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The Catholic Record.

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LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1902

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The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 28, 1902.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

We have received a note from one of our friends criticizing us for our comment on public libraries. He terms it a narrow-minded arraignment, and wonders why the CATHOLIC RECORD ventured to publish it. We are very sorry. But blame not the RECORD. Sometimes, when the editor in chief is not looking, this particular scribe indites a few little things which, thanks to our friends of the printing department, are not thrown into the waste-paper basket.

But still we may say that our inability to see eye to eye with our friend is not a conclusive proof of our narrow-mindedness. We may of course be guilty of it, but until we are shown a more convincing argument than the mere word of our esteemed subscriber, we beg to suspend judgment. We know that distinguished men have spoken in favor of the multiplication of libraries. They have sounded the praises of the beneficent book-scattering iron-master, and called upon us obscure mortals to echo them.

And if we do not respond to their invitation, put it down, if you like, to temperament, narrow-mindedness or any other defect which may please your fancy. We are not easily offended on the matter of epithets. Our article also is hard and thick, and we have during our experience been the recipient of a miscellaneous assortment of certificates of character.

But we are by no means averse to public libraries. When erected with a decent regard for architectural proprieties, it is an ornament to the city. We can point it out to our friend from the rural districts as a testimony to our enlightenment. Among strangers we can dilate upon our worth and progress, and quash all objections by the argument of the myriad books that minister to the intellectual needs of our town. It fosters both personal and civic pride, it says nothing of the taxes. We might say something of the library as the harbinger of the millennium, and exult in the vision of the time when boys and girls will delve into scientific works, and the toiler and idler haunt its portals; but all this is the exclusive property of distinguished men.

We cannot, we must confess, grow enthusiastic on the question of libraries. We cannot view this senseless scattering of books otherwise than as the breeding of superficiality. We regard it as a menace to the intellectual growth of a community. The habit of desultory reading, which is apt to be accentuated by the public library, is a foe to thinking and concentration. We believe that if the young were debarred from every library except that which is in the school-room there would be fewer cases of mental anaemia. This, of course, is our opinion; and we never see boys and girls flocking to a library without thinking that they are thereby handicapping themselves for their struggle with the world.

They are weakening their power of attention and debarring themselves from the acquisition of a discriminating taste in books. They may become versatile and adepts at quoting all kinds of literary chatter, but these things are of little value on the mart of the world. What counts is the power to think, which takes time and toil and application; not the reading of many books, but the mastering of the few. The influence of the one-book man is as potent now as ever. He is always in demand in every department of human activity. He grasps the fact that there is as much room in the world as ever, and he is willing to pay the price for it. The dawdler and book and magazine sucker may bewail the lack of opportunities, but he knows the plain is the offspring of incompetency.

And we say again that this indiscriminate reading—this warping and befogging the mind with all manner of printed words—is the fruitful matter of incapabilities.

Says Cardinal Newman: "I will tell you what has been the practical error of the last twenty years: not to load the student with a mass of undigested knowledge, but to force upon him so much that he has rejected all. It has been the error of distracting and enfeebling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects; of implying that a smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shallowness which it really is, but enlargement which it is not; of considering an acquaintance with the learned names of things and persons—that all this was not dissipation but progress."

We may be told that the public library begets a taste for good reading. We have heard this in addresses, but we do not believe it. If to our mind there is one way more than another of unfitting one to appreciate the good in literature, it is the frequentation of libraries. To be brief: if we rely on what librarians tell us, nearly all the books taken by their patrons are fiction. And by fiction we mean not the great novels, but the frothy, ephemeral kind that are given a semblance of vitality through the energetic and persistent puffery of the hireling critic. But we do not wonder at this. One cannot expect a mind debilitated by literary swill to give heed to the message of a master. He may talk about its beauty, but it is all make-believe. It is not the one who forages here and there for sustenance who can be thrilled by the words of a great author. For him they are words without meaning, because he knows not, nor does he care to know, that the words are but the receptacle of an immortal spirit. He will never understand that the book which he passes by is not a thing of pages but the blood and brain of a man who had something to say. And to understand this, and to gain his companionship, requires drudgery which makes for stability and attention and strength.

Happy the household which has a few well-thumbed books and no tickets for the public library. Happy the home whose doors are barred against the soul-stupefying stuff that is scattered broadcast. If we keep the family book-shelf clean we may have fewer specimens of both sexes whose inane chatter bore the people who have work to do. And we may be certain of seeing young men and women for whom dirt will be dirt whether it be in the sewers of the police court or in psychological studies.

Indiscriminate reading, we are told by Cardinal Vaughan, is perhaps the most insidious form under which the poison of rationalism and unbelief is injected into the soul. Without attracting attention, men, and women too, take up books or magazines that lie about, and, as it were, casually turn to the cleverly written and highly spiced articles against their faith. Their minds have no tincture of philosophical or theological training; they possess no antidote to the poisonous draught. Faith and chastity are equally gifts of God that need careful guardianship; for they that love the danger shall perish in it. To read without necessity matter calculated to create doubt or to sap faith is a sin against religion and the first commandment.

ARTIFICIAL ADVICE.

We have all seen in certain newspapers that column reserved for the purpose of answering the queries of correspondents. And the queries touch upon subjects from international law to the best way of caring for the finger nails. There are hints on etiquette and advice for the young person who is worried about home and "her young man."

Miss Mary Billecox bids us gurgle and the world will gurgle with us, or words to that effect, and entreats us to be serene, to hitch our wagon to a star, etc. At times, we have it on reputable authority, a middle-aged specimen of the male sex, who signs himself "Rachel," indites soulful suggestions for the benefit of perplexed male and female idiots.

If they really wanted advice they could get it at home without paying a cent. But they crave for gush and moonshine. Thanks to them the child-iss woman discourses sapiently on how to bring up children: the newspaper man, whose society horizon is bounded by press functions and poker parties, writes authoritatively on etiquette; and the hard working scribe intent on getting up copy dispenses doses of sympathy to those who are misunderstood or encompassed by uncongenial surroundings.

The whole business is artificial from top to bottom. The average young man who has work to do, and a liver in working order, does not trouble this column. The young woman with any claims to common sense receives the advice she needs from her mother. Should she desire to hitch anything to a star she ought to be sure that it is a star, and not something ignited by an overheated self-conceit.

The one trouble with the uncongenially surrounded, and not like other people, is too much time on their hands. A little work with head or hands, coupled with a spice of modesty, would reduce their swelled-headedness and make them of some use. Advice, we fear, would be wasted on them. In fact they are rather superior people, albeit addicted to practices supposed to be the sole property of children and inmates of lunatic asylums. But work of the kind done by ordinary people would save them from being dawdlers and dreamers. And, furthermore, when they acquire the habit of not taking themselves so seriously, they may begin to give us some proof that their beautiful plans are not designed either to attract attention or for self-adoration.

THE ORGANIST.

On our desk is a communication entitled "The Woes of the Organist," with a request to have it published. We cannot. There are possibly in this fair land of ours organists who have much to suffer, but we do not know them. Perhaps, after all, their woes are imaginary. For some good people fret and sigh, grumble and growl over troubles which exist, let us say, in the liver. But, to be exact, one third of their complaining is due to defective health: another third to selfishness: and the remainder to pure cussedness. They read lachrymose books, talk banalities about the hollow-ness of neighbors and become eventually things to be avoided. And they are always going to do something—and, bear in mind, something out of the common. But, like the trains spoken of by Mark Twain, they start from nowhere and they get nowhere. Now the organists who honor us with their acquaintance make us suffer. We lay claim to the woes. We cannot see why his life should be one grand sweep song because he and the baby are the only specimens of human kind who are allowed to gang their own gait. Watch him in the church. He makes the celebrant wait until he has finished a voluntary or until the quartette has sung about giving us the peace that we despair of ever getting. He revels in this kind of thing. We must await his good pleasure; and, therefore, if there be any white man's burden in this matter, it rests on our shoulders.

PERILOUS JOURNEY.

AN ISLAND MISSION IN WINTER—A SICK CALL UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

During the past week the people of Kelly Island were treated by their zealous pastor, Father Schoendorf, to a series of lectures for non-Catholics. While the island is delightful in summer it is equally bleak and dreary in the snow-bound winter. I shall not attempt to describe my getting to the island in a little row boat, with a small sail above to catch the helping wind and with runners beneath like a sleigh. The lake was frozen for about a mile or more out from the shore. Over this ledge of rough ice we pushed the boat, myself and Uncle Sam's two faithful mail carriers. As we came to the end of the ice ledge we piled into the little bark, and there we were, afloat in an open boat, with the heavy winter sea to plow through, the waves dashing high over our boat, which we had coasted to haul, and several miles of journey before us.

When we reached the mile of ice that hems in the island, we turned over our boat to let the water out and then pushed it over the ice home. I thought of St. Paul, but happily had humor enough to be humble. Thank God we arrived at the island safe and so, and I hope none the worse for a wave-bath. The following description of a sick call to Put-in-Bay, made by Father Schoendorf shortly after his arrival here, was written for a Sandusky publication. It suggests that the United States is still a mission country in more ways than one:

"The change of pastors fell in January. Arrived at Marblehead, the newcomer, a stranger to the lake regions, beheld in the misty distance a dark strip of land, bleak and storm-beaten, in a sea of floating ice—his parish, his home, 'The Pearl of the Lakes.' As he got into the little rowboat that January afternoon, and with pole in hand, started to make his way through those four miles of wind-tossed ice, he felt unused to the lakes, he hardly realized the meaning of the dock hands' rough salute: 'I wouldn't cross for \$10!' till it was too late to turn back.

"But heaven! how he realized it three days later when he received a sick call from Put-in-Bay—a man dying! Put-in-Bay, twelve miles up the lake and a flat-bottomed rowboat to carry him thither! It was 10 o'clock in the morning when he started. The lake is choppy; an ominous wind is rising, with grim determination he sets out, bearing the breast, fearful only that he may be too late for his mission of mercy. * * * Crash! the ragged ice cakes dash against the boat. He fights the floating block with the long pole. The boat turns and circles and drifts about in the sullen wind that pierces the novice sailor. Minutes have passed into weary hours and the winter sun is already sinking in the crimson west. On a ledge of ice the priest kneels and with frozen hands bails the water from his boat, heavy, lashed half full of water. An appalling picture in the waning afternoon, with the island and its dying watcher far away! * * *

"The wind is increasing in force; but it has veered around, Madly it tosses the boat, frightfully; but onward now, always onward toward the island. Does the demon of the tempest obey a higher power, that it thus hurries the bark to its goal? Faster they ride in the teeth of the storm, a race with death for a soul. "He is here! The prayer, O Lord, Thy servant in peace!" Quickly, priest of God, thy Victim to the soul that flutters on a journey more perilous than thine! Yes, none too quickly. Ere the priest had set aside his icy vestments the soul of the old Canadian had fled.

The mission was a very grateful one. The town hall the first night and the parish church for seven nights more were taxed even to their standing-room capacity; and what is more, as many as three-fourths of the four hundred present were generally non-Catholics. The last night many Catholics kindly left the church to make room for their non-Catholic friends.

There are three non-Catholic churches on the island, two of which are closed and without a pastor, while the third, a German Methodist house, held revival services all week with a dozen old men and women in attendance.

The closed churches are a congregational and a Lutheran. With sixteen hundred people on the island and six hundred of these in the Catholic Church, there remain about one thousand people, without church affiliation, a largely respectable Americans. Of the six hundred Catholics of the island at least one-half are members of the great Slav family whose honest brow is conquering so many localities.

A great deal of literature was eagerly taken home by the non-Catholics; and a repetition of the mission each winter is promised by the energetic pastor, who, in answering the many questions of the box, showed himself as able as he was zealous for the cause.

Next week we shall give lectures at Put-in-Bay and North Bass Island. (REV.) C. A. MARTIN.

SOCIALISM AGAIN.

We print elsewhere in this issue another letter from our esteemed correspondent, Mr. O'Donnell, of Frontenac, Kan. We have time only for a few comments on it.

1. When the priest preached against the sin of theft he did what the Socialist Karl Marx type could not consistently do, for in philosophy there is no such thing as theft, no such thing as sin. All events in the comely or tragical of human existence are mere links in the endless chain of evolution over which men, individually or collectively, have no control whatever.

When the incorrigible pillar approved of what you would call the priest's "double-edged ethics," he showed that he was intellectually right and that he knew his life did not square with his knowledge. If the sermon failed to reform him, it was not through lack of knowledge on his part.

Now, if, as you imply, we said, "Divil a word of a lie," do you propose to let what we said rest as lightly on your conscience as the pillar let the sermon rest on his?

(2) The least of burden is an intelligent free agent he is bound by the principles of ethics or the moral law, and if teaching him those principles is a fruitless task, it is much to be regretted. If he intends to disregard those principles and shuts his ears against them it would be a foolish loss of time to attempt to teach them to him. He is a free agent, and he has of self-preservation must look carefully after him and prevent him from doing it harm.

(3) You think that when a heavily burdened man is tendered assistance he is not likely to stop to ask his would-be helper what his religious belief is. True, he might not stop to ask that question. But if he knew his would-be helper's principles, and knew that if they were applied to him they would increase his burden and render him absolutely helpless and hopeless until the proper link in the endless evolutionary chain would come round, if ever, the burdened man would hesitate and say, "Why do you offer to help me while you believe all help, human or divine, is impossible?"

If the would-be helper would go a step further in Socialism and say, "My plan is this, I will put a dynamite bomb between your load and the small of your back, light the fuse, and your load and you will separate; the burdened man would prefer to seek some other method of relief, that is, if he did not contemplate suicide. Socialism is the atheistic, evolutionary type is social suicide. You fall into a sophism when you assume that the Socialist would be a helper can relieve you of your burden. You confound a promise with the execution of it. They are very different things.

(4) Had Robert Emmet proposed atheistic, evolutionary Socialism to the Irish people as the means of escaping from their yoke, they would have treated him as a lunatic, and their sympathy for him would be of an entirely different character from what it is now. The Irish people, being Catholics, would have known that any movement based on atheistic principles would be in antagonism with their Faith, and they would have none of it. You say Emmet was an infidel. That we know not; but of one thing we feel certain, had Emmet based his movement on infidelity and proposed a republic whose foundation was to be a negation of Catholic Christianity, the Irish people would not have raised a hand to help him, nor

would they have been saddened by his fall.

5. Our point concerning the ballot is this: if a people, living under a system of government that recognizes their will as the law and gives them the ballot by which their will may be expressed, cannot free themselves from undue burdens and protect themselves from invasion of unsatisfactory conditions, it is useless to appeal to them to take care of themselves under any other system of government. You admit that the ballot is a most efficient weapon, and that those who desire remedial measures are in the majority. You then ask, Why do they not exercise their rights and have their own way?

If, having the power to have their own way, they yet do not have it, the reason must be that they are not intelligent enough to use the means in their hands. And if they are not intelligent enough to use "the most efficient weapon," the ballot, what hope can you have that they will be intelligent enough to do any better with any other weapon under any other system of government? All you say on this point goes to prove the utter imbecility of the American people, because under the most favorable conditions they cannot take care of themselves. Then you should advocate a caretaker who would pay no attention to their imbecile wishes, but govern them, rule them and drive them, and compel them to be happy in spite of themselves. Suppose that is imperial-ism. Reason as we may, we always come back to the conclusion that a people that cannot take care of themselves under the most favorable conditions and with the most efficient means in their hands cannot take care of themselves under any less favorable conditions, and that there is, therefore, no hope for betterment in any other way. You say the voter has no choice, he must vote for the man set up for him, eat the dish cooked for him. So long as the voters have the employing of the cook they should dictate the dish to be set before them.

But granting for a moment all you say on this point, we ask, What hope can you have of better cooks under a Socialist regime? Under our present system, parties, conventions and platforms are necessary. They are equally necessary under any other system of free government.

Your reference to abuses and atrocities has in it a sophism, because all the time you quietly assume that none of these things would take place under a Socialist regime. Socialism has a free hand at least once. It was in France, and it led to the Reign of Terror and an emperor.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE ROYAL DECLARATION.

We are sorry to have to revive a controversy which necessarily causes the bitterness of a religious quarrel to mingle with the common unpleasantness of English public life. Unhappily it is not a matter in which we have any choice. When the late queen died the voice of English Catholicism was gagged because all men knew that it was almost too late to act, and too late to protest. We had to stand by in helplessness while the central tenets of Catholicism were publicly insulted from the steps of the throne. We recognized the situation and no word was spoken by The Tablet until the thing was done. There was no machinery within the constitution for altering the terms of the Declaration without the cooperation of Parliament, and the statute required that the coronation ceremony be officiated by the King to the religion of millions of his people before Parliament assembled. The declaration was complete. Moreover, apart from the futility of the protest, there was another consideration which had weight, and it concerned the King. We pointed out that his Majesty might, with some show of reason, have approached his Catholic subjects in some such terms as those: "You know more than thirty years that this declaration would have to be made at the beginning of a new reign, and for sixty years you acquiesced and did nothing. Is it quite fair, when by your negligence it is too late, suddenly to turn and attack me when I cannot help myself? That plea seemed reasonable, and we felt stopped from speaking one word of reproach until the outrage had been accomplished.

With that silence, however, in our judgment the limit of concession was reached, and it would surely be to our everlasting shame if we now acquiesced in Mr. Balfour's poor plea that, the words having been spoken, there is no longer a practical question before the country. The Declaration has been made, and will not be called for again until the beginning of another reign, and so why not wait until another sovereign ascends the throne—when his ministers of the day, with equal gravity and equal grace, will explain that really there is no practical question before the country, because the Declaration can be altered only by Parliament and must be made before Parliament can meet to alter it. It comes to this: There is no practical question during the present reign, because the Declaration has already been made, and when a new reign begins there will still be no practical question, for the sufficient reason that it will then be too late to prevent a repetition of the outrage. 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Titus, a Comrade of the Cross

A TALE OF THE CHRIST FOR THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

"I have seen Him," answered Prisca. "And I always longed to speak with Him, that I might thank Him for the healing of my Stephen. But I dared not; the sin in my heart was too great. I had almost put it under my foot, till I saw Him in Capernaum."

"He is the Sinless One," said Mary gravely. "But didst thou never hear Him say that He had come to this world, out of heaven above, to save those that had sinned?"

"Said He that?" cried Prisca eagerly. "And how save them?" "He hath said, not once but many times, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life," said Mary simply.

"Thou art sure that He said 'whosoever'?" "He hath said it—not once, but many times," answered the mother of Jesus. "And what is it that I must believe?" asked Prisca, trembling in her eagerness.

"That He came down from God, to seek and to save that which was lost; and that He is able to accomplish that for which He came," answered Mary. "How could I help but believe that?"

"—did He not save my Stephen from worse than death?" Claspeth her thin hands, she cried out joyfully: "I believe that He is able!" Then she closed her eyes and lay so quiet that Mary thought she slept. Presently Stephen stole into the room, and stood beside the bed, looking down at his mother.

"What thinkest thou?" he asked in a low voice. "Dost she mend?" At the sound of his voice, the sick woman opened her eyes. "I have been a great sinner above most," she said faintly. "But He came to save me, and I am at peace. Thou wilt find Titus—give him this. She will tell thee all."

Then the dark eyes closed again, and for the last time. The two sat beside the bed and watched the quiet sleeper through the long hours of the night. Just at dawn, the pale lips moved, and Stephen, stooping down, caught two words: "Stephen—Jesus." Then the faint breath stopped altogether. She had entered into everlasting life.

After the simple funeral, which took place, in accordance with the Eastern custom, at the evening of the same day, Stephen heard from the lips of Mary the story of Titus.

memory of wondrous dreams, but cannot tell clearly what they were like. He was also praising and blessing God, and ascribing equal praises to the Nazarene, Whom he called the Son of God, and the Consolation of Israel.

Caiphas ground his teeth. "And the people?" "The people all cried aloud, 'Hallelujah!' and 'Hosanna to the Son of David!' All Bethany hath gone mad over the thing; such a wonder hath never been heard of."

"Tis a palpable lie, and hath been invented by this fellow and his followers to make an uproar at feast-time! Didst thou question others concerning the thing, as he doth thee?" "The man looked gravely at his master. "Tis regarded as a veritable miracle in Bethany," he said; "I made the most careful investigation, even as thou didst command me, questioning many discreet and prudent persons concerning the matter. I also examined the tomb in which he lay. The man was unquestionably dead, and had been buried four days; but how the Nazarene was able to restore him to life, except by the power of God, I know not; nor could any one tell me."

"Keep thy senses, man! Let not the evil one prevail over thee!" said the high priest, looking sternly at his favorite servant. "No disciple of the blasphemer shall serve me."

"I am not a disciple," replied Malchus, looking down upon the ground. "But the thing is beyond my understanding."

"Enough!" said Caiphas, with an impatient gesture. "Leave me and prepare the council chamber. Let it be in readiness within an hour."

"We have dealt gently with this thing too long already; the Man must be put out of the way, and that speedily!" The speaker was the venerable Annas. He was the centre of an excited group in the council chamber of the high priest. "If we let Him thus alone, as we have been doing for almost three years now, all men will believe on Him, and the Romans will come and take away both our place and nation; and deservedly so. He should have been dealt with long ago—'twas my advice then, and could have been easily followed in the beginning; but the matter hath now assumed such an aspect that it will be exceedingly difficult to bring about His death."

"I am not in favor of putting the Man to death," said Nicodemus, in his mild tones. "For in my opinion He hath done nothing worthy of death."

"Thou knowest nothing at all!" broke out Caiphas, passionately, "nor dost consider that it is expedient for us that one Man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not?"

"Nicodemus looked at him for a moment in silence. "Thou art the high priest," he said solemnly. "Jehovah speaketh through thy words; but God forbid that we put an innocent Man to death. For my part, I will have nothing further to do with this thing."

"We have long suspected that art one of His disciples," said Annas with a sneer. "Thou art therefore out of place in the council of the Sanhedrim. Go hence, and join thy illustrious Master, the carpenter, and His followers Whom He hath gathered from the refuse of the earth."

him. "Nay, I am not a beggar! I want only what is justly due me." Then looking full into the eyes of Annas, he hissed; "Thou shalt have Him! Do not doubt it; for I hate Him, even as Thou dost!"

After that he turned and went swiftly away, without once looking behind him.

"I want to go home, mother! Why must we stay here so long?" and the child tugged impatiently at his mother's robe.

"Nay, my child, thou must be patient. We have not long to wait now. See, here is a cake for thee; eat it while I tell thee again why we wait here, for thou must remember this day to thy latter breath."

"Tell me," said the child, between his mouthfuls, looking up into his mother's face.

"When thou wert a babe, my Gogo, thou wast nigh unto death; and this Jesus healed thee."

"Thou hast told me that many times! Give me another cake; I am hungry."

"Yes, my son, I have told thee many times, for had it not been for this Jesus, thou wouldst even now be lying in the grave—and I should be childless! My child! My love!" And the mother embraced the little form with passionate tenderness.

"Why dost thou hold me so tight, mother?" asked the boy, shaking the curls out of his eyes. "Oh! see that lovely bird!"

"Never mind the bird, child, but listen! This Jesus is a king—the Messiah. To-day He is coming along this road, and thou shalt see Him."

"A king! Will he wear a crown?" "I know not. It may be. We shall see. But look at the people—thou sands upon thousands of them! We have a good place here. We shall be near Him."

King of the Jews suffer us to approach Him?" "Nay, I know not," answered Apelles. "But He hath not yet hedged Himself about with the grandeur of a king. Didst thou see how even the children and the women approached Him fearlessly?"

"Tis true," said one who had hitherto been silent. "If He be a king, He is a king apart from the kings of this earth. His followers be humble men. And I inquire—further of this matter."

As they passed into the court of the Gentiles, the quick eye of Rufus caught sight of the man of whom he had spoken, about to pass into the inner court.

Philipp turned himself about, and as his eye fell upon the swartly face of the Greek, he drew back a little, and said somewhat coldly:

"Ah, Rufus, 'tis thou! What wilt thou?" "I would have speech with Thee for a moment," replied Rufus. "I and certain of my countrymen—like myself converts to the religion of the Jews have come up to the feast, and to-day we saw the Man who is called the prophet of Nazareth as He entered into the city; and certain strange things concerning Him have come to our ears. Sir, we would fain see this Jesus for ourselves, that we also may learn of Him."

Philipp looked troubled. "Friend, thou art a Gentile notwithstanding that thou hast turned from idolatry to the true faith. I know not whether this may be. And yet—stay! I will consult with another of our number. Wait here; I will return speedily." So saying, he turned away and was quickly lost to view in the crowd which filled the place.

The Greek beckoned to his companions. "Thou wert right, mine Apelles," he said bitterly; "these Jews cannot forget that we are but strangers within the gate."

"He will not receive us, then!" said Apelles in a tone of deep disappointment. "Let us depart out of this place, and I care not whether I ever return."

"Nay friend—thou art over-hasty," said Rufus, smiling at the impetuous young man. "We have directions to wait here until the follower of the Nazarene hath made sure of the matter. Nevertheless He reminded me that I was a Gentile. 'Tis a name that I hate! But see! He is returning."

"We have spoken with the Master concerning thee," said Philipp, "and since it is unlawful for thee to come to Him in the inner courts of the temple, He will even come forth unto thee. He is ever merciful and hath compassion on the lowliest," he added.

The proud, sensitive face of Apelles flushed at these words, but Andronicus made answer:

But the Jews believed not, for their eyes were blinded to the light, and their souls were filled with bitterness and envy.

Yet because of the voice from heaven some even of the rulers believed; but they durst not confess it because they feared the Pharisees. Verily, they loved the glory of men more than the glory of God.

"Yonder is a man bearing a pitcher. Dost see him? He is about to turn up the street."

"I see Him," said Peter looking earnestly in the direction in which John was pointing. "Let us follow quickly, lest he escape out of our sight."

So the two followed the man, who presently passed before the gateway of a house, seemingly that of a well-to-do family. The two entered boldly in after the pitcher-bearer, who turned to stare at them with amazement.

"We would see the master of the house," said Peter authoritatively. "The man made obeisance. 'Wait here for a moment, good sirs, and I will fetch him,' he said, looking curiously at the two.

Presently he returned, followed by an elderly man.

"If thou art the master of the house," said Peter, fixing his eyes upon him, "I have a message for thee."

"The man bowed his head. 'Speak,' he replied, 'and I will listen.'

"This is my message," continued Peter. "The Master saith unto thee, 'Where is the guest chamber, where I shall eat the Passover with My disciples?'"

"Tis the word I received in my dream," murmured the man, as if to himself. "Lo! I have prepared the chamber, and it is ready. Follow Me."

Settala, as he says Verdi, must have his pay in the afternoon.

His reception with the entire electric bell, electric wire, and a million of dollars.

There were carriages at whose faces they lay, a crowd of the prevailing name was a recently elected member of the serious. The very atmosphere was filled with mysteries.

From time to time would open a door in a dry, doctor dismally in turn would be as Reclining velvet the chatting with

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"You know what I said thing about gave me such a bear, but was quite able to live

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TER XXV.

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was evening Jesus came ples, that they might eat

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ere were eating. He said: unto you, that one of you le."

ere all astonished and ex- and began every one ay unto him: "Lord, is who was especially be- Master, was next to him Peter, looking at him motioned that he should it was of whom he had

aid very softly, so as to e one save the Master, s it?"

in the same low tone, made is to whom I shall give ead, when I have dipped

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accepted this little token from the hand of Him once loved, all the awful s soul broke their bonds, s, his eyes blazing with a Jesus looked at him, and a low voice: "What thou sly."

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ad gone Jesus said to the w is the Son of man glorio- is glorified in Him- on, yet a little while I am Ye shall seek Me; a new ye cannot come. A new I give unto you, that ye ther, even as I have loved

ook bread and blessed it, and gave to the disciples. "Take, eat; this is My is given for you. This do e of Me."

took the cup and gave e gave it to them, saying, all of it. For this is My New Testament, which is y for the remission of sins, as often as ye shall drink brance of Me. But I say will not drink henceforth of the vine, until that day w with you in My gdom."

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all men should be offended y," declared Peter pas- "yet will I never be of-

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y of Morning Tiredness sure blood, poor digestion, ab- ing nerves. It is a warning, e should, and should prompt e to take a bracing tonic like energetic invigorant and re- good digestion and sound sleep; e energize the enfeebled organs, e nerve and vital forces and re- smart. Ferrous changes that e name, the name is Mother Gray's, n. Ont.

symp: nothing equals it as a minator. The greatest work de-

CELEBRITY.

Settala, as he was called—just as one says Verdi, Mazzoni, Schiaparelli, or any other leader of arts or sciences—received his patients from 4 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Settala was a famous physician.

His reception-room was connected with the entrance of the house by an electric bell, and throughout the whole hour this bell rang continually. An uninvited servant, properly grave and dignified, met each caller at the door, ushered the visitor into the waiting-room of the great man, and quietly announced the name. This dark outer room, very simply furnished, carpeted in green, was not all elegant—in fact, could scarcely be called in good taste. Some bronzes and groups of bric-a-brac scattered here and there, however, indicated that the owner of the house was neither insensible to the beautiful, nor unable to procure it.

About a dozen people were in the room, most of them of the aristocratic clientele that was his, not because he sought it, but as a result of his acknowledged ability and fame.

There were ladies who had left their carriages at the door, young gallants whose faces gave evidence of the life they led, a celebrated singer, who was the prevailing fad, a banker whose name was a synonym for wealth, a recently elected Deputy, each anxious to have him pass upon his or her case, and yet fearing to have him pronounce it serious. Within that cheerless room the very atmosphere seemed impregnated with all the pains of life and its mysteries.

From time to time the office door would open quietly, and those who waited would catch a few words uttered in a dry, monotonous tone, as the doctor dismissed his patient. The next in turn would pass in, and the door would be as quietly closed.

Reclining upon a couch of green velvet the Countess Narducci, was chatting with a friend.

"I have come," said she, "to ask Settala whether I am to go to Legio this year, or to Roccaro. If it were not for him, I would make Roccaro my permanent address for the season, for the Fabris and Segris will be there, and they are agreeable and congenial people. But you can not trifle with Settala."

"You can not even persuade him. You know the face he made that day when I said I did not care to know anything about the Salsamaggiors. He gave me such a piercing look that I was quite abashed. He is a regular bear, but a precious bear, without whom we poor suffering women would not be able to live."

The Countess, leaning over, said something laughingly. The other made an eloquent little grimace and added: "I really believe that his heart is made of stone, but when he was young even he was as amenable as any of them, you may be sure."

"But he is not old, dear, hardly more than forty; at any rate, he is a splendid man, and never tires one."

"Yes, I agree with you—not fine, in a purely esthetic sense, but he has an original, masterful way about him that others lack."

Accustomed to the homage and adulation of the men of their world, the abruptness and asperity of this man, who seldom smiled, and every line of whose face betokened strength, was an interesting change for them.

Settala disposed of his patients rapidly, for his time was too precious to waste a moment of it. When the Countess passed out with a triumphant smile on her face, a fragile little girl who until then had remained hidden in a corner, timidly approached the entrance to the inner room. The doctor, standing at the threshold, with his hand on the knob, surveyed her from head to foot and bade her enter.

He sat down in his usual place at the ebony inlaid desk that stood between the windows, while his hand impatiently stroked the beard that hung to his breast.

The girl, modestly garbed in black, her poor little cape scarcely holding together, so frequently had it been mended, toyed with the tassel of her umbrella, too nervous to utter a word.

"Well?" said the doctor, with an impatient accent.

Still she remained silent.

"Pray say what I can do for you. It is nearly 5 o'clock and there are others waiting."

With sudden resolution she moved toward him, blushing deeply, while her timid blue eyes looked questioningly into his expressionless countenance, and said: "It is not for myself I come, but for my mother."

"I am sorry," but I do not treat people by proxy. Her weak, trembling voice, her timorous hesitancy, disconcerted him somewhat, but he knew too much and had seen too much of life not to steel his heart. He rose briskly—she was dismissed.

She realized his intention, yet, though dazed by his words, she raised her voice, and said bravely: "I do not understand about it, sir, but my mother has been suffering for a long time with a tumor. Now the physicians say that an operation is imperative, and that you alone can perform it with any hope of success."

Settala did not move an eyelid. What was the homage of this poor mite of humanity to him whose praise was sung by all the medical fraternities of Europe?

"I can not guarantee anything. It will be necessary for me to see the patient before deciding whether it would be advisable even to attempt an operation."

He sat down again, but continued gazing with calm indifference at the pathetic little figure seeking so earnestly to save her mother's life.

"Pardon me, but we are not able to pay much—can you tell me how much you would want? I wish you would say as little as possible." Her white lips uttered the words brokenly, and every word seemed to cut her to the very heart.

He put up his hand, interrupting her: "Bring her to the hospital, and I will perform the operation for nothing."

He meant no insult, nor had he spoken harshly; merely in the business-like tones that he used whenever a similar case arose. He remembered too well his own early poverty and the cruel treatment he had received, not to exercise authority now that he had it, and force the world to pay a heavy interest for his former suffering.

She surprised him by the way she received his dictum. With an energy entirely unexpected she recovered from the blow to her sensitivities, arose and said with dignity: "My mother can not go to the hospital. We are poor, but not destitute. Whatever your charges may be they will be paid without comment. When can you come?"

For a moment, but only for a moment, Settala hesitated, his usually immobile countenance showing for that instant the surprise he felt at her manner. Slowly taking a sheet of paper from his desk he said, "Your name?"

"Sylvia Foligno,"

"The address?"

She gave it to him, and then repeated her question, "When do you think you will be able to come?"

"I have no many matters to attend to that I can not say exactly within the next day or two."

She was not satisfied, and replied: "I must know with certainty. I am a school teacher, and will have to obtain leave of absence for the day of your visit."

He raised his head and looked into her eyes. Every trace of timidity had disappeared from her face, and she spoke calmly, without a tremor in her voice. Her womanly feelings had been hurt by his suggestion. He had fallen from the pedestal, and she now treated with him as a mere man.

"Turning to go out, Sylvia cast a quick, comprehensive glance around the room. It was not like the usual physician's office. It contained not a thing but books and stiff furniture. The spring had come and all the air was full of the fragrance of flowers, but not a flower adorned the frigidly fraterities sought medical and scientific notations as he hung upon the walls. Standing at the threshold she bowed slightly and said, "I thank you." He arose, went to the door, opened it, and bade her good day.

In the waiting-room there were still two or three persons, and the Princess Luigi had already sent in her card. The clock showed that it lacked ten minutes of 5, but Settala sent her word that he could see no one else that day.

II.

Over the side of a white bed furnished with the best coverings in the house, Settala leaned with a look of intense interest. The shadow of a woman that lay there awoke with a groan of pain as the physician examined her. He questioned her briefly, with the acumen of an experienced practitioner. The sick woman answered in monosyllables, breathing laboriously the while.

His visit was a short one. He rose and looked toward Sylvia, who, standing at the foot of the bed, had been silently awaiting his decision, her eyes and her pallid face giving evidence of her anxiety.

With a movement of his head Settala suggested entering another room. Sylvia preceded him into the apartment whose few pieces of furniture revealed the care of a patient hand. She turned toward him, awaiting his opinion.

"It is a serious case," said Settala. His voice was as strong as usual, but a softness had crept into it.

She gasped for breath, then asked, "When?"

"The day after to-morrow," he answered, and rapidly gave his directions.

"Will you save her?" she asked, and all her soul was in the question, the soul of a loving daughter who had suffered much and who, while she hoped, feared.

Settala merely answered, "I do not know."

III.

The doctor did not wish any one in the room during the operation, and had with him the only things he would need, he said, ether and water.

Madam Eleonora, a young widow, still full of illusions, who occupied apartments on the same floor, pitying the isolation of the mother and daughter, had offered her services, and Sylvia, with tearful eyes, and pressing her hands upon her rapidly beating heart, prayed earnestly, scarcely daring to breathe, while they waited.

"Be quiet, be calm," said Madame Eleonora, in an expressionless monotone all her own, as she sat at ease upon the most comfortable chair, her feet resting upon a hassock, coquettishly arranging from time to time the little cap she wore upon her questionably blonde hair. "Be calm," she kept repeating.

"I once assisted at a similar operation upon a cousin of mine who died in these arms a couple of hours afterward—but you was an aged woman, much older than your mother. There is no call for your prophesying. I have seen so much of prophecies in my life! It is strange, but whenever I meet Professor Settala I am all unnerved—he is so much like a young man to whom I was betrothed—how well, let me confess it, who was the hero of the only real romance of my life.

"He was just like the professor—his eyes, his hair, his carriage were the same. What a fine man the professor was—and that think that he is such a celebrity that dukes and ministers are crazy about him! Tell me, Sylvia, is he married?"

The door of the bedroom opened, yielding to the pressure of a firm hand, and Settala stood upon the threshold, his sleeves rolled up to the elbow, wiping his hands upon a towel spotted with blood.

Madam Eleonora ran toward him, her hands raised with a tragic gesture. "Oh, professor, what agony! How has it come out? Do tell us. You do not know how I have suffered!"

Without paying any attention to her the doctor turned back into the room again, and after he had arranged the surroundings of the patient, passed quickly to Sylvia's side, bending down

as if speaking to a child, he said in a reassuring tone, in which there was an unconscious note of triumph, "All is well!"

Overcome with joy, the girl pressed her hands together, endeavoring to repress the outburst of gratitude that she felt toward an inmate to his great name.

The doctor turned away with a strange frown upon his intelligent brow. Accustomed to obsequiousness and adulation, for the first time in his career he felt that there was something wanting. Was it the homage of this little woman?

The doctor came again. The danger was past, but it was necessary to keep a watchful eye upon the sick woman during her convalescence. Sylvia remained at her school, and during her absence Madam Eleonora dropped in, from time to time, to do what she could for the mother.

"She is not so well to-day," said the doctor after one of his calls, as the widow was obsequiously escorting him to the door.

"May I confide in you?" she said, but the words were scarcely uttered when she retreated them.

"Why?" quietly asked the professor.

"Has the patient had a convulsion? Speak freely, the doctor should know everything."

"Alas, I am in a cruel predicament: I have promised Miss Sylvia not to say anything. What can I do? Strange things have happened."

"Speak without fear—I will keep your confidence."

With many sighs, excited gestures, and languishing looks, she began: "I do not know if you are aware of it, but poor Madam Foligno has a son, a desperate character, a bad man who is worse than a vampire, living upon these poor women. Miss Sylvia is an angel. She teaches all day, and can not work embroidery, but she the expenses fall upon her, and all the air was full of the fragrance of flowers, but not a flower adorned the frigidly fraterities sought medical and scientific notations as he hung upon the walls. Standing at the threshold she bowed slightly and said, "I thank you." He arose, went to the door, opened it, and bade her good day.

With a curt nod Settala left her, pressing short of his head, passed rapidly down the stairs.

"Well, he is a character," said Madam Eleonora, taken aback. "I am afraid I did wrong to tell him. He did not seem pleased; but then geniuses are all strange. Anyhow it is not the first time they have lost their heads in my presence." At this moment the sick woman called, and she answered, "I am coming," but before entering the room stopped at a mirror in the hall to arrange a rebellious curl.

IV.

Settala sat in his coupé thinking, and the subject of his thoughts was the uselessness of visiting Madam Foligno any more. Nevertheless, putting his head out of the window, he soon found himself to the driver, and he continued to visit her for two months longer.

The vacation had commenced now and Sylvia was always at home, but the trouble and hardship of her life sharpened the little thin face until it seemed like alabaster in its white transparency.

One day, out of hearing of the sick woman, Settala said quietly, "It will be necessary for your mother to go to the country. Pure air is the best restorative."

"Do you understand?" said the professor, purposely accenting his words.

"I understand, but we can not do it." It was the truth, but it cost her a bitter pang to say it.

He remained leaning against the wall, a far-away look in his eyes. The day before he had gone, in response to a telegram, to another city to perform an operation, though he had returned with a well-filled pocketbook, he had rebuked the people on account of the slight he considered they had put upon him in not asking him to dine, while his conferees obsequiously agreed with him. He was comparing the adulation he received with the unrewarded, unostentatious heroism displayed by this little woman.

He toyed lightly with a basket containing some half-finished work that he had on the table. "Embroidery?" He left the phrase unfinished, remembering what Madam Eleonora had told him.

The work was an imitation of some delicate designs of the sixteenth century. "It is very fine," he said quietly. "There, ly, and then suddenly added, "There is a room full of it, and I have presented it to me from time to time, and I threaten to refuse it. I have a particular antipathy for such foolishness. There is one piece portraying flowers in a bursting basket, edged with evergreen, and under it the letter 'S'; another was embroidered by a woman in a hospital, a discourse 'To woman in a hospital, a discourse' and under it, in meditation, an assortment of surgical instruments and the like, a horrible thing!" His laugh of scorn and disdain gave the sting of a scourge to his words.

Sylvia gazed at him with a look of pain in her eyes:

"That work must have cost time and fatigue. It was a good intention poorly expressed."

"Oh, good intentions! Do you not know that the way to hell is paved with them?"

And perhaps heaven also," she rejoined. How well a smile became that delicate, though prematurely aged face! But she immediately became serious again. "I ought to speak," she thought, "since he does not take the initiative. He has been coming now for over two months; it is sufficient. The question had been bothering her for some time."

With the sad experience that poverty gives in close figuring she felt that the debt was increasing too rapidly, was becoming large, frightening, colossal! The poor can ill afford to be cured by a Settala.

Before she could form the words, however, the professor suddenly turned,

and with a short "good day," passed out.

"Well, he will have to speak himself," she said aloud, her energetic nature fully aroused, but in her heart she knew that she was wrong.

V.

A carriage stopped at Madam Foligno's door. Madam Eleonora ran to the window and put out her head, adorned with a double crown of curling papers. "Mersey on us!" she cried, "It is the professor! Whoever would have thought it? It is the first time he ever came so early! I can not show myself to him in this state. Sylvia, greet him for me, and tell him how displeased I am. He knows very well the embarrassment he causes us poor women in coming so early." But the step of Settala appeared in the hall, and she made a precipitate retreat.

"To-day," murmured Sylvia, as she passed her tremulous hand across her brow.

A short visit satisfied the sharp eye of the doctor, and gently shaking the hand of the convalescent woman, he said: "Well, I am, at last, content with your condition."

She smiled a thankful acknowledgment, and made a sign to Sylvia, who followed him, somewhat pale and inwardly trembling. In beginning she had recourse to a subterfuge: "Madam Eleonora requested me to give you her compliments," she said.

"Who is Madam Eleonora?"

"Our neighbor, the lady whom you have met here several times."

"Is she a friend of yours?" laughingly asked Settala.

The young woman with one of those searching glances with which he had the power of disconcerting his interrogators.

With her accustomed truthfulness she answered: "Friend, no, but I owe her a great deal of gratitude. She has a kind heart."

"Then I will tell you that I can not bear her!"

Struck by the contrast between that rude declaration and the illusions of the other, she bent her head.

"Why do you laugh?" he said presently.

She hesitated.

"No, do not say it. It is not necessary, I know. What a power of divination that man had! He never was surprised at anything!"

Trying to control herself, Sylvia then slowly said: "You have done. Thank you for all that you have done. Now that mamma is so near recovery we can manage to take care of her ourselves." How well she remembered that day in the office of a celebrated professor when she was summarily dismissed!

Settala, his hands clasped behind his back, his mind buried in a brown study, listened to her with half-closed eyes. She continued, nervously herself with the tales she had heard of his implacable mercenaryness.

"Pray tell me how much we—" She could not continue, the words were falling like molten lead upon her heart.

A complete change had come over the doctor. Something seemed to be struggling for utterance, something that had been in his mind for some time. He would like to have opened his arms and strained the fragile, pallid little woman to his breast to answer: "Pay me by making me happy! Give me the faith that I need; warm the cold members of this heart of mine; give your pure love to this man who, until now, has loved only celebrity!"

But he resisted the impulse. He still possessed sufficient generosity to refrain from endeavoring to join the unselfish young life of this innocent girl to his ignominiously hard, cold career, to sacrifice her, in her angelic sweetness, to the altar of his egotism.

Perhaps he would have been in time a year ago, but now it was too late.

"Very well, I understand you," he replied, in a subdued voice. "Adieu." And, without looking up, he left, forever!

The coupé of Settala still rushes about the streets of the populous city, great ladies smile at its occupant from their carriages, elegant cavaliers greet him smilingly, but the professor scarcely notices them.

There is one person, however, to whom Settala raises his hat in respectful salutation, in sunshine and in rain—a demure little woman who prays and labors, struggling bravely with the misfortunes of life. And whenever she hears malicious voices of pretentious genius and narrow-mindedness, Sylvia would like to show them a small sheet of paper which he had sent her the very evening of that day on which he left her and upon which his nervous hand had written a receipt for fifty lire. And as she showed it she might have said that charity so delightfully given did honor to the giver. But this is her secret.

R. F. SAVORITI.

CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS IN NEW ENGLAND.

The Rev. S. B. Nobbs, writing in the Baptist Watchman on the "Religious Outlook in New England," discusses the change which has come about in the religious complexion of this section of the country. Viewing the population as a whole, he notes "a decided reversion to a type of church life which the founders of the state had outgrown, and which they never could have imagined would be dominant in Massachusetts," and he asks:

"Could the early settlers in Boston dreamed of a day when the churches of the Puritans would be utterly outnumbered by the churches of Rome whom his soul abhorred? Could Dr. Bentley of Salem have imagined, when he offered to act as pastor to the few Catholics then to be found there, that the time would come when the Catholics would outnumber the membership of the Puritan churches fifteen to one, and outnumber Protestants of all sorts put together three to one?"

Mr. Nobbs asserts that in the meeting of Puritan and Catholic, here in New England, there has been less suffering on the Catholic side as well as on the Protestant side. This we believe to be true—else, how account for the Protestant killings,

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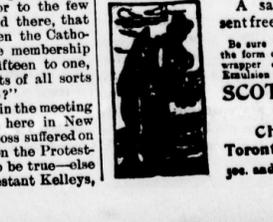
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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1903. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper...

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 28, 1903.

ATROCIOUS PROCEEDINGS OF THE FRENCH ATHEISTIC GOVERNMENT.

The Atheistic Government of France has not succeeded as yet in driving religion out of the country, though it has certainly succeeded in concentrating the wondering eyes of Europe, and indeed of the world, upon its efforts in that direction.

Premier Combes has undertaken with a will the task of abolishing religion, and so far as the closing of schools wherein there was a religious teaching is concerned he has undoubtedly been temporarily successful, as he forcibly closed within a few days two thousand five hundred schools wherein religion was inculcated, but he has not done more than was effected by others before him, whose tenure of civil authority seemed less precarious than his own.

Not a generation had passed away since the Christian religion had become established as that of the great Roman Empire, when Julian, an apostate like Mons. Combes, was installed as the autocrat of that Empire, and he too had determined to re-establish Paganism on the ruins of Christianity.

Like M. Combes, Julian made an effort to abolish Christian schools: not, however, by closing them entirely did he endeavor to effect his purpose, but by making them inferior to the Pagan schools by prohibiting Christian professors from teaching the classics.

But Julian passed away after a short reign, dying in a battle with the Persians and acknowledging in his dying words the utter defeat of his plans.

There are many causes which have brought about insubordination in the army. It would have been wise in the Government to have taken warning from these manifestations by removing these causes, all of which have been acts of tyranny on the part of the authorities.

A captain of artillery imposed excessive drill upon his company, and as a protest the whole battery with one accord remained out of barracks all night.

These remarks were elicited from the enthusiastic statement of a previous speaker, the Rev. C. D. Thompson, editor of the Chicago North-Western Christian Advocate, that there had been a million and a half converts to Methodism within the last four years.

As a matter of course, discipline must be maintained in the army, and no one should complain if in some isolated cases severe punishment had to be meted out to those who are guilty of insubordination; but when such cases become frequent it is a sure indication that the authorities themselves are at fault and incompetent to fulfil their duties, and this is what is occurring at the present moment.

A large percentage of the army is thoroughly Catholic in spirit, and, indeed, the bone and sinew of both army

and navy come from the most thoroughly Catholic provinces of Brittany, Vendee, Loire, Charente, etc. Surely it is not prudent in the Government to do violence to this Catholic spirit by such anti-Catholic decrees as have issued from it during the past year, yet this has been done, and even the authorities have flaunted their Atheism before the faces of the soldiers.

With the connivance of the Government a group of officers belonging to a Masonic military club took upon itself to pass resolutions congratulating Premier Combes on his re-election to the Chamber of Deputies with a strong majority at his back.

Manifestations of partizan politics are very much out of place in an army, and it was but natural that a protest should be uttered against the obnoxious proceeding of the Masonic club referred to. This was done at a meeting of subaltern officers of the thirteenth army corps under command of General Tournier.

When this matter was brought to the General's notice, he paid but little attention to it, and was satisfied with inflicting but a slight punishment on the officers who had been guilty of a minor breach of discipline. Under the provocation, the violation of discipline was slight, and the Government would have acted wisely in allowing the incident to pass without further notice, but instead of doing this, General Tournier has been removed from his command. Thus the indignation of the subaltern officers has been increased instead of diminished.

But why should this indignation not be punished? And why should not the General who countenanced it or punished it so lightly be cashiered?

We maintain that no Government has the right to contravene the laws of God or to force Atheistic principles upon its subjects. It is therefore monstrous that an attempt should be made to enforce Atheism upon the army.

The Freemason officers who congratulated Premier Combes on his re-election were certainly blamable for introducing politics into the army, and deserved punishment in the first instance. It is, therefore, a most arbitrary measure to punish those who protest against their conduct, and to let the first offenders go scot free. In a nominal Republic this inconsistency is especially glaring, as it is a violation of the first principle of liberty on which the Republican form of Government is founded, which is the fullest possible liberty of the people. It may well be predicted that this gross violation of the liberties of the people will result in disgusting all friends of liberty with the administration under which such violation takes place.

The laicists, indeed, has actually begun to work, and even now many true Republicans have loudly expressed their indignation and disgust at a government which can perpetrate such atrocities. General André is the first War Minister who has undertaken to crush out all respect for religion in the army. He is said to have taken Oliver Cromwell for his pattern; but Oliver Cromwell had a population to deal with which was somewhat in sympathy with his religious views, and he could mould the minority of his army all the more readily on this account; but General André will find it a more difficult task to mould the French army to an Atheistic pattern, and failure must result from his efforts in this direction. Sooner or later the Government which bids defiance to the liberties of the people and deprives them of freedom of worship of God must be swept away under the storm of indignation which will be raised on account of its atrocious proceedings.

IS METHODISM DECLINING?

The Rev. Dr. J. A. Buckley, editor of the Christian Advocate of New York, caused an intense sensation at a recent meeting of Methodist ministers by a statement to the effect that Methodism is on the whole declining throughout the United States, and that the falling off is especially remarkable in some of the Eastern States.

These remarks were elicited from the enthusiastic statement of a previous speaker, the Rev. C. D. Thompson, editor of the Chicago North-Western Christian Advocate, that there had been a million and a half converts to Methodism within the last four years.

Dr. Buckley declared that this statement is inaccurate and not borne out by genuine statistics which prove his own statement to be correct. In his opinion the actual state of affairs should be looked at, and it is a grievous mistake to give an optimistic coloring to the facts.

Several other clergymen spoke on the subject, most of whom maintained that Dr. Buckley's views of the case were inaccurate, but he brought forward statistics which seem fully to justify his statement so far as the United States are concerned. Similar pessimistic statements have been made many times during recent years.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

The Presbyterian Record is a little monthly periodical published in Montreal under the auspices of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. In its issue for February there is a short article by Rev. M. P. Talling entitled "Protestant element in the R. C. Church."

The Rev. Mr. Talling has discovered an article which appeared in the Contemporary Review of December 1902 entitled "Catholicism versus Ultramontanism," of which he says that "the author while eloquently advocating the spiritual interest of the (Catholic) Church, condemns her threefold policy of political aggrandisement, of antagonism to science, and of fostering superstition."

The same writer expresses these three blameworthy things, which he and Rev. Mr. Talling profess to have found in the Catholic Church, in other words thus:

"The things which surprise and pain the educated Catholic of to-day are the divorce between religion and science, and the scandalous liaison between politics and theology in the upper classes, and the intimate union between superstition and piety among the lower orders."

Rev. Mr. Talling has no hesitation in announcing his discovery that there is a Protestantism "within the Church, among Catholics themselves, who draw a strong contrast between Catholicism to which they wish to be loyal, and the perversion of the Church against which they throw all the weight of their resistance."

It is not to be denied that the spirit of pride and worldliness is constantly at work, and is endeavoring to gain control over human souls, and that it makes special efforts to gain Catholics who ought to know better than become blinded by its allurements.

The very fact that the writer of the article to which Mr. Talling refers makes a distinction which has no existence in fact between two kinds of Catholicism, one of which he calls "Catholicism," and the other "Ultramontanism," is enough to show that he is not true Catholic. His ideal is a "Protestantized Catholicism" which he calls "Catholicism," but which has no claim to the name, and this even the Rev. Mr. Talling is aware of, since he himself calls it a "Protestant element in the Roman Catholic Church."

Even to St. Peter, the chief of the Apostles, Christ said "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not; and thou being once converted confirm thy brethren."

It is therefore by loyalty to St. Peter and his successors whose office it is to confirm the brethren in the faith that genuine Catholicism is to be known, and not by such sneering allusions to Ultramontanism as the so-called Catholic writer quoted by Rev. Mr. Talling makes.

Let us now consider the three things which the "Protestant Catholic" writer in the Contemporary Review, and the Rev. Mr. Talling, specially blame in the Catholic Church.

The first is "antagonism to science," or "the divorce between religion and science."

This is surely a serious accusation, but is it truthful? Well, during the past century, many wonderful discoveries have been made, but we find that Catholics have been to the fore in making them.

In electricity, we have indeed many wonderful discoveries coming from Protestants such as Mr. Edison, but the fact cannot be ignored that in this department of science, Catholics stand in the very foremost rank. The very names of Galvani, Volta, Ampere, Tesla, etc., are so closely associated with it as to form an important part of its vocabulary, while Lord Kelvin, an honored Catholic, is admitted to be the chief among those who have applied electricity to machinery, and a young Italian Catholic with, it is said, a mixture of Irish blood in his veins, is at this moment sending messages through the air to all parts of the world by means of the greatest of modern electrical devices, wireless telegraphy. Meantime, where are the very learned Presbyterians in this department?

The study of aeronautes has not as yet succeeded in bringing forth an airship perfectly under human control and which is proof against all storms; but the nearest approach to this was made by the young and devout Brazilian Catholic, M. Santos-Dumont, who won the \$20,000 prize offered by M. Deutsch "for a dirigible balloon." M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London Times, said of M. Santos-Dumont's achievement:

"The 19th of October, 1901, promises to be a red-letter day in the annals of human progress. I can fortunately testify to his (the aeronaut's) entire success."

Here we may remark that M. Santos-Dumont's achievement was not accomplished for lucre's sake, for he distributed the prize he gained thus: \$10,000 for the poor of Paris, \$6,000 for his chief assistant, and the remaining \$4,000 for his other co-laborers.

But we need not enumerate further achievements of modern times in which Catholics have figured prominently. We shall only mention a few of the most useful discoveries and inventions for which science is indebted to Catholic clergy or monks or laymen. Our decimal notation, the basis of our arithmetic, is derived from a Catholic saint and monk, John Damascene, who was a professor at the court of Abdel-malek at Constantinople.

Copernicus, a Prussian priest, was the discoverer of the system of the universe which is called after him "the Copernican system." Grimaldi, a Jesuit, discovered the diffraction of light, and to Father Secchi, a Roman Dominican, much that is known of recent spectroscopic science is to be attributed.

Trigonometry was invented by Cosmas, Bishop of Thessalonica, Analytic Geometry by Descartes. Differential and Integral Calculus, powerful modes of mathematical investigation, owe their origin to several continental Catholic mathematicians of eminence, among whom we may name Cavalieri, Fermat, Legendre, though it must be added that the Protestant Sir Isaac Newton made the practically identical discovery which is known as the method of fluxions and fluents.

We need not continue on this line, but it will suffice to state that the Catholic Church has always been the patron of the sciences, arts and literature. We may mention as another evidence of this Dr. Louis Pasteur, who metamorphosed the science of medicine and who was alike the friend of religion as he was also befriended by the clergy.

The second accusation of Rev. Mr. Talling that the Catholic Church is guilty of a liaison with politics is simply absurd. In our own Canada there is no body of clergy who interfere less with politics than the priests of the Catholic Church, though where assaults have been made upon the Catholic religion the priests have not hesitated to stand up in defence of right and justice.

How has it been with the Presbyterian clergy? Only a few years have passed away since a deputation of them had to be plainly told in effect by our Governor-General, Lord Stanley, that their attempted interference with the province of Quebec's settlement of the Jesuit claims was an unjustifiable impertinence.

One word in regard to superstition. There is no more superstitious class than Presbyterians have been under the influence of the teachings they have drawn in from infancy. They have recruited the ranks of the Christian Scientists, the Spiritualists, the Mormons, the Dowieites to a greater extent than any other sect we know of; and it is well known that both in Scotland and Massachusetts they kept up the tragical farce of witchburning longer than any other community except perhaps the witch-hunters of wild Central Africa.

In the same paper, the Presbyterian Record, in which Rev. Mr. Talling's article is found, there is a practical acknowledgment of the ease with which Protestants in general become absorbed by the superstitions of Mormonism. We are told on page 49 that "Protestants in the Mormon territory are few, and in some places are becoming fewer, which means that the religious system dominates the social, commercial, and industrial life, and makes the place undesirable for settlers who are not of that faith. It means exclusion, boycott."

There is good reason to believe that it is rather owing to the ease with which Protestants change their faith that the sects disappear when they reside for a while among the Mormons, and not because they are boycotted, as the Presbyterian Record explains to be the case.

SIGN OF A REACTION IN FRANCE.

Notwithstanding the strength of the Combes Government in the present French Chamber of Deputies, recent advices show that the violently aggressive measures it has adopted against religion are resulting in a reaction throughout the country against its atheistic rulers.

It is well understood that the statements of Premier Combes to the effect that the Catholics, and especially the clergy, are endeavoring to subvert the Republic and restore Monarchy, are a mere subterfuge to which he has recourse for the purpose of throwing odium on the priesthood and all faithful Catholics.

It is true that, especially in the beginning of the Republic, there were among the majority of good Catholics a strong preference for a monarchical Government, arising in a great measure out of the evil traditions connected with the memory of the Republic of the eighteenth century; but this feeling was very strong with the majority of the people outside Paris, Marseilles, and a few other cities; independently of

their religious sentiments, as it extended to those whose religious instincts were weakened. This will be readily understood from the single fact that when the Empire was established in 1852, the popular vote stood, for the Empire 7,824,189, while the votes to the contrary numbered only 253,145. We may leave out of consideration the 63,326 votes which were declared null, as they could not have changed the result, and they would probably have been cast in nearly the same ratio if they had been validly given.

The present French Republic was established under exceptional circumstances, and it is not to be wondered at that for a considerable time there should still remain among a large proportion of the people a love for the days of the monarchy, whether under the form of an Empire or a Kingdom. The existence of such a feeling could not under any theory of statesmanship be an excuse for the persecution of a great body of the people, even if they do not constitute a majority.

The lapse of years has shown that the majority of the French people are favorable to the permanence of the Republic, and the Catholic party have honestly accepted the situation. This should be enough to satisfy the most rabid of Republicans, and they would be satisfied if they had really the peace and prosperity of their country at heart. The advice of Pope Leo XIII. frequently given to the French people to accept the Republic heartily and to work for its prosperity likewise contributed greatly towards its acceptance, and there is now little lingering desire among the people for a restoration of the monarchy, whatever may have been the case a generation ago, though it may be admitted that the falsity of the pretences of the ultra-Republicans that they are lovers of liberty while they are in reality greater tyrants than the monarchs ever were, may have disgusted a certain portion of the people with Republicanism and the hollow professions with which it is accompanied in its noisiest upholders.

The people are beginning to perceive the fallacy of such Republicanism as that of Premier Combes and his colleagues, and the Catholic spirit which is inherent in the majority of Frenchmen, and which has been somewhat dormant for many years, is being roused to action, and there is a fair prospect that, when next the opposing forces of religion and impiety shall meet in conflict at a general election, atheism will be overthrown.

The Catholic party achieved success both in Germany and Belgium as soon as the opportunity offered itself, when it was once aroused from apathy, and there is good reason to believe that it will achieve a similar victory in France when the proper time for action will occur.

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE'S TRIBUTE TO LEO XIII.

Ottawa Citizen, Feb. 21.

Twenty-five years ago, Leo XIII., who now so gloriously rules the Church of God, was elevated to the chair of St. Peter. This long reign, as rare as it was unexpected, fills the hearts of all the faithful throughout the world with unspeakable joy; and even our separated brethren and all honest and intelligent people, without distinction of creed, or race, or nationality, show their appreciation and gladness.

Leo XIII. has been the bright light which illuminated the last part of the nineteenth century, and which continues to shine as brightly in the beginning of the new era. Leo XIII. is admired for the loftiness of his intellect, the strength of his character, the nobility of his heart and for his love of everything which is just, and right and good. He is one of the leading spirits of his age. Nothing has escaped his keen and deep intuition for the good of the Church and the welfare of humanity. He has ever ready to lend his powerful influence wherever necessity required it. He has been as firm as a rock against injustice, but at the same time free from all harshness. He knew the strength of the lion with the meekness of the lamb.

With the profound keenness of his intellect he saw all the dangers which threatened the very foundations of society, and proposed opportune remedies. The materialistic, positivistic and rationalistic ideas made great inroads into the philosophic world so that many of the acutest minds, in some points at least, were led astray. In a masterly manner the Holy Father showed the importance of sound philosophic teaching and indicated the right path to be followed, persuaded that the true philosophic principles form the most solid foundation of other sciences.

His activity was not confined to any special direction but had the characteristic mark of universality. Dangers threatened domestic and civil society. Legislation, with some nations, tried to deprive the hallowed institution of marriage of its sacredness and to debase it to the level of a mere civil contract. Leo raised his voice and in his beautiful encyclicals denounced this attempt as contrary to the teaching of Christ. Who had elevated marriage to the dignity of a sacrament; and no one can ignore how strenuously he has combated and is still combating the attempt to destroy the indissolubility of the marriage tie.

Theories subversive of all social order were widely propagated. Dreadful attempts, which shocked the world, were made to reduce these theories to action. This indicated clearly how deeply the evil was rooted. This was the result of deviating from the teachings of Christ. The Holy Father in a luminous manner reminded the world of the origin of authority and society, showing also that according to the principles of reason all authority comes from God and that there are mutual rights and obligations to be observed by rulers and subjects. The most weighty and important question that confronts the stability of the civil order, is the ponderous struggle going on between Capital and Labor. The solution, that will harmonize all these conflicting interests is to be found only in the great principles of Christian justice and Christian charity. One of the greatest works of Pope Leo is the wonderful encyclical on this subject which has attracted the consideration and admiration of all thinking men. The principles so masterly evolved by him are powerful means to safeguard the rights of every one—he be owner or laborer—and have given a strong impulse to various organizations directed to the relief of the moral and material condition of the working man.

In a like manner Leo XIII. has shown himself the loving father of all humanity. The soul of Leo is eminently religious; his aspirations are heavenly; all his efforts and energies are directed to the glory of God, the welfare of the Church and the salvation of souls. Inspired by a most filial devotion towards the Blessed Virgin he has sedulously worked to spread, and to engrave and to instill more deeply into the minds and hearts of the faithful the love for the Mother of Jesus Christ. He seems to transmute into his various acts all the treasures of sweetness of his noble heart.

He spared no time nor hard work to repress abuses, to eradicate vices, to advance religion and Christian works and to promote the happiness of mankind. His love and ardent charity embraces the world. Animated by the zeal of St. Paul he has constantly endeavored to propagate the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ to the peoples of all nations; and his special efforts were directed to unite into one great body all the believers in our Lord Jesus Christ so that the words of our Lord would be fulfilled: "Fiet unus ovile et unus pastor." However, human strength alone is unable to accomplish such a high object. The grace of the Almighty is absolutely necessary. Therefore in another sublime encyclical, whilst explaining the wonderful action of the Holy Ghost in the soul of man, he indicates and incites the faithful fervently to God in order that the Holy Ghost "descendeth upon all and teacheth all truth" and illumine the intellect and move the will, "donec occuramus omnes in unitatem fidei," until we all meet into the unity of faith. How glorious would be the day when this admirable union would take place and when we could celebrate the return of the shepherds to the one fold. No one can remain indifferent before the marvelous spectacle of this great Venerable Pontiff in his hoary age, full of life, and with youthful vigor, leads the Church of God through the most perilous storms to the harbor of safety, who sheds the light and solves the most vital questions of our age, who is revered and admired by all mankind. No wonder then that the whole Catholic world rejoices and gives thanks to God that He, in his inscrutable wisdom has spared Leo XIII. to the Church for so many years.

Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

A Lenten Suggestion.

"Do you do any spiritual reading?" asks the Sacred Heart Review in a lay sermon that is both practical and timely for the first week of Lent.

"You are a man of principle and conscience, no doubt," our contemporary goes on to say, "and a man of faith, though not very lively. You find by experience that the practice of some virtues is difficult and disagreeable to you gradually strengthen the virtue and renders its practice less difficult and disagreeable, till finally you learn to love it. Many who have no taste for music, by persevering practice become quite proficient, and learn to love it. In an effort of this kind, motive is everything. Now suppose that, in view of the great importance of the work, you resolutely adopt the practice of reading a chapter in some good religious book, or what perhaps is best of all, a chapter in the New Testament, every day, or at least on Sundays, and persevere in it with a sincere desire to improve your spiritual condition, and see what the result will be. It is certainly worth trying."

The Kindness of a Catholic Duke.

The following incident, characteristic of the Catholic Duke of Norfolk, occurred, says the London Daily Chronicle, the other day. A children's concert was given in St. Wilfred's school at Angering, Sussex, in which the Duke takes a keen interest. He made a special journey from London to be present, and, on arriving at Angering station, his carriage was in readiness to convey him to his destination about a mile away. Observing a woman carrying a large parcel alight from the train, he immediately invited her into the carriage with him, as the wind was bitterly cold. Finding, however, that she was going in a contrary direction, he instructed his coachman to drive her home and he would walk on. This was done, the coachman finally overtaking him within about a hundred yards of the school.

JAMES, CARL

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NEW

Baltimore, Jan. 27. This city, there is a figure in it than any other in the world, but there faithful who have many more than of his life and personality.

To Baltimore and the pallid features, the bluntness, and especially peeping from under that, have become everyday life. From 11 and 12 o'clock a firm and rapid down Charles street no further than then homeward.

Protestants and the Cardinal, and these salutations, he does not recognize.

The Cardinal, seventy years, much of him the in his appearance, decade ago. Charges in his every day in the far. In work he self, and he has former years. I ever, and as this from Europe two to have gained energetic tempo should ever be almost perfect chiefly, no doubt, ease of mind and air and almost habits.

The Cardinal lasties, rises, Mass is said to be his banks; visit the secretary, attend which is very any one, except 10 o'clock; but callers—people imaginable sort.

Many strange city come to include Protest members of authors, politicians and even actors time ago a little with a population theatres, went recited his who to the museum. Dinner is at 1 guest, a visit dignity; the then more quiet and a quiet o'clock is the routine of the Cardinal in ecclesiastical tion at home not much time but he is no evenings, especially then it is pages of favor He likes the best. He reads publications, self well posted in politics, literature, history. Of t as he has nee by prof an illustration Catholic in a multitude of sits through by the pupil must be tedious and makes many of a years. T various parties in other cities throughout the business or t ment. Clad rank, he app or great dinner a brief appar portraits of the Catholic in much business has business. The Cardinal and has call velt in an of matters conce in Rome t each possess in somewhat Gibbons als coachman, h horses, and coat of arm rank when little skull- and the red At home according to in Lent and giving v pectoral cro also upon or ring. For kiss the rial allegiance Church in b bers of the Protestant this ceremon

The residence in his Eminence and three colored but he stairs a most perfect throughout and coming A card se usually cau well acqui dinal will Ascendi

JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A FAMOUS PRINCE OF THE CHURCH.

New York Sun. Baltimore, Jan. 24.—To visitors to this city, there is no more interesting figure in it than James, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. His name is known throughout the Catholic world, but there are thousands of the faithful who have never seen him and many more thousands who know little of his life and personality.

To Baltimoreans, the slender figure and the pallid and ascetic but kindly features, and especially the little skull-cap peeping from under the American high hat, have become a familiar feature of everyday life. Every morning between 11 and 12 o'clock, that wiry figure with a firm and rapid stride, is seen to pass down Charles street, sometimes going no further than Baltimore street, and then homeward on the other side.

Protestants and Catholics alike bow to the Cardinal, and he always returns these salutations with a smile, although he does not recognize one-tenth of the faces.

The Cardinal is now approaching seventy years, but to those who see much of him there seems little change in his appearance from what it was a decade ago. And there have been few changes in his habits. He still walks every day in the open air, but not so far. In work he does not spare himself, and he has all the endurance of former years. He is as abstemious as ever, and as thin. When he returned from Europe two years ago he seemed to have gained flesh, but his active, energetic temperament forbids that he should ever become even moderately plump, live as long as he may.

The Cardinal, like all Catholic ecclesiastics, rises very early. His daily Mass is said usually at 7 o'clock. After his thanksgiving he has breakfast, glances at the newspapers, and with his secretary attends to his correspondence, which is very large. He rarely sees any one, except by appointment, before 10 o'clock; but then there are many callers—people upon business of every imaginable sort.

Many strangers passing through the city come to pay their respects. These include Protestants as well as Catholics—members of the Protestant clergy, authors, politicians, educators, doctors and even actors and actresses. A short time ago a little boy, who was playing with a popular star in one of the theatres, went to see the Cardinal and recited his whole part before him, much to the amusement of his Eminence.

As soon as there is a lull in the visits the Cardinal goes out for a short walk. Dinner is at 1 o'clock, sometimes with a guest, a visiting Archbishop or other dignitary; then rest till 4 o'clock; then more visitors, another walk, and a quiet evening over books. Ten o'clock is the regular hour for retirement—a rule almost never broken.

This routine is changed only when the Cardinal is away or when there are ecclesiastical functions. His recreation at home is in reading. There is not much time during the day for books, but he is not without leisure in the evenings, especially during the winter; and then it is that he turns over the pages of favorite writers.

particularly, the visitor often finds his Eminence walking in the corridor, with book in hand—going occasionally to the window, where he stands in meditation. He listens attentively and answers directly and to the point; there is no needless expenditure of words.

The Cardinal has had a large experience with newspaper men, and understands what is news and the value of it perfectly—also when to keep news and when to let it go out. To those writers who treat him well and respect his confidence he is cordial and often frank, but woe to the correspondent or reporter who violates a pledge of discretion.

Necessarily from his position, he must be careful in his speech. Great and his public utterances are closely scanned, analyzed and commented upon. A single sermon of his has set the whole country talking. When no harm can be done, he will converse freely and pleasantly enough.

The little room on the right, at the top of the stairs, facing Charles street, is the Cardinal's study, in which he frequently receives visitors. It is very simply furnished.

The Cardinal, in addition to all his other labors, finds time to write books, and some of his works have had an extraordinary circulation. Probably half a million copies of "The Faith of Our Fathers" have been sold, and the work has been translated into many languages. He produces a book with great care, employing himself upon it at odd moments.

He is a great impromptu speaker; but usually writes out his sermons in advance, and his memory is so retentive, even at his present age, that after reading over his manuscript once or twice he has it perfectly in mind. His delivery is easy and deliberate and his voice penetrating, although not as strong as it was in former years. He writes rapidly and in a small, graceful, flowing hand. A sermon delivered by him is written upon a sheet or two of note paper, often without a break or correction, just as it came from his mind; and it is delivered almost word for word as written.

Not a few letters that he receives in his daily correspondence are answered by himself, not by his secretary—letters from utter strangers, and those from persons inquiring upon some point of Catholic faith; seekers of knowledge outside the fold especially interest him. Non-Catholics are always sure of extreme courtesy in all their relations with him.

His Eminence still hears confession, which is as arduous as any work that falls to the sacerdotal calling; nor is he absolved from the rule which binds all, from the Pope himself to the humblest layman, of undergoing the discipline of the sacrament of penance. On the first Sunday of every month he takes his turn at preaching at the regular congregation at the Cathedral attend to hear him. On many of the great feasts he pontificates. The function is a stately and imposing one, with a crowded sanctuary and fine music in the choir. His Eminence enjoys the Gregorian music, but apparently he likes equally well the more picturesque and brilliant music of the modern composers. The Catholic choir is distinguished on high days and holidays it is often augmented with special singers and a full orchestra.

The Cardinal almost invariably officiates at the services on the festivals of Christmas and Easter. To a man of his years the singing of the High Mass, which at the Cathedral begins at 10 o'clock, is somewhat trying, as it must be performed fasting from the night before, yet the Cardinal undertakes it here and not seldom in other places.

The Cardinal takes, as a rule, two vacations in the year. At carnival time he goes to New Orleans to see his brother, and he spends there a fortnight or so; but the holiday is a little broken with visits to neighboring places, where he usually preaches or takes some other part in public society. Going from the wintry surroundings of Baltimore at this season he enjoys the balmy atmosphere of the old Southern city. In the summer of recent years he has been in the habit of going to Long Island, where he passes a few quiet weeks. At one time he went to Cape May. Other resorts with their crowds and gaiety do not tempt him.

THE LENTEN SEASON AND ITS MEANING.

Lent has been observed as a time of fasting and prayer in the Catholic Church from the time of the Apostles, and stands upon the same foundation as the observance of the Lord's day, that is, upon apostolical tradition.

It is mentioned by the early fathers in innumerable places, and the transgressors of this solemn fast of forty days were severely punished by the canons of the primitive Church. We may prove the apostolical origin of Lent by a rule laid down by St. Augustine: That what is found not to have had its institution from any council, but to have been ever observed by the universal Church, that same must needs have come from the first fathers, the founders of the Church, that is, from the apostles. But the fast of Lent is not found to have had its institution from any council, but to have been ever observed by the universal Church, that same must needs have come from the first fathers, the founders of the Church, that is, from the apostles.

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Secondly, that we might more particularly consecrate part of the year to God by prayer and fasting. Thirdly, that by this forty days fast, joined with prayer and alms-deeds, we might do penance for the sins of the whole year. Fourthly, that we might at this time enter into a kind of spiritual exercises and a retreat from the world and its pleasures and amusements, look more narrowly into the state of our souls, repair our decayed strength, and provide effectual remedies against our usual failings for the time to come. Fifthly, that by this penitential spirit, the past, by Christ, which we particularly commemorate in Lent, in fine that this might be a time of repentance and preparation for the great solemnity of Easter, and for the Paschal Communion.

What is the origin of fasting? Under the old law the Jews fasted by the command of God; thus Moses fasted forty days and forty nights, on Mount Sinai, when God gave him the Ten Commandments; Elias, in like manner, fasted in the desert. Jesus also fasted, and commanded His apostles to fast also. The Catholic Church, says St. Leo, from the time of the apostles, have enjoined fasting upon all the faithful.

Why has the Church instituted the fast before Easter? 1. To imitate Jesus Christ, who fasted forty days. 2. To participate in His merits and passion; for as Christ, when God gave him the Ten Commandments; Elias, in like manner, fasted in the desert. Jesus also fasted, and commanded His apostles to fast also. The Catholic Church, says St. Leo, from the time of the apostles, have enjoined fasting upon all the faithful.

How shall we observe the Holy season? We should endeavor not only to deny ourselves food and drink, but still more, all sinful gratifications. And as the body is weakened by fasting, the soul, on the other hand, should be strengthened by repeated prayers, by frequent reception of the holy sacraments, attending Mass, spiritual reading, and good works, particularly the works of charity. In such manner we shall be able, according to the intention of the Church, to supply by our fasting what we have omitted during the year, especially if we fast willingly, and with a good intention.

The forty days fast of Lent was pre-figured in the Old Law in the fasting of Moses and Elias, and above all of Christ. The word Lent, meaning Spring, the Anglo-Saxon, Lenten, meaning Spring, The Latin Quadragesima indicates the number of days.

There is proof that Lent in the general sense of a fast preceding Easter has been known from the apostolic times. Thus Tertullian tells us that those days were set apart for fasting "under the Gospel dispensation." An earlier writer, Irenaeus, speaks of the fast before Easter as that which prevailed in the early fathers; that from very remote times the Lenten fasting, whatever its duration may have been, was considered obligatory. The council of Gangra, in the middle of the fourth century anathematized those who did not keep the fast observed by the Church. From the early part of the fourth century there are many references made to the fast of Lent, of about forty days. Originally the specific number of days of fasting was thirty-six. Finally, however, in the Council of Meaux, 840, the Church added the four days of fasting before the first Sunday in Lent, which now begins with Ash Wednesday.

CANON WHITE TELLS OF THE WINNING OF TENANTS' WAR.

Boston Herald, Feb. 2.

The Very Rev. Canon William White of County Roscommon, Ireland, the head of the Catholic Church in the districts embracing the celebrated De Freyne estates, widely referred to as the storm centre of the Irish land question, spoke in Boston College hall last evening before a fair-sized and very interested audience, upon "The Irish Land War." Congressman-elect William S. McNary presided and introduced the speaker, who has been accorded a very cordial reception by numerous Irish and Catholic organizations throughout the city and State.

Canon White treated the land question almost exclusively, and, unlike most of the other Irish advocates who have presented the Irish question, he did not refer at length to the political issues. The speaker also exhibited a friendly regard towards King Edward, who the canon believes is a liberal minded statesman who will soon be found lending a helpful influence to the Irish land matters.

The speaking was interspersed with a musical programme of Irish numbers. He said that much has been accomplished for the cause of Ireland by the men who have been keeping her issues alive. He declared that it was a mistake to think nothing had been done. The agitators which have started in the old country at various times and which have been nobly financed by this country have been the means of changing the whole face of the Irish question.

Were it not for these agitators Ireland would today be in a much worse condition than it is. Steadily the tenants have benefited more and more until now the tide of landlordism is at last quite securely stemmed. The land of Ireland was for a great while given over to English settlers who were practically an English garrison in Ireland. The object of England was that Ireland should exist for England's benefit and use and the landlords were given unlimited power over the native Irish upon whom as tenants they could impose any rent they liked. Even though the tenants did pay the exorbitant rents, they were liable to eviction if the possession of their lands offered any advantages to the landlords. There have been instances of humane landlords who did not take advantage of the iniquitous laws, but by their stances were considered by their tenants as the enemies of the law. It is hardly necessary to say that it greatly exaggerates the abilities of the missionary.

Those who have not heard Father Brannan at the Catholic church, preaching a mission there this week, have missed a great deal. We only got our first impressions Wednesday night, and so can scold ourself as well as others. His style is intensely dramatic as well as argumentative. Lawyers should especially hear him argue his case. He was a lawyer all his early career and into middle manhood, and stepped from the bar into the pulpit. He makes no attacks on any one, and argues along the line of high development of Christian thought, only, of course, as all denominations do, fits the argument to prove his side. Whether logically or conclusively he leaves the public to say. He is an actor, most entertaining, most moving, whether to tears or laughter. Like Demosthenes, he believes in action—first action, second action, third action, as the three requisites of an orator. At least that is his style; vehement at times, always forceful. He is a great friend of education, Attorney-General Clark, of Texas; Colonel S. W. T. Lanham, the next governor of Texas, and other prominent men of the South, and his anecdotes of the days of the Confederacy are most vivid and entertaining with the vigor, force and magnetism of lively, striking narration. He tells a story, makes an illustration, and points an argument with equal skill. Withal, he is a man of the world, and shows to have moved easily among the leading men in camp and court and all Ireland, and they seem about to win. The speaker then treated at length the details of the land conference in Dublin, and said a notable evidence of the change of affairs was shown in the changed attitude of the London Times, which has recently been advocating that the landlords be compelled to sell. Contrary to the way of a liberal-minded King himself, who is a liberal-minded statesman, is of the same opinion. He believed that the influence of the King would soon be felt in Parliament, and that he would be found behind measures helpful to the Irish land question.

The committee which managed the reception was in charge of P. A. Foley, chairman, and John Cavanagh, secretary. The reception committee was in charge of P. Brannan, John Meleady and Edward Fitzwilliam.

LET US DO PENANCE.

Bishop Horstmann utters this admonition: "Let us all enter into the spirit of the Lenten season. Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish." Amid the cares, troubles and excitements of worldly life we forget the soul. We know we are sinners, and have much, very much, for which we must satisfy God's justice. Our holy Mother the Church orders us under penalty of sin to do penance during Lent. If we cannot do so by bodily mortification, then we must by mortification of the heart, by watchfulness over our senses, by restraint over our words, by additional prayer, especially by meditation on the sufferings and death of our Lord, by fidelity in attending the Lenten devotions, by hearing Mass, if possible, on week days, by receiving Holy Communion more frequently, by other pious practices, now is the day of acceptable time; now is the day of salvation. "Harden not your hearts! Who knows whether God will give us another Lent? He has promised to bear the sinner whosoever he shall call."

on Him for mercy; but nowhere does He promise that He will give us time for repentance."

STORY FROM FATHER BRANNAN, OF TEXAS.

Since my summer vacation I have given missions in the following places: First, at Clarendon, Tex.; then Childress, Tex., and next Denton, Tex., these three places being in the diocese of Dallas.

Denton is one of the great strongholds of the Baptists in Texas. There were rumors of war, and "blood was on the moon," so to speak, from all that I had heard; but happily I passed unscathed, for the enemy was entirely tranquil. Father Verinmont, the pastor, said that "on hearing that Father Brannan was to be here in the near future, the 'D. D.'s' began arming themselves to do him up. One travelled ten miles from this determination; but before one lecture was finished all these pretended 'D. D.'s,' who are not few, found themselves in a deep ditch.

"Not one objection was brought forward, though each evening the reverend missionary repeatedly called upon them to bring their objections forward. The truth was too plainly told to be refuted. To many, who had received their information about the Catholic Church from sensational books, and lying preachers, these lectures were a new revelation. They admitted their irrefutable logic—which was plain to the poorest understanding. It was surprising that after two hours' lecturing the audience had forgotten all about time, and seemed still anxious to continue listening.

"The reverend missionary made many friends here, who, no doubt, were not his friends when he arrived, but his strong convictions, his eloquence and broad-mindedness, soon won their hearts, especially those of the lawyers and judges. "Truth fearlessly and, at times, vehemently told gains the heart of our better disposed Protestant friends. As a rule, the American people are honest, and when the truth is brought home to them they will begin to think. From Denton, Tex., I went to Marshall, Mo. This is a strong anti-Catholic town, and was a hot-bed of the A. P. A. when that organization flourished for a brief season. The non-Catholics were a little slow in the beginning. An intelligent Protestant editor put in appearance to see what was going on, and the next morning wrote the following: Many landlords claimed the right over the consciences of their tenants and also insisted on directing the vote of their tenantry in elections, and in this the landlords were not molested by the Government.

Speaking of some of the recent land acts which showed a spirit of fairness for the tenants, Canon White told of the "congested district board" and said that its membership stood for much in the way of promise and liberalism, its chairman being the liberal-minded chief Secretary of Ireland, and one of the most active members being the Right Rev. Bishop O'Donnell, the patriotic prelate of Raphoe. This Board dealt with estates where the tenants cannot possibly live on their farms on account of smallness and bareness. The Board has formulated the right kind of plan for the betterment of a large number of people, and the work is a step in the right direction. The canon already show many instances where they have undertaken the development of farms to such good advantage that at the close of the harvest season in 1901 they were enabled to pay the interest required by the Government and make a payment on the principal and offer the tenants an appreciable reduction.

He gave several instances of opposition on the part of the landlords to the acts passed in favor of tenants. The clash between the landlord and tenant has in many cases furnished exhibitions of extreme violence, and the land war has raged hotly during the past couple of years on many large estates. It is such people as those on the De Freyne estate, said Canon White, who are fighting the battle of the rest of Ireland, and they seem about to win. The speaker then treated at length the details of the land conference in Dublin, and said a notable evidence of the change of affairs was shown in the changed attitude of the London Times, which has recently been advocating that the landlords be compelled to sell. Contrary to the way of a liberal-minded King himself, who is a liberal-minded statesman, is of the same opinion. He believed that the influence of the King would soon be felt in Parliament, and that he would be found behind measures helpful to the Irish land question.

The committee which managed the reception was in charge of P. A. Foley, chairman, and John Cavanagh, secretary. The reception committee was in charge of P. Brannan, John Meleady and Edward Fitzwilliam.

My next mission was at Bridgeport, Tex. I have had many experiences in the missionary field in the last ten years, but none like the one at that place. The country around Bridgeport is filled with people who call themselves "Sanctified." In other words, they say they cannot sin. Arrangements had been made for me to preach in the school-house, the largest building in the town. I left Decatur in a snow storm and went across the country to Bridgeport in a buggy. I did not realize how cold I was until I tried to get out of the buggy. While I was thawing out a Catholic gentleman came, and when I got warm I went to the hotel. That night I had a fairly good audience, nearly all Protestants, and nearly all "Sanctified." My coming was sudden, but that night the "Sanctified" brethren sent for three "Sanctified" preachers to "do me up," as they expressed it. They came, and next day I saw several men and one woman in the street, and a great number of people on the sidewalks. I went up to see and hear what was going on. I got there in time to hear the following from one of the preachers: "There is an 'old priest' in this town who said last night that all unbaptized

infants went to hell. Gentlemen, you ought to stop this; it shouldn't be allowed in this community! Come over to-night at the school-house and hear the pure gospel preached." I was not disturbed, except as to the school-house. Knowing there was only one, I was perplexed to know how we were both going to occupy it that night. I hunted up the Catholic gentleman before alluded to, and asked him from whom he got the school-house. He stated, from the trustees. Then I told him what the preacher had said, and knowing all the trustees were Protestants, I had about concluded that they did not propose to let the "old priest" talk any more. I sent this Catholic to see the trustees, not wishing to assert my rights until I was certain I had them. After some parley there was a compromise effected. The "holiness" people were to have the room till 8 o'clock, and I was to have it afterwards. This was satisfactory. I reached there as they concluded. They all remained. There was not standing-room. The windows and doors were filled, and people were listening from the outside. Many of them had never before seen a priest. I suppose I got a "going over" before I arrived, judging from the scowling countenances which were turned upon me. A Catholic gentleman heard several of the women, who were sitting together in the rear of the building, referring to me, say: "Let's pray for him that the Lord may show him the truth"; "May the Lord have mercy on him," and other ejaculations of similar import.

Two preachers sat at my right and one on the left. I began by denying the doctrine imputed to the Church, that she taught that unbaptized infants went to hell, and explained the matter thoroughly. My subject that night was "The Invocation of the Saints and the Blessed Virgin Mary." Their attention was obtained from the start. After I had been talking about fifteen minutes I was startled by a fervorous exclamation on my left. "Glory to God!" was the expression, and it came from the preacher on my left. In a few minutes more I heard, "The Lord be praised!" A little later, "Amen, brother!" I kept them listening intently for an hour and three-quarters. When I concluded, the preacher from the left came forward, extending his hand, and said, "My name's Kelly"—a name that would revive a withered shamrock saddled on a Protestant preacher! Then the other two came and gave me a hearty shake hands—Mr. Briggs and Mr. Templeton. Then I had to shake hands for a half hour with the people. This was a new experience. My enemies two hours before—and now all seeking an opportunity to shake hands with the "old priest." A Protestant gentleman, the leading merchant of the city, attended every night, and when I was leaving he said: "We want you back here again; and when you come don't stop at the hotel, but come straight to my house, where you will have a good bed and plenty to eat." Some good, I hope, will come from this later on.—The Missionary.

ST. MARGARET OF CORTONA.

A LESSON OF PENANCE APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON.

(Adapted from "Miniature Lives of the Saints.")

God plants our feet on the road of innocence, but if we wander from it we must travel afterwards on the road of penance, for there is no other. "Go where thou wilt, seek what thou wilt," says St. Thomas a Kempis, "and thou shalt not find a higher way above nor a safer way below than the way of the Holy Cross." St. Margaret of Cortona was born at Alviano, in the diocese of Chiusi in Tuscany, about the middle of the thirteenth century. At the age of sixteen she fell away from God and for nine or ten years Margaret led a life of shame. She was still in the bonds of sin when one day she saw the body of her partner in guilt, who had been murdered, covered with worms. She then entered into herself and resolved to do penance for her evil life. She returned to her father's house and he received the prodigal child. Margaret spent night and day in bewailing her past guilt, and with a rope around her neck begged pardon publicly in the parish church for the scandal she had given. Her stepmother thought that her penance compromised the respectability of the family, and persuaded the father to send her away. Margaret thereupon the care of the Friars of St. Francis, who, after a long trial to test the sincerity of her conversion, admitted her into the Third Order, called the Order of Penance. She who had once lived in luxury, pampering the body, lived henceforth a life of heroic mortification in a narrow cell, but perfectly obedient in all things to her confessors, growing in holiness, in mastery over self and in perfect detachment from the world. She died February 22, 1297, and her incorrupt body still testifies to the efficacy of her penance and to the recovered purity of her soul.

In Honor of Scottish Saint.

Preparations are being made by the Catholic community of Glasgow, Scotland, for the thirteen hundred anniversary of St. Mungo, which takes place this year. The chief celebration will be held in the Cathedral of that city.

Seek to mingle gentleness in all your rebukes; bear with the infirmities of others; make allowance for constitutional frailties; never say harsh things if kind things will do as well.

theories to action, early how deeply the his was the result of teachings of Christ, a luminous manner of the origin of life, showing also into the minds and by mutual rights and observed by rulers, a most weighty and that confronts our to the stability, is the piousness between Capital and on, that will harmonizing interests is to the great principles of Christian charity. The works of Pope Leo encyclical on this subject, the consideration of all thinking men, masterly evolved by means to safeguard one—he he owner have given a strong organizations direct the moral and mater-working man.

Leo XIII. has shown father of all human- Leo is eminently energetic are heavenly; energies are directed the welfare of souls. In- lial devotion towards he has sedulously to engraft and to into the minds and the love for the Christ. He seems to various acts all the tness of his noble

me nor hard work to eradicate vices, and Christian works the happiness of and ardent charity id. Animated by the he has constantly en- the light of the ar- gize to the peoples of his especial efforts unite into one great ers in our Lord Jesus words of our Lord "Fiet unus ovile"

However, human unable to accomplish et. The grace of the absolutely necessary. The wonderful action in the soul of man, he ceites the faithful fer- in order that the descendeth upon all "truth" and illum- and move the will, us omnes in unitatem ill meet into the unity glorious would be the dimirable action would sheep to the one fold in indifferent before spectacle of this great who in his hoary age, with youthful vigor, of God through the the light and solves questions of our age, who millions of Catholics and and admitted by all consider then that the world rejoices and gives at He, in his inscrut- spared Leo XIII. to many years.

He likes the reviews and their publications, however, and keeps himself posted as to what is going on in politics, literature, science and daily history. Of the drama he knows little, as he has never witnessed a performance by professional actors; but it is an illustration of his kindness of heart that in the early summer he attends a multitude of school entertainments and sits through the amateur plays given by the pupils, although some of them must be tedious enough.

The Cardinal is an excellent traveller and makes many journeys in the course of years. These include trips to the various parishes in his archdiocese, journeys to attend important functions in other cities, and many journeys throughout the year to Washington on business or to keep some social engagement. Clad in the scarlet robes of his rank, he appears sometimes at weddings or great dinners at the capital—usually a brief apparition. He is the most important personage connected with the Catholic University, and naturally has much business there. Frequently he has business with the Government.

The Cardinal knew President McKinley well and greatly valued his friendship and has called upon President Roosevelt in an official capacity, to talk over matters concerning the Philippines, in Rome the Cardinals live in state, each possesses his carriage and rides out in somewhat imposing array. Cardinal Gibbons also has his equipage and coachman, but is rarely seen behind horses, and few are aware that he has a coat of arms. The only mark of his rank which he is out of doors is the little skull-cap worn within his high hat and the red scarf.

At home he changes his costume according to the ecclesiastical seasons; in Lent and at Advent the red cassock giving way to one of purple. The petoral cross he constantly wears, and also upon one of his fingers an amethyst ring. For Catholics it is etiquette to kiss the ring as a sign of spiritual allegiance to the far-off head of the Church in Rome, and even some members of the High Church branch of the Protestant Episcopal Church perform this ceremony.

The household in the archiepiscopal residence is not a large one. Besides his Eminence, there are Bishop Curtis and three priests. There is an aged colored butler, one or two servants below stairs and a page at the door. Almost perfect stillness prevails, although throughout the day persons are going and coming. There are few formalities. A card sent up to his Eminence will usually cause him to descend, though if well acquainted with the caller the Cardinal will try to come up.

Ascending the stairs, in the morning

of a Catholic Duke.

incident, character- istic Duke of Norfolk, the London Daily Chron- day. A children's school in St. Wilfred's church, Sussex, in which the men interest. He made a journey from London to be arriving at Angmer- carriage was in read- him to his destination. Observing a woman parcel alighted from the diately invited her into him, as the wind was Finding, however, that in a contrary direction, this coachman to drive he would walk on. This coachman, finally over- thout about a hundred

Any man who seeks a friend without imperfections is a dreamer of dreams.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCXXIX.

In a late paper I notice that I have inadvertently said that only three Popes had been canonized in one thousand years. It should have been eight.

We have seen that the Catholic Church denounces excommunication against those who are in heresy; that this provision was enforced with peculiar energy by Innocent III. and Gregory IX., the latter the founder of the Inquisition; that before them St. Bernard had been so powerful a champion of the Jews that a Rabbi applied to him for the words which Moses used of Jehovah Himself, declaring: "The Abbot of Clairvaux hath spoken good concerning Israel"; that when the Jews were banished from other countries, they were always sure of a refuge in the papal states; that the shocking slander imputing ritual murders of Christians to them, which is even yet renewed by various Catholics and Protestants no less, has been repeatedly refuted and denounced by the Popes; and that Rome is the one Catholic city in which no Jew has ever been murdered or robbed on account of religion, and in which (unless possibly sometimes when the Popes have been in exile) no synagogue has ever been destroyed.

So much for the relations of the Catholic Church in general to the Jews. How about the relations of the elder, or Dominican Inquisition, founded in 1229, and subsisting in various countries even after the Spanish Inquisition had been set up? Mr. Henry Charles Lea shall answer us as to this, who complains of the Catholic Church that, whereas she has been so ready to summon Jews or Saracens before her courts, she has summoned Christian heretics, even when, as in the case of the Waldenses, their belief was infinitely nearer to Catholicism than that of Jews or Moors. The Nation has sufficiently answered this censure of Mr. Lea, which, for all his learning, marks him out as a sciolist in Catholic principles, as appears still more flagrantly from the singular intelligence of his notions about the meaning of "Article of Faith."

The Nation points out to Mr. Lea that for the Inquisition to have cited Jews or Mussulmen before it, to give account of their religion, would have been in violation of fundamental Catholic doctrine. The Church can require an account of their belief only from men whom Christ has made subject to her authority. Now, in her own view, He has given her authority only over the baptized. A Christian state, she holds, may lawfully punish Jews for sacrilege or insult to Christianity, but neither Church nor State can lawfully compel them to embrace it. Therefore the question whether their belief is more or less remote from Catholicity is something with which Catholic Church courts have no concern. As I have remarked in the Methodist Review, Dr. James Martineau's accusation of the Inquisition, that it burnt multitudes of Jews for refusing to apostatize, is a blunder and a slander of the first magnitude. The late venerable Dr. Schaff, not long before his death, wrote to me expressing his deep regret that he should have inadvertently copied this calumny into his Church History, and promising that it should be expunged from the next edition.

The Spanish Inquisition established mainly as a bulwark against secret Judaism among baptized persons of Jewish blood was of course subject to the same limitations as all other Catholic courts. Sixtus IV. excommunicated two inquisitors, and Leo X. two, but neither Pope on any charge of having cited, unbaptized Jews before him. Llorente himself, throughout his detailed and unscrupulous history, nowhere charges an unbaptized Jew with having ever summoned an unbaptized Jew to answer for his religion, although it punished several on the charge of sacrilegious insult to Catholic objects of devotion. The undisputed liberty of Jews, so long as Ferdinand and Isabella suffered them in Spain, to practice their own religion, of course did not include the liberty to trample on the Host, or to tear down images of the saints. The Inquisition claimed the same right to punish such offences when committed by Jews as it would have claimed when so constantly committed by Huguenots; but whereas it claimed the added right of examining Huguenots concerning any such right against the Jews. Of course when a Jew was once baptized he ceased to be a Jew, and became simply a Catholic Christian of Jewish descent.

So far is it from being true that the Inquisition claimed authority over Jews concerning their creed, that Mr. Lea points out in its severer Spanish form, the previously strong current of Jewish conversions to Christianity stopped short. The Spanish Jews not yet baptized preferred their exemption from inquisitorial jurisdiction to all the advantages enjoyed by their Catholicized brethren, and this was due to the constant suspicions of the Old Christians and of the Holy Office, that their outward Catholicity covered an inward preference for their former religion. This suspicion, in multitudes of instances, was no doubt perfectly well-warranted, although it often led the Inquisition into relying on the most frivolous of proofs. A more reasonable man, who says that at least two-thirds of the thirty thousand executed by the Holy Office in three centuries were given over on the charge of having secretly relapsed into Judaism.

The common notion appears to be that even the banishment of the adhering Jews from Spain was an act of the Inquisition. Now the Inquisition seems to have had no authority to banish. It could sentence to death, imprisonment, confiscation, scourging, and church penances. To none of these means did the profession of Judaism subject a man, unless, and accepting baptism, he had ceased to be

a Jew, and become a professed Catholic. That he could at one and the same time be a Jew and a Catholic, is something of a novelty in the mind of the Spanish authorities.

The banishment of the adhering Jews from Spain was no more an act of the Inquisition than their expulsion from England by Edward I., or from France by St. Louis, or than the demand for their banishment from Germany made by Martin Luther, King and Queen. Inquisitors, grandees, peasants, all called alike for giving the option between baptism and withdrawal. The Crown and the Holy Office were animated by the same spirit, and mutually interacted, but the expulsion of unbaptized and the suspicious watchfulness maintained over the baptized Jews were two distinct acts of authority, proceeding on two entirely different principles. The former was the exercise of a prerogative then undoubted, though never exercised by the Popes, of expelling aliens, among whom non-Christians seem to have been always reckoned, from a Christian territory. The other was the exercise of a right, equally unquestioned, of calling baptized heretics and apostates to account. The fact that almost all the cases of heresy in Spain consisted in a relapse of baptized converts into Judaism, was simply a local accident. The Spanish Lutherans were treated in just the same way, and on just the same principles.

The language of the Spectator and of the New York Encyclopedia is so precisely identical, as to beget the suspicion that the encyclopedia means to imply that Jews have the right to be Jews and Christians at once, if they find it convenient, (as they often are supposed to do) and that therefore any attempt of the Catholic Church in Spain to exercise jurisdiction over Catholics descended from Israel was a persecution of the Jewish race. Such an assumption may be left to answer itself.

Jewish blood, in Spain, was found in every rank (unless it were the peasantry) from the throne and the archiepiscopal seats down. A large part of the early Spanish Jesuits were Jews by birth, but Jewish blood that does not destroy a man, but considering the hard alternatives of exile or baptism, it is not strange if a vague suspicion of insincerity often led the Holy Office into an excessive readiness to assume it.

I may remark, as to the Spectator, that I have never seen a sentence in it which did not imply, against all doctrine and history, that Rome counts the profession of Judaism as in itself a criminal offence, over which she has authority, and that the Inquisition has always punished Jews as being Jews.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

Andover, Mass.

A HARD CASE.

A mother's love is so deep and strong that it has ever been referred to as the emblem of constancy. How terribly and persistently the son must have lacerated his mother's heart when she forbids him ever to come home or to appear within the range of her vision?

Such a case came up in our police court last Tuesday. Judge Schwann gave the culprit a suspended sentence of costs and thirty days, telling him to leave the city. He promised to do so, but he had his clothes at home and wished permission to go home and get them. His mother thereupon turned to the judge and said that she would not allow her son to enter the house again even to get his clothes, but that she would put them in a basket and set them on the front porch. This was agreed to. Tuesday evening the son got his clothes from a basket on the front porch.

Out in the world without a mother's love! What star can ever shine in the sky of that boy's life? Whether are we drifting?—Catholic Universe.

A WISE RULE.

Not infrequently we hear our young people entering serious objections to having their contemptuous marriage announced in the public press. Some do not like the publicity thus given the event, while others foolishly fear the twitting of their friends. They desire no such parading of their private affairs, they say, and a hundred equally lame excuses.

Like all the other laws of the Catholic Church, however, this one as well there is, and must be. So much indeed, that those who follow it seldom have cause to regret the fact. All faithful and obedient children, in fact, do follow it. And why? For the simple reason, first, because it is the law, and, secondly, because they appreciate its importance.

The law was promulgated by the Church for the protection of her children. It is public notice that the parties named of Matrimony. Those who hear the announcement, if they have a knowledge which would invalidate the Sacrament, are bound to make this known to the priest. It serves, therefore, as a mutual protection to the contracting parties, and this is undoubtedly a wise rule. It prevents deception, and thus avoids future disgrace.

But as to the sincerity of the objections so frequently heard. Are they honestly made? We fear not in the overwhelming majority of cases. A more reasonable man, who says that at least two-thirds of the thirty thousand executed by the Holy Office in three centuries were given over on the charge of having secretly relapsed into Judaism. The common notion appears to be that even the banishment of the adhering Jews from Spain was an act of the Inquisition. Now the Inquisition seems to have had no authority to banish. It could sentence to death, imprisonment, confiscation, scourging, and church penances. To none of these means did the profession of Judaism subject a man, unless, and accepting baptism, he had ceased to be

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

First Sunday in Lent.

SERVING THE DEVIL.

"Again the devil took Him up into a very high mountain and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and he said unto Him, 'If thou wilt adore me, I will give Thee, if, falling down, Thou wilt adore me.' Then Jesus saith unto him, 'Ergo quid tibi prodest adorare et hinc only shall thou serve.' St. Matt. iv. 9.

This offer, my dear brethren, which the devil made to our Divine Lord, he does not ask us to build churches in his honor, or to say prayers to him, it is true; he knows that he cannot expect that. But he does ask us to be his servants, and to obey his commands; he wants us to take him for our master, though he does not care much whether we acknowledge him to be so. He asks for our labor, our time and our life; if he gets that, may he not well be content?

But does he offer us all the kingdoms of the world? Oh, no? He is not so foolish as to offer his whole stock in trade for what can be got for a trifle. He named this price to our Saviour because, though he did not know fully what he was doing, he did not know his sacrifice to obtain; but for us very little of his treasury suffices. Desiring us, he only promises us what he has good reason to think will be enough; a little sensual pleasure, a passing fame or notoriety, or even a few dollars, is the price which he generally offers for our allegiance. Thirty pieces of silver he found to be all that was needed for one of the Apostles; what wonder that he is not disposed to bid very high for us! Once the newspapers told us of a young man who shot an innocent passer-by simply to get reputation as a desperado. Fortunately, he did not live to shoot another one; he met the fate he deserved on the scaffold. Perdescent. It was not Jewish blood that destroyed a man, but considering the hard alternatives of exile or baptism, it is not strange if a vague suspicion of insincerity often led the Holy Office into an excessive readiness to assume it.

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CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

Andover, Mass.

OUR RELIGION.

Before proceeding to a further consideration of this subject a word or two more should be added concerning the altar. In the centre of the altar is the panel, which is kept, the Holy Eucharist, for the sick and for the adoration of the people. The interior is lined with costly material, as a rule, and on the bottom is a corporal. Resting on the top of the tabernacle will always be found a crucifix. And unless it be there Mass cannot be said. For this there are several reasons, one of which is that the Mass is the same sacrifice as that on Calvary. Then the altar is covered with three linen cloths which having numerous significations among them to denote the cloths in which the body of Our Lord was wrapped when laid in the tomb.

Sometimes we notice in the panel of the altar various figures. All have a particular meaning. But of one only

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seen there and elsewhere shall we say a word and that because of its frequent misinterpretation. This is the words I. H. S., with a cross on the letter H. A very common but incorrect explanation of these characters is often given as meaning "I have suffered." Such is not the case. They are the first letters of a Latin sentence, the English translation of which means "Jesus, Saviour of Men." The cross on the letter H signifies that our redemption was wrought through the death of the Holy Trinity, and if those of Greek then they stand for an abbreviation of Our Saviour's name.

The other letters concerning which some are in ignorance are those on the cross over the head of Our Crucified Lord, namely, I. N. R. I. According to the custom of the Jews when they crucified an individual the crime for which the punishment was inflicted was always written over the criminal's head. These letters, therefore, signify "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," and were placed over the head of Our Saviour at the command of Pilate. This concludes the altar. We shall next take up the things of the altar.—Church Progress.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

The Heart of Christ hungers for the love that we in our coldness and blindness deny. The love of the Sacred Heart for sinners is beyond the comprehension of our feeble minds. Day after day we spend in utter forgetfulness of that Divine Heart which follows us even in the paths of sin, and urges to Him Who is our friend, unchanging and unchangeable.

The Heart of Jesus will grant you great graces if you have the courage to follow Him by an entire forgetfulness of self-abandonment to His providence and purity of intention. Do not fear to be His witness. He will reward you for every word spoken, and every deed, no matter how small, done in His name. Be strong, be brave, be courageous, and the Kingdom will one day be yours.

League members should not allow their zeal to lag as day after day is added to the calendar of the year. The most of you, we are sure, started in the new year with the intention of doing good work in the League the coming months, of being first of all faithful to your own obligations, of winning new friends for the apostleship, and thus increasing the number of those whose honor it is to be the Guard of the Sacred Heart.

WHO FATHER PUTZ DIDN'T GO TO GERMANY.

SELF-SACRIFICE OF THE ONLY PRIEST ON THE ISLAND OF ST. VINCENT.

Charles M. Skinner, author of "Myths and Legends of Our New Possessions," etc., contributes to last week's Independent this charming sketch of a self-sacrificing Catholic priest in the West Indies:

"Father Putz is the only Catholic priest on the island of St. Vincent, in the West Indies. When the terrible explosion of the Soufriere volcano occurred last May, this clergyman was at Kingstown, at the southern end of the island, beyond the zone of devastation by steam and mud and blistering ash. Many were killed in that eruption, scores survived only to suffer from burns and blows of falling stones, while hundreds were made homeless and driven to distant settlements for shelter and food, their cabins burned, their little gardens blighted in the rush of scalding, sulphurous vapor, the mills and plantations where they had worked buried under a million tons of dust and scoria. The poor blacks were dazed with grief and pain and they were in sorry need. The land was filled with the cry of the children.

"Now, Father Putz is a quiet, modest, sunny man, who is pastor of so small a church that he has a task to keep his people together. The money he received for his service was little, for, like all of the Antilles, St. Vincent is poor, the people in a few instances earning more than a 25 cents a day for work in the fields. Yet he had managed to save a penny here and twopenny there, because it was the hope of his life to go back to Germany, his old home, and see his friends and kin before he died. He had been separated from them for years, and as the penalties increased, the shillings and the shillings became intervals grew to pounds, he began to dream glad dreams of the day when he would actually set sail for the old country. His joy was near; for he had enough now for his steamer passage and lacking a few shillings for the expenses of the trip. In a few weeks he would be at home with old friends; he would sit at meat with old friends; he would see smiles of welcome on remembered faces; he would breathe an air of freedom; he would throw care aside, and for the first time in years he would have rest.

"In the day of shaking and thunder and darkness he learned that one thousand five hundred of the natives of the third of St. Vincent was a smoking desert, that thousands of survivors, some barely able to move or be moved, were retreating across the hills, a hungry, frightened army. Father Putz went to the bank, drew out every penny of his savings and placed the sum in the hands of the officials. 'Give this to the people who need,' said he.

"The ship that had so often taken him to Germany in his imagination slipped away in the night. The sun that should have risen among the lindens still rose above the palms. It was only the silent birds of the tropics that stirred the leaves, not the singing larks and lute-throated starlings. Instead of happy days, days of friendliness and cheer, the priest saw before him months of duty, months of hardships, years, perhaps a lifetime, of imprisonment in his exile, the final, cruel disappointment of his hope. But there was no repining, no complaint.

Labatt's (LONDON) Awarded Gold Medal at Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, N. Y.

UNDOUBTEDLY THE BEST OF BEVERAGES

C. CHASE C. CHASE C. CHASE That's the name that guarantees the best nursery stock. FORTY-FIVE YEARS is our record. We want a few more wide-awake travelers at once. Salary or commission. Write us if you want work. CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

Clear Healthy Skin. Wheat Marrow The better health that comes from eating that new Cereal Breakfast Food, "Wheat Marrow," sends the blood coursing through the veins and makes a clear, healthy skin and complexion. You feel fine "after" breakfast. Made only from the genuine portions of the choicest Winter Wheat. Send us your grocery name if he doesn't keep it and we'll see that you get a generous sample of it free. Wheat Marrow, Sold In...

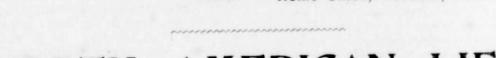
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By the aid of Life Insurance the struggle of life is greatly lessened, for by comparatively small annual payments a man can make his family CERTAIN of a much larger amount in the future.

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would, at the end of either 15 or 20 years, provide a young man with an annual income for life of 7 per cent on the face value of the bond. And whenever his death occurred, the full amount of the bond would be payable to his beneficiary. This form of policy, as well as protecting the family, makes a wise provision for old age. Full particulars and rate, at your age, upon request. Home Office, Toronto, Canada



NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

L. GOLDMAN, Secretary. JOHN L. BLAINE, President. WM. McCABE, Managing Director.

He went about his work with a smiling face. In the greater suffering of the people he forgot his own. His dreams had faded, the clouds had fallen, but a ray from heaven pierced the darkness on that day and lighted a halo on the head of Father Putz.

INFORMATION FOR A BAPTIST.

Freeman's Journal. A Mount Morris correspondent writes that the Rev. Mr. Gifford, D. D., a Baptist minister of Buffalo, recently preached a sermon at the dedication of the Baptist church in that village, in which he said that Catholics believe that God is nowhere except on the altar in the Catholic churches, and that this explains their large attendance at church on Sunday. He gave as authority Father Elliot, with whom he said he had a conversation on an Atlantic steamer. What have you to say about it?

We have to say that the Rev. Mr. Gifford talked like a very ignorant man, or a lunatic; and that in either capacity he misrepresented Father Elliot, who, if he sees this, will very likely call him to account. The minister paid a very poor compliment to the intelligence of his Mount Morris hearers when he thought to feed their credulity on that kind of stuff. It has always been a mystery to us what motive a man can have in scattering such misinformation. If the preacher had taken the trouble to read the little catechism which he sees this, will very likely call him to account. The minister paid a very poor compliment to the intelligence of his Mount Morris hearers when he thought to feed their credulity on that kind of stuff. It has always been a mystery to us what motive a man can have in scattering such misinformation. If the preacher had taken the trouble to read the little catechism which he sees this, will very likely call him to account. 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FATHER SHERMAN'S ADDRESS.

SPLENDID AND CONVINCING LECTURE ON THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST. Catholic Columbia. Rev. Thomas Sherman, S. J., one of the powerful orators of the Church, has been delivering a series of lectures in Indiana. One of his most eloquent efforts is on the divinity of Christ, some excerpts from which are herewith given.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER.

O Lord, Who knowest every need of mine, Help me to be true to Thee and to my neighbor; Grant me fresh courage every day, Help me to do my work as if for Thee, With gladness and contentment!

DIocese of London.

Clerical Conference. The clergy of the Diocese of London held their quarterly conference last week at Windsor, Feb. 17th, 18th and 19th.

ST. MARY'S HALL OPENED.

An exceedingly pretty wedding ceremony was solemnized at St. Mary's Hall, on Wednesday morning, Feb. 11th, when Thomas Green, of the late firm of Green & Co., and his daughter, Miss Margaret Kibler, Fletcher, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

SACRED CONCERT IN STRATHROY.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 19th, the beautiful choir of the Sacred Heart, Strathroy, gave a musical treat, accompanied by a lecture remarkable for its exactness of expression and instruction.

The Right Use of Crosses.

The greater our dread of crosses the more necessary they are for us. Be not cast down when the hand of God is heavy upon you. We must measure the greatness of our evils by the violence of the remedies that the Physician of souls thinks necessary for our cure.

not suffered? Weak, cowardly nature, be silent, look at the Master, and be ashamed to complain. Let thy love for Him reconcile thee to thy cross; then though thou shalt suffer, it will be willingly.—Fenelon.

MARRIAGES.

McQUAID DESMOND. A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized at St. John's Church, Toronto, on Feb. 10th, 1903, by Rev. Father Whelan, officiating.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. BENJAMIN HARRIS, BALTIMORE. Mrs. Eleanor Neale Harris, relict of the late Benjamin G. Harris, of Baltimore died in that city on Monday morning, Feb. 23rd, 1903.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON, Feb. 26.—Dairy Produce—Eggs, retail, 17 to 18c; eggs, crates, per dozen, 16 to 18c; butter, retail, 19 to 21c; butter, best cream, 18 to 20c; butter, creamery, 22 to 24c; honey, strained, per lb. 10 to 12c; honey, in comb, 12 to 15c.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. SUSAN M. DUTTON, TORONTO. On January the 18th ult. Mrs. Susan M. Dutton, wife of John J. Dutton died suddenly at her residence, No. 10 Catherine street, Toronto.

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THE NORDHEIMER PIANO. Is the result of over sixty years' experience in the piano business. In that time we have made a study of the world's greatest pianos, and in buying a Nordheimer you get the product of our experience. It will pay you to consult us before buying. (63 Years Established) 188 Dundas-st., LONDON 356 Talbot-st., S. THOMAS 36 Ouellette-ave., WINDSOR.

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CONSTIPATION. IS CAUSED BY INDIGESTION. K. D. C. CURE. Free Samples, N.S., & Boston, Mass.

TEACHERS WANTED. WANTED-A TEACHER FOR THE BALANCE OF THE YEAR, able to teach both English and French, and having at least a second class certificate for the English. For particulars address Rev. Father J. C. St. Armand, Pine Wood Rectory, 1259 St.

YOUNG MAN AND WIFE WANTED FOR small cattle farm and trading post. Only hunter need apply. Twenty-five dollars monthly, found. Address Box 165, Fort Fort-Louis, N.W.T.

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VOLUME XX. The Catholic. LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1903. WORTHY MODEL.

Bishop Healey says that to bring up a generation of intelligent Catholics is hardly any better way than to interest them in the Saints. Earnest fathers and mothers, wives and do their best children out of their best teach them also to read, Lives of the Saints the competition with the all of its regret and dep. It strikes us that needed by a great man Time was when the Live were familiar to Catho familiarity sweetened an and made things which a adys as irksome, if no very well-springs of con ness.

They dealt in real brought them to God vantage of; all else wa all that the world prais only as it helped them To spend every ener riches, or in striving name on the lips of the or in living years of realization of our desti tolly. They believed- got into the web and being—that they were saits, and the men had gone before the E serving to the Et vocation. Pain and m came to them as to us, deprive life of its bes ness. For the poor be the Redeemer and H were happy. Pain and be borne, but patient necessity through m that we are to enter God. They had to wor rounded by temptation ship with the saints against assault. The prayed each in its own dark. When passion dark they had the lig mentation to guide th keep them in touch w And if this is—as Christian—the main tainly a duty to devo that which can help With a generation wal of God we could

AN INCENTIVE NOBILITY. We may say that time and that men and womo fashioned whole nation eaisy influence amon vertion is meaningless of coward hearts. T attach little credence they hear so many of can understand, and a And so long as humili obedience are the exist—the weapons th in His warfare again shall life be no Results must always not see them, but little about that. We is that a real life occupied primarily the soul—is a source himself and to other beggar who is pur heart infuses new life The man who direct teachings of Christ true progress and a than armies or na and mothers who free from the ene the world—from i schemes that are b misdirected energy stive to freshen it with the spirit of the Cross, the nation.

We do not hear of newspapers who people who to all going to die. On tures that would m sit up and wonder, heroes declare th eternity for a sensi questions deali disquisitions as care toy. But let us this makes the dow and that the rows