

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1909

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TO-DAY.

Today is the time for laughter, To-morrow the time for tears, Whatever may come hereafter, Whatever of woe with years ; To-day is the time to borrow The best that the Gods can give. We can sorrow, if need be, To-morrow, But to-day is the time to live.

WHAT IT IS.

Education in its complete sense, as understood by the true educationist, is the full and harmonious development of all the faculties. It is not merely instruction nor communication of knowledge. In fact, the acquisition of knowledge, though it necessarily accompanies any right system, is but a secondary result of education. Learning is the instrument of education, not the outcome. Its outcome is culture, mental and moral ; and such studies, sciences or languages, should be chosen as will most effectively further this end. Hence the preference given by many to the classics over all other subjects, as the fittest instruments in this intellectual and moral growth. But this preference should not be exclusive. The importance of mathematics and the natural sciences, as instruments of education, must not be underestimated. They should be given due recognition ; and progress, as well as thoroughness, in these branches, is a very necessary requisite for success. It is, however, to be remarked that though the educational trend of the present day is almost entirely in the direction of the natural sciences, we must not allow ourselves to be unduly influenced by this tendency, as it is one dangerous to the best interests of education, and with all disinterested educationists, who have of late years treated of this breaking away from the traditional methods, we see in it not only the ruin of genuine culture, but the mental deterioration of the race that is subjected to such discipline. The present prestige which this system enjoys is only that which everything novel and startling at first obtains. The true system of education aims at developing, side by side, the moral and intellectual faculties of the student, and thus sending forth into the world, not men who have acquired superficial information on a great variety of subjects, but educated men—men of sound judgment, of keen and vigorous intellect, of upright and manly conscience.

A MISTAKE.

We often hear the aged giving advice to the young. Let the advice be given to the old, for we are too apt to find that it is the old man who has gone wrong and not the young one. And the hope of this fair land of ours lies in our young men, for if prayers and tears have any influence in this world, their lives should prove their efficacy. For what desires are visited upon them? See the fond mother bending over the cradle, dreaming of the time when the tender fragile fingers will be strong, sturdy hands—ready, nay, anxious, to carve their way in this bewildering world. She instills the principles of faith into his young heart, for without religion how can there be morality? She guides his eager, willing feet along the path of righteousness—she teaches him the "King-becoming graces," as truth, temperance, kindness, justice, fortitude, endurance, and courage to help him on his path to honor. And when at last he stands on the threshold of manhood and looks about him, what does he hear? What words of cheer are held out to him? He will be told by those who think they know it all, that graft and greed and gain are now engaging the attention of all men; that politics are debased, that courtesy is a lost art, that commercial life is corrupt, that the press panders to the lowest instincts, that truth is an unknown quantity, and that justice and honor between man and man is not to be found in these modern and progressive days. Let us give up this cynical snarling, this perpetual criticism of men and methods; let us say before the world what we must believe in our hearts, if we are not totally blinded by prejudice, that there is good left in humanity; let us continue to assail the wrong and the wrong doer—but not to condemn all because some are wrong.

A WORD ONLY.

It often requires courage to be natural—a higher form of courage than that which marches behind the safe end of a

gun. Moral courage, which is not dependent on appearance or intimidated by custom, is a finer quality than the daring of the speculator or the undaunted nerve of the soldier exposed to the fire of an enemy. It takes the best stamp of bravery to be true to one's self, and he who is loyal to the inner voice, who keeps faith with himself and maintains self respect, wins a victory in the great battle of life; To live undaunted by the demands of unworthy conventionalism is not to live in vain.

ELIOT'S NEW RELIGION.

When we come to consider it on its negative side we get a clearer conception of how far Eliot's new religion is removed from what most men have hitherto considered religion to be. It makes no pretense to be a divine message. It is a product of human speculation, and may change with the years. Notwithstanding this, Dr. Eliot announces it with a certain air of finality—a characteristic incoherence of the "anti-dogmatic" type of mind. On its principles, however, the new religion is merely tentative and temporary. There is no divine revelation (the phrase "Christ's revelation" can hardly be taken in the theological sense) and no divinely constituted religious authority; no selection from on high of the fittest of existence, no mysteries, no faith, no creeds, no priests, no sacraments, no means of forgiveness—no sins to forgive, so far as one can see. The doctrine of original sin is stated in terms of Calvinism. New England thinkers of the advanced type, by the way, seem never to have heard of any theology except that of Calvinism. Dr. Eliot rejects the fall of man and with a note of scorn, as if he had some private sources of enlightenment on the mystery of evil which are denied to the rest of us. No form of worship is suggested. Dr. Eliot confesses that sacrifice has been connected with religion in the past, but he considers it unworthy in any form. Incidentally, his remark about incense as the form of sacrifice in the Christian church shows how scandalously uniformed is this university president with regard to the older religions which he sets aside in such summary fashion. Even prayer seems to have no place in his new scheme. "I believe," he says, "that in the new religion there will be no supernatural element; it will place no reliance on anything but the laws of nature." Considering the harsh evolutionary philosophy of survival of the fittest, which is back of the modern view of these laws of nature, it is not surprising to find that he acknowledges that his religion "cannot supply consolation as offered by the old religion." Nor is there any word of salvation, whether from sin in this world or from annihilation in the next. Dread of God's justice is denounced as unworthy; but no moral sanction is offered in its place. And, again, he has attracted the highest type of religious character among Jews, Buddhists and Mohammedans, as well as among Christians, seems to be altogether beyond Dr. Eliot's religious horizon.

THE ALASKAN MISSIONS.

Some idea of the need of laborers in this vineyard and of the need, too, of material help in which those already there stand, may be gathered from the following details: The valley of the Yukon and its tributaries, which is the section under care of the Jesuit missionaries, contains 176,715 square miles, being second only to the State of Texas in area. In this vast region there are estimated to be about 45,000 inhabitants. How many of these are Indians it is impossible to say. The Indians, who live principally along the coast and the rivers, from which they derive their food supplies for the most part, are very docile and simple ; and where they have not come into contact with the whites they are very free from vice. The missionaries are very hopeful in consequence. The great obstacle to their work is found in the opposition of the Russian schismatics on the one hand and of the Protestant missionaries on the other. Both of these are liberally subsidized by their governments or by missionary societies, whereas the Catholic missionaries are dependent on alms. Indeed the cry among non-Catholics these times is the conversion, not alone of Alaska, but of the world—a very praiseworthy ambition and one that they are working hard to accomplish. We may wonder at their enthusiasm and audacity at their over- sanguine expectations, but we must admire their generosity, which only last year contributed nearly \$9,000,000 for their foreign missions. We think we hear the old, well-worn remark, "Protestants have the money." It might be replied that Catholics also have the money but are minus the good will to give—at least many of the wealthy are, and it may be stated, in all truth, that from the poor comes our largest support, perhaps because they know what suffering and poverty mean. There are some generous souls among the wealthy, but the burden of support rests upon the men and women of ordinary means; not alone this work for souls, but every charity can testify that the united offerings, the mites of the poor, have been the sustaining force. Moreover, in Alaska, the conflicting claims of all three, Catholics, Russians, and Protestants, make it difficult for the Indians to decide where the truth lies. However, here as elsewhere, the courage and disinterestedness of the Fathers, and the fact that they have neither wife nor family, are slowly disposing of the Indians in their favor. The grace of God will do the rest. "Strength of body is needed in the missionaries who come here," writes one of those actually working in Alaska, "and steadfastness and strength of mind to face the difficulties and dangers of this kind of life." The further north the missionary goes the greater become the dangers and difficulties. The cold is intense during the winter months, marking on an average from 30 to 40 degrees below zero and on the coldest days ranging as low as 60 and 70 degrees. The snow, which covers the low ground, and even a good portion of the mountain sides during eight months of the year, makes the earth so soft and swampy that traveling by land, except in the depths of winter, is never easy or agreeable; and then the danger of being frozen to death is one the missionary must count on. Travel is by sledges drawn by dogs, or in summer by canoes on the rivers, which are the natural roads of the country. In summer the heat causes a rapid growth of grasses and weeds, and these send up swarms of mosquitoes and black flies whose bites are as annoying as they are dangerous. The food is of the plainest, consisting of flour and salt meat for the most part, with a frozen fish thrown in occasionally, or a wild goose from time to time, or the tail of a young whale. Everything is to be done. The Russian priests, who have long been in possession, have done little for the Indians save baptize them and collect from their government the bounty allowed for every soul baptized. Of religious instruction they have had practically nothing—some of the baptized natives rarely know even how to make the sign of the cross. With their

natural disposition, however, there is little doubt that before long our religion will secure new and glorious triumphs in Alaska.

DID THEY REGRET IT.

HOW THREE GREAT CONVERTS ANSWERED A STOCK CALUMNY.

The former associates of those who join the Catholic Church are fond of asserting that the converts, basely regret their course, that if their foreknowledge had been as complete as their after-knowledge they never would have taken the step, that they suffer great distress of mind when they see at last just what they have let themselves in for. A contemporary quotes the statements of the three most prominent converts of the last century, Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Newman and Orestes Brownson, in holding dogmas so strongly that they do not even know they are dogmas. It is not the dogmas we object to. So long as we advance positive dogmas he is, to some degree, helpful. But the bulk of his message is too commonplace and too worldly to deserve the sacred name of religion. How can it fulfill the functions of the ancient faith? Will it satisfy the mystic longings of the saints for communion with God? Would any man be willing to die for its principles? Is it a religion for the world-weary and the disconsolate? Does it afford any curb for passion or help in time of temptation? Has it any future as a popular religion—with its devotion to abstract ideas and its academic regard for ancient customs? How far will it fulfill the social service rendered by older religions of holding in check the brute passions of humanity? We fear that the pontiff of the lecture hall would find to his consternation that the conclusions drawn from his careful utterances by the rough practical logic of the mob is that there is an end to moral, none worth troubling about, and, in the expressive phrase of the day, "The lid is off." The new religion will neither satisfy the needs of religious natures nor hold the allegiance of those who through various causes are forsaking the ancient faiths. It is a house built half-way down on a steep and slippery hillside and below it lie the quagmires of agnosticism and nihilism. Those who would escape to solid ground must rise on the wings of faith. Dr. Eliot attempts to speak in the role of Isaiah. But his voice is the voice of Jeremiah. His blessings are dooms. He sings of the victories over this world, but the discerning ear detects the minor chords which sound the passing of epochs, hope that has sustained the noblest and best of human kind. Like Matthew Arnold on Dover Beach one hears "the eternal note of sadness." Is this man of books—five-foot shelf or Harvard library of books—is he the seer who perceives in vision the hopes, the aspirations, the destinies of humanity? Or have we a return of the ancient day, precious, and there was no manifest vision? He quotes from St. Paul's speech at the Areopagus. Is he with St. Paul or with those to whom he spoke—those who derided his message of faith, who prided themselves in their knowledge of philosophy and life, who saw in themselves the teachers of the world, but whose reign was to be so short, whose wisdom was to be overthrown by the gospel of this Jewish zealot? History repeats itself. Many things change, but the mind of God and the nature of man remain. Macaulay, in a passage too well known to require citation, speaks of the wonderful vitality of the Catholic Church. Newman presents the same idea with his usual reticence of statement. There is only one religion in the world which tends to fulfill the aspirations, needs and forebodings of natural faith and devotion. It alone has a definite message addressed to all mankind. . . . Christianity is in its depository of truths beyond human discovery, momentous, practical, maintained one and the same in substance in every age from the first and addressed to all mankind. And it has actually been embraced and is found in all parts of the world in all climates, among all races in all ranks of society, under the most adverse conditions, from barbarism to the highest cultivation of mind. It has ever been, as it ought to be, in conflict with large masses of men with the civil power, with physical force,

with adverse philosophies; it has had successes, it has had reverses; but it has had a grand history, and has effected great things and is as vigorous in its age as in its youth. In all these respects it has a distinction in the world and a pre-eminence of its own; it has upon it prima facie signs of divinity; I do not know what can be advanced by rival religions of prerogatives so special.

I have stated that mankind will have a real religion, or none at all. Here is a real religion, a strong religion. It teaches, not as the ancient or modern series, but as having authority. Its doctrines and ideals are based on divine revelation, on the spiritual experiences of the saints, on the wisdom acquired by its dealings with all classes and races of men for nineteen hundred years, all formulated by men of giant intellect and true religious spirit. It is a religion which answers every need and gives room and play for all sane developments of the religious element in man.

And if prophesy be in order, then on every basis which men may take for the discernment of the future—divine oracles, the lessons of history, the law of survival of the fittest, the conclusion is always the same—the religion of the future is—the religion of the past.—Francis P. Duffy, D. D., in the Catholic World.

Dr. Eliot predicts a new kind of religion—that he should be able to predict the first is a new kind of man. The old homo genus, as we meet it in history books or on the street, is not of a sort to worship a multiplication of infinities or look on surgeons as sacred ministers performing holy rites. Mankind will have a real religion, or none at all. It wants a God to love, or none at all. Its religion must be a message from on high, which will give light in dark places and strength in temptation and consolation in the trials and losses of this life. And it will have its dogmas too. A creedless religion is a thoughtless religion. The only valuable religious element in Dr. Eliot's plan are dogmas, which, if it is to be a religion, his ideal of progress is a dogma, his law of love is a dogma. Even his denials are dogmas; but these are not valuable. It is true, as Chesterton says, that "the modern world is filled with men who hold dogmas so strongly that they do not even know they are dogmas."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Honorable sent to the Pope by Emperor Meodis of Abyssinia in 1907 has six cubs. The Pope has decided to send two of them to President Taft, two to the Kaiser and two to Emperor Francis Joseph. Summoned by wireless Father Dooley of Fordham University, New York, rushed to the pier to meet the steamship Minnetonka, from London, on Tuesday to administer the last rites of the Church to Mrs. Robert Potts, wife of Rear Admiral Potts, U. S. N., retired.

Finding that the Vatican gardens were not extensive enough to permit of motoring, Pope Pius has presented his automobile to Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State. The car is a handsome one, with luxurious fittings, and was presented to the Pope by wealthy Americans.

A book prepared by Catholic hands is beyond doubt the most beautiful volume among the 500,000 in the Congressional Library at Washington. It is a Bible which was transcribed by a monk in the sixteenth century. It could not be matched to-day in the best printing office in the world.

Remarkable as the conversion of de Huysmans, sensualist turned mystic, is that of Adolphe Retté, reddest of the reds among the anarchists of France to London, the humblest and happiest of the disciples of the rule of obedience as a Benedictine novice.

Recently, the Holy Father said to an Australian Irish Bishop: "I am well aware of the perpetual fidelity of the Irish people to the See of Peter. And I well know the great share which they have had in building up the Catholic Church both in Australia and the United States of America. This great fidelity and missionary zeal of the Irish race I feel most anxious to acknowledge."

Among the list of recent converts to the Catholic Church is Mrs. Julia Palmer Stevens, of Bloomington, Ill., widow of a Methodist minister, who was presiding elder of different conferences for many years, and youngest sister of General John M. Palmer, former Governor of Illinois, United States Senator of the same State and candidate for the Presidency.

In the class of 114 which was conferred by Bishop O'Connor, of the Newark diocese, in St. Rose of Lima's Church, Short Hills, recently, was J. Ellis Butler, a former Methodist minister. Mr. Butler was formerly pastor of churches in Colorado and California. He came East several years ago and not long ago was received into the Catholic Church.

The next Eucharistic Congress will take place in Montreal, beginning on September 4, 1910, and it is expected to be on a very large scale. Preparations for it are already in progress. One of the leading features of that congress will be High Mass celebrated in the open air, and it is probable that the delegates will have the opportunity of attending midnight Mass in the Church of Notre Dame during the congress.

Dispatches from Rome state that Pope Pius is about to issue an encyclical appealing to the faithful to come to the aid of the foreign missions which are badly in need of funds. Vatican officials point out that the contributions for this work amount to only \$2,000,000 yearly, as compared with \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 contributed in England and America for the Protestant missionaries. It has been known for some time that a new encyclical was being prepared, but this is the first hint as to its nature.

Daisies for the Living Feet.

Baltimore Sun.

Daisies for the living feet, roses for the head, Crowned with burning jewels of dream white the burning jewels red; Lilies for the living hands, blossoms for the quick, Laughter for the lamps of life burning duty's wick; They who died of yesterday sleep as God thinks best— Daisies for the living feet, roses for their rest!

Comfort for the toiling hands, blossoms for the feet Weary in the daily toil of the mill and street; Lilia at the gates of home—and no dream but this; Little arms of child to twine, little lips to kiss; Little mother-heart to cheer, till her homely woes Vanish where the lips of love lean to beauty's rose.

Daisies for the living feet—strew the path with bloom Where the loved who toil for us stumble through the gloom; Violets for the sacred dead; for the living, too, Velvet in their amaranth, silver in their dew; Music for the mourning heart singing on the hill Till the echoing voice of love reaches mart and mill!

Roses for the mother heart, burdened with its care; Roses for the lips of love singing on the stair; Daisies in the common way for the feet of strife Toiling in the steam and heat for the rose of life; Memory blossoms for the dead where they sleep the while— Daisies for the living feet, song for them, and smile!

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD. LONDON - CANADA. Western Fair Attractions Sept. 10-18. Programmes containing list of attractions for the Western Fair have just been issued, and thousands of them will soon be scattered throughout the country. A glance over it will satisfy the most skeptical that it announces the best programme ever presented to a Western Fair audience. Almost every person enjoys seeing well trained animals, which there will be plenty this year. Herzog's Stallions, six beautiful black Horses, will perform twice daily on the track before the Grand Stand. Herbert's Dogs and Cats will be both amusing and instructive. Clean Lions and Tigers and Bears will show what patience and kindness can do in training wild animals. The Elephant "Laddie" will amuse the children. The "Good-night Horse" "Mazzy" is the wonder of all who see the most human performance of this wonderful Horse. The Holman, the De Monte, the Great Hores Family, the Flying Dordens, and other famous troupes, will furnish a programme twice daily. In addition to the above, music will be given by the 7th Fusiliers Band of London, and the Band of the 1st Regiment Canadian Highlanders, forty-one tons of fireworks by Hand & Co., fifty-eight serial and technical pieces, concluding with that thrilling "The Battle of the New Sea." The "Technic Marvel," "The Battle of the New Sea." Programmes and all information sent on application to the Secretary, A. M. Hunt, London, Ontario.

IN TREATY WITH HONOR

A Romance of Old Quebec.

MARY CATHARINE CROWLEY.

Author of "A Daughter of New France," "The Heroine of the War," "Love Thrives in War," etc.

CHAPTER XXI. CONTINUED.

After a drive of an hour with my friend, we stopped the horse at a farm among the hills. The farmer had just gone out to his barn in the early light to feed his cattle and ponies.

"Ma foi, but there has been a to-do over your escape, Major Adair," he said. "The commandant, Sir James Macdonald, raved like a madman when it was reported to him. He says the de'il may take care of the Yankee prisoners; he has had enough of you."

"Have you heard anything of my companions?" I inquired anxiously. Droulet hesitated, but seeing that I would not be put off, finally answered, "Captain Rycoerski is still at liberty, but the others have been retaken."

"Hull in a tavern where he went to get food and drink for himself and Culver who, disabled, was hiding in a patriot's house. The landlord suspected Hull and went out to warn the soldiers. A servant-maid tried to aid our friend. Luckily ere he got off a party of soldiers came in and recognized him. He was immediately handcuffed and led back to the garrison under a guard of at least a hundred men."

"Early in the evening Droulet came once more, bringing a French doctor, who bathed my injured ankle, rubbed it with a liniment which, he maintained, possessed marvellous curative power, and banded it again. Then they helped me to a carriage and we started for the Beauport shore. The roads being all guarded, we had to take a round-about route. Through the fields and woods and over sloughs we went, following by road perhaps never before traversed."

In a trepidation that I should have found laughable under other circumstances. "My oath of office forbids; it would be against my honor and honor, and I will tell you what I will do," he went on, darting a keen glance at me.

"Go now," he said. "Take the path through the woods, the one yonder by the big maple. 'Ciel messieurs, go!'" Opening my lips for the first time during the interview, I thanked him fervently. We took the way he pointed out, but as soon as we got fairly into the wood again, I reined in the horse.

"The doctor, after some demur, went back, taking his horse with him, but Droulet would not leave me. Eager to get me away from the neighborhood, he hailed a market cart and offered the habitant who drove it half a crown to bring us to a farm he named. Between them they lifted me into the cart.

"It is not safe for m'sieur to remain here," he cried in French. "The soldiers have been through the Faubourg Adair, you need rest. After you have slept, your luncheon will be served in the adjoining study, and my wife, my daughter, and their guest will assist you, with their chatter, to while away the afternoon. I must hasten to my affairs but I shall be at home again by six o'clock."

"I will go to Devereux," I said. "Although a government official he is a countryman of mine and he will not give me up."

"I am taking you to friends of whom I did not think until now," said my guide. "The man is timid, but his heart is with us. His wife is a true patriot and she will presently have half a hundred plans for keeping you safe, for the time, while I go and inquire why the boat was not at this morning."

"Mr. Devereux, here is a French curé who apparently wishes to speak to you," she said.

"Take these," said my friend, thrusting a brace of pistols upon me, "I will walk ahead at some distance and you must ride after alone, until you see me stop at the door of a certain house. Reim in your horse then, also. I have arranged that you shall be sheltered there for the night."

"I have nearly morning when we stopped at a house in the St. John suburb. Here we found a supper prepared, and much kindness, but just as we were sitting down to the meal a messenger, who proved to be none other than Pascal, came running in."

"I am in your debt," he said, "for the help you have done me, but I am not at all sorry to see you. As I can shift better to my own business, I will be glad to see you, but it will keep me from hunger, and say ditch will supply me with water. I will remain hereabouts all day and come out by the house of the curé to-night again."

"I will go to Devereux," I said. "Although a government official he is a countryman of mine and he will not give me up."

"The young man had brought me the dress of a curé, which I now put on. At nine o'clock, stealing down from the garret, I made my adieus to my good hostess, and was assisted into the French charette which was in readiness. Slowly we drove over the rough Beauport road and onward until we came to the little River St. Charles. Between the bridge and the Marine Hospital, Droulet reined in his pony."

Devereux turned abruptly and, perceiving me, said to the other girl, whom I recognized by her resemblance to him to be his daughter, "Alleen, since you are our French scholar, tell the good man to come to my office later. Or if he is collecting for a church or a hospital, I'll give him a dollar and let him go."

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Droulet in desperation knocked at the door of a Frenchman, who took me to his stable.

"There's a hollow under the floor of the horse's stall, sir," said the habitant. "If you wish to lie concealed there you will be safe."

"I had no time to hesitate, for, from the door of the stable, we could hear the voices of their lanterns. While the men fastened it, Droulet threw down in the hallway robe, and I cast myself prone in the hollow. He and the owner of the barn then replaced the boards above me, brought back the horse, and left me, for the nonce, to the solitude of my living grave."

"I will go to Devereux," I said. "Although a government official he is a countryman of mine and he will not give me up."

"The young man had brought me the dress of a curé, which I now put on. At nine o'clock, stealing down from the garret, I made my adieus to my good hostess, and was assisted into the French charette which was in readiness. Slowly we drove over the rough Beauport road and onward until we came to the little River St. Charles. Between the bridge and the Marine Hospital, Droulet reined in his pony."

"I am in your debt," he said, "for the help you have done me, but I am not at all sorry to see you. As I can shift better to my own business, I will be glad to see you, but it will keep me from hunger, and say ditch will supply me with water. I will remain hereabouts all day and come out by the house of the curé to-night again."

Thus silenced, the smuggler agreed to go. He and Ramon and I mounted our horses, and covering them with my cloak Droulet came up close to me and in a voice trembling with emotion, said:—

"Adair, far-well, we may never meet again. God bless you. Do not let yourself be taken. If they get you I shall be tempted to throw myself into the river."

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SEPTEMBER 18, 1909.

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farewell, we may never meet... bless you. Do not let me... taken. If they get you... I am tempted to throw myself into...

no, whatever happens, re-... shall feel to the end that you... opportunity untried in order to... to my freedom. No harm must... you, my friend. But I'll be... I let them take me! Au re-

turn took leave of him, and... with so true a friend, we... Never, indeed, did I meet... again, but even now, after the... many years, the very mention... name stirs my pulses with a... gratitude for the services he... me, and the risks he ran to... life, during those days when I... fugitive. This self-sacrificing... I appreciated all the more... later, I learned he had been... through friendship for me, and... he loved Jacqueline. Find-... to who he for himself, he, with... of which heroes are made, all... his energies to insure her... success, even though his success... was a trial. Ah, there is no... nobler man than this young... patriot!

we had ridden some miles our... inkeeper, again essayed to go... I showed him the purse with... Droulet had supplied me and... to give him two golden eagles... of the journey. The promise of... had kept him silent for an hour... Then he again faltered.

now plain enough to us that he... were, and feared arrest if... found conducting us. Re-... ahead, so that Ramon involuntari-... ahead, I thus got between him... tavern-keeper and, turning... in my saddle, levelled my pistol... man who would have so basely... us.

will guard us to the States," I... promptly, with my finger on the... yes, sir, yes, yes, I will. Oh, your... I beg of you!" he... in a tremor of fear. "Re-... I have a wife and family. I... idea you were in such a desper-... sir. Of course I will go with...

ing no words further, I motioned... to ride before me, which he has-... do. Pistol in hand I followed, ... had no more trouble with him... Ramon and I pressed on through... ruckness, laughing in our sleeves... at our backs which we were able... to avoid. We had journeyed... ninety miles when, on the second... from the time we set out from... a little after the noon hour, ... pointing to a frame building a... distance before us on the road, ... see that house sir?"

is the frontier inn, and is built... on the boundary line." ... we rode up to the door he directed... attention to the sign of a winged... on one side of the inn. On the... sign were painted the lion and the... and beneath them the words... "Canada." On the other side... an eagle with outspread wings, ... him a circlet of stars, and below... "The State of Maine."

men in this wild spot we looked... the emblem of our adopted country... hearts leaped with joy, and we... so lustily that the guests of the... tavern must have been startled... their slumbers. Putting spurs to... horses, we galloped on.

half an hour earlier we had been... we could hardly sit erect in... saddles. Now we were so jubilant... that I had castered on for half the... even. Several miles farther ahead... over, we came to a long low log-... cabin.

The people here will provide you... refreshments and you can rest if... choose," said our guide. ... paid him the gold pieces and... led him for his trouble, although... hearts leaped with joy. The clink... the coins restored his good-humor... "Well, sir, you are all right now,"... "Good-day and good-buck you..." He then rode back, but he... regard afterwards that poor Droulet... had lost his horse again.

then we entered the house we found... elderly man, with young fellows... his wife, who was preparing break-... "You are from Quebec?" asked the... her as he invited us to take our... at the pine table. ... "Yes," I said tersely. ... "Perhaps," put in one of the boys, ... can tell us something of the Ameri-... prisoners who had boldly captured... the citadel. Were they cap-...?"

They were still at liberty when we... Quebec on Saturday," declared my... God be praised!" exclaimed the... her pausing in her work of frying... "iddle-cakes over the fire. "May He... and lead them out of danger." ... "They are friends of yours, madame?" ... asked with a smile. ... "No, sir, I never saw them," but I... directly to her, as if he had been... ates by this road." ... "Why, would they not be safe if they... here, for instance?" ... "As safe as three good rifles could... the men," interrupted the younger of... boys, with enthusiasm. "My... other means they could hardly get... the roads, are so closely guarded." ... "Do you know where they are, sir?" ... "I don't know." ... "They are now in the State of... Maine," announced Ramon. ... "The woman raised her eyes to heaven... and murmured a prayer of thankfulness... "Did they cross at Houlton?" in-... quired the older son. ... "No, below; quite near here," said... "In fact this gentleman and I are

TO BE CONTINUED.

WAS IT AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE?

A REMARKABLE STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

Written for the Catholic Union and Times by Elsie A. Murphy.

The Pardows were Louisianians of French descent, and before the war lived in New Orleans, occasionally visit- ing their plantation on the Red River. But Anthony Pardow was killed in the battle of Vicksburg and after the sur- render, Mrs. Pardow sold the Red River plantations for about half their value, placed her New Orleans property in the hands of a lawyer, gathered up some of her household stuff and with her daugh- ter, Madeline and one old negro who had spent his life in the service of the Par- dows, removed to Marietta, Ga.

From that day it was a clear case of strong mutual attraction. What though they had been differently trained and their opinions clashed on some points? They came out of worldly considerations, firmer friends than ever. There was never-ending interest in their combats, and the lightest jest or banter held a fascination keen as the brightest wit. He called Madeline a narrow-minded illiberal provincial for holding such fierce prejudices against the colored people, and she retorted that a negro had become a sentiment to the North, and that if they the Yankees, would give some of their attention and pity to the poor white people crowding their large cities, the South would solve its own great problem. Sometimes they parted in anger; but it was short-lived, for love drew them with irresistible force, and if they disagreed on a few questions, how many hopes, thoughts and desires they had in common, what taste and sympathy.

Mrs. Pardow looked on, sighed and smiled, but waited in silence for Madeline's confidence. And one evening she came in, knelt at her mother's knees and put her arms around her and pressed her flushed, trembling, radiant face against her bosom. Mrs. Pardow flushed and trembled herself and gathered that proud young head closer to her heart.

"You have promised to marry him," she said in a whisper. "He asked me again this evening, I could not put him off," Madeline said, fessing also in a whisper. The mother smiled happily. "You are glad, mamma; why are you so glad I'm to be married?" "I am longing to see you safe, my darling," dropping her teasing tone and speaking with sudden agitation. "Am I not safe with you?" lifting her head and looking into the delicate face above her.

"But I am not strong, dear, and I may be called suddenly from you some day, and it is not good for girls to be alone. It will be comforting to leave you in such hands. He is noble and good and will love you faithfully." Mrs. Pardow, then, laughed and kissed her. "Tell me all about it," she said softly. They talked until the hands of the clock pointed to twelve. "We have no secrets—no secrets from each other, have we, mamma?" said Madeline with a laugh. "No secrets, sweet? No, no; there should be no secrets between mother and child," said the elder woman; but her eyes fell, a paleness swept over her face. It was a swift, subtle change un- noticed by the girl in the absorption of her thoughts.

That was a winter to be remembered by those lovers as long as they lived. Every one of the days, each day, seemed to have its own special joy and experience. When apart, they were long letters written out of the fullness of their hearts; when together, long talks or silence in which it seemed enough that they could be together.

Mrs. Pardow spent those winter days sewing on fine linen, cambric, sheer muslin and lace, stitching many loving thoughts into the dainty garments in- tended for Madeline's wardrobe. Im- perceptibly, as it were, she had grown very fragile and the least excitement caused her to palpitate and tremble with flushed face and hand pressed upon her heart.

She had been a devout Catholic, and thought distant from her church, she still attended Mass in Atlanta and went to confession. But as the winter passed her thoughts turned longingly to the near Father Vincent, her old father confessor, and one day in the spring she received a letter from him. He would in a short time pass through Marietta on his way to the North. Could he stop for a day with them? It seemed such a direct answer to her secret desire for his counsel that she joyfully hastened to reply telling him how she needed his advice and his bless- ing.

It was the afternoon of his arrival that Madeline went out to make some calls, but after one visit changed her mind and returned home. She did not at once go to her mother, knowing that she and Father Vincent would probably have much to say to each other, but re- turned into the parlor, cool, dusky and deserted, and went to the little alcove where she had left her embroidery and the last letter from her lover. It was the last letter from her lover. It was simply a letter with a long and a small table and shut in by soft silk curtains. How long she had been there re-reading the letter, dreaming over her work, she could not tell when roused by footsteps and voices in the room—her mother and the priest.

"You hinted at some special cause for trouble in your letter," he said, as they sat in close proximity to those curtains and Madeline's retreat.

rabid abolitionists—at least she had read in the papers that they were rabid. He smiled, broke off a bit of laurel, pink and fragrant and offered it to her. "What do they say, Miss Pardow?" "That they are equal—that we should recognize them. Oh, I hardly know how to explain it," breaking off with a little laugh, not caring to tread too boldly on delicate ground for fear he should feel wounded.

"We respect them where they deserve it, just as we do all men," he said calmly. "Regardless of color?" "Yes, what has the color of a man's skin to do with the question of his worth?"

"Everything, if he is a negro. Could you—I beg your pardon for asking the question—sit at a table with a negro, actually break bread with him as your equal?"

"If he were a gentleman, yes," firmly, his blue eyes meeting hers fearlessly. "Oh! how could you? I cannot understand it. I am fond of some negroes. I loved Uncle Sam, I like Aunt Dilsey, and I'm sorry for them as a race, but meet them on common ground I could not."

And then they drifted away from the dangerous topic. He walked with her and her mother to the train that evening, and Mrs. Pardow invited him warmly to call upon them when he came to Marietta again.

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"Yes; it concerns Madeline." "What of her? I thought her future had been settled. Is she not to be mar- ried in a short time?" "Yes; but, Father she is not my child, and I am growing doubtful of the honor of my course in regard to this mar- riage."

"Not your child?" exclaimed Father Vincent in surprise, for he thought he knew all the Pardow's secrets. "No, I would to God that she were," she said with deep emotion, "for I love her so well that I'd gladly give my life to know that pure unadorned blood flowed in her veins. His chair creaked as he drew it a little nearer hers; his voice sank to a low key. "You do not mean—"

"Yes; her mother was a quadroon," in a trembling voice. Did he hear that strange gasping sigh, as of a dumb creature struck by a mortal blow, that he so quickly and abruptly exclaimed: "Where is she now?"

"Out calling. I did not dare speak of this while she was in the house, for fear the very walls would betray the secret. She must never know it, never. It would ruin her life, kill her, my poor, proud child." Her voice broke in tears. "Tell me the whole story," said the priest gently, but with authority. "Yes, yes; that I am longing to do, you remember my husband's brother, Lawrence Pardow?"

"Well, very well; a handsome young fellow, but rather wild." "And lovable with it all. He died while my husband and I were in France—we were there three years—and before his death he wrote to Anthony, begging him to look after the welfare of a child, a baby, and giving the history of his attachment to a beautiful quadroon in New Orleans. Her mother had been a slave, but this girl had been born free, received a very good education and grew up superior to her class. She had loved with the rare faith and tenderness and died at the birth of their child."

"They were not married, of course?" "Married? Oh, no; but he had really been quite fond of her and he dwelt at length upon the beauty and intelli- gence of the child. We came home very quietly and, before going to our own house, we disengaged our presence to a few even intimates. Friends, we sought her out, and the moment I took her in my arms, looked into her eyes—Lawrence's own beautiful gray eyes, smiling with innocent fearlessness straight into my own—my heart went out to her in such a gush of love, pity and tenderness, that I felt that I could ever be parted from her. We adopted her, but the girl only grew more and more dear to me, and I did not really believe in her to be abroad. Not even to you, Father, did we confess the truth. The war came then and Anthony died at Vicksburg; but I could not feel utterly alone, here, while I had Madeline. I made plans for her, but she was not truly my own child. Her training, her education, became the absorbing interest of my life. After the close of the war I thought it best for her sake to leave New Orleans, to seek a new and more obscure home, away from old friends, old ties. If we remained, she might in some way learn the truth. I should never know that she was here, and you and my lawyer alone knowing where to find us; I have brought her up most carefully. She is refined, beautiful, accomplished and innocent as a young girl should be, but you can see for yourself what she is. I instilled the strongest race prejudices into her mind. I impressed it upon her, and she never forgot it, with kindness, but never to be considered an equal; for a morbid fear that her mother's blood would be- tray itself in some course or degraded taste haunted me. But I am no longer afraid of her. Have I acted with wisdom? Have I done well to lift her up?"

"Assuredly, but between mother and child," said the elder woman; but her eyes fell, a paleness swept over her face. It was a swift, subtle change un- noticed by the girl in the absorption of her thoughts.

"But she shall not discover it. In two weeks she will be married to this young Northerner, her life merged into his, her very name lost. Is it right, is it cheating?" "If you cannot tell her, then you must not tell him, for it would only be to raise a barrier of secrecy between them."

"Tell me there is no dishonesty, no sin in it, and my heart will be at rest."

"According to my understanding, Agnes Pardow, there is none, but the highest human understanding is at best poor authority. You have rescued the child from the common fate of her class, elevated her, thrown around her love, protection, the honor of a good name. You saved her from the conse- quence of her father's sin. Be contented with your work. For marriage there be the crowning, and nor birth can make her less precious to her husband. I only wish there were more women like you in this country."

She drew a long breath of relief, but humbly said: "Do not credit me with being a humanitarian. It was simply love for her that I did it all and lately I have developed the heart-disease here- ditary in my family, and look any hour to be called hence."

A little longer they talked, and then went away, Mrs. Pardow to seek some repose after the excitement of the in- terview, and the priest to stroll around the grounds in prayer or meditation. When the last sound of their footsteps and voices died away, the curtains were drawn aside and Madeline came out of her retreat. She looked wan and ghastly and groped her way across the room and up to her own apartment as though stricken with sudden blindness. She closed and locked the door, then flung herself prone upon the floor. She felt like writhing and screaming aloud instead of lying there like a senseless log, only her tongue seemed paralyzed, her body numb. And yet she could not think with burning, agonizing in- tensely. Could it be true of only a few moments ago she looked the door, then felt like writhing and screaming aloud instead of lying there like a senseless log, only her tongue seemed paralyzed, her body numb. And yet she could not think with burning, agonizing in- tensely. 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The Catholic Record

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1909. Mr. Thomas Coffey. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been reading of your paper and have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1909. Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1909.

DR. ELIOT'S NEW RELIGION.

A short time ago we sketched up to a certain point this latest attempt at establishing a new religion. Without dogma and without creed, it is to be negative rather than positive—a simplicity of nothingness without form or ritual. Thoroughly democratic, it prides itself in having no authority to obey—just as having no mission it is to be purely natural.

Notwithstanding the prosaic character of such ideas as debt and wealth, notwithstanding occasional faults of metre and rhythm, this poem is marked by strength and virility as well as high poetic conceptions throughout. Following the white plague is the particular example of one of consumption's victims. This poem is entitled "The Love Crime," in which a child born of consumptive parents soon learns his own wasting strength. At last—though too early in life—

Whatever precautions are necessary for a healthy progeny we can scarcely look upon the marriage of two unhealthy people as a crime. Nor would we be hasty in advocating the interference of the state in marriage unions. If a doctor's certificate is to be required from every young couple before they can approach the altar, society will be seriously confused. Nor does such a doctrine take in more than the temporal and corporal. There is a Providence of an entirely different order, caring for those who die young and filling with higher hope the sufferers of earth.

Oh, woodroos change, To mortals strange! But yesterday 'twas cold and drear; Some magic hand Hath touched the land And, next, the happy spring is here! O Master, we Give praise to Thee Thou answerest kindly when we pray, And this is wrought The hour we sought— The woodroos miracle of May.

kingdom destroyed and laid waste, man's pride flattered by freedom from creed or dogma, man's pleasure lulled by his power to fix right and wrong—here is the shallow superficial religion which according to Dr. Eliot is to replace Christianity. In the meantime there is the immortal Church—the abiding contradiction to the novelties of modernism or pretended paganism. President Eliot may build a card house which he is pleased to call a temple. No poor can he ever bring to it, no publican will he allow to enter it. Wide though its portals may be it has no gospel from heaven to preach, no mercy of pardon to offer.

THE WHITE PLAGUE AND OTHER POEMS.

We are more than gratified at the prospect that this world has not become completely prosaic and that the poets are not all dead. A young man from Brantford, Ont., Mr. Thaddeus A. Browne, makes his debut with a number of poems which considerably above the average give promise of greater success. Both the subjects and their treatment are novel and daring—perhaps too much so for a young and hitherto unknown singer. The title of the volume "The White Plague and Other Poems," derives its name from the opening poem. Few would have looked for poetry in the gaunt and grim Plague King

"The wine flows red on your tables, And laughter and jest fill the air, While white death lurks in the kisses That lovers exchange on the stair. While down in the reek of your hovels And up in your gilded bazars, The white-faced sower is scattering His seeds that sink to the bones."

Mr. Browne attributes in telling language the extent of this plague to social conditions rather than hereditary weakness. He appeals to the nations that

"Men's lives are more precious than gold." And again: "But drive this scourge from your borders, But bring back the stricken to health, And, delts of nations will vanish, In vaster production of wealth."

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PROTESTANT TRADITION.

It has always been the boast that Protestantism absolutely and completely rejected tradition, basing its faith upon the Bible only. How this is working out in these days of criticism is lamentably evident. Having no authority to stop such methods and having no assurance that the faith and science are really in accord, Protestantism is burning the candle at both ends. This is not, however, the point under consideration. To our mind Protestantism, is most illogical. Its premises are unsound, its conclusions untrue. One of these premises is that it rejects tradition. It is absurd to reject tradition in a religion which is historical. But as a matter of fact Protestantism so far from rejecting tradition, is deeply attached to it, believes in it and practices it.

Tradition may be regarded passively as the truths handed down by preaching, or it may be taken actively as the means by which doctrine and approved conduct are handed down to posterity. Under this head come the acts of councils, the writings of pontiffs and others eminent for their theological lore. This is oral tradition, and is contrasted with Holy Scripture, in which every writing is employed which neither explains itself nor can prevent a misunderstanding of its meaning by its readers. In tradition there is a living teacher, who not only proposes the doctrine, but solves doubts and corrects errors. There is no room in Protestantism for a living teacher, and therefore no room for tradition. Private judgment excludes the former and cannot hand to the next generation anything better than an honest opinion, which, however candid and well-formed, does not constitute it a doctrine. There is, accordingly, or should be, in Protestantism, no tradition. But Protestants contradict themselves, going outside of the Scripture for many things. They reduce to absurdity the very principle upon which they pitched their tent and laid the foundations of a divided house. Their tradition is stolen. And the meanest part of the theft is the denial. The theory that Sacred Scripture is the only and sufficient rule of faith is unscriptural, for no command is found obliging the evangelists and other apostles to write. Scripture does not explain itself, nor does God give to every individual the light to interpret it rightly. How various and contradictory are the interpretations put upon the text: "This is My Body," by Lutherans, Calvinists and other sectarians. In the matter of sacraments Protestants reject many clearly mentioned in Scripture, fall into error concerning them all and yet practise baptism of infants, and acknowledge the baptism—for which there is no guarantee in the Testament Old or New. Upon Sunday observance many Protestants are rigorists. They strive to apply to the Christian Sunday what was intended for the Jewish Sabbath. That Sunday, not the Sabbath, is to be observed is purely traditional. If Protestants turn candidly and without prejudice to Scripture they will find that the Sacred Volume clearly contains this principle that apostolic succession was divinely established as guardian and teacher of all revealed truth. Tradition even with the sects must offer some rule for interpreting scripture, Up and down the line of revelation Protestantism is continually using tradition—using it without authority and without discretion. No creed could be propounded, no discipline maintained, no practice introduced without the voice of the historical past.

DR. RYCKMAN ON CATHOLIC CREED. It is very seldom that Protestant preachers get a good hold of Catholic doctrine. They may not wish to misrepresent our creed. They have an unhappy faculty of twisting it, twisting it out of shape, presenting it in such a way that it is half truth, half falsehood. Their more discreditable habit is that of insisting that Catholics in their act of faith are slaves. Dr. Ryckman, a Methodist minister, in an address at Kingston to a body of Orangemen, is guilty of all this. Whether the gentleman did it through ignorance or malice or human respect for his select (?) congregation is quite indifferent. Ignorance in the intellect, malice in the will, cowardice or human respect in the sentiment of the soul, are about alike. They are especially inexcusable from a man taking as his text and his example the apostles, claiming the right and duty of obeying God rather than man—(v. 18. Acts of the Apostles, chap. iv. v. 18-20) Why the Roman Catholic creed should form the basis of a discourse to the Orangemen is inexplicable, except on the ground of the bribeless lawyer: abuse your opponent. Strike the Catholic Church every time. Lose no opportunity. Some of these Orangemen may have been Methodists. Not one was a Catholic: they swore to that when entering the lodge. For what reason, therefore, did Dr. Ryckman try to explain our doctrine to them? To show his liberality or the versatility of his knowledge? In neither can he be said to have succeeded. Whether we apply a Catholic or Protestant test to his discourse, we report upon him that he refuses to his Catholic neighbors what he praised in the apostles and commended in Orangemen. It is really and candidly the first time we ever suspected that Orangemen would claim apostolicity. Sts. Peter and John took their stand for liberty of conscience. So does Orangemen. There is, with due deference to Dr. Ryckman, a slight difference. The apostles preferred to obey God rather than man: Orangemen prefers to obey man rather than God, and practise hatred more than charity. With a condescension for which we are grateful, Dr. Ryckman thinks that in the main—mark the limitation—the Roman Catholic Church is Christian. If in the main why not throughout? If the trunk be Christian, what are root and branch? "In the main," forsooth! What article in our creed ever shook the corner stone from its place? The Dr. had better look more carefully around his Methodist home. What with mythical interpretation of the early chapters of the Bible and modernistic tendencies of its professors, Methodism will soon cease to be Christian in the main and on the side. No power can stop the decline of Methodist teaching as represented in their theological colleges. The Catholic creed or the Catholic himself asks no certificate of Christianity from any Methodist; for the latter has no definite idea of the Incarnation or Redemption. Had the Catholic Church not preserved the faithful from Arianism in the fourth century there would be no Christianity in the twentieth for Methodist professors to doubt and deny. Again Dr. Ryckman says that: "Roman Catholics hold that the writings of the early fathers had as much authority as the writings of the Apostles." Roman Catholics hold no such thing. The poor man has mixed things up. More than one of the so-called early fathers have erred in their writings. We presume that what the Dr. was endeavoring to say was that the Catholic Church holds that besides the canon of Scripture there is a second font of theological teaching, viz., sacred tradition. Protestants practically admit tradition, e. g., infant baptism, the keeping the Sunday holy instead of the Sabbath, the taking of an oath under certain conditions. Protestantism not having any jurisdiction, cannot have tradition. It depends entirely upon the Catholic Church for what it preserves—for in spite of its theoretical rejection it holds to some. Let us content ourselves with one more point in Dr. Ryckman's peculiar analysis of Catholic doctrine—an analysis which is partial and misleading. He says: "Protestants believed that Christ came into the world to forgive sin, and the Roman Catholics believed that His Body and Blood were offered for sin in the Mass." That is a little special pleading rather than a candid explanation of our doctrine. There would be no Mass if Christ had not come into the world. Furthermore, Dr. Ryckman has strangely forgotten the most important point of the atonement. Christ was Redeemer and came into the world first to atone for sin and afterwards forgive it. As the Protestant case is stated we can see no reason whatever for the passion and death of Our Lord. But the gentleman has misstated the second clause. He has forgotten that Catholic doctrine insists upon repentance as a necessary condition for pardon of sin. It is very true that the Body and Blood of our Lord are offered in the Mass for the living and the dead. We cannot state that the sacrifice of the Mass is a direct offering and atonement for the sins of individuals. It will remit the punishment but not directly remove the guilt. It will obtain the grace of repentance and countless other mercies. No sinner living lies beyond the sweep of its action or the efficacy of its prayer. The Mass is the universal hymn of praise, the sacrifice of thanksgiving, the cry of the Blood mightier than that of Abel, and the impetration of Him Who in the days of His flesh was heard for His reverence. All this and ten thousand times more is the Mass in its earth-circling chain. Still it is not in the direct sense the pardon of sin. There is another sacrament for that purpose—the plank after shipwreck—the sinner's refuge, holy penance. Dr. Ryckman should for his own reputation be more precise; and in order to do that he should not cover so much ground. Catholic teaching is too vast a field to be reaped in one day.

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF WOMAN. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, a wealthy lady of New York, one of the "400," comes out earnestly and edifyingly upon woman's duty. Her conclusion is that "a woman's first duty is to her home, and her second duty is to her home, and likewise her third and fourth duties, and several others." When we reflect upon the subject of home we are tempted to ask ourselves what would it have

been if, instead of an industrious, quiet, pious mother, it had had a strong minded suffragist for its ruling spirit? Suffragettes were few in those days, nor was their voice heard in the land. Home is home chiefly through the mother, who in turn is mostly mother by her devotion to her children and her formative and educational influence over them. It is no mere rhetorical aphorism that the hand which recks the cradle shapes the world. The Roman matron's jewels were her two sons. St. Monica did more for the Church by praying and caring for her son, St. Augustine, than she would have done in the palaces of fashion. Queen Blanche showed more royal dignity in impressing upon her son, St. Louis of France, the value of truth and the shamefulness of vice than by the coronet she graciously wore. We cannot compare an ideal mother in a home moderately comfortable with her years of unremitting toil and unrequited devotion—we cannot compare this humble queen with the noisy agitatrix (is that word English?) whose only work seems to be to make herself obnoxious and whose only right is to let the world know her imaginary wrongs. There are other vocations than home for women—religious calls from the poor, the ignorant, the suffering. Woman has soothed in the silent hours more sorrow than all the suffragists will ever heal. Uncomplaining she has denied herself all that can make life pleasant that she may minister to the little ones of Christ. Home, hospitals, orphanages, places of refuge for the aged, are the scenes of woman's noblest work and most lasting triumphs. Mrs. Fish is right. Woman owes a duty to her fellow woman; but her duty to home is paramount.

AN ORANGE BANQUET.

Right Worshipful Master Bro. E. T. Essery, Grand Master of Ontario West made a trip to Ireland to take part in the 12th of July festivities to perpetuate the glorious, pious and immortal memory. Last week he was given a banquet in this city by the brethren. In replying to the toast of his health he gave his experiences. He did not tell us all he had seen, however. It was not a peace congress. The Orange order, Mr. Essery declared, did not want any favors but wanted civil and religious liberty for Protestants and Roman Catholics alike. This declaration does not sit comfortably beside the fact that the brethren in Liverpool on this turbulent anniversary gave their Catholic neighbors notice to quit, or, as a policeman would put it, they were told to "move on." Right Worshipful Rev. Bro. Lowe was glad to be present as a clergyman of the Church of England and was only sorry there were not more of the clergy of that Church belonging to the Order. Rev. Bro. Lowe would have us believe that he wields the sword of the spirit; but he does not to any appreciable extent. Rather would it be correct to say that he wields very vigorously a shillelah which he brought with him from the black north. No doubt he wishes that more of the clergy would belong to the Orange order. This is not to be hoped for, however, because the majority of the ministers of that Church are well disposed gentlemen who wish to promote peace and have set their faces against those of their brethren who wear the Roman collar and take part in the draggal tail processions of the 12th of July carnivals. Rev. Bro. Lowe, it will be remembered, is the gentleman who criticized severely the habits of the Irish peasants, declaring that oftentimes chickens took roost in the rafters of their homes. One of his countrymen, with malice aforethought, remarked upon reading the report of his lecture in the papers: "Small blame to the chickens for takin' to the rafters. What else could the poor things do when they saw him comin'!"

We are indebted to our contemporary, the Antigonish Casket, for some information which will be a painful surprise to the Rev. Mr. Lowe. The editor says that the recent Orange riots in Liverpool have recalled to his memory a speech addressed to a meeting of the English Church Union at the Church house, Westminster, on March 7th, 1903, by Rev. Andrew Wakefield, an Anglican clergyman of Liverpool. In the course of that speech as given in the Church Times, the leading organ of the Church of England, he said: "The Orangemen are a secret society. But it is unlawful as well as secret; and it is not only unlawful but seditious; and it is immoral in the way it packs juries in Ireland. It is a drunken society as well as profane. Their leader at a demonstration not long since in Liverpool, said this: 'I do wish that we could declare ourselves to be freer from Bacchus and Venus.' It was a counsel which they did most urgently need to have laid upon them. They are notorious for their drunken ruffianism. They go out, in order; but how do they come back. When Queen Victoria came to Liverpool, there was a Trades Procession through the streets of the city. The great procession had in it a contingent of Orangemen. As they came

through the parish which I serve, there was a halt for the better marshalling of the whole procession; and in the halt, which took twenty minutes, the Orangemen broke out of the procession and went to the nearest public-house, and when the word was given to start afresh they could not go on with the procession and their wooden bible (which they carry as an emblem) lay disregarded in the gutter. They are always in favour of an open Bible. The return of most people in Liverpool who know is: 'Your bible is open because you cannot shut it.' Certainly it is a bible which is never read; for the Orange processions and their agitations have been disgraceful for the immorality of their character. . . . This society's Grand Master bolted beyond the seas and has never come back; and he never will dare to return to answer for his crimes. . . . Their first rule that 'no one shall be admitted a member who has married a Catholic wife, is always enforced, and their second rule, that 'if any man, after he has become a member shall marry a Catholic, he shall be expelled; but their fourteenth rule is: If a man be a notorious prodigal, he may be expelled; and this rule is universally forgotten.

In 1795 they became the Loyal Orange League. Having changed their name, they changed their politics; they were followers of William III, and Whigs; but now they say they are Tories, but I cannot take their word for it. They also have changed their religion; for in their foundation they were vigorously restricted to the 'Church of Ireland' (established then) and now they are for the most part Dissenters and Welsh Dissenters. They also have changed those things which they might have pardonably retained, but they never have changed their character of truculent rascality; that and nothing else is unchanged. . . . They are a very secret society; for this has been admitted in answer to questions in the House of Commons. . . . They have repeatedly refused to give evidence in the coroner's court, inquests upon men accidentally killed in the initiation to their lodges. But it is unlawful as well as secret. It was declared unlawful in 1825. Then there was a very exhaustive inquiry into the character of the society, and the English lodge was suppressed by act of parliament. The society was again declared unlawful by Royal Proclamation in 1836; and again by five judges of the Supreme Court of Canada in 1882. And its acts in public are breaches of the Public Processions acts of three different dates; and its oaths are breaches of the Oaths Acts also. It wades in illegalities. . . . It is also a seditious society. . . . The purpose of the Orange League for long was to place the Duke of Cumberland upon the throne in place of Queen Victoria. They enrolled and armed and drilled for that purpose. . . . It has maintained its power every where for the set purpose of spoiling pious devotion of every kind, and of wrecking true religion. . . . It is also an immoral society. It is immoral in the way it has packed juries again and again in Ireland, and given verdicts of 'not guilty' even when the prisoner himself had pleaded guilty and desired only the clemency of the court. . . . They made it a condition of employment of any man, that he should join the Orange League—that society which is secret, unlawful, seditious, and immoral. . . . Such is Orangemen, as exposed by an Anglican clergyman, without contradiction, to a representative assembly of the Church of England.

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN ENGLAND

there are many noble men, but the majority have nothing noble about them save the title. They are making a fierce onslaught upon the new budget because it presses heavily upon their moth-eaten privileges. They are extremely patriotic, those noble lords, and they are quite willing that immense sums of money be spent upon the army and navy so that the glory of the British Empire might be preserved and enhanced. But the moment they are asked to bear a reasonable proportion of the expense vitriolic protests are placed upon record. Lord Roseberry calls the new budget a revolution. "Landowners," he says, "are damned according to the spirit of the age for holding any property at all and doubly damned for holding property and land." This is very unbecoming language from a noble lord, and uncalled-for as it is unbecoming. Looking at the matter from long range most people will conclude that there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark." England is, comparatively speaking, a small country. Why should such an immense tract of its land be held by the privileged class for sporting purposes while the people are forced to look to other nations for food-stuffs? It would not be just, of course, to deprive these people of their property without fair compensation, but that the unproductive land should be placed in the hands of the people to cultivate seems to be along the line of common sense. The necessities of the country demand it. The noble lords of the House of Lords seem to riding for a fall. They have always set their faces against progressive legislation. If they reject the new budget they will be making a very uncomfortable bed for themselves.

THE NEW BRIAND MINISTRY IN FRANCE

are becoming alarmed at the exodus of the people from that misgoverned country. They have a right of course to take every fair means to keep their people at home, but they should not misrepresent other countries. Under the sun there is not a nation to-day to

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be found where exists better prospects for emigrants than in the Dominion of Canada. This has been made known to the French people by unquestionable evidence. M. Briand hurries to the rescue and tells the people that Canada is a wild and very cold country, and that French people meet all sorts of hardships if they cannot speak English. The climate of Canada, he tells us, is a redoubtable enemy to the agricultural class. This will be news to our fellow-Canadians in the province of Quebec. We may say to the great infidel at the head of the French government that he has formed an entirely erroneous opinion of Canada. Were he to pay a visit to this country he would find his countrymen free, contented, happy and prosperous. These conditions do not prevail in the France of to-day. By all means let the French people come to us from the old country, but we do not want any of the "red" brand who have received their training in the Briand schools.

THE MOST PROMINENT citizens of Montreal have become thoroughly aroused because of the scandalous revelations in its municipal government. Defying all precedents and utterly regardless of the way in which the people's money should be spent, some of the officials in whose hands the power was placed, accepted not the lowest but the highest tenders for public works. Immense sums of money were about to be spent for this purpose, but a committee of citizens have asked for an injunction to restrain the city from carrying into effect reports adopted at a recent meeting of the roads committee regarding paving contracts. A stumbling block in the way of making a clean sweep of the grafters will be found in the influence, which will, no doubt, be exerted by the members of catholic bound secret societies. It will be remembered that one of the witnesses refused to give evidence because it might compromise a brother Mason. It would be well were the royal commission to extend its sphere of operations. There are other centres of population in our Dominion where it might be found that the people's money is systematically misappropriated.

A FEW DAYS AGO Mr. Harriman, who controls sixty thousand miles of railway in the United States, breathed his last. Death has no regard for the great financiers who are so plentiful in our modern life. How few, after all, will give the life and death of this man calm reflection. The millionaire of to-day occupies a small place in the cemetery to-morrow. The world moves on and in a little while he is forgotten even by those who may have been his beneficiaries. The men of great wealth make the mistake of thinking that it is their undisputed property. How few consider that it is, after all, the gift of God, and that they are but the stewards. When the shadows fall death would be stripped of many of its terrors to the millionaire, had he done his full share in bringing happiness to God's less fortunate creatures. We do not judge Mr. Harriman. He may have been a good and a charitable man, but his removal might with profit bring reflection to the hard-fisted class who hoard and hoard, and deserve not a kindly word from their fellow-men when they are placed away for eternity.

WE SINCERELY thank our estimable contemporary, the Intermountain Catholic, published in Salt Lake City, for the following friendly words concerning the CATHOLIC RECORD: "The CATHOLIC RECORD of London, Canada, is the ablest defender of Catholic doctrines and interests published in the Dominion. Its editorial columns are bristling with argumentative strength, and the paper itself is a Catholic military fort efficiently manned, and from which shot and shell are weekly sent with precision into the ranks of the bigots and fanatics for which Ontario and Manitoba, like many of our own states, has an unenviable notoriety. Its circulation is the largest of any Catholic weekly printed in Canada."

This is by way of preface to a criticism on the position we have taken on the saloon question. The particular article was written by one of the most distinguished priests in the Dominion. We will draw his attention to the strictures which our confere have thought fit to make upon his article.

congregations. The experiment was tried in this part of Ontario some years ago and was very successful, but the business has lost its attractiveness.

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS have organized a court in Argentina. A letter from Buenos Ayres to America brings us this gratifying intelligence. The first court starts with one hundred and twenty-nine members. A paper called La Nacion speaks in sarcastic fashion of the establishment of a court of this society. The correspondent truly says that had a meeting been called for the initiation of a Free Mason lodge, La Nacion would have been spared its sarcasm. We regret to be told that the Masonic body in Catholic Argentina is so strong that La Nacion cannot afford to offend them. A greater offence could not be given the Masons than to express approval of a Catholic society. It is quite likely the Masonic body in Argentina are like their French brethren who are all Christ haters, armored to fight the Church which He established on earth.

WE PUBLISH in this issue the splendid address delivered by the Hon. Chas. Murphy, Secretary of State, at the Labor Day demonstration in London. The vast concourse of people present on the occasion realized that this new blood taken into the cabinet means much for Canada. The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier wishes to have the very best men about him to deliberate upon the knotty problems that from time to time confront the administration. In selecting Mr. Murphy he certainly made no mistake. The new Secretary of State is a man of rare ability and splendid scholastic attainments—a man of approved moral excellence, honesty, uprightness and rectitude. Before him is a bright future and we trust he will be given length of years in the service of his country.

WE WOULD like to draw the attention of our non-Catholic neighbors to an occurrence which recently took place in Ste. Agathe, Que. A new parish bylaw was passed establishing the local option law. Upon a vote of the electors being taken it was found that only four in the whole parish voted against it. We take it that the cure of the parish exerted his influence in the cause of temperance, hence the almost unanimous vote in favor of the bylaw. In the province of Ontario our ministerial friends possess no such influence. Let their preaching be as resolute as possible along this line; it has very little effect upon their hearers. Realizing their weakness in this regard they have recourse to the law, vainly endeavoring to make people moral by this means.

A VERY sensible and timely resolution was passed at the convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians held in Dublin recently. It recommends that strong action be taken to suppress the sale and distribution in Ireland of indecent newspapers, post cards, books, novelettes and other printed matter of a similar description. It was difficult to account for the gross indifference of the criminal authorities in this matter, and we may add, the criminal indifference of parents. We are all very careful to keep our children away from the contagion of disease which afflicts the body, but such is not the case as regards that contagion which pollutes the minds of our little ones. The news stalls should be carefully scanned from time to time. Whose business is it to do it?

A DESPATCH to one of the Chicago papers tells us that Spain is now in a state of intellectual and moral ferment that will eventually give it a position of greatness such as it had at one time. Prof. Chas. R. Henderson of the city named, gave this as his opinion on his return from a visit to the Spanish kingdom. He tells us that the country has been a gainer by the loss of its colonies. As Spain's deterioration was laid at the door of the Church, we hope our friends, the non-Catholic missionaries, will be honest enough to give that same Church some credit for its prosperity and advancement.

LAST WEEK the priests of the Archdiocese of Kingston were in Retreat. The exercises were conducted by Rev. H. J. Zilles, C. SS. R.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD. DOGMATA.

Not a few editors of the secular press seem to be briskly exercised in trying to cleanse the public brain from every trace of "dogma." In special editorial scraps, and very often by obiter dicta in general leaders, they who are so engrossed in trusting to folly and the hopelessness of trusting to dogmata are dilated on. And the men for a superstitious supposition the masses of the country, are fancied to have had a rigorous and exact intellectual training, and are encyclopaedic in universal knowledge. Surely, then, what they reiterate day in and day out ought to have some foundation on fact or sense. They say the human intellect must not in its operations be fettered by dogma. Is this a sound proposition? Let us see.

What is the meaning of dogma? The English dictionary says that a dogma is "a settled opinion, a principle or tenet, a doctrine laid down with authority." Ainsworth, in his Latin dictionary, says it is "a decree, a received opinion," and quotes Cicero for this. Deceals says that the word dogma is derived from the Greek word dogmata. This, then, means the statement that an opinion, decree, or truth, expressed in words is a dogma. Now, without pausing to notice that the universal proposition given by the editors has all the earmarks of a dogma every thinking man will see at a glance that every principle or law of science, of which there are hundreds, every lesson from history, and every stereotyped experience of the human race is a dogma. What the editors advise their readers to do is constructively to regard as naught the pith of the gleamings that have been brought together by the brightest intellects of the race! Have the editors ever considered how we get our knowledge and of what it consists? A fairly full exposition of the matter would be a voluminous production, but a few hints are sufficient for a thinker.

What is the amount of knowledge possessed by an infant? This question has perplexed the profoundest philosophers. All agree that there is a point of time in the life of the infant when it has not any of its external senses acquired a single fact of experience. What it does possess is a mind to think—a faculty of thought which in its activity will think according to the most conservative and primary principles. These are the laws of being. They are not innate. Yet the child or the man will never think against them. They are the principles of contradiction, nature, and cause and effect. Whatever knowledge the child may afterwards acquire these are the standards he will intuitively use to test its truth. Experience and reflection may not give him much. But with these tests and the help he obtains from parents and teachers, from science and history, will add most materially to his stock of learning and the aids of life. He may never verify them, nor may he ever be able to verify, for himself, although he holds them through- out his life and uses them with such confidence and success as if he had by a logical (syllogistic) process verified them a thousand times. His teacher tells him that two atoms of hydrogen unite with one atom of oxygen to form a molecule of water. He cannot verify this; he takes it on the authority of his teacher. At a time, his teacher may mean what the radius vector describes equal spaces in equal times. Will he accept this, or will he wait until he can prove it for himself? He will add it to the stock of dogmata that he already possesses. Furthermore, if the matter be well looked into, it will be seen that not only a little of the dogmata that are signed in any order of knowledge is to put forth the grossest absurdity ever broached by man.

It is possible though, that, if the matter were pressed home to the editors, they might say they are read amiss, and that they are taken generally. Well, what is their meaning? To what particular order of principles or truths do they refer, when they say, "the human intellect must not in its operations be fettered by dogma?" If they flinch from assailing the dogmata that dominate human knowledge, what other dogmata are there that can possibly be assailed? Can it be that they can only be the dogmata of Christianity, the truths that have been given by God to man. According to the editors, then human dogmata must be respected; divine dogmata must be eschewed. The man that repudiates his own divine dogmata cannot be a Christian unless he believes, nor can he believe without believing something. A man cannot believe by believing nothing, for to believe nothing is not to believe. He must then, believe something, and the something put in words is a dogma. Every Christian must hold to dogmata. A rumour is in the air that a new religion has been lately devised, in which there is no creed. There is nothing in it that can be an object of faith or of thought. Such a religion (save the mark) can be nothing but the shadow of a form, having no contents. It is nothing; and, as from nothing nothing can be drawn, neither benefit nor comfort can be drawn, neither good nor evil, from such a cult must be a specially created class of beings. The man that has been and is, by his very constitution a believer. He can no more live and not believe, than he can live and not think. He cannot look at the scheme of things as it is, and not be foley of it. The empirics are fighting against the stars.—J. P. T.

FROM AMERICA. FATHER BENSON'S LATEST NOVEL.

London, September 1, 1909.

Father Robert Hugh Benson has won for himself a very remarkable position among English novelists. He commenced his first novel in the anxious months when he was beginning to realize that his position as an Anglican clergyman was untenable, and he completed it after he had made his submission to the Catholic Church. His historical novels obtained recognition from the non-Catholic press and were largely read by Protestants. But his more recent stories in which he opened out a new vein have been even more popular with the British public generally, and with the British public after edition, have sold in edition after edition, quite something quite apart from the ordinary novel, which makes variations upon a love story its theme. In Father Benson's books there is, as a rule, the traditional feature of a love interest, but it is not the keynote of the whole and soon becomes quite subsidiary to the main element

in his plot. In the later novels the dominating interest is the revelation of the action of the supernatural on human character. This is something much more subtle, and it is a hopeful sign for England that such books should be eagerly read by tens of thousands. The success of "The Conventualists" was all the more surprising because it opened up lines of thought which are utterly foreign to the average English mind. His latest book, "The Necromancers," is a study of the action of spiritualism as an evil influence. Father Benson grants that the world of the mediums is full of trickery and charlatanerie and more or less willful self-deception and deception of others. But it is not all a sham. In the midst of it there is a terrible reality, the action of the demon on human minds and wills. We are shown how young Laurence Baxter, a convert with a not very well ballasted mind, is drawn into dabbling in spiritualism, by his longing to hold communion again with a girl he has loved and who has died suddenly. His temperament makes him peculiarly fitted to be the subject of "spiritualism." Influences, and at the very first instance at which he is present he falls into a hypnotic trance, the forerunner of a series of uncanny experiences. One doubts if any writer has ever given such realistic and convincing descriptions of these abnormal states of mind as are to be found in "The Necromancers." Laurence's friends try to draw him back from the perilous course of which he has entered. But he goes on, and then, by a number of subtle touches we are led first to suspect and then to realize that the young man has become the victim of actual demonic possession. The story ends happily, for the prayers and self devotion of a woman who loves him saves Laurence from himself.

By a strange coincidence, in the very week in which Father Benson's novel appeared, another firm of London publishers issued a narrative which they vouched for as a plain statement of facts. The title was "The Maniac, a Realistic Study of Madness from the Maniac's Point of View." The writer, a woman, told how she had been attracted by "spiritualism" and became a regular attendant at seances. Then came a condition of conscious nervous fatigue and strain. Next, not in dreams, but in her waking hours she began to hear voices, and then to feel that she was accompanied by spiritual beings some of whom seemed to be malicious and repulsive fiends. But with all the feeling of repulsion she was dominated by them and began to break out into what her friends considered mad raving, but what she knew to be language suggested by these beings of another world who haunted her and could rule her will. Eventually she recovered freedom and sanity, and she tells her story as a warning to others. Here we have a remarkable parallel to Father Benson's story of Laurence Baxter.

Every physician who has much experience of insane cases knows that the spiritual is not only too often the first step to the lunatic asylum. But what of Father Benson's theory that such madness may be not a mere physical breakdown of the nervous system, but a case of demonic possession? It is used to be the fashion among physicians to class alleged cases of possession as only wrongly diagnosed cases of insanity. But only a few months ago an eminent practitioner in Edinburgh publicly declared his conviction that there were cases of so-called insanity that could be adequately accounted for only by accepting the theory of possession. In this connection I may mention what was told me by some time visiting chaplain to a large English lunatic asylum. He sometimes was able to bring the Blessed Sacrament, to give Holy Communion to Catholic patients in their lucid intervals. One day the Governor, a Protestant, surprised him by saying: "I know you, for when you do there are some inmates here who break out into a paroxysm of fury."

No doubt in Christian lands possession is a rare phenomenon. But no one who accepts the Gospels as historic truth can deny its reality in the past, and there is not a little evidence that it still recurs in the present. Father Benson who has made a long and careful study of spiritualism, has written his novel as a piece of sensationalism but as a serious warning that dabbling in this modern necromancy is playing with fire. We have God's revelation of the unseen world in the teachings of the Church, and legitimate means of communication with it in the ritual of altar and prayer. Side by side with this there is the illicit ritual of the seances, the new gospel of the spiritualists. By its fruits we know that it is not of God. It is nothing new, but has a long history going back to the soothsayers, necromancers and wonder workers of the old pagan world. What wonder, then, if its votaries should at times become the slaves of an arch-enemy of God and man? "This way madness lies," says one of the non-Catholic reviewers of Father Benson's book dwelling upon the dangers of Spiritualism. But the terrible lesson of the book is that there may be something even worse than madness. A. H. A.

"FAITH AND FREEDOM."

An audience that completely filled the large Chautauqua tent greeted Bishop Keane last Sunday afternoon at Bellevue, where the eloquent western prelate was scheduled to speak. His subject was "Faith and Freedom," and for an hour and fifteen minutes he held the closest attention of the thousands who heard him.

Bishop Keane was introduced by Hon. James P. English, and at once entered upon the subject of his lecture. He declared that faith is natural to man. If each man were to depend only on the conclusions of reason life in society would be impossible. The normal man trusts his fellow man, he accepts the history of the past on the word of men, and even in the field of science men depend largely upon the work of others. Every step in life is an act of faith in others. But this is human fact. Di-

vine faith regards the revelation which God has made and it rests upon His eternal truth. While it is concerned with things not seen by us and many things not understood of human reason, it is essentially reasonable. The truths it shows us are above, but not contrary to reason; and right reason dictates the acceptance of revealed truth.

Liberty; what is it? The man in the street is apt to answer: "The right and privilege to do as I please." That is not liberty. It is anarchy. Man is born into society. He is surrounded by human beings with rights which must be respected. The rights of others and our own duties define the limits of liberty. As moral beings, we have duties to God, ourselves and our fellow men and we have, therefore, the right to perform those duties. Hence the right to liberty of worship, to development of our own personality, the right of private property, which is an extension of personality, the rights of family, etc.

The condition of the civilized world at the dawn of the Christian era was sketched in a striking outline by the speaker. Rome was then the center of civilization. She had inherited the intellectual culture, the philosophy and the learning of Greece; yet pagan Rome at her highest recognized no rights of man except those that birth or power bestowed. During the reign of Augustus there were 900,000 slaves in the city of Rome—three-fifths of the entire population. These were not men of an inferior race, but captives made in war, the brave Franks and the dark-skinned Numidians. Their status was that of chattels, with no rights that were recognized by law or morals. Slavery was looked upon as a political matter and no one questioned its morality. The master's whim was law, even in matters of life and death, and the philosophers of the time advocated the putting to death of slaves who had outlived their usefulness. The dumb beast had as many rights as the slave. Scarcely better was the condition of the poor freedmen, whose place was taken by the slaves and who could find no work to do by which to support themselves. The gladiatorial games, in which men were pitted against men—and even men against women—in death struggles, claimed thousands of victims annually. And there was not a word of protest from the learned philosophers of the day.

The condition of morals was even more shocking. Virtue was sold openly in the market places, and the emperors themselves set the example of unrestrained licentiousness.

It was to a world steeped in slavery and sin that Jesus of Nazareth came with the message: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." He sent His apostles, men of a despised race, unlearned and in rags, to preach His Gospel of peace and love to the proud and cruel Roman. After a struggle of 290 years Faith triumphed. Faith no longer boasted of citizenship in the greatest of earthly kingdoms, but instead they owned citizenship in the kingdom of the Eternal Father, and they regarded other men as their brothers. Faith had set them free from the thrall of paganism and all the horrors of slavery and vice that paganism stood for. On the successor of Timothy is said on good authority to be that same slave whom St. Paul sent back to his master with a letter asking kind treatment for him.

When the barbarian hordes overran Europe and buried the old civilization, the Church had to do over again for the first time what it had done for the old Roman. She Christianized them and civilized them and taught them the blessings of peace and liberty. And when the Moslem came to impose again the yoke of slavery upon men there were religious orders whose members bound themselves by vow to exchange their freedom for the freedom of others, to rescue the captive slave. Within a few centuries the Order of Trinitarians rescued more than 900,000 slaves and the Order of Mercy in two centuries ransomed or exchanged for their own members 270,000 captives from the Moors.

The speaker called attention to the remarkable fact that only a Christian land was every abolished, while in non-Christian countries it is still tolerated and encouraged. Christian faith has changed the face of the world; it has taught man his true dignity as a child of God and has made him free in the best and truest sense. The world to-day needs faith in order to preserve the liberty that Christ gave to it. This is not a mere sentimentalism, but a practical necessity. The social problems that are pressing for solution and to avert the dangers that are threatening. The home is the foundation of the state, and no nation can long continue to prosper when the home is weakened. Only the Christian ideal of the home, the Christian ideal of marriage can preserve the family intact. We need to contemplate that home at Nazareth to realize what the homes of to-day should be. We are at present a great nation, prosperous, well governed and happy. Only a strong Christian faith can keep us so, can uphold the Star Spangled Banner of freedom; and

On the land of the free and the home of the brave."

THE CARDINAL AND THE KNIGHTS.

During his recent visit to Salt Lake City, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons was tendered a grand reception and banquet by the Knights of Columbus, of which many prominent citizens were present.

In the course of a brief address on the occasion the Cardinal said:


"I love the Knights of Columbus. They are tireless knights. Whenever any great cause affecting the interests of God, of religion, of humanity or of charity is at stake, they are always prepared to meet the issue, and I love and honor them on that account. And gentlemen, let me say to you to-night, that as long as you are united with your clergy and your Bishop, God will bless you. When the Bishop and the clergy and the people are united in any good cause, in the cause of religion, of humanity and of charity, there is no such

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One must accept life as it is. It gives us great happiness if we are wise enough to see the happiness, and it balances the scales by sending great sorrows, too. But that is life.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

FEAST OF THE SEVEN SORROWS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

"Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother" (St. John xix. 25)

A month ago Holy Church placed before us for our contemplation the triumphant entry of the Mother of Jesus into heaven, and invited us on the great feast of the Assumption to glory in our Blessed Lady's triumph and rejoice in her joy. To-day Holy Church places before us for our contemplation the sorrows of the Mother of Jesus, and invites us to mourn over her sufferings and sorrow in her sorrows. One is the feast of hope, the other the feast of faith; one the other is of earth. And our Blessed Lady's sorrows, being of earth, come close to us and teach us a practical lesson—sojourners as we are in a vale of tears.

Sorrow is in very truth the monarch of this lower world, and sooner or later every soul is sure to feel the touch of his scepter. There is nothing that men find so difficult to understand and account for as the mighty wall of sorrow that rises up from generation to generation throughout the whole wide sea of mortal life, and extends to its most distant shores. What is the reason of all this suffering that exists in the world around us? Is a question that has been asked day after day, and year after year, and century after century, since the first human tear fell upon the unconscious earth. And the attempt to solve this enigma of mankind has furnished schools of philosophy and philanthropy, systems of religion, and methods of life, from the dawn of human history and before it to the present hour. Yet the reason of sorrow, though it has escaped the search of mankind, is not far to seek—it is sin, and sin is everywhere. On any other theory than the religious one of the pro- existence is a dark and hopeless riddle. But even Christians, to whom this explanation is the first lesson of their practical views of life. We have not the heart to meet the stern truth face to face, and recognize that our life in this world is not a season of joy, but rather through the light of a long summer day, but to endure and to labor in darkness and storm. And this is the great lesson of the feast of to-day.

Picture the Mother of Jesus in her early childhood, when, a fair vision of innocence, she rested in the arms of St. Ann; behold her growing up a spotless flower in the temple of God; contemplate her in the tranquil purity and beauty of her girlhood and the bright rays of inspiration. And then behold her, a Virgin Mother, sword-wounded in the temple, a fugitive in a foreign land, a distracted pilgrim seeking her lost Son, the mother of a persecuted, betrayed, and convicted Man, the saddest follower in that sad procession to Calvary, meeting her Son face to face on His way to death, standing by His gibbet, the witness of His agonies, the sharer of His suffering, the partner in His sorrows, the sentinel before His tomb, and the guardian of His sacred remains from her that suffering is the portion of all who follow faithfully in the footsteps of our Lord Jesus Christ and secure His salvation. For "Unless you take up the Cross and follow Me you cannot be My disciple."

THE SMUTTY STORY LOSING ITS POPULARITY.

In spite of evidence—and unhappily a good deal of it—which seem to controvert this statement, we feel assured that not only is the use of profanity decreasing among men, but that the indecent and filthy story is losing its popularity also. This is something indeed for which we are thankful—that there is growing up among men a desire to be free of the kind of story which depended for its laugh-provoking qualities solely upon its obscene and immoral suggestions.

The Wichita Eagle of Wichita, Kansas (a city and a state, by the way, neither of which grows molasses) has the following article on this subject:

The day of the smutty story is passing. It is true that suggestive plays continue to draw crowds at the theaters, but the man who tells dirty stories, known in polite society as "man stories," is not so popular as he once was, and he can not keep a crowd sitting around him while he reels off vile and nauseating yarns. The average man will listen to a story until the narrator begins to get too far off color, and then he will remember an engagement which he must fill at once.

It was not long since that traveling men were supposed to carry about with them a long list of vile and filthy stories with which to entertain the merchant to whom they desired to sell goods. The merchant expected it, his clerks expected it and the traveling man did his best to meet their expectations. Now it is different. If a traveling man should attempt to tell smutty tales of the sort that were once in vogue, he certainly would not be welcomed by the merchant and it is probable that he would lose a customer. Men like stories, but they no longer want the barroom or depot truck variety.

Not long ago three men entered an office in this city to visit a short time with the man at the desk. He was not busy and they were just putting in a few hours before supper. One of the men told a story to illustrate a point, he had made or was trying to make. Of course, this reminded another of the men of a story and he told his tale. They were both good clean stories with a hearty, wholesome laugh of the kind that does one good wrapped up in them. Then the third man, who evidently didn't know that some men have clean minds, told a filthy tale which would have made a decided hit if the man had been of a different character.

His story brought a sort of nervous little laugh from the other three, which he mistook for approbation, and he told another, more vile than the first, if that were possible. Then one of the men looked at his watch and said he was sure the man at the desk was busy and they should be going. The man at the desk made a half-hearted protest and the visitor left. The man with his

mind full of dirty stories possibly thought he was a sunbeam and imagined he was the life of the party, but, as a matter of fact, he broke up a pleasant little afternoon chat and he left a bad taste in the mouths of the other men.

This simply illustrates that the man with the inclination for vile stories is no longer the center of attraction. He has given place to the man who can talk sense or who can tell a wholesome yarn. He would be a shining light in a barroom, but as there are no barrooms in Kansas the smutty story man is simply losing out just as is the man with the booze laden breath.

Here in Boston, one evening last winter, at a gathering of men, there was a constant flow of wit, humor, and repartee; story followed story, and there was much laughter and merriment; but when one man—a guest and evidently somewhat immature—ventured upon one of those stupid, nasty stories, he could plainly see, by the coldness with which it was received, that he had utterly mistaken the tone and temper of his hosts. Like the man whom our Kansas contemporary tells about this young fellow thought he was exuberantly funny, and evidently imagined that he would make the hit of the evening with a story of the smutty kind; but decent men have grown tired of such asinities. To attempt to amuse self-respecting people by indecent stories and jokes is (apart from the sin of scandal involved) to offer a gratuitous insult to their intelligence.

Every Catholic man should be an enemy to the low and degrading stories which are still too common. Every Catholic man in workshop store or office should do all in his power to discourage the fellow with the filthy mind and the filthy mouth. Members of the Holy Name Societies particularly should feel themselves especially called upon to be not only clean of speech themselves, but to frown down wherever possible all attempts to be funny at the expense of the holy virtue of purity.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE READING OF THE BIBLE.

FATHER CORBETT, THE SCHOLARLY JESUIT, DISCUSSES THE ATTITUDE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH ON THE SUBJECT.

The fourth lecture by the Rev. John Corbett, S. J., on the general topic of the "Church and the Bible" at the Catholic Summer School, Cliff Haven, was devoted to a consideration of the Church's attitude towards the reading of the Bible. Father Corbett said in part:

"The Church has nothing to fear from the deepest study and investigation of any science, physical, historical or philosophical. She is not afraid of the truth. What she has to regret is the ignorance and the prejudice against her and her doctrines that are so widespread among those not of the faith. On no subject perhaps are the ideas of Protestants more astray than on the Church's attitude towards the reading of the Bible. We are sometimes asked the following question: 'Did not the Protestant religion give us the first Bible written in the language of the people?' And the answer is, 'No.' Whoever makes such a statement is ignorant of the facts of history. In the days of the Apostles the Old Testament had been translated into Greek and the New Testament was written in Greek, the language of the people. In the middle of the second century the Bible was translated into Latin and Syriac that it might be understood by the people. At the end of the fourth century the Pope had St. Jerome revise the Latin version in common use and later the saint prepared the great Vulgate version of the Scripture in Latin, when Latin was the universal language of the Western World.

During the Middle Ages whoever could read at all could read Latin, and the Scripture was at his command. During the fourteenth century the Bible was translated into the vernacular of the people, and they had the Bible in their own language. There is still preserved a complete French Bible written in the thirteenth century.

"Sir Thomas More tells us that the whole Bible was long before Wikli's days by virtuous and well-learned men translated into the English tongue, and good and Godly people with devotion and soberness well and reverently read."

"What is true of England is true also of the other countries of Europe. During the three centuries before the Reformation the Scriptures were to be had in Italian, Spanish, German, Danish and Flemish. Immediately after the invention of printing, Bibles were printed in these languages before Luther was born or Henry VIII. broke away from the Church. The Italian Bible was printed in 1471, the French Bible in 1477 and eighteen editions of the Bible in German appeared before Luther's."

"As long as the Bible was not abused and set up as a standard of revolt against the Church, the reading was not restricted or prohibited. When, however, the Reformers began to circulate translations of the Bible, they were late translations of the Bible, and the faith had she not warned her children and condemned such corruptions of God's Word. The special character of these mistranslations on the part of Tyndale in England and of Luther in Germany were pointed out. Protestants were quoted to show that they looked on one another as 'corrupters of the Word of God.'"

The legislation of the Church on Bible reading was then reviewed, and

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It was shown that for the last 150 years there has been no restriction on the reading in Italy for the spread of the Holy Gospels, and in five years they distributed 500,000 copies of the Gospels. This society has been highly commended by Pope Pius X.

Father Corbett recommended especially the reading of the Gospels in the New Testament and the Psalms in the Old.

BIGOTRY REVIVED.

Mgr. Brown thus describes the present regrettable conditions in England and Scotland in reference to anti-Catholic prejudice:

"Since the Eucharistic Congress wave of bigotry has swept over Scotland and parts of England, there has been a renewal of pulp attacks upon the Church, the Holy Father, and upon the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, many non-Conformist ministers seem to be trying to divert the attention of their hearers from the mournful fact that their chapels are less well attended than in the past by thundering against the errors and evils of Catholics.

Protestantism in its lowest, more virulent, and most ignorant form is alarmed, and the violence of its cries is proof of the greatness of its fear. But there is one hope, though I fear only one, that some good may yet come of all this excitement. Definite dogmatic teaching, at least such positive teaching as they use to give, is disappearing from the non-Conformist chapels. Only the other day the new President of the Wesleyan Conference deplored the falling away in their Church membership, and offered a remarkable explanation. He said that perhaps the cause of losses was to be traced to the vague Covenanter-temple teaching of the schools of the north, which had been the means of bringing to the same kind of indefinite teaching into their churches. It is not for me to attempt to decide whether he is right or wrong in his conjecture—it is enough to put such an utterance, with all that underlies it, before my hearers for their thoughtful consideration.

Undoubtedly among the non-Conformists there are to be found men and women of deep religious feelings whose spiritual temperaments long for the solace of the supernatural, and who would be splendid Catholics if they had the grace of the True Faith. Such people are not to be judged by the loud-mouthed clerical politicians who so assiduously claim to be the leaders of the mass of their congregations. They

are people to whom religion is a real influence in their lives, and they are deserting the chapels where they are given the stone of politics instead of the bread of the Word of God which they seek.

As prejudice breaks down, as Catholics are intermingled more and more with the civic and social life of the nation, they will begin to turn for solace in their disquietude of soul to the Church of Christ, where alone they can find peace.

It is indeed as if they are asking can any good come out of Nazareth, in response being bidden to come and see.

A BREEDER OF TURBULENCE.

Is there anything like Orangemanism in the whole world? Is there any other body of men organized to keep open old sores, to maintain the memory of "old unhappy far off things and battles long ago," to remind others of past defeats and humiliations, and to prevent reconciliation, peace, union and strength? Can they be believed to have any real regard for the interests of the empire, or for the honor and interests of their own religion? Can they suppose that their calumnies and insults will injure the Catholic religion? Why, then, they ought not Catholics to imitate it? Is there any other people within the British Empire that are reminded of past defeats except the Irish Catholics? In Scotland, the overthrow of the Celt at Culloiden is not celebrated by the Saxons of Scotland; and what would be the condition of Scotland if it were? Macaulay remarks that patriotic Scotsmen, such as Walter Scott, will relate with pride how at Killocranckie "their own kindred fled like hares before a smaller number of warriors of a different breed and a different speech." In Canada French and English are so allied as to excite the admiration of the Americans who have learned from the sight of a common monument to Montcalm and Wolfe to honor together Lee and Grant.

The dogma of the Church limits thought about as much as the dogma of the solar system limits physical science. It is not an arrest of thought, but a fertile basis and constant provocation of thought. But, of course, Mr. Dell really knows this as well as I do. He has merely fallen back (in that mixture of fatigue and hurry in which all fade are made) upon some journalistic phrases. He cannot really think that men join the most fighting army upon earth merely to find rest. It is on a par with the old Protestant fiction that monks decided to be ascetic because they wanted to be luxurious. I should keep out of a monastery from exactly the same motives that prevent me from going into the mountains to shoot bears. I am not active enough for a monastery."

TWO PROTESTANT FICTIONS.

THAT MEN BECOME CATHOLICS TO AVOID THINKING AND MOVES TO ESCAPE WORK.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton for June has an interesting article entitled "The Staleness of Modernism." "Why," asks he, "is Modernism so shallow and so stale? Why is it that Mr. Dell cannot become a new-fashioned Catholic without immediately becoming an old-fashioned Protestant? Why cannot he argue with the Pope without playing to the no-Popery gallery? Let him by all means be a Modernist Catholic; it is no affair of mine. But why should he use those very thoughtless and threadbare arguments which he must have seen through ever to become a Catholic at all? For instance, he says that a man becoming a Catholic leaves his responsibility on the threshold, and is converted to be saved 'the trouble of the thinking.'" Unless Modernism has some strange and softening influence on the brain, Mr. Dell must know better. He must know whether men like Newman

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and Brunetiere left off thinking when they joined the Roman Church. Moreover, because he is a man of lucid and active mind, he must know that the whole phrase about being saved the trouble of thinking is a boyish fallacy. Euclid does not save geometers from the trouble of thinking when he insists on absolute definitions and unalterable axioms. On the contrary, he gives them the great trouble of thinking logically. The dogma of the Church limits thought about as much as the dogma of the solar system limits physical science. It is not an arrest of thought, but a fertile basis and constant provocation of thought. But, of course, Mr. Dell really knows this as well as I do. He has merely fallen back (in that mixture of fatigue and hurry in which all fade are made) upon some journalistic phrases. He cannot really think that men join the most fighting army upon earth merely to find rest. It is on a par with the old Protestant fiction that monks decided to be ascetic because they wanted to be luxurious. I should keep out of a monastery from exactly the same motives that prevent me from going into the mountains to shoot bears. I am not active enough for a monastery."

The Fortification.

St. John Chrysostom is justified in saying that just as a city which is not fortified with a strong wall is easily taken, because it cannot resist the attack of the enemy, so the soul which is not protected by prayer is easily brought into the power of the evil spirit, who leads it into every kind of vice. The devil does not dare to approach a soul which is protected by prayer, because he fears the fortitude and firmness which prayer has given to it. Prayer strengthens the soul more than food the body, and St. Augustine calls prayer the key by which we can unlock the treasury of heaven. Therefore, Christian maiden, love prayer and practice it faithfully, and you may expect to spend your youth as worthy children of God. God will take you under His special care. Never omit your morning and evening prayers.

St. Dominic so composed the Rosary as to recall the mysteries of our salvation in succession, and the subject of meditation is mingled, and as it were, interlarded with the angelic salutation, and with the prayer addressed to God, the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ.—Pope Leo XIII.

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Life

The art of gaining people's confidence quickly and retaining it is of inestimable value to a youth who would get on in the world. Very few people possess it. The majority of us throw barriers in the way of its acquisition. By having a disagreeable manner, lack of tact, or perhaps, an unpleasant personality, we frequently antagonize or repel those whom we are anxious to please.

Many people have to work hard to overcome the prejudice created by first impressions, while others, without effort, charm everyone they meet.

Success is often due to engaging manners and an attractive personality than to great ability.

It is not the teacher who knows most, for instance, who is successful beyond others, but it is the one who pleases and interests by means of her tact and winning ways. Neither is it always the salesman who knows his business from A to Z, but whose manners are repellent, who is most valuable to his employer, but the one who has learned the art of pleasing.

We are so constituted that we are influenced by what pleases us, even when it warps our judgment. One may feel a prejudice against a book agent, for example, who has managed to gain access to him. But, if the salesman has an agreeable personality, and succeeds in making a favorable impression, he will sell the work he is canvassing for, even though the purchaser does not even know it.

"I did not really want the book," the latter will be heard to say afterwards, "but the fellow was so pleasing, so polite and genial, that I really could not help doing what he wanted me to do."

While the art of winning people's favor and confidence is, in many instances, a natural gift, like most of the good things in life, it may be acquired by those who earnestly seek it.

The first step to be taken is to cultivate—if you do not already possess it—a uniformly cheerful disposition. A bright, smiling face will do more to incline a man's heart toward you, and to gain his ear, than all the virtues in the calendar, handicapped by a gloomy visage.

Be generous with your sympathy, and try to be at least as much interested in the joys and sorrows of others as you would wish them to be in yours.

When you meet friends or acquaintances, do not "buttonhole" them and pour into their unwilling ears a history of your affairs. Listen, rather, to what they have to say, and try to enter as cordially as possible into their feelings, their hopes and fears and plans. This does not mean, of course, that you are to be victimized by every bore who wishes to secure a listener—it does not matter who—but it means to give to hungry hearts that generous measure of sympathy which we all crave.

Treat men as brothers, and though your kindness may, in some instances, be abused, your gain will far outweigh your loss, in the healthy, happy atmosphere you will create, and in the friendly sentiments you will attract to yourself.

Above all things else, be consistent and persistent in your efforts, or you will accomplish little. It will not do to be kind and cheery to-day, and gruff and churlish to-morrow; to take pains to please, one day, and to be wholly indifferent the next. An even disposition is indispensable to the formation of a strong, reliable character. No one will give his confidence to a man who has the reputation of being fickle or uncertain.

Personal Appearance and Success.

Thousands of worthy young people have failed to obtain positions simply because they themselves properly, of carrying themselves properly, of appearing to advantage. A youth who drags his feet when he walks, who slouches, whose arms, lacking energy, dangle like strings from his shoulders, does not make a favorable impression upon a proprietor or manager, who looks a boy over from head to foot, notices his gait when approaching his desk or office, his carriage or manner, and by every little thing is influenced in his decision.

If a boy could only read an employer's mind while he is talking to him, he would learn a useful lesson; but, unfortunately, he usually goes away ignorant of the things which barred him from the coveted place. This may be a pity, but it is a fact of life. A slouching, slinking, or dragging of the feet, often indicates slouchy morals and slippish habits. Employers like a boy who walks briskly, speaks promptly, and is quick and clear in his replies to questions. Such acts indicate a bright, alert, quick-witted man. Employers are not desirous of having in their service people with slow, irresponsible minds of slovenly bodies.

Brightness, cheerfulness, alertness, promptness and energy of attitude and bearing are things which attract attention very quickly, and secure situations where dullness and carelessness of attire, though joined, as they sometimes are, with unusual intelligence and wisdom, make undesirable employees.

Opportunities.

Congressman Fred Benson, who always has a good story to tell, gives this as one of his latest:

"Two men started to journey down the Highway of life. They were both young, both enthusiastic, and they were traveling together.

"If I could find an opportunity," said one of them, "I would do great things."

"But he never found the opportunity. There appeared to be none lying around loose.

"I find no opportunity," said the other young fellow, "so I think I will make one."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Art of Winning People's Confidence.

The art of gaining people's confidence quickly and retaining it is of inestimable value to a youth who would get on in the world. Very few people possess it. The majority of us throw barriers in the way of its acquisition. By having a disagreeable manner, lack of tact, or perhaps, an unpleasant personality, we frequently antagonize or repel those whom we are anxious to please.

Many people have to work hard to overcome the prejudice created by first impressions, while others, without effort, charm everyone they meet.

Success is often due to engaging manners and an attractive personality than to great ability.

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AT ALL DEALERS

Then he made his opportunity, and he carried it with him to the summit called Success.

"Ah, me!" cried his fellow-traveler, "if only I could have found such a perfectly splendid opportunity as my companion did!"

"And his complaints rent the atmosphere until he reached the end of his vain journey. At the start of life each of us has the opportunity to do as one or the other of these two travelers did. He who wins makes opportunity."

Dooley on Opportunity.

As the poet says: "Opprehunity knocks at every man's door." On some men's doors it hammers till it breaks down the door, and then it goes in and wakes him up if he's asleep, an' iver afterwards it warrucks fr him as a night watchman. On other men's doors it knocks and runs away, an' on th' dures iver some men it knocks, an' whin they come out it hits them over the head with an ax.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A MODERN KNIGHT.

A STORY FOR THE BOYS.

When the king made Edward Percival a knight of his court—that is to say, when the senior partner formally promoted Ned Percival to be a traveler, or, in the picturesque phrase, a Knight of the Grippack, in the service of Rice, Barton & Rice, Teddy Purcell nearly shook his hand off when he marched up the stairs from the office, swelling with the sense of his new importance. Then Percival forgot his dignity, and danced an amazing measure among the counters of printed cloths and many-colored calicoes, aided and abetted by Teddy (whose full name was Edmund, but whom nobody ever called so).

"Good, good for you, Ned, good enough, old man!" cried Teddy. "I knew you'd get it this time, I was sure of it! What did the old man say to you?"

Percival repeated, with a carelessness and with a matter-of-fact air palpably forced, the complimentary phrases used by the Old Man when informing him of his promotion. The Old Man was the senior partner. He was also a United States Senator. He seldom troubled the settled routine of his business, from the active management of which he had long ago retired, but he made a point of personally announcing all changes and appointments among the large staff of employees, giving such affairs a flavor of old time ceremony that materially heightened the pleasure of those upon whom preference fell.

Rice, Barton & Rice was an old, rich, strongly established and conservative concern. They paid low wages until you showed your value and then you received payment for the whole worth of them. You entered their service as a boy and ran errands or looked after the stock, and stayed with them if you were able to climb; if not you made way for some other boy, for Rice, Barton & Rice wanted none but those that were climbers.

"Well, Ned, you've certainly got your chance now," went on the delighted "Teddy." "You'll show the old hands how to get orders!"

But this rather sobered young Percival and brought back the thought of the veterans and proved men in the sample-room upstairs. He had won his spurs, sure enough, but he felt that he should have to play them vigorously to this, his new position. This, however, was his own business, and he was not to be deterred by the thought of the veterans. He was not to be deterred by the thought of the veterans. He was not to be deterred by the thought of the veterans.

Somehow, deep in his heart, he had considered himself a better workman than his chum. Percival was very clever, alert, and lively, but he was, Teddy thought, somewhat erratic; he was like a runner upon whom you could not always rely to do his best, who often lagged indifferently behind and as often surprised you with some brilliant spurt. Well, he had certainly spurred ahead now and won the race for the coveted preferment. And Teddy felt that somehow Percival had not behaved altogether fairly towards him, that is, that he had not seemed to give thought to his, Teddy's, natural disappointment. Probably had Percival acted a somewhat different part in the little scene of congratulations, he would not have, as I have put it, opened the door for the thought of his own defeat to enter. Teddy's mind and spoil all the pleasure of the event for him.

Teddy was a young man of imagination. He had the faculty of pleasingly anticipating events in thought, living them, mentally, before they occurred—it must be added that his anticipations were often wrong. When he had waited by the stairway for Percival's return from the office he had rehearsed, in his imaginative way of his, the imaginary dialogue would end, he felt sure, with Percival saying somewhat to this effect:

"Well, Teddy, you'll be on the road yourself before long, you know; another vacancy will soon arrive for you, and I shall not have much of a start, now you see!"

Unfortunately, it had not occurred to Percival to speak so, and Teddy chafed at the thought of the little, significant neglect, and for a while his big sunny room, as bright and as bizarre in effect as some oriental market-place with the great heaps of many-colored cotton cloths, seemed very cheerless to him, and very lonely.

Percival, our rueful young man though, was clear of the monotonous stock-room odor, dusting and arranging goods, opening and emptying boxes and cans, waiting upon minor customers; and he himself was still tied to them; soon, no doubt, he would be picking out goods to fill Percival's orders—Percival a traveler and he still a stock-room clerk.

The sound of the electric call bell broke into the solitude of the office; it rang three times, a signal that his presence was required in the office. He hastened downstairs in obedience. "Mr. Rice wants you," said a clerk and Teddy entered the private office of the Senator, the retired head of the firm.

"Ah, so this is Mr. Purcell, eh?" said the dignified old gentleman, smiling. "Sit down, sir." Teddy complied, wondering what was coming. He was not kept long in suspense.

"Mr. Purcell," said the Senator, "I am pleased to inform you that you have by your consistent and faithful good work shown that you are worthy of advancement in the service of this house. I have no doubt know, one of the oldest and most honorable in America—it is my cherished design, sir, to create, when public labors relax sufficiently, a monograph devoted to the history of the house, which will show, Mr. Purcell, how long and how intimately its rise and progress have been associated with that of our beloved country." A dignified gesture lent emphasis to the words, and Teddy fancied that the old Senator had difficulty in keeping "Mr. Speaker" out of his rolling sentences; however, he now came to the point.

"As you are aware," he said, "a vacancy has been caused by the death of a member of our traveling staff, and after due consideration of the claims of all the juniors, you have been chosen, and to the post, sir, I now appoint you. I trust, sir."

Teddy did not hear, at least to understand, a word of the sonorous little speech of congratulation and admonition that followed—his mind was flooded with pleasure, and surprise, and bewilderment. What did all this mean? Had Percival made a mistake; or were they both appointed to the traveling case, and the thought sent rejoicing through him.

The Senator's next words brought him to attention with a shock.

"When you report in the sample room you will please to ask Mr. Percival to come to me? I made a little mistake—Here the rotund old gentleman reddened a little, he was not accustomed to making little mistakes; it would appear. "From the similarity in names between you and Mr. Percival, I who am kept by my senatorial duties from as close a knowledge with the doings of the firm as I could wish for, fell into an error, and confused his name with the one chosen by my active associates for promotion."

Teddy struggled hard to suitably express his thanks and sense of apprecia-

tion of his preferment, and doubtless succeeded well enough, for the Senator was smiling cordially as he bowed him out, but within, our friend was in no happy frame of mind. He walked slowly upstairs. Poor, poor Ned, he thought, what a fall from his high estate to be raised to it only to be dashed down again in what, to Percival's sensitive spirit, would be a humiliating fashion. It would hurt him, too; he would feel so keenly; and it might conceivably do him irreparable mischief, knock his ambition out of him. Reduced thus to the ranks, Teddy felt, Percival might abandon further effort, or show his resentment so plainly as to lose all prestige with his superiors. Teddy knew his friend's lovely, yet mutable nature. On the other hand, given his present flattering advance he was capable of pushing enthusiastically ahead in his encouragement.

He had reached his own floor now and paused on his ascent to the sample room. He looked about the big room. No more need he dust and arrange and pick out orders, Percival and the others would do that; it was over for him—and would his friendship for Ned be over, too? Ah it was very, very possible! "Oh, how am I going to tell him, and make him understand!" Teddy almost groaned, and suddenly he realized completely that he could do neither, and he turned his back party to shut his mind tight, and his long legs carried him down stairs again three steps at a time.

He strode up to the Senator's door and knocked, and was told to enter, in he marched, with his head up—you would have thought the genial Senator's snug office a fortress which this big young man had orders to assault and carry. The rubicund old gentleman peered over his spectacles in surprise.

A precise relation of the interview was never made public by either party to it, so this being a true tale I cannot do so, but it is common knowledge that as Teddy left the office the Senator took and grasped his hand and said, "It shall be as you wished, Mr. Purcell."

Then the Senator called his partners and said to them, in his finest that is to say, his most combative senatorial manner, as though to drown opposition before it showed head: "I have decided to keep Mr. Percival in the position I mistakenly appointed him to."

Then in another tone he said: "Keep your eye on that young Purcell—he will go far, or I am much mistaken."

Teddy marched resolutely upstairs and as resolutely refrained from further thought. He plunged like a race horse at his work.

A piece of dainty was doubled up in an unseeing way under a huge pile of letters as some careless salesman had left it—it was one of Teddy's pet grievances, this careless treatment of his goods. He stooped and lifted the whole heavy mass in one great careful thought, and straightened up the misused piece. Teddy was a stalwart athlete the pride of the militia gymnasium.

"What muscle you have, Ted," said Percival's somewhat wistful voice from the staircase. He was feeling a bit lonely after his first dip into his new environment, and in his heart he was already missing his friend. He leaned across the banister.

"Teddy he said, 'do get a move on will you?' And get into the sample room with me—and I bet you soon will too."

The words were as some cordial to Teddy, they warmed and cheered and revived him. They were just what he had imagined, just what he knew Ned Percival thought, after all. He jumped to the stairs, and the two young men shook hands.

I have only to add that the Senator's prophecy was true prophecy Teddy did "go far"—he went to a partnership with the Senator in time.

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the Passion of Christ. When, for instance, the priest begins the function he kneels at the foot of the altar, and there he represents Christ in the bloody sweat in the garden of Gethsemane. Then he goes up the steps and kisses the altar, and we are reminded of the kiss with which Judas betrayed the Master. Then he goes to one side of the altar and then to the other and back to the centre of it, and we recall how our Savior was led before Annas and Caiaphas and Pilate and Herod and back to Pilate and finally to the Hill of Calvary.

The priest washes his hands and we think of Pilate doing the same and declaring that he is guiltless of this innocent blood. When the consecration takes place and the Host is raised above the priest's head to be seen by the congregation we behold Jesus nailed to the cross and lifted up to die.

And so the sacred drama goes on—He dies, He is buried, He rises again. He ascends into heaven, and the Holy Ghost comes down to bless the Church and abide with it forever. With that blessing given by the priest, the words are heard, "Go, for Mass is over," and the people, having taken part in offering the holy sacrifice, depart in peace, thanking God for the grace of their presence at such celestial mysteries.

Is it any wonder that the Mass is a magnet and that Catholics do not need preaching or music or reading to increase its charm?

France on the Down Grade.

At present the excess of births over deaths is 15.6 per thousand in Holland, 11.9 in Germany, 11.2 in England, 11.1 in Italy, 7.9 in Spain, while in France it is only 0.7 per thousand, and the balance will soon be inevitably turned to the wrong side owing to the large proportion of the old France. A century ago the great powers of Europe counted 98,000,000 of inhabitants and of these 26,000,000, or more than a fourth, belonged to France. To-day the population is 35,000,000 to 39,000,000. Moltke declared that Germany need never go to war again with France, for France loses a "battle every day without any fighting. But the circular of the Action Française with its scathing list of suggested remedies, including that of a premium on even illegitimate births, is the most ominous revelation of the evil hitherto made.—Home.

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