

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### PROGRESS—CHRISTIAN AND OTHERWISE.

It is awfully tiresome all this potter about our progress. We can scarcely pick up a magazine without seeing some allusion, and most of us doubtless are apt to believe that we are a very great people. We are inclined to think, however, that it has but a vague meaning for many who descend upon it. We but state a truism when we say that a country, however conspicuous for its conquests in the realms of commerce and art, may be on the brink of ruin; whereas a nation destitute of material resources, but wedded to truth and justice, and glorying in the honor and purity of its women and men, has reached a high plane of civilization. It is with nations as with individuals. Many a sage out of elbows and contemned blazes a new path for posterity; many a nation thorn-crowned and suffering points the way to a larger hope and liberty. It is wise not to judge the book by its building. There may be a sheen of gold over a country and the country itself be rotten. Moreover, computing progress by dollars and cents, lends itself as easily to the infidel as the Christian. We cannot insist too strongly upon this. For the daily prints that come into every household sounding the praises of progress convey the idea that it means the creation of a millionaire or the production of some intellectual work. And what a good-natured concern the scribes have for the achievements of the past! They take it for granted that the men of other days did nothing and reserve all their plaudits for this swift-moving generation that dotes on wealth and bows down servilely before those who have it. In other days men were wont to be thrilled by the solution of great problems; they thronged to see a great picture, or hung upon the lips of the schoolman or orator; but nowadays we cackle over a new railroad and go into ecstasies over a dinner at \$100 per plate. Even they who should know better—we ourselves become tainted with these notions. We make our fire-side the camping-ground of the gossip of the press and ideas that are erroneous. We permit one of the holy places on earth to be befouled by the world; and it is no wonder that we have weak-fibred men and women who know neither the glory of their faith nor their responsibility towards it, and who to all seeming are no better than they without the fold. Says Cardinal Newman:

"Here is another grave matter against you that you are so well with the Protestants about you. I do not mean to say that you are not bound to cultivate peace with all men, and to do them all the offices of charity in your power. Of course you are, and if they respect, esteem and love you it returns to your praise and will gain you a reward; but I mean more than this: I mean that do not respect you but they like you, because they think of you as of themselves, they see no difference between themselves and you."

We have no wish to undervalue the discoveries of the present day. We take of our hat to its inventions and discoveries. Nor are we disposed to hark back to the past save to record our gratitude for its tributes to humanity and our conviction that its services will be more appreciated when the standards prevail. Nay, more, because we have faith in the age we believe that it will yet throw aside the gowags that catch its present fancy, just as the barbarian, when civilized, dis-sociates himself from the signs of his former condition. But for the present we have to guard against being misled by the maxims in vogue. When we talk of progress we mean Christian progress; that progress that began with Christ—the progress that refashioned the world—the progress that made authority respected and gave the Christian family and home an abiding safeguard against caprice and passion—the progress, in a word, that tells us about our origin and destiny. All other progress but this is a misnomer. Take away the elements of Christian progress and what remains? Even now, despite our development along the lines of the material, men view the future with alarm. From some quarters voices are raised against the foul and altogether too common crime of infanticide; others bewail the increasing tide of legalized adultery. Representations which pander to the vilest instincts of human nature are not wanting on the stage. A struggle that admits of no pity—a

brutal and selfish contest for pelf and position—goes on at our doors. A generation with small reverence for authority, and whose ideal is not above the dollar—because the dollar stands for everything it cares to have—is round about us. And we talk of progress. Even so the Romans talked whilst the shadow of doom was falling athwart them. And yet they seemed never so prosperous before. They had exhausted the possibilities of ambition. All nations rendered them tribute; poets sang their praises and orators declaimed their glory and progress. And history tells us what happened. The progress that puts God out of the question is the forerunner of disintegration and ruin. The home, therefore, that stands for it is a menace to national stability. We do not mean to say that fathers and mothers take pains to uproot the idea of God from the minds of their children. No—not that. But the parents who, in season and out of season, impress, by example at least, upon their boys and girls that the prizes of the world are alone worth the gaining, are preparing recruits for the army of the indifferent-ists. They—unconsciously if you like—are helping the anti-Christian propaganda. Of what avail are the calls to action when we are allowed to wander after idols? We have often wondered at our apathy when exhorted to rise to our opportunity, and we have been always inclined to think that it was due to our home-training. We have a weak grasp of the zeal and generosity of our forebears because our eyes are dazzled by the glamour of material prosperity and our hearts deadened by the preachments of foolish parents. But the home that teaches the children to love God, and to certify that love by kindness to all men, is ministering to the vitality and true development of the race. It will be a happy day for this country when children are taught that their chief business is to seek always the kingdom of God and His justice. Then, and then only, shall we have true progress in the material and intellectual order.

We might speak of the benefits of Christian progress in the past, but we should but trench on a subject well known to our readers. However, it is well to remember, both for our own comfort and as an antidote to false teaching, that religion is the chief foundation of justice and virtue. So speaks Leo XIII.:

"When the bonds are broken which unite man to God a mere phantom of morality remains, a morality which is purely civil, and as it is termed indifferent, which abstracting from the eternal mind and the laws of God descends inevitably till it reaches the ultimate conclusion of making a law unto himself. Incapable, in consequence, of rising on the wings of Christian hope to the goods of the world beyond, man will seek a material satisfaction in the comforts and enjoyments of life. There will be excited in him a thirst for pleasure, a desire for riches, even at the cost of justice. There will be kindled in him every ambition and a feverish and frenzied desire to gratify them even in defiance of law, and he will be swayed by a contempt for right and for public authority as well as by the licentiousness of life, which, when the conditions became general, will mark the real decay of society."

### OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS NON-CATHOLICS.

On our desk is a letter from an esteemed correspondent who deprecates what he terms our unseemly outbreaks against non-Catholics. We are at all times ready to accept honest criticism, and, if possible, to profit by it. But we think that our correspondent's application of "unseemly" to our remarks is unwarranted. He may be keensighted enough to detect it on our columns, but we, with every desire to admit the justice of the criticism, fail to see any evidences of unseemliness. We do not indulge in outbreaks against non-Catholics. We have too much respect for our readers and those without the fold to waste time in fanning the embers of religious bigotry. We are mindful of the rules, we think, of good breeding in this respect; and had our correspondent but glanced over the files of the RECORD, he would have seen that we have always set our face against tactics that savor of scurrility.

But we do rebut charges against the Church. When a divine, as it happens, betimes in Ontario, hold us up to ridicule, we print a column or so just as an antidote. When a bigot in charge of a weekly ridicules the dogmas which we revere, we never allow him to pass unchallenged. In doing this we permit ourselves—and without the slightest scruple—the use of strong

language, because the man who goes out of his way to insult a creed which is regarded by thousands of Canadians as their richest treasure puts himself beyond the pale of polite usage. We have no respect for such human buzzards, and we say so. Yes, we know all about peace and good will. But the only way to have peace, and to prevent our fellow-citizens from obtaining erroneous ideas of what we believe, is to war against the purveyors and revampers of antique falsehoods and fictions. This we do and we make no apology. We intend to do it so long as we are in the business. We should like to please our friends by appearing always in the garments of peace, but the best we can do is to bid them hope to see in another sphere than this a newspaper which may disarm the hostility of the most fastidious critic. It is well to remember that not every man who submits tamely to insult should be credited with patience. Very often it is because he is too indolent or unwilling to endanger his social or political interests—because he is a craven with never a thought of his responsibility as a soldier of Christ—because he is a spineless thing always deprecating the very mention of warfare and talking out of the fullness of his cowardice.

We have had him with us for years, but we like to think that he will be supplanted by individuals who will not think that the whole business of Catholics in this country is to pull wires, to play for politicians and to be devoid of courage and self-sacrifice. We have had enough of this kind of patience. We have served, and gone back and forth, and kept quiet and followed the beck of politicians who had their own little axes to grind, and wherein have we been the gainers. Must we continue to mumble the same old platitudes, solacing ourselves while that all things will come right in the end. Or is it a duty of anyone who has any pretensions to a chivalric spirit to see that things come right just now, and to allow no insult to pass unresented?

We are pleased, however, to learn that bigotry is on the wane. We hope, though we are not sanguine about it, that it will be soon a thing of the past. Still, it is consoling to imagine that some day divines will give us fair play and editors will not see in every caprice of an overheated imagination another argument against the Church. Still, for the time being let us be vigilant and loyal, aggressive when necessary and careful always to exhibit our faith in our daily lives.

### THE NON-CATHOLIC MISSION MOVEMENT.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

The latest convert to the Church from the ranks of Episcopalianism is Mr. Johnston Stuart. He was formerly a minister and had been associated with missionary work in the Episcopal Church. He is a man of about thirty-five years of age and is unmarried. Somewhat over a month ago Mr. Stephen W. Wilson, formerly rector of Grace Episcopal Church in Cleveland, resigned his rectorship, and after a due course of instruction was admitted to a profession of his faith by Rev. Richard O'Sullivan of St. Thomas Aquinas church. Mr. Wilson had been of the party who believed in the validity of Anglican Orders, but when the Holy Father issued his letter in which the historical controversy was reviewed, and declared that it was impossible to recognize the validity of orders received in the Anglican ordination, he turned his face to the old motto, possessing the Apostolic succession. "I believed at one time," said Mr. Wilson in an interview on his conversion, "that the Episcopal Church and the Roman Catholic Church were branches of the Holy Catholic Church. The Bull of the Pope on Anglican Orders turned me from that belief and started me in the direction of the true Church, and during the past few years I have studied the matter with the greatest earnestness, and this change that I have now made is the result of the maturest deliberation." Mr. Wilson leaves his former flock without any ill feeling on either side. He acknowledges their constant kindness to him, and they recognize the sincerity of conviction which has led him to take the decisive step.

These are but a few more of the more prominent converts who are coming as the fruits of the new ritualistic movement. Among the laity there are hundreds in whom the love of the fundamental truths have been strengthened by ritualistic practices and who could not be satisfied with the husks of empty form and ceremony that they were getting. At the mission given in the Cathedral in Chicago by Father Conway there are now one hundred and fifty-six in the class of Inquiry preparing for reception into the Church.

At the opening of the new Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Ignatius in New York the sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Geo. Christian, a gentleman of character, dignity and position among his people. He said in part: "We are

here to emphasize the fact that this Church is a part of the Catholic Church and not a part of the Protestant sect. This is the Church of the worshippers in the Catacombs and through the middle ages up to today." How such a Church repudiating Protestantism can affiliate with the sect whose official title is the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America is a mystery; and, on the other hand, how such a Church can be identical with the Church of the Catacombs and yet reject the supremacy of St. Peter and his successors is equally mysterious. No wonder the strong common sense of the best of the Ritualists is asserting itself, and one by one in ever increasing numbers they are coming back to the one fold of the Great Shepherd.

### A CLERGYMAN'S MISTAKE.

"Critic" in New York Freeman's Journal. I have just read an article, contributed by the Rev. David Tice to the Christian Advocate (Sept. 11, 1902), entitled, "An Archbishop's Mistake." As the article deals with the position of the Catholic Church in respect of the reading of the Scriptures, some account of it may prove of interest to your readers. The initial paragraph is as follows:

"Archbishop Ryan's article in The Baltimore Tablet in May contains what must be regarded as an astonishing statement, contrary to the well-known history of the Roman Catholic Church. These are his words as published: 'The Church does not hide the Scriptures from the people. She does not and never did forbid the people to read the word of God. On the contrary, she recommends her children to read the Scriptures.'"

The Rev. David Tice considers this statement "astounding." Truth, however, is indeed often stranger than fiction. The fiction industriously propagated by a certain class of our separated brethren is that Catholics are forbidden to read the Scriptures; the truth is, that they are encouraged to do so. Mr. Tice nevertheless is determined, as he says, to "furnish the proof at once from his (the Archbishop's) own Church" that Catholics are forbidden to read the Scriptures. The proof consists of quotations from the Council of Toulouse (1229), the Council of Trent, Cardinal Bellarmine, Gregory XVI., Pius IX., and of references to the Council of Constance (1415) and the University of Copenhagen (1418).

The statement of the Archbishop is threefold:

1. The Church does not hide the Scriptures from the people.
2. She does not and never did forbid the people to read the Word of God.
3. On the contrary, she recommends her children to read the Scriptures.

If No. 3 can be satisfactorily proved, it will follow that "The Church does not hide the Scriptures from the people" (No. 1), and that "She does not . . . forbid her children to read the Scriptures" (part of No. 2). The assertion that the Church "never did forbid the people to read the Word of God" will then be answered.

First, then, let us see if it be true that "the Church recommends her children to read the Scriptures." Mr. Tice must be aware of the fact that the Catholic laity have a number of translations of the Bible into English, such as the Douay version, the same version revised by Dr. Challoner, the excellent translation of Bishop Kenrick (and that Catholic laymen who, therefore, presumably read these translations. He, perhaps, is aware that the Bible is also translated for the use of Catholic laymen into the other tongues of civilization; and that translations into Middle English and German were made before those of Wyclif and Luther. If Catholics are forbidden to read the Scriptures, it surely must seem strange to Mr. Mr. Tice that the prohibition has met and is meeting so much opposition from authorized Catholic publishers and even from an Archbishop of the Church. Should he not, in simple prudence, ask himself whether his view of the prohibition is really the law and acting contrary to the spirit of the Church? One little fact should dispel such a notion. When Archbishop Martini, of Florence, had translated the Bible into Italian, Pope Pius VI. wrote to him in the following laudatory terms:

"At a time when a vast number of bad books, which most grossly attack the Catholic religion, are circulated among the unlearned, to the great detriment of souls, you judge exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures. For these are the most abundant sources which ought to be left open to every one, to draw from their purity of morals and of doctrine, to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times. This you have seasonably effected, as you declare, by publishing the Sacred Writings in the language of your country, suitable to every one's capacity; especially when you show and set forth that you have added explanatory notes, which, being extracted from the Holy Fathers, preclude every possible danger of abuse. Thus you have not swerved either from the laws of the Congregation of the Index, or from the Constitution published on this subject by Benedict XIV., the immortal Pope, our predecessor in the Pontificate, and formerly when we held a place near his person, our excellent master in ecclesiastical learning; circumstances which we mention as honorable to us. We therefore applaud your eminent learning, joined with your extraordinary piety, and we return to you our due acknowledgment for the

books you have transmitted to us, and which, when convenient, we will read over. In the meantime, as a token of our Pontifical benevolence, receive our Apostolical benediction, which to you, beloved son, we very affectionately impart. Given at Rome, on the Calends of April, 1778, the fourth year of our Pontificate."

Can anything be conceived as warmer approbation than this? Could any more thorough reply be made to the fiction that Catholics are forbidden to read the Scriptures? The commendation is not laud and perfunctory, but warm and energetic; and the Pope declares that the translator has judged "exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures." He further declares that in translating the Bible into Italian, the learned Archbishop Martini had not "swerved either from the laws of the Congregation of the Index, or from the Constitution published on this subject by Benedict XIV."

And now there remains but the question: "Did the Church ever forbid the people to read the word of God?" The question might be answered in the same way as an American would answer this question: Did the United States ever forbid its people the right of trial by jury? In both cases the reply might very well be "No." And yet, in some particular instances, the United States did and does forbid the use of the prerogative of trial by jury, namely, where martial law has been proclaimed in some particular locality. In the same way the Church did forbid the people (in 1229) the use of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue. Why? Because the frightful excesses of the Abigensian heresy were filling France with a menace to all existing institutions of Church and State—excesses based on wanton and inept interpretations of the texts of Scripture. Mr. Tice quotes the prohibition of this Council, but does not seem to perceive that it proves a thesis the very opposite to his. For, in effect, the prohibition is the first known to Church history. People were allowed universally to read the Scriptures in any tongue they pleased, just as a citizen of the United States may assert at any time his right to trial by jury.

In a particular locality of France, the right universally used was found shameful and abusive, and was suspended for fully abused, and was suspended for that jurisdiction and for that time. But would martial law in the coal regions of Pennsylvania be correctly interpreted as a denial, by the United States, of the constitutional right of trial by jury? Mr. Tice quotes a long letter by Gregory XVI. assailing the work of the Bible societies, and containing extracts from similar pronouncements of Pius VII. and Pius VIII. But surely this is not the issue. The history of translations of the Bible by our separated brethren shows that the sacred text has not, in many instances, been correctly rendered; party spirit, the desire to elevate into great prominence certain erroneous interpretations, etc., have combined to produce travesties of the venerable text of the Scriptures. Against any unauthorized version of Catholic law surely a right to protest; and I presume that Mr. Tice would not be diligent in encouraging his flock to read the Douay version of the Bible, and might be heard from in protest against the reading of that Catholic version in the public schools. Would such action of his be fairly described as a prohibition of the Bible to his flock, or to their children?

The position of the Church on the whole question might be summarized as follows:

- I. Catholics are encouraged to read the sacred Scriptures.
- II. In some authorized version.
- III. With due reverence for the inspired text, with humility, with a desire to profit spiritually.

To return to the Bible societies, it would be surprising, indeed, if the Church did not protest against the industry of men whose avowed object was to pervert the faith of simple Catholics by translations which omitted some of the Sacred Books, and corrupted the text of the others. Luther added the word "alone" to the text of St. Paul (Rom., iii., 28): "We account a man to be justified by faith," making it read, "We account a man to be justified by faith alone."

Was this reverent? Was it not tricky? Tundal rendered "anointing" by "smearing" (smearing), "consecrate" by "charm," "priest" by "senior," "church" by "congregation," "sacraments" by "ceremonies," "ceremonies" by "witchcraft," and all this because he so hated "popery."

Beza was a master at corrupting the text; in changing punctuation, and thus trying to alter the meaning; in substituting a wrong word for the one in the Sacred Text, and so on; he frankly confesses his purpose of dealing in a spirit of sectarian apologetics. The story of the obloquy heaped by the Reformers on one another's versions is as interesting as it is instructive. A Catholic may well be pardoned if, without taking trouble to scrutinize the infinite possibilities of error offered by the many Protestant versions of the Bible, he prefers to follow them general to his children. And the Church may very well adopt a similar attitude toward her children.

It remains now to say that the references given by Mr. Tice to his "authorities" are so poorly set forth, that it is well impossible to hunt up his sources. His quotation from the "Council of Trent" he doubtless meant to ascribe to a very different thing—the "Congregation of the Index." He is similarly unfortunate in his attempts to help his readers to look up the author-

ities referred to. Thus, "Moshelm's Eccles. Hist., vol. iii., p. 299" is no real reference, since the edition is not given. I have, however, read Moshelm's treatment of the Abigensian troubles, and I have failed to find anything bearing on Mr. Tice's quotations from the Council of Toulouse, in which connection he refers to Moshelm. In the same connection he refers to Basnage, giving tome, book, chapter, and even page, but not giving the one important thing, namely, its edition. I have also looked for the quotation from Bellarmine, and could not find the original as referred to by Mr. Tice, who minutely gives us volume, chapter, and page, but fails to add the edition. I "saw" Bellarmine ("see Bellarmine" says Mr. Tice); but I could not find the quotation, as the only edition I had at hand is the edition of Ferrer, Paris, 1876. I am inclined to doubt that Mr. Tice had any edition, whatsoever, of Bellarmine.

Mr. Tice concludes by asking a question very easy to answer, namely: "To what country or people the Roman Church has given the 'open Bible?'" Even a moderately well read man should unhesitatingly answer, "To every country and people." Mr. Tice joins to this another question: "Did the people of Mexico, or Cuba, or the Philippines receive the Bible from what source?" The answer to such a bewilderingly foolish question is: "Why, of course, and didn't you know that already?"

### A KENTUCKY LETTER.

The Missionary.

The following is racy of the soil: "What started me to reading The Missionary was listening to Priest Drury talk about his religion. Till I heard him I thought one religion was about as good as another, unless perhaps I thought most any sort was a little better than the Catholic. I knew there was some big difference between the Catholic Church and all the others, but I had no idea what it was. "Well, sir, the way priest Drury traced the Catholic Church back to the beginning, and made it look so plausible that his Church taught all that was good and condemned all that was bad, was a revelation to me, and I said to myself, says I, 'Cy, none of the other churches can set up such a claim as that.' Then when the fellows piled the questions into the box, and priest Drury took them out, and answered every one of them fair and square, and showed that the charges against his Church were false and that he had Scripture for his doctrine, I was satisfied that the interesting things to learn about the Catholic Church that I had never heard of would fill several books; so that's why I took to reading your paper."

"It was down at Sorgo, on the Henderson Road, Horton's Hall was full. People from all around Sorgo were there, and from Birks City and West, and from over in Henri Jones-Brown's district. They wanted to hear priest Drury answer questions. Mose Green was there. He had spent three days searching the Scriptures for hard ones. Mose thought maybe the priest did not know much about the Scriptures. Lots of the folks there that night had never heard a priest talk about his religion before. Mose was one of them. Along about the time the priest was finishing up Mose's Scripture questions, and Mose was beginning to look like he had lost the trail, old Dick Stout handed up a question. He wanted to know why Catholics had so many crosses on their churches.

"Well, sir, the priest took that as a text, and gave a talk that made me see things in a new light. He said the Cross was the banner of Christianity. He talked about an army marching under the flag, and told how a regiment or brigade that would refuse to carry the flag would be called traitors. Then he told how Christians had always marched under the Cross. He said that when Luther and some other fellows refused to carry the Cross and tore it down from the churches, he made it all mighty plain how those sixteenth century fellows were traitors to the principles and the cause that the Cross represents, and how their followers to this day have been misled, and are still bushwhacking about the world without a banner."

"But when he told why the Cross was selected as the banner of Christianity and described how the Saviour suffered and died on the Cross, I'll tell you, Ben, I began to feel like I ought to be trying to get into ranks under that banner. I never felt that way before. I did not know till then how lonesome it is to be without a flag. Ben, the next time Priest Drury comes to the Green River country go to hear him." CYRUS HAWKINS.

### England's Shame.

"The Irish people are the only people in the world who enjoy neither the possession of the soil on which, nor the government under which, they live. There is no people in the world that does not control one or the other. The Irish own neither their soil nor their government. They have demanded the control of both. We think they have demanded it for seven centuries. They are demanding it now more vigorously, more vehemently and more successfully than ever before. The English Government are determined that they shall control neither their land nor their government. That is the issue. On the one hand the demand of the Irish people that they shall control both their government and their soil and on the other hand the determination of the English Government that they shall control neither."—Bourk Cockran.



FATHER MURTAGH'S GLOVE.

"Fling away ambition," was the advice of St. Ignace's Cardinal. Father Murtagh had not done so; in fact, it did not seem that he ever could. It did all very well for a fanciful poet to outlast ambition as a thing sure in the long run to bring disenchantment, but on the other hand, what was life worth without the inspiration of an incentive? True enough, Father De Mentone, had also warned him often against this same larking idea of shoals. "Be aware of mere empty ambition," the venerable ecclesiastic had said: "It means too frequently the wreck of the proper priestly spirit: caetera Espiritu sacerdotali, non esse estantibus." Ambition means pride and its frivolous helpmate, vanity.

The reminiscent thought of his seminary days awoke a confused tenderness in the young priest's soul. It mirrored before him the recollection of many happy afternoons spent in companionship with that fine old man, his director. Salutory admonitions which had dispelled the momentous perplexity of that important epoch of his life reverberated anew in his memory, and with them he thought, too, of many other pleasant things—delightful long walks in sunny June across the hills toward Panuel; the old meadow farmhouse where they used to stop and drink a draught of sweet milk out of a cup which had in earlier years touched the lips of Longfellow and Dr. Brownson; the rustic seat at the crest of chestnut grove where it had been their wont to linger when in the lofty dome of the State House—it used to remind the aged man of the more brilliant dome of the far-off Invalides; just as the Charles river reminded him somehow of the distant, dearer Seine.

"Poor old De Mentone!" murmured Father Murtagh. "He was a good, kindly soul; but, after all, he was only a theorist; he simply didn't understand the world; he lived in a universe which was nothing more than a flat paper map; he was never born for the practical humdrum of everyday jostling. The sanctuary rail constituted one entire side of his horizon and his library shelves were of high thinking; I, on the other hand, don't get time to sit down and cogitate; with me it's work, hard, incessant, practical work. De Mentone used to urge me to sidetrack ambition. 'Shaw! Spurn ambition? No; I wish I only had had more of it. If a man doesn't hustle here in this country he's no body.' Yes; and there's so much to be done nowadays—so might right here in Lowell alone!"

The secret of Father Murtagh's soliloquy lay in the fact that an important convention of the united temperance societies of the diocese was just then holding its deliberations in one of the great halls of the city. As a secretary to that statement he may add that the other thing which he had long been preparing for. All the afternoon the snow had been falling and huge heaps lay banked along the city streets, so that wayfarers found progress a concern of difficulty. Father Murtagh was out of breath when he reached the hall. He paused on the spacious deserted staircase to inhale a relieving draught, and as he did so he heard from within the mumbering of an orator's voice; it rose and rose until at length the priest outside could hear every clear word in the peroration; and then there followed the crash of mighty applause. It continued a moment and then the succeeding hush told him that Father Murtagh drew up to the door to enter. The hush of the moment overpowered him; he paused an instant as if with a strange sudden nervousness, and then all at once there seemed to rush into his memory the low-spiced, pleading sentence: "Mamma said he can be a priest to come as soon as he can." That recollection decided him. He turned away from the door and fled homeward, hurrying nervously. From the presbytery he passed on into the adjoining chapel for some few minutes, and was soon outside again with the trudging vigorously along with the oil-stocks in his pocket. At Mechanics avenue he halted short to ask an ushered policeman, "Just whereabouts here is Mechanics' Court?" "This is the avenue, sir," replied the officer, "but Mechanics' Court is quite a little ways from here. Ten blocks from here and then turn to the left. It's at the foot of that street."

"Ten blocks! I suppose I can take a car?" "Well, hardly, sir; the electric lines have been stalled on every line owing to the storm; they're on the very raggedest of ragtime. If you're in a hurry, I'd advise you to foot it; you'll get there just as soon. Why the trains ain't getting through from Boston yet. The 5 o'clock train is struck somewhere between here and Boston in a drift." It was weary work, but at length the priest stumbled into the dim alley which went by the christening of Mechanics' Court. In crossing the dark street to reach it he went pell-mell into an insubstantial puddle which splashed its slimy contents over him in such a way as to temporarily destroy the line appearance of his clothes. Rapping at No. 28 he was answered with a burly negro, who told him with great politeness that the Sweeney family lived next door. "The Sweeneys live in the upper flat, sir," said the darkey: "the folks down-stairs is Italians."

"Thank Providence!" murmured Father Murtagh, and he ascended to find a pale young girl awaiting him with the door open. He took no notice of the little one's graceful act, but passed on brusquely into an adjoining bedroom, where a sick woman's face showed above the coverlet. "Good evening," he said, perfunctorily. "Are you sick?" "Well, yes, Father—some." "Some!" he echoed, indignant not to find her in more peril. "Do you mean to tell me that you are not very sick?" "It's a cracker-jack of a fit!" she exclaimed, half aloud. "But I don't imagine I'd like to bother with my clothes every night like this—not a bit of it! I realize after all that even a

duddes have troubles of their own! Ah! there goes the stroke of the clock! Gentlemen, please come to order; well, I'll start in about five minutes for the hall!" He took out a silk kerchief and began to smooth the fine glossy hat he was holding, when suddenly his own call-bell rang below stairs. It provoked him for the instant, but he descended at once to the reception-room. On the table lay the ominous sick call slate. It was somewhat with an air of indignation that he read the words: "Mrs. Sweeney, 28 Mechanics' Court, Urgent."

Father Murtagh summoned the housemaid. "Did you ring my bell?" he asked. "Yes, Father; it's a sick call; it's there on the slate." "I see it is. But don't you know that I can't attend any sick calls to-night? I've got very important business to look after. You must tell one of the other—"

"But, Father, the other priests are not in. Father Delmore went home to-day to his mother's in Woburn and he's not back yet. Father Gilbride is away, too; he went to Merrimac to help them hear confessions for the Forty Hours' there."

"Yes, I know. But the pastor—isn't the pastor at home?" "No, sir; he took those two little orphans down to the protector in Boston this afternoon. He said he'd be back on the 10 o'clock train; but it's after 8 already and he hasn't come. The next train doesn't get here until 10 o'clock."

"Isn't that provoking; and the call is urgent, you say?" "Yes, Father; it was a little girl who came; she said her mamma was sick and wanted the priest to come as soon as he could."

"Of course of course, and when I get there I'll find it's only a toothache or a headache. Did she say anything about positive or immediate danger?" "It was a very young child, Father. I didn't ask any questions; she merely said her mamma was sick and wanted the priest to come as soon as he could."

"Yes; another piece of people's stupidity—the idea of sending a young child on an important errand!" "If you only saw her, Father! The poor little thing was shivering with the cold."

"Well, I'll see to the call some time during the evening."

He reasoned it over rapidly in his mind. If he attended the call at once it certainly meant good-bye to his great and no doubt, too, an equal good-bye to his chances of the presidency. At last in his dilemma he determined that the sender of the call had erred by not being a little more explicit. He decided, therefore, to run down for at least half an hour to the convention; that would give him time enough to deliver the main portion of the speech which he had so long been preparing for.

All the afternoon the snow had been falling and huge heaps lay banked along the city streets, so that wayfarers found progress a concern of difficulty. Father Murtagh was out of breath when he reached the hall. He paused on the spacious deserted staircase to inhale a relieving draught, and as he did so he heard from within the mumbering of an orator's voice; it rose and rose until at length the priest outside could hear every clear word in the peroration; and then there followed the crash of mighty applause. It continued a moment and then the succeeding hush told him that Father Murtagh drew up to the door to enter. The hush of the moment overpowered him; he paused an instant as if with a strange sudden nervousness, and then all at once there seemed to rush into his memory the low-spiced, pleading sentence: "Mamma said he can be a priest to come as soon as he can."

That recollection decided him. He turned away from the door and fled homeward, hurrying nervously. From the presbytery he passed on into the adjoining chapel for some few minutes, and was soon outside again with the trudging vigorously along with the oil-stocks in his pocket. At Mechanics avenue he halted short to ask an ushered policeman, "Just whereabouts here is Mechanics' Court?" "This is the avenue, sir," replied the officer, "but Mechanics' Court is quite a little ways from here. Ten blocks from here and then turn to the left. It's at the foot of that street."

"Ten blocks! I suppose I can take a car?" "Well, hardly, sir; the electric lines have been stalled on every line owing to the storm; they're on the very raggedest of ragtime. If you're in a hurry, I'd advise you to foot it; you'll get there just as soon. Why the trains ain't getting through from Boston yet. The 5 o'clock train is struck somewhere between here and Boston in a drift." It was weary work, but at length the priest stumbled into the dim alley which went by the christening of Mechanics' Court. In crossing the dark street to reach it he went pell-mell into an insubstantial puddle which splashed its slimy contents over him in such a way as to temporarily destroy the line appearance of his clothes. Rapping at No. 28 he was answered with a burly negro, who told him with great politeness that the Sweeney family lived next door. "The Sweeneys live in the upper flat, sir," said the darkey: "the folks down-stairs is Italians."

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common sense didn't you wait a few days without sending a hurry-up call to us on such a night as this?" He had completely lost control of his temper. "I didn't think it was wrong, Father." "No; that is the way with you folk; you never think that anything's wrong. Do you know that I've torn myself away from very important business to run down here, you talk never think of anybody but yourselves—have no consideration for others at all. Any one would have thought you were dying—sending for a priest to rush here post-haste!" "Father, it wasn't for myself that I sent for you."

"Oh, wasn't it?" "No; it was for my husband."

"Oh, your husband is sick, too, is he?" "No, not sick; but I wanted you to give him the pledge."

"The pledge?" "Yes, Father."

"And you actually sent for me to come down here for that purpose?" "I did, your reverence."

"Well, it shows just the little amount of sense, you've got in your head. Good evening, madam! You can tell your husband that if he wants the pledge he can come and get it."

The priest turned and left. The little pale girl did not advance to open the door for him this time, and the look that swept from her young blue eyes at his retreating figure was not the look of childlike and fearless love with which she had greeted his coming a few moments before. Two little curling-headed boys also crouched timidly behind her; they were trembling in silent dread of the tall man whose angry voice they had just heard scolding their sick mother.

Once outside, the young priest began to grow troubled. He was not at all satisfied that he had done a just or a noble thing. To wreak his peevishness of temper upon those poor, simple souls seemed now to him an act unworthy of a man in priestly cloth. The thought of hastening to the temperance hall also annoyed him. The election must be over, he reflected, and it would give him no comfort to view the scene of his Waterloo. Suddenly as he trudged along he became cognizant of the fact that in his impatience to quit the room he had left one of his gloves behind him—one of an expensive pair behind him—one that very day. Would he go back and get it? No; it would be humiliating to face that household agent. They had robbed him of a coveted post of dignity; they were welcome to keep the miserable, useless glove.

So much as he strode on he thought of his old seminary director's former words: "Be aware of ambition; it is apt to undermine the true priestly spirit." The more he pushed the words away from his mind the more forcibly they seemed to come rushing into it. At last he could not contain himself. "Yes," he exclaimed, "I ought to have! I shouldn't have spoken as I did; I wasn't acting like a priest to them; no, I spoke like a brute! That poor, helpless woman—and I didn't even say a single kind word to her; no, not one. And then the look in that little girl's eyes when I was going out! Well, I deserved it, and I got it, yes, and if I live a thousand years I'll never forget that child's awful look—that look of what was it? Was it scorn? Yes, it must have been scorn; it deserved to be scorn. Well, what tools we are! And to think of my putting on airs in that innocent home; of talking like a slave driver to them. God forgive me! No, no; I don't ask pardon until I've done what I ought to do. Then suddenly he turned around and forthwith a resolute step started anew towards the darkness of Mechanics' Court. "I'm going back," he said to himself, "I'm going back to get that glove!"

It seemed quite another personage entirely had come out of that home. The gruffness was gone, the unkindness of tone and manner and bearing had departed from him; there was no frowning clouds on his forehead, there was no rigid chilliness in his words; he did not seem to be either a monarch or a tormenting questioner, but spoke and acted more like an old-time friend, perfectly at ease with them, serenely, unconsciously cheerful.

"And to think," he prattled, as he held up the glove, "to think that a little kid like this, gone astray and got lost, has made me come tramping all the way back here again! Well, walking fires a man out as much as anything else, and tired folks sometimes sit down."

"Yes, Father, take a chair," said the mother. Her eyes showed signs of recent tears. "Thank you. And what's the name of this blue-eyed little girl over here?" he asked, holding out his hand at full length to the little child. "Katie, Father," answered the latter at once; she came up readily and took his hand. He put his arm around her; the two were already firm friends; much was forgotten.

"Do you go to school?" he asked very gently, and still keeping her soft, warm hand in his own. "Most always, Father," she answered. "Who's your teacher?" "Sister Gertrude."

"Sister Gertrude?" "Yes, Father."

"And you walked all the way, I suppose?" "No, Father; I ran all the way."

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you, and wishing you success. Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1902. HIS EXC. LLENCY MGR. FALCONIO.

The departure of the Most Rev. Diomedo Falconio for the United States—official notice of whose transference was received in Ottawa on the 30th October—will be regretted by his many friends throughout the Dominion.

During his short sojourn here he has endeared himself to Bishop and priest, to State dignitary and to private citizen. And we speak no idle words of eulogy when we say that the assignment of the Most Rev. Delegate to Washington will be regarded as a personal loss by all who have the pleasure and honor of his acquaintance.

We Catholics, of course, tendered him at the beginning of his inebriety our tribute of loyalty and reverence. He stood for Rome, and that was enough to make us give him a heartfelt welcome. His knowledge of human nature and ways of the world, his learning and fitness for his responsible position brought him the respect of those without the fold. Here and there—for bigotry is slow to die—men looked askance at him, but the broad-minded Canadian felt and knew that the influence and action of the Delegate were for the good of the Dominion; that his presence at Ottawa was a token of good-will, and another proof that the Church was ever anxious to contribute its share towards the development and stability of Canada.

The Most Rev. Diomedo Falconio has always been the courtly prelate, but never to such an extent that one could not see his directness, his simplicity and kindness. The official never shut out the man. As one prominent non-Catholic told us lately, one could not help feeling that the Delegate was sincere all through, and that his charming tact and courtesy were bred not of etiquette, but of charity. This, indeed, is what affects us. And long after his decisions on important matters shall have passed from our minds, his kindly words and deeds will be held in grateful remembrance. Prelate and diplomat, canonist and theologian, he is respected and not blind to the meanness of the world, he thinks no evil; with the heart of a child, he is loved by all who have come under the sway of his gracious personality.

THE DOUKHOBORS.

Some alarm was created recently by a report from Winnipeg to the effect that an army of Doukhobors some thousand strong was marching upon Yorkton to demand food and compensation for the cattle they had turned adrift, and which the Government agents had sold for their benefit.

As a matter of fact, it appears that sixteen hundred of these strange settlers were actually on the march, but not with any hostile intentions. They camped on the plain near Yorkton without shelter on Oct. 27 while the thermometer stood at 14 degrees below the freezing point. The crowd consisted of men, women and children, including infants in arms and one born in the camp on the date mentioned, the mother being one of the marching party.

There were sick persons borne on litters, some were barefooted, and others wore rubber boots, or coarse sandals made of binder twine.

Simon Tcherminko, who is a leader among these enthusiasts, walked barefooted, and explained that they were "looking for Jesus," and when asked where his boots were, he showed his bare feet exclaiming "Jesus' boots."

Mr. C. W. Speers, the Dominion Immigration agent, succeeded in getting

the sick, the women, and the children housed in sheds and other buildings much against their will. Mothers allowed their children to be taken into shelter, but refused to follow them till they were forced along by the officials.

It is stated that the Doukhobors are indignant that their wives, children and infirm have been obliged to go into shelter, and are threatening to release them by force from their prisons, as God has told them to release them.

The officials declare that the situation is a very serious one, as they are not numerous enough to resist so large a force of fanatics, should the latter attempt to take their families from the shelters with which they have been provided. However, special constables have been sworn in, and if violence is attempted the riot act may be read, and force will be used to keep the women and children in safety. It is believed that the officials will be able to do this with the aid of the settlers and the laboring men who are working in the neighborhood at railway construction.

In another place, at Pollock's Bridge, seven miles distant, there are seven hundred more of these fanatics who are still more crazy in their conduct than those near Yorkton. They roll themselves on the prairie, and dance like dervishes. The women prefer to let their children famish rather than permit them to have milk to drink, because milk is animal food. It may be remembered by our readers that these fanatics are the same who a few weeks ago let their horses and cattle loose on the prairie, because they have come to believe that it is sinful to cause brute beasts to work, or to use them for food.

The Government has endeavored to relieve the immediate wants of these people by selling the animals and supplying the wants of the people with the proceeds, but the money so obtained cannot last long while the present state of idleness lasts, and great distress must ensue soon unless their fanaticism be brought to an end.

Several women refused to allow milk to be given to their starving children, and spilt it when the civilized inhabitants offered it to their little ones. Other food, as biscuits, etc., offered to the children was also refused by the parents, who preferred that their children should suffer from famine and cold rather than be relieved by profane people who would not join in their fanaticism. The men and women are poorly clad, and should a snow-storm come there is nothing to prevent many from perishing by exposure to the elements.

From this statement of the present conditions it will be readily understood that the Doukhobors have not at present any hostile intention. The first principle of their creed is that it is unlawful to fight, so that it is scarcely to be feared just now that they have any wish to inflict injury on their neighbors. Nevertheless it is stated that these very mild people tell with great earnestness, and without any thought that they did anything wrong, how they buried alive five Russian priests who were sent to preach to them the gospel as it is understood by the Russian Church. It is not impossible that they may take some notion to play similar pranks in their new abode in the Northwest. It is certain, at all events, that the Canadians have gained very little benefit from this incoming of these strange-mannered immigrants. Nevertheless, humanity and Christian charity demand that energetic efforts should be made to give them succor in their present distressed condition, and that, if possible, they should be instructed how to conduct themselves in the midst of a civilized community.

Besides these bands to which we have already referred, there are several smaller bands of fanatics assembled at various points, who are not as yet suffering so many privations, owing to their being less numerous. On behalf of them all a petition was sent to the Government of British Columbia asking that a tract of land should be assigned on which they might settle, with the avowed object that they may preach their creed to the people of that province to convert them to it. The petition stipulates that they must be free from the operation of British Columbian laws, and especially from the laws regarding marriage, as their belief is that husband and wife should live together only so long as they might wish. The application was signed by Tikur Bondmann and others "of the Christian community of the Universal Brotherhood, Assinibois."

In reply, Governor Henri Joly de Lotbiniere wrote:

Sir: "I have duly submitted your petition to the Provincial Government. The Government, while ready to welcome with pleasure desirable immigrants, refuse absolutely to enter into negotiations with a body of immigrants who, at the outset, declare they will not conform with the laws of the country."

These transactions remind us of the proceedings of the Anabaptists Storek and Muncer in Germany in the sixteenth century, during which so much

blood was shed in that country. The Anabaptists were not identical with the Doukhobors, but their beliefs have much affinity with each other, and the excesses of both equally show the absurdity of the Protestant rule of faith which allows every individual to interpret Holy Scripture according to his own fancy. It is true the Doukhobors are not bloody-minded like their prototypes, but their fanaticism is none the less absurd and even dangerous to the future welfare of the community.

Of course the present follies are not to be attributed to all the Doukhobors, many of whom are estimable and industrious people who will be good citizens; yet we are now not so very much surprised as we were at one time that they came into collision with the civil authorities in Russia so that the latter were so anxious to get rid of them, and were glad when they emigrated. The time may come when the Canadian Government will be as glad to rid itself of most of them, as that of Russia was a few years ago.

BOGUS CERTIFICATES TO HEAVEN.

A despatch from Topeka, Kansas, states that Senator Burton has just returned from Hawaii, whither he went as a member of a Senatorial committee.

The Senator makes the statement that the Hawaiians are a fine people, but are at the present moment in distressed circumstances owing to the manner in which they have been swindled by Boston missionaries.

"A number of these missionaries have been recently in Hawaii," the Senator says, "and have given many of the natives certificates guaranteed to admit them to heaven in exchange for their lands. Many of the more ignorant natives have in this way been swindled of all they possessed, and now Americans of all classes are looked upon with suspicion by the natives, being regarded as swindlers seeking to cheat them."

Considering the previous experience of the Hawaiians with their missionaries who by trading and imposing upon the credulity of the natives enriched themselves enormously, the wonder is that these simple people were not more on their guard in the transaction of which Senator Burton speaks; but it was said by Phineas T. Barnum that people like to be humbugged, and we take it for granted that the Hawaiians are like the rest of mankind in this respect.

The keys of the kingdom of heaven were conferred upon St. Peter and transmitted to his successors, but we have yet to learn that the Boston missionaries have or even pretend to have any claim to lawful succession from St. Peter or any other Apostle. We have also yet to learn that the true successors of the Apostles ever dreamed of laying up earthly treasures after this fashion.

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND.

The harshness of the measures adopted by the application of the Coercion Act, recently passed by the Imperial Parliament at the suggestion and wish of Mr. Wyndham, the Irish Secretary, has set forth in a stronger light than ever the necessity of granting Home Rule to Ireland.

On October 16th Mr. Balfour moved that the remainder of the session be devoted entirely to government business, which he explained would consist chiefly of the education and London water supply bills. In addition, the Indian budget, the Uganda Railway, sugar bounties, supplies, and the Transvaal would require attention.

A mild protest was entered by Mr. James Bryce on behalf of the Liberal party. Mr. Bryce taking this duty in the absence of the Liberal leader, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

Mr. Patrick O'Brien also protested on behalf of the Irish members. He said that surely a day between that date and Christmas should be devoted to the consideration of the serious state of affairs existing in Ireland.

Mr. Balfour replied that if this request came from the Liberal leaders he would grant it, but the Government would not accede to it as coming from the Irish party.

Several Irish members indignantly protested against this gagging procedure whereby it was declared that Ireland's demands are not to be noticed without leave being obtained from the Liberal Party. Some of the Liberal members also denounced the absurdity of this stand as taken by the Government. Among these was Mr. Lloyd-George.

Mr. Healy here began a speech which is described as one of the finest satires ever delivered in the House of Commons. He said:

"I rise to speak as a native of Uganda."

He thanked the government for having so much affection for his native country, Uganda, as to find time for the discussion of its affairs, while "that distant and distressful country,

Ireland," was not regarded as worth any thought.

Other Nationalist members declared that Irish matters are of more importance than any of the affairs of which Mr. Balfour had spoken.

Mr. W. Redmond expressed regret that the Irish people are not in a position with arms in their hands to strike a blow against the tyranny to which they are subjected.

Mr. John O'Donnell spoke similarly and refused to attend to the Speaker's cries of "Order." He then advanced towards Mr. Balfour in a threatening manner, and it was thought for a while that he intended to assault the latter gentleman, but he returned to his seat without so doing.

Mr. O'Donnell was then suspended on motion of Mr. Balfour by a vote of 202 to 145, and on being requested to withdraw, the Irish members called out: "Call the police," "Muster the Horse Guards," etc.

On the 22nd of October, there was another discussion on the granting of a day to Ireland. On this occasion Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman supported Mr. Patrick O'Brien's request for a day; but Mr. Balfour insisted that if the Liberal leader desired that a day should be given, it must be asked as a vote of censure on the Government.

This was, of course, equivalent to a refusal, and the Liberal leader refused to urge the matter on such terms.

Mr. William O'Brien concluded the stormy discussion, exclaiming: "If we are not given a day we will take one."

It is to be regretted that such disorders should arise whenever Irish matters are touched upon in the House of Commons, but the blame is not to be placed upon the Irish members, but on the Government which resolutely and persistently treats the demands of Ireland with studied contempt.

WANTON INSULTS TO CATHOLICS.

We have noticed from time to time on the part of advertisers of medicines and certain other wares, a tendency to make use of pictures of priests, monks or nuns for advertising purposes, and usually the scenes or attitudes of these pictures are such as to make the priests or religious so represented appear ridiculous or contemptible.

These advertisers in their anxiety to please the enemies of the Catholic Church, seem to forget that the duties of Catholic priests and religious are of so sacred a character that any contumely shown to them must be regarded by Catholics as a gross insult to themselves and their religion, which they cannot and ought not to tolerate.

We are informed on the best of authority that in a certain theatre or Museum of Detroit named "Wonderland" there is a scene exhibited in life-sized waxwork or some other material, in which a couple of monks are on exhibition permanently, wherein one monk is represented as discovering a brother of the same order who has been imbibing too freely, lying down near a huge barrel of liquor from which his beverages had been taken.

We desire to enter our protest here against exhibitions of this character, which are evidently intended to throw discredit upon the clergy of the Catholic Church, the purpose being to give visitors the impression that the religious orders lead a loose and dissipated life.

It is well known that in the monasteries generally, and indeed we may say universally, the religious lead lives of abstemiousness and self-sacrifice, having devoted themselves to the service of God in their communities, and such representations entirely misrepresent the religious life.

Even if it were true that once in a while something ridiculously scandalous had occurred in some monastery or monasteries, such a fact would not justify the selection of such an occurrence as illustrative of the life and conduct of monks.

We do not deny that human frailty is such that in every sphere of life scandalous scenes are apt to occur sometimes, and it is possible that such scenes may take place to disturb the peaceful tenor even of religious life. In such instances the veil of charity should be spread over the occurrence; but those who know anything of monastic life know that it is almost always a life spent in the service of God, and that priests, monks and nuns of the Catholic Church are universally examples of every virtue which should be practiced by pious Christians. The Detroit caricature is, therefore, a disgraceful exhibition of hostility to the Catholic Church, and should not be encouraged by Catholics, who, on spending their money for admission to the show, are thus insulted. It is their own fault if they do not stay away from the places where they know they will be wantonly insulted and ridiculed.

Another instance of the same kind of wanton insult offered to Catholics is to be found in a small pamphlet which is

being widely circulated as an advertisement by "The Radnor Water Co." of Montreal. The picture on the cover of this book represents a monk whose attitude is certainly intended to throw ridicule upon the person so represented as anxious to open a bottle of Radnor Mineral Water in order to take "a little for his stomach's sake." The attitude, as we understand it, is intended to express greed to satisfy his sensuous appetite, and his grimace is ludicrous.

Equally ridiculous is the picture in the interior of the book representing also a monk making a hideous face while playing on the guitar, and at the same time "chanting the praises of Radnor."

These pictures are not quite so wicked in their purpose as the show in Detroit; but they are but little less objectionable, and we doubt not the Catholics of Canada who respect their religion will resent the insult. They may easily do so by preferring some other mineral water which is quite as good as, and which may possibly be better than Radnor.

THE INDEPENDENT POLISH NATIONAL CHURCH.

It has been reported that some independent Polish Catholics have petitioned the Episcopal Church of the United States for admission into that communion.

It is not announced what number have so petitioned or on what terms the demand has been made; but the Poles of Poland have been noted for their firm attachment to the Catholic faith, and have suffered persecutions for conscience' sake both from Russia and Prussia; and they might have been prosperous in their own country if they had joined the Schismatical Greek Church; but they preferred spoliation and exile rather than renounce their faith. It is not likely that in the United States, whither many of them have immigrated, they will be less faithful to the traditions and religion of their forefathers.

There is a considerable number of Poles in Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Bay City, Cleveland, Buffalo and other cities of the United States; and in the past in some of these places they have been independent enough: in other words, they have been disobedient to their Bishops who have been appointed by the Holy Ghost to rule the Church of God. In nearly all of these places, those who have been rebellious have seen the errors of their way and have submitted to their Bishops. In Detroit, where there must be over twenty-five thousand Poles, one independent Polish church was built and carried on for several years, and was attended by most of the Poles in that part of the city, in defiance of Church authority. It had all the appearance of a Catholic church: it was consecrated by a bogus Bishop, named Valette, and in it Catholic truths were preached, and sacraments administered. The only thing Protestant about it was its independence of Church authority. This unfortunate schism was brought to an end by the adjudication of Cardinal Satolli, then Delegate Apostolic to the United States. Since then the Poles of Detroit have lived in peace and obedience to the laws of the Catholic Church.

There is a bogus bishop in Chicago, named Koslowski, with some independent Polish priests, who, it is said, have petitioned for union with the Episcopal Protestant Church, but the foxey bishop lays down the condition that in any agreement which may be arrived at with the Episcopal Church, he should have sole jurisdiction over the Polish priests and congregations organized or to be organized: that is to say, the Episcopalian will be allowed to contribute all the help they can, in dollars and cents; but Koslowski must be supreme over all the unfortunate Poles who may be foolish enough to follow him.

The application of the dissatisfied Poles of Chicago to become affiliated to the Protestant Episcopal Church will not be any serious drawback to the Catholic Church, though, of course, any breach of the unity of the Church is to be regretted, not so much for the unfortunate people who abandon the Church of God, "the pillar and ground of truth," and imperil their own salvation.

But the number of Polish schismatics who profess to belong to the independent Church is not very large, even when taken all together. It is said that some years ago there were as many as 50,000 Poles in this rebellion; but this number has been constantly diminishing, and two years ago they had dwindled down to 21,000 persons, the remainder having returned to Catholic unity. Those who remained in schism were divided into 14 congregations, of which three were in Chicago, and one in each of the following cities: Buffalo, Milwaukee, Depow, N. Y., Chicopee and Fall River, Mass.; Philadelphia,

Seranton, Priceburg and Plymouth, Pa., Cleveland and Baltimore.

Should the union with the Protestant Episcopal Church be effected, it is more likely that many of the Poles who have been deceived into attending their schismatical churches will understand the evil they have done when they become aware that they are no longer Catholics on account of being in schism, rather than that they should turn to Protestantism in a body because the few priests who are leading them invite them to Protestantize themselves.

The total number of priests who are ministering to these schismatics was twenty-one, two years ago. We understand that two or three of these have since returned to the Catholic Church.

In a letter addressed to the Polish Catholics of Baltimore Diocese two or three years ago, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons said:

"The 'Independent Church' has been condemned and solemnly anathematized by Pope Leo XIII, and is a sect all the more dangerous because its external appearance and ceremonies so closely resembling Catholic rites are apt to lead many unsuspecting Catholics astray. You must always remember that our Holy Church built upon the rock, St. Peter, does not rest upon ceremonies and rites, but upon faith and good works, and obedience and union with Rome. . . . so cautioning you once more against the so-called Independent Church, I conclude with the assurance that though not of your nationality, I love you nevertheless equally as well as I do others, since you also belong to my flock. While bestowing upon all my blessing as a pastor sincerely devoted to you, I pray God, and invite you to do the same, that your erring brethren may, through the grace of God, return to the sheepfold of Christ."

AN ABUSE.

From time to time one may read in the daily newspapers—especially in the large cities—notices of intended musical services in one or other of the Catholic churches, in which the names of the "performers" (no other word would suit as well) are given, together with the particular "parts" assigned to them. Kyrie and Gloria, Credo, Sanctus and Agnus are tossed about, so to say, like the items in any ordinary operatic notice prepared by the "advance agent" of the troupe. And then after the display of "musical talent"—say on some high festival of the Church—note the papers of the afternoon or the following day. Leaving out the titles of the various parts, reading how Mr. and Mrs. and Miss So-and-So performed their respective tasks, one would never suppose but that they were reading an account of the performances of an opera company.

Bad and all as all this may be, the climax was reached recently by an announcement which read as follows: "— church.—Owing to the likely small attendance at High Mass on — day" (a high festival of obligation by the way), "the musical service — Mass which was to be rendered on that day will be rendered Sunday instead." There's for you! Anticipating (why?) a small attendance on a feast of obligation, the musical Mass, which to ordinary minds would be sung to honor and glorify God, must be renewed so as to tickle the ears of admiring friends, Catholic and non-Catholic, Jew or Agnostic, who, not having any spare time for the holy-day, gather to listen and to criticize on the Lord's Day.

Surely this is an abuse which needs stern correction! The parties concerned should be taught that "My house is a house of prayer," not an opera house.

CAIN'S MARRIAGE.

G. C. B. of Watertown, N. Y., makes enquiry: "Who was Cain's wife, and where did he find her?"

It is evident that in the beginning of man's existence on earth, the first children of Adam and Eve necessarily married each other, being brothers and sisters, as otherwise the world would not have been peopled.

A little reflection will show that the laws governing marriage depend upon the will of God, and as we read in Gen. i, 28 that God blessed our first parents saying: "Increase and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it," etc., it is evident that He allowed such marriages until they were no longer necessary.

The history of mankind before the flood, as transmitted to us, is very brief, and there is no positive mention of the time when the more stringent rules regarding marriage were instituted, but they certainly existed before the covenant made by God with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, which was long before the Mosaic law was instituted.

In regard to Cain's wife, our correspondent will find in a note on Genesis iv. 17 in the Douay Bible, the following, which explains the whole matter: "His (Cain's) wife, etc. She was a daughter of Adam, and Cain's own sister; God dispensing with such marriages in the beginning of the world, as mankind could not otherwise be propagated."

The same thing is to be said of the other sons of Adam.

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that Adam had other sons and daughters after the birth of Cain and Abel, for "Adam lived one hundred and thirty years" and "begot Seth."

AN "UNKNOWN TONGUE."

It is stated in a report from St. Thomas that at a Mormon conference held in the middle of October at Ridgetown, an Elder "while bearing testimony, began to speak in an unknown tongue."

The report adds that "under the influence of the spirit the elder was impelled to different parts of the room, speaking over the heads of several of the brethren with tears streaming down his face, and otherwise exhibiting psychological influence and power. The presence of the spirit was so great that all were melted to tears, and no one could deny the presence of the mighty influence. It reminded those present of the day of Pentecost."

After the speaking in unknown tongues, the elder repeated in English what he had before said in an unknown tongue.

The comparison of the Mormon elder with the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles on Pentecost is a piece of profanity bordering upon blasphemy.

The gift of speaking in unknown tongues was frequently given by Almighty God in the early ages of Christianity; but there was a divine purpose in it, and by this means instruction was conveyed to persons who understood the languages spoken. Thus on Pentecost the Apostles of Christ spoke in tongues which they had not learned, and there was a real miracle wrought by the Holy Ghost, who thus enabled the Apostles to make known to the thousands of persons of every nation who had assembled in Jerusalem to assist in the celebration of the great festival day, the joyful tidings of salvation which Christ came on earth to announce. The Holy Scripture informs us that the strangers, "Parthians and Medes and Elamites, Mesopotamians, Phrygians, Egyptians, Romans," and many others of divers nationalities, heard the Apostles speak in their own tongues the wonderful works of God.

These strangers going to their homes, after being instructed in the Christian religion, were in a position to tell their countrymen of the wonders done in Jerusalem by Christ and His Apostles, and would prepare the way for the conversion of their countrymen, and would either become missionaries themselves, or would at least prepare their people for the coming of the Apostles, which would take place soon for the purpose of establishing the Christian religion among them.

On the day of Pentecost, when this great Christian miracle was wrought, three thousand souls were added to the number of Christ's followers. The witnesses to the miracle therefore numbered many thousands, and as they were the persons who had heard the Apostles speak in their own languages, they could not be mistaken in asserting that they had witnessed a great miracle.

The case at Ridgetown was under very different circumstances. There were a few persons present who knew nothing of the language in which the Mormon elder spoke, and the natural inference is that he spoke in a language of his own invention—or rather that he jumbled together syllables and words without meaning and called them an unknown tongue—which statement was probably true, and was, therefore, unknown to himself as well as all the rest of mankind.

Joe Smith's brass plates which he pretended were given to him by an angel, and which were said to be "old Egyptian characters," were merely a sham, and there is intrinsic evidence in them that they never belonged to any language which was ever spoken on earth. Besides this, the story which Smith promulgated, under the name of the "Book of Mormon," was merely a senseless romance which on account of its sheer silliness no publisher would print in their author sought to have it published. This work fell into Joe Smith's hands, and became the Bible of a new sect.

We cannot believe in the truth of the story of the manifestation of unknown tongues as related by the historian of the Ridgetown occurrence. We venture to say that Elder Evans' unknown tongue was of similar character to Shakespeare's.

"BOBILINDA CHURCHMURCO." The elder's tears and psychological influences, and the wonderfully foreign words, must have made altogether an intensely dramatic scene.

It is a real delight, a restful pleasure to be in the society of people who have been disciplined in the amenities of life—of those who radiate an atmosphere of kindness, of good will, and of helpfulness, wherever they go.—Success.

A SWORD OF HONOR TO COLONEL ST. REMY.

A valuable sword of honor is to be presented by many admirers to Colonel St. Remy, the brave and devoted Catholic officer who refused to obey the requisition of the Prefect of Morbihan, France, to head a squadron of Chasseurs to Lamone in Brittany to assist the prefect in expelling the nuns who were teaching in the school of that town.

For his refusal to obey the prefect's order, Colonel St. Remy was tried by court-martial at Nantes. The Colonel is a cool and brave officer, as well as a devoted Catholic, and though he was quite aware that by his refusal he would subject himself to the trial by court-martial, he accepted the teaching of Holy Scripture that "it is better to obey God than men," and so he refused to take part in the ignominious deed of leading a troop of cavalry against the few nuns who were teaching school, and who were surrounded by a number of peasants who were determined to oppose the carrying out of Premier Combes' iniquitous decree.

The Colonel when examined by the court admitted the facts of the case, adding: "I was caught between my conscience and the duty of obedience to orders. I knew that my refusal would bring me before this court for trial, and I was aware of the serious consequences which my decision might have for myself; but I knew also that I should have to appear and submit to the far graver judgment of God."

This declaration was received with applause by the officers of the Court. General Frater, under whom Col. St. Remy served, gave testimony that he had himself demurred to a request from the prefect to send a troop of Chasseurs, as the order did not come from the Minister of War or the Commander of an army corps. Nevertheless, on receiving a formal requisition from the prefect, he had telegraphed it to Col. St. Remy asking him to carry out the demand. The Colonel had wired the reply: "I cannot execute an order which wounds my sentiments and my faith."

The message sent by General Frater being in the form of a request, the Colonel was found not guilty by the Court of having disobeyed the General; but on the second count of the indictment, he was found guilty of disobeying a legal demand made by the prefect, and was sentenced to one day's imprisonment.

The Court could have sentenced him to a long term of imprisonment, and to dismissal from the army; but the verdict reached is considered to be equivalent to an honorable acquittal, and is so regarded even by Premier Combes, at whose instance the trial took place.

The sentence of the Court is, therefore, justly and universally held to be a rebuff to the French Premier and the Government.

We are pleased to note that Mr. M. F. Mogan, Provincial High Chief Ranger in Ontario of the Catholic Order of Foresters, has been appointed to the position in the Customs department, Toronto, lately vacated by Mr. Augustus Foy. Mr. Mogan is very popular, not only in Toronto, but throughout Ontario, and his many friends will, we are sure, join in wishing him every success in his new appointment.

TRUE LOVE FOR THE DEAD.

The intention of the Apostleship of Prayer for the month of November is indeed an appropriate one, for the month of November is the month of the holy souls, and the intention for which we are to pray is "true love for the dead." If our dear ones who have left us could speak to us now, for what would they ask? Do we think they would want fine monuments and burning words of praise? Oh no, they would ask and implore us, instead, to pray for them. They would beg us to say our rosary each day, this month, for them. They would entreat us to have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered in their behalf. And why? Because who goes out of life so pure and holy that they may hope at once to enter heaven? They enter that silent and dark land of patient pain and waiting, where they are consumed with a divine yearning to see the face of God. There they know at last how ugly we sinners are to see Him; there they understand at last the real horror of sin; there at last they love God and long for Him in some degree as He deserves to be loved, for and loved. It is a very blessed state, that state of purgatory, despite its pain; and into it our prayers will drop like the cooling dew. For the dear holy souls let us devote out our earnest petitions, our indulgences, our Communion, our hearing or offering of Mass. So shall we indeed show our true love for the dead, and we ought earnestly to pray that such a love may inspire us all.—Sacred Heart. Review.

"BOBILINDA CHURCHMURCO." He (God) is obviously nearer to us than father or mother. We come more directly from Him than from them; we are more bound up with Him and owe Him more. We cannot come of age with God nor alter our position with Him. We cannot grow out of our dependence upon Him, nor leave the home of His right hand.

Total abstinence is safety. Moderate drinking is danger. Drunkenness is ruin.

HOW I CAME HOME.

CONCLUSION.

For all these Anglican services had now become utterly distasteful to me. I felt their unreality; that they were a sham; the imitation of the truth and not the truth itself. But above all, my communions in the Anglican Church had become a perfect misery to me. Ever since I had perfectly entered into the spirit of the Mass and understood the sublime mystery of the Holy Sacrifice, this cold imitation of it, without the Presence and without the Substantiation, became to me the most horrible mockery and sacrilege. Dr. Manning had advised me to leave of communion; but to do so, would have been at once proclaiming my intention of leaving the Anglican Church. I was not in the position of an unknown person, who could do what she pleased without remark. I was the head of a great household, "as a city set on a hill." I had labored hard to establish weekly and early communion in the parish and succeeded; and, of course, I had always gone to these communions myself, both from inclination and to set an example. Now they were, as I said before, a positive torture to me, from which, however, in the country, there was no escape.

In London I was happier. It had always been my custom to go to daily service early and alone; and so it excited no remark when I went out as usual; only instead of going to the Anglican services, I used to make a great detour and creep into a Catholic church, where alone I found what I sought. There were several "houses of refuge," as I used to call them, in London, where people in my position could go, as to a private house, and find a window or a gallery looking into a chapel, where, without being yourself seen, you can have the inexpressible comfort of hearing Mass. At Harley House and Kensington Square also the perpetual Exposition and daily Benedictions were an untold blessing. These I used regularly to frequent, and also churches in outlying parts of London where there was no fear of my being recognized. That of St. Mary and the Angels, at Bayswater, was my great favorite, as being near my house, and in the arrangement of its side chapels. As I never dared take my own carriage to such places, I used to have all sorts of adventures in going to and from; and from being unused to walking alone in London or going in cabs, I was very often much frightened. I recollect one night having been insulted on my way back, and not returning till midnight, scared very nearly to death and having run nearly the whole way! Another time I came up from the country by a night train, and sat outside the church door on the steps in pouring rain and in pitch darkness for two hours till the doors were opened, so that I might not lose a Mass on All Souls' Day for my husband.

I do not think I was ever attracted to the Catholic Church by the gorgeousness or beauty of its services. I always prefer a Low to a High Mass; it is to me more devotional, and the singing during the solemn parts of the service disturbs and hinders me; and I do not care for music enough to make that a snare for me. But the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament; the little light telling of the perpetual Presence in the Tabernacle; and the inexpressible relief of Confession; and the intimate union with and nearness to the Sacred Humanity of Our Divine Lord which breathes in every form of Catholic worship, these had from the first the strongest hold upon my heart. People were always talking to me about the "Church of my baptism." What Church is that but the Church of our Baptismal creed—the One Holy Catholic Church? Our baptism binds us to this, not to the Church of England, except so far as the Church of England is one with the Catholic Church; and if you feel convinced that the Anglican Church is at variance with the Catholic Church throughout the world, your very baptism, as it appears to me, binds you to it.

Towards the close of that year the health of my children again required a warmer climate, and we went to the Nile. I had obtained letters of introduction to the Franciscan Fathers at Cairo, who gave me a list of all their Missions, and a very long list of their frequent services, and was, I believe, looked upon by them all as a Catholic. During those months of leisure, I studied Latin and worked hard. I read works in the original which I had before only gone through in translations, and my faith was strengthened by the line of study which I pursued in Egypt and went on to Syria that my doubts and difficulties really began to clear themselves. At Jerusalem I had much time for thought and prayer. I had no teaching or influence of any sort except what the services of the place and season afforded, for it was Lent; but they were all-powerful. I cannot understand anyone going there, and joining heart and soul to those services as I did, and remaining an Anglican. The scales seemed to fall from my eyes; and I saw in a way I never did before the eternal truth of the One Holy Catholic Church. Still, I did not act upon this conviction at once. I asked advice of one or two persons, and they implored me to wait a little, for my children's sake. I recollect, however, the inexpressible misery I felt of being unable to share in the Communion of Holy Thursday at the Holy Sepulchre, which was administered to between seven and eight hundred of the pilgrims kneeling round me; and the bitter tears which I shed at being the only one left out at that blessed Feast. Once or twice also, the good Franciscan Father who acted as our guide to the holy sites, which are all indulgenced, would mutter, "What a pity! you have come all this way and gone through all this toil and all for nothing." "Outside the fold," I felt myself indeed on such occasions; but human reasons and human prejudices were yet too strong for me, and I waited.

I resolved, however, henceforth, that, except in the matter of communion and absolution, I would not be excluded from Catholic services, that I would lead a strictly Catholic life and conform to all the rules of the Church. I had been regularly to confession (though without receiving absolution) ever since I was at Rome. People will think that ridiculous; but it helped me very much as giving me a guide, though without its consolations. I resolved also, on my return to England, to tell those towards whom I felt bound not to act a dishonest part that I was only waiting, on account of the children; but that I was firmly convinced of the truth of the Catholic faith and determined to embrace it sooner or later.

I do not think that any preference for the ritual of the Catholic Church, any charm in its services, any increased help even which these services may give to the working of God's grace in your own soul, can justify one in leaving the Church where God's Providence has placed one, if one can believe in it. But I could no longer believe in the Anglican Establishment. I had tried it by every possible test, and with the most earnest wish and hope to be enabled to remain in it; but on all essential points I found it wanting. I only waited, as I believe every considerate and responsible person ought, till I had ascertained the truth of the grounds on which my convictions rested. I was bound to do this, lest I should act hastily and then find that I was wrong. Convictions had to be tested and tests demand time. All this had, therefore, been irrevocably made up, but the only thing which kept me back was the thought of my children. I said so that summer, when on one occasion, I again spoke to Dr. Manning. He answered after a pause: "Did you ever read the life of Madame de Chantal?" I replied that I had. He continued, "Well, then you will have seen that she walked over the body of her son when she made up her mind to follow the inspiration which God had given her."

He did not urge me further, and so those weary months passed by. My intention, however, was no longer a secret to my intimate friends, and of course their opposition increased in proportion. A very eminent and excellent doctor in the English Church entered into a correspondence with me on the subject. But his arguments rested on historical points; all of which I felt I could have disproved if I had had sufficient knowledge; but they did not touch the main thing—I mean the unity and sacramental life of the Church, in which the real divergence lies.

One argument was made use of to me (not by him, but by others) which I mention here, as I find it has been a stumbling-block to many. I was told that to leave the Anglican Church for the Catholic, would be to condemn all those (whether living or dead) who had died or lived in that communion. Now this is a complete misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine.

The Catholic belief is that no penitent soul can perish, and that no one who really loves God can be lost; and there are holy and penitent and loving souls in the most erroneous systems. "I have no doubt," writes an eminent Catholic ecclesiastic, "that, in spite of imperfect ministries and irregular systems, God shows His mercy on every soul which has the right dispositions. Therefore, no doubt would be cast upon the reality of the work of grace in human souls in the Church of England or any other church, by being convinced that its position is so lamentable and its acts so irregular. When convinced of this, however, it is a vital duty to submit to the law of unity and authority in the Church of God."

As to "dishonesty" in the matter, a term which both sides are too fond of using, I believe the mass of English people to be blameless. Henry VIII. robbed us of our birthright; Queen Elizabeth sanctioned and confirmed the theft. All literature and history tell of the Protestant plunder. Every child is brought up in these errors, and simply believes what it is told from its cradle; and what is further impressed upon it in every class and school book. It requires a direct operation of the Holy Spirit of God to clear away these mists and show people the truth "as it is in Jesus Christ."

But the same high ecclesiastical authority continues: "I believe with all firmness and with my whole heart, that those dear to me and thousands of others, who fell asleep in full faith of the Church of England, having had no other light and no doubts of its truth, rest in Jesus and are safe in His everlasting arms. And of all sincere souls who remain, I believe they receive the grace according to the measure in which they are open to their own light and convictions."

Therefore, if any Anglican minister dare affirm, as one did the other day, in writing to a poor lady whom I knew, that by following the inspiration of God's Holy Spirit, she was damning the soul of her own child lately dead, he is guilty of a direct contravention of the truth of the Catholic Church, and telling of a wicked, cruel, and unfounded lie besides.

authority, have made to themselves a sect and a Church of their own within the Establishment, and then call themselves Catholics! On the other hand, by submitting, once for all, to the Church of God, we rest our faith for ever on a rock, and form one of a body which through the continual presence of Our Divine Lord and the teaching of His Holy Spirit, is infallible and unchangeable to the end of the world.

But to return to myself. That winter we spent in Sicily. I took a house in a garden outside the town close to a convent where I could hear Mass every morning at 6 o'clock, before any of the family were stirring. I was more and more unhappy in my mind at being deprived of real Communion, but Dr. Manning had spoken to me very strongly on the sin committed by High Church Anglicans, who abroad, often receive the Sacraments sacrilegiously, that is, without the priest having an idea that they are not Catholics, and, therefore, giving them unwittingly Absolution and Communion. There was no Protestant Church, however, in the place where I was at least spared the infliction of services which was so painful to me. On Christmas Eve, I begged to be locked up in the Church of the Oratorian; after Vespers till the midnight service, and there, in the stillness and the darkness of the night, I took a review of my whole position before God and felt that I was at least spared the infliction of services which was so painful to me. On Christmas Eve, I begged to be locked up in the Church of the Oratorian; after Vespers till the midnight service, and there, in the stillness and the darkness of the night, I took a review of my whole position before God and felt that I was at least spared the infliction of services which was so painful to me.

Then came the eve of the New Year, and the "Te Deum" at the Jesuits' Church, which was lit up from floor to roof like that of the Gesù at Rome, and where there was likewise Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, to be followed by Benediction. I had gone with some Protestant friends who wanted to see it as a sight; but I slipped away from them and on to the floor among the poor, and then what happened to me I do not know. It seemed to me as if all the people and the lights had disappeared, and that I was alone before Our Lord in the monstrance, and that He spoke to me directly, and lovingly, asking me to come to Him at once? And that then a sudden light or illumination fell upon me, and I felt such a joy that all human considerations, even my children, were forgotten, and my only answer was in the words of Saul: "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me do?"

I can hardly remember, though I have often tried to do so, all that passed through my soul during that time. I knew it, that at last some touched me on the shoulder, and I looked up and saw that everybody was gone, and the lights were put out, and I had missed the moment of Benediction which gave me a pang for a moment, but I was too happy to mind much; and that the sceriatan was standing by me, and saying that he was going to shut up the church, and would not see the Signora, and walked home as if in a dream. I recollect nothing but that I had somehow made a promise to Our Lord which I must not break, and that I must do what I had to do at once.

The manner and way of doing it was the difficulty; I knew no one in the place at that time, and I had a slight acquaintance with one old priest, in consequence of having enquired upon my first arrival for a confessor for my maid. (I had for many years had a Catholic maid, as I had always a horror of being taken ill and perhaps dying without the Sacraments, or worse still, with an Anglican minister. And I had always charged her, if I was ever suddenly or alarmingly sick, to send for a priest.) This old man was a very holy Canon living near the cathedral, who did not go into society much, but spent his time among the poor and in writing devotional books. He had once called upon me, and so I resolved to go to him. I did not go to bed that night; but over the step I was about to take and counting the cost. But, I never hesitated or felt the least inclined to go back; after what had passed so strangely in that Jesuit church, I felt a light and happiness and an inward joy which I cannot express, and in spite of all the misery which I knew was sure to entail upon me in every kind of way, it otherwise than follow the light thus vouchsafed. It was like having found the "pearl of great price," which I had long sought in vain; and my only feeling was an intense anxiety to secure it.

The next morning after going to Mass as usual and hearing the lay's French lessons, I walked down alone to the town, and found out the Canon's house. I do not say that my heart did not beat a little quicker than usual, as I climbed up those steep stairs! But still I felt the die was cast, and that I must go on. I can speak Italian easily; so that I soon explained my business, and asked to be received into the Church. The good Canon hesitated: "he had only once received an Anglican before;" "he was not sure I was prepared;" "he did not know the form of abjuration exactly;" and "he must first ask the consent of the Archbishop," etc. To these objections I answered that I had for years been preparing myself for this step; that I had no doubts or difficulties of any sort; that I had long been leading the life of a Catholic as far as I could; that I had only delayed my reception on account of my children; and that I would copy out the form of adjuration for him in Latin that evening, and send it to him, if he would only see the Archbishop about it.

He consented to this, though I do not think he was very encouraging at first. And now, when I see the difficulties and how some people make about their reception and the way in which every thing has to be done for them, I am inclined to laugh at the recollection of the manner I forced myself into the Church, as it were, in spite of anything and everybody! However, the next

morning, the Canon wrote to me very kindly, saying that he had seen the Archbishop, who had given him leave to receive me, and fixing the eve of the Epiphany for that purpose in his own private chapel. I had already explained to him the imperative necessity of secrecy in the matter, at any rate for the present; so that he added that there would be no one there but himself. On the vigil of that feast, therefore, I again walked to the Canon's house; made my abjuration in Latin and my general confession in Italian; and answered at my first real Mass. There was no one, as he had promised, but himself and me—and God!

Then I returned home to my children as if nothing had happened, and we went that afternoon to see the cathedral. I never shall forget the exultation of heart with which I entered it and felt: "All this is mine, now and for evermore!" Before, I had felt like an impostor in Catholic churches; now, mine were the promises, mine the consolations, mine the joys for evermore!

A few weeks later, the Superior of the Sisters of Charity, whom I had let into my secret, dressed me in white, threw a white veil over my head, and took me to the Archbishop's, where I was confirmed in his private chapel. No one was present but the Superior (who was my godmother) and one of her Sisters, the old Canon who had received me into the Church, and a very holy missionary priest whose prayers I had specially begged for on the occasion. It was a solemn and beautiful service, and when the venerable old Archbishop began making me a little allusion, as I knelt before him, he suddenly broke down and burst out crying, exclaiming: "It is a foretaste of Paradise!" (It was somewhat of Paradise!) and the Canon had to continue the address in his place. Afterwards he gave me Holy Communion, and then we breakfasted with the kind old man, after which I went back to the Sisters, who gave me a beautiful Benediction service in their chapel. I hung up my white wreath on the altar of Our Lady, whom long since I had learned to love.

And so I came home at last!

"THE RULE OF FAITH."

Greater crowds even than on the preceding Sunday were present last Sunday at Vespers in the Church of the Immaculate Conception to hear the Rev. Thomas I. Gasson's second sermon on Catholic teaching. The question-box was provided, and questions from now on will be answered in the order of arrival.

The special topic of the evening was "The Rule of Faith." There had been in the Christian world, said the preacher, three theories of a rule of faith. First, the internal inspiration of the Holy Ghost; secondly, the written Word of God; thirdly, the whole Word of God, written and unwritten.

To the first rule objection might be raised by asking the question, "Are there any times when the Holy Ghost seems very quiet, very silent? Have there not been times of momentous perplexity when we have prayed 'What shall I do?' and there has been no answer?" Such a rule is not a stable rule.

How are we to know, moreover, that the inspiration comes from the Holy Ghost? There have been certain sects in the world which taught the rule of faith by internal inspiration. The Anabaptists held that rule, and their leader, "King" John of Westphalia, was inspired to install the practice of polygamy. Internal inspiration breeds monstrous excesses and disorder. One may find, in our asylums for the insane, persons who have interior illumination.

The second rule, that of the written Word of God alone, was not acceptable either. Not a word, for instance, is known to have been written by Christ. It was not by the written word that He taught. He bade His apostles to go forth and preach, not write.

Nor do the Scriptures form a connected body of moral doctrine. They were not written as one volume or at one time. The last writings of St. John were not finished till near the end of the first century. Then what were the people of the first century to do?

The written Word were enough, we should find everything in it. Yet nowhere do we find the number of books which it contains. Nowhere in it is there any mention of certain fundamental doctrines held by all Christians.

People quote Scripture, this man one way, that man another, each for his own purposes.

And how about those who cannot read? There are parts of Kentucky where illiteracy is as dense as in parts of Asia. In what language are the Scriptures to be taken? There are many divergent translations; and how many of us can read in the original Greek and Hebrew?

No consistent rule of faith, the speaker concluded, could be found in the written Word of God alone; and he promised to tell next time about the rule of faith by the Word of God, written and unwritten.—Boston Republic.

Ireland's Rulers.

Lord Cadogan, late Viceroy of Ireland, at a banquet in London, took it on himself to explain that the Irish Nationalist members of Parliament did not really represent the people of Ireland. While paying this implied tribute to the principle of representative government, the noble lord forgot to mention whom he himself represented. He is a member of the House of Lords, who represents nothing or anything but that which is the very antithesis of that principle—the system of hereditary privilege. His successor in the Vicerealty, Earl Dudley, also represents that principle, besides the class of English blacklegs. He is one of a gang of impetuous English noblemen who were arrested by the London police for keeping a gambling resort, and appeared in that capacity in a police court and was punished by law for the offence. These are types of the men who deny the representative rights of the Irish M. P.'s and put them into jail for defending the cause of the Irish people.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Let us now put side by side the current accusations against the Catholics, as to civil matters, and against the Freemasons.

It is currently charged against the Catholics that they owe spiritual allegiance to a foreign potentate; that they are clamorous to a degree that much impedes the free working of the body politic; that they are largely moulded by a hierarchy which thus virtually becomes an extra civic magistracy; and that they are concerned for the interests and advancement of their Church to a degree which overweighs their concern for the interests and advancement of their country.

I do not speak of such crazy talk as that a Catholic general is bound to obey the first priest who directs him to withdraw from a battlefield; or that all Catholic officers, military and naval, would think they command of the Pope they neglected the national service.

Now, who is it that make these charges the Roman Catholics? With a very few seeming exceptions, of which I will speak presently, the accusers, one and all, are men of no conspicuous note for scholarship, and least of all for anything like interior knowledge of Catholic doctrine or history.

When, in going upward, you reach the rank of Protestant learning represented by Bishop Creighton or Dean Milman, or Dean Stanley, such talk ceases at once. Nay, even Froide owns that on our time the profession of Catholicism "casts not a shadow upon a man's allegiance."

It is true, he is discontented with Catholic Emancipation, but it seems to be because the millions of Catholic voters would stand sadly in the way of the enterprise to which he plainly looks forward, of some day suppressing the Catholic Church by the sword.

Some one may say: "Does not a man so distinguished as Dr. Hugh Hughes declare that all Catholics get into one that has even as fair a knowledge of Catholic matters as the present writer may claim, such a speech at once marks out the speaker as a blithering idiot. If anybody chooses to set this Methodist declaimer alongside of Froide and Stanley and Milman and Creighton, it is plain that he is either past reasoning age, or that he has not yet reached it."

We will next consider some general conclusions. CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

THE ROSARY DEVOTION.

Can the Rosary assuage the sufferings of the poor souls in Purgatory or entirely extinguish its flames? Yes, there is no doubt about it. Our Blessed Mother, the "Help of Christians," has put herself, as it were, under a pledge to execute her promise to bestow grace and favor upon those who love her and recite the Rosary with fervor.

It was revealed to St. Lutgarde that our Blessed Mother, the Queen of Heaven, descends occasionally into the dark regions of Purgatory, carrying in person to the suffering victims therein shut out from the splendor and glory of God's presence her consolation and help. This solace, so comforting to the poor souls who need our suffrages, is the happy assurance that comes to us from our Mother of Mercy, but we are certain that her tender heart goes out in preference for those who during life's journey have frequently appealed to her, through the devotion of the Rosary.

What a splendid testimony of the significance of this devotion is testified in the rich indulgences granted to those who practice it by the Holy Father from Urban IV to our own sainted Pontiff, Leo XIII, who is justly called the Pope of the Rosary, and in imitation of his illustrious predecessors, notably the great and good Pope Pius IX, of happy memory, has enriched the Rosary with many indulgences.

In the sixth chapter of Ecclesiasticus, verse six, we read, concerning true and false friends: "Be in peace with many, but let one of a thousand be thy counsellor," and so true are these words of the inspired Book that when the present occupant of the Holy See inscribed his name on the register of the "Holy Union," founded at Genazzana, in honor of our Lady of Good Council, on the 23rd of November, 1880, he not only accorded an indulgence of one hundred days to all the faithful who recite a certain prayer of that union, but taking his text from the lines of Scripture quoted above, selected the following sentiment for its motto and guidance, which applied with equal force to all the children of the Church: "May she be your only counsellor."

Behold the encouragements given by the Sovereign Pontiffs to the Children of Mary, and how correspondingly great are the blessings and spiritual favors we receive from the Queen of Heaven, all applicable to the suffering souls in purgatory. In the light of faith, in the happy privilege of our enrollment in the ranks of those who belong to the true fold, where we receive the abundant treasures of that magnificent measure of satisfaction which

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

FEAST OF THE PATRONAGE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. To-day, my dear brethren, the Church celebrates the Feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin. Let us stop a moment and consider what is meant by this title, as given to our most immaculate and blessed Mother.

You remember that there is a similar feast on the third Sunday after Easter, in honor of her glorious spouse, St. Joseph; and that he has been given the title of Patron of the Universal Church. Is it, then, in this sense that we are to understand the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin; is it that she is the patroness and protectress of the Church in general, in its continual conflict with the powers of darkness? Yes, we may certainly understand it in this way.

She who with her foot has crushed the serpent's head is the great enemy and terror of heresy in particular, and the greater part of the heresies which have afflicted the Church and especially those existing in our own day, have, it would seem, instinctively felt this. They have directed their assaults in one way or another against her, and against the position she holds in the work of our redemption.

She may also be rightly considered as our bulwark against the attacks of the infidel, and has at various times come signally to the assistance of the Christian world when exposed to danger, particularly from the followers of the false prophet Mohammed.

But there is another sense in which to understand her patronage, and to avail ourselves of it, we should consider one of her patron saints, considered as our signally to the assistance of the Christian world when exposed to danger, particularly from the followers of the false prophet Mohammed.

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CHILD-WISDOM.

A REAL INCIDENT OF LONG AGO. "What are you thinking of, Willie, sitting in a quiet room, with your nose to the window, and your eyes gazing up in the air?"

"I've set out my animals, Mother. The great and the small in a row. With Noah, his sons and his sons' wives. They make such a beautiful show."

"I've set them all out in the sunshine, that Jesus Who lives there above. And how every word that I say, may see them because they're so pretty. And I want to show Him my love."

"I'm sure He must see where I'm sitting. Because, you know, Mother, He's in the sun and the rain. Both in spring and in the fall."

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PROVISION FOR THE FAMILY

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE IS SOLID AS THE CONTINENT. Many men wish to make reasonable provision for their families, but find it a difficult matter.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

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when she died—only four-and-twenty years old—angels chanted "Regnum mundi contempni," and all Thuringia mourned and wept. She was canonized four years after her death, and the Church honors her sweet memory on the nineteenth day of November.

Mr. W. H. Mallock, in his recent work, "Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption"—which the Paulist Father Wyman, in the Catholic World, deems the most remarkable book on religious controversy since Newman's "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine"—says beautifully:

"The best results of the Roman theory of the Church, is to endow that vast body with a single undying personality—an unbroken personal consciousness. The result which its possession of this complete organic character has on the Church of Rome, as a teaching body, is obvious. Being thus endowed with a single brain, it is endowed also with a continuous historic memory, is constantly able to explain and restate doctrine, and to attest, as though from personal experience, the facts of its early history. It is doubt known on the resurrection an ascension of Christ? The Church of Rome replies: 'I was at the door of the sepulchre myself. My eyes saw the cloud receive Him. I saw Him thrown on Christ's miraculous birth? The Church of Rome replies: 'I can attest the fact even if no other witness can; for the angel said, Hail! in my ear as well as in Mary's.'"

A MORMON EXEGESIS.

The Book of Mormon is the cornerstone of the Mormon Church. It is claimed to be superior to the Bible in several particulars. At many meetings I pointed out the fraud contained in the book. On page 519 we read: "And I came to pass that the brother of Jared did go to work and built barges according to the instructions of the Lord."

I told the people that this story must have been a sad illustration of two things: The barge were made according to the instructions of the Lord. But, behold, the Lord had forgotten two very important things: ventilation had been provided and no light was in them; and the Lord, apparently, is puzzled to know how to manage to get light, and so he asks advice of the brother of Jared.

After the lecture a good old Mormon came up and, with all the candor imaginable, said: "It has always seemed to me like this. Those barges must have been shaped something like a cigar, and as they ploughed through the ocean world, of course, frequently roll over, and hence the hole in the bottom would be on top!"

CHATS WITH YOUNG

PATIENCE WITH THE LITTLE. Sweet friend, when thou and I beyond earth's narrow bounds, when small is made our need, from comrades or from neighbors, present and absent, the love, the love and done with all the sighing, and tender truth shall we have, else by simply dying!

Many men wish to make reasonable provision for their families, but find it a difficult matter. A policy of life assurance enables them to do this, no matter when death occurs. Should insured live, a comfortable old age is assured, because

That the North American Life is a good Company to insure in is attested by its many policy-holders, and its popularity is indicated by the steadily increasing amount of new business written. A policy in it makes a splendid investment.

Home Office, Toronto, Canada. The answer was, that this god son Adam, who also was a man, and hence liable to forget things. Many indeed to-day accept the Book of Mormon as the Word of God, because they never had an opportunity of knowing the facts. I beseech them, by all that is sacred and holy, to examine the records of history to see whether these things are so.

Who's Your Plumber? F. C. HUNT PLUMBER. 521 Richmond St., Phone 1218. THE CATHOLIC YOUTH'S HYMN BOOK BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

PATIENCE WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone Beyond earth's weary labor...

It costs more to be cowardly than to be brave. If we are sad in serving God it is because we hesitate...

There are many paths leading to the land of "Nowhere," but it is not necessary to point out all of them.

Life was lent for noble deeds. Some men forget their sins so easily that they are often amazed and hurt when others remember them.

Difficulties are often the husks where in the seed of a talent, a success, lies waiting for the foot of Courage to tread it out.

A Japanese proverb says that a friend at hand is worth all your relations at a distance.

There is no real growth of character except by a conquest over opposing difficulties—the doing right when it is against our inclinations and prejudices.

Take the place and attitude which belongs to you, and all men acquiesce. Every man, with profound unconcern, to set his own rate. Hero or driveller, it maddles no in the matter.

Swelling the Unsuccessful Banks. A great many men have been left behind because of their listlessness, their easy-going ways.

But of the great host which every year goes to swell the ranks of the unsuccessful, thousands have been side-tracked through no fault of their own, and for these one can have no other feeling than that of deepest sympathy.

But growth is the divine law of life, and even for those who have recklessly squandered their youth and wasted their opportunities—for all who have been side-tracked, through whatever cause—the law still holds.

How to Live Happily. The sage counsel embodied in the subjoined paragraphs, that should be reflected upon as they are read, will suffice, if acted upon, to render life happy for the ordinary mortal.

Don't place too much importance on the things of this life; they are passing. The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.

Children are travelers newly arrived in a strange country; we should therefore not mislead them.

Do not speak all that you can; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know.

Those, though in the highest station who disoblige their friends, shall infallibly come to know the value of them, by having none when they shall most need them.

Caution in crediting, reserve in speaking, and in revealing one's self to a very few, are the best securities both of peace and good understanding with the world, and to the inward peace of our own minds.

Always speak kindly and politely to those under you. If you want them to do anything for you, ask them and not order them. They will respect and love you and be much more willing to help you.

The happy gift of being agreeable seems to consist not in one but in an assemblage of talents tending to communicate delight: and how many are there who, by easy manners, sweetness of temper, and a variety of other undiminishable qualities, possess the power of pleasing without visible effort, without the aid of wit, wisdom or learning, nay, as it may seem, in their defence, and this without appearing even to know that they possess it.

How much of life is wasted in unfinished works! Many a man uses up his time in good beginnings. The labor devoted to commencing things and leaving them useless would furnish five of them and make them profitable and useful. Finish your work. Life is brief; time is short. Stop beginning forty things and go back and finish four.

Put patient, persistent toil into the matter, and be assured, one completed undertaking will yield yourself more profit than a dozen fair plans of which you will say, "This man began to build and was not able to finish."

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. Injuries Effects of Tobacco. It statistics gathered at leading colleges have any weight it will have to be admitted that the free use of tobacco has an injurious effect upon the health of students.

The best known and most thorough tests to determine this question were made at Yale and Amherst colleges. In 1891 the physician at Yale published the results of his observations on the use of tobacco among the undergraduates. In a class of 147 students he found that in four years the 77 who never used tobacco surpassed the 70 who did use it 10.4 per cent. in gain in weight, 24 per cent. in increase of chest girth, and 26 per cent. in growth of bone.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE STORY OF GUIDO VERDI.

It was the second evening after our arrival in Rome. We, that is, Bailey, Edwards and I, had just finished dinner at the Cafe de Venezia in the Corso and were still sitting about the little table talking.

All day we had been trying to convince Dr. Bailey of the wrong he was doing society in general and us in particular by encouraging the Roman beggars. He has aims to everyone who asked them; as a result, our carriage was followed by a constant stream of impostors—men who would follow us to drive them off. And, as we had only a fortnight to see the Eternal City, every moment was of untold value.

After dinner the subject again came up. Becoming irritated by what I called the doctor's obstinacy, I said, impulsively, "If you persist in this nonsense, Bailey, you had better go about Rome alone, for Edwards and I do not propose having our visit spoiled."

No sooner had the words left my lips than I regretted them, for a look of pained surprise flitted across the doctor's face. In a moment, this expression gave place to one of loving pity as his gaze fell upon a poor, miserably clad boy standing, with outstretched hands, before him.

Looking meditatively at the child's retreating figure, he said: "That youngster reminds me of a lad I saw in Naples fifteen years ago. At that time I was just fresh from Yale and possessed a most exalted opinion of my own importance. My father decided that I should travel over the continent something before entering Heidelberg in the fall. That is how I came to be in Naples in August—the most miserable month of the year there."

After a pause, in which he lighted a fresh cigar, he continued: "I was anxious to make the ascent of Vesuvius, and, not wishing to go alone, had joined a party of Cook's tourists. I was terribly warm that day—with a dry, overpowering heat we never have in America."

"From our hotel we drove to the foot of the volcano in a great English coach. You and Bailey, who complain of the number of beggars here, should have seen the swarm that followed us that day. At that time I felt as you do now that it was wrong to encourage them. In fact, I made a speech for the benefit of my fellow-tourists, setting forth the evils accruing from pauperism. My words had such good effect that not a soul was thrown that motley following."

"The beggars soon grew tierced running beside the coach and, uttering maledictions upon us, turned aside. Finally, all were gone but one boy, one whom I had noticed from the first. He was a beautiful child with great velvety brown eyes—the sort Murillo painted. But his pale, oval face wore an expression too old for his years. His wearing apparel consisted of a blue and yellow striped jersey and a pair of ragged trousers, conjoined at the waist by a sash of some yellow linen. His head had no covering save a mass of black curly hair."

"The poor little fellow worked hard. He danced. He sang. He turned wagon-wheel after wagon-wheel in a way our Yankee boys might well have envied. Every few minutes he stopped to beg most piteously for a few cents. Three or four times I was tempted to throw him a few coins when I remembered my antipathy to this habit."

"The child's persistence irritated me—for he followed us for two miles or more. For a moment I forgot him and was looking at the beautiful scenery, so I don't know just how it happened, but I heard a woman's scream as the wheel went over some obstruction. In a moment the coach was stopped and there in the road behind us the poor little beggar lay. In an instant I was beside him, but a hasty examination showed me no human skill could save him."

"In turning a wagon wheel he had been overcome by the heat and thus had fallen between the wheels of our coach. We took a cushion from the carriage and placed it under a nearby palm tree. On it we laid the poor little unconscious one."

"In a few moments a small crowd had gathered about us, among them a fruit vendor who recognized the child. In those days I knew Italian pretty well so was able to understand what the man said. He told us the lad's name was Guido Verdi, and that he lived with his mother in one room of a house on the Via Leopardi."

"Then followed a brief history of the boy's life. The father had died of good living for his wife and child, but unfortunately, he was seized with the idea of going to America; imagining, as so many Italians do, that there was a fortune awaiting him there. That was five years ago. Since then nothing had been heard of him. The vendor told us that in Naples it is almost impossible for a woman to earn a living; but Guido's mother worked hard, too hard, for she was a delicate woman. A month before this accident she had been stricken with something similar to the dread perniciousa. The women of the neighborhood did for her what they could; but they were very poor themselves, having scarcely a crust to spare."

"So it fell to Guido's lot to earn money to keep his mother. It was wonderful, the child made. He carried efforts the bags from railway stations to hotels, bags that were far too heavy for stronger arms than his. He danced. He sang for the guests at the hotels, and did everything he could think of to gain money. At first he was very successful. His beauty attracted the attention of strangers. They pitied him and sometimes gave him as much as a lire a time. What proud, happy days those were for the boy! Then the hot weather came. The strangers all left the city and the wealthy

NEAPOLITANS WENT TO THEIR SUMMER HOMES IN THE NORTH, LEAVING NAPLES DULL AND DEAD.

For weeks Guido had been able to earn scarcely a sou. The mother's fever had abated, but she was unable to gain strength, for they were unable to buy the nourishing food the city doctor had ordered. Every sou Guido made went to buy bread for his mother.

"As the vendor ceased speaking I stooped over the little wasted figure. As I did so the great eyes opened, the child tried to move, but the pain was so great he desisted. His gaze swept over the group around him. He recognized the vendor and motioned him nearer."

"Grieve bread for the mother," he said, "I haven't earned a centime to-day, but I will pay you to-morrow. He tried to rise, but the effort rendered him unconscious."

"When he again opened his eyes, something in their expression told me that the lad realized his earthly journey was at a close. Looking at the vendor, he said: 'I cannot pay for the bread to-morrow, the Father above will.'"

"The little one's voice was growing painfully weak as he continued: 'Don't let the mother that—I am—dead—just say—that—I have gone—to—seek the father.' The voice was still and yet the lips moved. Placing my ear close to the little mouth I caught the words, 'Mia madre—mi—a—madre, mi—a—!' Then all was over. Needless to say, I did not continue my journey to Vesuvius that day."

"The vendor and I made arrangements about the simple funeral. I asked him to take me to see the house the neighbors told us that the poor woman had died in the morning a few moments after Guido had left her."

"When Bailey had finished his story, neither Edwards nor I spoke. Finally Edwards called the waiter, and I noticed an odd little break in his voice as he asked to have a twenty-five bill changed into fives."

"Because," he said, half-apologetically, "I will need the coppers to-morrow to help Bailey paperize the Romans."

"CATHOLIC" AND ROMAN CATHOLIC.

H. G. Hughes, D. D., in Ecclesiastical Review.

It is a fact to day that no one, with the exception of a comparatively small section who, have a special theory to maintain, will find any ambiguity in the name "Roman Catholic," or mistake the Catholic Church for anything else than the Church which is in communion with Rome.

To come to the practical difficulty in which Catholics sometimes find themselves placed when they come into contact with our friends the "Anglo-Catholics" what is the course to be pursued? In the first place, while the name of Catholic must be claimed by us as an amply sufficient designation, the equally honorable title of Roman Catholic must in no wise be repudiated.

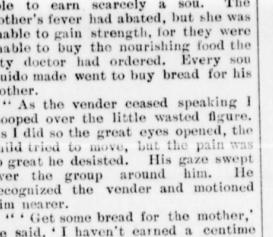
By the other side of the coin, and the same by the branch theory, an antidote is at hand, first in the unperturbed assumption of the title Catholic by itself as exclusively the proper possession of those Churches which are in union with the Holy See; then in the distinction between "Roman" used of the Church in the Roman Diocese and the same name used of the Church Catholic throughout the world.

The contention of Anglicans that "Roman" implies particularly and contradicts Catholicity is based purely upon the studied neglect of this obvious distinction and is nothing more or less than a controversial dust-throwing. If proof is demanded of the identity of the Catholic Church with the Church which is throughout the world also called "Roman" the appeal is to a known palpable and well organized fact—the fact that no other than the Church which is known as the Roman Catholic Church, and that Church alone, has the least claim to Catholicity, that is, to world-wide unity, and therefore to the assumption of the simple title "Catholic."

In the beginning, realized from the first by the conversion of multitudes from every part of the civilized world; existing at all times; superabundantly evident now in the actual inclusion within her fold of some two hundred millions "of every nation and kind, of every clime and tongue," and by force and might she has never ceased to conquer—the Roman Catholic Church alone deserves the Catholic name. She alone may truly look upon the whole world as the theatre of her action, or with any justice proclaim herself free from all limitations of nationality. She alone carries out the Divine command to go into the world and teach all nations. As to our every day manner of speaking of ourselves, the name Catholic, being of itself amply sufficient to indicate our faith, is also for several reasons preferable to any other, and it has the advantage of particularly insisting upon the point at issue with Anglicans, that is, upon the claim to the sole right to that title.

At the same time, if any one pleases to call us "Roman Catholics," we need not beat pain to correct him, unless it be clearly his intention to imply thereby that he, too, is a "Catholic," though not a "Roman." In that case a gentle insistence upon the fact that a Catholic and a Roman are one and the same, and a firm refusal to admit any difference between the two, together with a just exhibition of pride in all that is included in and signified by the name "Roman" in its proper sense, will be the best and indeed the only means of defence against pertinacious refusal to accept the name "Catholic" or its or in inevitable inability—which ever it may be—to look at the matter from the true point of view. "Roman Catholic" we are neither able nor desirous to repudiate; "Catholic" we must exclusively claim. The former may, indeed, be sometimes of necessity to prevent misconception, but the common vocabulary of mankind (except a particular class of persons with

A pure hard Soap.



MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

their own peculiar theory) will bear us out when we say that "Roman" takes nothing away from "Catholic," adds to it no limiting note of particularity, but simply determines it as the exclusive prerogative of that great communion whose Catholicity is evident to all but those who will not see it.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF CONSIDERING THE SECRET JUDGMENTS OF GOD, LEST WE BE PUFFED UP WITH OUR OWN GOOD WORKS.

Thou thunders forth over my head Thy judgments, O Lord, and Thou shakest all my bones with fear and trembling, and my soul is terrified exceedingly.

I stand astonished, and consider that the heavens are not pure in Thy sight. If in the angels Thou hast found sin and hast not spared them, what will be of me?

Stars have fallen from heaven; and I, who am but dust, how can I presume? They, whose works seemed praiseworthy, have fallen to the very lowest; and those, who have fed upon the Bread of Angels, I have seen delighted with the husks of swine.

There is, then, no sanctity, if Thou, O Lord, withdraw Thy hand. No wisdom avails, if Thou cease to govern us.

No strength is of any help, if Thou support us not. No chastity is secure unless Thou protect it.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

Change of Weather Disasters to Many People. BAD BLOOD MAKES YOU LIABLE TO COLD—A COLD MAKES YOU LIABLE TO TWENTY DISEASES—HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF.

Changes of the season affects the health more or less perceptibly. The effect of the hot summer weather on the blood leaves it thin and watery, and now that the weather is changeable this makes itself disagreeably felt. You feel bilious, dyspeptic and tired; the skin; the damp weather brings little twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia that give warning of the winter that is coming. If you want to be brisk and strong for the winter it is now that you should build up the blood, and give the nerves a little tonic.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest of all blood-making, nerve-restoring tonics, and will make you strong and energetic in the face of any winter if you take them now. Mr. James Adams, Brandon, Man., is one of the thousands whom Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored to health and strength. He says: "It is with deep gratitude that I acknowledge the benefit I have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before taking the pills my health was much shattered by rheumatism, nervous depression and sleeplessness. For fully twelve months I rarely got a good night's sleep. When I began the use of the pills it was with a determination to give them a fair trial. I did so, and can truthfully say that I could not wish for better health than I now enjoy. I shall always speak a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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Is Your Back Lame?

Does it hurt to stoop or bend down? Have you a heavy girdle on the base of the spine? If so, the best remedy is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It will invigorate the tired, sore muscles, and then you will be able to do your work with ease and vigor. Nothing so good as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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A CAREFULLY PREPARED PILL—Much time and attention were expended in the experimenting with the ingredients that enter into the composition of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills before they were brought to the state in which they are now. It is a fact that the Vegetable Pills are the result of much expert study, and all persons suffering from dyspepsia or disordered liver and kidneys may confidently accept them as being what they are represented to be.



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