

The Catholic Record.

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

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AN ORANGE CELEBRATION.

The Free-Masons of Nova Scotia have cabled their congratulations to Right Worshipful Lord Roberts. Well, that is an improvement on the conduct of their brethren across the water and gives us a hope that in the distant future an Orangeman may be as good as any other citizen. In Belfast the celebrations were of a nature peculiarly Orange. Drunken ruffians paraded the streets, destroying the property of Catholics and insulting inoffensive women. Though time mellows most things, it cannot get the dirty strain out of the Belfast Orangemen.

A PRETTY LEGEND.

A Jewish legend tells us that when God created the universe He asked the angels what they thought of the works of His hands. And when the pure spirits looked upon the world and beheld it throbbing with life and resplendent with beauty they cried out in admiration that one thing alone was wanting—a voice which would chant forever the praises of the Creator and whose tones unmarred by discord would strike pure and deep into the hearts of men and turn their thoughts from gross and material things to those beyond the spheres. We think that such a voice rings out from the hearts of many Catholics who live their faith and have consequently a potent influence for good on non Catholics. They are not perturbed by the lucubrations of the so-called liberal Catholic and they are always proud of their faith and know their sole duty with respect to it is to guard and protect it.

"FREE CHURCHMEN" PROTEST.

In commenting on the fact that but one member in the Canadian Parliament questioned the course of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's proposition for a message of congratulation to Her Majesty, the London Advertiser calls attention to the fact that no such unanimity exists in public gatherings in the old land. For proof of its contention it refers to an incident chronicled by the Edinburgh Scotsman.

It appears that the Free Churchmen, or rather a good many of them, protested against an address which made mention of the present war as unhappy and unavoidable. Unhappy certainly: unavoidable, they demurred, and strongly, after the manner of Scotchmen.

The Advertiser's criticism is very suave, and is fragrant with a large-minded tolerance. True, his concluding remarks arent free speech, etc., are somewhat vague, but one must not be hypercritical. But is it not wonderful that in this enlightened age one should have any doubts as to the wisdom of the course pursued by the versatile Brummagem politician? Why do not those misguided Scotchmen read the newspapers? Surely in this age of free schools and free drinks, especially on patriotic occasions, they cannot be blind to the fact that the poor oppressed Anglo Saxon has at last been freed from the oppression of his beighted persecutors. If they had our advantages they would in all probability have an exhibition of fireworks whenever the cable flashed news of brilliant victories. Their ignorance, however, is truly deplorable, and the Advertiser is eminently wise in treating them with gentle commiseration.

But suppose some sixty Catholic divines had made the protest, or even insinuated that the statement that the Anglo Saxon holds a commission from Providence to paint all maps as red as possible, was at least open to discussion, why the atmosphere of this country would reek with the vapors of lurid language! A good many of our editorial friends would be dancing around, waving Union Jacks and singing "Soldiers of the Queen," and branding the divines as traitors to the Empire. Rather a big word "Empire," to say nothing of its cost.

This is, of course, a free-speech country—with limitations. One may vilify Catholicity, or hire an ex-nun or employ the Rev. Justin Fulton of unsavory fame, and be within the con-

sultation. But a thing not to be condoned is a word that is not an echo of Downing Street.

"IS THE CHURCH CHRISTIAN?"

Replying to the question addressed to Protestant ministers by the National Christian Citizenship League: Is the Church Christian? Rev. R. Heber Newton says: If by the question, however, is meant, Is the Church, as an organization, Christly—possessed of the spirit of Christ, and organized upon the principles of Christ?—then I am afraid the answer must be "No." The teachings of the Church are, as a rule, far from following the teachings of Jesus. The organization of the Church is planned and patterned upon a policy which is the very antithesis of a true society of Jesus. Commercialism dominates the organization and conventionalty tyrannizes the pulpit.

If Protestantism, as we have pointed out in a recent issue, were vivified by the spirit of truth, it would have today a paramount position in this country. For a long time it had a strong and a free hand: it was the darling of officialdom and the trusted guide and counsellor of thousands, and yet at the present time it is discredited as a truth-bearer, and adhered to only as a social and commercial force. In every great city there are hundreds who call themselves Protestants and who are nevertheless ignorant in religious matters as untutored pagans, and whilst these people are dying of spiritual starvation, their preachers are either misrepresenting Catholicity or disporting themselves in their pulpits as expounders of new creeds. Some of them have robbed their hearers of every particle of belief and cast them out on the highway that leads to infidelity. When they have a Bible they spell out its messages in fallible, human tones.

The one wonder to us is that a thinking man can be a preacher. Accepting as a fact that reputable divines have no taste for the controversial methods of former times, we think they should see that a church that resounds with the clamor of warring individuals, that has no definite creed and no guiding hand of authority, cannot possibly be the Church of Christ.

Said the late Dr. Martineau: "The answer of the Catholic Church to the question, Where is the holy ground of the world? Where is the real presence of God? Here within my precincts—here alone."

It carries its supernatural character within it: it has brought its authority down with it through time: it is the living organism of the Holy Spirit, the Pentecostal dispensation among us still. And you ask about its evidence: It offers the spectacle of itself. Itself the sacred enclosure of whatever is divine and supernatural on earth, it has no problems to solve, no legitimacy to make out, no doctrine to prove; but simply to live on and witness of the grace it bears.

OUR DUTY.

Bishop McPaul of Trenton urges the Catholics of the United States to make a determined stand for their rights. We have read that nowhere on the face of the civilized globe do Catholics enjoy such freedom and privileges as in the fair land of America, but Trenton's Ordinary does not believe it. He says that Catholics themselves are to blame. We have been silent while our enemies were pushing us to the wall, and the impression has been gradually gaining ground that anything was good enough for us: and we ourselves were beginning to clasp the hand offering us the slightest recognition.

It will take, however, a dynamite charge to arouse some of our brethren, who are above all things prudent and think that a "don't wake the baby" air is the proper thing. Such lovers of peace they are and so convinced that things will right themselves that their lips are wedded to the dulcet utterances of diplomacy. That is what they term it, for they have a strange vocabulary. Sometimes they break loose about our prospects, etc., but this is vulgar parlance is a mere "bluff" on the public.

The Bishop goes on to say that all honor should be given to Protestants for the courage with which they stand in defence of their rights. They too, believe in tranquility, but they do not look upon it as an excuse for cowardly inaction when their claims are ignored.

Every reader of the CATHOLIC RECORD has observed how the individuals of any sect—no matter how divided by social or commercial interests—close up in united, aggressive lines when their rights are attacked. We have, of course, good men who are always ready to stand in the breach, but we have also too many critics who content themselves with censuring the method of warfare, and too many sweet-toned back-boneless individuals.

They are not respected by Protestants, but they are liked by them because they think of them as of themselves. This is the very reason, remarked Cardinal Newman, why they so often take our part, and assert and defended our political rights. But we have much cause to be ashamed and much cause to be anxious what God thinks of us, if we gain their support by giving them a false impression in our persons of what the Catholic Church is and what Catholics are bound to be, what bound to believe and to do: and is not this the case often that the world takes up our interest, because we share its sins.

One hears much talk betimes of new ideas and methods. Some of them are very beautiful, but they never seem to get beyond the abstract. But let us bear in mind that the best method in the world is, unless vivified by love, enthusiasm and humility, of no lasting value. Do you think that the great democrat, St. Francis of Assisi, found favor at first with the people of his age? What he said had been uttered time and again by professors and preachers and with more eloquence and beauty of diction. Still they made but little impression upon their hearers. But when St. Francis of Assisi took up the old doctrine and transfigured it with love and lived it, men saw that it was a reality. Take up the life of any man who has done anything for his kind and you will find that their success has emanated from the three things we have named.

Imagine the great laugh of the world when Dom Bosco began his work. "Visionary," said the timid: "impossible," said his brethren: "insane," said the worldlings. The gamins of Turin had been scampering around the streets years before Dom Bosco made his bow to the world and no friendly hand had been stretched out to them. They had been preached at, but at long range, and besides the gamins did not understand it. What they wanted was love and sympathy, and this gave Dom Bosco in goodly measure. And what was the result? He transformed the careless lads of Turin into respectable and respected members of society: he erected colleges for them and sent some of them to do priestly work in various centres and a few to be chiefs in the army of Christ. There were in Turin men who had more learning—more eloquence than he—who were willing to devote their talents to the reclamation of the rabble boyhood, but they did not want to give themselves. Dom Bosco, however, gave his all—a love that wrapped round the poor lads as with a garment, an enthusiasm that kept the spirit steadfast and hopeful amidst difficulties and reverses and a humility that sought success from above.

The price of good work is man's best blood. Give that and you will succeed; give your learning only and you will, no matter how wise your method, be a failure.

BILINGS ON "TITLES."

Someone has said that only a big man can wear a title gracefully. A little man is very apt when he becomes a notable to exhibit the worst side of his nature or to act and speak as to leave no doubt of his incompetency. He becomes bumptious and pompous and exacts that a respect and deference to which naturally he has no claim be accorded his title.

But he learns gradually that, as Josh Billings said "Titles ain't uv enny more real use or necessity than dog collars are." I have seen dog collars that cost \$3 on dogs that want worth, in enny market, over 87¢ cents. This is a grate waste of collar: and a grate damage tew the dog.

According to the laws that rule the spiritual world the attraction of one soul is needed to elevate another. This attraction we call love; in the language of philosophy it is called friendship, in that of Christianity it is called charity.—Frederic Ozanam.

A HINT TO THE GRADUATES.

Now that the season of commencement has come around again, the mind turns naturally to the young men and women who are leaving, this month, the shelter of Catholic educational institutions, to take up the struggle for existence. Their number is, doubtless, this year greater than ever. Students of Catholic colleges and academies grow every year more numerous. We are pleased to think that this is so, that Catholic parents are recognizing more and more the importance of a good, thorough education for their sons and daughters, and that they are anxious their children should receive it surrounded by all the lofty and ennobling influences of the Church.

But when these young men and women leave behind them their books and their school life: when they have read their graduation essays amid the applause of delighted relatives, and having stepped from the stage, take their places, with the rest of us, in the race of life, what will be their attitude towards those problems which puzzle the Catholic body at present? Will they be energetic in seeking a solution, or will they be afflicted with that apathy which renders useless the talents of so many of us now? This is a most important question.

It is not difficult to find in every part of this country many graduates of Catholic colleges whose utility, humanity speaking, to the Church which fostered them, and fed them with the bread of knowledge wherein lurked no rationalistic poison, might be expressed in figures by zero. They take no interest or part in the progress of the Church. They are sunk in lethargy from which it seems impossible to arouse them. Men and women, products of college and academy, both bear this odium, though the number of women who lose all interest in active works of religion is, of course, less than of men.

Who is the most active in the good works of the parish? Is it the graduate of a Catholic college? Well, it is, in many instances, but often it is the man who has won his way upward without the advantages of a college training, who has fought the good fight, and kept the faith amid the temptations from which the other was happily shielded. Particularly does this apply to the young men. Many of these think that in allowing themselves to be educated at a Catholic institution they have done all that could be expected of them, and in the work of church sodalities and societies, as well as in the charity of the St. Vincent de Paul conferences, they never think of lending a hand. These commonplaces of Catholic life are too vulgar altogether for some of these delicate-handed graduates.

It is painful to have to make these statements. But it is necessary to make them in the interests of the young men and women who are coming out year after year from Catholic schools, and who need to have their minds adjusted to the state of affairs that exists in every Catholic parish in the country. Because of their superior education and training, these graduates can become leaders in good works or they can become the laziest of laggards. They can make their lives, by a little energy, beacons of hope to their brethren of lesser advantages, or they can be a reproach to the Catholic body, and a byword for those who want to point out the futility of Catholic education.

Young men and young women on the threshold of life, which of these alternatives are you going to choose?—The Sacred Heart Review.

"CONSCIENTIOUS BELIEF."

Editor Freeman: I again take the liberty of asking you a few questions: Can a non-Catholic have a conscientious belief that the Catholic Church is false? He may, of course, have a very strong opinion that it is false, in a somewhat similar way that he believes one particular political party is better than another, but can he have a firm, conscientious belief that it is false? This is my difficulty: God created the conscience. He also established the Church. Both are His work. Now, how can one of His works fail to recognize the other? Yours very respectfully, INQUIRER.

"Conscientious belief" is a somewhat loose phrase, and does not convey a clear and clean cut idea to the mind. Before we can answer your question, as it exists in your mind, we must find out what you mean by it.

By "conscientious belief" do you mean a real, actual belief, and no sham or pretended belief? If so, every belief is conscientious, for no man can believe and not believe or believe and doubt a thing at the same time. If he believes he knows, is conscious that he believes, and he can never make himself believe that he believes what he knows he does not believe. He may pretend to others, like a hypocrite, that he believes what he does not believe, and deceive them. But he can never make himself believe that he believes what he does not believe. Consequently every belief that one has is conscientious, that is, he is conscious of a real, actual belief for the time being, of a mental state. Whether it be a true or false belief is another question. It is still a belief, whether true or false. No man can believe as true what he knows to be false. Conse-

quently when he believes a thing he believes it to be true. His dishonesty is not in his belief, but in his pretending to others that he believes what he does not or that he does not believe what he believes.

Now, assuming that by conscientious belief you mean a real belief, an actual mental state, we are in a position to answer your question: Can a non-Catholic have a conscientious belief that the Catholic Church is false? We answer: He can. He can be in that mental state with regard to the Church. There are unfortunately many people in that condition. The Church has been misrepresented to them from their youth up. They have heard everything evil and nothing good of her. They know her not as she is, but as they have been led, without any fault on their part, to believe her to be. The Catholic Church as she exists in their minds is a hideous object, the enemy of truth and of all good. When they pass judgment and condemn, it is this hideous thing in their minds, this thing which their educators have built up in their imagination, that they condemn, and they are right in condemning it, for it is evil. But in condemning this hideous phantom, of which they are the unsuspecting victims, they are not condemning the Catholic Church as she actually exists in the world of realities, and of which they know practically nothing. If the Church were what, through ignorance and misrepresentation, they really believe her to be, they could not conscientiously do otherwise than condemn her as false.

Their mistake arises from an error of judgment as to fact, and from a failure to distinguish a creature of their imagination from a creature of God. Their judgment is based on false information whose fallacy they do not suspect. As long as they are in that mental state their ignorance is said by theologians to be invincible.

As to your second question. Conscience is not, as you seem to suppose, that faculty or act of the mind by which it seeks and apprehends truth. It is the indicator of the goodness or badness of particular acts which a man is called upon to do or avoid. Its objective is the morality of particular acts that are about to be done or avoided. Its judgments are based on truths supplied by reason and revelation. Its office is not to determine. Its office is to tell the truth, but to bring those truths home to each man and admonish him, when he is called upon to act, to make his act correspond to the particular truth that applies to it. To illustrate. A man knows the revealed command: Thou shalt not steal. He has an opportunity to take a sum of money belonging to some one else. The temptation is strong: it pulls him toward the forbidden act. It is just here that conscience comes in. Not to teach him the command not to steal—he knows that—but to arouse him to shake off the fascinating hypnotizer, to recall him to himself, to admonish him that now is the time to obey the law he knows. The law forbids theft. The act you are tempted to do is theft. Therefore don't do it. In every syllogism known to conscience the major premise is the law; the minor the act that comes under the law; and the conclusion, do it or do not. Conscience does not teach the law, but the law being known, it particularizes it and applies it to man's every act there and then.

As to why men gifted with reason may not recognize and identify the true Church we think we have given sufficient explanation in assigning it to ignorance arising from false education.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE PAPACY.

Objection is made by our Protestant friends, especially our friends the Ritualists—who are "so near and yet so far,"—to the Catholic doctrine of the supremacy of the Pope, on the ground that there is so little evidence of it in the first ages of the Church. They overlook the important fact that there has been a natural development of Christianity in all its features in a regular, logical, progressive manner from its first beginnings—its infancy—until it attained its full stature of manhood in succeeding ages. Our friends seem to forget that it is entirely unreasonable to look for the full fledged doctrine of the Papacy at the very beginning. Our Lord instructed His apostles and gave them the deposit of the faith in its simple, fundamental principles, and left it to be developed by the Church, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, as occasion required. The reason and necessity of development are thus very pertinently described by Cardinal Newman, in his "Essay on Development":

"The increase and expansion of the Christian creed and ritual, and the variations which have attended the process in the case of individual writers and churches, are the necessary attendants on any philosophy or polity which takes possession of the intellect and heart, and has had any wide and extended dominion. From the nature of the human mind, time is necessary for the full comprehension and perfection of great ideas; and that the highest and most wonderful truths, though communicated to the world once for all by inspired teachers, could not be comprehended all at once by the recipients, but, as being received and transmitted by minds not inspired, and through media which were human, have required only the longer time and deeper thought for their full elucidation."

Such has been the history of every doctrine of Christianity, and Newman well remarks:

"It is a less difficulty that Papal supremacy was not formally acknowledged in the second century, than that there was no formal acknowledgment on the part of the Church of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity till the fourth. No doctrine is defined till it is violated."

Language was used by some of the early Fathers on the subject of the Trinity which would have been considered heretical if used after the definition of the doctrine in succeeding ages. The same is true of other doctrines. The real question in regard to the Papacy is whether there were not indications of the existence in the minds of the earlier Fathers of the Church of a conviction or sentiment, not fully defined that the successors of St. Peter were entitled to a prerogative above and beyond that of other Bishops—a conviction which, as time went on, was gradually and logically developed into the Catholic doctrine of the supremacy. Of this there can be no reasonable doubt in the mind of any one acquainted with the writings of the early Fathers. It would be impossible to give even a moiety of the evidence of this fact in the compass of an editorial article.

The fact is that from the very earliest period of the Church's history the Bishops of Rome have been recognized as the successors of St. Peter, and as, on that account, possessing special prerogatives which had been conferred upon Peter by our Lord Himself, when He made him the Rock of the Church; conferred upon him, especially, the power of the keys; prayed that his faith might not fail, and commissioned him to feed the sheep and lambs of His flock. These passages of Scripture are constantly quoted by them in confirmation of the superior claims of those who sat in the Chair of Peter. The *sacramentum unitatis* was universally recognized, and from the very first the Bishop of Rome was looked upon and treated as the head and centre of unity.

It is a very remarkable fact that in the very first age and the very first document belonging to Christian history we have an undoubted and striking instance of the exercise of the supreme authority of the Bishop of Rome. St. Clement, third in succession from St. Peter, by a very emphatic and authoritative letter (which the Protestant Lightfoot characterizes as "the first step towards Papal domination") quells a disturbance in the Church in Corinth, and restores peace and harmony. His authority was not disputed even by those whom he censured. The probability is that they had appealed to Rome for a decision. That, too, when St. John the Apostle was living at Ephesus, which was nearer to Corinth than to Rome.

Not to mention other and earlier Fathers, which our space will not permit, we do not hesitate to say that the case of St. Cyprian, in the early part of the third century, is sufficient in itself to settle the whole question. In more than a dozen letters, written at different times and under various circumstances, this eminent Father alludes to the fact that the Bishop of Rome is the centre of unity and source of authority because he sits in the Chair of Peter. And that remarkable essay of his on the "Unity of the Church," declares emphatically the necessity of being in union with the Chair of Peter. It is true that he quarrelled with Pope Stephen on the subject of the baptism of heretics and schismatics, but all the same he recognized the Pope's authority, though it had not been scientifically developed and defined as it was in succeeding ages. The present doctrine of the Pope's supremacy is the legitimate development of the very doctrine held in embryo by the early Fathers of the Church.—Sacred Heart Review.

EASY TOLERANCE OF EVIL.

It has been remarked that the easy tolerance of moral evil is one of the most alarming features of our own day: it is one of those tendencies which sap the very springs of civilization, which eat out the vigor and core of its life. We do not see its advance; it is in the air. It glids the dangers around us with nothing less than a deceptive beauty. It makes us easy and tolerant when it would be the vertiest mercy to condemn; it makes us in private life sensitive about being stiff and old fashioned, and wanting in sympathy for new and striking ideas about moral matters. It makes us delight in moral paradoxes which startle religious persons of the generation which is passing away. It makes men talk of God as if He were all benevolence and in no real sense justice. It blinds men to the moral necessities which drew the Eternal Son down into our vale of tears to die as a propitiation for human sin; it makes men turn away almost with fierce indignation from God's own revelations respecting the eternal world, because those revelations imply that He is, in virtue of His necessity, His indestructible essence, irreconcilable with self-chosen evil. Thus it debases society and public morals, and thus it debases sometimes that Heaven sent faith which alone can save them.—Sacred Heart, in American Herald.

THE VILLAGE CONCERT.

An Ambitious Affair That Surprised Father Dan.

By Rev. P. A. Sheehan. "My New Curate." Late one evening in November a deputation waited on me. It consisted of the doctor, the schoolmaster and one or two young fellows, generally distinguished by their vocal powers at the public house, when they were asked for "their fish and their song."

Well, the doctor knew how much I appreciated him. He was not nervous, therefore, in broaching the subject. "We have come to see you, sir, about a concert."

"A what?" I asked. "A concert," he replied, in a little huff. "They have concert every winter at Labbawally, and at Balredmond, and even at Moydore; and why shouldn't we?"

"I thought a little." "I was always under the impression, I said, "that a concert meant singers."

"Of course," they replied. "Well, and where are you to get singers here? Are you going to import again those delectable harpists that illustrated the genius of Verdi with rather rancorous voices a few weeks ago?"

"Certainly not, sir," they replied, in much indignation. "The boys here can do a little in that way; and we can get up a chorus among the school children and—"

"The doctor himself will do his share," said one of the deputation, coming to the aid of the modest doctor.

"And then," I said, "you must have a piano to accompany you, unless it is to be all in the style of the 'council-alls'."

THE TRUE TEST OF SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE.

There is no subject on which greater error and confusion of thought and teaching exists than that of spiritual influence. There is no more prolific source of delusion and superstitious quackery than the wild and incoherent utterances, and even blasphemous pretensions, of the ambitious and deluded spirits who claim to be under the special influence of the divine Spirit.

There is a natural love of the mysterious—a hankering, if we may express ourselves—after the supernatural, in the human breast, which, unless it be properly instructed, controlled and directed, is bound to lead to the most disastrous intellectual and moral consequences.

It is a notorious fact that every enthusiast, every inventor of a new sect, every originator of a new special guidance of the divine Spirit, and it is their apparent sincerity and earnestness, and their professions of high spirituality, and even sanctity, that attract the crowd of followers.

The doctrine is not of so much importance. They may give utterance to the wildest theories, the most absurd statements—absurd as those, for instance, of the so-called Christian scientists, whose originator, in her confused, presumptuous and blasphemous utterances, is as far as possible from the true teachings of Christianity, and whose followers profess to perform miracles.

Now, it is evident that there must be some sure test of the genuineness of spiritual influence. There is no more important injunction than that of the apostle St. John in his first epistle (iv. 1): "Dearly beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits if they be of God; because many false prophets have gone out into the world."

Heretical delusion has always been characterized by dissolving Jesus—that is, by denying either His humanity or His divinity. "We are of God," He saith the same apostle (verse 6): "He that knoweth God heareth us. He that heareth us, he is of God; he that heareth us not, he is of the world; he that heareth us not, he is of the world."

There was a stage in front, covered with plants and carpeted with a grand piano peeped out from a forest of shrubs and palms; and I began to think every where; and I began to think I had a dream, and a subliminal came over and said she was glad I had come, etc., and whistled!

"Understand all now when the little witch that has made transformation."

Father Letheby sat by me, quite demure as usual. Presently there came a great stir at the end of the room, and I looked around cautiously for we were all so grand, I felt I should be dignified indeed.

There are no pockets in shrouds.—Chinese Saying.

having recently died. Clemens, it is said, was connected with the imperial family. We merely mention the fact, it adds nothing to his merit or his virtues.

The young Caesar and the Pontiff learned from Flavia Domitilla what had occurred, the embarrassment in which she was, and how to proceed.

"But," said Vespasian, "Aurelia cannot be angry with me."

"Ceilia is our child," added Clemens, who knew the young girl, and had been informed how she had glorified the name of Christ.

"I will probably meet the Grand Vestal there," remarked Flavia Domitilla.

"I know that she has been living with Aurelia for some time past."

"Well," replied the priest, with a smile, "the Grand Vestal will learn that the Pontiff of the Christians watches over the virgins confided to his care, not to chastise them as Helvius Agrippa does, but to rescue them from freedom and happiness when they have fallen into slavery."

"I am the father of the young girl," said Vespasian, "and she is my daughter."

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law, which does not permit masters under twenty years of age to liberate their slaves; and, then, there is Regulus—"

"Regulus! again that name!" exclaimed Aurelia, impatiently.

"Yes, Regulus, who could again lay his hand on this young girl, if she were set free in violation of the clause which prohibits her manumission?"

"Very well," said the divine Aurelia ironically, "this man Regulus will prove more powerful than I, who am the betrothed of Vespasian, the ruler and victor of the Romans!"

"You are speaking in jest, guardian!" Vespasian said to her, "but I will not have time to answer."

"The young man entered, accompanied by a stranger whose venerable and holy features inspired respect."

"Ah! my dear cousin, how happy I am to see you!" exclaimed the artless Aurelia.

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log been adjudicated to Regulus under Parmenion's name, and sold to me by Parmenion! Poor child! Poor child!"

"Your father then sacrificed you because you are a Christian? But you should have abjured your creed, and he would not have sold you!"

"Your religion is then very beautiful and very true, that it should inspire such sacrifices?"

"I know that my mother is a Christian, and that Flavius Clemens belongs to your religion."

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AURELIA; OR, THE JEWS OF CAPEZA GATE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE CAESARS AND THE DAUGHTER OF THE PIOUS.

What! Metellus was narrating his story to Vibius, the divine Aurelia had given orders to send up her new slave she had purchased.

"I shall soon see," she thought, "whether I must sacrifice this young girl to don't know what exigencies."

"What is your name?" inquired the divine Aurelia.

"Ceilia, madam," replied the young girl, humbly, but without fear this time.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHRISTIAN PRIEST AND THE PAGAN VIRGIN.

Young Flavius, the son of Flavius Clemens and Flavia Domitilla, named Vespasian, was a little older than the divine Aurelia, for he was in his eighteenth year.

He was a hopeful youth, with a noble, grand, and generous disposition, and was gifted with rare modesty and moderation.

"I must denounce my benefactors, Flavia Domitilla and Flavius Clemens," cried the divine Aurelia at the height of astonishment.

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THE VILLAGE CONCERT.

An Ambitious Affair That Surprises Father Dan.

By Rev. P. A. Sheehan. "My New Curate." Late one evening in November a deputation waited on him. It consisted of the doctor, the schoolmaster and one or two young fellows, generally distinguished by their vocal powers at the public house, when they were asked for "their fish and their song." The doctor opened negotiations. I have a great regard for the doctor and he knows it. He is a fine young fellow, a great student, and good and kind to the poor.

Well, the doctor knew how much I appreciated him. He was not nervous, therefore, in broaching the subject. "We have come to see you, sir, about a concert." "A what?" I asked. "A concert," he replied, in a little huff. "They have concerts every winter at Labbawally, and at Baledon, and even at Moydore; and why shouldn't we?"

"I was always under the impression," I said, "that a concert meant singers." "Of course," they replied. "Well, and where are you to get singers here? Are you going to import again those detestable haridons that illustrated the genius of Verdi with rather raucous voices a few weeks ago?"

"Certainly not, sir," they replied, in much indignation. "The boys here can do a little in that way; and we can get up a chorus among the school children and—"

"And the doctor himself will do his share," said one of the deputation, coming to the aid of the modest doctor. "And then," I said, "you must have a piano to accompany you, unless it is to be all in the style of the 'come-all-yens'."

"Oh, 'twill be something beyond that," said the doctor. "I think you'll be surprised, sir." "And what might the object of the concert be?" they all shouted.

"Of course, the poor," they all shouted. "Wait, your reverence," said one diplomatist, "till you see all we'll give you for the poor at Christmas."

"Visions of warm blankets for Nelly Purcell, and Mag Grady; visions of warm socks for my little children; visions of tons of coal and cartloads of timber; visions of vast chests of tea and mountains of currant cake swim before my imagination; and I could only say—"

"Boys, ye have my blessing." "Thank your reverence," said the doctor, "but what about a subscription?" "For what?" I said. "If we all have to subscribe, what is the meaning of the concert?"

"Ah, but you know, sir, there are preliminary expenses—getting music, etc.—and we must ask the respectable people to help us there." This meant the usual guineas. Of course they got it.

The evening of the concert came, and I was very reluctant to leave my armchair and the fire and the slippers. And now that my curate and I had set to work steadily at our Greek authors, to show the Bishop we could do something, I put aside my Homer with regret and faced the frost of November. The concert was held in the old store down by the creek; and I shivered at the thought of two hours in that dreary room, with the windows open and a sea draught sweeping through. To my intense surprise I gave up my ticket to a well-dressed young man with a basket of flowers in his buttonhole, and I passed into a hall where the light blinded me, and I was dazzled at the multitude of faces turned toward me. And there was a great shout of cheering; and I took off my great coat and I was glad I had come.

There was a stage in front, covered with plants and carpeted; and a grand piano peeped out from a forest of shrubs and palms; and lamps twinkled everywhere; and I began to think it was all a dream, when Miss Campion came over and said she was so glad I had come, etc., and I whispered:

"Understand all now when I see the little witch that has made the transformation." Father Letheby sat by me, quiet and demure as usual. Presently there was a great stir at the end of the long room, and I looked around cautiously, for we were all so grand, I felt I should be dignified indeed.

tra; and the doctor saw my amazement and stooped down and whispered: "Didn't I tell you we'd surprise you, Father Dan?"

Just then a young lad dressed like a doll, and with white kid gloves, handed me a programme. "I charge a penny all around, but not to you, Father Dan." I thanked him politely with reverence.

"Who's that young gentleman?" I whispered. "Don't you know him?" said Father Letheby, smothering a laugh. "I never saw him before," I said. "You cuffed him last Sunday for ringing the bell at the Agnus Dei."

"I cuffed that young ruffian, Carl Daly," I said. "That's he," said Father Letheby. Then I thought Father Letheby was making fun of me, and I was getting cross, when I heard "Hush!" and Miss Campion rose up and passed on to the stage and took her place at the piano. One by one the singers came forward, timid, nervous, but they went through their parts well. At last, a young lady, with bronze curls cut short, but running riot over her head and forehead, came forward. She must have dressed in an awful hurry, for she forgot a lot of things.

"What's the meaning of this?" I whispered, angrily. "She's the fashion," said Father Letheby; "she's not from our parish." "Thank God," I said fervently. I beckoned to Mrs. Mullins, a fine motherly woman, who sat right across the aisle. She came over.

"Have you any particular use of that shawl lying on your lap, Mrs. Mullins?" I said. "No," she said, "I brought it against the night air." "Then you'd do a great act of charity," I said, "if you'd just step up on that stage and give it to that young lady to cover her shoulders and arms. She'll catch her death of cold."

"For all the money you have in the National Bank, Father Dan," said Mrs. Mullins, "and they say you have a good little nest there, I wouldn't do it. See how she's looking at us. She knows we are talking about her. And her mother is Julia Lonergan, who lives at the Pike in the parish of Moydore."

Sure enough, Phoebe Lonergan, for that was her name, was looking at us; and her eyes were glinting and sparkling blue and green lights, like the dogstar on a frosty night in January. And I knew her mother well. When Julia Lonergan put her hands on her hips and threw back her head, the air became sulphurous and blue. I detested to mind the scantiness of the drapery, though I should not like to see any of my own little children in such a state. Whilst I was meditating thus, she came to the end of her song, and then let a yell out of her that would startle a red Indian.

"Why did she let that screech out of her?" said I to Father Letheby. "Was it something struck in her?" "Oh, not at all," said he, "that's what they call a bravura." I began to feel very humble. Then there was a hunting for shawls and wraps and such a din.

"Wasn't it grand, Father Dan?" "Aren't you proud of your people, Father Dan?" "Where is Moydore now, Father Dan?"

"Didn't we do well, Father Dan?" "And then Miss Campion came over demurely and asked: 'I hope you are pleased with our first performance, Father?' And what could I say but that it was all beautiful and grand, and I hoped to hear it repeated, etc. But then, when I had exhausted my enthusiasm a band of these young fairies, their pretty faces flushed with excitement and the stars in their curls bobbing and nodding at me, came around me.

"It's now our turn, Father Dan. We want one little dance before we go." "What?" I cried, "children like you dancing! I'd be well in my way, indeed. Come now, sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' and away to Blanketland as fast as you can."

"Ah, do, Father Dan!" "Ah, do, Father Dan!" "One little dance!" "We'll be home in half an hour!" "Ah, do, Daddy Dan!" There was consternation. I knew that I was called with that affectionate, if very undignified title; but this was the very first time it was spoken to my face; and there was horror on the faces of the young ones. But it carried the day. I looked around, and saw some white waists peeping shyly behind a glass door.

"The boys are all gone home, I believe," I said innocently. "Oh, long and merry ago, Father. The lazy fellows wouldn't wait." "And all the dancing will be amongst yourselves?" Chorus: "Of course, Father!" "And no waltzes, or continental abominations?" Chorus: "Oh, dear, no!" "And you'll all be in your beds at 12 o'clock?" Chorus: "To the minute, Father."

"We came to settle about the concert, sir," said the doctor. "We thought you'd like to see our balance sheet." "Yes," I said, demurely, "and of course, if the balance itself is convenient—"

"It isn't so much as we thought," said the doctor, laying a small brown parcel on the table. "The expenses were enormous. Now, look at these," he said, softly detaching my hand as it moved toward the parcel.

I read the list of expenses. It was appalling. I cast a corner of my eye farther down, and read, without pretending to see anything: "Total balance, 41, 11 1/2 d."

"Boys," said I, as I saw them putting their hands over their mouths with that unmistakable Hibernian gesture, "you have done yourself a great injustice." "I assure you, sir," said the schoolmaster—"You mistake my meaning." I interrupted. "What I was about to say was this—when young men give their services gratuitously, and undertake great labor in the cause of religion and charity, it would be most unfair to expect that they would also make a pecuniary sacrifice."

They looked relieved. "Now, I have reason to know that you all have undergone great expense in connection with this concert." There was a smirk of pharisaical satisfaction on their faces.

But I cannot allow it. My conscience would not permit me. I see no record in this balance sheet of the three dozen Guinness that was ordered for the dressing room. And there is not a word about the box of Havana which William Mesal ordered specially from Dublin; nor any mention of the soda water and accompaniments that were hauled up in a basket through the back window. Really, I cannot allow it, gentlemen. Your generosity is overpowering.

The deep silence made me look around. They had vanished. I opened the brown parcel and counted out the four shillings and eleven pence half-penny in coppers.

THE SAINTS' PRAISE OF MARY. Since Pentecost, one great feast has followed another in swift succession. First came Trinity Sunday, then Corpus Christi, then the feast of the Sacred Heart. Last Sunday we celebrated the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul. To-day, the fifth Sunday after Pentecost, users in the week which, ere its close, will bring to us the beautiful day of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, dear, as their special feast, to all who wear the brown scapular.

In the Carmelite order it is called "the solemn feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mt. Carmel, titular patroness of the whole order of Carmelites." It will not be amiss, following the train of thought carried on in this series of articles throughout the year, to turn to the proper offices of the saints granted to the Barefooted Carmelites, and translated from the Latin for our own Carmelite convent in Boston, and gather fruit from the abundant treasures therein contained. These offices extend through an octave, and present extracts from the writings of St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Bernard, St. Anselm, St. Thomas of Villanova, St. Bernardine of Siena, St. Isidore, St. Epiphanius, St. John Chrysostom, as well as passages from Holy Writ, that furnish ample material for explaining to Protestants the Church's feeling towards the Blessed Virgin, while they augment our reverential love for her.

The capitulum of the feast, taken from Ecclesiastical, sets the keynote: "As a vine I have brought forth a pleasant odor; and my flowers are the fruit of honor and riches. I am the mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope. And the antiphons are appropriate to this: 'Blessed art thou of the Lord, for through thee we have been made partakers of the fruit of life. Alleluia. Thou art made fair and sweet in thy delights, holy Mother of God. Alleluia. The Creator of all things, and He that made me, rested in my tabernacle. A great sign appeared in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.'"

Now listen to St. Ambrose: "What more renowned than the Mother of God? What more glorious than she whom Glory chose? What more chaste than she who, undefiled, hath brought forth the body of Jesus Christ? What shall I say of her other virtues? A virgin not in body alone, but in mind, whose candid disposition was debased, by no windings of deceit. Humble of heart, grave in word, of prudent mind, moderate in speaking, fond of reading. She put not her hope in the uncertainty of riches, but in the prayer of the poor. Her outward appearance was the image of her mind, the picture of virtue. She fulfilled every duty in such a way that she taught rather than learned. Such the evangelist hath shown her; such the angel found her; such the Holy Ghost chose her."

Hear St. Anselm speak from England, Mary's Dwyr, as it once was called: "After God, there is nothing more profitable than the remembrance of His Mother, nothing more wholesome than the devout love with which she burned in the remembrance and contemplation of her Son, nothing more delightful than the sweetness of pondering upon the blessed joy with which she abundantly fed in Him, and through Him, her Son. We have seen and heard many men recall these thoughts in moments of danger, and call upon the name of Mary so merciful, whereupon every peril vanished on the spot."

Hear St. Irenaeus, Bishop and martyr, in his book against heresies: "Eve was deceived so that she fled from God; Mary was persuaded to obey God, and this so happened in order that the Virgin Mary might become the advocate of the Virgin Eve. Moreover, it hath thus come to pass, in order that the human race, which hath been made subject to death through a virgin, may be set free through a virgin, the obedience of a virgin weighing in an even balance against a virgin's disobedience."

Then listen to the great Augustine, disciple of St. Ambrose, and marvelously gifted doctor of the Church: "Let us say something, brethren, in praise of the most sacred Virgin Mary. Yet, puny creatures that we are, contemptible as we are in our acts, what can we relate in praise of her, whom not one of us could filly extol, though all our members were turned into tongues? She of whom we speak is higher than the heavens; deeper than the abyss is she who alone hath deserved to be called Mother and Spouse; she hath repaired the losses of the first mother; she hath brought redemption to lost man. Eve hath harmed us by bringing death upon us; Mary hath succeeded us by restoring us to life. The former smote us, the latter healed us. For Mary, in a wonderful and inconceivable way, gave birth to her own Saviour and to the Saviour of all things. Who is this virgin who is so holy that the Holy Ghost hath designed to come to her? Who is she who is so lovely that God hath chosen her for His spouse? Who is she who is so chaste that she could be a virgin after childbirth? She is the Temple of God, the Fountain sealed up, and the Gate which is shut in the House of God. To her, as I have said, the Holy Ghost hath come down and the power of the Most High hath overshadowed her. She is a virgin nursing Him Who is the food of angels and of men. Justly do we extol her as blessed, giving unto her a matchless praise, for she hath shown unto the world an intercourse unequalled. O happy Mary, worthy of all praise! O glorious Virgin Mother of God!"

These are the words of the saints. Shall such as we gainsay them? —SACRED HEART REVIEW.

PEN PICTURE OF LEO XIII. Drawn by Artist Benjamin Constant, Who Has Painted Portrait on Canvas.

Benjamin Constant, the great portrait painter, has just returned to this country from Rome, after finishing a commission by the Pope to paint his portrait.

This brilliant and energetic master has enjoyed the privilege of a close observation of the venerable figure of the Sovereign Pontiff, first in the ceremonial decorum of St. Peter's and afterward at private sittings. He has heard the head of the Church, expressing himself on various subjects, touching art and ecclesiastical affairs.

Following is a literal translation of M. Constant's narrative of his experience: It is 11 a. m. The Pope will soon receive and bless more than 15,000 pilgrims in old St. Peter's.

The pious travellers, dust laden, with heavy, weary step, stream through the three large portals. Like strayed sheep they run hither and thither through the vast sanctuaries. At last there is a concerted movement toward the altar of confession under the large dome. There all fall on their knees, men and women, and repeat their chaplets.

This murmur of prayer is soon lost in the noise of the multitude which presses forward seeking to be near the passage through which the Holy Father will pass. The basilica is now filled with a compact crowd. All are thrilled with excited emotion.

All eyes are directed toward the chapel through which the Pope will enter. Another lot of tardy arrivals—princes and ambassadors, accompanied by their secret chamberlains and a few grand dames make their way to the tribunes reserved for them.

Finally the door of the chapel opens and there is breathless silence. The Swiss Guards are seen to range themselves in their places, the officers of the Noble Guard draw their swords, and suddenly in a golden splendour, a vague form appears above their heads in the distance.

Nearer and nearer draws the figure on a red throne borne by men in red. What a venerable old man! The beneficent Vicar of Christ seems capable of bestowing not only on this multitude, but on the whole world, now and forever, all the happiness he desires for mankind.

As the Pope approaches the confessional the pilgrims, no longer able to contain themselves, applaud enthusiastically. "Viva il Papa—His!" Here is a king indeed, one who is nearest to God, and nearest to pray people, a king who will kneel and pray with them, right at their side, with all the pomp of royalty.

The applause of the pilgrims is restrained by more than 20,000 voices under the lofty vaults of the grand cathedral. All this overpowers the senses and the emotions by its religious grandeur. Twenty thousand heads bend to receive the parting benediction of His Holiness, who, with hands lifted over the multitude and with loving smiles, returns to the privacy of the Vatican. It is in the privacy of the Vatican, however, that the lustre of Pope Leo XIII. shines brightest.

Having had the honor of painting

the portrait of His Holiness, I will endeavor to describe him—an imprudent and dangerous task. Cardinal Mathieu conducted and introduced me to the Pope. It was 8 o'clock in the morning. All the Church bells rang the first Mass, and the streets again teemed with countless crowds of pilgrims.

The blanched appearance of the Pope surprised me, despite what I had learned about his gradual emaciation. The face and hands seemed immoderately white, the blue veins being quite conspicuous. His delicate form is arrayed in white from head to foot.

After the usual genuflections His Holiness asks us to be seated, the Cardinal on his right and I on his left. The conversation turns at once to my desire to have several sittings for the proposed portrait. The Holy Father asks whether the afternoon would suit me best for light. I protest respectfully, and say that I prefer the morning. But the early morning is devoted to diverse audiences and receptions of pilgrims.

Everything is at last arranged to the satisfaction of His Holiness. While Leo XIII. is engaged in conversation for a few moments with Cardinal Mathieu on Church affairs I am painting the portrait. I have an excellent opportunity to observe the interesting physiognomy of the Sovereign Pontiff—small eyes that twinkle brilliantly; a sharp nose, expressing prudence and wisdom; a mouth that betokens extreme benevolence.

On the following morning at 9 o'clock I am alone with the Pope. My emotion is intense. I am to faithfully depict this grand personage on the canvas. I forget my task in the rapture of the moment. The Pope seems to know everything that is going on in this world. What a wonderful memory! What vivacious spirit has this old man of ninety years!

"Your great sculptor, Falguere, who has just died, has degraded his art toward the close by painting nudes that shocked decency," remarked His Holiness. "This is true," I replied, "but he shaped the St. Vincent de Paul of the Phantome, and at no time has an artist created a figure more radiant with charity and pose and gestures, more paternal and affectionate."

"What will you do with my portrait?" "I will give it to Your Holiness." "I am much touched by your amiable intentions. And you will exhibit it in Paris?" "It is too late to place it in the Palais des Beaux Arts of the Exposition."

"Well, then place it in the building of the Catholic Missions in the Trocadero. You may apply to Admiral Lafont and Baron du Tell." "The will of Your Holiness will be executed with promptness."

"Have you witnessed the reception of the 15,000 pilgrims yesterday?" "I had the joy to see this, one of the greatest spectacles in the world, and I shall reproduce this scene as best I can for posterity." "This will be beautiful. I hope to live to see it."

In this strain the conversation continued. To those who think that the last day of the Pope is near, I only want to say that he speaks with the vigor of a young man.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

The Catholic Record

Published Weekly at 404 and 406 Richmond Street, London, Ontario.

REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVE, Author of "Mistakes of Modern India."

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

CATHOLICITY INCREASING. The Catholic Church in the United States is increasing in power and membership with a rapidity which is altogether marvellous.

WEST POINT'S CATHOLIC CHAPEL. The Catholic chapel at West Point, the erection of which was so determinedly opposed by the A. P. A., has at last been completed and dedicated.

GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY. A declaration of Herr Mertell, a member of the German Reichstag, and the editor of an Agrarian organ, to the effect that a member of the Government had informed the Reichstag quietly that the next war of that country would be a naval war and with England, is causing a good deal of excitement in Berlin.

AN OBNOXIOUS LAW. The attention of the United States Congress has been directed to the law on marriage promulgated by General Brooke in Cuba, whereby only civil marriages are to be recognized as valid.

Asylum in Washington, "as exhibiting narrow religious prejudice by attempting to crush out a most worthy charity because it is Catholic. He said: "The same sort of legislation was enacted in Germany, and resulted in building up a Catholic party, and if of this sort things continue in the United States a similar party may spring up."

"YELLOW" JOURNALISM.

It will be remembered by our readers that some years ago the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., promulgated an Encyclical Letter in which he strongly recommended the study of the Holy Scriptures in approved versions, and urged the clergy especially to study them also in the original tongues in which they were written.

being experienced over the change. All the business houses and the Government offices have adopted it, but large numbers of the superstitious natives are in rebellion on account of it.

REV. MR. MILLIGAN REBUKED.

The following well-merited rebuke is administered by the Toronto World of the 26th ult. to the Rev. G. M. Milligan (Presbyterian) of Toronto:

A SABBATHARIAN ISSUE. According to a recent issue of the London Chronicle, there is a curious rebellion in Raratonga, an island in the Pacific which is under the British flag.

As long as the supplications and prayers are yet taken in place, there is simply bread and the cup, but after that the great and marvelous prayers have been completed, then the bread becomes the body, and the cup the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

when the Church had just emerged from three centuries of terrible persecution under the Pagan Emperors of Rome, the doctrine of Transubstantiation was believed, but that this doctrine was handed down from the Apostolic days, when St. Paul had declared that "the Church of the living God is the pillar and ground of truth" (1 Tim. III, 15).

It is evident to all that the "colored lights" which adorned the altar of St. Michael's Cathedral on the feast of Corpus Christi were merely the manifestation of joy and thanksgiving to God for the institution of the great sacrament of the Eucharist, and were not, as Mr. Milligan pretends, the object of Catholic adoration or reverence.

The Rev. Mr. Milligan's attack is directed not merely against the Catholics of Toronto, but against the whole Christian world for fifteen centuries, and the very great majority of Christians for nearly four centuries more.

At the present moment, not only the two hundred and fifty millions of Catholics believe in Christ's Real Presence, but also the one hundred millions of the Greek or Oriental Churches, and some millions of Anglicans who have discovered during the present century that this doctrine was also the teaching of the primitive Christian Church.

In like manner, his contemporary, St. Cyril of Jerusalem says in "Catechetical Mysteries": "For as the bread and wine of the Eucharist, before the holy invocation of the adorable name, was simple bread and wine, after the invocation, the bread becomes Christ's body and the wine Christ's blood."

Similar passages showing the belief of the Christian Church at this period might be multiplied to an almost indefinite extent.

In 1 Cor. xi, 23, 29, we find that Christ makes special revelation of this institution to St. Paul, and reasserts that He gives truly His Body and Blood that we may eat thereof.

So frequently and so clearly is this the teaching of Holy Scripture that it cannot be denied without impugning the truth of Almighty God Himself.

The circumstances which brought about this decision, as recorded in the proceedings of the Assembly for 1900, are the following:

We recommend that the prayer of the Eucharist be declined, inasmuch as the present language of the Confession cannot, by any fair interpretation, be construed as teaching that any of those who die in infancy are lost eternally.

It was Dr. St. George Mivart's principal heresy that the doctrines of Christianity may be changed from time to time as the meaning of words change, but the Catholic Church could not tolerate that the unchangeable truth revealed by God should be thus tampered with, and thus in the contest between "the faith once delivered to the Saints," and the new Gospel which is made to depend on the acceptance of men, the learned English Professor was practically obliged to leave the Catholic Church, to the unchanging faith of which he was unwilling to conform.

We cannot say that we are very greatly surprised at this decision of the Assembly. We have long been aware that Presbyterianism is getting tired of its old doctrines of election, reprobation and predestination, and we have looked for an early change in the Confession of Faith which should bring it into conformity with the ideas which now prevail among its members.

The Free Presbyterian Churches of Scotland have met the difficulty courageously, having several years ago set aside the Westminster Confession as effete, and adopted a new one which leaves out the objectionable doctrines. It is still to be seen what action, if any, will be taken by the other Presbyterian Assemblies.

few years. Notwithstanding the fact that Protestantism on all hands is lapsing toward an indifference to Christian dogma, there exists still a strong feeling with many sincere Christians that the Church of Christ should be the pillar and ground of truth, as the Apostle of Christ declared it to be.

DOCTRINES CHANGED BY A SIDE WIND.

The Southern Presbyterian General Assembly has taken the bull by the horns as regards the question of revision of the Confession of Faith so far as the election of infants is concerned.

"Elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated, and saved by Christ through the Spirit, who worketh when and where and how He pleaseth. So also are all other elect persons who are incapable of being outwardly called by the ministry of the Word."

The pilgrimage will be under the immediate direction of Rev. A. Twomey, Tweed, Ont., who will promptly and cheerfully furnish all the necessary information to intending pilgrims.

GARDEN PARTY.

A garden party held under the auspices of St. Peter's church, Godwin, on Sunday, June 10th, was one of the most successful events that has taken place here for several years.

PRELPESTON.

The very large attendance at Father Gearty's picnic, on the 26th ult., may be inferred from these annual reunions of the parishioners of Philipston, Ontario, which were held on the 26th ult.

NEW BOOKS.

"The Autobiography of St. Ignatius." Edited by J. F. S. O'Connor, S. J. Bearing the imprimatur of the Archbishop of New York. Published by Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.25.

On Sunday, 17th ult., His Grace the Archbishop dedicated the beautiful new church of London, Ontario. The ceremony was presided over by the Archbishop, and was witnessed by a large number of the clergy and laity.

The new church is of brick, fitted with all modern conveniences, with beautiful stained glass windows and a fine organ. The dedication was held on Sunday, July 2nd, at 10 o'clock.

The improvements in St. John's Church, Perth, are making rapid progress. The new altar and choir stalls are being prepared by Mr. Thomas, of Belleville.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINE OF STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

The pilgrimage to the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, under the patronage of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston, is drawing to a close.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

A statue of Notre Dame de Deliverance, solemnly blessed in the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, on Thursday, July 6th, by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Montreal, officiated, assisted by Rev. G. Thibault and Rev. Father Meunier.

DIocese of Hamilton.

Yesterday afternoon the scholastic year brought to a close the annual examinations of the successful young ladies by His Excellency the Governor-General.

THE HISHOP VISITS BELLEVILLE.

An event, generally looked forward to with interest, took place on Saturday, July 7th, when His Excellency the Governor-General, accompanied by His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, visited Belleville.

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When Scripture forbids we may not do, and what it commands we shall not fail to accomplish. — St. Basil.

JULY 7 1900

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

On Sunday, 17th ult., His Grace the Archbishop... The position of the foreign legations in China remains still a puzzle to the outside world...

The Record congratulates the Rev. Father on his success... The improvements in St. John's Church, Perth, are making rapid progress...

A very successful mission has just been held in St. Edward's church, Westport... The Bishop on Monday, the 23rd inst., visited the city of Agassiz...

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

A statue of Notre Dame de Deliverance was solemnly blessed in the church of Sacre Coeur... A large number of pious wills have been left in various missions this week...

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

Yesterday afternoon the scholastic year was brought to a close... The Bishop on Monday, the 23rd inst., visited the city of Agassiz...

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DIOCESE OF LONDON.

The Bishop's first official visit to the church of the Holy Angels, St. Thomas, St. Thomas Times... The Church of the Holy Angels was inadequate, though chairs were placed in every available spot...

The Bishop on Monday, the 23rd inst., visited the city of Agassiz... The Bishop on Monday, the 23rd inst., visited the city of Agassiz...

The Bishop on Monday, the 23rd inst., visited the city of Agassiz... The Bishop on Monday, the 23rd inst., visited the city of Agassiz...

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FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Another Letter From Chaplain Sinnott... The Bishop on Monday, the 23rd inst., visited the city of Agassiz...

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MARRIAGE.

CLANCY-MARRIAGE. Last Wednesday morning at 8.30 a pretty and quiet wedding was celebrated at St. Peter's... The Bishop on Monday, the 23rd inst., visited the city of Agassiz...

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CHEAP BOOKS.

Books (Cloth Bound) at 30 Cents Each... The Bishop on Monday, the 23rd inst., visited the city of Agassiz...

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TEACHER WANTED.

Female Teacher Wanted for a school... The Bishop on Monday, the 23rd inst., visited the city of Agassiz...

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OBITUARY.

Mrs. Margaret McNeill, Dover, N.H. One of the oldest residents of Dover Township... The Bishop on Monday, the 23rd inst., visited the city of Agassiz...

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Every nail driven faithfully, every stone firmly laid, every detail performed to the best of our ability, is so much done not only for today or tomorrow but for all time, not only for our employers or the public around us but also for posterity.

A Good Character. We would impress on the thousands of young Catholic men who have left school and college to fight life's battles, that there is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of man as a good moral character. It is his wealth, his influence, his life. It dignifies him in every station, exalts him in every condition and glorifies him at every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than anything else on earth. It makes a man free and independent. No servile tool—no crouching sycophant—no treacherous honor-seeker ever bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a person. If young men but knew how good a good character would dignify and exalt them, how glorious it would make their prospects, even in this life, never should we find them yielding to the groveling and baseborn purposes of human nature.

Pitch In. It is a great mistake to be over nice or fastidious about work. Pitch in readily, and your willingness will be appreciated, while the "high toned" young man who quibbles about what it is and about what it is not, his place to do, will get the cold shoulder. There is a story that George Washington once helped to roll a log that one of his corporals would not handle; and the greatest emperor of Russia, worked as a ship-wright in England to learn the business. Be energetic, look and act with alacrity, take an interest in your employer's success, work as though the business were your own, and let your employer know that he may place absolute reliance in your word and on your act.

The Value of Perfect Work. The tragedy of today is of the man who has the best intentions and the best character and a fair equipment for his work, but who has not a thorough equipment, and who cannot do the thing he starts to do in the best possible way. Society is crowded with half-equipped workers, with men who are honest and earnest and not incapable, but who are not up to the level of the very best work. It is amazing, in view of the immense number of those who are seeking for positions, how few persons there are competent to fill any particular position. To fill a position of any importance requires often most diligent searching in many directions. There are a host of thoroughly well equipped people, but there seems to be, at the moment when they are needed, few perfectly equipped persons. When one has a piece of work to be done it is easy to get it fairly well done, but it is extremely difficult to get it thoroughly well done. This is true of all grades of labor. The really competent man who goes on for daily work in any community can generally be counted on the fingers of one hand. The rest are partly competent and partly trustworthy. They will come if it suits them, or if the weather is pitiless, or if they have nothing else to do, and when they do come they will with a fair degree of skill in the industry; but the man who, despite the weather, and who, with the utmost conscientiousness is a rare person in any locality. If a rare position is vacant it is astonishing how few persons thoroughly equipped for it can be found at the moment. In spite of the ambitious desire to higher, and in spite of the superfluous process of education which are offered to the fortunate few, it remains society is filled with incapable or partially trained people, and when the thoroughly trained and perfectly fitted to do a special thing in a superior way, is needed, search must be lighted and a search begun. The great lesson read to the young men of to-day is need of some kind of absolute competency, some kind of ultimate superiority.

The Catholic Young Man. It makes no difference in the sphere of life the Catholic young man may be placed by birth or circumstance, his influence will be felt, his religion is manly, self-respecting, religious. No one likes a sneaky coward, but all admire the young man who holds up his head, and is strong forward in speech and action. It is not looked for even in the young man if present in the child, it is true sign of a lack of courage, many good traits may be dormant in the tender years. He grows up in the full performance of not in the display of fearless bodily injury or the like. More courage is expected of the young man, while moral graces accompany the Catholic young man the sun the day, whether he is in the farm, in the factory or in the clerical or student. He should be an ideal, that is, a certain pre-eminence toward which he should strive, which he should compare himself with. Such an ideal commencement with virtue and ends with self-esteem as its crown and self-respect as its promoter. The young man who has no stands out by himself. He must

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

A LIBERAL OFFER.

Beautifully illustrated Catholic Family Bible and Year's Subscription for \$7. The Holy Bible containing the entire Canonical Scriptures, according to the Decree of the Council of Trent, translated from the Latin Vulgate; diligently compared with the Hebrew, Greek, and other original languages; with the Old Testament first published by the English College at Douay, A. D. 1609. The New Testament first published by the same College, A. D. 1634. With useful notes by the Rev. Geo. Leo Haydock, D. D., V. G. To which is added an illustrated and Comprehensive Dictionary, based on the works of Calaneo, Hieronimus, and other Catholic authors, and adapted to the English Version first published at Rheims and Douay as revised by the Ven. Richard Challoner. With a comprehensive history of the books of the Holy Bible, the sacred life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of Christ, from the New Testament Scriptures, and the best Traditions of the East, as accepted by the Greek and Latin Fathers, by Bernard O'Reilly, D. D., L. D. (Graduate in Sacred Theology, Quebec). An Historical and Chronological Index, a table of the Epistles and Gospels for all the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the year, and other devotional and instructive material, all beautifully illustrated. This edition has a space for Marriage Certificates, Births, Deaths, and other Memoranda, as well as for Family Portraits.

For the sum of SEVEN DOLLARS we should be pleased to express a copy of this beautiful book and prepay carriage, and send you as well as give you a subscription (old or new) to the CATHOLIC RECORD. It is a good book, and is about five inches thick, eleven inches long, twelve pages, and contains a great deal of interesting matter. Address: THOS. COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ontario.

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For the sum of \$5.00 we will mail to any address—charges for carriage prepaid—a Family Bible (large size) bound in elegant leather with pictures of the Ecce Homo, Mater Dolorosa, The Crucifixion, The Descent from the Cross, The Burial, and other scenes of the Passion. The Bible is printed in the most beautiful type, and is a beautiful addition to any household. The Bible is printed in the most beautiful type, and is a beautiful addition to any household. The Bible is printed in the most beautiful type, and is a beautiful addition to any household. The Bible is printed in the most beautiful type, and is a beautiful addition to any household.

THE LONDON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

THOS. E. BOBSON, D. C. McDONALD, President. The only Mutual Fire Insurance Company in the Dominion Government. Licensed by the Dominion Government. The Government Deposit is \$5,000,000. The advantages of the "London Mutual" are: 1. It is a local company. 2. It is the only company in the Dominion which has its own property and pays its own taxes. 3. That if a fire occurs within a day an adjustment is made by one of the experienced Inspectors of the Company and the full indemnity is paid at once without any vexatious delay.

CATHOLIC HOME AND LITTLE FOLK'S ANNUALS.

We have a few of Henzinger's Catholic Home and Little Folk's Annuals, and should be pleased to mail same to any of our readers, for the sum of 25 cents in stamps. The boys and girls who have purchased copies of this little Annual are delighted with it. It is a book of interest and instruction, being written especially for the young people of the Dominion. The illustrations are numerous and pretty. Address: Thos. Coffey, Catholic Record, London, Ont.

THE NEW TESTAMENT—25c.

For Sale at the Catholic Record Office. WE HAVE JUST PURCHASED A LARGE supply of The New Testament, neatly bound in cloth, and printed in the best type. Translated from the Latin Vulgate, and compared with the original Greek and Hebrew. It is a beautiful edition, and is a valuable addition to any library. Price, 25c. per copy. Address: Thos. Coffey, Catholic Record, London, Ont.

PRAYER BOOKS FOR SALE.

We have a new stock of Catholic Prayer Books ranging in price from 15c. to 25c. 50c. \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.50. Subscribers wishing to procure one or more of these prayer books will please remit the amount they intend to devote for that purpose. We will mail a good selection for them and forward their order by return mail, postage prepaid. Address: Thos. Coffey, Catholic Record, London, Ont.

PROFESSIONAL.

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One of the Most Instructive and Useful Pamphlets Extant. It is the Lectures of Father Damen, S. J., comprising five of the most celebrated sermons delivered by that renowned Jesuit Father, namely: "The Private Interpretation of the Bible," "The Catholic Church is the Only True Church of God," "Confession," "The Real Presence," and "Popular Objections Against the Catholic Church." The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 15c. in stamps. Orders may be sent to THOMAS COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.



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After a thorough analysis, and proof of its purity, the leading physicians of Canada are recommending...

COWAN'S HYGIENIC COCOA

to their patients. It builds up and strengthens the system. It is a perfect food as well as a drink.

ASTHMA PERMANENTLY CURED BY EDISON'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC

Why suffer untold torture and agony of anticipation and distress, when a sure, specific can be easily obtained? Edison's Asthma Specific is endorsed and recommended by the medical profession every where. Write us at once. Price for full course of treatment \$1.50. Sole agents for Canada: The National Drug & Chemical Co., 169 West Richmond St., Toronto, Ont.

Preserve Your Teeth CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

And teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE. They have the largest sale of any Dentifrices. AVOID IMITATIONS, which are NUMEROUS & UNRELIABLE. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME" For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt

If you do not enjoy your meals and do not sleep well, you need O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt. The Disease in the Malt aids digestion, and the Hops in it are sound sleep. One bottle every two days in doses of a wine glassful after each meal and at bed-time will restore your appetite, give you refreshing sleep and build up your general health.

ALWAYS KEEP ON HAND Pain-Killer

THERE IS NO KIND OF PAIN OR ACHE, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, THAT PAIN-KILLER WILL NOT RELIEVE. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES. THE GENUINE BOTTLE BEARS THE NAME, PERRY DAVID & SON.

MY NEW CURATE.

A Story Gathered from the Stray Leaves of an Old Diary by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P., Doneraile (diocese of Cloyne), author of "Geoffrey Austin's Student," "The Triumph of Faith," etc. For sale by Thos. Coffey, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont. By mail free on receipt of price, 21. 00.

REID'S HARDWARE

For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Sincere, the latest Winners, Mangles, Cutlery, etc. (North) London, O. t.

HOW RILEY GOT HIS START.

James Whitcomb Riley's success began with what he considered a terrible misfortune. He had been hired to write poems for the Indianapolis Journal, and was devoting himself exclusively to that work. Before he had been at it very long, however, there was a change in the editorial department of paper. "Lije" Halford, afterward private secretary to President Harrison, became managing editor, and at once decided that expenses would have to be reduced. After looking around for a good place to begin retrenching, he decided that Riley must go.

"We like you, Jim, and we like your poetry," he said, "but it isn't worth what we are paying you for it. Of course, if you want to contribute poems for nothing, we'll be willing to print them."

Having his poems printed would be very gratifying, but it would be necessary for even a poet to eat and wear things, so Mr. Riley decided that he would not enter into any sort of agreement at that time to write for nothing.

He tells his friends that the day on which he was discharged from the staff of the Indianapolis Journal was one of the darkest of his life. The future seemed to hold nothing for him.

It happened, however, that a state political convention was held at Indianapolis about that time, and among the nominees was a very pretty gentleman who had never made a public speech. The convention called for him after he had been nominated, and when he appeared upon the platform a speech was demanded. He cleared his throat, stood on one foot and then on the other and said:

"Gentlemen of the convention: I thank you for the honor you have given me. I can't make a speech, but I can tell you one thing—the ticket you've nominated here to-day is 'a-go'in' to win when the frost is on the pumpkin, and the corn is in the shock."

The uproar which followed indicated that Riley's poem, first published only a few days before, had been read by everybody present, and that it had touched a tender spot in the hearts of the audience. The circumstance more than anything else induced the business manager of the Journal, who was Riley's steadfast friend, to undertake, in partnership with the poet, to have a little book, "The Old Swinnin' Hole, and 'Leven More Poems," published. It made an immediate hit, and gave Riley a national reputation. Major Halford and Mr. Riley are now, as they have always been, good friends, and it affords the latter pleasure, when the two happen to meet in company, to admit that he got his start in life by being discharged.

PENITENCE FOR DISOBEDIENCE

One day in the eighteenth century, a curious spectacle was seen. An old man, whom the world knew as Dr. Samuel Johnson, was staying at Lichfield. The world had given him much honor, though Fortune had also buffeted him rudely. He was a great man, as though a sad one, at this time. One day he happened to meet directly after breakfast, and did not return until late in the evening. Knowing his eccentricities, his host was curious as to his absence, rather than alarmed by it. At supper it came out how his time had passed. On that very day, fifty years before, his father—who was a book-seller, and eked out his scanty gains by selling books at out-of-door stalls, in the neighborhood on market days—had begged Samuel, for that young man, to be satisfied with the house by illness. Out of foolish pride or the young man refused this request; but he shall tell the rest of the story in his own high-sounding way:

"To do away with the sin of this disobedience," so he said to his friends at supper, "I this day went in a post-chaise to Uttoxeter, and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head and stood with it bare an hour before the stall where my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the assembly, and by which I was the weather—a penance which I trust I have protracted hereafter for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy to my father."

Whatever we may think of the idea of thus "protrating Heaven," there can be no doubt of the depth and sincerity of the repentance, the keenness of which had not worn away by fifty years of busy and honorable life.

"Hunger Is the Best Sauce."

Yet some people are never hungry. What ever they eat has to be "forced down." There is, of course, something wrong with these people. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a short time they are given an appetite and then they enjoy eating and food nourishes them. If you find your appetite falling, just try a bottle of Hood's. It is a true stomach tonic and every dose does good.

The best family cathartic is Hood's Pills.

INDIGESTION, resulting from weakness of the stomach, is relieved by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the greatest stomach tonic and cure for DYSPEPSIA.

SCROFULA

thin blood, weak lungs and paleness. You have them in hot weather as well as in cold. SCOTT'S EMULSION cures them in summer as in winter. It is creamy looking and pleasant tasting.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

thin blood, weak lungs and paleness. You have them in hot weather as well as in cold. SCOTT'S EMULSION cures them in summer as in winter. It is creamy looking and pleasant tasting.

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Fifth Sunday after Pentecost. CURSING.

"Whoever shall say to his brother, Raca shall be in danger of the council." (Matt. 5, 22)

Among the many sins against which our Lord warns us in the gospel, are not only unjust anger and blasphemy, but also cursing. The gospel says, "whoever shall say to his brother: 'Raca, shall be in danger of the council.'"

The council was the highest court of justice among the Jews; it decided the gravest questions and the greatest crimes against religion. Now, if the greatness of the punishment corresponds with the gravity of the guilt, what a horrible and detestable sin must cursing be in the sight of God!

Truly, the Holy Ghost needed not to warn us through the apostle St. Paul, who says: "bless and curse not!" (Rom. 12, 14.) He needed not to announce the sentence: "Blasphemers shall not possess the kingdom of God." (1 Cor. 6, 9); Our Christian sentiments must tell us that cursing and blasphemy are not only vulgar beyond comparison, but truly diabolical; or is it possible that godlessness in union with uncharitableness, can infect and poison the Christian tongue more than to wish the immortal soul of one's brother to the devil, to hell, to call down a plague and all sorts of misfortunes upon the neighbor, and generally under the invocation of the holy name of God! Do you call this veneration of the Lord who said in the Old Testament, "And he that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, dying let him die: all the multitude shall stone him, whether he be a native or a stranger." (Lev. 24, 16)

Is this the brotherly love which the Lord, in the hour of death, will know His disciples? (John 13, 35) Certainly not.

I shall tell St. Alphonsus explain what is meant by cursing. "Cursing," says this holy doctor of the Church, "is to speak the language of the devil and to render one's self equal to the damned in hell, for they like the devil, blasphemers and executors do nothing but blaspheme God, curse themselves and all creatures. But you, O man, surprised by the devil and blaspheme because they are so terribly punished, but you curse whilst you are overwhelmed with the blessings of God."

Listen to the startling words of St. Bernard: "O diabolical tongue! what can induce you to speak words of blasphemy against Him who has created you, who has redeemed you by the precious blood of His Son, who through the Holy Ghost has sprinkled you with the oil of sanctification? With His love and praise! With the tongue, you enjoy daily so many gifts of God, with the tongue you pray, with the tongue, you receive the sacred Body of our Lord—and with the tongue, you dare to blaspheme God and curse your fellow-men!"

The same doctor of the Church and many other saints certify that Almighty God often permits the habitual execrator to die with imprecations on his lips. Terrible punishment of God! who should not tremble at the thought of such an end? O you habitual execrator, be warned in time; what has happened to others may also befall you; if, by curses, blasphemies and horrible maledictions, you continue to call upon yourself the vengeance of God. Repent of this great fault, and earnestly use efficacious means to overcome it. Battle against it, pray and impose penance upon yourself, for instance, say prayers or give alms as often as your lips indulge anew in the language of the devil.

I implore you, O parents and preceptors, in the name of God, not to permit blasphemy and cursing among your children, or those under your charge. Be attentive to their conversations; admonish them earnestly and punish without lenience, if by their imprecations they attempt to call the vengeance of God upon your house, because you are responsible for the sins which you could, but have not prevented. Above all, dear parents, do not give your children bad example. Alas! if too often happens that parents with hardened consciences, being aggravated by their children, break forth into cursing and blaspheming, never thinking that every imprecation from their lips is a twofold sin—a shameful offense against God, and a fearful scandal to their children. They, as it were, tell them "children, you may curse, it is no sin, since father and mother do it."

When those children stand before the judgment seat of God to give an account of their sins of cursing and blasphemy, they will exclaim: "O just God, it is true, we are guilty, but our parents are to blame, for from them we learned this evil habit." O parents, tremble at the account you will have to render to God and do not scandalize your children. When correcting them, be not governed by anger, but always preserve peace of heart and Christian love, that at the hour of death you will not fear to give an account of your stewardship before the judgment seat of God. Amen.

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

XCII.

Let me here say, as I perceive that I am not quite understood, that in classing Lansing's book with Coffin's books, I did not mean that Cambridge has received the former into her public schools. Its polemical title would preclude this. What I meant was this, that under the title of history, and shielded by an admixture of other matter, the statements of Coffin concerning Catholicism are just as blunderingly contemptuous of dates and facts, and just as grossly virulent, as those of Lansing. The three books, on this side, are of exactly the same cast, so that evidently the city of Cambridge has not thought it necessary to guard her scholars against the most pronounced type of vulgar ignorance and animosity, when they wish to gain some general historical information concerning the Catholic Church.

To recur to the question of Bible reading, we know that it is commonly assumed by Protestant that the prohibition of vernacular Bible reading by the Church of Rome in the twelfth century, and the requirement of episcopal approbation for it by the Council of Trent, are a proof of an uneasy consciousness that the Roman system is irreconcilable with the Scripture. An examination of the facts appears to me to show that this is far from being the case. Zealous Protestants, having even an antipathy to Catholicism, have expressed their belief that if Catholics read the Bible too, that it would be a great increase of grace if it were not vulgarized by mechanical repetition.

This objection on their part assuredly proceeds from no want of confidence in Protestantism, of which these persons are even extreme adherents, but from wholly different motives.

I shall consider hereafter the historical causes of the ebb and flow of popular Bible reading in the Church. At present, as we are following Dean Hodges, and as he does not ascribe the neglect of Bible reading which he is pleased to assume as having prevailed about 1500, to any fear of it on the part of the Church, we will now pass on to something else.

Dr. Hodges says that Luther, having begun to study the Bible with more detachment from tradition than was usual, discovered in it a new doctrine, with which he renewed the face of the Church, at least so far as she would listen to him. This new doctrine, says the dean, was just what she needed. This statement puzzles me somewhat. The Catholic Church had taught, and teaches still, that we are justified by faith. Trent, and all Catholic divines, declare faith to be the root of justification.

Luther's new doctrine was not this old and universally admitted doctrine. It was justification by faith alone. Dr. Hodges leaves this out, whereas Luther thrusts it in upon Paul where Paul does not use it, as Paul never uses it. Luther declares, indeed, that Paul means this, but he has justified by faith. Trent, and all Catholic divines, declare faith to be the root of justification.

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Secord Heart Review.

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COMMENCEMENTS.

Sacred Heart Academy, London.

The following is the programme of the closing exercises at the Sacred Heart Academy, London...

St. Aloysius School, St. Joseph's Academy.

Prizes for Latin, English, and other subjects at St. Aloysius School...

St. Jerome's College, Berlin.

Prizes awarded at St. Jerome's College, Berlin, for various subjects...

St. Joseph's Academy, Toronto.

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VOLUME XXII.

The Catholic Record

London, Saturday, July 14, 1900.

IRELAND'S ENEMY.

Timothy Healy must, if one may take his latest pronouncements seriously, imagine that life is a perpetual Donnybrook Fair. He is certainly the "enfant terrible" of the Irish Party. A clever debater and incisive speaker, he could if he chose be a tower of strength to the cause of Home Rule. Time, indeed, was when Timothy was an Irishman all the time, but his later years have been given over to dreams of ambition and to dealing out abuse to his political confederates. Despite the fact that Mr. Blake has given to Ireland the services of his magnificent abilities, and has on more than one occasion contributed largely to campaign funds, he has never ceased to be a victim of Mr. Healey's attacks and vilification. He has attacked down John Dillon; and at the present time Wm. O'Brien has to run the gauntlet of the same individual's Billingsgate.

But why do not the Irish people drum him out of the ranks? So long as he remains a representative of the people he will be a menace to the Nationalist cause—an eyesore to Irishmen who do not imagine that the irrepressible Timothy is indispensable, and who believe that one month of earnest and unselfish work is better for the cause than years of unseemly clamor. Healy should retire and hire out his vocabulary to the Belfast Orangemen.

A SPECIMEN POLITICIAN.

Now! the candidate doth on his best attire and blandest smile and departs to commune awhile with his intelligent constituents. He goeth gladly to and fro and speaketh much and at sundry times. He becometh benevolently upon the sons of toil and assureth them that the pressure of their horny hands thrilleth him with joy. And their good and excellent wife and children knoweth him not a little. "Are they quite well?" he asketh. Waltheth he in anxious expectancy for the answer, and when told that the health of the family is, despite increased taxation and "patriotic" celebrations, not on the wane, he weepeth tears of gladness.

What a great man is a politician? His big heart has room, and to spare, for all our troubles and interests—for our wives and children, not to say anything of our numerous relations. In the stillly night, perchance when pondering o'er weighty problems of state, his brow may be slicked o'er with the pale cast of thought; but in interlocking his constituents he is ever accompanied by a flawless urbanity and a comprehensive and a bright and cheery smile.

FROM METCALFE.

The strawberry festival and drawing of prizes at Metcalfe last week in aid of St. Catharine's Catholic school, was very successful. After the payment of all expenses, over \$400 was cleared. Miss Metcalfe, who was the most successful canvasser, Miss Grant, of Metcalfe, Mrs. Macdonald, and Miss McCallum, also received a gold watch. Among those present were Rev. Father Foley, of St. Patrick's church, Ottawa, and Mr. Dawson, Ont. The results of the prize-drawing were as follows:

TO THE VOTERS.

Next to the politician the political meeting is the most interesting feature of a campaign. If you attend one you will surely be repaid for any discomfort which may occasion you, and be convinced, moreover, that there is a surprising lot of human nature in man. The speaker generally begins by complimenting the electors on their intelligence and their zeal in contributing to the upbuilding of the school fabric. This is one of the stock jokes and is invariably greeted with a plausive.

Then follows statistics, promises, personalities, platitudes, quotations from Hansard, old flag allusions and freaks of imagination. There may be some beginning to end, be no point in the rambling remarks; but the intelligent constituents, with a rare insight that is their peculiar prerogative, manage to extract from them the information that will enable them to their whole duty on election day. It never seems to dawn upon them that they have no independent opinions.