

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXI.

## The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1909.

MGR. PAQUET.

The Church is a lovely home for spiritual culture and intellectual refinement. Its library is so choice, its associations so charming and its education so strong and gentle withal that the young may easily find refuge from danger and strength for combat. This home is still more choice when in the concrete it is a university where talent may be highly cultivated and character formed for the defence of truth and the advance of learning. The world hardly knows these scholars. One of these quiet, strong, unobtrusive, gentle students left Quebec lately for Europe in search of health. Mgr. Paquet is his name—whose learning is a support to the whole Canadian Church and whose literary work is a monument of learning and labor. Ill health and the trying affliction of deafness have forced him to quit his studies at home and go abroad for treatment. This has occurred at the very time when the Plenary Council had looked to him to serve it in its important deliberations. Mgr. Paquet had devoted two years to the revision and final preparation of the dogmatic and disciplinary programme. He had to lay down his pen and retire for a much needed rest. He left Quebec for New York en route to Paris, where he will undergo treatment. Mgr. Paquet is fifty years of age, having been born in the County of Levis on Aug. 4, 1859. He made his studies at Laval University and also at Rome. For nearly twenty years he was Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Grand Seminary of Quebec. In 1902 he was appointed Director of the same institution. In this year also he was made a Protonotary Apostolic and member of the Roman Academy of St. Thomas. Mgr. Paquet is an author of wide reputation. His chief work is a Commentary in six volumes upon the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas. This is one of the best and most important explanations upon the Angelic Doctor extant, and has won for its author distinction and renown in the Seminaries of Europe and America. His other works are Faith and Reason in themselves and in reference to each other—and The Public Right of the Church, in two volumes. One of the ripest scholars of the Canadian Church, still in his prime, we cannot help regretting for the sake of the cause he has served so well that Mgr. Paquet's health is seriously shaken. It should be our readers' prayer that he may return to his native land restored in vigor to continue his labor of love and usefulness for many years to come.

## RUTHENIAN AND PRESBYTERIAN

The Presbyterian of Sept. 30, in a lengthy article upon Presbyterian proselytizers, undertakes to state the Ruthenian question from its own standpoint. For simplicity its claims are put with exceeding innocence—more than missionary methods habitually display. They never sought these "churchless" people. They would not do such a wicked thing. They met them as by accident. Fearing lest if they ceased to practise their own rites they would become atheists, these zealots sent their emissaries amongst them. It was a case of slow poisoning. Amongst the Ruthenians there was much poverty: the missionary funds would relieve that difficulty. They were not educated; they were not accustomed to representative government or universal suffrage. Their social standards were different. These women wore shawls on their heads instead of merry widow hats. They were moral enough, law-abiding, honest and industrious. They must be educated to cut their coat after the Canadian fashion, to vote at the polls and shout for the boon of democracy. Not a word so far could be construed as making against their ancestral faith. All these things are common to Canadians without any distinction. The purpose of the Presbyterians with these new-comers seemed harmless. But the temptation was too great. Besides, there were the religious wants. The missionaries would not immediately turn them into Presbyterians. They strove to alienate them from what they called foreign control. Sleek subterfuge! The Presbyterian takes the opportunity of reading all Catholics of the Dominion a lesson: "They think it would be better if the Roman Catholics in Canada acknowledged obedience to no earthly head outside of this Dominion." Thanks for the lesson, which is badly put; for it is our pride to pay obedience to a King who is certainly outside this Dominion. Nor

does any earthly monarch control our religious obedience. This en passant. The poison was beginning to work. First alienate the simple Ruthenians from loyalty to Rome; secondly, lay the hope that the Greek Catholicity might be modified, and then the rest would follow. The Presbyterians thereby expect that "the views of these Ruthenian brethren may be brought into harmony with their own." The mask is off. What is most reprehensible in the whole thing is the deceit practised upon the simple immigrants—letting them believe that they were practising their own religion and sending amongst them priests whose jurisdiction was null and morals blameable. That is proselytism which no honorable board should encourage. We cheerfully admit that the Catholic Church is always ready and glad to receive into its fold any—let them come whence they may. She is candid with them. She says hard things about heresy. Nor does she make to her converts any promise of pleasant paths—rather the cross and contempt. The Church never hesitates to tell them that they have more of her than she has of them. Her prayer withal is that there may be one fold and one shepherd. Our Presbyterian friends claim that the Reformed Churches "set before men more truly and more simply the way of eternal life." The subject of the proposition is misleading. What are the Reformed Churches? Whether they are to-day what their first founders tried to make them is not clear. Higher criticism is tearing down their walls. Without unity of creed, without authority to teach, without power, jurisdiction or ordinance, these Reformed Churches are a scandal to the nations still sitting in darkness. Their chief occupation is to calumniate the Mother whose home their fathers quitted in passion. The Presbyterian finally pleads for charity and mutual respect. It is somewhat late to turn to Catholics for what the Presbyterian should itself have practised. If these so-called Reformed Churches set before men so truly and so simply the way of eternal life, they would do well to put their own house in order. Deceit and calumny are not charity, nor do they lead to eternal life. Presbyterians in this Ruthenian question have been caught at methods which are absolutely unjustifiable and irreconcilable with charity. Let them abandon the field, let them show respect and practise charity. They will always be met more than half way by our hierarchy and our people.

## DISCUSSION ON IRELAND.

A gentleman signing the pen name "Radical," wrote us a few weeks ago criticizing statements made by the Antigonish Casket in regard to some notable characters in Irish history. In its issue of Oct. 7th, the editor of our esteemed contemporary makes the following explanation:

We notice an attack on us in the columns of THE CATHOLIC RECORD. The writer takes strong exception to a paragraph of ours, in which certain Irish secessionists were called traitors and unworthy motives attributed to some of them. We wish to say to our critic, and to all who think as he does, that we did not write the paragraph that has annoyed him; nor are we in sympathy with every phase of it. It slipped into our columns at a time when we were enjoying a short vacation. This, however, is no reflection on the writer of it, for he is not acquainted with conditions in this country. Moreover, in justice to him, we may say that his intention was to make a hit in favor of Home Rule—to point out the hollowness of the plea of some that Celts are racially opposed to Saxons, and therefore can not be trusted with self-government; and he argued from the fact that many of the secessionists in Ireland were of English or Scottish extraction. When we say that we do not sympathize with the paragraph as a whole, we do not mean to imply that the writer is unable to put up a reasonable defence of it; we know that he is well versed in Irish history. Moreover, we can assure "Radical," and others, that he is neither a "foreigner, a Frenchman, nor a German, nor a Scot, but a gentleman of parts, some of whose ancestors were followers of Wolfe Tone. To speak plainly, the writer is an Irishman, and in full sympathy with the Irish cause. We will say further that he has convinced us that Smith O'Brien who seems to be mainly the occasion of the present trouble, was a man who is not worthy of great admiration on account of his treatment of O'Connell. If "Radical," or any other man worthy of attention, who agrees with his attack on us, will bravely and honorably write over his own name, we have reason to believe that our Irish friend, though a busy man, will undertake to convince, if not his assailant, at least the public, that he has sought an encounter with

"A foeman worthy of his steel."

AN AMERICAN Catholic contemporary contains a very forcible article upon the habit of gambling. Very truly he says there is no vice more insidious nor

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that creeps into the soul more imperceptibly and grips it more disastrously with clutch of death. Our contemporary is speaking of conditions in the United States, but it is quite true that in the Dominion of Canada the gambling spirit has taken possession of altogether too many of the people. Nor is the evil confined to any particular class. The wage-earner and the millionaire capitalist are alike tainted with the disease. The young man blossoming into the commercial life of the country, only too frequently plays the game. With boon companions he is found far into the night at the card table, or, again, playing the races and gambling in stocks. Sooner or later he may be found robbing his employer so that funds may be procured to continue the mad career. We are told there is no harm in an innocent game of cards. Very true, but how often does it happen that the innocent game of cards lays the foundation for the gambling spirit. It may be that the vast majority of young men are quite satisfied to stop with the innocent game of cards, but in such case there is another consideration. There is the loss of time. The man whose spare hours are devoted to this pastime is poorly equipped in the battle for advancement. How much more beneficial would it be were he to while away the hours with the study of a good book that would store his mind with matters which will be of advantage to him. Truly this is a frivolous age. The yellow paper, the trashy novel, and the card table are altogether too much in evidence with the average young man.

IT is noticeable among some of our non-Catholic denominations that the entertainment feature of their Churches is altogether too pronounced. For this it would not be just to place the blame entirely on the shoulders of the ministers. Too many in the average congregation go to church to hear what they consider up-to-date sermons and the choicest music. Biblical subjects, to their mind, have become threadbare, and they look for heated pronouncements on some current topic. The minister who preaches the gospel Sunday in and Sunday out is given to understand that, as the politicians would say, "it is time for a change." The Church officials hold the purse strings, and the minister is powerless. This has reference more particularly to conditions in the United States. Lest we might be accused of exaggeration we quote the words of the Congregationalist:

"The idea of worship is largely lost out of the religious experience of Protestant Christians. The name is applied to other worthy things. Faithful performance of duty, philanthropic service, generosity, compassion are called worship, leading to confusion of mind concerning what is due to God and to oneself of religious development. The increase of theatrical and musical entertainments on Sunday has stimulated the churches to rival them lest they lose their congregations, till many churches have lost the distinctive character of their assemblies without being aware of it. A church which called its house of worship a temple followed along this path to notoriety attracting crowded evening audiences when its advertised performances were particularly novel, till its passing into the hands of a theatrical company with 'refined' exhibitions of moving pictures was hardly noticed in its neighborhood even by those who were enjoying a short vacation. This, however, is no reflection on the writer of it, for he is not acquainted with conditions in this country. Moreover, in justice to him, we may say that his intention was to make a hit in favor of Home Rule—to point out the hollowness of the plea of some that Celts are racially opposed to Saxons, and therefore can not be trusted with self-government; and he argued from the fact that many of the secessionists in Ireland were of English or Scottish extraction. When we say that we do not sympathize with the paragraph as a whole, we do not mean to imply that the writer is unable to put up a reasonable defence of it; we know that he is well versed in Irish history. Moreover, we can assure "Radical," and others, that he is neither a "foreigner, a Frenchman, nor a German, nor a Scot, but a gentleman of parts, some of whose ancestors were followers of Wolfe Tone. To speak plainly, the writer is an Irishman, and in full sympathy with the Irish cause. We will say further that he has convinced us that Smith O'Brien who seems to be mainly the occasion of the present trouble, was a man who is not worthy of great admiration on account of his treatment of O'Connell. If "Radical," or any other man worthy of attention, who agrees with his attack on us, will bravely and honorably write over his own name, we have reason to believe that our Irish friend, though a busy man, will undertake to convince, if not his assailant, at least the public, that he has sought an encounter with

"A foeman worthy of his steel."

WE know such a scheme would be difficult but the morals of our youth must be safeguarded at all hazards. At present the vendors of literature can sell anything and everything they like and it seems to be nobody's business to interfere with them.

WE ARE ADVISED from Chicago that in one respect the moving picture theatres are doing good work. It is claimed that in large centres of population these places are patronized by thousands of working people. Were they not in existence it is declared that the saloons would do a much larger business. Many persons, instead of patronizing the saloons, now take their families to the moving picture show. In this way a number will derive amusement for a considerably less sum than a visit of the head of the house to a saloon would entail. It has been suggested that the objectionable features of the moving picture theatre might be removed were the films subject to official inspection. This we consider very opportune, because some of the pictures, especially those which come to us from France, are decidedly of an objectionable character. These theatres could also be made to do much in the way of promoting temperance by showing the effects of the drink habit especially in the barroom. A good subject would be the picture of the young man who says he can "take a glass and leave it alone." He might be represented as a dapper young fellow with plenty money in his pockets anxious to treat the boys and willing to be treated in return. Week in and week out he feels confident in his ability to "take a drink and leave it alone." But the years go on and the times comes when he is looking for the price of a drink, which he cannot leave alone. The final scene might be the picture of this once manly young man in the role of a "soot," with a hopeless future and a disgraced family.

THOSE WHO ARE laboring in the cause of temperance will be pleased to know that the Trades Unionists in England are making rapid strides in the direction of total abstinence. There is what is called a Trades Union and Labor Officials' Temperance Fellowship. The spread of this organization will give hope for the future. What avails a high rate of wage if a considerable proportion of it is left in the grog shops. This English organization makes it a rule to hold their meetings in halls removed as far as possible from drinking-places. Very often they get together for social enjoyment, and refreshment, without alcoholic attachments are liberally supplied. We here ask the privilege of giving a hint to our Ontario law-makers. A small proportion of our working class—small but yet very much too large—use the Saturday afternoon holiday for making a round of the bar-rooms, and when Sunday morning comes they have a very sick stomach and empty pockets. Would it not be well to close the bars at 12 o'clock on Saturdays and keep the banks open during the afternoon, so that the workers might have an opportunity of saving each week a portion of their earnings?

A PRESBYTERIAN minister of Philadelphia has returned from a trip to Ireland. He says that there is a bright future in store for that country and it is now making greater strides towards progress than can be found in any other place in Europe. He tells us that landlordism is killed never to resurrected. The greatest obstacle to Ireland's ultimate development, he continues, is the strife between Catholics and Protestants. It is a pity the rev. gentleman was not a little more candid. Were he to have told the whole truth he would have said that for this strife the Catholics are not to blame. In the south of Ireland, where they predominate perhaps in the ratio of ten to one, we never hear anything of trouble between Catholics and their Protestant neighbors. It is in the north of Ireland only, where the madness of Orangeism exists, that we often hear of turbulent outbreaks between Catholics and Protestants. Orangemen are the creatures of landlordism. They have been encouraged and duped by that tyrannical class. When landlordism goes Orangeism should go with it. Let the Orange leaders speak as they may, the fact is patent to all fair-minded men that this combination is a conspiracy against peace and good will wherever it is permitted to exist. The claim that it is a factor in upholding the Protestant faith will be laughed at by the average Protestant. Taking the membership in the mass, Christianity of any brand gives them little concern.

IN ONE respect at least our lot in this country is cast in pleasant places. Manly endeavor always meets with reward. The young aspirant for a high place in this country is not handicapped in life's race if he lacks the blue blood of the aristocrat. Day by day we note the rise into prominence of men who have another sort of blood in their veins, the good rich, red blood that gives them characteristics admired of all men. Charles M. Hays has been made president of the Grand Trunk Railway Company. For some years he has been general manager and second vice-president. Time was when the management of this railway was in the hands of misfits but the stock-holders thought, as the politicians would say, it was "time for a change." Since Charles M. Hays has been given the management every part of the system seem to have been imbued with new life. The old order of things was discarded. New men of sterling worth were placed in charge of the different divisions and the sun of prosperity shone continuously. Charles M. Hays may now rejoice in the reflection that through his admirable management of the Grand Trunk Railway system it has taken rank with the greatest roads on the continent of America.

WE LATELY gave the information that Rev. James M. Baker, an Episcopal clergyman of Fon du Lac, Wis., had left that communion and sought entrance into the Catholic Church. Bishop C. C. Grafton is naturally much annoyed over the occurrence, and states that the priestly endeavors of Rev. Mr. Baker in his diocese were utter failures. He adds, "I have deposed him from the priesthood and he has gone over to the Roman communion." As to the Rev. Mr. Baker's characteristics we offer no opinion, because we do not know him. We take it for granted, however, that he will not play the part of the "ex-priest" and begin a crusade of abuse of his former associates in the Episcopal Church. In the Catholic Church such a course of conduct would not be looked upon with favor. The vile-tongued "ex-priest," however, is petted and pampered by the sects when he leaves Mother Church.

THE FREEMASON Government of France must have its pound of flesh. It will be remembered that some time ago Archbishop Ricard was summoned before the court for the publication of a pastoral in which he criticized the Government. He refused to answer the summons, and in consequence a fine was inflicted. This occurred in June. The infidels, however, will not be balked. They would have their fine. On the 30th of August, during the absence of the Archbishop, Government officials forced their way into his house and removed the furniture therein to the auction-room with the purpose of realizing money to pay the fine. The parish priest of Ordarap was not as well treated as the Archbishop. The officials broke into his house, drove out the servant and took possession. We hope a term will soon be put to the reign of the worshippers of the indecent goddess of liberty.

AMONGST THE CRIMINAL class there are those who believe that if they assume the character of a priest it will make the carrying out of fraudulent transactions all the easier, and this because of the high character of the priesthood. The Apostolic Delegate at Washington warns the people against an individual named Pietro Blanchini, who claims to hold a benefice at St. Mary Major's at Rome. He has been sending circulars to this country in which he offers to obtain for a consideration pontifical honors and titles. The Apostolic Delegate says that no such person is connected with St. Mary Major's at Rome. Ere long he will probably find a place within prison walls.

THE MASONIC infidels in Italy have set on foot a new scheme to injure the Church. Their newspaper organs have spread a report that the Holy Father has received numerous legacies of late amounting to several million dollars. Even some of our Catholic newspapers have published these reports. The Osservatore Romano officially declares that the scope of such publications is to persuade the faithful that the Holy Father has no need of the generous aid of his children in the many necessities of his apostolic ministry. The enemies of the Church are very active in deed, and it behoves all Catholics to be continually on guard.

If His Mother Knew.  
Hold on, young man, one moment please.

Before you pass that door to-night;  
You say you mean no harm, you say  
You'll bring a sinless heart away.

You say that you are strong, that Right  
Shall guard you from the wiles of Wrong,

That to yourself you will be true,  
But would you still seek pleasure there—

Come, answer truly and be fair—  
If you could know your mother knew?

We always tell ourselves before  
We weakly yield that we are strong

We always, ere we enter in,  
Expect to leave still free from sin.

And still the armoured foes of Wrong,  
But few would fall and few would sigh.

Remorse would gnaw the hearts of few,

If each, when Conscience cries "Be ware!"

Would ask himself if he would care  
To do it if his mother knew.

—S. E. KISER.

## CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Rev. Ignatius Renand, S. J., aged seventy, one of the most prominent Catholic educators in this country, died in Philadelphia last Friday. At the time of his death he was treasurer of St. Joseph's College in that city.

On Sept. 10th the ceremony of blessing a newspaper plant was performed by Bishop J. A. Forest, D. D., of San Antonio, Tex. The plant so blessed is that of the Southern Messenger, a paper which has done good work for the Catholic cause.

Last Monday being the seventh centennial of the foundation of the Franciscan order, the Pope addressed an apostolic letter to the Franciscans throughout the world. He recapitulated the great merits of the order, of which he was proud to be a member.

A press dispatch from Barcelona tells of a fatal riot at Castro on September 22. A religious procession, with the local priest as its head, was about to enter the church at Castro, when it was attacked by an armed mob. The priest and another man were killed instantly, and fifty-six others were injured.

The Rev. William F. Riggs, S. J., professor of astronomy in Creighton University, Omaha, Neb., has been honored with a fellowship in the Royal Astronomical Society of England, because of his contributions to various astronomical dealing with his researches.

The Pope spent an hour recently inspecting the machinery and plant set up in the new offices of the Vatican Printing Press from which is sent out the official printed documents and publications. He chatted familiarly with the operators and praised the industry and faithful work of the technical directors of the work.

There are four colored Catholic priests in the United States: Rev. John Henry Dorsey of Montgomery, Ala.; Rev. Father Uncles, of Epiphany college, Baltimore; Rev. Father Plantevigne, assistant pastor of St. Francis Xavier church, in Baltimore, and Rev. Father Burgess, at Cornwells, Pa.

An old Cistercian abbey known as the Abbey Dore, is the only one of that order now used for church purposes in England. Last month it was reopened after extensive alterations. It belongs to the Church of England. The abbey was founded in 1147. In 1534 it was closed. It was reopened as a Protestant church in 1634.

Father Walter Elliot, the Paulist, gave the first non-Catholic mission ever given in the United States, at Detroit, Mich., about fifteen years ago. He then spent one year with Fathers Kress and Graham of the Cleveland diocese and prepared them to carry on the work. Thus the Cleveland apostolate became the first one established in the United States.

The little Catholic church of St. Anthony, erected at Oquossoc, in the state of Maine, the present summer, largely by the efforts of Miss Cornelia Crosby, of Phillips, and Mass is being said in it, under the direction of Rev. A. J. Barry of Rumford Falls. Previously Catholic services have been held no nearer than seventy miles away.

It was suggested to Bishop McCloskey of Louisville, Ky., a long time ago, that he be buried under the altar of the Cathedral of the Assumption, where two of his distinguished predecessors rest. "No," was his reply, "bury me out in the sunlight." Accordingly, after the service his body was taken by special train to Nazareth, Ky., and buried beside a brother.

The Rev. L. J. Evers, of St. Andrew's church, New York, has been elected an honorary member and the regular chaplain of Typographical Union No. 6, the largest body of printers in the country. Fathers Evers made the opening prayer at the national convention of the Printers' League of America, held at the Hotel Astor last week. He also responded to one of the toasts at the banquet of the League.

Mr. Wm. Peter Waterman of Brooklyn, Mich., who was recently received into the Catholic Church, was for fifty years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. All that time his leanings were such as to lead him to believe that he was practically a Catholic at heart. He frequently made the statement that he believed that when Our Lord said "This is My Body," He meant what He said. Mr. Waterman's conversion was due

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WILL SHAKESPEARE'S  
LITTLE LAD.

BY IMOGEN CLARK.

## CHAPTER III CONTINUED.

Susanna and Judith, with the other bridesmaids, had gone early to Master William Hart's house, presenting him with a branch of gilded rosemary bound with ribbons, and then had led him forth to the church along the rush-strewn, flower-decked way, while Hamnet, with the bridegroom's men, had conducted the bride thither. Hamnet walking nearest to her, because she would have it so. In sooth, she made a winsome bride, with a chaplet of flowers on her bright brown hair, which waved to her waist, her fair face looking forth from the filmy veil which became her vastly! In her hand she bore a branch of rosemary that had been previously dipped in sweet scented water, and her little nephew at her side waved his gilded branch gently to and fro. Just in front of them strode a youth who carried the bride cup, which was filled with wine and decorated with vines and ribbons, and back of them were the musicians playing ever softly.

So they passed along the road, coming at last to Trinity Church, where the doors stood wide and the wedding-chorus greeted their ears. Good Sir Richard Bifield was waiting at the chancel steps, and thither the bridal party walked up the nave, where the wedding-guests were grouped on either side, the won a pressing forward to see the bride as she passed, and all of them waving their sweet-scented branches of gilded rosemary and bay until the air was heavy with perfume.

When they paused and the vicar had stepped forward, Hamnet, from his place next the groom—for the maidens were standing now with the bride—stole furtive glances about him, and marvelled much why, when it all was so joyous and beautiful, his Grandam Shakespeare should look so sad. His sight was keen enough to discover the tears in her eyes, and he wanted to comfort her, though why she should need comfort at such a time he knew not.

"Tis because women are not men," the little man mused, "that they act thus. Methinks they're ever like the sky in April, one moment tears and the next all smiles—sad and happy in a breath. There's my Aunt Joan—'twas only this morning, when my grandam kissed her, that she fell a weeping, and now how gay she looks, as if she would never shed a tear again. 'Tis passing strange. I must ask father—"

He broke off in his reflections as the singing burst forth again, and the newly wedded couple, after the bridecup had been called for and the customary kiss given, turned from the altar. Mistress Hart stopped for a moment, on her way down the nave, by her mother, and Hamnet, looking on, saw tears not only in his grandmother's eyes, but in his aunt's also, as the two women embraced each other fondly, and the elder said "God bless thee!" while the younger murmured "Amen."

"Tis marvellous strange," the boy thought. "Of a truth I must ask father." But there was no chance then to seek the desired information, with the people pressing out after the bride and sweeping everyone along. That was surely no time to pause and wonder at the ways of women folk. What a clatter there was! As if the few minutes of enforced silence had but served to oil their tongues the better, and everyone must make up for that bit of quietness. There was more noise abroad than ever came from the new mill-wheel just beyond the church at the foot of Mill Lane. The laughing, chattering guests surged through the open doors and formed into a procession; then they started on the homeward way.

Master and Mistress Hart led the happy company; then came Master John Shakespeare and Mistress Mary, his wife, followed by Master William Shakespeare—come on purpose from London town to be at his sister's wedding—walking with Mistress Anne, his wife, who was clad in a brand new gown as fine as any Court lady would wish to wear, with the ruff about her throat set and coloured with yellow starch, and upon her head a little cap of silver tissue—a gift from her husband—which did augment the soft fairness of her fair right wondrously, while upon her breast she wore the blue bride-laces which, with the favours, were always presented to the guests on such occasions.

Back of them trooped the relatives and friends. Old Mistress Hathaway, with her son Tom, the Henry Shakespeares from Snitterfield, the John Shakespeares from Bridge Street, the Etkyns, Cornells, Webbs, Lamets, and Greenes; the Cloptons and Combes, graciously friendly, Henry Walker—he that would be alderman some day—hob nobbin with the Master Bailiff the Vicar of Trinity arm-in-arm with the master of the Grammar School—Sir John Colton—both deep in some learned disputation, and turning ever and anon for support in their argument to Sir Thomas Hunt of Ludington, who was walking just behind them. Then came Hercules Underhill and his good wife; Walter Roche and his; Julius Shawe, gay and smiling, though every one knew he was wearing the willow for sweet Mistress Hart's sake; the Rogeres, the Sadlers, and many others, old and young; while the children ran on before, or danced along by the sides of their elders, singing and shouting merrily.

And then, almost before they realized it, they had reached their destination, and right in front of them stood the Shakespeares' home, its windows dressed with flowers, and its garden, which swept from the back around the two sides, green and sweet beneath the glowing sun. There were birds twittering in the trim hedge along the street and calling out to their brother-singers in Nicholas Lane's garden to come and see the happy doings.

Fast upon the home-coming followed the bride-ale and the games and dances. There was nothing but jollity—not a hoist or a suspicion of a tear! Hamnet and the other children strayed about the house at first; then, wander-

ing off to the adjacent fields, they played at hoodman-blind, tag, and barley-break, their shouts filling the air with a little hubbub. He quite forgot his reflections of the earlier day, but they returned in full force when the time for parting came.

There were tears then in plenty; tears in Grandam Shakespeare's eyes, though her lips were curved into brave smiles; tears in his mother's eyes, though why she should weep he could not tell, when only the moment before she had been laughing with her gossip, Mistress Sadler. Tears, tears, tears in the little bride's eyes, so many that they brimmed over and rolled down her cheeks. Grandfather Shakespeare looked as if he had a sorry pose. Hamnet glanced quickly at his father; whose kind, hazel eyes were bent upon the bride's face; they were very soft and tender and—Hamnet could not say.

It was very strange! He could not see overwell himself, and when Aunt Joan stooped and whispered "Good-by, sweet!" he felt a queer lump rise in his throat. He threw his arms around her, and clung to her as she kissed him. Then he watched her, still surrounded by the bridesmaids and bridesmen, go away hand-in-hand with her husband across the fields to the new home, and somehow—he couldn't see very far. And yet it was a clear evening with such a soft, peaceful after-glow flooding the sky, or he had thought so—but now a mist was rising!

He would ask father. He turned with the question on his lips, but his father had gone with some friends to pass the evening at the Swan and would not be back until long after Hamnet's bed-time. The little lad stifled a sigh; there was no use asking the women folk or grandfather. The house seemed strangely quiet after the gayety, and all the flowers were drooping and dying. The very air was full of sadness, and yet for all that grandmother had looked so sorrowful, she and his mother were talking blithely of the doings of the day, and what this one had worn and what the other, and what had been said. Susanna and Judith were whispering on the settle; he could catch a word now and again—"kirtle," "fern stitch," "bonelace," "my mammet." How girls talked, he had never cared to listen! Now, if Tom Combe and Francis Collins were only present, there would be something worth hearing. There would be talk of the Armada—one never tired of that desperate sea-fight; or the war in Flanders, look you! or the famous encounter between Sir Guy and Colbrand. And if by any chance those subjects palled, there was that game of prisoners' base the big boys played Saturday night in the field near the Bankerott. He patted his big hound, Silver.

"Thou understandest anyway," he whispered; "and when father cometh back we'll ask him."

In the soft dawn of the next morning, the whole household was astir. Master William Shakespeare was going to London, and must be away by the sun's uprising. After Susanna and Judith had spread the table and the elders had seated themselves, Hamnet, as was his wont, stood at one side and repeated his grace. That finished, he made a low courtesy, and said "Much good may it do you!" and forthwith put the breakfast upon the table, waiting so carefully and attentively upon his elders that the simple meal of eggs and bread and milk, with crisp lettuce from the garden, was soon over. At its end, after he had carried away the empty platters and brushed the crumbs into a 'voide,' Susanna and he removed the cloth, folding it carefully, and then they brought a clean towel and a basin and ewer for washing the hands.

With all that to do, there was no chance to ask questions, though the boy could feel them surging within him. There were so many last words to be said by everyone that his fancies must need wait. He stood quietly by, suppressing his disappointment bravely, but his father, with that wonderful way he had of reading another person's thoughts, looked at the wistful little face and understood that something was troubling the small mind. Yet he gave no sign. He kissed them all farewell; then he mounted the roan champing at the door, and, turning in his saddle, he held out his hand.

"Spring up behind me, little lad," he cried; "and, Sir Silver, stretch thy legs; we'll go a bit toward London together."

"A I might only go all the way," Hamnet whispered, as he clung to the strong figure, and the horse bounded forward through the quiet street.

"Wouldst leave them all for me?" Hamnet glanced at the small group under the pent-house; at the old man in his dressing-gown, with his 'broidered night-cap on his straggling, white hair; at the two women side by side, with their sad faces that were yet smiling, oh, so valiantly; at the little girls waving their hands. He tightened his hold.

"Yea," he answered, with a quick-drawn breath.

"And Silver?"

"He's going, too."

Will Shakespeare laughed.

"Thou hast a ready wit; but wait, my little lad; the years fly quickly. When thou'rt older, thou shall be with me—"

"All day, and every day?"

"An thou wilt."

"Tis so long till then; I would the time were now. Methinks the years will be monstrous slow in passing."

"Nay, nay, they will go fast enough, and there is much thou wilt have to do. Thou must grow wise and good, and be merry and gentle withal."

"And what age must I be?"

"I wot not. After the grammar school here, there will be study at Oxford, and then—"

"London and father!"

"Not so fast, not so fast. London an thou wilt, but methinks by that time thy father will be back here in Stratford town in some home of his own. What sayeth thou to the 'Great House,' if fortune smiles? But breathe no word of this: thou art like my second self, and so I speak to thee."

Hamnet pressed his arm closer and the man went on with a smile: "There's no spot like this little town of ours, lad, and thou search the world up and down; nay, not even Italy herself, fair though she be."

"Then we'll stay here together."

"But London?"

"I care not for London, an thou be not there."

The man looked back fondly at the small, eager face against his shoulder.

"Say'st thou so, lad; say'st thou so?"

He murmured softly, and his eyes were very tender.

At the Swan a number of travellers, already mounted, were waiting before the door. They greeted the newcomers right cheerily, and after a few minutes spent in idle talk the little cavalcade set out on its journey, clattering down Bridge Street and over the great bridge, and thence into the road which led to Shipston and Oxford, and so winding on to the wonder metropolis itself. Hamnet still continued with his father, an observant listener of the conversation carried on between his elders.

But all too soon Will Shakespeare dropped behind the others. His horse stepped slowly. There was no danger of falling off, and yet Hamnet clung very close, and the man put his hand over the little, straining fingers that were clasped above his heart as if he would not let them go. So they rode for a short space in silence.

The sun was up, and from the roadside bushes and the thinning trees there came the sound of gay bird-voices, but neither man nor boy heeded them. Suddenly the horse stopped altogether, and the strong fingers undid the little clinging ones tenderly. The bridle-rein lay on the roan's neck, and the man turned and took the child in his arms, kissing him fondly.

"Thou must go home," he said; "nay then, I like a sunny face. So! that's my own true lad. Cheer the others too, the women-folks and the little maids. That is the charge I give thee."

Hamnet winked back his tears and kissed his father in return, then he jumped to the ground and stood leaning against the quiet horse. Silver came close to his side.

"Do men never weep, father?" the boy asked, wistfully.

"Not often. We must be brave, and the best way is to be masters of ourselves; and yet 'tis no harm, sweet, when we are parting from those we love. 'Tis nature's due. Only it makes it easier if we—being the stronger ones—keep a smiling face."

"But thou look'st sorry now."

"Ay, and I am sorry."

"And though thine eyes be not wet, belike there's a lump in thy throat as there is in mine."

"Even so, little lad. I must hie me to some wiseman to be rid of it. And thou must do the same. Good Doctor Trust or Cheer—thou'lt know their dwelling. And I'll tell thee a secret, too: the trees and the birds have comfort in their keeping for those who go and those who stay."

"But why doth the choke come in our throats when we do say farewell?"

"'Tis because we love each other, dear heart. And now stand back; I must not linger."

"Thou'lt come again?"

"Again and again and again. God be with thee, little lad."

"God be with thee, sweet Father."

never in her impatience went to greet them on its threshold. She knew the pleasure it gave them to pull the wooden latch themselves and have the door open at their touch. Each one in turn, when a tiny child, had learned the secret: "Pull the string and you'll get in!"

Long before they had reached the stane to grasp the bit of wood which was nailed on the door, some kindly arms had raised them to the coveted height, and one chubby hand had taken hold of the wood proudly while the other had pulled the bobbin. Over and over again the door had responded to that "open sesame," and on each occasion joyous gurgles of merriment filled the air. They had gradually outgrown such expressions of delight, though the pleasure of seeking and obtaining admittance at the old door still remained. Susanna, now that she was thirteen, liked to pull the bobbin in a grown-up fashion, as a Court lady on a tour of country visits would be minded to do, while Judith, who alternately aped her sister's or her brother's ways, was now a fine dame approaching the door with mincing steps and much smoothing out of her gown and patting of her hands, as if, forsooth, the latter were covered with fair-scented gloves; or she would swagger up like any saucy rogue, and rain some rousing twacks upon the wooden surface before discovering the string. She made them sound almost as loud as Hamnet's lusty strokes, so that Gillian would murmur, "Body o' me! an I could catch that boy—"

Shottrey was as familiar to the children as the town where they lived with their father's people. They loved the lanes between the mossy banks where the little brooks came rushing and tinkling along, their gleeful voices making the green silence alive with sound. Oh! those wonderful Shottrey lanes, with their wealth of blossoms which they could not hide, nor did not wish to hide, from those loving young eyes! The children knew well where to find the ladies' smocks all silver white, the primrose with its wrinkled leaves, the violets dim, and the daffodils that come before the swallow dares. They knew, too, where, as soon as the birds had paired, the arum—their mother's favorite—lifted its pointed, black-spotted leaves from the sides of the ditches. She would often seek it with them, and they never tired of hearing her tell how she had sought it in the long ago with their father, and what he had told her concerning its way of growing. And they would fall a laughing with her at the dismay she had caused her neighbors, who, wise in herb-lore, declared the arum to be poisonous; and when she had borne some away with her, had she not been bewitched, because no ill effects followed?

But dear as the lanes were to Susanna and Judith, they appeared more directly to Hamnet's dreamer nature. He asked no greater pleasure than to roam through them at all seasons, with Silver at his side, peering now into one flower's face, now into another's, searching the tangle of green for some shyer beauties, or, when the season was far advanced, finding some belated blossoms hidden away where they made second summer for themselves, or, in the whiteness of winter, guessing at the sleeping things locked close in the heart of nature.

The birds, too, were his friends. The robin redbreast, that haunts the lanes of Shottrey, was as safe from harm at his hands as though it were not 'the bird of God,' and the other little brothers of the air had naught to fear at his approach. He listened to their songs and recognized each voice. That was a concert worth hearing! The dunacock, from its home in the hedge, uttered its tender song, now loud, now subdued, and yet exceeding mellow; the 'black-cap' joined in with its deep, rich strain; the 'white-throat' fluttered from his gauzy nest in the sweet brier bush and balanced upon a spray, his little breast swelling with music; the 'proud-tailor,' from the tangled, weed-choked thicket, where grew the thistles which formed his chief diet, sang his part; and the other lane-birds, the thrush, chaffinch, greenfinch, yellow-hammer, and the modest little wren, each had its note to add. From the copse came the sound of the nickle, tap-tap-tapping at the trees, and the mournful cries of the queerer.

Much of his knowledge of birds, Hamnet had derived from his father when together they roamed about the country, the tall man making stories for the gladly listening ears of the little lad at his side. It was an additional zest to the child to study the ways of his fe: hered friends, that he might thus be enabled to tell his father on each recurring visit. He could imitate their notes with exactness that was well-nigh marvellous and he would often answer the different calls as if the greetings were intended alone for him.

But all the lovely ways leading out of the same town, the way to Shottrey was the loveliest to the thinking of the young Shakespeares and to the heart of their mother. The small hamlet was a short mile from Stratford, and thither the children made constant pilgrimage, traversing the little path that wound across the meadows, now beneath the shade of stately elms through which the sunlight flickered in shifting patterns, like fine cut-work at their feet, now by tangled hedges where the flowers nodded a welcome and the birds sought to detain them with their songs, or again it straggled out into the open with the wide sky all about them.

When Shottrey was reached the path was exchanged for the familiar lane, and there before them stood the object of their quest. It was a picturesque little cottage built of wood and plaster, ribbed with massive timbers—crossed and visible all along its front—and covered with a substantial roof of thatch. The wicket hung loosely under the shade of a thorn, and, once inside the gate, a line of stones led through the garden to the house-door. To the children, fond as they were of the house and its inmates, and certain always of a welcome that filled them with a sense of their own importance, it was ever a delight to them to find the door made fast. Mistress Hathaway, waiting eagerly within for a glimpse of the young life which their gay voices had heralded along the lane

but for long there was the fear o' ill his creditors would work him, and now that that fear's ta'en away, he hath fallen into the habit o' staying at home."

"Ay! and into the habit o' being m'm, I promise thee. That's what overmuch staying by one's hearth breeds—silence—silence. The tongue rusts from lack o' use! An the stream be dry by the mill, then 'tis vain carrying prist thither. The last time I met John Shakespeare he'd but a word to say: 'Give ye good-morrow, good Mistress Hathaway.' That was suffrage, and so he passed on. Soul o' me! I wot well the encounters we're wont to have when he'd chat and chat, so 'twould be hard to put in even a hem, and always some mention o' the cowslip wine before he went. And now, I might never have made 'the best in Warwickshire'—'twas his very phrase—ay! and still remained. Susanna, now that she was thirteen, liked to pull the bobbin in a grown-up fashion, as a Court lady on a tour of country visits would be minded to do, while Judith, who alternately aped her sister's or her brother's ways, was now a fine dame approaching the door with mincing steps and much smoothing out of her gown and patting of her hands, as if, forsooth, the latter were covered with fair-scented gloves; or she would swagger up like any saucy rogue, and rain some rousing twacks upon the wooden surface before discovering the string. She made them sound almost as loud as Hamnet's lusty strokes, so that Gillian would murmur, "Body o' me! an I could catch that boy—"

"He hath not forgot, good Mother. Twas only yesterne, when I told him we were coming hither for a little stay, that he said, smacking his lips: 'There be many changes, but I remember an 'twere yesterday the very first time I tasted Mistress Hathaway's cowslip wine. She's a famous housekeeper,' quoth he, 'and no one can make you a finer warden-pie come shearings-time.'

"Tut! tut! and that before his own good wife, too!"

"Oh! my Mother Shakespeare was not by; she had gone a walk with Hamnet."

"Hm! But very like he hath said it in her hearing oft. Dost think he hath? Men have no concerner! I would not have the creature's feelings hurt, and yet Mistress Shakespeare's pies are too pale—she's chary wi' the saffron. Methinks the taste o' mine is vastly inferior; but go to—when thou goest back to Stratford I'll give thee a bottle o' wine for Master Shakespeare; he was ever a man o' most unwarrantable taste."

pray she heard thee not! 'twould be all over Shottary, as she had—she is a very tattling wench. I mislike her smile; 'tis too wise, by far. Come, come, let's go in. Pray God she heard thee not! Where's Hammet?"

"We left him playing at cherry-pits, when he was going to help Thomas fold the sheep."

"Then he's at the house before us," Mistress Shakespeare interposed with a laugh, "for I hear Thomas singing 'I man be married o' Sunday!' Mercy on us! how long i e had sung that tune. When I had fewer years than thou, Judith, lass, I mind me hearing him draw it out in just the same fashion at harvest-time; ay, and indeed all through the years:

"I man—I man be married o' Sunday!"

"And was he married on that day?"

"Not so, duck; he's still a bachelor. Great talkers are little doers, saith the proverb. Marry, that's a true word."

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### THE CAPTURE OF MOLLY.

Captain reared back on his hind legs, his neck curved high as he floundered in the deep drift and swerved sharply to one side, nearly overturning the cutter.

Wallace clambered down from his seat awkwardly and landed up to the waist in a snowbank, where the wind had swept it up high on the south side of the road. Catching hold of the bridle, he tried to lead the big bay back to the centre of the road, patting and cheering him. But Captain rebelled, and suddenly his master stumbled heavily over something that lay in a huddled heap at the horse's feet.

He drew off his heavy beaver mittens and knelt down, brushing the snow away. In the soft, gray gloom of the early winter twilight it was hard to discern even the outlines, but his hand touched another one, small and ice-cold, and he gathered the heap up in his arms and lifted it bodily into the cutter. As he laid it back on the seat, the heavy, snow-sprang'd shawl fell back, showing a woman's face.

Wallace stared at it in helpless indecision. It was eight miles back to town, and the snow had set in for a steady fall all night. Only a mile and a quarter more to the west and he would be home.

He took a last look at the darkening clouds and climbed back into the cutter. The snowflakes fell on the upturned face. He replaced the shawl with clumsy solicitude and drew the buffalo robe up around her shoulders before he started Captain on the road homeward again.

He tried to think where he had seen the face before. Even in the dim light it looked vaguely familiar. Once or twice he raised the shawl and looked at it furtively. Once when the road was rough over a Connecticut "thank-yew-ma'am," and the cutter rocked unsteadily, he slipped his arm back of the figure, and did not take it away until Captain turned of his own accord into a snow-banked lane and drew up at the kitchen door of the small, lonely farmhouse.

She was not easy to carry, or else Jim was unused to such burdens. He stumbled up the steps and into the kitchen bringing a shower of snow in with him. There was an old carpet covered lounge, between the stove and the kitchen door, and he laid her on it.

Captain whinnied wistfully at sight of the barn, but Jim was busy. There was a bottle of elder wine in the pantry. He had put it far back on the top shelf to keep it. It was the last his mother had made that last summer.

"I'll help him knock the syrup jug off the shelf, Jim found it. He dodged the golden rivulet that trickled between his feet and, pouring some of the wine into a tablespoon, tried to slip it between the woman's pale lips. She stirred and opened her eyes drowsily.

Jim shifted his weight uneasily. He hoped she wasn't going to cry. There was a hidden depth of helpless trouble revealed in her words that made him anxious. He had never had to face any of life's little tragedies such as this. He took off his coat and began to stir up the fire to relieve her from any sense of scuffery.

She stopped. Jim waited to hear more. Finally he asked :

"Who'd he marry?"

"Some girl from Pomfret Centre."

Her tone was weary and disinterested.

"She's a real nice little thing. They'll get on all right, but they do not want me, and they told me so."

Jim was silent. Red-haired women were kind of high tempered after all. He rather liked them for it. It showed spunk. He measured tea into the brown Rebecca teapot with clumsy deliberateness, poured boiling water on it and set it back on the stove to steep. There was not much to eat in the pantry. He set out half a loaf of bread and a pan of baked beans on the table and stood irresolute. His mother had always had pies and cookies and preserves on hand for company emergencies. And she did not look strong, either, Molly didn't. He wondered what they gave weak folks to eat, and suddenly he remembered the ministrations of his mother over him during a spell of measles long ago.

"I ain't got much of a spread," he said. "Want some toast?"

She smiled for the first time, perhaps with a little, swift, intuitive understanding of his embarrassment.

"Land, that's more than enough! I don't care for anything but a cup of tea. It's so good of you!"

"Is Philemon willing to provide for you?" he asked coloring at his praise.

"I don't want none of his providing after the way he's acted. I ain't a bit afraid. The two of them said things to me this afternoon that just made me want to walk out of the house and never go back and I did."

"Twa'n't a very good day to leave off-hand," said Jim, fumbling over the cups and saucers in the pantry to find some that had not nicked.

"I never thought of the snow. You feel so strong and able when your mind's made up that you don't care for anything. I thought I could get as far as Tozerville; I've got a second cousin over there, Lyddy Smith. She'd keep me until I could look around and find something to do."

Jim wiped the dust off the cover of the sugar bowl, with shy deftness, on a corner of the tablecloth, but she was looking away from him at the fire.

"Was you figuring on doing anything special, Miss Tilton?"

"Nothing special, no; only house-keeping. If I could do it for Philemon for nineteen years for nothing, I guess I can do it for other folks for wages."

Once he had spoken to his mother about her. She had said that red-

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haired women were pretty high-tempered, but Molly had been a right sweet child. He didn't like high tempers, but there had been a certain attractiveness about that gleam of red in the woman's hair which he had seen, among the tiger lilies and syringas in the garden.

She was not young—about thirty-five Jim judged. Her shoulders stooped a little, and her eyes looked tired. They were attractive eyes, soft and grave in expression, and hazel brown. Jim thought offhand, in that first moment of recognition, that she must have been as his mother had said, a right sweet child.

It was over six miles back to the Tilton place. She had probably tried to walk the two miles from town and been overtaken by the storm. She didn't look as if she could give a snow-storm a very good fight, anyway. He stood awkwardly by the door, waiting for her to speak first before he went to hustle Captain back into harness and take her home.

"Feeling any better, Miss Tilton?"

It was all that he could think to say, but she flushed and faltered in answering.

"Some better," she said. "I can't just place where I am."

"I'm Jim Wallace," replied Jim. "I know your brother, Philemon. We're both of us on the school committee. You didn't choose a very good day for travelling."

"Did you find me?"

Her eyes had a half-scared look, he thought.

"Well, no. Capta'in found you, I guess. All the same thing. You oughtn't to have started for home until it let up a bit."

"I wasn't going home." She sat down in the rocker again. The flush had faded, and her lips were pressed closely, as if in pain. "It ain't my home no more. Philemon's married."

"You don't tell me!" said Jim in mild amazement. "Why, he must be as old as I be."

"He's forty-seven last March," Molly's hands plaited the shawl fringe with nervous carefulness. "And he hadn't no call to get married, either. I've kept house for him ever since mother died, when I was seventeen. We had father for ten years afterwards just lingering around, and I took care of him until he went. Philemon got the farm, all except the quilts and feather beds and linen and such things. Mother said they were all mine, but it was understood that I was to stay home and keep house for Philemon, and it was my home, too. Once or twice I might have left and done real well for myself—" She hesitated. Jim nodded understandingly. Of course she might. She must have been a very pretty girl. "But I wouldn't go and leave Philemon to do for himself. He was eleven years older than I, and I know all mother's ways that he liked. I knew he never could stand a house-keeper."

She stopped. Jim waited to hear more. Finally he asked :

"Who'd he marry?"

"Some girl from Pomfret Centre."

Her tone was weary and disinterested.

"She's a real nice little thing. They'll get on all right, but they do not want me, and they told me so."

Jim was silent. Red-haired women were kind of high tempered after all. He rather liked them for it. It showed spunk. He leaned her head back and kissed the red-brown hair. In the soft, yellow light her slim figure had almost a girlish gracefulness, and he was conscious of a sudden pride in the woman who was to be his wife.

"It does seem most like home now, Jim," she said.

He drew a deep breath and reached for his coat and cap.

"I guess we can make Tozerville about 7.30," he said, cheerily. "I'll throw in an extra robe so you won't be cold."

He stopped short. She was sipping slowly the hot tea he had poured for her, and he read refusal in her face.

"I kind of figured on housekeeping for a family," she said anxiously. She hesitated, and Jim walked up and down the floor, his hands behind him, his forehead set in deep lines of thought.

She was rocking gently. The easy, familiar squeak of the rocker was like favorite music in his ears, long unheard. He ran his fingers through his thick, iron-gray hair and stopped suddenly before the rocking figure.

"Molly," he said, "I can't put it into fetching words, but I like you mighty well. I've liked your hair for four or five years." He blundered and spoke jerkily, but there was a new, hungry, tenderness in his eyes. "If you're afraid, why can't you marry me? I ain't no prize, so to speak, but Philemon could tell you I'm steady going. Seems as if we both need each other. You'd have a good home of your own, and I'd appreciate you lots, Molly."

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## The Catholic Record

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THOS. COFFEY, LL.D., Editor and Publisher.

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Advertisers ask for their paper at the post office it would be well they tell the clerk to give them their CATHOLIC RECORD. We have information of carelessness in a few places on the part of delivery clerks who will sometimes look for letters only.

### LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation.

Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:  
My dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time permitting freedom of discussion. In these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success,  
Yours very sincerely in Christ,

DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus,  
Apostolic Delegate  
UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.  
Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:  
Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good, and a truly Catholic paper deserves such a name. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain,

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,  
T.D. FALCONIO, Arch.,  
Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1909.

Editorial Correspondence CATHOLIC RECORD.  
THE PLENARY COUNCIL.

The following is the translation of the sermon delivered in French in the Basilica at Quebec, Sept. 26, by Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield, reported and translated specially for the London CATHOLIC RECORD.

"Repleti sunt omnes Spiritu Sancto." (They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.)

Your Excellency, My Lords, My Brethren,—Who are those men of whom we speak in such an unusual and strange manner? What marvellous operations have been accomplished in their souls, and what have been the consequences for the centuries to come? Behold what I wish to make known to you during this instruction, under the general title of the "Episcopate." The subject is as great as it is exalted. I can only touch on it lightly, leaving to your piety the task of filling up the voids and to draw practical conclusions, inspired by the solemnity of the occasion.

Jesus Christ, the Son of Man, came on earth to redeem man. Astonishing and admirable at the same time is the fact that it is among the people He wishes to choose His auxiliaries, who will assist Him to accomplish and continue His task.

Behold, my dear brethren, the Apostolic college, as instituted by Christ and as presented to the people on the great feast of the Pentecost. Such is the Episcopate itself in its germs, or rather in its cradle, and until the end of time, bishops, successors of the apostles, will exact from all the rights attached to a legitimate descent, and will form by their union with the bishop of Rome, whom they will always recognize as their chief, because they will know that he holds the place of Peter, the Episcopate in the Church, without doubt, by an admirable attention of the Saviour, and on account of the particular wants of the infant Church, each of the apostles had personally received the double privilege of doctrinal infallibility and universal jurisdiction. Each of them, during his entire life, fortified against all error, and knowing no limit in the field of his ministry, could always and everywhere preach the truth, distribute the gifts of grace, organize particular churches, govern them, or invest with authority other chiefs. And these prerogatives were to cease with them. But by the divine constitution of the church, they were subject in all things to him whom Jesus Christ had established the supreme pastor of the Apostolic College, and this constitution was to exist forever. It is through the virtue of your pastors, *Repleti sunt omnes Spiritu Sancto*. Amen.

St. Patrick's Church, Quebec.

With weather all that could be desired the parade held in honor of the Fathers of the Council by the Congregation of St. Patrick's Church on Sunday afternoon, the 10th inst., was a magnificent success.

A week previous—on the evening of the 1st inst.—great street demonstration had been planned, which owing to rain had to be postponed. It was all for the best. The day was free, it being Sunday; and the hour was more suited, three o'clock in the afternoon.

This visit to St. Patrick's was to pay honor to the female portion of the congregation.

The men turned out as an escort in such numbers and order as to make the whole parade an attractive and imposing scene. About a thousand marched four deep from St. Patrick's to the Archbishop's Palace, with the Papal flag, several banners and the Dominion flag. A band, followed by the boys of St. Patrick's school and the young members of the Hibernian Cadets with eight hundred members of the congregation, formed the procession. The band took its place in the palace courtyard where they played several appropriate airs. As soon as the prelates had taken the carriages provided for them the procession started, four cadets accompanying each carriage. Upon reaching the Presbytery the Delegate and the other prelates entered to put

on their vestments. As soon as all were ready the procession started by the street for the main entrance of the church. The sacred edifice was packed from the vestibule to the sanctuary. As soon as all the prelates and the rest of the clergy had taken their places the choir intoned the *Veni Creator*. This being finished His Lordship Bishop O'Connor of Peterboro ascended the pulpit and delivered the following eloquent sermon upon the dignity and true position of woman:

"Who shall find a valiant woman? The price of her is as of things from afar, and from the uttermost coasts. (Prov. xxxi-10.)

Your Excellency, Most Rev. Fathers,

my dear friends:

It is with feelings of great pleasure and satisfaction that I address in this Catholic city of Quebec the women of St. Patrick's parish, daughters of Erin, who have brought from the Isle of Saints the Catholic traditions of their ancestors and have cherished them in this new world.

The women of Ireland have been strong in their attachment to the old

Faith and to the practices taught by St. Patrick. In every age they have been renowned for their piety and chastity, those virtues that give brilliant lustre to womanhood. They have lived through centuries of persecution, during which their only consolation was their Catholic faith and the holy Mass, often heard by them in the secret fastnesses of the mountains. In famine and hunger and even when dying, they have resisted the enemy, offering gifts of food and life. Truly they lived for God alone, and preferred death rather than offend Him. You are the daughters of these mothers, valiant women, the price of whom is as of things from afar and from the uttermost coasts. Who is the valiant woman of the present age? In considering the exalted position that woman holds to-day in contrast with her degraded condition two thousand years ago, every impartial student of history must admit that woman is indebted to the Catholic Church for the elevated station she enjoys in family and social life. We need but to call your attention to the great contrast that exists between the condition of women before and since the preaching and practice of Christianity. Before the time of Christ she was held in contempt, she was kept in perpetual bondage or unending tutelage; she was regarded as the slave and victim of man's passions, rather than his equal and companion, by nearly every nation of antiquity; and she is still so regarded in all countries where Christianity does not prevail. Her history in pagan countries has been a record of bondage, oppression and moral degradation. She had no rights, her husband felt bound to respect, and her life was one of abject misery and toil.

The Catholic Church, carrying out the maxims and precepts of the Gospel,

proclaims woman the peer of man in origin and destiny; in redemption by the blood of Christ and in the participation of his spiritual gifts. "You are all," says St. Paul, "the children of God by Faith in Christ Jesus . . . .

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But it was by vindicating the

sacredness, the indissolubility of marriage that the Catholic church has conferred the greatest blessing on woman-kind. The holiness of the marriage bond is the safeguard of woman's dignity, while polygamy and divorce involve her in bondage and degradation.

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What woman can reflect upon these facts without blessing the Catholic

Church, under God, the Savior of her sex?

The superiority of the Christian civilization over all others is chiefly due to the elevated standard of its morality, and the visible manifestation of this superiority appears in the high position of the Christian woman. In pagan civilization woman was without honor or rights, the slave of man. In Christian civilization the pure Virgin of Nazareth, from whom God Incarnate was born, became the ideal woman, and in Mary all womanhood was elevated. Henceforward woman was the queen of the home, and as the Christian education grew in power, so grew the dignity of woman in influence and in the respect awarded to it. The hope of pure morals, the hope of high civilization is stainless womanhood, and all woman's power for goodness comes from her purity and the love of purity, which she has been able to cherish and maintain in the world around her. With the decay of social purity woman's reign declines and the Christian home becomes a house of sin; with the degradation of women true civilization perishes. Man's part is to fashion the world; woman's part is to maintain the moral standard by which the work must be judged.

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*Consilium Domini manet in aeternum.* He could content Himself by pouring into this excellent vase, which is called the humanity of Christ, His personal life, and that would amply suffice to His glory, to His happiness, but He wished to do more. In Jesus Christ He will restore all. You know, my dear brethren, what it cost our divine Redeemer. He could have appeared to us in ignominy and suffering. *Proposito sibi gaudio sustinuit crucem.* Instead of a glorious pontiff, we will have a bloody victim; instead of a conqueror, imposing upon all His divine wishes, we will have a little child, of whom is said He will be a sign of contradiction. It is through the floods of blood that man will be regenerated in his rights, "deified." The reparation will be so abundant, so marvellous that the Church, in the enthusiasm of its grateful joy, may exclaim: "O happy fault which gave to us such a great Redeemer!"

Can we, my dear brethren, think without deep emotion of this immense love which overflows from the heart of Jesus Christ, pierced, bruised and opened by a soldier's lance? *Sic nos amentem quis non redamaret?* "Who would not love Him who loves us so much?"

It is thus that Jesus came to bring us life—*Ego veni ut vitam habeant.*"

Through holy baptism the Christian life is deposited as a divine germ in the soul of the child, who cannot offer any resistance, but alas! it is not so with adults. How often man resists God, Who solicits his heart. Is there anything more touching than the picture represented by St. John in the Apocalypse, when Our Lord appears to us, standing humble, and knocking at the door of a heart that will not open to Him? Listen to what he says. *Sit ad ostium et pulso.* He does not yet reside, says the Holy Council of Trent, but He is close by and He moves us. *Non adhuc quidem inhabitantes sed tantum moventis.* Happy, says St. Ambrose, "he who hears Jesus knocking at his door, *Beatus ille cuius pulsat Januam Christus.*" Who among us have not heard the call of the Divine Master when far removed from Him, through sin, and closed to Him the door of their hearts dead to grace? And when, we opened, by faith, by penance, the door of our hearts which He solicited, what joy in heaven and felicity on earth. The creating act is quite marvellous, but the act of sanctification is still more marvellous. The creating act made man out of nothing, the sanctification act makes of sinful man a God. Behold, my dear brethren, the Christian life received through holy baptism, perfected by confirmation, nourished and augmented by the Holy Eucharist, destroyed by sin and restored by penance. It is this life in us which satan wishes to ruin, which the world ignores, or which it blasphemous and persecutes. It is this life that Jesus Christ merited for us by His ignominious death on the Cross. *Ego veni ut vitam.* Not only does He bring it to us and enriches us with it, but He wishes it to superabound in us. *Ego veni ut habent et abundanti habeant.*

#### THE SUPERABUNDANCE OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

My dear brethren, it is much for a Catholic to live in the state of grace and to nourish himself frequently with the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, to maintain in him the divine life, without which he would be condemned to death; but we must do more. The Catholic who is worthy of the name, should, according to St. Paul, "Take root in Christ," "radicate in Christo." There

must be in intelligence deep convictions and he should dispose of a generous and constant will in the service of his convictions, of his faith founded on reason, so as to be prepared not only to do his duty, but all his duties in the service of the Good Master and His cause.

In order to do this, he should first have received in the bosom of his family, faithful guardian of the traditions of faith, of justice, of labor and honor of its ancestors, a deep religious education which leaves in his soul indelible traces. And, moreover, his soul should be impregnated, at school, as well as in all spheres of education, with the religious idea, which it should have inhaled as the native air of the Christian, in such a manner as to be filled with vivifying perfume.

Lend ear to the great Pontiff Leo XIII. expressing this incontestable truth in his encyclical "Militantis Ecclesiae" (1st Aug. 1897), "Against those who wish to limit to certain hours the religious teaching, when the remainder of the time the teaching is completely neutral. 'Necesse est non modo certis horis doceri juvenes religionem sed reliquam institutionem omnem Christianae pietatis, sensus redolere.' Moreover, every Catholic should know and love the Holy Church of God, our Mother. 'The young people,' repeats the Sovereign Pontiff, 'should learn to know the Church perfectly, so as to understand and feel that they must undertake and suffer all in order to serve her."

The Catholic faith, my dear brethren, is not a simple practice, a pious habit, the result of our surroundings, an accident of birth, but it is a firm and sincere adhesion of the intelligence to the revealed truth, and this adhesion should create unshaken faith, and when occasion demands it a public profession, a Catholic action.

And it is only the Christian who is safely anchored in truth who can victoriously resist the formidable thrusts of evil influences which surround him and his own evil passions. He will not fear to affirm his faith in public life as well as in private life, and he will be ever ready to suffer all for Christ and His Holy Church. "Omnes labores, ejus satisputands esse."

And if an entire nation is penetrated with the Christian spirit, which St. Paul so fittingly calls the "reason of Christ." Nos autem habemus sensum Christi, then it stirs and thrills with the revealed truth, justice and honor are in question, flies to the succor of the oppressed; at the voice of an humble monk, and to the cry of "God wills it," it crosses the seas to rescue the glorious tomb of Christ. Is it not this superabundance of Catholic life, this overflowing faith, which has erected to the glory of Jesus these imperishable cathedrals, works of Chris-

tian art, more fruitful and more marvellous than the science of the pagan antiquity, which it has exceeded in restoring the old world in Christ. Permit me to quote the beautiful words of the pagan poet who sang, as if against his will, the triumphs of Catholic faith.

But, my dear Brethren, to my mind if there is something still greater than the old Gothic cathedrals of the Ages of Faith, it would be the heroic devotedness of these admirable peasants of Normandy and Brittany, leaving France which was so Catholic in the seventeenth century, and coming on the shores of the St. Lawrence, not to flee from misery, or persecution, not to seek gold or fertile lands, or as pilgrims of liberty, but as Apostles, having no other desire than that of establishing the reign of Jesus Christ in this uncivilized land. It seems to me that it is a unique fact in the history of Christian nations, and we should be proud of it, and should on our knees thank God. And in our day, have we not striking examples of Catholic vitality? Is not the valor and the able social organizations of Germany and England, marching from victory to victory, in the conquest of their religious liberties, an evident proof of what prodigies and intelligent, robust and practical faith can operate in social order? And we, whose civil and religious rights have been safeguarded by a solemn treaty which constitutes the basis of our liberty, would we be excusable if we did not defend these sacred liberties of the family, in school and in society, by a strong Catholic social organization? by the Catholic Press. And I now take the liberty of offering the Venerable Metropolitan of Quebec my congratulations and the tribute of my admiration for the zeal with which it founded, at the cost of many great sacrifices, a daily Catholic paper, in order to respond to the desire of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Ah! my dear brethren, if we desire to be true Catholics, Catholics before all, Catholics everywhere, Catholics at all cost, let us read and meditate the luminous encyclicals which the Popes in the last years, especially the immortal Leo XIII., our great Pontiff and Father Pius X., have addressed to the Catholic world to enlighten it on its social duty. Fearing that one may imagine that I am permitting myself to revert to personal ideas of preoccupations, I take the liberty of quoting the following passage of the remarkable encyclical of the illustrious Leo XIII.—"Sapientiae Christianae. . . . Are such men in favor of or against the Church? We cannot say. These inspiring words recall the words of the Divine Master 'He who is not for Me is against Me.'

My dear brethren, each time that I hear in the old basilica, since the opening of the Council, the harmonious hymn of "Christus vincit. . . ." Christ is the Conqueror, Christ commands, Christ reigns, I am all aroused. It is well during these solemn assizes of the Canadian Church that Jesus Christ triumphs, commands and reigns as absolute master, when truth is affirmed and glorified in the most perfect unity, and conquer in the Sign of the Cross. We have some of these good missionary Fathers attending this council, men from the cold regions of Labrador and the Yukon, from the great north to the great west, the great lone land, where they are spending their lives preaching to the red man and to the white man, and to savage and uncivilized nations. We are told that "Christ loved the Church and delivered Himself up to it, that it might be holy and without blemish." He sent the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, to be the soul of that Church, to teach all things that He had commanded, and to remain with the Church forever. Thus, my dear brethren, is the Church of the Living God the pillar and the ground of truth, the one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, imperishable and infallible, and it is placed on earth by the Divine Master Himself to conduct souls to the everlasting dwelling and everlasting happiness. Therefore, we should understand our duties toward this Church of the Living God. We know how the Master commanded to go forth and to teach the ages and the nations, and no nation was converted except by the missionaries sent forth by the Catholic Church. Even to-day she has her noble band of missionaries throughout the world. The love of Christ urges them on, they fight their way with no carnal weapons, but conquer in the Sign of the Cross. We have some of these good missionary Fathers attending this council, men from the cold regions of Labrador and the Yukon, from the great north to the great west, the great lone land, where they are spending their lives preaching to the red man and to the white man, and to savage and uncivilized nations.

Also, in terminating, let me implore of you to take as your pass-word, as a device for your entire life, the words of St. Paul, addressed to the Corinthians. O People of Canada you have truly been nourished with the richest wheat and satiated with the honey of truth and of charity out of the rock which is Christ.

May you love more than ever and serve with an inviolable faithfulness Christ Jesus and His Holy Church.

May the light of His truth penetrate, dominate and illuminate your intelligence, and may the divine fire inflame your heart.

May the life of grace, the divine life,

the life which circulates in the adorable Trinity, the Catholic life, abound in you and shine in your labors, in your entire national life. Then will be realized for your children, for each one of us here present, the words of St. Paul—"When Christ shall appear, He who is our life, you also will appear with Him in His glory. Amen.

Archbishop McEvay's Sermon.

Archbishop Langevin was followed im-

mediately by His Grace Archbishop McEvay, who spoke in English as follows:

"What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul, or what exchange shall a man give for his soul?" (St. Mat. 16 Chap. 26 v.)

Your Excellency, my Lord Archbishops and Bishops, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers:

My dear brethren,—The end and aim of this Plenary Council and of all Church law is to help men to save their immortal souls. Man's duty is to know, to love and serve God, and thus to gain eternal life; for all men must, of necessity, face either everlasting life or eternal death. There is no escape. Both heaven and hell exist entirely independent of man, and whether a man believes, or whether he does not believe, they continue to exist just the same. It is appointed for man once to die, and after this death, the judgment must be either "Come ye blessed of My Father, possess you the kingdom of heaven prepared for you," or "Depart from Me ye accursed into the everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels." There is no other judgment; this is the last one and the eternal Judge must be obeyed and obeyed forever. Such is the end of man—the wicked shall go into everlasting punishment, and the just into life everlasting. This is the end of every man, and we are told to remember this last end and we shall never sin. Therefore, it is important that every man should know that he is a mere creature and that God is the Creator. He made man to His own image and likeness, He gave him an immortal soul, which is noble and beautiful when freed from sin, and He gave him two commandments to keep: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself for the love of God."

These are two great commandments. This do, and the Divine Master says,

thou shalt live. Love, therefore, is the fulfilling of the law. Is it so hard for men to keep these commandments? Is it so hard for men to love God, a God Who is all holy, all bountiful, all merciful, the God of hope, joys and consolation, of peace and love—the God Who wants to save all men and give them the joys of heaven forever? Is it so hard to love such a God?

Then, the next commandment—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This includes every man, it makes no difference whatever as to nationality or language or color, the command is, "thou shalt love thy neighbor;" and not only that, my dear brethren, but that command extends even to our enemies—"Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you."

These, therefore, are the two great commandments that every man must keep if he wants to lead a Christian life. This is the way in which man reaches heaven, the way in which he keeps the golden rule "Do unto others as you wish them to do unto you." There is no doubt whatever about what we have to do; the question arises as to how a man is going to succeed in keeping these commandments of God.

One thing is certain, that man left to himself is bound to fail, without Jesus Christ you can do nothing; but the Almighty and the Eternal God, who cares for the birds of the air, for the fishes of the sea, and the flowers of the field, has not left man without a sure help in the working out of his salvation. Children, as you know, when created are given as a precious gift to parents, and these parents are bound by every law to provide for the wants of both soul and body. It is true the child is born "a child of wrath," is marked with the stain of original sin, but the Blessed Master has provided a remedy, and hence the child is reborn in Baptism, reborn in the spiritual life, and becomes a subject of the Church, which the Master founded to continue His work until the end of time. This is a great guide and a great help. We are told that "Christ loved the Church and delivered Himself up to it, that it might be holy and without blemish." He sent the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, to be the soul of that Church, to teach all things that He had commanded, and to remain with the Church forever. Thus, my dear brethren, is the Church of the Living God the pillar and the ground of truth, the one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, imperishable and infallible, and it is placed on earth by the Divine Master Himself to conduct souls to the everlasting dwelling and everlasting happiness. Therefore, we should understand our duties toward this Church of the Living God. We know how the Master commanded to go forth and to teach the ages and the nations, and no nation was converted except by the missionaries sent forth by the Catholic Church. Even to-day she has her noble band of missionaries throughout the world. The love of Christ urges them on, they fight their way with no carnal weapons, but conquer in the Sign of the Cross. We have some of these good missionary Fathers attending this council, men from the cold regions of Labrador and the Yukon, from the great north to the great west, the great lone land, where they are spending their lives preaching to the red man and to the white man, and to savage and uncivilized nations.

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These are two great commandments. This do, and the Divine Master says,

belongs to Caesar and give to God what belongs to God." The soul of man belongs to God, and therefore, that soul must be trained and assisted so as to reach its last end, its true home in heaven.

Another thing, my dear brethren, we must remember that this great old Catholic Church is not a national church; like her Master she embraces all nations and tongues, she loves them and she legislates for them, and she tries to save them all, because all are equal in the sight of God, Who made them. Like her Divine Master, this holy Church has her trials and her triumphs. At times she seems about to be conquered and to disappear like the Saviour on Calvary. But the greatest darkness is just before the dawn, and like the Blessed Master she always comes forth from the tomb of affliction, glorious and magnificent. She is the Spouse of Christ and her enemies attack her in vain, for she will ever remain to teach men the spiritual life that leads to eternal happiness.

Our duty, therefore, is perfectly clear; we should love the Church, we should obey her and when death shall come she will conduct us to Jesus and Mary to live with them forever. Amen.

Interesting Ceremony at Sillery.

Sunday afternoon, the 10th inst., was a gala day in the parish of Sillery in the suburbs of Quebec. Two gentlemen, the Hon. Mr. Staples and M. P. Davis, Esq.,

had generously renovated the interior and painted the exterior of the parish Church at their own private expense. It was a handsome thing to do and well deserved the recognition it received a week ago. Occasion was taken of the completion of the work to present these gentlemen with suitable addresses. His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec attended with the Rector of Laval University, the Very Rev. Father Gosselin, Mgr. Matthieu, Canon Roy of Montreal, L'Abbe Casgrain, Archdeacon Casey of Lindsay, Ont., and others. The Rector of Sillery, Father Maguire, had the entrance to the parish and church handsomely trimmed with bunting and green as a fitting approach for the Archbishop and the visitors. Besides members of the families of the guests of honor the Lieut. Governor, Sir Henry Pelletier, and his Aide-de-Camp were at the ceremony. The addresses, which were read by the Warden, returned the thanks of the Parish to the two generous donors for their interest in their Church. At the close His Grace Archbishop Begin also expressed his thanks to these gentlemen for what they had done. The sermon in French was delivered by the Right Rev. Canon Roy of Montreal. Archdeacon Casey of Lindsay preached in English, of which the following is a synopsis:

It is written my house is a house of prayer. (St. Luke xix, 46.)

The psalmist meditating on the greatness of God and the littleness of man, cried out in ecstasy: "What is man that thou art mindful of him, O Lord! Thou hast made him a little less than the angels. Thou hast crowned him with honor and glory. Thou hast placed him over the works of thy hands. God has given man dominion over the created things of earth. This power he must use for the greater glory of his Creator. Almighty God has declared that it is His delight to dwell with the children of men. He has desired for himself a house on earth. "My house is a house of prayer." How can man endowed like the angels with intelligence and will, better employ his sovereignty, than in erecting and beautifying that house, so as to make it as far as man can, worthy of Him whose majesty and beauty is infinite. The Church has ever understood this. At no time was it more manifest than in the "Agen of Faith," when men's minds were full of ardor in the service of God, when his every faculty was employed to the greater glory of God. It was Catholic faith which called forth men of genius to design and bring to perfection these grand gothic cathedrals, every portion of which glorifies and points to the presence of God. There too the sculptor delighted to portray the Saviour and his servants the saints in beautiful marble. The painter with his thoughts on God loved to depict in color the mysteries of God's love, the wonderful purity of the Virgin Mother and the heroism of the saints. Thus they glorified God and raised men's souls to the supernatural, to God Himself. Music was added to give harmony to the liturgy and solemnity to the sacrifice of the Mass, that with greater fervor and devotion praise and prayer may be offered to the Most High. It was always God's will that man should employ his best gifts in erecting and in adorning His temples. He commanded the Israelites to build the ark, which He would make His throne and mercy seat, of the most precious wood overlaid with gold, and place two golden seraphim above it. Again when Solomon built the temple, a work which God refused to David; whose hands were red with the blood of war, he used on it the most precious material brought from distant lands: cedar from Mount Lebanon, gold from the far away mines of Ophir. He employed the most skilled workmen from Tyre. This was pleasing to God for we learn that, at the prayer of Solomon, fire came down from heaven and consumed the holocausts and victims placed on the altar, and serves the Holy Ghost: "The Majesty of God filled the Temple."

We also read that after the temple was destroyed, and another built in its place, the elders of the nation wept because the second temple did not equal the first in beauty and richness. Nevertheless the prophet foretold that the second temple would be more glorious than the first, for one day the Messiah, the Saviour of the world, would enter its portals.

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The Church, also, upholds always the authority of the parents and the authority of the State—"Give to Caesar what

belongs to Christ dwelleth in them. If the Son of God has designed to become

## FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost.

## THE GREAT CAUSE OF CRIME.

Every year, on the tenth day of October, Catholic temperance advocates have been accustomed to celebrate the birthday of Father Mathew, and to renew their zeal for the great work to which he devoted. The New Testament clearly teaches that drunkards are excluded from the kingdom of heaven. It was no new doctrine, therefore, that Father Mathew proclaimed when he appealed to all Christians to join with him in opposition to the degrading vice of intemperance. He decided that it was a Christian duty to organize a new crusade against an evil that has become more dangerous than ever before under the changed conditions of modern society.

That intemperance prevails to an alarming extent is unquestionably true; that it is a prolific source of crime and poverty cannot be denied, even by those who are enriched by the sale of intoxicating drinks. Apart from other channels of information, the records of the courts sufficiently prove that the habit of excessive drinking is widespread, and that every State in this free country is obliged to spend thousands of dollars annually because a large number of citizens become drunk and disorderly.

Our own experience shows us that homes are made desolate, families are brought to destitution, children suffer hunger because the money that should be spent in providing the necessities of life is squandered for drink. Long observation has convinced those who are devoted to the relief of the poor that the most hopeless cases of misery are found in the sections of this large city where women are addicted to intemperance.

In the presence of an evil destructive of the Christian home, and dangerous to the moral welfare of the community, it is the duty of earnest Christians to speak out their convictions. Some there are who need to be urged to give a little more attention to what may be called out-door Christianity. The sound principles of the temperance question are misrepresented frequently, and intelligent Catholics act in public as though tongue-tied, unable or unwilling to make known the teaching of the Church.

When silence seems to give consent to evil-doing, it becomes necessary to proclaim aloud the truth, not only in the church but in the market-place. We owe a duty of education to our brethren which requires us to do many things for the common good. Indifference is culpable, silence is culpable, when such a course of action retards the progress of virtue and strengthens the power of the wicked. The cowardice of good people has often served to make vice known.

Let us resolve, my brethren, to do something positive in the Christian warfare against the vice of intemperance. By word and example we can make it known to all men that the drunkard is a disgrace to human nature. While he remains intoxicated, his conscience cannot guide him; his tongue gives forth idiotic utterances; his duty to God, to his neighbor and himself are shamefully neglected. In fulfilling her divine mission as the custodian and teacher of the doctrines which Christ promulgated, the Catholic Church must everywhere oppose the sensual vices that debase human beings. The willing slaves of intemperance cannot be honored as exemplary Christians.

## THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY AND ITS WORK.

London, Sept. 15, 1909.

The coming annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society, to be held this year at Manchester, marks the successful close of its first quarter century of work. The society has come of age, and has come to stay. And already its example has led to the foundation of similar organizations in other countries, some of which have a record of many years of useful work.

The society owes its initiative to two men, a priest and a layman, who are still after all these years its honorary secretaries. They have done a great work, which meant steady application week after week for all these years, and done it without any reward but the satisfaction of accomplishing something for the cause of Catholic Truth. A remarkable feature of the society's career is that from first to last it has had the same unpaid co-operation from a crowd of zealous workers. Nearly all the writers who have produced its library of popular literature have refused to accept one penny for their labor, and many of them have handed over valuable copyrights to the organization. The officials of the society have always been unpaid.

Like all great things it had a very small beginning. A Belgian Catholic publisher had produced a tiny book of sixteen little pages in a paper cover. There was an engraved title page, and at the head of each of the other fifteen pages there was an artistic representation of a mystery of the rosary, with a few words of explanation below it. An English edition was prepared, and the "Little Rosary Book," small enough to be slipped under the cover of a prayer book, was produced for sale at a half-penny (one cent) each. This was the first publishing enterprise of the society, which then numbered a very few members grouped round the prime movers in the organization. One of these was an English convert, Mr. James Britten, whose activity in Catholic work is known to thousands, who are not aware that all this energy was the work of his leisure time, spared from his daily occupations as an eminent man of science. His colleague, Father Cologan, is a parish priest of one of the country districts in the Archdiocese of Westminster. The two founders were happy in obtaining at the very outset the help of a prelate who had a thorough belief in the good work that could be done for the Church by cheap popular literature. This was Bishop Vaughan of Salford, afterwards Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster.

One penny (2 cents) was fixed as the standard price for the society's publications.

## 2½ MONTH'S EXPERIENCE WITH OXYDONOR



Hercules Sanchez  
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Mr. Peter England, of Chatham, N. B. writes on May 22nd, 1909:

"I had Indigestion or Heartburn; my feet were always cold except when asleep; I would have to get up three or four times in the night. I could not work nor walk fast; often I have had to stop until I would get relief. The doctors told me a year ago last April that it was the heart, and to be very careful."

"I had taken lots of medicine, and was worse two months ago than when I too: the trouble in April, 1908. Now I have no heartburn or indigestion, and my feet are a natural warmth.

I sleep from 10.30 to 5.30—a good, refreshing sleep. I can work and walk around smartly. I have had but slight attacks two or three times in two months, and that was my own fault, for I over-exerted."

OXYDONOR is the wonderful little instrument invented by Dr. Hercules Sanchez, which makes you master of disease. You can get well as easily as you get sick—while you sleep.

OXYDONOR causes the body to absorb Oxygen freely from the air, through skin and tissues. Once permeated with Oxygen, the system is so invigorated that it spontaneously throws off disease, and regains perfect health.

Write at once for FREE Booklet about OXYDONOR and its wonderful cures.

**Dr. H. SANCHE & CO.**  
380 St. Catherine St. West Montreal, Que.

tions, and, though higher priced pamphlets and books have been issued, this is the price of most of the items in the long catalogue of "booklets" issued during twenty-five years. A series of papers on historical questions have among its contributors men like the late Father John Morris, S. J., and the Redemptorist Father Bridgett. The series of penny lives of the saints and of eminent Catholics now covers a wide range of pious biography, and some of these little books have had an enormous circulation; the "Life of St. Patrick," for instance, has run to eighty thousand copies. Over one hundred thousand copies have been sold of a beautifully printed edition of the Four Gospels, in four volumes at a penny each. A penny prayer book, originally written for children, was so much used by adults that it was rewritten for them, and under its new title of "A Simple Prayer Book" has sold by the hundred thousand. The British War Office bought a large quantity for issue to the Catholic soldiers in the South African war. One of these prayer books is again in the possession of the society. Its pages are dark with bloodstains, for it was found open beside a soldier who died on the battlefield. As he lay mortally wounded he had prepared for death with the help of the little book.

Another branch of the society's activity is connected with Catholic lectures. It has prepared several series of magic lantern slides illustrating Catholic history and devotion, which can be hired by lecturers at a rate that just covers expenses. The first series prepared illustrates the history of the English martyrs.

At a very early stage in its development the society organized the first of its annual "Conferences" on a very modest scale. These have grown into important gatherings, held in various Catholic centres, at which papers are read and discussed dealing with a wide range of topics, social work, educational problems, etc., in a word, all that affects Catholic interests. They have given the means of drawing many lay Catholics into active work for the Church, and of inaugurating other useful works, such as the work for Catholic sailors now carried on not only in many of our home ports but also in places abroad frequented by British ships.

What the society needs is larger membership. Its organization is being gradually strengthened by the formation of local branches, and it is probable that this development will add largely to its influence for good.—A. H. A. in America.

## THE POPES AND THE PRESS.

When Louis Veuillot, the great Catholic editor of France, was alive he incessantly strove to awaken the Bishops of that country to the necessity of having the Catholic press supported. They did not rouse and the result is seen in France of to-day."

At present, however, there is a feverish anxiety to help the French Catholic press. An organization called the Good Press, at Paris, recently has issued a pamphlet containing the most striking exhortations of Leo XIII. and Pius X. from which a few excerpts may be made. Here are passages which American Catholics may read with profit:

"With no less insistence we renew our advice that you should labor with as much zeal as prudence for the publication and diffusion of Catholic newspapers. For in these days people form their opinions and regulate their lives almost entirely by their reading of newspapers."—Letter to the Bishops of Brazil, 1899.

"Among the means best adapted to the defense of religion there is none, in our opinion, more efficacious and more suited to the present time than that which consists in meeting the press by the press and thus frustrating the schemes of the enemies of religion." (Letter to the Bishop of Vienna, 1883.)

## LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M.  
15 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity are submitted by: Sir W. R. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario.

Rev. N. Burwash, D. D., President Victoria College.

Rev. Father Teify, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto.

John Thomas Coffey, Senator, Catholic Record, Toronto.

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections; no publicity; no loss of time from business, and a certain cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

One penny (2 cents) was fixed as the standard price for the society's publications.

to prove its good qualities for them cannot be told here. Now, I will help but appreciate it. We will send you a book that tells all about it—then you may try the lamp without risk. Write for catalogue No. 54 while you are thinking about it.

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## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Passion for Achievement.

The love of achievement is satisfied in the very act of creation, in the realization of the ideal which had haunted the brain. Ease, leisure, comfort, are nothing compared with the exhilaration which comes from achievement.

Who can describe the sense of triumph that fills the inventor, the joy that thrills him when he sees for the first time the perfect mechanism or device—the work of his brain and hand—that will ameliorate the hard conditions of mankind and help to emancipate man from drudgery?

Who can imagine the satisfaction, the happiness of the scientist who, after years of battling with poverty, criticism, and denunciation, and the tortures of being misunderstood by those dearest to him, when he succeeds at last in wresting some great secret from nature, in making some marvelous discovery that will push civilization forward?

The struggle for supremacy—the conquest of obstacles, the mastery of nature, the triumph of ideals—has been the developer of man, the builder of what we call progress. It has brought out and broadened and strengthened the finest and noblest traits in human nature.

The idea that a man, whatever his work in the world, should retire just because he has made enough money to live upon for the rest of his life is unworthy of a real man, who was made to create, to achieve, to go on conquering.

Every normal human being is born with a great sacred obligation resting upon him—to use his highest faculties as long as he can, and to give his best to the world; and the laws of his nature and of the universe are such that the more he gives to the world the more he gets for himself—the larger, the completer man he becomes. But the moment he tries to sell himself to selfishness, to greed, to self-indulgence, the smaller, meaner man he becomes.

It is no wonder that the man who tires merely for selfish gratification is uneasy, unhappy and is sometimes driven to suicide. He knows in his heart that it is wrong to withdraw his great productive, creative ability from a world which needs it so much; to let his achieving faculties atrophy from disuse. He knows that it is a sin against his own development, his own future possibilities, to cease the exercise of his godlike powers.

It is the wrestling with obstacles and the overcoming of difficulties that have made man a giant of achievement.

If we could analyze a strong, vigorous character, we should find it made up largely of the conquering habit, the habit of overcoming.

On the other hand, if we should analyze a weak character we should find just the reverse—the habit of failure, the habit of letting things slide, of yielding instead of conquering—the lack of courage, of persistency, of grit.

There is the same difference between a self made young man, who has fought his way up to his own loaf, and the pampered youth who has never been confronted by great responsibilities that would exercise his powers and call out his reserves, that there is between the stalwart oak which has struggled for its existence with a thousand storms, with all the extremities of the elements, and the hothouse plant which has never been allowed to feel a breath of frost or a rough wind.

Every bit of the oak's fiber has registered a victory, so that when its timber is called upon to wrestle with storms and the fury of the sea, it says, "I am no stranger to storms; I have met them many a time before. I feel within me stamens and fiber to resist the fury of any sea, because I have fought and overcome its equal a thousand times."

The hothouse plant succumbs to the first adverse wind.

Responsibility is a powerful developing factor which the idle, aimless person never gets the advantage of. Great responsibilities bring out great reserve to mate them.

The consciousness of having a message for mankind has held multitudes of people to their ideals, amidst suffering, hardship and overwhelming difficulties.

Every normal human being is happiest as well as strongest when active, especially when doing that which he was intended to do, that which he is best fitted to do; when he is trying to make real the vision of his highest moment. He is weakest and most miserable when idle, or doing that which he is least fitted for by nature.

The divine discontent which all aspiring souls feel is a longing for growth, for a realization of possibilities. It is the call of the potencies within us to do, to be: the longing for that expansion and power which can only come from healthful, vigorous activity in pursuit of a worthy aim.

There is no mental tonic, no physical stimulus like that which comes from the consciousness of growing larger, fuller, completer each day in the pursuit of one's chosen work.

The passion for conquest, the conquering faculty which we all have—that something within us which aspires—becomes strong and powerful just in proportion as it has legitimate exercise and encouragement, so that every feeling out and stretching of the mind, every exercise of the faculties to-day makes a larger to-morrow possible.—O. S. M. in Success.

The Best Thing.

So far as this department has gone, its teachings may be summarized as follows:

1. That the best thing in the world is not wealth, but a noble character.

2. That success is achieved when we lead the life that God has destined for us in the way that pleases Him.

3. That frugality in youth is the surest way to competence in old age.

4. That to sow "wild oats" is apt to result in the reaping of a wild harvest.

5. That as the married state is the vocation of the vast majority of men, the youth not called to the religious state, should work and strive and pray to be worthy of a good wife and a happy home of his own.

6. That the evenings should not be wasted in idleness, in bad society, in saloons, or in low theatres, but should be utilized in the cultivation of bene-

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cial friendships, in reading, in the acquirement of skill or accomplishment.

7. That good books are good company.

8. That temperance, honesty, truthfulness and industry are the cornerstones of prosperity.

9. That every good citizen should be patriotically interested in public affairs and should do what he can to make politics pure and honorable.

These doctrines are fundamental for the formation of Christians, of gentlemen and of good citizens.

### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

#### Poetic Justice.

"Father, what is poetic justice?" asked Fred Stanley at the table.

"Bless the boy! What put that into his head?" said mother.

"Why, there was something about it in our reading lesson to-day, and when I asked Miss Thompson what it meant, she said she would see how many of us could find out ourselves, and give her an illustration of it to-morrow; but I don't know how to find out unless you tell me, father."

Mr. Stanley looked thoughtful for a moment, and then smiled, as if struck by some amusing recollection.

"Poetic justice," he said, "is a kind of justice which reaches us through the unforeseen consequences of our unjust acts. I will tell you a little story, Fred, which I think will furnish the illustration you are after."

"I recall a summer afternoon a good many years ago, when I was not so large as I am now. Two other boys and I went blackberrying in a big meadow several miles from home. On our way to the meadow as we paddled along the dusty highway, we met a stray dog. He was a friendless, forlorn-looking creature and seemed delighted to make up with us; and when we gave him some scraps of bread and meat from our lunch basket he capered for joy, and trotted along at our side, as if to say, 'Now, boys, I'm one of you.' We named him Rover and boy-like we tried to find out how much he knew and what he could do in the way of tricks; and we soon discovered that he would 'fetch and carry' beautifully. No matter how big the stick or stone, nor how far away we threw it, he would reach it and draw it back to us. Fences, ditches and brambles he seemed to regard only as so many obstacles thrown in his way to try his pluck and endurance, and he overcame them all."

"At length we reached the meadow, and scattered out in quest of blackberries. In my wandering I discovered a hornets' nest, the largest I ever saw, and I have seen a good many. It was built in a cluster of blackberry vines, and hung low, touching the ground. Moreover, it was at the foot of a little hill; and as I scampered up the latter I was met at the summit by Rover, frisking about with a stick in his mouth. I don't see why the dog and the hornet's nest should have connected themselves in my mind, but they did, and a wicked thought was born of the union."

"Rob! Will! Come here. We'll have some fun."

"They came promptly and I explained my plan. I pointed out the hornet's nest, and proposed that we roll a stone upon it, and send Rover after the stone.

"And, oh, won't it be fun to see how astonished he'll be when the hornets come out?" I cried in conclusion.

They agreed that it would be funny. We selected a good-sized stone, called Rover's special attention to it, and started it down the hill. And when it had a fair start, we turned the dog loose; and the poor fellow, never suspecting our trick, darted after the stone with a joyous bark. We had taken good aim, and as the ground was smooth the stone went true to the mark, and crashed into the hornet's nest just as

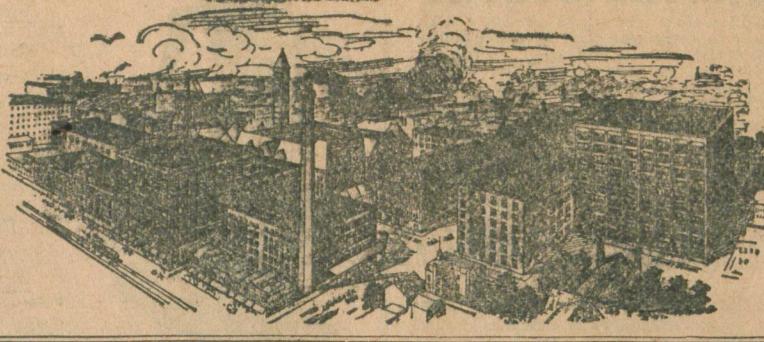
Rover sprang upon it. Immediately the furious insects swarmed out, and settled upon the poor animal. His surprise and dismay filled our anticipation; and we had just begun to double ourselves up in paroxysms of laughter, when with frenzied yelps of agony he came tearing up the hill towards us, followed closely by all the hornets.

"Run! I shouted, and we did run but the maddened dog ran faster, and dashed into our midst with piteous appeals for help. The hornets settled like a black, avenging cloud all over us, and the scene which followed baffles my power of description. We ran, we scattered, we rolled on the ground, and we howled with agony.

I have never known just how long the torture lasted, but I remember it was poor Rover who rose to the emergency, and with superior instinct showed us a way to rid ourselves of our vindictive assailants. As soon as he realized that we, too, were in distress, and could give no assistance, he ran blindly to a stream which flowed through the meadow not far away, and, plunging in, dived clear beneath the surface. We followed him, and only ventured to crawl out from the friendly element when we were assured that the enemy had withdrawn. Then we sat on the bank of the stream, and

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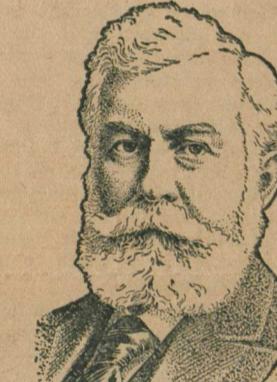
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TRADE MARK

MAGIC

Good Manners vs. Kindness.

After all, in what do good manners consist? They come from the heart. If in the heart one strives to give pleasure to others, to so order speech and act that no one can be offended, there will be little danger of flagrant bad manners.

If a personal reminiscence can be pardoned, an early lesson apropos may be of use. When a small child at "tea" a very old lady took butter with her knife when it was passed at my mother's table. When the butter reached my dear father, he also used his knife in helping himself. A small pinch on his leg reminded him that a child was taking notes. When the evening chat came round, held fast in his arms, I was told if he had used the butter-knife, perhaps the lady would have been embarrassed and felt that her mistake was noticed. Then I was told that all manners which did not spring from the heart were of little consequence, that a breach of etiquette was preferable to hurting the feelings of anyone.

Hard and fast rules cannot be made, but kindness, consideration, gentleness have a way and language of their own and are known over the entire world.

The more a man talks the less he can be depended upon to deliver the goods.

Indian Life in the Great North-West, by Egerton R. Young.

Billy's Hero, by M. L. C. Pickthall.

Lost in the Backwoods, by E. C. Kenyon.

In Paths of Peril, by J. Macdonald Oxley.

Sunshine and Snow, by Harold Bindloss.

The Old Red School-House, by Frances H. Wood.

The Red House by the Rockies. A tale of Reil's Rebellion; by A. Mercer and V. Watt.

The Frontier Fort, or Stirring Times in the North-West Territory of British America; by W. H. G. Kingston.

The Valley of Gold, by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

The Straight Road, by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

John Horden, Missionary Bishop. A Life on the Shores of Hudson's Bay; by Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A.

Donaldbane of Darien, by J. Macdonald Oxley.

Away in the Wilderness, or Life Among the Red Indians and Fur Traders of North America; by R. M. Ballantyne.

## NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.

Amongst outstanding events in the Catholic Church in Scotland recently, not the least has been the presentation to Right Rev. Aeneas Chisholm, Bishop of Aberdeen, of his portrait to mark the celebration of his jubilee as a priest. The portrait, which was painted by a Scottish artist of eminence, is a striking likeness. It was subscribed for, not only by Catholics all over Scotland, but by many prominent non-Catholic admirers of the Bishop and his work.

The presentation ceremonies began with Pontifical High Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, Aberdeen, at which the Bishop himself officiated. The handing over of the portrait followed in the presence of a large public gathering, and a banquet, at which eulogistic speeches were made by prominent priests and laymen, concluded the proceedings. In addition to the portrait His Lordship was the recipient of a purse containing \$500, publicly subscribed.

The portrait of Bishop Chisholm will be hung in Blair's College, the Scottish national ecclesiastical seminary, of which His Lordship was rector prior to his elevation to the Episcopate. The picture will have as company very fine portraits of such historical personages as Cardinal Beaton, Mary Queen of Scots, and Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., whose name as a preacher is world-wide, occupied the pulpit of St. Mary's Cathedral, Aberdeen, the other Sunday. The building was filled to its utmost capacity, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. It is estimated that about twenty-five hundred persons were present, at least half of whom were non-Catholics. A collection was taken up on behalf of Aberdeen hospital for incurables, Father Vaughan himself assisting in passing round the collecting plates. Father Vaughan does nothing by halves, and not content with the contributions of the people in the cathedral, he went outside and collected a goodly sum from the cabmen and chauffeurs waiting in front of the building.

The marriage of Prince Miguel of Braganza to Miss Anita Stewart, the American heiress, took place in the north of Scotland a few weeks ago. The Bishop of Aberdeen performed the ceremony, assisted by Father Fraser of Dingwall. This is said to be the first royal wedding in Scotland since the Reformation, and in accordance with the laws of the land the banus were proclaimed in the Presbyterian parish church at Dingwall as well as in the Catholic church of the district.

## PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

"A Plain Man," in the London Saturday Review, speaks his mind in relation to prayers for the dead and shows how the practice appeals to the reason of one not a Catholic. He says:

I am speaking instinctively. I do not profess to know the theology of the matter; but I am very sure that the man or woman who has any Christian belief at all would pray for the dead as a matter of course, if there were no prejudice. But I find most English people saying, "That's what the Roman Catholics do," or "Protestants do not pray for the dead." I do not quarrel with either proposition, but neither seems to have anything to do with the matter. Surely the question is, "Is it good to pray for the dead?" If it is, Roman Catholics doing it cannot make it bad, any more than it can make it good in itself it is bad. I am not a Roman Catholic and I am a real person (as the editor of this review knows). I approach the matter simply as a man, a soul \*\*\* I think it may be taken as admitted that no Anglican can be accounted disloyal because he prays for the dead. Still more certainly, he could not be accounted disloyal because he did not pray for them. So far is he from being in any way encouraged to do so by anything in the Prayer-book, that it might almost be said that implicitly, though not explicitly, the Church of England excludes prayers for the dead. The burial service \*\*\* takes you with the dead to the grave-yard: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" there, so far as all touch, all communion with him whose mere mortal body they are burying, it ends. Not a prayer for him. He crosses the bar, and not a prayer goes after him; he sets out for the undiscovered country and they do not even wish him bon voyage. Excluding all prayer for him whose body is buried, the Church of England is obliged to include all alike in "the certain hope of a joyful resurrection." It is right that the benefit of the doubt should be given to the dead; none the less there is an unreality that sometimes jars in assuming sainthood of notorious ill-livers. A single prayer commanding the dead to God would save all this.

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that prayer is of force only on one particular planet is to reduce it to an absurdity. There is a theological explanation to this effect: if lost, prayer is useless; if saved, superfluous. Passing the lot of the lost, it is really blasphemous to say the saved do not need our prayers, for it is saying that they have gone beyond God's control. But heaven hangs on God as much as earth. In a word, do the souls of the blest cease to be in God's keeping? If they do not, it must be ever right to pray to God to watch over them and keep them. If this prayer can ever be unnecessary, all prayer is a delusion.

## PAINT IS PAINT EVERYWHERE.

In last week's Everybody's Magazine, Dr. L. T. Thompson, without intending any offense, illustrates a view he advances on Neuroopathy by referring to the superstition of the Irish peasant's belief in witchcraft. Dr. Thompson need not have gone beyond his father's birthplace, Protestant England, for multitudinous examples of witchcraft. If the doctor knows anything of the superstitions of the people of New England states to-day or of the gross beliefs of the whites of the Southern States, he need not have gone so far afield for illustrations. Alice Fletcher's paper, read at the annual meeting of the Rutland County Historical society, June, 1887, lifts the curtain on the incantations, superstitious charms and strange practices of the people of rural New England. The fact is, a rural people everywhere will be either superstitious, fanatical or materialistic, and, of the three, superstition is the mildest form of self-deception to which the human mind lends itself.

Materialism is, indeed, one of the latest weaknesses of the human mind, while Fatalism, or the hope to control external phenomena by witchcraft, is the earliest.

## D.D.D. WAS THE RIGHT MEDICINE

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I sent for two bottles and a cake of your soap which in a few weeks made a perfect cure. I had some of the medicine left and cured several friends of rashes and some bad sores. I cured every time."

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