's parishioners are the poor Italians of the east side, and they worship in the little church of Our Lady of Loretto. Several years ago Father Russo was delegated to undertake the work of organizing them, and he had services in a store. Sufficient funds were soon accumulated to build the present edifice, which is a very plain affair, not much larger than two ordinary dwelling houses. Its furnishings are as plain as its parishioners. Now Father Russo has three assistants. One, Rev. Father Vincentini, has come but recently. Father Russo went all the way to Rome to select a priest who possessed the peculiar qualifications for a certain part of the work of the little church. This qualification was none other than the ability to speak a certain Sicilian dialect spoken by many of his people, who came from the mountainous region of the sunny island.

"My people are very poor," said Father Russo. "There is not one of our congregation who is worth \$500. But they give more willingly and more liberally, according to their means, than many wealthier church people. They are hard working and thrifty, go to their priests about every thing, and they are quite willing to listen to our advice. In our school we teach the children English three hours out of four. Their sons and daughters will be worthy of the country where their fathers found better conditions than they ever had in the mother country. If a girl has not found a husband when she reaches nineteen she comes to ask me to find her a husband. So you see my duties are as versatile as they are arduous."

Don't worry. Don't run in debt. Don't trifle with your health. Don't try experiments with medicines. Don't waste time and money on worthless compounds. Don't be persuaded to take a substitute for Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the best of blood purifiers.

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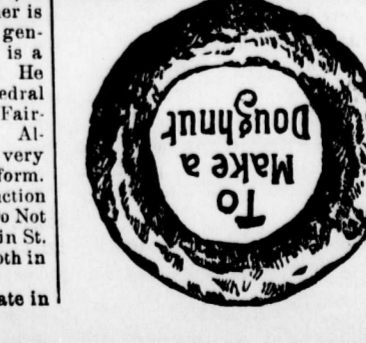
THE RITUAL OF THE P. P. A.

We have published a pamphlet form the entire Ritual of the conspiracy known as the P. P. A. The book was obtained from one of the organizers of the association. It ought to be widely distributed, as it will be the means of preventing many of our well-meaning Protestant friends from falling into the trap set for them by designing knaves. The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 5 cents in stamps; by the dozen, 4 cents per copy; and by the hundred, 3 cents. Address, THOMAS GOSPEY, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ontario.

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REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVE, Editor. Author of "Mistakes of Modern Ireland," "THOMAS'S COFFEY."

DR. CARMAN AND THE SCHOOL QUESTION. The Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada, preached in Kingston on Sunday, the 20th ult., on public education.

He takes it for granted that Catholics ought to be satisfied with such a system of public education as this, and desires to do away with "Separate or Church schools."

Any Church that cannot care for its people and maintain its particular doctrine should be wiped out. If the Methodist Church cannot, through its ministry, Sunday School, and Epworth League, hold its people and preach the precious doctrine of entresanctification without the aid of a Government grant, then the sooner it goes by the board the better.

From Dr. Carman's antecedents, it is easy to understand the purpose he had in view in preaching such a sermon at this critical moment in Kingston. He took not long ago a leading part in the so-called "Equal Rights" agitation, and preached or wrote a series of political sermons which were published in the Toronto Mail, the object of which was to intensify the anti-Catholic feeling in Ontario.

In these sermons the doctor tried to make it appear that the Dominion and Ontario and Quebec Governments are all bound in the shackles which Romanism has fastened around them, and he appealed to the Protestant electors of Ontario "to sweep the board," by upsetting both Governments.

The people had too much good sense to pay any attention to these ravings, and Dr. Carman subsided for a while. We might have hoped that he had taken to heart the lesson he then received, and would spare the public the infliction of his ecclesiastical terrorism for the future; but it appears from his Kingston escapade that he cannot take in a wholesome lesson.

There can be no doubt that the doctor's last sermon was designed to be the makeweight which would turn the scale against Mr. W. Harty in the pending election, and a more barefaced attempt to influence public opinion at a critical moment, it has seldom been our lot to witness.

We congratulate the people of Kingston that they have shown, by electing Mr. Harty by a majority of 432, that they are not to be influenced by such tactics as the Rev. Dr. Carman is so fond of employing.

There was a time in the history of our Province when fanaticism had influence enough to turn the scale of many a political contest, but now it has not a foothold even in those cities wherein it held full control only a few months ago. London and Hamilton shook off the incubus but recently, and now Kingston has followed their noble example.

But let us consider Dr. Carman's pronouncement on its merits, independently of the effect it was intended to have upon the election. He admits that it is necessary that morality and integrity should be inculcated in our schools. Now on what ground can morality be taught? Is there any sufficient motive which will induce people to be moral, other than the fact that it is our duty arising out of our being God's creatures, bound to accept and obey His laws?

We venture to say that there is not a Christian who will say that there is any other solid motive for morality than this, and it is evident that to feel the force of this motive we must know through revelation what God's law are. We must know, therefore, what that revelation is, and we must know the authority which presents that revelation to us as being worthy of credit.

God's revelation, comprising the laws of morality and integrity of which Dr. Carman speaks, are presented to us

by the Christian Church for acceptance and belief; and if we do not know the grounds of our belief in the Christian Church, there will remain no solid motive for morality. This cannot be known without dogmatic Christian teaching.

We are quite aware that a certain fraction of the people may be influenced by motives less satisfactory than this one which we have indicated, but such motives have no solidity, and they cannot have a permanent influence on the mass of population when people begin to reason upon them, and though the few may continue through life to accept these insufficient motives, and to act upon them, the vast majority will cast them aside as the superstitions of youth as soon as their judgments shall have been sufficiently matured to enable them to see their fallacy.

We maintain, therefore, that solid Christian teaching should be given to the young from the very beginning, and that it should pervade the atmosphere of the school room. Hence, also, Dr. Carman is astray when he supposes that Catholics will, or ought to, accept his plan of teaching "morality and integrity" on a delusive motive.

But let us admit for a moment that Dr. Carman's plan is a satisfactory one for Protestants; and we must say that it seems to be the prevalent though not the universal opinion among Protestants, that it is satisfactory, it cannot be denied that the Catholic plan is safer, or at least as safe.

The question then remains, is the plan which the doctor proposes to be forced upon Catholics against their will, and in violence to their conscientious convictions. We maintain that no majority has the right, even though it may have the might, to do this.

The education of the child belongs primarily to its parents, and the parents are bound in conscience to educate their children in that way which will most effectually make them good citizens, and, above all, good Christians. The State may help the parents to do this, and may insist that the children shall be properly educated. This it does in Ontario by the laws making education compulsory. We have not a word to say against such laws; but we strongly insist that the State goes outside of its duty, and against its duty, if it throws any obstacle in the way of parents who wish to fulfill their duties to their children, by giving them a good education in their religion, at the same time that they are instructed in secular matters.

Reading, writing and arithmetic are useful studies, but they are not the only things a child ought to be taught. More important still are its moral duties to God, our neighbor, and ourselves, and for this reason the State should rather assist parents who desire to instruct their children in these matters, than throw obstacles in their way. For these reasons, we maintain that it would be a gross injustice to Catholics to force upon them a mere secular education, by depriving them of their Catholic schools; and all who, like Dr. Carman, advocate the withdrawal of public aid from the Catholic schools of Ontario are advocates of injustice.

It must be borne in mind that Catholics contribute, equally with Protestants, toward putting funds into the public treasury, and when there is part of these public funds apportioned to education, Catholics are entitled to a fair share thereof for the education of their children, in the way their conscience approves of.

Dr. Carman maintains, however, that any religious education given to children should be given them at home, or in the church. This is out of the question. Most parents have either not the time, or not the ability to give their children the instruction necessary for them, and it is their right to employ teachers who will take the work which the parents cannot do properly at home. Neither is the difficulty met by saying the children should be instructed in their religion in the church. They attend school all the week, and they cannot generally attend for religious instruction in the church more than one day out of seven, and then they can attend only for an hour or thereabouts. This instruction for an hour in the week, on Sunday, is not enough for their religious and moral training, and we say, therefore, not that the State should furnish religious teaching to the children, but that it should put no obstacle in the way of parents who are willing to pay for a teacher who will supply their place in the schools.

The Separate school system does no more than this. It provides that the

teachers shall be competent to teach the secular branches, and it leaves parents the opportunity to employ teachers who will take their place in imparting religious instruction. To all this they have a right, if we are living in a free country, and no one has the right to say that the liberty of parents in this matter should be taken from them.

We may add that the question of Catholic rights has been settled by the Confederation Act whereby this Dominion was instituted. If Catholic rights in Ontario were to be interfered with, the whole question of Confederation would have to be re-considered, and it may be taken as a certainty that the rights at present enjoyed by the Protestants of Quebec, and which they prize as highly as the Catholics of Ontario prize theirs, could not stand for a moment if Dr. Carman's desire to sweep away the rights of the latter were accomplished to-morrow. Those who desire that the Protestants of Quebec should retain their present rights or privileges, should make less noise about sweeping away the rights enjoyed by the Catholics of this Province.

MASKED POLITICIANS.

An amusing illustration of A. P. A. methods is to be found in the manner in which Mr. Burrows, one of the newly-elected senators of Michigan, was inveigled into the ranks of that organization. Mr. Burrows was elected on the Republican ticket, but it was carefully concealed from the knowledge of the public that he was a member of the secret order, until the story of his membership was told in a recent issue of the New York Sun.

Before the election in Nov., and in fact before the canvass was fairly begun, the Detroit Evening News announced that Mr. Burrows had made some arrangement with the A. P. A., whereby he bound himself to carry out the programme of the association, but he was afraid of the consequences of an exposure, and he carefully concealed from the people of the State the fact that he was actually a member of the society. The curious laws of the society made it somewhat easy for Mr. Burrows to carry out his deception, and while by the general public he was simply regarded as the Republican candidate for the senatorship, it was remarked that the A. P. A. took a special interest in his candidature, and canvassed for him with remarkable zeal.

There is no doubt that the influences brought to bear by the A. P. A. resulted in Mr. Burrows' success; but it was only by concealing his connection with that society that his success was secured, and even after his election to the senatorship it was denied by him and his supporters that he belonged to it.

It is known that members of the A. P. A. or P. P. A. have a peculiar code of morals whereby they are authorized even to swear, if need be, that they are not members of the organization at all, and of this code Mr. Burrows took advantage to assure the members of the Legislature that he was not a member of the society, and it was only through this assurance that he was elected, as it was supposed that the A. P. A. were merely the tail of the dog, of which Mr. Burrows was the head and body. There is no doubt, however, that it was the A. P. A. influence which turned the Legislature to his favor, and there was considerable surprise manifested that the A. P. A. influence should have been thrown so strongly into the scale.

But a few days ago new light was thrown upon the matter by the New York Sun.

The Sun states that early in the Spring of 1894 a number of high officials of the A. P. A. visited Washington, and while there brought to bear all their powers of persuasion to induce Mr. Burrows to become a member of their order, and that Mr. Burrows yielded to their solicitations, and was initiated in a committee room of the Senate, which, for the time being, was converted into an A. P. A. lodge. By this means Mr. Burrows secured the A. P. A. support, while, by concealing his membership, he avoided alienating other supporters who would have been disgusted with him had they been aware of the duplicity of his conduct.

We may imagine how weak Apatism is in the United States when it is forced to have recourse to these underhand methods in order to secure even for a short time a stolen triumph.

In Ontario the P. P. A. has had to resort to similar methods to procure local successes, but its discomfiture on general results has been most con-

plete. In fact the success of the order has been nearly the same in both countries, being represented by a series of defeats wherever it presumed to show itself openly, and apparent success only where it hid itself behind the hypocritical pretences of members who did not dare openly to acknowledge their membership in the association.

HONORS FOR FATHER CONNOLLY.

On the occasion of the transfer of a priest from one parish to another, it is always a most agreeable feature to notice the genuine love of the people for their pastor. A notable instance of this kind occurred on the occasion of the transfer of Rev. John Connolly, P. P., Biddulph, to Ingersoll. The latter parish was rendered vacant by the death, a few months since, of the much-lamented Rev. Joseph P. Molphy. And not only have the Catholic people of the parish of Biddulph manifested sincere regard for their faithful priest, but Protestants likewise have come forward with words of friendship, sincere as they are warm. The reference in the address, in another column, to Irish affairs, has particular point when it is remembered that Father Connolly and his parishioners have always held first place in the front rank whenever a call came from Ireland to help the distressed, or aid the cause of Home Rule. Father Connolly's ministrations amongst the people of his late charge have been laborious and painstaking, and he was ever watchful for the call of duty. The sick and the sorrowing found in him a true friend, and all recognized in him a pious, charitable and most worthy priest. That his life may be spared for many years to come, to pursue his sacred calling in his new charge, is the prayer of all who know him. The people of Ingersoll have assigned to them a warm-hearted, fatherly Irish priest, patterned after those who suffered with their flocks in the olden days in Ireland, and if they but pay heed to his admonitions—follow faithfully the line of duty he will mark out for them—both young and old will lead lives that will draw upon them the blessing of God and reflect honor upon themselves and upon their Catholic faith.

QUAKERISM DECLINING.

An article by Mr. Eugene Camp in the last issue of the Outlook gives the information that throughout the United States the Quakers are rapidly falling off in number. Mr. Camp is himself a Quaker, and he therefore feels deeply interested in a fact which he much deplores, and the causes of which he is anxious to ascertain. He says that now "New England and New York yearly meetings contain fewer members than they did in 1860. Philadelphia orthodox yearly meeting is not one-half as large as it was thirty years ago, while the Hicksite yearly meeting only a little less slowly declines. Scores of meeting-houses throughout New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, built half a century ago to accommodate large congregations, now house a handful of people once a week, or perhaps once a fortnight, while the long rows of horse sheds, reminders of other and more prosperous days, stand unused."

The fact which Mr. Camp wishes to impress on the mind of the public is that Quakerism is declining, in spite of the rapid increase of population in the United States during the last half century.

Among the causes for this decline, he states that there are almost countless divisions among the Quakers, which result in their mutual opposition to each other. Mr. Camp puts the matter thus:

"It is a lamentable fact that there are no fewer than four Societies of Friends in America, not to mention further imminent divisions, each of which strenuously denies to all others the name of Friend and there is one yearly meeting, affiliating with none of these four distinct societies, that holds aloof from all other Friends, even as individuals, neither growing itself, nor helping any other organized branch of Quakerism to do so."

The fact is that these different sects are just as wide apart as are any of the other sects of Protestantism, notwithstanding that they all claim to teach what their founder, George Fox, taught. They are just as hostile to each other as are Methodists, Presbyterians, and Anglicans. There is no prospect of union among them, and to this fact Mr. Camp attributes their falling off in numbers. He wrote to the clerk of the Philadelphia Orthodox yearly meeting to ascertain the cause of the falling off in the Orthodox

Branch, and the answer received included an address issued by the branch, in which it was stated that the branch regarded the reading of the Scriptures and the singing of hymns "as a departure from the spiritual worship always highly prized by our society; and we mourn over the blindness of some, calling themselves Friends, who have substituted active labors of an outward nature for the operation of the spirit."

It is not very easy for those not acquainted with the original theory of Quakerism to understand this language, and some might wonder that such language could be used by any Protestant sect when speaking of the Scripture, but it is to be remembered that Quakerism differs essentially from all other forms of Protestantism in its estimate of the value of Scripture.

The Quakers, though not denying the truth and inspiration of Holy Scripture, place above it the illumination of the spirit which is claimed by every member of the sect, and thus the Scripture has fallen into disrepute among them as a practical guide to spiritual life. Hence it is that the really "Orthodox" Quakers are so horrified that one of the bodies which have succeeded from the main branch should habitually read the inspired Word of God at its meetings, instead of sitting in profound silence until some brother or sister imagines that he or she is moved by the Spirit to rise up and give out some personal fancy as the teaching of the Spirit of God.

Mr. Camp is of opinion that this folly is one of the causes of the decline of Quakerism, concerning which he says:

"Thus in the United States in the year 1894, a body of Christians officially denounces their fellow Christians for reading God's word in public, and for the offence of asking sinners to come to Christ! And the body that thus spends its time in writing such denunciations is abandoning its meeting-houses, because there are no Friends to occupy them."

Quakerism is one of the vagaries into which the human mind will naturally stray when the authority of the individual will or private judgment is substituted for the divinely established authority of the Church of Christ. It is a natural result of the Protestant principle operating on certain fantastic minds, and though it must be admitted that the Quakers of modern times are generally a good-natured and friendly people, honest in their dealings with their neighbors, it remains a matter of history that the results of the rule of faith which they adopted from their beginning, were ludicrous and absurd.

The fact cannot be erased from the pages of history that George Fox, the founder of the Quakerism, went into St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, feeling himself moved by the spirit "to go and cry against the great temple," and that, hearing the preacher there announce from the pulpit that doctrines, religions, and opinions are to be tried by the Scriptures, because they are the word of God, he exclaimed aloud: "Oh no! It is not by the Scriptures, it is by the Holy Spirit. The Jews professed to try their doctrines by the Scriptures, and they rejected Christ: therefore they had endeavored to do without the Holy Spirit, so the Scriptures cannot be a safe guide." Neither can it be denied that Fox's ardent follower, James Nayler, moved by the spirit, rode through the suburbs of Bristol, accompanied by three bareheaded men and one woman who spread their scarfs and handkerchiefs on the ground before him, while they cried out: "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts! Hosannah in the highest." Others were moved by the spirit to acts equally extraordinary, as Solomon Eccles, who entered naked into the Parliament House at Westminster with a chafing dish of fire and brimstone upon his head, crying out "Repent, Repent."

This same Eccles in 1669 entered the church of Galloway, Scotland, in similar dishabille, crying out, "Woe to these idolatrous worshippers, except you repent," and shortly afterwards exhibited himself in the same condition in the cathedral of Cork.

We do not hold all Quakers responsible for these and similar absurdities, which they now repudiate; but a system is responsible for consequences which directly result from it, and we are not surprised that the sensible and matter-of-fact people of the United States are dropping away gradually, but surely, from a system of religion which makes such conditions possible.

In England, also, Quakerism, which was at one time very popular, is rapidly disappearing.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A DISTINGUISHED Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Wentworth Powell, nephew of Rev. Basil Jones of St. David's, has been received into the Church.

By some means or another the reporters have succeeded in finding out who have been elected officers of the P. P. A. at the Grand Council meeting held in Toronto last week—and here is the list: President, Mr. Busby, Owen Sound; Vice-President Alex. Carr, Forest; Treasurer, Dr. Owens, Parkhill; Secretary, Jackson Little, whose residence is not given, but it is to be presumed he has one. Judging by the reports of the Toronto press in regard to their manner of proceeding, the meeting room resembled a house into which criminally inclined people were attempting to make unlawful entry. There were tyles, double tyles, chains, locks and bars, inside guards, outside guards, and blackguards. In the public life of the country the officers elected have never been known to take a prominent part. We will, however, be as charitable as possible to them, and suppose they are prominent in small towns.

It is pleasant to note that the great public opinion of the Province is swiftly and surely crushing out of life that unlovely thing called the P. P. A., and those who have been prominent in it will during their lifetime be branded as men whose society is undesirable and whose general conduct renders them unfit to hold positions in the gift of the public. Some time since we expressed the opinion that the leaders in the movement were men whose only object was either the attainment of self-glorification or plunder, perhaps both. An apt illustration that such is the fact occurred recently in this city. A number of members obtained control of a corporation board, and just when their term expired (making room for better men) they voted themselves salaries out of the public purse amounting to \$900, as compensation for the trifling work they performed during the year. Of such material is the P. P. A. composed all over the country, and it is no wonder that after trial having been given them, the motto of the great body politic becomes, "Turn out the rascals."

The Methodist ministers of the State of Michigan, at a meeting held in Detroit on the 21st ult., decided to appoint a committee to co-operate with the Presbyterian committee and to go before the State Legislature now in session at Lansing, in order to oppose the passage of the bill for the taxation of Church property. It used to be supposed by many persons that the laws exempting churches from taxation were passed for the special benefit of Catholics, and this pretence is still kept up by agitators in Ontario when they desire to create a public opinion unfavorable to Catholics. It was by such representations that many were induced to promote the movement against the exemption of Church property; but now that it is generally known that Protestant denominations will suffer more than Catholics from taxation of Church property, the reaction is setting in, and both in Ontario and in the United States we find the ministers laboring strenuously to keep up the exemption laws.

SATOLLI AND THE PRESS.

Washington, Jan. 26.—The Gridiron Club held its annual dinner to-night. There were present one hundred and seventy guests, including Cabinet Ministers, Justices of the Supreme Court, the Generals of the army, many diplomats, editors and members of both Houses. Although the rules of the Gridiron Club provided that utterances at its board must never be published, the remarks delivered by Monsignor Satolli, through his private secretary, Dr. Roker, were considered of so great public interest that the Executive Committee of the club, with the approval of Mgr. Satolli, has released them for publication.

Mgr. Satolli said in part:—"From the day of my arrival in America down to the present moment I have had every reason to feel pleased with the most exalted opinion of it, to appreciate its great importance, to nourish for it feelings of sincere and imperishable gratitude. If you desire to know my mission among you you will find it expressed in the condition enunciated for my favorable reception here by a well-meaning but misled writer in the Forum two years ago. It is to help to teach the ignorant, to raise the fallen, to lead the guilty and penitent to the invisible and Divine Saviour who alone has power to forgive sin; to console the sorrowing, to edify the believing, to promote righteousness, liberty, sym-

pathy, and the spirit of Christian brotherhood throughout the land. If you want to know what my mission is, you have it in the words of this writer in which he explains what he thinks it is. He asserts that I am here to further the claims of the Pope to a kingdom of this world, a kingdom which embraces the whole world, all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them in my own name and in that of Leo XIII, who sent me. I repudiate any such purpose, and when it shall please the Pope to recall me, trusting in the kindness and rectitude of the public press, as Samuel of old on laying down the government of Israel appealed to the assembly of the people to express their satisfaction or dissatisfaction with his administration, so I shall not hesitate to present to the press or the country the record of my labors and say "Judge me."

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

Lecture by His Grace the Archbishop.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh lectured to the open meeting of the St. Alphonsus Catholic Association on Tuesday evening on the Relations of the Catholic Church to Christian Art. A very large audience had assembled to welcome the Archbishop's visit, and its enjoyment of the lecture was proven by the frequent bursts of applause.

Before treating directly of the subject, said His Grace, it might be well to recall the various reasons why she calls everything that is beautiful in nature and art into requisition for the ornamentation of her churches and the adornment of her sanctuaries. The Catholic Church is distinguished from all others in this: that she has her true worship of God. All Divine worship must necessarily be centered in a sacrifice. That was the law of natural religion: it was also the spirit of the Jewish Tabernacle. To offer a victim to God; to perpetuate the anger of the Judge and acknowledge the sovereign power and majesty of the Creator, such was the object of religion in every age, whether under the pre-verted form of Paganism or under the Divine Covenant that guarded the spiritual destinies of the Hebrew commonwealth.

Such tenets were perpetuated in the Christian religion, which bears the same relation to the worship of Israel as the type to the prototype, as the reality to the image. Founded by God the Catholic Church has a sacrifice in her midst. Christ her spouse has given Himself to her as the High Priest of her sanctuary, the victim of her altars, the spiritual food of her children and the ever-abiding presence of her tabernacles. With such treasures is it any wonder that a loving and adoring Church should call all that is beautiful in nature and art into requisition to elevate heavenward the hearts of her children and to render suitable homage to that God who humbles Himself to the condition of a Victim that His Father might be adored in spirit and in truth. Christian art, said His Grace, was essentially different from Pagan art. The pagans were materialists in the strictest sense of the word. Content with the things of earth and uninfluenced by higher and more celestial aspirations, they gave expression to the religious ideals in long horizontal temples that scarcely rose above the earth's surface. Their architecture was, as their religion, 'of the earth earthy.'

Christian art, on the contrary, inspired by loftier and holier sentiments, produced architecture like the Gothic, whose pointed arches and lofty domes rising heavenwards, told the onlooker that all her aspirations are centered there. Passing to other phases of the same position, His Grace said that Christian painting likewise originated with Catholicity. It began in the catacombs and from the somewhat crude production of these subterranean galleries, it gradually developed in the succeeding ages until it gave forth to an admiring world works such as those of Fra Angelico, Michael Angelo and Raffael - works that shall forever remain unrivalled, and which modern masters are unable to copy much less originate. Such productions had no equal in classic Greece or Pagan Rome. They were copies taken not from the material human beauty of earth, but from the celestial beauty of heaven, from those bright spirits that encircle the throne of the Lamb and who reflect within themselves His beauty and glory. Again, what is so necessary in the accents of religion as music? Music calls forth the noblest and most sympathetic sentiments of human nature. It inspires glory, awakens patriotism, despite grief and melancholy, and gladdens the heart bowed down by earthly grief and sorrow. The Church makes use of music to raise our souls from this earth and elevate them towards Heaven and God. Catholic music is the child of Catholic aspiration. Thus, for example, the organ is essentially Catholic in its origin and use. Its many stops and pipes of different tones and calibre, yet all combining to produce a sweet and solemn harmony, is a beautiful image of a Catholic congregation. Different in nationality, customs and social life - some whose lives are bright with the happiness of earth, others cast down by age, penury or want, yet all raising their hearts to God in adoration before the Christian altar, produce a pleasing harmony before the throne of God that is the echo of the angels' chant in Heaven. Catholic music may be said to have originated with the Old-brosian chant which still survives in the Milanese Liturgy. Perfected by St. Gregory it was corrupted by the pagan tendencies of medieval Europe. The work of reformation in

Church music was entrusted to Palestrina, with what felicitous result we are all aware. Thus it is that Christian art concentrated in the three graces of Painting, Architecture and Music, has descended down the river of antiquity losing none of its beauty by contact with modern Catholic thought. Is it not a great glory for the Church that she has done so much for Christian art? She alone is the mother and mistress of all that is beautiful in painting, sculpture and music, and that artistic beauty which she produces in the external world is but a faint shadow of the interior beauty and harmony which her teaching begets in the soul of man. Her efforts to promote education have been great and unceasing. All the great seats of learning in Europe bear witness to her zeal!

"Say then, this haggard Church, hath it been slow?"

To praise the skill of Michael Angelo? Revolve the record of man's intellect. And find one gift that waited for the Scept, Shakespeare was Catholic in heart and brain.

In thought and feeling, in each nerve and vein, Did Dante's genius sleep until the shock Of Jarring creeds, encompassed Peter's Rock?

Those famous schools survey through Europe wide, From Alban's vales where Cam and Isis glide, To where, by winding Seine and Donau's tide, Sate learning thronged amid the public pride, And name but one from Scythia to the West, By priests unplanted or by priests unblest, Oxford, Bologna, Paris and Salerno,

Gambria and Alesia, where'er you turn, Praga and Wein, Ingoldstadt and Louvain, Leipzig and Basle: from Germany to Spain, From Thuro to Tarent, and back again; Still there some Pope hath raised a college, There some council set a Greek or Hebrew Chair."

"Be proud of such a Church! Prove yourselves Catholics in every circumstance of your daily lives and by striving to become honorable and practical members of the Church Militant on earth you shall gain the celestial honor of having your names enrolled in the Book of Life, thereby becoming glorious children of the Church Triumphant in heaven."

Mr. L. V. McBrady presided, and a vote of thanks to His Grace was moved by Mr. Jas. Gilmore and seconded by Mr. W. T. J. Lee. Others who took part were Miss Rorler, Miss Harrison, Miss O'Donoghue, Mr. R. Thompson and Mr. Ross.

VICAR-GENERAL M'CAANN.

Toronto Empire, Jan. 28.

Vicar-General M'Caann, who was appointed rector of St. Mary's parish last week, bade farewell to his friends at St. Michael's parish after the sermon at High Mass in the cathedral yesterday. He referred briefly to the many pleasant days he had spent among the people of the parish, and thanked them in a feeling manner for the many kindnesses that had been showered upon him. The large cathedral was crowded when Father M'Caann concluded, Archbishop Walsh, standing at the altar, paid a high tribute to Father M'Caann. He said that in promoting him to the rectorship of the most important parish in the archdiocese he was simply expressing the high appreciation he had of his priestly services and his faith and confidence in him. After Mass the sanctuary was met and presented Father M'Caann with a handsome inkstand, accompanied by the address: "We, the sanctuary boys of St. Michael's, cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing the feelings which at this moment are uppermost in our hearts. These feelings are twofold, and we might say, contradicting in their nature. We feel proud of your promotion to the pastorate of St. Mary's. This is but the just reward of your untiring zeal and unflinching energy during the last five years in promoting the welfare of St. Michael's parish, both spiritually and financially. We need not say a glance at the present state of affairs to see how thoroughly God has blessed your labors. On the other hand, we are sorry to see you go. You have, unconsciously perhaps, made yourself very dear to all those whom you are about to leave, but especially to St. Michael's sanctuary boys. During the last five years we have learned to appreciate the sterling qualities of your noble heart, and in every circumstance we have always found in you a kind father and a true friend. In your new field of labor other interests will engross your time and mind; other boys will claim the biggest share of your kind heart. But, for all that, we will not entirely forget your sanctuary boys of St. Michael's. Please accept this inkstand as a slight token of our everlasting love and respect."

DIocese of Hamilton.

REV. FATHER LYNCH VERY GENEROUSLY REMEMBERED BY HIS CONGREGATION.

On Friday last a large number of the members of St. Patrick's Church of this village called upon the Rev. Father Lynch, their pastor, and presented him with an address, accompanied by a handsome and substantial fur coat and robe, as a mark of their esteem and attachment for the services he has rendered them since his appointment to the parish. The following is a copy of the address presented:

Rev. and Dear Fr. Lynch - We, the members of St. Patrick's church, desire to take advantage of this happy occasion to express to you our heartfelt thanks for your able services as spiritual adviser since you first entered upon the duties of parish priest of Caledonia and Binbrook. We therefore beg of you to accept this coat and robe as a slight token of the esteem in which you are held by us, and trust you may long be spared in our midst as a guide and adviser in our temporal welfare, and an earnest preparation for our eternal welfare. Wishing you a long and happy life in the work you are engaged in. Signed on behalf of the parishes of Caledonia and Binbrook. Alex. Gaucher, Patrick Fagan, Katie Downey and Mary Ryan.

In reply, Rev. Father Lynch said he had been taken completely by surprise, and although well aware of their attachment to him, could not feel otherwise than surprised, as he had labored among them but such a very short time, and consequently had no right to such an act of generosity on their part. He thanked them and told them he would accept the present and ever remember their kindness; he accepted their gift as a pledge of their devotedness to him, and hoped that God would reward them.

The occasion passed off most agreeably, all enjoying themselves to their heart's content, and after the evening had been pleasantly spent each one returned home fully satisfied that he had done honor to his own parish.

A Protestant Angelus.

The pastor of a Protestant congregation in Massillon, Ohio, has the bell of his church rung every day at noon, as is the angelus in Catholic churches, and requests all citizens on hearing it to devote a few moments to reflection and prayer. Another proof of that recognition by Protestants of the value of the Church's spiritual methods which

is gradually but surely awakening - Catholic Columbian.

DIocese of London.

Rev. John Connolly Honored.

On Sunday, the 13th ult., the people of Bid-dulph (both Protestant and Catholic) were amazed when they heard for the first time from the altar from Father Connolly's lips that he was about to take his departure in a few weeks from amongst us.

Few priests were ever esteemed more highly in their parishes than had been Father Connolly in this place, for the more we knew him the more we loved him and the more we appreciated his labors. In fact we had found it no less surprising that his departure should be so sudden, as he had been in the parish since he would live and die amongst us. Hence, on the 23rd ult., the following address and presentation of \$300 from a congregation numbering little more than one hundred families:

Dear Rev. Father Connolly: You have been with us now sixteen years attending to our spiritual wants, and we have had many opportunities of learning your real worth as a good and pious priest.

We have witnessed your untiring zeal in the discharge of your various duties. Your philosophy and your energy and courage have been our help and our strength, and we have seen you in a material way so willingly and liberally contributed.

We have seen with admiration the special attention which you have ever devoted to the poor amongst us - your frequent visits to their homes to see that they neglected not the proper Christian teaching, and your regular instruction on Sunday, that they gave them an education befitting their place in society and that they were not ashamed to be known in the schools approved by the Church; and the assiduity with which you attended the sick, and the fatherly care with which you prepared and fortified the dying by administering to them the last sacraments.

Impressed with these recollections and the virtuous motives which prompted and still inspires them with others of greater signifi-cance, we have thought it our duty to contribute towards your separation after so long a pastorate composed of the usual complements of trials and tribulations which are the lot of those charged with the spiritual care of the faith and morals of those whom the Lord places under their guidance.

We, dear Father, noted with more than ordinary spiritual pride how you have never sacrificed the least of your priestly duties to the enjoyment of any pastimes, thereby winning for yourself the respect of the rich and the love of the poor.

We feel that through your energy and perseverance we are indebted for the marked and permanent improvements that have been made in the parish since your advent amongst us.

On taking charge of St. Patrick's church you found it incumbered with a large debt, which by your energy and economy you reduced to \$500; and on last Sunday, by your generous donation of that amount, you cleared our church and presbytery from debt, and our most sincere thanks. And, although we know that you have been actuated by higher motives than human praise, yet we much pleasure in being able to say that, on the present occasion to convey to you our appreciation of all you have done for us, we desire, therefore, dear Rev. Father, to heartily thank you for the many kindnesses which it were too tedious to mention, and which will be unceasingly prayed that you may enjoy many years of peace and tranquility in the discharge of your priestly duties, and that you may be able to see the grand and exalted mission divinely allotted to you.

Signed on behalf of the congregation of St. Patrick's Church, Biddulph: Patrick Breen, Michael Cronican, John Farrell, James Kinisela, William McGee, Daniel Flood, Jas Kelly, Geo. Jamson, A. S. Quinn, John Fox, F. A. O'Neil, S. Hodgson, James Harrigan, Dennis Hoeman (Cairman), and M. Blake (Sec.).

REPLY. To the above address Father Connolly replied in a noble, evidently filled with deep emotion.

The following is a synopsis of his reply: My Dear Friends: I most heartily thank you for these expressions of kind and loving interest, and I trust contains as well as for the purpose which you present me on this the occasion of my departure from you. A present from you, in these stringent times, is a most valuable and precious offering, and your generous Christmas offering, was entirely unexpected. In reference to our allusion to Ireland and her cause, he said that he was glad to hear that you had the land of his birth; that the Home Rule movement had at all times, and has yet, his sympathy, for it took to itself the cause of Ireland from the first, and he was glad to see that you had entrusted it to the brilliant but poor young men of Ireland. When I found a cause advocated by one of the greatest intellects of the world, I was bound to support it, and I am glad to see that you have taken to yourself the cause of Ireland from the first, and he was glad to see that you had entrusted it to the brilliant but poor young men of Ireland. When I found a cause advocated by one of the greatest intellects of the world, I was bound to support it, and I am glad to see that you have taken to yourself the cause of Ireland from the first, and he was glad to see that you had entrusted it to the brilliant but poor young men of Ireland.

SECRET SOCIETY DEGREE. Some Reasons Why It Was Issued by the Holy See.

In discussing the recent decision of the Holy See making it unlawful for Catholics to join, or retain membership in, the societies of Old Fellows, Knights of Pythias, or Sons of Temperance, the American Ecclesiastical Review says:

These societies are ostensibly nothing more than beneficial unions formed for the purpose of promoting good fellowship, affording mutual assistance in the social and industrial sphere, and giving pecuniary aid in case of sickness or death. The members are, as a rule, respectable citizens whose public conduct inspires no mis-giving as to their loyalty to the State, or their honorable character as members of the social body. Many of them are prominently active in Protestant Christian congregations, and some of them have become Catholics without any suspicion that the society to which they belonged fostered opposition to the principles of right faith and morality.

Nevertheless, the supreme authority of the Church, after years of deliberation, demonstrating on its part the desire to restrict the use of odious means, designated the above-mentioned societies as forbidden to Catholics.

For this step there is good and recent reason. It has been ascertained beyond doubt that the societies of 'Old Fellows,' 'Sons of Temperance,' and 'Knights of Pythias' are what has often been denied - secret societies in the same sense in which the term is applied to the Freemasons, Carbonari, Fenians and other orders whose destructive purpose has not only been avowed by their members, but demonstrated by the political events in Europe during the present century.

The oath of absolute secrecy and unconditional obedience which is exacted from members on admission to certain grades of these societies is essentially subversive of social order and morality, because it gives them a power which no legitimate authority can control. For the individual it means a surrender of his judgment and free will without sufficient cause and for a doubtless end. This makes it ethically wrong.

There are, admittedly, secret societies within secret societies, and the lower grades, forming the rank and file, are simply preparatory to, or defensive of, those small, but powerful organizations which frequently determine the temporary destinies of large communities. How far this danger threatens societies in the United States

may be to some a matter of opinion. In the preface to De La Hodge's History of the Secret Societies in France, the American translator says: "The American people, animated by that candid and openness which flows naturally from their all-benevolent institutions, are unsuspecting as yet, in the mass, of those dark and covert machinations by which their liberties are endangered, and of which this history gives a striking example. Even those so-called charitable institutions, designed as means of secret benevolence, the Freemasons and Odd Fellows, have been used, often against their own knowledge or consent, by the great masters of secret political associations, as so many subordinate cogwheels in the great machinery of insurrection."

The secret societies are behind a mask which, according to circumstances, may or may not hide hostility to Church or State; but the very mask arouses legitimate suspicion. Philanthropy and virtue gain all the more when acting openly, and these organizations would much enlarge the sphere of their action among honest Catholics, if they could challenge the censure of the Church by open methods and agents.

Archbishop Janssens Tells Why The Pythians are Condemned.

In the American Ecclesiastical Review, for June, 1892, Archbishop Janssens, of New Orleans, has an article on the attitude of the Church towards the Knights of Pythias. This article is of interest in view of the recent decree.

"The Knights of Pythias," says Archbishop Janssens, "come under" Decree 247 of the Third Plenary Council.

THE ORDER DOES NOT ALLOW its secrets to be made manifest to the authority of the Church, i. e. to the Ordinary legitimately inquiring therein. "It is to be numbered among the forbidden societies and the members are to be deprived of sacramental absolution."

Pythians, who call themselves Catholics dilate on the arbitrariness of the Church, which has her power and authority from Christ, the Son of God - and they kneel down and take an oath by order of a man who has no other power or authority over them but that which he assumes. In the initiation of the third rank the candidate calls God as witness that "he may suffer all the anguish and torment possible for man to suffer, if ever by word or sign he expose the secret work or ceremonies of the order." What an imprecation, degradation, and slavery?

THE OATH OF SECRECY, moreover, is absolute, without reserve or restriction; the promise of obedience is unconditional. The candidate "promises to obey all orders that may be given, emanating from the Supreme Lodge, etc." He promises obedience as to things unknown, to commands of the future, to all orders that may be given, with the only proviso - a weak one forsooth - "so long as they do not conflict with my political or religious liberty."

This is the formula of the third rank. I call it a weak proviso, for politics in these days seem to have thrown off the shackles of conscience, and it may be safely assumed that religion has no longer any restraining power over Catholics who have proceeded to this third initiation, and who, as some have declared, would rather leave the Church than their Pythian Lodge.

THERE IS A CONTROLLING POWER in this dark and dangerous society, called the Council of Ten, consisting of the King and his nine Counsellors. This council is the Supreme Court "from whose decision there is no appeal, whose edicts once sent forth are established laws." There is much talk of secret work, whatever it may be, and the ceremonies according to the ritual repeatedly mention Pluto, the pagan god of the infernal regions.

I leave it to others to judge whether the promise of obedience is one of blind obedience, and as such condemned by section 247 of the Plenary Council. I believe it is.

The Plenary Council, section 246, also condemns any society that has its own chaplain and its own rites and ceremonies. The Knights of Pythias are not satisfied with a chaplain, they aim higher:

THEY HAVE A PRELATE. He leads in prayer, and so might a father in his family. But he is the expounder of the Pythian religion and its mysteries, the expounder of the emblem symbol or skeleton of their Pythias. Mark the title "Patron Saint" and placed, too, before the candidate as a model of charity, (there is no mention, of course, of the charity of our Blessed Lord.) he administers the Pythian oath and explains it; he presides at the ceremonies of this religion, and the order so insists on the services of its prelate at the death of members, that it threatens poor widows or relatives not to pay death benefits unless the deceased member be buried with the prayers and ceremonies of this Pythian prelate.

If it be said that the ceremonies employed by the order of Knights of Pythias be not the form of a religion, why make

A MOCKERY OF RELIGION? But if they be such - and there is every appearance of it - Catholics should be allowed rather to join a Protestant religion, which works in the clear light of the day and does not bind a man's conscience with an abominable oath of secrecy and a promise of obedience.

The order of the K. of P. first weakens, then destroys the faith of Catholics; it substitutes the religion of man for the revealed religion of Christ; it ties a man with an iron chain of oath

and obedience to an order, closely allied to the Free Masons; its chiefs are in good standing in the Masonic fraternity and use this order for a mere pretence by which to draw Catholics to the Lodge and away from the Church.

To the question: Are the Knights of Pythias a forbidden society for Catholics? there can be but one answer. According to the decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore it is to be numbered among the forbidden societies and the members are to be deprived of sacramental absolution until they recede from it, or at least seriously promise to recede at once.

Faith and Science.

It may be stated broadly that every discovery in any field of truth has its religious bearing. There are Christians weak enough to fear that as science advances there will be a proportionate lessening of faith, and that many cherished religious beliefs of the present day will be treated as fables in a future age of greater enlightenment. Prof. Asa Gray, the eminent American botanist, in a lecture delivered some years ago to the theological students of Yale College, pointed out that science is a natural ally of religion. Another distinguished educator, President Andrews, of Brown University, takes the same stand in an article contributed to the New World. The objects of science, he contends, are but the works of God; and if the pursuit of it does not have the effect of elevating the mind to the Creator, the fault is in the student. "If critical study of the world ever dulls a man's religious sense," says Dr. Andrews, "or fails to foster his appreciation of divine things, it must be because he has gotten himself involved in some false theory or method, or because he is simply a smatterer and no student at all, or else because he has a proud heart and will not learn. Unless one is humble and honest, science will, of course, not guide one aright. Vanity, hero worship, shibboleths, and false watchwords are quite as plentiful and quite as dangerous in the scientific as they are in the theological world."

Well said! The time is coming when people who prate about a conflict between science and religion will be laughed at. - Ave Maria.

Catholic Liberty.

Mental freedom does not mean that a man may think what he pleases, but only that he may think rightly and truly of a given subject. To think rightly and truly a man's mind must be unclouded by prejudice and passion.

The Catholic has true mental freedom, for he knows what to believe and what he is to do, not carried about by every wind that blows without any certainty. If he is free in a civil sense, can he be free in a spiritual sense? It is little use for a man to know the truth, unless his heart is ready to embrace it.

But how is the heart of man, addicted to evil, to aspire to the possession of truth? The grace of God does this. What truth does for the mind, grace does for the spirit. Thus we have the double liberty of mind and body. Paganism and the modernisms may train the mind and body, but they do not touch the heart. This is the grand prerogative of true religion.

The TRUTH! The Whole TRUTH! Nothing but the TRUTH!

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W. H. HAMILTON, Railway and Steamboat Agent, Port Eglon, Ont. "Some three years ago the doctors gave me up as hopelessly incurable with Bright's disease of the kidneys, but Warner's Safe Cure did what they failed to do - completely cured me. I have great pleasure in testifying to this fact."

WM. A. HORKINS, District Manager Equitable Life Insurance Co., Toronto, Ont. "I have used your Warner's Safe Cure for six months. I can safely say that it has cured me completely after suffering for nearly five years with the liver complaint, where all other remedies that I have tried failed."

JOHN A. BURGESS, M. D., Lakefield, Ont. "I have much pleasure in testifying to the benefits which I know have been derived from the use of Warner's Safe Cure. I have recommended it to my patients in many cases, and always with good results. It is without doubt the best medicine of the kind for kidney and liver troubles."

R. BIKES, Druggist, Montreal. "My customers all speak in the highest terms of Warner's Safe Cure, one lady saying she could not live without it, and would rather never have tea or coffee than Warner's Safe Cure. Its effects on all troubles of the kidneys or liver are certainly all that could be desired, and its many cures wonderful."

From the moment I have been afflicted with the kidney and liver troubles, I have had the pleasure of receiving your medicine, and I have found it to be the best I have ever used. It has cured me completely and I am now in perfect health. I have recommended it to my patients in many cases, and always with good results. It is without doubt the best medicine of the kind for kidney and liver troubles."

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THE SCOTTISH "REFORMATION."

Lecture by Father Campbell, S. J. London Catholic News.

"The Scottish Reformation" formed the subject of the fifth of a series of lectures delivered by the Rev. A. Campbell, S. J., in St. Joseph's Church, Glasgow, on Sunday evening. There was an immense congregation. The lecturer said there had been heresies in the Church which had lasted a much longer time than that of Luther. When they went back into the history of the Church they found that the heresies were far longer than those who were now disobedient to him who sat on the Fisherman's Chair at Rome. The Pelagian heresies was also a much longer one than that of Luther. And yet all those heresies were only a matter of history now, and the Church of God remained not only full of vitality, but doing her work with a greater facility perhaps than in the days of the heresies. The gates of hell had striven to undo the work of Jesus Christ, but the gates of hell had been unable to bring that work about. In order to understand the rebellion against the Church in Scotland they must go back and see what the state of the Church was in the sixteenth century. It was only then that the Church had issued from a severe struggle, and Leo X. had ascended the throne of the Fisherman. At the beginning of his reign he enjoyed peace and tranquillity, and missions were going on all over the world. Missionaries were sent to those who were in darkness and in the shadow of death to recall those in the Church of God. It entered into the head of Leo, who was then Supreme Pontiff, that a monument should be built worthy of the Christian name, a monument that would not be short of what the great David had decided, a monument to the honor and glory of God. In order to prosecute this idea, Leo appealed to Universal Christendom, for in those days there were no believers who were not believers in the Church of Rome. And like one man the whole Christian world rose in order to help the Vicar of Christ in the mighty desire of his. Leo offered an Indulgence to those who were asked to do the work in that part of Germany. But there was another monastery, the monks of which seemed to be ignored by the Archbishop. There was one in particular who chafed at the idea of being left out in the cold. In the first place he only preached against the inopportune of the doctrine, he never for one moment denied the doctrine. He knew that Jesus Christ had said to Peter, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build My Church, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it," etc., giving him the power to bind and undo, and the power not only of forgiving sin, but further, still the power of forgiving that temporal punishment due to every sin that man committed. Luther in the first instance only preached against the inopportune of the doctrine, that it was necessary to teach the people it. The Pope heard of that and summoned Luther to Rome. He, like an obedient child, obeyed, and there he promised that he would never again raise his voice, even against the inopportune of the doctrine. But no sooner did he reach Germany again than he preached, denying that the Vicar of Christ had the power of forgiving temporal punishment. Protestants thought that an Indulgence gave one permission to commit sin. Catholics from their childhood had been taught otherwise. To every sin a man committed there was attached a punishment which must be expiated in the present world or the world to come. When an Indulgence was obtained that punishment was expiated, and the sinner would not have to undergo it in the next world. The whole history of the Reformation north, south, east, was only a matter of politics from the beginning. It was not a matter of religion or doctrine, but a matter of policy. Germany first took up the cry, and for a time it remained on the banks of the Rhine, but then it spread to Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden. It then came to England and Scotland. For a time it took no hold. There was one who boasted being a child of the Church, and who was shocked at any one raising his voice against the doctrine of the Church, and that was no other than Henry VIII. They were told that Henry wrote a book against the Holy Father the title of "Defender of the Faith," which title remained till the present day. Another day came when the devil entered into the heart of Henry, who wished to do away with his own lawful wife, and in order to do this he applied for a dispensation so that he might marry another. The Holy Father did not see that he had the power to undo what God had done. He had before him the words "What God hath joined together no man can put asunder," and the Pope's reply to Henry was the oft-quoted words, "We cannot do it." It was not in the power of the Holy Father to give him

a divorce from his lawful wife in order that he might marry another. And because Henry was thwarted in his desire he would become his own Pope and grant his own dispensation. Those who were around him were only too glad to assist him, and so he divorced his lawful wife and married another. This was the beginning of the present non-Catholic religion in Great Britain. Because the Vicar of Christ was true to womankind, Henry threw off the yoke of Rome. That was the foundation of the non-Catholic religions in England and Scotland. The Church at that time was flourishing and wealthy because of the devotion and loyalty of the people of England to their Church. Large sums of money were from time to time left to the Church by people who were loyal to their faith. They saw the monuments erected in those days in the mighty cathedrals, wherewith the country was studded. South, north, east and west; where were there any finer churches than in England? Where had they anything to compare with Westminster Abbey outside of Rome? These churches were built by those who believed that the Pope in Rome was Vicar of Christ, who believed that the real true presence of Jesus Christ was on the altar. It was that faith that inspired them to build those churches worthy of God. Henry attacked the Church, suppressed the monasteries, and took to himself that which his own forefathers had left to the Church of God. James the Fourth of Scotland died in 1513, and left a son who was a mere boy. At that time there were two classes of people in the land—those who were prepared to defend their sovereign and those who were not in favour of the sovereign. About that time Luther emerged from Germany. He was sent for by those interested in order that he might preach the new doctrine. He came, and he did his work thoroughly, and nowhere was his work done so completely as it was in Scotland. He began to preach against the idolatry of Rome, and was abetted and aided in every possible way by some nobles. Monasteries and churches were abolished, and the clergy were scattered. The lecturer here read a quotation showing that when the clergymen were expelled from Scotland they were accepted in foreign lands as professors in the universities, and, continuing, referred to the penal laws which made it criminal to celebrate Mass, and that the punishment for the first time was imprisonment, for the second time banishment, and for the third time death. A Catholic could hold no property, and could not educate his child in the Catholic faith. Everything that could be done by the civil power was done to second the action of the gates of hell. But in that instance, as in others, the gates of hell were incapable of bringing the Church of God to the ground. In conclusion the lecturer and eloquent lecturer exhorted his hearers to live up to the practices of their faith. Catholics had a great responsibility, and we be to any one who did not show a good example.

THE RIGHT SORT OF PLUCK.

Thirty years ago two Irish immigrants employed as porters in New York warehouses undertook to study law. After working from morning until night, packing goods, loading drays and making deliveries, they sat up until 12 o'clock in their rooms in a boarding house reading law books and discussing principles and cases. The ambitious young men were so deeply interested in their night work that they frequently argued points of law during leisure moments at the store, and naturally exposed themselves to chaffing and ridicule. With Irish wit they parried every thrust and never lost their tempers. Their companions nicknamed them the "Judge" and "Lawyer John," and asked them mockingly whether they thought that merchants would consult them as lawyers after employing them as porters. "They may do it," answered the "Judge," "after we have worked up a fine criminal practice in keeping out of the penitentiary night brawlers like yourselves, who ought to be in their beds and asleep." "Instead of loading your drays," said an intemperate clerk, "you stand there arguing whether an injunction could be brought against the firm for obstructing the sidewalk. You are your own lawyers, and you have fools for clients." "Judgment may be affirmed," said Lawyer John, "but not with costs. We have borrowed our law books, and we save money by keeping out of the saloons. It costs us less to fuddle our brains with law than with drink. A debauch over Blackstone leaves a better taste in the mouth than a night spent in carousing." So the laugh in the end turned against the intemperate clerk. The young porters knew how to take and return a joke. By their good humor they amused everybody in the store, and it was not long before members of the firm helped them to get clerkships in law offices. One of them is to-day on the bench, and the other is a lawyer with a lucrative practice. They made their way rapidly, and neither criticism nor ridicule kept them back. — Catholic Review.

A CATHOLIC MISSION.

Its Meaning Explained for Protestants by an Apostle Paulist.

The Outlook of last week publishes the following account of missionary life from the pen of the Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. P. It is more than a mere exposition of missionary methods; it is a telling defense of the mission itself, and the closing paragraphs breathe the loftiest spirit of true apostolic fervor. The Paulist Fathers, on missions given by them in various parts of the country during the past year, have preached to over one hundred thousand souls, by actual count. Other religious communities are engaged in the same work to the number of seven, and, because they have a large number of available workers, the aggregate audience of the year of each band of missionaries was proportionately larger. It may be said, then, without exceeding the limits of a most conservative statement, that eight hundred thousand adult Catholics participated in the fruits of the preaching in what may be called the home mission field during the past year. This work has been going on for two score years in this country. When we understand what a far reaching and thorough-going agency for spiritual betterment the Paulist Fathers are, we can readily appreciate what a tremendous influence the system of missions exerts in the lives of the Catholic people. To call a mission a "revival" is to use a misleading expression. It is as different from a revival as day is from night. It entirely excludes all the frenzied enthusiasm of a revival. It preaches in a calm, reasonable, yet forcible way the great, pregnant truths that lie at the basis of the religious instinct—the worth of the soul, the enormity of sin and the terrible punishment it calls down on itself both in the natural and supernatural order, the infinite love of God for sinners. It addresses itself to the reason of the hearer, and moves their will with a determined, settled purpose. It is therefore no passing spasm of religious enthusiasm, but, as far as fickleness of human will may permit, it attains permanency. In order to insure that each one attending the mission is permeated with the dispositions that seem to animate the crowd, the people come one by one to the missionaries in the confessional. There, like a physician dealing with individual cases, the inner life of each is laid bare. The confessor sitting on one side of a partition, the penitent, whose personality is often lost in the darkness, kneeling on the other, the spiritual diagnosis of the soul-sickness is made, and the remedies applied. This element of individuality that is brought in by the manifestation of conscience, to say nothing of its sacramental influence, makes in a most decided way for perseverance. The impelling motive towards a holy life must take its rise in a conviction of sin, must be reinforced by a desire for cleaner living, must be directed by a knowledge of the occasions of sin, with a purpose of avoiding them, must be pushed to its goal by the open and avowed declaration not to rest till the last inclination to evil is smothered, the last shackles of evil habit struck off, and the last obstacle to a clean life surmounted. An easy thing is it to generate in a man's soul a simple desire for a holy life, but such desires are often still born, especially among those who are sodden with vice and immorality. They never eventuate into actual life. But when the devotee of vice knows that as a preparation for his confession he must study his soul, he must go through the excruciating self-examination, he must prepare for a painstaking manifestation, he must meditate on the motives for a profound sorrow for the past, he must cultivate a definite purpose of emendation of life for the future—all of which things are necessary before he would dare present himself in the confessional—we can readily see why such methods easily secure a permanency of dispositions that are unknown outside mission work. The confessional nuts the rivets and clinches the nails driven by the platform preaching. Little wonder, then, that a mission in a parish is often a complete spiritual renovation. From the opening sermon that sounds the deep keynote of penance, all through the services early morning and late at night, to the closing discourse, when, with eyes filled with tears, the people listen to the loving farewell, and wend their way homewards with hearts full of religious joy, a good mission does its work of awakening the dormant conscience, of recalling the erring prodigal of lifting up the standards of morality—in short, of renewing the spiritual face of the parish. Work of this kind, especially when it includes preaching in large crowded churches night after night, in a most earnest, vigorous way, and then again in the morning at 5 o'clock, and spending the hours between sitting in the close confessional for ten hours a day, listening to the tales of sin, must of necessity be very wearying on the missionary; but the consolations of the work far outweigh its labors. The spectacle of a throng of hard-featured, horny-handed men, some of whom one knows have been soaked with all manners of vice, attending the services with punctuality, shortening their hours of sleep and coming out in the cold of a winter's morning two hours before the sun is up, listening to the preaching of the great truths of salvation, weeping like children when their hearts are touched, ready to do any penance, laboring to secure the means of per-

TRUTHFULNESS AS WELL AS PURITY.

In his "Apologia" the late Cardinal Newman made a remark that is full of suggestion for those who have the training of the young in Catholic schools. Speaking of the different attitudes of mind respectively of Catholics and Protestants in regard to morality he expressed it as his opinion that Catholics lay more stress on purity than Protestants, and that, on the other hand, Protestants seem to make more of the necessity of being truthful than do Catholics. Of course he is discussing the two in the average, without paying attention to exceptional manifestations on either side. Now it is an undoubted fact that children in Catholic schools are thoroughly taught by precept and practice the beauty and holiness of purity in thought, word and act, and the effects of this teaching are manifest in the lives of Catholics as compared with Protestants of the same race and living in similar surroundings. But is the same, or a proportionate, care taken to impress upon Catholic children the need of truthfulness? Of course there are several practical distinctions to be made. Impurity is the worst blight on society, and the danger from its temptations, is more to be dreaded for the young than any danger of untruthfulness. The young are naturally frank and inclined to the truth, and it may be said that there is, therefore, no need of any special training to truthfulness. But that unfortunately is a theory that does not accord with the real facts. In the ordinary course of events it is the strong in body and intellect that in the end win in the struggle for life, and in this struggle, which, in this country sets in very early, so that even children not yet out of their teens have to engage in it those who are not strong, or not strong enough, are tempted to make up for their lack of strength by a resort to craft, deceit, or even to downright falsehood. We Americans are a "business people," almost everything is regarded in its "business" value. The maxim everywhere prevalent is to get as much as possible and give as little as possible for it. And that very fact results in making truthfulness more of a virtue in the United States than it is anywhere else. For it is harder to practice it here than in lands where business is not so much the chief aim of life for the entire body of citizens. It is not too much to say that the superior purity of Catholics, as a rule, is generally acknowledged by all non-Catholics who are acquainted with them and their ways? Now, if the cause of Catholicity is to be advanced in the United States it must be largely by means of the object lessons daily given by the lives of individual Catholics to the non-Catholics with whom they are constantly brought into contact. If to superior purity Catholics could add a solid reputation for superior truthfulness as well, does any one doubt that immediate favorable results would begin to be seen for the cause of the Catholic religion? The best way to bring this about is to adapt our teaching methods to the needs of American life, and if it be found to be the case that truthfulness, which is a great need for that life, has not been made as much of as it ought to be, then the method should be modified in that respect. It is not necessary to dwell much on the subtle distinctions between falsehood and prevarication—that is a subtlety that is best left to the casuists; the frank minds of children, in the United States, at least, had better not be obscured by it. Our children ought to be taught by their teachers to hate falsehood and deceit in all forms, to avoid quibbling, not to make a promise unless sure of being able to fulfill it, and to keep a promise once made, at no matter what sacrifice of pleasure or profit. Let them be taught systematically, as well as by the actions and words of their teachers themselves, that a lie, even for a joke, is an abominable thing and that all untruth is essentially as dishonest in character as burglary or highway robbery.—Catholic Review.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourth Sunday After Epiphany.

TAKING COURAGE.

Sometimes, my brethren, we feel discouraged because we have not kept our good resolutions, and are even ready to say it is better not to make any at all, so often do we break them. I have no doubt there are some listening to me who began the new year courageously and with some sincere promises to God of leading a good life, and have already slipped back into the bad old ways; and now they say, 'What was the matter with my good resolutions? I did not mean to lie to God, yet I have not kept my word with Him; I have relapsed; I am as bad as I was before, maybe I am worse. What, then, was the matter with my good resolutions?'

Now, in considering this question let us not get into a panic. God knows us just as we are, and far better than we know ourselves. Therefore He is not so cruel as to hold us strictly to all our promises. 'God is true and every man a liar,' says Holy Writ, and our experience of human nature demonstrates that although we are honestly determined to tell the truth, and do tell it, when we promise to God to behave ourselves properly, yet we know very well that in a moment of weakness we may break down, and that is understood when we make our promise. I remember reading of St. Philip Neri that sometimes on waking in the morning he would say, 'O Lord, keep thy hand on Philip to-day or he will betray Thee.'

Hence it is a great folly to say, 'I do not want to make a promise for fear I could not keep it.' That would be good sense if you were going to swear to your promise, or if you were to make a vow. But a promise to attend Sunday Mass, to keep out of saloons, to stop stealing, to be more good natured at home, and the like is a very different matter. In such cases we must shut our eyes and go ahead, and meantime pray hard for God's assistance.

There is such a thing as being too fidgety about the future, looking back too far into it or imagining temptations not likely to come up. Once there was an army officer who led an edifying life, and who came to a priest of his acquaintance and informed him that he was in great distress, and feared that he could not persevere. 'What is the matter?' said the priest. 'Why I know that duelling is a deadly mortal sin; yet if I were challenged to a duel I fear that I should not have the virtue to decline the challenge and suffer the disgrace which would be sure to follow.' 'But,' said the priest, 'has any one challenged you or is any one likely to do so?' 'Oh, no! not at all; but—' 'But wait until the temptation comes. You have made up your mind not to commit mortal sin, and when this particular temptation comes God will give you grace to overcome it.'

Do not cast your net too far into the stream: do not be in a hurry to promise to abstain from any particular sin or to do any particular act of virtue for your whole life except in a general way. In a general way you are determined to keep God's law honestly, and firmly determined. As to this or that particular sin, you hate and detest it and have made up your mind against it; whenever the temptation comes you are resolved to resist it.

There are three things about which one should make good resolutions rather than about any others: First, the practice of prayer; second, going to confession and Communion; third, avoiding the occasion of sins. The first two fill our souls with God's grace and the third keeps us out of danger. Put all your good resolutions into company with prayer and monthly, or at least quarterly, Communion; and you will have no great difficulty in pulling through. From month to month is not so long a time to keep straight, and a good confession and a worthy Communion is God's best help. Morning and night prayers are a mark of preparation to eternal life; keep away from bad company and dangerous places, and avoiding bad reading and all other dangerous occasions, has very much to do with an innocent life and a happy death.

The Fundamental Difference

The following remarkable passage is from a Protestant paper, the Outlook: 'The syllogism which leads the high churchmen logically to Rome is very simple, and from its conclusion there is no escape. It may be stated thus: The Church is the final authority in matters of faith and practice. The Church has declared that authority to be vested in the Pope. Therefore, the Pope is the final authority in matters of faith and practice. One must deny either the major or the minor premise or accept the conclusion. If he denies the major premise he is a Protestant. If he denies the minor premise he denies the final authority of the historic episcopate, since beyond all question the Roman episcopate is in the line of the historic episcopate. The Episcopal Church has come to the parting of the ways. It cannot permanently remain in that self-contradictory attitude.'

'Five years ago,' says Anga A. Lewis, Ricard, N. Y., 'I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physicians. I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after using two bottles was completely cured.'

THOS. SAHIN, of Elington, says: 'I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure.' Reader, go thou and do likewise.

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The Beggar of the Steps of St. Roch.

A TRUE STORY.

A young priest attached to the church of St. Roch, at Paris, in the year 18—, had been in the habit of giving occasional alms to a beggar whom he passed every day as he went into the church. This man used to sit on the steps of the front entrance, and to solicit the charity of the faithful as they passed to and fro. He was old, and his countenance stern and sad. If any one addressed him, he answered briefly and abruptly; nor had his features ever been seen to relax into a smile. He was known as 'old Jacques of the steps of St. Roch'; and none had troubled themselves to enquire into his history or ascertain his origin. The good priest who had frequently relieved him remarked that he was never seen within the church, and endeavored at different times to find out from him whether he indeed neglected his religious duties, or performed them at such times as had escaped his observation; but he always returned evasive answers to his questions, and shut himself up in the deepest reserve.

Once or twice the good Abbe had perceived that he wore round his neck a black string, to which was attached a small enamelled cross. When his eyes had fixed itself upon it, Jacques had hastily hid it from sight, and since that day had taken care to keep his poor ragged coat buttoned over it. It so happened that the priest was called away from his post during the winter that followed his first acquaintance with Jacques, and remained absent for some weeks. At his return he missed the beggar from his accustomed place, and when, after a few days, he still did not appear, his charity prompted him to make enquiries about the poor man. He found some difficulty in discovering his abode; but it was at last pointed out to him, his informant adding, at the same time, that, though Jacques was very ill, it was of no use for a priest to visit him, as he had absolutely refused to send for one, and seemed determined to die in sullen, obstinate silence. This account only confirmed the Abbe in his resolution to seek him out; and as he bent his steps towards the narrow street which had been pointed out to him, he thought of the cross which he had noticed on the old man's bosom, and wondered that one apparently so poor should wear so rich an ornament, or one so irreligious the symbol of our Redemption. After groping up a narrow staircase in the house to which he had been directed, he succeeded in finding the garret in which Jacques was lying. His worn and emaciated appearance, heightened by the progress of disease, had greatly increased since he had last seen him; the dark lines about his eyes and mouth, and the restless twitchings of his limbs, seemed to indicate that life was drawing to a close. There was little furniture in that miserable room; the bed, if bed it could be called, occupied one-half of it; a piece of stained, discolored silk hung against the wall in the shape of a curtain. There seemed no particular reason for this contrivance, which scarcely harmonized with the squalid, neglected aspect of that poor abode. Jacques lifted up his eyes as the Abbe approached, and made a sign of recognition. When the priest kindly addressed him, he held out his hand, and murmured a few words of thanks; but when his visitor, after alluding to his illness, and proposing certain measures for his relief and comfort, proceeded to speak of the preparation every Christian should make for death, and to express a hope that he would avail himself of the means of grace which a merciful God was placing within his reach, the old man's face darkened, the lines about his mouth grew harder, and he exclaimed with impatience that it was all of no use—that he had nothing to say to a priest, and only wished to be left alone.

'You are satisfied, then, to be left in your present state of mind, my dear friend,' the Abbe said with gentleness. 'You feel easy at the prospect of death?'

'Easy! Easy as the damned,' murmured Jacques, with an accent of such despair that it startled his companion. 'You are not an infidel, Jacques; I know you are not; then why will you not die as a Christian? I have observed that you always wear a cross.'

Jacques looked up wildly at these words, and muttered, 'It scorches my breast.'

The Abbe knelt down by the side of the bed, and with the earnest words that faith and love suggest in such an hour he argued with the dying man. He implored him not to reject his good offices, and if he would not speak to him as a priest, to treat him at least as a friend, and disclose the secret that sealed his lips and withered his heart.

'My secret!' said Jacques. 'Would you hear my secret? It will make your hair stand on end, and cause you to fly from my side with scorn and loathing. Well, be it so: when you know what a wretch you have been pleading with, you will give up the vain attempt to console or bring him to repentance. You will confess that there is no repentance possible for such guilt as mine. Remorse, indeed, there is, but no hope of pardon. Was Judas pardoned?'

'He might have been pardoned, if he had not despaired,' said the Abbe in a low voice.

'Well, I will tell you my story,' exclaimed Jacques; and he lent his head on his hand, fixed his wild expressive eyes on the calm, earnest face of the priest, and spoke as follows:

'I was born on the estates of a nobleman who had been for many years the protector of my family. He took me into his service when I was very young and I had lived some time in his house when the Revolution broke out. He was a kind, generous master, and his wife an angel of goodness. The rich respected and the poor worshipped her. I used often to think, when she knelt in the village church, or visited the sick, or gave alms at the door of the castle, that she was just as good as any of the saints in the calendar. Her two daughters were as good and as beautiful as their mother; and her son, who was but a little fellow at the time I am speaking of, the joy of their hearts.

'Well, the Revolution came, and a strange madness took possession of men's minds. We were told that we were all equal; that masters were tyrants, and kings oppressors. We heard nothing else from morning to night, till we dreamt of riches and freedom, and doing our own will and not that of others, and cursed in silence every duty we had to perform as laborers of our servants. My master was not very eager about public affairs, but he hated new notions, and spoke out in favor of the king and of the Church whenever an opportunity offered, and went on much in his usual way, shooting over his grounds, visiting his neighbors, and little dreaming of the storm that was ready to burst over his head. His wife thought more about it than he did, and we could see that she was longer at her prayers than usual, and there were often traces of tears on her sweet face.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A ROSARY FOR PROTESTANTS.

They at Length Discover the Utility of Such a Devotion.

Dr. Boynton, in the Congregationalist, recognizes the true meaning of the Rosary among Catholics when he says: 'The Rosary is one of those aids to devotion which for nearly or quite one thousand years has been relied on by them as helps to their devotion. The beads, strung by tens, and counted off to mark so many repetitions of the Ave, could hardly fall among the truly devout to lift the thoughts up to at least the blessed among women and to the cause of her peculiar honor in her relation to the Son of God.'

This is certainly a Romeward view for a Protestant, but he does not understand the full meaning of the Rosary. He does not appear to know, as he does not speak of the fifteen subjects of meditation which are associated with the fifteen decades that constitute the Rosary. Take for instance five of these subjects, the five allotted to Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays of the week. They are called the sorrowful mysteries, and are as follows: The agony in the garden, the scourging at the pillar, the crowning with thorns, the carrying of the cross and the death on the cross.

What subjects could be better adapted to excite our devotion and love for our Divine Redeemer or in inspire us with a devout and prayerful mood? Every Catholic who says his beads intelligently and properly meditates on them and the other great mysteries of our redemption allotted to each decade of the Rosary.

When well understood there is no more beautiful and attractive devotion in the Church. It has the advantage also of being common to the learned and the unlearned. It is a book of prayer and meditation which every one can read.

Dr. Boynton asks: 'What may a Protestant have to take the place of the rosary?'

Why should he have anything to take its place? Why not adopt it and use it as Catholics do? It is easily learned—only three prayers and the lesser doxology, that is, the Apostles' Creed, the Our Father, the Hail Mary and the Glory be to the Father; but associated with these are the fifteen mysteries of redemption—subjects of meditation that may occupy the mind, heart and soul for all eternity.

The doctor asks again: 'What form of sacred words shall have more than the same uplifting power over the thoughts? What repetitions, not of the same words so many times, but of varied sentences, each of which shall have the power to induce some holier purpose of some renewal of trust in God?'

What can have a greater uplifting power over our thoughts than to let them dwell on the great and mysterious facts relating to our redemption? On the birth of Christ, His humiliations, sufferings, death and final glorious triumph? Than these nothing can be more conducive to elevation of thought. They are the subject-matter of the whole New Testament. The Rosary is the New Testament in compend.

In place of the Rosary the doctor suggests a list of texts from the Scriptures for morning and evening adapted to each day in the year, making in all 730 texts to be learned by heart. How few in this busy life can accomplish this formidable task? How few could draw on this great storehouse of wealth without reference to book?

One the other hand, how easy to learn the Rosary? A boy who knows his morning and evening prayers can learn it in half an hour, and in a few days he can associate properly the mysteries with it. These his young mind may not fully grasp, but as he grows and his mind expands they open up to his vision an inexhaustible field of thought and holy speculation. On recurring to them again and again he ever finds new evidences of the goodness and greatness of God, his Creator, Father

and Redeemer. With these mysteries well in his mind he is never wanting for solemn and sublime subjects of thought, be he a poor Richard or an Augustine.

It is a good sign to see our fellow-wayfarers recognizing the need of something in the nature of the Rosary. The hungry hearts yearn for something that have not, as the hungry, sleeping child frets for its mother's breast. Only those of them who have entered into the Church know the joy of awakening and plenitude of heart.—Rev. A. Lambert in Catholic Times.

TRIBUTE TO POPE LEO.

A Newspaper's Remarks in a Chapter on Religious Progress.

Summing up the benefits that have accrued to mankind during the year just closed the New York Recorder says: 'In Christendom a decided tendency has been shown toward breadth and liberality. This may be, to some extent, due to the influence of the Parliament of Religions at Chicago. But no accidental event has done more than accelerate the inevitable trend of recent events. The spread of scientific agnosticism among thinking men has tended to unify all Christian sects and religions against the common enemy. Further, the spread of education and of modern ideas, the continual battering down of the barriers between creeds, races and nationalities the closer relations established by scientific improvements and increased facilities of travel have all contributed to an increased solidarity of all humanity.'

It is peculiarly fortunate for the Roman Catholics at this epoch that they should have at their head perhaps the most enlightened and progressive Pontiff who ever sat in the Papal chair. His policy has been shaped with a view toward the reconciliation of Catholicism with the most recent developments of modern civilization and modern science. His deliverances on the social question have manifested a large intelligence and a quick human sympathy. French Royalists resent his recognition of the French Republic, with a consequent decrease in the Peter's pence collection, but the falling off of the contributions of the conservative element is outweighed a thousandfold by the significant spectacle of the presence of the French Cabinet in a body at the solemn services held in honor of Joan of Arc on April 22. The attendance of French Republican Ministers at a Catholic religious service in honor of a French Catholic heroine just beatified by the Pope is a sign that the old antagonism against the Church is a thing of the past. Even more memorable are the Papal encyclicals looking toward a reunion of the Anglican, Lutheran and Greek Churches with the Catholic. At the very close of the year it is announced that the Pope intends drawing together at the Vatican a synod of Catholic prelates of England and America in order to confer with them about the best means of realizing the plans laid out in these encyclicals.

In America we have recently enjoyed the spectacle of a Catholic prelate preaching in an Episcopal pulpit and of a Baptist congregation extending the use of its church to a Catholic congregation. That Masses should ever be offered in a church whose members have long been distinguished for their hostility to Rome would have seemed equally incredible to Pius IX. or to Dr. Adomir Judson.

Yet side by side with this growing tolerance, by a curious perversion of no uncommon occurrence in human affairs, the past year has seen the rise and development of a fanatical movement of extreme Protestants banded together to war against the influence of Catholics and in lesser degree of foreigners in American political life. This is, of course, the secret order known as the A. P. A. or American Protective Association. That the association does not represent the opinions of enlightened Protestants is manifest from the fact that these Protestants are its most outspoken opponents.

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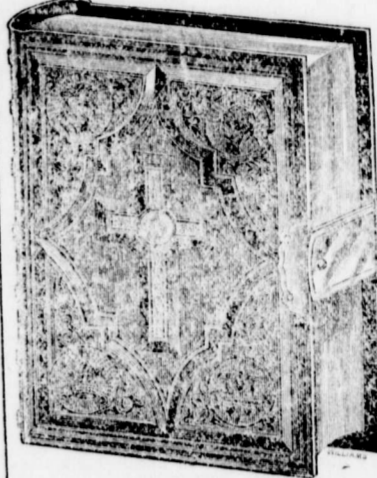
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