

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1902

No. 1211

## The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, Jan. 4, 1902

### FREEMASONS.

The National Christian Association, in session at Brooklyn a few weeks ago, came down solid on Freemasonry. One of the speakers, a Presbyterian clergyman, asserted that it was worse than the lynching mobs of the South, and another described it as a breeder of lawlessness and anarchy. Some of course object to this denunciation, and just now the welkin is being disturbed by earnest protest.

Every Catholic knows why he is prohibited from joining the Freemasons. The Masons, as we are well aware, talk about the Supreme Architect of the Universe, whatever that may mean, of religion and of charity, but all this is merely to cajole the Catholics who are willing to sacrifice their faith for business or social interests into throwing in their lot with them.

Here in Canada the Mason is, from what we can discover, a hide-bound politician. Also he is a bit of a humbug. He styles himself a Mason, though he may be a boot-maker; and a venerable prelate or worshipful master may be arrayed in splendor whilst inciting some unscrupulous mortal, and the next day in humble disguise dishing out sugar at so much per pound. All this, however, is a matter of taste.

He prides himself on his freedom, though bound by an iron-clad oath or pledge, and takes infinite pleasure in learning the tomfoolery of grip and password. He is charitable, but to those only who belong to the lodge. He is liberal, though we have heard somewhat to the contrary. In matters of religion he is a model of tolerance, though most of us concede the privilege of admitting that contradictories can both be right to lunatics only. And first, last and all the time the Mason in our parts is out for the spoils. He has a Ritual, and one gets a glimpse on gala days of gorgeous regalia and oriental-looking symbols, but the shining and ever-visible sign of his existence is his insatiable appetite for governmental pap. The Grand Master, in apron and with wand of office, is a picture of benevolence, but on official business he is a terror to some politicians. His fiat is unquestioned. And the good brethren who cover up their tracks by blind and cowardly promises are his obedient and diligent henchmen.

### A POINTER.

The question of Freemasonry is a closed one to a Catholic. He cannot affiliate himself with it without depriving himself of the sacraments and the right to a Christian burial. With regard to other organizations not approved of by the Church we submit the following words of Bishop Chatelet: "If a Catholic be inclined or asked to join a society on which the Church has passed no sentence, then let him as a reasonable and a Christian man examine into it carefully and not join the society until he is satisfied as to its lawful character. There is one characteristic which is always a strong presumption against a society, and that is secrecy. Our Divine Lord Himself has laid down the rule: 'Every one that doth evil hateth the light, and cometh not to the light, that his works may not be reproved. But he that doth truth cometh to the light that his works may be made manifest because they are done in God.'" When, therefore, associations veil themselves in secrecy and darkness the presumption is against them, and it rests with them to prove that there is nothing evil in them.

But if any society's obligation be such as to bind its members to secrecy even when rightly questioned by competent authority, then such a society puts itself outside the limits of approval; and no one can be a member of it and at the same time be admitted to the sacraments of the Catholic Church. The same is true of any organization that binds its members to a promise of blind obedience, because such a promise is contrary both to reason and to conscience, and of a society plotting or working against the Church or against lawful authorities.

### CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

Most of us who have heard congregational singing will admit that it is more soul-inspiring and devotional than that of the ordinary choir. It may be lacking in technique and artistic rendering and a good many more things which musical people lay great store by, but

it comes from the heart and to us seems like a veritable prayer. At all events it shuts out the gifted soprano and tenors and thereby an increase of vanity and distraction on the part of the worshippers. It must be remembered that congregational singing is not by any means anything new in the Church. But just as some of us, with an imperfect knowledge of history, acclaimed the admission of women into our universities and heard with joy and admiration the comments of Protestants at what they considered our new departure, so also a few are for the same reason inclined to look upon congregational singing as an innovation. However, this, as other practices, was an honor in the ages long past when many were accustomed to recite the breviary every day and to commit to memory the solemn proses and venerable hymns of the liturgy. This, by the way, is not common in our days. The most many pastors can do is to get their flocks to come to Mass, and then oftentimes we have what a contemporary calls a lot of key-hole Catholics, who take their religion at long range. Even they who aspire to be devout would not rank high, according to ancient standards. They are pious, surely hidden saints if you like, though one is tempted sometimes to think that their piety is somewhat like the garment described by Artemus Ward as much lace and little shirt.

But to return, according to Digby, St. Caesarius of Arles compelled the laity to join with the religious in singing in the church the divine office, the psalms and hymns, the proses and antiphons; and in the second Council of Vaison he entreated the people to assemble in the church at matutinal vigils, tierce, sext and none. The English Fathers of the Council of Cloveshoe, in the eighth century, required the faithful laity to assist at the divine psalmody in the church at the consecration of the church of St. Mary at Fereninum in 1191. The office began in the evening, at which assisted a great multitude of laics. The people remained without the church during the night, watching the relics, which were under illuminated tents, and singing "haec est vera fraternitas." By several councils in the time of Charlemagne it was decreed that a laic in the church should repeat the psalms and responses but not the alleluia. Kenelm Digby gives further information on this subject.

### NOTE AND COMMENT.

A short time ago we noticed in an editorial effusion in one of the daily prints the statement: "Louis XIV. once said that he was the State." According to competent historians Louis XIV. said nothing of the kind. It is merely a historical figment, one of the many that have done duty in school book recitations and essays and that linger yet in the minds of some quill drivers. But everything is grist to the political mill, and some Canadian journals scruple at nothing in order to score a point over a political opponent.

It is amusing to watch the loyalty antics of some of our editors. It is really too utter. Now and then when we happen upon an exquisite bit of bathos we would fain ask the writers, as Titania did Bottom:

"I pray thee gentle mortal, sing again, Mine ear is enamored of thy note." They are loyal of course, but judging from the quantity and vehemence of their patriotic declarations, they must imagine the Empire will go to smash if they desert for a moment. But the lady doth protest too much, methinks. And we cannot help thinking that, considering that their outbursts are usually coupled with denunciations of some other fellow, they rely on the proverb: "Give a dog a bad name and hang him."

The report of the Methodist Bishop McCabe concerning his last visit to Mexico is extremely moderate in tone for that gentleman. We surmise that he must have a high idea of the gallibility of his brethren, or otherwise some statements in this report would have undergone considerable modification. For we don't believe he is as absurd as he would have us imagine. So we presume it is a bit of literature for circulation among Methodists who have money to waste on Mexicans who are blighted only to those who rely on imaginary fairy tales for information. For instance, the Bishop tells us of a Mexican who, having heard the reading of the Bible, knew at once that it was the word of God. He grasped the fact of its inspiration, un-

derstood and believed it, instantaneously. A very intuitive individual, indeed, and rather in advance of the cunctious Quon Candace, who requested the deacon Phillip to show him the meaning of the words of Isaiah. Bishop McCabe's find should be patented and sent around to enlighten the higher critics and creed revisers.

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

(Continued.)

McCracken—"The term 'expression,' as applied to the universe, including man, does not clash with the word 'pression.' God is mind. The term 'expression' is equivalent to idea, and does not attempt to describe, or specify, the manner in which God did His work. It sets forth an accomplished fact—that the whole creation, as it really is—spiritual and non-material—expresses God. The universe, including man, cannot express any other creator, for there is none other; nor is this statement in the least pantheistic, for pantheism implies that God is in matter, whereas Christian Science affirms that matter is a false concept of mortal mind, and that, therefore, God cannot possibly be in matter."

Comment—"We must consider this paragraph proposition by proposition. The term 'expression,' as applied to the universe, has a meaning that is perfectly consistent with Christian thought and teaching. As, for instance, when it is taken in the sense of a showing forth or manifestation of the creative power of God; that is, His power to bring forth—not from Himself, but from nothing—this universe. Or, to put it in another form, His power to externalize His eternal idea of the universe, and by His creative act cause that idea to exist in time and space as a real being, distinct from Himself, so that there is no longer only one Being, as before the creative act, but two beings—the Creator and the creature; the latter expressing or manifesting the former as an effect or process or points to its cause. If by 'expression,' as applied to the universe, you mean such showing forth, or manifestation of God's infinite power, we agree with you, because in this sense it does not exclude, but implies, the creative act.

But we had reason, or thought we had, to believe that this was not the sense you intended to convey by the term 'expression' when you called the universe an expression of God. And from what you say in your present letter we still think we have reason for our belief. You say: "If Spirit is really infinite, it excludes any other spirit or spirits." By "Spirit," you mean with a capital, you mean—if we understand you correctly—that Infinite Spirit whom Christians call God, the Creator; and by spirits, spelled with a small letter, you mean any spirits other than the Infinite One. By "excludes" you mean the impossibility of co-existence; so that, the Infinite Spirit existing, other spirits do not and cannot exist. You also deny the existence of the material universe. Now, since you deny all spiritual existences or intelligences except the Infinite Spirit, or God, and deny the existence of the material universe, you deny creation in the Christian sense of that term. And, consequently, we believed, and still believe, that by the term "expression," you meant some sort of evolution of the Infinite Spirit, some sort of expression or manifestation of Himself to Himself, or in your philosophy there is no other being to manifest Himself to—the creative act, and remaining eternally only a form of the Divine Mind, as the ideas of a man's mind, uttered by itself, and only to itself, remain mere mental forms, having no real, external existence distinct from the mind possessing them.

As you deny the existence of all spirits except the Infinite Spirit, and deny the existence of the material world also, there remains nothing in existence but the Infinite Spirit; hence, you say, by the term "expression" you mean only some form, state or change of this Spirit Himself. The term "expression," then, in your sense, clashes with creation; it goes farther, and denies creation, leaving nothing but subjective change, development or evolution of the Infinite Being. This is pantheism pure and simple. You may not intend this, but it is the inevitable conclusion from your Christian Science principles.

You confirm this conclusion when you say in your Metropolitan Magazine article: "The only real universe is mental. Things are thoughts." That is thoughts in the mind of God. If things are nothing more than thoughts, existing only in the Divine Mind, then things—this universe—is eternal, for God's thoughts are eternal and unchangeable. Consequently, there never has been a creation; for, had there been, there would be something more than thoughts. There would be thoughts plus their realization in time and space by the creative act. You see, then, that when you deny the existence of everything but thought, you deny creation. It will not do to say that God created His thoughts for that would necessarily imply that He had to do something—create—before He could think—a supposition too absurd for a sane mind. To say, therefore, that only divine thoughts exist is to deny creation and fall into pantheism. While you hold such views you should eliminate the term "creation" from your Christian Science vocabulary; it has no place there whatever.

In contrast with this is Christian philosophy, which teaches that from all eternity the archetypes, patterns or exemplars of all things that have real, substantial existence, were in the divine mind, as the plan of a yet unborn palace is in the mind of the architect, and that by the creative act, of Divine Omnipotence copies or replicas of these eternal archetypes were brought from nothing into real being, separate and distinct from their Creator. Here it will be seen that the creative act is the mark of distinction between Christian teaching and pantheism in all its forms, including Christian Science as one of its forms.

McCracken—"God is Mind." Comment—"This proposition looks passable at first sight. But, measured carefully by the principles of logic, it denies the real existence of God. The word mind, used here without the article or the, is universal, and is the exact equivalent of 'mentality.' Now, mentality, or mind without the article, being a universal, is an abstraction, having no real existence unless it is actualized, as an attribute or quality, in some real being. To say, then, that God is mind or mentality is to say that He is an abstraction, not a real being, but a universal attribute, without anything in which to exist. Had you said God is a mind, or one mind, or the Infinite Mind, you would have been correct, but unchristian scientific. This is laying your basis for the denial of the real, objective existence of all other minds—finite intelligences—you have denied the real existence of God; and, with Him, all other existences, and the universe is not even a thought or an idea.

McCracken—"The term 'expression' is equivalent to idea." Comment—"They are as different as chalk is from cheese; as different as the name Theodore Roosevelt is from the man who bears it, as different as the label on a medicine bottle is from the contents of the bottle. An expression may announce or advertise an idea, just as the label announces, correctly or incorrectly, the contents of the bottle. But this does not make the label and the medicine equivalents; nor does it make the label or expression of an idea the equivalent of the idea. Your proposition shows how impossible it is for you to make a simple statement without contradicting your principles. For, as you deny the existence of all else but thought, you deny the existence of expressions; and, as they can, in your philosophy, have no existence, they cannot be equivalent to thoughts or ideas which have existence.

You deny our charge of pantheism, and say: "Pantheism implies that God is in matter, whereas Christian Science affirms that matter is a false concept of mortal mind, and that, therefore, God cannot possibly be in matter."

Comment—"You err as to pantheism. The very essence of pantheism is the denial of the creative act; every denial of that act is pantheism. Those who hold to thatism may differ in their theories and explanations of the phenomena of the universe, of which we are all conscious, but they find their point of unity in the denial of the creative act—the essence of their creed. They do not say that God is in matter, but that all that is, is God; that all the phenomena of which we are conscious are but the visible unfolding or evolution of the divine nature, as the rose unfolds itself, all unconscious of what it does; and that universe, as seen by us, is but to the ocean, whose waves and bubbles rise and fall back into it, never ceasing in all their changes to be a part of it. Pantheism looks on the universe and all its changes—including thought—as phases or forms of the Divine Being, evolving and evolving or unfolding, by a fatal necessity. The only difference we can discover between this pantheistic philosophy and that of Christian Science is that the latter treats the universe as a delusion and confines the endless evolution to thoughts or ideas.

Some one has sent us a pamphlet containing a lecture by Frederick W. Peabody, a member of the Boston Bar. It is entitled, "A complete Exposé of Pantheism or Christian Science and the Plain Truth in Plain Words Regarding Mary Baker G. Eddy, Founder of Christian Science." The lecturer does not deal to any extent with the doctrines of the new sect, but confines himself almost exclusively to a personal account of its founder, her life, character and methods, of business, the impression of which leaves on the mind is very unfavorable to the founder of Christian Science. The main thesis of the lecture is that Mrs. Eddy is a shrewd, cunning, unprincipled adventurer, who has used her profound knowledge of the credulity and gullibility of mankind to amass a large fortune; and that she is the ablest and most successful fraud of modern times.

We are dealing with the false principles of this new sect, and therefore confine ourselves to showing the fallacy and absurdity of those principles, and their contradictions one with another. Following this line, we have nothing to do with personalities; and, so far as our present purpose goes, we care not whether the founder is or has been a saint or a sinner. If, however, she is as bad as the member of the Boston Bar represents her to be, her followers have very little grounds on which to defend her claims to divine inspiration. —New York Freeman's Journal.

Persons who are virtuous inevitably tend through self-denial to positive suffering, just as the vicious tend through self-indulgence to the gratification of all the passions of the body.

### INQUIRY CLASS AT ASSUMPTION.

Non-athletic Misses Enter Upon the Really Critical Stage.

Philadelphia, Catholic Standard and Times. On Sunday evening last the mission to non-Catholics at the Church of the Assumption was brought to a close as far as the public lectures were concerned. The work, however, did not end then, but merely entered upon an equally important if less evident phase. During the present week Rev. Thomas F. Bruce, C. S. P., the lecturer, has been conducting a class of inquiry. He will probably leave the city on Saturday night, entrusting those who yet need and desire instruction to the parish clergy or to the priests in the neighborhood of the seeker after truth.

The class of inquiry began with an attendance of about forty members, and at least one-half of these already expressed a desire to unite with the one fold of the One Shepherd. One young man who attended the class was a fallen-away Catholic, who evidently came primed to puzzle the missionary, but who merely became an object lesson to the others of how little most people know of the Scriptures when pitted against the priesthood. The question-ers are, as a rule, ready to accept most of the doctrines of the Church which are disputed by the sects, but frequently desire an explanation of some particular point which gives them difficulty. The doctrine of indulgences has been so persistently misrepresented that it takes some time for them to see hold a view like unto it when they apply the merits of Christ to the souls of all, with this difference, however, that the Catholic has to do some good work in order to gain the indulgences, and must also be in the state of grace. Attrition and contrition seem to trouble others, even more so than confession. One man says he believes all the doctrines of the Church that he has heard expounded except transubstantiation, and is willing to become a Catholic if he can do so without assenting to this. The practice in one of the Protestant denominations makes this seem a reasonable request to him, no doubt, but the Church, like its Founder, will let those who will not accept this truth walk no longer with her (John vi).

During the week four hundred copies of "Plain Facts" were distributed to non-Catholics applying for them; also two thousand four hundred tracts, that of Sunday evening being "What Catholics Do Not Believe." One young man who heard only the last lecture came to Father Burke afterwards and thanked him, saying that he had given him food for thought.

A ROGUE'S "IRISH CATHOLIC." The minister who was there early in the week came again on Friday night a few minutes before the opening and handed the usher a set of fifteen questions he wanted answered that night. When Father Burke said he could not reply to them before Sunday night, when he did so. The minister has, it would seem, already been converted not in religion, but in nationality, since he signed his list "An Irish Catholic."

Of course, no Catholic, Irish or otherwise, would ask the questions he asked, so that the "non de plume" would fool the minister of ordinary intelligence, even had the minister not handed it in himself instead of dropping it in the box and giving it some chance to lose its identity.

The masquerading questioner intimated that St. James was the primate of the Apostles, and not St. Peter. The Scriptural testimony, with at least seventy-two texts showing St. Peter to be first, gave a wide field for reply, and he was given nine of these points. It perhaps never occurred to the questioner that if St. James was the primate it would prove the existence of the primacy and that his injunction of appointing the sick with oil was not carried out by those claiming that he is primate. In his efforts to prove an Anglican Church previous to St. Augustine's landing in England, this English "Irish Catholic" made Pope Leo send the apostle of the English instead of Pope Gregory, and asked if the saint did not find a perfect Catholic Church there.

Question number five in fifteen was, "Did not the Pope in freeing Napoleon from Josephine violate the law of marriage as given by our Lord Jesus Christ?" In replying to this question, as well as to many others which were mainly historical and not Scriptural and which began usually with false promises, the lecturer said he would in all kindness recommend the questioner to study history, both ancient and modern, though he answered them briefly as to the facts.

WHY I AM A CATHOLIC. The lecture of Sunday night was entitled, "Why I Am a Catholic."

He said in part that some of his hearers, perhaps most of them, considered the Catholic Church in regard to her exterior alone. What strikes you most forcibly is the outward appearance of this vast society or the influence exercised by her in social and civil life. Her sacred edifices, her significant ritual and devotional liturgy, the part the Church plays in the destinies of the civilized world, the great army of men and women spreading throughout the earth and yet linked together by a bond of faith which disregards language and clime, all professing the same doctrines, all united under one head; this body existing throughout the centuries despite the changes of the powers and the nations about it, the calamities of perverted history, the immoralities of some of its members, the intrigues of some of its high officials, the persecutions of the sword—the pen, of the tongue and of the sword—

all this makes you and all men wonder and admire. You see in her an immense and mighty institution of the world. But, viewed in all these lights, her true character is still hidden from you, still invisible, and will remain so until you consider carefully what is her most fundamental work.

Here the speaker said the object of the Church is the union of the human with the Divine, Christ in love appointed the Church the help and assistant of man in this direction. In reality this is the ultimate reason given by every Catholic for his faith. Whatever may be the initiatory movement which led him into the Church, or, if he has always been numbered with her children, whatever may be the most attractive feature for him within this vast society—her authority, her stability, her art, her music, her charity, her civilizing influence, her moral power, her opposition to tyranny, her defense of justice, her characteristic unity, in all and in each of which he sees reflected the Divine Exemplar; whether drawn by her painting, as Overbeck; by her architecture, as Pugin; by her philosophy, as Brownson, Ward or Hecker; by her conservatism, as the Spanish nobleman, Donoso Cortes; by her liberty, as Frederiek Ozanam; by the study of her history and the whatever motive of the immense variety that could be named, every Catholic, when asked the one foundation for his belief, will answer according to the dictates of conscience, "I am Catholic because the Church was instituted to bring my soul into union with God."

Reference was made to the sacramental life of the Church; the growth of unbelief in our land and the necessity of Christians uniting to check it. This can only be done by preaching certainty, not doubt. The light will be given to all who pray sincerely that they may know the will of Christ, and that knowing it, they may follow it. Your prayers will be answered and then also will be realized the petition of our Saviour, who, after praying for His disciples, added that "not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me; that they may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us."

### EFFECTS OF MALICIOUS MISREPRESENTATION.

From "Our True Position" by Rev. John F. Mooney, in December Donator's.

Not only have the affections and religious feelings been alienated and poisoned by misrepresentation as we have seen, but history, literature and education have been distorted for the same purpose. Since the so-called reformation of the sixteenth century, history has been a conspiracy against truth, and especially English history. No nation was ever as guilty as the English nation in its wholesale and systematic distortion of facts, for the purpose of creating prejudice against Catholics. For upwards of three hundred years the English nation has aided in this disreputable work, and during most of this time the maligned Catholic has not been afforded an opportunity of refuting the falsehoods uttered against himself and his Church. The English historians wrote their histories apparently for the sole object of creating prejudice in the minds of the non-Catholic world. Even to-day at the opening of the twentieth century, these shameful misrepresentations of historical facts, which have been handed down and perpetuated by a Burnet, a Robertson, a Gibbons, a Macaulay, a Hume, and a Frode, are received by the non-Catholic world as authentic statements, because no counter statements could be made by Catholics till within the past few years.

### THE SIN OF SPITE.

Many of us who call ourselves Christians are unworthy of the name. Against our own brothers and sisters of the faith we treasure up deadly hatreds or petty spite for the slightest offenses. We gibberly rattle off in our morning prayers, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," utterly unmindful of the sublime meaning of these words which Christ Himself has taught us. These words have a meaning and a purpose. They are not a mere formula. They are distinct with the very essence of Christianity. They express the condition on which we hope for pardon from the Father who is in heaven, for our own innumerable offenses. If we could only see what lies beneath these words, would we be so unforgetting of our neighbors and friends for their trivial offenses against us?

### The Irishman and the Question Box.

From the Missionary. The question box is very often a seven days' wonder to many of the old folks in country parishes who have been accustomed to the routine ways. Their ideas of Church service never contemplated the presence of Protestants, and when the latter come in large numbers, as they do at non-Catholic missions, and are put into the most prominent seats, and are accorded the privilege of asking Catholic doctrine through the question box, verily the old folk think they have fallen on strange times. One good old Irishman, typical of the class of heroes who "had the faith," came in to the pastor one morning and wanted to know why he allowed the Protestants to come into the church and "to be trying to stick the church and 'to be meaning the missionary." "Never mind, Father," he continued in a consoling way, "he is able for them."

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER XLII.

The storm brought Rentonville into great prominence; reporters of the various city papers flocked to the place like so many vultures, and nothing that had happened on that eventful night but found itself, not alone in print, but in print accompanied by glaring illustrations. Every scene of pain was described, and reproduced in photograph—a column was written about the Onotomah Club reception and interviews with many of the members were graphically reported—startling paragraphs relative to the death of the rescued man in Miss Burrum's carriage-house were given, and equally startling surmises as to his identity, the reporter, in that instance, being young and imaginative.

The Rentonville people themselves, especially those whose property had suffered to any degree, as well as those who had been so sorely afflicted at the reception, were in too great a state of excitement either to resent, or even to notice very much the audacious mendacity of many of the published accounts. A number of the ladies who had attended the reception were suffering either from heavy colds, caught by their exposure to the storm, or from shock resulting from their fright, most of them being confined to bed, and altogether a good part of Rentonville felt very miserable.

Mrs. Godding, suffering from both cold and shock, was, of course, confined to her bed, and she moaned and complained that it was all owing to Miss Burrum, and when Rose, so hoarse herself from the exposure, she could hardly speak, asked how in the world Miss Burrum could be responsible for the storm, her mother answered pettishly: "Don't talk to me! Miss Burrum is an unlucky woman who has anything to do with, that's all."

Rose was forced to be silent. Her father also seemed to be very much out of sorts, and not at all disposed to talk of anything pertaining to the reception. The only one who appeared to have kept his sanity was her brother, he accepted the situation very philosophically, but he could not refrain from saying laughingly, that he hardly blamed his mother for feeling as she did about Miss Burrum. Still, his sympathies, and his curiosity to be aroused, when he heard, as all Rentonville heard, when he heard through the gossip of Sarah, but the accounts given by some of the other eye-witnesses, of the death in the carriage-house which had so affected "Miss Rachel."

Rose was for calling upon Miss Burrum at once, especially when she heard that her charge was sick in bed, and that the dead man had been taken to Miss Burrum's house, where, as Sarah expressed it, "he was laid out in the parlor, with the door locked upon him awaiting his funeral."

But Will shook his head at his sister's suggestion. "Your visit, now," he said, "might be deemed an intrusion upon some desired privacy which Miss Burrum would resent; better wait. And Rose, talking counsel with Herrie, waited.

An undertaker from the city arrived the dead man in his habiliments for the grave, and the physician from the city came upon the heels of the two, and failing to get the information they craved, made articles anyhow, with flaming headings, and hideous pen pictures of Sarah, as she appeared while answering their questions. One unwoman of the bell brought her face to face with Herrie.

"Ah, Sarah!" he said, so blandly, that, as she thought to herself it seemed as if his words were rolled in oil, "my visit is to you; I would not disturb your mistress in this her affliction, for the world, but it is for her sake that I come; to put you on your guard, Sarah, against the city reporters. They have been to me, but I have refused absolutely to see them; they have been also to Mr. Notner and Mr. Godding, and, strange to say, I understand these gentlemen have given them interviews. Now, Sarah, I hope you have not given them any information, but I wanted to find out, I am told, all of Miss Burrum's movements from the time she left here for that reception, till she was seen in the carriage-house at the death of—umph!" the pause was designed to impress upon Sarah the fact that he, Herrie, had some knowledge of the dead man's identity.

"There were no movements about it," answered Sarah, both mystified and somewhat scared by Herrie's manner, "she only went in the carriage with Mr. Godding, Miss Godding's father, to the reception, and I didn't see no more of her till she and Miss Rachel and Mr. Notner came into the carriage-house."

"You mean to say, Sarah, she went in the carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Godding?"

"No, I don't; she just went with Mr. Godding; Mrs. Godding and her son went in another carriage."

"And Miss Rachel—is it true, Sarah, that she fainted when this man died?"

"Yes; she fainted, and Mr. Notner, he carried her in his arms here to the house, and he brought her upstairs and laid her on a bed in one of the guest rooms?"

"And then, Sarah?"

"And then, Mr. Herrie," feeling that she must answer him or face unpleasant consequences for herself, "he went away, and Miss Burrum and me, we brought Miss Rachel to, after awhile, and got her properly in bed."

"That was the day before yesterday; how many times has Mr. Notner been here since?"

going to do you any harm, and you are a good woman to have your mistress's affairs so much at heart—some day she shall know all about it. Now, about the funeral of this stranger, Sarah; of course, your mistress may not have told you her arrangements, but no doubt you know them from your ability to peer through keyholes, and to listen outside of doors; so, the funeral, Sarah, tell me about that."

She feared him now with a mortal terror, and she tremblingly told, what in this instance she had not heard surreptitiously, but openly—her mistress having spoken to the undertaker in her presence—the stranger was to be buried the next day in the G—Cemetery.

"Thank you, Sarah," and Herrie, bland and satisfied, took his departure. The next day Mr. Godding, opening the city daily paper which every morning lay at his plate, found his own name at the head of an article referring to the recent storm at Rentonville; not only his own name at the head, but also at the end of an alleged interview with him pertaining to Miss Burrum. He read with distended eyes, exploding some remark every few moments that brought a chorus of questions from his wife, who on that morning had left her room for the first time since the ill-fated reception, and from his son and daughter, but which he did not pause to take time to answer. When he had finished the article his face was red to bursting, and he fairly sputtered, as he threw the paper to his son:

"Read, and see what your sister has done for by compelling me to make the acquaintance of that woman."

Young Godding read aloud: "Mr. William Godding, Sr., Champions Miss Burrum. An interview with him throws light on some of the mystery surrounding that eccentric lady."

"Mr. William Godding, an estimable gentleman of Rentonville, in an interview with a reporter made some very frank statements about his friend, Miss Burrum. He had the exclusive honor of escorting her in his own private carriage to the reception of the Onotomah Club, his wife and daughter following in other carriages, and he testifies in glowing terms to the remarkable coolness shown by the lady in the midst of the storm—a coolness all the greater when in her own carriage-house she was brought face to face with a dying man whose identity she knew, but did not wish to disclose. It is the opinion of Mr. Godding that the dying man was well and intimately known to his friend, and that disclosure will be made later which shall electrify all Rentonville. In fact, Mr. Godding's precise words were:

"Miss Burrum, from being the inseparable mystery she has been, must become the best known and the most perfectly understood person in Rentonville."

The young man could hardly finish for laughing—the statements about his honest, straightforward father were so absurd, and his father's anger, now at white heat, was so amusing; but Mrs. Godding was in tears:

"See what you have done," she said, returning to her dismayed daughter, "forcing us to become acquainted with that awful woman, and now, what comes of it?"

Rose was in tears also, seeing which, her brother tried to cheer the gloom of the situation by suggesting to his father to send a card to the paper denying the untrue statements.

"It won't do any good," blustered Mr. Godding, "it won't prevent people seeing that article to-day, and what they think of me?"

He left the table without touching his breakfast, and a moment later they heard him stamping about in his own room like an enraged bull.

Poor Rose was so discomfited and even crushed by the calamitous manner in which all of her plans pertaining to the reception had miscarried, that she had not spirit enough to inquire about the funeral that went from Miss Burrum's door.

It was a singular funeral enough—a stately hearse with nodding plumes and hand-drawn horses followed by one carriage—Miss Burrum's own, in which she alone sat.

Rachel had not moved from the bed in which she was placed on that awful night; nor had she spoken—she seemed to understand what was said about her, but that was all. The physician said it was the severity of a shock from which she suffered; and that her youth and strength would carry her through, only she must have absolute quiet.

Thus, no reference was made in her presence to anything save her necessities, and if she knew, if she remembered what had happened, she gave no sign. Indeed, at times she lay so still, her eyes staring straight before her in an unseeing kind of way, that Miss Burrum, who divided with Sarah the care of her, used to hang above her pillow in a kind of fear lest she had gone to join Tom's Samsons, when her face became an involuntary agony, she called softly, and "Rachel," in response, turned her eyes to the speaker, the strange, unseeing expression giving place for a moment to a look that made Miss Burrum shiver; it was so like the look "Tom" gave as he went down to death with her face before him.

The guest chamber in which Rachel lay was in a part of the house whence the windows looked on the funeral carriage and Sarah, installed in the chamber till Miss Burrum should return, watched the hearse and the solitary carriage go down the road to the great gate, her tears flowing all the time. "It is so lonesome," she said to herself, "he buried that way, and Miss Rachel, that loved him, lying the way she lies."

Another carriage followed the funeral from Rentonville—a carriage that kept in the distance, and from which its solitary occupant did not alight till the dead had been deposited, and Miss Burrum had driven rapidly away. Then Herrie came forward, surveying with a complacent smile Miss Burrum's burial vault.

There were two graves beside the one just made, and the whole was surrounded by a simple iron railing. No monument marked the place, but on the four posts of the railing was cut in the stone the name Burrum. The next day the Rentonville Times had in full the article of the city paper which had excited Mr. Godding's choler, and also a two-columned article of its own wherein a full description of the funeral, and even of the burial plot, was given; also an account of the strange illness of Miss Burrum's charge, beginning with the room in which she was carried to the house by Notner, and covertly insinuating that that gentleman was connected with the mysterious and possibly undesirable events that were happening under the eyes of Rentonville.

Notner answered the attack with a vigorous announcement of the writer, whoever he might be, and a scathing rebuke to the vicious imagination which could devise such malicious attacks upon the private life of a lady. His answer also contained an utter scolding of the interview reported with Mr. Godding, and an eulogium upon that gentleman's character, from which the writer of the interview referred to was earnestly desired to draw a salutary lesson. All of which the Times refused to publish, but which duly appeared in double-leaded type on the front page of the other Rentonville paper.

Mr. Godding, Sr., saw it, and it had the happy effect of restoring him to his usual state of mind, while it raised Mr. Notner several degrees in his estimation. In his immense satisfaction he read it aloud for his family, and Mrs. Godding instantly recovered her serenity, and she declared that Mr. Notner was "a lovely man."

A public benefactor, I call him," said Herrie, looking on at his sister with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes; she was smiling, the first smile she had worn since the fatal night, and in secret she quite agreed with her mother that Mr. Notner was "a lovely man."

CHAPTER XLIII.

The vessel that had gone to pieces on the beach in front of Miss Burrum's door was built by the Norah Melton, a clipper-built ship sailing from Bombay with a cargo of Indian drugs, bamboo, and spices, and bound for New York; she had left Bombay early in May, being due in New York some time about the middle of August, and she had been manned by five sailors beside the captain. She carried no passengers. The captain's name was given as Ringwort. Thus much information the newspapers ascertained and duly published.

Herrie set himself to work to get the names of the sailors who must have perished. He put himself in direct communication with the authorities at Bombay, but only to find that nothing more than the vessel's name and tonnage and the name of the captain had been registered there. The vessel had come to Bombay from Cairo to Africa. To Cairo Herrie wrote, but only to receive in reply that a recent fire had destroyed many of the shipping records, among them presumably that of the "Norah Melton."

Disappointed, but not discouraged, he suddenly thought of writing to Mrs. Hubrey an account of the strange occurrence on the night of the storm, and enclosing copies of the paper in which such full accounts had been published. Rachel was able at length to sit up. She looked a very ghost of her former self, she was so white and thin; but it was the peculiar expression of her eyes that gave Miss Burrum the most anxiety—it was so piercingly intense, as if the soul behind it was frantically striving for something which constantly eluded her, and she spoke so little—never unless she was spoken to, when she answered in a low tone that had a pitiful gentleness about it. Miss Burrum wondered what Rachel was thinking of during her perpetual silence—was it always of Tom? Tom, the memory of whose last look would never leave her own thoughts more. She had become her old, cold, grim, repellent self again except to Rachel. To Rachel, when she spoke, her voice was so changed and soft, that Sarah, hearing it, often started, and she was obliged to assure herself that it was her mistress who spoke.

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in the hall, almost as soon as Sarah admitted him. She bowed in her cold way and motioned him to precede her up the flight of stairs that led to the room where Rachel was. At the head of the stairs he paused, allowing her the lead to the door of the apartment. Then, with her hand on the knob, she turned and spoke for the first time: "There is a young soul within that is in need of some ministrations. I thought of you because she heard you preach once in your own church on a Christmas Day. I do not know if she has any religion, and I have not sent for you to give her yours. I ask you alone to use the influence which men of your cloth are said to have with suffering hearts; she is young, and she is innocent; she will be susceptible—rouse her from her grief, and I will be glad to comfort her, and while she sobbed with heart-breaking abandon as he described everything pertaining to the rescue, it was an outflow of grief that did much to restore her to her normal health and strength. He told her also of the funeral, the burial in the cemetery with Miss Burrum's dead, and Rachel, feeling that to be a part of the kindly change in Miss Burrum's conduct to herself, was conscious that the feeling so akin to affection which she had experienced that morning, was becoming greater—greater because Miss Burrum had been kind in a measure to Tom, having taken his dead body to her own house, and having buried him with her. As she never occurred to her as it had occurred to nearly every one else in Rentonville, that Miss Burrum had private reasons of her own for giving "Tom" decent burial; and between her sobs she told of the comfort Father Hammond had given her—the hereafter in which he told her she might hope to meet Tom if she lived a good life here, and if she tried to bear patiently her great sorrow now—that Tom himself might even know more surely than he could know when he was alive and absent from her, the efforts she made to be good as she had promised him to be, and that he would be happy accordingly. She lingered in the telling of all that, showing how deep an impression the clergyman's words had made, and how they were shaping her thoughts and feelings.

"And sometimes, Jim," lowering her voice so that he had to stoop to hear, "since Father Hammond told me all that, it seems as if Tom were beside me for a moment—I can't tell you what makes me think so, but I feel it, I feel it."

She was silent after that, and Hardman was silent also; then suddenly she straightened up in her chair and leaned towards him. "Jim, I feel that he knows you tried to save him; oh, Jim! Jim!" before he could resist, before he was aware of what she intended to do, she had caught one of his hand, knobby hands between her own white slender ones, and she was pressing it to her lips.

He drew it away, stammering: "Oh, Miss Rachel, don't thank me so much—I didn't do anything but what was my duty to do."

Miss Burrum returning, found her charge much better than when she had left her; there was a different smile upon her lips even though the traces of her tears and her white slender ones, and she was pressing it to her lips.

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FIFTY YEARS IN THE CHURCH.

What the Gift of Faith Brought to One Convert.

Catholic Christian.

Winchester, Mass., Christmas, 1901.

This is the third time that I am addressing you in a public, formal manner, on the important subject indicated by the heading of this letter. First, it was "thirty years," then "forty years," which you kindly published in tract form. Now, by the great mercy and goodness of Almighty God, it is "fifty years" in the Church, because the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, the anniversary of my reception into the Church fifty years ago, is now near at hand. I am not ambitious of notoriety; I am a very humble member of the community. But after fifty years' blessed experience in the Church I am so thoroughly convinced of and so deeply impressed with the absolute truth and transcendent importance of the Catholic religion that I cannot resist the impulse to make one more appeal to my old friends, if, perchance, there should be any living, and to give my public and emphatic testimony for the benefit especially of any honest seekers after truth who may honor me with a perusal of this letter and who may be hesitating as to whether they should, or can safely join the Catholic Church.

I have occasion to know that there always are a number of persons who have been led by favorable circumstances to a more or less intimate acquaintance with the Church and are strongly inclined in that direction, but who, through lingering influence of the old Protestant prejudice, are for the want of personal experience, are led to hesitate about taking a decided step. They are also influenced by a vague and undefined dread lest if they should commit themselves, they might be disappointed and find that the Church was not what it claims to be and what, in fact, it must be acknowledged that it seems to be, even to a partial observer from outside. I have a great sympathy for that class of persons, for unfortunately, I was in their ranks, once, myself. I confess now, with deep sorrow and shame, that even after I was truly and thoroughly convinced of the truth of the claims of the Catholic Church I hesitated and dilly-dallied, and put the matter off until I ran the most imminent risk of losing my soul. It was nothing but the infinite goodness and mercy and the long-suffering patience and forbearance of Almighty God that saved me.

True, the obstacles that opposed my taking a decided stand were very great. These were the interesting and affectionate relations of pastor with a devoted people, which would have to be surrendered, the determined opposition of relatives and friends, especially my mother-in-law, who was a woman of strong, decided character, and who declared that if I became a Catholic, she would never cross our threshold, and when she found I was determined, was put to bed with a severe procyonism of grief and mortification. Then there was the loss of income and the necessity of turning to the matter of getting a living for my family, the darkness and uncertainty of the future, and the losing of caste in the community where I lived. But all this should not have had the weight of a feather in the scale, and at heart I knew it.

After all it was, as I supposed, on my deathbed that my eyes were fully opened to my supreme folly and danger. The good Lord spared my life, and as soon as I was able to walk to the Catholic church I made known to the pastor, Rev. Father Burgess, afterwards Bishop of Detroit, my desire to do my duty and become a Catholic. The announcement of my conversion, of course, made a great sensation in town and a correspondent of a Cleveland paper informed the world that I made my wife a formal proposal of separation, assigning as a reason that I designed "taking orders of priesthood in the Romish Church;" and that when she would not consent I proposed a trip to the East with "the suspected design of surreptitiously conveying her to a convent." A Baptist minister, Rev. M. Randall, a very good friend of mine, was kind enough to hatily contradict the whole story which was concocted in the muddled brain of the writer.

Procrastination is said to be the thief of time—it is certainly the thief of souls. Who can tell how many souls have been lost through putting off the day of decision to a more convenient season? Long experience has taught me that reasoning, especially with the "almost persuaded," is of very little use. Such persons will often thrash over the straw of certain Catholic teaching till the instructor becomes discouraged. He answers the objections a thousand times; still they recur to the same old objections. What such persons need is prayer—sincere, earnest prayer, and the grace to enable them to see the truth clearly, to accept it in the love of it and to follow it in spite of all obstacles, even to the sacrifice of all earthly goods and the surrendering of the most endearing ties of kindred and friendship. Hesitancy is too often more a matter of the will than of the understanding and judgment.

There are plenty of reasons lying on the very surface which should be sufficient to convince any thoughtful, unprejudiced person that if there be any truth in Christianity at all the old, original Catholic Church must be its true home and exponent. First, Protestantism, as a religion, is well nigh played out. Its tendency is manifestly to the license of free thought, skepticism and infidelity. The mass of Protestants have lost or are rapidly losing, faith in the Bible as a divine revelation. Thus the very foundation of their faith is being undermined and they are all at sea without chart or compass to guide them. They can absolutely offer no relief to the honest, earnest seeker after truth, in doubt as to what to believe. There is no authoritative tribunal among them to decide questions of faith and morals. On the other hand there is a very decided tendency among thoughtful, religiously inclined persons to return to the doctrine and practice of the Catho-

lic Church. What is the high ritualistic movement which insists calling itself Catholic discards nounces Protestantism, teaches Catholic doctrine but the Pope's supremacy and adopts all Catholic practices, even pretending to sympathize with the Roman hierarchy, which, for a number of years, have insisted was a "blasphemous and dangerous deceit"—what, I am all this

He Church. What is the high Church ritualistic movement which insists upon calling itself Catholic discards and denounces Protestantism, teaches all Catholic doctrine but the Pope's supremacy and adopts all Catholic practices, even pretending to say Mass, which, for three hundred years they have insisted was a blasphemous and dangerous device—what I repeat, is all this but an open, public confession that the so-called reformation was a failure, that Protestantism is a delusion and the teaching of the Catholic Church alone is true? The denial of the supremacy of the Pope is a mere ruse to justify their remaining where they are instead of acknowledging their fault and returning to the bosom of the holy mother from whom the ancestors so unnecessarily and so ruthlessly revolted and upon whom the traditional prejudices of education lead them to look with suspicion and distrust.

But I firmly believe that the Ritualists are doing an important work. The three thousand clergymen of the English Establishment and the constantly increasing number in this country who sympathize with this movement are teaching a great deal of Catholic doctrine and practice to a multitude of Catholic priests who could never reach. As time goes on the confusion and contradiction of religious opinion and teaching which prevails among them, and not less among Ritualists than others, without the possibility of determining what to believe, will convince them of the necessity of having an infallible tribunal to decide for them. This they can find only in the Catholic Church, where our Lord, Himself, has placed the Chair of Peter to be the tribunal of final resort in all questions of faith and morals. They will discover that the fact of a divine revelation necessarily implies an infallible interpreter to assure us of its real meaning. If our salvation depends upon our believing certain truths which God has revealed, is it not absurd, on the very face of it, to suppose that He would leave it to every man's private judgment to determine for himself what those truths are? If it is necessary in temporal affairs to have a Supreme Court, can anyone give a good reason why we should not have such a tribunal in spiritual things?

When our friends have come to realize this important truth they may be induced to candidly investigate the claim to supremacy of the successors of St. Peter in the See of Rome. If they do they will be surprised at the overwhelming strength of the argument, from both Scripture and tradition as well as from reason and common sense. And then, if by the grace of God, they are enabled to make their submission and return to the loving bosom of the dear old mother Church I venture to predict, with absolute certainty, that they will experience a peace, a joy and a satisfaction to which heretofore they have been entire strangers. They will feel like mariners who, after a stormy and perilous voyage, have arrived at a safe and pleasant harbor. They will find themselves in a new world of which they never had any conception.

I have been fifty years a Catholic and I have never ceased to discover new beauties and attractions in the Church to the present day. The Catholic Church is the See of Saints, she alone possesses, understands and inculcates the science of the Saints. If the deluded multitude who are groping after something to satisfy their natural craving for a more spiritual and higher life under the names of Christian Science, theosophy, spiritualism, and such like, could be made practically acquainted with the magnificent system of the Catholic Church they would be surprised to find their highest aspirations and their deepest longings more than satisfied. The Catholic Church is the true home of the soul. She is a true mother of all classes. In her capacious and loving bosom the rich and the poor meet together on a common footing. The poor, especially, find a home and sympathy which are nowhere else to be found.

To illustrate this fact I will repeat here a circumstance of my experience, heretofore unpublished, but many years ago. About the time when my mind was first directed to the claims of the Catholic Church I had occasion to visit New Orleans, and I naturally availed myself of every favorable opportunity to find out all I could about the Church. Among other places, I visited the Cathedral on a Sunday and there I was surprised to see an immense crowd of a miscellaneous character of which a considerable portion was made up of creoles, colored people and various nationalities. The aisles were crowded, all were on their knees, venerable old negroes with white heads devoutly joining in the worship, and I noticed that the colored slaves sat in the same seats with their masters, and went to Holy Communion at the same sanctuary rail. The scene made a deep impression upon my mind. "This," I said, "is true Christianity. Here is a practical illustration of Catholic unity and the spirit of humility and divine charity inculcated by our Lord. Here rich and poor do really meet together for the Lord is maker of them all. Let my portion be with the true people of God."

Another incident occurred while I was officiating as rector of St. Paul's, which has also been heretofore published but which, perhaps, will bear repeating as an illustration of the absurdity of any Protestant denomination presuming to call itself Catholic. I was officiating one Sunday in Trinity Church, the rector being temporarily absent. At that time I was quite high church and accustomed to ring the changes on the claim that the true Catholics—domineers, you know. On retiring after the service I had reached the vestibule when I was met there by three Irishmen who had apparently just arrived from a journey. They approached me respectfully, tipping their hats, when one asked: "Your reverence, is this the Catholic church?" Instinctively and without time for reflection I replied: "No, my good man, this is not the Catholic church. You see that tower over there above the houses—that is the Catholic church."

Imagine my mortification when I had time to realize how completely and unconsciously I had simply given myself away. It was only another practical illustration of the truth of the saying of St. Augustine, that a stranger going into any town and enquiring for the Catholic Church will never be pointed to a schismatical conventicle but to the place of worship of the real old Catholic Church universally recognized as such.

Well, thank God, I had the grace at last to cast my lot with the favored children of holy Mother Church and to enjoy its inestimable privileges for fifty years, and here, by the great mercy of God, I am to-day in my eighty-eighth year in good health and spirits. But I am fully conscious that I am rapidly approaching the end of my journey. If by this last appeal I should succeed in inducing even one enquiring soul to examine and embrace our holy faith how happy I should be! I have vivid recollection, even to this late day, of dear old St. Paul's (where and what is it now?) Its dear friends, its personal attachments, its intimate and pleasant social relations, all are enshrined in my heart. If I failed in my duty to my dying day, I earnestly beg of the good and merciful God to forgive me. I pray for the repose of the souls of those who have gone before and if any of those are still living who predicted that I would discover my mistake and return, I hope this letter will convince them that they probably never made a greater mistake in their lives.

HENRY L. RICHARDS.

GIVING LIGHT ON SECRET SOCIETIES.

Non Catholic Ministers Attack Masonic Oaths and say they are barbarous.

Under the auspices of the National Christian Association, an organization "giving light on the subject of secret societies," a convention was recently held in the Reformed Presbyterian Church of the Covenanters, Monroe street, between Throop and Summer avenues, Brooklyn, New York. The real object of the meeting was made plain when secret societies were bitterly attacked by two speakers.

The first of these was the Rev. F. M. Foster, pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, of Manhattan. His subject was "Lodge Oaths and he continued himself to a discussion of the evils he sees in the oaths of the different orders. His arraignment was directed particularly toward the Masonic fraternity.

Mr. Foster quoted some of the Masonic oaths. He said the claim could no longer be made that people outside the organization do not know what is going on within. He dwelt particularly upon the penalties attached to the oaths. For the third degree in Masonry, he said, the penalty for violating the oath is having the body cut in twain and the bowels gouged out and burned. Other penalties were having the heart cut out, having the throat cut from ear to ear, the skull smitten off and the brain exposed to the scorching rays of the sun.

Mr. Foster considered these oaths to be barbarous. He said the oath is one of the most solemn approaches to God. The candidate, he says, takes the oath with the due solemn pomp and fuss and feathers. He swears to "always conceal and never reveal." He is thus swearing to a blank, which the order may fill out according to its liking. A blank oath is a profanation of God's name and a violation of the third commandment.

That those who fear God are willing to take such oaths, said Mr. Foster, is the most amazing paradox in the Christian life. When men bind themselves to secrecy by such horrible oaths, the presumption is that there is something wrong. The oaths are the presumptive evidence that the within will not bear inspection from without or the light of the Gospel. Mr. Foster cited the case of Captain William Morgan, who was put to death for having violated his oath. A monument has been erected to his memory at Batavia, N. Y.

Two moral principles are involved in such oaths, he continued. In administering it men claim to have the power of life and death. This is the principle on which the lynchings down South proceed. They either claim power, said he, or their rules are buffoonery. They are, he said, neither better nor worse than a mob that burns a negro. This is a judgment as severe as true. The offense of the blood-thirsty mob is entitled to better consideration, for they think they are punishing the guilty party.

"We are inclined to believe the institution means what it says when it talks about cutting a man in two, cutting out his bowels and burning them," said Mr. Foster. "God has not made provision for a few men who call themselves Masons to execute the death penalty. The order asserts its right to take life on grounds which it refuses to make public. They are falsifying the Word of God when they administer such oaths."

"In taking those oaths a candidate surrenders his life and yields himself to the execution of the death penalty for breaking the oath. Why will he place his life as a forfeit against a trivial offense? He has put up what belongs to another—his life. I say if the death penalty has been inflicted upon any one in this wide world for violating his oath all the members of the order become guilty. If I am a member of a church which has doctrines which destroy men, I am guilty. We wonder that a Christian man can sleep while in the Masonic lodge, from fear that this penalty will be inflicted upon some one. What answer would our Lord give, if asked to take an oath whose penalty was having His heart torn out, His skull broken off and His brains exposed to the rays of the sun?"

"Those oaths are barbarous, savage and bloodthirsty, and Masonry is a conglomeration of the most intensely horrible and savage ceremonies. A boy would fight every other boy on the block if they dared call him the Most Excellent Puissant Grand Commander." The next speaker, the Rev. J. P.

Stoddard, of Boston, had as his subject "Lodge and Anarchy." His contention was that anarchism is the result of just such a course of training as is inculcated by the Masonic order. The crime of Czolgosz, he said, is the outcome of instruction in just such ideas. Mr. Stoddard says the true sources of anarchism and assassination in America are the vast network of night schools spread over our country, where men are trained and drilled in mock murders and real tortures, until conscience is benumbed, and the sacredness of the law, liberty and human rights are trampled under foot. Until the secret lodges are outlawed and suppressed they will continue to yield a legitimate harvest of anarchy and assassination as they have in France and every country where they have become strong and popular.—American Herald.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Grand Results of the Recent One in Milwaukee.

Next to the non-Catholic mission given last March at St. Elizabeth's Church, Chicago, Milwaukee ranks second with regard to immediate results. Chicago netted in five weeks 140 converts; Milwaukee in three weeks 74. This number far exceeded the most ardent hopes of all those interested in the lectures.

The attendance throughout was most encouraging—900 to 1000 being the average, the large proportion of which (from 60 to 65 per cent.) being non-Catholics. Many non-Catholics came alone, and some Catholics had been sent to live with them. The rule excluding Catholics who came unattended was most rigidly enforced—a most wise rule to intensify the zeal of our own and make the outsiders confident of a welcome.

Of the seventy-four converts, twenty-seven were baptized at the close of the three weeks. The real secret of conversion making is the personal talk with the missionaries. Besides the three classes—daily, 10-11 a. m., 3-4 p. m., and 7-8 p. m., non-Catholics were invited to call at any hour of the day they might appoint for the presentation of personal difficulties and queries. Again, the third week of the inquiry class did much to win souls. The one-hour lecture of the two preceding weeks was shortened by half, so that more time might be left for the personal talks.

PERSONAL TALKS in the Cathedral with both of the missionaries. Non-Catholics frequently remained from 9 p. m. to 10.30 and 11 p. m.

The converts were of different nationalities and religion—Norwegian, Swedish, German, English and American—Jew, Lutheran, Methodist, Episcopal, Reformed, Congregationalist, Dutch Reformed, non-Churched, Protestants, infidels, etc.—all came in the spirit of little children to sit at the Master's feet in the kingdom of His founding.

Questions by the score were deposited daily in the question box, or sent by mail to the Cathedral rectory. In all, 245 questions were answered in the three weeks' public answering, although more than 10,000 were answered privately. Indeed, grant that many went away from the lecture or private talk unconvinced as yet of the truth of the Catholic Church, yet, at any rate, they unlearned some ingrained prejudices, and from declaring "the Catholic Church is false," they advanced to the point of saying, "Perhaps the Catholic Church is true." The grand old Church that harbored so almost out of the line of vision, had been brought nearer and nearer with each succeeding visit—and many thanked the Paulists for their kindly treatment of their special difficulties.

Many of the non-Catholics who the first few lectures greeted the missionaries at the door with a stiff cold bow, in a few days felt quite at home in a Catholic church, and during the three weeks were now smiling. Others, who at the outset sat sullenly all during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, were soon under the influence of Christ's blessing kneeling reverently—yes, some even kneeling in adoration, the grace of faith having been vouchsafed to them.

TOUCHING INCIDENTS. Many were the touching incidents during the mission. One who had just made a step to the Church during a non-Catholic mission given by Father Conway in St. Peter's Cathedral, Richmond, last November, now came asking for baptism, once his difficulties concerning Papal infallibility and the real presence were settled. Again, a soul with a tale of sorrow, glad of the certainty of the cleansing of his sins which alone he had hoped of the Church, could give; a third, with heart as pure as the little infant, following Christ more steadfastly than many of our own because corresponding to the slightest graces given; a fourth, won by the striking fact of Catholic unity; a fifth, declaring, "Why, yours undoubtedly is the original Church. We are only coming back," etc.

Many a soul, indeed, is now thanking God for the grace. Have conversion, who, perhaps, without this special season of grace, might have waited long outside the fold or have lived in it for years to come, borne down with the burden of unconfessed sin.

The Catholic people of Milwaukee will not forget this mission which, with God's blessing, has done more effective and lasting good than any other mission ever given in the history of the city, having felt the hearts burn within them as they heard of the many non-

Persons accumulate in the system when the kidneys are sluggish—bleaches and had complexion—like Hood's Sarsaparilla. We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Discovery is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, etc. It is a prompt and reliable relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption while you can get Kellogg's Anti-Cough Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from violent phlegm.

Catholics returning to the one fold of the One Shepherd, and promised before the altar to remember in their daily prayers the work of the non-Catholic apostolate, which, with the commendation of our Holy Father and the American hierarchy is now being blessed with such abundant fruits.

Profans Altars.

From the London Catholic Times. In "Why I Left the Church of Scotland," the work just published by William Hodge & Co., of Glasgow and Edinburgh, for Mr. John M. Charleson, till recently minister of Thornliebank, there is a passage which we strongly recommend Ritualists who imitate Catholic practices to read and ponder on. Mr. Charleson had been struggling towards the light of Catholic truth. He had studied the Fathers and been convinced in a unanimous voice they directed his steps towards the Catholic Church. With not less earnestness he questioned history, and its teaching was to the same effect. He turned to the Papal claims, examined them, and considered them reasonable. As convictions grew upon him they gave color to his ritual. But one day, reading the works of St. Cyprian, he was struck as with a thunderbolt. That holy Bishop, in the early days of persecution—the first half of the third century—denounced Marcian, the Novatian heretic, and in doing so used these words: "He had attempted to erect a profane altar, and to set up an adulterous throne, and to offer sacrilegious sacrifice opposed to the true priest." He thought Mr. Charleson, schism makes the altar profane, and the Bishop's throne adulterous, and what is meant for the Blessed Sacrament to be instead a sacrilegious sacrifice, then what was he doing outside the Catholic Church but committing this terrible profanity? And he became a Catholic. The words of St. Cyprian, which conveyed such a tremendous warning to him, should impress the same lesson on the mind of many a minister who sets up an altar over against the Catholic Church.

Miles Standish Probably a Catholic.

From "Christiana's Long Ago," by Dr. B. F. DeBorja in December Donahoe's. On May 11, 1650, the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a law, obliging men to labor on Christmas Day and inflicting a fine upon all who might observe the feast. At this time there were a few Episcopalians who desired conscientiously to keep the festival. Some who substantially were contract laborers brought over for services irrespective of their religious or, often, religious tendencies, claimed the holidays according to their custom in the old world. Besides the men of the Bay were perpetually haunted by the idea that Jesuits were abroad in disguise. It is quite true that there were Catholics who did not deem it prudent to reveal their faith, and who worshipped secretly as best they might. Indeed there are strong reasons for holding that Miles Standish, the fighting captain of Plymouth Colony, was really a Catholic. He did not belong to the Plymouth "Church" and seems to have been connected with an old Catholic family in England. He was valued by the people of Plymouth on account of his invincible courage and his fighting qualities, of which the colonists stood in need.

LITTLE ANGIE.

An Angel's Visit and the Tired Priest's Sick Call.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN. Father John closed the door of his study and sank into a chair before the fire. It had been a hard day with him, and he was weary, body and soul. Without the wind shrieked, the storm sobbed.

"Daddy wants you," piped a little voice at the young priest's side, and he turned, started, to find he was not alone. A child, a tiny, fair-haired girl, had followed him.

"Daddy is dying," she continued, fixing a pair of wistful blue eyes on his face. "He wants the priest."

"Who is Daddy, and where is he?" asked Father John, roused from all languor by the call of duty.

"No, I Long's court, in the garage," answered the little one.

"You are a brave little girl to venture out in such a storm. What is your name?"

"Angie," she answered, softly.

"Sit down by the fire, Angie, and get warm. I will be ready to go with you in a moment," and Father John passed into his little chapel to make preparation for his sick call. But when he re-entered the room, the little messenger was gone. Anxiously he hurried into the street, thinking to find her without, but he was met by a wild swirl of wind and sleet, in which all trace of his tiny visitor was lost. The priest struggled on through the storm to his goal—a wretched heap of rookeries tottering to their fall—in one of the lowest portions of the town.

"There ain't no dying man here," was the surly answer to his inquiries at No. 4.

"That I must see for myself," said Father John, taking the smoking lamp from the wall, and pressing up the rotten staircase.

"In the name of God, is there any one here?" he asked, as he reached the low-pitched dark garret under the leaking roof.

"Aye, aye," cried a feeble voice from a pile of rags in the corner. "I am here dying—lying alone. God be praised, it is a priest! Och, Father, who was it brought you to me in this devil's den?"

"My child, is it?" sobbed the dying man. "Share, Father, I have no child; my darlin' little Angie died six months ago."

And Father John thought of his little blue-eyed visitant, and a strange sweet awe thrilled his soul. He felt heaven had been very near to him that night. —Catholic Home Annual.

Plain Talk from a Bishop

From the London Catholic Times. A bold utterance, which will, we trust, find a hearing from all for whose benefit it was intended, was that of the Right Rev. Dr. Bilsborrow, at the meeting of the Manchester Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The Bishop, in terms which left no room for doubt or question, pointed to what he properly called the great evil of Cath-

olic society in this country. In effect His Lordship said:

"You wealthy Catholics—at least a very large proportion of you—think you can save your souls whilst following out mere epicurean ideas. Your motto seems to be: 'Eat, drink and be merry, and reduce religious duties to a minimum.' You avoid contact with poverty, live in comfortable suburban houses, and seek pleasures not only on six days of the week, but often on seven. Do you know that in the big cities there is flowing a great tide of life, and that there your presence is needed? The waves of religious indifference are washing away the weak and the young. What are you doing to help them? Have you no practical sympathy for them? The miseries of the poor are trying to flesh and blood. Why are you not offering solace, if not tendering assistance? Youths, who are as yet without experience in life, are surrounded by temptations. Why have you not held out to them the friendly hand which they require? You are afraid your respectability will suffer away with your respectability. What we want is genuine Christianity."

This, our readers will agree, is an excellent sermon, and we are sure it will cause some useful heart-searching.

Notes for Cataract Sufferers.

The mucous membrane lines all passages and cavities communicating with the exterior. Cataract is an excessive secretion, accompanied with chronic inflammation, from the mucous membrane.

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It is sometimes so bad as wholly to disable, and it should never be neglected. M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont., had it after a severe attack of the grip; Mrs. Mattie Turner, Bolivar, Mo., had it so severely she could not lift anything and could scarcely get up or down stairs; W. H. Shepard, Sandy Hook, Conn., was laid up with it; it was cold even in July, and could not cross himself.

According to testimonials voluntarily given, these sufferers were permanently relieved, as others have been, by

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THE RESTLESS WOMAN.

His Eminence, J. Cardinal Gibbons in Ladies' Home Journal.

That woman was created to fill certain well-defined places in the world...

Modesty and gentleness, those two sweet handmaids of womanhood, seem to have been laid aside by many...

The spirit of unrest has found easy victims in thousands of American homes...

I wish I could impress on American women the dangers that attach to such innovations...

General of ancient times said: "Greece rules the world, Athens rules Greece, I rule Athens, my wife rules me, and therefore, my wife rules the world."

The woman who rules the domestic kingdom is in reality the ruler of all earthly kingdoms.

As I have said before, I regard woman's rights woman and the leaders in the new school of female progress as the worst enemies of the female sex.

They teach that which robs woman of all that is amiable and gentle, and that which makes her a blessing to her husband and a joy to her friends.

While professing to emancipate her from domestic servitude, they are making her the slave of her own caprices and passions.

In higher circles, neglecting her household duties, she is gadding about, at rest only when in perpetual motion, and never at ease unless in a state of morbid excitement.

I speak the sober truth when I affirm that for the wrecks of families in our country, woman has a large share of the responsibility.

Whereas the men that have achieved triumphs and have not owned that the debt was largely due their mothers?

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HOW FATHER LACOMBE BECAME A MISSIONARY.

(Told almost in the words of the celebrated Canadian missionary, Father Lacombe. The writer is Father Cullen, O. M. I.)

When I was eight or nine years old, I was an altar boy, and Father Viau, my parish priest, who later became vicar-general in Montreal, would call me "My little Indian."

Here is the reason. At St. Sulpice, my birthplace, there is an old moulinier house, where an Indian scene took place long ago.

Long ago the Alouquins, who had always been friendly to the French colonists of New France, used to roam over the colony, entering houses, and taking, without any ceremony, where-with to eat, when they were not bidden; they even kidnapped children.

One day, it happened that a party of roving Indians entered the old house which I have just mentioned.

They found there a maiden who had charge of her little brothers and sisters, while her parents were working in the fields. In a moment, they had the girl away with them.

They took her to flight in their bark canoe. You can imagine the despair of her parents on their return home. They set out in quest of her, they beat the woods; but it was in vain.

Five years later, a trader of the name of Duhamel, in the service of the Great Fur Companies, was conducting to St. Ste. Marie a trading canoe carrying six men.

One day, they stopped at an Indian camp for the purpose of bartering. Duhamel perceived among the squaws a white woman.

"Do you speak French?" he inquired. "Yes, sir," she said. "What was your name at home?"

She told her name, she spoke of St. Sulpice, of her adventure, of her marriage with one of the Indians, and then showed her two young sons.

"Well! well!" Duhamel said, "get ready this very night with your children. I shall take you off! I am your uncle!"

They acted accordingly. Imagine how surprised and happy the parents of the maiden were, when they saw their daughter come back to Saint Sulpice! The two boys were baptized, and called by the name of Duhamel.

They grew up in the parish, among the French, and later on brought up their own families. Their mother had often spoken to them in their father's language, and a few Indian expressions were preserved among them.

My grandmother, a daughter of one of these half-breeds, used to say to me: "Kiamipik, be quiet!—Kaniwiein, is it not nice."

When I was a schoolboy, Father Viau told my father to send me to college. But my father was poor.

"I can not afford it," he said. "Send him," the priest replied; "I will pay for his board and tuition."

Thus, I went to L'Assomption College. During the summer holidays, I was given no rest. I was obliged to work in the fields, from morning till night with a rake or a sickle in my hands.

While a seminarist I heard that a priest from the Red River, near Saint Boniface, near Winnipeg, was to preach in the cathedral at Montreal. Spell-bound by the words of the missionary, I said to myself, "Well! Albert! be a missionary, my dear fellow!"

I acquainted Monsignor Bourget with my intention. I opened my mind to Rev. Father Viau. He said to me: "Not now; wait till I die!"

The time of my ordination to the priesthood having arrived, I had to go to Saint Hyacinthe for the ceremony.

A few months later I was at Saint Boniface. I did not stay long at the Red River mission. . . . But in 1852 I returned to St. Boniface with Bishop Tache. I was determined to become an Oblate Father.

One evening Bishop Provencher called me to his room, and said to me with tears: "My dear son! you come to help me. I am in great trouble. God, I suppose, sends you here to free me from perplexity. Will you promise me to do what I will tell you?"

I was in tears also. I fell on my knees, saying: "My Lord, I came here to obey you!"

"I have heard," continued the Bishop, "that you intend to join the Oblate Fathers. But I must have a priest to take the place of Father Thibault at Edmonton. I have nobody but you to send there. If nobody goes to Edmonton, the mission will be ruined."

I said, "My Lord, you ask a very hard thing. I wish to live with the Indians, on condition of being a religious."

"My dear son," replied the Bishop, "you will be a religious if you like—only wait a few years more."

And so I left for Edmonton, in the far Northwest, greatly honored by the trust my Bishop put in me, and happy because I was able to be of some help to him.—Missionary Record, O. M. I.

Trust, reliance, dependence, are things to be exercised by the creature, not by the Creator. There's no trouble with God; it's all with us. If we will trust, He will bestow; if we will lean, He will support; if we will hope, He will fulfill; if we will have faith, He will bring it to pass.

Episcopal Minister a Catholic

Rev. Alvah W. Doran, until last April a curate at St. Clement's Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, was baptized into the Catholic Church last week in the Cathedral chapel, that city.

Mr. Doran is the third clergyman connected with St. Clement's to join the Catholic Church. A few years ago the Rev. Basil William Maturin, widely noted in this country and in England as an eloquent and thoughtful preacher, and for a number of years rector of St. Clement's, became a Catholic, and was ordained to the priesthood.

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"He came first upon an age of refinement and luxury like our own, and in spite of the persecutor, fertile in the resources of his cruelty, he soon gathered out of all classes of society—the soldier, the high-born lady, and the sophist—material enough to form a people to his Master's honor. The savage herds came down in torrents from the North and Peter went out to meet them, and by his very eye he sobered them and harked them in their full career. They turned aside and flooded the whole earth, but only to be more surely civilized by him and to be made ten times more his children, even than the older population which they had overwhelmed. Lawless kings arose, sagacious as the Roman, passionate as the Hun, yet in him they found their match and were shattered, and he lived on. The gates of the earth were opened to the East and West, and men poured out to take possession; but he went with them by his missionaries to China, to Mexico, carried along by zeal and charity as far as those children of men were led by enterprise, covetousness and ambition. Has he failed in his successes up to this hour? Did he in our fathers' day fail in his struggle with Joseph of Germany, or his contest with Napoleon, of greater name, and his dependent kings, that, though in another kind of fight, he should fail in ours?"

The answer to Cardinal Newman's question is supplied by the way in which Leo XIII. has applied himself to the solution of the social question, which has assumed such dimensions in our times, of splendid and hidden virtues. He has passed her on a lofty throne, and all over her He has hung an orb of far-reaching mediation, and the very excess of Christ surmounts the blessed ornament. He has trusted her hand to wield a sceptre, an omnipotence of maternal prayer. But how weak are all words to tell the queenly adorning of this Mother of the heavens! And what is the fashion of her regal bearing before the Most Holy Trinity? She is bowed down by profoundest humiliation. She abases herself to the lowest depths of spiritual homage and prostration. She is annihilated in the vivid sense of her own complete nothingness. She is only exalted and resplendent in her throne by the force of God's own power and love, which does sweet violence to her humility. She who sang the "Magnificat," and has entranced the nations and the ages with its thrilling strains, now finds the breathless silence of her Immaculate Heart, and her more than Angelic Mind, scarce a fitting worship of so great a majesty, of so incomparably a God. And so, like the burning bush, her whole being of unimaginable sanctity, science, and affections, is ever more consumed unconsciously, like the choice frankincense of the angelic and human creations combined, in fragrant worship and the perfumes of ravishing sweetness before the Throne of the Holy and Universal Trinity." (Father Faber "The Blessed Sacrament" p 276, 277.)

The Dangers of the Careless. There is in human nature a fatal tendency to procrastinate, especially when that which we know we ought to do is something to which we are naturally disinclined. All men are naturally disinclined to do violence to themselves and force their pride and self-will to yield before the sway of Christ, but put on His yoke and carry His cross. Hence men put off and make excuses to themselves and fancy that what is difficult to them to-day will be easy to them to-morrow. Oh, fatal mistake! Each day that we postpone the task of submission it becomes more difficult, more distasteful. Why, then, do I not hasten to submit myself entirely to Christ?—Church Bulletin.

A Jesuit's Challenge. It is worthy of note that, as the author of a paper in the Month informs us, the German Jesuit, Father Koch, in 1852 issued a public challenge offering to pay the sum of a thousand Rhenish guilders to any one who, in the judg-

ment of the faculty of law in the University of Heidelberg, or of Bonn, should establish the fact that any Jesuit had ever taught the doctrine that the end justifies the means, or any doctrines equivalent to it. This challenge has been before the world for forty-nine years, but the thousand guilders have never been awarded.

A SACRED INTERVIEW. Innocence and Penitence the Robes to Wear at Prayer. The highest and noblest exercise of this life is prayer, which St. Paul commends to us in his Epistles.

Some consider it a great honor and privilege to have an interview with one of the crowned heads of Europe. To have such an interview, many things are necessary before you can even get to the palace where the monarch lives. Then you are obliged to remain in an antechamber until he shall say when he will be pleased to see you. How much greater, how infinitely greater it is, to have an interview with Almighty God Himself! And to enjoy such an interview, only fervent and earnest prayer is necessary.

When we go before a king of this world much thought has to be given to our attire. The only garment necessary in our interview with God is the white robe of innocence or the purple robe of penitence. You are not obliged to have any letter of introduction, couched in high-sounding phrases. High-sounding prayers may tickle the ears, but they are seldom efficacious. The prayer which is most pleasing to God is that which comes from the heart. The prayer of the publican when he cried out: "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" is a model one.

Then, too, we may pray most effectually even when our thoughts do not take definite shape. God is ready to hear us at all times, under all circumstances and in all places. He is the source of all blessings and He tells us He will always grant our petitions, if they are reasonable. He says: "Ask and you shall receive; seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

By prayer the soul is purified. When we engage in earnest prayer we are lifted up to a higher and holier atmosphere. Then, upon these occasions we realize the brevity of this life and the length of eternity; the vanity of this world and the beauty of heaven. But above all things, the soul is energized and receives a new inspiration.

A lady said to me on the occasion of President Garfield's death: "I have prayed for the President's life. My family have prayed for him, our congregation prayed for him, the city prayed for him, the state prayed for him and yet he died. What, then, is the use of prayer?" I answered her that God answers our prayers either directly or indirectly. If he does not grant us what we ask, He gives us something equivalent or better. If He did not save President Garfield's life, He preserved the life of the nation, which is of more importance than the life of an individual. He infused into the hearts of the American people at a greater moment of political bitterness, a greater reverence for the head of the nation and He intensified and energized our love of country and our devotion to our political institutions.—Cardinal Gibbons.

The Immaculate Conception Before the Throne of God Almighty. "It is not easy then for us to exaggerate the intellectual and spiritual elevation of the angels above ourselves. Yet how does Scripture represent their demeanor before the Vision of the Most Holy Trinity? They hide their faces with their wings? . . . But look at the queen of these angelic kingdoms; at her whose empire is over land and sea, over the dim but fruitful provinces of purgatory, and over the glad realms of heaven itself. God has wound His bright glory round about her. He has crowned her with a crown of His own devising, and studded with gems of most mysterious splendor and hidden virtues. He has placed her on a lofty throne, and all over her He has hung an orb of far-reaching mediation, and the very excess of Christ surmounts the blessed ornament. He has trusted her hand to wield a sceptre, an omnipotence of maternal prayer. But how weak are all words to tell the queenly adorning of this Mother of the heavens! And what is the fashion of her regal bearing before the Most Holy Trinity? She is bowed down by profoundest humiliation. She abases herself to the lowest depths of spiritual homage and prostration. She is annihilated in the vivid sense of her own complete nothingness. She is only exalted and resplendent in her throne by the force of God's own power and love, which does sweet violence to her humility. She who sang the "Magnificat," and has entranced the nations and the ages with its thrilling strains, now finds the breathless silence of her Immaculate Heart, and her more than Angelic Mind, scarce a fitting worship of so great a majesty, of so incomparably a God. And so, like the burning bush, her whole being of unimaginable sanctity, science, and affections, is ever more consumed unconsciously, like the choice frankincense of the angelic and human creations combined, in fragrant worship and the perfumes of ravishing sweetness before the Throne of the Holy and Universal Trinity." (Father Faber "The Blessed Sacrament" p 276, 277.)

The Conversion of an Editor. Irving J. Keyes, a writer well known in Connecticut literary circles, and a son of Rev. J. J. Keyes, formerly a prominent minister of Brooklyn and Buffalo, has become a Catholic. Writing from Milford, the scene of his present labors, to the Catholic Transcript, of Hartford, Mr. Keyes says:

I feel sure my many friends who have from time to time left the Episcopal faith, for the true Church of Christ, will be pleased to know over my own signature that as a result of my studies, as well as of the increasing doubts of the validity of Anglican orders which had taken possession of me in late years, I have and do hereby formally renounce my belief in and membership with the so-called Episcopal, the Protestant Episcopal Church, and have placed myself under the instruction of two learned and reverend priests of the Connecticut Apostolate, Fathers McClean and Hart, in order to properly fit myself for entrance into the one true fold of our Blessed Lord and Saviour, the Catholic Church. My father, the Rev. J. J. Keyes, formerly a well-known clergyman of Brooklyn and Buffalo, once told me years ago that he would rather see me a good Catholic than a lukewarm, indifferent Protestant, so that I feel that, after all, I am still in line with parental advice.

Certain it is that after facing all the varied consequences of this action on my part, I have decided that henceforth and so long as life shall last, I will be found doing my duty in the ranks of Catholic laymen as God shows that duty to me; and I have felt a peace and an assurance of divine approbation of my course that I have never felt before. My gratitude is enhanced by the fact that my little daughter Mary will accompany me into the Church with the full consent of her Episcopalian mother.

Trust God. Trust, reliance, dependence, are things to be exercised by the creature, not by the Creator. There's no trouble with God; it's all with us. If we will trust, He will bestow; if we will lean, He will support; if we will hope, He will fulfill; if we will have faith, He will bring it to pass.

Converts in England—Fifteen Hundred in One Diocese Last Year. At the half-yearly meeting of the Catholic Truth Society of England, held in London on Nov. 5, Cardinal Vaughan made a gratifying announcement. He said that a great many Catholics had been secured by the present violence of their opponents and imagined that the Church was losing ground in that country. He had been somewhat under the impression himself. A short time ago he directed the priests of his diocese to send him a return of the numbers of converts in the diocese during the past year, expecting to find that there would be a considerable falling off as compared with the previous year; but to his surprise he found that the number had increased by 300, the figures being 1,500 last year, as compared with 1,200 the year before. They had, therefore,

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

CLXX.

We have seen that of the seven statements set forth by the Champion as distinguishing doctrines of Protestantism, every one is received and taught by the Catholic Church.

On the other hand, as I have already noted, the Champion is very careful not to say that we are justified by faith alone, evidently because it takes "alone" in Luther's sense, as indicating a mere confidence of one's own justification.

It may be said that this represents the greater part of the Protestant world as having lapsed from its original foundation, and reverted from Luther's "article of the standing of the falling Church" to the Catholic position.

As Mohler says, the Reformers had a deep and ardent desire that the gladness of redemption should not be overclouded by a sense of helpless obligation.

Trent, in this fundamental particular, therefore, has plainly the advantage of Wittenberg, and even of Geneva, although Mohler shows that the antique Calvinism is by no means so strong in Calvinism as in Lutheranism, at least in its doctrine of justification.

The other reservation I have just handled, Catholic and Protestant alike own Christ for the sole Head of the Church. A delegated human headship was acknowledged as lawful by Luther and Melancthon, as now by Harnack, and many other Protestants.

We come next to the ten doctrines which the Champion says that all Protestants reject. (1) Salvation by works. But this also Catholics equally reject. The Catholic Church teaches that justification can only be acquired by baptism, and reacquired by confession and absolution.

But somebody might answer: "Father, what you say is plain enough theoretically; but, to come down to actual fact, can you tell me how I can practically show people the truth? First, by word of mouth. Scarcely a day passes but that you can say a plain, strong word for the cause of Christ.

Certainly it can not be denied that the Gospel teaches salvation by works in this sense, though in no other. The Saviour bids us make friends to ourselves of the mammon of unrighteousness, that is, of our worldly wealth, that we easily beguile men into unrighteousness, so that when we fail, they may receive us into the everlasting tabernacles.

Triumph, and attend us to those higher

seats of blessedness, for which a life of holy beneficence shall have fitted us.

Now doubtless Christ here does not teach according to Luther, but then what blasphemy to quarrel with Him over this! Luther is bound to teach according to Christ. If he does not so teach the worse for Luther.

St. Paul also, not having the fear of Luther before his eyes, knows no better than to follow the Saviour. Says he: "Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded, nor trust in the uncertainty of riches, but . . . that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, laying up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." Here, we see, the apostle warns us that, if we do not, according to our means, live in the growing habit of helpful holiness, and holy helpfulness, we are in danger of losing even our original justification, and of falling short of eternal life altogether.

Here, undoubtedly, is a true doctrine of salvation by works, still more strongly expressed than by the Redeemer. Yet it is a most reasonable and evangelical doctrine. It is not salvation by works and grace, but a salvation wrought out, as St. Paul bids, in holy works kindled by grace and kindling grace in turn. Grace is the source, the means, and glory is the end.

Doubtless there was in Luther's time, as there always is, a great deal of mere external, mechanical resting upon works, virtually conceived as something wrought by the mere powers of nature. This dishonored God, and kept men in continual unbelief. Against such a temper, the Reformers, in preaching was directed, as Mohler remarks, and no doubt with all its anti-nomian admixture it did much towards breaking it up.

It would not be surprising if this archbishop should have laid hold of the Archbishop of the Council of Trent has allowed itself to be frightened into no such pelagianizing externalism as that of the Inquisition. Its formulas are somewhat harder and stiffer than altogether agree with our Teutonic temper, but the substance of its teachings concerning faith, and grace, and works, may be justified "by most sure warranty of Holy Scripture."

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

ANDOVER, MASS.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

The Epiphany.

SHOWING FORTH OUR FAITH.

The manifestation of Our Lord to the nations in the persons of the three wise men is what holy Church bids us consider to-day. We think this a fit occasion to remind you that the laity have a duty to make manifest our Lord and His doctrines as well as the clergy. It is the will of God that all who have acknowledged Jesus Christ and believe His doctrine should preach Him and it to others.

What we wish more particularly to insist upon is the missionary office of every Catholic, especially in these days of error and inquiry. Now, it is a characteristic of all spiritual good that it is in some sense communicable. The priest cannot, indeed, give his office to another, but he holds it to give the truth and the grace of Christ. "Freely (that is to say, gratis) you have received, freely give." So with the layman; every grace he has been received not only for himself but also for others.

But somebody might answer: "Father, what you say is plain enough theoretically; but, to come down to actual fact, can you tell me how I can practically show people the truth? First, by word of mouth. Scarcely a day passes but that you can say a plain, strong word for the cause of Christ. The air is full of objections to religion, and every objection should be met on the spot and refuted. If any one denies, in your hearing, the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the divinity of Christ, the inspiration of Scripture, or any other truth of religion, it is your duty to affirm these fundamental truths at once, and it is a great honor to do so. If you say you have no learning, I answer, that the highest learning is not so good a quality as sincere conviction; and I answer again that those who assail the truth in common conversation are generally the reverse of learned. The enemies of religion are, for the most part, as ignorant as they are bold. Learning is good, but it is not learning we need. We need to have sincere convictions, and we need to have the courage of them. "I believed," says the Psalmist, "and therefore did I speak." Truth sounds so well that its bare mention is a powerful argument. Furthermore, the honest Christian who defends

his religion will not be without the divine assistance to do it well.

But we should not only defend the truth; we should attack error. If you have friends who are in error, you can do them no better service than to set them right. This must be done with discretion, to be sure. But do not be too anxious about discretion. When you see error attack it; in such cases kindness is the chief rule for securing a hearing. It is amazing that men and women can piously love the truths and practices of religion, and live along from day to day without vigorously attacking the error and vice everywhere about them. What coward is so mean as the pious coward?

Finally, a good life is a manifestation of our Lord and His doctrine of wonderful force and attractiveness. Be chaste, temperate, charitable, kindly mannered; be industrious, neat, truthful—these simple virtues will be like a pulpit from which you can preach your supernatural faith. As a tripping, lying, loafing Catholic is a hindrance to his religion, so is the contrary character the recommendation of religion.

CHURCH MUSIC NEEDS REFORMING.

"The Catholic Church decrees (1894) that all 'music is forbidden,' at Mass or in Office, in which even the smallest word is omitted, or in which any words are turned aside from their sense or are indifferently repeated."

"The diocese of Cincinnati, some time since, established a commission (now publishing its second official catalogue of permissible music), whose imprimatur is necessary for any music to be sung in the churches of that diocese. Not that this commission was to allow only one kind of music; but simply it was to decide, in accordance with the mind and declared will of the Church, whether the sacred words were properly treated or whether the other decrees of Rome were carried out which also 'severely forbid the use in church of any profane music, especially if it be inspired by theatrical themes, variations, and reminiscences.'"

"This statement embodies the spirit of the Church with regard to Church music. But how far different from this spirit is the practice now in vogue in many churches! A short time ago I heard, at a cathedral, Wagner's 'Pilgrims' Chorus' as an operative 'Tantum Ergo.' What would the artist think of this treatment for his whole life's effort to teach men that 'nothing is good without respect?' The cathedral is less inartistic, though more profane than that gives us a Benediction scene from Donizetti—very well sung. But who would think he was in a church that carried two strains about what the Holy See wills as to 'profane' music when he listens to the interesting maiden of Braga's 'Serenade' (dreamy violin obligato and solo) Having tried to pray, in spite of distractions, the congregation is invited to adore with 'Tantum Ergo' to Sir Arthur Sullivan's 'Lost Chord,' and is forced into the memories of a drawing-room, forbidden by common sense, by artistic fitness, and by the Church that sits in Rome. What is she? Who is she? What is her word worth? We can hardly think too much on these things."

—Professor Stockley in the Catholic World Magazine for December.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

The King's Highway of the Holy Cross.

And it sometimes gains such strength through affection to tribulation and adversity, by reason of loving to be conformable to the cross of Christ, as not to be willing to be without suffering and affliction, because such a one loveth himself to be so much the more acceptable to God as he shall be able to bear more and greater things for Him.

This is not man's power, but the grace of Christ, which can and does effect such great things in frail flesh, that what it naturally abhors and flies from, even this (through the favor of spirit it now embraces and loves).

To bear the cross, to love the cross, to chastise the body and bring it under subjection, to fly honors, to be willing to suffer reproaches, to despise one's self and wish to be despised, to bear all adversities and losses, and to desire no prosperity in this world, is not according to man's natural inclination. If it thou lovest thyself, thou canst do not thing of this thyself.

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OUR BOYS A

"No!" clear, sharp with an emphasis which arrested attention.

"I don't often hear as that," remarked another as they were group of a village school.

"It is not often the boy who uttered too, quite as emphatic new-comer here, an about two miles off, walks in every morning, lurch, and walks to works enough to to does more toward rural than the old man is the coarsest dress, and the greatest few knows just what to make of such sturdy make be scarce, while the more need of them t

"All that is true see Ned, come this way The speakers moved pausing by an open group of lads were ed citing question.

"It isn't right, anything to do with 'No,' I mean it."

"Well, any way, everybody who says 'No,' patiently.

"I am willing even what I've got to say take anything that I and I won't drink c

"Such a fuss about 'No,' I never go on in told you 'No,' to you're the ones to be fuss."

"Ned Dunlap, I you a minute."

"Yes, sir," and th hat as he passed th waited to hear what say to him.

"Has your uncle sell?"

"No, sir; he had them. I've got two my share for picking buy them, sir?"

"No, if we can ag Do you know just h worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then them, and you may a the pay."

This short inter stranger an opport Dunlop. The next at his uncle's, an elapsed before he he had gained on th was assured.

After he had gr accepted a lucrative not his seeking, he been offered him.

"Because I kn 'No,' if occasion h his employer. 'I word I heard you sp it with a will. M young, are ruined to word than from any don't wish to do wr fate and parley un them fast. The bo afraid to say 'No,' tain of making a woman."

"Yes," is a swee word; 'No,' is a which is signale a scheme for the ru life.—Selected.

At the Foot

If some childre animations at the e year, through bein their lessons, let There are many po positions to-day, w when they began t

writer knows on been the laughing He is one of the gr the United State nominated for a Bi but went to Rome Pope not to burden one a responsibility granted. The Ven

Squire d'Ars, was so spare of learning resources to prayer came one of the b Church. From th up to 1886, five h authenticated m wrought through h no child therefore, happens to be d enlightenment, a "Ask and you sh

surely hear his pr

The Sermo

"When I was a b "we had a w old way of catchi day he called out have closer atten Let the first one inform me of the to the ease. "I self, 'there's Joe like, I'll watch h look off his book, long before I say, and immediately I 'Indeed,' said he, was idle?" I sa did? And were y when you saw him never watched f If we are sufficien our conduct, we find fault with the

The Right I

One of the mere Canadian city w early struggles, a to be of more th

It was next to His father was a work was, for th places, and pract home life, so th sons was left to h

Returning from America, the fath oldest sons had university with a college course.



