

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, September 9, 1899

### U. S. NEW POSSESSIONS.

There was a little discussion some time ago at Ashfield, Mass., on the war in the Philippines. A Rev. Mr. Plumb was strongly in favor of hostilities, on the ground that religion and trade would profit thereby. The individual, however, who receives religion from a dum dum bullet or a galling gun will not have much need of missionary services. He might be useful for mummy purposes or he might be cremated and deposited in a tasty little urn which could be placed on the parlor table. Charles Dudley Warner followed the fire-eating minister and thanked him for convincing him of the necessity of a great Christian people going to war for the spread of religion and commercial purposes. "I only want as a little rider: Resolved that we postpone the Christian religion to a more convenient season."

### DREYFUS.

The Dreyfus case is an excellent thing for the cable company and for the imaginative reporter. It is like a continuous vaudeville performance. The generals do their little turn, interrupted now and then by the oratorical feats of M. Labori, who is now, thanks to his wonderful recuperative ability, completely recovered from his "terrible wound." Madame Labori comes in also for much respectful admiration. She is the divorced wife of the Russian pianist Pachman—but that does not grate on anti-Catholic nerves.

### INCONGRUITY.

The Springfield Republican has a ghastly tale of the war in the far East. Burning churches and desecration of all held dear by an enlightened people mark the civilizing progress of the invaders. They war not only against the living but the dead. To despoil men of their holdings and to shoot them for no other crime than that of defending their country is bad enough; but to break open coffins and to rifle the dead is vandalism brutal and barbaric.

And still the man who is responsible for such atrocities was accorded a very gracious reception by the denizens of the Catholic Summer School!

### UNITED IRISHMEN.

Michael Davitt is doing some plain speaking in favor of an United Irish Party. There are signs indicating that before long an unbroken phalanx of Irishmen will be in Westminster to do battle, not for themselves, but for the common good. Instead of seeing Ireland sacrificed on the altar of personal ambition or gain, we shall see Irishmen sacrificing themselves for their country. Mr. Davitt's utterances are entitled to the utmost consideration, for he has given, time and again, proofs of the most unselfish patriotism. As needle to the pole, he has remained true to the cause, and he is as enthusiastic to-day as when he first broke a lance for the honor of the old land.

Faction is either dead or is suffering from a hopeless, incurable malady. The people are settling the question of reunion in the only effective manner now possible, namely a popular unity for national purposes seeking combined employment against the enemies of the popular cause. This is the reunion that will succeed, because it possesses all the elements of success and seeks only the good of Ireland.

He says that the men who have stood in the way of Ireland must now stand out of the way, because the people have found that they can go forward without them, and that what Ireland wants is a militant movement against her foes and not a senseless wrangle among her friends. The wrangle may serve a few interested individuals, but it does not serve the national cause and the people have therefore formed a platform for themselves on Land League lines, and will secure true unity under the banner and purposes of the United Irish League.

He is prepared to step down and out of the way by so doing he can help the movement. He has never coveted power or manifested any desire to be a ruling spirit in the party, and he has followed the leadership of John Dillon faithfully and loyally, because he believed Dillon was honest and sincere.

Edward Blake has by wishing God-speed to the League endorsed Mr. Davitt's declaration that unity can come only from the people. Every friend of Ireland must indeed be grateful to Mr. Blake for his unequalled support of the movement. His path in Irish politics has been a thorny one. He has been slandered and ridiculed, and yet with the generosity that denotes a noble soul he has no enmity for the maligner and is ready to be in the fighting line shoulder to shoulder with any Irishman who believes that the Nationalist cause can be forwarded only through a party united in aim, aggressive in its methods and dominated by unselfish love for Ireland.

### JAPANESE "CONVERTS."

Mr. Stafford Ransome's book, "Japan on Transition," quoted by the Standard and Times, should be read by all those interested in Protestant missionary effort. It does not contain anything new or very startling, and is valuable only as a record of the impressions of a Protestant traveller. Referring to the claims to converts, he says there is not one genuine convert in every hundred thousand of the population. This will be disagreeable news for our brother of the Guardian, who believes that "the crucifix of the Romanist" is no longer visible in the flowery land.

Mr. Ransome touches upon the meddling and commercial tendencies of the average Protestant missionary, and then pays the following compliment to their fraternal charity.

"But one of the chief faults of the Protestant missionary is that he has not mastered the fundamental principles of Christianity. 'Brethren, love one another,' is ignored in his practice, and he passes too much of his time in degrading squabbles with his fellows about methods and details of faith. The local foreign papers teem with these controversies, often clothed in bad English, and betraying an un-Christian sentiment. When this sort of a missionary approaches an intelligent Japanese, urging him to forsake his pagan gods and become a Christian, his natural rejoinder is: 'What sort of a Christian? One of your sort or one of the sort advocated by your brother in Christianity, who sent me this pamphlet last week describing you as a worthless charlatan? Which of the hundred and one sects represented out here am I to belong to? For you are always casting mud at each other, and I do not know which to believe.'"

Speaking of their flat failure he says: "The conviction that the interests of Christianity are being abused by the missionaries is so strong that many of the leading Protestant foreigners maintain that the Roman Catholics are the only body of workers who are effecting any real progress in the conversion of the Japanese. The reason for this is plain. All the Roman Catholic missionaries are well educated, and they form a band among whose members there is no dissension. They live the lives of the people, and work quietly, systematically and on a small scale. They set excellent examples, and the bona-fide Japanese Christian is a Roman Catholic rather than a Protestant. There are, of course, many excellent and noble men among the Protestants, but they are greatly handicapped by a large class of men and women half educated and whose lives are often not above criticism. The word missionary to an English or American reader implies a career containing a certain amount of hardship and self-denial and even a risk of life at times. In Japan to-day no such conditions face the missionary. It is one of the easiest places in the world for any sort of person to live."

### ST. BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE.

Not the Church but Political Antagonism the Cause of the Terrible Event.

In the current issue of the Columbian Rev. Dr. P. J. Garrigan, the vice-rector of the Catholic University, whose name is a household word in the Boston diocese, so long the field of his zealous and fruitful labors, writes as follows regarding that much misunderstood event, the massacre of St. Bartholomew:

De Maistre has truly said that "history for the last three hundred years is a conspiracy against truth," and because of the truthfulness of this aphorism Catholics are compelled frequently on account of misrepresentation in public writings and magazines, to deny or correct certain statements which seem to carry with them the authority of a learned institution or a writer of prominence. History, of all studies, is the most important and the most attractive for a student; because it is the narrative of the doings of men; it is man himself in action, and in relation with other men. But history is being reviewed and re-written in the last half of the nineteenth century, and it should be re-read in the new light which critics, with a juster spirit than their predecessors, have thrown upon it. It is written in a more exact, judicial, scientific and thorough manner. The facts of history should not be considered absolutely, but in their relation to the times and circumstances, which gave them birth. However plausible, however comprehensive our views of this or that fact or period of history may seem, it does not follow that our views are not elusive or colored by prejudice and ignorance unless weighed and measured by the

influences of the period in question. In history no conclusion is trustworthy which has not been tried by enemies as well as by friends. No traditions have a claim upon us which shrink from just criticism. To narrate all the vices of a people of an historical period is to betray truth, and it is equally criminal to show nothing but their virtues. Above all things, we should judge the acts of men now living among us—from all their motives and all their environments.

Our main objection to the public statements of the historical fact under consideration, as it has usually been presented to us, clouded in ignorance and prejudice, is the edum its authors have sought to cast upon the Catholic Church by accusing her of inciting and authorizing the bloody massacre. This is a foul imputation, without real foundation in fact. It would be as just to accuse the American nation of authorizing murder, because a few of her citizens, in order to break up the association of the Mafia, which was a menace to the peace and security of society, put to death some Italians in New Orleans a few years ago; or to accuse American laws of favoring bloodshed, because American citizens sometimes take the law in their own hands, in order to protect themselves from a growing evil, and despatch the culprits summarily by lynching. I am not defending lynch law or ku-klux law, or lawlessness of any sort.

The Catholic Church has been accused of authorizing the St. Bartholomew Massacre, because it was Catholics, unfortunately, in this instance, who shed the blood, and because, as it is claimed, the head of the Church, Pope Gregory XIII., ordered a Te Deum to be sung on being informed of the massacre or the uprising in France.

The sixteenth century was a time of great political and religious commotion in Europe, caused in large part by the spirit of the so-called Reformation. Charles IX. was on the throne of France. He was a young king and a weak man, endeavoring to preserve his throne by playing double parts. A Catholic at heart and profession, he had ardent followers among the Huguenots, who were of the new religion, were very powerful throughout the kingdom, and to whom he made very large concessions of place and power. Admiral Coligny, who was at the head of this party, was in close friendship with the king. So that when it came to the actual execution of the plots, as is shown in the Memoirs of Margaret de Valois, Charles wished to spare a large number of Huguenots, and among those even Coligny himself. Moreover, Charles was largely under the influence of his mother, Catherine de Medici, who was an Italian and a free-thinker of the Machiavellian school, who was well aware of the seditious plottings of the Calvinists against the throne, and who, perceiving that she could not otherwise preserve her power, nor even save her son's or her own head, urged her son to adopt the state policy of assassination. She it was, who unknown to the king, planned the removal of Coligny and found the assassin for the deed, hoping thereby to break the power of the opposition by removing its head. She it was who, together with the Duchess of Nemours, the Duke of Guise and the Duke of Anjou, finding that the admiral was not put to death in this attempt on his life, and fearing that there would be an uprising of the Huguenots because of the attempted assassination of their leader, forced the king, in a day, to order the massacre of the Huguenots for his own safety, and as a necessary measure for the preservation of his throne in France. The king's own sister and brother bear witness in their memoirs, of which manuscripts are found in the Royal Library, that the massacre was decided upon because of the Huguenots having resolved to avenge the attempt on Coligny's life, and that their brother was with difficulty persuaded to consent to this severe measure, yielding only when he realized that his crown and his life were in imminent danger.

These are the bare facts and the motives of the massacre. These are the actors and the circumstances, and from all the data that exact history furnishes us, we must conclude that the massacre was purely a political expediency, resorted to by the king and his courtiers as a dernier resort for the preservation of his life and throne. In the whole affair the Catholic Church was conspicuous by its absence. The executors were not more influenced by religion than the victims were. Perhaps less so. It was crime chastising, punishing crime. No one can justify the cowardly deeds any more than they can the persecutions of English Catholics under Queen Elizabeth, or the slaughter of Irish Catholics at Nimes, in France, by the Huguenots in 1567, and again in 1569.

As to the Te Deum, which was ordered by the Pope to be sung in Rome on the receipt of the news of the massacre, the explanation is very simple. The Papal Nuncio sent a brief, hasty message to Rome that the King and France had been delivered from a bloody uprising; and the words of the Pope to the king congratulating him on his escape should that the Roman Court thanked Almighty God merely for the escape of

the king and the royal family from a Huguenot conspiracy. The Catholic masses throughout France and in Paris itself acted on this occasion in a manner which showed that religion was not a prime agent in the affair on their part. At Lyons, as even the Calvinist martyrology informs us, many of the Huguenots sought and found safety in the archiepiscopal refuge, and in the Celestine and Franciscan convents.

In fine, instead of religion having caused this massacre, we may conclude with Count Alfred Falloux, speaking on this subject, that "considering the state of men's minds at that turbulent period, religion alone could have prevented the massacre. Instead of a court full of intrigues and immoralities, suppose that then there was no influence but that of the Gospel of Christ, that the law of God guided those in power publicly and privately; that instead of a Catherine and Charles IX. there had reigned a Blanche and a St. Louis in France—in such case let us ask enlightened conscience whether such crimes would have been possible?"

The massacre of St. Bartholomew was an affair of state craft and of worldly policy, and the French king and court are responsible for the deeds. The Huguenots, however, had certainly been guilty of high treason, and Coligny, their chief, actuated by hatred of the Catholics and love of power, is shown by his own papers to have been preparing a stroke against the king. The journal of his receipts and expenses and other papers seized after his death, were laid before the royal council and parliament and all revealed deeds and projects which would have ensured his condemnation in any country in Christendom. Concerning these papers, Bellevue said: "The king learned from them that the admiral had established in sixteen provinces governors, military commanders, and a number of councillors, charged with the task of keeping the people armed, or assembling them together for his own purpose at his first sign."

Charles IX. wrote to Schomberg, his ambassador to Germany: "Coligny had more power and was better obeyed by those of the new religion than I was. By the great authority he had assumed over them, he could rise in arms against me whenever he wished, as indeed he often proved. He had arrogated so much power to himself that I could not call myself a king, but merely a ruler of part of my dominions." He even dictated state policy to the king, in terms like these: "Wage war on Spain, sire, or we wage war against you" (Tavannes Memoirs, 1230). It was not intended that the massacre should extend beyond Paris. We learn from the same Tavannes that the popular fury rendered the massacre general, to the great regret of its advisers, who had resolved only on the death of the leaders of the factions. In fact, on the very night of the massacre Charles IX. sent orders to the Governors of provinces and cities to take measures to prevent any occurrences like those which had just stained the Capital. On what grounds then can an intelligent man impute the bloody deeds of the St. Bartholomew massacre to the Catholic Church? In the light of history, as written and read impartially in our day, the imputation is groundless and unjust.

### A TIMELY WORD FOR THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

There is much encouragement for those who labor in Catholic journalism in the step just taken by the Archbishop and Bishops of the Oregon province. These eminent prelates have taken advantage of their meeting at Portland for the installation of Archbishop Christie to draw up and issue a circular letter to the clergy of the diocese and their flocks on the necessity of extending a hearty support to the Catholic press, with special reference to the local organ, The Sentinel. Many strong arguments have been put forth in sustenance of the claims of such papers, but what the Oregon hierarchy have put their signatures to appears to be the most forcible and unqualified assertion of the claims of the Catholic press as yet given out. "Of all human powers," they declare, "that of the press is eminently fitted" to place the claims of the Catholic population before the public, as well as stand as the champion and exponent of the doctrines, rights and privileges of the Church. Hence they call upon the people to give a more strenuous support to those who have devoted themselves to this arduous apostolate and so enable them to be still more effective for their great end than they have been in the past.

We deem it no less serviceable that attention should be recalled by those venerable prelates to the resolutions of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore regarding the spirit in which the work of the Catholic press ought to be carried on in order to be effective and productive of permanent benefit. A Catholic paper, according to the Plenary Council, ought to be thoroughly Catholic in tone. It ought to be both instructive and edifying. It should not be disrespectful to constituted authority, or biting and uncharitable

to Catholic brethren. It is one of the present features of Catholic journalism that in some quarters much more zeal is exhibited in the denunciation of the real or imaginary failings of other journals than in the defense of Catholic truth or the refutation of the incessant and omnipresent slanders of outside enemies. Egotism and self-sacrificing appear to be the ideals often striven after, rather than the good of the Church and the diffusion of wholesome literature.

One of the most salutary uses of the Catholic press, the Oregon prelates point out, is to provide an antidote for the virus of the sensational literature of the day—the "yellow" and purulent daily press, the suggestive, seductive cheap magazine. Here is an evil to be confronted whose dimensions are truly appalling. The Catholic press is the only agency by which this tidal wave of moral poison can be stemmed in any measure. It is called upon to compete in point of literary attraction, variety of contents and features of interest for all ages in the family with the secular weekly press. If it only receive the needed encouragement, it may accept the commission with absolute confidence of success. We believe firmly in the ability of the majority of the Catholic editors to make their papers the most welcome visitors to the home, as well as in their loyalty to the principles laid down for the conduct of the press campaign by the wise heads of the Boston Plenary Council.

We make no Archimedean boast, but we may humbly hope to be able to "move the world" in a different sense if we only be afforded the indispenable fulcrum of Catholic support. There is much hope for the future of the Catholic press in the example shown by the Oregon prelates. If a like interest be exhibited—as we have a right to expect it may—in the other dioceses which have hitherto been supine, we cannot but believe the people would respond willingly to the call. The strength of Catholic life in the home, and to preserve this in virtue and freedom from debasing influences must be the supreme concern of every Catholic father and mother in the land.—Catholic Standard and Times.

### SEUMAS MACMANUS: SHANACHY OF DONEGAL.

Undoubtedly "the man of the hour" in the minds of magazine editors is Seumas MacManus. His name appears on the August table of contents of no less than four of the leading periodicals—the Century, Harper's, McClure's, and the Outlook. Regina Armstrong contributes to the current issue of the Critic a sketch of the young Celt, from which we take the following:

In the preface to his "Through the Tarf Snook," Mr. MacManus tells us that the shanachy is a "singer of songs and teller of tales," and in that title, though perhaps in a broader sense, he has happily defined himself. The shanachy is the heartiest minstrel of Ireland, but no longer known except in the few remaining primitive sections. Donegal remains primitive. It is the extreme northwest county of the Isle and makes a wayward little arm of land dipping out into an impetuous sea beyond a forbidding crest of boundary mountains. It is practically shut off. Gaelic is still spoken there to a great extent and the old traditions are practised. The legends of a thousand years have been transmitted by living lips to succeeding generations. It was at the feet of the neighborhood shanachy that Mr. MacManus so well learned the story-teller's art that in time he became the shanachy of Donegal—the best teller of tales within its confines.

In those days he was the "Master," or village schoolteacher, and such a book lover that he thought nothing of trudging a matter of twenty miles over the mountains to procure one of the thumb worn volumes the barren district afforded. Such training and desire could have but one vent—he began writing. His poems and sketches appeared in the local paper, and for them he received the proud compensation of seeing his work in print, although with diffident uncertainty he signed it with the pseudonym of "Mac." He himself published his first book, and under a fictitious imprint, in his native village of Moncharles. It was a collection of poems which he called "shullers [varnishes] from Heathy Hills." It did not make him famous, but it opened the door to different publications, and when he was ready to issue a book of tales a London publisher took them in hand.

The charm of Mr. MacManus's work is its quality of being near to the soil, its absolute freshness of presentation and its naive sympathetic intimacy. One does not see from the outside but from within, becoming a conspirator with the merry villain and entering the varying plot with human interest. Perhaps this is because Mr. MacManus writes mainly from reminiscence; he knows the wedding, the spree, the wake, the fair, as one to the manner born; he has heard the folk-tale as a lullaby and listened to the poems of Oselan at the feet of the shanachy who had likewise learned them by word of

mouth. He seems nothing incongruous in the rites still practised by the Donegal peasantry for the propitiation of fairies, although his faith in them is not implicit. The poetry and quaint mysticism of it are picturesque, and he would not surrender that. He is a little brother to the soil, elemental as Burns was elemental—the voice, able to express itself, of whole generations of beauty-loving, light-hearted, toiling people. For Donegal is so poor that its poverty has passed into a proverb for the rest of the island:

In Donegal  
They eat potatoes, skins and all.

They are simple fisher-folk and modest husbandmen, yet proud and staunch, patriotic and droll, optimistic and human. They are so primitive that they are cosmic.

Mr. MacManus has all these qualities, with a positive and definite perception of them. He has immense vitality and personal projection; he has a way of going directly to the nucleus of anything separating it from irrelevances and detail. He has no place for superfluities; he quickly knows when it is another story, and uses it as such. He reproduces its idioms and typical words in his expressions, and selects the soft, lyrical effects of its diction. He is prolific and versatile.—Public Opinion.

### A PARENTAL DUTY.

Young people should be guarded against the danger to heart and soul that lurks in bad reading. Parents and guardians owe a duty to those under their care in this respect. Young people who are studiously inclined, and for whom reading has more claims than out-door sports or other amusements, are particularly liable to fall a prey to the evil that is to be found in bad books and papers. For this reason those who have to deal with young folk should keep as strict a watch as possible upon the kind of reading that, in the home, is likely to fall into the hands of their charges.

To unthinking parents there is a feeling of security in knowing that Johnnie or Jennie is "somewhere in the house reading." They think their boy or girl is safe, because he or she is not out in the streets with possibly bad companions. This is sometimes a great mistake. Books are the closest of companions. They can be the best, most refining and elevating of friends and teachers, or the most pernicious foes to the purity and peace of mind of those that read them. They can be the making or marring of a character. Their influence is often greater far than the influence of flesh and blood companions. The average parent would inquire closely as to the sort of boys or girls with whom his own young hopefuls were spending their leisure time, but no question is ever asked as to the character of the reading that finds its way into the home.

The more inclination a child shows for reading the more careful should the older folks be in providing only the best and most wholesome books and papers. The more precocious and imaginative a child shows himself to be the more care should be taken to keep his mind and soul pure. Many lives that might otherwise have been noble ones, have been ruined because in youth the mind was stained and sullied with evil thoughts and images.

Evil literature enters the home in many ways. It may be nowadays asserted that the daily newspaper contains this class of reading in its most insidious form. We have grown so accustomed to the vile stuff that passes for news that the reading of it has ceased to horrify us. There are, of course, some journals which are clean, but in ninety-nine out of every hundred newspaper offices in the land, "news" means detailed accounts of criminal events—the darker the crime the better the news. Yet, knowing this, do we keep these papers out of the hands of our children? Do we exclude such sensational and immoral sheets from our homes?

The responsibility of parents is very great in this matter. If they can not stop the entrance of bad reading into their homes, they should at least provide sound and healthy books and papers for their children, to offset and correct the evil effects of sensationalism and immorality. Subjects that would not be spoken of by father and mother before their children appear in black and white in some of the daily papers, and matter that might be only slightly harmful even to mature minds becomes a positive poison to the active and untrained imaginations of the young.

Catholic fathers and mothers have a duty in this respect which they should consider well and thoroughly. Let them give their children plenty of good reading, so that our youth may grow up with minds and souls pure and unstained by the evil that is to be found in bad books and papers.—Sacred Heart Review.

NOTED EDUCATOR CALLED TO IRELAND.—Rev. John T. Murphy, C. S. Sp., for thirteen years president of Holy Ghost College, Pittsburg, has been recalled to Ireland by his superior in the order and has been appointed president of Blackrock College, in the suburbs of Dublin, says the Pittsburg Observer.



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**GLENCOONOGE.**

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

**CHAPTER VI.**

I wonder how it was that these and kindred matters relating to the inn and its inmates interested me so much; for they did not concern me personally at all. Partly, no doubt, it was because of old associations, and partly from the unenviable character of the life in which I found myself. Fishing, shooting, riding, trips by water and exhilarating tramps over the hills are very well as far as they go; but they would soon, I believe, have lost their power to please, if there had been nothing at Glencoonoge to fall back upon in the way of human interest; if by day I had not constantly had volunteer companions, who out of pure love of sport asked no better than to be allowed to follow me in my walks; or if I had not allowed myself to become gradually woven into the web of the inner life of the inn household. I don't know how often about this time I inwardly thanked Jehu Donovan for having enlightened me as to Conn's love affair. If it had not been for him, I don't know when I should have discovered it, so slight were its tokens, so reticent was Conn Hoolahan himself, and I should have missed the significance of many trifling things which now were continually recurring sources of speculation and amusement.

"What's come over Conn of late?" said Mrs. Ennis, one evening. "He's so bright and doesn't come in here as he used to and 'liven us up a bit. But he's for ever in the kitchen of nights. I wonder is he sweet on any of the girls?"

The inquiry was accompanied by a peculiar searching glance at the book-keeper, who, however, continued to ply her needle so impassively that she could hardly have heard the question. Had the old lady already divined, and did she sympathize with the hopes which Conn had been rash enough to entertain? More than once it seemed to me that there was a shade of something like querulousness in her references to the young man's reformed spirits.

From all that I have gathered about this youth's behavior before my coming, I am led to believe that the description given by the shepherd in the play when he is asked what it is to love must have fitted Conn to a nicety:

"It is to be all made of sighs and tears. It is to be all made of faith and service. It is to be all made of passion and of wishes. All adoration, duty and observance. All purity, all trial, all abstinence. All duty, all duty, all duty."

Conn had been wont never to lose a pretext for passing near the bar or of penetrating into the room within, where the book-keeper made up her accounts and used, in order to get a chance to catch an occasion for some slight speech with her. Now it was with a basin of fresh flowers, now with the latest bit of gossip, now with a suggestion, now to report upon some commission he had performed or some voluntary piece of work he had proposed, or to ask if there was not something else she wanted; for to obey her was his delight; and out of such delights had grown a hunger to devote his life to her. But aside from her, he never volunteered his presence or his conversation or his services. When these last were asked for, he gave them with a soldier-like alertness and formality; but he resisted with steady determination any wish he might have felt to launch as formerly into easy conversation, confining himself to the fewest possible words with her. In contrast with this reserve was his cheeriness and geniality of speech with others—especially with Mrs. Ennis, if he should chance to meet either of us anywhere within hearing of the bar; or with Nancy at work with her needle and brush in the hall, or with Dan standing by the doorway. After all it might not have been so dull for the book-keeper; one would imagine; because as Conn on these occasions always talked at the top of his voice, the book-keeper indirectly got quite as much of the news that was going on as we did. And inasmuch as she was so much more satisfactory to her not to be coming on all occasions into contact with him, and so to be raising false hopes in his simple mind. Poor Conn! Though he had never said a word of his own accord to her, she was sure to say to him, "He passed the bar that day and did not raise her eyes from her work and look after him with an expression half kind, half curious; and the sound of his voice out in the road infallibly drew her to the window."

Just opposite "The Harp," the road that runs past it is bordered on the other side by a hedge, an opening in which leads by a descent of a few steps to a sea wall, the water of the river is shallow, which makes a pleasant promenade by the water's edge. A bench at one end of it was a favorite seat with the book-keeper; and hither she would betake herself sometimes of an afternoon with the inevitable sewing; and inasmuch as she sometimes might be with a book. But more than once, as my boat has brought me noiselessly in view, I have found her seated with the sewing or the book fallen neglected into her lap, while she sat looking out far away, or with her eyes closed restfully, like one who has forgotten everything around her. She was very reserved with the book-keeper, and apparently fond of solitude. But Mrs. Ennis, who got great store by her assistance, was determined, it would seem, that she should not mope, and insisted on having her company of an evening, and also in the occasional Sunday drives of which—good Protestant though she was—the old lady was very fond.

You may not think a Sunday afternoon drive a matter of any great importance; but I assure you that at Glencoonoge people were quite of another opinion. Any one who happened to be coming into or going out of the front door of "The Harp" about half-past two in the afternoon would be pretty sure, if the day were any way dry, to find a car drawn up before the hall door with Mike or Henry, the horse's head. It was always the same little horse, a smaller, neater animal than any they had in the stables; but before there would be time to make any remarks about it, Conn Hoolahan would be seen running out in great haste dressed in his pilot suit, and carrying a bundle of shawls or rugs. I was myself a witness of all this on the second or third Sunday after my arrival. Almost immediately after Conn, Mrs. Ennis

roy and beaming, and dressed "like a duchess," as some one among the lockers on whistling to those about. Behind her, standing within the doorway, loomed the figure of the book-keeper, slim and tall, in hat and long plain cloak. Conn was presently very busy helping Mrs. Ennis into her seat first, and then running round to the other side to give a hand to Miss Johnson, who, thus assisted, sprang lightly on the car.

"What you come with us, Mr. Shipley?" said Mrs. Ennis. "There's a seat vacant beside me and I want to have a talk with ye. Sure one's so pestered and bothered with one thing and another during the week that there's no time for saying."

"There's nothing I should like better," said I, "but shan't we outweigh the other side?"

Mrs. Ennis laughed loudly at this question, and she was very gracious indeed; she wouldn't have thought of me; and I laughed with her and with the others—not without cause, as I now see, for the remark was rather a clever allusion to Mrs. Ennis's weight. Mary Maloney got up on the other side with Miss Johnson, and now we only waited for Conn to mount his perch. Conn, however, seeing us really put his hands in his pockets and called to his brother Patsy Hoolahan to get up and drive, and was strolling off when Mrs. Ennis cried out and asked what he meant.

"Don't be keeping them waiting all day, Patsy, but jump up," says Conn, as cool as a cucumber, and Pat approached to mount, nothing loth. "I can't drive the car to-day, ma'am," added Conn, "because there's a dromedary up yonder at the highfield, and I've promised to be there."

Mrs. Ennis got very angry and said she might just as well take a day—she didn't drive she wouldn't go at all. So Conn with a shrug climbed into his seat, cracked his whip, and off we went, amid the waving of hats from a little crowd of Sunday loungers who had collected to get up and drive, and was strolling off when Mrs. Ennis cried out and asked what he meant.

The inquiry was accompanied by a peculiar searching glance at the book-keeper, who, however, continued to ply her needle so impassively that she could hardly have heard the question. Had the old lady already divined, and did she sympathize with the hopes which Conn had been rash enough to entertain? More than once it seemed to me that there was a shade of something like querulousness in her references to the young man's reformed spirits.

From all that I have gathered about this youth's behavior before my coming, I am led to believe that the description given by the shepherd in the play when he is asked what it is to love must have fitted Conn to a nicety:

"It is to be all made of sighs and tears. It is to be all made of faith and service. It is to be all made of passion and of wishes. All adoration, duty and observance. All purity, all trial, all abstinence. All duty, all duty, all duty."

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although in want of repair, is a very comfortable one. All thereby considered, Mrs. Ennis, sufficient to induce many young women to put up with older and uglier men than the O'Doherty."

"Well," said Mrs. Ennis, after a moment's reflection, "I don't know, Mr. Shipley, but what you are right. What you say reminds me of some distant cousin of my own, a poor genteel family, very poor and very proud—no proud, indeed, to look at the side of the way the likes of poor me was on—a family in which there were many daughters, and not one of them was either good-looking nor young. But there was one, the youngest, girl, fifty-one or her teens, and she had some claim to beauty, and her father was asked for her in marriage by an elderly attorney, who had been too busy all his life making money to remember his own wife, and suddenly he thought himself one day that he had neither chick nor child to leave his wealth to. The attorney had his money to recommend him. But on the other hand he was old and ugly, wore a wig, and had false hair, and was in general, in a manner perfectly horrible to witness. So the girl's mother—a woman of great tact, eager for the match, yet dreading to shock the romantic feelings of her child, brooked the proposal for her daughter gently, dilated on its advantages, dwelt on their own poverty, said, in fact, everything she could think of to bias the girl's mind in the attorney's favor, at the same time that she carefully abstained from pressing the matter, and that way managed to entrap the girl to take at least a week to reflect before refusing so good an offer. 'Mamma,' returned Penelope, 'why do you say all this to me? I won't be married to a man like that for an hour. My mind's made up. I'll have him.'"

A sigh as of horror broke from behind the book-keeper, who was listening, half turned towards me, and half towards Mrs. Ennis. "Dreadful!" she said. "Pray how did it end?"

"Well, for the matter of that they married and lived happily ever afterwards. At least, I have never heard anything to the contrary. My daughter, however, has never been able to get away from the subject which were in everybody's mouth. But Conn, who seemed to want some outlet for the access of good spirits under which he was laboring, fully made up for his misanthropic silence. At one time he pointed with his whip to where Denny Lane's patch was situated; Jim Corrigan held this piece, and that was Timothy Burke's. I was entertained with an account of the rents they paid, the number of years the rent was in arrears, the shillings the tenants were at to make it up. Presently we passed a bit of land that had gone wild, and Conn waxed wroth as he told how Lenore M'Grath now reared it as well as his own. It was a fine and a shame. Conn said on that land a small farmer and his family had formerly lived, until M'Grath had bid for it and got it, and now couldn't work it because he was too poor to hire a laborer, and he couldn't sell it, and already as he could till himself. It was not, however, his neighbors' miseries that made Conn so brightly voluble this evening, but the thought that his affection was not a hopeless one—a thought which it took little to cause to swell in the poor fellow's sanguine mind. Late the same evening when I knocked up against him alone in the dark road outside the inn.

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"For my part," said Mrs. Ennis, dryly, "I'd rather not have that same in my bonnet, for I couldn't hold my head."

"No, it was the book-keeper, laughing. 'That's what I meant. But its cleanness is wonderful.'"

"They used to say in my young days," said Mrs. Ennis, "that when the mountain-ash was weighed down with fruit, it was an omen of some kind."

"God bless it!" said Mrs. Ennis. "Oh! How do I know?" said Mrs. Ennis, with a toss of her head. "Sure I'm the last one to mind such superstitions."

Conn, who had got off his seat and was descending the embankment of the roadway, shook his head, saying that "any way it was lucky to pluck the fruit, and to wear it would do no harm."

"And by the same token," said Mrs. Ennis, "a small sprig with the berries on would improve the look of my own bonnet, and there are several within easy reach."

Conn plucked a bunch or two, and laying them on the ground, to the surprise of us all, grasped a strong branch and swung himself up lightly into the tree.

"Ah, Conn!" cried Mrs. Ennis, "you'll spoil your clothes."

"Never mind the clothes," muttered Conn, at which Mrs. Ennis began to tremble, for Conn was considered a great dandy.

Well up now in the swaying tree, Conn began to look about him, up and down and from side to side among the branches. "What in the world is he after?" whispered Mrs. Ennis.

Conn, without looking round, called out my name, and I ran down the embankment, and went and stood under the tree, when what was my horror to see that he had apparently lost his foothold, and was hanging on by his hands to one of the branches above his head—the very one at the end of which grew that particular clump of berries which had excited the admiration of the book-keeper. The women screamed, as was natural; but Conn only sang out, "All right, ma'am, never fear," and then he whispered to me,

can lower the branch enough, catch hold of it and break off the end."

I had no time to open my mouth to disoblige him before he began to move his hands and advance his weight along the branch, which slowly lowered its end, creating ominous silence.

"Oh!" whispered Mary Maloney below her breath.

"Surely the boy's gone crazy," cried Mrs. Ennis, indignantly. "Conn, Conn, go back this minute!"

The book-keeper, however, jumped from her seat in a fright, and half descended the embankment.

The ruddy sun threw a parting glance upon us, dazzling Conn's eyes and heightening the anxiety upon the faces of the women. The next instant there was a loud crack, and a cry rent the air. But Conn had not fallen. It was only that he had succeeded, and that I had performed my part of the task by breaking the end of the stubborn branch, which seemed loth to be robbed of so much treasure.

"All right, ma'am," sang out Conn again, as he moved back his weight and regained his foothold, and he remained leaning against the trunk of the tree, his face as pale as death. "Thank you very much, ma'am. Mrs. Ennis fell to soothing as soon as he was safe upon the ground."

"I'm sorry you were frightened, ma'am," said Conn, "but that her lips and hands were trembling; 'but there was nothing to be afraid of."

"If you were as accursed as I am to this young man's dare-devil feats, you wouldn't have been in the least alarmed," said I.

"Turn the horse's head!" cried Mrs. Ennis, "and let me get home. You good-for-nothing, reckless fellow, you want to be my death, I'm sure you do. You should have only said, 'You should not have done that,' as she caught his eye. Conn, seeing that the presentation of his trophies and then there would be ill-timed, quietly pocketed them in the well of time car. But he was not at all dejected; on the contrary, there was a satisfied expression in his face and a gleam of triumph in his eye, as, having turned the horse's head, and climbed once more into his seat, he looked at his watch. The little mare was swerving the ring of safety in his voice as he urged her, ran homeward along the white road at a spanking rate. Mrs. Ennis's face and mine were now turned inland, and I began to talk upon agriculture, having previously found to my surprise that Mrs. Ennis, though in a sense a proprietor herself, sympathized with the land movement. She was not in the humor, however, just then to give vent to her opinions, and I dropped the subject which were in everybody's mouth. But Conn, who seemed to want some outlet for the access of good spirits under which he was laboring, fully made up for his misanthropic silence. At one time he pointed with his whip to where Denny Lane's patch was situated; Jim Corrigan held this piece, and that was Timothy Burke's. I was entertained with an account of the rents they paid, the number of years the rent was in arrears, the shillings the tenants were at to make it up. Presently we passed a bit of land that had gone wild, and Conn waxed wroth as he told how Lenore M'Grath now reared it as well as his own. It was a fine and a shame. Conn said on that land a small farmer and his family had formerly lived, until M'Grath had bid for it and got it, and now couldn't work it because he was too poor to hire a laborer, and he couldn't sell it, and already as he could till himself. It was not, however, his neighbors' miseries that made Conn so brightly voluble this evening, but the thought that his affection was not a hopeless one—a thought which it took little to cause to swell in the poor fellow's sanguine mind. Late the same evening when I knocked up against him alone in the dark road outside the inn.

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**LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.**

The Struggle Against Secret Societies.

**GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER, 1909.**

Recommended to our prayers by His Holiness Leo XIII.

Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The motives that urged our Holy Father Leo XIII., fifteen years ago, to publish his admirable Encyclical against Secret Societies, and obliged him to utter solemn warnings against something to do with the naming of the Intention for the present month. Eternal vigilance is the watchword when there is an enemy at the gate; and in the eyes of our illustrious Pontiff, Masonry and its allied sects are the arch-enemies of the Church of God at the present day.

Providence has happily watched over the destinies of the Church in this Dominion, and we Catholics of Canada have every reason to rejoice at the strength of our faith and the stability of our institutions. But we should fall in even elementary prudence were we to fold our arms now, and stand idly by in mute admiration of ourselves and our present position. In this, as in many other questions where their interests are at stake, the children of light may learn wisdom from the children of darkness.

Although the work of secret societies, outwardly at least, is not so evident with us as it is in other countries, there is no use concealing the fact that Canada has these societies, the plague of older nations, growing in her bosom. Would it not, then, be a fatal illusion to shut our eyes in the presence of even an incipient danger, or be deaf to the voice of those who have authority to warn us? We are so prone to remain quiescent and satisfied with deceptive appearances when the bitterest enemies of our faith are constantly at work.

In Canada, as elsewhere, no Catholic should be a stranger to the manoeuvring of secret societies; and every child of the Church who has at heart the welfare not merely of the Church but of the State, is in duty bound to struggle against these enemies with at least, the powerful weapon of prayer.

The solemn words of the Holy Father, as well as the testimony of facts, prove to us that secret societies—chiefly Freemasonry—constitute today the greatest danger to the Church of God. If Freemasonry is singled out as a special object of denunciation, it is because its religious and social programme simply resumes the work of other secret organizations. This we have on the testimony of the Holy Father himself, who admirably sums up their organic structure and baneful influence in his Encyclical *Humanum Genus*. "Various sects of men, which, though in name, rites, form, and origin, they differ, yet in substance of aim and likeness of first principles they are bound together, really thereby agree with the Masonic sect, which forms for all a common centre whence all proceed, and to which all return. Though they, just now, seem very much to have cast off the garb of secrecy, and hold their meetings before the eyes of the world, and even have their own daily press, when we look into the matter we find that they still retain all the characteristics of Secret Societies. For many things done in them have the nature of strict secrecy, to conceal which with the utmost care not only from those outside but from very many of their own associates, is a primary law; for instance, their secret and important resolutions, the names and persons of their chief leaders, certain secret and clandestine meetings, as well as their dress and the ways and means to be employed in carrying them out. To the same end is the complicated distinction of the members in grades and duties and employments; not less that the established difference in their ranks and degrees, and the severity and discipline by which all are ruled; while the candidates for enrolment are bound by promise—may more, by a special oath—to swear, as in most cases they are required, never in any way to divulge their associates, their signs or their doctrines. Thus by a feigned appearance, the Masons, as of old the Manichæans, try by every possible means to hide themselves and to have no witnesses of their actions but members of their own sect. They seek hiding places as most convenient, having assumed to themselves the character of learned men and philosophers for the sake of training their associates; in their language they cultivate strict politeness of speech and charity towards the lower classes; they profess only to desire a better state of things for the masses, and to make the greater number participate in the conveniences of civilized life; but even suppose these principles were the true ones, they would by no means represent all their objects. Besides, those who are admitted into these societies must promise and engage that they will render implicit obedience and fidelity to the dictates of their leaders and teachers; that they will carry out their commands at the least sign and indication of their will; otherwise they will have to meet the most dire consequences, and even death itself. And moreover, if any shall be judged to have betrayed the discipline or resisted the commands of their superiors, extreme punishment is often inflicted on them, and that, indeed, with such boldness, and a ferocity that very frequently they fall in

When Leo XIII. took up the government of the Church, he declared one of his chief aims should be to directly influence of the secret sect. In this work he had been preceded by seven Sovereign Pontiffs. "As soon as the nature and character of the Masonic body had been made plain by unmistakable signs, by knowledge of its principles, by publication of its rules, and rites, ceremonies—and to these was added the testimony of the Holy condemned—a public assembly claimed the Masons as contrary to right and justice, and not beneficial to Christianity than to State. Clement XII. was the first to denounce Freemasonry, and his denunciation was confirmed and ren by Benedict XIV., Pius VII., followed the footsteps of these Pontiffs, and XIII., collecting the acts and decisions on this subject of the Popes who came before him, ratified and confirmed them for all time. Gregory XVII., and on very occasions Pius spoke in the same sense." If we have surpassed all his predecessors the vigor of his denunciations is not less; he had hardly put his hand to the helm of the Church when the necessity of resisting this evil arising up against its inroads took With an admirable clearness of and with full knowledge of his the present Pontiff has more than treated of the doctrines of the sect. With a pathos deeply touching, he asked men to have pity on the souls and not to allow themselves deceived by Masonic leaders and puppets. Ever on the alert, the voice of Christ gives the signal who danger is imminent.

The present moment would be to well chosen to renew the struggle against this misguided sect, having remained apparently quiescent several years, but not ceasing, while, to elaborate its plans in the Church of God, Freemasonry and the allied bodies again growing demonstratively Europe especially there is a rene of hatred and audacity in secretaries who are sworn to death. And we know that, all they shall never succeed in edifying the foundation stone of the edifice by Christ our Lord, still they their artifices, effect the loss of tude of souls.

Let all the members of the League of Prayer unite in prayer efforts to besile these conse against God. Prayer first and most; for though we know always the Master and well muzzle the Masonic monster, I waits for our supplications to him to powerlessness. Our Father counts strongly on prayer his expressed desire priests t out the world every mornin Mass ask the glorious Ar Michael, chief of the heaven wiles of our enemies let us works. Begin by doing all power to prevent the sectar

**Pain-Killer** cures all sorts of cuts, bruises, burns, and stings. Taken internally it cures diarrhoea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

Why go limping and wincing about your corns, when a 25c. bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

TAKE OXYGEN the best when you need a medicine. Holloway's is the best blood purifier, nerve and stomach tonic.

**NOBLE WORDS.**

"God has prospered my undertakings, and I recognize the possession of wealth to be a sacred trust; hence I wish first to give to the poor who are cared for by the holy religious that manage charitable institutions. They give their lives, and I regard it as a special privilege to give my money to help on their good." These words are from the last will and testament of the late Timothy Rordan, of Baltimore, whose large fortune was wholly bequeathed to Catholic charitable and educational institutions. It is plain that Mr. Rordan was not one of those "broad-minded" men who furnish wealthy cities or "non-sectarian" institutions with libraries or endowments, and who would scorn to be so narrow as to discriminate in favor of the needy hospitals, asylums, or colleges of their own faith! We have observed that wealthy Protestants are not so squeamish.—Ave Maria.



to justice. Moreover, to practise deceit and to conceal themselves, to bind men to themselves, as slaves with iron fetters, without alleging any reason, to employ for any crime these slaves of another's will, to bare their arm for slaughter, whilst guarding themselves from punishment, is an enormity at which nature revolts. Wherefore against these associations reason and truth compel one in justice and natural virtue to fight.

This true picture of Freemasonry moved the adepts and put them under the necessity of defending themselves. Certain dignitaries of the sect, while admitting the truth of some of the charges, disclaimed all connection with extremists, and endeavored to diminish in the public mind the effects of the Sovereign Pontiff's fearful denunciation.

"I grieve to think," wrote a secretary, "that there are Masonic bodies which may have laid themselves open to many of the charges which the Encyclical letter contains." And the same writer, in defence of the assertion that the Pope's sweeping censure should not include all the Lodges, appealed to the rules and constitutions of certain English Lodges, one and all breathing a spirit of religion and charity, and obedience to the law, etc. But the Holy Father had proven unanswerably that Freemasonry, from every point of view, was a source of ruin for a people; that it attacked not only the religion of Christ but civil society and the family as well; that as a secret organization it was subversive of the very principles on which society was founded. Hatred of God and His work, hatred of Christ and His Church, and the perverse wish to drag man from his Saviour that was universally evident in the work of this sect, show that Masonry was and is still the incarnation of the malice of Satan. Like Satan, it loves hypocrisy and falsehood. For, not to mention the absurdity and vacuity of its ritualism and ceremony, it decks itself out in false colors and seeks as an angel of charity to deceive well-meaning men—sometimes even Catholics—into allowing themselves to assume Masonic bonds. Like Satan, it loves darkness and disorder. If everything is so honest in the Lodges, if their plans and programmes are so innocuous, why hide them? Why go to the trouble of binding men to secrecy by blood-curdling oaths to obey them who know not whom, to do they know not what, to join in blindly promoting what they may be utterly adverse to? This is an ignoble and immortal surrender of human liberty and the source of infinite disorder.

When Leo XIII. took up the government of the Church, he declared that one of his chief aims should be to attack directly the influence of the accused sect. In this work he had been preceded by seven Sovereign Pontiffs. "As soon as the nature and character of the Masonic body had been made apparent by unmistakable signs, by the knowledge of its principles, by the publication of its rules, and rites, and ceremonies—and to these was often added the testimony of the initiated themselves—the Holy See condemned and publicly proclaimed the Masonic sect as contrary to right and justice, and not less baneful to Christianity than to the State. Clement XII. was the first to denounce Freemasonry, and his constitution was confirmed and renewed by Benedict XIV., Pius VII., followed in the footsteps of these Pontiffs, and Leo XIII., collecting the acts and decrees on this subject of the Popes who had gone before him, ratified and confirmed them for all time. Gregory XVI., and on many occasions Pius IX., spoke in the same sense." Leo XIII. has surpassed all his predecessors in the vigor of his denunciations of the sect. He had hardly put his hand to the helm of the Church when he saw the necessity of resisting this evil, and raising up against its inroads the bulwark of his apostolical authority. With an admirable clearness of style and with full knowledge of his subject the present Pontiff has more than once treated of the doctrines of the sect.

With a pathos deeply touching he has asked men to have pity on their own souls and not to allow themselves to be deceived by Masonic leaders and manipulators. Ever on the alert, the Vicar of Christ gives the signal when the danger is imminent. The present moment would appear to be well chosen to renew the struggle against this misguided sect. After having remained apparently quiet for several years, but not ceasing, meanwhile, to elaborate its plans against the Church of God, Freemasonry and the allied bodies are again growing demonstrative. In Europe especially there is a recurrence of hatred and audacity in those secretaries who are sworn to destroy religion. And we know that, although they shall never succeed in shaking the foundation stone of the edifice built by Christ our Lord, still they may, by their artifices, effect the loss of a multitude of souls.

Let all the members of the Apostleship of Prayer unite in prayer and efforts to baffle these conspirators against God. Prayer first and foremost; for though we know that God is always the Master and well able to muzzle the Masonic monster, He often waits for our supplications to reduce him to powerlessness. Our Holy Father counts strongly on prayer. At his expressed desire priests throughout the world every morning after Mass ask the glorious Archangel Michael, chief of the heavenly hosts, to spare us from the snares and the wiles of our enemies.

To our prayers let us add good works. Begin by doing all in our power to prevent the secretaries from

gaining new recruits. Watch over your young men; teach them the dangers to their souls that lie in belonging to those societies which present themselves to them under various guises only to draw them into the Satanic army. Secondly, try to open the eyes of the well-meaning men who have been duped into seeking membership in these impious sects. The number of these dupes has, in recent years, gone down sensibly, for thanks to the publicity given to its designs in the press and elsewhere, men know more about Masonry than they did formerly. But there are still many who have to be reached. Charity for their souls obliges us to make some effort to free them from the bondage of Secret Societies. Let us show our zeal in this work and save souls to the Church. E. J. Davine, S. J.

DAILY PRAYER DURING THIS MONTH. Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer Thee, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the prayers, good works and sufferings of this day in reparation of our offences and for all the intentions for which Thou continually immolatest Thyself on the altar. I offer them, in particular, that Catholics may struggle more vigorously than ever against Secret Societies.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN SAMOA.

Australasian Catholic Record.

An Australian writer, who visited Samoa, published in 1894 the following description of Apia, its capital:—"The scenery around Apia harbor is beautiful beyond description. Spacious bays unfold themselves as you approach, each revealing the silvery white sand beach fringed with coco-palms; stretching far towards the hills lies undulating forest land chequered with the white houses of the planters. The harbor itself consists of a horse-shoe bay, extending from Matautu to Mullin Point. Fronting the passage a mountain rears its summit cloud-enveloped and half hidden, narrow paths wind through deep gorges, amid which you catch here and there the sheen of a mountain torrent. On the south the land heads in a graceful sweep to leeward until lost in the all-enveloping sea-mists of the tropics, while the straggling town, white-walled, reef-roofed, peeps through a dark-green grove of the bananas and cocoa-palms which fringe the beach."

Mr. H. Stonehewer Cooper, in his "Islands of the Pacific" (London, 1888), describes the Samoan group as "second only in importance to the Fiji Archipelago in the whole of Western Polynesia." He was enchanted with his visit to these islands:—"The Samoan race," he writes, "is immensely superior to the average Polynesian. The natives are tall, handsome men of a light-brown color, many of them not being so dark as some Italians or Spaniards. They are docile, truthful, hospitable and very lively; and, in conversation among themselves, or in their dealings with foreigners, they are exceedingly courteous. I had seen something of the exquisite beauty of the scenery of the South Pacific Islands before my visit to Samoa, but certainly I was not prepared for the glorious sight that met my eyes as I entered the harbor of Apia. The Bay of Naples, lovely as it is, cannot, in my humble opinion, be compared with it. The harbor of Apia is a vast semi-circular expanse of the purest blue water—water so transparent that you can look over the ship's side and distinctly see the variegated colors of the coral grottoes, lagoon below, and notice the bright-hued fish darting here and there in shoals. As a background there is the white coraline sand of the beach, fringed with the sately cocoa-palms, while the coo of the pigeon and the all but too powerful aromatic scents of many flowers compel the acquiescence of the other senses to the dogma of that vision, that this place is Nature at her best—God's creation in its earthly perfection. The Bay of Apia is divided by the outfall of two rivers into three parts, the centre of which is the town of Apia, which consists of a long straggling street on the beach, but with houses on both sides. On a higher ground is the Catholic cathedral and Bishop's and clergy houses. One feels quickly at home in the Navigators' Islands, much more so in fact than in any other group it has been my lot to visit. After making the acquaintance of the estimable Catholic Bishop, and lunching with him on a substantial meal of eggs and vegetables (it was a day of abstinence), I accompanied Mr. Elloy to the top of a hill behind the town, where I inspected the mission school and college, and was astonished at the perfect order of the scholars, as well as their marked proficiency in some very advanced stages of the art of knowledge."

"What shall I say," he adds, "how shall I describe that gem of South Sea beauty, which met my eyes as I looked seaward from this Samoan outpost of the Holy See? Surrounding us on all sides, and descending to the snow white beach, was the dense mass of evergreen foliage, varied here and there with the yellow, red and white of scented flowers. The blue sea was just leaving the outward edge of the coraline sand, and beating with fury against the coral breaker beyond, and from that it spread as far as the wistful eye could reach. I sat down, and reveling in that living dream of Paradise, I reflected on a certain passage of Holy Writ, which says: 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what that celestial glory is which is promised for the just, when time has given place to eternity.' A few days later the Catholics were keeping the

feast of Easter, and it was certainly very strange to listen (in what the great majority of English people would consider one of the cannibal islands) to the soft voices of some hundred of the natives joining in the grand old hymn of paschal time, 'O filli et filiae.'"

The Countess of Jersey, in an interesting article entitled, "Three Weeks in Samoa," in the Nineteenth Century for January, 1893, tells of her impressions of Upolu, the chief island of the group. "Upolu," she says, "though a girl with coral reefs, is itself of volcanic origin, and its lovely hills, some reaching the height of 5,000 feet, rise in many places from the water's edge. Except in the west coast mountains so thickly clothed with trees of every description. Many were stately forest kings, with dark green tropical foliage; others bore brilliant flowers on their branches; the variety was endless, and as we soon discovered, the shade delicious. August, the month of our visit, being the winter season in these islands, all the blossoms were not out, but we were told that to stand on a mountain height later in the year, and to gaze on the dense mass of foliage below, was to overlook a gorgeous garden of flowers blooming on the trees."

To the Marist Fathers belong the privilege of being the evangelizers of this most interesting group of islands. These devoted missionaries have been indefatigable in their toil, and amid untold hardships and poverty, and persecution, may truly be said to have followed in the footsteps of the Apostles. The efforts of their zeal have been already attended with considerable success, and the results already achieved give promise, at no distant day, of a grand and glorious triumph of religion.

The agents of the London Missionary Society took possession of the missionary field ten years before the Marist Fathers. They appear to have been content with little more than a nominal Christianity, with a result that the natives became heedless of all practical religion and quite indifferent to the teachings of Christian truth. Rev. Dr. Ellis, who was one of the leading representatives of the London Society in those early days, tells us in his "Polynesian Researches" that their missionaries did not deem it expedient to present to the natives any symbol of Christian faith or any definite articles of belief. They administered, indeed, two sacraments, baptism and the Eucharist. As regards baptism they took care to explain that it was a mere ceremony which did not confer any sanctification or other blessing. It was the missionaries' right to administer it, and it was the natives' duty to receive it as a public declaration of their being enrolled as Christians. The Blessed Eucharist also was a mere empty symbol. Slices of the bread fruit, baked in the oven, were used instead of bread, and the cocoa nut juice took the place of wine.

Rev. William Brown, in his "History of Protestant Missions" (London, 1854), writes: "Though the progress of the mission in the Navigators' Islands was in many respects remarkable, yet the change which was effected on the natives was to a large extent merely external. There was a general profession of Christianity, but there is no reason to suppose there was an extensive conversion of the people." He cites the Rev. Mr. Day, who, writing from Upolu in 1843, attests that the great majority of the Samoan Christians were such only in name: "You will not wonder (Rev. Mr. Day adds) that after the lapse of ten years this fact should now become very obvious to us in the unchanged hearts and unaltered lives of many who have attached themselves to our ministry."

So also Rev. Mr. Hardie, another Samoan missionary, wrote in 1844: "The Inquirers have just begun to know something of the Gospel, but strict, moral principle and the restraints of religion are new to them, so that they become an easy prey in the hour of temptation. The same remarks are, to a great extent, applicable to the members of our churches. Many of them fall into great improprieties."

The Rev. George Turner, an agent of the London Missionary Society, published in 1861, in his "Nineteen Years in Polynesia," a somewhat more detailed account of the missionary results achieved in Samoa. The natives, he states, gave proof of a most exuberant fancy when exercising their supposed right to interpret for themselves the Sacred Scripture. They went so far as to regard themselves better qualified than the missionaries to fashion a religion from the Bible: "Don't speak to me of the Bible (they used to say); I have got a foreign religion as you; mine is as good as yours." Very soon they began to form independent sects of their own. A native, who had been for a year or two on board a whaling ship, considered himself fully qualified to be a leader in matters of religion, and Mr. Turner adds, "although further from the truth than ever, this fellow got a surprising number of adherents." Nor was this a mere passing phase of their unsettled ideas in regard to religion: "to this day," the same writer continues, "some of the people are still led on by native religious pretenders into all sorts of extravagances and absurdities, the blind literally leading the blind." He further tells us that there were, in 1861, ten Protestant missionaries laboring in the Samoan group, assisted by 231 native teachers. The population, which was at first reckoned at 150,000, had dwindled in 1861 to 65,000, of whom about 20,000 were nominal Christians, but the whole number of church members was only 645. Such were the results of the twenty-

five years' toll of the Protestant missionaries in these islands. It was no easy matter to engage in the task of evangelizing natives imbued with such notions of the Christian religion. Yet the blessed Chancel, writing in 1839, states that the Marist Fathers were yearning for an opportunity to bring the blessings of the faith of those islands. A native of Samoa had landed at Futuna, he says, and had given the news that all the Samoans were Christians. But, he adds, the tale of this native was one of utter bewilderment and fancy when he endeavored to explain what was meant by Christianity. However, if the preachers were indifferent as to the tenets which were to be professed, there was one thing that they unceasingly impressed upon the natives as the great matter of vital importance, and that was, never to allow any Papists (Pope was the name given them) to land amongst them. A law dictated by the preachers was passed prohibiting all intercourse with those "enemies of God and of the human race," and at all the religious services a special prayer was offered up to save Samoa from the terrible scourge of Popery.

In 1844 a French vessel under Captain Morvan, proceeding from Tahiti to Wallis, put into one of the Samoan bays. A large boat full of natives, and with two white men on board, went out to reconnoitre, but kept at a distance, and no friendly signs that were made could induce them to approach, the natives appearing to be filled with the most abject terror.

The two whites were men who had made their escape from English whaling vessels, but they could not understand French. Captain Morvan, on the other hand, though he understood English well, could make but little attempt at speaking it. He held out however, a bottle of cognac, which the white men recognized as a token of friendship and at once came aboard. The older of the two, who was the owner of the boat, after the first draught declared that it was "excellent French brandy." His name was Jeremiah Crawley. He was an Irishman, a native of Cork, and a Catholic, though he would say but little about his religion. He had been thirteen years among the Samoan natives, had taken to himself a native wife and had a large family. The other was a native of Jersey. He was not so communicative as his companion, but he said that they had in the islands representatives of all sorts of religions, in dependents, Wesleyans, Lutherans, and even Quakers. He endeavored to fall in with them all; but, he added, he felt pretty sure that in so far as the natives were concerned, they knew very little of any difference between them.

In the course of conversation, Crawley entered into full details, which subsequently the missionaries found to be quite correct, regarding the organized opposition in which all the various sects were combined to resist every attempt at introducing Catholicity in the islands. "This very morning," he said, "I heard one of the ministers haranguing the natives to the following effect: 'When you see men clothed in a long black dress, and having on their breast a cross with the figure of Christ attached to it, fly away from them; they are the agents of hell; no matter how attractive their words may be, shun them; they are monsters thirsting for your blood, and it is their aim to reduce these beautiful islands to the condition of a frightful desert; their very breath is poisonous; their touch brings with it eternal damnation.'"

Encouraged by Crawley and his companion, the natives ventured to come on board. When they saw the two priests dressed in soutanes and having the cross on their breasts, they gave signs of the greatest dread, which, however, was soon allayed by the gift of some food and trinkets. One amusing incident may be mentioned. The son of the chieftain of the district was one of the visitors, and he wore a lava-lava (loin-dress) of the freshest and greenest leaves. There was a pet lamb on board which excited a special interest among the natives, for they had never before seen any such animal. The lamb became quite friendly, but when the young chief turned his back, it made a bite at the fresh leaves which caused an unpleasant rent in the lava-lava. A cry of horror from the chief was followed by intense merriment on the part of the other natives. A calico lava-lava was soon improvised by the captain, and the young chief showed great delight in feeding the pet lamb with the remaining fresh leaves of his former garment. Before quitting the vessel, the natives had laid aside all their fears, but Crawley paid dearly for holding communication with the hated strangers. His house and all his belongings were reduced to ashes, and he was compelled to seek a shelter in some other distant island.

The 12th of August, 1845, was the memorable day on which the first Catholic missionaries set sail from Wallis to bring the blessings of the faith to Samoa. They were indebted for the boat in which they sailed to John Jones, an Englishman, who, after trading for many years in the Wallis Island, had become a fervent convert, and when dying in 1841 bequeathed this boat to them. There were on board two Marist Fathers and one lay brother, besides two Samoan catechists who had been baptized and instructed at Wallis, and now, with their wives, returned rejoicing as heralds of the faith to their native islands. They were tossed about by storms at sea, and it was only after eleven days that they sighted the western coast of the island of Savai. This, however, was

only the beginning of their troubles. Again and again they were repulsed from the villages where they attempted to land. The people fled away at their approach, and some few who at first seemed disposed in accordance with Samoan usage to extend hospitality to them, were compelled to cast them forth and to shut their huts against them.

At length at the village of Leatotele they found a resting-place. The natives there had smarted under the hardships imposed on them by the Protestant missionaries. "They make us carry blocks of stone and wood," they said, "and our hands and shoulders suffer from the task. What is worse, they compel us to carry themselves and their wives on our shoulders, and they take special pleasure to impose their work on our chiefs. They require fifteen or twenty of our young men and as many of our girls to serve them in their houses, and to look after their cattle, and to cook for them." With delight they learned from the catechists that no such burdens would be imposed by the Catholic missionaries, and hence their chief, named Tuata, invited them to make his home there. On the 15th of September, the octave of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin, 1845, the first Mass was offered up, and sixty of the natives of the district asked to receive instruction.

TO BE CONTINUED. A SONG OF THE SEA. BY E. M. NIFF, S. J. A wild cloud swoopeth adown the bay To the troubled sea, and the sailor hears The boat of the breakers die away Like the moon of a grief too deep for tears. The bare trees rise in the lowering west, Like spectres against the purple sky; But when the foaming crest And the flash of the lightning clineth by: "I fear not the fire of the storm-king's breath, Nor the tumbling waves, nor the midnight dread. But the Lord, in whose hands are both life and death. Whom the waves obey—His wrath I fear." —Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

"Circumstances Alter Cases." In cases of dyspepsia, nervousness, catarrh, rheumatism, eruptions, etc., the circumstances may be altered by purifying and enriching the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Good appetite and good digestion, strong nerves and perfect health take the place of these diseases. Hood's Sarsaparilla is America's Greatest Medicine and the best that money can buy.

HOOD'S PILLS cure biliousness, sick headache, nervousness.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Farneley's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results. DYSPEPSIA is the cause of untold suffering. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla the digestive organs are toned and dyspepsia is cured.

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A NUN DECORATED. In the list of recipients of civic decorations published a few days ago in the official Monitor of Belgium, appears the name of Sister Teresa Hickey, of the Congregation of Apostolines of Berchem. This Irish nun is a member of the Community of her Order at Ordegem, in East Flanders, and during an epidemic which prevailed some time ago in the locality she displayed an admirable zeal and devotion in nursing the sick and dying. In consideration of the valuable public services she rendered on the occasion Sister Teresa has been awarded the civic medal of the first class, a distinction of which she has shown herself eminently worthy.

Inflammatory Rheumatism.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Bellefonte, Pa., writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. THOMAS' COLLECTIVE OIL for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' OIL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

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There is no room left for doubt as to the usefulness of Malt Extract in weakness and nervous diseases, provided you use Malt Extract carefully and honestly made from Barley Malt. Your Doctor will tell you O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt is the best, for he knows how it is made and what it is made from. If you need Malt Extract and want the best, insist upon getting O'Keefe's. W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

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NEW CANADIAN CATHOLIC READERS

For Use in the Separate Schools Throughout Ontario. A new series of Canadian Catholic Readers prepared by some of the leading teachers of Ontario, named for this work by the Bishop of the Education Department has been issued by the Copp, Clark Co. These books have been recommended by the Inspector to be used in the Separate schools of Ontario. Rev. J. R. Teary, M. A., LL. D., President of St. Michael's College, Toronto, who was appointed to supervise the series, has given special care to their preparation. As the result, they confidently claim to have the best and cheapest series of English Catholic Readers yet published.

Some of the important features contained in the books are as follows: The first two of the series are based on the phonic system, and some of their special merits are: 1. The pictures have been especially selected to illustrate the lessons. 2. The order of arranging the words is the most scientific and logical. Part I dealing with all the short vowel sounds, and Part II with the long. 3. The non-phonetic words of each lesson are selected to the fewest possible, so that the harmony of the phonic teaching is not marred to any extent. 4. The second half of Part II contains a great variety of interesting lessons on nature and other studies attractive to the child. The second series of the books is based on the idea that children learn to read with much less effort when the lessons are varied and interesting. The selections have accordingly been made so as to infuse and foster a taste for good reading, the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated. The Fourth Reader contains a wide range of selections from the best English, American and Canadian writers, chosen so that the scholar will have a pleasant and profitable introduction to those whose influence in moulding character is so great. It is hoped that as a consequence he will be led to make a further acquaintance with the best literature, and to shun that which is worthless and even harmful. The paper, illustrations, binding and general mechanical execution are up to the high standard required by the Government for the corresponding books used in Public Schools. Part I, 36 pages, 10 cents; Part II, 36 pages, 15 cents; Second Book, 184 pages, 20 cents; Third Book, 280 pages, 30 cents; Fourth Book, 368 pages, 40 cents.

Because it allows additional space for literature, and because it affords the teacher greater freedom in presenting the subject, the lists of hard words, or anything on the actual lessons are given in this series. It is the purpose to prepare for teachers three series of books, one for Part I and II, another for books I and III, and the third for book IV, which will deal with the methods of Teaching, Reading and Literature, giving all possible help to the teacher in dealing with these subjects, and with any difficulties in particular lessons.

This series will undoubtedly meet with the cordial approval of teachers in the convents and other Educational Institutions of the Dominion. For sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD Office, Address: Thos. Coffey, London, Ont.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' ANNUAL FOR 1899.

THIS BEAUTIFUL AND VERY INTERESTING little Annual contains something to interest all boys and girls, and it costs only the small sum of FIVE CENTS. It is written in the reach of all. The frontispiece is a very nice illustration of St. Anthony playing by a public miracle the Real Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.—The King of the Precipice (illustrated); How Jack Hilldred Freed Winston from the Comanches, by Margaret Ayles Eggeart, author of The Dovesville Post Office; Three Girls and Especially One, by Harriette River, etc., etc.; Fast Asleep (illustrated); Fast Mending (illustration); Mary, Queen of Heaven (illustration); You're Out (illustration); Playing with Kitty (illustration); Stolen Fruit (illustration); An Army of Two; A True Story; Our Blessed Mother and the Divine Infant (illustration). This little Annual has also an abundance of games, riddles and puzzles.—The Magic Dart, Shadows in Diagonals, The Impossible Cat, Fire, The Inverted Glass, A Home Telephone, To Preserve Flowers, Another Way To Keep a Bouquet Fresh; as well as splendid recipes for Home-made Cakes and Troublesome Throats. Eyes (see col. Glass) adjusted. Hours: 12 to 4. Address: Thos. Coffey, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

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Did you ever see one? Did you ever hear of one? Most certainly not. Consumption is a disease that invariably causes loss of flesh.

If you are light in weight, even if your cough is only a slight one, you should certainly take

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London, Saturday, September 9, 1899

CONSECRATION TO THE SACRED HEART.

The appeal of Leo XIII. to the world, entreating it to acknowledge the Christ as its Master and King, must have fallen strangely on the ears of this generation.

Some time ago a man who had written against Christ gave, as he was nearing eternity, utterance to the following words: "Repose now in Thy glory, noble Founder! Thy work is finished. Whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed.

Remarkable and significant words inasmuch as they came from a man who had cast off from him the religion of his childhood, and who, after having tried to feed his soul with the husks of unbelief, declared when death was near, that the religion of Christ could alone satisfy the wants of human nature.

Some Ho may think the devotion to the Sacred Heart to be a new thing in the Church. It is, however, as old as Christianity itself. It was practiced by the devout of all ages: its praises were chanted by a Bernard and a Bonaventure.

The wrangling and noise of the world fill our ears with confused murmurs, and we are too much inclined to adapt its standards and to embrace its

principles. The braggart and the man who knows too little to discern that he knows nothing pushes aside the sage and the scholar. All our energies must be devoted to what the world calls success.

We wish them, however, to remember the conditions that must accompany the success that has any element of permanency. The heroes of the Church have dominated whole generations not by material force but by a faithful imitation of the virtues of Him who taught in His school the virtues of humility and obedience.

The faithful of London, if we may judge from their frequentation of the sacraments, understand this; and we wish that the fervor manifested by them on last Sunday may abide with them always.

AFTER THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance, coming so soon after the great peace powwow at the Hague, that the Cossacks and British bluejackets came very near having a rupture at Hang-Kow, China, on the Yang-tse-Kiang river a few days ago, and the matter was not settled by the new arbitration tribunal which was agreed upon by the Peace Conference.

AGNOSTIC TEACHING.

A sensation was produced in a small church at Ste. Agathe, a summer resort near Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, on Sunday, the 27th ult. The church, is an Anglican one, and the Rev. H. W. Garth, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Narragansett Pier, preached a discourse on the lines of the Agnostic wing of the United States Episcopalians.

Among other unusual statements uttered by the young divine was his belief that the inspiration of Shakespeare and Browning differed only in a degree from that of Isaiah and Paul.

Canadian Anglicans are not prepared to go so far in an Agnostic direction as some of their United States brethren, and the congregation manifested their disapprobation of this teaching in a very decided way.

Two of the congregation rose at the conclusion of the discourse, and amid the plaudits of the hearers, protested publicly against the views of the preacher.

WAS IT INCENDIARISM?

Our readers may remember that the Rev. F. M. Clendenin, the pastor of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church at Westchester, New York, protested publicly to Bishop Potter in regard to the ordination of Professor Briggs, to the Episcopal ministry. Recently that Church has been burned, and some of the High Church people of the city are very positive in the assertion that the Broad Church people are guilty of having burned the Church or caused it to be burned.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

The Ritualists generally have not taken kindly to the decision of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, adverse to the use of lights in processions and of incense for liturgical purposes; and though the prohibition is extremely moderate, and couched in such terms that it could be easily evaded, many prominent clergymen have declared openly that they will pay no attention to it, even to the extent of professing obedience.

A SENSATIONAL FABRICATION.

The trial of Captain Dreyfus has been made by some of the press reporters the occasion for misrepresenting the position of the Catholic Church, and especially of the Jesuit Order, toward the accused man.

In connection with this statement and for the purpose of exciting public horror against the intriguing Jesuits, it was asserted with great confidence by the same correspondents that on St. Bartholomew's day, or the eve of that festival, there would be a repetition of the awful scenes which are commonly recounted as having taken place when the celebrated massacre of St. Bartholomew's eve was perpetrated.

St. Bartholomew's day is now past, the feast of that saint having occurred on August the 24th, and yet there was no anti-Semitic uprising of any kind, nor has there been produced a particle of evidence to show that any such uprising was contemplated, either by the Church or by any of the political factions which are numerous in France.

The Jews as a class are not indeed popular in France; but this is for social and political causes, and not on account of any hatred entertained toward them because of their religion or race.

The increasing number of divorces year after year is, unfortunately, not the only evidence of the deterioration of morals which is gradually going on, not only in Michigan, but in many other States.

in every constitutionally governed country that a majority, and often even a minority, of the people endeavor to secure the victory at the polls for the principles they hold.

The clergy of France have not taken any prominent part in the Dreyfus embroglio. Some of them are probably of opinion that the charges brought against the accused were true, and others probably have been convinced by the recent course of circumstances that they were falsely trumped up.

France is not the only country in Europe which has had an anti-Semitic party of more or less strength. It is well known how badly the Jews were treated in Russia, and in Protestant Germany there has been more ill-feeling stirred up by Protestant ministers against the Jews than has appeared in any of the Catholic countries of Europe.

As a matter of fact, the French officers who are so earnest in endeavoring to convict Dreyfus are by no means in collusion either with the Jesuits or the clergy, and they would resent the interference of the clergy with their prosecution, whether the clergy would be for or against the accused.

DESECRATIONS OF THE MARRIAGE RITE.

On Thursday, August 31, Judge Donovan of Detroit showed a disposition to minimize the divorce evil by putting obstacles in the way of those who were seeking for divorce decrees. He refused to grant one decree because it had been the usual practice to let four months pass between the filing of the bill and the final decree, whereas only one month had elapsed in the present case.

Speaking here of the Elks' show, it is proper to remark that this same society has recently given exhibitions of a like kind in several cities, under the name of "Carnivals."

THE RITUALISTIC USE OF INCENSE AND LIGHTS.

The text of the decision arrived at by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York in regard to the use of incense and lights for liturgical purposes, which was announced as being a great victory for the Low Church or Protestant party in the Church of England, proves to be not at all so great a triumph for that party as it was at first reported to be, and as a victory it is scarcely worth all the jubilation which has been wasted over it.

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to be devoted to very questionable purposes.

The Salvation Army may not have been the first organization which thought of making money by advertising public marriages to take place at their gatherings, a small fee being charged at the door; but at all events the army has frequently adopted this course, and has sometimes realized a considerable sum by so doing, part of which has usually been applied towards furnishing the home of the couple married in this way.

The hint thus given has not been lost upon some men in business, and it has occurred a number of times that marriages have taken place in shop windows as an advertising dodge for the proprietors' business.

The worst desecration of this kind of which we have heard, was an exhibition given last week in Detroit by a colored couple who agreed to make their public marriage one of the attractions of a show under the auspices of a worse than nonsensical society named "the Elks."

A despatch also informs us that at the same exhibition, another couple were married by a well known clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, \$25 being bestowed upon the couple as a bonus for the desecration.

It is possible that the two stories have originated from one event, but whichever of them is the strict truth, the affair is a disgrace to any professedly Christian community.

It is no wonder that Michigan, and especially Detroit, has attained so unenviable a reputation for the frequency of divorces granted there, when there is so little respect shown to Christian marriage that such a farce as that we have mentioned could be enacted there before many thousands of applauding spectators, whose coarse jokes indicated the amount of respect they have for so sacred an institution.

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We are told, indeed, in the decision that "We (the two Archbishops) are obliged to come to the conclusion, that the use of incense in the public worship, and as a part of that worship, is not at present enjoyed nor permitted by the law of the Church of England."

first place, that though the question was brought before them for decision as to two matters—the liturgical use of incense, and the lawfulness of carrying lights in procession in public worship in the Church of England—they do not constitute a court whose decisions are binding, and they have no coercive jurisdiction on the questions at issue, so that "their pronouncement is not a judgment in the legal sense."

And why is not the judgment of the highest authorities in the Church an authoritative pronouncement? The reason is evidently because the supreme authority of the Church is not vested in the Church itself, but in the decrees of Parliament, i. e., King, Lords, and Commons.

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But it may be said that it has a certain moral force, inasmuch as it makes manifest what the highest ecclesiastical authorities believe should be the rule of conduct to be followed by the clergy in conducting the public worship, so that they who refuse to conform to the rule laid down put themselves into the position of rebels against the only authority which they themselves admit ought to be obeyed.

To ascertain what force there is in this, let us see what the Archbishops really say on the subject.

They state that in the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer there is nothing either enjoining or forbidding the use of incense. From this some draw the inference that what was used in worship before the Prayer Book was compiled may be used still, and the Bishops say that ceremonies which are brief, long in use, and not important, are actually commonly used in the Anglican churches, such as the exclamation "Thanks be to Thee, O God, for thy holy Gospel!" used immediately after the Gospel of the Communion service.

On these grounds they say that if it could be shown that the use of incense had passed in Apostolic times from the Jewish to the Christian ritual, there would be a strong reason for retaining it, but this they deny to be the case, and conclude that the Church of England ceased to use incense "for greater simplicity of worship," "for conformity with New Testament usage," and "to revive the ways of the primitive Church."

It is highly probable that in the churches where incense has been used the clergymen will suddenly discover that their churches need "sweetening," and so the use of incense will be continued. At all events it will certainly be the general opinion of the public that the labors of the two Archbishops have resulted in the bringing forth of a very small mouse.

It is the duty of parents to give good example to them by fulfilling the duties of religion; by being full and attentive to their prayer home, by attending Mass on all days and holidays of obligation honestly in all their dealings sobriety and charity, and by frequenting the Sacraments at reasonable intervals and especially by restraining their tongues from the children will thus be taught

imitating. The liturgical use of incense is beautifully suggestive of the united prayers of the celebrant and the people ascending to the throne of God, in accordance with the words of David: "Let my prayer be directed, oh God, as incense in thy sight."

Nevertheless it is not used in the Catholic Church, except on special occasions and in very solemn Masses. In fact, outside of the Catholic cathedrals there are probably three or four hundred Masses celebrated without incense to one at which incense is used, whereas the Ritualists appear to use it on every possible occasion. At all events, it is well understood by Catholics that its use does not pertain to the essence of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

The other matter treated by the two Archbishops is the use of lights in public worship. It was at first stated that they have prohibited their use, but the text of their judgment shows that such is not the case. They disapprove only of the use of lights in processions, so that they do not forbid their use on the table (or "altar") during the Communion service. In fact, instead of the Archbishop's decision favoring Low Church views, it seems to us that, on the whole, the usages of the Ritualists have been sustained; and this, in fact, is the view which certain Ritualistically inclined clergymen, with whom we have recently conversed, take of the matter.

Lights have been regarded in all countries as symbolical of joy and triumph, and their use even produces these feelings in man. Hence they are commonly used for illumination purposes on all joyful occasions, as in torch-light processions. Their use is so natural on these occasions that it appears to border on the absurd to prohibit their use for liturgical purposes the more especially as they are peculiarly appropriate to signify the light of Gospel truth which our blessed Lord came on earth to spread, and Christ Himself is symbolized in Scripture (St. Luke II, 32) as "a light to the revelation of the Gentiles. Such a prohibition is an attempt to suppress the voice of nature itself.

PARENTAL EXAMPLE.

Bishop Vincent, of the Methodist church, of the United States, while recently addressing the Summer School Assembly at Chattanooga, expressed the opinion that Methodists would do well to follow the example given by Catholics in the training of children from their earliest years to respect their religion and to pay proper attention to the public worship of the Church. He said that a Catholic mother begins with her child when but six months old, and instills into his life the veil of her Church and teaches him daily and hourly even to respect the Church and its worship. He shows many instances where the Catholic Church brings its children up from infancy to be and do as the Church teaches, thus the child grows up to the Church, while Protestants all their children to drift away with special care and but little instruction along church and religious lines. "It is wrong," said he, "and while I do admire their doctrine in many respects I cannot but admire and commend their methods of training the youth and their strict devotion to the Church they love."

While we freely admit that Bishop Vincent's statement of the case is the most part correct, we regret to have to say that there are still many Catholic parents who are very remiss in their duty in this regard. There are many who speak slightly of their religion and its practices, who have always something disrespectful to say in regard to the clergy and members of religious orders. When such language becomes usual, of course the children also hear and thus they grow to disrespect clergy and their religion likewise. Other parents disregard the law of the Church, and do not fulfill personally. It is well known that many parents who thus give an example to their children, are responsible for the fact that the child grows up into habitual neglect of religious duties.

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imitate the virtue of their parents, and will become good members of society and of the Church.

CUBANS AT NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

One of the unforeseen results of the acquisition of Cuba and Porto Rico by the United States is that the attention of the people of these islands, but also of those of all Spanish America, has been called to the Catholic educational institutions of the United States, and it is likely that many Latin-Americans will be found in the near future attending the Catholic Universities, Colleges, and Academies. Notre Dame University in Indiana had last session twenty-five Latin Americans in attendance, but this number is likely to be greatly increased during the session which has just begun. Fifteen Cubans alone are said to be at that University now, and it is expected that there will be besides about forty five from Mexico, Central America, and the Latin Republics of South America.

THE FLOWER OF THE BIRTH

BY FATHER RYAN.

I am the mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope. In me is all grace of the way and of the truth; in me is all hope of life and of virtue." (E. Sol. xlv.)

Let us go, in the spirit of faith and love, to day to the thrice blessed home where the Immaculate Queen of the blessed was born.

Tread softly, for we are to enter a new Eden of perfect innocence and highest grace. In reverence let us go in, as if we were passing through the gate of a sanctuary, where a sanctity incomparable is hiding in a holy tabernacle.

Eighty days have passed since the birth of Mary. For a man child, as we read in Leviticus, the law ordained forty days of purification for the mother, and twice forty days for a maid child.

Anna went to the temple and offered two doves on the altar, one a burnt offering and the other a sin offering. She is purified, according to the law; she returns home, praising the God of her fathers, and her soul is filled with the peace of a great gladness.

On the face of the aged Joachim there shines a light as if it were a gleam of joy reflected from the heavens. The old man is thinking of the past. Strangely through his memory move the words of a hundred prophecies. Dim presentiments about his child fill his soul; and somehow, if he does not know all, he seems to feel the glory of her future. The words of Isaiah: "The Lord Himself shall give you a sign. Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bring forth a son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel," have set him dreaming; and, somehow, while he gazes on the face of his little Mary, he scarcely knows why, the words of Jeremiah: "The Lord hath created a new thing in the earth, a woman shall compass a man," seem to put on meanings new and very near to him.

In Anna's arms the infant is nestling; and the mother looks, as only mothers can look, with her heart in her eyes, upon her offspring. She, too, is a-dreaming, as she gathered her child to her breast in the sleep of love; and, like all mother's dreams, hopes and fears, desires and doubts, met in her soul, and yet did not destroy its peace.

"Ah, yes! this is a holy place. If not the Lord, the Mother of the coming Lord is here, a little infant. How frail it seems! What a far-off look in its eyes! What a fair and beautiful face! How perfect the beauty of its body! No wonder in the soul within it the beauty of perfect grace is reigning. Look how the little hands are clasped, as if in prayer! but the lips move not. Nearly three months old now, with a perfect self-conscious soul from the first instant of conception—but the body must grow, little by little, like the rest of children. There must be nothing startling, nothing extraordinary in the child's external life. She must be just like any other child; for the secret of her coming into this world, and why she came, must not yet be revealed.

How hidden everything is about the child! In her veins, even now, is flowing the very blood which Christ will take into His humanity, and which, derived pure from her, the all-pure, and united to His divinity, will become infinite in mercy and in wisdom when it flows for us in the day of Calvary. God makes no sign. His future mother is a frail little infant. Ah! how the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, in infinite love, must have watched over the predestined child! How Gabriel, her guardian angel must have hovered near her!

How all the angels of heaven (for surely now they know of the mystery of Mary of Nazareth) must have glorified the Eternal in the contemplation of this, the most beautiful creature of all the Creation! And the world went on just the same as ever: the world that was losing the instincts of the supernatural, waiting, it is true, for the coming of the Messiah, but, indeed, little dreaming that His Mother had already come. It was all so still. No one saw, no one heard, no one knew of the mystery hidden in the dwelling of Joachim and Anna. It is God's way. He moves in His great designs strongly but sweetly. He made no noise when He created the heavens and earth, and He was stiller than ever at the cradle of Mary. Do not all grand and beauti-

ful things move towards their purposes and reach their perfections in the silences?

Who hears the flowers growing, or the grasses, or the trees? Who hears the earth moving? Who hears the stars marching, like bannered hosts, through the heavens? Is not nature, when it moves in harmony, always still? Only when its elements are thrown out of order, and their forces clash, comes the din of confusion.

So in the world of supernature, the Spiritual and the Divine move on in a harmony beautiful as a hymn, heard in the heavens clearly, but too sweet to be heard by human sense; praiseful of God and peaceful for man. It is only when the weak will and strong passions of the human heart rise in rebellion against the laws of grace that the tumult comes in which God can never dwell.

But around Mary fell, from the first, the stillness and the peace of God. Why? Because her will was in perfect harmony with God's decrees and designs. Because, from the first moment of her life she was in perfect accord with the eternal will. Indeed, a mystery of silence folded all her life. What great strengths have their homes in the silences! Ask the world's thinkers, and they will tell you that their deepest thoughts, and best, came to them, like stars, in the silences of the nights. Ask the world's slingers, and they will tell you that their grandest songs came sounding through their souls in the stillnesses of the dark. Enter the monasteries, back of whose closed gates live men gifted with glorious speech, and they have long hours of silences; and through those hours their feet walk faster towards God. Go into the convents of the virgins of the Church. They, too, have their hours and days of silence, in which the whisper of a word cannot be heard, and their hearts, like the lilies of the valley, are growing and whitening in the silence. Enter a Catholic church, without a single worshipper or with thousands crowded, what a silence?

The spell of the silence of the Tabernacle falls on them all. And that Tabernacle-silence; how mysterious, and yet how mighty? In the half-hour Mass in the morning what a silence comes down upon the altar when the priest reaches the moment of consecration, when infinite love and infinite power hide themselves in the stillness of a little white host? And the church itself, what a silence she keeps about the deposit of Christ's revelations in her possession! How the years pass—she the while listening to human discussions, with the quiet patience of Christ at Pilate's tribunal, before she rises and proclaims her dogmas.

Human churches, like the men who founded them, are noisy. In them is the everlasting chatter of discordant tongues about changeable opinions. They are always talking, and at random. The Church of Christ inherits the stillness as well as the speech of Christ, and she never says an unneeded word.

How still are the rays of the sun that bring to us the light of heaven! In their coming they make no noise, but when they do come they clothe the world with robes of glory. So Mary was to bring to us the light of the sun of justice. Heard ye ever the snow-flakes falling? Silently they fall, and they weave a virgin veil for earth. So the Virgin of virgins came silently, to weave out of her pure flesh the veil of Christ's humanity. How silently in the bosom of nature, where poor earth is as a virgin, is she, unknown to us, giving birth, like a fruitful mother, to emeralds, pearls, amethysts, diamonds and a hundred other beautiful children of clay?

Only those elements which are like man's variable will and restless passions make din and discord here below: the sea, with its stormy waves; the air, with its changeful winds; the rivers, with their rise and fall and noisy flow; the clouds, with their lightnings, and thunders; fire, with its angry violences; and in the brute creation, those animals only which, in voice and ferocity, seem to symbolize the destructive power of sin in man.

Have we strayed away from the little Mary in the arms of Anna? Not at all. We have never left the holy chamber. Look! the infant has fallen asleep. Let us not awake her! Speak low. No! pray low. Oh! infant, in whose heart the blood of our Redeemer is even now beating, dream your dreams divine, but dream in pity, too, and in love of us poor sinners! Come now from the sleeping child to the Altar where her Christ, and ours, is sleeping in the Eucharist.

It is the 8th of September, the Feast of the Nativity. This month the sign passes, in the zodiac, out of the sign of the lion into the sign of the virgin. So into her was to pass, and over us was to shine forever, the sun of justice, and the sign of the lion, which is the sign of that evil one, "who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," would be subjected forever to the sign of the virgin in the zodiac of the heaven of grace.

According to a tradition, from the beginning, Mary was born on the eighth day of September. Listen to St. Ambrose. The eighth day, or octave, is not a day of time. It is a day of eternity. "The octave is reckoned by weeks, and the week has seven days. When the week ends we begin one again, and count from the first to the seventh day. Beyond the seventh we do not pass, and thus the eighth day is not in the measurement of time, and the day that passes beyond the calendar of the week of time is of eternity. See you not the mystical reason why the octave should be her birthday, for with her birth-day

dawned the eternal day of Christ. The dawn came first: the sun is coming soon. So, back in the far ages our Holy Church commemorates Mary's nativity on the eighth day of September. What other Church celebrates it? The Greek Church; yes. What other? None. If they celebrate the birth of Christ on Christmas day, why not celebrate the nativity of Christ's Mother? Does ever the sun of nature come without the dawn? and, in supernature's heavens, the sun of justice has, necessarily, his Aurora. If you keep the birth of the son of justice in the noon of Christmas night, why not keep the feast of the dawn of the sun, in Mary's birth, in September? Ah! you want the sun, but you disdain its dawn! Have your way, but it is neither nature's nor supernature's way. We follow the way of both—the Catholic way.

Look! the priest is coming to the altar, with the chalice and the bread. He is going to sing the Mass. Was it wrong for her to have been born? Is it then wrong to celebrate her birthday? Do you not keep the birthdays of the great and the illustrious, who were often, alas! great sinners? Do you not keep the birthday of your own mothers, and can you let the birthday of the Mother of Christ pass as any other common day, and all unnoticed? Go on! priest of the Son of Mary, and celebrate the sacrifice of Him who was sin's victim, and is our Saviour and Mary's Son.

Ah! Holy Church, thou art beautiful in thy mind, for the light of truth is shining ever there; and thou art beautiful in thy heart, for the love of Christ is ever throbbing there; and thou art beautiful in thy memory of the holy ones of God, writing their names on the brows of all thy days; keeping feasts in their honor, but, above all, holding in eternal remembrance, at the altar of the victim, His Mother's holy name.

Listen to the first words of the Mass in honor of Mary's nativity: "Thy birth, oh Virgin Mary! Mother of the Son of God, has announced joy to all the world, because thou hast brought forth the Sun of Justice, Jesus Christ, our God, who, taking away malediction, gave benediction, and confounding death, gave unto us eternal life."

Are they not true, true as very Scripture? Do they honor or dishonor Christ, her son? From the lips of the priest they ascend to the heavens. Is Christ angry? Are the words a sin against Him? Is He afraid to hear His Mother praised, lest His might, thereby, lose a part of His glory? Why then did He make her so glorious? Why did He make her His Mother? Can He ever be jealous of her who conceived Him, gave Him birth, nursed Him, watched over His childhood, and stood at the foot of His cross? Has she not the right to be forever remembered as His Mother, and, if remembered, forever praised on earth? Priest, sing the "Gloria!" The song belongs to Him, but it was not sung until He had become hers. It belongs to both. Now go to the Gospel side, and sing the Gospel of the day.

Listen! "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham. Abraham begot Isaac; and Isaac begot Jacob, and Jacob begot Judas and his brethren," and down a long and glorious ancestry of patriarchs, prophets, princes and kings, from name to name, moves the inspired pen of Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist, until it pauses thus: "And Jacob begot Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called the Christ." The moment her name is written, His, the Christ's, is linked to it. Such was His and her ancestry.

But she was to have but one descendant, Jesus Christ our Saviour. She joins the "Book of the Generation of Jesus Christ." Take her name away, then take His. But she herself was, and is, the living book of the generation of Christ. How? Listen! In God was infinite and eternal thought. He expressed that thought in His Eternal Word—His only Son. But this thought, eternally conceived in the mind of God and eternally expressed, remained hidden in the Trinity. No one saw it, no one heard it, no one knew it, save the three Divine persons. God willed to speak this Word outside of Himself and eternity, in time, and God willed to write this Word in a living book, that it might be heard and read forever. Mary received the secret thought of God and the invisible Word. Though her it was spoken in time and became incarnate. In her pure flesh it was written and became visible. She does not express the Word as the Father does, but she bears it written in herself, and she makes it visible in the humanity of Jesus Christ, her Son, to all the world.

While I am writing these words, the dawn of day is beginning to gild the eastern horizon, and to glimmer over the waves of the Gulf of Mexico. The waves, only a hundred yards away from where I write, are just waking from sleep. Last night they were very still. Not a wave sang or moaned on the pure, white shores, and now they seem glad for the coming of the day. Far out on the waters, the sails of the fishing boats have welcomed the beautiful dawn. I am thinking of Mary, not as the star of the sea, but I am thinking of her birth, as the dawn of the everlasting day of Christ. Perhaps, the sweetest hour of the day is that of the Aurora, *aurea hora*, golden hour, which banishes the darkness of the night and brings the light of the day. Out there, on the moss veiled trees, the birds are beginning to sing their morning prayers. Light to the waking waves and joy to the awakened wild birds, the fair Aurora brings. Why? The waves

and the birds know why. The sun, in his glory, will soon be born out of the heart of the Aurora. What a virginal light it is! The Aurora is the day's virgin, and, while it is the pure child created by the coming sun, it seems to be the mother that brings forth the sun, which gives to the day its golden hours, to the earth its fairest beauties, and to the heavens its wondrous glory.

So Mary, in her birth, is the virgin created by the Son of God. In a little while the virgin, because she is a virgin, will become His Mother; and as the sun of day, when he rises above the horizon, does not destroy the light of dawn, but gathers its beautiful light into his own splendors and carries it with him up into the heavens; so when the Sun of Justice, clothed with the splendors of His Eternal Father, will rise over the world, He will gather into His glory and blend with His infinite light, as He ascends on high, the fair, sweet light of His Mother Mary.

And as the Aurora came before the sun, and follows the sun wheresoever he shineth, inseparable from his last rays as from his first, so the Virgin Mother, in her pure human light, will follow and be mingled with the light of Him who "enlightens every one that cometh into the world."

O fair light! oh sweet light! oh gentle light! shine on our days! Shine o'er our ways forever! and, as thou wert the beautiful dawn of Christ in this world, be the dawn of the day of thy children's blessed eternity.

ASPIRATION.

All the glory of the King's daughter is within, in golden borders—clothed round about with vanities. After her virgins shall be brought to the King. They shall be brought with gladness and rejoicing. They shall be brought into the temple of the King.

PRAYER.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, we beg of Thee, to grant us, Thy servants, the gift of heavenly grace; that as in the child-birth of the Blessed Virgin, our salvation began, we may obtain an increase of peace.

THE POPE AND THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

The attempt to murder Lreyfus' lawyer and the anti-R-publian plots of certain French Catholics give fresh interest to the relations of the Pope with the Republic. We think there are no two opinions as to the deep significance of the words uttered by Mgr. Lorzini, the new Papal Nuncio at Paris, when presenting his credentials to President Loubet. The speech rose far above the mere ceremonial expression of good will usual upon such occasions. Persistent attempts have been made either to minimize the Pontiff's recognition of the Republic or to make people believe that he had thought fit to depart from the recommendation he had years ago given to the Catholics of France to unite in a cordial acceptance of the powers that be instead of persisting in futile endeavors for rejected dynasties. Others again, have sought to find in the Dreyfus case a sign that France could no longer hold her former rank among the nations of Europe. The Pope's answer to both sets of partisans has been clear and unmistakable. To the first his Holiness replied by the now famous letters to the Archbishops of Bourges and of Paris, in which he denied that he had changed his views as to the recommendations given to Frenchmen to place themselves on the constitutional platform of a loyal acceptance of the Republic. To the second, and to the first also, Pope Leo has declared his "unalterable affection" for France, and his "high conception of the destinies of the French people." Thus, as the Nuncio truly said, his mission was "a new pledge of concord between France and the Papacy." This view is strengthened by the words afterwards uttered by President Loubet, who declared that the Pope was so well aware that the views of the Government of the Republic responded to his desire of accord for it to be necessary for him to insist upon the Government's intention of continuing to contribute as far as possible to the maintenance and strengthening of the bonds that unite France with the Holy See.

RELIGION IN EDUCATION.

Boston Republic.

The necessity of some sort of religious instruction during the school period is being recognized by all thinking men who have the courage to rise above sectarian influences. Recently we quoted the president of Clark University as favoring this policy. And now comes President Barrows, of Oberlin College, a recognized authority on educational subjects, and offers his testimony on the same side of the question. Dr. Barrows says in a thoughtful article in one of our leading educational magazines: "The young men and women in college life make the greatest mistake to dissociate religion from study. They lose the sweeter and higher relations of human intellect, the noblest of incentives, the profoundest of inspirations. I have known young men to come home from some of our eastern universities afflicted with moral and spiritual paralysis. They had sharpened their minds and lost their souls. Word was sent out a few months ago that some students in the University of Chicago had died from lack of sufficient physical nourishment. May it not be possible that many more are spiritually dying because of the lack of the bread of life?"

But how can the young men and the young women in college regulate the matter? It is not their province to make provision for their religious and

moral training. That duty devolves upon those who are responsible for the arrangement of the course of studies. The whole effort of those engaged in the work of education seems to be directed toward keeping religion out of the schools and colleges. And foremost in the ranks we find Protestant ministers. Not only do these men deny to the children of their own flocks the blessings of religious training, but they look with alarm upon the efforts of the Catholic Church to supply it to the youth committed to her spiritual care. They first drive God from the schoolroom and then insist that all children of the community, Catholic and Protestant alike, shall be compelled to make their studies there. Catholics are denounced as enemies of the state and as foes of American institutions because they object to sending their children to these Godless schools.

"I need not argue," writes Dr. Barrows "that Christian education is required to meet the chief dangers by which the twentieth century will be overshadowed. With agnosticism not yet extinct, with materialism penetrating like a poison the minds and hearts as well as the external life of modern men, with the immense accumulations of wealth and the growing appetite for pleasure, secular education alone will be utterly powerless to furnish the moral force and spiritual power demanded by the perilous ages before us." Very wisely and very bravely said. Dr. Barrows is not afraid to assert that agnosticism is one of the perils of the future, and that the only bar to its further progress is to be found in Christian education. But what hope is there of a change for the better while the public schools and the colleges managed and controlled by Protestants are deprived of the influences of religion? If a child is not indoctrinated with sound religious and moral precepts and principles during the formative period of life, the man or woman into whom it develops is apt to be indifferent on the subject. The Godless school is the nursery of agnosticism. Unless the foundation for a moral and religious life be laid early and laid firmly the nation must eventually grow to be infidel. The Catholic Church has always recognized this fact, and has never flinched in her zeal for the promotion of Christian education.

RAISED TO THE PRIESTHOOD.

Rev. Norman Dominic Holly, a Convert of New York City.

Norman Dominic Holly, a former resident of Philadelphia and New York, who was a Protestant Episcopalian, but entered the Church twelve years ago, was ordained to the priesthood in Rome on July 25. He commenced his studies with the Dominicans at St. Rose's, Kentucky, but his health failed, and he was compelled to desist. Upon recovery he resumed his studies at Freiburg, Germany, and completed them at Rome. He was ordained for the diocese of Westminster, England.

FOREIGN CARDINALS IN THE SACRED COLLEGE.

The Rome correspondent of the London Morning Post has compiled some useful figures showing the proportion of foreign Cardinals in the Sacred College since the fall of the Temporal Power in 1870. Pope Pius VII. only created 22 foreign Cardinals out of the 99 selected between 1800 and 1823. Leo XII. created 9 foreigners out of a total of 24. Pius VIII. created 2 foreigners out of 6. Gregory XVI. only created 8 foreign Cardinals between 1831 and 1846. Up to 1870 Pius IX. only created 32 foreign Cardinals, though 27 died during the same period, and at the moment of the abolition of the Temporal Power the Sacred College only contained 13 foreigners. Between 1873 and 1877, however, Pius IX. created 20 foreigners, whereas only 8 died during the same period. Consequently 25 non-Italians took part in the last Conclave, whereas 8 only had taken part in the previous Conclave, held in 1846. The present Pope has created 70 Italian and 58 foreign Cardinals during his reign, while 71 Italians and 57 foreigners have died. The Sacred College at the present moment is, as during the last Conclave, composed of 63 members, but 37 are Italian and 26 are foreigners, instead of 38 Italians and 25 foreigners, as in 1878.

SALVATION OUT OF THE CHURCH.

Some of the Protestant papers attempt to relieve the dullness of the heated term by misrepresenting the Catholic doctrine about "exclusive salvation," as they call it. Now we may distinguish four classes of men in this matter:

- (1) Those who never heard the true doctrine.
- (2) Those who had heard it, but not in such a way as to convince them of their duty of believing.
- (3) Those that heard and were convinced, and accepted the teaching.
- (4) Those that felt that they could not rightly refuse belief, but who maliciously refused to do that which they knew to be right.

These last of the fourth class alone come under the condemnation that attaches to want of belief. Any ignorance afterwards is merely "affected." They are not in *bona fide*; in such a state salvation for them is impossible. We believe, however, there are millions of Protestants who do not belong to this category.—American Herald.



FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost.

ON FALSE LOVE OF GOD.

"He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me." (John 14, 21.)

There is no word, the significance of which is so much misused as the word love. Unfortunately, there are too many sad instances to prove this assertion. No one, however, suffers so much from the abuse of this word as Almighty God. Thousands of Christians pray every morning and evening: O my God, I love You above all things. This prayer for many is mostly one of the lips; the heart knows nothing of it. The manner in which these Christians live shows nothing to verify it. Instead of acts of love, their life shows only those of sin. Their unchristian manner of living evinces naught but acts of ingratitude, disobedience and contempt towards God. What would you think of a child who daily made professions of love to its parents and, at the same time, caused them bitter tears on account of its ingratitude, obstinacy and disregard to all their wishes and commands? Would you call this love? Would you not rather deem it hypocrisy? Precisely the same may be said of those Christians who in prayer pretend to love God, but instead of showing this love by acts of gratitude, exhibit their contempt of Him, by the manner in which they deliberately transgress His commandments. Such Christians deceive themselves and are hypocrites in the sight of Heaven. Their love cannot be compared to refined gold, but rather to brass. Such love will not open Heaven, but rather increase their punishment, for "he that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me," says our Lord, and St. John, the apostle of love, says: "This is the charity of God, that we keep His commandments, and His commandments are not heavy." (1 John 5, 3) St. Paul also explains the essence of the love of God in these words: "Love therefore is the fulfilling of the law." (Rom. 13, 10) that is, of the commandments.

Those who love God truly and sincerely are resolved never to offend Him by any deliberate sin, and if they should have been so unfortunate as to offend Him grievously, they know no greater sorrow than to have lost God; they have no greater desire than to be reconciled to Him, and once more to be received as His children. If a mother, by the hand of death, loses her only child, what grief and lamentation! If the husbandman, by a hail-storm, loses his whole crop, and sees all the fruit of his labor—that which he has gained by the sweat of his brow, the hope of the coming year—dashed to pieces in a short time; if one sees all his possessions destroyed in a few hours by the devouring element, what sorrow and wringing of hands! But you, my dear Christians, if by mortal sin you have lost God, and with God, everything that makes you happy for time and eternity, are you as much grieved as the poor mother, as sad as the laborer? Alas, no! You laugh and are joyful, and the loss of the Infinite God causes you neither distress nor grief. If you had lost anything valuable, you would not wait until the coming morning, you would immediately seek it with diligence. But, it is God whom you have lost. Think of it, O Christian, God—your all—without whom there is nothing but eternal pain. Do you care? Are you anxious to conciliate God? Or no; He can wait for weeks and months, perhaps, until the next Easter season before you are restored to His friendship by penance and true contrition. Do you call this loving God above all things? Oh no, this is termed slighting God, but not loving Him.

Again, those who love God truly, do not merely avoid offending Him morally or give Him any cause for being angry, but they are pained to see others offer insults to His Infinite Goodness. This, for instance, was the case with David, who loved God sincerely. Malignantly persecuted by Saul, insulted by Simei, persecuted by his own son Absalom, he bore all with patience, although grievously afflicted at heart. But seeing the shameful outrages of the impetuous sinner, he mournfully exclaims: "A fainting hath taken hold of me, because of the wicked that forsake thy law." (Ps. 118, 53) Tell me, my dear Christians, are these your sentiments? Do you feel sorrowful, like David, when you see how grievously God is daily offended? The majority of Christians are not, provided they are not thereby wronged. A poor sick laborer is immediately sent away to the hospital lest his fellow-laborers be infected with the contagious disease. A wicked laborer, however, is retained, regardless of the danger of contaminating by his wickedness, regardless of his daily transgressions against God. Self-interest alone is consulted and he is kept, because he performs his work well, does the will of his master who is not concerned at the offense given to God. If your child is dangerously sick, what anxiety and grief, but if he associates with wicked persons, exposes himself to the risk of losing his innocence, of being eternally lost, what do you and the majority of parents care? You remain cold and indifferent. If your good name is attacked, how angry you become, but if God is blasphemed in your presence, you listen to it quietly. Is this loving God with your whole heart and soul?

Alas, brethren, let us acknowledge that hitherto God was not our highest

Good, our love was merely an act of the lips, not of the heart. And, yet, how can we expect to be permitted to love God for all eternity, if we will not give Him our love during the short period of our mortal life. Let us, therefore, resolve to live no longer for ourselves, for our own will and the gratification of our passions, but for God alone. Through love of God, let us reject all sin, and conscientiously perform the duties of our state of life. As faithful and loving disciples of our Lord, let us live, act and work for the greater honor and glory of God, so that we may possess Him, praise Him and love Him for all eternity. Amen.

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

XLIX.

Sacred Heart Review.

We have seen that a patient and candid inquirer, vaguely acquainted with Roman Catholic history and doctrine, would easily perceive, even though as yet ignorant of every part of the Jesuit Constitutions except the section in hand, that "obligare ad peccatum" means—as Doctor Edward Steitz has shown that it means everywhere—to bind to anything so strictly that the offender touches the point of sin. He would find that the explanation "to oblige to sin" is not only monstrous and meaningless, and at variance with the whole tenor and purport of this Chapter, as well as with unvarying use, but with every principle of Christian and Catholic theology. Bucer, it is true, maintains that subjects must obey the commands of their sovereign even when these are contrary to God's law, and his friend and patron, the Elector Palatine, claimed expressly to own the consciences of his people no less than their bodies. Bucer and the Elector, however, are in Roman eyes odious heretics, and the Protestant who does not own such people for odious heretics is himself an odious heretic. Bellarmine was not yet born, but could these two men have lived to have fallen into his hands as a Roman inquisitor, he would soon have shown them what he meant by declaring that those who teach these abominable extravagances of obedience, religious or secular, belong to the flames. Burning people alive is execrable, although it still flourishes in the intensely Protestant South, and remained a part of English law until 1815, but all inquisitorial sentences such as one as the Cardinal here commends would have been the most execrable.

Catholic theology, as we know, still further developed and emphasized by Jesuit authors, is fond of proclaiming that, if the continuance of the world depended on my obeying an evil command, I am not responsible for preserving the world, but I am responsible for refusing the evil. Of this that famous sentence of English justice is an echo: *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*

Our inquirer now, having satisfied himself that in this section *obligare ad peccatum* means "to bind under pain of sin"—*obligare sub peccato* being a familiar equivalent—would next proceed to look through the rest of the Constitutions. Finding the reiterated formula: "I will obey, where no matter of sin is involved," he would know his interpretation to be right. Finding then that the Jesuits limit the duty of obedience, exactly like Savonarola, to those cases in which it "consists with charity," he would be not a little amazed to find the Jesuits, whom he had always been taught to view as the embodiment of servilism, marching under exactly the same device as the heroic though somewhat hard-bitten Florentine, whom we have already seen, and with the best reason, being wont to view as a peculiar champion of spiritual independence. No wonder, therefore, that we now see on the title page of a pamphlet extolling the Frates, and suggesting him as even worthy of canonization, the name of a Dominican author and of a Jesuit editor.

The truth is, that while Jesuits have intensified discipline in the Catholic Church—many eminent men think have over-shot the mark—they seem to have done a great deal towards rationalizing it, and saving it from the extravagances of lunatic sycophants. Some of the wild sentences quoted from medievalists show that there was great need of a force strong enough to bring these careering Ishmaelites within reasonable limits.

We see now how the Jesuit Rule has gained that marvelous combination of pliancy and rigor which has made it so tremendously effective. Speaking generally, it appears to be yielding even to the point of being limber. A Jesuit, at least one in whose judgment the superiors have reasonable confidence, seems to be very much left to himself in the interpretation of his duty from day to day, when once his field is marked out, of course, under the general control of his obligation to carry out the purposes of the Institute. His Rule, as we shall see, is yet more indulgent than the Franciscan. Yet, in view of the infinite variety of character, and of the power of self-direction, there is reserved to every Superior, within his range, the right of investing any precept, or number of precepts, for any subordinate, or subordinates, for any longer or shorter time, with the same power of obliging to obedience, under pain of sin, mortal or venial, as the case may be, which intrinsically belongs only to the Four Vows. Thus in the one Rule we may have, practically, ten thousand rules, one for each Brother, while yet this ever-shifting multiplicity in no way infringes on the unity. We may call

the Constitutions, indifferently *Epturis unusum* or *Ex uno plura*, although perhaps the latter is the more strictly accurate.

I do not deny that the Jesuit theory of obedience has sometimes been found excessive even by rigorous Catholics. With a temperate exposition of this, by a well-read Protestant, I can well believe that I might agree. As a strong Calvinist, at heart a Presbyterian, and a lover of Port Royal, I can not be supposed to be very fond of the Society. Yet we must own that the damning sin of the Jesuit discipline is, that it has done us so much harm. But for this, our free and easy ways, and contempt of all tradition and historic unity—I am not speaking now of the Church of England nor of Scotland—might have victoriously overrun Latin Christendom, the Straits of Messina and of Gibraltar. Our failure, of course, has angered us to the heart, yet it is time for us to reflect. If we complain that Rome is too Latin for us, have not the Latins at least an equal right to complain that Martin Luther was too decidedly a barbarian Teuton for them? They are not the chastest of mankind; but his defence of polygamy and incest, and his violent denunciations of unmarried purity, did not appear to them to have come from heaven, while they could not agree with his followers that good works are prejudicial to salvation. Since, as now seems historically certain, Protestantism could never have established itself solidly in Italy or Spain, and probably not even in France, I think we may well be grateful to the Society, whose disciplined persuasiveness so largely took the place of inquisitorial harshness in reducing the Northern movement within its tenable limits.

How often partisan fury makes men miss their mark! The late Bishop Coxe was a scholar, having at least a regular education. He knew, or ought to have known, that "General," with the Jesuits, has no military meaning. It is of old monastic use, going back at least to 1210, apparently long before it was used in war at all. It simply distinguishes the superior of a whole order from provincial superiors. It is merely the abridgment of "General Superior," or "General Guardian," or the like. Yet Coxe, in a very intemperate attack on the Jesuits, sarcastically encloses "General" in inverted commas, evidently to insinuate that their purposes of war shine through the title. Was this ignorance or dishonesty? I do not know. Having long been accustomed to consider what things mean before speaking of them, I do not understand people that act otherwise. Why does the Bishop find war where there is none, and pass by the name of the order, "Company of Jesus," which is expressly military? Is it that the image of a body of Christian soldiers, marching on under the banner of their Captain Jesus, is too eminently Christian and scriptural to serve the purposes of vituperation? Perhaps so.

Ignatius Loyola was a soldier through and through. The name of his order—of which he meant *Societas* in a Latin translation, and the strong emphasis laid in it on subordination and obedience, both show the soldier in him. Yet there is absolutely no other else military in the Company. Neither the titles, nor the functions, nor the division of departments, nor the nature of the duties, has anything whatever that recalls the nature of an army. Even obedience has limits at which William the Second, if he should ever turn Jesuit, would scoff, as fatal to all true subordination. Bernhard Dahr has well set this forth. Yet there comes up among ourselves the Salvation Army, military through and through, from beginning to end, all its titles taken immediately from war, all its operations redolent of the camp, held by its "General" under the most rigorous English subordination, contemptuous of all other nationalities, and we extol it! There is consistency for you! I am a great friend of the Army, but why should I be an enemy of the Order, which is so much less military in its make-up?

Charles C. Starbuck.

Andover, Mass.

A SCANDALOUS TALE.

Catholic Columbian.

A sketch that is shocking to the point of blasphemy appears in the August number of the Ladies' Home Journal, from the pen of Mrs. Hermann Ketzschmar. It is called "How One Man Loved." It sets out to relate the incident when Joseph found out that the Blessed Virgin was with child. It pictures Joseph as a youth still living with his parents at the time of his espousals, contrary to the Christian tradition which always represents him as an old man at that time. It declares that his father gave him the choice of repudiating Mary on account of the reports in circulation against her innocence, or of being driven from home, and that he chose the latter. It says that Mary resided in a cottage, instead of, as we know, dwelling in the temple. It states that rumors against her chastity were rife even before her marriage to Joseph, and all her acquaintances scorned her and deemed her wanton—an utterly false, unfounded and unscriptural statement. It makes out that Joseph loved her with a passion and courted her, and that they used to meet at a well "when they first knew that they loved," a supposition that degrades their virginal romance into an ordinary carnal love affair. It represents our Blessed Lady as mobbed at that well, when a crowd of men "mocked and jeered, and with cruel jesting spoke insulting words," and a throng of women, with "shrill cries," plucked at her garments, struck

at her, threw stones at her and called her vile names—a most repulsive thought, that no one who reveres the Immaculate Virgin or who knows the true history of her beautiful life, could willingly entertain in imagination, much less deliberately set down in writing for the press. Mary did not conceive Our Divine Lord until after her espousals, and no one but Joseph knew that she was with child by a power that was not his. It was precisely to save her spotless reputation that God provided that she should have the protection of a ratified but never consummated marriage with the holy patriarch. Joseph himself, according to the most common opinion of the Fathers of the Church, preserved inviolate his own virginity.

Why will Catholics buy such trashy and unedifying publications as that Ladies' Home Journal, with its religious slush and its Protestant affiliations, when they neglect their own periodicals? They have in the Catholic World, the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, the Rosary, Donahoe's Magazine, and others, publications fit for Christians to read, and free from such revolting inventions as this misleading and indecent tale.

WEAK AND NERVOUS.

The Condition of a Young Lady of Welland.

SUBJECT TO FREQUENT HEADACHES WAS PALE AND EMACIATED AND GREW SO ILL SHE COULD BARELY WALK.

From the Tribune, Welland, Ont.

Miss Hattie Archer, of Welland, an estimable young lady, whose acquaintance we extend among a large number of citizens of the town, has the following to say regarding the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People: In the fall of 1887 I was taken very ill. I was nervous, weak and debilitated. At this time the least exertion caused great fatigue. My appetite was poor and I was attacked with frequent sick headaches. I gradually grew worse until I was so weak I could barely walk through the house. I was very pale and emaciated and finally became entirely incapacitated. Various medicines were resorted to but gave no relief. Later I was treated by two of the best physicians of the town. One said my blood was poor and watery. I followed his advice for some time but did not improve. Then the second doctor was called and he said he could help me, but after thoroughly testing his medicines without benefit, I gave up and despaired of ever getting well. My grandmother had been reading at that time much about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and persuaded me to try them. That was about January, 1895. From the first the results were really marvellous, being far beyond my friends' expectations. After taking five boxes I can stand more fatigue than I could for two years. I have gained weight splendidly; can take my food with a delightful relish, and again feel cheerful, healthy and strong. I would further say that the change is wholly due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I hope that my testimony will prove beneficial to other girls similarly afflicted.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of extra profit to himself, may say "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

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It may be only a trifling ailment, but neglect it and it will fasten its claws upon you, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing your cold, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.



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O. Cahill, O. M. I., Indian Missionary.

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SEPTEMBER 9, ANECDOTE OF OUR BOYS A

We are quite sure about their teaching by such of our young still attending school without profit to them in an episode whom they have, I learned to regard veneration.

When the great was preceptor to France, the grands he had occasion one pupil for some fault the price, who lovm had tenderly, was bad humor; and I dignity and his character so far as sieur, I know very who you are." A calibre would have pedagogy on the of Cambrai, though heart, remained fa never to punish his an offence. He sh self to show the p reserved manner, t pained; and when royal youth's dep missed him in the on the following m had scarcely aris entered his apart gravity and prof manner quite unu with him whom he said:

"Monsieur, whether you reme are and who I am, duty to inform you are ignorant as t ters. You imag that you are great baby some valiet ness that you are ate to tell you, si do so, that I am You will please to no question of bir would regard as ir took to himself an rain from heaven and not those of you are no wiser because of your b after all, adds not al merit. Your that I am greater experience and a sidered. You kn taught you: at if compared have yet to learn is in question, yo whatever over y authority over yo from the lips of Monseigneur, y you think that I cifice which I fil person. Disabu ntion; for I un out of obedience gratify your fa you may be con am about to lea whom I shall reg other preceptor: I trust that his c more beneficial

We may im which the your heated and b menace. He I night because o meditated spee of separation fr preceptor crust dreading public be thought of throne, when gentle and reve himself obliged don the attempt the royal boy j be said that a principal inter tears, and beso give him. F nothing at t left him in un day.

Our young i of France; bu the kingdom c given to the I be profitable t Maria.

CONVERT R —Norman D resident Ph who was a but entered ago, was ord Rome on Jul studies with Rose's, Kent falled and he Upon recover at Freiburg, them at Ron the Diocese o His mother, an officer of Gabriel, one to form a s who find the mer friends.

The mom somebody el lose most o selves.

A Sure Cu sible, ab w ject than m subjects that The stomach stant and dist each from bi secreted the are a speedy the effects of pressure on t ache. Try t

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

ANECDOTE OF FENELON.

We are quite sure that a proper respect for their teachers is entertained by such of our young readers as are still attending school. But it may not be without profit to draw their attention to an episode in the life of one whom they have, in all probability, learned to regard with an affectionate veneration.

When the great and good Fenelon was preceptor to the Dauphin of France, the grandson of Louis XIV., he had occasion one day to reprove his pupil for some fault. It happened that the prince, who loved the holy Bishop most tenderly, was just then in a very bad humor; and he forgot his own dignity and his preceptor's sacred character so far as to say: "Monsieur, I know very well who I am, and who you are."

"Monsieur, I do not know whether you remember that you told me yesterday that you knew who you are and who I am. However, it is my duty to inform your Highness that you are ignorant as to both of these matters. You imagine, Monsieur, that you are greater than I am? Probably some valets have told your Highness that you are; but I do not hesitate to tell you, since you force me to do so, that I am greater than you. You will please to understand that here no question of birth is concerned. You would regard as insane the farmer who took to himself any credit because the rain from heaven had watered his field and not those of his neighbor. But you are no wiser when you are vain because of your birth, a thing which, after all, adds nothing to your personal merit. Your Highness will admit that I am greater than you are, if my experience and acquisitions are considered. You know only what I have taught you; and that is nothing, if compared with what you have yet to learn. So far as authority is in question, your Highness has none whatever over me; but I have full authority over you, as you well know from the lips of his Majesty, and of Monsieur your father. Perhaps you think that I should rejoice in the office which I fill, near to your royal person. Disabuse yourself of such a notion; for I undertook the task only out of obedience to the King and to gratify your father. And now that you may be convinced of this fact, I am about to lead you to his Majesty, whom I shall request to designate some other preceptor for his grandson; and I trust that his care for you will prove more beneficial than mine has been."

We may imagine the pain with which the young and really tender-hearted and noble boy heard this menace. He had passed a sleepless night because of his rash and unpremeditated speech, and now the thought of separation from his almost adored preceptor crushed him. Again, he dreaded public opinion. What would be thought of him, the heir to the throne, when men learned that the gentle and revered Fenelon had found himself obliged in conscience to abandon the attempt to train him? To do the royal boy justice, however, it must be said that love for Fenelon was his principal incentive when he burst into tears, and besought the prelate to forgive him. Fenelon would promise nothing at the time; he wished to give his pupil a needed lesson, so he left him in uncertainty for an entire day.

Our young readers are not dauphins of France; but they are dauphins of the kingdom of heaven, and the lesson given to the Duke of Burgundy may be profitable to them.—R. P. in Ave Maria.

CONVERT RAISED TO THE PRIESTHOOD.—Norman Dominic Holly, a former resident of Philadelphia and New York, who was a Protestant Episcopalian, but entered the Church twelve years ago, was ordained to the priesthood in Rome on July 25. He commenced his studies with the Dominicans at St. Rose's, Kentucky, but his health failed and he was compelled to desist. Upon recovery he resumed his studies at Freiburg, Germany, and completed them at Rome. He was ordained for the Diocese of Westminster, England. His mother, who is also a convert, is an officer of the Confraternity of St. Gabriel, one of the objects of which is to form a social centre for converts who find themselves ostracized by former friends.

The moment we begin to think somebody else has no good in him, we lose most of what was good in ourselves.

A Sure Cure for Headache.—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parnelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alternative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which cause the headache. Try them.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Almost Successful.

The world is full of people who almost succeed. They stop just this side of success. Thousands of men who have failed in life have done drudgery enough in half a dozen different occupations to enable them to attain marked success had their energy been expended in one direction. How many people almost know a language or speak; a science or two, whose elements they have not fully mastered; an art or two, which they cannot practice with satisfaction or profit.

On every side, we find people who can hardly earn a living. They have acquisitions which remain permanently unavailable because not carried quite to the point of skill. The mechanic is a failure who begins to build an engine, but does not finish it, and then shifts into some other occupation, where, perhaps, he will almost succeed again, but stops just short of the point of proficiency. How many people there are who have mastered the most difficult part, the real drudgery of half a dozen occupations, without achieving success in any one thing, but who, for this reason, are scarcely able to get a living!

Comparatively few people have the power of holding on, persisting in one thing until they bring it to a successful issue. A large proportion constantly shift about from one thing to another, perfecting themselves in none, and being ultimately side tracked; for the time has gone by forever when the Jack-of-all-trades can succeed. This is an age of concentration, of specialisation, and no one can hope to advance without concentrated and continuous effort in some one line until the point of proficiency is reached. If you desire to accomplish something of worth, you must give your life, your energy, your enthusiasm to your work; you must concentrate all your powers upon some occupation or profession. Don't touch anything with your finger tips; grasp it firmly, or let it alone. Half-hearted people are always failures. You must throw your whole self into whatever you touch; be a whole man in apparently small it may be. Remember, you cannot gather together the scattered efforts put forth in half-hearted trades and professions; your energies must all be expended in one direction, and you must persevere therein or you will not succeed.

Poverty and Literary Genius. Mr. J. M. Robertson, a Scotchman who has made his mark in London journalism and politics, and himself began life as a telegraph boy, attempts to prove that much of the literary genius of the world is kept down by poverty and its legitimate result, the lack of opportunity for intellectual culture. He discredits the optimistic assumption that genius will work its way to the front in spite of all hindrances, and confirms his views of things by citing many names pre eminent in European literature. Out of a list of seventy-one such names, he finds that only two, Burns and Bunyan, were sons of poor men. But Bunyan was taught reading and writing, and the father of Burns gave his son advantages above the average of his class. Out of one hundred and ten authors who in the last six centuries have attained the highest fame in European literature, Mr. Robertson finds only two or three whom he would reckon among the poor. He argues that in a million of poor children and a million of children of the upper and middle classes, there would be no inequality in intellect; the inequality would be solely in conditions. In the case of the "mute, inglorious Milton," it would be "chill penury" that "repressed their noble rage, and froze the genial current of the soul."

We are informed that the English leisure class—that means the class living on inherited incomes—has within the last one hundred and fifty years, produced about forty eminent writers. Taking the list alphabetically, it begins with Bentham and Browning, and ends with Thackeray, Tennyson, and Wordsworth. England has also produced many first-class writers who enjoyed sinecures in the way of ecclesiastical and university endowments. Others had public appointments which were semi sinecures, such as the India House position of Charles Lamb, the easy shrievalty of Sir Walter Scott, the lay inspectorship of schools and the Oxford professorship enjoyed by Matthew Arnold. Then certain business positions which have been occupied by British authors, have left leisure for literary compositions. In the last generation, Grote, the historian, and several other well-known writers were bankers. In our day, banking seems to be a more absorbing pursuit, or the greed for money-getting inclined to draw out literary aspirations, as we hear of no banker-authors at the present time. In later years hereditary business opportunities and inherited fortunes have proved adverse to literary work. They have made extended travel possible, and have given people so much to enjoy that the temptation to do nothing has proved irresistible.

Turning to America, Mr. Robertson finds a more widely diffused culture, but no government fostering of literature, as in England. Consequently, the literary worker here with his own way to make, has had a very hard struggle. Even had Poe been a test-taker, his case would have been desperate, while Hawthorne, but for his political appointments, would have subsided. Emerson's change of religious opinion left him with no means of support but writing; Longfellow and

Lowell had private means. Whitman lived all his life in poverty, and was at last supported by donation from his friends.

Mr. Robertson's list of literary geniuses, which he borrows from a Mr. Cooley, embraces several whom the world in general does not consider geniuses, and leaves out many to whom the almost universal suffrage of mankind would give this distinguished title. Besides, many of the great authors he names, though not born in absolute want, were all their lives harassed by poverty. Their success may be set down as a triumph against the most adverse conditions. Dickens, whom he does not name, was the son of a 'n'er-do-well, who answers to the description of Wilkins Micawber. Carlyle, who rose from the humblest conditions, is also left out of the list. Shakespeare naturally finds place at the head of the list, but the fact of his poverty and lack of early culture is not mentioned. Schiller, who came up from the direct poverty, finds no mention by the side of his wealthy brother poet and bosom friend, Goethe. Jean Paul Richter, the German fatherland's best beloved prose writer, is also left out of the account. Writing of him self, when he had won fame and fortune by his own unaided efforts, Richter said: "What is poverty? Who is the man that whines under it? Luxury bears harder on talent than poverty. I would not for much money have had much money in my youth." It is of him that Carlyle said: "He shook off little evils of poverty as a lion shakes the dew drops from its mane." Rudyard Kipling is the latest instance of a genius who has won his way by his own efforts. If this inquiry were pursued further, it would bring out scores of people in the lowly ranks of life, possessed of talent amounting to genius who have attained the heights of literature, Mr. Robertson's special field of inquiry.

A mighty spirit hast thou come, From every age and every clime, From the mythical, blind old Homer, who begged his bread from city to city, down to our own day. True, many a genius has fallen in the world's tramping strife, but enough have shown themselves masters of adverse fate to confirm the tradition that the "good goddess of poverty" is the nursing mother of the world's best effort and achievement.—Minneapolis Tribune.

MARRY THE GIRL!

A Catholic Paper's Sound Argument Against Protracted Courtships.

Many will read with interest this preachment from the Syracuse Catholic Sun on the evils of extended courtships: There is, perhaps, no country where freedom between young folks of the opposite sexes is so tolerated as in the United States, and, perhaps, nowhere so evident as in Syracuse. It is one of the things that strikes a visitor to our shores, and is often made a matter of pride and boast as showing our liberty, equality and self reliance. That it has its advantages we will not undertake to deny, but there is one folly to which it exposes our young people, and that is ill-timed company-keeping. How frequently it happens that a little lad, who has never needed the services of a barber, save for a hair cut, picks up with a miss just out of short dresses, and falls so desperately in love that he grows thin and haggard and contemplates suicide if she looks with favor on another. Love like this is like the measles, not very dangerous and a good thing to have over, but which, with care on the part of the parents, might be spared the child, and sometimes evil effects avoided.

But it is of their elder brothers we especially complain. These young men, often with no serious thought of matrimony, lay siege to a young lady's heart, take up her time and attention, when both could be far better employed. Such conduct, when deliberate, is unjustifiable and ungentlemanly in the extreme. The young lady's chances for a suitable match are considerably lessened, if not entirely destroyed, and the consequences of such injustice may be lifelong. Fortunately, cases like this are rare. If the guilty one escapes the law court he is sure to be convicted at the bar of public opinion and despised by all who know him. The "male flirt," a hundred times worse than his female counterpart, is detested by both God and man.

There is yet another class of young men who, consciously or unconsciously, do a very grave wrong to the marriageable portion of our young women, but lacking the "courage that wins fair lady," they keep up a senseless courtship for years and years. It is a pity that such young men do not live in the old country where their elders would make the match for them and relieve them of the embarrassment they never seem able to face.

It may not be courage, so much as confidence, they lack. Perhaps, in a year or two, the young man thinks he will be better situated, better able to give a home such as he would wish to furnish. Then there are business and family ties, doubtful prospects, or a thousand and one excuses that his faint heart conjures up. And so it goes on, but the best years of the lives of both are slipping away. He grows old and set, and she is forced to keep up the appearance of girlhood, and "the linked sweetness of a courtship is long drawn out." The neighbors smile, and, indeed, it is amusing, if it were not pathetic. Every day both become less and less suited to the career and trials of married life and

lay up for themselves only a childless, comfortable old age.

When will they learn that they are neglecting the very best means for their own betterment in mutual help and encouragement? When will these young men learn that all any sensible girl requires of the man she loves is an honest heart, a ready hand, and she is willing to share the burden and the battle of life with him? How many a man has attributed all his success in life to the help and encouragement of a faithful wife? Marry the girls.

"Like diamonds raindrops glisten" Drops of Hood's Sarsaparilla are precious jewels for the blood which glisten in their use.

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Mostly Boys; by Francis J. Finn, S. J. ... 85 Ethelred Preston; by Francis J. Finn, S. J. ... 80 That Football Game; by Francis J. Finn, S. J. ... 80 Under the Eagle; by Andrew Hill, S. J. ... 45

THE SACRED HEART. Anecdotes and Explanations; by Rev. Joseph Keller, S. J. ... 75 The Sacred Heart; by Rev. Joseph Keller, S. J. ... 75 The Sacred Heart; by Rev. Joseph Keller, S. J. ... 75

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General Principles of the Religious Life; by Very Rev. Boniface F. Verheyen, O. S. B. ... 30 The Christian Father; by Rev. L. A. Lambert. ... 50 The Hidden Treasure; by St. Leonard of Port Maurice. ... 50

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TRIBUTE TO THE SUBLIME COURAGE OF THE SISTERS.

New York Journal. There were many cases of heroism at the fatal St. Agnes' Convent fire.

But the most affecting incident was the coolness and bravery of the boys, more than one hundred in number, ranging from five to fifteen years of age.

Every boy of them ran to the dormitory, where one hundred babies were asleep.

When the roll was called on the lawn two babies were missing. John Cody, fifteen years old, ran through the smoke and flames and soon returned with a baby under either arm.

QUESTION BOX.

Faith and Morals.

W. M. of Napan, N. B., makes enquiry regarding the distinction between faith and morals, and whether doctrines which pertain to morals become matters of faith when they are dogmatically defined by the Church.

Answer.—It is not difficult to define what questions regard faith and what regard morals. But the two somewhat overlap each other, so that without further explanation it is impossible to define exact limits between the two.

THE STUDY OF PHILOSOPHY.

Pope Leo XIII. has done much to promote the study of philosophy, and the seminaries in this country are faithfully carrying out the instructions of the Holy See.

THE CHURCH AND FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

The desecration of the Catholic Church by a vile mob of young ruffians is used by a non-Catholic paper as the text on which to build an argument that the Catholic Church is opposed to republics.

PERSECUTION OF JEWS.—The Provincial of the French Jesuits has made a public statement in which he said that "the persecution of the Jews is against the spirit of our religion and against the spirit of the nation."

A MIRACULOUS CURE AT ST. ANNE OF BEAUPRE.

The following is vouched for by the Evening News of Detroit of Aug. 30: James Earhart, of Louis avenue, Windsor, formerly a conductor on the Grand Trunk railway, left home, a helpless invalid, to visit St. Anne de Beaupre, a little village in Quebec with world-wide fame for its miraculous cures.

As he told the story of his cure to an Evening News reporter at his home, he spoke with the buoyancy of a man who has suddenly acquired a new interest in life.

Doctors could not effect a cure, and he finally decided to visit St. Anne. He spent eight days there. His cure did not come suddenly like some he says he witnessed. He simply felt a marked improvement each day.

IRELAND'S APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal publishes a letter from Cardinal Logue, in which he says: "I find a rumor has gone abroad regarding the appointment of an Apostolic Delegate to Ireland, for which, so far as I know, there is no ground. It strikes me that my silence in the circumstances might be taken as a confirmation of the rumor. I shall therefore feel obliged if you kindly permit me to state in your paper that I have lately received two Briefs from the Holy See, one addressed to the Bishops of Ireland, authorizing them to hold a Plenary Synod next year, the other addressed to me appointing me Apostolic Delegate, solely and simply to preside at the synod. This evidently furnishes no ground for the report that a permanent Apostolic Delegate has been, or is about to be, appointed for Ireland."

as to the best form of government. The eminent Count de Maistre preferred the monarchical, while his distinguished successor, Montalembert, decidedly preferred the parliamentary. Donce Cortez, on the other hand, held parliamentarism to be "the negation of government," and believed, so far as we can learn, that there was the most perfect state, in which the rulers obeyed the will of God, that is to say, the Church. An exclusive faith in any form of government was never a matter of faith with Catholics.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

Friday of last week, the "First Friday," was remarkable for the numbers who received Communion in the different city churches and chapels. The funeral and interment of Mrs. Kehoe, a well-known resident of this city, took place on Sunday last week. Her remains were interred in the cemetery of Our Lady, on the Montreal side. Her husband, the late Mr. Kehoe, died on the 27th of last month, aged 84 years.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

His Lordship Bishop Dowling, accompanied by Rev. Father Mahony, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, paid a visit to Bishop McEay on Thursday last week. The Bishop visited "Mount St. Joseph," the valuable property known as Hellmuth College, lately purchased by the Sisters of St. Joseph for the orphan and aged people under their charge, and was very much pleased with the building and grounds.

THE ALUMNI UNION OF ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN.

The Bee is the name of a lively monthly periodical published by the students of St. Jerome's College, Berlin, an excellent and successful educational institution under the management of the Resurrectionist Fathers, the Rev. Theobald Speitz being the President. The number of members of the Alumni Union of the College, in order to promote the interests of the approaching year, which is announced to be held on the 27th of the present month of September.

DIocese of Hamilton.

On Monday last week the Separate schools of the city opened with an increased attendance over last year. The Bishop said Mass for the children at 8:30 at the Cathedral and after Mass gave the children some excellent advice on the way of the school year.

water and the surrounding districts. The Rev. De Tracy of Toronto performed the ceremony and afterwards addressed the people on the nature of divine religion, its foundation by Jesus Christ, and the necessity of following it forth in our lives. The Rev. pastor, Father Corcoran, sang the High Mass, and afterwards delivered a sermon on the occasion.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Wm. Tonker, Portage du Fort. The home of one of the most respected families in the parish of Portage du Fort was overthrown by a cloudburst on the morning of August 3rd, when the merciless hand of death reared therefrom a most beloved mother, in the person of Mrs. Wm. Tonker.

OBITUARY.

The deceased lady was in the sixty-sixth year of her age, and a native of County Donegal, Ireland. She was married to the late Mr. Wm. Tonker, who she survived for many years. She was a most devoted mother, and was the mother of six children, three sons and three daughters, one of whom is a religious sister in the Order of the Grey Nuns of the Cross.

HOLY NAME OF MARY.

Dear honored name, beloved for human ties, But loved and honored first that One was given. In living proof, to erring eyes, That our poor flesh is near akin to Heaven. Sweet words of dual meaning: one of grace, And born of our kind Advocate above; And one, by memory linked to that soft face, That blessed my childhood with its mother's love.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON, Sept. 7.—Dairy Produce.—Eggs, fresh laid, per dozen, 12 to 14; eggs, basket, 12 to 15; butter, best rolls, 22 to 24; buttermilk, cream, 12 to 14; cheese, common, 12 to 14; do. retail, 10 to 12.

R. I. P.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the soul of the late Mrs. Mary Ann Haggarty of Cambrich, who departed this life on the 17th June, 1899. May his soul rest in peace.

MARY'S BIRTH.

At dawn of day, the day of Mary's birth, There fell a golden cloud upon the earth. The infant, wrapped in swaddling clothes, Laid in the manger, where the oxen stood. On all the Holy Land, tradition says, The shepherds gathered round to gaze.

C. M. B. A.

Presentation to Mr. John Malloy. On Thursday evening last Mr. John Malloy, who has for some years been C. M. B. A. member through Streetview Junction and the roadmastership between the latter and Smith's Falls, with headquarters at the latter place, was the guest of honor at a presentation to him, by several of the officers and members of the local branch of the C. M. B. A. at the residence of Mr. Malloy, which was presided over by a beautiful set of solid gold cuff buttons and a farewell address.

READING FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Books for Young and Old, including Stories and Hagiographies, Devotional Works, Pamphlets on Various Subjects, Mystical Books, etc. send for a list.

CATHOLIC HOME ANNALS.

This year's issue of the Annals is particularly interesting. It has an exquisite colored cover and sixty-four beautiful illustrations. There are stories by Marie Perle, Francis Dean, Sara Trainor Smith, M. E. Francis, Madam Blais, and others; poems by Eleanor C. Donnelly and Father Edmund, C. S. C. Moral stories by Very Rev. Fergus Glarder, C. S. R. and Anna T. Sadler, P. R. C. S. C. Address: The Editor, Catholic Home Office, London.

CANADIAN TEACHERS WANTED.

Three vacancies for teachers. Positions guaranteed. Placed two hundred and sixty-three Canadian teachers in United States last year. Union—Teachers' Agencies of America, 108 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

C. M. B. A.—Branch No. 4, London.

Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at 8 o'clock, at their hall, Albion Block, Richmond Street, James P. Murray, President; F. F. Boy, Secretary.

VOLUME

The Cat London, Saturday. SONGS. If poetry is some of our business, it is at these lists of "one sees so often" usually a bake alleged verse. flattering notice who review put the table of contents expect something production. cannot—and give life to the remain obtuse art. It was so being the last product of the heat, or of the lowest depths, gard, worry! which can be images which phrases which natural movement. No such contents of t dainty as its "Songs of Thomas O'Ha little songs at faultless inde and lacking ings that app man who pos O'Hagan has pleasure of editor of the He is, we a que—a stock from time it reviews and perchance be who are fo learned edit following of them the station, are not and what harsh cadence is y and when technical reality and the sign ' the timid f now occupie society of C With a s little voi in saying ti tion to our happy rhyth uniform gr with distin volume, gi thing bette Some of t poetic list has nothing art landed by t The fire Farm," b ment of ca in every s unto thro more som note of the 'The picture of t jing in th yong-hes looking w of the you "Have you Coming e His free fr They son And som The boys Of made Mark t Fruit" an sounds n with loya Land." are pict like the i mirror. pines in Then the veter ing band