

Card Drawing

By GERALD GRIFFIN

"Is this my welcome home?" Southern. Those who are deservingly loud in their commendations of the gallantry displayed by British seamen during the last war, had generally been willing to admit that those supporters of the national flag whom Ireland sent to man our fleets, did not tread the decks like children. We shall, however, content ourselves with referring our readers, who may be curious on the subject, to the chronicle of Mr. James, or any other naval Tacitus of the day, for examples of the truth of the observation, as we wish not to encounter our slender narrative with any unnecessary historical detail.

Whether Mr. James records the exploits of a certain Duke Dorgan, a young sailor, from the shores of Kerry, or no, I am not aware; but it is not likely that many names have been enrolled in his pages more distinguished by a modest valor (such as contents itself with doing duty for duty, and nothing for vanity), than that of the person we have just mentioned. The result of his professional exertions, and of a common-rate prudence (a rare naval virtue in the present day, and still more so at the time we speak of) was the fortunate arrival of the young man on his native shores with a character unspotted by any act of insubordination or servility, and a more than sufficient (and more than necessary) to supply the "chair days" of his life, with every comfort that necessity suggested, and every luxury to which his limited experience in that way might induce him to aspire. There were circumstances, however, in his early life, which, independent of any view to mere personal gratification, made him feel happy in his competence.

"You are in the right," says the author of those well-known letters published in the name of Pope Ganganelli, "engraft the Italian gaiety upon the French; it is the way to live to a hundred." In like manner might his historian say of Duke Dorgan, that he engrained the Irishman's gaiety upon the sailor's, and produced the blossoms of the one and the fruit of the other, in such abundance, as made him highly popular among his messmates. He was, to speak in less figurative language, a lively, handsome, clear-headed, intelligent young person, with a round, well-moulded frame, bright auburn curling hair, and a hazel eye of excellent shrewdness, and when occasion required, of sparkling violence and resolution, indicating a mind of irregular strength, and a heart in which the passions had not been always subjected to the withstanding the general even tenor of his life, to the most rigid discipline. But as the reader may observe throughout these tales, an ambition to render them almost as analogous to the drama as Fielding rendered his to the epic, (a circumstance in which the public taste seems, fortunately, to coincide with our inclination,) we shall allow our hero to introduce himself, in the fashionable manner, in the course of an incidental scene, which took place on the evening when his vessel arrived in the offing of Loup Head, the well-known point of land which forms the northern extremity of the shore that bounds the queen of Irish streams.

This part of the coast is remarkable for some wild and striking points of scenery, similar, in its general character, to those by which nearly the whole range of the south western coast is distinguished. The traveller is struck by the boldness and ruggedness of the lofty cliffs which oppose their rocky strength to the waves of the Atlantic, and by the magnitude of the caverns underneath, which, previous to the late vigorous exertions made by the guardians of the revenue, afforded a number of useful natural warehouses to the contrabandists who traded in the mountainous manner, in the course of an incidental scene, which took place on the evening when his vessel arrived in the offing of Loup Head, the well-known point of land which forms the northern extremity of the shore that bounds the queen of Irish streams.

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cottages being of the general color of the soil, and scarcely distinguishable from it, while the whole wears a dull and monotonous hue, to which the numerous turf-reeks scattered over the landscape contribute in a great degree. On closer observation, however, he begins to discern innumerable clusters of wigwam-like cabins, some of an unusual size, with thatched bee-hive roof, corded so as to provide against the winter storms. The inhabitants are all of one class; scarcely a single dwelling-house of what is termed a respectable appearance existing in the neighborhood of the cottager.

"To shame the meanness of his humble shed." They are distinguished from Irish landlords in general, by their apparent poverty and real wealth (many a tenant of clay walls being able without much inconvenience to give dowry of some hundreds to his daughter)—as well as by their regular persevering industry—their extreme ignorance—their want of curiosity in all speculative matters—and their perfect unacquaintance with those popular themes of debate, which excite all the rest of the island by the ears. They till their gardens quietly, as their fathers did before them—learn little and care for less—obey their priest in all reasonable matters, and pay him like princes—go to market with their oats and potatoes—eat—drink—dance—laugh—sleep, and die. They have no tyrants—no protectors—no middlemen—no demagogues—no meetings—no political insurrection is sounded through their parts of Ireland, whether under Rook, his lady, Starlight, Moonshine, or Moll Doyle, its echo dies into silence long before it has reached the peace-acquainted ears of this primitive people. Limited in their desires still more than in their enjoyments, the political condition of the country affects them but little—and they are silent even on the eternal topic of Catholic Emancipation. What is of the utmost advantage, so far as the peace and good order of the community is concerned, there are very few idle young men in the country—as the tillage of their gardens during one portion of the year, and the preparing of sand manure, of turf, marketing, and making kelp on the coast during the remainder, compel them to labor continually. The tone of mind which the people display is certainly not in accordance with the magnificent natural wonders which abound on the coast, and of which the reader will find some sketches at their appropriate places in the body of the tale.

If, however, the object of all improvement in science or knowledge be to increase the happiness of men, it is very questionable, whether it would be acting the part of a friend to this people, to wish that they should be deprived of the bliss of ignorance and comfort in which they are at present shrouded—so far at least as the luxuries of life are concerned. Certainly, we express no inimical sentiment in hoping that it may be long before they are split and sundered into the unsocial distinctions of rank—before they prefer elegant poverty to humble comfort—before a selfish landlord (no unprecedented occurrence) shall scatter the peasantry from their happy, lowly homes—and yeomanize the soil.

On the evening when Dorgan's ship stood towards the mouth of the river, the inmates of the signal tower before mentioned were endeavoring to quicken the tardy-gaited hours of sunset, by all the contrivances which their tastes and opportunities could enable them to use. The lieutenant of the water-guards was quietly seated in his apartment sipping a tumbler of what he called *stiff* punch—with his waistcoat thrown open, his legs stretched out, and a cooling sea breeze just fanning the long hair that shaded his red and jolly countenance. In the room underneath were two sailors at draughts and grog, while outside the open window, seated on a wooden form, and basking in the evening sun, were a number of the guards, chatting with two or three rosy-cheeked girls who sat near them, blushing and smiling in all the conscious finery of clean caps and ribbons, and miming out their few phrases of English to the best advantage—that being yet considered as a kind of holiday dialect in these districts.

"Oy say, you Paddy there, instead of your halter about your waist, instead of your rook, said one of the soldiers to the lieutenant, pale-looking, sullen-eyed, hard, straight lipped fellow, with a few straggling locks of dark hair scattered on his brow, and a hay rope tied sash-wise about his person—"Oy say, can you tell us what all them 'ere papishes are doing about the shore?"

He pointed to several groups of the country men, women, and children, who were conversing and gazing on the rocks on the water's edge, at the little bay of Fodra; while others were kneeling in prayer at different parts of the coast. The person to whom the querist addressed himself for information seemed, by the more than equable indifference with which he listened to the insulting speech of the latter, to be one of those beaten down characters, to whom degradation is so familiar that they had rather lie tamely under the most contemptuous slights than under the intolerable labor of supporting an independent and manly bearing. He possessed all (and more than all) the complaisance, without any of the confident and ready spirit of the Irish character—but underneath all the cringing servility of his manner—the ready obedience of an Indian—and the unshrinking dullness of demeanor which formed the outer crust and pastry work of the man, there was in his small grey eye, mouth close shut and forming one hard line across, thin straight hair, and meagre united cheek, an unpleasant depth of character, such as Julius Cæsar (that hater of lean and hungry looks) might not have loved to contemplate.

"Dhoolaman! the dhoolaman they are, sir," he said in reply to the question of the guard. "Dhoolaman," he continued, answering to the puzzled look of the latter—"that's a kind of say-wood that they take home with 'em to boil and make greens of." "Make greens of the sea weed!" exclaimed the Englishman. "Well, come—that's a good un, however. Oy say, Jack!" addressing himself to one of the two sailors, who were still pursuing their game of draughts in a room behind, with the rapidity peculiar to the naval adepts in this pastime. "You come here, and see what a bull Paddy has made."

"Oh, not at all, sir—none could say that only a priest. They're sayin a prayer that way, sir, 'e'out o' Candle-mas-day—a great feast, or holiday, sir—an' eud custom they have."

"Oyeh, then, I'm nothin' at all now, sir; I was a fish jouter, but the times are hard with us," said the man with inimitable simplicity. "A fish jouter?" said the guard. "That's a sect, ha'n't heard of. How should you like to go to sea, I say, you Irish Paddy?" "He'd like it well enough," said the sailor, "if he could live the same lubber's life between decks, with nothing to do from morning to night but scould the cabin boy and kick the cat into the lee scuppers. You Irish make tight sailors for all that. A ling, Tom—grow your back water there, ma; you can't move your man that way."

A cry of "sail" from some person stationed overhead, interrupted this refined conversation, and drew the attention of the interlocutors to the waste of ocean which lay nursing its giant strength in a lulling calm before them. The signal was immediately hoisted on the tower, and answered by the vessel with the emblems of Irish pluck. In a short time after, a small boat was lowered from her side, and manned for the shore. When she touched the beach, a young man in sailor's jacket and trousers, with a small bundle in his hand, leaped lightly on shore, after shaking hands cordially with each of the crew in turn. They gave him a cheer as he ascended the rocks, which he answered by waving his hat several times in the air. The draught players and the group at the Tower all but those on guard, sauntered towards the beach, leaving the countryman who had been the object of their mirth alone at the window.

He looked after them for some moments with a changed and darkening eye. "A sailor!" he exclaimed at length in soliloquy—"it's easy for 'em to talk, an' to laugh, an' be merry,—if they were as long without rattles as I am, I'd engage it would be a new story wit' 'em. Go to, says he?—Why then, I declare, 't would be a most as good as for me to be this way always. If it be a man's luck to be shot or drown'd, sure better that at wanst than to be ever an always pulled out Nick be the tail, from year's end to year's end. When Duke Dorgan went to say I was glad of it, because he left little Feniall Loughlin to myself, an' I thought I'd clear both with herself and the father. But in place o' that, here I am now driven out o' house an' all that's happened Duke is to be out a harm's way at any rate. Here he stopped and fixed his eye steadfastly on the young man before mentioned.

"There's an old saying, that if you talk of the old boy himself, he'll appear, an' it that's meant Duke Dorgan, or his ghost, walkin' eastward, I'm dark, for certain. I'll try him nearer."

He hurried after the young sailor, who had taken the path leading towards Kibkaha, and was merrily pursuing his route, chanting in a quarter deck key, a stave of the popular song of Willy Taylor, and his "lady free"—casting, as he sung, a rather anxious eye toward the waste of barren heath and sand which lay between him and the interior.

"With that he called for sword and pistol. Which 'em come at Duke Dorgan, or his And she shot her Willie Taylor With his fair one in his hand."

"I say, messmate," he said as the countryman approached him—"can you tow me on the track of Carrigabolt?" "The path is under your futt every step of the way," said the man in silence for a few minutes—"Why then, for one that puts out the futt so slow, I never seen any body carry so much o' the road wit' 'em, (make so great progress) as you do, Mr. Duke, Lord bless you." "You know me?" said the other, turning and fixing his eyes on the speaker, then with an air of greater reserve, as he recognized the face— "I ought to know you, too. The fact is, Pryce Kinchela's—if you haven't stole it from him." "I wish that was all I had belonged to Pryce Kinchela as well," said the man heavily. "I am glad to see you, Pryce." "I don't know whether you are or not, Duke; but I'm glad to see you—although you may well doubt my word. I am an altered man, since you left this country—and the foolish spite that you an' I had then about Pennie Mac Loughlin—the Silver Penny as you called—an the Luck Penny as I called her) is no more than boy's play, to the cause I got since from others. That girl, Duke, was no Luck Penny to either you or me. After her father refused you, an' you went to sea—sure what do you think o' me but med up to her, an' if I did you think it was to threaten to murder her I did, the father got so wild—an' ever after he kept her seculent me right and left, until he didn't lay me a leg to stand on. If you're not tired, an' would wish to rest a piece here on this rock, I'll tell you how it was."

Dorgan complied—although the lengthening shadows on the sand and the freshening breeze of the sharp February evening advised him of the necessity of securing some place of shelter for the night.—Fearful of overburthening the reader with the quaint idiom of the country—of which perhaps, a superabundance must be thrown into these histories—I shall, while Pryce is detailing his story to our young hero, inform him, in more intelligible

language, of the nature of the incidents which had reduced him to his present discontented condition of mind, and furnish a slight sketch of his character—both being mournfully in his rank. Those, perhaps, who are fond of arguing on the existence of innate propensities in the human mind, which no influence of education, circumstances, or volition can overway, might find reason to alter their opinion, if an opportunity were afforded of tracing the history of the individual nature we have just introduced to our readers, present instances to the effect of those circumstances, both in different ways. They were both taught to fight their own battles in childhood, both were instructed in the mysteries of the "Reading-made easy," a low ruffin, who, for the small sum of 2s. 6d., or more, habitually speaking, three ten-penny a quarter, undertook to put their hair, break deal rulers, or (shobbers) upon their little hands, lift them up by the ears for the slightest orthographical mistake, lash their naked and bleeding shins three times a day with a huge birchen rod, by way of stimulating them to greater application at teach them to read and write into the bargain. The manner in which the two boys acted under this treatment was very different. Pryce seldom complained, even to a school fellow, of the torture, which was inflicted on him; sometimes his lip trembled and a tear stood in his eye when the pain given was extreme, but generally the patience and fortitude of endurance which he showed was such as to touch even the rocky heart of the Munster Dionysius with remorse. Duke, on the contrary, was a loud and noisy rebel; he kicked, plunged, remonstrated, threatened, and even, on one occasion, threatened to put other things, which redoubled his afflictions, and which were forgotten by himself as soon as the latter were suspended. On three or four occasions, however, when the pedagogue had been particularly severe on both boys, he received on his way home through a wood in the neighborhood a blow from a heavy stone, discharged by some secret hand, which never failed to draw blood and assassination, as the monk can be, and it was a relief when we learned in the morning that the missing man had been found and brought in by a rescue party of guides setting out from the Glacier House. That is up on the snow line. They could not waste hours of precious time starting from Chamounix in the valley. No, if a party does not return to the Mountain House by four in the afternoon, they go out after them.

"Why, Tom," he asked, after a moment's thought, "it is dangerous?" "More so than is admitted. Many accidents occur which go unmentioned for fear of alarming visitors. A party got lost on Mont Blanc one day while I was there, and the anxiety was universal. Crowds gathered in the public square gazing up at the mountain, to catch sight of them if possible, while others peered through a small telescope. The hotel people were uneasy, and it was a relief when we learned in the morning that the missing man had been found and brought in by a rescue party of guides setting out from the Glacier House. That is up on the snow line. They could not waste hours of precious time starting from Chamounix in the valley. No, if a party does not return to the Mountain House by four in the afternoon, they go out after them."

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TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FINGER OF GOD IS HERE.

The non Catholic Mission Work in its organized form has been established but about ten years, and as one looks back it is very evident that the Divine hand has guided its growth and development. It has gone ahead by leaps and bounds. It has impressed itself very deeply on the activities of the Church in the United States and even now it is only in its infancy. An unlimited field of activity lies before it. We are convinced that the work meant much for the advancement of the interests of the Church in this country, and that the Divine hand was directing it, and in this sense we tried to do the duty as each day presented it. We have seen the work grow from a mere desire into a reality, from a purpose of presenting the claims of the Catholic Church to the few who would come within our personal influence to a broad widespread and well-founded organization which like a vine that clings to the trunk of the mighty oak, has the hierarchy of the Church in the United States for its support, and has the vast territory of America for its field of operation. When ten years ago Father Elliott, under the inspiration of the genius of Father Hever, began the first non-Catholic Missions in Michigan, it did not come within our wildest dream that before a decade of years would have gone by, he would have about him a body of enthusiastic disciples under the roof tree of a home built and consecrated to the non-Catholic Mission Movement and an organization that is securing results in thousands of conversions in as many as a dozen dioceses in the country and with a future big with possibilities for the present prestige and ultimate triumph of the Church in this country. After ten years we are in the midst of realities that persuade us without any manner of doubt that this movement has been built far more wisely than we knew, and on this day, a year after the celebration of the first Mass with in these walls, our first word most fit-

tingly is one of most grateful thanks giving to the Great Master Who has brought success to this work far more than any roage human efforts of the workers could warrant.—The Missionary.

A CLIMB TO THE SKIES

Henry Denham was a product of Harvard—a piece of porcelain of finest finish bearing the well known mark of that famous institution. He was tall, rather handsome, his features sharp enough to be unmistakably those of the New Englander of pure race as contrasted with all foreign admixtures. He was well aware of these excellent points, held himself high in the matrimonial market, had ambitions of the vague sort, was true as steel to his friends and also to his Alma Mater. In short, he had every advantage that his present comrade pointedly lacked. He was strolling along the beach at a seaside resort within easy reach of Boston, and the young man with him, poog fellow! stood by contrast at a hopeless disadvantage. Tom Macmillan favored the Scotch-Irish type, had a snub nose and irregular features, only redeemed from positive plainness by a pair of dancing blue eyes and a smile few could resist.

Worst of all, he was very lame, the result of an untoward accident in his childhood; so that the strong difference between the two youths could not fail to strike the observer. Yet Macmillan's good humored face was full of content. He seemed to have some fund of inner peace to draw upon which never failed, so quietly did he take the many slights that fell to his lot. To do Denham justice, however, he was never disagreeable to Tom, but rather courted his society.

Just now the unlovely lameness was holding forth on the delights of moon gazing. He had recently returned from Switzerland, having this one advantage over his friend Denham, whose foreign travel was still in prospect. "I could not climb as I should have liked, you see," he was good-humoredly explaining, "because of my unaccommodating leg; but the young Englishmen at our hotel in Chamounix did wonders! And you will, too, when your turn comes. They would mark out splendid records on their Alpenstocks and come back, oh, so hungry! Nothing like Swiss air for the appetite. They simply devoured their French dishes at the table d'hôte dinner. Those young giants were a terror to the waiters."

Denham's eyes shone as his friend rattled on, and he suddenly stretched his athletic frame. "Yes," he said, "I will try to show the John Bulls what we can do in their line—yes, before long. Mountain work is scientific, though, and takes experience. That is what the English seem to have had every time."

"I was glad enough to see them come in safe, though, at night. I made what the French call on action de graces for them, in my heart." Denham looked up curiously. "Why, Tom," he asked, after a moment's thought, "it is dangerous?" "More so than is admitted. Many accidents occur which go unmentioned for fear of alarming visitors. A party got lost on Mont Blanc one day while I was there, and the anxiety was universal. Crowds gathered in the public square gazing up at the mountain, to catch sight of them if possible, while others peered through a small telescope. The hotel people were uneasy, and it was a relief when we learned in the morning that the missing man had been found and brought in by a rescue party of guides setting out from the Glacier House. That is up on the snow line. They could not waste hours of precious time starting from Chamounix in the valley. No, if a party does not return to the Mountain House by four in the afternoon, they go out after them."

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He has his uncle's cheques to back him!" Another face also looked out wistfully at the gay cavalcade as it flashed by. Agnes Macmillan, Tom's cousin, had not received Herbert's projected invitation. Somehow Isabel Moore had driven the notion out of his mind. The brilliant beauty had no disposition to brook a rival, so one or two of her own friends had been asked to complete the party.

The pallor, which had fallen like a gray shadow over the sensitive face as Denham disappeared, told but half the story of this little Saint Agnes. Despite her piety and the fact that Herbert Denham was a man who "cared for none of these things," her liking for her cousin's friend had grown into deep affection. The slight of his present neglect hurt her like a blow; yet she nerved herself to meet it, and taking her little crucifix, stole into the Lady Chapel of the neighboring abbey to formulate a prayer. How should she strength to say adieu to a lost love and a lost lover?

Gradually, in the silence, that strength came. The cry of her heart became that wondrous one of St. Francis d'Assisi, "O my God and my All! I beseech Thee to let the sweetest and ardent force of Thy love absorb my soul from everything beneath the heavens; that I may die to the world for love of Thy love, who for love of my love didst vouchsafe to die on the wood of the Cross, my God and my All!"

It was no mere form of words, this cry from the deep of her heart, but a renunciation of earthly love and earthly joy. As Herbert Denham swept along in his gay mood, proud of himself, proud of his beautiful map, Brown Bess, and, above all, proud of the graceful rider at his side, a little quiet content was exchanged between two quiet old gentlemen who saw him pass. One was his uncle, Philip Denham, an aged barrister, whose wealth enabled the young man to gratify every reasonable longing. The other was a childless man, his nephew had grown very dear. He was appreciative of the lad's fine face and distinguished ways; yet a shade of worry now and then alleviated his satisfaction. That shade fell over him now. "Oy lad, that!" muttered the gay man, a retired stockbroker, and Isabel Moore's guardian. "My ward makes a fine show on horseback; but her fortune shrinks a little, I am sorry to say. I do my best with it, but values will depreciate. I hope she will marry soon, and marry well."

This last was punctuated with a keen glance at Uncle Philip. "Girls and boys are an anxiety," returned the other. "I am worrying about Herbert. He has spent far too much money of late."

"Yes, he is fond of wheeling, golf and polo; gaming, too, wine suppers and the like. Cut down his allowance, Philip, and do it at once. Then we shall see what stuff he is made of."

"He is ambitious enough, Ralph, if that is what you mean. He will have money and position one of these days, though on the way he will find mountain to climb. That's his notion now, the Alps. He does not know life yet. What is that poet's line, Ralph? Yes, I have it."

Across the Alpine summits of great pain Leth line Italy. The speaker's dreaming eyes seemed looking into a land of remembered sorrows. He was a sensitive man, more like Herbert than in many ways than either was aware.

The ride that day was so delightful that the young fellow could not resist the temptation to go again; so next morning he mounted Brown Bess for a solitary canter. Tom could not go this time either, for he had to help balance the books at his father's store. So Herbert flew over the rocky road, laughing himself on to high Alps, enjoying the bird-like swiftness of his horse and pitying poor Tom hard at work in his father's counting room. "This is almost like Swiss scenery," he murmured, as a turn in the road revealed a deep gorge with a brook at its base. Just as he spoke some wild animal sprang out of a thicket by the roadside—it looked, he thought, like a wild cat—and startled Brown Bess. The cat gave one leap, then sprang like lightning, the bird-like swiftness of the precipice, saving herself with swift animal instinct, but flinging off her rider in the swerve. He felt himself flying through space, then dashed with violence against a jagged rock. After this he lost consciousness.

When he came to again he found himself lying among the rocks with his face upturned to the sky, with the intense blue full of sunshine banding down over him. He was in severe pain, badly injured, he knew—perhaps nigh unto death—and that was heaven! He was afraid of both, and still more afraid of that unseen God, whose are the forces of life and death, who opens or shuts the gates of Paradise. He thought, too, of a dead man, asleep forever on the fatal die, awaiting eternal judgment, loomed up before him clear as light. His terror startled him. How could Tom speak of it? he concluded, mentally answering his own question. "Tom is a good Catholic, at peace with God, so nothing upsets him."

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cheques to back

looked out at the... Tom's cousin...

had fallen like a... Tom's cousin...

the silence, that... Tom's cousin...

ham swept along in... Tom's cousin...

summits of great pain... Tom's cousin...

streaming eyes seemed... Tom's cousin...

to again he found him... Tom's cousin...

OR SALT is... Tom's cousin...

awful fear. "If I only had religion..."

He tried to hide his face in contrition...

Then the blue quivered before him...

My poor boy! the stranger spoke...

The comforting words fell like dew...

"If you are penitent, my lad, and believe..."

It was a solemn moment to the young penitent...

September came and the cough showed no real abatement...

Denham's lonely strolls became

times of serious thinking. He must work for God...

One day's experience had, indeed, made a penitent of Denham...

Herbert's agitation was clearly painted on his face...

It was a strange, unwelcome success that he achieved...

When it reappeared, one story of suffering had ended...

All at once he wheeled about with a magnificent gesture...

The new idea fought its way into Herbert's heart...

Acting on this resolve he soon found himself in New York...

CONTINUE Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment with Scott's Emulsion

New York houses. Yet he met this news with a smile...

Agnes Macmillan turned pale as Herbert told his story...

Herbert's agitation was clearly painted on his face...

It was a strange, unwelcome success that he achieved...

When it reappeared, one story of suffering had ended...

All at once he wheeled about with a magnificent gesture...

The new idea fought its way into Herbert's heart...

Acting on this resolve he soon found himself in New York...

CONTINUE Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment with Scott's Emulsion

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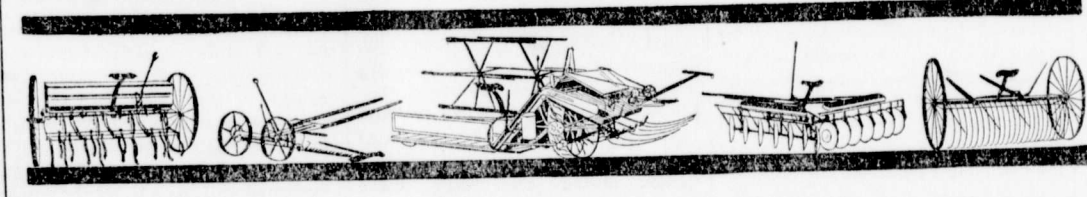
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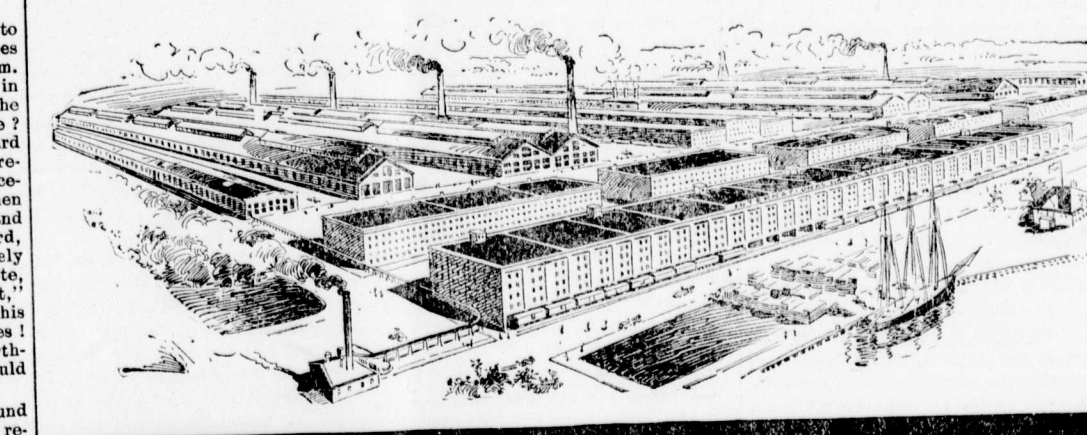
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CONTINUE

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It is said that should the clergy act upon the resolution as passed by refusing to marry the so called innocent party to the divorce, they will incur severe penalties under the law, including criminal prosecution for breaking the law. This will follow naturally from the absolute dependence of the Church of England upon the laws of the State. It will be somewhat strange to see the Church as by law established in this position. On one side, it will be endeavoring to follow the law of God as the Catholic Church teaches it, but on the other side the clergy will be harassed by the law of men which obliges them to disobey God. "It is better to obey God than man;" but will they choose their side under this principle of morality? We are strongly of opinion that the law of men will prevail upon most of the clergy in this case, especially as the ecclesiastical resolution which has been passed appears to have no binding force, and will not be backed up by any strong ecclesiastical authority. How can a single diocese of the Church lay down a stringent rule, while all the other dioceses will follow the rule already acted upon, which is to do what the State commands? Further, the clergymen who voted in the minority will not feel themselves bound by an unauthorized decision of the majority. For a while it will probably happen that the minority clergymen will have a large increase in the number of marriages they will be asked to celebrate; but soon, when the majority perceive that they are losing the profits, as well as incurring severe penalties, the resolution so boldly passed will be quietly set aside, and matters will commence to go on pretty much as before, the marriages being celebrated without any disagreeable questions being asked regarding the divorces.

It is chiefly among the High Church party that the strict law of marriage is observed, and we may therefore judge from the vote how widespread have the principles of the High Church party become in London. These principles must have spread even more widely than the vote would indicate, for they are favored to a greater extent among the clergy than the laity. If, therefore, the lay vote be left out of the figures given, the proportion of High to Low Church clergy in the diocese of London will probably be considerably greater than the ratio of 169 to 71.

May we expect that the collision which must ensue on the question of a divine law will precipitate a movement on the part of the High Church Party toward the Catholic Church which has always maintained the sanctity of marriage? This is surely among the not improbable possibilities.

THE CHURCH AND THE STATE IN ITALY.

Despatches from Berlin to the London Standard state that conferences have been held at Metz between the Emperor William and the Archbishop of Breslau and Cologne, the purpose of which is to bring about a change for the better in the relations between the Holy Father and the Kingdom of Italy. The Emperor himself desired these conferences to be held, and called the Archbishops by telegraph to meet him and the Chancellor of the Empire, Herr von Bulow, so it may be reasonably inferred that matters of great importance are under consideration.

The Emperor's relations with the Holy Father are most cordial, and as he holds most friendly intercourse also with the King and Government of Italy, it is not altogether improbable that through his intervention there may be brought about a reconciliation between the Pope and the King of Italy. The present situation of reserve approaching to hostility has now lasted for more than a generation, and the King of Italy fully appreciates the fact that it is to the interest of the State and the well being of the people that there should be a change in the attitude of Church and State towards each other. In fact there have been incidents which have given rise to the belief that such a change will be effected under the present Pope, though nothing has transpired to show on what basis an amicable agreement can be brought about.

It has been known from the beginning of the reign of Pope Pius X. that his previous relations with the reigning family of Italy were friendly; and several times while he was Patriarch of Venice he took part in State ceremonies when King Humbert and Queen Marguerite were present. Among these occasions was that of the launching of a man of war at Venice. In 1904 he also relaxed the rigid rule by which Pius IX. forbade Catholics to take part in the Italian elections, so that it might not be said that the Holy See had in any form, even indirectly, conceded the right of the Italian Government to

CONVERSIONS IN POLAND.

It is stated that the proclamation of religious freedom in Russia has been received with great rejoicing in Russian Poland, and already many thousands who were professing outwardly at least to be members of the so-called orthodox or Russian Church, have joined the Catholic Church. Many of these were, of course, families who had at one time been Catholics, but had joined the pampered National Church through fear of persecution for conscience' sake, and now that the permission is given have returned to the old faith. Such Catholics are certainly unreliable ones, but grace may operate wonders even in their case, as there is no sin so grievous but that it may be forgiven when it is sincerely repented of, as we may hope is the case with many of these strayed sheep returning to the one fold.

The great resemblance of the schismatical faith and worship to that of the Catholic Church, no doubt, made it more easy for the schismatics, backed by the Cossack soldiers, to induce weak Catholics to adopt their creed outwardly, and thus to adjure their faith, but we may hope that their return to the true faith may in most instances be now sincere.

It is said that the Orthodox priests are much enraged at the wholesale abandonment of their churches; but we have no doubt that the demoralized state in which the schismatical clergy live openly has been a great factor in causing these conversions as soon as liberty of conscience has been granted. The Catholic clergy of Poland are men of exemplary life and are full of the spirit of self sacrifice and zeal, and the knowledge of this has without doubt had great weight in bringing so many thousands back to the faith to which Russia adhered even long after the Greek schism was finally consummated in the eleventh century.

POLICY OF THE CHURCH.

IT MEETS THE INDIVIDUAL NEEDS OF THE TIMES.
Very Rev. Dr. Driscoll.
Since religion exists for the benefit and proper guidance of society as well as for the individual, it has been the duty of the Church to adopt and formulate standards or ideals in the realm of social action and intercourse. These though in the main reducible to principles distinctively Christian, are nevertheless dependent to a great extent on intellectual, material and other social conditions. The Church has always assimilated sooner or later the best elements of the learning, institutions civil and political practices and customs of the various peoples that have been brought into her fold, and in this has she shown that great power of adaptability to external circumstances and environment which is the necessary condition of vitality.

In the present day, on account of the many and great changes that have been wrought in the realm of political as well as in that of economic and industrial conditions many new social problems demand a solution, and often it is asked what is the Catholic mind with regard to this or that question of the hour. The answer should not in every case be sought in the authoritative utterances of the Church, for it may often happen that with reference to recent problems the Church, at least officially, has assumed no definite attitude, is committed to no special policy. Even in many cases where a definite attitude has existed, or might be logically inferred from certain official pronouncements or actions, a change of policy or ideal may be looked for if the altered conditions of society render it desirable. Notably is this the case with regard to such questions as the relations between Church and State, etc.

Heretofore the policy and legislation of the Church have been more or less intimately bound up with mediæval forms and conventions, and particularly with those peculiar to the so-called Latin races. At present, however, a most prominent feature of the situation which confronts the Church is the great movement towards democracy, and the growing predominance of the Anglo Saxon spirit in the political and social life of the civilized world. The principal factor in this spirit is a love and enthusiasm for personal liberty and individual initiative in every field of human action. This spirit seems to be destined to prevail in the world, and if so it may be confidently assumed, in view of what the Church has accomplished by way of adaptation in the past, that she will in due time assimilate whatever is good in the ideals and methods of the English speaking race.

THE STATEMENT OF A THOUGHTFUL LAYMAN.

"The system of missions to non-Catholics have proved a revelation to me and I am sure to many other Catholics. They open up a field of possibilities that seems to be unlimited. What a pity we have remained so long on the defensive, shutting ourselves within the ramparts of our defenses and never letting the world know what is going on within. The world of science and of learning often pass us by without giving us a thought. It very often thinks that we are beneath the dignity of attack. In the meantime we quarrel among ourselves because there is nothing else to be done to keep the life blood moving in our veins. If the non-Catholic Mission Movement will induce us to come out and mingle with our fellow-citizens and so persuade them of the truth of our position and the logical nature of our teaching it will have done a great work. The aggressive spirit is always the most potent to win the day in any contest and particularly so in intellectual and religious matters."

The non-Catholic Mission as it is now given, with its impressive linkage and the winning spirit of Christian charity that permeates it throughout, has proved here in our city a power for good not only in bringing non-Catholics to the Church but also in preparing the Catholic layman to meet the ever present question, Why am I a Catholic? so writes an intelligent layman in one of the first settled and in some respects the most backward dioceses of the country. To day the Church should be the dominant factor in that action, but on account of an obscurantist policy of previous generations it stands for very little in the civil or even religious life of the people. There is more fact than fiction in the layman's statement.—The Missionary.

THE CREATOR AND THE CREATURE.

"Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's."
In these words of our divine Lord, He teaches us a great lesson, says St. Augustine, for as the coin bearing the image of the sovereign showed he had a claim on it, so man bearing the image of his Creator, God, belongs to Him and is to pay Him the tribute of his respect, love and obedience.

Caesar may stand for the world and all earthly things in contra distinction to God, heaven and the things of eternity, and to each we are to give its due. We have a double duty, therefore, to man and to God, to the world and to heaven, to time and eternity. The first of these duties is generally fulfilled and more than fulfilled. We imbrue his spirit of the world easily; pay it our homage and serve it slavishly. It is not enough for man that he use this world as God intended as but a footstool to rise to something higher; that he pass through its tangled paths and hidden dangers on to that heaven of peace and rest He has prepared for him, but more make the world instead of for heaven, live for created things rather than for their great Creator, and exclude God from their thoughts in their preoccupation with the things around them.

But the world did not make us; Caesar is not our creator; this earth is not our home. This world soon passes away from us, and with it all its vanities; and what will remain for us God alone our Creator, our Judge, our God, and our everlasting reward if we only serve Him.
He has stamped us with the image of Himself and we are the tribute due Him. We are the masterpiece of His hands. How wonderful is man! He shows something of the divine perfections. He resembles God naturally in his intellect. He comprehends the things of earth. He can fathom the depths of the sea, and penetrate the farthest heavens. He can measure the stars and draw from the bowels of the earth its riches and treasures. He can adopt all created things to his use, and nothing seems to be beyond his knowledge or his power. And he has free will, and in this he differs from the brute, for he will do or not to do; he will obey or not to obey; he will serve God for all His gifts or to despise Him—free will to act a noble, generous part to God and his fellow creatures, or on the contrary, to be selfish and unconcerned for any but himself; free will to act a cruel part and to hate God and men if he will and do what he dare not do, and do it. But it is not our will that we are like to God, but we resemble Him supernaturally through grace in our souls, and here we have not only the image of God in us, but we have a participation of His divine nature, which by conformity on our part makes us through virtues and goodness the very reflection of Himself. This is the perfect man, because God would have us always be; that He might behold in us the reflection of Himself, and hence be pleasing in His sight, and the homage we pay Him be a tribute worthy and acceptable.

But with this resemblance, so grand and beautiful is soon effaced by sin. It destroys the supernatural and heavenly in us; and reduces us to the mere natural, the simple man of clay, of the earthly, and even our natural resemblance lessens when we break with God through sin, for our intellect becomes dark and clouded and the will weak and varying, so the man is no longer the magnificent creature he was before he had turned from God. But oh, what havoc sin causes in the soul! Then the light of God's grace is extinguished, the soul is dead in the eyes of God; for His image is no longer visible. He fails to recognize His creature. He cannot bless it longer. He cannot give it His love. It is no longer the limit of His thoughts nor the end of His designs, for the great outrage of sin has annihilated the existence of that soul in the divine mind, and all must be over with it forever unless the inexhaustible

merits of Christ's sacrifice on Calvary be applied to that soul and restore in it the image and likeness of God once more, and thus make it again the object of His mercy and His love.

So, in our souls we are made specially to the image of God and His inscription is stamped on every part of them. But that resemblance, once destroyed, it requires a miracle—the miracle of His Precious Blood—to give it back to us again.
But what if that image be lost a second and a third time, be relapsing again and again? Will God restore it again? He may and He does restore it again and again, but will He always do so? Ah, no, dear brethren, we know there would be a limit to His mercy as well as an extent to His justice, and if we trifle with His goodness there must come a time when the cup of His wrath will be filled to overflowing and He must visit the vengeance of His outraged justice on the head of him offending Him.

His image will then have gone out of that soul forever. Death and judgment will have overtaken him in his sins, and as in the case of the foolish man mentioned in the parable, the door of heaven will be closed against him forever. The soul will implore that He open it, as they did, but the same answer must come to him as for them: "I know you not. I know you not." The image of God has gone out of that soul and He sees in it only the wreck and ruin of its fallen greatness and must banish it forever from His presence.

Ah, dear readers, let us keep faithful to God and His claims upon us and give Him the tribute of our love and the honor of our obedience. Let us conform to the perfection of Himself as given us in the pattern of our divine Lord Who has shown us how to live and how to die, that we may be always pleasing to the Father in heaven and the happiness of the Beatific Vision forever.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

A NEGLECTED SERVICE.

Beautiful beyond description are all the many magnificent services of the Catholic Church. Their power of fascination to those not of her communion is a matter of general knowledge. How the non-Catholic admires and wonders at the ceremonies, for instance, at Solemn High Mass. It makes him feel that there is something not entirely earthly about the place of worship.
And yet how many Catholics fail to feel or appreciate what they profess in this regard, namely, that God Himself is present upon the altar. Present in His body and Blood, Soul and Divinity. As truly present as He was on the cross of Calvary and as He is in heaven.

Of all instances, however, in which they show the greatest neglect and the greatest inappreciation of this presence, none exceeds that when He is exposed for their adoration and their praise of Him. That is at the neglected service of Benediction. In comparison to the great Catholic population how few find time to journey to the church to receive His all-powerful blessing. It is not strange, believing who they do, that it is our Lord Himself Who, thus blesses them and not the priest, that a greater eagerness to receive His blessing is not manifested?

Of course, there is no obligation to be present. But should we not strive to do more than what is of obligation? Who can deny that with this blessing upon us we shall be greatly benefited, both temporally and spiritually? Most assuredly it will not be in vain in either respect unless we choose to make it so ourselves. What a grand privilege we should regard it if God were to appear in His human form and pronounce His benediction upon us. And yet in the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament He does so, both as God and Man. Hence we should regard it as a privilege to be present and endeavor as frequently as possible to be present at the same.—Church Progress.

LAST MONTH OF SCHOOL.

In a few weeks more the schools will close their doors for the summer, and teachers and pupils will enter upon a well-earned vacation. Both have worked hard and need of a rest, and this they will have during the long summer days. Our anticipations of the beautiful closing exercises will not be disappointed, as the children are being carefully prepared to carry out a fine programme.

In this connection let us not forget the practice so naturally formed by the church and school being side by side, of visits to the Blessed Sacrament. The children, seeing their elders going in and out to Mass, are led by faith and piety to imitate their example, and before entering school they visit the church for a few minutes to adore our Lord upon the altar. This is faith put into practice, and one cannot begin too early; as in all good practices, the earlier the better. It is a consoling sight to see some of these children making these visits, especially the older ones. They are so collected and fervent, and their glowing faces tell of the hidden love that fills their hidden God dwelling behind the golden door of the tabernacle. God will hear their prayers, and parents and guardians, teachers and friends, will all be blessed as well themselves through the prayers of these innocent children.

It is this Religion leads by the hand the younglings of the fold and guides their first footsteps, and it is these earliest impressions that will sink deepest in their souls and have the greatest influence upon their after years. The flowers and trees and birds singing in the playground tell of the hastening of vacation days, and all are getting ready to enjoy them by bringing the year's work to a successful close with excellent examinations. These over the following and the curtain will fall upon a most happy and successful school year.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

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USE THE QUESTION BOX.

The Question Box is coming to be a popular way of carrying out the Pope's requisitions about the catechism.

Bishop H—recently attended the exercises of a Mission and was very much edified by the crowd of non-Catholics as well as of Catholics who were present. What interested him particularly was the intelligent nature of the questions that were dropped into the Question Box and the tactical way in which the Missionary answered the questions to the delight and interest of the congregation. The Bishop said afterwards that "The Question Box was undoubtedly the most facile way of instructing the people in the doctrines of the Church." If the Holy Father knew how interesting the answering of live questions out from the very hearts of the people is, he would have commended on the catechism. There is a peculiar insistence in his words. He lays down the obligation of catechetical teaching in such a way that one begins to feel rather uncomfortable about it. He insists on something very definite when he says that an hour must be spent every Sunday and Holyday in instructing not only the children but the grown folk of the congregation. The ordinary sermon will not do, but it must be plain catechetical teaching given for the purpose of enlightening the mind, and he exalts the office of the catechist above that of the great preacher and even that of the learned professor who writes books.

It will be extremely difficult to get the people to attend the catechetical lectures unless some interest be awakened. The Question Box accomplishes this. I assure you I was astonished to see a large congregation sit spellbound for an hour listening to the answering of questions from the Question Box and be completely absorbed in the statement of doctrine. If the same congregation were asked to listen to a dry, dusty exposition of the catechism they would yawn and go to sleep.

The Question Box will become a regular institution in every well regulated parish after this. It is part of the course at the Apostolic Mission House to train the priest in the best way to answer these questions. Such a training is necessary for every priest.

THE D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE.

The last regular meeting of the session was held on Tuesday, May 10th. Summaries were made in the various branches of the year's study.

On May 30th we shall have a "Spring Festival" which will be a fitting close to a most successful term's work.
"Adventures Among Books," by Andrew Lang, was reviewed. As a critic he is reliable and the book is instructive and entertaining.
Every one is pleased to know that the world-famous Florence Nightingale still lives and retains all her mental faculties at the advanced age of eighty-three. Miss Toole's "Life of Florence Nightingale" will be welcomed by the Nigbtgales. Longfellow, filled with admiration for the noble work done by the army nurses in the Crimea, wrote a little poem on the subject called "The Lady with the Lamp."

During the beautiful summer days when the book of nature is so wide open, so enticing and so beautifully illustrated, one needs but very few printed books; still summer reading is desirable if it be of the right order.

"Adventures of Elizabeth in Reigen," by the clever writer of "Elizabeth in her German Garden" and of "A Solitary Summer" will fill this need. One must be clever to write in a style charming because of its very simplicity.

The May Messenger contains a complete course statement of the Author's Bill that will be useful to those with hazy notions on the subject.
In the Dolphin Father Wm. Neville has a paper on Newman, showing him in his private life in a charming manner.

A recent visitor to the library, Mr. M. J. Heney of Seattle, very generously donated two sets of books, Christine Faber's stories and "Men of Letters" by John Morley.
Some passages from Mathew Arnold were read and reference made to Newman's "The Idea of a University."

"The Light of Asia," by Arnold, was summarized. The following lines from Dr. Aiken express the only conclusion to be reached from the study: "So long as the human mind retains its power of discriminating judgment, Buddhism has nothing to fear from Buddhism. He alone Who is the Light of the World has the words of Eternal Life."
B. DOWDALL.

THE MASS.

WHEN, HOW OFTEN AND FOR WHOM THE HOLY SACRIFICE MAY BE OFFERED.

According to a common law of the Church, Mass should not be celebrated before the dawn nor after midday. By virtue of benign interpretation the rule is taken to mean that the sacrifice should not be completed before the dawn nor begun after the non hour. By special indulgent of the Holy See, Mass may be begun here in America an hour before the dawn and an hour after midday.

In cases of special stringency a priest is allowed to celebrate even at an earlier hour. For instance if he was in a country parish and one of his people

was in his last agony the pastor could celebrate a Host to be administered to the dying man. It is likewise permitted by the Holy See to say Mass earlier in the morning for the accommodation of considerable numbers. Thus they have 3 or 3 o'clock Mass in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburg and other cities for the accommodation of the newspaper men who prepare the great Sunday editions. On holy days of obligation Mass is frequently celebrated long before dawn in order to afford laboring people in opportunity of assisting before going to work.

Generally speaking a priest is suffered to say but one Mass a day. On Christmas he is suffered to say three. On Sundays and holy days of obligation he is allowed to offer the holy sacrifice twice in these cases. First, if he is pastor of a parish where there is but one priest and where the church is not large enough to accommodate all the people at one service, second if a second Mass is necessary to accommodate a notable number of people—provided of course a second priest is not conveniently to be had. Permission to duplicate or say two Masses on holy days of obligation is granted at the discretion of the Bishop. It is his to determine whether or not the necessity is sufficiently grave to justify a departure from the common law of the Church.

Considered in itself, the Mass may be offered up for all men, just as Christ died for all. It is, however, seemed good to the Church to lay down certain rules restricting in a measure the celebration of the sacred mystery. She is justified in this because the Mass is the greatest and most formal act of Catholic worship. He who offers it up in a public manner represents the Church, and his act is supposed to be sealed with the stamp of her approval. As her representative, he is expected to conform himself to her will. The Mass may be offered up for all living members of the Church whether just or sinners. It may be said for the just in order that the virtue may abound the more; for sinners, in order that they may be converted from the evil of their ways. Matters become more complicated when we consider those without the pale. We may class these under the head of the excommunicated and those who never belonged to the Church.

Excommunicated persons are of two kinds—those who are tolerated and those who are to be avoided. The great majority of Catholic theologians agree that it is allowable to offer the Holy Sacrifice publicly or in the name of the Church, for those who labor under the milder form of excommunication. Pope Martin V. says that as we are not forbidden to communicate with such persons even in things divine it is allowable to pray for them publicly and publicly offer the Holy Sacrifice in their behalf.

It is not permitted to offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass publicly and in the name of the Church for those excommunicated persons who are to be avoided by the faithful. When the Church solemnly cuts them off from her communion she intends from that very act to withhold from them the benefits which come from the public offices of the Church. She does not, however, forbid the priest in his private capacity to offer up the holy sacrifice for their conversion. If his charity prompts him to apply to such deluded persons the fruits of the morning obligation, the Church will not interfere with his pious intention.

We may of course offer up the holy sacrifice of the Mass for the conversion of those who were never of the household of the Faith. St. Paul called publicly upon his hearers to pray for "all men—for kings and all who were exalted. Now, among those who reigned and were seated in high places in St. Paul's day were many who were never in Communion with the Church. At the Mass on Good Friday the Church prays for nearly everybody. So much for the living.

The Church recognizes three classes among the dead—the saints, the damned and the souls in Purgatory. The saints do not need the fruit of the Mass. They have nothing to gain—no sins to expiate. We may offer Masses for them but not for their help. The damned are beyond all help. Their works follow them and they cannot repent.

Mass cannot be publicly offered up for those who are solemnly excommunicated and who die without having shown any repentance or having been absolved either before or after death. The priest, may, according to a most probable opinion, say private Masses for dead heretics and schismatics, Public Masses for them are prohibited since such a practice would make the weak and illogical concede that all forms of religion are equally good. Don't get excommunicated; don't go into schism; don't be a heretic and then you can count upon the suffrage of the Church after death.—"Protém" in Catholic Transcript.

Among the contributors to the building of St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia, 1798, was George Washington, then President of the United States. His donation was fifty dollars. Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin, the historian, in recording the fact, mentions the coincidence of this being the same church that was burnt down by the so-called Native Americans in 1844.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. OCLIV.

The correspondent of the Springfield Republican, as we have seen, says that multitudes of admirable men and women have been tortured and murdered for refusing to accept the Papal supremacy.

In the West, down to 1870, I am not aware that proceedings were ever taken against any one on the simple ground of his rejecting the Pope, for no such case seems ever to have occurred.

The Waldenses do not seem even to have rejected the Primacy, in theory. They denounced Rome, and the Catholic Church at large, as anti Christ, but only on the ground of her wealth.

Moreover, while holding firmly to Transubstantiation, they denied the lawfulness of invoking the saints, and, I believe, the existence of purgatory.

The forty-five condemned opinions ascribed to Wycliffe, and the thirty ascribed to Huss, turn in part, but not principally, on their denial of papal authority.

The Council of Constance is not commonly held to have been distinguished by zeal for the Papacy. Yet its members, one and all, joined in the condemnation of the forty-five and the thirty propositions.

A severer condemnation of Wycliffism than even that of Constance has been pronounced in our day by the great English historian, Bishop Stubbs.

The truth is, we have canonized Wycliffe and Huss, not an account of their having been personally admirable men (as to which Protestants generally know no more than the present writer) because they were noted, and partially successful, opponents of the Catholic theology and of the Roman Primacy.

logic have any? Wycliffe, like Luther, after him, denounces universities as prejudicial to the true faith, and college commencements as inventions of the evil one.

The historian Green is congratulated by Matthew Arnold on having renounced his first enthusiasm for the English Reformation, because, as he had explained to Arnold, the better he had come to know the English Reformers, the less he liked the English Reformation.

We will go on to consider some other of the admirable men and women who have been tortured and murdered in England for refusing to accept the anti papal religion.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND PAROCHIAL.

One of the most remarkable facts disclosed in the public school situation, as set forth in the annual report (1903) of the Commission of Education is the great falling off in the number of male teachers for the past twenty five years.

For the past year it had fallen to 26 per cent. The average salary of teachers shows some increase over the previous year, the salary of male teachers reaching \$50 a month (less 2 cents.) while the average salary of women teachers has risen to \$40.51.

Indeed, brethren, all Christians of our day have a great mission to fulfill in this regard; but not especially for the reason given by our Lord Himself—"because you are with Me from the beginning."

Let us, with profound humility and unflinching charity, fix our gaze upon our own shortcomings, and the many good qualities that exist in our neighbor.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. MCTAGGART, M. D. C. M. 75 Yonge Street, Toronto. References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by:

adequate supply of competent teachers for the primary schools by reason of the low salaries which the service offers.

The statistics of enrollment in secondary schools for boys show a gradual decline of attendance upon the public secondary schools from 1887 to 1898, with a corresponding increase in the enrollment in the schools under the religious associations.

It is not within the province of Dr. Harris to state his view on these melancholy statistics. He only chronicles the fact that at first it was only contemplated that the religious orders should be compelled to apply to the State for authorization, but the passage of the law has developed otherwise on both sides.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Sunday Within the Octave of the Ascension. BEARING WITNESS FOR OUR LORD.

"And you shall give testimony, because you are with Me from the beginning." (St. John xv. 27)

It might be asked, dear brethren, what need God has of our testimony, or why the creature should act the part of witness for the Creator?

Since, then, this our mission is so important, brethren, how are we to fulfill it? It seems to me in no better way than by leading truly Christian lives, and thus forcing the world to acknowledge that we are animated by the spirit of God.

Indeed, brethren, all Christians of our day have a great mission to fulfill in this regard; but not especially for the reason given by our Lord Himself—"because you are with Me from the beginning."

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THE STRONGEST STATUTE.

There is something stronger than written law. There are statutes more binding than those backed by the court and armies of a State, however powerful and just its government, but there is in each one of us that which was before custom came to be accepted as a standard of conduct; that which existed centuries in advance of the first enactment of a law regulating the course of men.

Conscience was co-existent with life itself. And conscience, itself a part of that invisible intangible thing we call the soul is of all the active influences of his life closest akin to divinity.

It is for the preservation of peace and order that we obey the laws of the State. It is for the protection and development of all the finer and nobler attributes of the being that we obey those of the conscience.

SAFETY FOR CHILDREN.

Mothers should never give their little ones a medicine that they do not know to be absolutely safe and harmless.

Indeed, brethren, all Christians of our day have a great mission to fulfill in this regard; but not especially for the reason given by our Lord Himself—"because you are with Me from the beginning."

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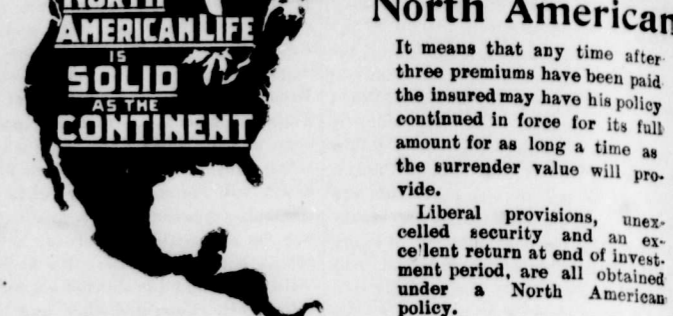
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IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF THE DIFFERENT MOTIONS OF NATURE AND GRACE.

Nature easily complaineth of want and of trouble:

But Grace beareth poverty with constancy.

Nature turneth all things to herself, and for herself she laboreth and disputeth:

But Grace referreth all things to God, from Whom all originally proceed; she attributeth no good to herself, nor doth she arrogantly presume of herself: she doth not contend, nor prefer her own opinion to others, but in every sense and understanding she submitteth herself to the eternal wisdom and to the divine examination.

Nature coveth to know secrets, and to hear news; is willing to appear abroad, and to have experience of many things by the senses; desreth to be taken notice of, and to do such things as may procure praise and admiration:

But Grace beareth poverty with constancy.

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CIATS WITH Y

Take pride in the Catholic it is your birthright, to show courtesy to those who scate as you. In doing bidding of the Master know no term, and called the little children. Even the unbelieving recurs to Him, unquiescently, gentlemen know."

Where True Heretic Professor William J. University, relates the journey, he was quest self whether or not the life; and that, at the he looked from the car daily got sight of a performing some taste of an iron coat great height. This at his mind a sense of bravery of men in e'ctions, that the true found, not only on the and in desperate adv in building every b ordinary day-by-day deck, the brakeman u lumberman upon his else men are at work.

"As I round me," heric seemed to fall a wave of sympathy a ever before felt with common men began Success.

Stephen Girard m religion himself, s courtesy for the re And yet Stephen G respect for the relig faithful.

One Saturday he to come the following vessel which had ju no work of necessi merely suited the m fence that the ves loaded as quickly as to sea again. One strong convictions, u on them.

"I am not accu necessary upon o "and I cannot come Mr. Girard was n not accustomed to tol the young man th obey instructions b position, and the yo For three weeks walked the streets c for a position perilously near to tion forced itself t whether his convic of him so great a sa When he was aln surprised to from the president ing him the positio gratefully he accep learned that it w who had nominated sion. The bank p Mr. Girard if he pl after some reflectio man. The banker s he should name a lately discharged.

"I discharged Girard," because on Sunday; but t his situation from whom you can tru Even men who their own appoctions that make th Companion.

Effective The shrewdest can do—to say no upon his character put the greatest and the highest into everything resolution, at th career, to stamp l everything that p and to determine does shall have t after upon it as th highest and best is his patent of th this he will not o of capital to sta advertise it. He will be to himself best quality goe with as the best th quality goes with cess.

The late Prof. these maxims to his own experien 1. Rely upon and do not wa other people.

2. Cling with own highest ideal tray by such val tion, popularity.

3. Your wor are, and not in you are will sho

4. Never fre not make you paring your cir of more fortun the most of th Emloy professi

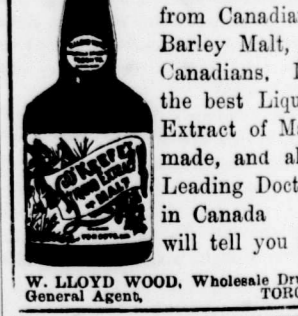
5. Associate people you car books; live w learn to be hap

6. Do not be and heroism ar discover princ saints among Be assured the hope to be in

8. Cultivat gather into your acquainta for truth and heaven itself intimacy of pur 9. Do not s kindly act, ho it may be. Th

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

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Stephen Girard made no pretense of religion himself, and showed scant courtesy for the religion of other men.

When he was almost discouraged he was surprised to receive a message from the president of a new bank offering him the position of cashier.

Effective Originality. The shrewdest thing a young man can do—to say nothing of the influence upon his character—is to determine to put the greatest possible originality into everything he does.

Twenty Maxims. The late Prof. Thomas Davidson gave these maxims to his class as the fruit of his own experience of life:

1. Rely upon your own energies, and do not wait for, or depend on other people.

2. Cling with all your might to your own highest ideals, and do not be led astray by such vulgar aims as wealth, position, popularity. Be yourself.

Learn to govern yourself and to be gentle and patient.

10. If the world despise you because you do not follow its ways, pay no heed to it. But be sure your way is right.

While you are saying, "There is no chance for me," and "I can't," thousands of boys in this country with nothing like your opportunities are tearing out their dictionaries.

How to Train the Memory. Memory training, like the acquisition of foreign tongues, seems to be a topic of interest just now.

Never be dispirited; never say "It is too late." Never lose heart under opposition. The fitting course for a man is, to do what is good for the moment, without vainly forecasting the future.

Character is the one thing without limit in its development. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

It is not so much the intellectual life as it is the moral life that makes us human; it is the life of moral excellence, it is conscience which is god, which is virtue, which is holiness.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

STORIES ON THE ROSARY By LOUISA EMILY DORRICK. The Annunciation DOROTHY. "Well now, really and truly, Sister, I can't see that," said Dorothy.

Wasted Energy. A noted physician says that most people expend ten times the energy really necessary in almost everything they do.

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Variety in the Protestant Pulpit.

The advertised announcements of sermons and services in the various Protestant churches of the city on Sunday last furnish proof that among our separated brethren the old saying that "variety is the spice of life" holds good with regard to spiritual as well as material things.

WEEK LUNGS MADE SOUND AND STRONG BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS. If your blood is weak, if it is poor and watery, a touch of cold or influenza will settle in your lungs and the appar-

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HIS LIFE'S HISTORY.

"Not a moment's happiness did I ever see under my father's roof." These are the sad words of a young man recently arrested for a criminal offense.

WEEK LUNGS MADE SOUND AND STRONG BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS. If your blood is weak, if it is poor and watery, a touch of cold or influenza will settle in your lungs and the appar-

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THE OLDEST CITY.

CATHOLIC ST. AUGUSTINE, FIRST CITY AND FIRST PARISH IN THE UNITED STATES.

St. Augustine is the oldest city and parish in the United States. Juan Ponce de Leon landed a few miles from there in Holy Week, A. D., 1512. One of the Franciscan friars who accompanied him named the land Pasqua Florida, the Spanish name for Easter, the feast of flowers for on that Easter Mass was said under a both of palms and flowering vines. Hence comes the name Florida. In 1565 Don Pedro Menendez landed here with a large number of colonists. Menendez made the landing on St. Augustine's day, and decided to name the settlement Ciudad de San Augustine. On the 8th of September Mass was said here for the first time under cover. A fine painting of the first celebration of Mass in this ancient city was suspended for many years in the Cathedral, which was almost destroyed by fire a dozen years ago. Underneath the picture was this inscription: "With religion came to our shores civilization, the arts, sciences and industries." Long before there were English colonists in Virginia and Massachusetts, this city was a centre from which radiated religion and industrial arts to the Chesapeake River on the north, the Mississippi River on the west and the capes of Florida on the south. In A. D. 1600, twenty years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed, a Franciscan friar published in that city a book on Christian doctrine in the language of the aborigines—the first book in the Indian language published in North America. To this day ruins of Franciscan, Dominican, Augustinian—called Austin in the Southern States—and Jesuit chapels and schools are discernible in widely separated places within a thousand miles of this city, all of which were founded by priests from the centre. The barrack walls of the United States garrison in this city are a part of the earliest Franciscan convent erected in North America. The barracks go by the name of the old convent—"St. Francis." The date of the erection of the convent is A. D. 1570.

PILLAGED AND BURNED.

St. Augustine has been pillaged and put to fire and sword more times than the general reader of American history is aware of. As the supposed gateway to the vast riches of El Dorado, it was for nearly three centuries the objective point of English freebooters. Admiral John Hawkins, "father of the African slave trade," came here in the early days and founded a pirates' supply station for vegetables and food for the lawless fleets plying along the Spanish main. He landed several hundred pirates and provided them with live stock and food. They were all put to death by the Spanish sea patrol. These pirates were the men called Huguenots by the local gullies. In 1586 Sir Francis Drake and Martin Frobisher sacked and burned the city. Sir Walter Raleigh planned an attack, but never reached the coast. In 1555 John Davis, the English pirate, burned the city and put many persons to torture. In 1702 and 1727 English land and sea forces attacked and destroyed the town, carrying many persons into slavery in the West Indies. In 1740 Gen. Oglethorpe attacked St. Augustine in the hope of securing a large number of African slaves who had run away from the English settlements and had found sanctuary under the guns of the powerful Fort San Marco, just then approaching completion—the largest and most magnificent fort of the school of Marechal de Bauban on the American continent.

The contention of the English was that the Spanish should surrender escaped slaves, but the clergy maintained that the foundation of the city escaped slaves had been pronounced free the moment they came within the city gates. Oglethorpe returned home to England and a large fleet was sent out to aid the land forces. The English planted heavy batteries on St. Anastasia Island—three quarters of a mile away across an inlet of the sea—and hammered at Fort San Marco for six months. The four great bastions, named St. Paul, St. Peter, St. Charles and St. Augustine were provided with powerful ordnance manipulated by the flower of the Iberian soldiers of Spain, and they blew the British ships and batteries to bits. Oglethorpe raised the siege and sailed away, leaving some of his cannons behind. To-day some of his finest guns may be seen in the quadrangle of Fort San Marco, as well as one of the English cannon balls embedded in the parapet. It is an interesting historical fact, which I have from the Rev. Bishop of the diocese, to whom I am under obligation for the dates and several of the incidents mentioned herein, that a Regiment of the famous Irish Brigade of France once garrisoned the ancient Fort San Marco in this city. At one of the periods when the British were threatening to come here and raze the fort and city to the ground, the King of Spain asked the King of France for the Irish Brigade to garrison Florida. The King of France made answer that he really could not spare the Irish soldier, but he would send one regiment of the Irish Brigade to Florida. And here for a long time might have been seen one of the flags which the Irish carried to victory through the English lines at Fontenoy.

ROMANCE OF THE GALLANT O'DONOVAN.

In the archives of the Cathedral are the voluminous documents in the celebrated case of the gallant Lieutenant O'Donovan, who loved and was loved by the daughter of the then Governor General of Florida, a haughty Spanish don, who had betrothed her to a high official in Havana. O'Donovan made up his mind he would be married whether or no, and the object of his affections endeavored in every possible way to win her father's consent to the union. But the cruel father swore he would see O'Donovan further first. Finally one bright Sunday morning as the priest entered the sanctuary to say

Mass, there he saw standing at the altar rail Lieut. O'Donovan and the Governor's daughter. As the priest walked toward the altar O'Donovan said: "Reverend father, I take this woman for my wife."

And the Governor's daughter said: "And I, father, take this man for my husband."

Some one had told the young people that a declaration so made constituted a valid marriage. However that was, trouble began right away for the young couple. The Governor dashed up to the door of the church and ordered O'Donovan seized, stripped of his insignia of rank, manacled and confined in a dungeon at Fort San Marco. So down the narrow street he was marched, surrounded by a squad of soldiers. It is said that all the Irish officers and soldiers and people in civil life stood by O'Donovan and gathered funds to conduct his case in Spain, where the ablest advocates of canon law were employed to attempt to prove that O'Donovan was married according to ecclesiastical law. But whilst the advocates were wrangling, the haughty Spanish Governor did what many a father did before him—he forgave his daughter and took O'Donovan to his bosom, and no doubt there was a joyous dance and supper in the gray old fortress of San Marco when O'Donovan came forth from the dungeon.

IRISH AND SPANIARDS INTER-MARRIED.

The inter-marriage of Irish soldiers, officers and civilians of the ancient garrison town with Spanish and Minorcan ladies in Florida produced a well-known racial type of prominence in the southern States for more than one hundred and fifty years. There are very few southern families in Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas whose ancestors were in the South a hundred and odd years ago who have not in their veins the blood of the Irish-Spanish and Minorcan colonists of Florida. The Minorcans were taken into Florida one hundred and sixty years ago by the Earl of Halifax, who kept them in abject slavery during the English occupation of Florida—1762 until 1784. The Minorcans were Catholics, and during the twenty years of English rule they were the only Catholics in Florida. All the Spanish and Irish Catholics left with the Spanish garrison. Although there have been no accessions to the Minorcans from that day to this, Mahonese—the language of Minorca—is still spoken here. This evening a band of young people is going about from house to house singing a hymn to the Virgin in the Mahonese language. Spanish and Mahonese have fallen into disuse here, and are rarely spoken except among the old families and for the benefit of the old people, of whom there are many in the nineties, who like the old customs.

Twenty years ago matrons and maids of Spanish or Minorcan descent living here would as soon have thought of going to Mass in a bathing suit as of going in a bonnet or hat. To this day the venerable women when going to church wear a veil fashioned somewhat like the Spanish mantilla. The old customs of parental care of children until marriage is kept up. The promiscuous intercourse of young men and maidens so common in the North is regarded as vicious. One of the Catholic young women of the town, who is famous for a magnificent voice, was recently offered a large salary to go to New York and sing in opera. When her father was asked for his consent to a contract he was speechless with indignation. He regarded the life of an opera singer as next door to the bottomless pit.

"Let my daughter sing to the glory of God in church as much as she likes, but on a public stage in the company of men and women about whom I know nothing and capering about in short skirts, why, that is nothing but devil worship," said the old man. And that settled the whole matter once for all—G. W. P., in the Catholic Standard and Times.

"Vanity of Vanities."

"I have seen and contemplated two of the greatest rulers on the face of the earth,—the civil ruler of sixty-five millions and the spiritual ruler of two hundred and fifty millions of people. I have conversed with the President and the Pope in their private apartments; and I am convinced that their exalted position, far from satisfying the aspirations of their soul, did but fill them with a profound sense of their grave responsibility.

No one is better qualified than Solomon to express from experience an opinion on the power of the pleasures of sense to promote human happiness. Every creature ministered to his personal gratification, he yielded to every excess, he denied himself nothing that his heart desired; and, as the fruit of all this, he declared that he was weary of life, and that all was vanity and vexation of spirit."—Cardinal Gibbons.

Ask His Help.

Let us then, says Bishop Colton, invoke St. Joseph's prayers and say often, "St. Joseph, our Father, pray that we be thy worthy children! St. Joseph, our advocate—pray for the graces of which we stand in need! St. Joseph, our friend—and friend of the Sacred Heart—pray for us that we may one day share thy glory and happiness! Good St. Joseph, pray for holy Church and pray for all the faithful. Pray for us living and pray for us dead!"

The millionaires are scattering big money gifts round among the universities and colleges with the exception of the Catholic institutions. Why the exception? If their motive is philanthropy, why exclude a numerous section of the population from their benevolence? Mr. Carnegie gives \$10,000,000 for pensions for college professors, but limits the benefits to the colleges, the professors and officers of which are open to persons of all or any creed. Of any of the colleges mentioned in the papers in connection with this millionaire benefaction would a Catholic have much chance of being made president? We opine not.—New York Freeman's Journal.

YOUR RESPONSIBILITY.

No, my friend, do not try to excuse yourself for not practicing your religion, for you yourself, and only you, are the loser. When you quit the Church for any reason, you are hurting yourself immensely, and hurting others by your bad example, but are not hurting the Church. If you mean it as revenge, you are taking revenge not against the priest, Bishop or people, but against God Himself; for it is He who requires you to live up to the Church. "He that despiseth you (the Church) despiseth Me," are the words of God Himself.

Let every one assure himself that, though his parish, if small, might miss him a little financially, the Catholic Church can do without him and a few millions of others and be the grandest institution on earth still. She has done it. When Henry VIII. of England threatened to leave the Church and take millions with him should the Pope not grant him a divorce, the Pope answered: "For your own sakes I hope you will not leave the Church; but if you do, the Church will live on without you."

Remember that the Church cannot dispense with any of God's own laws or requirements. If people will not comply with them, they must stand the consequences. As God does not need you in heaven, neither does the Church on earth. But since you do need heaven, if you consult your best interests, so do you need the Church—as she is the way to heaven. Satisfy yourself you cannot get along without the Church.

Did you ever consider the responsibility one incurs who leaves the Church? The faith has probably existed among your ancestors for centuries. Would you let it stop with you? Would you deprive your descendants of it? If you live a good Catholic and raise your children good Catholics, in a few centuries there may be thousands belonging to God's Church because you were a good member. But leave the Church, and in a few centuries there will be thousands of unbelievers who might be Catholics had you remained faithful to the Church. Do you see the responsibility? I repeat again: no reason in the world is sufficient to justify one in relinquishing the true Church.—Kind Words.

Mental Jaundice.

Some time ago a poor mother, bewailing the disappearance of her son, a lad of sixteen, said she was sure he had not run away voluntarily, as he was always a good boy and worked steadily. He never went out nights like other lads of his age in the city where he lived. Instead, he brought home the paper—in fact three evening papers—every night, read them, and then went to bed. She seemed to see three daily papers every night may have been the cause of her boy's sudden freak of wildness. But it seems very plain to us that the boy whose immature mind feeds on the horrors and crimes served up in one yellow journal every day—to say nothing of three—is as sure of a collapse in his morals as he would be of a collapse in his health were he to eat continually of poisonous food.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE CAPITAL SINS.

Following the lines heretofore planned for these brief doctrinal reviews, we next have presented for our consideration the deadly, or, as they are frequently called, capital sins. This name they receive because of the fact that they are the causes in which so much sin has its origin. They are seven in number. Namely, pride, lust, covetousness, envy, anger, gluttony, and sloth.

Appropriately, indeed, may they be termed the floodgates through which pour the miseries of mankind. To appreciate the consequences of the first we need only reflect upon what it brought to Lucifer, to the fallen angels, to our first parents and to the entire human family.

In the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah we have vividly pointed out to us the punishment of the second. Judas is a dreadful warning to the third who give themselves over to the third. To the fourth may be charged the awful crime of Cain. The evils which accompany the fifth are almost beyond counting. Yet malice which it engenders was responsible for the crucifixion of our Saviour. From the sixth flows all the debaucheries of appetite, while the reward which awaits the last we find mentioned in St. Matthew, chapter xxv, verse 30: "The unprofitable servant cast ye out into exterior darkness."

The antidotes are found in the practice of the virtues of humility, chastity, liberality to the poor, charity, mildness, temperance and devotion. By the careful and constant giving of ourselves up to these may we expect to keep our souls free from the consequences of the seven capital sins.—Church Progress.

Heart and Life.

It is the heart that prays; but in a fuller sense it is the life that prays. All the sincere prayers of sinners are heard no matter what their lives; the efficacy of prayer resting as St. Thomas says on their faith and confidence, rather than on sanctifying grace. But the prayer of the life is better than the prayer of the heart merely. From the altar of a holy life ascends the prayer that smells so sweet before God as incense in our churches. Behind the prayer is the life, with all its sacrifices, its deeds, its desires, and merit. But even the lives of the indifferent may be made prayerful. Into them may be infused an abiding spirit of prayer. Sacrifices made labor undergone, sorrows borne, temptations resisted—all these are the gold which we may offer to ransom souls from sin, or to obtain grace by which they will not fall.

We can forget half we hear and not so much.

HOW BIGOTRY WAS DEFEATED.

In connection with St. Kevin's Reformatory I must not omit the Earl of Granard—who was an active member of our committee, and a distinguished convert,—the Bishop of Canea, Dr. Donnelly, who spent a few days with us and Sir John Lentaige, Government Inspector of reformatories and industrial schools. The last named was of Huguenot descent, but was a fervent Catholic, and had both a brother and a son in the Society of Jesus. He was the owner of the ruined abbey and former church property of Tallaght, where Father Tom Burke, O. P., lived and died. He wished to sell what he owned there, and no one was more anxious to purchase it than the erudite but bigoted Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, the prime supporter of the so-called Model and National Schools, which boasted of the openly-avowed object of counteracting the good that was being wrought by the Christian Brothers and other Catholic teachers. But Sir John Lentaige was equally resolved that what once belonged to the Catholic Church should not fall again into the hands of Protestants, so he sold it to the Dominicans, who eventually founded their novitiate there. On the day subsequent to the sale, when the Archbishop and a number of his intimate friends were seated in the drawing-room of his palace in Merrion Square, a gentleman came into the room and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Your Grace, Tallaght is sold."

And who has bought it? "The Dominicans," "A thug—a d—d Inquisitor," retorted the Archbishop. "What a calamity!" The above anecdote which betrayed so vividly the animus of this Protestant dignitary was told to me by one who was present on the occasion, young man named Pope, a nephew of the Archbishop, who soon afterwards became a Catholic, and in course of time, a priest.—Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O. M. I., in Donahoe's Magazine.

DIGNITY OF THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

Our Lord became man, took upon Himself our human nature, looked upon men with a human countenance, spoke with a human voice, and loved them with a human heart. He conversed with men that men learning to know Him might through Him know God; and our Lord founded His holy Church, and made us members of His holy Church by the regeneration of water and the Holy Ghost, in which we are born again a second time, and He created Christian homes by the sacrament of matrimony, and all those indissoluble bonds by which domestic life is sanctified. The children born in Christian homes are born again and become children of God. The Christian home is like Paradise springing up once more out of the earth. The illumination of the knowledge of God, the love of God, the law of God, our duties to God—all these things are to be found in the Christian home, if the fathers and mothers are faithful, and the children brought up to be the children of God. . . . Any Catholic father and mother, who, for the sake of better summing and reading and spelling, shall send a child to a school where the Catholic Faith is not taught, incur before God and man a great responsibility. They go as far as they can to rob their child of the knowledge of God, and therefore of conformity with God. They do all they can to bring up their children in this world in flesh and blood and with out the Holy Ghost.—Cardinal Manning

From Prince Albert. Prince Albert, May 12 1905. We the undersigned came west as delegates in a quest of land for ourselves and others in respect to the letter of Rev. J. C. Sinnott in the CATHOLIC RECORD of March 10, 1905 and now after looking over different places, finally came to a choice place where we have taken up "Homesteads" for ourselves and for others. We beg to assure that we have land far better in every respect than we could hope to find and are thoroughly satisfied. There are several other "homesteads" still vacant, and we would advise all those who wish to secure a good home in a good district to take immediate steps to secure the same. There is danger in delay. Father Sinnott has ever taken an active part in this matter, and we suggest that those wishing him to communicate with them, once they have been followed by Sank N. W. T. Applications may be made direct at local land office or through one of us, Thos. J. McGuire, John Fallon, Jas. A. Devine, Simon J. Sullivan, late of Sheenboro, Que.

History of Catholic Settlements.

More than once the RECORD has appealed to its readers, or to such of them as were in a position to do so, to endeavor to collect and put in readable shape the history of their respective parishes. In one or two instances I respect the advice has been followed, but the many remain unrecorded. This is the more to be regretted as naturally the older settlers are passing away and with them the traditions of their times, their difficulties and their successes. Now, having listened with interest to the eloquent sermon, or it might be called a historical lecture, delivered by Rev. Father Loydon on the 24th inst., on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of St. Patrick's parish, Ottawa, it is a regret that it is not to be desired that the rev. gentleman would permit its being published either in your paper or in pamphlet form. It was as far as time permitted, a very full history of Canadian Catholicity, especially in the Ottawa valley. BRANNAGH Ottawa 25th May.

St. John's Quarterly.

We have received from Rev. John F. Mulvey of St. John's rectory, Syracuse, N. Y., the Jubilee Number of St. John's Quarterly. Amongst other good articles the following numbers deserve special mention: The editorials of Father Mulvey, the lesson on Providence by Miriam of Magdala, Literature and the Church. This excellent Catholic journal has been in existence one year, and it is to the birthday number to which we refer. We wish Father Mulvey every success in his journalistic career.

DIED.

GRAY.—At his residence, 80 Wellesley street, Toronto on May 23, 1905, Major Henry A. Gray, M. J. C. E., engineer in charge of the Public Works of Canada, aged sixty-two years. May he rest in peace!

CONNELLY.—On Tuesday, May 16th, 1905, Mr. Michael Connolly, aged eighty-five years, late of St. Bridget's parish Leam. May his soul rest in peace!

KELLY.—At Black River Leam, on Thursday, May 18, 1905, Mr. Wm. Kelly, a native of Mayo, Ireland, aged seventy-nine years. May he rest in peace!

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VOLUME XXV Catholic

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1905. TO OUR COUNTRY.

Our attention has been attracted to the city from sundry devices by which they are assured waiting for them—and that their fortunes may be replying to such and such a ment. The contrast draws the gaiety of the city and the gloom of the country has a and, with a confidence bred they turn their backs on to go forth to work—if haply and in some instances to exaggeration to say—at from a knowledge of facts, and there—that many a to bewail her lot as a city. If they must come be certain of obtaining and of having some response to safeguard them from those who gamble in life. But the girl who deserts home and depends on the few honied words which a thousand times, for the way there, risks much, character may be.

REVERENCE FOR A

Canadian publicists deplore of reverence in the youth of it they point to the youth of rowdiness by some of the unseemly antics which some commences. Some ever, seem to have privy to other mortals; and for deserve and would reception, were they done by an immunity from punishment, are few sadder things than a cle of men who are preachers, behaving like boys is ascribed to boyish sympathy; but that pleases the ears of those who are for the stupid comicalities of insolence, and an idea that they who have advantages of a collegiate education obey the rules of civilization view their antics with pleasure. They regard to be borne with glad minstrel show, though they who would invade any better equipment than the jokes and coarse comedy students set store, would houses.

The publicists, however, lose sight of the fact that contribute to the output of these in authority. It leaves no trail of evil, for good and for the protection of the rights. But the criticism which from party organs, habitually the actions of opponents by tactics which are not honorable to discredit eyes of the community the prejudices of their youth the pale of respect. And the young Canadian upon these sheets are to authority and to records of hidebound opinion and to have no opinion that can be classed as However we may view the representative of Premier, should be given. Will certain editors heed?

A DEPLORABLE

Writing lately on familiarity that is in young men of to-day, theory that push and great requisites in business. In public the spirit of levity which compatible with good find nothing in life nothing worth loving or fill their hearts with or bow them down; and our mode sort; more facial graces that of jokes or commonplaces on empty disappointment goes on to say that abandonment of all respect and of all courtesies we may and prepare for such brutal self-assertion.