

The Catholic Record.

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

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Who fears to speak of '98?

At the request of a correspondent the Boston Pilot published the following poem. It was, says the Pilot, written by John Kells Ingram and was entitled "The Memory of the Dead," but has since become popularly known by the words of its opening line:

Who fears to speak of ninety eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, men,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the free—
Some rest far off beyond the wave—
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All—all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died—
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But true men, like you, men,
Beyond the Atlantic foam—
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand,
Alas! that might can vanquish right,
They fell and passed away—
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then herald their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our straits for liberty,
And teach us to unite,
Through good and ill be Ireland's still,
Through good and ill be Ireland's still,
And true men, like you, men,
Like those of ninety eight.

AN IRISH HEROINE.

The Thrilling Story of Robert Emmet's Faithful Housekeeper.

Surely no name in Ireland's roll of honor deserves a higher place than that of the humble Dublin girl whose fidelity to her trust when the sleuth hounds of Britain were on Robert Emmet's track has become a household word. Brian Devlin was a Dublin workman and a patriot to the heart's core. He and his family were in Emmet's confidence while the heroic young United Irishman was planning and preparing for the renewal of the armed struggle for Ireland's liberty.

At his house in Butterfield lane the leaders of the movement which ended so disastrously often met. But Sirr and his band of ruffians were soon on the track, and one night the working man's humble home was surrounded by a corps of yeomanry. They were too late. The rebel chief had disappeared and the scoundrels—worthy comrades of the gang who murdered Miss Grey at Hillsborough—took young Anne Devlin prisoner and put her to the torture in order to force from her the secret of Emmet's place of concealment. Anne Devlin knew where the patriot leader was to be found. Many times had she traveled thither with messages from Emmet's Dublin friends. But the fiends who did England's work in Ireland might as well have tried to hurl the Wicklow Mountains into the Irish Sea as to shake the unswerving loyalty of that humble Irish girl.

PUT TO THE TORTURE.

They thrust their bayonets and swords into her flesh until the blood flowed from a dozen cruel wounds. Her lips remained sealed, her faith was firm as adamant.

"Hang her!" cried a brute, perhaps more merciful than the rest. Before her eyes they built a temporary gallows, and as she stood beneath the dangling rope they asked her once again to confess.

"You may murder me, you villains, but not one word about him will you get from me," was the undaunted reply.

Then they placed the rope around her neck.

"The Lord Jesus have mercy on my soul!"

She deemed her last moments had come and cheerfully she faced death in its most horrible form, ready to give her young life away and face the dread unknown, with a prayer to the Creator on her lips, rather than purchase life and all that life promised by uttering the single word desired by her torturers.

She was unconscious when the instruments of England's rule lowered her again to the ground, and the first sounds that met her ears were the brutal cheers of the ribald crew who surrounded her. Torture failed—death itself had no tortures for Anne Devlin—the infamous Sirr tried another plan. Her father and mother, her brothers and sisters were in jail. Their liberty was offered as the price of Emmet's betrayal. But Anne Devlin's secret was as safe as it had been when she swung from the yeoman's gallows. Sirr could promise even more. She was poor—in all probability she had never owned a sovereign during her life. The major offered her what to a poverty-stricken girl must have seemed an untold fortune—the sum of £500 if she would only say where the youthful patriot's plans were being matured.

Anne Devlin and her family were still in jail when the dogs lapped up the blood of the patriot martyr. Wealth and liberty and the protection and favor of the rulers of the land could have been theirs. But deep in the hearts of poor Brian Devlin and his daughters were the truth and faith, the keen sense of honor and the grand and fearless devotion to principle which are the heritages of the Irish race. In the world's history there is no record of a nobler instance of true patriotism and steadfast loyalty than the story of Anne Devlin's heroism.

Dr. Madden found Anne Devlin alive in obscurity and poverty fifty years afterwards, and out of a not too well-filled purse he paid her a little annuity until she died. She is buried in Old Glasnevin cemetery, near the grave which is supposed to be Robert Emmet's.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE DEVIL.

Teaching of the Church Regarding Happenings Not Attributable to Natural Causes.

Right Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan, one of the most eloquent of England's ecclesiastics, discoursed recently on "Modern Spiritualism and Dealings With the Devil." We hear a great deal said not only by the simple and uneducated, but also by men and women of position and culture concerning mind rapping, faith cures, clairvoyance, spiritism, table turning, table rapping, spirit rapping, magic and second sight. These are subjects in which thousands take their delight, in which vast numbers seem to find recreation, amusement and excitement of a not always desirable kind, while we not infrequently see in the daily press how simple country maidens and unsuspecting servant girls have been induced to part with their hard earned gains to wandering gypsies and fortune tellers, under pretences of getting their prospects of marriage clearly laid out before them—as though an ignorant gypsy, who spends her time wandering about the country from place to place, without any fixed abode, could read the destinies of people by the stars or foretell the future of any girl silly enough to "cross her palm with a shilling."

There are no doubt many hidden forces in nature of which we know exceedingly little, and it would be most unreasonable to contend that we have mastered all the secrets of the universe, and still worse to assert that a thing is untrue or wicked because we are unable to fully explain it. Take, for instance, the phenomena connected with hypnotism, in which reason and memory are temporarily suspended, the will is paralyzed and the patient is irresistibly impelled to act in ways wholly out of keeping with his ordinary character and habit. Hypnotism is indeed recognized and accepted as a real power in nature, of which all the laws have not yet been discovered, which contains a great deal of the curious and unexplainable; it may, for all that, be perfectly in accordance with the ordinary law and order of the universe and as little connected with devilry or witchcraft as electricity or animal magnetism. In addition to these and similar well-known phenomena, there are an immense number of extraordinary results produced by charlatans and tricksters which startle and astonish the uninitiated and set them thinking that they are in sober truth dealing with the inhabitants of an invisible world. There are unquestionably a vast number of mountebanks, impostors, rogues, knaves and cheats quite ready to delude and take in the simple. Indeed, I am fully persuaded that more than 99 per cent. of what we hear and read concerning spiritual and supernatural or preternatural manifestations is pure and simple imposition and trickery.

But after we have made allowance for what is according to nature and for what is traceable to imposture and trickery, a residue still remains which cannot be explained upon either hypothesis. This is downright and certain devilry. Before entering upon that point I must say something about the devil. It is customary in these days, especially among non-Catholics, to deny the existence of such a being. It has gone out of fashion, as the frills and pointed shoes of our ancestors. People do not accept the idea of a personal devil; by the term "devil" they mean not a person or intelligence distinct from our friends, but the tendency to evil, the inclination within us leading to evil and wrong doing; to say that a person is possessed by the devil means to them that he is under the sway of an evil, sensual or lustful passion. This denial of a real personal devil is very common, and no doubt the devil is very glad to lie hid and forgotten; for, for all that, he is suspected of doing better as his chances of doing harm. What is the truth of the matter? What is the teaching of the Catholic Church?

The infallible Church of God tells us that devils do indeed exist and in vast numbers. They are made up of those rebel angels who were hurled out of heaven for refusing to obey God. It is the opinion of the greatest theologians that some fell from each of the nine

choirs, so that we find not only fallen angels, but fallen archangels, principalities, powers, cherubim and seraphim. They are fallen indeed from their high estate, but they retain their spiritual form; they are still clever, intelligent, subtle, and more than a match for the wisest and cleverest of men. It is against them that we have to contend all the days of our life. Not to believe in the existence of real and personal devils is not to believe in the scriptures—for the bible everywhere bears testimony to them.

Now, as good angels have dealings with men, so may bad angels. This is abundantly evident from Scripture, history, from the lives of the saints and from authentic accounts received from idolatrous countries, where the power of the devil is much less hampered and controlled than in Christian lands. The histories of China, Japan, Africa and especially India abound with instances. We find the clearest indications of dealings with the devil also in the inspired pages of the Bible. There is abundant evidence to show that these very practices, so strongly condemned by God, speaking through Moses, as in the words of the text, are common enough in England. It is, of course, true that a great deal of what comes under our notice may be ascribed to natural forces or to deceptions; but it is equally true that a great deal cannot be so explained. On the border land of science there are many facts which, on the one hand, reveal the agency of intellectual beings distinct from man, and on the other hand are too trivial and vulgar and insignificant to be attributed to the direct intervention of God or His holy angels. There are certain laws of reason and principles of science which every man feels it his duty to accept. One of these laws is that every cause must be proportioned to the effect produced. Applying the law to the matter in hand, when a certain effect clearly shows knowledge and design, the cause producing that effect must be intelligent. You are present at some source where table rapping is going on. You ask questions, and the table replies by three raps for "Yes" and two for "No." It follows that either the whole thing is a delusion and a snare, a piece of trickery and humbug, and then, if it is professed to be anything else, no one should encourage it; or else the answers are sensible, true and according to fact; in which case we cannot attribute them to a lifeless object such as a table, which has neither sense nor intelligence, but we must put it down to spirits, to disembodied and invisible intelligence—in a word, to the agency of satan.

It may be asked: Can even the devil himself tell the contingent future? No; not with absolute certainty, as God can. But the devil can make an exceedingly shrewd guess. As an experienced and practised physician can offer an almost certain opinion as to whether a man will or will not recover from a disease, or, as an astute sailor will tell by the general appearance of the sky whether a storm or a calm is coming, so the devil, by his far greater experience and immeasurably greater knowledge, can make guesses at truth, concerning even future and contingent events which are oftentimes accurate. It is our clear duty, however, to have nothing to do with the spirits of evil. We have no business to consult them or to invoke their aid. The wish to know, especially to know the future, is natural. The idea of making such discoveries possesses for many a charm and a fascination that is almost irresistible, and the devil is only too ready to dangle this bait before us and to entice us under any pretext whatsoever. But God has forbidden His children to have any dealings whatsoever with these malicious spirits, who bear us no friendship, but who are ever seeking by every means in their power to gain an influence over us, to drag us into sin and to plunge us finally into hell. Let us be on our guard and free ourselves from the fascinations and seductions of the devil in whatever form, for "who plays with the devil can have no part with Christ."

THEY WATCH AT NIGHT.

A Society of Catholic Business Men and What They Do.

There is a society of Catholic men in Boston, still small in membership, but so beautiful in its consecration to the Blessed Sacrament, the sun and centre of Catholic worship, that too much cannot be said in praise of it.

It is the Society for the Nocturnal Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. It has long flourished in Paris and Rome, but was not established in Boston until 1882. Dr. Thomas Dwight, who had become acquainted with this devotion abroad, was the prime mover in its establishment in his native city. On December 7, vigil of the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Mother of God, the society entered on its work. It had by this time the sixteen members necessary under the rules for the vigil, according to which two members must succeed each other every hour before the altar from 10 p. m. until 6 a. m.

They assembled in the beautiful little chapel of the Blessed Sacrament about 9:30. Night prayers were said,

and at 9:45 the first hour's adoration began by the recitation of the office of the Blessed Sacrament.

This office was recited every hour by four adorers, the two retiring reciting it with the two beginning their hour.

All the members attended Mass and received Holy Communion together the following morning, and this has been done ever since, ordinarily on the first Friday of every month, except the months of July and August.

The exceptions are the Forty Hours' Devotions and the feast of Corpus Christi, when the night of adoration is changed from that preceding the first Friday.

A small room over the vestry is fitted up with cot beds, where, previous to their hour and following it, the adorers all of whom are hard working, professional or business men, may take a few hours' rest.

It would excite the wonder, almost the incredulity, of the average non-Catholic to know that this physician on his ceaseless rounds among his patients, that lawyer so cleverly arguing his case, you business man, with whom he has bought and sold, or the merry companion of his luncheon hour, has spent most of the night in a hard bed, in a crowded, comfortless chamber for the sake of his hour's adoration and of proving the fervor of his faith in the Sacrament of the Altar, and finding no reproach in those plaintive words of Christ in Gethsemane, "Could ye not watch one hour with me?"

But so it is; and the world understands not, but the faithful understand and receive even in this world the reward of their sacrifices.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

A WONDERFUL POPE.

An English Newspaper Correspondent's Impressions of the Pontiff.

When certain sinister rumors as to the health of the Pope made it my duty to learn what could be learnt as to the possibilities of a conclave and a succession, I was not at Rome, and as I sped along the Mediterranean between the flashing sunlight on the sea and the ripe oranges and gray olives of the Tuscan gardens, I almost feared lest the frail life of the "Prisoner of the Vatican" might end before I could accomplish my mission. For the risks seemed great. It was credibly said, and it is true, that the aged Pontiff had had severe attacks of syncope, and that he had suffered from serious physical weakness. He was said to be much bent with age and to suffer as the old do from that want of power to steady his limbs which had led him more than once to stumble and fall, and might at any time and in spite of all care result in a grave accident. It was impossible to save him from that common risk of winter, an attack of cold, and it was well known that he could hardly hope to survive anything like a serious bronchial or pneumonic attack.

But beyond all that there were the patent facts that all the world knows. "Joachim Pecci, who afterwards became Leo XIII." (to use a phrase of his own), was born four years before Waterloo—on March 2, 1810. He was ordained a priest over sixty years ago. After a laborious and difficult life he was elected Pope at a most critical time, in February, 1878, when it was well understood that he could only last for a few months. Since then he has been tied by the traditions of the Vatican to a city which is notoriously unhealthy and confined within a territory of some two miles in circumference, and all the while he has worked with unsparring energy, probably at least twelve hours a day, without change or rest. How could he live much longer?

Revolving these things, I arrived at Rome, and presently set about inquiring as to the Pope's health and as to what was thought by those who knew the Sacred College best concerning the chances of the succession. But the first thing I discovered was that no one in Rome is thinking of a succession at all. "Old," they said; "yes, of course, the Holy Father is old, but he is not going to die. He will be going on gallily this time next year and the year after unless some unforeseen mischance should happen. He may be weaker than he was, and people say he is much bowed down and that his hand trembles. But he has an untiring energy and an iron will." As a well-known English-speaking prelate put it to me:

"In the case of such a man, will power has a great deal to do with the chances of life. The Pope is firmly persuaded that his work is not yet done. He is determined to be a consistent Pope, and to leave on the history of the Church the impress of a great and completed idea. Therefore he intends to live until he has completed his task."

And then he told me a tale which you hear everywhere in Rome just now. An American Bishop had been in Rome a few months before to present the customary report of his diocese to the Pope. When he was taking leave the Pope said, "You will come again?"

"Not," said the Bishop, with a certain emotion, "for five years."

But the Pope marked the inuendo and replied, with a sort of rebuke, "I will be here and I shall be glad to see you."

When, later on, I had the good fortune to see him for myself I did not wonder at the common expectation. I saw him at his private Mass, and the impression from the first moment to the last was one of startling energy. It is a singular scene. A small group, representing many races and conditions of men, is ushered a few minutes before 8 from the Sala Clementina into the inner audience chamber, which gives entrance by a wide portal upon the Pope's private chapel. His own bed room—a model of simplicity—is in the same suite. When the hangings open you see the simplest altar in the world, where his vestments, white, with a simple embroidery in gold, are lying ready. At the stroke of 8 there enters from the left, with a certain prompt, decisive action, the old man whose strange face is so well known by its ineffectual portraits. He is a little bent, no doubt. His hand, which holds the benedictio, shakes a little. Over his ordinary Papal dress of dead white he has thrown a long cape of some warm red purple stuff—a sort of morning wrap. Before you have time to think he has gone to the altar and is being assisted to vest. You hear the Latin of his ritual prayers, deliberately and strongly uttered in a strangely deep and carrying voice, a little nasal, which can be heard all through the chamber with admirable distinctness. He tolerates very little assistance, and indeed he does not need it, for his genuflections, when he has to make them, are apparently less difficult or irksome to him than they are to an average elderly priest who is a little vexed with rheumatism or corpulence. His Mass takes him three-quarters of an hour. On the occasion of my visit it was Mgr. Merry del Val—says another Mass, at which the Pope assists, kneeling at a prie dieu on our left.

It is now past 9, and one imagines that he will retire to eat something before he gives his audience, for he is, of course, fasting. Not a bit of it. As soon as the chaplain's Mass is over the Pope seats himself in a raised chair against the left wall of the chapel, and the favored people who have audiences—some dozen parties or so—are ushered in separately by the courteous Mastro di Camera. Mgr. Cajano stands by the Pope and rapidly pours into his ear a sketch of each person. Rapidly and keenly, with a sort of reverent eagerness, the Pope picks it up, and starts off in his strange voice on any point that interests him. When I saw him it was the English universities. His wonderful face lit up and his eyes glinted as he spoke with the enthusiasm of a humanist of Cambridge or Oxford, and expressed his great satisfaction at the arrangements lately made for the education of Catholics at both of them. England altogether interested him. In fact the one thing which was most notable was precisely what my friends had told me beforehand—he was a man who seemed to live by will power and vivid energy, in whom not only the mental but the bodily fires still burned as strongly as in many a man with twenty years less upon his head.

Of friends or intimates of any sort he has very few. Only one or two of the Cardinals have anything like familiar access to him. Galimberti had, but he is dead, and no one has succeeded to his peculiar influence. Satolli is a favorite. So, as is well known, is Mgr. Merry del Val. For many other prelates of course he has a warm personal regard, notably among the rest, for both Cardinal Vaughan and Cardinal Gibbons. But his policy is almost absolutely his own, except in so far, say the Roman gossips, as it is Cardinal Rampolla's, for the great Sicilian Secretary of State, standing very close to the Pope, sympathizing keenly in his lines of thought, and being withal a man of immense intelligence and diplomatic skill, is considered to count for much in the tendencies of the Vatican. The Pope, then, is very far from moribund.

A MARVELLOUS CATHEDRAL.

Magnificent Structure in the Little Hill Town of Monreale.

There is a Sicilian proverb which despises those who go to Palermo and do not visit the little hill town of Monreale, a few miles beyond the walls, with its marvelous Cathedral. "He who goes to Palermo without seeing Monreale sets out a donkey and returns a beast," runs the proverb.

The Church of Monreale is, in the traditions of the land, the most beautiful thing in all the world. The laborers and the peasants of the "Golden Shell" sing of it in the most laudatory terms in that soft Sicilian dialect which is in itself so musical. "Blessed be the master who built it," they say, "and the Emperor who commanded it to be built!" Words cannot describe it nor tell how sumptuous it is, nor is there gold nor silver nor money that equals it. Mary, the Empress of Heaven, said, "I will make me a throne," and she sent the angels to make a cathedral and they stayed their flight at Monreale.

No one knows who was the artist that conceived this marvelous work or who were the workmen who executed it.

The marvelous beauty of the interior is derived from its splendid adornment, consisting of marbles and mosaics. The walls in the lower part are covered with exquisitely polished marbles, and in the upper part covered with mosaics on a gold ground that reflect back the rays of a Sicilian sun with a brilliancy and beauty rarely met with elsewhere. Over eighty thousand square feet of wall surface are thus occupied by these gold-backed mosaics.

At the end of the great central nave and dominating the whole interior construction is a figure of Christ, of colossal proportions and with a serene countenance shining out against the gold background, as though it were a heavenly vision rather than a magnificently rich work of art.

That figure of the Redeemer says a recent author, the Omnipotent One, as the Greek inscription has it, holds forth His right hand in benediction and in the left holds an open book, on which you may read, "I am the light of the world; who followeth Me walketh not in darkness."

Beneath this gigantic figure is the Madonna, seated on a throne, with the infant Jesus in her arms and around her head, in a nimbus, the inscription in Greek, "Without stain."

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

The Origin of This Devout Practice and Its Spread.

Tradition tells us that, after Christ's ascension, the Blessed Virgin was wont daily to travel to Pilate's house to Mount Calvary, along the way over which Jesus bore the cross; and that she paused at those spots made memorable by some insult, injustice or cruelty inflicted on Christ. We can form an idea of the Queen of Martyrs as she thus, amid these silent witnesses of the passion, meditated on the sufferings of her Divine Son. Must not every sight of the pillar at which He was scourged, of the tribunal whereon He was mocked, of the spots whereon He fell, of the way marked by His blood, of the nails that transfixed Him, and of the cross whereon He died, of the grave whereon He was buried, have been a sword which pierced her loving heart? How must her bleeding heart have melted in sympathy with her suffering Son! And oh! how she must have prayed that His sufferings and His death might not be for sinners in vain!

These pilgrimages were noticed; the sorrowful Mother was not permitted to make them alone; the holy women and disciples of our Lord accompanied her, praying in the spirit of her hymn:

"Fount of love and holy sorrow,
Mother! may our spirit borrow
Some what of thy weep profound;
Thus Christ with pure emotion
Raise our contrite heart's devotion—
Love to read in every wound!"

Thus the practice inaugurated by Mary grew into a devotion which has led Christians to hold in veneration every place in Palestine identified with the Saviour. The devotion spread until everyone who had a favor to expect or a transgression to expiate vowed to visit the Holy Land. Pilgrimages to Jerusalem became daily more frequent and numerous. The piously inclined resolved to spend their lives in the practice of mortification and prayer, where the very surroundings would constantly speak to them of the events in their Divine Master's life and death.

With the growth of Christianity, the remoteness of certain people rendered for them a journey to Jerusalem so fraught with expense, difficulty, danger and sometimes disorder, that many pious souls found it inadvisable, if not well nigh impossible, to make a pilgrimage there. . . . As those that were called into the vineyard at the eleventh hour received as much as those "who bore the heat and labor of the day," so the same just Lord decreed that those who could not visit Jerusalem, in that spirit, should receive the same graces as those who were privileged to do so in person; and by the erection of the Stations of the Cross (or pictures representing our Lord's journey to Mount Calvary), every Catholic church became a Jerusalem to all souls who there sought the graces and indulgences of the Holy City.—Very Rev. D. J. McDermott.

The Virtue of St. Joseph.

In a town in France there lived three maidens who attended a retreat given by a priest during the octave of the feast of Saint Joseph. In one of his sermons he said that any grace that was asked through the intercession of Saint Joseph would be granted. These words touched the hearts of these young people, and they resolved to unite in praying for the father of one of them, who, for many years, had not approached the sacraments. Their prayers were not in vain; he became so completely changed that even his companions wondered at the prodigy. He went to confession and was penetrated with the most lively contrition for his sins, received Holy Communion with great edification, and died a happy death the following year, in the month dedicated to Saint Joseph.

The very Mother of God herself was blessed in being for a while the handmaid of the Word of God made flesh; but she was much more blessed in this, that through her love she keepeth Him forever.—Venerable Bede.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

By M. M. D. BOOKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Very gently he gathered the limp body of the poor child into his arms and carried him, half insensible, to his mother, who kissed and fondled, and laughed, and cried over him.

When Norah Denver saw Maurice shoot out across the ice, straight, as it seemed, to inevitable death, her heart beat quicker than his feet flew. When she saw him wheel back safe, triumphant, his beating suddenly ceased, her limbs lost strength, her eyes lit, and her brain thought, in the same instant. The whole scene swam wildly round and vanished in thick darkness. With a faint cry she fell forward upon her hands and face.

At once there was a crowd of women round her. She was lifted gently to a seat with much slapping of hands and little tender cries of pity.

Some offered smelling salts, some stood idly by and gossiped and wondered, all compassion or curiosity prevailed. All talked and wondered and gossiped about Norah's consciousness returned almost as quickly as it had fled. A faint pink tint showed in the pure white of her cheeks, like the wavering flush on the peary lip of the sea-shell.

There was a buzzing in her ears; then the murmur of voices.

"Poor thing, she heard a quiet voice say, "I saw him beside her just the moment before. It was the fright of it overcame her. I suppose she is his sweetheart."

"Rather wants to be his sweetheart," answered the cold, clear voice of Lady Dulwich. "It is the talk of the town that I had been ill for twenty years and was finally cured by your medicine, the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Favorite Prescription.'"

"Hush," cried half-a-dozen voices together, for the flush deepened on Norah's cheek, and a quiver ran through her body. "Hush; she is coming to. At the same moment the dark ladies lifted from the white check, and the brave blue eyes looked straight in Lady Dulwich's face, who knew then that her poisoned arrow had gone straight home.

Bravely did Norah strive to hide the sudden pain planted in her heart. But her pale cheek and quivering lip told the tale of her pain. The world, then, had nestled with her fair name. So ran the bitter thought that tortured her. She was censured for lack of maiden modesty. The bitter truth was the more bitter for the lips of an enemy. Besides, the world was right. Unwooed, she had given her love. Oh! how she loved him! She never knew how she loved him till now. Every nerve in her body quivered, and the blood burned in her cheek and forehead. Perhaps he had seen her love and pitied it. This then was what his kindness meant. The thought thrilled her through with shame. How weak she had been, and how foolish! But she would conquer her love, and hide it till she could conquer it. Never, never, would he guess her heart's secret.

She served herself for the first brave effort, as her quick eyes caught sight of the form she loved so well, pressing eagerly through the throng with an anxious fear on his face, which brightened with delight as he saw her.

"So you fainted, Norah," he said, when he came close up.

"Tell me," he went on more softly, "was it for my sake or the boy's?"

He could not have hit upon a more unhappy question. Lady Dulwich's cruel words seemed to sound again in her ears. Her fainting was taken as a public profession of her love.

"For both," she said very sweetly and softly.

What was in the words or tone that chilled the heart of Maurice Blake—moment before warm with triumph and love. Her words were not unkind, they were gentle and even kindly spoken.

He had come to her full of joy and love and pardonable pride in a brave deed, done bravely in her sight. He had hoped for a warm welcome. He had resolved that now was his time to speak and make her his own forever.

Two words of hers—only two—sweetly spoken and with a smiling face, and he felt he might as soon strike her in the face as ask her to be his wife.

No change in voice or manner was there that ear or eye could find. But every pulse of his heart felt the chilling change. Soft word or sweet smile brought him no comfort. The sunlight sympathy which seemed to reach from mind and mind, and heart and heart, without the aid of words, suddenly ceased. No fits of tender musing broke the even tenor of their talk. Norah was bright, beautiful, and kind as ever. But the something which had so thrilled his

A LIFE SAVER TO MANKIND

is what Mr. George Benner, Warton, Ont., styles Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

CHAPTER XIX.

"TELL TRUTH AND SHAME THE DEVIL."

—Henry IV. Part I.

—Henry V.

"Is this proceeding just and honorable? In your assembly so?"—Henry IV. Part II.

Christy's letter told the hideous plot which Mark Blake had concocted with Lord Dulwich, and the startling news had given Sir Valentine power to break the galling links of habit which bound him to savage life, and against which he had so long chafed in vain. He determined that an apostate should never be heir to Cloonlara, and with him to determine was to do. When he set foot in Ireland, he learned from his old retainer that his brother was dead, and that his nephew was a paricide as well as an apostate.

An action in trespass was promptly begun for the recovery from Mark Blake, who entered into possession on his father's death, of all the lands, tenements, and hereditaments of Cloonlara, on Sir Valentine's arrival. The famous Philpot Curran and Leonard McNally, the leading senior and junior counsel of the bar, were engaged for the plaintiff; and in compliance with the quaint legal fic-

tion of the day "John Doe" and "Richard Roe" were called into court to do forensic battle for the respective claimants. Of the result no doubt was possible. Sir Valentine was recognized by all his former friends. The decision was merely a question of time. But Mark Blake's advisers exhausted every subtle technical objection, which the stupid and cumbersome processes of the courts so plentifully afforded itself, to stave off the evil hour.

Sir Valentine pursued his course steadily, but with stoical calmness. Nothing deterred him and nothing disturbed him. He took his place in society and held it with stately ease, as if those long years in the wilderness had been no more than a fantastic dream. Silent, reserved, apparently emotionless—he made the manner of the woods and wigwags seem the perfection of high-born grace in what was then the most courtly capital of Europe.

His tenderness for his son was most touching, by reason of the certain immunity that attended with it. It seemed to ask pardon for the stubborn willfulness which sundered them so long, and robbed the son of a father's love and care. With every look of his eyes, every tone of his voice, the younger man paid back the long arrears of duty and affection.

But it was with Norah Denver that the real character of the man most showed itself. The womanly tenderness of soul which had dominated his life, making at once its delight and its misery, still lay soft and warm under the sternness with which grief and misfortune had overlaid his character.

In Sir Valentine's presence the cold and stately dignity of his manner softened to a gracious old-fashioned courtesy wonderful to see. They grew to be close companions; those two. He honored her fancies; he anticipated her wishes. It may be that the keen instinct of a father's heart hinted at how matters stood between her and his son, and that he set himself to clear away the obstacles that sundered their lives. If it were so he watched and waited with quiet patience, biding his time, and said no word.

Norah met his affection with unfeigned delight. He seemed to take his place almost at once beside her father in the daughter's heart. She lavished on him all the little tender tokens of thoughtful affection that only a woman can bestow. The strain of her secret love for Maurice hurt her sorely, though she hid her suffering with smiling lips or cheerful words. To her woman's heart it was relief to give her love for the son free scope in her tenderness for the father.

Sir Valentine entered heart and soul into the "United Irishmen" organization, with his son and his son's bosom friend. There was good hope, then, of a peaceful victory; for the power of the Gaelic quailed before the power of the people.

The Government, however, still played a game of brag and pressed forward in their course of bigotry and oppression, though they were walking with conscious fear, on the thin crust of a volcano.

The more moderate party, of which Grattan was leader, bided its time, and made no sign.

But Lord Edward believed that the hour had come for a bold stroke in the House of Commons itself, which would teach the Government that the power of the United Irishmen must no longer be trifled with.

Maurice Blake and his father strongly seconded his views. It was resolved that their organization alike to the country and the castle, the challenge should be made.

The occasion was not long wanting. Under the auspices of the United Irishmen the policy by which the Irish Volunteers had succeeded in wresting something of Ireland, right from England's grasp was revived. A body of delegates of the old Volunteer corps of Dublin retaliated by announcing their intention of holding a meeting to celebrate the successes of the French Republic.

The Irish Government, in desperation, resolved that this meeting should be the signal to strengthen the hands of the Lord Lieutenant, by an address from Parliament approving of the proclamation. Lord Edward went down to the house on the day the address was to be moved, with a number of friends he could trust. Maurice Blake and his father were, of course, of the party.

These and others of the United Irishmen waited in the strangers' gallery, while Lord Edward, his lips compressed and his bright eyes blazing with restrained excitement, walked up the floor to his place. It was a full house. The beautiful Amphitheatre in which the money changers, now rustle paper and chink coin, was then crowded with the wealth, the intellect, and the beauty of the gay capital. Grattan was there, eagle-eyed and eagle-beaked, resolute for liberty, but biding his time, and, as the United Irishmen thought, too patient of oppression. Curran was there, his ugly features luminous with the genius that shone through as light through a transparency.

On the over-crowded benches of the Government Lord Castlereagh was the most prominent figure, sleek, graceful, cold and false. A few seats off sat Flood, dark-eyed, cud-drawing, awkward, and uneasy in the Ministerial chains in which he had fettered his genius and patriotism.

As Lord Edward passed to his place he received kindly greeting on all hands. From the Ladies' Gallery especially bright glances were showered on the handsome and noble young patriot, in which the eyes of many by whom the beautiful Pamela was envied.

But Lord Castlereagh frowned and bit his lips as he saw him, and Mark Blake, who had been "brought into Parliament" by a noble patron, after his apostasy, rose quietly and slipped out.

The obnoxious address was being read as Lord Edward entered. It was couched in the language of undiluted coercion. There was a ruthless trampling down of popular rights in every sentence of it.

The speech in which it was moved was boisterous and truculent. The seconder

was as savage as the mover. "The Papists" were denounced as "crawling slaves for whom life was an excess of toleration." The United Irishmen were "disloyal traitors, the flame of whose vile conspiracy must be quenched in blood." The Lord Lieutenant was exhorting to stamp with armed heel on the poisonous snake which mistaken mercy had engendered." Each furious sentence was followed by a furious burst of applause from the Ministerial benches. But a quaver as of fear seemed to run through those wild cheers. There was a touch of terror in the desperation of their defiance, and many an eye wandered uneasily to where the gallant young leader of the United Irishmen sat, with face pale and resolute, only the flashing eyes to tell the fierce scorn that consumed him. The debate was short as it was violent. Only the Government benches and partisans took part in it. As tant and his spirits rose, and their triumphant jibes and scornful laughter rang through the house.

At length the time came to put the question, and a momentary silence fell on the assembly.

The Speaker rose, Lord Edward rose with him. Before a word could issue from the Speaker's lips his fresh, young voice rang out boldly through the hushed assembly, in words that have lived to our own day:—"Sir, I give my most hearty disapprobation to this address, for I do think that the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this House are the worst subjects the king has."

All eyes were upon him. For a moment after he had spoken the silence seemed to grow even more profound than before. Then the storm burst loud and furious round the daring young patriot, and he stood there facing them smiling and defiant. At first it was an inarticulate roar of rage; swords were half drawn and seats overleaped by the howling throng, and it seemed as if the Government partisans would attack him even in the sacred precincts of the house itself; but the more cautious of the placemen noticed that in the strangers' galleries were those whose hands were on their sword hilts, and whose eyes waited only a signal from Lord Edward; and heid back their furious friends.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE STATION MASS.

Only a week from Christmas, and Aunt Eva, Kitty, and I are on our way by our usual short cuts, to tell Mrs. Ryan that we are coming to the Station on the morrow. I am getting along quite famously this afternoon, so much so that Kitty looks at me surreptitiously now and again, but says not a word. Aunt Eva is an old campaigner. All her life she has roamed the hills, and to day, despite her fifty golden years, she puts me to shame with her light, active step. Our present little stroll is only eight miles, but she thinks nothing of it. A few weeks ago I should have emphatically refused to walk, and insisted on riding Princess Maud; but at last I have imbibed Irish ways, even with the turf smoke. To tell you a secret, I have perpetrated a pair of shoes à la Kitty's—an ordeal, I must confess. There were none in the village to suit me, and as pair after pair were tried and found wanting, I felt so humiliated that my feet, erstwhile my pride, seemed now my shame and degradation—and was only saved from eternal disgrace by an old cobbler who thought he could make me a pair. He did, leaving them a size too large—"for improvement!" When first introduced I viewed them with wonder, but familiarity is everything, and after a few private rehearsals I came to the conclusion that there was nothing at all like home manufacture. I swing along now with a Kitty-like air, my head aloft, as if eight miles were—well, just a nice little exercise.

The road never seems so short as when enlivened by Eva's bright stories and sly sallies. She has read everything, knows everything, and Kitty and I are never satisfied without her. Her heart and mind are always youthful and buoyant; she enters into all our interests and pleasures, she sees the good and pleasant side in everything and everybody. She has a gay smile for the people we meet. They brighten at her coming, and she has a way of making men, women, and children show their very best when she speaks to them. It is one scene of happiness and mirth and sunshine from the time we leave home till our return.

As we go through the village every head is at the door, every voice cries a loving greeting, even the babies in arms join the general chorus.

We reach Mrs. Ryan's, shut in by the woods, the blue smoke drifting through the trees, the dying sun flashing on the old farm house, turning the yellow tatch into gold, and peeping through its latticed windows for a warm good-night, as it slowly sinks behind the mountains. Through the open gate we go to the wide, comfortable farm yard, with its long clamps of turf on one side and lofty hayricks on the other. There is a clean, fresh, washed look everywhere, in preparation for the Divine Guest of the morrow, and the neighbors who, though miles away, will gather to give Him a joyous welcome. Little Dymphna stands on the door-step, and seeing us, comes forward, her hand over her eyes in pretty shyness. Kitty catches her with a bound and carries her in triumph to the house, where we are received with whole-souled rapture—Aunt Eva, as becometh a dearly loved queen. The best chair is brought forward, and mother and daughters gather around her with a hundred endearing questions. Kitty is in the midst of the little ones, Dymphna by universal consent, as the baby, holding first place at the meeting, and I, as the bashful stranger look on the scene so picturesquely beautiful, so peculiarly Irish.

The house is low and rambling; an immense, wide, handsome flagged kitchen, with diamond-shaped windows

looking out on the garden, half vegetable, half orchard, with a sunny corner for Grace's flowers. Off the kitchen open three or four bedrooms, and above is the loft for the farm-boys. The hearth is a study, deep and roomy, with huge piles of turf throwing their cheery, pleasant flicker on the shining flags, dancing in and out, through the whitest and brightest of china, on the old-fashioned dresser. At one end a table stands ready for the altar, the basket with the vestments having just been sent from the farm where yesterday's station was held. Kitty's eyes fall on it, and she asks Mrs. Ryan if she may arrange the altar, and so save Father Tom some time for his morning's confessions. We go to work, Grace and Cousin lending willing hands. From small beginning we develop into decorations. Lace curtains, evergreens, and leaves are pressed into the service, and in an hour we have, to our own eyes, grand results. A recess at one end holds the altar—the kitchen table. The wall we drape in white, with a water fall of lace as a border, the whole caught up with holly and ivy. An old family crucifix is suspended above, the large white figure showing effectively on the ebony wood. With the assistance of blocks for the flowers, and candles on the altar, we succeed admirably. Kitty arranges the altar-stone and vestments with the familiarity of an old sacristan and when all is complete we stand at a distance and admire. The effect is really very pretty—a soft white mass, with wreaths of ivy and clusters of red berries, the sad, s.e.e.t, pathetic figure on the cross between; below, the altar crowned in great bunches of laurel and holly, with chrysanthemums here and there to brighten the coloring. On either side of the altar two windows look out on the mountains, shedding a subdued, restful light on the whole.

We are proud of our work, and Mrs. Ryan and Aunt Eva go into ecstasies, declaring that the priests will be amazed when they arrive in the morning. It is later than we expected, and we hurry homewards. Kitty is seized with anxiety as to my welfare, wondering how I shall stand the return brisk effort. She need have no fears, however. I step out like a Trojan. Half way back she suspects something has changed me, for she cries roguishly, "Dilly, where are your American rubbers?"

"Gone a begging," is my resentful response.

"Sensible girl!" with a wise shake of her head. "I knew we would teach her better."

But I vouchsafe no remark.

Through the fresh, keen air we drive next morning and arrive at the Station to find the priests hard at work. The bedrooms are the confessionals, the kitchen the chapel; the women are kneeling before the altar. A great fire roars up the chimney, and there is a solemn stillness over everything.

In the farm yard and around the door, every one apart, buried in their prayer books, the men are preparing for confession, evidently a matter of much thought. In and out they go, kneeling before the altar until it is their turn to be heard. Father Tom says first Mass when his penitents are almost finished, the curate hearing meanwhile. I wish I could give some idea of that Station Mass in the kitchen, every one apart, buried in their prayer books, the men are preparing for confession, evidently a matter of much thought. In and out they go, kneeling before the altar until it is their turn to be heard. Father Tom says first Mass when his penitents are almost finished, the curate hearing meanwhile. I wish I could give some idea of that Station Mass in the kitchen, every one apart, buried in their prayer books, the men are preparing for confession, evidently a matter of much thought. In and out they go, kneeling before the altar until it is their turn to be heard. 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land! Is there any country in the world so faithful to her Christian traditions, so true to her God, so loyal to her Church, so strangely unworshipful? And now comes the social side. Mrs. Ryan and her boys go among the congregation as they file out the door, insisting on their breakfasting at the farm house—and Irish hospitality flourishes in right royal style! We steal away, edited and delighted, out into the bright sunshine. Driving homeward, Aunt Eva reads us a lesson on the scene of our faith and compares it with all we have seen and heard.—Dorothy Gresham in the Catholic World Magazine.

THE BLIND BOY.

A Recollection of a School Boy's Pranks.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

The father, who had made but a slender living at several times, moved with his family into our village with hope of doing better by keeping the tavern that for several months had been bidding for a tenant.

Among the children was one who, on account of a blindness that came with his birth, they had named Bartimeus. He was aged about sixteen, well grown. With several sisters younger than himself he attended the school. Although his understanding was hardly on a level with the common, his aptness in recalling words spoken in his hearing was notable. We have all remarked that one among the innumerable items in the mercifulness of the great Creator, through whose provision losses in one or more of the faculties in the being of His creatures are compensated by proportional sensitiveness and activity in the others. In studies requiring exercise of verbal memory mainly—as spelling, geography, and the like—he stood habitually at the head of his classes. His sister Caroline, second to the one next younger than himself, used to rehearse once at night the lessons for the next forenoon and she or a particular friend, did, at play-time, like service for those in the afternoon.

He was naturally very affectionate, especially so toward a few, whom, rather consciously, it seemed to me, he elected to love best. One of those was myself, who was about four or five years younger. I remember that I was sometimes embarrassed by a pronounced partiality which I could not feel that I deserved; yet it prompted my bestowal of such help as was possible. In time I became about the only one who took Caroline's place in the coming of his afternoon tasks.

Unfortunately—a thing I have not often observed among the blind—he was possessed of an ardent temper, that was capable of sudden excitement into heat, fiery and exasperate, even vengeful. You could tell that from his glassy, ever moving white eyes, and the crimson flush overspreading his face on occasions of even slight embarrassment. He tripped only a little in his responses in class, or a boy or a girl spoke words in his hearing, suspected to reflect upon him, his frame trembled with emotion and sometimes tears were on his cheeks. He deeply regretted this added infirmity, and strove, if he could not subdue, at least to conceal its manifestations. Although I never knew him to complain of his blindness, yet it was apparent that he longed for more extended companionship; and it was touching, when the other boys were engaged in eager, noisy play, to note the sad smiles with which, while standing or sitting apart, he listened in silence to the gleeful shoutings with what amount of participation was possible to his condition.

The girls in the school-room were always considerate in demeanor when they came in communion with him. Excepting Caroline, this was as seldom as he could render it; for I believe he felt instinctively the prudence of avoiding a society of the full enjoyment of which had been created incompetent to partake.

The boys, also, were reasonably thoughtful when in his presence—all except one. Thomas Dilly, somewhat above fourteen years, was a boarder, being of a well to do, respectable family in one of the lower countries. Not bad—that is, not very bad—yet he had a proneness for such things as were forbidden, with corresponding aversion for those enjoined. Rather bright in understanding, he could have done well in studies but for the pleasure there was in avoiding compulsory tasks. In school, whenever it was safe, sometimes when not, he giggled at things for the fun there was, in which he would have felt contempt if occurring on the outside. More than any other boy I ever knew he took pleasure in teasing, and his arts he had learned to perfection. Habitually at or near the foot of his classes, he shunned the ignominy by making others note the painful disappointment in those above him who strove in vain for yet higher places. He made many a boy wince, and occasionally a girl blush even to tears, by his ludicrous rehearsal of their mistakes and consequent confusion. In spite of all, he was generally liked, as he had an excellent humor and a readiness of talk interesting, often very attractive.

Toward this boy Bartimeus had a feeling that seemed to be mainly, if not only, dread. Tom's frequent raileries at the other scholars, female as well as male, and his unsparing ridicule of their mistakes, pained him so that as much as possible he kept himself away from his society. Tom was one of the first to notice this, and it was not so much from resentment as an insatiate proneness for teasing that he

determined to incite further instead of conciliating. It was an unlucky resolve, and executed in a way particularly exasperating.

The voice of Bartimeus had a sort of whine that in him was only pathetic, but adopted by another very ludicrous. Many a time Tom had excited laughter among the less thoughtful, by pretending unconscious imitation, but he had never done so in the presence of Bartimeus. Thereafter he did it more frequently, occasionally even in class, to a degree, however, that avoided the master's suspicion, but was invariably detected by the person for whom it was meant, who, as if to keep down some of the pain and resentment, without mention of the reason, avoided Tom more and more.

One day at recess, while I was reading the lesson to him, Tom, who was passing by, whined with the tone of Bartimeus in spelling the word I had just called. Instant with the sound Bartimeus sprang forward, and, seizing the offender by the coat collar, dealt with his whole strength a dozen or more blows upon his face. Much alarmed, I called loudly to some large boys who were in another part of the playground. Before they could reach the scene Bartimeus seized Tom by the throat and dragged him to his knees. Seeing that the latter must soon be throttled unto death, I placed my hand upon the frozen boy's shoulder and cried:

"Bartimeus, do you want to kill Tom Dilly? You will do it if you don't stop."

At the sound of my voice his fingers instantly relaxed their hold. The recollection of that face as he turned to me has often brought to my mind meditation upon the awfulness and terrible of the wrath of the innocent and weak. It passed quickly as it came. Laying his head upon my shoulder, he cried:

"Philemon, is it you? Oh, Philemon! Philemon! It was more than I could bear; but I ought to—I was wrong, wrong! Oh, I wish I were dead!"

As for Tom, he had to lie in bed for days and days, and even tended by the doctor. His mother was sent for and as soon as he was able to travel she took him home, and that was the last our school had of Tom Dilly. He left humbled apologies for Bartimeus, who wept when they were brought to him. It seemed a mercy when a year or two afterward, the poor boy, too sensitive to the discordant things in this lower life, was relieved by death, for whom coming he was prepared and thankful.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR OWN.

"We must take care of our own"—meaning, too often, the Catholics exclusively; also that we must not take care of any one else lest we should neglect the household of the faith.

A second meaning is that we must take care of our own in such a way as to win others. Let us claim everybody. Everybody is our own. Whose own are non-Catholics if not ours? Do Protestant ministers so much as claim divine jurisdiction over souls? Is there any soul in the universal world to whom the Church of Christ has not been sent? Whatever soul belongs to Christ is our own. He died for all; He sends His Holy Spirit into every soul, there to struggle for the mastery over vice and error, and He sends His Holy Spirit to every soul, to assist His Holy Spirit by outward teaching to triumph in that inward and invisible battle.

Some Catholics talk of "our own" as if everybody else was the devil's own. Error can acquire no rights. The original and the final ownership of every soul is vested in Jesus Christ, whose Christ is His regular agent. His steward, His messenger, His representative every way. Let us claim possession of our own—every soul within our reach. The man who will not claim his own not yet in possession, is not worthy to keep that part of his own already in possession. Let us care for our own by all means: let us keep what we have got, the precious souls of the Catholics, and strive for what we have not yet obtained, the no less precious souls of non-Catholics.

The natural tendency is to narrow the Church to "our own" personal self, family, race, parish, diocese. "Our own" is that and nothing more, till we rise above self, and above all other abbreviations, to the supernatural and universal Church. The right way is our Lord's way: there is no Catholicity that is not missionary.

When the Apostles started from Jerusalem to convert the world they left their own in charge of one of their number. Slowly they came to this, under compulsion of persecution and of St. Stephen's martyrdom, of the vision of St. Peter in Joppa, and the marvels of St. Paul's conversion and preaching, and the incessant stimulation of the Holy Spirit. If they had devoted themselves to their own, we gentiles should never have had the faith and love of Christ. So have acted all the great missionaries—Patrick for Ireland, Boniface for Germany, Xavier for the Indies. In every such case ordinary human prudence said, Stay at home and save your own people; but the zeal of Christ said, Leave your own and go away to a foreign country and save my own. There is, therefore, a sense of duty which is routine, and a sense of duty which is inspired. Give place to both.

Another view is, that the best way of "looking after our own" is to do so in a missionary spirit. We read of saints who saved part of every meal to feed the poor. So we know of many

parish priests who in every sermon, and in every private work and prayer, set apart something for poor non-Catholics—and this makes their ministry to Catholics more fruitful.

No man knows the truth so well as one who has learned to believe in it and to love it in contrast with error—this, at any rate, is the usual rule. The tree that has grown tall and stout in the open has a better fibre than one that has grown in the dense forest, because it has every day been tested and toughened by the wind. So the Catholic character which braves the storms of error is harder and more reliable than one that has never had to fight. This is very painfully shown in the difference between classes of Catholic immigrants. Therefore it is a benefit to a Catholic parish to keep the people busily occupied advancing their truth against their neighbors' errors—in all peacefulness, but with aggressive zeal.

No Catholic living among Protestants can claim to be completely Catholic until he has set his mind upon some one to convert; nor is any parish complete till it has its course of lectures yearly for making converts; nor is any Catholic mission complete till it has its annex mission to non-Catholics.

The effect of a non-Catholic mission in a parish is a marvellous increase of virtue among the Catholics—faith, hope, and charity. Proud of their faith, they hold up their heads and speak of it openly. Proud of their clergy, they easily bring their non-Catholic neighbors to personal acquaintance with them.

All the lectures and all the questions in a non-Catholic mission form a compendium of religious truth. It is the most efficacious way of teaching the people how to be practical Catholics, and especially the Question Box at a non-Catholic mission is a school for answering questions—all kinds of questions.

Let us beware of thinking that we are always to have the insensitive and quiescent faith of our old-world generation. No; we must fight for the faith of "our own," and in doing so we shall conquer many souls of the non-Catholics around us.

As the love of God requires an occasional jubilee, like a Catholic mission, so does the faith of God require a jubilee like a non-Catholic mission—all for "our own," if for nothing else.

The presence of a large number of converts in a parish is always beneficial. They tend to universalize. A variety of classes, tendencies, characters in the parish is a help. It broadens the activity of the zealous, it stimulates the sluggish, it develops the resources of the priest in preaching and in hearing confessions.

If all the people, high and low, simple and educated, had an eager missionary spirit, how very much it would improve them! There are very few of the doubts that Protestants have that do not suggest them selves to Catholics sometimes.

To the inchoate Church, while yet in the country places of Galilee, our Saviour said: "Go ye not into the way of the Gentiles, and into the cities of the Samaritans enter ye not. But go ye rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." But to the same Apostles at a later day He said: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Going, therefore, teach all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." The universal world is our own.—Rev. Walter Elliott in the Missionary.

A LITTLE CLOUD OUT OF THE SEA.

It is as gratifying as it is surprising to observe how common expressions of reverence, even of tender admiration, for the Blessed Virgin are becoming among non-Catholics of every shade of belief. Those who are watching the religious signs of the times must regard this marked change in Protestants outside the Church as a herald to speak of the Mother of the world's Redeemer in terms of respect, fear, to dishonor God; and we have seen Protestant exorcisms in which our Blessed Mother was referred to in a way that is painful to remember. Catholics were accused of Mariolatry for their praise of her whom it was prophesied, "All generations shall call me blessed"; for honoring her whom the Almighty honored so exceptionally. And to invoke the patronage of her through whose intercession Christ wrought His first miracle at Cana of Galilee was regarded as savoring of idolatry. Now it is different. Non-Catholics are beginning to realize that the homage we pay to the Mother of Our Lord is her due, that our praise of her is fully merited, and that our devotion to her is well grounded.

We could fill pages with quotations from recent sermons and writings by Protestants praising the Blessed Virgin in terms that might be employed by the most fervent of her clients. The Rev. Dr. McLeod, of New York, would have Mary extolled from Protestant pulpits. "Surely her life and character," he says, "ought to suggest many a tender and instructive discourse." The Rev. Alexander Whyte, D. D., a Presbyterian minister, lecturing in Edinburgh, has set an example to his conferees in this respect. It would be a pleasure to quote him at length, but we must content ourselves with one short extract, which reads like a paragraph from some work of Catholic doctrine:

"For my own part, I do not know the grace or the virtue that woman ever

had that I could safely deny to Mary. The divine congruity compels me to believe that all that could be received or attained or exercised by any woman would be granted beforehand, and all but without measure, to her who was so miraculously to bear and so intimately and influentially to nurture and instruct the Holy Child. We must give Mary her promised due. . . . Mary must surely wear the crown as the Mother of all them who believe in her Son."

It is a long call from Scotland to New Hampshire, but our good Shaker friends at East Canterbury have just favored us with a pamphlet entitled "Mary the Mother of Jesus," which affords another illustration of the growing reverence for the Blessed Virgin outside of the Church. The author is a Unitarian, and, of course, does not believe in the divinity of Christ; but he sees the inconsistency of which non-Catholic Christians are guilty. He says: "It seems quite plain that Catholics who think of Jesus as God are much more logical in making Mary a divine being and calling on her in prayer than the mass of Protestants, who also call Jesus God but almost entirely ignore His human mother. . . . Among the mass of Protestants she receives but little notice. I never remember of hearing a sermon about her, or of reading an article about her in a religious paper."

"It is not her," he says in another place, "that she who cradled the world's Christ in her maternal arms should receive so little thought? That she who nursed the Infant Jesus at her pure breast should be almost forgotten by the millions who worship her first-born son?"

Strange, indeed; but very strange also that a writer so intelligent and fair minded should accuse Catholics of "making Mary a divine being." He would be offended if we were to speak sternly and say: "It is false! No Catholic holds that Mary is a divine being. The accusation has been refuted a thousand times. It is unfair to accuse when we can not answer: it is unjust to fasten on us what we deny. It is not surprising, however, that a Unitarian should find no better reason for Protestant neglect of the Blessed Virgin than reaction against what he calls the 'adoration' of her by the Catholic Church. Being a Unitarian, he holds that the life and actions of Jesus were purely human and natural; most other Protestants, who get their religion from the Bible, will not deny that Jesus Christ was divine. This is the stumbling-block. They can not consistently deny the divinity of the Redeemer, and yet do not believe in it as Catholics do—two things very different. If they did believe, they would understand our devotion to the Blessed Virgin. . . . If as Christ came into the world through her, it may be that through her also those who have strayed from Him will return. This is why we regard the increasing honor paid to the Blessed Virgin by non-Catholics as a most consoling sign of the times.

It may be that among the many Protestants who now pay honor to Our Lady there are few who invoke her intercession; but it will come—it is coming. Even the Unitarian to whom we have been referring closes his tribute to Mary, the Mother of Jesus, with these fervent lines of a well-known Catholic poet:

"Hail Mary! so, it rings through ages on:
"Hail Mary!" shall sound till time is done.
"Hail Mary, Queen of Heaven!" let us repeat,
And lay our love and tributes at her feet.

Yes, the new Visitation of Christ's all-holy and ever glorious Mother has begun. Her light is come and the darkness is disappearing. The drought is now past; "a little cloud has come out of the sea." The flowers have sprung up in a land which knew them not—the tokens of love, the harbingers of peace.—Ave Maria.

THE PREACHER IN MEXICO.

His Bigotry Made Him Miss Half the Beauties of the Place.

In his latest letter to the Boston Herald Mr. F. B. Guernsey, a non-Catholic correspondent in the city of Mexico, relates the following incident about a preacher who visited Mexico:

"One happy week in Queretaro I met a Baptist clergyman, a professor of bell letters in some Western college. He was a good and upright man and a hater of the 'Scarlet Woman,' as he called the Catholic Church. So, when I invited him, all unsuspectingly, to accompany me to the magnificent churches and see their wealth of ancient pictures and their superb decorations, he refused point blank, alleging the wickedness of the 'Lady in Red.' Nor would that man cross the threshold of a church. He missed half of the beauties of the place, and he went away without seeing the bright golden interior of the ancient Church of Santa Rosalia, one of the dreams of a great architect, a splendid edifice worthy of many weeks' study."

"This by way of caution to the New Hampshire college professor to let out his theological belt a few holes when he goes to live in a Mexican town of markedly clerical proclivities.

"I have never met a Catholic priest in all Mexico who was not kind in his treatment of a poor heretic like myself. I have dined and supped with priests, together we have smoked fragrant tobacco of the country, and have even taken a glass of wine in all good humor and good company, as the saying goes. I have found many of them honest men, trying to keep their flocks drilled in the discipline of the Church, friends of the poor, and sometimes they have been human angels, sharing their scanty income with the very poor."

THE GOLDEN KLONDIKE.

An Enormous Rush of Gold Seekers Going in.

SOME SOUND ADVICE FROM ONE WHO HAS MADE THE TRIP, AND KNOWS SOMETHING OF THE HARSHIPS THE GOLD SEEKERS MUST UNDERGO.

In the rush towards the golden fields of the Klondike, there are thousands who are ill-fitted to stand the strain of hardship and exposure, which are inseparable from that trip. Illness, disease and death is almost certain to claim many of the ill-prepared adventurers. The following letter from one who has undergone the hardships of the trip, will prove interesting to those who intend going into the desolate but gold-laden north:

Skagway, Dec. 12th, 1897.

Dear Sirs—My object in writing this letter is to give a word of advice to those who contemplate going to the Yukon gold fields. For ten years I have followed the occupation of prospecting, timber estimating and mining, and the hardships and privations which one has to undergo are enough to wreck the strongest constitution. In the spring of 1897 I was stricken with pleurisy, as the result of exposure. I recovered from this, but it left behind the seeds of disease which manifested themselves in the form of heart and kidney troubles. I managed to reach Vancouver, but did not have much hope of recovering. I was advised, however, to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and at first purchased but two boxes. Before these were gone I found beyond a doubt that they were helping me, and their continued use "put me on my feet again," to use a common expression. I then engaged to go to the Yukon country, and only those who have made the trip to Dawson City can form even the faintest conception of the hardships that have to be borne in making the trip. Before starting I added to my outfit two dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I can honestly say no part of my outfit proved of such invaluable service to me, and I would strongly urge every man who goes in to take a supply with him, as he will find the need of such a tonic and upbuilder of the system on many occasions. I went in and returned to this place by the Dalton trail, which consists of three hundred and fifty miles of old Indian trail, starting at Pyramid Harbor. In going over the trail one has at times to wade through mud more than a foot deep, and ford streams waist deep in ice cold waters. When I started for the Yukon my weight was only one hundred and forty-nine pounds, and I now weigh one hundred and sixty-nine pounds, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

I am soon starting for another trip to Dawson by the same route. This time, however, the travelling will be on snowshoes, and you may depend upon it Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will again form part of my outfit.

I write this letter for the twofold purpose of letting you know what your medicine has done for me and urging those who go in to take a supply with them. Every man, whether he is sick or well, who undertakes the trip to the Yukon will require something to brace him and keep his constitution sound in that country. I may say that my home is at Copper Cliff, Ont., where my wife now resides. Yours very truly,

John Piche.

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You know it don't. Then why do you do it? We know why. It requires too much self-denial to quit. The Dixie Cure, which is taken privately, is purely vegetable, is pleasant to the taste, and will remove all desire for liquor in two or three days, so that you would not pay 5 cents for a barrel of beer or whiskey. You will eat heartily and sleep soundly from the start, and be better in every way, in both health and pocket, and without interfering with business duties. Write for conditions for particulars. The Dixie Cure Co., No. 40 Park Avenue (near Milton St.), Montreal.

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London, Saturday, March 19, 1898

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

By a recent indulgent the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., has extended fresh indulgences to those who practice the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The Plenary Indulgence which has been attainable by members of the confraternity of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, who go to confession and receive Holy Communion on the first Friday of each month, may now be obtained by non-members of the Confraternity, provided that besides going to confession and Communion, they meditate on the infinite love of the Blessed Heart of our Lord, and pray according to the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

An indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days has also been granted for every Friday in the year, provided the conditions prescribed be fulfilled.

THE "PATRIOTS."

The A. P. A. have a new reason for tearing their hair and making themselves generally miserable, in the fact that the Maryland Legislature in selecting the names of two citizens of that State who are worthy to have their statues placed in the National Hall of Statuary at Washington, have chosen a Catholic as one of those who are to be thus honored.

The Catholic so selected is Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and who was prominent in aiding to make the people of Maryland a unit in the demand for independence. The A. P. A. have made it their special business to exclude Catholics from being among those who are honored by having their statues placed in the Statuary Hall, but they did not succeed in preventing Father Marquette's statue from being erected there: neither will they be likely to succeed in excluding that of Charles Carroll.

JEANNE D'ARC.

There is now good reason to believe that the canonization of Jeanne d'Arc will take place as soon as possible under the strict rules of investigation to which all cases of canonization are subjected. Bishop Touchet, who presided over the sessions of the Sacred Congregation which investigated the life of the French heroine, has presented the report of the one hundred and thirteen sessions of the Congregation, and the report declares that her virtues were heroic and that besides the miracles performed by her during life, many others have been wrought after her death through her intercession. So urgent was Mgr. Touchet that the process of canonization should take place at the earliest possible time that Pope Leo XIII. promised him that her cause will be taken up before the other one hundred and seventy-one causes which are now under consideration. The reason assigned by Mgr. Touchet for his urgency was that France is afflicted with the curse of atheism, and that the canonization of Jeanne d'Arc will bring a reaction whereby faith will be revived among the people of that country.

HIGH CHURCH CLAIMS.

Presbyterian journals are complaining bitterly against a book which has been issued by the High Church party of England, the title of which is "A Book for the Children of God." The book is recommended by twelve hundred English Church clergymen; but it is highly objectionable to many others of both clergy and laity of the Church, and the Dissenters are particularly angry at its pretensions. Speaking of the Church, it says:

"The Catholic Church is the home of the Holy Ghost. It is His only earthly home. He does not make His home in any Dissenting sect. Sometimes people quarrel with the Church and break away from her, and make little

sham churches of their own. We call these people Dissenters, and their sham churches sects. The Holy Ghost does not abide—does not dwell with them."

It is somewhat strange that the twelve hundred clergymen do not see that their description of how unauthorized men make churches of their own which they set up in opposition to the one Church of Christ, is as descriptive of the Church of England itself, as of Presbyterianism, Methodism, and the other sects referred to as Dissenters.

SCHISMATICAL THEOSOPHISTS.

Many of the Theosophists of the United States express great dissatisfaction with the claims of their chief priestess that all her dicta are to be accepted as divine revelations, and the result is that there is a schism in the ranks, the Schismatics claiming that they are the real exponents of the true doctrines of Buddha, and that the lady at the head of the movement is an impostor.

It was to be expected that this would be the result of the new movement, for where the authority of the one divinely instituted Catholic Church is rejected, it is not to be expected that a purely human authority will be able long to maintain its influence over the minds of those who at one time accepted it as infallible. Protestantism soon became divided into sects after the standard of religious revolt was raised by Luther, and the more recent religion of American Buddhism is following in the same path.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK.

An idea of the magnitude of the work done by the Catholic schools of the United States may be had from the figures for New York, which have been recently published. Within the old boundaries of the city the schools are maintained at a yearly cost of \$293,698, to which must be added \$228,700 interest on school property; making a total of \$522,398. There are 87,821 children in attendance, to which may be added 4,222 in academies and colleges. Fifty thousand children attend the schools in Brooklyn, which give us a total of 137,821 attending the elementary schools within the present boundaries of greater New York. Outside the city the attendance at the Catholic elementary schools of the state is 129,945, and in the colleges and academies 10,000. All these children are educated without participating in the annual grant for education given by the State, and the Catholics tax themselves for the support of these schools, beside paying the Public School tax.

These figures show how thoroughly in earnest the Catholics are to educate their children, and to give them a moral training while providing for their instruction in secular knowledge. It is a cruel law which imposes on them a tax additional to that voluntary one by which they provide for the education of their own children.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The feast of Ireland's patron saint, which falls on Thursday of this week, the 17th inst., will have come and will have been celebrated with the usual festivities in all parts of our Dominion, by the time when this issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD shall have reached most of our readers.

St. Patrick's day, beside being the great festival of the Irish people, is a feast day for the whole Catholic Church, being placed by the Church among the festivals of high rank. It is, therefore, proper that it should be celebrated not only by Irishmen and their children, but by all Catholics whatever may be their nationality.

The day commemorates the conversion of a whole nation to the Christian faith, and this is always an event of great importance in Church history; and as the Irish race has contributed probably more to the spread of the Catholic religion in all parts of the globe, than any other nationality, all Catholics should take a deep interest in the celebration of this great festival. Especially on this continent, it is due more to the Irish people than to any other nationality that the faith has been so widely spread, and is now in so flourishing a condition. The Catholic Church occupies in the English-speaking parts of America a position more prominent than any of the denominations into which Protestantism is divided, and this is due to the great influx of Irish immigrants, in past years, who being oppressed by cruel laws, sought out a land where they might practice their religion in freedom. They thus plant

ed on the soil of America their own strong faith, and it has grown to be a vigorous tree, which not all the blasts of opposition are able to shake, or to loosen from its firm hold in the land of their adoption.

Since last St. Patrick's day the general state of Ireland has been improved, as there is now legislation in prospect which will greatly ameliorate the condition of the people. Not only is it promised that the people shall have the right of governing themselves to some extent by the new County Councils Bill, but the Government has promised to establish a Catholic University, such as has long been demanded by the Irish people, clerical and lay. Hitherto the Catholic population of the country could not obtain a higher education except in the Protestant Colleges and Universities, but the Government now promises an educational institution which shall be as distinctively Catholic as Trinity College is Protestant. This is a great step forward, and if this year the Irish political factions unite into one national party with one purpose, we may expect very soon a still greater advance. Never since the Irish Nationalists were split up by dissensions amongst themselves, has there been so much hope as at present that these divisions will be healed, so we may fairly say that the coming year is a year of hope for Ireland.

THE EPISCOPALIANS AND LENT.

Bishop Nicholson of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Milwaukee has published a set of rules to be observed by members of his flock during Lent. They resemble very much the regulations usually issued by Catholic Bishops for the observance of the penitential season. He advises his flock to observe some special devotions during Lent, together, with meditation and useful spiritual reading from the Holy Scripture or some special book of devotion. In regard to works of penance, especially fasting and abstinence, he says: "Deny yourself all luxuries, and meat at least on Wednesdays and Fridays: use fasting and self-denial as a help to more earnest prayer against besetting sins." He recommends withdrawal from social amusements, and that special efforts be made to overcome some besetting sin, and to obtain some particular grace.

These partial returnings to Catholic practices and devotions which are becoming so common among Protestants of various denominations, are equivalent to an admission that Protestantism has been in the wrong in the past, in condemning these same practices as superstitious.

BRIBERY AT THE ELECTIONS.

We already several times spoke in our columns of the evil of accepting bribes at elections, to vote for certain candidates; and just before the recent general elections for the Local Legislature we pointed out to our readers in an especial manner their duties to the country in the exercise of the right of franchise.

The franchise has been gradually extended at the demand of the people. It was formerly exercised only by the nobles and the wealthy, but it is now the privilege of even the poorest citizen to record his vote, and thus to take a part in the government of the country. It needs no lengthy argument to prove that so important a function should be fulfilled conscientiously.

The exercise of the franchise being part of the machinery whereby the country is governed, every voter is bound to use his power in regard to his vote in accordance with the same principles as the monarch or the viceroys or the prime minister of the country, and as these are bound in conscience to rule so as to secure the greatest good for the people governed, so every voter is bound to cast his vote with a similar purpose in view, and not for his private interest, and much less for the sake of the paltry sum which he would receive as payment for voting against his conscience.

From this it follows that those who are ready to sell their votes to the highest bidder are traitors to their country, and to all the interests for the sake of which the franchise has been conferred upon them. Persons who do this are not worthy to have the right of franchise. We explained this at length in an article in our columns just before the elections, and we then expressed a hope that our readers would one and all vote for the candidates who, according to their conscientious convictions, would uphold right principles for the good of all. We explained the enormity of the sin of bribery. Both bribers and bribed

are guilty of a grievous crime, which is very properly punished by the laws, though the penalties are generally less than so great a crime deserves.

Now that the elections are over, we can only say that we regret to have to state that it is evident to all observers that bribery was carried on to a lamentable extent. We expressed a hope that none of our readers, and no Catholics of this province, would be guilty of this crime. The cases of the contested elections have not yet been tried before the courts, but we have reason to fear that when these trials come, a frightful amount of corruption will be shown to have been carried on in many constituencies, and we have reason to believe that many Catholics have been as guilty of this crime as their Protestant neighbors.

MORMON PROGRESS.

Recent developments seem to point to the conclusion that the elevation of Utah to the dignity of statehood has not had the beneficial effect which was prognosticated by those who, while being opposed to the political supremacy of the Mormon Church, were nevertheless in favor of granting State rights to the territory.

The Rev. Dr. Hamilton of Boston, one of the editors of the Congregationalist, and Secretary of the Congregational Education Society, has made a special investigation into the operation of the working of the new arrangement, and has embodied into a report on the present status of Mormonism, the result of his enquiries.

He says it is becoming more and more manifest that the hope of those who believed that the introduction of National issues into the Utah elections would operate in the diminution of Mormon ecclesiastical power, is not being realized.

There are naturally new issues raised by the activities of politics, and it was believed that the result of this state of things would be to overshadow the control of Mormonism, but it appears now that in the strife between the two contending great political parties, the Church holds and exercises the balance of power to increase its influence politically. It has, in fact, the power to bring victory or defeat to either party, and as a consequence it has practically not only the appointments to public offices in its hands, but even the administration of the laws.

Polygamy is not, however, reinstated openly as a public institution, as it has been made contrary to the laws of the United States to keep up this practice; but the administration of the law being in the hands of the Church, polygamists are very leniently dealt with, and it is still very prevalent in a covert way. In all other matters, however, Mormonism is still supreme.

The elections which recently took place in the new State have shown this to be, beyond doubt, the present situation of affairs. In the divided state of parties, the Mormons were successful in electing their candidates throughout the State, and even in Ogden and Salt Lake City where the "Gentiles" form a decided majority of the population, the Mormon vote was triumphant, the "Gentiles" being divided among three party tickets. It is thought probable that at the State legislative elections which will take place next year the Mormons will be overwhelmingly victorious.

The Christian Advocate of New York adds to these facts the information that the increase of membership to the Mormon Church has been larger during the past year than in any previous year in the history of Mormonism, the converts being in Utah, Idaho, Canada, Colorado, Wyoming and Arizona; and it is said that in England alone there have been during the year over two thousand converts, and that similar progress has been made in other Protestant countries. It is well known that the Mormon superstition makes no headway in Catholic countries, and the Utah Church has ceased to send missionaries to them.

We are not entirely free from the danger of having a numerous polygamist Mormon Church in Canada. In our North-West large bodies of Mormons are now settled, and the Legislature has even passed the bill incorporating a Mormon Church organization.

It is true that mere incorporation will not protect members of the society in any breach of Canadian laws, but

in the face of the fact that polygamy is practiced secretly in the Mormon settlements, we hope that no opportunity will be given for the introduction of that "peculiar institution" into Canada.

THE CASE OF IRELAND.

Notwithstanding the confident predictions of enemies to the Irish cause, that the question of Home Rule would be dead and buried if the Bill for the local government of Ireland were brought up in Parliament by the Government, there is no appearance either that the Irish Nationalist cause is likely to suffer, or that the great living question of Irish autonomy will be put aside through the fact that the local government bill is now being considered in the House of Commons.

It is noted with some surprise that all parties have announced their satisfaction with the local government bill. The Conservatives generally accept it, because it is the work of a Conservative administration: the Irish Conservatives, however, are not so well pleased with it, because they feel that it marks the end of their dominancy. The Nationalists receive it with joy because it grants to Ireland many new liberties and rights which were not previously enjoyed, though England and Scotland have long had all the measure of local government which this bill extends to Ireland. But the Nationalists have not asserted that the bill will satisfy their aspirations for Home Rule. The spokesmen of all the factions into which the Nationalists are divided have declared that the bill is a good one, and this being the case they accept it, but they have declared on the other hand that they will continue to look for a more complete measure which will make the country truly self governing, and that the present bill is received as an instalment of that justice for which they have been contending.

The Liberals, too, have pronounced in favor of the measure. They could not do otherwise if they are sincere, as we believe them to be, in desiring the welfare of Ireland. Their acceptance of the present bill will make it easier to grant fuller justice to Ireland when they return to power, for then the further concessions which are expected from them will not appear to the people of England so revolutionary as the provisions of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was represented to be. The present bill will, therefore, prepare the way for the further concessions which will be satisfactory to the people of Ireland.

It is not proposed by this measure to give the control of the police to the people of Ireland. This could scarcely be expected from the present Government, which desires to maintain its garrison in the country, and to rule it by quasi-martial law. The police under the present management serve the purpose of an actual military establishment. This is one of Ireland's grievances, but the country must bide its time before redress on this point will be obtained.

There is a curious feature in the measure, in the shape of a clause whereby the clergy will be excluded from becoming members of the new county councils established by it. This clause is not in the local government bills of England and Scotland, and it frequently occurs in both these countries that clergymen, whether Episcopalians or Presbyterians, are elected to this office. By the new Irish bill, the election of priests will not be allowed in Ireland. This seems to be an invidious distinction, for no good reason can be given why a priest should not be as eligible for the office in Ireland, as a Protestant minister in England and Scotland, if the people have so much confidence in his discretion and ability as to elect him. There is no doubt this clause was introduced to make the bill more palatable to the Protestants of the North, who pretend to have a great dread of "Rome rule." It is a sop to them, so that it may not be said that the county councils are under priestly control. But of this there was not the slightest danger, as the priests have other business to attend to beside managing municipal matters. Hence there has not been a single voice raised in protest against this provision, though exception might be justly raised to the different treatment accorded to clergymen in the different divisions of the Empire. We presume that the reason why the matter is passed over with scarcely a comment upon it is that it is not thought worth while to discuss a merely sentimental grievance, when important practical reforms are being looked after. The clergy, evidently,

do not want to become municipal councillors, and they do not wish to throw an obstacle in the way of the passage of the bill, by objecting to a clause which is practically meaningless, as the bill will otherwise confer real and lasting benefit on the country.

There is another matter on which there is more real union in Ireland than on the question of local government, that is the financial relations of Ireland to the Empire. On the local government and Home Rule questions the Ulster Orangemen are opposed to the general interests of the country, but on that of re-adjustment of the financial relations, the whole country, north and south, Protestant and Catholic, is a unit.

A recent meeting held to consider the financial question was remarkable from the fact that though Irish Nationalists were the majority of those present, Colonel Sanderson, who not very long ago threatened to take up arms, and to defy the whole power of the Empire, if Home Rule were conceded to Ireland, presided as chairman, and made almost as violent a speech in favor of Irish interests as he made formerly against justice to Ireland.

According to the report of the royal commission which examined into the matter, Ireland is paying two and a half million pounds sterling into the imperial treasury beyond what she ought to pay. This is more than \$1,000,000 per month. It is no wonder that the whole Irish people, rich and poor, landlords and tenants, should object against this crying injustice. But one would think that its existence would convince even Colonel Sanderson and his followers that Ireland should have autonomy. If she governed herself she would do so more cheaply than she can be governed from Westminster, and, besides, such a burden as this over taxation would not be imposed upon her for the purpose of lightening the load which London and Edinburgh merchants, and Englishmen and Scotchmen generally should pay, instead of the people of the poorest portion of the Empire.

AN INTERESTING WORD STUDY.

Under the above heading the Montreal Witness gives a summary of a disquisition by Prof. D. A. Hayes of the Northwestern University on the words of Christ recorded in St. John v. 39: "Search the Scriptures: for you think in them to have life everlasting: and the same are they that give testimony of me."

It has been the custom with Protestants to quote these words as if they were a conclusive proof of what is usually called the Protestant Rule of Faith, or the supreme tribunal whereby all controversies of faith are to be settled. They say that these words are a command by Christ to search the scriptures for the purpose of ascertaining what we are to believe and what to reject, and that all things not found therein clearly stated must be rejected.

Professor Hayes, in his explanation of these words, which was given at the opening of his bible class in the university stands squarely on this common Protestant interpretation of the text, and gives some illustrations of the meaning of the word "search" as used by Homer in the Iliad and Odyssey. He shows satisfactorily that the word search is a strong word indicating an earnest seeking after something, just as "the lioness searches for her stolen whelps and for the thief who has made away with them. . . . tracking through many valleys without thought of rest or food or anything but the recovery of the little ones, the greatest treasure of her life, in the search for which, therefore, she is more than willing to lay down her life."

We do not controvert the professor's interpretation of the word search, in proof of which he quotes the eighteenth book of the Iliad where the same Greek word which is used by the Evangelist in recording Christ's words is employed by Homer telling how, when the stag hunter had stolen the whelps of the lioness, she tracked his footsteps with rage and grief in the search for her little ones. But we do controvert the interpretation that Our Lord's words are to be regarded as a command to Christians to rest their faith solely on the result of individual search of the Scriptures to the exclusion of the authority of the Church of God.

The professor says: "That was our Master's command: Search the Scriptures." He says we are to put all the force expressed in the search of the lioness, "into our Lord's command," that "We are to search the scripture

tirelessly, int like that." Continuing, "Odyssey when ployed of the prey. He ret "There is b this verb. W tures as the the slave. I the verb was search for pr I have been of California what hard w life. The m and take his early and lat precious ore. We may n circumstances "search the addressed to persecuted H ing, and of H Sabbath day, ceding part o "Hereupon the more to s only break th that God was self equal to Jesus then of His divine "the Father ment to the S the Son as the appeals also Scripture who especially of believe Moses lieve Ms also It was in t that He said Scriptures: have life ev are they that It is, therefo on an author ted, and on v to prove the A similar co in debate on appeal to an adversarier agation to ac affirmed by more, witho authority be follows from Scriptures a being the w command im tians shou means where revealed.

Christ, in to find out v Testament the Messias, that He wa that they sh Catholics ma appeal to th that Christ we have a Church of fallibly tea accepted wi It must s speaks here as not a w was yet v words impl our rule of according knowledge, that the O and that th are unnee sequence s accept Christ's is an appe hearers w therefore, great weig low Him, b meaning th to faith in ing the bo phets. Th ly used b that it m guide to fr of the Bib here inclu no referer sage refer We have sage as i in the imp perative r a general for exhor special ch that can the imper case. But we Greek and words are faintly in word usu Equally su

tirelessly, intently, unceasingly, just like that."

Continuing, the professor quotes the Odyssey where the word search is employed of the hounds tracking their prey. He remarks on this:

"There is bloodhound earnestness in this verb. We are to search the Scriptures as the bloodhound searched for the slave. In later Greek literature the verb was applied to miners in their search for precious metals and gems. I have been in the gold mining regions of California long enough to know what hard work there is in a miner's life. The mine-owner may be rich and take his ease, but the miners work early and late in their search for the precious ore."

We may now examine under what circumstances our Lord used the words "search the Scriptures." They were addressed to the unbelieving Jews who persecuted Him because of His teaching, and of His healing the sick on the Sabbath day, as we learn from the preceding part of the chapter:

"Hereupon, therefore, the Jews sought the more to kill Him, because He did not only break the Sabbath, but also said that God was His Father, making Himself equal to God."

Jesus then addressed them speaking of His divine authority to teach; for "the Father hath committed all judgment to the Son that all men may honor the Son as they honor the Father." He appeals also to the teachings of the Scripture which prophesied of Him, and especially of Moses: "for if you did believe Moses you would perhaps believe Me also: for he wrote of Me."

It was in the course of this discourse that He said to the Jews: "Search the Scriptures; for you think in them to have life everlasting; and the same are they that give testimony of Me." It is, therefore, evident that He appealed to an authority which the Jews admitted, and on which they placed reliance, to prove the divinity of His mission. A similar course is frequently followed in debate or controversy. We often appeal to an authority admitted by our adversaries without implying any obligation to accept everything which is affirmed by that authority, and still more, without commanding that the authority be implicitly relied on. It follows from this that though the Scriptures are in themselves infallible, being the word of God, there is no command implied here that all Christians should read them as the only means whereby to know what God has revealed.

Christ, indeed, encouraged the Jews to find out what prophecies of the Old Testament predicted the coming of the Messiah, but having discovered that He was that Messiah He insists that they should fully believe in Him. Catholics may, and do in like manner appeal to the Scriptures, which prove that Christ established a Church, but once we have ascertained that there is a Church of Christ on earth which infallibly teaches Christ's doctrine, we should accept unreservedly the teachings of that Church, just as Christ asserts that His teachings are to be accepted without reserve.

It must be remembered that Christ speaks here only of the Old Testament, as not a word of the New Testament was yet written. If, therefore, His words implied that the bible alone is our rule of faith, to be interpreted according to individual fancy or knowledge, they would also imply that the Old Law is sufficient for us, and that the teachings of Christianity are unnecessary and useless—a consequence which no Christian can accept.

Christ's appeal to the Old Testament is an appeal to a book with which His hearers were familiar, and it was, therefore, an appeal likely to be of great weight in inducing them to follow Him, but it cannot be construed as meaning that there was no other road to faith in Him, except through reading the books of Moses and the Prophets. The text is, therefore, wrongly used by Protestants who pretend that it means that we have no other guide to faith than individual reading of the Bible, the New Testament being here included, to which Christ makes no reference whatsoever in the passage referred to.

We have hitherto spoken of this passage as if it were certainly to be taken in the imperative mood. But the imperative mood does not always imply a general command. It is used also for exhorting or entreating under special circumstances, and this is all that can be inferred from the use of the imperative mood in the present case.

But we must now remark that the Greek and Latin texts, from which the words are translated, are not to a certainty in the imperative mood. The word usually translated "search" is equally susceptible of being translated

"you search" in the indicative mood, as will be noticed in the marginal note in the Catholic English version. If they are to be taken indicatively, they give not even a color of plausibility to the Protestant interpretation, which, therefore, rests upon a doubtful reading of the text.

From these considerations we are to infer that in this passage our Blessed Lord does not exempt Christians from submitting their judgment to that of the Church, which He elsewhere commands us to hear under penalty of being as the heathen and the publican, and which is declared by St. Paul to be the "pillar and ground of truth."

There are a considerable number of passages in holy Scripture where the word search is employed, but confining ourselves to the New Testament, the Greek word *erunao*, which is employed by St. John in the present passage occurs seven times. In Rom. viii, 27, and Apoc. ii, 23, it is used for the thorough and sure knowledge which Almighty God has of the hearts of all mankind, thus: "He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what the Spirit desireth." Elsewhere the word is similarly used. But there is a parallel passage in St. John, vii, 52, to the one we have been considering. The word search is used by the Jews in an attempt to confute and silence Nicodemus, who had taken the part of Christ when the Pharisees were considering how they might put an end to our Blessed Lord's teaching of the people. They said: "Search the Scriptures and see that out of Galilee a prophet riseth not."

In this passage, the expression "search the scriptures" is certainly not a command, but an appeal signifying that the Jews are confident of the truth of their assertion. In fact they use the expression exactly in the sense in which, as we have already explained, the word was used by our Lord Himself, when proving his divine mission from the Father.

When the Pharisees told Nicodemus to search the Scriptures they did not imply that he might not agree with them on other grounds than on scriptural investigation, and neither did Christ lessen the authority of the Church which he Himself instituted, by His declaration that the prophets had foretold His coming to earth to teach mankind.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

An Able and Interesting Review by Dr. Barry of England.

The distinguished scholar, Rev. William Barry, has an able article in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record on "Cardinal Wiseman's Policy." It is in the nature of a review of Wilfred Ward's biography of the cardinal. Dr. Barry writes:

To me it appears that Mr. Ward has raised a vital issue, not only in his last far-reaching and speculative chapter on "The Exclusive Church and the Zeitgeist," but from his very setting out. In exhibiting Cardinal Wiseman as a preacher, a controversialist, a ruler and a restorer, he has traced the lines upon which the first archbishop of a new Catholic England desired that the movement of recovery shall go forward: he has drawn out a policy, and directed our attention to principles of such high importance, if we once accept them as our own, that no ecclesiastical statesman or student, no public writer in the orthodox camp, no theologian or metaphysician who dreams of being heard outside his college walls can afford to pass them over in silence. If the cardinal pursued in his age, the methods which he pursued in the hope of winning it deserve our closest examination. Nor will they lose in power or persuasiveness should it be demonstrated that in following them as he did, through a most varied and enthusiastic career, this great cosmopolitan and father of the Church in our day was one of a number whose thoughts and designs have at length had the seal of authority set upon them by Pope Leo XIII.

Wiseman did not commit himself willingly to any violent extreme. He was not the man to overlook the importance to Catholicism in fact of acquaintance with modern criticism, with literature and languages, with physical and mental science as it is cultivated in the great schools of France or Germany, with Oriental studies, explorations and documents. But it was his misfortune that opportunity never came to him of training disciples or raising up a succession of learned men. His practice,

LIKE NEWMAN'S THEORY

of development, though surely destined hereafter to mould the Catholic spirit which will bring in a second and still grander middle age, encountered opposition, misunderstanding, and the wrath of those to whom their own history and antecedents were a book with seven seals. They held by the creed with entire faithfulness; but how they came to have a creed at all they never had considered. They were Ptolemaics in doctrine for whom the earth stood still.

Had Wiseman enjoyed robust health after he came to Westminster, and had his life been prolonged another ten or

fifteen years, it is possible that the Church, not only in England but on the continent, might have escaped some grievous troubles. For he was the one Cardinal of European fame who exercised a moderating influence where moderation was the secret of progress. He never would have alienated Newman, since, in spite of remarkable difference in training and temper, he understood that rare kind of genius, and saw further into the principles of dogmatic development than his successor, Cardinal Manning, largely as Manning was to hamper them at the council of the Vatican. He could have done much, and with the best grace in the world, to keep in check the Gallic ardor of the Vauillous and the Gerbetis and the Gaumes, which has cost our dearest hopes some twenty years of superfluous disappointment. Perhaps he might have held back the more spiritual minded among the disciples of Munich from their fatal step in 1870. Given, at all events, the strong constitution which he never had, there was no reason why he should not have inaugurated a scheme of Oriental and German studies, the want of which is telling now, as it has told these many years, with disastrous effect on English theological education. Though not himself deeply read in the metaphysics of the school, he would have held out his right hand to St. Thomas; but his other hand would have been extended to modern research; and the unsatisfactory skimming which went on, thirty-five years ago, round the "Rambler" and the "Home and Foreign Review," would have given place to a critical acquaintance with the text of the Bible, and to the sustained efforts by which alone we shall arrive at a genuine common measure between the language of eastern prophets and the exegesis of western philosophers.

Wiseman's last ten years seem now, indeed,

A TIME BIG WITH CALAMITIES;

but they cannot be laid at his door. The worst charge ever brought against him may remind us of Newman's lines to St. Gregory Nazianzen: "Thou couldst a people raise, but couldst not rule." He was full of plans, missionary, ascetic, educational; but opposition threw him back, and some would call him faint-hearted. There is another light in which he appears like a man foreseen with long struggling and none to help. Read, for instance, his singularly touching letter on the disappointment which was occasioned by those religious orders introduced solely through his exertions into London, the rules of which forbade them to take their place in evangelizing the mixed and modern population which lay on every side of them. He turned to the Oratorians, who did what was asked. But when he established for a like purpose the Oblates of St. Charles, that weary campaign of old Catholics against new began, which was not to end until a fresh generation grew up, intent on larger prospects. Our permanent loss, on looking back, appears to have been chiefly in the province of literature, sacred and secular. Catholics were debarred from Oxford until the other day, though having no university of their own in England to which they could resort. And the revision of the bible to which Newman had put his hand was arrested, on what grounds it would be worth while to inquire, though doubtless they were as petty and inadequate as the reasons commonly assigned for other hindrances to the general advance, on the part of hereditary believers.

CONCERNING HIS LAST PROJECT

Newman has a significant passage, as early as the first days of 1847. He tells Wiseman: "The superior of the Franciscans, Father Benigno, in the Trastevere, wishes us, out of his own head, to engage in an English authorized translation of the Bible. He is a learned man, and on the Congregation of the Index. What he wished was that we should take the Protestant translation, correct it by the Vulgate, and get it sanctioned here." (Ward, I, 454.)

AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC BIBLE.

This was not done; but an English Catholic Bible is still indispensable, and will some day be indispensable. As for that "blessing of an elevated secular education," as Wiseman himself terms it, in the ancient seats of learning, it could be denied only so long as the hope was held out of a university founded and carried on with our small resources. When time bore witness against so ambitious a scheme, the doors were unlocked, always with due caution, which admitted Catholic young men to a share in the culture and the public life of their own generation. Thus Wiseman's original thought has proved to be the issue of a perplexed and irritating question, kept open, certainly not to our advantage, for no less than thirty years.

His lectures to mixed audiences, upon subjects remote from controversy and in their nature scientific or antiquarian, led to some criticism which we now perceive was not only futile but extremely shortsighted. The preacher who had delighted thousands at Moorfields found himself after the storm of 1850 no longer on friendly terms with his countrymen, but the platform was not inaccessible on which he could win their hearts by an eloquence and a frankness that were among his most taking qualities. He lectured to England, not in vain. He would not retire into his tent, or live cloistered and secure but ineffective. His literary success made it seem natural for the great Englishman who came after him to undertake a social and humanitarian crusade, not once but repeatedly, until he attained the memorable triumph of the dockers' strike. Between Wiseman and Manning there was no difference of tactics.

They both knew and felt that the day of isolation must come to an end. Nevertheless, in range of outlook and accuracy of vision, it will be difficult to deny that Wiseman was superior. He did not regard life or literature, the arts or the sciences, with coldness such as the born Puritan finds instinctive in himself; constitutionally he was more sanguine than severe, but he would have justified his views on the Roman principle, which has in it a wealth of sunshine, and is tolerant because it has learned what Mark Pattison truly calls "the highest art—the art to live." That is an art which, since the "reformation" had its way, is not much cultivated among Englishmen. They are full of movements and counter-movements; but their religion has too often aimed at suppression instead of regulation, nor has taken into account the joy of life.

LIKE LEO XIII.

It would be incumbent on one who was reviewing Wiseman's policy at length to show what I shall here briefly indicate, how it was of the same texture as that which will make Leo XIII. a great historical name among popes and reformers. We may describe it as constructive; but who can construct without materials, or in the discarded and obsolete style of another period, if his purpose aims at housing the present generation? Again, it may be termed a missionary plan, which takes for its object the winning of Christian faith and practice, not of barbarians, but of the civilized and the progressive. Hence it demands learning, sympathy, largeness, and a delicate sense of what lies nearest the hearts of moderns. It is universal in its enthusiasm for the different yet beautiful aspects of God's world; and it puts under anathema nothing but sin. The language employed by Cardinal Wiseman as by Pope Leo is studiously self-controlled, even where it condemns or refuses assent to untenable propositions. It allows of immense variety in tastes, in judgments, in peculiarities of disposition, and while tolerant of parties will not allow any of them to usurp the name or dignity of the Church. "Peace within and conciliation without" may be said to express the spirit in which the modern Catholic programme is drawn up. But its designs cannot be fulfilled except at the cost of unceasing effort. When we relax in the contemplation of revealed truths, and decline to apply them in detail to the world in which we find ourselves, we are already weakening our hold upon them. Theology is

NOT A SCIENCE OF THE DEAD PAST,

but of the living present. And as it goes back to scripture in one direction, so in another it moves forward as the ages move, taking and giving, learning and teaching, not ashamed to borrow from to-day its own high purpose, even as it made ample use of the Stoic and Platonic philosophies, and knew how to welcome the Aristotelians, and has been a debtor to Maimonides, to Avicenna and to the Arabians. Neither would it now be impossible to point out advantages which have come to us from a knowledge of Kant, Hegel and Schopenhauer. But let these mere hints suffice. That regard which we owe to Wiseman's memory will, it is imagined, be most deeply felt by Catholics who pursue, as he did, the study of the bible by turning to the languages in which it was written; who cultivate science and are alive to the ever-growing significance of art and literature in modern days; and who throw themselves into the generous policy which Rome invites them to carry onward into the new age under her guidance and blessing.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG WAY.

Some fatuous—we were about to say, "fatwitted"—persons do not know how to take their leave politely or how to stop a paper honestly. It is not honest, for instance, to refuse a paper at the postoffice while you are owing on the same. The few cases of such a kind that The New World runs across are always handed over to a lawyer, as we regard such a method of stopping a paper as evincing intent to defraud. It is a bungle to try to stop a paper by returning it. The publisher never knows from what postoffice the returned paper comes. Returning a paper is of no use in the world except to show the veridancy of the person who returns it and then the publisher is at a loss to know where the verdant person lives. —New World.

REUNION.

The fact that organized Protestantism is doomed was recognized by leading Protestants as early as 1811. In that year the eminent German scholar, A. W. Schlegel, wrote to De Montmorency: "I am convinced that the time is not far off when all Christians will reunite in the old faith. The work of the Reformation is accomplished; the pride of human reason, which was evident in the first reformers and still more in their successors, has guided us so ill, especially during the last century, that it has come into antagonism with itself and destroyed itself. It is, perhaps, ordained that those who have influence on the opinions of their contemporaries shall publicly renounce it, and thus assist in preparing a reunion with the one Church of former days." Schlegel's prophecy came true; for it must not be forgotten that Germany had her "Oxford Movement" before England had hers. It is plain to note that among the leaders of it was Schlegel's famous brother Frederick. —Ave Maria.

THE SPIRITUAL SIDE.

The curse of drunkenness on the side of its physical devastations has been abundantly depicted by the advocates of the temperance reform. The amount of grain consumed in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors; the number of men whose labor is worse than wasted in producing and inventing them; the number of lives destroyed by them; the number of paupers and insane persons whose woes are traceable to this source; the effects upon the health of individuals—all these things are frequently set forth with sufficient

fulness in impressive rhetoric. Some allowance must be made for the overstatement of zealous advocates, but there are facts enough of an appalling nature in these representations to call for the most serious thought.

But the worst side of drunkenness is not that which appears in these familiar figures. The most frightful effects of the drink habit are not those which can be tabulated in statistics and reported in the census. It is not the waste of corn nor the destruction of property, nor the increase of taxes, nor even the ruin of physical health nor the loss of life, which most impresses the mind of the thoughtful observer of inebriety. It is the effect of this vice upon the characters of men as it is exhibited to him, day by day, in his ordinary intercourse with them. It is in the spiritual realm that the ravages of strong drink are most terrible. —Sacred Heart Review.

UNSECTARIANISM.

Our esteemed Protestant contemporary, the Watchman, writes strongly in its latest issue, on "The Cant of Unsectarianism." We perfectly agree with its conclusion, that "unsectarianism is simply a mask for sectism." An undogmatic religion is an impossibility. Catholic missionary experience proves that it is far easier to convert the non-believer who lacks strongly in the special teaching of a distinctive sect, than him who is so "broad" that he declares one religion as good as another, and shows in his unregimented life that he means none good enough for him. With the former, there is always the appeal to that much of the Divine revelation which Catholics and sincere Protestants have in common, the possibility of demonstrating the logical progress therefrom to the fullness of the deposit of faith—to say nothing of the divine grace always assisting those who are thus earnestly endeavoring to live up to all the light they have. With the latter, it is hard to find even a tiny spot of common ground. The appeal to the Scriptures is useless—for he accepts only as much of them as suits his fancy, and hesitates not to express his opinion as to the superiority in some respects of the teachings of Confucius or Buddha. Then the faults of Christians furnish a platform for his ever ready argument against Christianity; or, if he be in a happier mood than usual, he professes to accept "the good in all religions." It is not a very long step from the cant of unsectarianism to the cant of unbelief. —Boston Pilot.

A REBUKE.

It is not often that we quote from a Methodist paper, says the Western Watchman, but the following from the Christian Advocate of this city is so just a rebuke to a certain class of demagogues, lay and clerical, that we transfer it to our columns: "We require only a measure of ability to rouse a crowd to these times to the point where it is moved to shout, or applaud, or stamp, or cheer. The man who has the spirit of a demagogue in him, or who is willing to trade with the excitable feelings of the populace, or who, possessed with the lower instincts of an orator, is forgetful of all else but the temporary victories of the platform, can easily evolve into any crowd in either a church or a theater, enthusiastic signs of popular approval. He has only to say something about our fair schools, his own country, or the rights of Spain, or the conspirators against liberty, or the effete dynasties of Europe, or the old man by the Tiber—and at once he may draw out from some of his hearers great applause. Some so-called ministers of the Gospel have recently introduced clap trap stuff into their alleged prayers, and these have been applauded. Here and there occupants of the platform have played to the galleries by denouncing Spain and foretelling that the government was to be speedily 'wiped from the map of the world.' These are paltry and trifling things to serve as substitutes for actual prayer and genuine Gospel messages. The man who professes to be a minister of Christ and who forgets his high calling so far as to use the methods and utterances of the demagogue in his prayers and discourses, deserves to be rebuked and humiliated until he repents of his sins and changes his ways."

UNRESPONSIVE WORSHIPPERS

One of the most scandalous of the many departures from Catholic customs of which the following prayer of the Rev. Father, by denouncing Spain and foretelling that the government was to be speedily 'wiped from the map of the world.' These are paltry and trifling things to serve as substitutes for actual prayer and genuine Gospel messages. The man who professes to be a minister of Christ and who forgets his high calling so far as to use the methods and utterances of the demagogue in his prayers and discourses, deserves to be rebuked and humiliated until he repents of his sins and changes his ways."

THE SAVONAROLA MYSTERY.

The revival of interest in Savonarola reminds us of what Bayle said about Dante—that there was good reason to doubt his orthodoxy and his heterodoxy. Savonarola is claimed so consistently by the Protestants that he has been included in the group of "Reformers" sculptured on the Lutheran monument at Worms. The truth would appear to be that while we may have some doubt about Savonarola's perfect orthodoxy, as testified in his writings, we may be pardoned for some skepticism as to his invariable sanity. The poet's frenzy is a species of madness in his sanity; as it is not permissible to believe that Shakespeare speaks of as "prophetic fury," when manifested to the extent that Savonarola exhibited at times, may render a man or woman non compos mentis while the fit is on him? There can hardly be a doubt that even in pagan times this form of delirium or dementia was by no means phenomenal, but frequently demonstrated by the priestesses of the more famous oracular shrines. Science has in vain attempted to account for the phenomena of religious hysteria, but is any one daring enough to assert that such phenomena do not exist? The periodical revival meetings which we have here afford ample proof that in this obscure region of psychology there are more things than are dreamed of in our philosophy. When a man, priest or layman, assumes the position of a prophet and claims to be inspired, we ought to remember what John Bright once said: "You cannot resort to a prophet; you can only disbelieve him." This would have been, perhaps, the best way to have treated Savonarola, if the circumstances of the time would have permitted it. But events hurried people on, we may be sure, against their will. Savonarola's madness if madness it were—was not a theory, but a condition. His action was not a counsel of prophesy; he had created a pandemonium among the populace of Florence. Hence he was attacked by the Franciscan, Francesco da Puglia, and changed the show his supernatural sanction. Then some one of the striking climax which so frequently make us pause in awe at the sublimity of the faith of the Middle Ages. The ordeal by fire was appealed to—that desperate resort of the innocent to save their fame from the foul charge of the base or those whose power for evil was otherwise irresistible. Heaven was to be asked to make a sign, in the case of Elias and the prophets of Baal. Savonarola shrank from the ordeal, after making many pleas for delay. Hence he was immediately discredited by the fickle populace, and his prosecution as a disturber of the public peace elicited no feeling of sympathy or reprobation. He fell a victim to the political power which for a time he overthrew in Florence that of the Medici—but he had raised up hosts of enemies among the clergy as well, by his terrific denunciation of the Pope and the laxity of morals which unhappily marked the period of the Renaissance. But about his own sincerity and the purity of his Catholicity there can hardly be a doubt. He appears to have "lost his head" for a time by the marvelous success of his preaching and his prospect of a theocratic state, and we do not feel sanguine that the coming celebration will throw any further light upon the disputed points in his biography. —Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

aries are married men with families to care for. The first consideration with them is the care of those who are dependent upon them for clothing and food. The Catholic missionaries are, on the other hand, true soldiers of Christ, ready at a moment's call to go anywhere and to devote all their energies to the work to be done. That this advocate of an unmarried Episcopalian clergy sees the force of this condition is shown by his earnest desire for a reformation of the clergy. One article of religion ought to be interpreted in the light of the universal law on the subject, and our lax and evil practices ought as rapidly as possible to be corrected. An eclectic Catholicism which chooses for itself what it shall believe and what it shall reject is only a poor kind of fancy Protestantism, and may properly be called heresy. It is pleasing to note the honesty of men like this and their contempt for the half-way measures of Catholicism which find favor in the higher circles of Anglicanism. It is from the ranks of these earnest thinkers that the Roman Catholic church gets its best and its most conspicuous recruits.

FAITH CURE ISM.

We have to say to an inquirer that the Christian science or faith cure that is a fad of some people at the present time is not a new thing. Like most other so-called new theories, or doctrines, it is merely an old error revamped, newly labeled and put on the market of credulity as a cure—all an evidence of modern progress. Man has been thinking so long that it is not easy to think anything new. The most that can be done is to make, under changed conditions, new applications of old truths and old errors. A thrifty Yankee some years ago patented a paper rain as a new invention. Subsequently it was discovered to be a fine sample of one dug up from the ruins of Pompeii.

The Christian science or faith cure is only a digger into the ruins of the occult. The writings of the philosophico-mathematical Paracelsus, Pomponacius, Cornelius Agrippa and Van Helmont, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Paracelsus taught that nothing was impossible to faith joined to the imagination. If the imagination be sufficiently excited one can do all things by means of it. If faith he did not mean divine faith, but faith in the power of nature. This power of nature acted in proportion to the intensity of the confidence. *Fides etiam est in naturam.*

In hanc quidem creditur. "He who believes in nature can bring to pass what he believes."

The force of the imagination, according to him, can cure disease or cause it, and has the power of acting at a distance; causing objects at a distance to move from place to place; making rain or hail fall—and all this is natural. The object of faith or belief may be false or true, imaginary or real, the effect will, all the same, be produced. If your belief in the virtue of a grave-yard rabbit's foot be as strong as your belief in the touch of St. Paul, the same desired result will follow. It is the belief—the subjective state of the mind—that produces miracles. Such are the ravings of Paracelsus, and the faith curists only put them into modern parlance. Their faith is faith in the power of will over nature, not in the power and goodness of God.

This faith in will power which makes a man well because he believes he is not sick is superstitious credulity, not Christian faith; not the faith that can move mountains. *Imperat quantum credit.* "He who believes in nature can bring to pass what he believes."

The faculty of the faith cure is well illustrated by an anecdote told in Lincoln. Early in the war a delegation from the West was visiting Lincoln to declare the slaves free. The President believed that such a declaration would, at that time, have no effect, from the want of power to enforce it. He asked the spokesman of the delegation this command:

"If you call a sheep's tail a leg, how many legs would the sheep have?"

"Five," said the spokesman.

"No," said the president, "you are wrong; your calling the tail a leg does not make it one."

This was his way for saying, that calling the slaves free did not make the slaves free. He did not believe in the faith cure as a remedy for slavery.

If a sick Paracelsian faith curist could cure himself by believing himself cured, it would be no insane people, for they all believe they are sane. Belief, to be rational, must correspond to truth, or facts. It depends on them for its validity, not they on it. —N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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A CELIBATE PRIESTHOOD THE BEST.

The High Church Anglicans are gradually coming to accept, one by one, the policy and practice of the celibate Catholic Church. A writer in the Catholic Champion, an organ of advanced Episcopalianism, makes a strong plea for a celibate priesthood. He personally justifies that policy in the married clergyman who are pressed for the necessities of life. They have large families and inadequate salaries. He quotes Dr. Sidon as saying: "In America the distresses of the married clergy who do not live in comfortable country houses and rectories, well endowed and rich in the fashionable quarters of large cities, are often tragic." Further this learned doctor says that the married clergyman with a large family must consider "the things of this world." He must often suppress unpleasant truth and still the promptings of his heart and conscience that bread may be had by hungry mouths. "Whereas," he says, "the celibate priest is comparatively independent; he can get along on little. He can teach the whole faith and have no fear of starvation or unpopularity, or disagreeable consequences to prevent him."

The failure of Protestant missionary efforts in various parts of the globe may be attributed in large part to the fact that the mission-

QUESTION BOX.

Father O'Connor in Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. Not only Protestants but Jews are now interested in the question box at St. Teresa's...

pray fervently for light as to the truth, a suggestion which no doubt inspired Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." If you mean to ask if Catholics recognize the public religious services of Protestant churches as the true and legitimate worship of Christ's Church, the answer is "No," though so far as individuals engaging in such worship in good faith are concerned, their prayers are not in vain.

any means inability to read or write English, which is as unfair a test for a traveler to make as it would be to make the reading and writing of Italian or Spanish a test in this country.

the Salesian Institute. His arrival was unexpected. The two travelers started along the road to them—unknown road. The night was pitch dark and the rain fell in torrents. They wandered off the road; Don Bosco missed his footing and slipped into a quagmire. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "If only my Grigio were here." His wish or sigh or regret was scarcely uttered when a huge dog appeared. Father Durando was frightened, and said: "Take care, take care." But Don Bosco caressed the dog, who exhibited great joy, bounding and wagging his tail.

SEE THAT LINE It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white. Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP with power to clean with out too hard rubbing, with out injury to fabrics. SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

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Vapo-Resolene. Cures Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh. During recent years an important change has taken place in the treatment of certain diseases of the air passages. While formerly it was the custom to rely almost entirely on internal medicaments in this treatment, the importance of direct applications of medicines to the diseased parts is becoming more and more generally recognized.

The Sin of Scandal-Taking. The giving of scandal is a great fault—one into which the practical Christian is not apt to lapse, except on rare occasions and under exceptional circumstances. But the taking of scandal is a still greater fault—one, nevertheless, to which we are all only too liable to yield; and to overcome which, when once allowed entrance into the heart, is a matter of heroic effort.

Attending Church. The Brooklyn Eagle thus publishes some Protestant reasons—very wise ones—for not attending church and for the little influence churches nowadays exert over the poor.

Weak Young Men and Women are seen everywhere. Heredity or overstudy renders them unfitted to cope with the responsibilities of life. The result is a susceptibility to consumption or decline. Medicine has failed and must fail, for they need food. Take cod liver oil? No! Their poor stomachs rebel. Take emulsions? No! They are equally distasteful. Nothing will effect a cure but Maltine with Cod Liver Oil.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. J. E. Bruyer & Co. Toronto's Leading Fashionable Tailors. 222 QUEEN ST. E. All work guaranteed first-class and up-to-date. Try us and you'll say with us. Prices Right.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

ECONOMY.

"Gather up the fragments that remain, lest they be lost." (St. John vi. 12.)

Here is a lesson, my brethren, in economy which it would be well for us all to consider this morning, for many of us will, I fear, have to answer to God for the wilful waste not only of spiritual goods but also of temporal blessings.

There is, I know, a false economy, better called stinginess, and which comes from a miserly spirit, and this is certainly very displeasing to God. There are some, and thank God they are few, who are foolish enough to starve themselves and live in meanness and wretchedness while their money is stored away in bank. But the not uncommon fault which we have to meet, and which with all the energy of our soul we deplore, is the wasteful, negligent, unthrifty spirit found among many of our people.

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," says the man who in the spring and winter months makes three or four dollars a day, lives like a prince, eats the best and drinks the worst—"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." "I know winter will come and with it no work for me, no bread for my children, and the cold shoulder from former friends; but no matter, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' I have money now, and to-day I will eat, drink, and be merry."

Brethren, it is to such as these that our Blessed Lord would say this morning: "Take care, be saving, gather up the fragments. Be more economical when the sun shines; lay aside a dollar now and then of the fragments; save those fragments you spend in the saloons on Saturday evening; save those fragments you waste in gambling; save those fragments you squander in useless and needless amusements; gather then all up lest they be lost, and in the day of need you be found penniless."

And for those upon whom God has bestowed an abundance of temporal favors the lesson is as grave and important. For among such there is a wastefulness, an extravagance which is often disfiguring to the worthy poor, and deplorable in its results to their own spiritual good. People of means may smile or turn up their noses at the suggestion of being prudent and economical about the fragments they are warned to gather up lest they be lost. Oh! how many such fragments are lost to the poor; that needless extravagance in dress, that wilful and useless expense, those fragments of every whim and every selfish desire gratified, which might not be lost if properly gathered up and given to God's own, the poor.

Brethren, the lesson is the same for us all, whether we are rich or poor; all the blessings we receive come from God, they are His and we are only His stewards, and the practical lesson He would have us learn from His Gospel to-day is this: In the day of our prosperity, whether that be great or small, we should avoid all wilful, criminal waste, we should learn to gather up the fragments that remain after ordinary and necessary wants are supplied; gather them up carefully lest they be lost. Then, if we have lived honestly, and demands on our generosity are made, we shall be able to meet them out of the fragments we have gathered up; and if poverty through hard times overtake us, we shall have the consolation to know in our distress that we have not wasted or squandered the blessings God gave us in the day of our prosperity. Remember the lesson—gather up the fragments that remain, lest they be lost.

Attending Church

The Brooklyn Eagle this publishes some Protestant reasons—very suggestive ones—for not attending church, and for the little influence which churches nowadays exert over the poor.

A logical Protestant has no need to attend church on principle; he relies on divine inspiration to guide him in his interpretation of Holy Scripture. He holds that each one should read and judge for himself; consequently he stands in no need of the ministry of the preacher. The Protestant church has put aside the Sacrifice of the Mass and hence there is no need of assisting at divine service. In fact, the logical Protestant should not attend church, according to his own principles. There is no place in the Protestant church for the poor. True, indeed, a mission church, or Bethel, has been set aside for their use—usually a goodly distance from the parent church. But the poor, with keenest instinct, have discovered that the good preaching and singing are not for them. The crusts and the crumbs are given to them, while the savory food is reserved for those who are clothed in purple and fine linen.

Better Than Klonidke Gold is health and strength gained by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It fortifies the whole system and gives you such strength that nervous troubles cease, and work which seemed wearying and laborious, becomes easy and is cheerfully performed. It has done this for others, it will for you.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure. One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It effectually expels worms and gives health to a marvellous number to the little one.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Ermine.

There is a beautiful snow white animal which is called an ermine, and there is a pretty legend about it, which you must know is not a true story, but is a most beautiful one.

The ermine really has not a black hair on its exquisitely white body, and it steps very softly over the earth, that it may not soil even its snowy feet with the dust.

It is said there were once some naughty men, with dirty hands and faces, who thought it would be great fun to drive an ermine into the mud.

They tried a long time without succeeding, for the ermine could run very fast, and crept into very small places.

At last these cruel men made a pen all around the ermine, with ditches full of muddy water on all sides but one, and on this side they built a hot fire; and then they laughed cruelly because the ermine must go in the mud or be driven into the fire.

When everything was ready they shouted and ran after the little ermine, which went bounding toward the muddy ditch; but it would not put a foot into it; it ran to the hot fire, and it ran to another side only to find that guarded with muddy water. So it dashed from side to side; and when the cruel men pressed closer and shouted louder, reaching toward it with their foul hands, the glorious little ermine went flashing like a snowflake straight toward the fiery wall that guarded the last side. The men began to feel that there was not much fun after all in such sport as this, for they were not so wicked as to wish to burn the pretty ermine; but the ermine dreaded their unclean touch as much as she dreaded the mud, and while the men fell back in astonishment, the ermine leaped into the flame, but in the flame appeared the dear Christ Child, who took the ermine in His arms and turned a glowing face upon the cruel men, saying:

"This my ermine, white and pure as I made it. How dare you seek to burn it? I quench the fire that it may not be burned, for I am the Christ Child who cares for all things pure." Then gazing pitifully upon the men, He whispered softly: "Go, make yourself clean." The ermine was carried to a beautiful garden, where it was never again afraid, and the men became gentlemen who never teased another creature.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Lessons in Politeness.

Any boy or girl who has at all observed the ways of animals must have noticed how many even insignificant little creatures have very good manners indeed. You may think it strange that an animal can give lessons in politeness, but after all politeness is necessary in a community, and the animals that live and labor together, that lead any sort of social life among themselves, have to be considerate of one another's feelings. You cannot be sociable and selfish.

Have you never seen a number of ants working to move a large morsel of food to their lair? It would be perfectly absurd for one ant to try to lug away the delicacy by himself, and he has sense enough not to attempt it. Instead, he calls as many of his friends as he can summon together and they all work with a will. There is no disorderly jostling or quarrelling, because that would interfere with the accomplishment of their purpose. They politely help one another for the common good.

Of course, ants, we may say, belong to one family, and it is only natural that they should be polite. We have heard of members of families not treating one another politely, but we do not care to take up that question. Many animals are polite to others that are not of their species. A little girl friend of ours was lately much distressed by the loss of her pet cat. For several weeks nothing was heard of the cat. Then one morning he appeared on the doorstep of his home and seemed so thankful to be taken in and petted that it was supposed he had been stolen and kept a prisoner. After he was warmly welcomed by his human friends, the fox terrier of the family rushed into the room, showing that he had only just learned of the cat's return. The scene that followed was the funniest you can imagine. With every demonstration of joy the little dog ran to the cat and began licking pussy's face as he might have licked his master's hand. All that day he never wearied in showing the cat every attention. He was indefinitely polite. Very likely the two animals talked to each other in their language, which we are not clever enough to understand, and the dog sympathized with the trying experience his poor friend had been through. We dull human beings never found out where that cat had been or what he had suffered, but whether or not the dog understood, he was kind and loving and polite to the cat, and in a few days pussy seemed as happy as if he had not a care in the world. All his troubles were forgotten under the influence of kind treatment.—Our Animal Friends.

He Became Famous.

Tenacity is a good word, although a picturesque Americanism has substituted for it "stick-ativeness." Phrenologists find a bump for the faculty and call it *continuity*. It is always easy to make a beginning; most young people are ready to begin anything. But, "wae's me," what a beautiful lot of tangled threads they presently find in hand! The beginnings are broken off near the head; the unfinished are enough to discourage further undertakings. And that's why some girls

and boys lose ambition and become doleful before they accomplish anything worth while.

Most of our work is laid out for us; what we do (or don't) of our own accord is what differentiates us one from the other. Because nothing is worth while commencing unless it can be successfully completed, we should be cautious about making a beginning. Anything good once begun must be perseveringly kept up. In fact, if it gets a good impetus, say half-way, it will almost keep on itself to the end. We must disregard every mood that would withdraw us from our design; we must hold firmly to our purpose, losing it, we fall into the incapacity of discouragement.

We may always find examples of tenacity among those who have achieved success. Rudyard Kipling, though still a young man, has been a famous author these ten years, and his renown is constantly growing. He is not one of the flash-lights that dazzle us for the moment and then disappear forever. The light of his genius is a steady flame, fed by his own indomitable perseverance. It is related of him that when he was a boy of twelve he went on a sea voyage with his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling. Soon after the vessel was under way Mr. Lockwood Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the ship's officers rushed down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door.

"Mr. Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled out on the yardarm, and if he lets go, he'll drown."

"Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter; "but he won't let go."

Later in life young Kipling gained a place in public favor, a somewhat difficult undertaking, as such a place is as slippery and insecure as the yardarm of the anecdote. He might have grown weary and fallen into the oblivion in which all spasmodic effort is lost. But he continues to hold his place firmly. Characteristically "he won't let go." He knows, as does every earnest worker, that whatever the measure of one's talent may be, there can be no permanent success without tenacity of purpose.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Seeking and Accepting the Best Side of Things.

Every one presents a good and a bad side, and there are people whose mission seems to be to seek with exasperating fidelity the worst side of men and things.

A book is published; instead of profiting by the good and useful pages which it contains it looks for inaccuracies, commonplace thoughts, infelicitous expressions, and errors which may have escaped author and editor, and he rejoices to glean a harvest of faults.

Show him a picture, he is sure to find it out of drawing, the light badly managed, the drapery stiff, etc. Go with him to a social reunion, he will entertain you on his return with how he was bored by the stupidity of one, the pedantry of another, the affectations of another, and by the faults of the company generally, which seem to have occupied his mind to the exclusion of everything pleasant in the evening. Hence nothing pleased him; the house was furnished in bad taste, the conversation was dull, certain voices grated on his nerves, etc. He is dissatisfied with everything, and with the world generally, which, alas! pays him in kind.

B accustoms himself to see the best side of persons and things; hence there is an air of geniality and good humor about him which seems contagious, and he is greeted with pleasant words and smiles wherever he goes.

If some one blunders in company, he never sees it; if the conversation is dull about him, he manages to amuse himself; if he meets with an accident, he repairs it as well as he can without lamenting over it, or retailing it to everyone; if he is left alone, he enjoys his solitude, the charms of which he has discovered. He enjoys his reading, thoroughly relishing in the book the qualities which please him, and rapidly passing over those which are not to his taste.

Every one loves him, for he has a happy knack of discovering everyone's best qualities, and making them appreciated.—Which of these two people is the happier?

We cannot change the weather, we say; so we accept it as it is. Why not apply this maxim to men and things? Let us not rebel against events, and learn to yield to the inevitable. Instead of struggling fruitlessly against an obstacle, turn aside and pass on. If the stream is calm it is because it peacefully follows its course, but when it attempts to flow over a rock, see how it scolds and foams, and breaks its banks. If we cannot remove the obstacle, let us learn to wait until it disappears. Impatience exhausts our strength to no purpose and never remedies anything. The nature of things does not change, it is for us to change our will. Instead of lamenting over weather which interferes with our plans, let us cheerfully do something else. Persons who understand how to be happy are like good workmen who always have a reserve of tools to fall back on. Knowing how much occupation contributes to happiness, they are never without something to do. We would have all about us yield to our views; but it remains to be seen whether it is not for us to yield to theirs. We would be the figure about which our little world centres, but with what reason?

If eight persons about me hold an opinion opposed to mine, who should yield? Self-love tells me they should yield to my superior wisdom. Common sense tells me, when there is no compromise of conscience, I should yield to the greater number, as a principle, an opinion in which eight persons agree is more likely to be correct than the opinion of one individual.

Three-fourths of our troubles come from an exaggerated idea of our own merits, and from our efforts to exalt our position in the world at the expense of others.

Let us take people as they are; frequently what we call faults in those about us are simply the qualities in which we are lacking; let us beware of exacting too much of others. Rather let us learn to use them according to their ability and their aptitude, and we shall satisfy ourselves and content them. "We do not use a broom to write, but to sweep," says an old proverb; require of those about you only what they are capable of doing, and do not ask anything more.

Do you remember that pretty couplet in the "Miller Without Care"?

"Whatever way the wind blew, He set his vane and slept content."

Let this be our spirit in everything. "Those who visit me," said a sage, "do me an honor; those who never visit me give me pleasure,—so I am satisfied with everybody."

Do you know the principal cause of that restless, discontented feeling which finally becomes a permanent condition? It springs from a habit of repining at our position, which is not what we would have it, at our work, which is not what we would choose, and at all that we lack.

Let us gently accustom our will to love our position, our work, and willingly bear anything that it lacks.

The greater part of our trials comes upon us so swiftly because we meet them half way.—Catholic Columbian.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Life is not all made up of work. No one can work incessantly, and the attempt to do this always defeats itself and often brings its own swift penalty. He who would acquire and retain great capacity for work must rest and play.

When young Governor Russell of Massachusetts, the gifted and lamented son of Harvard, said that he would rather hear that Harvard had won in a game of football than in an intellectual contest, he did not wish to disparage scholarly attainments, but rather to emphasize the physical conditions which make them most valuable. Too many people are undervalued, over-worked. We want health and heartiness and a bounding pulse.

The opposite of work is not idleness, but play. Nature's penalty for idleness is no less stern than for overwork. She demands the joyful alternation of work and play. Every person whose life is to be robust must have his periods of play. Recreation must turn his thoughts into new channels, relieve the pressure upon the brain, and the tension upon the nerves and give tone and vigor to the muscles and vital organs.

I am sorry for the man who no longer likes to play. He has lost one of the most precious gifts with which nature endowed him. He is like railroad train without an engine, or a day without a sun.

Three principles may guide us in the pursuit of recreation: 1. Play should be invigorating. Its purpose to promote cheerfulness, buoyancy and a healthful glow. If it is athletic, it should quicken the circulation and purify the blood. If it is mental, it should be interesting enough to divert the thoughts from their previous channels. If it is both athletic and mental, double benefit will be received. It should be hearty and somewhat exciting; it falls of its purpose if it is too quiet and passive. Loafing is not harmful to ourselves or to others. Here is a young man who likes to play certain games, but who says they are not interesting enough unless he makes some money on the result. If he does that he makes a fatal mistake and is entering the path which is trod by spendthrifts and gamblers—a steep decline from which few escape. Another, rejoicing in his strength, craves the excitement of personal encounter. Hence we find students in German universities fighting a kind of sham duel and young men in certain American colleges taking their exercises with boxing gloves. But we have prize fighters enough without trying to develop them in our institutions of learning or Association gymnasiums! Let us choose amusements which do not develop in us low tastes or false standards of right and wrong. 3. Play should not be excessive. Nowhere is self-control more important than in those amusements which tempt us to excess. I recall a young man whose name was known all over the country a few years ago. He was famous in a certain line of athletics. His whole soul was in them. But his interest in other and more important things was lost and his college course was a failure. His enthusiasm for athletics was a good thing if properly controlled; not so controlled, it became the rock on which he was shipwrecked. One's recreations afford a test of character. The strong man puts them in their true place. They are an incident, a pleasant change in the routine of his daily life. He enjoys them keenly, but he gives them up at the proper time. The weak man is absorbed by his amusements and forgets

everything else. They usurp the place of his work, blind his reason, and stifle his conscience.

But let us not for this reason deprive ourselves of the needed recreation and healthful glow which come with well-chosen sports. Amusements are a necessity, restoring elasticity and vigor. They are a discipline of judgment, of temper, of will. They keep the heart young, the tastes simple, the sympathies warm. Without amusements the body, mind and spirit alike lose their rightful gladness and tone.

Respect for Authority.

In civil life the same kind of respect for authority as is maintained in a military establishment cannot be observed, but even in civil life there should be respect for authority.

In the army the private must obey his captain without question or hesitation; the captain in his turn must yield implicit obedience to the colonel of his regiment, and the colonel must respect the authority of the general in chief. The purpose of this discipline is to form the units of the command into an army or lesser force moving with the precision of machinery at the will of the commanding officer.

In civil life the units have more freedom of action; each within limits can assert his individuality, but even in civil life some have authority over others, and some degree of discipline must be maintained for the transaction of the most ordinary business. It has been urged in support of projects to give military training to school children that it inculcates habits of obedience useful to them in civil life. Whether it has this effect may be doubted, for the reason that the rigorous discipline of the army cannot be, or, at all events, is not, enforced in schools; but it is true that the military habits of prompt obedience and respect for authority are of value to young men in business life, and they should cultivate these habits. Sometimes they will be authorized to think and act for themselves; sometimes they will be obliged to assume responsibility in the absence of their superiors, and they at times respectfully make suggestions when they think they have some knowledge superior to that of their employers; but they should at all times keep in mind respect for authority and avoid being officious. Nothing is more annoying than for one in authority who has settled upon some course of action without mentioning it to his subordinates to find that one of these has upset all his plans by officious interference. The employee's explanation that "he did not know," or that he thought so and so, aggravates rather than excuses the offense, for if he did not know he should not have acted.

In nearly all business establishments one will find an employee whose egotism and self complacency lead him to interfere with the affairs of other people. In their absence he undertakes, possibly because of his good nature or devotion to the interests of the establishment, to transact their business or answer for them in some way. Sometimes he is of assistance, and is, therefore, tolerated; but occasionally he does the wrong thing, and thus gives rise to troublesome complications. The officious young man may have respect for authority while his superior is present, but in his absence assumes to speak for the firm or corporation and makes engagements or promises which are wholly unauthorized. No matter how good his intentions may be, he becomes a nuisance and thereby injures his prospects of promotion.

The young man who is engaged in making his reputation in office or workshop should at least take some lessons from the military. He should respect authority and yield prompt obedience thereto, and should never answer or act for his superior unless authorized to do so. He will have many more things left to be decided by his own judgment than the common soldier, and can assert his individuality in many ways, but he should be careful to keep within the bounds of his own authority, and maintain respect for those above him. In this way he will come to deserve promotion, and may some day be given the authority which he cannot usurp without risk to his reputation.

How to Make Money.

About a month ago I saw an advertisement in a religious paper where Dept. G. S. of the Iron City Dish Washer Co., of Sta. A., Pittsburg, Pa., wanted a few good agents to sell their latest improved dish washer. I wrote them, and they sent me full particulars how to sell the household article. When the machine arrived I showed it to my neighbors, and I took orders in every home that I visited. It is the easiest thing to sell, and without any previous experience in selling anything I sold a dozen in the first five days. The firm gave me full particulars how to sell it, and I found that by following their instructions I did well. The machine washes and dries the dishes in less time than it takes to tell it. Then a woman don't have to put her hands in the greasy dish water, and everyone knows how disagreeable that is. I am making lots of money selling the dish washer, and any other energetic person can do the same. Write them for circulars.

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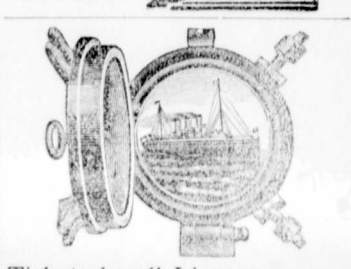
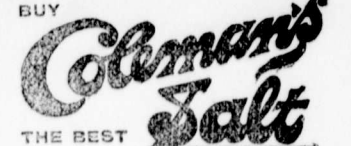
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