

# The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXX.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29 1908

1532

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### THE LAND OF TEARS.

We read an essay the other day on the perfectibility of human life here on earth. After recounting the successes of philanthropic endeavor the writer predicted that ere long the scientist and social worker would obtain for all of us a fair share of the enjoyments of life. But so far as it purports to be an argument to show that the world will be other than a land of tears it was woven of the texture of dreams. Walk where you will, says a Kempt, seek what you will: yet you will find no higher way above, no safer way below than the way of the Holy Cross. Arrange and order everything after your own likings and fancies, and yet you will find something you have to suffer, whether willingly or unwillingly, and thus you will always find the Cross. Run where you will you cannot escape, for wherever you go you carry yourself along with you and so everywhere you will find it and yourself. Make up your mind that you will have to endure many adversities and all sorts of inconveniences in this wretched life. But if you settle down to the inevitable, namely, to suffering and dying, things will quickly mend and you will find peace. And, therefore, let this be the final conclusion of all our study and investigation that it is of necessity through many tribulations that we are to enter the Kingdom of God.

### THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING.

Philosophy cannot solve the problem of suffering. It tells us to either despair, or to seek pleasure, or is frankly pessimistic in the avowal that the best use to which conscious life can be put is to bring about the extinction of the species by abstinence from its future propagation. They, however, who contribute the treasures of noble thought and endeavor, as well as that renunciation and sacrifice are life's handmaidens. "Life without suffering is impossible: if truth, if holiness, if virtue, if friendship, if purity be life we must make up our mind either to suffer or to perish." Sometimes an illusion vanishes, or a friendly heart turns away. At others, death stills the heart of a loved one. Again, the waves of suffering roll in upon the soul covering it with bitter waters. But in the night of tribulation the Lord says to us: "Blessed are ye who suffer and mourn for yours in the kingdom of heaven." And then we see the lights of the sphere beyond—the lights of the realm of everlasting glory. They are the only things we can count upon. The way is long, but God is at the end of it. The skies may have many a surging cloud of dreams destroyed, of sad memories, but further on the skies are blue and the sun is shining on the land where there are no tears. And so we keep on marching, with the truth of God's loving goodness to fill us with courage.

### THE WAY OF THE SINNER.

Slowly but surely suffering dogs the steps of sin. Reason can not fathom the mystery, but the instinct of all races has taught them that "sin is in some sense balanced and set right by suffering, and that without suffering the disease is irremediable and mortal. If sin be death, if absolution be life we must either suffer or die. Suffering casts the soul that has lost its beauty into the fires of obedience and humility and renunciation, and refashions it upon a divine anvil.

It showed the practical sagacity of the Rev. Th. F. Labreque when he saw many years ago how the question rested upon individual opinions, and he set about building the Memorial Church at Penetanguishene in a centre of population rather than out on some spot seven or eight miles from a town, and always open to some doubt of its identity with the place of the massacre. No sooner did the Rev. Father Labreque, through ill-health, abandon the scene of his arduous parish labors than the promoters of this new, and, as it were, rival memorial, began operations last summer.

The position of the new shrine is on the east half of lot number four, concession seven, Tay township, and it is claimed that it stands upon the site of the Indian village of history, called St. Ignace, where the missionaries suffered death. A few months before I examined the ground on the hill top where the shrine now stands, the land had been mostly plowed for crop, and turned up, to a depth of

### NO LASTING CITY HERE.

We are here in a state of probation. Our work is to beautify the soul. But this beauty is never finished in this world. We must go from virtue to virtue. When we stop and forget, suffering touches us and bids us remember.

### THE LOVER OF THE SOUL.

And God is jealous of the soul's beauty. In it he blends joy and sorrow to make it the more perfect. Just as the artist blends light and shadow on his canvas in order to compel our admiration. When we lose sight of the Cross, sorrow forces us out of the valley of illusion and vanity to the mountain of truth, and show us the crucifix. God's design is to be loved by all men and His Providence is directed to that end.

### RELIEVE THE CONSOLER.

Philosophy, as we have said, offers no saving alibi of pain. To tell the sorrow-stricken to be indifferent is to speak nonsense. To tell them to seek pleasure is to bid them to seek degradation. To bring him, however, into the presence of the Saviour, is not indeed to clear up all the problem of pain, but to give him peace and to prove the mercy and love of God in the mystery of sorrow.

### THE TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.

Who then, says an author, is the true philanthropist? Is it he who believes in the perfectibility, not only of the soul, but of the conditions of a comfortable and enjoyable existence? Or is it he who "knew what was in man," who knew that poverty, sorrow, suffering and temptation would always, and inevitably be the lot of the majority; who knew that there was wisdom and love veiled under God's seeming harsh dispensation, and who came not to change it but explain it: to touch the dark clouds with golden light: not to uproot the thorns which sin had sown; but to teach our bleeding fingers to weave them into a crown of glory for our own brow. A human comforter would stay us with false hopes of impossible amelioration: God shows us that poverty is wealth; sorrow is joy, and death is life. He comes to us with His cross on His shoulder and says: Follow Me, I am the way. He has taught us, if not to love, at least to adore the Cross: to carry it, if not joyfully at least patiently.

### THE NEW JESUIT SHRINE.

A few weeks ago we received a letter from Mr. A. F. Hunter, of Barrie, Ont., in reference to the Jesuit shrine in that part of the country and held it over until we could at the same time print a reply which we give from the Rev. Father Jones, S. J., of Montreal.

To the editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD:—

Sir,—As your columns gave an account of the dedication of a memorial shrine near Waubesaushene, Ont., built upon what was claimed to be the scene of the massacre of the two Jesuit missionaries Brebret and Lalemant in 1649, may I ask space to correct a mistake in regard to its position, which the wide announcement of the event will be apt to convey? Many persons are familiar from their school days with the opening chapter of the history of Europeans in Ontario, particularly with the massacre of the missionaries and would naturally be interested to know that some spot has been established as the place of the massacre without admitting of any doubt. As most of those who might read the account of the shrine in the newspapers cannot get their knowledge of the locality and the circumstances at first hand, and are thus unable to judge of the merits of the published accounts (all of which claimed actual identification of the spot) there is all the greater need for asking the use of your columns to give some authentic facts.

It showed the practical sagacity of the Rev. Th. F. Labreque when he saw many years ago how the question rested upon individual opinions, and he set about building the Memorial Church at Penetanguishene in a centre of population rather than out on some spot seven or eight miles from a town, and always open to some doubt of its identity with the place of the massacre. No sooner did the Rev. Father Labreque, through ill-health, abandon the scene of his arduous parish labors than the promoters of this new, and, as it were, rival memorial, began operations last summer.

The position of the new shrine is on the east half of lot number four, concession seven, Tay township, and it is claimed that it stands upon the site of the Indian village of history, called St. Ignace, where the missionaries suffered death. A few months before I examined the ground on the hill top where the shrine now stands, the land had been mostly plowed for crop, and turned up, to a depth of

six or seven inches, thus exposing what it contained; so that when I saw the conditions were favorable for showing some evidences of Indian occupation, had any such existed there. Under similar conditions pottery fragments and other debris never fail to appear on a veritable village site. But I could find no trace of any on the ground at this place, nor anything of the blackened soil which invariably is to be seen upon a place once occupied by Huron Indians. Not one sign was to be seen of any such remains, and I have not been able to find that any one claims such evidence exists at the place. To state the case in more definite words—on the patch in question no Indian village ever existed, and the Indian village claimed to have once been there had no existence outside of the imaginations of a few of the immediate promulgators of the theory. Pottery fragments are also shreds, found on a patch of ground are good and reliable evidence that a village once was there, especially where Huron Indians dwell. The either side of evidence cannot be found (and such appears to be the case here) the one querier had better go slowly with his theories about the spot ever having been the site of the habitations of red men.

The thickness of such deposits at a real sight depends chiefly on the length of time the village continued in actual existence. In some cases, where the occupation extended over several years, these deposits attain to depths of a few feet. It is impossible that a site could be occupied by several hundreds of Indians for even a single week without leaving some traces behind. If any person knows of a single potsherd, or other evidence of Indian occupation, ever found on this patch, I hope, Mr. Editor, you will give a chance to such a person to state his facts authentically over his own signature, so as to have the precise location and other items in his statements put on record for the perusal of those who are competent to judge of the genuineness of the material. If, on the other hand, the evidence is found to be of a nature which should give rise to any claim, it is impossible to support the claim of this imaginary site, cannot affect it, as such objects can always be readily detected (as to their make and alleged place of finding) by anyone expert in such matters. It will not be sufficient to say there are sites in the neighborhood producing evidence of occupation. There is no site on the hilltop where the shrine has been built, none on the farm itself, which was too hastily purchased in behalf of the Corporation of St. Mary's College at Montreal, and no site in its neighborhood corresponds with the description of St. Ignace given by the early Jesuit writers. The truth is, the breezy summit in question consists of boulder clay which holds moisture for a good part of the year, and upon which Indians of any sort would not camp even if one would pay them to do so. They always selected higher and drier ground for their camps, drainage, for their villages. And besides, for inserting the palisades which we know surrounded St. Ignace, the rude digging implements of the Hurons would make little or no impression on such tough soil. Their case would be very little better even if they had help from the French with European digging tools.

The exploitation of this shrine has been advertised so much that the general newspaper reader may be disposed to take for granted as true what is utterly without proof or probability. This has been chiefly effected by unauthenticated articles of anonymous writers in the newspapers, in which the writers can escape the responsibility for their statements, and cannot be called upon individually to vouch for the correctness of what they allege. In some degree, the reader has been at the mercy of such writers, because he has had no way of testing the claim for himself.

It is not necessary to go farther than the published statements of the first person who put himself on record in support of the site, viz., the Rev. A. E. Jones, S. J., of Montreal, to whom the "identification" in question is said to be due, in order to see the lack of substantially in the case. In his lengthy article in the newspapers, he says:—"I left ash beds, the most reliable indication of Indian occupation of the spot." Further he says:—"We were so thoroughly convinced that the spot found was in reality St. Ignace II, that we did not even await." And again, he says:—"We could not without serious damage to the standing claim attempt to reach the very brow of the hill." These specimen statements, showing a total independence of enquiry, and of direct observation to prove his abstract "thesis," and avoiding any appeal to evidence of the actual village debris, actually appeared with many others of a like nature in a government publication which was issued to give observations and to be an annual record of work in this line, viz., the Ontario Archaeological Report for 1902. These statements alone, without saying anything of a multitude of others, in themselves are enough to arouse suspicions in the minds of right-thinking persons. Such is the proof he advanced to support the imagination.

The sole-point which led to the "thorough convincing" above mentioned was the shape of the ground, and even in this particular quite mistaken, for the term used by Ragueneau,—"asse profond,"—has a distinct reference to a channel or trench surrounding the village, and not to a "peak" in relief, or flat-topped eminence, such as the one he chose.

I am well aware Rev. Father Jones suggested that the occupation of St.

Ignace was too short to leave any traces of ashbeds behind. This unwarranted claim is too absurd to need dwelling upon at any length. It is not stated anywhere how old the Indian village was, yet we know it was old enough to have palisades around it, and traces of the palisades lines ought to be easily discoverable at the present day if they really existed there, but they do not. A other palisaded village sites of the Hurons in the same township, the palisade lines are readily traceable at this day, and they could be traced here also if it were not an imaginary site. Even if the village were no older than the beginning of the winter, there would be village debris and palisade lines, and the preposterous assumption as to the absence of anything of this kind is too ridiculous to merit any serious attention. It looks like the device of a theorist who foresees the collapse of his dream and prepares a refuge for his escape accordingly. I shall very reluctantly be obliged to have recourse to others, if I wish to appeal to the public for a favorable hearing.

A NECESSARY BUT DISTASTEFUL EXPEDIENT.

This is not a pleasant process. Nobody with the least sense of modesty cares to lay before the public, in his own behalf, the pleasant things said about him by others, and I do so with the greatest reluctance. I beg the reader to accept them as they would accept from a stranger a too flattering letter of introduction from a mutual acquaintance, for it is with just such a feeling I present them.

The following are extracts from some of the many letters I received at the time when the report of the identification of St. Ignace was published.

From Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture of Ontario.

I am very much obliged to you for the maps to accompany your admirable paper contained in Mr. Boyle's report. I am exceedingly pleased to have your researches in this permanent form.—Toronto, 11 May, 1903.

From Mr. Alfred Baker, Prof. of Mathematics, University of Toronto.

May I ask you to do me the favor of sending me your map "Theoretical Reconstruction of the Huronia of the Relations." (and a few days later). Please accept my very sincere thanks for the valuable map of Huronia which you so kindly sent me. It is so much more valuable than Parkman's that it is necessarily of great interest to any one who takes an interest in the region or in Canadian History.—Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

From Chas. G. Heberman, L. L. D., whose likeness appears among those of noted authors in the Literary Digest, Feb. 1, 1908; sometime professor in New York College and connected with several historical societies:

Let me thank you sincerely for the maps you sent me a few weeks ago as well for the Archaeological Report containing your paper on the Ste Marie, St. Louis and St. Ignace. It is a highly satisfactory piece of work, and you deserve great credit for the skill and perseverance by which you have solved these problems.—New York, June 10, 1903.

From Mr. J. Howard Hunter, Barrister at Law, Inspector of Insurance for Ontario:

Many thanks for the copy of your valuable monograph contributed to the Annual Archaeological Report (Ontario) 1903. Also for the enlarged maps accompanying your kind letter. Permit me to congratulate you on your successful issue of your long continued researches, and on your clear and convincing method of marshalling the evidence, and disentangling the essential facts from overlying fancies.—Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 30th May, 1903.

From Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, the well-known author:

Thank you very much for having sent me an extra copy of your admirable report upon the identification of St. Ignace, etc., in the Ontario Archaeological Report for 1902. I have examined it with great interest. You seem to make your case.

From the International Review of Ethnology and Linguistics, a European publication entitled "Intropops," (Tom. II, fasc. 1, 1907, p. 153), reporting the "Congres des Americainistes" held in Quebec in 1906:

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However I scarcely think that he will go back on his own words:

"The site of the Shrine on the Mohawk Town site at which Father Jones suffered (see Antiochville, N. Y.) was carefully explored by competent men, and its identity established only after the most diligent scrutiny, before the Memorial Shrine was erected upon it. In the recent case near Waubesaushene no person of any experience in archaeological matters endorsed the choice, or more than one warned against its being too rash. The article by Mr. Osborne in the Ollia Packet of Dec. 10, 1903, had the compliment paid to it of going unanswered.

This is merely a plea in plain language for historic truth and the use of common sense in matters of archaeological enquiry, and is no attack upon a religious order which has never had any ground for complaint of unfair treatment at my hands. I am quite sure that none of the clergymen who took part in the dedication of the shrine last August, by which they set upon it the seal of their endorsement and allowed a broadcast advertising of it in the public press, would willingly (much less would they willfully misrepresent historical facts if they kept it. I have enough confidence in the reasonableness of these men to believe that they will ultimately square themselves with facts when they come to realize what these are. For the present they have been woefully misled. And even if they do not ultimately realize the facts, the public generally or, at least, all right thinking men will be sure to do so. No blame can rightly be given to anyone who merely blunders and then honestly corrects his error. But blame will assuredly fall to the lot of anyone who persists in delusions, in the face of obvious facts. Whatever merit may be in the desire to erect a memorial at the spot when found, no good can come from erecting one on a spot which not only is not St. Ignace, but is not a Huron village site of any kind, and has not got a single jot or tittle of evidence to make it worthy of anyone's consideration.

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Mr. Andrew Hunter implicitly claims for himself all the qualifications of an expert in matters archaeological. Not only this, but while he condescends graciously to admit that a few other distinguished men, such as those who identified, on the Mohawk River in New York State, the spot where Jogues was massacred, had all the requisite qualifications to act, he authoritatively withdraws such recognition from several benighted individuals who have rashly presumed to trespass on his province, and have fondly imagined that they had correctly lighted upon the very spot where Brebret and Lalemant so gloriously ended their careers.

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This is merely a plea in plain language for historic truth and the use of common sense in matters of archaeological enquiry, and is no attack upon a religious order which has never had any ground for complaint of unfair treatment at my hands. I am quite sure that none of the clergymen who took part in the dedication of the shrine last August, by which they set upon it the seal of their endorsement and allowed a broadcast advertising of it in the public press, would willingly (much less would they willfully misrepresent historical facts if they kept it. I have enough confidence in the reasonableness of these men to believe that they will ultimately square themselves with facts when they come to realize what these are. For the present they have been woefully misled. And even if they do not ultimately realize the facts, the public generally or, at least, all right thinking men will be sure to do so. No blame can rightly be given to anyone who merely blunders and then honestly corrects his error. But blame will assuredly fall to the lot of anyone who persists in delusions, in the face of obvious facts. Whatever merit may be in the desire to erect a memorial at the spot when found, no good can come from erecting one on a spot which not only is not St. Ignace, but is not a Huron village site of any kind, and has not got a single jot or tittle of evidence to make it worthy of anyone's consideration.

A. F. HUNTER.

Barrie, Jan. 22, 1908.

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Mr. Andrew Hunter implicitly claims for himself all the qualifications of an expert in matters archaeological. Not only this, but while he condescends graciously to admit that a few other distinguished men, such as those who identified, on the Mohawk River in New York State, the spot where Jogues was massacred, had all the requisite qualifications to act, he authoritatively withdraws such recognition from several benighted individuals who have rashly presumed to trespass on his province, and have fondly imagined that they had correctly lighted upon the very spot where Brebret and Lalemant so gloriously ended their careers.

It is not necessary to inquire here as to what exalted authority conferred on Mr. Andrew Hunter such exclusive prerogatives, it will be more in accordance with the dispositions he exacts to acknowledge humbly that I am first and foremost among the offenders and have properly been declared incompetent in the matter. And as for the incrimin-

ated paper in the Ontario Archaeological Report, 1902, it is under the ban. The proofs alleged exhibit "the lack of substantiality in the case." In statements "arouse suspicions in the minds of right-thinking persons." Its "preposterous assumption as to the absence of anything of this kind (i. e. debris, etc.) is too ridiculous to merit any serious attention. It looks like a device of a theorist who foresees the collapse of his dream and prepares a refuge for his escape accordingly." etc. I am really in a sorry plight, and as Mr. Andrew Hunter is not disposed to grant me a diploma of competency, I shall very reluctantly be obliged to have recourse to others, if I wish to appeal to the public for a favorable hearing.

A NECESSARY BUT DISTASTEFUL EXPEDIENT.

This is not a pleasant process. Nobody with the least sense of modesty cares to lay before the public, in his own behalf, the pleasant things said about him by others, and I do so with the greatest reluctance. I beg the reader to accept them as they would accept from a stranger a too flattering letter of introduction from a mutual acquaintance, for it is with just such a feeling I present them.

The following are extracts from some of the many letters I received at the time when the report of the identification of St. Ignace was published.

From Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture of Ontario.

I am very much obliged to you for the maps to accompany your admirable paper contained in Mr. Boyle's report. I am exceedingly pleased to have your researches in this permanent form.—Toronto, 11 May, 1903.

From Mr. Alfred Baker, Prof. of Mathematics, University of Toronto.

May I ask you to do me the favor of sending me your map "Theoretical Reconstruction of the Huronia of the Relations." (and a few days later). Please accept my very sincere thanks for the valuable map of Huronia which you so kindly sent me. It is so much more valuable than Parkman's that it is necessarily of great interest to any one who takes an interest in the region or in Canadian History.—Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

From Chas. G. Heberman, L. L. D., whose likeness appears among those of noted authors in the Literary Digest, Feb. 1, 1908; sometime professor in New York College and connected with several historical societies:

Let me thank you sincerely for the maps you sent me a few weeks ago as well for the Archaeological Report containing your paper on the Ste Marie, St. Louis and St. Ignace. It is a highly satisfactory piece of work, and you deserve great credit for the skill and perseverance by which you have solved these problems.—New York, June 10, 1903.

From Mr. J. Howard Hunter, Barrister at Law, Inspector of Insurance for Ontario:

Many thanks for the copy of your valuable monograph contributed to the Annual Archaeological Report (Ontario) 1903. Also for the enlarged maps accompanying your kind letter. Permit me to congratulate you on your successful issue of your long continued researches, and on your clear and convincing method of marshalling the evidence, and disentangling the essential facts from overlying fancies.—Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 30th May, 1903.

From Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, the well-known author:

Thank you very much for having sent me an extra copy of your admirable report upon the identification of St. Ignace, etc., in the Ontario Archaeological Report for 1902. I have examined it with great interest. You seem to make your case.

From the International Review of Ethnology and Linguistics, a European publication entitled "Intropops," (Tom. II, fasc. 1, 1907, p. 153), reporting the "Congres des Americainistes" held in Quebec in 1906:

"Tout interessantes que furent ces representations (de M. Batres de Mexico), elles n'en eurent pas moins le desavantage, a cause de la longueur du temps qui fut consacré, d'empêcher le R. P. Jones, S. J., de lire en entier son savant travail sur la topographie de l'Huronie, et l'identification des villages hurons et petans qui existaient a l'epoque des missions des recollers et des jesuites. Le savant archiviste du College Sainte-Marie a Montreal s'est acquies dans ces questions un competence que personne ne peut lui contester.

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NORA BRADY'S VOW.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER VIII. CONTINUED.

Nora followed her with a timid step into the small, dingy room. On a bed in the corner the sick man lay; but she could not see his face, or even his person, because there were two or three women grouped around him, attracted by that strange fascination which the appearance of death always presents to the living. The atmosphere of the room was stifling from the heat of the stove and the number of breaths in it, and Nora quietly opened the door and raised the window a little way, then resumed her seat. A dip candle burned in a tin candlestick, on a table which stood in a recess beside the chimney, and the flickering shadows it cast on the wall, with the quick, gasping sobs of the unconscious man, filled Nora's heart with a nameless terror; a weakness and trembling came over her, and a strong desire, which is common under such circumstances, took possession of her, to look on the sufferer's face. She approached the bed and quietly waited until one of the women moved away, then looked down on the white, convulsed features before her. Was she dreaming? Was she bereft of her senses and subject to an illusion, that John Halloran's name was blended with the low, sharp cry that burst from her lips? She flew across the room, snatched up the candlestick and brought it to the bedside, and, holding it close to the face of the unconscious man, scanned his features, and gently lifted the dark, clustering masses of hair back from his temples and forehead. "It is his blessed self, thank be to God!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears; "it is my poor master, Mr. Halloran!"

At that moment McGinnis returned with Dr. Bryant, who was soon followed by a clergyman; and words cannot paint the amazement of the whole party when they learned that the unconscious man before them was the noble, the brave, the beloved John Halloran, whom they had all loved without having ever seen. The physician ordered the room to be cleared, and requested the clergyman and Thomas McGinnis to remain and assist him. As to Nora, she knelt quietly in a corner of the next room, pouring out her soul to God, and pleading earnestly for the restoration of the stricken man, who was one of that band about whom the tenacious fibers of her heart's warm love had been clinging for years.

And she felt that her Father in heaven would succor him.

She would now claim help from Mr. Mallow.

And she thanked God, and felt comforted that in the publisher who had so kindly assisted her Mr. Halloran had a friend.

CHAPTER IX.

"Oh, blessed be that warning my child, thy sleep adorning,"

For I know that the angels are whispering to thee:

And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,

Oh pray to them sweetly, my baby, with love.

And they'll then whisper rather they'd watch o'er thy father.

For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

The rich autumnal glories, the burnished shadows of golden sunlight, were over. The thrush had sung her last song on the moss-covered turret of the ruined abbey of Fada Brae, and a wild, cold wind had swept down from the Galties, like an "Army with banners," and "orn away the few withered leaves which had been left clinging, like human hopes to earthly promises, to the bare and gnarled branches overhead. For two miles no letter had come from Nora Brady, and heart-sick with anxiety, Mrs. Halloran had almost ceased hoping to hear from her husband. Innumerable fears assailed her, and her imagination was filled with anticipations of some terrible disaster having befallen him,—of loneliness, illness, and perhaps death, in the land of the stranger. It is true that the roads had been almost impassable for weeks, and there was no way of sending to Buttevant unless Dennis Byrne walked there; and that was impossible, on account of the frequent storms, the swollen streams, and the piled-up snow drifts. Many of her old friends and neighbors across Glendariff, Protestants and Catholics, had made a day's journey to see her during the fine autumnal weather, and had cheered her somewhat by their hearty sympathy and the onsets of amusing or interesting news which they imparted. They all knew Mary Halloran's poverty; but not daring to offer pecuniary assistance which they were well assured her pride would reject, their generous Celtic hearts suggested many modes of aiding her without offending her sensitive delicacy; and many a hamper of game, wine and delicacies of various kinds, found their way mysteriously into her larder, which caused Dennis the full exercise of his ingenuity and imagination to account for, by telling her plausible tales of wonderful purchases when he went to Buttevant with butter and eggs; and it was edifying to observe his patience when she gently reproved him for his extravagance.

"You know, Dennis, that we are poor, quite poor, now, and we must live according to our means," said Mrs. Halloran, on one occasion. "It is no disgrace to be poor, since our Lord Himself chose a life of poverty while He was on earth; but it is disgraceful to go beyond our means and get others into difficulties to support our pride."

"Bad seran, then, ma'am, to all the difficulties I'll ever bring anybody into by my extravagance. It's all paid for, sure, and it'd be a mortal shame for a lady born and raised like yourself to suffer for delicacies and the like, that you've been used to from your cradle. My things fetch a great price at Buttevant and other places. Faith! and there's no butter sells like the Brae butter, after all."

"Thank you kindly, Dennis, for thinking of me; but we can do without less and more common food. Do not purchase any more game or wine; we have enough to last a year already," she said, with a half smile on her sad countenance.

"She'll have to know it afore long," said poor Dennis, as Mrs. Halloran went away, while a puzzled expression settled on his countenance. "The blight is on the potatoes; they're rotted black in the ground everywhere, and I've been buying everything, until there's but little of my own left; and as to selling off the old McCarthy More silver and jewels, the few that's left, why agra! it's not to be done at all; for, as sure as God rules, they'll come to their rights again." And between him and Ellen there was a much state kept up around the wreck of Mary Halloran's fallen fortunes as if she had been a captive queen. She was tended with a watchfulness and care, and all her wishes anticipated with a fidelity which can find no parallel under the sun, out of Ireland. Dennis generally circulated around the table at meal time with an antique silver salver in his hand, and Ellen was as scrupulous about the courses at dinner as if there had been a banquet, instead of the too frequently poor meal of bread, cheese and tea. The children were daily drilled into the importance of using their silver forks and table napkins properly, and were in a fair way to believe that it was a much better thing to be poor gentry than to be a servant to the rich. They were never allowed to do anything for themselves when either of their faithful guardians were present.

"It's not becoming, sir, or miss," Dennis would say, "for one of the old stock like yourself to be lettin' yourself down to do such a thing when there's servants to the fore. You come to the old prince of Munster, an' it's no use to try and make yourself like common people; because it ain't in human nature to do it. You might as well attempt to wash Major O'Grady's nagar coachman white in the Suire. What God made us we is, an' not all divil informers, with the English to help, can unmake it."

"And it's a true word ye've spoken, Dennis," Ellen would chime in; "an' it's just as hard to make a silk purse out of a pig's ear, as it is to make real gentry out of them that hasn't got the old drop in their blood."

And through those sad, dim days when the desolate winter lay around them, and the vacant places in the household made a winter within the star of hope waxed dimmer in Mary Halloran's heart, and her steps grew feeble and slow, while smiles became strangers to the face which had once seemed to be created for them. The children, with their games and pictures, a pet rabbit, and a white dog which a lady had brought to little Gracie, were quite happy. The heaven-sending in the breasts of little children, makes all places alike to them, if they have those with whom they love. Ancestral homes, magnificent furniture, and the appliances of wealth are but small things to these little ones whom Jesus loved; and to them as lightly and wear the insignias of an older growth who are directed to little children as to their best example. The bright free air, the blue sky, the glory of sunlight, the song of birds, the fragrance of flowers, enter largely into the world of a child's happiness; and these Mary Halloran's children had in pre-eminence abundance at Fada Brae. Ere the winter set in, they had lived out on the brae side in the fresh air and sunshine, gazing down into the beautiful glen below them, or beyond at the wild chain of mountains that inclosed the valley, and in their glee wishing for wings to fly whithersoever they pleased. Desmond brought into the closed-up dwelling the free glad spirit that dwelt on the hill sides, and with his glee, and like a winter flower, cheered the silent ones around him. But Gracie was drooping. She was wanting. The rose tint faded from her cheeks, and she often complained of feeling tired; but that was all; there was no feverish pain; and Mrs. Halloran hoped that it was only the ordinary confinement which affected her. One morning Desmond and herself had been playing together, when she suddenly became silent, and sat down in her little chair, and folding her beautiful hands together, became motionless and abstracted. It was her way whenever a new idea or thought suggested to her which she could not possibly solve. Her mother observed her—fearful, uneasy concerning her, she watched every movement—but did not speak; she only wondered what puzzled the "little lady," for she well knew that a woman would come presently with her a difficulty to her. While she sat thus, with her blue eyes cast down in reverie her dove flew down and nestled in her arms. She kissed the gentle creature's head, and smoothed the snowy wings with her hands, which were scarcely less white and said—

"Birdie, where do the flowers go to when winter comes? Tell me, Birdie. But, ah me! what a pity you cannot talk, beautiful white Birdie! I shall have to ask my mamma."

"What is it, little daughter?" said Mrs. Halloran.

"Mamma, can you tell me where the flowers hide themselves when the frost and snow come? They don't die, for they come back in the very same places in the spring, that they were before; so they must creep away and hide—the cunning little things—in the earth."

And she laughed at her own conceit.

"No; only the leaves die, dear one. The root, which holds the true life of the flower, remains in the earth; and when the warm sunshine and the soft spring rains come, it opens its bosom and sends forth the leaf and the flower again," said Mrs. Halloran, caressing the beautiful head which leaned on her bosom.

"And, mamma, would the flowers come out if the roots were not buried in the earth? It seems cruel to leave the poor roots out in the frozen earth all the winter."

"The roots must be buried in the earth, to bring forth flowers," said Mrs. Halloran.

"Is that the reason," she asked, suddenly, "they laid Mary Flynn's little child in the churchyard, mamma?"

"Little children who are laid in the earth, Gracie darling, are like the

roots: only their souls, which is the flower, bloom in heaven. They could not see God without passing through death and the grave. Heaven is their spring and eternal summer; God is their sunshine; and the earth holds their bodies until the great day comes for all the world to be judged; then, little darling, those dear innocent ones who sleep in the dust will arise, filled with new life and brightness, never to know death again."

"And will they have wings like Birdie, mamma?"

"Yes—soft, white wings, like Birdie."

"I wish I might be planted in the earth, mamma—that I might wake in heaven—that I might have wings like my dear dove."

"My child!"

"Mamma, I would ask my heavenly Father to let me fly back again and watch around my dear, dear papa, who is so far away. Oh, I know I shall never, never see him again!" she said, while she threw herself on her mother's breast, weeping.

"Oh, yes; we shall surely see him again. You must not think so; for it would grieve him, because you are the dearest little birdie of his heart; so come, let us sing something he used to love to hear. Mrs. Halloran, with a feeling of indefinite dread in her heart as she uncovered her harp and ran her fingers over the strings. The child leaned against her, and the entrancing music lured her away from her strange mood, and lifting up her sweet, tiny voice, she sang smilingly the strains that used to ring through the happy home at Glendariff. But the next day the "little lady" drooped, and often, leaning against her mother, complained of being very tired; then day by day the bloom faded out of her cheeks, and her footsteps became faltering and uncertain, and at last she reclined on the lounge near the fire all the time, or sat in her cushioned chair beside her mother, silently caressing her white dove or whispering to her doll.

One morning Mrs. Halloran observed her leaning back on the lounge, very pale. Alarmed, she caught her up to her bosom, and folding her arms about her, said—

"What ails my darling? Tell me what hurts you."

"Only my head—a little; and I feel so tired," she said, faintly.

"Only her head! Oh, Heaven," said Mrs. Halloran, wildly. "Dennis! Ellen! Desmond! come, some of you, instantly!"

Dennis happened to be in the dining-room at that moment, and ran in.

"Gracie is very ill, Dennis; I fear the child is very ill; and I must have a physician immediately," said Mrs. Halloran.

"I'll go right off at once, ma'am, for Dr. Ward. It's only a step from here to his house; an' if he's not there I'll go over to doctor Hannon, who is as good a doctor as any in the country. There's nothing like the *seogarth* after all for the sick," exclaimed Dennis, hurrying away on his sad errand, heedless of the three miles of broken and unrequited road between Fada Brae and Dr. Ward's place. The snow drifts and the steep slippery paths were nothing to the warm and generous heart; he had loved the child from her babyhood, and was scarcely less distressed than the mother at the idea of her being in danger.

The doctor came toward evening; he examined the child's pulse, and looked at her tongue; he talked cheerfully and in pleasant tones to her; but she was languid and silent, making no complaint, except that her "head hurt her a little" not much.

"I fear," said the medical man, "that the slow motion of the carriage in this early stage, there may be some efficacious remedies for it. There's not much the matter now, but I will leave some medicine, Mrs. Halloran, and call again to-morrow. We'll have you well pretty one, by the time the cuckoo sings." Gracie smiled one of her quiet smiles, and held out her beautiful hand to the doctor, who said good night.

Now, fully aroused to a sense of the child's danger, and her maternal instincts ever on the watch for the slightest change, other sorrows were forgotten. The doctor came again and again; he changed the medicines, he alternated the nourishment; but she altered and dropped, she wasted and grew paler every day. With her mother's hand in hers, she would lie quiet for hours together. Sometimes she would start with a happy smile from her fitful slumbers, saying, "I thought papa was here." "I thought I had wings like Birdie's," Desmond, anxious and sorrowful, crept in and out, and with his little whispering tones, when he brought her toys and pictures, hoping to interest her as of old; and if he could win a single smile from her he was quite consoled and happy. Ellen would sit down and tell her, over and over again, the fairy tales she used to hear with such delight, and saw in the kindling eyes and flushed cheeks of "her baby," as she used to call her, a bright promise of her growing better. But Dennis could find no comfort. Twenty times a day would he creep in and look at her, then go out with noiseless steps and say, "Inagh, sure she's fadin' like a snow drop. O'hone! it'll be the heaviest news of all to Mither Halloran! Glory to God! but surely our little lady will be the fairest angel of them all."

Father Hannon came frequently to visit and comfort Mrs. Halloran; he spoke words of consolation and sympathy to her; but in his heart he rejoiced that another soul was about to be housed from life's tempests and evils, that another one of the elect was about to pass away into eternal possessions; for surely of the predestined are little children who die in their innocence.

Mrs. Halloran never left her side for an instant; day and night she watched her, slumbering sometimes during the broken sleep of Gracie, but starting up at the slightest movement. Her restless hands were ever busied about her, changing her position, smoothing her pillow, with a thousand other nameless little cares which maternal love suggested. She could not bear that any

other should nurse her, so jealous was she of every moment that she lingered. But amidst it all there was an unacknowledged hope that her ceaseless care and tender nursing would bring her through; for the doctor still assured her there was not much the matter.

"Open the window, mamma, by my bed," she asked, one evening.

The window was opened, and in flowed a gold and crimson flood of sunset. The sky, like a "sea of fire," glowed behind the ragged and wild cliffs of the Galties, and above, in the blue, silent depths, a few splendid cloud spots floated. The child looked out long and thoughtfully; then, turning her full, beautiful eyes on her mother's face, she said—

"When I die, and go away up there, and have wings like Birdie's, can I see you every day through these windows?"

"Die! Oh, my child, why talk of dying? Do you wish to die?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And not afraid, my own?"

"No, ma'am—not afraid."

Then, as if an angel had whispered it, Mary Halloran knew that her child was surely passing away from her; and, leaving her head down on the pillow, she wept in silence. She already felt the glow from the fiery furnace into which her bereaved heart was to be cast; she already tasted the bitterness of the cup she was to drink.

The next day she sat watching and weeping. The child lay still, but breathing quick and low. A footstep snared her on the threshold. She started, looked up, and her kinsman, Donald More, stood before her—the destroyer of her peace, the spoiler of her home.

"I could not find the servants; so you must pardon me, cousin Mary, for announcing myself so unceremoniously," he said, with an easy air.

"Way come you here at all?" said Mrs. Halloran, rising and standing between the sick child and the unwelcome intruder.

"I came to inquire after my kinswoman's health," he said, with an air of effrontery. "I hope I find you well."

"Insolent!" she murmured, while the blood reddened from her face, left it very white; but she thought of the dying child, and the storm was calmed.

"This is no place for you, Donald More," she said, calmly. "I pray you go away. Your being here disturbs me."

"I am sorry to hear that, Mary. I came with far other intentions. I wish to be your friend and your children's friend."

"Friend!" she said, with bitter scorn depicted in every feature. "You do not understand the meaning of the word. We do not need your friendship, even if you did; nor could I accept it for myself or them. All I ask is you to go away."

"I came on an errand which deserves a better reception, Mary. I know you despise me and regard me as the enemy of your household; but I only did my duty, and government chose to reward me with a grant of the Glendariff estate. I had reasons for not refusing. It is far better for it to be in my possession than in a stranger's; and now I promise, before God, that, on certain conditions, it shall return to your branch of the family again."

"And what may be those conditions? But speak softly; my child is ill."

"Well, listen. I have made up my mind never to marry—why, ma' belle, I am a stranger's; and I have come to the determination, with your consent, to adopt Desmond, provided I can prevail on him to give up the superstitions and follies of the Romish Church and adopt the Protestant creed."

Donald More had lost all caste. Protestants spoke coldly to him, and avoided him; the Catholic people abhorred him, and every mark of contempt; while the lower classes regarded him with distrust and hatred; for all alike in Ireland detest the informer; and for the sake of recovering a position he had fallen on this plan, knowing well that an act of justice to John Halloran's family would be the best recommendation he could offer. He was so full of it, and so sanguine of success, that he was scarcely prepared for what followed.

"You have said your say, Donald More; now listen to mine," said Mrs. Halloran, while her fragile form dilated with indignation. "Child of mine shall never be your heir. Their lies one, dying, Father would I consign them both to a grave, than accede to your base proposal. Let them be beggared, my G-d! or return to Thee, if thou wilt; but through all preserve to them the gift of Faith. No, Mr. More: it is out of your power to serve me or mine."

"You will think better of it, Mary?"

"I am content, sir, I refuse your proposal decidedly. I have told you that your presence is painful and unwelcome. Shall I have to tell you more emphatically that you are an intruder?" she replied.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mary. It is the way of women to get into the heroes. I shall go away presently, but will return in a few weeks to know the result of your considerations on the subject. One thing I cannot refuse me: I must kiss that child. She is one of the few things I have ever loved, Mary—little, dainty lady," he said, while the nearest approach to tenderness he had in his nature gathered on his features.

"Do not touch her, I beseech you, sir," said Mrs. Halloran, leaning over the child. "Do not touch her. You might awaken and terrify her."

But the whispering had awakened her; she looked around with a bright, eager expression, then lifted her eyes to her mother's, saying, "I thought he was here."

"Who, darling?"

"My papa! Cousin Donald, how do you do?" she said, reaching out her dainty and beautiful little hand.

"Bring my papa back, Cousin Donald, and take my mamma to Glendariff."

"Why Gracie, little lady, what ails you?"

"Nothing much; only I am so tired waiting for papa to come, it makes my head hurt me. I'm afraid I shall go

away before he comes, for you know I'm going far, far away; but do you find him, Cousin Donald, and bring him to mamma and Desmond."

"I'll try Gracie; but make haste over her sobs," he whispered, leaning over her. "When I come again, I shall bring some beautiful French toys and pictures."

"Bring papa, and give my best love to him," she said, leaning back exhausted on the pillow. "Good-by, Cousin Donald; I am so tired." And then again a portentous slumber stole over her senses.

"Do not come again, Donald More," said the agitated mother, going to the door with him. "There can be nothing in common between us. A wide gulf separates us. I will receive no favors from you; nor should John Halloran's children accept the slightest gift."

"Time, I hope, will soften your feelings," he said. "Farewell."

Inexpressibly relieved by the absence of Mrs. Halloran returned to the bedside of the little one, who from that hour seemed to sink, or, rather, like some fair thing cradled on a wave, to float gently away, without pain or suffering, toward eternity.

The next day Dennis brought a letter from Buttevant, which Mrs. Halloran tore open with eager expectation; but her face flushed up, and, throwing the letter from her, she sat for a few moments bewildered, trembling, and undecided. The letter was from her kinsman, begging her acceptance of a £50 bill on the Bank of Ireland, which he enclosed. In a little while her determination was formed. She inclosed the letter and bill together in an envelope, and directing it to Donald More, Esq., of Glendariff, handed it to Dennis Byrne, who had been waiting in hopes that the letter contained news from America.

"Dennis," she said, "if you wish to do me a service, go instantly with this to Buttevant and return it to the post-office. My cousin Donald has had the audacity to write to me. Yesterday he was here. I wish to return his letter without loss of time."

"Here, my lady? Why, then, it's a mortal sin I wasn't to the fore to welcome him," said Dennis; "for I declare to my soul it would have been the greatest pleasure I ever had, to put him at a brisker pace from Fada Brae than he came to it."

"Be on the watch, then, Dennis; for he threatens to come again. But go so."

"Lethim," said stout Dennis: "I declare to my sins I wouldn't desire to better fun. But I'm going, my lady, after I hear how Miss Gracie is."

"She is very weak—oh, very weak, Dennis."

"Thanks be to God, she'll go to heaven without much pain; an' I pray His holy name that the angels will welcome her with their sweetest songs inang! But it'll be a hard blow on Mither Halloran," murmured Dennis, while he lingered a moment to look at the child, dashing off, as he did so, the tears that fell from his eyes.

That evening, Mrs. Gray, the Protestant rectory's wife, who lived in the neighborhood, and who had been very kind in her attentions to Mrs. Halloran, drove up to Fada Brae, and brought some beautiful clusters of grapes and flowers from her hothouse to the invalid. She was a gentle, kindly woman, and Mrs. Halloran was always glad to see her. Gracie was awake, and smiled and when she saw the beautiful present, and, holding out her little wasted hand, touched the fruit and flowers with the tips of her fingers in the same dainty way she had always done when she saw anything beautiful which pleased her.

"Taste one, my darling," said her mother.

"No, dear—just yes—to please you, mamma."

They pressed a grape between her lips; but it seemed to sicken her; and she said, "I would rather look at them." Then they laid them where she could see them, and her innate love for the beautiful found a quiet joy in the sight.

Father Hannon came in and brought her a picture of our Lord blessing little children. She looked at it long and earnestly, then gazed into his face with one of her earnest expressions, and held out her hand.

"You see, my dear, how Jesus loved little children. Their angels see the face of His Father in heaven; and He is always glad when they are gathered into His bosom."

"I love Him," she said, folding her attenuated hands together on her bosom, with a holy expression. Just then, Birdie, her dove, flew into the room, and perched on the cornice of her bedstead, where he sat, arching his white, graceful neck, and, while he looked down with his soft gray eyes on her, began a low cooing. She lifted her eyes, and a bright smile fitted over her face; and, while they gazed with looks of love at each other, a deep slumber stole over her.

Mrs. Gray offered to sit up and relieve Mrs. Halloran; but she thanked her, saying she would be glad of her company, but she could not leave the child. Father Hannon sprinkled the dying one with holy water and benediction together, and laying his hand on Mrs. Halloran's head, lifted his eyes to heaven and besought God to strengthen and comfort her when the dark hour came—that hour so dark and bitter to a loving mother's heart—and went away to visit a poor woman of the neighborhood who was dying.

The child's dreams, or visions, were pleasant and peaceful; angel arms pillowed her sinking head, and ever and anon far off music stole around her; but she alone, led by bright-winged ones through the shadowy vale, heard it. They thought—those who watched her—that it was so, from the radiant smiles that flitted at times over her countenance and the few whispered words that fell from her lips. Her hand, folded in her mother's, began to grow cold. Mrs. Gray brought the candle to the bedside, and it was clear that death was creeping space through her frame; but her breath was still low and soft.

"Is this death?" asked Mrs. Halloran, with trembling lips.

"I fear so," was the reply.

"Then, my merciful God," she exclaimed, throwing herself on her knees, "spare her wild agony and bitter struggle. O angels! bear her gently away and shield her from wild fright. Oh, my child! I would that I might bear thee through the dark waters on my bosom, and place thee in the hands of Him Who gave thee life!"

The dove, startled perhaps by the light, fluttered down and nestled close to the bosom of the child, within her arms, while faint and more low came up her breath, and she and Ellen, hearing the slight stir, came in, and knelt sobbing near the bed.

"She is passing away very sweetly, my friend," said Mrs. Gray. "Let us not disturb her. It would be sinful to break in on such rest."

At that moment the child stretched out her arms; a slight shiver passed over her frame; she then truly she slept; and that sleep which shall know no waking until the Resurrection morn dawn on the weary earth.

For long weeks Mrs. Halloran lay unconscious and hovering on the verge of the grave. She knew not when the little coffin lid was closed down on that clear face which was fairer than Parian marble, or when the white shrouded form was borne away and laid beneath the mould. Nor did she know of those long, loving letters which had come—all of them at once—from her husband and Nora, telling her of his safety and prosperity and of her happiness and love. She knew of how the boy Desmond, grown a gentle and girl, had watched her day after day, and how Ellen's tender care and Dennis Byrne's indefatigable efforts and unceasing attentions left nothing undone. Of all this, with the kind attentions of her friends around the neighborhood, she heard when, after long and weary months, she had been restored to life and increasing strength, and when, amidst fast-falling tears, she used to talk unceasingly of the one that was gone, and loved to hear of the slightest thing connected or associated with her. She grieved much that the dove had flown away. Ellen told her that the last time she saw it was nestled on a little white bird's bosom; since then no one had seen it; and when at last, shrieking and with feeble steps, she visited the little grave, she found that some friendly heart had caused to be erected over it a costly and exquisitely-carved marble tomb, on which hung a garland of half-withered flowers. Over the tomb was a sculptured cross, from which a dove was rising toward heaven; but no one could tell who had paid this last touching tribute to the sorrows of the Halloran family.

CHAPTER X.

"Pain's furnace heat within my quivers  
Gave me a breath upon the flames both blue  
And all my heart in anguish shivers  
And trembles in the tenor of my bow  
And all I whisper, 'As God will,'  
And in his hottest fire fold still."

It was a long night—that night on which Nora Brady had so unexpectedly found Mr. Halloran. She thought it would be a long night, and she feared that when it passed away another, and a deeper change might fall on him, and that with the night-shadows his spirit would pass away. She watched and prayed alternately. The anguish that the absent would have felt, had they been present, or could they even have known it, was accumulated and mingled with her own grief, and while tears flowed in silent torrents over her face, her heart could only find language in these cups—"If possible, my God, let this cup pass away from them."

When Thomas McGinnis went away, a little after midnight, she had sent a message by him to the friendly publisher on the Franklin Street, stating how and where Mr. Halloran had been found. She had never forgotten the first day she called at the "Pilot" Office, or the heaviness and gloom that oppressed her then, or the kind words which had greeted her, or the sudden sunshine which had burst around her when, after making her enquiries, the good publisher had exclaimed, "John Halloran! He is my friend; he was my guest." And now she did not doubt for an instant that he would come the moment he received her message, and make every arrangement necessary for Mr. Halloran's removal to a better and more comfortable place, and for any agency that might occur during his illness. This thought comforted her greatly; and, beseeching Thomas McGinnis to lose no time in the morning in delivering the message, she resumed her post near the bed of the sufferer. It was near day dawn, and the doctor and clergyman stood together at the bedside, conversing in a low tone about the condition of the patient, while Nora listened eagerly forward to hear their opinion.

"He is decidedly no worse," said Dr. Bryant; "and that is something in an attack like this."

"And you think he may get over it?"

"Well, I hope so; yes I think so."

"God grant it!" said Father Nugent, while he looked at his watch. "I shall have to go away in a short time; it is nearly five o'clock, and that is my hour to be at the altar. I shall return, however, as soon as I can. If any sudden change occurs, I must know it immediately."

"I have no patients very ill at present," replied Dr. Bryant, "and therefore I can remain here until about ten o'clock. Some time during the day my patient must be removed to more comfortable quarters."

"Yes; no doubt his remaining here would embarrass these poor people considerably, who have neither the time nor the means to render him such attentions as are absolutely necessary. If no better place can be found, doctor, my house and its poor accommodations are at your service. My own room shall be prepared, as soon as I get home, for Mr. Halloran's reception, if you think it will do."

"Do? Why, sir, it is the very thing; and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the suggestion. Perhaps in a day or two something



The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$2.00 per annum. THEOS. COFFEY, L.L.D., Editor and Publisher.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 18th, 1905. Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir:—Some time past I have read your admirable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 29, 1908.

CAUTION TO TORONTO SUBSCRIBERS.

A swindler has been collecting subscriptions for the CATHOLIC RECORD in Toronto, and we should deem it a favor if any one upon whom he may call would give him in charge of a police officer, and advise us.

TERRIBLE FIGURES.

Missionary zeal amongst a lot of our separated brethren has taken quite a start. Funds are needed for the conversion of heathens, Catholics and others.

no high ideal nor any restraint of interior conscience will have but one result. To return to our missionary: he may mean well and intend great things but there is too much gliding about the whole business.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PRAYER.

One of the last articles written by the late Monseigneur Conway, a well known American agnostic, was an objection to prayer. "Is it logical," he said, "to make any suggestion to Omnipotence, or to propose any modification to Omnipotent Wisdom?"

Pagan philosophers erred concerning prayer, some by attributing everything to chance, others, like the stoics, thinking that everything happened by necessity.

INDULGENCES.

We have received from a correspondent three questions upon Indulgences. They are intricate, since they mix up Beads and Stations of the Cross as well as manner of practising those devotions.

1. "What are the greatest amount of indulgences that can be gained by the daily recitation of the beads, whether ordinary beads or rosary beads? What indulgences can be gained by the Stations of the Cross?"

As for the beads: if any one recite every week the whole Rosary, or a third part of it he may upon certain feasts gain a plenary indulgence upon the usual conditions of confession, Holy Communion and prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father.

He was awarded a post of observation where he could see and hear everything and with guards of honor to answer all questions he might ask.

As our American friend is far away he will excuse us if we point out some things in this letter that are not as clear to us as they seem to be to him.

Besides why should any pastor be forced to join the Knights? And if a force, why not also force him to join the C. M. B. A.; C. O. F.; the A. O. H., etc., before being allowed to be chaplain? No doubt it is generous on the part of the Knights to admit the pastor "without money and without price,"

ences they are lost to the beads. We pass over the third question as it touches too much upon the subjective dispositions of people, a matter very difficult to discuss.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

El Paso, Texas, February 14th, 1908. Editor THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ontario.

Dear Sir,—In reading your editorial on Catholic Societies, of date February 5th, I was surprised to learn that the Knights of Columbus are prohibited in the diocese of London, owing to the peculiar diocesan regulations.

Not long ago it used to be taken for granted by many in these islands that English-speaking Catholics were exempt from the Legislation of the Index by virtue of a tacit dispensation and in so far, at least, as it enjoined the ecclesiastical law.

At the outset he gives us the text of the Letter Officiorum et Munerum, its general Decree on the Prohibition and Censure of Books and the Constitution Sollicitudinis a Provida de Benedict XIV. We think en passant that perhaps it would have been more satisfactory from a lay point of view if these documents had been translated at the cost of running into a few more pages.

This second part takes up the greater portion of the book and is devoted to the expounding of each particular rule, the queries to which one and another have given rise, together with solutions drawn from extra or from the supplementary decrees of the Sacred Congregation itself.

London has that advantage, although we never knew it made much difference from a Catholic point of view where a man is born. Neither is the Bishop here prejudiced against the Knights as he is willing to treat them the same as any other Catholic Society in his diocese, and he stated so in his letter.

To hold that a Bishop cannot understand the Constitution and Ritual without seeing the ceremony might lead us too far. According to this the Freemasons should not be condemned until their initiatory ceremonies were seen. It seems to us the proper "way round the difficulty" would be to allow the Knights to recognize their pastor, in his official capacity as chaplain, and to leave each Council free to comply with the laws of the diocese in which the Council exists.

THE INDEX.

As many people have false ideas about the Roman Index Regulation the Congregation of the Index, and the Index of Proscribed Books we have much pleasure in drawing the attention of our readers to a new book we have just received and which gives much valuable information on this important question.

The preface is written by the Most Rev. Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin, Ireland. The genial Irish Bishop has many warm friends in these parts and has visited on several occasions our neighbor, the venerable Father Connolly, Pastor of Ingersoll.

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From his acknowledgment of his indebtedness to the authors whose thoughts he at different times makes his own, e. g., Father Arnet, S. J., Vanmeersch, S. J., Ferris, Esmer, O. P. and Pennacchi, Il Monitore and the Protestant Patman, it is clear that his preliminary study of his subject-matter has been extensive and all but exhaustive.

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and restful faith which the Index itself, its rules and congregation have been set up to defend. In like manner throughout this commentary, the reader's interest is well maintained by the brief and suggestive consideration of such topics as arise out of the rule under consideration, e. g., religious orders, their misapplying and objects, superstitious practices, their kinds, Hypocritism, its degrees, sacred images, their uses, indulgences, medals, kinds, and sources, the relationship of the Three Laws, natural Divine and Ecclesiastical. Neither, when departure in images, books, prayers or indulgences from the recognized Catholic standard is forbidden, is the reader left in the dark as to where that standard is to be found. To quote one example, the standard of orthodoxy in images is drawn from the Council and Catechism of Trent, the Bull of Benedict XIV. Sollicitudinis and now-a-days from the authority of the ordinary.

Though the commentary contains a few immaterial errors which doubtless will be corrected in future editions it is one of the most interesting we have ever read. It will, it is to be hoped, much extend the knowledge of the salutary prohibitions and rules of the sacred congregation of the Index, which, we are afraid are not yet sufficiently recognized by our people.

CHURCH NEEDS LEADERS OF GENIUS AND VALOR.

CONDITIONS IN OUR AGE AND OUR COUNTRY PRESENT WITH DARKENING TO THE FAITH. If ever or anywhere in any age or in any country Catholic truth stood in need of able exponents and valiant defenders it has need of them here in our land in the beginning of the twentieth century, said Very Rev. L. F. Keatinge, provincial of the Dominicans, in the course of his sermon at the opening of the pallium upon Archbishop O'Connell, of Boston.

"It is not," continued the preacher, "that we as Catholics are the victims of persecution or the objects of open enmity. No. We are as free to practice our religion in private and in public as we are to breathe the breath of life. But the arch-enemy of God and of our blessed King and Master is skilled in more than one method of warfare. The very fact that we enjoy the fullest religious liberty were sufficient to make us suspect a danger that does not appear upon the surface: a subtle and insidious attempt to undermine the empire of Christ in the souls of men."

"Outside the fold of the Catholic Church there is to-day but a very small percentage of the men of our country who recognize Jesus Christ as God and accept His Gospel as their rule of life. To a vast number religion is of no concern. The religion of those who remain in a deistic philosophy, indifference is its fundamental principle. God's right to impose religious obligations on men is denied or ignored. Each man is free to determine for himself the extent of religious claims upon him. The formulas of this faith are vague platitudes about the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Only natural virtues are required and they are chiefly of a negative character. The supernatural is not recognized and Jesus Christ is ignored. And finally the God which this philosophy pictures is a deistic divinity, who views with equal complacency every religious theory which men are pleased to entertain and every code of morality by which men decide to regulate their activities."

"The children of Christ live and move among the devotees of this system, who are men and women of apparent natural goodness and eminent respectability before the world. They therefore, breathe an atmosphere that is infected by the principles of this seductive philosophy, so well calculated to weaken their faith in the supernatural and to wear their hearts from the love of their crucified King. The ingenuity of Satan has devised no more powerful plan of campaign against the reign of Christ. Never did he contrive a more efficacious means of enticing men to militate under his own standard."

"With reason, then, it is asserted that the conditions of our age and our country makes it imperative that the kingdom of our Saviour amongst us be defended by leaders of genius and of valor. Every loyal subject of Christ's empire will pray God to give us always such leaders as He has given to us in the past; men imbued with the spirit which animated the Apostles when they proclaimed the sovereignty of Jesus Christ to the proud pagan empire of Rome; leaders after the Master's own heart; Bishops as zealous and devoted as a Charles Borromeo or a Francis de Sales, as strong and as brave in asserting the rights of our King as a Paul, an Athanasius, an Ambrose, a Chrysostom; a Basil; warriors who will yield not one inch of ground to the vast army which Satan has inspired with a subtle and unconscious antipathy to all that is of Christ; teachers who will not hesitate to tell the world that the philosophical knowledge of God joined with the natural virtues is not all that God demands, and exacts, because the human wisdom which proposes this theory has been supplanted by Divine wisdom, and Jesus Christ is alive; chieftains who clad in the armor of faith, and learning, and sanctity, will march before the Christian hosts, leading them to victory under the banner which bears the inscription, 'Operetur illi regnare.' He must reign."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Be sure that whatever has come upon you hitherto has been for the good of your soul, and so leave to that forenoon and loving Father the care of the days that are yet before you. Do not lose yourself in morose calculations as to an unknown future, but try to begin well and to end well each day as it comes, for "sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." God hides from us the view of the whole work, and only shows to us, day by day, little by little, that portion of the design which we are actually engaged.

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF RELIGION.

THE LAY STANDPOINT. By Rev. J. T. Roche, LL. D.

An editor for whose opinions I entertain a good deal of respect has been kind enough to remind me that no treatise on this subject can be regarded as satisfactory which deals with the duty of giving to the exclusion of that other and very important side of the question which has to do with the expenditure of the moneys received. The laity, he gently intimates, have also a few rights. They have a right to insist that the business of the parish be administered wisely and economically. They have a right to such information as will enable them to judge just where the parish stands financially. They have a right to a regular and specific accounting, in order that they may give intelligently and according to the real needs of the situation.

The editor's stand is well taken. There is no room here, however, for misunderstanding or difference of opinion. These rights of the laity every priest is willing to admit. Taxation without accountability has never been productive of satisfactory results. Automatic methods in the conduct of parish affairs are somewhat out of date in this age of intelligence and practical business methods. Reasonable people are entitled to reasonable treatment, and it has been found by experience that men and women give better when they know how their money is being spent. In the average parish no difficult or complicated system of book-keeping is necessary. The ordinary sources of revenue are few and easily understood. Fuel, insurance, janitor's service, incidental repairs, improvements, interest, Sisters' and pastors' salaries are things which even people of limited comprehension can easily grasp. The duty of accounting to a parish is, after all, an easy one. It is a duty which is made obligatory upon all pastors by diocesan and general legislation, for the reasons already given. Our present methods of Church government are the result of centuries of experience. Whilst at the first glance they may appear to be wanting in some of those elements which contribute to the success of ordinary business ventures, it must not be forgotten that the Church is governed from above rather than from below. Bishops are responsible to the Holy Father, and priests to Bishops. The laity who do not understand the business principles in the conduct of parish affairs are liable to forget that the constitution of the Church leaves it in the power of the Bishops to regulate all these matters in such a way that the real interests of religion will never be sacrificed to purely financial considerations. The supernatural must never be lost sight of, and when people give from super-natural motives they are generally content with leaving the responsibility for the spending to those to whom it rightly belongs. Thanks to the sagacity and prudence of our Bishops, the credit of the Church in this country is everywhere of the highest order. Mistakes have been made, but the percentage of failures is very small compared with those undertakings in which "business" has been the paramount and sole consideration.

I have endeavored to make it evident from the beginning that the chief purpose of this series of articles has been to reach those who are not doing their duty in the matter of giving. I have been trying to put in cold type those things which priests cannot well say from the pulpit. I hope I have succeeded in hurting the sensibilities of the poor pay, the slow pay and of those who do not pay anything at all. I am duly conscious at the same time of the fact that thoughtlessness frequently plays a large part in the failure of many people to live up to even the ordinary standard of Christian duty. It is not malice; it is not meanness, but just plain, common, every-day, old-fashioned neglect. They really mean well at bottom, but they keep putting off the doing of the right thing until in the end their negligence really becomes a serious matter. If I have an easy matter to be absent-minded in the matter of paying out money, I have been trying as effectively as I know how to reason with reasonable people, and at the same time to unmask the pretense and subterfuges of the unreasonable. The Church of God must have means to carry on its work. These means must come from the people. Giving will ever and always be a burden to the giver, and the interests of religion will always suffer until our people, taken as a whole, have been educated up to the duty of giving according to their means. There is no other side to this question. No pretext can justify any man or woman for failure to give. Laying the blame on somebody else will not satisfy the obligation. The disappointed little parish boss, the constitutional crank, the censorious critic will all have their say, of course, but, after all has been said and done, the duty of giving according to their means still remains. Priests will make mistakes, as they have done in the past. Architectural froaks will be called churches, unwise debts will be contracted, blunders will be made in the location of churches, economy in the administration of parishes will sometimes be lacking, but none of these things affect the force of the commandment requiring us to contribute to the decent support and maintenance of religion.

I wish it were possible to use none but sweet and pleasant words in the treatment of a subject of this kind. I wish it were possible to point out the path of duty without hurting the sensibilities of those who do not walk therein. Soft words, however, as the old saying goes, "batter no parails," and they would be misunderstood by those for whom they were intended. I wanted the shoe to pinch, and I am glad to know it has pinched. "Money talks" from the pulpit are open to the objection that those who do well are forced to listen to sermons intended for those who do badly. One of the difficulties about sermons and preaching in

general is that those for whom they are intended seldom apply the lesson to themselves. I want the poor pay and the bad pay and those who do not pay at all to understand that all my arguments have been directed towards one end, namely, that of bringing them to a sense of what is just and right in this matter, and nothing more. I made the statement at the beginning that 90 per cent. of the priests' worries were financial ones. I made another statement. It was to the effect that at least one-third of our Catholic people are doing nothing, or practically nothing, towards the support of religion. This is my justification for the use of words which cannot be and may not be misunderstood.

TIDE TOWARDS CATHOLICISM.

There used to be a very common impression abroad in this country that the Catholic Church appealed mainly to the ignorant classes. It is often said at the present time that the main purpose of the Church is to keep her people as ignorant as possible in order thus to encourage them to believe rather than to know things. The burden of all that has been said with regard to the recent papal encyclical is that this is only another effort on the part of the Pope to keep the members of the Church from knowing too much about modern progress and modern science and thus get away from their allegiance to the Church. How often has it been said that science sterilizes faith. This is, indeed, one of those smart remarks that to many shallow people assume the force of an argument. How interesting it is to find, then, that the Catholic Church has the greatest appeal at the present moment to the educated classes. The converts that are being made come more from among university-educated people than from any other class. This is especially true in England. We have said over and over again in these columns that a much larger than her due proportion of the writers and thinkers of England belong to the Catholic Church. Doubtless even some of our Catholic readers have been inclined to think this rather a boastful bit of self-gratulation than a plain statement of fact. However, it is entirely the latter.

The London Tablet has recently been reviewing editorially the Catholics of England. A 'Catholic Who's Who,' that is, a catalogue of the names of the prominent members of the Church and some account of who they are in the educational, literary and political world of England, proves a great surprise to many people. We must confess that the citation from the Tablet proves so even to ourselves, and we were ready to look for the very best from our English Catholic brethren. Since it is so we prefer to give it just as it is written. Those who think that the Catholic Church appeals only to the ignorant and to the lower classes or who think that even its principal appeal is to them should read this. Catholics who are proud of their Church's position should be glad to show it to others and to call their attention to what the Church means in lands where there is true liberty of conscience. Here is the Tablet's comment:

'England's greatest parliamentary boast is that of her pioneer part in the emancipation of the slave; and, behold, there are in the world now more Catholic than Protestant descendants of William Wilberforce. All Byron's descendants are Catholics, and Catholic is the line of Walter Scott. Those of Stevenson's kith and kin nearest to him among the men of the succeeding generation are of the religion of Father Damien whose name he has enshrined in our literature. Lockhart and Bulwer, Henry Taylor and Arnold, each race of England's literary soil, are represented on these lists. Dickens is there in the direct line, and Thackeray by collaterals. As if all this were not English enough, the little Lord Trafalgar of the future will be winning their battles on the playing-fields of Beaumont or Downside; for Earl Nelson's sons, Lord Merton and his brother, have "barded the bayonet of St. Peter—a feat of spiritual manliness not unworthy of the name of Nelson." Another point worth a mention in this connection will strike the observant reader. There is one great office of state, other than the king's own, closed against Catholics in this country, the lord chancellorship. But the keeper of king's consciences could not, it would seem, keep the conscience of his descendants. From whatever cause—perhaps by the play of some law of reaction more subtle than any law decided from the bench—the descendants of lord chancellors adorn this list of current Catholics in larger proportion than is afforded by any other class, witness the memorable names of Cottenham, Enocombe and Kenyon, of Law, Bethell and Theisiger. But there is hardly a page of this blue-book that does not offer us at its first coming some fascinating points of speculation or research, of romantic hope or of fulfilled congratulation; and we find ourselves at the end of our space while only at the beginning of our theme.'

In our own land hundreds of names could be cited—names of men and women eminent in their chosen professions—that are enrolled in the record as converts to the true Church.—Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.



FRANK SMITH, MAYOR OF LONDON, 1866.

We have pleasure in presenting to our readers the striking features of the late Hon. Sir. Frank Smith, as he looked in 1866, when Mayor of London.

What lends this picture particular interest at the present time is the opening of a Branch of the Home Bank of Canada in London. Frank Smith left London and went to Toronto in 1860 and three years later became President of The Home Savings and Loan Company, the present Home Bank of Canada. He continued as President to the time of his death and was the heaviest shareholder in the institution.

Frank Smith will be remembered by all old Londoners. He came to London in 1849 and opened a general store the site where John Garvey's store now stands on Dandass Street. He was Mayor of London for one year and during his short term of office he re-organized the finances of the London and Port Stanley Railroad and put it on a paying basis.

In Toronto Frank Smith became a millionaire. For many years he controlled the Toronto Street Railway, and, besides his heavy interests in The Home Bank, he was a big shareholder in The Consumers Gas Company, and The Niagara Navigation Company. Frank Smith did not organize The Home Bank as its history dates from 1854.

EDUCATOR AND CIVILIZER.

A NON-CATHOLIC'S ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AS FOUNDER OF SCHOOLS AND PATRON OF LEARNING. A correspondent of the Erie (Pa.) Dispatch, who signs himself "Songisto," having lately delivered himself of the declaration that the Catholic Church discourages education in sciences, has happily elicited the following noteworthy tribute to the educational activity of the Catholic Church from an outsider. The letter appears in the Dispatch of February 7: "Songisto, I have never been accused of being a Catholic. The Church in which I was reared, by the way, never made a speciality of bigotry. It did not teach me that all the members of our congregations wore wings and that horns were sprouting from the forehead of any other who did not believe just as I did. I still pay respectful homage to that old church and minister, I still recall with lively satisfaction with what fervor he breathed forth a spirit of charity, forgiveness and good fellowship among men. He taught doctrines and principles in which many men of respectable parts have found consolation in sickness and sorrow. He redeemed the wanderer, he cared for the orphan, he gave bread to the poor, he ministered to the aged, he restored to weeping parents the have passed away forever, but that Christian civilization remains to-day through the efforts of those schools and scholars that you so much deride is the very proudest monument of all time.

As I grew in years and broadened in knowledge I learned that the Catholic Church played a part in this grand scheme of civilization and enlightenment, a part, sir, the splendor of which has never entered your "technical being." I went to Rome and the Bosporus in years gone by; I also visited the British Isles. I saw something; I learned something. I discovered in my wanderings the most remarkable chain of schools this world has ever witnessed. No other time or place or fervor could possibly conceive, support and maintain such a system of schools. The days of chivalry, enthusiasm and the crusades have passed away forever, but that Christian civilization remains to-day through the efforts of those schools and scholars that you so much deride is the very proudest monument of all time.

EVERY CHURCH A SCHOOL. Few people display such crass ignorance as to charge the Church with utilizing her schools or her ability to teach. The labors of centuries are preserved in her monasteries to-day, and there is no other source of information than the silent marvels of her gigantic work attesting her zeal in art, science and learning. It is an actual fact, sir, that almost every church was a school of learning and the priest its teacher. Wherever a monastery was built, there also was a school famed for its teachers.

Songisto, did you ever hear or read of such schools as Bologna, Pavia, Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Salamanca? Universities built during and shortly after the crusades, every one of which contained from 10,000 to 30,000 pupils; and, Songisto, all these universities were built by these same Catholic priests, those poor ignorant fellows who professed Christianity. Did you ever hear of these selfish fellows banding together to destroy any worthy object? We may not believe in their doctrines, Songisto, there may be honest differences of opinion and candor may allow that difference to go far. Human nature is not strong and excesses may have been committed. We may not believe in their centralization of power, Songisto, nor the rigor of their rules. You may believe in the widest range of intellectual observation, every little would be a theist does, but the reflective mind soon discovers that the mind wandering in its own mazes without light or guide is lost in the immensity of doubt, darkness and despair.

I have seen altogether too much of what these same fellows have done in the past, Songisto, to take any stock in your rapid assertion that the Catholic Church is an enemy of science. On the contrary, I do know, as much as it is possible for anyone to know a fact of history, that these same fellows who showed marked excellence in science, art, literature, were invariably made princes of the Church; and you cannot read the history and development of any science of the past that is not interwoven with the life-work of some one of those Catholic priests and church men.

SCORES "SWEATING" SYSTEM.

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN DENOUNCES THOSE WHO PROFIT BY OPPRESSION OF THE POOR—RIGHT TO A LIVING WAGE. Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., the English priest and missionary, has started a crusade against the "sweating system" as it prevails in England. Father Vaughan speaks plainly and does not spare those responsible for the conditions he describes. His series of sermons on "The Sins of Society," two years ago, were not more pointed than his lectures against the oppression of the working classes to day. In a recent lecture he said:

"The sweating system should never have been allowed to come into existence at all; yet come it did in the early part of the last century. Consequently, it is nearly a hundred years too old. Let it die, I say, and give it a pauper's funeral, with the epitaph: 'He was only a sweator, whom nobody mourns.' "The sweating set has no conscience to shame it into penitence; its ears are as deaf to the cries of its victims as its eyes are blind to their unutterable misery. Truth to tell, when a man puts dividenda where he ought to

put salvation, nothing will move him but the apparatus of the law. Till the force of law bears down upon the sweator he will continue to sweat, crying:

"The pound of flesh, 'tis mine, and I will have it if you deny me, 'tis upon your law."

"Sweating is more easily understood than defined. A Parliamentary committee describes the system as: (1) Unduly low rates of wages; (2) Excessive hours of work; (3) Unsanitary conditions of the work-places. Believe me, when I tell you that the vast majority of the community have no idea at all of the sweating practices that obtain in their midst.

"The sweating question has not been exaggerated, because the iniquitous thing cannot be exaggerated. Let me illustrate what I mean by giving you a single instance—a typical one. I take it from Birmingham, which proudly holds up its head to the empire as the ideal of everything municipal. Few persons realize that in that metropolis of the Midlands, there are fifty butt factories, and if I mistake not, twelve other factories for hooks and eyes. These buttons and hooks and eyes, when made, are usually mounted on cards, ready for the inspection of shopkeepers' customers. Little do the purchasers imagine that some ten thousand of the poorest of our poor brothers and sisters are engaged the livelong day in hotels called homes sewing, among other things, these hooks and eyes upon show cards; still less do they realize that two hundred and eighty-eight hooks and two hundred and eighty-eight eyes have to be linked together and stitched to a card for the magnificent remuneration of four far things—one penny!

"Let me emphasize the case in hand a little more. In a squalid court I found a woman, with her four children, sitting on the floor of a freeless room working in silence. The ages of the children ranged from eight down to two and a half years old. All the little brood—God bless them—were linking the hooks and eyes with which the floor was littered, preparing them for mother's carding needle. From 6 a. m. to 10 p. m., or it may be to midnight, with necessary interruptions only, the whole family sat working, including even the husband, who was out of employment. What, you ask me, were the earnings of this industrious family? Five shillings (\$1.25) a week! Out of this sum half had to go to the rack-renter; so that for fire, for light, for food and for clothing there remained the other half.

"Oh God! that rent should be so dear, And flesh and blood so cheap!"

"If a nation's efficiency depends upon the efficiency of its industries, let me remind you that the efficiency of its industries depends no less upon the efficiency of its industrial workers. To defraud the laborer of a subsistence wage, to my thinking, is a crime of national suicide. It is a crime against the country, it is a crime against the worker—may, it is a crime against the majesty of God Himself, who by charging man with a mission, and deputing him to a work in this workaday world, proclaims it to be the sacred duty of the State to secure for its industrial citizens such a wage that upon it they may be able to live human lives, fulfilling their threefold mission to home, to country, and to God their Father Almighty. If the wage-earning citizen has duties, he has rights no less—the first among them being the right in a Christian state to live a human and Christian existence."

To those who argued that wages ought to be regulated by free consent between employer and employed, no matter how paltry might be the sum agreed upon, Father Vaughan answered that anterior to all contracts there stood the natural law of justice exacting for work principle and remuneration that upon it a man might be in a position to discharge his duties as a living and healthy member of the social organism. If the servant had a right to self preservation, the master had the duty to respect it, and the master who defrauded his servant of it ought to be handled, and roughly too, by the law.

The first charged upon industry ought to be a living wage to the worker at it. They were not met there that evening to solve the question as to what was a fair living wage, but rather to demand for those who had not got it, a minimum living wage. He demanded a wage upon which a human being might live a human life fulfilling his duties to his home, to his country, and to God his Father Almighty. From the principle laid down, he argued that every industrial worker or in England had the right to something better than a sweated wage, a sweated rent and a sweated life. Not being a slave, but a free man, he had the duty no less than the right to live in a decent environment, under sanitary conditions, with sufficient leisure for cultivating his mental gifts and tastes, and besides, with a day for resting from servile work and looking to the interests more immediately of his soul. How could any of these duties be fulfilled under the diabolical sweating system?

Father Vaughan proceeded to contrast what actually was, with what ought in justice to be, the lives of those who worked at sweated industries in England, and he argued that the underpaid and overworked sweated classes could not even develop or support their physical, still less their moral, and least of all their mental life.—True Voice.

CHURCH DECORATION.

"The Reverend Father Kelley, of the Church of The Sacred Heart, Walkerton, is having his fine Church beautifully decorated. The architectural proportions calling for elaborate decoration, a special feature is being made of a hand-painted frieze in a series of panels, representing the Twelve Apostles, flanked by their various symbols. The subsidiary spaces are filled with the important Saints, including Saint Barbara, Saint Cecilia, Saint Patrick, Saint George.

THROW AWAY LINIMENTS

Here's the Prescription to Cure Rheumatism.

Liniments only reach the skin and the muscles directly under the skin. Now, liniments can't cure Rheumatism. They simply deaden the nerves for a time. When the effect wears away, the pain returns worse than ever.

If the bowels do not move regularly—if the kidneys are strained or weak—if the skin is dry or harsh—the blood is sure to be filled with impurities or uric acid. This uric acid is changed into uric acid which is the poison that causes rheumatism.

Now, the only possible way to cure Rheumatism is to prevent uric acid from being formed. Logically, the only way to do this is to keep kidneys, bowels and skin in good working order, and prevent the stomach from being too acid. And the only way to do this is to take "Fruit-atives."

These marvelous tablets of fruit juices and tonics act directly on the three great eliminating organs—bowels, kidneys and skin—and put them in perfect condition. That is the only secret of their great success in curing rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago. See a box—6 for \$2.50. "Fruit-atives," Limited, Ottawa.

Advertisement for Roof Right Now Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles. Includes image of a house and text describing the product's benefits and availability.

The general scheme is buff and cream, enriched with reds, blues and greens, and the decoration of the Sanctuary is in rich blues, reds, and gold. It is contemplated further decorating the Sanctuary Arch, by two groups of Glorifying Angels, symbolizing Praise. The Decoration is being executed by The Thornton Smith Company, Toronto, and when completed will be a credit to Walkerton."

VEUILLOT LETTERS.

TO M RIVALLANT. From the French, for the CATHOLIC RECORD, by F. B. Hayes. Paris, 29 July, 1856.

My Dear Friend,—I am greatly pleased to learn from the bearer of your somewhat sad toned letter that I need not be uneasy about you. I have always noticed that you were inclined to be too anxious about the future. You must fight against that feeling and get rid of it.

"God will be your father to-morrow, just as He is to-day, and yesterday. The days you dreaded formerly have gone by; they were not so very dreadful. The days you now dread will also pass, and God will be there also to protect you as before.

"Live on where you are, take pleasure in what you are doing, submit in advance to whatever God wills. This is the secret of happiness. If there is still something wanting, remember that you are in a place of trials, and wait quietly for eternity. Do you want to suffer nothing in this world? This would not be the wish of a Christian, nor a fitting prayer to address to God. The devil, it is true, has promised it, but he cruelly deceives his clients, and takes them in advance abandon God for him. Do good, and refrain from even wishing for a reward from men. Whatever you get from men is so much taken away from what God reserves for you. For if you look for a reward from men, it is clear that you are working for yourself and not for God."

Advertisement for Lee-Hodgins Co. Limited, featuring the slogan 'Send for this now' and describing a free book about poultry farming.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Quinquagesima Sunday. PREPARING FOR LENT. "Thy faith hath made thee whole." (Luk. xiv. 42.)

Which of us, dear brethren, has such perfect spiritual health that he does not need to call upon Christ, our all-merciful physician? We are all crippled, blind and sick. The great remedy by which we must be healed is faith. We see how the blind man in to-day's gospel was made whole by faith. In another place we read of the woman with an issue of blood made well by faith. And in many other parts of Scripture faith is put down as our great healing remedy.

Thank God, we have received the great blessing of the Catholic faith! But is our faith what it ought to be? Is it a living faith? If we have a living faith it will show itself by our deeds. Let us examine ourselves to-day as to our intentions for the coming Lent. How much practical faith shall we find in ourselves? "Faith without good works is dead." How can we expect that such faith will make us whole? Are you dreading the approach of this season of penance? Are you calculating the easiest terms upon which you can get through it? Do you look upon it as an evil time, which must be borne with, but out of which you expect to get nothing but discomfort?

If you look upon Lent in this spirit, you are no true follower of Christ and the Cross—your faith is not a living faith. And a dead faith is worse than useless, for such a faith can abide only in the lukewarm, of whom the Holy Ghost speaks thus: "Would thou wert cold or hot. But because thou art lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I will begin to vomit thee out of My mouth." Beware lest your present lack of the Christian spirit of penance be the beginning of your casting forth?

But do not misunderstand and think that we must relish this coming season of penance in our lower nature, just as a hungry man relishes his dinner. That is not the kind of relish we are bound to have. Although we may have an involuntary horror of penance, if we, nevertheless, appreciate our need of mortification, and are determined to make the most of this opportunity, all the more because we instinctively dread it, we show that God has at least a large part of our hearts. He wants the whole of them, saying: "My son, give Me thy heart." But if we keep a part for our miserable selves, in His mercy, though grieved, He will not condemn us.

But if any one has not at least a determination to try, he may well tremble at his condition. If he thinks he can safely put off his repentance to his death-bed, he deceives himself. The odds against such a man's being saved are tremendous. Does it not stand to reason that an ordinary man who has spent his life in sin cannot, unless by a miracle of grace, accomplish in a short hour, or perhaps less time, what he has taken good men a lifetime to do? The dying sinner may persuade the priest that he has repented, but it is not because he has deceived himself in his fear of death? If we could test his repentance by offering him ten years more of life, would he persevere in his good intentions? If he has resolved not to sin any more for the sole reason that he has no chance left him for doing so, his repentance is a sham, and all the absolutions of all the priests that have ever lived cannot save his soul. "As a man lives, so shall he die." Is it not easier to repent now, while you are able, than upon your death-bed, when disease and sin have almost robbed you of reason?

Have a living faith which will show itself by deeds! And let the prayer of the blind man be the prayer of each of us, "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon me." And let us not cease until Jesus answers us, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

A MINISTER'S QUEST IN THE CATACOMBS.

DOES THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH EXIST TO-DAY IN ITS MINISTRY AND SACRAMENTS?

The controversialist of that "City of Confusion" known officially as the Protestant Episcopal Church, and called by several other names by its adherents, has his advantages and disadvantages growing out of the multitude of doctrines which are held and condemned at the same time by one or more of the varied schools of opinion or sects contained within this sect. While the Protestant Episcopal controversialist of the "Low" variety is shooting his arrows at Rome, for instance, he is likely to strike some of his brethren of the "High" Church, or in between. His opponent has some trouble in "getting back," because in attempting to strike the P. E.'s as a body he finds himself in the position of the Irishman who had counted all the pigs but one, which would not stand still.

These thoughts suggested themselves to a representative of The Catholic Standard and Times who attended two of a series of sermons on "The Catacombs of Rome" at the edifice located on Thirty-eighth street, above Chestnut, and called the "Church of the Saviour." These two sermons were, respectively, on the questions, "Does the Church of the catacombs exist to-day in its ministry and sacraments?" and "Is the Church in Rome the Church that was under Rome?"

As an introduction to the first of these discourses Rev. Dr. J. Sanders Reed paid his compliments to the "American Episcopal" Church and its "glit-edged piety," and asked how many of its twentieth century members would get up at dawn to attend divine worship underground. It is hard enough now, he said, to get a handful at a convenient hour on a fine day, with the church well-heated, the pews and kneeling benches cushioned and the music fine. The speaker could find no resemblance here to the Church of the Catacombs, but had he looked beyond his own sect he could have found a church whose members crowd

its humblest and coldest chapel before day.

He then took a shy at our Baptist brethren, stating that inscriptions in the catacombs showed burial of neophytes or newly-baptized Christians as young as twenty-one months, an argument for infant baptism; and spoke of a font found in the catacombs inscribed as having been used by St. Peter, said font being too shallow to permit of the immersion of even an infant. However, our Baptist brethren need not worry about this seemingly conclusive argument, since it was overlooked by the reverend doctor in his next sermon, one week later, when he denied that St. Peter ever was in Rome.

Again, he referred to paintings of St. John the Baptist pouring water on our Divine Lord's head as another argument against immersion, a representation to be seen on a stained glass window of a Baptist church a couple of blocks away from Dr. Reed's.

Coming to symbols of the Blessed Eucharist found in the catacombs, he contended that it is more than a sign or a souvenir; that it is, in fact a central act of worship, yet a week later he said that there is nothing in the catacombs to indicate a belief in the doctrine of transubstantiation. What is left but a symbol where this doctrine is denied?

Allusion was made to services being held on the slabs of the tombs of martyrs and the possible reference in the Apostles to this, but the speaker neglected to state that under the altar stone in each Catholic Church there are relics of the saints—another similarity between Rome on earth and under the earth.

Reference was made to the love feasts, where rich and poor ate together after the service. And we have nothing like that to-day, said the speaker. And here again, he overlooked the Catholic Church, for its Holy Name societies, alumni sodalities and other bodies have breakfast reunions after receiving Holy Communion in a body.

The order of deaconesses, which he said had recently "been reintroduced in the church, to its good," was shown to have existed in the days when the primitive Christians worshipped in the catacombs. These "consecrated virgins" were engaged in works of charity caring for the poor and sick, and instructing the young. The reverend speaker did not deem it necessary to state that the Catholic Church had never found it necessary to "reintroduce" these "consecrated virgins," for the simple reason that they have never been left out of it. Besides, his phrase of "consecrated virgins" was rather at variance with his attack on celibacy a week later.

In concluding this talk, the speaker claimed that the church called to-day, in the New World, the Protestant Episcopal Church can trace back its lineage to the Church of the catacombs. But we shall see how he succeeded.

IS IT THE CHURCH OF ROME? Is the Church in Rome the Church that was under Rome? attracted a fair crowd (for a Protestant church) on Sunday evening last, notwithstanding the intense cold. There is no concealing the fact that the religiously inclined of this "higher criticism" age are interested in "Rome," though they so frequently choose strange methods of learning of her. Few of them would go to an allopathic physician to get a fair exposition of homoeopathy. Some of the gentlemen criticizing "Rome" seem, from their special pleading, to be trying very hard to convince themselves.

With an utter disregard of the feelings of his "higher" brethren, Dr. Reed spoke of the gulf that separates "Rome" from Protestantism, overlooking the fact that the gulf that separates "low" from "high" in his own denomination is wide and deep, and that practically all of "Rome's" tenets are held within that body officially known as the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The early Church, he said, was content to worship Christ in privacy and destitution, the inference being that "Rome" is not. Yet it is admitted that the members of no other Church make such sacrifices. Despite his own reference to St. Peter's font the previous week, he contended that St. Peter was never in Rome, and said it was a myth that he stayed there twenty-five years. Very little reference, he said, is made to St. Peter in the catacombs, and he referred to glasses, one of which showed St. Peter and St. Paul side by side, with Peter on the left hand. Here the speaker again forgot himself, saying that the only apostle distinguished from the rest of the twelve was St. Paul. St. Paul, of course, was not one of the twelve at all.

Panvinus, who is certainly as good an authority as Dr. Reed, says that the Cosmetarium Ostrinum is the oldest of the catacombs, because "it was in use when St. Peter preached the faith to the Romans." The Venerable Bede, whom perhaps some of the doctor's coreligionists would claim as one of themselves, speaks of the "Cosmetarium majus" as the one wherein Peter baptized (perhaps using the font Dr. Reed found on Saturday and lost the next). The one picture on glass showing St. Peter on the left seems conclusive to Dr. Reed, but the larger number of representations show Peter on the right; and in one instance the Blessed Virgin is in the centre, with Paul on the right and Peter on the left. Some represent our Lord himself at the foot of St. Paul, but our enthusiastic admirer of St. Paul (except in his love for celibacy) would not argue from that. Perish the thought!

St. Peter is represented as another Moses striking the rock in some cases, our Lord standing between Moses and Peter, evidently signifying that they are the dispensers, under God, of the Old and New Law.

THE DOCTOR IN REVIEW. As our readers will remember, we went exhaustively into this question when Peter's primacy alone was in question. We may pass to other subjects. On that occasion Rev. William Downey, Methodist, told his congregation that we published the best report

of a sermon of his that he had ever had, but we then devoted four columns to tearing him out. In passing, we may say that the New Testament contains ample evidence of Peter's leadership. If the doubting Protestant will take a concordance and read each text referring to that saint.

That Peter was in Rome is admitted by such eminent non-Catholic writers as Grotius, Cave, Lardner, Whitby, Macknight, Hales, Cudius, Mynster, Schaff, Neander, Steiger, De Wette, Wieseler, Credner, Block, Meyer, Hilgenfeld, Rann, Mangold and Pearson. The last named writer says: "That St. Peter was in Rome is so clear in Christian antiquity that it is a shame for any Protestant to confess that any Protestant ever denied us. When the chair of Peter and the Cemetery of SS. Peter and Marcellinus are also venerated by Dr. Reed, one wonders why he has not questioned the authenticity of the catacombs themselves.

When he accused the Church of Maroligny, and spoke of paintings exalting Mary above our Divine Lord, he forgot all about the catacombs, and quoted prayers alleged to be by St. Bonaventura and a Protestant hymn praising our Lord, altered by some Catholic in Albany, to sing the praises of the Blessed Virgin. Dr. Reed could find little reference to the Mother of God in the catacombs, and no "Ave Marie" among the inscriptions. The Archangel Gabriel's salutation would have furnished him with the latter, and the catacombs represent her in at least twenty paintings of the magi and others of the Virgin's first miracle.

The "Finding of the Child Jesus in the Temple," etc. And she is particularly well represented in the pictures in the Cemetery of Priscilla. Mary is considered by Catholics the greatest of the saints and the most powerful intercessor among them, and, perhaps the marriage feast of Cana and others of the Virgin's first miracle there performed at her request, though he said His time had not yet come, should prove some excuse for such belief. To pay her divine honor would be idolatry in a Catholic; a "high" churchman, with his Lady chapel, might exaggerate the devotion and escape condemnation because there is no authority in his denomination to call him to account. But Catholics are authoritatively taught to distinguish between the honor due to God alone and that due even the greatest saint. Though flowers of rhetoric may at times deceive the non-Catholic into thinking that Catholics pay too much honor to the saints, it must always be observed that they are asked to pray for us. And the question naturally arises, "To whom shall they pray?" When that question is answered, all doubt as to proper distinctions should disappear.

The beliefs in a purgatory and prayers for the dead are necessarily related. The latter implies the former. Some of the optant in the catacombs, not only show those doctrines in the primitive Church, but also the custom of invoking the saints, of whom Dr. Reed might admit the Blessed Virgin to be one. How much of present-day Catholic custom and liturgy is shown in these.

"Mayest thou live in the Holy Spirit."

"I commend to thee, Basilissa (Saint Basilissa) the innocence of Gemellus" (O. his tombstone).

"Lady, (Saint Basilissa), we, Crescentinus and Melina, commend to thee our daughter Crescentina."

"Pray for thy parents."

"May thy spirit rest well in God. Pray for thy parents."

"May God refresh thy spirit."

"Refresh, O God, the soul of—"

"Vicentia in Christ. Pray for Phoebe and her husband."

"Holy souls, have in remembrance Marcianus Succensus Severus and all our brethren."

"And in your prayers pray for us, because we know you (to be) in Christ."

In concluding his sermon, Dr. Reed said the Reformation was not a new departure, but a disinterment of the body of Christ, which had been buried alive, and that the Church which the apostles left was the Church of Cranmer, Koble, Kingsley, etc. It was not a reformation, but a resurrection. But there is an awful gap between the apostles and Cranmer. Dr. Reed's theory buries the Church for more than a thousand years. However, he filled a part of the gap, for in quoting Pope Gregory, "the servants of the servants of God," as rebuking a Bishop claiming superiority, he spoke of him as sending Augustine to England, and yet, and yet—Rome did not have the primacy.

The next time a member of Dr. Reed's congregation wants to know something about the catacombs, let him read "Rome's Secret." But why should a good Protestant leave the Bible as a rule of faith and take up a cemetery? Come, let us go to one of

the Protestant cemeteries of to-day and see how much Protestant Episcopal doctrine it has for the ages to come. The Reformation had a subterranean source, no doubt, but it was not the catacombs. —Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER"

Catholic Universe.

"Knowledge is power."—Bacon. This expression is founded perhaps in the passage from the Bible, "A wise man is strong." It reminds us of a story. Some rolling mill men were seeking to separate a mastiff and a small dog which he appeared to be about to eat. Though the men pulled and pounded and threw water on the mastiff, they could not succeed in making him let the small dog go. A dude coming along and noticing the commotion stopped. Taking in the situation, he said to the muscular men about him: "Stand back! Stand back! I will separate them." The men looked at him contemptuously and said: "What! You separate them?" "Stand back! Stand back!" he said. Reaching into his vest pocket he took out a little box and uncorking it took therefrom a pinch of something. He held this to the nostrils of the mastiff. In a moment the large dog sneezed the small one half across the road. The little dog took to his heels and, yelping, passed out of sight. While the mastiff continued to sneeze and the mill men looked on with surprise, the dude put the box again into his vest pocket and as jauntily he started away, he said in a mingling tone: "Knowledge is power. Knowledge is power!"

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Pius X to the Editors and Contributors of The Catholic Encyclopedia

Most Reverend John M. Farley, Archbishop of New York, Most Illustrious and Reverend Sir:

Through your good offices the Holy Father has lately received the first volume of the (illustrated) Catholic Encyclopedia which is to be followed by fourteen other volumes. Quite apart from the rich binding especially prepared for His Holiness, and from the numerous remarkable illustrations which enhance the value of the work and which charm the reader by their perfect artistic finish, the Holy Father notes with a special satisfaction the importance and practical utility of this new encyclopedic work. To collect and publish in a form so attractive for the English-speaking world where there are still so many non-Catholics, the magnificent and immortal achievements of the Catholic Church and her children in the domains of science, literature, and art, cannot but be an enterprise eminently helpful and beneficial. Moreover, as the preface of the first volume explicitly states, the purpose of the work is to set forth the immense benefits conferred through the Catholic Church on mankind, not only by furthering moral and social development, but also by promoting civil, scientific, and artistic growth and progress. In conclusion, the Holy Father heartily congratulates the efficient editors and their collaborators on the first happy fruit of their labours; he encourages them to continue with zeal the great task to which they have set their hands, and as an earnest of his special good will he bestows on each of them his Apostolic benediction.

I avail myself of this welcome occasion to assure your Grace of my very profound esteem, etc., etc.

(Signed) Pius X. Rome, 1 Dec., 1907.

Note: The official letter of Cardinal Merry del Val is written in Italian and on the large white letter paper made specially for the Papal household. It is interesting to note, in the center of the sheet, the water mark here reproduced, which displays the tiara, and the keys, above the letters S. P. A. The initials stand for Sacrum Palatium Apostolicum ("Sacred Apostolic Palace"—see The Catholic Encyclopedia, Volume I, page 95).

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MODERN TENDENCY TO ARDS MAN-MAKING RELIGI

A gentleman with a Catholic name, a Spaniard evidently, contributes a paper to the Revue de Belgique (Brussels) in which he shows, from various expressions of opinion collected from various sources, that religion is now-a-days considered by the majority of non-Catholic educators, publicists and literary men to be a matter into which the idea of God penetrates but very little, and if it does, only to count for a small factor in idealizing it.

A great change, says the writer, has taken place in the minds of men and in their attitude towards religion. To the disdain which marked the opening of the nineteenth century, in regard to all matters religious, a mixture of solemnation, of curiosity and respect has succeeded.

Socialism and its perils have had one manifest effect and that has been to make men think that, after all, there must be something supernatural in religion. Yet, although ours is not by any means an age of indifference to the question of religion, there is little doubt, he says, that men are disposed to look upon it rather as an educative influence and as a valuable factor in material life and progress. That religion constitutes an indispensable influence in social evolution, is their view rather than that it is of supernatural origin, although it is admitted that its source lies in the deepest strata of human nature.

M. d'Alviella proceeds to show what has been the result of an investigation by a French newspaper, as to the part religious influence and education are supposed to play in the lives of well-known men in literature and politics.

According to the reviewer, the opinion of such men will form a fairly accurate gauge of what the rest of the world thinks. The publication in question solicited the views of one hundred and fourteen prominent men.

The great Oppen, one of the foremost literary men of France, declared that his attitude toward religion was contained in the word "cred."

Doctor Kuyper who was instrumental in bringing the South African war to a close, adheres to the view that the times are atheistical, but nevertheless that we are about to enter upon a strong religious revival.

Martin Gorty expresses just such a view as might be expected from him. He thinks that the dissolution of the idea of a God is inevitable among educated men, and that the masses will throw themselves into the Socialistic movement as the only means of finding happiness in the world.

Mr. H. G. Wells, the author of so many speculative works, thinks that the religious idea and the religious sentiment are an integral part of the moral and intellectual process of humanity.

M. Camille Flammarion, the well-known French astronomer, tells us with a certain amount of scepticism as to which he is remarkable, that religion and religions are entirely different things; the former, he declares, will remain in man's breast for all time, the latter, he says, will all perish.

Sir Charles Dilke, the English parliamentarian, holds that religion is a matter that is independent of churches. Mr. Havlock Ellis declares that religion is an element of human nature as great as any in the human breast.

Charles Wagner, the author of "The Simple Life," holds that only human pity in its simplest form, the respect of life, of sorrow, of labor, and all that constitutes humanity is the creed of the non-Catholic of the future — clearly a humanitarianism pure and simple of the whole matter.

Thus we find, says M. d'Alviella, that the modern tendency is to believe everything that connects religion with the idea and teaching of God. This he finds to be due to the progress of scientific research, with its disposition to refer everything to a purely material origin. Yet science, even in its boldest claims, admits that it is powerless to give us an explanation of the mystery of life. Even the most advanced scientific thinkers agree that the theory of the universe reposes on one act of faith, namely, the certainty that nothing can create itself. As for the Catholic, he is content with the simple truths which have shown themselves for nearly two thousand years to be the best guide and the surest comfort in life. If he is a Catholic, he can have no doubt; and he who doubts not is happy. — N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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EPISCOPAL LAYMEN TURN TO THE POPE

ANGLICAN ROMAN UNION FORMED HERE TO RECOGNISE PRIMACY OF THE HOLY SEE. N. Y. Times, Feb. 11th.

At a conference, following a dinner, at the Roma Restaurant, 878 Sixth Avenue, attended by about twenty five members of the Episcopal Church, the majority of whom were laymen, and presided over by Father Paul, head of the Greyfriars' Convent at Garrison, a society called the Anglican Roman Union was organized last night, whose avowed purpose it is to work for the ultimate reunion of the Episcopal to the Roman Church.

At the conference there was a thorough discussion of the question of organization, in which representatives of the church from this city, Philadelphia and Jersey City participated. A constitution was drawn up and officers elected.

These are the officers and members of the council: President, W. M. Canmack of Philadelphia; Vice President, the Rev. Theodore Riley of Hudson, N. Y.; and W. A. Buchanan of Philadelphia; Secretary, the Rev. A. E. Himmendorf, Jersey City; Treasurer, J. W. Barney. The council consists of six members: The Rev. Father Fitz, the Rev. Father Burnett, the Rev. Father Atkins, and George Hanzelhurst, Dr. H. M. King, and E. L. Prior.

Father Paul, who is a member of the Society of the Atonement, and editor of The Lamp, a publication designed to foster the union between the Roman and Episcopal Churches, gave out a statement after the conference. It says: "After a full interchange of opinion the Anglican Roman Union was organized. This body is essentially an association of laymen, and is organized on lines similar to the English Church Union. Its object is to maintain and defend Catholic principles and forward the corporate reunion of the Anglican Church with the Apostolic See, the basis of agreement being a belief in the Roman Primacy."

"Membership is restricted to those who are communicants of the Episcopal Church or of churches in communion therewith. When asked what methods the society would adopt in achieving its object, Father Paul said no definite plans had yet been laid. The union, he said, was not designed as a militant body; it simply aimed at showing the importance of the object for which it worked.

"We believe," he said, "that a union will ultimately come about between the two Churches, and we are certainly in favor of it; but it must be thoroughly understood that this is no plot to get a few Anglicans to leave the Church and to join another. We look for a great movement in time which will bring the two Churches together in the same relations which they had before the Reformation."

"We do recognize the Pope as the natural successor of St. Peter, but we are in no degree loyal to the Episcopal Church."

He went on to explain that there were now three movements on foot in the ecclesiastical world: The movement for a union between the Episcopals and Protestants; a movement for union between the Episcopal and Anglican, and the Eastern Orthodox Churches, and the one which this society represents, a tendency to union between the Anglican or Episcopalian and the Roman Churches. In furtherance of all these tendencies he said there are similar societies to the one just formed; they aim to bring unity between two Churches, but those who belong to them remain still loyal to their own Church. In reference to the society's attitude to the open schism movement in the Episcopal Church he said: "We are opposed to it, and intend to fight it. This union rests in the belief in the primacy of the See of Peter."



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The Tourge

A man cannot ride or drive or guide a horse without a bridle. A bridle for the tongue is just as necessary for those who wish to guide themselves properly. We are told in Holy Scripture that the tongue is a world of iniquity and that those who offend not by the tongue are perfect. From the way that some people rush on in their talk, one would think that the priest who baptised them forgot to put salt on their tongue. Thomas a Kempis says in the "Following of Christ": "I was often sorry for saying too much, but never for saying too little." If some people who are silent only stuttered they would have more time to think and then would say less. Deep rivers flow in silence; shallow brooks are noisy. — Cleveland Universal.

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