

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE UP-TO-DATE CHURCH.

We are informed by our exchanges that a non-Catholic divine, of Syracuse, New York, has taken a leaf out of the book of the woman who says that the best way to manage a husband is "to feed the brute." Believing that the most of the men who stay at home on Sunday are of those whose God is their belly, he has installed in the vestibule of his church a soda water fountain whose effervescent waters will cool and strengthen the occupants of the pews. This is up to date and a bid for notoriety, but it has its weak points. For instance, some of his people may not like soda-water; and again, others who abide in the land of the free-lunch counter may not be allured by the fascinations of free fizzy water.

Some time ago many divines either tickled their auditors ears with essays on whimsical subjects or gave them a plain talk, based on personal observation, on the mysteries of the underworld or treated them to sermons of the humanitarian and aesthetic type. But all this is eschewed by the Syracuse preacher who opines that the best way to fill the pews is to offer the inducement of soda-water. If, however, he goes farther afield in his investigations he may discover that the empty pew is due, not to the absence of free drinks, but to the absence of certain doctrine. The weak and compromising manner in which many preachers hold truth, their criticism of the Bible, have not only shorn them of power and influence, but have also injected into the minds of many people a suspicion that the minister believes even less than the people. The omniscient journalist is hard at work dissecting the new Syllabus of modern errors, but as his knowledge of theology is not in proportion to his self-conceit a few hackneyed phrases are the sole outcome of his labors. The only thing that we can make out from his wanderings is that the Syllabus marks the Church as out of date, or, as they put it, not in touch with the trend of modern thought. The trouble is that the scribes feel they must comment on the matter, and accordingly turn out a grandiloquent paragraph for the delectation of the people who know that on any question Rome must be wrong. What up-to-date in religion means passes our comprehension. To bow down before every fad and fancy, to reclaim the propagators of the moral as a prophet; to condemn sanctity and learning for the impiety and foolishness of the few; to listen rather to the voice of man than to the Church, which speaks to us in the accents of divine authority, all this may be up to date, but we will have none of it. And, according to men who are not mere human phonographs, the Church is neither decrepit nor unable to make headway against the forces of the world. To them it is up to date, so much so in fact, that against her they direct all their attacks. Huxley looked upon the Church as the one great spiritual organization that blocked the way of his school; and Draper declared that the movements of Catholicism are guided by the highest intelligence and skill and that it has a unity, a compactness, a power which Protestant denominations do not possess. The Church which "presents one of the most solemn and majestic spectacles in history and around which are gathered the most tender and sacred associations of Christian history" can be depended upon to run unharmed the gauntlet of journalistic criticism.

When one of the household runs counter to the Church he is dubbed a wise man and a scholar by many non-Catholics. But they fail to note that he is also, so far as spiritual power goes, a dead man. When he parts company with the Church of the Living God and thereby cuts himself off from the fountains of supernatural life, he cannot be galvanized into anything like a semblance of an apostle by verbal platitudes.

MADAGASCAR MISSIONARIES.

There is a walling in far Madagascar. The English missionaries are perturbed and indignant that M. Clemenceau's Law of Separation should affect them as well as the Catholics. It is said that after championing the cause of the haters of Christ and defending France's Premier against the bold, bad monks and nuns they should be given a dose of the

liberality whose praises they chanted. But we fail to see how their complaint can be justified. When they gave their allegiance to the doctrine of State Omnipotence they yielded every right to protest against it. If the State acted justly towards Catholics, and this we were told in myriad tones and at different times, why is it unjust when it acts in a similar manner towards the sects? The best thing they can do is to take their medicine with what grace they may. A bitter draught indeed, after all their kowtowing to the enemies of Christianity, but there are few who will vouchsafe them any sympathy.

In the August number of the Missionary Review of the World, N. Y., an English missionary named Sibree comments that it is an offense against French law to have any religious meetings in private houses in Madagascar. "In some districts it is impossible to get leave to build any church where none already exists," and the Governor General has intimated that he considers that there are far too many churches already built, etc. To adopt the language of a non-Catholic weekly we beg leave to point out to the writer that he is taking a "very reactionary attitude."

He should not find fault with "democratic movements" and take care not to censure the "legal machinery" constructed by the gentlemen who are statesmen and concerned with the best interests of France. While the Catholics were being harried and robbed some of our friends waxed merry and shouted encouragement to the persecutors. A non-Catholic weekly, the Christian Guardian, put away for the time being, let us hope, the language of Christian charity and upheld the cause of the avowed enemies of Christianity. It swallowed Vivian's atrocious blasphemy, and, posing as the organ of enlightened opinion had the insolence to tell its readers that injustice and robbery were "extreme but reasonable measures." It had never a word of sympathy for Christians who were under the heel of a godless despotism, and who, rather than prove recreant to the cause of religious liberty, chose exile and poverty. And we have no hesitation in saying that this non-Catholic religious weekly went farther in its support of Clemenceau than any paper which came to our table and did not scruple to blacken the reputation of France's monks and nuns by tactics that would be looked at askance by even the gutter press of Paris.

COLLEGE GRADUATES.

A correspondent wonders why more of our college graduates do not enter the teaching profession.

We do not share in his wonder, but we marvel that any of them take up this laborious and responsible work. The profession is one of dignity, and entails at this writing much self-sacrifice. But one has to live, and the perfunctory words in praise of teachers will neither feed nor clothe them. The fact that they are underpaid—given in some instances a pittance that would be scorned by the humblest laborer—is one of the reasons why men of talent seek other outlets for their energy, or if they enter it, use it as a stepping-stone to something more remunerative.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

In speaking the other day of a Catholic who had married a non-Catholic, an acquaintance observed that she had made a good match. We were shocked at the remark, but from Catholics who are ignorant of the teachings of their faith we may hear anything. But, may we term a "good match," that by which a Catholic sacrifices her happiness even in this life. A "good match" by which a girl sells herself for worldly or social considerations? Is it a good thing to expose oneself to loss of faith; to deprive children of Catholic education? We hear of "good mixed marriages" from those whose faith is weak and for whom a money bag is a more potent influence than the doctrine of the Church. We do not underestimate the force of a strong character, but the presumption is that Catholics who contract mixed marriages are deficient in character. They are swayed by passion, blinded by the glare of the world's fascinations and indifferent to the fact that the percentage of these marriages which turn out well is very small. Pastors tell us that they are the source of indifference to the faith and of apostasy.

The worldly Catholic may shrug his shoulders, but the teaching of the

Church, which is not of yesterday, is clear-cut on this point. She abhors these marriages, and it is only with the greatest reluctance that she permits them. To give but one quotation, the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, 1868, wrote the Bishops of the Church:

"Wherefore we earnestly request of your charity that you strive and put forth your efforts, as far as the Lord as you can, to keep the faithful confided to you from these mixed marriages, so that they may cautiously avoid the dangers which are found in them. But you will gain this object the more easily if you have care that the faithful be reasonably instructed on the special obligation that binds them to hear the Church on this subject, and to obey their Bishops who will have to give a most strict account to the Eternal Prince of pastors, not only for allowing these mixed marriages for most grave reasons, but for too easily tolerating the contracting of marriages between the faithful and non-Catholics at the will of those who ask it."

The Church has ever set her face against these unholy unions and has always admonished her children to give not their sons and daughters in marriage to those who are aliens from the Catholic faith and religion.

FOOLISH PARENTS

It is sad to think with what facility Catholic parents consent to such irregular connections, and with how little caution they expose their young people to social intercourse where passionate fancy and the thoughtlessness of youth are certain to entail the danger of mischievous alliances. It is in the main the fault of the parents more than of the children. They prefer their own way to that of the Church and in many instances reap the fruits of their folly. Against the advice of authority they launch their children on the sea of the mixed marriage, and trust, despite the teaching of experience, to favorable winds to bring them to the haven of happiness. But why do they act in this manner? We do not know, but we suppose that they take a gambler's chance on the future of their children. But obedience to the Church would have saved them many unavailing tears, and have kept many a wretched woman from getting, this side of the grave, a foretaste of hell.

AN ANCIENT HERITAGE.

A great many people seem to think that graft is something new and peculiar to the twentieth century alone. They assume that the "good old days" were in reality better days than the present ones. But we cannot acquiesce in this opinion. Graft is not new. The name is perhaps, though we would not be sure about the modernity of even the name. Old Herodotus tells some pretty tall stories of the grafters in the Babylonian temple of Venus, and disclosures made by excavations on the site of ancient Babylon indicate that Herodotus spoke truly. And in Jerusalem, the seat of high levels to which place the people always returned after lapses from ancient faith, the grafters went so far as to profane the temple until they were rebuked and driven out.

And all through the history of the human race, the gentle grafter has been a factor in the social, political and business life of the people. Public toleration of years and centuries lies behind the recent disclosures of dishonesty among people who of right ought to be honest. Thirty pieces of silver was Judas' graft. It might as well have been thirty cents for all the good it did him. Judas was a very shy rascal or thought he was. And the modern grafters fondly imagine that they can sell out and not get caught. They take the high moral ground that being caught constitutes their only crime, and then they take everything in sight including a few bad chances.

The psychology of graft is a mystery. A few may be so lacking in conscience as not to be worried by the still small voice within, but it is likely that even those who successfully cover up their evil doings take small pleasure in the profits of their perfidy. And the fact that two or more persons are always involved in bribery cases and other grafting pursuits ought to deter a man even more than in cases of just plain stealing. It certainly must be an uncomfortable feeling public officials have when they know the other fellow might peach and vice versa. And how can they respect each other?

They say there is honor among thieves, but thieves must have a distorted idea of honor, if that be true. And even thieves must feel that there is some dishonor in serving a term in the pen. But the jail sentence is not dishonorable; it is only the penalty for doing a dishonorable act. If a man is innocent of crime and convicted unjustly, his incarceration in the jail is by no means a disgrace. Dishonor attaches to the cause which places the guilty one behind the bars. And now that the people have got the habit of putting grafters in jail, perhaps the ancient habit will lose even the semblance of respectability in these latter days.—Intermountain Catholic.

RECENT CURES AT FAMOUS SHRINES.

MARVELS WROUGHT AT LOURDES ON PILGRIMAGE OF GREAT ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE.

This year, writes the Paris correspondent of the Dublin Irish Catholic, the miracles wrought at Lourdes were as numerous and as marvelous as ever. Of course, the very large number of cases reported at the office of the basilica where the cures are inscribed will, as is always the practice, be carefully investigated and followed up before they are proclaimed. But already the Croix has given the publicity bureau the facts as to thirty one miraculous cures on the occasion of the grand national pilgrimage.

SOME OF THE CURES.

As in previous years, the "White Train," as it is called, in which the most terribly afflicted pilgrims travel, bore its burden of suffering creatures from the French capital to the Grotto of Massabielle, hopeful that the Queen of Heaven would obtain for them the grace of being cured. And, as a matter of fact, several of the persons restored to health were among the pilgrims of the "White train" which contained none but patients whose cases had been regarded as hopeless by members of the medical profession.

First may be mentioned the case of a man of thirty-three years of age named Lebozec, living in Bas Gistac, near Paris. He brought to Lourdes a medical certificate declaring he was suffering from tuberculosis in the third stage. He had presented himself to perform his military service in November, 1896, but had been liberated from the army in the following February as unfit for military service. In October of the same year he was admitted into the Lariboisiere Hospital, but after a month's treatment was sent away as incurable. Lebozec's condition became worse and worse, till, having gone to Lourdes in the national pilgrimage, he was plunged into the piscina on August 19. He was for a moment seized with a contraction of the throat, and then felt completely powerless to draw a breath. In a few minutes he, however, recovered, and felt he was cured. Ten doctors who examined him at Lourdes after he left the piscina have all failed to discover any trace of the tuberculosis, of which disease Lebozec was, so to say, dying. Naturally this case is regarded as most important.

RESTORATION OF SIGHT.

However, the cure of Vincent Filippi, thirty-one years of age, living at Rue du Faubourg Saint Honore, Paris, can scarcely be considered as less so. He brought to Lourdes the following certificate, signed by Dr. Kalk, of the Hopital des Quinze Vingts (the Hospital for the Blind): "I, the undersigned (Dr. Kalk), certify that Vincent Filippi is suffering from complete and incurable blindness, consequent on a pigmented affection of the retina of both eyes." Filippi lost his sight five years ago. He went first to the Quinze Vingts Hospital, where a cure of his eyes was prescribed. He followed that treatment about two months without deriving any benefit from it. The patient then consulted Dr. Galewsky, who told him that his case was incurable. He did not, however, abandon hope, and went to the hotel Dieu to consult Dr. Laperonne, who confirmed the declaration of Dr. Galewsky that the disease he was suffering from was incurable. Filippi received the same discouraging reply to his subsequent applications to the physicians at the Lariboisiere and Rothschild Hospitals, and also from Dr. Forbin, of 32 Avenue Friedland, Paris. It was after all these specialists had pronounced that his blindness was incurable that Filippi went to Lourdes. On August 19 he approached the piscina and washed his eyes. He returned the next day, after having received Holy Communion. It was on quitting the grotto after the second visit that he experienced a sharp pain in his eyes, and could then distinguish the objects surrounding him. At the office, to which he went to report his cure, he read the title of a journal, recognized the various objects in the office, etc. Though the disease has not entirely disappeared, Filippi has recovered his sight.

Mlle. Marie Antoinette Riviere, aged twenty one, for whom the grave had already been prepared, suffering for the past four years from tuberculosis, ulcerations of the stomach and intestines, and with suspected points at the apex of the two lungs, in a generally advanced stage of cachexia, and whose case a number of doctors had given up, who was vomiting blood and who could neither eat nor walk, having kept her bed since last Christmas Day, was able at the return of the profession on August 18 to get up and walk with out assistance, and eats and digests her food with ease for the first time for four years.

RETURNED TO GIVE THANKS

Not less remarkable than the cures of the present year is the presence of some of those cured in previous years, who, in their gratitude to Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, have come this year to give thanks at her shrine and to testify to the doctors the permanence of their cures. Here are some of those:

Madame Elizabeth Bosman, cured in 1906 of paralysis, the ravages of which made her appear to be eighty years of age. This year she presented herself, radiant with life, her age not appearing more than it really is—thirty-eight years.

Mlle Desmaries, of Arles, cured last year of tuberculosis of coxalgia. Persistence of the cure shown by the free-

dom of her gait and her general appearance.

Mlle Philomene Courant, aged forty-three years, of Martinviere, Portevin (maine et Loire), paralyzed since she attained her twentieth year, cured in the piscina on August 19, 1906, at the passing of the Blessed Sacrament. She brought with her the certificate of her own medical attendant, Dr. Andereau, as to the completeness of her cure and the impossibility of its being brought about by natural means.

A notable event of this golden jubilee year of Lourdes is the "Homage of the Medical Body to Notre Dame de Lourdes." To the question "Should Lourdes be closed in the name of hygiene?" three thousand doctors distinctly answer over their signatures, "No"—that Lourdes gives gr at benefit to the sick, and that the laws of hygiene are perfectly safeguarded there. Amongst these doctors are 15 members of the Academy of Medicine, 40 professors of the faculty, 20 professors of schools of medicine, 130 hospital surgeons and doctors, and 80 former resident doctors of the Paris hospitals. Surely here is an array of expert testimony that unbelievers cannot dispose of by a scoff!

A CURE AT ST. WINEFRIDE'S SHRINE.

From Holywell, the shrine of St. Winefride, in North Wales, come the details of the apparently miraculous cure, on the Feast of the Assumption, of Miss Mary Hanlon, a resident of Seacombe, who had been totally blind for almost ten years. More than ten years ago Miss Hanlon took suddenly ill in a street, and falling in a faint, she was precipitated over a wall on to a railway line. She received such severe injuries that her eyesight began to fail and in two years she became almost totally blind. Acting on the advice of Rev. Fr. Miller, of Our Lady and St. Joseph's, she visited Holywell a few days before August 15 last.

On bathing in the well, she was seized with an intense and almost unbearable pain across the eyes, which continued till Thursday, the Feast of the Assumption. On that day she joined, as usual, in the service at the well, and whilst singing a hymn was startled to find herself able to discern first the reliquary in the priest's hand and afterwards the candles on St. Winefride's shrine. Throughout Friday she was prostrated by the shock resulting from the sudden joy, but on Saturday she learned how to use her eyes after their long disease, and on Sunday morning was able to walk unaided to Mass and in the evening to head the great procession from the church to the well.

ENGLAND'S SHAME.

AN AMERICAN SOCIOLOGIST GIVES A TRUE PICTURE OF IRISH AFFAIRS.

Robert Hunter the well-known New York sociologist, after many months of study of the industrial and sociological conditions in the chief cities of Europe, has returned to London. In Ireland he studied conditions closely, especially in the western counties. Mr. Hunter says: "The trouble with Ireland is land-lordism. The people cannot get land enough to till to make a living. Misery and poverty are visible in the western counties. Depressing famine conditions are certain to prevail there during the winter. The potato crop has been an entire failure owing to the wet summer. With famine menacing them there is no telling what the people may be driven to this winter. The Government authorities are being alarmed. They are increasing the police force everywhere. Obviously the Government is expecting widespread trouble this winter. Since the strike of the Royal Irish Constabulary in Belfast the authorities have reason to believe that the traditional loyalty of this splendid body of men may have been diminished. I found a demand for Home Rule greater than ever. There is a spirit of revolt in the air. I was struck by the enthusiasm of the members of various organizations to secure an Irish Ireland. Wherever I went I found people attending public meetings, where vast crowds showed their deadly earnestness in demanding Home Rule. The Irish have ceased to expect anything from the British Parliament. They decline to compromise anything but Home Rule. They are convinced that the time for compromise has passed. Home Rule or nothing is their cry. I was amazed to find everywhere young men joining leagues for the economic upholding of Ireland. The conditions in Ireland are generally improving, thanks to the re-awakened energy of the people, especially young men. On the agrarian side things are becoming serious. In many counties the people are resorting to violence to prevent the letting of farms for grazing. I was surprised to find a wave of temperance sweeping over Ireland. Young men everywhere are preaching the moral cause of temperance on political ground. It is argued that the way to hit England is to stop increasing England's revenues from the sale of beer and whisky. This policy is certain to decrease the bank accounts of the largest Irish landlords who are brewers and distillers. It is now unpopular for young Irishmen to drink. Ireland to-day contains more extraordinary young men of intelligence and industry than I have seen in any other country. Ireland's salvation depends on her youth. Ireland's grievances are real. Misgovernment and landlordism are at the bottom of them. From 1871 to 1907 2,000,000 sturdy emigrants left Ireland. In twenty-seven years the population has decreased 20 per cent, while England's population has increased in the same ratio. In 1871 there were 5,621,

000 acres under cultivation. In 1906 only 4,727,000, nearly 1,000,000 acres of land have gone out of cultivation in forty years. That is where the Irish shoe pinches. While it is becoming more difficult for people to get land, yet taxation is increasing and the population decreasing. In 1871 taxation in Ireland was \$35,000,000, and in 1906 it had increased to nearly \$50,000,000. The per capita taxation has nearly doubled in forty years."

Exposition Not Controversy.

How shall we reach the non-Catholic? Shall we attack his religion or shall we explain our own? William C. Robinson, LL. D., dean of the law faculty of the Catholic University, writing in the Catholic World earnestly recommends the method of exposition and not controversy. The conditions to-day are unfavorable for attack, he says the older beliefs have passed away and nothing has taken its place. The result is that non-Catholics are largely without a firm hold upon religious truth, but the wish to believe is still strong in their hearts. They are ready and willing to listen to us when we tell them the grounds of our faith and explain to them our doctrines and practices. They are often prejudiced; but prejudice can be overcome by explanation, not by argument.—The Missionary.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Lord Bessford, the British admiral, so well known to Americans has given his consent for his daughter's conversion to the Catholic faith.

Most Rev. John J. Williams, D. D., Archbishop of Boston and dean of the American hierarchy, died shortly before 9 o'clock on the night of August 30.

It is rumored in Rome that the General of the Jesuit Order will visit the houses of his order in America. Father Worrez, a German by birth, is the successor of Father Martin, who died a few months ago.

The Armenian "Father" Martgossian, suspected of complicity in the murder of a New York merchant, and who is so frequently spoken of in the papers as a "priest" is not a Catholic priest.

The Holy See has just readmitted Abbots Tyrell. He was suspended after his expulsion from the Jesuit Order. Abbots Tyrell signed a formal declaration not to publish any more of his writings without previously receiving authority from the Holy See.

In the course of the excavations going on at Carthage, Africa, under the supervision of the learned Father Delattre, the tombstone of the holy martyrs, St. Perpetua and Felicitas, who are mentioned in the canon of Mass were discovered.

The youthful Lady Beaumont, who has kept her thirteenth birthday recently at Charlton Towers, the family seat in Yorkshire, is one of two Catholic princesses in their own right, the other being Princess Westworth, granddaughter of Lord Byron, who succeeded to that ancient dignity last year, on the death of her father.

A mahogany cross will soon be dedicated to the honor of the Jesuit Fathers Marquette and Joliet, pioneer explorers of the Chicago River and the Mississippi valley, on the site where Fathers Marquette and Joliet first stepped on Chicago soil, and where the former spent the winter of 1674-75.

Twice the Fathers of the Holy Ghost have tried to establish a mission in the Negro province of Liberia, and as often failed on account of the death of the missionaries or illness which incapacitated them for the arduous work. They have undertaken it a third time, through the efforts of Father Kyne, Prefect Apostolic.

An event of great importance particularly to the Franciscan order was the arrival in New York, the other day of the Most Rev. Father Denis Schuler, minister general of the order of Friars Minor. He is the first Franciscan general that has come to America. He is on a visit to the Franciscan houses throughout the world. Father Schuler was met at the pier by a delegation of Franciscans.

Announcement was made recently at Gonzaga College in Spokane, Wash., that the Very Rev. George de la Motte, superior of the Rocky Mountain mission, has, as the result of a new ruling of an enlarged district, comprising California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, South Alaska and the Dakotas which will be known as the California and Rocky Mountain mission.

The Vatican Palace is the largest household in the world, the most irregular without, and by far the richest in works of art within. None is so venerable, none so famous. In length it measures 1,150 feet, has twenty courts, and contains upwards of 100 rooms, many of them vast chambers. Yet the three rooms occupied by the Pontiff are furnished with a simplicity "which," said a famous English clergyman, "would be inconceivable in the abode of any sovereign prince."

The mission in South Shantung has just celebrated its Silver Jubilee. The last census gives the number of Catholics in this mission as 35,378, and of catechumens as 36,367, among a population of 12,000,000. The records of the mission say that 9,000 Catholics died during the last twenty-five years and that more than 100,000 were baptized just before death. At present there are 46 European missionaries and 12 Chinese priests laboring in the vicariate.

2 "A WAYSIDE CROSS."

Zion Herald publishes the following beautiful poem from the pen of the late Louis Jones Macroe, a Methodist, who built the first electric tram road in Europe:

"A WAYSIDE CROSS." "The moving pictures of my youth Through planted fields and orchards white With flower, past tower and sleepy town, All vanished save a cross that stood Beside the way, close to the wood, Below a hill whose slope of brown, Warm red with the first green of the vine; And with a woman kneeling down Before a shrine."

"On paved streets I hear the roar Again, move in the crowd once more; But low when the hillsides reappear— That peasant form; and even here— Historic at every step for me— Out of the pain and wrong and loss, On these and city avenues, I see A wayside cross."

LUKE DELMEGE.

BY THE REV. F. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE," "CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

EUTHANASIA

"I'm very sorry. I know no place that appeals so strongly to one's sense of freedom. When you plunge into those tunnels of the Alps, you feel choked, as if the air were compressed into a solid mass by the weight of snow and granite. Here you are free, with a boundless horizon and unlimited loveliness."

"Yes," said Luke, carried on by the stream; "I often heard that, to see the Alps to advantage, one must approach them from Italy."

"Quite so," said Hallock. "And you must return? I was hoping for the pleasure of your society and co-operation here. I am reading in the library at St. Gall's for a work I expect to issue soon from the press, and you could be of much assistance."

"I regret that my assistance heretofore has been to give your thoughts a wrong bias," said Luke, seizing the opportunity.

"Indeed! A wrong bias. Pray, how?"

"I regretted to hear that it was some sermons of mine drove you from the Church."

"But I have not been driven from the Church. That is quite a mistake. Nay, more, I cannot be driven."

"But pardon me for the harsh expression, the Church has repudiated you, and you cannot approach the sacraments."

"Cannot? Why, I do. I have been to Communion this morning, down in the street at Schaffhausen."

"We regard such conduct as sacrilegious and dishonorable," said Luke, exasperated by Hallock's coolness.

"Oh! and who cares what you regard? Your opinion is of no consequence to me whatsoever."

"I have not sought this interview, Mr. Hallock," said Luke, "and with your permission I shall terminate it. But you have no right to utter a calumny; and, as a gentleman, you should promptly retract what you wrote to Miss Letzevill concerning my misdirection."

"But if it is true? Your theology may allow it; but I, as an English gentleman, cannot tell a falsehood."

"But your statement that our priests were well—liberal, and, indeed, rather free in their opinions; and that I especially shared that liberalism, is incorrect and a gross lie. We hold firmly and unreservedly the dogmatic teachings of the Church."

"Then you must take the alternative—that your knowledge of the English language, which, indeed, like everything English, does not lend itself to the restrictions of dogma, is extremely limited. You don't seem to understand the vast responsibilities of words in solemn places."

"It may be so," said Luke, humbly. They were silent for a few minutes. The three little Swiss girls were still singing beneath them on a rustic seat, under a clump of firs. At last Hallock spoke:

"Let us not part in anger, Mr. Delmege. I am sorry I have hurt you. But—the faithful Israelite would not look too curiously on the gods of Babylon."

Hallock raised his hat as he passed down the steep steps to the road.

Had this taken place in London it would have given Luke a fit of depression for several days. Here, in the bright sunshine and crystal atmosphere, he flung the moment's obliquity instantly aside. So, too, in the afternoon, the discovery that a peasant, instead of being equivalent to a franc, was equivalent to the hundredth part of a franc, sent the blood mounting to Luke's forehead, but only for a moment.

"That porter should have assassinated me," he said, and thought no more of it. Only there was a craving in his heart, growing every minute, for the peace and serenity, the security and happiness, of home.

"The crust of bread and the crust of water are better than the despotisms of the Egyptians," he thought.

He left the vast dining-hall early that evening. The splendors of society were beginning to pall on him. He craved rest for thought from the glitter and sparkle of fashion; and long before the last dishes were brought around, he had ensconced himself in the gas-lit veranda at the farthest window. Here, with a small round table by his side, and some coffee and rusks, he hid behind a heavy curtain, and awaited the illumination of the fall.

o'er the valley, until it paused, hesitated, faded, and there was darkness again, but for the voice that pierced it—the voice of many waters in the night.

Luke turned around, and saw standing, quite close to his chair—for every seat was occupied, a feeble old man and his daughter. He leaned heavily on her arm, and his white hair made a light in the darkened room. Instantly Luke arose and proffered his chair. The young lady thanked him, as the old man sank wearily into the arm-chair. She took her place near him, and Luke went back into the shadows and sat on a rough bench that ran around the wall. The falls were lighted again with green and then with blue lights, and the waiters came and raised the gas jets. Man's little play with mighty nature was over.

As Luke rose to pass from the veranda, a voice said to him: "I didn't know in the darkness that it was Father Delmege who had to thank for his courtesy."

It was Barbara Wilson. Luke flushed with pleasure. After all his neglect, it was comforting to know that he had unconsciously done a small favor. And then through her lips his country and home spoke to him.

"Miss Wilson!" he said. "It is an unexpected pleasure to meet you. I didn't know you were travelling with your father."

"He is not father," she said, her lips trembling; "it is Louis. You will scarcely recognize him."

She led him over to where Louis was still sitting. His face was turned outward towards the night, and it was the face of death. His sad eyes saw but darkness, and his trembling hands clutched at the air, as the hands of a half-perished outcast spread for warmth before a fire. And his hair streamed down on his shoulders, and it was white down the dreary gas-light, not with the venerable silver of honored age, but with the ghastly lustre of blanched and bloodless youth. He turned at his sister's voice and tried to rise, but fell back helplessly.

"Yes, of course, Father Delmege," he said, not looking upwards, but out into the night, his weak memory trying to grip the slippery and evanescent shadows of the past. "Yes, of course, Father—I beg pardon—how do you do, sir? I hope you are well."

"Don't you remember, Louis' dearest, don't you remember Lisanele and me, and all our pleasant days? This is Father Delmege, who is always so kind."

"To be sure, to be sure. How do you do, sir? I hope I see you very well," said the poor invalid.

"Now, Louis, dear, do come yourself. To-morrow we shall go on strength for the journey. Were not the illuminations beautiful? It was Father Delmege who kindly gave us his place."

"To be sure, to be sure. How much do I owe you, sir? I always pay promptly. But, Barbara, why did you let them throw that horrid light on the stage? No artist would have done it. If Elfrida were to throw herself from that bridge it would be in the rapid. I saw her; 'twas well done, I tell you. Madame Letzida is an artist. Did you hear that scream? Oh! Oh!"

Barbara raised her head and looked pitifully at Luke.

"There," said Louis, still wandering, "there she goes down the stream, her long hair floating behind her, and she tossed from side to side of the rapids. I saw her; 'twas well done, I tell you. Madame Letzida is an artist. Did you hear that scream? Oh! Oh!"

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This he shrieked aloud, so that the waiters paused as they arranged the breakfast tables, and one or two timid visitors hurriedly fled the veranda.

"This won't do," said Luke, kindly; "we must get him away."

"Come, dearest," said Barbara, her hand around Louis' neck. "Come, 'tis bedtime."

He rose wearily, seemingly anxious to follow his daughter through the night and down the river.

"It was a clever impersonation," he continued. "That leap from the bridge was perfect. But to throw that vile calcium on such an artist at such a moment was an outrage, sir, an outrage!"

"This is Father Delmege, Louis, dear," said Barbara, as Luke helped the poor invalid forward. "You remember, don't you?"

"Of course, of course. How do you do, sir? I hope I see you well."

Luke helped along the corridor, and then stood still, at the foot of the staircase, watching the two figures, the white-haired imbecile, and the tall, lithe form of the fair sister, toiling wearily step by step up to the second corridor. Then he went out into the piazza. The full moon was now rising, and just casting her beam down the valley and across the chasm to the old castle that held watch and ward over the turbulent youth of the river. How paltry and mean are the feeble attempts of man, contrasted with the enterprises of the Almighty! The wretched illumination of an hour ago—what a sacrilege on the majesty of nature, now that nature itself was triumphant! Luke gazed down the valley; but he saw—the two weary figures toiling up the long stairs—strong, tender womanhood supporting a broken and disjointed manhood. He saw a sister's love covering a brother's shame. He saw the old Greek sacrifice again—the sister imperiling her life and honor to pay due, solemn rites to the dead. How paltry his learned and aesthetic friends seem now! How contemptible their drollery plaudits! How empty and hollow their fine theorizing about humanity and the race! "Seek the God in man!" Was there ever such blasphemy? And himself—what had been his life for seven years? Compared with the noble self-surrender of this young girl, how hollow and empty and pitiful had been his fine sermons, his dignified platitudes, his straining after effect, his misdirection. Conscious of the first time whispered science for the first time to be heeded. "Idiota," but too faintly to be heeded.

A hand was laid on his arm, and Hallock, removing a cigar from his mouth, said:

"I would recommend you, Mr. Del-

mege, to get that young friend of yours home as soon as possible. It will be hardly pleasant for her to travel with a corpse."

He went to his room—a very beautiful room, with its parquetted floor, polished and spotless—but he could not sleep. He did not desire it. He coveted a few hours of the luxury of thought. He had so much to think about, and so many thoughts and memories fraught with the pain of pleasure, and so many with the delight of pain.

He opened his window, through which the full moon was streaming, and stood on the balcony that overhung the garden. The night view was limited, for the garden sloped upwards to a little wood, where, laced against the moonlight, the iron-work of a summer-house was traced. He leaned over the balustrade and gave himself up to thought. It was a tiring point up to thought, then the deep tones of the church bell tolled the midnight hour floated up the valley, and Luke thought he heard voices in the garden beneath.

"Here come Lorenz and Jessica," he said. "How sweet the moonlight, etc. I must go."

Ah, no! Not moonlight lovers, with all the glamour of affection and the poetry of life streaming around them, but the wrecked life and the guardian angel again. Slowly they came from the shadows, and Luke heard the tolling of the bell. He had not as yet observed them.

Luke was not ashamed to observe them. The poor gray head lay heavily against the sister's shoulder, or rather on her breast, as she raised her arm around his neck and supported his falling steps. Clearly there was no sleep for that fretted and irritated brain, or such sleep only as makes the awakening heaven. Slowly they passed under the balcony, and here Luke heard the prayers that Barbara Wilson whispered, because her mad spirit feared for the sleepers overhead. But Luke could hear the rattle of the beads as they slipped through her fingers, and could see the flashing of the silver cross in the moonlight. On, on they went slowly, as the gravel groaned beneath the heavy steps of the invalid. And as they passed, Luke saw the beautiful uplifted face of the rich, black hair caught back from the pure, white forehead. And as he closed the window of his bedroom softly and brushed his eyes, he said:

"She is not mortal. She is a spirit and a symbol. It is my country's heroism and sorrow."

Next morning, without a moment's hesitation, he came over to the table where Barbara and Louis sat, and said: "Miss Wilson, we must return to Ireland, and you and Louis must come."

She gave a little glad cry of surprise and said: "Oh, thank God! We have got our orders. The landlord has demanded our rooms."

"Very good. Now, get ready."

"But, Father, we must not take you out of your way."

"Never mind," said Luke. "Our whole study now must be to get Louis back to London."

"And Ireland, Oh, how happy we shall be with dear uncle! You know he has asked us to come to him until Louis is quite restored."

"I am glad to hear it. Yes, your uncle is a good man. Cheer up, there are glad days in store for us all."

And so Luke Delmege, the optimist, argued, encouraged, cheered the lone girl on that weary journey to Lucerne, Geneva, Paris, London, and set them down at No. 11 Albemarle Buildings, and felt that he had never been happier under the sublime elation of a little self sacrifice.

It was late at night when he arrived from Switzerland, and after he had left Barbara and her brother at their lodgings, he made his way across the bridge and the bridge to the Cathedral.

He was thinking of many things—Hallock, Dr. Drysdale, Barbara, Louis, Scotch porridge, Lisanele, England, Ireland, the past, and his future. He had cut through the city by a short passage through the slums, but he had no fear. He knew the places well. The wretched pavements were silent of the noise of human traffic, for midnight had not come. He had just emerged into a square well known to him, and he had been in his district formerly, when he saw a crowd gathering around a cab a little ahead of him, and the portly English driver gesticulating violently. As he passed he heard the latter saying, in a tone of anger and impatience, to the crowd:

"A rum hold Irish passion. Wants to get down 'ere somewhere; but I'm blessed if the hold bloke knows where Delmege? Luke! Luke! I come here! There's me drunk out!"

Luke came nearer, and recognized with an effort, the Rev. Father Meade, incumbent of Gortnagoshel.

"What in the world?"—he was about to say, when Father Meade interrupted.

"You got my letter? Of course you did. I knew ye'd be looking out for me. But I couldn't rest easy, night or day, till I come. But, Luke, what a pack of asses! They don't know their own names. Tell that ruffian on the box to drive us to Denham Court."

"You're in Denham Court, Father Meade," said Luke, "but what wild-goose chase are you on now?"

"Wild-goose chase? Faith, it isn't me boy! Now, find out No. 25—whatever S. is!"

"I see," said Luke; "drive 25 South, my good man, just over there."

"Now, so far, so good. Allna is here," the old priest whispered to Luke, and "I'm come for her."

He showed Luke a wretched slip of paper, in a still more wretched envelope, sealed with soap, stampless, ink-

stained, and yellow; and surely enough—"Denham Court, 25 S. Lounon, S. W.," was marked there.

"What next?" thought Luke. But he said:

"You may not know, Father Meade, the character of this place and its neighborhood. This is a place where a person must be careful—"

"I neither know nor care," said the old priest; "all I know is that Allna is here, that she is in trouble, and has called for me; and here I am. Stay here my good man," he said to the driver "If you stir from that spot, I'll take the law of you."

"All right, sir," said the driver; "but you'll have to pay for it."

"Come, Luke," said Father Meade, cavalierly, as he walked coolly into the wretched hall and up the broken stairs. "Ah, if I had that bothoon in Ireland!"

On the first landing he knocked at four doors in succession. There was some shuffling and pulling of chairs, but no answer. Up the creaking stairs again, and again he knocked, and no reply.

"They're all asleep, or dead," he said.

Higher still and higher, till they came to an attic. Here was the sound of voices. They entered a wretched room. A feeble light was burning in a tin sconce. And by the faint illumination they saw a wretched pallet on which lay an invalid in the last stages of consumption. She was gray and old, but her eyes were young as they challenged neither from his trip, or in an English accent.

Father Meade hesitated. No one but the Father who is in heaven could recognize in that poor wreck, the child—the convent child of so many years ago. And the accent entirely bothered Father Meade.

"Are you Allna?" he said doubtfully.

"I am," she said faintly. "You're changed too, Father; but the Blessed Mother sent you. Take me from this!"

Father Meade hesitated. He always boasted that he was "a man of the world"; and whenever, at a visitation dinner, he had to propose his Bishop's health, he always wound up the litany of praises by declaring that his Lordship was, above all things else "a man of the world." So he was not going to be taken in by a girl with an English accent.

"I came for you," he said, "but I want to make sure. Say the lines again."

The poor patient smiled at the absurdity. But she gathered her strength and repeated:

"There is a green island in lone Gougnane Barra, Where Lullula of song rushes forth like an arrow."

"Good," said Father Meade. "And you said?" he cocked his ear.

"I said—'Alleluia of song,' because the priests were saying Alleluia all that week."

"Good," said Father Meade. "And I said?"

"You said—'My little children, wherever you are, North, South, East, West, remember I am always your father and your friend; and whenever you are in trouble call on me and I'll come to you.'"

"Never say another word," cried Father Meade. "Come here, you whippersnapper, dress her at once, and be quick about it," he cried to the two girls, who sank back from the awful presence of the priests.

The two priests went downstairs, Luke bewildered, Father Meade exultant.

"No use in talking," he said, "God beats us all. Just when we think we are doing something of ourselves, He steps in and shows His hand."

"Where are you going to take that poor girl?" said the practical Luke.

"Oh, I never thought of that," said Father Meade. "I'll take her to some hotel, and off to Limerick in the morning. Of course, she thinks I don't know anything; but I know all."

In a few minutes the girls came downstairs, bearing the invalid between them. The hope and anxiety he had brooded her up, and she looked almost vigorous as she stepped from the dreadful place.

"You sin't agoin' to take that there gal in the cab?" said the driver.

"Aren't I? Mind yer own business, me man, or I'll make you."

"Then you'll pay for it, I tell you," said the man in his bewilderment.

Magdalen! Magdalen! the dearest of all the saints outside the charmed circle of the Incarnation—how does it happen that there is a sting of pain in all the honeyed sweetness of that dear name?

"She must have been told of Margery's unkind remarks," thought Luke.

"Now it is all settled," he said. "I shall be at Euston to meet the 8.30 down mail on this day week. And you shall both meet me there. Is that all settled?"

Of course. Quite understood. Everything now was moving smoothly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HALL OF EBLIS.

Father Sheldon was sorry, downright sorry, for his friend and confere, Luke Delmege. As a good Briton, he was bound not to manifest this regret in any way. But he had pleaded with the Bishop, again and again, not to allow this bright young genius to leave the diocese, and be flung away on the tame and easy work of an Irish mission.

The old Vicar warmly seconded his efforts, although neither knew of the other's sympathetic co-operation. But if he belonged to the old school—timid, fearsome, conservative. We want the young, who despise consequences so long as the great object is attained."

No use. It was decided to let Luke go, and Father Sheldon was very sad. It was one of the reasons why he leaned his head heavily on his hands, one of these dark September evenings, just after Luke had returned from his trip. He didn't care to light the gas. He sat in the twilight and was sad. The hour was wearing on to supper-time, when one of the housemaids knocked, and told him a lady wished to see him.

He rose promptly, and went down to find Barbara Wilson waiting for him. The gas jet was burning; and he saw that she was crying and in terror.

"Father," she said, "I'm in great trouble. Louis is gone!"

"Dead?" said Father Sheldon slightly shocked.

"No, not dead; but he has escaped; gone I know not where. I left him for a moment this evening to see an old school friend, who had called; and he has vanished, and Oh! Father, I fear such dreadful things."

"Have you no trace? He was of remarkable appearance."

"Not the least. I have spoken to all the police on the boat; but there's not a trace. Oh, dear! it is the river, the river, I dread."

The supper gong was ringing, but Father Sheldon did not hear it.

"I must go with you," he said. He rushed into the church and said a hasty prayer; then, taking his hat and cane, he went out on the wild chase.

Whither? North, south, east, west, the wilderness of streets stretched before him; and, as he hesitated, the wild tumult of the sweeping multitude almost took him off his feet.

"Nothing but God can guide us," he said. "Let us move on and pray. Have you the least suspicion?"

"Only that he might have gone to a theatre, or Mrs. Wenham's, or an opinion dealer. Oh, dear, dear, and his soul was just saved!"

"It is not lost," said Father Sheldon, hurrying along; "and you alone can save it yet."

They took a cab down to the Criterion, the Alhambra, the Gaiety, places that Luke used to frequent in his heyday. In all these the people were pouring in a deep, wide stream. The police on guard saw no one answering their description of Louis. The officials were too busy to give more than a laconic No!

Back again through the hopeless quest for soul and body, Barbara weeping and softly praying, her companion staring under gas lamps to catch a glimpse of a skull and a mass of whitened hair. Was there ever such a hopeless effort, ever such a weary and despairful attempt? Up and down, up and down the dreadful streets of the City of Dreadful Night.

"I fear it is hopeless," said Father Sheldon. "Miss Wilson, let me see you home, and I shall place the matter in the hands of a detective."

No, no. That will not do for a sister's love for a brother's soul. She gratefully thanked the good priest, but insisted that he should now return. The night quest and the night sorrow should be her own.

"One more attempt," he said; "and then I shall leave you to God. What is the name and address of that woman?"

Back again through the dreary streets, in and out, until they plunged into the quietness and solitude of a fashionable square, drove past massive railings and marble flights of steps, now in the glare from some lighted drawing-room, now in the gloom of the shadow of an unoccupied mansion. Yes, here it is, brilliantly illuminated; and Barbara, seeking a lost soul, stands under the heavy galleried in the vast hall. Servants in scarlet livery swept by her, stared at her, passed away. Doors opened and shut, and revealed the magnificence of splendidly decorated rooms. There was a buzz of conversation somewhere in the vicinity. And the pale, beautiful girl stood like a statue in the hall—stood and despaired. What could a steepled, and shattered, and broken invalid be doing in a place like this? She was asked into a small parlor behind the drawing-room, and in a few moments Mrs. Wenham entered, and stared angrily, advanced, and said, in a tone of icy contempt:

"Well?"

She was dressed for a ball, dressed with all the luxury and taste and even splendor society demands from her elect. She was quite as tall as Barbara, and wished she was quite as beautiful. But not there was a grace and sweetness in this young girl that threw all

the morose splendors of the other woman in the shade. And the woman of the world saw it, and it did not please her.

"You remember me, Mrs. Wenham," said Barbara, faltering. "We met in Dublin some years ago, and you were so kind."

The cold face stared blankly at her. Barbara felt there is no hope here.

"I understand that my brother Louis used sometimes—sometimes—"

"How could she put, poor child, in the world's language her wild thoughts?"

"Your brother Louis used—sometimes—?" repeated Mrs. Wenham, slowly.

"Sometimes," wept Barbara, "used visit here, owing to your great kindness. And he's lost—he's lost—Oh! dear Mrs. Wenham, let's lose! He has gone out to-night, and we know not whether. But Oh! if you could tell me—he's so unwell, so near death and Oh! his soul, his soul! He's not fit for the judgment."

The woman of the world turned pale. She had intended to dismiss this girl haughtily, angrily, contemptuously. But these words staggered her resolution. Once before, and only once, and that was just after leaving the company of this same young girl, she had heard similar words. Not since or before. These hideous things were shielded from her—carefully as midnight draughts, or reeking drains, or the chance pollution of fetid air. What had she to do with such things—this spoiled and petted child? They were for the poor and the vulgar—the housemaid and the butcher—not for her. They were for the proletariat—the soldier, the laborer, as a just retribution for their misdeeds, and a proper requisite for criminal poverty; but not for the scented and curled darlings of fortune. And here this young girl, with the clear-cut, pallid face, the round, calm forehead, and the gracious eyes, presumes to introduce the horrid spectres. She dismissed her.

"I know nothing of your brother, my good girl, and I must bid you good-night."

And she touched the bell. Barbara vanished in the darkness, but the spectres remained. And as the stately lady swept around the ball-room, that most detestable orchestra, particularly that deep, solemn cello, would keep wailing, Death! Judgment! Death! Judgment! It was a new waltz, just imported from the halls of eternity.

"No use, Father, no use! I must seek Louis alone now."

"I shall not leave you here on the London streets," said Father Sheldon, decisively.

But she persisted. The cab rolled away, and let Barbara standing transfixed on the pavement. She looked around the dreary square—all the more dreary because so brilliantly illuminated. All the splendor, and comfort, and light and beauty chilled her by the contrast. Then then she looked up to the stars, and—

"Whither now, O my God?"

It was horrible. It was a night-walk through hell. Black figures leaped out of the darkness, stared at her, muttered some cabalistic words, and vanished. Rude men whistled into her face, and said some things that would be dreadful, but they were happily unrecognizable. Once and again a policeman flashed a lantern in her face, and muttered something. And on, on she stumbled, for she was now growing weak, and she had to lean against a gas lamp for help from time to time. Then on again, on through the darkness, into the circle of light thrown by a side-lamp, and into the darkness again. A few times she stopped to accost a stranger, and ask did he see Louis; but she was rudely answered with an oath, and then she decided on asking questions. And on, on, with a vague hope that Louis was somewhere near, and that she would find him. But nature was steadily conquering, and, at last, she had to sit on the curbstone and rest. She was falling into a fitful slumber when her name was called from out the night. She listened and looked. She heard a mighty river fretting its way into the darkness beneath her, and on the lap of the river a dark form was tossed. It flung out its hands helplessly into the turbid waters, and a great tubular white hair floated back upon its waves. Once more she heard her name called from out the night, and she woke, chilled and stiff. She stood up and stumbled forward. Her hands sought help. She clutched the iron bars that ran around some large building, and groped her way onward from bar to bar. They led her to the gate. It was open. And high against the star-lit sky, she peaked gables of a church out and pushed into the church. A faint smell of incense half revived her. She groped along from bench to bench, until she stood beneath the red lamp. Then she sat down and rested. Oh! but not the rest that she had known for so many years in that unspeakable Presence; not the calm, sweet languor that steeped her innocent soul in such a bliss of peace there in the old church leprous and the poor. No; this was a mighty crisis in her life; and the voice was pealing from out the night. She rose up and went to the Lady Altar, and prayed for her brother's soul as she had never prayed before. And as she prayed, a light struck her—an idea so terrible, so appalling, that she shrank from the dread inspiration. She was called upon by the Unseen to make a sacrifice for the beloved soul. And such a sacrifice, great God! It was too dreadful. She shrank from it in terror. But the voice was calling from out

nature protested against a divine inspiration and decree. But now every sudden impulse of divine self-surrender, she flung out her arms, like the limbs of a cross, and uttered the mighty words that spoke her doom and the redemption of her brother. The mighty thrones, that swung round and round the altar, stopped in their adoring flight, poised themselves on their wings, stared at each other, stared at the silent Tabernacle, and looked down on the white, tearless face of the victim. But no sound broke the stillness of the sanctuary. Yet the Heart of Christ throbbed quicker beneath the accidents of His great sacrament—throbbed quicker as at the grave of Lazarus, and at the voice of Magdalen, and surely no such tremendous sacrificial vow had ever passed human lips before.

Then a new, strange strength possessed her. She drew on her gloves calmly, and without a tremor calmly picked up her beads and umbrella, calmly genuflected, with just a whisper of silent protest against the dread exorbitance of God, and passed into the night again. She stumbled against some person in the darkness and begged pardon humbly.

"Yerra, ye needn't," said an unmistakable Hibernian voice, "ye didn't hurt me much."

"Thanks be to God!" said Barbara; "surely you are an Irishman."

"I ought to be, for me father and mother afore me were," said the voice.

"But, begor, I'm beginning to think that I'm a medium of all the good people in the world; and that's a big word."

"Twas God and the Blessed Virgin sent you," said Barbara, realizing that this was the agent of the Most High in the fulfilment of His part.

"Tis many a long day since I heard the word," said the policeman, taking off his helmet. "What may be yer trouble?"

Simply and directly Barbara told her story, there in the darkness outside the Church.

It was so wonderful, so incredible, that his suspicions became aroused. He had very large ambitions in the detective line, and it would never do to be caught so easily.

"Come over to the lamp-light," he said, gently, but firmly holding her by the arm. "Now, young 'un, do you see a feather bed in me o'?"

He said, lifting up his eyelids in a comical way.

But something in the gentle face smote him with sorrow, and dropping Barbara's arm hastily, he doffed his helmet, and said humbly: "I beg yer pardon, miss, a thousand times. I didn't know ye were a lady."

"Never mind, said Barbara. "But come, help me. There is no time to lose. God has sent you."

He blew his whistle, and at the shrill summons another constable instantly appeared. He whispered a few words to his comrade, and then, turning to Barbara said:

"Come here!"

He led her from the main thoroughfare down a side street that led to the river, for a cold draught of wind swept up the street, and oiled gratefully the burning forehead of Barbara. Then another turn, and they passed into a police office. The inspector sat mutely at a desk, poring over a file of papers. One gas-jet, shaded by an opal globe, flickered over his head. He looked at the constable and said nothing. The latter told his story as circumstantially as he could, and wound up in a whisper so that Barbara could not hear:

"Begor, 'tis like hunting for a needle in a bundle of straw."

"Brother, you're a fool," said the inspector to his fellow-constable, for he, too, was of that desperately lawless race, who are the guardians of the law in all the cities of the world. "Go into the kitchen and get the lady some tea, and be quick about it."

When Barbara came out from the day-room, refreshed and strengthened, for now she felt sure that God was doing His part faithfully, although He had demanded such a fearful price from her, the inspector was standing, gloved and hat, and a cab was at the door. He lifted Barbara in gently and followed.

"Where are we going?" asked Barbara.

"To the third of the three places your brother haunted," said the officer.

"Did you tell that fool it was an optimism?"

"Yes, indeed," said Barbara, wondering that she had not thought of the place before.

"And Albemarle Buildings, Victoria Street, was your brother's address?"

"Yes, yes," said Barbara, eagerly.

"Then he's not far from Albemarle Buildings," said the officer. He said no more. Barbara took out her beads, and prayed softly to herself.

They sped swiftly to the Victoria Road Station, passed down some narrow streets, and stopped. The officer alighted, and went into a large building, from which he presently emerged with another officer. They were consulting eagerly. Barbara watched them anxiously. Then there was a hasty order to the driver, and the cab sped forward again. Then, after one or two sharp turns, they stopped before a long, low shed.

"Your brother is probably here," said the inspector; "but how shall I know him?"

"I shall go with you," said Barbara.

"No, no; this is no place for a lady," said the officer. "Let me know his appearance, and some distinguishing signs, and if he is there I shall certainly find him."

But fearing some violence from one cause or another to her beloved one, Barbara insisted. The officer offered his arm to the door, a small, low, shabby door, that seemed to open nowhere. He pushed it, and it yielded. They groped through the darkness to a heavy curtain, that screened the light, and pushed it aside. They were in the Hall of Eblis. Readers of Beckford's wonderful vision will remember the ghastly sight that met the eyes of Vathek and Nouronihar, when their curiosity was gratified, and they entered the fortress of Aherman and the halls of Argem. Even such was the dead spectacle that smote on the senses of Barbara and the officer in this abode of the living-dead. A heavy cloud, charged with the dread vapours of opium, hung thick and opaque on the ceiling, and its folds, too heavy for the atmosphere, curled down and curtained the floor. Bloated lamps shone through it, and lighted its thick volumes, and scarcely threw a dim shadow on the floor, where, piled against the walls, and stretched in every hateful and abominable posture on filthy mattresses lay the stupefied victims of the deadly drug. Some lay like dead logs; some had sense enough left to lift their weary eyes and stare, like senseless images, on the intruders. Some were yet in the beginning of the dread trance and were smoking leisurely. It was a mass, a alarming yet senseless mass of degraded humanity, and Barbara clung close to the officer, as they passed down the hall, sometimes stepping over a prostrate form, and the eyes of the devoted girl almost starting in fear and curiosity and the dread hope that here at last her quest was ended.

They had come to the end of the hall and had turned back to examine the faces on the other side, when a figure, almost buried under the superincumbent forms of others, turned lazily and helplessly and muttered something. Barbara stopped, clutched the arm of the officer, and pointed. The inspector pulled aside one or two helpless figures; and there, curled up in a state of subject impotence, was Louis Wilson. Barbara was on her knees in a moment beside her brother, fumbling him, caressing him, with one dread fear and hope—would he live?

"This is he," she said. "Now for the last mercy. How shall we get him hence?"

They raised the senseless form between them, and, by a mighty struggle drew it down the floor and to the curtain. Here a figure stopped them.

"Hallo, I say, what's this?"

But the officer flung the fellow aside; then followed him, and, after a few words, the fellow came over and relieved Barbara of her burden. They huddled the senseless figure into the cab, and sped homeward.

In the grey dawn of the morning, two anxious figures stood by Louis Wilson's bed, watching, watching, for a sign of returning consciousness. The doctor had administered some powerful restorative, which, if it took effect, would bring back the vacant mind once more to partial self-knowledge. But the heart was hopelessly diseased, and there was no chance of recovery. Barbara was quite easy in her mind. She knew that the Eternal should keep His contract. Not so Father Sheldon. He knew nothing of the tremendous interchange that had taken place that night between the young girl and her God. He only saw with human eyes, and judged by human reason. But he was a priest, and this was a soul in peril. And so he knelt and prayed, sat and walked, always watching, watching, for the one faint ray of light that would herald the return of reason in that helpless form. He had done all that the Church allowed to be done under such awful circumstances; but, partly for the sake of that immortal soul, partly for the consolation it would impart to this devoted girl, he prayed and watched that, at least, one act of sorrow or charity might be breathed by the conscious intelligence before it was summoned to final judgment. The dawn grew to day; sounds of renewed traffic, suspended only for a couple of hours, began to echo in the streets again; now and again a street-call was heard, as boys rushed here and there with morning merchandise; a company of soldiers swept by to catch a morning train. Barbara had left the room for a moment, when the patient woke—woke, feebly and faintly, and stared at the window and at the face bending over him.

"Barbara!" he moaned in pain.

"Barbara is here," said Father Sheldon, "and will be delighted to see you so revived."

"Why are you here?" Louis asked.

"Because you are in danger, and I am a priest."

"Oh! I remember. I had a dream. I thought I was away in Switzerland or somewhere; and there was a stage, and illuminations, and a tragedy. And we came home, and you were so kind."

"Tell me, Dr. Wilson," said Father Sheldon, "have you any objection to make your peace with God and to receive the Sacraments of the Church?"

"Not the slightest. But Barbara must be here. I should like to make my confession to Barbara. I could tell her everything."

That wasn't to be, however. He did the next best thing. He confessed and was absolved. And when Barbara returned, and saw the candles lighting, and the people strolling around the priest's neck, and the light of reason dawning in eyes that had, heretofore, stared into abysses of ghastly phantoms, she flung herself on her knees in mute thanksgiving to God for the mighty grace. And then her woman's heart sank sadly as she thought: Yes, clearly He demands the sacrifice, as He has clearly wrought His miracle of love. Yes, Lord, be it so! Who am I to contravene the purpose of the Most High?

And so the Rev. Luke Delmege was grievously disappointed on arriving, with all his heavy luggage of books, etc., at Easton Station, and quite punctually, to meet the 8.30 down mail, when he found himself alone. He paced the platform impatiently and looked eagerly at every one that alighted from cab or hansom. The last bell rang. He had to take his place alone. For, alas! one of his expected fellow-travellers was sleeping peacefully in Highgate Cemetery, and the other he was to meet after many years.

"There is no use," said Luke, "in trying to teach our countrymen anything. Even the best fall hopelessly to appreciate the necessity of punctuality."

TO BE CONTINUED.

There is energy of moral enation in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of an orator's genius.

tered the fortress of Aherman and the halls of Argem. Even such was the dead spectacle that smote on the senses of Barbara and the officer in this abode of the living-dead. A heavy cloud, charged with the dread vapours of opium, hung thick and opaque on the ceiling, and its folds, too heavy for the atmosphere, curled down and curtained the floor. Bloated lamps shone through it, and lighted its thick volumes, and scarcely threw a dim shadow on the floor, where, piled against the walls, and stretched in every hateful and abominable posture on filthy mattresses lay the stupefied victims of the deadly drug. Some lay like dead logs; some had sense enough left to lift their weary eyes and stare, like senseless images, on the intruders. Some were yet in the beginning of the dread trance and were smoking leisurely. It was a mass, a alarming yet senseless mass of degraded humanity, and Barbara clung close to the officer, as they passed down the hall, sometimes stepping over a prostrate form, and the eyes of the devoted girl almost starting in fear and curiosity and the dread hope that here at last her quest was ended.

They had come to the end of the hall and had turned back to examine the faces on the other side, when a figure, almost buried under the superincumbent forms of others, turned lazily and helplessly and muttered something. Barbara stopped, clutched the arm of the officer, and pointed. The inspector pulled aside one or two helpless figures; and there, curled up in a state of subject impotence, was Louis Wilson. Barbara was on her knees in a moment beside her brother, fumbling him, caressing him, with one dread fear and hope—would he live?

"This is he," she said. "Now for the last mercy. How shall we get him hence?"

They raised the senseless form between them, and, by a mighty struggle drew it down the floor and to the curtain. Here a figure stopped them.

"Hallo, I say, what's this?"

But the officer flung the fellow aside; then followed him, and, after a few words, the fellow came over and relieved Barbara of her burden. They huddled the senseless figure into the cab, and sped homeward.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

There is energy of moral enation in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of an orator's genius.

THE RED-HEADED AFFINITY.

"There's that awful red-headed boy in a fight!" The sharp voice belonged to the sharp-faced teacher of the fifth grade, who happened to be on duty at the noon recess. She hurried to the struggling boys, and, with the assistance of another teacher, managed to pull them apart.

"Young man," she addressed the owner of the red hair, "this is not the first fight you've had on these grounds, but I certainly hope it will be the last." She marched the panting boys to the principal's office.

In the meantime a red head had appeared at an upstairs window. One glance from a pair of intelligent brown eyes took in the situation and the head disappeared.

"Yes, I saw him, with my own eyes, rush at the other boy, grab him by the collar and fling him down!" The sharp voice was pitched so as to enter the principal's ear and penetrate to his rather kind heart, arousing it to execute a righteous judgment on the red-headed culprit.

"Be seated, boys. What grade are you in?" The red-headed boy looked up.

"Indeed, I'm sorry to say he is still in mine." The sharp voice had emphasized "still."

"Did you attack this boy first?"

"With my hands, yes, sir."

"Why do you say with your hands?"

"Because he attacked me first, with his tongue."

The principal looked at the other boy, who grinned and flushed.

"There was a tap on the door. 'Come in!' called the principal, and a tall young woman with red hair and brown eyes entered. She looked sympathetically into the eyes of both boys, causing them both to blush with shame.

The red-headed boy blushed because he remembered the fight he had had the previous year, and how this red-headed teacher from another grade had walked all the way home with him; how she had told him that God had made both their heads red, how He had numbered each of those red hairs; and how that God had permitted it to be that color, and that it was wrong to fight about it, because it was like reproaching his Heavenly Father for making it red.

"Have a seat, Miss McClain; I'm glad you have come. Now," to the black, drooping head, "how did you attack him first with your tongue?"

Both boys' faces grew redder. After an embarrassing silence, the red head was thrown back and a pair of honest blue eyes looked at the principal.

"He don't want to tell you because Miss McClain is here. Please, Miss McClain, go out. Then you can come back when he holler 'come.'"

The blue eyes looked beseechingly into the brown ones. The principal raised his eyebrows; the thin lips of the sharp-faced teacher curled contemptuously. Miss McClain laughed merrily.

"Excuse me, professor; but perhaps you don't understand. Why, it's something about red heads. You see, Pat is so sensitive on the subject that he can't realize this. I'm not at all so. I don't mind, Ernest; just speak the truth. But the boy only looked more ashamed of himself.

Miss McClain smiled knowingly at the principal. "He called him a red-headed, freckled-faced Irishman, I expect. Was that it, Pat?"

"Ask him," Pat Dillon nodded his red head towards Ernest's black one.

Ernest raised his black eyes, full of indignation, to his teacher's intellectual face; and the look in her eyes brought him to his feet.

"Professor," he stammered, "I—that's exactly what I said, only—that wasn't all. I said that his mother nearly whipped him last night because she saw a light through the transom and thought he was still reading after he had told him to put out his light and go to bed, but she found it was only the light from his head. I—I didn't know how low down it was until—until Miss McClain came in."

Miss McClain's eyes rewarded him. She was proud of her pupil.

Pat was on his feet before Ernest had finished.

"It was my fault! I promised Miss McClain last year that I would stop and spell 'God made it red,' before I fought about it, and I forgot to-day; but it is the first red-headed fight I've had since I promised her!" And they all believed it.

The principal rose and shook hands with the boys.

"Now shake hands with each other! That's right. Pat, my boy, I believe this is to be your last fight on account of your hair. Now, I want you to study your hardest, so I can promote you to Miss McClain's room. I think there you would soon learn to appreciate red hair."

"Ernest, your teacher is justly proud of you. You may both go."

"Oh, I do hope you can promote him professor! I ever since I first noticed him in school we've had a queer sort of understanding. A sort of red-headed affinity, I suppose. I'm sure we could make the most of each other."

"I sincerely hope he will be promoted," snapped his teacher.

Pat Dillon was promoted at Christmas, and from the day he entered Miss McClain's room, and looked into her eyes, he became a different boy. He was from the beginning to another whom she met in the hall on her way to fill Miss McClain's vacant seat.

"I'm certainly glad to hear it, for I'm awfully nervous about teaching boys and girls of from ten to thirteen; they are simply at an abominable age! I'm not surprised that she has these violent headaches come on suddenly."

"Don't you worry. If you want any information, just ask that red-headed boy; he's a treasure."

The nervous senior found the report

to be true, and everything had gone on smoothly until the arithmetic class was called, and eight pupils were at the board, when suddenly the fire alarm rang.

"The fire drill!" exclaimed the senior, excitedly.

"Fire, fire!" shouted a voice in the street below.

The senior sprang from her seat and rushed down the aisle, caught her in his arms, and hurried her back to Miss McClain's desk.

Interest in Pat's manoeuvres had saved the grade from panic.

Holding the struggling, half-hysterical senior, Pat gave the necessary number of sharp, commanding taps. The grade responded mechanically, but when the little girl who led the line looked into the smoky hall and saw white-faced teachers struggling desperately to control themselves and the crooked lines of crying girls and excited boys, she hesitated.

"Ernest, lead the line!" commanded Pat. "And every one hold on to the one in front!"

From the foot of the stairs the principal saw Miss McClain's grade holding their lawful place near to the wall. A line too compact to be broken, they came on past him, and in their roar came a red-headed boy dragging an unconscious senior.

In the morning paper was the principal's account of how Pat Dillon, in the absence of his teacher, had preserved the honor of the sixth grade. Miss McClain read it, and was proud of her red-headed affinity.—Alice Daly, in the Christian Instructor.

MEMORIES OF GALWAY.

Well worth seeing and worth remembering, dear old Galway; Galway of the stalwart gray houses that have stood for centuries the storms and buffets and driving rains of the Atlantic; Galway of the narrow, winding, quiet streets; Galway of the banking sun touches with its dying splendor the quaint-colored sails of the fishing boats rocking at anchor.

Pleasant Galway it is, where the people are erect, and sturdy, and kindly, and the children—real, rosy, country children—smile at you out of deep blue eyes as you pass; where you are awakened in the early mornings by the complaining, musical cry of the shawled and barefooted fishwives. "Fresh herrings! Fresh herrings! they chant, as they trudge, basket on hip along the cobble-stoned street. Oh, a quiet, old-world town is Galway; and a good old-world people are they that live there.

It chanced late last summer that a wanderer, weary of the noise and stress of modern city life, strayed into the old town, and instantly felt the rest and quiet comfort of the atmosphere, and, going forth to stroll among the streets, found a throng wending their way on some great purpose bent, and so, following, came to an old arched gateway, in a strange little nook, under which these people disappeared. The curious one, going in, was received with prompt and courteous hospitality by the members of the Gaelic League, and was made a free and delighted spectator of the proceedings.

It was the "Fais Connacht," the great annual gathering of the local country people who were assembled to hear the old tongue spoken, the old songs sung, and the old stories told, not, as so familiarly known to them, around the cabin fires on the breezy hillsides, but in the great "town," in a hall, where judges would listen to their edicts and award prizes and honors to those they like best.

So it was in the old, long, low-ceiled, white-washed hall they met, and they thronged from far and near, young and old, the ancient village favorite, white-headed and frizzle-cold, who was received with shouts of applause, the worthy matron, conscious of her dignity, the young, earnest farmer lad, a great shawl drawn about her, Ireland's freedom in his deep and earnest eyes, and the troops of sunny-faced children, fresh and sweet material these, for the work of keeping the old tongue alive. The old people knew it, they would pass, but it was these tiny ones whose little lips were listened to with greatest attention by the judges; for within their curled palms lies the future of the Irish language.

They sang, these children with their clear, fresh voices, in the soft accents of the old tongue, the ancient songs of their race, and while they sang, one read in their bright eyes and fair, Greuze-like faces, the hopes of the land for the future. Oh, the sweet songs, "Kathleen ni Houlihan," "solenn and mysterious," "Bristin Fionn," with its wailing strain, and the slow, stately strains of the "Coolin."

Even the wild, gypsy-like children of the famous Claddagh were there sturdily chanting and (yet more to their taste), answering back in the "conversation contest," with a free, brisk promptness, the questions put by the judges. It was a Claddagh lassie, with a great shawl drawn about her, like unto her elders, who seated herself with much composure, and began a long story in Gaelic, which convulsed her hearers with merriment that found its origin in the twinkle of her shrewd gray eye.

How independent they were, these Connacht people! No sign of shyness or nervous timidity. They stepped up and recited, sang, danced, whatever it might be, with earnestness and indus-

try. How fine was that old orator, who had his tale to tell, and his ear to say (concerning the legitimate freedom of Ireland) and who would say it, ignoring the tinkle of the judge's bell (intimating that his time limit had expired), and indeed, upbraiding those with upraised hands and nodding head, as he perforce abandoned the rostrum and descended to his place among his fellows.

A MODEL HOME.

WHAT CAN BE DONE BY LIBERALLY AND GOOD TASTE.

While it is quite true that "he it ever so humble, there is no place like home," there is a good deal of satisfaction in looking at a home where there is no lack of resources. When money is not scarce, a home can be made very beautiful, a joy to look upon. It is no wonder, therefore, that the model home prepared by the T. Eaton Company, in the Manufacturers' Building, Toronto Exhibition, was one of the most popular features. From the kitchen cabinet to the cupids on the ceiling of the drawing-room, everything was elegant and tasteful. The drawing-room, particularly, was most attractive. Mahogany and gold seemed the prevailing tints, while the rug, the hangings, and the beautiful paneling of the walls harmonized exquisitely. But the finishing touch to the design was provided by a rich Goulay piano, of Sheraton design, which stood in the corner. The work of this firm, Messrs. Goulay, Winter and Looming, is always of the finest type, and it was no wonder that the Eaton Company went to them to procure a piano in harmony with their model room. It is understood that at the Ottawa Exhibition the Eaton Company will make a similar display on a larger scale. For the drawing room there, also, a Goulay Art Piano has been secured.

What Are We Doing.

The Catholic Columbian asks a pertinent question, as follows: "Ours lies the responsibility of bringing to the proofs of the truth of the Catholic religion to the 65,000,000 of non-Catholics in America. Every parish embraces all the people in it. What are we doing to convert our neighbor?"

Educational.

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A JESUIT PREACHES TO BAPTISTS

REV. HENRY DAX, S. J., DISCOURSES AT CONFERENCE JUBILEE DRIVE, LIVERPOOL.

Father Dr. says:—"Theology," writes Mr. Campbell in an opening chapter of his book, "is the intellectual articulation of religious experience."

And speaking in particular of the "New Theology," he describes it as "a name which has long been in use, both in this country and in America, to indicate the attitude of those who believe that the fundamentals of the Christian faith need to be re-articulated in terms of immutability to God."

Those who take this view do not hold that there is any need for a new religion, but that the forms in which the religion of Jesus is commonly represented are inadequate and misleading.

What is wanted is a restatement of the essential truth of the Christian religion in terms of the modern mind.

appeal to our own experience in support of his assertion concerning the self-limitation of God in creation.

Of course, finite consciousness is evolved, and the condition of human self-realization is an upward progress from remote possibilities to ever heightening and widening actualities.

But what is the nature of the finite and limited is for the very reason of harmony with the infinite and limited Jesus, God, according to the New Theology, is not the infinite being, he is not omnipotent.

With the disappearance of the subject of the relation its term and foundation necessarily ceases. They go by implication. Yet it will be instructive to further show how the New Theology strikes at the root of human personality, and also does away with the whole idea of creation.

The third chapter of Mr. Campbell's book deals with man in relation to God, and opens with the pertinent quotation: "What are we to think about ourselves? Who or what are we?"

ous parody of the supernatural revelation of Jesus. It remains to disprove its title of intrinsic excellence. The "New Theology" claims to be "essentially a moral and spiritual movement, a great religious and ethical awakening, whose chief dynamic is faith in the immanence of God."

"Its starting point is a re-emphasis of the Christian belief in the Divine Immanence in the universe of mankind." (Ibid., p. 4) It is supposed to be a set-off between Atheism and Materialism. The whole of this claim is untrue.

The "New Theology" is not a spiritual religion at all. It is a purely natural and merely human substitute for religion. It is at best the religiosity of thinly-veiled Pantheism.

At worst it is a total alienation calculated to lead the would-be religious on to the rocks of Materialism and Atheism. It is destitute of all spiritual or ethical inspiration. A God is only the spirit or consciousness of the universe.

How can he fulfill the yearnings and aspirations of the soul? Can man love and worship that which is neither a person nor a cause? Can he trust a consciousness which has its fulfillment in himself? Can he worship his own self-consciousness, or bow down before the altar of his inner self into which evil penetrates so constantly and so pervasively?

LETTER FROM ROME.

Correspondence of The Catholic Standard and Times.

"Is the Pope Free in Rome?" That is the title of an article which has appeared within the last week in the semi-official organ of the Vatican.

The answer given is an unhesitating negative. Within his own city, among his own countrymen, the head of the Catholic Church is not free. He is not free to leave the Vatican; he is not free to walk the streets of Rome unmolested.

And if those "undesirable citizens" had prepared a hostile reception for the Vicar of Christ, he should then make sure about the attitude of the Italian Government. Would it connive at the proposed violence? Would its soldiers and gendarmes be kept out of the way until after the commission of the deed?

And if Pius X. answered all these questions, he would decide to remain still a prisoner in his own palace, and await the hour when his children throughout the world will demand his release.

No, the Pope is not free in Rome. His confinement in the Vatican is due to no material sentimentality or desire for sympathy. He is as much a prisoner as Marcellinus was when he was slaughtered in the catacombs.

FAKIRS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS.

I have often wondered at a very strange phase of the intellectual emancipation and freedom from superstition alleged to be the proud heritage of the non-Catholic mind.

This intelligence languishes at the poetic and baroque belief in fairies and banshees that clings to poor old Ireland with the tenacity of the grey moss to the Druids altar or the ivy to her desecrated shrines.

This severe emancipated intelligence denounces as priestcraft the doctrine that a priest has the power to forgive sins, and yet, mirabile dictu, in no country in the world does palpable fraud derive a larger revenue from superstition than that paid by the non-Catholic people of the United States.

You will find advertisements from clairvoyants, mediums, seventh sons of seventh sons, seers born with a caul, astrologers. All of these are frauds, and all are making money out of the gross ignorance and superstition of the so-called enlightened and intellectually emancipated non-Catholics of America.

The managers of the papers that publish the advertising cards of these fakirs are themselves steeped in this degrading superstition, or they are guilty of knowingly aiding and abetting these frauds in obtaining money from the public on these pretences and guile also of helping to disseminate false and blasphemous doctrines.

You put coins on a dead man's eyes to keep the lids down. If you put coins enough on the orbs of the argus-eyed editor of a metropolitan daily he will be just as blind as the dead man.

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because they act directly on bowels, kidneys and skin—and so strengthen and invigorate these organs that there is no urea and uric acid retained in the system to irritate the nerves and bring Rheumatism, Sciatica and Neuralgia.

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wonderful clearness and great force the complete story of the iniquitous Law of Separation.

PRINTERS BECAME NOTED CLERGYMEN.

Two printers who afterwards made names for themselves in the Church were Josiah and Edmund Young. They were both born in Saeco, Me., of Protestant parents and were brought up strict Methodists.

WHO HAS PROFITED?

La Croix, a French Catholic paper, asks a few disconcerting questions of French taxpayers: "Are you any richer for it? Tell me, artisan or farmer; tell me, my friend. They have expelled the congregations and stretched forth their scelerous hand with crooked fingers for the 'Famous Billion'.

A well known Protestant bishop related that while on a recent visit to the South he was in a small country town, where, owing to the scarcity of good servants, most of the ladies preferred to do their own work.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost. GOOD AND BAD READING.

Brother: I want to ask you a serious question this morning: What do you read? You read something, that is sure. The man or woman who does not read much cannot read at all, and that is a class growing smaller and smaller every year. You read much, therefore a great quantity; but of what quality? For I didn't ask you how much, but what you read.

What do you read? One says, I read politics, and that is good; another, I read business, and that is good; yet another says, I read for recreation, and that is good; and finally one says, I read to kill time. But, brethren, has it never struck you that it would be good to read some eternity? But, Father, one will say, I read my prayer book when I come to Mass. Oh, yes! And a poor little vest pocket edition of a prayer book is all that is left of the old Mass; and I wish it was a little more at prayers for confession and preparation for Communion, and came to High Mass with you a little oftener.

Another might ask: Father, what do you mean? Do you wish us to read the lives of the saints? Just so. Nothing so interesting and so profitable; and I would like you to begin with the Saint of saints, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Is it a puny little school-boy who has not read the life of George Washington or Robert Emmet once at least. But I would like to know how many of you big Christians ever read straight through one of those little lives of Christ which we call the Holy Gospels?—Christ, the Founder of our religion and the Redeemer of your soul. There is a Bible on your parlor table; why do you not read it, or have Mary read it, for a half-hour during the long evenings of Advent and Lent? How often do we see a Bible on the centre table which cost many a good day's wages and is not worth a cent to you, but is all for show. There it lies, shut up tight and clasped, knowing only the visitation of the feather duster from one end of the year to the other; save when a baby born or somebody dies; then the great book is opened, a name is written down, the book is shut and clasped again. Brethren, what does this ignoring of your part of the Word of God practically mean? Just this: The Catholic religion is not yours; it belongs to the priest. Once a week you come to the church, the priest farms you out a little bit of the faith, and at more or less irregular intervals you come and see him privately and render an account to him of the use you have made of his property. Religion is not personal; it is a family matter, part of a race tradition. If religion were a personal matter with you, you would read more about it, for you do so with all that really concerns you personally. Religion is part of a race tradition and that is about all. This sounds very hard, but it is in many cases all too true. Make your religion your own, let it be something personally yours, and begin with the Scriptures; not in the false, Protestant sense, but reasonably and like a Catholic of intelligence.

What will the Scripture do for me? I answer it will give you courage to bear your burdens: "This hath comforted me in my humiliation, because thy word hath enlivened me." (Ps. cxviii. 50)

It will strengthen your faith. "They were a lamp to my feet and a light to my paths." (Ibid. 105)

The reading of the Scriptures will give you liberty of spirit: "I have walked at large because I have sought after thy commandments." (Ibid. 45)

It will keep you out of the sloop and other occasions of sin. "Sinners have laid a snare for me, but I have not erred from thy precepts." (Ibid. 110)

It will give you a well-spring of hope: "I have purchased Thy testimonies for an inheritance forever, because they are the joy of my heart" (Ibid. 111)

Brothers, the reading of a chapter or two daily in the Holy Scriptures is both a cure and an antidote to sin; will make going to Mass and receiving the sacraments easy and joyful, will help you to a peaceful and quiet life, and secure you a good death. Amen.

HOW SCOTLAND BECAME PROTESTANT.

The ruin of the Old Church in Scotland was due to no accident, but to the malicious design of a pack of greedy nobles, who had seized and grown rich on the spoils of the Church lands. It has been well said that "the Reformation was a question not of faith, but of sacrifice, not of Gospel truth but of monastic lands." The new Gospel was set up by fire and sword. The apostate Lords brought over Knox from Geneva to stir up rebellion. With this firebrand to preach, a howling mob of roughs was easily gathered ready for any mischief. The churches and monasteries were plundered and burnt, and soon the country was covered with smoking ruins.

A further inaccuracy of Dr. Scott we have not yet noticed. He says: "These alterations, these reformations" were all demanded by the people themselves. Now let us look at the facts. In 1560 Parliament made it a criminal offence to hear or say Mass; the first offence was punished with confiscation of goods (not a mere fine, but full confiscation), the third with death.

The very next year after this horrible law was enacted, Paisley Abbey was burnt by order of the Lords of the Secret Council.

When the preachers of the new doctrine came to Paisley they were refused admittance to the church and the people stoned the doors against them. Mass continued to be said in the barn and blackened ruins for more than eleven years by members of the community, the people gladly attending. As late as twenty-five years after the savage act of Parliament just mentioned, Father John Drury sang the office and celebrated the

Mass of the Vigil and feast of Christmas. This was at Lincolden, near Dumfries. The people were so anxious to hear him preach that they flocked to the River Nith to elude the guards posted on the bridge to prevent their going; the water was up to their waists, and thus, wet through they kept their Christmas festival. At Elgin High Mass continued to be sung till 1594. In fact, for thirty years after the Catholic religion was proscribed and its worship made penal half the parish churches of the kingdom were in the hands of the Catholics. But it was in vain for the people to stem the tide. Church after church was given to the flames. Those that remained were put into the hands of the new preachers. Except in a few favored localities there were no priests to say Mass, to hear confessions, to instruct the children. A new generation arose whose sole knowledge of the old faith was derived from a calumnious and misrepresentation. What wonder if it at last disappeared in large portions of the kingdom? In the Highlands and islands, however, the bulk of people remained faithful to the old religion; no doubt it was more difficult for the innovating persecutors to reach them.

THE PAPAL SECRETARY.

So much has been written in the past few years of the fascinating personality of that popular prelate, Cardinal Merry del Val, that it is well to consider exactly in what consist the functions appertaining to the lofty office he has occupied during one of the most momentous crises of the Catholic Church.

The Papal Secretaryship of State, as now constituted, was created in the fifteenth century, and came into being as the result of the change of politico-religious situation arising from various schisms. Previously, the Government of the Church had been theological or canonical, political negotiations being practically unknown, since the Holy See only commanded and affirmed, and never discussed. The growth of the Papal States naturally gave rise to political exigencies requiring the creation of a new office. The importance of the great post, which really entailed all the energies and attention of the occupant, won for its holder the title of Cardinal Padrone, or Master-Cardinal, a prestige which still attaches to it. He is above every other Cardinal in official importance and dignity.

How necessary is it that the Vatican should have its Prime Minister, can be seen when one considers that the following countries have their special representatives at the Court of the Sovereign Pontiff. Austria, Spain, Prussia, Bavaria, Portugal, Belgium, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Haiti, San Domingo and Monaco.

On her part the Church has her diplomatic representatives in Austria, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Bavaria, Holland and Brazil, with delegates, apostolic for Ecuador, Bavaria, Peru, San Domingo, Haiti and Venezuela, Russia has also an official representative at Rome.

Twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, the Cardinal Secretary receives in turn the ambassadors and special envoys. This is the Secretary's first function, his second being the conducting of a voluminous mass of correspondence with the nuncios and internuncios, the dealings with their reports and despatching instructions for their guidance. Diplomatic dinners are of rare occurrence at the Vatican, only taking place on the occasion of the holding of Consistories. Etiquette forbids the Pope being present at them, the duty of entertaining guests being left to the Secretary of State, his deputy.

Every morning, the Cardinal Secretary is received by His Holiness, when the "situation" as regards the Church is discussed, the Pope having been previously supplied with all the latest newspaper-despatches affecting the political or religious condition of the world. On leaving the Pope, usually at 9 o'clock in the morning, a day of hard work begins for the Secretary, the strenuousness of which is not surpassed in the cabinet of any prime minister or sovereign in the world. Under his orders are a score of ecclesiastical secretaries, to whom the Secretary of State dictates or sketches the nature of instructions in certain difficulties. This done, a series of propositions have to be prepared for presentation on the next day, to the Pontiff, since nothing is done without his orders or instructions.

As the Angelus rings, the Cardinal Secretary leaves his cabinet in order to receive his guests in the reception hall, set aside for his particular use. Here may be seen people of distinction from all countries of the world. In the case of Merry del Val, the peculiar fascination he exercises over people made him the most-visited man in the Eternal City. It is no uncommon sight to see the following company at his receptions: An English duke, not a Catholic; a New York newspaper-man belonging to a nonsectarian journal; the Chief of an Irish Jesuit College; an Irish parish priest; a sporting English squire; the Austrian ambassador to Italy; a member of the House of Commons; a Chicago millionaire with complete Harvard sons; an officer in the English Horseguards; a Spanish bishop; a missionary from Africa—surely an interesting collection of human beings as any host could desire. At his "business" receptions he has need, says a French writer, of more mental agility than is given to most of the sons of men. He cannot plead that anything is outside his province, since he is acting for the Pope in whose province for adjudication everything lies.

In many ways the Cardinal Secretary must be a mental gymnast and it is universally admitted that the present dignity is equal to all demands on his tact, patience and capacity for giving his supplicants satisfaction.

The department of the Papal Secretariat is divided into two sections; that of the secretaryship proper, precise writers, confidential scribes, deputies

for the Cardinal Secretary; and that of "Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs," a body of prelates specially enjoined to watch the whole political drama of the world, day by day, and to report upon such events as they think impinge upon the province of the Church. It is in these administrative bureaux that all distinguished prelates of the Church begin their careers.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE BOASTED SUPERIORITY OF PROTESTANT COUNTRIES.

Preaching at St. Joseph, North Woodside Road, a few days ago, Father MacInnes, S. J., compared the state of the world at the time of the coming of Christ with the state of the world to-day after 1900 years of Christian teaching. In the course of reference to the fidelity of Catholics to their faith, Father MacInnes said that a few days ago the chief constable of Glasgow went into the pulpit of one of the churches of the city and there he thought it to be his duty to make some comparison between the North of Ireland and the South of Ireland. He seemed to desire to point out that as the North of Ireland was Protestant, its prosperity proved the truth of Protestantism, while the falsehood of Catholicism was proved by the poverty of Catholics and the Catholic districts of Ireland. Such things had been said before, remarked Father MacInnes. They had been said so often and over again by Protestants, notably Frederick Harrison and M. Emile de Laveleye. Did people who said such things think that Christ had changed His mind? Was Christ not a poor man born of a poor mother? Was He not born in a stable that did not belong to Him? Did He not live and die as a poor working man? Did He not say: "Blessed are the poor." "The poor ye shall have always with you." "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven?" Had Christ changed His mind? When Christ, nineteen hundred years ago, said "Blessed are the poor," did He mean "Blessed are the prosperous and the rich?" They pointed to Ulster and Connaught. Ulster was prosperous, and Connaught was poor; therefore the prosperity of the one showed the superiority of its religion over the religion of the other. Yes, religion was the cause of the poverty of Catholic Connaught and of the prosperity of Protestant Ulster, but in a sense that they seemed to forget. Was it not true, as one of the two Protestants mentioned himself acknowledged, that "before the sixteenth century, Ireland was the focus of civilization, while Scotland was a land of barbarians?" Then came the Reformation, and then came Cromwell at the head of his troops. They persecuted Catholics and robbed Catholic proprietors of every bit of land they possessed. It was death to be seen in a Catholic Church or near a Catholic priest. Education was forbidden, and the scholar was treated in the same way as the priest caught saying Mass. The poor Catholics fled to the wild lands to go where they knew there would be no chance of prosperity—"To Hell or to Connaught." After they had done to death, or shipped as slaves to the Barbados, 80,000 Catholics, they sent the remainder to Connaught. They who compared the poverty of Connaught with the prosperity of Ulster forgot that Ulster was a land naturally fertile, and with every natural condition which tended to fertility, whereas Connaught was a land of bog and marsh, and mountain pass, where the soil was poor and stony. They sent Protestants to Ulster where they could not help being prosperous and then turned up the whites of their eyes and said, look how prosperous Catholics are. It was because Catholics stuck to God's word that they were driven from their homes and persecuted. Because they believed God's word, "You cannot serve God and mammon," they stuck to Christ and poverty. Our forefathers met poverty in the past for God's word, and they would have the executioner's knife or the hangman's rope rather than give up their faith.—Glasgow Observer.

MODERN MIRACLES.

In miracles as in everything else, error conceals truth. One of the reasons why so many non-Catholics disbelieve the miracles of the Old and New Testament is the prevalence of fraudulent miracles, proclaimed but never satisfactorily proved by faith curists, "divine healers," Christian Scientists, and all such heretical zealots. Serious persons, who have never examined into the testimony for well-authenticated Catholic miracles, seeing this heap of imaginary cures supposed to have been wrought outside of the Church, but never supported by such evidence as would stand in a court of law, naturally conclude that the crowds of Biblical times were deceived as are crowds of our day. But Kegan Paul, in his Memoirs, 1899, shows how the Catholic mind is prepared by familiarizing with well-attested modern miracles to yield assent to Biblical miracles to treat as they deserve, the sophistical, a priori, objections of narrow-minded rationalists.

"Apart from the direct leadings of God's grace, and the general effect of the Imitation and Newman's writings, it may be well to specify more closely some of the arguments which weighed with me to accept the faith I had so long set at naught.

"First, and above all, was the overwhelming evidence for modern miracles and the conclusion from their occurrence. A study of Pascal's Life, when I was engaged in translating the Pensees, directed my special attention to the cure of Pascal's niece, of a lachrymal fistula, by the touch of the Holy Thorn preserved at Port Royal. It is impossible to find anything of the kind better attested, and readers may judge for themselves in the narrative written of the facts by Racine, and the searching investigations by unprejudiced, and certainly not too credulous, critics, Sainte Beuve and the late Charles Beard.

"Next in importance were the mir-

acles of Lourdes, one of which, as wrought on a friend of my own, came under my notice. I do not mean, especially in the former case, that these facts proved any doctrine; that the miracle of the Thorn made for Jansenist teaching or those of Lourdes for the Immaculate Conception; but rather, that the Thorn must from its effects, have been one that had touched the Sacred Host, that the spring at Lourdes could only have had its healing power by the gift of God through our Lady. It was not that miracles having been declared in the Bible made those latter occurrences possible, but that these properly attested in our own days, and in times so near our own, made the Bible miracles more credible than they were before adding their testimony to that which the Canon bears to Holy Scripture. And it was on the testimony of a living Church, that I would accept the Scripture, if I accepted it all; for surely of all absurd figments, that of a closed revelation to be its own interpreter is the most absurd.

THE POWER OF EVIL HABITS.

A correspondent having written to the Examiner (Bombay) on the prevalence in his neighborhood of jealousy and backbiting. Father Hall treats the subject in a 'journalistic sermon' in the course of which he says: "We think that many people habitually indulge in jealousy and backbiting, not out of deliberate wickedness, but for want of reflection of the unreasonableness, repulsiveness and moral perversity of such conduct. Argument, however, is not of much use in such cases. The best way of curing them is to bring them face to face with the beauty of the contrary virtue. A man full of good feeling and friendliness toward all. * * * a man free from the least touch of jealousy, rejoicing in good wherever he sees it and putting the most benign interpretation on evil—such a man is a most delightful and attractive personality. And when people feel this, a certain magnetic influence will pass into them. A light will penetrate into the hidden recesses of their hearts, will reveal the vermin and filth lurking there, the result is a spring-cleaning of a far more effectual kind than any treatise on the virtues and vices would bring about. In fact it is a general principle of practical psychology that if you wish to make others what you think they ought to be you must show yourself a model of the same. Hostility is conquered by friendliness, moral depravity by uprightness, hatred by love; and it is the soft answer which turneth away wrath."

Propos of this sin of detraction, the one point that needs to be insisted upon, "opportune and inopportune in season and out of season," appears to be that it is a sin, far more grievous than theft, and presenting far greater difficulties in the matter of restitution.

Bishop Matz Denounces Carnegie and Rockefeller.

Preaching in his cathedral in Denver, Colo., on Sunday, Bishop Matz denounced Carnegie and Rockefeller for helping to increase public libraries and secular colleges for mere self-glorification.

Referring to the Biblical injunctions concerning the giving of alms, the Bishop said the widow's mite, given in the right spirit, is more acceptable in the sight of God than the princely endowments of colleges which millions are raised for giving.

"Look at Carnegie," said Bishop Matz. "How the world praises him because he sends money all over the country to found libraries which shall perpetuate his name. Libraries place within the reach of all classes the infidel teaching of Voltaire and the sensational dime novel, both getting in their work of destruction only too easily."

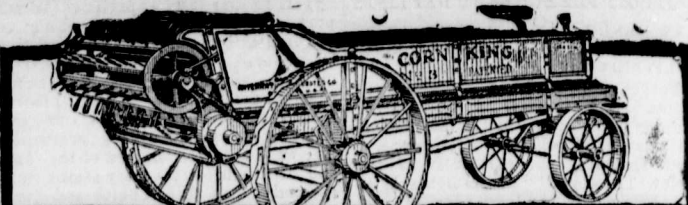
IMPORTANCE OF PROPER DIET.

MANY OF PREVAILING ILLS DUE TO EATING FOOD WHICH IS NOT ASSIMILATED BY THE STOMACH.

Many of the prevailing ills from which the average person suffers can be traced to errors in diet. People now-a-days do not exercise sufficient care in the selection of food and as a result dyspepsia, indigestion, flatulencies, chronic constipation and kindred ailments are on the increase. Every well-informed medical man in Canada will write in supporting the statement that the people of this country eat altogether too much meat for their own good. The evil results of this are more noticeable in the summer months, a yellow and puffy complexion and a general feeling of heaviness and lassitude, testifying to the effects. Observation shows that meat eating induces constipation.

There can be no good general condition of health where constipation obtains. Medical experience proves that women are particularly prone to it. There are several causes contributing to this, among them indoor life and the lack of oxygen, only to be gained by outdoor exercise. Constipation superinduces anemia, loss of appetite follows, and there being no replenishment of the natural drains on a woman's strength, such a person is left an easy prey to the various infectious diseases.

In chronic constipation there is nothing so effective as Shredded Wheat which should form a part of every meal. It is made from the choicest whole wheat, with nothing added or nothing taken away. It does not possess any of the objectionable features of the coarser cereals such as corn and oats which are quite heating. Modern white flour has a great tendency to constipation. In the manufacture of a finely ground flour the parts of the wheat berry that would form a stimulating mass and aid digestion and bowel motion are eliminated and in consequence the bread eating public suffers. On the other hand Shredded Wheat is a food which by reason of its crispness must be thoroughly chewed and is thus completely mixed with saliva and hence perfectly digested.



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CHATS WITH YOU

Lukewarm Water will Before water gets must register two hundred degrees of heat. Two will not do it; two ten will not do it; must boil before it will steam to move an engine. Lukewarm water anything.

A great many people move their life trains water—water that is and they are stalled, why get ahead. They are boiler with two hundred and ten degrees can't understand why anywhere.

Lukewarmness in the same relation to ment as lukewarm water—to accomplish this world until he soul, flings the force into it.

In Phillips Brooks' people he used to urge thing with all their might. It is not enough a general desire to see. There is but one way that is, to try to be the concentrated energy. Any kind of a hum for a thing, can do strong, vigorous purposes can do things. Your Purpose should

There is an infinite desire is lukewarm will take a train to purpose must boil, live steam to do the

Who would ever Theodore Roosevelt had undertaken, only a great task? The great has been that he life, not a part of it mination and energy could master, into undertaken? No faint hearted effort purpose for him!

Every life of power master purpose was of all other principle which is cognition and exercise no mistaking it the water of energy the boiling point, get anywhere.

The man with a positive, constructive No one can be original, or creative concentration; and of the mind is the line of the purpose. We can upon a thing we so enthusiastically about. A man ought to be as great artist piece, as an outly pride and an artist easily can give. You loosely connected that they are easy—O. S. Marden Jr.

A Word We don't know following which change, but it vice which should and carefully his man in the count

Young man, do self why there all the world upon many fill a drum is employment, yes, honorable, of so young cal and mental, away the spring utter worthless; sider, remember be that our our superiors, honor and use beyond your your future to ber the world w Neither can y nor gain a r Bid your tim severance and lead to success

If in your p a profession. Work is no dis credit to any wages, but it idleness and a greater de than ever be who are not fo market is supp men, sound f ence, and wh steady as the Young men, to proud to be fast what the for!

Talent is have it, impro got it, then u Educate you down to the to ruin. You selves, you selves and is worth mo stand friend a consolation as you are and for yours hire others t your machi to your own let other peo confidants always be tr not your own your charac injured exc a Young man your album

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Lukewarm Water Will Never Run an Engine.

Before water generates steam, it must register two hundred and twelve degrees of heat. Two hundred degrees will not do it; two hundred and ten will not do it. The water must boil before it will generate enough steam to move an engine, to run a train. Lukewarm water will not run anything.

A great many people are trying to move their life trains with lukewarm water—or water that is almost boiling—and they are wondering why they are stalled, why they can not get ahead. They are trying to run a boiler with two hundred and two hundred and ten degrees of heat, and they can't understand why they do not get anywhere.

Lukewarmness in his work stands in the same relation to man's achievement as lukewarm water does to the locomotive boiler. No man can hope to accomplish anything great in this world until he throws his whole soul, flings the force of his whole life into it.

In Phillips Brooks's talks to young people he used to urge them to be something with all their might.

It is not enough simply to have a general desire to accomplish something. There is but one way to do that; and that is, to try to be somebody with all the concentrated energy we can muster.

Any kind of a human being can wish for a thing, can desire it; but only strong, vigorous minds with great purposes can do things.

Your Purpose Should be at Boiling Point.

There is an infinite distance between the wishers and the doers. A mere desire is lukewarm water, which never will take a train to its destination; the purpose must boil, must be made into live steam to do the work.

Who would ever have heard of Theodore Roosevelt outside of his immediate community if he had only half committed himself to what he had undertaken, if he had brought only a part of himself to his task?

The great secret of his career has been that he has flung his whole life, not a part of it, with all the determination and energy and power he could muster, into everything he has undertaken. No dillydallying, no faint-hearted efforts, no lukewarm purpose for him!

Every life of power must have a great master purpose which takes precedence of all other motives, an supreme principle which is so commanding and so imperative in its demands for recognition and exercise that there can be no mistaking its call.

Without this the water of energy will never reach the boiling point, the life train will not get anywhere.

The man with a vigorous purpose is a positive, constructive creative force.

No one can be successful, inventive, original, or creative without powerful concentration; and the undivided focusing of the mind is only possible along the line of the ambition, the life purpose. We can not focus the mind upon a thing we are not interested in and enthusiastic about.

A man ought to look upon his career as a great artist looks upon his masterpiece, as an outpouring of his best self, upon which he looks with infinite pride and satisfaction which nothing else can give. Yet many people are so loosely connected with their vocation that they are easily separated from it.

—O. S. Marden in Success.

A Word to Young Men.

We don't know who is entitled to the following which we clip from an exchange, but it contains wholesome advice which should be attentively read and carefully heeded by every young man in the country:

Young man, did you ever ask yourself why there are so many people in the world unemployed, and why so many fill a drunkard's grave? There is employment, for the entire world, yes, honorable employment, yet we often see young men of abilities, physical and mental, leading around, lolling away the spring time of their life in utter worthlessness.

Young men, consider, remember, however true it may be that our country is controlled by our superiors, and the positions of honor and usefulness are at present beyond your grasp, the grandness of your future rests upon you. Remember the world was not made in one day. Neither can you make your fortune nor gain a reputation in one day. Bide your time and persevere. Perseverance and energy will be sure to lead to success.

If in your work, by all means choose a profession, and it will honor you. Work is no dishonor and laziness is no credit to any one. It is good to have wages, but half pay is better than idleness and vice. Remember there is a greater demand for young men now than ever before.

For young men, who are not for sale—live with these the market is supplied—true, honest young men, sound from center to circumference, and whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who know their positions and fill them. Young men, not too lazy to work, not too proud to be poor, and are willing to eat what they have earned and paid for!

Talent is a good thing, and if you have it, improve it, but if you have not got it, then make the best use of fact. Educate yourselves, or you will go down to the tomb of oblivion—perhaps to ruin. While, if you educate yourselves, you will be an honor to yourselves and to your country. Education is worth more than gold—it is a constant friend through life, and at death a consolation.

Be independent as far as you are able. Live for something and for yourself—it is too expensive to hire others to do your thinking and let your machine decay in rust. Attend to your own business, and be sure to let other people's alone. Have but few confidants—the fewer the better—and always be true to your friends. Fear not your enemies, and remember that injured except by your own acts.

Young men, cut this out; paste it in your album for future reference. Do

good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time cannot destroy. Strive to have your name to shine as a brilliant star in the classical skies. Write your name by kindness and love on the hearts of the thousands with whom you associate, and you may rest assured that you will never be forgotten.—Our Young People.

The Ideal of Success.

There is, perhaps, no ideal which men strive to realize with more earnestness than that of success; nor is there any which leaves a more lasting impression on human character or which exerts so potent an influence on human effort as the hope of success. Call this hope or fancy by what name you will. Call it a dream as we have called it, for as yet with you it is but a dream, or name it "the realization of the ideal," the fulfillment of hope.

"The attainment of a higher or a better life," or let it be known by its more homely appellation "success," and it is everywhere and always the same, everywhere and always at work.

Wherever a human heart throbs in sympathy with a higher prompting, there is its home. It inspires every noble thought; its accents mingle in every noble word and the benediction of its presence, is attested in every noble action. It gives duty its sacredness, sacrifice its reward, religion its sanction. It is the quest of science, the heart of literature and the soul of art. In itself it yields to no analysis, for it lies deepest down in our nature. It is that which explains whatever is incomplete, and interprets whatever is partial in all that we feel or think or say or do. It is the goal of all human activity and it underlies all human endeavor, and rightly apprehended and used in the measure of its eternal worth it brings all things finally to the feet of God.—Rev. Dr. Maguire.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE BIG BOY WHO QUARRELED WITH HIS CHUM.

The Big Boy was very sweet tempered. You could tell that by looking into his clear, gray eyes, and noting the pleasant curve of his upper lip, which seemed always just about to break into a sunny smile.

Everybody at school liked him—both masters and mates. He could play football and hockey, and he was never known to quarrel, except once—and then it was with his dearest chum!

This was the way it came about. The Big Boy was not clever in class. Sometimes when he stood up to recite his Latin or history lesson, he would send the whole room into shouts of laughter because of the funny mistakes he made. When this was the case, the Big Boy's chum, who was head of the school, and who knew nearly as much about solid geometry and Greek as the principal himself, never laughed with the others.

On the contrary, he would seem to be very much interested in a book. The Big Boy might stammer and stutter, the Master might make sarcastic remarks, but somehow the Big Boy's chum did not hear. Yet when the recitation was over and the class filed back to its grade-room, the Big Boy would often feel a friendly hand on his shoulder, and later in the afternoon, if he wanted to go skating, his chum always wanted to go, too.

This was very pleasant. No wonder the Big Boy did not care whether the other fellows laughed or not.

But one day things happened differently. There had been an essay to write. The subject was: "Christopher Columbus and the First Landing on American Soil."

"Hurrah!" cried the Big Boy. "I won't have to look anything up for this! We know old Christopher by heart." And he wrote his essay in half an hour and slipped off to practice in the gymnasium.

Next afternoon when the English class was called, it happened to be the Big Boy's essay that was chosen for reading aloud. This was not because it was the best essay, but just because the master wished to learn how the Big Boy was getting on with his composition.

Everybody put away books and pencils and sat up to listen. The Big Boy's ears grew red, the way they always did when he was called upon to recite, but for all that he began to read in a clear, loud voice.

He told all about Columbus and the wonderful voyage. He told about the sailors, their fears and quarrels. He told of shifting winds and strange changes in the compass.

"Till at last," read the Big Boy in a loud, clear voice, "when all these dangers were finally overcome, and a new and wonderful world lay before the eyes of the eager commander, there was one more disappointment. For three days Columbus was prevented from landing by a dead clam."

The English master, who had been listening sleepily at his desk, gave a sudden leap in his chair. The boys sat up, too.

"Read that last sentence over," said the English master, sharply.

The Big Boy looked quite pleased. It was not often that people took so much interest in his essays.

"For three days," he repeated in a loud, clear voice, "Columbus was prevented from landing by a dead clam."

Then it was that the Big Boy's chum disapproved himself. With a sudden snort he threw back his head and laughed, and laughed and laughed. All the other fellows laughed, too, and even the teacher joined in the merriment.

The Big Boy stood with very red ears and faced them. Of course, he had meant to say that it was a clam that had prevented Columbus from landing. No clam could possibly have done such a thing, alive or dead. The word had slipped out by mistake. They might have known that.

When order was at last restored and the class dismissed, the Big Boy did not wait for any friendly hand upon his shoulder. Pating on his red sweater and slinging his skates about

his neck, he started for the river alone. It was a perfect afternoon. The ice was sound and smooth as a dancing floor. The Big Boy struck out with a strong, even swing. He was a beautiful skater, and but this afternoon there was nothing of that sort.

On, on the Big Boy went, till his nose was frost-nipped and his feet felt like senseless blocks of stone. It is not much fun to skate alone, especially if one had just quarreled with one's favorite chum.

So, at last the Big Boy turned to come back again, and just at the same moment, round a curve in the river bank, there shot a shadowy figure.

"I say," rang a jolly voice "of course I oughtn't to have laughed—but that dead clam. You know!"

So the Big Boy threw back his head and shouted, too. You would have thought it the funniest joke in the world.

Then the figure fell into step, and the Big Boy and his chum skated home shoulder to shoulder. It was not such a bad quarrel, after all.—Alice C. Haines in The Boys.

HABITUAL DRUNKARDS.

"There would be no liquor problem in New Jersey," says the Monitor of Newark, "if there were no drunkards. Most of the prohibitory legislation is to protect the few who can not control their appetite for a alcoholic drink. If men used drink in moderation, the status quo might easily be reached to satisfy almost every reasonable demand."

"But the greed of man, which will open the door of danger and temptation to his fellow man for filthy lucre, must be held down by the steel grip of the law. The saloons feed the passion for strong drink till the poor wailing becomes a sob, till the happy and comfortable family knows only want and misery."

"It is to the interest of the saloons and the breweries to prevent drunkenness, because the more drunkenness there is, the more degraded becomes their business in the eyes of the people. The brewers ought to put men of strong character in the saloons they own, and make their so-called proprietors realize that they will retain the premises only on condition that they conduct their business in a proper manner."

"As a general help to the banishment of drunkenness, we commend a practice which the Mayor of Harrisburg, Pa., has adopted.

"This plan may not be feasible in the large cities, but it should be effective in the town and villages and smaller communities.

"The plan of the Harrisburg official is to send cards to saloon-keepers with the names of habitual drunkards. The card contains also a request that those whose names appear thereon be issued intoxicating liquors."

WHAT IT IS TO BE A CATHOLIC.

No one knows the beauty and grandeur of Catholicity but one who is a practical Catholic. The Church of God is the voice of God. The Church of God is the right hand of God. The Church of God is vital with the spirit of God. The Church is the very vestibule of eternity. We do not sufficiently appreciate our privileges as Catholics. To be Catholic, to be children of the Church means to be more than kings, more than princes. There are no figures, there are no estimates by which we can compute the value of the Catholics' birthright this side of God's throne.

Why don't we love the Church more? Why don't we try and get into closer touch and sympathy with the Church? Why is it that that feeling of loyalty does not assert itself wherever the Church is concerned? I do not see that the Church is assailed? For ever stand upon the defensive the moment the Church is assailed? For there is one thing under heaven that is pure, holy and of good repute, it is the Church of God.

We Catholics believe all the Church teaches and we practice what the Church enjoins. That is enough for us. We do not want to know more of the Church. We do not want any confirmation children of the Church and walk in the ways that the Church points out for us in and through His Church.

One of the greatest scientists of modern times died a few years ago in France, and when the priest prepared him for death he asked the privilege of making a statement. He was a man of his day and his world that he thought it his duty to make a dying statement. And the greatest scientist of our day and perhaps the greatest scientist the world ever saw, prayed just before dying for the simple unquestioning faith of the poor Breton peasant woman. He said: "I do not want any other faith than hers. I want to believe in my God as she believes, and to follow the commandments of my God unquestioningly as I see her following them."

—Rev. D. V. Phelan.

FASHION vs. FAITH.

A press dispatch from Paris states that it has become a custom for American parents to take their babies to the fashionable church of the Madeleine, in that city, for baptism. "A well-known American" is quoted as saying: "Our baby is somewhat old for baptism. He is almost a year old. But we said that as long as we were coming abroad we would have him baptized in a church that counted for something."

The inference is that this "well-known American" is a Catholic. If he is he ought to be ashamed of himself. As a Catholic he should know that in delaying the baptism of his child so long he committed a grievous sin, and that the proper church in which to have the sacrament conferred is the parish church of the child's parents.

To permit "fashion" to control the administration of the sacrament is a species of sacrilege.—Southern Messenger.

THE GUILT OF HERESY:

Rev. Walter McDonald, a professor at St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, Ireland, writes to the London Tablet as follows:

The writer of the article "Moral Obligations of Assent to Dogma" in the last issue of the Tablet holds that a Catholic who has once received the faith cannot cease to believe without formal guilt; and that the possibility of a purely material lapse into heresy or infidelity implies "either Pelagianism and holding that faith is not a grace at all, or implicitly, by holding that the Holy Spirit, by His own work in it, and is false to the very union of truth which He Himself has operated."

This, it must be admitted, is a fair presentation of theological opinion as it is found in text-books; it represents even, there can be little doubt, what may be called the official mind, or as some may prefer to say, the mind of most of the Church's officials who are empowered to teach with authority. Some souls, notwithstanding, may be comforted to hear that the doctrine has never been taught officially. The Vatican decree, quoted by the writer of the article just mentioned, is the most definite of all the official utterances on the subject; but before that decree was passed assurance was given at the council that there was no intention of condemning the opinion of those who maintained that in certain circumstances an ignorant Catholic might join an heretical sect without committing formal sin. This does not cover cases in which all faith is lost—when, that is, one ceases to believe in supernatural revelation; but reading the decree in the light of the assurance as regards heresy; it seems but natural to interpret it as teaching that one can never give up the faith without material sin. If this be the true meaning of the decree; consequently it does not contain official teaching to the effect that one cannot without such sin go so far as even to renounce all faith and become a complete unbeliever.

Whether the doctrine that faith can be lost without formal sin is true or false, it is surely not Pelagianism, for it does not assert "that faith is not a grace at all." Faith, in the present order of Providence, is always supernaturalized; but may it not be that a mental act once supernaturalized can be lost without formal sin is true or false, it is surely not Pelagianism, for it does not assert "that faith is not a grace at all." Faith, in the present order of Providence, is always supernaturalized; but may it not be that a mental act once supernaturalized can be lost without formal sin is true or false, it is surely not Pelagianism, for it does not assert "that faith is not a grace at all." Faith, in the present order of Providence, is always supernaturalized; but may it not be that a mental act once supernaturalized can be lost without formal sin is true or false, it is surely not Pelagianism, for it does not assert "that faith is not a grace at all." 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THE PHYSICIAN A MORAL TEACHER.

THE DOCTOR'S RESPONSIBILITY PLACED NEXT TO THE PRIEST'S.

D. C. A. Wingerter, of Wheeling, W. Va., delivered an address before a recent meeting of the West Virginia State Medical Association which deserves a wider audience than that to which it was delivered.

"The real history of civilization," he said, "is not the history of inventions, of scientific discoveries, however great these may be; it is the history of the movements of moral forces, those forces that make the world of men happier, nobler and wiser.

THE DIGNITY OF MARRIAGE.

Concerning the recent decree on espousals and marriage, the Boston Herald said editorially:

"Whether Pope Pius X. had in mind certain conditions of American life when he decreed that the consent to espousals and marriages may be doubted, but in view of the marked tendency of the youth of our land to elope, or to contract secret unions, the decree comes with a conserving influence at an opportune time.

Each one of us a type of our profession—the moral teacher in the world, since, by studying and teaching how to prevent disease, it is striving to annihilate itself. Like the fabled bird of old, it plucks upon its heart that those it loves may drink and live.

THE MODERN PRAYER.

"This prayer reproduced from the San Francisco Star, splendidly characterized," says the Catholic Fortnightly Review, "a spirit and tendency all too common in our day among Christians, even here and there, among Catholic Christians."

O Lord I come to Thee in prayer once more; But pardon that I kneel before Thy gracious presence—for my knees are sore With too much winking. In my chair instead I sit and ease, and humbly bow my head.

As the first Napoleon had paid in due time, for his outrages upon the Pope, his nephew, Napoleon III., found a just retribution at Sedan. Notwithstanding her disasters, however, France had learned nothing.

A PLEA AGAINST INTOLERANCE.

This is my prayer: Let me not be the victim of the fault of others. So busy spinning on my brothers' sins, that I have no time to mend my own.

Very Rev. Dean McGee's Mother. Very Rev. Dean McGee, of St. Joseph's Church, Montreal, received a letter from his mother, Mrs. Michael Dalton, on Sept. 11, 1907.

TEACHERS WANTED. QUALIFIED TEACHER (ROMAN CATHOLIC) for a school in the city of Montreal. Salary \$300 per month. Apply to Secretary, Joseph Bolger, Grandin Hill, Ont., 1574.

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THE SINGING IN GOD'S ACRE.

Out yonder in the moonlight, wherein God's angels walk to and fro, singing their psalms. Their robes are folded, and their eyes are banded low.

CHRIST IN THE DESERT.

Out from His world my Saviour went. Out from the clamor of throng and street. Out from the Nazareth happiness, mother love sweet.

THE DIVINE GUEST ROOM.

"Make ready for Me a large, upper room, furnished."—A "Kempis." A large, fair room for the Guest Divine—A grand and spacious hall.

ANTI-CHRISTIAN SOCIETIES IN CHRISTIAN RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

Under the name of Progress, materialism crept into the popular philosophy of the nineteenth century and was its dominant note throughout that age.

THE PHYSICIAN AS A MORAL TEACHER.

"How the physician, as a physician, make the community better in the moral sphere? The answer is this: The moral evils in this world arise from the passions and the vices of men.

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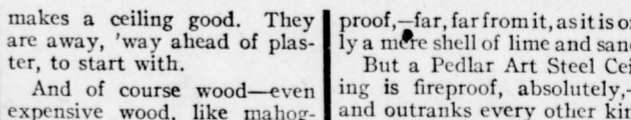
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Common Sense On The Ceiling Question

People used to think metal ceilings were a sort of mining-camp makeshift—something that would do after a fashion when you couldn't get a real ceiling.



But that was long years ago,—before even I got into the metal ceiling business. Metal ceilings have changed since then—and opinions.

People know, nowadays, that the right sort of metal ceilings are fine enough for any building that can't use marble ceilings.

And Pedlar ceilings are not only fine enough, in point of looks, for any building;—they are good enough in all that

proof,—far, far from it, as it is only a mere shell of lime and sand. But a Pedlar Art Steel Ceiling is fireproof, absolutely,—and outranks every other kind of a ceiling in every particular that appeals to people of common sense.

I would tell you all about it, in detail, if I knew your address,—the subject is far too big to handle here.

Possibly you have some vague idea—a survival of the old days?—that metal ceilings are machine-made art, crude, stiff, unlovely? I just wish you could see the pictures of some of my ceilings. You would know better, then.

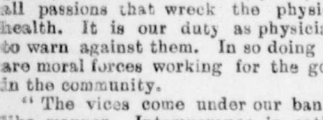
Suppose you let me send you a little book on the subject. I am pretty sure you will find it worth reading. I don't mind if you are merely curious now,—I want you to know.

Your address, please? G. A. Pedlar

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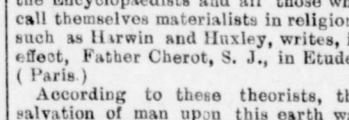
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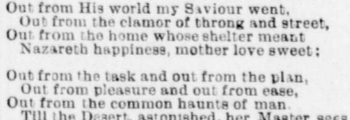
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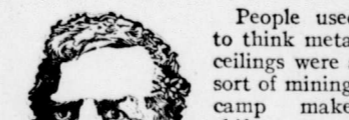
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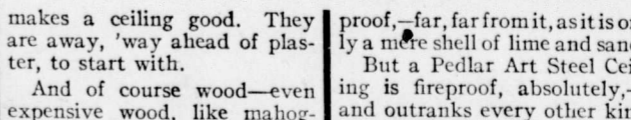
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The Catholic

VOLUME XX LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1907. A NOTEWORTHY

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