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VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY JANUARY, 9, 1909.

1577

Hark Ye! Merrie Gleeman! Good merron! men of gay employ,

And if, helike, ye only think Of ale and goodly roasts;

But if beneath the motley coat, Beat hearts for higher things,

And all the glees and merrie trolls That ye may sing to-day,

So, if your glees small comfort bring, Your hunger to allay,

Your soul may still be banqueting, If ye the sweeter song will sing

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

The ungenerous prohibition of Minister Aspinth against the carrying of Sacred Hosts in public procession

through the streets during the recent Bucharistic Congress in London, seems to have been a providential happening

since out of its evil, according to authentic reports, are coming signs of the nation's spiritual good.

The flagrant instance of intolerant prejudice shamed and incensed the fair minded non-Catholic element in England, and stimulated

indignant and judicious Catholics to loyal activity. This two-fold effect has reacted opportunely upon the entire

English people, who even previously to this crisis, states the Rev. Herbert Vaughan, D. D., nephew of the late

Cardinal, were evincing a general religious unrest, and groping their way through the darkness of error and mists

of prejudice which are the heritage of present generations from their perverted forefathers, towards their own New-

What by the orders of the Archbishop of Westminster, a movement should be already on foot for the collection of

funds to erect in England a training school for missionaries to non Catholics,

after the plan of the Apostolic Mission House at Washington, with a view to the

return of England even in our day, to the Faith originally founding Oxford

and other famous churches, monasteries and universities, seems almost incredible

considering the nine points of the law favoring the present position of the so-

called "Church of England," yet Father Vaughan, than whom none is better in-

formed as to the religious attitude of modern England, assures us that the

conversion of England is no idle dream, but a holy hope justified by the signs

of the times. Hence his coming to America, to study the Apostolic Mission House methods.

It was an unusually interesting meeting of the Converts' League of New York, which was held at the Catholic

Club on the evening of Nov. 27th, when Father Vaughan and the Very Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P., rector of the Apostolic

Mission House, addressed a large audience upon this subject of the conversion of England.

Herbert Vaughan was Father Vaughan to welcome to America, and

Father Doyle's safe and happy return from his European tour, to celebrate;

and holidays or in the evening hours, groups of workmen gathered at street corners and in the parks, for the discussion of religious questions,

in which the masses are becoming as intelligently interested as are the educated classes. The Catholic Extension

Society has striven to meet the popular want, hiring halls and giving free lectures on the great Catholic truths, and

also on Sunday afternoons expounding Catholic doctrine and answering questions from a platform in Hyde Park,

through able and authorized Catholic laymen. From America Father Vaughan acknowledges that England learn the superior system of missionary work

among non-Catholics, originating from the Apostolic Mission House at Washington, as conducted by the Rev. Walter Elliot, C. S. P., and Father Doyle;

and he admires American zeal and energy as shown on the many side of its religious labors. But Eng-

land, he thinks, by grace of its Guild and Arch Confraternity of prayer for the conversion of England, and by the monthly public prayers and Benediction

instituted by the Bishops for the same intention, surpasses America in the spirituality of its conception and method.

"The gift of faith," said Father Vaughan in closing, "is not the result of intellectual reasoning. America, like England, has wealth and intellect and

power, but she lacks what I fear and never lacked, the supernatural gift of faith, which may be attained only by prayer,

by the prayer of the individual, and the prayer of a strong united league, joined to the active work already in splendid progress."

Long and loud applause corroborated English opinion of Father Vaughan as indicated by Father Doyle, who generally mentioned that the Archbishop of Westminster, in his zeal for the best missionary service in the cause of the conversion of England, had looked

about him long and critically for his choicest priest, and selected the late Cardinal's worthy nephew, the Rev. Herbert Vaughan, as unsurpassed in brilliant ability and devoted spirit.

The reception given Father Doyle by the League, as he succeeded, Father Vaughan on the speaker's platform, was touching in its fond enthusiasm.

Doyle began by an allusion to the League's early days, "under the leadership of that grand man, Dr. De Costa," whom our readers hold in large remembrance. Then he took prompt exception to Father Vaughan's distinction between the spirituality of missionary

zeal in England and America, stating that the original constitution of the League made prayer for its spiritual obligations, and referring to the "Liturgy for the Conversion of America" formulated by the Rev. Walter Elliot.

In reference to the Eucharistic Congress, Father Doyle thrilled his audience with his account of the effect on the vast assemblage of Catholics, when announcement was made that the Sacred Host could not be carried in the procession.

"It was the greatest gathering of Catholics since the Reformation," he said, "and the wave of indignation that surged over it was a tidal wave that would have flooded London with violence and desolation save for the power of patient, peaceful Mother Church over her faithful children. For a moment after the announcement there was tense silence, then ten thousand men of London united in a terrible hiss. I can tell you nothing of the awful impression of such a hiss. I hope I may never hear such a sound again. But on the next day, from all sections of England poured Catholics and their champions.

Around the Cathedral thronged fully a hundred thousand people. And when after the procession, the Pope's representative, Cardinal Navarretti, mounted the altar erected high above the Cathedral portico, and elevated the Host in Benediction over the hushed, kneeling legions, such a shout rang to Heaven, the instant the Benediction was over, as expressed the loyal and fervent faith of the people even more eloquently than the hiss of the previous night and closed the Congress significantly and magnificently. The bigoted act of the government will result in thousands of English converts, and it has made straight the missionary way of Father Vaughan and his associates."

In reference to his tour of Europe, Father Doyle dwelt most enthusiastically upon his audiences with the Pope, and his experiences in Ireland, the latter having already been reported in these columns. Of Maynooth he cannot speak too glowingly. "It's faculty," he said, "is the largest and ablest in all the world, its students the flowers of Ireland's manhood." As to his several audiences with the Holy Father, who is pleased at the scope and success of missionary work in America, Father Doyle's vivid description of the beloved Pontiff cannot but endear him to us newly. "Pius X." he said in part, "is wonderfully attractive. * * * He has a sweet, a paternal face, and has abolished all the historic ceremony of Papal audiences. Where the great Leo XIII. was an aristocrat, a diplomat, and an incessant monopolistic talker, Pius X. is a democrat of simple ways and an intelligent, sympathetic, inspiring, responsive listener. Pius X. has a wonderful strength and vigor alike of mind and body, of conviction and courage. The French people have his strength to thank for the liberty of the Church in France, and he is not going to die for many years. He will live to do great things for his Church."

Father Doyle and Father Vaughan bring the message of hope to the Irish, for the rights of wrongs, and the liberation of Mother Erin. No true spirit of religion can co-exist among the English people with the survival of national injustice and usurp-

ation. "By their fruits ye shall know them." And England converted or unconverted, stands or falls before God, and in historical fame and honor, by her measure to the land of Faith, the Isle of Saints—persecuted, martyred, immortal Ireland!

WHAT LAYMEN CAN DO.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR PERSONAL SERVICE IN THE WORK OF THE CHURCH.

The following admirable and timely talk to Catholics on the possibilities of the lay apostolate is addressed to promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart in the December number of The Messenger, by Msgr. Charles W. Collins of Portland, Me. It deserves the widest possible perusal and pondering:

Catholics have done wonderful work in America in a century. No one who knows of the thousands of churches, schools and religious institutions built by the faith and generosity of the poor can doubt it. When we think, too, of the zeal and courage of the prelates, priests and religious who built their lives into the fabric of the Church here in years gone by, and the ceaseless labors of their successors to-day for religion, charity and education, we may well be proud that we are members of the fold.

The Church in America is young. It had to do in one century what the result of many centuries in the older lands. This rapidity of growth made it necessary to dispense with many things that were a part of Catholic life and work in the ages of faith. It was necessary to build so fast and work so hard to minister to the millions coming in and being born, that only the essentials could be thought of. This accidental and passing condition has tended to narrow the lay Catholic's idea of his duty. Because years ago the layman could do little more than give money for good works, the layman of to-day is apt to think that any personal activity in religious matters is not expected and is indeed out of place. The zeal of the convert often excites a smile.

Not that the times call for interference on the part of lay people, or advice about the government of the church, or that pernicious activity whose sole motive is vanity. Any sort of busybodyism is a problem and a burden, but the religious busybody is the worst of the whole lot. Novelty is not called for, but rather the old-fashioned charity and zeal continued and energized to fit the needs of the present day.

As a matter of fact, the work that must be done by a priest in any parish—the duties of the ministry, the care of the needy, wayward and intemperate, the school, the church business—never ceases and grows daily instead of lessening. He could find work for a hundred helpers if they were of the right kind. There are pitiful cases that the priest hears about only too late. There are young people drifting into careless ways or dangerous associations. At first a word would have set them right, but when the news reaches the priest the harm has been done. People are troubled and lost, and the neighbor know and talk among themselves. A little timely encouragement would have done much, but it was not forthcoming. There is a large margin for thoughtful and needed work in every parish, work that Catholics of good will could do with perfect fitness if they had the zeal and courage. It is merely Christian kindness brought into action.

PHILANTHROPY REPLACING RELIGION. We are living in a country where the majority are non-Catholics, though a great number of this majority are not actively religious, a strong spirit of philanthropy animates most of them; indeed this spirit is coming to take the place of positive religion with the millions around us. Every sort of good work has its societies well supported and in skilled hands. Many individuals with time and money at their disposal, and anxious to be of service, interest themselves singly or co-operate with the societies. Back of all this effort is a philanthropic public opinion. So fervent is the zeal of these people that they sometimes cross their own borders and try their hands on poor Catholics. Then there are societies founded and maintained with an all but avowed object of detaching needy and simple Catholics, especially immigrants, from their faith, under the pretext of making them better and more self-respecting.

Broadly speaking then, our parishes present the contrast of non-Catholic lay people, numerous, well-organized with well-paid professionals and amateur workers busy with might and main all the time among the needy and unfortunate, and on the other side the priest with a thousand calls on his disposal and anxious to be of service, striving to hold his parish together and keep his people loyal to the faith. It is an uphill fight. If the faith were not so rock-imbbed in the hearts of even the poorest Catholics, it would be a falling fight. This prospect is not so cheering as is general talk about the progress of the Church, but it is a real practical problem that is looming larger every day. Can Catholic laymen say that there is nothing for them to do beyond going to Mass and paying to collections?

Catholics have gone far since the immigrant days. As a class they can no longer be denominated as "poor, ignorant idolaters." Many of them are doing well in a worldly way, and their leisure means and education would make them of much service to the Church, yet it is still the poor who are its main living and its most reliable workers. The time and energy of many educated and wealthy Catholics seems to be absorbed by the social struggle, and they give comparatively little

thought to their less fortunate brethren. There have been and are generous exceptions, but they are exceptions. Yet these fortunate members of the Church have only to look about them to see their non-Catholic acquaintances feverishly active in philanthropic work and whether succeeding or not, very much in earnest and giving their time to it. It is not so much money that the Church needs from the more fortunate among her children, as the personal service that their position enables them to give.

Still, it may be said with a color of truth that it is not easy to know just what to do in this line and to work without being considered officious. There is, however, another line of work, for neglect of which no Catholic nowadays can be excused, and that is presenting his religion in a proper light to outsiders. Rich and poor, educated and simple Catholics are mingling with "the separated brethren" six days in the week. Not merely by good life and religious conduct, but by their explanation of Catholic matters that come up in conversation, have they the opportunity and the duty of showing that the Church is the fold of Christ. Here is a large class of people who the priest cannot meet with much chance of talking religion, yet they are talking religion with Catholic lay people very often. Much harm has been done and many misapprehensions created concerning Catholic doctrine and practice by the ignorance, stupidity and carelessness of Catholics who ought to have known better and had more courage of their convictions.

NO EXCUSE FOR IGNORANT LAYMEN. The layman of to-day has no excuse for being ignorant of his religion. For him there is no justification if he allows callumnies to go unchecked and stupid prejudice to go uncorrected. He has libraries, magazines and papers at his disposal if he wants them. He has a field for preaching the Gospel to his hearth. He cannot say that this is only the priest's work. The priest cannot do it, but the layman can and should. It is a shame for him if he neglects these opportunities, all the more that the great majority of non-Catholics, while they are not sufficiently interested in the Church to buy books about it or ask the priests about it, are ready and willing, and oftentimes eager, to hear a lucid and honest explanation of a point of belief or the reason for a ceremony. There is no valid reason why the average Catholic man or woman of to-day cannot know enough about the faith to satisfy all ordinary requirements and answer all reasonable questions. If they fail in this they are certainly doing little for the coming of Christ's Kingdom to the minds of unbelievers.

The Lay Apostolate is not a work limited to any particular class of our people. The main requirement is active, generous-heartedness. It needs no societies or red tape. It is a work which every good Catholic can do in his or her own place in the world by taking a little interest in the extension of the truth and the welfare of the weak and needy among them.

Think of the good a brave and pious Catholic girl can do among her own companions and fellow workers in the store, the factory, the school or in her home neighborhood, if she has the spirit of Christ in her heart, good that can be done without noise or display, by none the less effectively. Not all the Sisters of Mercy are in religious garb or the Sisters of Charity either, but the pity is that they are so few when they might be so many. Safe and strong themselves, anxious to do good in their frequent confession and good reading, the stronger women sometimes seek others weak in faith, prone to temptation, ensnared by vanity, drifting from their moorings, forming bad friendships and falling away from the practice of religion, and yet they do not say a word or stretch out a hand to save these weaker sisters. Will they be held guiltless on the last day? There is endless good work that Catholic women can do for the faith whether Providence has placed them in the parlor, at the shop-counter or in the work-room. It is not the place but the spirit that counts. So when the good impulse comes they should not allow it to die, but act on it immediately and with God's help try to help save the souls that are drifting to perdition.

Think what an apostle of the faith the right sort of a Catholic man may be, who regards the carelessness in religion, the bad companionship, the intemperance of those who work with him as a wrong to himself and a sad wound to the Church, which he may avert by a little effort and an appeal to the faith that is always in the Catholic's breast. Even when it is not a question of wrong-doing, there is much that he can do by advice, sympathy, good books and conversation that will make others better men, better Catholics, and will radiate the faith into the waste places of the work-a-day world. What thousands of good opportunities there are which we let slip by, and which we might have turned to God's glory and salvation of souls, at so little cost to ourselves, by trying to make Catholic truth do for others what it has done for us.

POWER IN NUMBERS. A good Catholic can do much individually; he can do more by associating with him two or three friends to help another who is weak or in need. He can always count on the priest to second his effort. It is surprising how slow lay Catholics are to talk with the priest or call upon him unless some one is sick. Yet laymen know many things that would help the priest a great deal if they were a little more candid and a little less shy. The fact is, Catholics in general leave too much to the priest and the Church. They find any personal service irksome and hard, and the priest, burdened with

various cares already, is physically unable and without the time to go out and stir up a greater interest in good works among his people. He does the best he can with each case as it comes, and sighs that he can do so little. A score or more of earnest and zealous men and women who would undertake to devote a few hours every week in the parish among the poor, the wayward, the ignorant, looking after cases that come to their notice, giving a helping hand to those for whom the burden of life is too heavy, could at a little cost to themselves accomplish good that would fill the heart of the recording angel with joy.

But we must not be content with wishing or dreaming, nor should we wait for societies to do this and that. We ought to begin now with those around us who need instruction, or aid or encouragement. Be it ours each day to be able to say that we have laid some small deed of mercy or zeal for souls at the feet of our divine Lord, some work that will gladden His Sacred Heart, so full and kind for His children who are weak and forsaken, and let us count that day as "lost in which we do not try to make a fellow-Catholic a better member of the Church, or some tempted brother better able to keep up the fight, thus rendering as true apostles some act of kindness or helpfulness to the little ones of Christ.

IDEALISM AND HOW TO TALK IT. The Christian Scientists are thinking of establishing a daily paper called The Christian Monitor. The Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati) thus humorously treats the Monitor's supposed report of events as it would appear if made to square with Christian Science doctrine:

"The paper will sell for two cents a copy, or \$5 a year. We await with much interest the issues of this paper. Should Boston have a great fire, and scores be burned and suffer intense agony, and ambulances and hospitals be utilized—pray, what report will The Monitor make? When the next fearful railway accident occurs, and the dead and mangled shall be heaped in disorder, and scalding steam shall add horror to the scene, with equal interest we ask what The Monitor extra will have to chronicle. Will it say:

"When a Monitor reporter arrived upon the scene of the wreck, we found many who imagined they were hurt. We spent some time attempting to quiet their fears. We remonstrated with the firemen, who was pined under his engine, with the steam pouring against his flesh, that nothing could possibly hurt him; that if we had faith to believe, there was no such thing as pain, the steam which he supposed to be hot, and the engine which he imagined was heavy would make no impression upon him; but the poor fellow was deluded in his error, and consequently died? When a careless painter falls from the fifth-story window to the cement pavement, will the Monitor deem the fact worthy of mention? And what will it have to say: that no limbs were broken, and the groans of the unfortunate man were due to mortal mind deceiving him into the belief that he was uncomfortable? We say we await the launching of this newspaper with deep interest."

This is very well so far as it goes, but our esteemed contemporary has not got down to the sweetness of Christian Science idealism, which is that there is nothing but the Divine Mind, and that Man and all the rest of creation are nothing but ideas in that Mind. The Advocate should not therefore say as it does, "This paper will sell for 2 cents a copy, or \$5 a year," as the Monitor could not consistently say it in that way, for with them there is in reality no paper, no two cents, no copy, no \$5, no year. All these are mere ideas in the Divine Mind. The Advocate therefore should have stated thus, "The idea of the paper will sell for the idea of two cents per the idea of a copy or the idea of \$5 dollars for the idea of a year." This is rather awkward English, but it is difficult to talk good intelligible English and chime with Christian Science idealism. They should adopt Volapuk or some of the newly invented languages as their instrument of doctrinal utterance.

The Advocate's report of the great fire in Boston is deficient in as much as it does not get down to the Scientific idealism, for there is no such town as Boston; it is only an idea in the Divine Mind, including a vast number of other minor ideas called Bostonians.

According to Christian Science idealist requirements the great fire in Boston should be reported in this fashion: "When the idea of a Monitor reporter thought it arrived on the idea of the idea of the scene of the idea of the wreck, it found many ideas there who had the idea that they were hurt, or were seriously wounded by the idea of a hurt. It, indeed, the idea of a Monitor reporter, spent some time with the idea of an attempt to quiet the wounded ideas of their idea of fears. It remonstrated with the idea of a fireman pined under the idea of an engine with the idea of steam pouring against its idea of its flesh, that the idea of nothing could possibly hurt the idea of it, that the idea of pain was not an idea of anything, and that the idea of hotness was not in the idea of steam. Nevertheless, the poor idea of a fireman died, or had an idea that he died, and succumbed to it, as the crowd of ideas standing around could bear the idea of witnesses. The dead man had the appearance of the idea of a corpse. And so on and so on, ad infinitum."

Be it observed that all this conflict and confusion of ideas took place only in the Divine Mind, and consequently did not test the capacity of Insurance

Companies to pay for losses. To our mind the heaviest problem concerning Christian Science is that men otherwise intelligent can become victims of the delirious hallucination.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Jesuit Fathers have opened a night school for working boys and men at Manila, in the Philippine Islands. They give courses in English, Spanish, Japanese, arithmetic and stenography.

When Archbishop Dentonwill was elected Superior-General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, the Pope accepted his resignation of the see of Vancouver, saying that it was easier to find a good Bishop than a good superior-general.

The title for the new university at Dublin which has been the subject of an acute controversy for some time, was settled this week to the satisfaction of all parties when King Edward issued letters of patent constituting it as the "National university of Ireland."

Bishop Canavin, of Pittsburg, is the author of a new temperance primer, which will likely be adopted as a textbook for the parochial schools of his diocese and which promises to find a place in the curriculum of many of the schools of the country.

An unique scene was witnessed in a hall in Scotland recently, when an ex-minister of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, now a Catholic priest, was the lecturer at a special meeting of the League of the Cross Literary Association, and the chairman of the meeting was also an ex-Presbyterian minister, Father Gray Graham, M. A.

English exchanges chronicle the sudden death of Louis Petre, head of one of the oldest Catholic families in England. He was forty-five years old and succeeded his elder brother to the title only last June. The previous peer also succeeded a brother, the thirteenth Baron, who was a Catholic priest and a Domestic Prelate of the Pope.

The Pope, says Dr. Petacci, the Pontifical physician, is his worst patient. Ordinarily Dr. Petacci visits the Pope three times a week, but those visits are merely a formality. Pius X. often tells Dr. Petacci that his post is a sinecure and when recently he was contemplating a reform of the Vatican departments he jokingly said that he intended abolishing the post of doctor.

Evidently the devil got strangely busy just on the threshold of Christmas, on Tuesday in San Francisco. Detectives are now searching for vandals who last Tuesday entered the Church of St. Dominic and slashed into shreds vestments valued at \$1,000. The furnishings of the sacristy were destroyed and indecencies were scrawled on the walls by the intruders.

Lord Lovat has just been the recipient of additional distinctions, his name having been included in the list of birthday honors bestowed by his Majesty. He is there gazetted a Knight Grand Cross of the Victorian Order, and is appointed Aide-de-Camp to the King, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the army.

Rear Admiral William H. Emory is at present very much in the public eye as the commander of the second division of the American Atlantic fleet, now back from its long cruise under Evans. Admiral Emory's flagship, the Louisiana, is one of the largest battleships of our navy. This gallant naval officer is a convert to the Catholic Church and comes from the family of the Methodist Bishop Emory, while Mrs. Emory his wife, is a daughter of another well known American convert, Richard Storer Willis (lately deceased) of Detroit.

The Correspondenza Romano, a Vatican organ, asserts that contrary to reports in circulation that Pope Pius had planned a relapse and again has been obliged to take to his bed, the Pontiff has practically recovered from his recent indisposition, and has descended from the third floor of the Vatican, where his private apartments are, to his official quarters on the second floor. There he received Cardinal Morry del Val, the papal secretary of state, and the Pontiff and the cardinal worked together for several hours Wednesday on political affairs.

On Sunday, January the 10th, in the Jesuit Memorial Church, Pentangshane, His Grace, Archbishop McEvoy, of Toronto, will solemnly bless the three bells presented to the church as a memorial of the late Father Laboureaux. The bells, which are now in Quebec were cast in France. They will weigh each respectively 1,500 lbs., 800 lbs. and 475 pounds, a total of 2,775 pounds and with the mountings 4,500 pounds. On the same occasion, the Archbishop will bless and dedicate the fourteen stations of the cross which ornamented the pillars of the church.

News has just come of the death of the Very Reverend Charles R. Chase at the Hotel Braganza, Lisbon. Father Chase under the orders of his physician was on his way to the Canary Islands. He caught cold at sea, was landed at Lisbon and there died fortified by rights of Holy Church. Father Chase was born and nurtured in the Church of England. As an Anglican his life work lay in Plymouth and there to-day his memory is revered by all classes as a great preacher, a good worker, and a good minister. But in doing the will of God he has learned the doctrine. About a decade of years ago he made his submission to Rome and a number of others followed him into the Church and in due time they were ordained to the priesthood.

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS; OR THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

BY MISS JANE FOYLER. CHAPTER XV. THE ROCKS OF ARRAN—THE ISLE OF BUTE.

Towards evening the next day, Ker returned with the rest of Lennox's men and brought with him Sir Eustace Maxwell of Carlaverock. That brave knight no sooner saw the Scottish colours on the walls of Dunbarton than his soul took fire, and stung with a generous ambition of equalling in glory his equal in years, he determined to assist, while he emulated the victor. To this end he went into the town of Dunbarton, and along the shore, striving to enlighten the understandings of the stupidly satisfied, and to excite the discontented to revolt. With most of the knights he was warmly received, and he would gladly have been the first to lead them to the assault on the castle. But he was not to be so easily won. Some were too great towards him to fight for the rights they would gladly gain by the exertions of others. In short, none but about a hundred, whom outrage and despair had driven to the hazard for so good a cause, could be prevailed on to hold themselves in readiness to obey Sir Eustace, when he should see the moment to conduct them to Wallace.

He was trying his eloquence amongst the clan of Lennox, when Ker, arriving, stamped his persuasions with truth; and about five hundred men arranged themselves under their lord's standard. Maxwell gladly explained himself to Wallace's lieutenant, and summoning his spring pinnacles through the town of Dunbarton. At sight of so much larger a power than they expected would venture to appear in arms, and sanctioned by the example of the earl of Lennox, several, who before had held back, now came forward; and nearly eight hundred well-appointed men marched into the fortress.

So large a reinforcement was gratefully received by Wallace; and he welcomed Maxwell with cordiality. A council being held respecting the disposal of the new troops, it was decided that the five hundred Lennox men should remain with their earl in the garrison, and the three hundred from Dunbarton, under the command of Maxwell, should follow Wallace in the prosecution of his conquests.

These preliminaries being arranged, the remainder of the day was dedicated to the unfolding of the plan of warfare which Wallace had conceived. As he first sketched the general outline of his design, and then proceeded to the particulars of each movement, he displayed such comprehensiveness of mind, depth of penetration, clearness of apprehension, facility in expedients, promptitude in perceiving and fixing on the most favorable points of attack, explaining their bearings upon the powers of the enemy, and where a possession of such a castle would compel the neighboring ones to surrender, and where the occupying of the flat country with a strong wall of troops would be a more efficient bulwark than a thousand towers that Maxwell gazed on him with admiration and Lennox with wonder.

It was decided that Wallace should attend Lord Mar and his family on the morrow to the Isle of Bute; and, when the dawn broke, Sir William, calling the guard of Lord Mar, told Ireland he should expect to have a cheering account of the wounded when he returned. "And to assure the poor fellows," rejoined the honest soldier, "that something of yourself still keeps watch over their slumbers, leave me the sturdy sword with which you won Dunbarton. It shall be hung up in their sight; and a good soldier's wounds will heal by looking at it." "Were it the holy King David's," we might expect such a miracle. But you are welcome to it, and there let it remain till I take it hence. Meanwhile, lend me your sword, Stephen; for a truer never fought for Scotland."

A glow of conscious valour flushed the cheek of the veteran. "There, my dear lord," said he presenting it, "it will not dishonor your hand; for it cut down many a proud Norwegian on the field of Largs."

Wallace took the sword, and turned to meet Murray with Edwin in the portal. When they reached the citadel Lennox and all the officers in the garrison were assembled to bid their chief adieu. Wallace spoke to each separately, and then approaching the countess, led her down the rock to the horses which were to convey them to the Frith of Clyde. Lord Mar, between Murray and Edwin, followed; and the servants and guard completed the suite. Being well mounted, they pursued their way, avoiding all inhabited places and resting in the recesses of the hills. Lord Mar had proposed travelling all night; but at the close of the evening, his countess complained of fatigue, and declared that she could not advance farther than the eastern bank of the Cart. No shelter appeared in sight, excepting a thick wood of hazels; but the lady being obstinate, and the air mild, Lord Mar became reconciled to his wife and child passing with no other canopy than the trees. Wallace ordered cloaks to be spread on the ground for the countess and her women, and seeing them laid to rest, planted his men to keep guard around the circle.

By sunset the next day they arrived at the point where they were to encamp. The journey ought to have been performed in half the time, but the countess petitioned for long rests—a compliance of gallantry which the younger part of the cavalcade had reluctantly yielded. At Gourack, Murray engaged two small vessels, the one for the earl and countess, with Wallace as their escort, and the other for himself and Edwin, to follow with the men. It was a fine evening; and they embarked with a brisk gale in their favor. The mariners calculated on reaching Bute in a few hours; but, ere they had been half an

hour at sea, the wind veered about, and obliged them to woo its breezes by a traversing motion, which, though it lengthened their voyage increased its pleasantness, till, turning the southern point of the Corval mountains, the scene suddenly changed. The wind blew a violent gale; and the sea began to boisterous, that the mariners began to think they should be driven upon the rocks. Wallace tore down the sails, and laid his arm to the oar. Lady Mar looked with affright at the gathering tempest, and with difficulty was persuaded to retire under the shelter of a little awning. The earl forgot his debility, and tried to reassure the mariners; but a tremendous sweep of the gale drove the vessel toward destruction rocks of Arran. "Here the master of the bark," Lord Mar cried to Wallace, who had seized the helm. "While you keep your men to their duty in clearing the vessel of water, and in rowing, as the less laborious task I will steer."

The earl being acquainted with the coast, Wallace resigned the helm to him; but scarcely had he stepped forward, when a heavy sea carried two of the men overboard. One caught by the rope, and was saved, but the other was seen no more. Wallace and two applied their strength to the oars; the master and another were employed in laying out the water. In a moment, the vessel struck with a great shock; and the next instant it seemed to move with velocity. "The whirlpool!" the whirlpool! resounded from every lip. Wallace leaped from the deck on his hands, and with the same rope in his hand which he saved the life of the man, he called to the men to follow. "Clasp the ropes fastened, like his own, to the head and stern of the vessel; he was obeyed, and they strove, by towing it along, to stem the suction of the current."

At this instant, Lady Mar rushed upon deck. The earl perceived her. "In, for your life, Joanna!" cried he. She answered him not, but looked wildly around her. "Where could I see my Wallace? Have I drowned him?" cried she, in a voice of phrenzy. "Let me clasp him, even in the deep waters!" "Drowned—who?" exclaimed the earl, who happily had lost the last sentence in the roaring of the storm.

"Wallace! Wallace!" cried she, wringing her hands. At that moment a huge wave sinking before her, discovered the earl of her fears standing on the rocks, followed by the men, and all tagging the ropes to which the bark was attached. She gazed at them with wonder and delight. When they arrived at the doubling of Cuthon Rock, the rope which Wallace held broke, and he fell backwards into the sea. The foremost man uttered a cry; but, ere it was echoed by his fellows, Wallace had gained the vessel, and jumped upon the deck. The point was doubled, and the next instant the vessel struck. The men on the rocks cried, "There is no hope of getting her off. All must take to the water or perish!"

At sight of Wallace, Lady Mar forgot everything but him, and perhaps would have thrown herself into his arms, had not the earl caught her in his own. "Are you to die?" cried she, in a voice of horror. "I trust that God has decreed otherwise," was Wallace's reply. "Compose yourself, and all may be well."

As Lord Mar, from his yet unhealed wounds, could not swim Wallace tore up a small raft placed on it the earl and countess, with her two maids and the child. While the men were towing it through the breakers, he jumped into the sea, to swim by its side, and be in readiness in case of accident. Having gained the broken rocks that lie at the foot of the crags which surround the Isle of Arran, Wallace and his assistants conveyed the countess and her terrified women up their inclines to a cavern, where Wallace sheltered his dripping charges.

The child whom he had guarded in his own arms during the ascent, he laid on the bosom of his mother. Lady Mar kissed the hand that relinquished it, and gave way to a flood of tears. The earl, as he sank against the side of the cave, had strength enough to press Wallace to his heart. "Ever preserve me and mine!" cried he, "how must I bless thee? My wife, my child!" "Have been saved to you, my friend," interrupted Wallace, "by the presiding care of Him Who walked the waves. Without His especial arm, we must all have perished in this awful night; therefore, let our thanksgiving be directed to Him alone."

"So be it!" returned the earl, and dropping on his knees, he breathed forth a prayer of thanksgiving. A few moments elapsed before the men returned, bringing with them a large boat and its proprietor, but no tidings of Murray and Edwin. In bringing the boat round to the creek, the men discovered that the sea had driven their wreck between two rocks, where it lay wedged. Though ruined as a vessel, yet sufficient seemed to have held together to warrant their exertions to save the property. Accordingly they entered it, and drew thence most of the valuables which belonged to Lord Mar.

While this was doing, Wallace ascended to the cave, and found the earl awake. He told him that the boat was ready for their re-embarkation.

"But where, my friend, are my nephews?" inquired he. "Alas! that this fatal expedition has robbed me of them!" Wallace tried to inspire him with a hope he hardly dared credit himself, that they had been saved on some more distant shore. The voices of the chiefs awakened the women; but the countess still slept. Aware that she would resist trusting herself to the waves again, Lord Mar desired that she might be taken on board without disturbing her. This was done. The earl received her head on his bosom; and all being on board, the rowers struck their oars, and once more they were launched upon the sea.

While they were yet midway between the isles, the countess, heaving a sigh, slowly opened her eyes. She felt the motion of the boat, and saw that she was again embarked on the treacherous element on which she had experienced so many terrors. She grew pale, and grasped her husband's hand. "My dear Joanna," cried he, "be not alarmed; we are all safe."

"And Sir William Wallace has left us?" demanded she. "No, madam," answered a voice from the steerage; "not till this party be safe at Bute, do I quit it."

She looked around with a grateful smile: "Ever generous! How could I for a moment doubt my preserver?" Wallace bowed, but remained silent; and they passed calmly along, till they came in sight of a birling, which was presently so near, that the figures in it could be distinctly seen, and Wallace, to his stupor and surprise, beheld Murray and Edwin. The latter with a cry of joy, leaped into the sea, and in the next instant was over the boat-side, and clasped in the arms of Wallace. When the birling had drawn close to the boat, Murray shook hands with his uncle and aunt, crying to Wallace, "That urelin adventure of a birling, to see you have such a monopolist, I see you have not a greeting for any one else!" Edwin turned to the affectionate welcome of Lord Mar. Wallace stretched out his hand to Lord Andrew, and inviting him into the boat, soon learnt that, on the night of the storm, Murray and his company made direct to the nearest creek in Bute; not doing as Wallace's clerkman, who, until danger stopped him, continued to aim for Rothesay. By this prudence, the whole party landed safely; and, as his companion kept themselves very easy in a fisher's hut till morning. On an early hour, they put themselves at the head of the Bothwell men, and expecting they should come up with the earl and his party at Rothesay, walked over to the castle. Their consternation was unutterable when they found that Lord Mar was not there, neither had been heard of. Full of terror, Murray and Edwin then sought the village, and when they did espie them, the joy of Edwin was so great, that not even the unfaithful gulf could stop him from flying to the embrace of his friend.

While mutual felicitations passed, the boats reached the shore; and the sea-men moored their vessels under the towers of Rothesay. Having entered the castle, the steward led them into a room in which he had spread a plentiful feast. Murray, having recounted the history of what had befallen his friends, the earl, with many a glance of gratitude to Wallace, narrated the events of their shipwreck, and their preservation on the Isle of Arran.

All hearts owned the grateful effects of the late rescue. The joy of Edwin burst into a thousand sallies. The high spirits of Murray turned every subject into mirth. The vessel, which seemed restored to health and to youth; and Wallace felt the sun of consolation expanding in his bosom. He had met a heart, though a young one, on which his soul might repose; that dear brother of his affection was saved from the waves; and his friend, the gallant Murray, was spared! The complacency with which he regarded every one, pouring out of his beneficent spirit, which seemed to embrace all as his kindred, turned every eye and heart towards him, as a being whose smile made to love and be loved by all. Lady Mar looked at him, listened to him, with her wrapt soul in her eye. In his presence all was transport; but when he withdrew for the night, what was the state of her feelings? The overflowing of heart that was felt for all, she appropriated solely to herself. The sweetness of his voice, the expression of his countenance, raised such vague hopes in her bosom, that, being gone, she hastened to retire to bed, and there muse on the happiness of having touched the heart of the man for whom she would resign all the world.

CHAPTER XVI. LADY MAR AND WALLACE—MASSACRED AT BUTE.

The morning would have brought annihilation to the countess's hopes, had she come from her chamber. At some distance from the castle, on the cliffs, he met Wallace and Edwin. They had been to the haven, and had ordered a boat to come round to convey them back to Gourack. "Postpone your flight, for pity's sake," cried Murray, "if you would not destroy, by discourtesy, what your gallantry has preserved!" He then told them that Lady Mar was preparing a feast in the glen behind the castle; and if you do not stay to partake it," added he, "we may expect all the witches in the isle will be bribed to sink us, before we reach the shore."

The meeting of the morning was not less cordial than the separation of the night before; and, as Lady Mar withdrew to give orders for her banquet, time was left to the earl for the arrangement of matters of more consequence. In a conversation with Murray the preceding evening, he learnt that, before the party left Dunbarton, a letter had been sent to Helen at St. Fillan's, informing her of the taking of the castle, and of the safety of her friends. This having satisfied the earl, he did not mention her to Wallace, as he avoided encumbering his occupied mind with domestic subjects.

While the earl and his friends were marshalling armies, taking towns, and storming castles, the countess was intent on other conquests. When her lord and guests were summoned to the feast, she met them at the mouth of the glen. Having tried the effect of splendour, she now left all to the power of her charms, and appeared clad in green. Mornig, the pretty grandchild of the steward, walked beside her, gaily decorated in all the flowers of spring. "Here is the lady of my cliff reefs, holding her little king in arms!" As the countess spoke, Murray held up the infant of Lady Mar. The babe laughed and cried, and made a spring to leap into Wallace's arms. The chief took him, and pressed his little cheek to his. Though he had felt the repugnance of a delicate mind, and the shading of a man who held his person consecrated to the memory of the only woman he had ever loved, mingle into an abhorrence of the countess when she allowed her head to drop on his breast in the citadel; and though while he remained at Dunbarton he had avoided her; yet since the wreck, the danger she had escaped, the general joy of all meeting again had wiped away even the remembrance of his former cause of dislike and he now sat by her, as by a sister, fondling her child, although at every cooress it reminded him of hopes lost to him for ever.

When the repast was over, the piper appeared, and the young peasants began the dance. Lady Mar watched the countenance of Wallace as he looked upon the happy group; it was placid, and a soft complacency illuminated his eye. How different was the expression in hers! All within her was in tumult, and the characters were but too legibly imprinted on her face; but he did not look on her, for the child began to cry. He resigned it to the nurse, turned into a narrow vista of trees, and walked slowly on, unconscious where he went.

Lady Mar followed him with a light step, till she saw him turn out of the vista, and then lost sight of him. To walk with him undisturbed in so deep a seclusion, to improve the impression which she was sure she had made upon his heart, to teach him to forget his Marion, in the hope of one day possessing her!—all these thoughts ran in this young woman's head; and, inwardly rejoicing that the shattered health of her husband promised her a ready freedom to become the wife of a man to whom she would gladly belong, in honor or dishonor, she hastened forward. Peeping through the trees, she saw him standing, in golden arms, looking intently into the bosom of a lake surrounded with willows. Having stood for some time, he walked on. Several times she essayed to join him; but a sudden awe, a conviction that purity which would shrink from the guilty vows she was meditating to pour into his ear, made her pause, and she retreated.

She had no sooner returned to the scene of festivity, than she repented having allowed what she deemed an idle alarm of overstrained delicacy to drive her from the lake. She would have hastened back, had not two or three aged female peasants engaged her to listen to long stories respecting her lord's youth. She had been with these women, and by the side of the dancers, for nearly an hour, before Wallace reappeared. She sprung for them as he approached—"Where, truant, have you been?"

"In a beautiful solitude," returned he, "amongst a luxuriant grove of willows." "Ay!" cried she, "it is called Glen Shealeneh; and a sad scene was acted there. About ten years ago, a lady of this island drowned herself in the lake which hangs over, because the man she loved despised her."

"Unhappy woman!" observed Wallace. "Then you would have pitied her?" rejoined Lady Mar. "He cannot be a man that would despise a woman under those circumstances." "Then you would not have consigned her to such a fate?" Wallace was startled by the tone in which this question was asked. It recalled the action in the citadel; and, returning a penetrating look on her, his eyes met hers. He need not have heard farther to have learned more. She looked down and colored; and he, wishing to misunderstand a language so disgraceful to her, so dishonouring to her husband, gave some trifling answer, and, making some observation about the earl, advanced to her. Lord Mar was tired with the scene; and, taking the arm of Wallace, they returned together into the house.

Edwin and Murray soon followed, and arrived time enough to see their little pinnace drawn up under the castle. The countess, hastening into the room where the young chieftains sat (for the earl had retired to repose), inquired the reason that that boat been drawn so near the castle. "Only that it may take us from it," replied Murray. The countess fixed her eyes upon Wallace. "My gratitude is ever due to your kindness, my dear madam," said he; "and that we may ever deserve it, we go to keep the enemy from your doors."

"Yes," added Murray, "and to keep a more insidious foe from our own! Edwin and I feel it rather dangerous to bask too long in these sunny bowers." "But surely your chief is not a coward!" said she, casting a soft glance at Wallace. "And nevertheless I must fly," returned he, bowing to her. "That you positively shall not," added she; "you stir not this night, else I shall brand you all as a band of cowards."

"Call us by all the names in the poltroon's calendar," cried Murray, "and I shall gallop off from your black-eyed Judith, as if by Cupid himself." "So, dear aunt," rejoined Edwin, "if you do not mean to play Circe to our Ulysses, give us leave to go." Lady Mar looked at the boy intently. "Are you indeed my nephew?" Edwin answered gaily—"I hope so; for I am Lord Mar's; and, besides, I hope to be related to all handsome ladies." As he spoke he snatched a kiss from her hand, and darted after Murray, who had disappeared to give some directions respecting the boat.

Left alone with the object of her every wish, she forgot all prudence, all reserve; and laying her hand on his arm, as with a respectful bow, he was away, she rested his steps. She leio him fast; but agitation prevented her speaking; she trembled violently; and, weeping, dropped her head upon his shoulder. He was motionless. He felt the embarrassment of his situation; and, at last he inquired the cause of her uneasiness. "It is for the safety of your nephews,"—"No, no," cried she, interrupting him; "read my fate in that of the Lady of Glen Shealeneh!"

Again he was silent; astonished, fearful of too promptly understanding so disgraceful a truth, he found no words in which to answer her; and her emotions she would sweep in his arms. "Cruel, cruel Wallace!" at last cried she; "your heart is steeled, or it would understand mine; it would at least pity the wretchedness it has created; but I am despaired, and I can yet find the watery grave from which you rescued me."

Wallace took the countess by the arm, and, seating her with gentleness, addressed her:—"Your husband, Lady Mar, is my friend; had I even a heart to give to women, not one sigh should arise in it to his dishonor; but I am lost to all warmer affections than that of friendship. I may regard man as my brother, woman as my sister; but never more can I look on female form with love."

"But were it otherwise," cried she; "only tell me that, had I not been bound with chains which my kinsmen fore-d upon me—had I not been made the property of a man who, however estimable, was of too paternal years for me to love, ah! tell me if these tears should be shed in vain?" Wallace seemed to hesitate what to answer. Wrought up to agony, she threw herself on his breast, exclaiming—"Answer; but drive me not to despair. I never loved man before; and now to be scorned! Oh! kill me too, dear Wallace, but tell me not that you never could have loved me."

Wallace was alarmed at her vehemence. "Lady Mar," returned he, "I am incapable of saying anything to you that is inimical to your duty to the best of men. I will even forget this distressing conversation, and continue through life to revere, equal with himself, the wife of my friend."

"And I am to be stabled with this?" replied she. "You are to be healed with it, Lady Mar," returned he; "for it is not a man, like the rest of his sex, that now addresses you, but a being whose heart is petrified to marble. I could feel no throbb of yours. I should be insensible to all your charms, were I even vile enough to see no evil in trampling upon your husband's rights. Yes, were virtue true to me, still memory would speak; still would she urge that the chaste and last kiss, should live there in unblemished sanctity, till again meet her angel embraces in the world to come!"

The countess exclaimed: "What she was, I would be to thee—thy consoler, thine adoror. Time may set me free, Oh! till then, only give me leave to love thee, and I shall be happy." "You dishonor yourself, lady," returned he, "by these petitions. And for what? You plunge your soul in guilty wishes; you sacrifice your peace and your self-esteem to a phantom; for, I repeat, I am dead to women; and the voice of love sounds like the funeral knell of her who will never breathe to me more." He rose; and the countess was devising what next to say, when Murray came into the room. Wallace observed that his countenance was troubled. "What has happened?" inquired he. "A messenger from the mainland, with bad news from Ayr."

"Are you of private or public import?" rejoined Wallace. "Of both. There has been a horrid massacre, in which the heads of many noble families have fallen. As he spoke, his countenance revealed to his friend that part of the information he had found himself unable to communicate. "I comprehend my loss," cried Wallace; "Sir Roland Crawford is slain. Bring the messenger in."

Murray withdrew; and Wallace, seating himself, remained with a stern countenance, gazing on the ground. Lady Mar durst not breathe, for fear of disturbing the stillness which seemed to lock up his grief and indignation. Lord Andrew re-entered with a stranger. Wallace rose to meet him; and seeing Lady Mar, "Countess," said he, "these bloody recitals are not for your ears; and waving her to withdraw, she left the room." "This gallant stranger," said Murray, "is Sir John Graham. He has just left that new theatre of Southern treachery." "I have hastened hither," cried the knight, "to call your victorious arm to take a signal vengeance on the murderers of your grandfather. He and eighteen other Scottish chiefs have been treacherously put to death in the Barns of Ayr."

On a staff, he was attended by two domestics, when Sir John Graham met him at the gate of the palace. He smiled on him as he passed, and whispered—"It will not be long before my Wallace makes even the terms of vassalage unnecessary; and then these fading limbs may sit undisturbed at home under the fig-tree and vine of his planting."

"God grant it!" returned Graham; and he saw Sir Ronald omitted within the gates. The servants were ordered to remain without. Sir John walked there some time, expecting the re-appearance of the knight; but after an hour's stay he thought his father might be wondering at his delay, and turned his steps towards his own lodgings. As he passed along, he met several Southern detachments hurrying across the streets. In the midst of some of these companies, he saw one or two Scottish men of rank, strangers to him, but who seemed to be prisoners. He did not go far before he met a chieftain whom he knew in these painful circumstances; but as he was hastening towards him, the noble Scot raised his manacled hand, and turned away his head. This was a warning to the young knight; and darting into an obscure alley which led to his father's lodgings, he was hurrying forward, when he saw one of Lord Dunduff's men running towards him. "Waiting with haste, he informed him that a party of armed men had come, under Du Vallence's warrant, to seize Lord Dunduff and to take him to prison, there to lie, with others, who were charged with having taken a part in a conspiracy with the grandfather of the insurgent Wallace. The officer of the band who took Lord Dunduff, told him that Sir Ronald, his ringleader, with eighteen nobles, his accomplices, had already suffered the punishment of their crime, and were lying headless trunks in the judgment-hall. "Fly, therefore," repeated the man; "fly to Sir William Wallace, and require his warrant, to seize Lord Dunduff and to take him to prison, there to lie, with others, who were charged with having taken a part in a conspiracy with the grandfather of the insurgent Wallace. 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attended by two domestic John Graham met him at the palace. He smiled and said, and whispered—"It being before my Wallace... it returned Graham; Ronald admitted within a servant was ordered about. Sir John walked on, expecting the re-appearing light; but after a thought his father might at his delay, and he turned towards his own feelings. As he went, he met several beautiful girls hurrying across the street, some of these saw one of two Scottish stragglers to him, but who prisoners. He did not go to meet a chieftain whom he saw in the judgment of the... raised his manacled hand, raised his hand. This was a young knight, and a dark... led to the judgment of the... he saw one of Lord Dun-... towards him. Faint-... he informed him that a... men had come under the... to seize Lord Dun-... him to prison, there to... who were charged with... a part in a conspiracy with... of the aspect of Wal-... of the band who took it... told him that Sir Ronald... with eighteen nobles, his... had already suffered the... of his crime, and were... in the judgment of the... therefore," repeated the... Sir William Wallace, and... to free his countrymen from... are your father's com-... to seek you out, and... them to you.

for the life of his father, father to act. To leave... to abandoning him to the... had received; and yet... him could be have any... his fate. Once seeing... ought to pursue, he immedi-... into it; and giving his... to man, to assure Lord Dun-... obedience, he mounted a... nothing to stay him... Dumbarton Castle, ... Wallace was gone... to throw himself into a boat... that island in a shorter... than the voyage had ever... completed.

now in the presence of the... narrated his tale with a simpli-... which would have in-... the sword of Wallace, ... no kinsman to avenge, no... from the Southern dan-... eyes, and the axe hung over... of the virtuous nobles of his... the chieftain to an end with-... or altering the fixed de-... of his command for you;... with an augmented confusion... in his face, and his brows de-... tremendous fate, he arose... Graham," said he, "I attend...?" demanded Murray.

"I" answered Wallace. "This... will set out for Dumbarton, to... the sinews of my strength;... this arm shall show how I loved... old man."

"men," interrupted Graham, ...ly awaiting you on the opposite... presented to command for you;... Dumbarton, and finding... absent, altering having freely... of my errand to Lord Lennox, I... to interpret your mind, and to... Alexander Scrymgeour and... Kirkpatrick, with all your... to follow me to the coast of...?"

"I" you, my friend," cried Wal-... you read my soul. We go... I cannot stay to bid you... "I" said he to Lord Ar-... remain, and tell him to bless... his prayers; and then, dear... follow me to Ayr."

of what the stranger had... Edwin hastened with the news... ready for embarkation... hurrying out his information, ... the countenance of his general... him. He looked at the stranger, ... was agitated and severe, ... towards his cousin; all there... and distressed. Again he... at Wallace, but every look... no word was spoken; and... saw him leap into the boat, fol-... by the stranger. The astonished... did not be left behind, and step-... sat down beside his chief. "I... follow you in an hour," exclaimed... The seamen pushed off; and... minutes they were out of the har-..."

is a list of the murdered chiefs, those who are in the dungeons, ... the like treatment," said... n, holding out a parchment: "It... ren to me by my servant." Wal-... it; but, seeing his grand-... name at the top, he could look... them. Closing the scroll, "Cal-... Graham," said he, "I want no... us to urge me to the extirpation... If God blesses my arms, ... perpetrator of this horrid mas-... shall be alive, to-morrow, to re-... deed."

"Oh! Pshaw! Why doesn't he turn... his seat over and talk to us? That's... the way they always do in novels."

"Guess he has a girl at home some-... where," ventured the other.

"I pity her then, if he is not more... talkative to her than he is now, ought?"

Still the traveller in the next seat did... not take the hint, but continued to look... out of the window, while the marks of... care seemed to deepen the lines on his... face. Once or twice he moved as if in... indecision, and the two young women... thought they were about to be successful... in their attempts to attract attention and... be entertained. But he evidently thought... better of it and remained silent.

"Say, Madge," said Nellie, "where is... box of candies? Oh! I just love... candies. If any one comes acourting... me he'll just have to bring me candies

Dungeons of Ayr," the name of the Lord Dunduff, and immediately after, that of Lord Ruthven. He uttered a cry, and extended his arms to Wallace, who turned round. The terror-struck boy exclaimed, "My father is in their hands! Oh! if you are indeed my brother, fly to Ayr, and save him!"

Wallace took up the list which Edwin had dropped. He saw the name of Lord Ruthven amongst the prisoners; and, folding his arms around this affectionate son, "Compose yourself," said he; "it is to Ayr I am going; and if the God of Justice be my speed, your father and Lord Dunduff shall not see another day in prison."

Edwin threw himself on the neck of his friend. "My benefactor!" was all he could utter. Wallace pressed him silently in his arms.

"Who is this amiable youth?" inquired Graham; "to which of the noble companions of my captive father is he son?"

"William Ruthven," answered Wallace; "the illustrious Lord of the Carse of Gowrie; and it is a noble scion from so glorious a race. He it was that enabled me to win Dumbarton. Look up, my brother!" cried Wallace; "Look up, and hear me recount the first fruits of your maiden arms to our gallant friend!"

Covered with blushes, Edvin rose, and, bowing to Sir John, leaned his head up on the shoulder of Wallace, who enumerated every particular of his bringing the detachment from Berwick to Glasgow, of his sealing the walls of Dumbarton, and his prowess in that fortress. As Wallace proceeded, the wonder of Graham was raised to a pitch only to be equalled by his admiration; and, taking the hand of Edvin, "Receive me, brave youth," said he, "as your second brother. Sir William Wallace is your first; but this night we shall fight side by side for our father's; and let that be our bond of kindred!"

Edwin pressed his cheek to his lips; "Let us together free them," cried he; "and then we shall be twins in happiness."

"So be it," cried Graham; "and Sir William Wallace shall be the sponsor of that hour."

Wallace smiled, and moving to the head of the vessel, saw that they drew near the shore, which was covered with armed men. To be sure whether or not they were his own, he drew his sword, and waved it in the air. At that moment, a hundred torches flashed in the darkness; and the shout of "Wallace!" came loudly on the breeze. Graham and Edvin started to their feet. Wallace jumped on shore, and was received with acclamations by his eager soldiers.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HIS SILENCE.

He came into the coach, bringing with him a breath of the outside fresh air. Putting his valise on the rack and hanging up his coat, he sat near the window, and with his head resting on his hand looked gloomily out on the fast flying snow covered fields.

There was an expression of sorrowful anxiety on his face which was handsome to a degree. He had dark wavy hair, and large intelligent eyes shaded with long lashes. His features were regular, the most prominent of which was a square determined jaw. At a casual glance one would have taken him to be a young lawyer, probably thirty five years of age, or a confidential adviser in some large business concern.

The click click of the wheels over the frosty rails was the only sound heard in the coach for some minutes. There were not many people in the day coach, and the itinerary of the conductor or the brakeman was infrequent. Here and there could be heard low toned conversations. Many passengers were quietly reading books or papers or dozing.

In the next seat behind the silent man were two young women. For some time they held a whispered conversation, and at last the man in front of them heard one of them say:

"Oh what's the use of whispering I don't care if he does hear me."

The other giggled and after that their conversation was audible.

"I just love black wavy hair, don't you, Nell?"

"Oh! I think it's just too lovely for anything," was the answer.

"And such a nice long mustache. I think it ever so much nicer for men to wear mustaches than to shave their faces clean, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And then when a fellow has a mustache, you—"

"And the sentence was followed by a period of giggling from the two speakers.

"I guess he is pretty well off. See Nell, he has got a real seal skin on the collar of his overcoat," continued one.

"The seamen pushed off; and minutes they were out of the har-..."

is a list of the murdered chiefs, those who are in the dungeons, ... the like treatment," said... n, holding out a parchment: "It... ren to me by my servant." Wal-... it; but, seeing his grand-... name at the top, he could look... them. Closing the scroll, "Cal-... Graham," said he, "I want no... us to urge me to the extirpation... If God blesses my arms, ... perpetrator of this horrid mas-... shall be alive, to-morrow, to re-... deed."

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every night or I'll send him about his business."

More giggling followed, which was succeeded by a short silence as the two occupied themselves with the confessions.

Before long other remarks were made upon the personal appearance of the silent passenger. His teeth, mouth, eyes were freely discussed in a loud tone, or at least in so loud a tone that he had no difficulty in hearing every syllable. He came to the conclusion that the two young women in the seat behind him were not really bad girls, but foolish and judgmentless and shallow-pated to such a degree that they required a sharp lesson to make them see the folly and impertinence of their conduct.

"I wonder whether he really has a sweetheart," said one of them.

"I pity her if he has," said the other quite rodelly, being somewhat piqued at her unsuccessful attempts to attract attention.

"Tell you what I think is the matter," said the other.

"What?"

"I guess he is married!"

"Oh!"

More giggling.

Suddenly the man got up, turned his seat, and faced the two girls. They saw that his face was sorrowful, and although he was not angry there was a look of determination in it.

"Yes," he said, "I am married, and I have just received a telegram from my wife that my little seven-year-old girl is at the point of death. My heart and soul are bound up in her. She is all I have. She is my very life—my little golden-haired daughter. I would give all I have and all I ever hope to have, if I could only save her life. But I tell you plainly rather than see her grow up and conduct herself in a public conveyance as you two girls have conducted yourselves towards a total stranger to you—rather than see her behave as you have behaved to-day, I would, although it broke my heart, I would rather see her when I get home dead at my feet!"

As he reached for his satchel and coat as the train was slowing up, there was no more giggling from the two young women.

AT THE BATHS OF LOURDES.

ENGLISH CONVERT PRIEST DESCRIBES HIS EXPERIENCE AT FAMOUS FRENCH SHRINE.

Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, the convert son of the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, in the very graphic and interesting chapters on Lourdes which he is contributing to the Ave Maria, thus describes his own immersion in the piscine, or bath:

"There are, as I have said, three compartments in the building called the piscine. That on the left is for women, in the middle, for children, and for those who do not undergo complete immersion on the right, for men. It was into this last, then, that I went. I had forced my way through the crowd, and passed the open court where the priests prayed. It was a little paved place like a chapel, with a certain hung immediately before the door. When I had passed this, I saw that at the farther end, three or four yards away, was a Scottish man whose Mass I had served the previous midnight. He was in his soutane, with his sleeves rolled up to the elbow. He gave me my directions, and while I made ready I watched the patients. There was one lame man, just beside me, beginning to dress; two tiny boys, and a young man who touched me more than I can say. He was standing by the head of the bath, holding a basin in one hand and a little image of Our Lady in the other, and was splashing water ingeniously with his fingers into his eyes; these were horribly inflamed and I could see that he was blind. I can not describe the passion with which he did this, seeming to stare all the while toward the image he held, and whispering out prayers in a quick undertone—hoping, no doubt, that his first sight would be the image of his Mother. One of them had horribly prolonged and thin legs; I could not see what was wrong with the other, except that he looked ill and worn-out. Close beside me, on the wet, muddy paving, lay an indescribable bandage that had been unrolled from the lame man's leg.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

I heard a rare story the other day of a good Bishop who was visiting an outlying portion of his diocese for the purpose of confirming some of the rising generation. The pastor had raised the brave band in line, and the Bishop, after asking a few leading questions, requested a little girl to state the definition of matrimony.

And with hands folded, eyes half closed, and generally modest mien, the little one rapidly recited the startling announcement that "matrimony is a state of terrible torment which those who enter it are compelled to undergo as partial punishment for their sins, in order to prepare them for a brighter and better world."

The pastor who had taken great pains to prepare his class was greatly amazed at this blunder and sharply said: "No, no, Katie, that is not marriage at all; that is purgatory."

"Leave her alone, Father James," said the Bishop with a meaning smile; "leave little Katie alone. What do you or I know about it?"

The class was given "Oliver Cromwell" as the subject for a short essay, and one of the efforts contained the following sentence: "Oliver Cromwell had an iron will, an unsightly wart, and a large red nose; but underneath were deep religious feelings."

"My husband is so poetic," said one lady to another on a street car.

Whereupon an honest looking woman, with a big market basket at her feet, interjected w. k. "Excuse me, mum, but have you ever tried rubbing his joints with bartholomew?"

A POLITICIAN.

Who was making a house-to-house canvass during a recent election, came to a farmhouse, when he observed a young woman standing at the gate, and the candidate gracefully lifted his hat and politely asked:

"No doubt, my dear madam, your husband is at home?"

"Yes," responded the woman.

"Might I have the pleasure of seeing him?" inquired the politician.

"He's down in the pasture a-buryn' the dog," was the reply from the individual at the gate.

"I am sorry indeed to learn of the death of your dog," came in sympathizing tones from the candidate. What killed him?"

"He wore hisself out a barkin' at the candidates," said the woman.

CARDINAL MANNING AS AN ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN.

A glimpse at the life of Cardinal Manning before his conversion to the Catholic Church, and while he was yet a Protestant minister of the Church of England, is given by Wilfred Wilberforce in the Catholic World for November. This is a period of the Cardinal's life not very widely known, and Mr. Wilberforce makes his account of it very interesting. Manning's original intent was to go into public life, become a member of Parliament, and possibly a member of the Government, but the bankruptcy of his father rendering this impossible, he studied to be a minister of the Anglican Church, was ordained as such, and became a curate of the Rev. John Sargent, vicar of Grafton and Lavington. Now Mr. Sargent had four daughters, and to one of these the young curate paid his addresses, and in a brief while became not only Mr. Sargent's curate but also the favored suitor for his daughter's hand. Mr. Wilberforce writes: "When Mr. Sargent died [as he did before the marriage of his daughter to the young curate] the patroness of Lavington was glad enough to appoint Manning as rector, and thus at the age of twenty-five, he found himself in possession of an important living, such as many hundreds of first class Oxford men never attain to, with an

ample and settled income, a well-equipped home in a country of idyllic beauty, with work dear to his heart among people who loved and revered him. Never surely has life opened more brightly upon any young clergyman."

HIS RELIGIOUS BELIEF AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

The happiness was short-lived, because death very soon robbed the young vicar of his wife. This period of his life he afterwards rarely referred to, his recollection being due, Mr. Wilberforce says, to the feeling of intense affection with which he regarded his wife, and the deep sorrow which befall him in losing her. Mr. Wilberforce quotes Richmond the artist, a friend of Manning and his wife, as saying: "His grief was great and abiding—too great for words; he never spoke of her. I was a frequent visitor at Lavington in these days of sorrow, and often found Manning seated by the graveside of his wife, composing his sermons. Of the state of Manning's religious belief at this period, he himself says it was "profound faith in the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation, in the redemption by the Passion of our Lord, and in the work of the Holy Spirit, and the conversion of the soul. I believe in baptismal regeneration, and in a spiritual, but real, receiving of our Lord in Holy Communion. As to the Church, I had no definite conception. I had rejected the Catholic Church, Erastianism was hateful to me. The Royal Supremacy was, in my mind, an invasion of the headship of our Lord. In truth I had thought and read myself out of contact with every system known to me. Anglicanism was formal and dry. Evangelicalism illogical, and at variance with the New Testament. Nonconformity was to me mere disorder. The Catholic Church, I knew nothing of, was completely isolated. But I held intensely to the 'Word of God' and the work of souls. In this state I began preaching to the poor in church and in their homes." But this state of things did not satisfy the future Cardinal of the Catholic Church, and, as himself is witness, these questions began to rise and trouble him: "What right have you to be teaching, administering, reforming, rebuking, and excommunicating? By what authority do you lift the latch of a poor man's door and enter and sit down and begin to instruct or to correct him? 'This train of thought,' he says, 'forced me to see that no culture or knowledge of Greek or Latin would suffice for this. That if I was not a messenger sent from God, I was an intruder and impertinent."

MANNING'S SACRIFICE.

Mr. Wilberforce does not give all the processes whereby the mind of Manning arrived at the conviction that the Catholic Church was the true Church of Christ, outside of which it were perilous to remain, but what he does give is suggestive of what converts to the Church must endure when they finally elect to step over the threshold. "When the winter of 1850 came," he says, "many a clergyman has resigned his benefice and entered the Church, but Manning still hesitated. Each convert, of course, has to go through his special and personal trial. With some it is loss of home and friends, with others it is poverty. To Manning, one of the sorrows, though not of course the greatest, was his turning his back on Lavington. It had been his home for many years, the scene of his happy married life, the vineyard, as he loved to regard it, which God had given him to till and cultivate. . . . To the last day of his long life, he never forgot the garden at Lavington and its people. And now this, among many other things, had to be given up. But the call of God was urgent, and no consideration of earth could withstand it. Never, I verily believe, did Manning do any act which he knew to be contrary to God's will. In the spring of 1851 it became clear to him that it was God's will that he should be received into the Catholic Church."

THE FINAL STEP.

The Cardinal himself has left a record of the last occasion on which he worshipped in the church of England. There was at that time, says Mr. Wilberforce, close to the Buckingham Palace Road, a small chapel which was dear to the heart of the Tractarians. Here it was that Manning performed his last devotions as an Anglican. "I was kneeling by the side of Mr. Gladstone," he records. "Just before Communion Service commenced I said to him: 'I can no longer take the Communion in the Church of England.' I rose up—'St. Paul is standing by his side'—and, laying my hand on Mr. Gladstone's shoulder, said: 'Come.' It was the parting of the ways. Mr. Gladstone remained; and I went my way. Mr. Gladstone still remains where I left him." In March, 1851, Manning resigned his office before a notary, according to law. This was in the city. He returned over Blackfriars Bridge, went to St. George's the Cathedral of Southwark, and knelt before the Blessed Sacrament. "It was then and there," he tells us, "that I said my first Hail Mary." On the sixth of April following he was received into the Catholic Church. "So ended one life," he wrote "and I thought my life was over. I fully believed that I should never do more than become a priest, about which I never doubted or wavered. But I looked forward to live, and die in a priest's life of self."

God is there; He can do all. He loves me; why should I fear? Delightful thought; summed up in these few words, so easy to remember; "God knows it, and He loves me." "Oh, what strength, what joy! what consolation they bring to my soul!"

HAD TO TAKE IT BACK.

BAPTIST PREACHER WHO MADE SLANDEROUS STATEMENT OFFERS PUBLIC APOLOGY.

Although not the first incident of the kind, the insult offered the Catholics of Biloxi, Miss., deserves special interest on account of the particularly malicious charges made by a man who calls himself a representative of Christ, and the swift vengeance that overtook him for his cowardly act.

Last week the Catholics of Biloxi were aroused by a letter appearing in the Baptist Record, the official organ of the Baptists of Mississippi, over the signature of W. A. Roper, Baptist minister at Biloxi.

After speaking of a revival recently held at the Baptist Church of the place Mr. Roper made the following statement:

"Our growth is slow down here. There are many things against us, chief among which is the predominance of influence of Catholicism, which has ruled here for more than two centuries."

"Catholicism does not stand for the Bible nor for personal responsibility, nor for moral living."

"As you please, only make your confession to the priests and look to them for salvation."

"It is but little removed from heathenism and is less excusable, for it is sin against the light."

"The standard of morals is very low here, as is always the case with priest-ridden districts."

"A pure gospel and a high standard of moral living, therefore, have but little influence among such people."

"Let me say we have some of God's choicest spirits here; pray for us that the number may be greatly multiplied."

W. A. ROOPER.

CATHOLIC ANSWER.

When this vile communication came to the attention of Biloxi Catholics, a storm of indignation swept over the pretty town on the Gulf, and even their Protestant friends did not mince words to express their indignation.

It was Mr. P. H. Prieur, Grand Knight of Biloxi Council K. of C., who, like a true knight, took up the gauntlet and in words, ringing with many indignation, he characterized Mr. Roper's words as infamous slander of all that Catholic men hold sacred.

In the columns of the Biloxi Herald he made the following statement:

"Catholic men of Biloxi, analyze thoroughly the above and judge for yourselves the exact and full meaning of this infamous, libelous and outrageous article."

Inasmuch as the article on the Catholic Church itself had been the subject of preceding allegations put forth by one who only shows thereby his total ignorance in the beliefs and teachings of our Church until such times he shall be able to prove each and every one of them.

I will say here that he need not overwork his narrow mind in attempting to prove his first assertion. That much I readily grant him and furthermore I heartily agree with him there.

What I do object to and what every Catholic man in this city and on this coast, who has a mother or sister, a wife or daughter, should object to, is this man's very broad and un-Christian assertions that the standard of morals of all Catholics is very low and the inference that so long as we Catholics confess to a priest we may indulge in all sort of licentiousness. Such remarks are no longer attacks on our Church alone but they reach even the very sanctity of our homes; they bear upon the fair names of our mothers, they are intended to injure the reputation of our wives, and they would blacken the immaculate purity of our sisters and daughters.

Are we men to suffer such calumnies to remain unchallenged, and not demand from this man a public retraction of what he has written? It is true he did not attack us in our local paper, but in that he has but proven that he is a foe much to be feared, for an open enemy is by far less dangerous than the Urial Heep who is all humbleness and meekness and who is but looking for an opportunity to undermine righteousness and annihilate the high standard of morality by which he is surrounded.

I feel satisfied the unprejudiced and broadminded members of his own congregation cannot uphold him in his assertions. For I number among them some very dear friends for whom I have too much respect to entertain even for a moment the idea that they could countenance such vile and malicious libels.

P. H. PRIEUR.

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Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics

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Commercial course—latest business college courses. High School courses—preparation of graduation and professional studies. College of Arts courses—preparation for degrees and honors. Natural Science—modern laboratory apparatus. Languages—Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Russian, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Sanskrit, Chinese, Japanese, Hindustani, Malay, Persian, Arabic, Persian, Urdu, Hindi, Bengali, Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam, Sinhalese, Cingalese, English Literature receives special attention. First-class board and tuition only. The student. Send for catalogue giving full particulars.

REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., President.

of Nov. 12, 1908, and do retract everything therein which reflects on the Catholic Church, the character and morality of the priests and congregation and on the community at large.

"Signed this 27th day of November, 1908.

Witnesses: P. H. Prieur, A. L. Krebs, M. L. Michel."

AFRAID OF A SPOOK.

Many of our brethren outside the faith are engaged in the joyous occupation of making straw men and then pounding them to pieces. For instance, here is The Advance, a Congregationalist paper, worrying about the following state of affairs:

One more significant feature of the congress remains to be mentioned. It is the most significant of all. The congress pledged its continued obedience to the Pope. The Pope is in Rome; these Catholics are in America. What will they do when the Pope wants one thing and the government of America and the welfare of the American people require another thing?

The Advance imagines an impossible condition. The Pope will never ask anything of his American children that they cannot readily grant. The American people will never require anything of their Catholic fellow-citizens antagonistic to any request the Holy Father may make. The solicitude of our Congregationalist conferees is irrelevant, unnecessary and altogether needless for the Pope is our spiritual director. He is not withholding himself about our material affairs, save that he is glad to see us prosperous.

It is quite remarkable that these hotter than that people cannot accept Pius X. for what he is. They evidently look upon him as a scheming politician, a wily diplomat, who is everlastingly pulling wires so that the world may be brought under his thumb. What does he care for principles and powers? He is not especially interested in material things. The souls of men are his chief concern.

To illustrate: only the other day the Holy Father gave audience to a number of pilgrims from France. His address to them was the outpouring of a tender heart filled not with adoration for the fleeting foibles of this world, but with love of God. Here are a few words:

"There is an elephant on your head, France: Leave your palaces, take away from your seminaries the budding hopes of the Church; do not accept from them that would make a slave of the Church a single son of what is offered you to save you from hunger; in your tribulations, in your sorrow look only to Jesus Christ, despoiled of all, nailed on the cross—after a few days He triumphed, and your triumph, too, will come."

"There is an elephant on your head," said the prattler to his grandfather in an effort to April-fool him, which is about as sensible as the brainless twaddle indulged in concerning the Pope by sectarian editors.—Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

Blessed Are The Poor.

New York is great in her faith, in the kind that thrives in sacrifice and suffering before it grows and flowers into great works. A few weeks ago she gave magnificent testimony of it, and the Catholic hierarchy of America was there to hear it, to rejoice in it and then to do honor to it. But the great lesson somehow to us was not on the Avenue where the crowds gathered but rather where flags, small and poor floated proudly from every second window of the tenement district. The roots of New York's faith were deep among the poor, while the leaves and flowers were clustering about that magnificent pile of marble—New York's Cathedral. The roots of all religious work seem ever to be among the poor and lowly. None know better that all the glory of the celebration was theirs than do their clergy. Like the roots to great trees, they are always content to live for the very joy of helping. They envy none of the leaves and flowers though they glimpse them seldom.—Extension.

You cannot measure morality by mathematics. You cannot put up a chemically-prepared morality.—J. C. Monaghan.

To Digest the Food

Bile in the intestines is as important to digestion as are the gastric juices in the stomach and bile is only supplied when the liver is in active condition.

The serious and chronic forms of indigestion are cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills because of their influence on the liver, causing a good flow of bile to aid digestion and keep the bowels regular thereby preventing fermentation of the food, the formation of gas and all the disagreeable symptoms of indigestion.

Long standing cases of chronic indigestion yield to Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills after all else has failed.

Here's the proof—

"I was for many years troubled with indigestion and headache and derived no benefit from the many remedies I used. A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills and after taking four boxes the result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessing of good health."—Mr. Duncan McPherson, Content, Alta.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

The Catholic Record

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THOS. COFFEY, L.L.D., Editor and Publisher.

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Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address.

Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

When subscribers ask for their paper at the post office it would be well were they to tell the clerk to give them their Catholic Record. We have information of carelessness in a few places on the part of delivery clerks who will sometimes look for letters only.

James, Luke King, P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick and Miss Sara Hanley are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for the Catholic Record, Agent for Newfoundland, Mr. Carmichael, Power of St. John, Agent for district of Nipissing Mrs. M. Reynolds, New Liskeard.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability and above all that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

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There are thoughts too deep and too high for the reach of any material test. They show a power and therefore a substance which rises above the body, which in its simplicity, its immortality and spirituality is the image and likeness of God.

UNFAIR CRITICISM.

The Educational Review of New Brunswick has been indulging a common passion of criticizing its French Canadian neighbors. Speaking of the Quebec Normal school, the Review said lately: "The French Catholics provide a course which is nominally three years in length, but the instruction provided is such that it is doubtful if the graduates of the schools would rank with the lowest grade of teachers in the other provinces."

It is a gratuitous statement to doubt the standing of the teachers of a whole province. If this critic's word is true; if the Normal students of Quebec are lower than some of Ontario teachers, we fear things need inspection. But the tree is known best by its fruits. Quebec may not have so many fads in its educational system; but it is a sensible, practical programme. It has produced excellent scholars in Church and State. The sneer for religion and mediaeval times, which, like the sting of the bee, is in the tail of the criticism, we pass over.

"THOU ART PETER."

A subscriber has sent us a clipping from a Campbellite paper giving an explanation of the well known text: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church." (St. Mat. xvi. 17.) The explanation states that the rock was Christ. We had better give the whole extract:

"The rock was Christ. Two different words are used here. The word for Peter is petros, the word for rock is petra. Petros is a small, movable stone, while petra is a firmly bedded and immovable rock. This matter is made quite plain in 1 Cor. 10: 4, where Paul, speaking of the Israelites in the wilderness, says, 'For they drank of a spiritual rock [petra] that followed them; and the rock [petra] was Christ.' In Matthew the church is said to be built upon a petra, and in the passage just cited the petra is declared to be Christ. Petra is never applied to Peter, nor is petros ever applied to Christ. This seems to make the matter very plain."

which He found upon "this rock," namely, the one whom He is addressing, and whose name He has changed from Cephas to Petros, as significant of the primacy of jurisdiction which was so positively promised him in this passage. When in this sentence the Master speaks of the Church as "My Church" founded upon "this rock," He makes an antithesis between the possessive adjective and the demonstrative. The former is no clearer than the latter. It is "My Church"; but its foundation is "this rock whose profession of faith I admire." Furthermore, the extract from the Campbellite journal can gather poor comfort from the difference of the words Petros and petra.

Whilst not pretending to be rigorists in the matter of Sunday observance we think public entertainments are out of place upon a day whose purposes are religious as well as restful. The term "public entertainments" is rather general, so that classes of entertainments could be found which in themselves would not be objectionable. Once the cleavage was made it would soon widen. A wedge is a dangerous thing to introduce into a block of wood. His Majesty King Edward has issued an edict forbidding them. These entertainments have begun well enough when concerts of sacred music were the only ones given. Moving pictures of Biblical subjects followed. These have long given way to more frivolous and more worldly programmes. Theatres and music-halls which twenty-five or thirty years ago were all closed in Great Britain are nearly all now open with a rushing business. The King has put in exercise a prerogative which descends from mediaeval times. We are specially interested in this because so many, if not all, non-Catholics hold that the middle ages had scarcely a ray of light, so dark were they—and surely not a single redeeming feature.

CANON LAW.

The newspapers announced the other day that the Holy Father had set in motion "two of the greatest works which have been attempted in modern times—the revision of the Vulgate and the codification of the canon law." As the latter of these has been in motion for three or four years it shows how associated press despatches sleep and move by turns. This codification has reached near its stage of completion. The only point to be admired in this Christmas card of the daily press is the appreciation it has of these two acts of Pius X. No doubt they are great works. Canon law goes back through even more centuries than the Vulgate, and it will take us back to the fourth and fifth centuries. In its source Canon Law finds its principles and guarantee in the New Testament. Another source of Canon law is divine tradition. Human traditions on the other hand regard but the discipline of the Church. In the strict sense of the term all canon law is based upon the legislative authority of the Roman Pontiffs, who by divine right have jurisdiction over the whole Church. This right exercised, continually exercised, was never called in question until the so called reformation. This ecclesiastical law derives its name of Canon law because it is made up of canons or rules which the Church proposes and establishes in order to direct the faithful to eternal happiness. In its comprehension it embraces a wide field, for it concerns the laity, the clergy, creed, sacraments, sacrifice and public worship, and many more matters belonging to religion. Whilst law remains fixed in principle its administration changes. So is it with Canon Law. By his supreme authority the Holy Father has codified it and rendered it more practical and better suited to modern times.

BY PATH AND TRAIL.

We acknowledge with thanks a copy of a new work by our old and dear friend, Dean Harris. Its title suggests the pioneer. Its scenes are laid through unfrequented tracks: for few there are in this country who like the Dean have travelled from "Guaymas to Grau Baranca on the steep and narrow trails of the Sierras." Away to the south and west of North America in the Baecete mountains living in caves like drooping dying trees are a race of Indian aborigines called the Yaquis—last of the fighting tribes—slowly contending with, yet surely yielding to, the army of civilization. For four hundred years the Spanish or Mexican troops have with occasional periods of truce been killing and capturing this solitary tribe. It is a case of the weak to the wall. Americans were no more merciful than Spaniards had been. "Fully one half of the Yaquis," said one of their missionaries to the author, "are as devoted Catholics as any in Mexico. As early as 1539 Father Marcos of Nizza visited the Yaquis in the Sonora valley. Ten years two Jesuit missionaries took up their abode amongst them. Others followed until at the time of Otondo's expedition in 1683 to Lower California the Yaquis with other tribes were converted." "Originally extremely warlike on being converted to Christianity, their savage nature was completely subdued and

they became the most docile and tractable of people. They are invariably honest, faithful and industrious. They are also the fishermen and pearl-divers of the Gulf of California." Amongst the remnant of this strange people amidst canyons wild and awesome regions our author takes his readers with charming ease and pleasant style. Dean Harris is particularly fine in his descriptions of scenery. This volume, "By Path and Trail," maintains with force the same beauty of pen pictures sketched for us in his earlier books. Southern California and the adjoining districts afford a splendid theme for the historian or the traveller as they hold out temptations of wealth to the gold seeker and the promoter. Father Harris has brought the Yaquis farther north than they ever expected to come and introduced them to many who would otherwise scarcely have known their name.

SUNDAY THEATRES.

THE WORLD STANDS AGAINST the awful calamity which has visited Italy. Two hundred thousand lives launched into eternity without a moment's warning is an occurrence the magnitude of which it was difficult to realize. A terrible earthquake followed by a tidal wave twenty five feet in height, brought this terrible affliction upon Sicily. As soon as the news reached Rome the tender-hearted and fatherly Pope Pius X. ordered 1,000,000 francs to be donated from his slender resources to aid those who had been spared. Furthermore, he expressed his determination to be among his children. "It is my place," he said to his physician, who, however, would not permit him to make the journey on account of his health. He has telegraphed the Archbishops of Palermo and Catania and the Bishops of Mileto and Catanzaro expressing his deepest affliction in the appalling calamity, and ording the saying of prayers.

REV. FATHER MURPHY, O. M. I., rector of the Ottawa University, has returned to the capital, and will again take up his work as director of this great seat of learning.

REV. H. GAUDIBERT, director of the African Missions, Quebec, desires to thank most sincerely, through the columns of the CATHOLIC RECORD, the many subscribers to that paper who have sent him large quantities of stamps which can be utilized in aid of the good work in which he is engaged.

OLD CHARGE REVAMPED.

ATTACK UPON CATHOLIC LOYALTY WAS MET BY FAMOUS BISHOP ENGLAND—NEARLY A CENTURY AGO.

An able Louisiana jurist, Hon. L. P. Cailhiet, writing to The Morning Star, of New Orleans recalls the fact that in their attacks upon Catholics the Lutheran and other sectarian bodies have simply revamped an old charge which was met and refuted nearly a century ago by the Right Rev. John England, the versatile and brilliant Bishop of Charleston.

CANON LAW.

ON THE 20TH OF DECEMBER there passed away at the Water St. Hospital, Ottawa, Rev. John Francis Breen. He had been curate in the parish of Eganville. The deceased was a native of the township of Bromley and was born on Dec. 24, 1879. His parents were Michael Breen and Margaret Murphy. He received his classical education at Ottawa University where he graduated with the title of B. A. In the Grand Seminary, Montreal, he made his theological course. His studies were marked with brilliant success and possessed that same zeal which he carried with him into the priesthood. All classes in the district of Eganville mourn the untimely death of a young man who had before him a most brilliant career. His goodness, his piety and his many characteristics had endeared him to old and young, rich and poor.

BRAND NEW ESCAPADE of the criminally inclined comes to us from the city of Woodstock. A young man claimed to have been maltreated and robbed on the public highway and forced to deliver a black-hand letter making a demand for a thousand dollars to one of Woodstock's citizens. The young man has confessed that he had tied himself up, made his nose bleed and then carried the note. It would be worth while to investigate what has caused this person to enter upon a career of crime. Possibly in the school-room he had never been taught that he was accountable to a Supreme Being. It is quite likely, too, that he has drunk deeply of those emanations from the printing press which serve to promote criminal tendencies in the minds of the young. What between the abominable literature of the dime novel class and the horrible grist of criminal happenings dished up in sensational form in the daily papers, many a boy has

to run the gauntlet in pursuance of a noble purpose in life. We have upon our statute books laws to prevent cruelty to animals. What have we done to guard our children against the contagion of immoral literature?

A DISPATCH from England, dated 26th of December, states that it has been decided by the Government to remove from the coronation oath the words which are obnoxious to Catholics. Lord Brayne, the head of a great Catholic family, claimed that they should be expunged, and pointed to the fact that the doctrines denounced as false were held by the majority of Christians to be most sacred. His Lordship truly stated that the offensive terms were put in the oath at "a savage period in English history." Lord Crewe and the Duke of Norfolk also spoke warmly along the same line, while Lord Kinnaird, a "Ballykilbeg Johnson" type of the Orange nobleman, assumed a role somewhat akin to that of the "devil's advocate." He declared that such a change would not be acquiesced in quietly by the people of England, which reminds us that once upon a time three tailors of Tooley street also set themselves up as the spokesmen of the people of the United Kingdom.

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CHARGE REVAMPED. THE CATHOLIC LOYALTY WAS... FAMOUS BISHOP ENGLAND... CENTURY AGO. Louisiana jurist, Hon. L. P... to the Morning... recalls the fact... attacks upon Catholics... and other sectarian bodies... revamped an old charge... and refuted nearly a... by the Right Rev. John... versatile and brilliant... arleston.

2824) it was the Rev. Wil... and his associates, clergy... Protestant Episcopal Church... States, who asserted:... man Catholic can be in pri... subject of a Protestant... only when an unfaithful... the Pope.

present situation and responsive to the... charge: "All the early martyrs of the Church... kings and emperors in the... of religion: will you call them... traitors and say they ought to have... been put to death? Was Nero justified... in beheading St. Paul? Did he only... set as he ought in crucifying St. Peter? Was Pontius Pilate a meritorious govern... who conscientiously exercised his... authority in putting Jesus Christ to... death upon the charge of seducing the... people from their allegiance to Caesar? "The charge which you make upon... the Popists is exactly the same charge... which the Jews were in the habit of... making against the apostles. From... that day to the present we have met it... as we meet it now. We have a kingdom... is true, in which we pay no obedience... to Caesar, but our kingdom is not of this... world, and whilst we render unto God... the things that are God's, we render... unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's. To the successors of the apostles we... render that obedience which is due to... the authority left by Jesus Christ, who... alone could bestow it. We do not give... to the President; we do not give it... to the Governor; we do not give it... to the Congress; we do not give it to the... Legislatures of the State—neither do you... nor do they claim it; nor would we... give it if they did, for the claim would... be ungrounded. We give to them every... thing which the Constitution requires;... you give no more; you ought not to give... more.

"Let the Pope and Cardinals and all... the powers of the Catholic world united... make the least encroachment on that... Constitution, we will protect it with our... lives. Summon a general council. Let... that council interpose in the mode of... electing but an assistant to a turn... key of a prison—we deny its right; we... reject its usurpation. Yet we are most... obedient Popists. We believe that the... Pope is Christ's Vicar on earth, supreme... visible head of the Church throughout... the world, and lawful successor of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles. We be... lieve all this power is in Pope Leo XII... (then reigning) and we believe that a... general council is infallible in doctrinal... decisions. Yet we deny to Pope and... council united, any power to interfere... with one tittle of our political rights as... a nation as we deny the power of inter... fering with one tittle of our spiritual... rights to the President and Congress. We... will obey each in its proper place; we... will resist any encroachment by one... upon the rights of the other. Will you... permit Congress to do the duties of your... convention?"

A REMARKABLE LETTER.

The Guardian (Anglican) published a... letter from an Anglican minister, signed... "Presbyter," in relation to the recent... Eucharistic Congress held by Catholics... in London. He says: "It has indeed been an edifying... spectacle. The question which arises... in the minds of many of us, has this... Congress been a help or a hindrance... towards the realization of reunion bet... tween our Roman Catholic brethren and... ourselves? Personally I think it will... prove to have been a help. . . . Two features of the Congress stand... out most distinctly for all who have... eyes to see. They are fervent Eucharis... tic adoration, and enthusiastic devotion... to the Pope as the infallible Vicar of... Christ. In my humble opinion, our... Roman Catholic brethren are as little... likely to abandon the Papacy as they... are likely to abandon belief in the Real... Objective Presence. If we are going to... stand out until our brethren admit that... the Pope has only a primacy of honor, then... reunion will be deferred until the... Greek Kalends. Is it not possible for... us to revise some of our notions about... the Papacy? Up to the Reformation, English... Ch. rehmen acknowledged that the... Pope was Christ's Vicar, and that he... had a very real jurisdiction over... them in spirituals. "England produced... a fair number of those critics (of the... Chris. and of individual Popes). . . . but there is not one who ventured to... deny that the Popes had claims upon... the obedience of the English Church. They... might allege that he had overstepped... the limits of his just prerogative; they... never questioned that his prerogative... itself was just and of very considerable... extent. (Church Quarterly Review, April, 1903). So far as I can... see, Rome will not change on this point, and... has not changed in England has... changed, and so it is possible that she... will change again. . . . I am inclined to think that if all Cath... olic-minded Anglicans could be polled, the... number who would . . . express in some way their desire for a revision... of our usual attitude towards the... Papacy would be a revelation to many."

The writer of this remarkable letter... quotes Archbishop Lee's words in... paragraph 3. There are many... of Protestant governments... for the sole reason... are inconsistent with their... and so ignorant. . . . This paragraph with the... extract from the letter of the... synod, and note the similar... :

HIGHER CRITICISM.

BISHOP MAES ASSERTS IT IS UNSETTLING... FAITH OF YOUNG MEN OUTSIDE THE... FOLD. Taking up the discussion of the... question propounded by many of the... Protestant clergy: "Why is there a dearth... of material for the making of new... preachers?" Bishop Maes of Covington... has made a vigorous answer in an open... letter to the Cincinnati Post. . . . Rev. Benjamin Winchester, in an article... in the Outlook recently said that... in order to attract progressive young... men to the ministry, theological institu... tions should be kept in touch with... medical progress so as to estimate defects... of character due to nervous organic dis... orders. The theological student should... also be taught conditions in the lower... strata of society so as more readily to... understand his mission, according to... Rev. Winchester.

Bishop Maes answered in part as fol... lows: "On general principles I would... account for the diminishing number of... Protestant preachers by the following... considerations: The Holy Bible was

and still is, in theory, the only divine... authority guiding the teaching of Pro... testant churches. Of late years, higher... criticism has played havoc with the... faith in the Bible of Protestant students... and men of intellectual attainment... within their churches. They feel un... able to reconcile its inspiration and... doctrines with the so-called scientific... progress of the modern world. Their... biblical scholars have stripped the... Word of God of all divine authority and... are lost in contradicting contentions, following every wind of doctrine. The... result is that they know not what to be... lieve. "The program of studies advocated by... the Congregational minister, and which... he borrows from the change in the medi... cal curriculum, may do good, but his... contention for a practical education by... 'descending to the very strongholds of... God' would to my mind prove a very... dangerous experiment to the young Pro... testant seminarians, whose number he... wishes to increase. "Are the Catholic schools suffering... from a dearth of students for the holy... priesthood? "I am happy to say that, generally... speaking, I can answer in the negative. The... dioceses of the East have many semi... narians—more than enough for their... own needs, and are in a position to... give their surplus to the Southwestern... and Southern dioceses, whose vocations... are less numerous, because the Catho... lic population is smaller or less edu... cated.

GAMBLING.

THE FASCINATING BUT RUINOUS GAME A... CURSE TO ALL WHO FOLLOW IN ITS... WAKE. What a fascination gambling holds... over people nowadays, and what a ruina... tion it is for them in ninety-nine cases... out of a hundred. It is undoubtedly... one of the great evils of our time, and... holds almost as terrible a sway as the... drink evil. In the majority of cases... those two evils run hand in hand, and... drink, if it does not accompany gam... bling in its beginning, will infallibly... follow that deplorable passion sooner or... later. The gambler having staked his... all on the cards, dice or race course, and... having lost the hard earnings of a... lifetime, perhaps falls into that state... of despair, that state in which he does... not care a pin what happens to him. He... takes to the bottle, he frequents the... beer saloons, and there tries to drown... the thought of his losses. It would not... be so horrible, if the gambler brought... only ruin to himself, but alas! there is... in the majority of cases a wife and little... children, whose prospects in life are... blasted, the peace and holy quietness of... their home is destroyed, and social and... moral ruin stares them in the face. Gambling is a terrible passion. It... holds its victims with a much more firm... hold than drink. Many men have been... cured of the drink habit, there is some... hope for them, but I have never heard... of a gambler who once that passion... seized him was able to shake it off. Friends may advise him, entreat him, but... all he holds dear to give it up, but the... gambling devil is stronger than they, and... that devil whispers so insidiously into... his victim's ear. "My dear fellow, you... lost last time, it was such a near thing... try again, double your stakes, it's a... dead certainty." The money is piled... down and the dead certainty never... comes off. This passion of gambling exists... in a terrible degree among all... classes, especially the working classes. "They... must have their bit on every chance... game that turns up." Look at England. Gambling exists to such an... extent there that the legislators are at... their wits' end to find a means to check... an evil which is the social and moral... ruination of the country. Take your... stroll on the streets of any town there... on the day of a big race, says the St. Peter... Derby of Cambridgehire. The cry is, "What is going to win to-day? Mr. So and So has 25 pounds on such a horse. He got the tip from those in the... know. I put my five shillings on and John So and So gave me his shil... ling to put on. Yes! the banker has his... 25 pounds, the clerk has his 5 shillings... and the working class their 5 shillings... or their 2 or 1 shilling. The women are just as bad as the men, some... times worse, for they go so far as to... pawn their husband's clothing and their... children's in order that they may have... money to bet. What is true of England... is true of almost every other country. Take America, see the amount of dollars... that is gambled, gambled away. What a... pile of dollars hangs upon the result of... the election that took place recently, not... to speak of the enormous amount of... dollars that is gambled away over cards, dice and the race course. Look at France and Italy and the gambling... hell of Monte Carlo. What a story... could be written about the latter place. It would be one long sad tale of ruined... lives, broken hearts and dishonored... graves. In these magnificent... round and upon every whirl fortunes... depend. Watch the set, earnest faces... of the gamblers there, especially those... magnificently dressed women. They sit... there, their very souls consumed by that... awful passion. They have no place in... their hearts for him they call hus... band, or those little children that call... them mother. No, all other love has... departed from their hearts since the... love of gambling entered there, and the... shrill, sharp cry of the croupier, "Make... your play, ladies," is the only thing that... moves those hearts now. Ah! will men... and women who visit there never learn... a lesson from that silent graveyard... perched above the blue Mediter... ranean? There sleep many a noble man... and woman, who but for gambling would... have had a great future, men and women... who would be an adornment to society, but alas! there they sleep... their last long sleep, their last... resting place, no epitaph marks their... last resting place, no epitaph marks... above their remains, except the cold... words of the care taker, who points out... to you with a shrug of his shoulders in... a matter of fact voice, a suicide's grave. But men and women never learn the... lesson which that silent graveyard... preaches. Every day and every train... brings its coterie of gamblers to that

gambling hell, and every day around that... table fortunes are lost, noble futures... blasted and homes ruined beyond hope... of redemption. Yes, to day gambling... holds sway in the lordly halls, the... merchant home and the humble cot de... spite the warning voice of experience... which cries aloud from the house-top. "He who gambles is lost." The wise men, the... successful men of the world, never... gamble in any shape or form. They look upon gambling as the height... of folly. Some of the wealthiest race... owners of England never put one shilling... on their horse even when the race seems... a certainty for them. They will tell you... it is sheer madness to do so. The great... trainer of the present century, John... Porter (the veteran trainer of Kings... clere he is named), never during his... career put one single penny on a horse, and... there is not a classic event in Eng... land but the horses trained by him have... won. In his day he has seen the curse... that gambling was to many a fine noble... young fellow, and I have not the slight... est doubt but that he will tell you "That he who gambles will assuredly... come to the ground." Take up the daily... papers of the world. How many cases... will you see there of the failure of big... companies which he thought so secure. What is the cause of their failure—gam... bling. How many cases of bank manag... ers, clerks in every department, shop... keepers who when arraigned before the... judges on a charge of falsification of... accounts will plead as an excuse—gam... bling ruined me. Prisons, poorhouses, are... full of those unfortunate people who... once allured by the devil of gambling... staked their all, their earnings of a life... time upon the throw of a dice or on the... chance of a horse winning and lost. Drink followed and oh! sad end. Men... and women of the world of every sect... and class and especially you young boys... and girls beginning life, let no one cajole... you into thinking that you will make a... fortune by gambling, you will lose one... right enough if you cultivate a passion... for gambling, and that is as sure as... sun above you. If anyone ever tells... you with a friendly pat on the shoulder, "You can put your pile on such and such... a horse or game, it's a dead, a certain... certainty," just say to him, "Get along, damn you. I want none of your cer... tainties, the certainty that I have got... my money safe is enough for me, and by... Jingo, I'm going to keep it."

A POWER—A GEM.

People pray very little nowadays. Indeed it is sad to see how little faith... men put in prayer. They think they... never do anything by their own... cleverness, or by bustle, fidget, and... activity. Everything in these days goes... by sight, not by faith. If Catholics... undertake anything, and little seems... to come of it, they are cast down and think... it has come to naught. If we cannot... publish figures, and show great results, as... if we were so many members of a Bible... society, who have sent out, say a million... Bibles to China, and need not add the... fact that the Chinese ladies of a whole... province have made them into slippers, if... we cannot satisfy the world or what... is called the public, that we are doing a... great work even in its discerning eyes, we... all set to work to criticize each other... and sin; we have public meetings, and... sin; we form angry committees, and sin; and... then everybody writes a letter to the... newspapers, and we are not sinners... again, sinners and we go on as before. We... have tried to do a good work; and because... we tried on natural principles, it has ended... in a number of additional sins. All of this... is for the want of prayer, and for want of... faith in the power of prayer. We may be sure... that, in an unbelieving age and country, simple... hearted prayer will have great power with... God, and an especial reward. They were... forgetting her, were wonderfully... remembered by the Lord; so let us pray in... a nation that is forgetting prayer, and... is trusting in itself, and leaning on an... arm of flesh, and God will be with us... as He never has been before. Life is... short, and we have much to do, but prayer... is mighty, and love stronger than death, and so let us all set to work, with... singing and with joy, angels and sinners... alike, strong faith in the power of prayer and... the wonders that can be accomplished.

A CHRIST MADE TO ORDER, OR NONE.

If Christ Himself had not taken part... in the world's work, if He had not been... a laboring man, I could not respect Him... nor venerate His divine memory. The utterer of this shocking irreverence... was not a wild, ranting Socialist, but... one who is described as a Bishop—Dr. Hendrix, the president of the Feder... ated Council of the "Churches of Christ,"... It was the opening note of a harangue... intended as an appeal to working men... to attend places of assembly called churches, but... most of which had been transformed into... places of amusement, flirtation and... political harangue. These places are... shunned by working people, for the reason... that such had been made to feel for long... they were not wanted in them, no more than they are wanted in... the "society" of the rich, who some... times patronize a few of the churches... when the summer season has ended and... their doors are reopened. But what are we... to think of the minister or Bishop who... styles himself as of Christ proclaiming... that if the Saviour had chosen, or had... been chosen by the Almighty Father, for... some other walk of social life, he could not respect Him? It is... a most outrageous proclamation—a sacrilegious... bid for the support of a class, a mere... "playing to the gallery." We believe in... all intelligent and thoughtful working... men who have a just idea of the Christian... religion, and what it imposes on its... ministers in the way of respect for their... office, will feel disgusted at it rather than... won over.

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.

To one who does not understand the... meaning of the term, it must seem more... than strange that one of the Fathers of... the Sacred Congregation of Rites should... be popularly known as "Advocate of the... Devil." Such, however, is the case, and... the Catholic Encyclopedia accounts for it... as follows: Advocatus Diaboli (Advocate of the... Devil), a popular title given to one of... the most important officers of the Sacred... Congregation of Rites, established in... 1587, by Sixtus V. to deal juridically... with processes of beatification and... canonization. His official title is Prom... oter of Faith (Promotor Fidei). His duty... requires him to prepare in writing all... possible arguments, even at times seem... ingly slight, against the raising of any... one to the honors of the altar. The interest... and honor of the Church are concerned... in preventing any one from receiving... those honors whose death is not juridically... proved to have been "precious in the sight... of God." Prospero Lambertini, afterwards... Pope Benedict XIV. (1740-58), was the Prom... oter of Faith for twenty years, and had every... opportunity to study the workings of the... Church in this most important function; he... was, therefore, peculiarly qualified to... compose his monumental work, "On the... Beatification and Canonization of Saints,"... which contains the complete vindication of... the rites of the Church, and sets forth... historically its extreme care in the use of... this rite. No important act in the process... of beatification or canonization is... held unless performed in the presence of... the Promoter of the Faith formally recognized. His duty is to protest against... the omission of the formal laid down, and... to insist upon the consideration of any... objection. The first formal mention of... such an officer is found in the canonization... of St. Lawrence Justinian under Leo X. (1513-21). Urban VII., in 1631, made... his presence necessary, at least by deputy, for... the validity of any act connected with... the process of beatification or canonization.—True Voice.

Protestant churches have not welcomed... the laboring man, but the Church which... was established by Christ Himself never... distinguished between lord and laboring... man, and was, until it was crippled by... the Reformation, the friend, guide, help... and solace of the laboring man. For him... it stood and always stood by Trades... Guilds, and always stood by the oppressed... of the oppressed of greedy employers. It was, as Lytton says, "The power that in the age of iron... fought to curb the great and raise the low... —the power that wrested Magna Charta, by the hand of one of its Bishops... from a monster of cruelty and

tional grace, which he has corresponded... to. So that, actually for your Peter and... Ave he will be higher in heaven for all... eternity than he would have been. There... will be a gem sparkling in his crown... that would not have been there; you... will see it and admire it in heaven, and... you will know it was your Peter and... Ave that put it there. So it is with the... Pope and the Church, and religious... orders, and everything. God does not... follow the rules of the world but of... grace. We must measure them by different... measures, and not use the measures... of the world. Our measures, weights... and coinage are all of the sanctuary. It... is of faith that God always answers... right prayers, and in a way and a degree... beyond our wildest enthusiastic expecta... tions. He does not yet let us see how... far. But we are quite sure in the end... we will never be disappointed. FATHER FABER.

THE PACIFIC CONQUEST OF NEW ENGLAND.

Talk about a "pacific conquest!" The... old New Englanders have experienced it. Boston, opulent old Boston, for more... than two centuries the stronghold of... the true Yankee, well-to-do, cultured, notably... public-spirited, and intellectually progressive, is to-day almost a... foreign city. It is practically ruled by... the descendants of those Irish immig... rants who came across the sea in the... middle of the nineteenth century, and... did the hard work that was previously... the task of the native stock. And of... late years the Italian immigration has... been large, and Boston now contains... some sixty five thousand of that nation... ally, who form a little Italian city, within... big Irish Boston, living mainly at the... historic North End where, in the old days, dwelt Samuel Adams, Paul... Revere and other worthies. Little is... listed that by 1918 the Italian voters of... the city will hold the balance of political... power at the Hub. They have their newspapers... in the Italian language, their clubs, their... theaters, their doctors, lawyers and priests, and... an Italian convent.

And all over New England the influence... of the increasing number of French Canadians and Italians is felt, not to... speak of the ever-growing Irish. Little... Rhode Island now has a majority of Catholics... in its population, and it is said that... the majority of the people of Connecticut... are of that faith. This has happened... in two of the strongholds of old-fashioned... Congregational orthodoxy and of the Roger... Williams Baptists! New England, the home... of one of the finest forms of Protestantism, has... practically become a Catholic community, and... the prediction is made that the dominating... religious in the north-east of the United... States will be Catholicism and Christian... Science. But, as things are going, the... New England Protestants will be very... soon in a distinct minority.

The Irish have taken to New England... their re- vigor and their big families, their... genius for practical politics, and their... bright and cordial manners; the French... Canadians are a fertile stock and good... citizens, while the Italians bring their... vivacity, instinct for art and a high... civilization.

New England, now almost a "New Ireland," may in fifty years be more... aptly designated as "New Italy."

So one important section of the United... States has undergone a pacific conquest.—Mexican Herald.

WHAT BEING A CONVERT MEANT THEN.

An article in the Catholic World for... December says that Henry Williams, Wil... berforce, one of those who came over to... the Church with Newman and other participants... in the Oxford movement, was once so... staunch a member of the Church of England, that... he was convinced that he had been able to talk for... half an hour with a Catholic, he could, with... the Bible in his hand, have converted him... to Protestantism! Yet this man, once so... firmly set as a Protestant, gave up a comfortable... living as a minister of the Established Church, to follow... in the way that conscience led him. And this... step, which means much to-day, meant a great... deal more in those days. The writer of the Catholic World article... says: "To resign a genial, successful and... lucrative career in middle life, to say... farwell to home and friends, and to sacrifice... the prospects of one's family, are acts that... need no common measure of grace and fortitude. In the middle... of the last century, such an act of abnegation... involved peculiar suffering. The ruin of one's... career and the loss of one's income were... bad enough, but a convert in the fifties had... no mercy to expect from his friends; by... common agreement he was to be given no... quarter."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE EDITOR RECOGNIZES THE FACT THAT THERE ARE "TEMPERANCE CRANKS," TO ACCEPT A DESIGNATION, OF THE ENEMY APPLIED TO ALL TOTAL ABSTINENCE WORKERS.

The editor recognizes the fact that there... are "temperance cranks," to accept a designation... of the enemy applied to all total abstinence... workers. The editor thinks, however, that the... number of such workers who are really cranks... is very small, and in his estimation, there... are but two classes that are very dangerous. The first is the prohibition... crank who opposes local option, high license... or other restrictive measures, and will accept... nothing if he can not get prohibition. The second... is the total abstainer who believes in moral... suasion only and who never opposes the saloon... in any manner, who acts as if he believed that... the more temptations there are the better it is, and... who rails at local option. The wise man takes... all the reform he can get, and then hopes and... works for more.—Catholic Abstainer.

TEMPERANCE CRANKS.

Men will study the details of their... business, they will familiarize themselves with... the rules of their club, but they will not... inquire into their religion to a sufficient... extent to answer the first simple question... or difficulty proposed to them.—Denver Catholic Register.

AT DEATH'S DOOR

Doctors had to give her Morphine to ease the pain

Five boxes of "Fruit-a-lives" Cured Her

ENTERPRISE, ONT., Oct. 1, 1908. For seven years I suffered with what physicians called a "Water Tumor." I would get so bad at times that I could hardly endure the pain. I could neither sit, stand, nor lie down. Hypodermics of Morphine had to be given me or I could never have borne the pain. Many physicians treated me, but my cure seemed hopeless, and my friends hourly expected my death. It was during one of these very bad spells that a family friend brought a box of "Fruit-a-lives" to the house. After much persuasion I commenced to take them, but I was so bad that it was



only when I had taken nearly two boxes that I commenced to experience relief. I kept up the treatment, however, and after taking five boxes I was cured, and when I appeared on the street my friends said, "The dead has come to life." And this seemed literally true because I certainly was at death's door. But now I can work almost as well as ever I could, and go camping and berry-picking with the girls. I will be glad if you will publish this testimonial, if it will further the interests of "Fruit-a-lives." I should be in every household. Yours very truly, Mrs. JAMES FENWICK.

Through the whole country around Enterprise, Ont., people are talking about this wonderful cure. By their marvelous action on the kidneys, "Fruit-a-lives" cured Mrs. Fenwick when the doctors said she could not be operated on and was doomed to die. "Fruit-a-lives" cured Mrs. Fenwick when all else failed. Try them for your trouble. 25c. and 50c. a box, at dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE NEGRO.

Under the head "The Catholic Church," the Enterprise, the organ of the colored people of Omaha, has this to say: "For many years we have thought that the Negro would be wise to come more and more under the jurisdiction of the Catholic Church. We have thought this because that Church offers protection to the Negro which he seems not to be able to get from other sources and organizations in this country. "Throughout the Southland this Church has been a guide and a shield. In the capital of the nation, where the white colleges draw the color line, the Catholic University of America stands out a glorious exception. And what is more, the followers of the Church are true to their own. They have made it the special mission to minister to the weak and oppressed of mankind, to throw around the unfortunate the strength of their culture and experience and lift them to planes of higher usefulness. That Church has created hospitals and nurseries for the care and maintenance of the poor and when other institutions have discriminated against people of color the Catholic Sisters have extended the hand of mercy. "This beneficent practise has been most helpful to the Negro, because he has stood more in need of help than other races in our land. "The doors of this Church are thrown wide for us to-day; their hospitals are open to us, and their schools are open to us. And while we are thinking of one way out of the wilderness of prejudice and hate, let us not forget the Catholic Church."

What Being a Convert Meant Then. An article in the Catholic World for December says that Henry Williams, Wilberforce, one of those who came over to the Church with Newman and other participants in the Oxford movement, was once so staunch a member of the Church of England, that he was convinced that he had been able to talk for half an hour with a Catholic, he could, with the Bible in his hand, have converted him to Protestantism! Yet this man, once so firmly set as a Protestant, gave up a comfortable living as a minister of the Established Church, to follow in the way that conscience led him. And this step, which means much to-day, meant a great deal more in those days. The writer of the Catholic World article says: "To resign a genial, successful and lucrative career in middle life, to say farwell to home and friends, and to sacrifice the prospects of one's family, are acts that need no common measure of grace and fortitude. In the middle of the last century, such an act of abnegation involved peculiar suffering. The ruin of one's career and the loss of one's income were bad enough, but a convert in the fifties had no mercy to expect from his friends; by common agreement he was to be given no quarter."—Sacred Heart Review.

The editor recognizes the fact that there are "temperance cranks," to accept a designation, of the enemy applied to all total abstinence workers. The editor thinks, however, that the number of such workers who are really cranks is very small, and in his estimation, there are but two classes that are very dangerous. The first is the prohibition crank who opposes local option, high license or other restrictive measures, and will accept nothing if he can not get prohibition. The second is the total abstainer who believes in moral suasion only and who never opposes the saloon in any manner, who acts as if he believed that the more temptations there are the better it is, and who rails at local option. The wise man takes all the reform he can get, and then hopes and works for more.—Catholic Abstainer.

TEMPERANCE CRANKS.

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FREE A HANDSOME PAIR OF DR. HAUX PERFECT VISION SPECTACLES

Don't send me a cent, as I am going to give away at least one-hundred-thousand pairs of the Dr. Haux famous Perfect Vision Spectacles to genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearers in the next few weeks—on condition that they shall willingly show them and speak of their high merit to neighbors and friends everywhere.

Write today for my Free Hoax Eye Tester and full particulars how to obtain a pair of my handsome ten karat Perfect Vision Spectacles without one cent of cost. Address: DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO. Clerk 48 St. Louis, Mo. NOTE:—The above is not a handbill, and will not be sent unless you enclose a return address, and perfectly reliable.

THREE-MINUTE SERMON. Sunday within the Octave of Christmas.

THE FEAT OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS. And lo! the angel of the Lord appeared to them in a dream, and said unto them: Rise up and flee into Egypt...

Who is not shocked by the recital of Herod's cruelty? Carried away by pride and ambition, and the fear of losing what he had usurped, this tyrant tried to put to death the King of Kings...

Who to these wretches? Who to the Herod-like physicians who, for any reason whatsoever, directly prescribe or use means to prevent child-birth?

But I have another cruelty to cry out against. It is that of those who destroy the "little ones of Christ" by neglecting to instruct their little children in the way of salvation.

It follows then that the mind cannot come into possession of the first principles of reasoning of laws of thought without coming in touch with some outside agent.

Now in view of these meditations, into which we have been led by Dr. Crapsey's scholasticism, we must conclude that the way of external authority—communication from without—is not only the best way by which the mind can receive knowledge, ideas, but it is the only way.

INTERNAL TRUTH VERSUS EXTERNAL AUTHORITY. Sir John Falstaff once said he was not only witty in himself, but he was the cause of wit in others.

In what we have said we have had no reference to the Church's infallible authority. We simply discussed the necessity of authority of some kind to the mind in order to supply it with data on which to work.

A question occurs to us here and we will ask it. With "internal truth" as his sole standard, how is internal truth to be distinguished from internal error? Between the claims of each who will decide? Neither can be the judge in its own case, as against the other.

There are myriads of little men who do know and see all they long after, but that is because their longings are so shut in by valleys and their horizons so narrow and materialistic; but the larger dreams, the greater aspirations, the more desirable ideals, are only seen as Moses saw them from Pisgah afar off over in Canaan.—George W. Dime.

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cles from some agent other than itself, some outside agent. Take for instance the first of those principles, namely, "That which is, is, or is itself." Its formula is A is A.

This idea of being, or is-itiveness, the syllogistic thinking all must be reduced to it. Try to think without it, or the idea it stands for, and note carefully your mind's embarrassment and you will see the truth of what we say.

Now, then, the importance and necessity of the idea being established the question arises. How does the mind come into possession of this idea of being or is-itiveness? Does it get it from without, or from internal evolution, or does the mind, spider-like, spin it by its own entrails?

On this subject of the origin of ideas, philosophers have had long and heated discussions and have disagreed into various and antagonistic schools. None of the masters of the modern school of philosophy, beginning with Descartes, has succeeded in giving a satisfactory account of the origin of the idea of being.

They all however admitted or implied that while isolated from all other beings and left to its own objectless faculties, the mind could not come into possession of the idea of being or is-itiveness unless acted upon by some agent other than itself.

Some speculating philosopher has suggested that the difference between the spirit of man and the spirit of the brute consists in the fact that the spirit of man is gifted with the idea of being—which is the light of reason as the sun's light is the light of vision—and which constitutes the human spirit a cognate individual substance of a rational nature.

Now in view of these meditations, into which we have been led by Dr. Crapsey's scholasticism, we must conclude that the way of external authority—communication from without—is not only the best way by which the mind can receive knowledge, ideas, but it is the only way.

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SHORTAGE OF PRIESTS. "FIFTEEN HUNDRED COULD BE PUT TO WORK TOMORROW."

A Catholic Bishop is quoted as saying recently that "the Church in the United States could put to work fifteen hundred priests tomorrow if she had them." His words, echoed by the Very Rev. A. P. Doyle, are enforced by the statement that the Church files itself in a shortage "very much akin to the prevailing labor famine in the agricultural districts with bumper crops withering in the field and no farm laborers to gather them in."

NOTABLE ADMISSIONS BY PROTESTANT WRITERS.

Rev. E. Cutte says: "In the Middle Ages, the Church (Catholic) was a great popular institution. In politics the Church was always on the side of the liberties of the people against the tyranny of the feudal lords."

"There was a demand for the American priests to go to the Philippines to take the place of the Spanish friars who were withdrawn. The Bishops made a quest everywhere, in the religious orders as well as among the diocesan priests, for some Americans to replace the Spaniards."

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HOW TO MAKE A HOODLUM. This is the rather startling title of a short article in one of our contemporaries. Who, under the sun, may be asked, would want advice as to how to make a hoodlum?

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FATHER LE JEUNE. THE REMARKABLE PASTOR OF A REMARKABLE PARISH—AN AMERICAN PASTOR PLAY.

In the December Putnam and the Reader, is an illustrated article by Harlan I. Smith on "An American Obsession: The Passion Play by American Indians." Mr. Smith says: "Father J. M. Le Jeune is unquestionably one of the most remarkable missionaries in America. A marvel among Roman Catholic priests, as well as a very brilliant son of France, he works among nine different Indian tribes comprising not only people of different dialects, but languages; the speech of one tribe being as different from that of another as Spanish is from French. He has learned to speak with all these different people. He has superintended the building of a church in each village in a territory of over 10,000 square miles. He goes from one place of worship to another, obtaining his food at the home of his nearest parishioner, or having it prepared for him in the church itself, behind the altar, by some of the young Indian women of the congregation. His bed is wherever he is when night overtakes him, in one village or in another, in the mountains or in an isolated lodge. Everywhere he is welcome. He seems greatly to enjoy his work. His work is law among his Indian people; yet he himself is modest, unassuming, and quiet, always actively engaged in the business of his parish which he takes great interest, or in the religious services of his church.

"The Passion Play has been produced a number of times at the Shuswap village, under the direction of Father Le Jeune. The Indians seem to take an intense interest in the drama, and always speak of it with earnestness and reverence. . . . This play is now planned after the Passion Play of the Bavarian Highlands, at Oberammergau. The poor Indians of British Columbia enact the Divine Passion in what we might call an elaborate manner, if we take into account their poverty, etc. In their acting they show great devotion. . . . are simple and devout, having but little of the conventionalism of civilization, but acting out their true feelings; with the result that the acting is a revelation of their innermost selves. The Indians consider that the impersonation of Christ is an act of devotion and the man who is allowed to take this part in the Passion Play is chosen from among those of them who lead the most upright and respected lives. Before the play, the actors selected pray for ability and the purity which he feels must accompany the part. All of the Indians who take part bathe, fast, meditate and pray, before the play takes place. . . . When the play begins, the 'sivashes' parade up and down the single street or space between the houses of the village and in front of the church. One curious thing about this march is that all the Indians who impregnate the Roman soldiers and those who were opposed to Christ seem to feel degraded in the part which they are playing. . . . The lack of accessories (theatrical supplies, etc.) is compensated when Christ is represented as appearing in the Garden of Gethsemane. In this part of British Columbia, trees are scarce, and hence the grove of the garden is represented by twigs set up in the ground. But there is nothing ridiculous in this, to the actors or to the audience. Indeed the settings of the English stage in the Elizabethan period were of as simple a character. While spectators who may at first be amused by the lack of dignity of the Roman soldiers, and the grotesqueness of the costumes, soon begin to be affected by the sincerity of these devout Indians, and the inclination to ridicule is replaced by respect for the earnestness and devotion of the performers.

"Father Le Jeune has a circuit to travel, about which are many churches which he must open, each in turn, that he may hold the expected services for the Indians of all these remote settlements. . . . The Indian policy of these reservations look to him largely for counsel in the execution of their duties among their own people. . . . Father Le Jeune's work among the American continent, for he accompanied Chief Louis, of the Shuswap, and Chief Tsalaxta, of the Douglas Lake Indians, on a journey which they undertook to pay their respects to their King, Edward VII, at Buckingham Palace and to receive an audience at the Vatican by the Pope, Pius X. The three afterward traveled through Italy, Belgium, France and England before returning to their Western home. The Pope made the Rev. Father Le Jeune the bearer of his blessing to the Indians, and sent to them 2,000 medals as a gift from himself."

"OBSESSIONS." THEY MAY GENERALLY BE EXPLAINED AS DIABOLIC POSSESSIONS, SAYS FATHER SEARLE. Is it possible for us to be possessed? Are there evil intelligences—the inhabitants of some other world—who have the power to take such complete possession of the human organism that their influence may become irresistible? This was a question asked by the New York Times of a physician, a psychologist and a clergyman. It was answered from the Catholic point of view by Rev. George M. Searle, D. D., superior of the Paulists. "I know of no reason why we should hesitate to believe in 'obsessions,' or in 'possessions,'" said Father Searle. "The Church teaches that there are spirits of two kinds, angelic and diabolic, and the brand of sin and deception which run through the whole matter of spiritual communications, however free of human fakery, they may be, certainly suggests the probability of the diabolic theory. By the term 'demonic theory' I mean that which regards the mass of spiritistic phenomena as the work of a malignant, unembodied—not disembodied—spirits, and in acting all these signs and wonders, mainly or entirely, by their operation, we have the simplest

explanation of the many psychic marvels the reality of which cannot be denied, and this includes many well-attested cases of diabolical obsession and possession.

"In spiritistic practices, especially when the habit of mental passivity is generally recommended for success—has been assiduously cultivated, it is by no means uncommon for the experimenters to develop phenomena quite undistinguishable from the well-known ones of diabolical possession. It is true that they differ from the latter by the presence by the invading spirits that they are departed human souls, but in the phenomena themselves there is really no difference. In the ordinary cases of diabolical possession no such claim is made, and the reason for this is plain; the controlling intelligences see no use in concealing their true character from those who are aware of the existence of the diabolic world. When they are dealing with people who are not so aware, but who do believe in the survival of the human soul after death, they naturally desire to avoid recognition, as it would put those whom they are trying to injure on their guard.

"It is, or should be, plain enough to every one that in spiritism we are encountering an agency, and a very powerful one, exercised by beings outside of ourselves, and over whom we have no control. And it should also be plain enough to any one that the matter is a dangerous one to handle. In fact, the danger is one that applies both to regular mediums and to those who privately and in an amateurish way surround themselves to spirit influences. It is an extremely perilous thing to make one's self passive to an unknown influence of any kind, and the actual experience of those who have done so by experimenting in psychic matters is a pretty strong indication that the influence is—in most cases, at any rate—injurious and suggestive of demonic origin, even when it does not go so far as to resemble if not really to be diabolical possession.

"Even crystal gazing and similar performances, when nothing but the present or the past is sought for, are practices fraught with so grave danger that no one can safely or lawfully indulge in them. That is to say, if the lessons of experience are worth anything to us we are compelled to admit that no person can go very far in a bold and unrestricted experimental examination into those matters without having his fingers burned; he will see, as so many spiritists have already seen, that it is playing with fire, while to these investigators as well as to those who try to adopt spiritism as a religion the dangers to morality quickly become evident.

"It is important that we should realize these facts that we may understand that this matter of spirit communications—the most practical field of psychical research—has underlying it a very solid and extremely dangerous reality."

AMERICA THE MOST SENSUOUS NATION.

NEW YORK PRIEST DENOUNCES FLAGRA OF BAD PLEAS AND BAD BOOKS. Rev. Dr. Joseph H. McMahon, rector of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, New York, in a lecture a few days ago on "A Plea for Decency in Life, Literature and Art" before the Catholic Library Association at Delmonico's, severely criticized one of the features of the opening of grand opera in that city and the writers of fiction in this country.

"America," said Rev. Dr. McMahon, "has become the most sensuous nation in the world, not in the moral sense, but the philosophical sense. How loud is the American life, to use an expression. The people live much in the streets; the privacy of no man's home is left safe from publicity. There are books read by people in New York with which no man should soil his hands or flood his mind. Can it be said they are not harmful?"

Referring to Ibsen and Shaw, he said he wondered why the police had stopped the play of one of the authors in a theatre when the book might be bought, which would do more harm than the play. "How about the cultivated people, well dressed, mostly women," he added, "who insist on the working out of these things in the theatre or novel; have they the training for such problems? If not, they are not decent. The only motive appealed to is evil. The sensual heresy of to-day is to know evil by experience and to contrast it with the good, and is without doubt what makes for ugliness in literature and art.

"The other night at an opera house in town there was a woman in pagan costume, with a brilliant audience there to look on. One corner in town had the courage to tell the truth about it. The audience was the usual glittering one, but it was moved by the spectacle only as presented by that woman in pagan costume."

SACERDOTAL PERVERTS.

There are nearly sixteen thousand priests in the United States, and if among the twelve apostles there was a Judas, we cannot be surprised that here and there a priest will prove a traitor to his noble calling. Duty compels us at times, regretfully, to refer to the weakness of an erring priest not because we love him less but because we love truth more. When he blazes abroad his downfall we must defend the body of which he was once a faithful member. The sacrament of holy orders does not change the nature of the man. The priest is heir to all the failings of humanity and is additionally exposed, on account of his unique position, to greater dangers than the layman. True he receives proportionate grace to emerge unscathed from the conflict but this im-

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A ROMAN VIEW OF MISSIONARY CONGRESS.

COMMENT FROM THE ETERNAL CITY ON GREAT CATHOLIC PROGRAM OUTLINED AT CHICAGO. The way it strikes us is this: Until to-day the Church in America has been an adolescent, preparing for the great work entrusted to it in the hidden designs of Providence. To-day, just as Pius X. has released it from the tutelage of Propaganda, it has reached man's estate and has gone forth to do a man's part in the vineyard; yesterday it was a missionary country—to-day it has become a country of missions: to missions to the negro, missions to the Indian, missions to the millions of Americans whose forefathers were Catholics and who have lost the faith through no fault of their own, missions to the abandoned multitudes of Catholics scattered here and there in small groups, without Catholic priests or schools or churches, throughout the length and breadth of the land; missions to the Catholics who have been drifting with the tide of indifference; missions to non-Catholics who only need to know the Church to love her; missions to every class of American citizens temporary missions conducted by devoted religious and zealous secular priests, but above all permanent missions involving the building of churches and chapels and the supplying of priests and all of these missionary works organized and co-ordinated in such a way as to produce the best results that thought and foresight can assure for them. And then there is the wider missionary work of the Church Universal to be done. Such is the magnificent Catholic program of the new movement inaugurated last week in Chicago.

MORE LIGHT ON ST. PETER IN ROME.

FRAGMENTS OF ANCIENT MARBLE JUST DISCOVERED BEAR INSCRIPTION THAT MANY HOLD SIGNIFICANT. From the Eternal City comes a high-class Catholic weekly named Rome. It reaches our office regularly and is always interesting, but the current issue is more interesting than ever. In cold type it says: Will the reader cast an eye on this sign (In isto) and then on this (Se) and see what he can make out of them when he is told that they represent two marble fragments of an inscription to be added to the walls of the Via Salaria Vetus and on the site marked in the old texts as the "Clivus coemeteri." The data, it will be observed, are very slender, but that has not deterred some worthy archeologists from building up the rest of the inscription to form something like this: IN ISTO loco PETRUS fuit. . . . as every schoolboy knows means: "In this place Peter was." Having arrived at this interesting conclusion they have proceeded to base on it the deduction that this same "Clivus coemeteri" was the place where St. Peter habitually taught, baptized and consoled the pusillus grex of the first Roman Christians.

NAPOLEON AND THE POPES.

It is reported that Napoleon once made these remarkable admissions: To see me, people would come a league; to see the Pope they would come thirty. One should treat with the Pope as though he had two hundred thousand bayonets at his disposal.

The Pope keeps for himself minds and hearts; he leaves us the bodies, that is the corpses. The Pope should not be either at Vienna or at Madrid or at Paris; he should be in Rome, free and independent of all sovereigns.

God and the ages have given the Pope his temporal power and they have done well. Evidently these words, if ever spoken by Napoleon, were spoken by him after he had tried his own hand at coining and imprisoning the Pope and had found how worse than useless his endeavors and his seeming success had been. A modern writer however, Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick in the Atlantic Monthly, has said:

These lovers of Italy, however, who are most sympathetic with the national sentiment which most affected the unity of Italy, must remember that to the world the Roman Catholic Church is far more important than the Italian kingdom, and that if there were a doubt whether the Church or the kingdom would derive the greater advantage from the possession of Rome, that doubt should be resolved in favor of the Church. All things may come to the Church that waits. — Sacred Heart Review.

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Was Milton a Catholic? The Catholic press of England, and a few secular journals beside, are having much to say of a statement lately made that the great poet, John Milton, died a Catholic. The statement was lately found in the Egmont Papers, in which Rev. William Binckes is quoted as stating that he had heard Milton's younger brother, Sir Christopher Milton, declare that the poet "was a Papist some years before he died, and that he died so." Binckes was a Church of England minister. In the letters of Matthew Prior, English Church laureate, there is a statement that Lord Dorset, Milton's friend, often told the Prior the same thing. The discussion is getting quite fascinating overseas.

THE AFRICAN MISSIONS OF THE WHITE FATHERS.

Dear Readers:—Since five years the White Fathers, stationed in Quebec, have been publishing a French Monthly, Les Missions d'Afrique, in order to interest French Canadians with the White Fathers' work in Africa, and share with them their apostolic joys and trials in the evangelization of the "Dark Continent." What a greater pleasure for a true Christian than to follow the spreading of the Gospel throughout the world, especially throughout those countries still unknown a few years ago. Very often have we been thinking of doing the same thing for our English-speaking friends of Canada and the United States. But how could we reasonably be expected to add this new task to those numberless others with which we were already overburdened? Still, as letters are pouring in every day more and more numerous, asking us "whether we have," or "why we have not any English papers relating the deeds of our missionaries," we now feel ourselves compelled, no matter at what cost, to take into account those zealous and friendly appeals. Ought we not to consider such an inquiring as our Lord's "Launch out into the deep and let down your net?" An English translation of our missionaries' letters might perhaps be the seed of apostolic vocations among our English-speaking young people, and we are in so great a need of English-speaking students for our Uganda Mission, and our other Missions in British Africa. This English magazine might also bring us some more material support so necessary for the development of our work in Central Equatorial Africa. At all events new readers will mean for us new help of prayers, that most important factor in the conversion of souls. Without Me you can do nothing," has said Jesus. So, Lord, "be it as thou wilt," at thy word I will let down the net," in the hope of a very simple but exact translation of our conferees letters. Bless our good will and our humble endeavor. We are in so great a need of English-speaking students for our Uganda Mission, and our other Missions in British Africa. This English magazine might also bring us some more material support so necessary for the development of our work in Central Equatorial Africa. At all events new readers will mean for us new help of prayers, that most important factor in the conversion of souls. Without Me you can do nothing," has said Jesus. So, Lord, "be it as thou wilt," at thy word I will let down the net," in the hope of a very simple but exact translation of our conferees letters. Bless our good will and our humble endeavor. We are in so great a need of English-speaking students for our Uganda Mission, and our other Missions in British Africa. 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