

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE. XXX—CONTINUED.

"Asked you to tell me?" he repeated; "she would not dare to tell me herself, feeling, no doubt, that I should penetrate whatever mask she might assume."

In his indignation he forgot that his own coldness to Ned must have imposed a most effective barrier to any voluntary communication on her part.

He was silent then, recalling the sad, pale, anxious face which his niece wore all the evening, a face in such unfavorable contrast to the bright, happy-looking one of his daughter. That was another and a strong link in the chain of corroborative evidence against the unfortunate girl; the bad blood of her low mother was showing in her, and once more the doubts raised by Orville's tale were allayed. He was more convinced than ever that Elna was his child.

Elna continued to weep, more from her secret fears than any other cause, and when she saw that her father was still absorbed in his stern reverie, she said with a sob:

"Forgive, her, papa!"

He roused himself. To her dying day she never forgot the expression of his countenance. Her novel-reading and vindictive-looking faces, but this one, with its compressed mouth, its rigid lines, its corrugated brow, and more than all, its flaming, piercing eyes, was much more terrible than anything she had ever seen.

After the first wild look, as it is called, she felt that she was in the presence of a man who would not be trifled with, and she covered her own countenance with her hands.

"Forgive her! Was it you, Elna, my own daughter, who had done a thing like this, my heart and my home broken?"

He closed to you at once and forever. Provide for you I might at a distance, but never should I consent to see again a woman who could so degrade her father by stooping to such an affliction; a daughter who could so disgrace her father by receiving for a moment clandestine attentions, and from a suitor so much beneath her.

Ned as to me now, and shall be henceforth, an utter stranger."

"But, papa," said Elna, taking her hands from her face, and keeping her eyes down, "you will not tell these suspicions of yours to any one—you will not let Mr. Mackay know."

"No," he interrupted, "for the satisfaction of your poor, little, tender, foolish heart, I shall promise you that nothing of this shall pass my lips to any one. It would be little good now, since the poor wretch is beyond all earthly help, and might only add to the grief of his poor old father to feel that, at the bottom of it, was a woman who had been one of my household. Let Ned keep her guilty secret, if it be through her, as I now firmly believe it to be, that this man has come to his death. I shall not reveal it."

That assurance made her tears cease to flow, and well knowing there was no danger of any private conversation between Ned and her father, in which perhaps her falsehoods might be detected, she looked up and became something of herself again.

"I had decided to leave here to-morrow," Elna said. "Mr. Edgar said, and now all that you have told me makes me more eager to go. I shall give orders for the transportation of poor Mackay's body to his home. His father is a worthy old man, and deserved a better son than that scoundrel."

"To-morrow?" repeated Elna.

"Yes; you can be ready, can you not? I am most anxious to remove you from many influences here—that ill-bred, coarse Mrs. Doloran, and Ned. With Carmew I am charmed. It seems one of the strange freaks of nature that he should be so nearly related to that vulgar woman."

"Oh, yes, papa; I can be ready, and I shall be glad to go."

And that assertion was truthful; she was glad to get away from meeting Ned. Knowing how she had calumniated her, she was not yet so hardened in guilt as not to feel a little qualm of conscience for her fiendish work. Her great hope was that their departure might be so hurried as to leave no time for a private interview with her cousin.

For that reason she did not say a word to contradict the belief of Mrs. Doloran, when she heard that her guest was about to depart, and that, immediately after the late breakfast, her anger knew no bounds.

Nice return for her hospitality to take himself away just as she thought she should enjoy him. She hated him now, and hoped she would never meet him again. And when Alan came to say that Mr. Edgar was waiting to bid her adieu, she refused to see him, nor would she permit Ned, who was really ill enough looking to be in her bed, to leave her for a moment, lest she perhaps should say a contemptuous farewell.

And so Alan had to apologize with what grace he might, for his aunt's lack of courtesy.

He was, however, assured by Mr. Edgar's manner, and by the gentleman's earnest invitation to himself to visit Weewald Place, that Mrs. Doloran's eccentricities were quite understood.

"But Ned, papa," said Elna, with a charming warmth "I cannot go without bidding her adieu."

Mr. Edgar, in the indignation that the very mention of Ned's name aroused, forgot for the moment the presence of Alan, and answered sternly:

"It is my wish that you should not see her. After which his daughter said no more, but dropped her eyes very becomingly, and appeared to be somewhat

sorrowful. Carmew was disturbed and pained. Linking what Mrs. Edgar had told him only the day before of Ned's secret acquaintance with young Mackay, and Mr. Edgar's coldness to her because of that acquaintance, with the facts that, in the suicide, Edgar had himself discovered this identical Mackay, and was now so eager to leave Rahandabad, and so stern in his order to her not to see Ned, he could come to but one conclusion—that the story of the previous day, which his informant wanted so charitably not to believe, must be quite true, of which truth, perhaps, Edgar had clean the imprudent, if not erring girl. Then her own pale and sick-looking countenance that he saw when he went to speak to his aunt in the latter's apartment, seemed to be a proof of the truth of the story. Well might the pleasant things against her, as he now believed, young Mackay's suicide lay at her door. And not until that moment did he realize how much he himself loved Ned. But he knew it now, knew it by the agony of his own thoughts, and though he formed all the parting ceremonies with perfect courtesy, it was with something of a pre-occupied air but little flattering to Elna.

Piqued and saddened by it, she said, as he assisted her to a place in the carriage: "May I be assured that you will accept my father's invitation to Weewald Place?"

She lingered purposely, as she spoke, with her hand upon his arm, and her eyes looking fixedly into his own, so as to throw all the witchery of her exquisite beauty about him. But the effect was lost, for he saw only one face—the face of a poor human nature, a little dattered by Edgar's unusual condescension. He bowed his head when told the news, and for a few minutes let his tears have their way down his furrowed cheeks.

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pleaded to himself in extenuation of her varying disposition, even though his secret heart sent up a little protest against it all. He could not help feeling that, having been absent from her father so long, she might surely enjoy having him to himself for a little, and show that enjoyment by appearing happy in his presence, instead of manifesting, as she frequently did, a listless, almost dejected air, and an absent, half-sad look.

One day that he had contemplated her thus for some time, he said suddenly: "What do you think of my asking Mr. Carmew to visit us immediately?"

"I thought to wait a month or so before renewing my invitation to him, but there is really no reason to wait so long."

"O papa," she answered, "it would be so delightful, and the sudden color that glowed in her cheeks, and the immediate straightening of her form, with the pleasant showing in her whole changed countenance, attested the truth of her words."

Edgar felt he had made a new discovery; that his daughter loved Carmew, and that her manner, which he had been attributing to other causes, was due solely to the fact that her heart was in another's keeping. Wondering if the affection was mutual, and if so, whether Carmew had openly professed it to Elna, he asked:

"Has Mr. Carmew said you very marked attention during your stay at his home?"

"No, papa," opening her beautiful eyes with that look of innocent wonder which she knew how to assume with such excellent effect, "nothing beyond that which he would pay to any lady guest. I was accompanied by any male escort as the other ladies were, I supposed he deemed it his duty to attend me when I rode, and to pay me some attention at our evening parties."

Her father was somewhat relieved; charming and devoted as he thought her to be, he still feared that she might have been receiving marked attentions without her first asking his consent, and in that case there would have been a strange parallel between her and Ned.

But at the same time he felt also a little relief of pain that this child whom he loved so intensely could so soon and so readily give her affections to another; could be willing to leave his home to brighten that of a stranger. Still he took himself to task for the way in which he had broken to her the news, and he resolved to watch Carmew closely when he came, and should he prove, on a longer acquaintance, to be as deserving of regard as he already seemed to be, he would not only not object to his attentions to Elna, but even try to forward them, as far as was possible, by his own means.

Edgar was not only the society of his daughter, but that of her mother, and he was a very useful sphere for her to be in the event of her marriage, she need not be separated from him. Her husband might be induced to make Weewald Place his home, and in that case Edgar would not only have the society of his daughter, but that of her mother, and he was a very useful sphere for her to be in the event of her marriage, she need not be separated from him.

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to what cash I have about me, also to my watch. You shall have them freely if you will give your word to spare the Treasurer I bear with me—a treasure of which I fear you know little. I am taking the Blessed Sacrament to a dying man—

"Oh, stop your preaching!" shouted Rennie; "I'm no fool, and I know you priests carry these waters that you worship in boxes of gold or silver—jewelled, too, maybe; so you needn't think we shall let such a prize as that escape us."

"For God's sake!" I entreated, "for your own sakes, beware how you count such an awful sin."

"Oh, we're used to awful sins here!" and the ruffians laughed hoarsely. "Come, Father, bail up! Hand over your pretty box and its precious contents."

"You must take my life first," I answered, every nerve in my body tingling with excitement. I felt as though I had the strength of a lion to defend my Blessed Lord.

"We aren't particular as to that," shouted Rennie. "Upon him, men—don't waste cartridges; strangle him if he won't give up peaceably."

The four rushed on me as one man. I'm not the weakest fellow in the world and knocked one down very comfortably, but the other three all seized me at once. I shouted for help, but where could it come from? A brawny arm encircled my throat from behind, and—

"Stop that infernal row!" These words came in stern accents from the further end of the hut, and forth from the gloom stepped a gigantic and fierce looking man, revolver in hand. My assailants were lamb in appearance compared with the new comer, whose eyes gleamed like live coals in the semi darkness.

"Have ye forgotten," the giant went on, "that my chum's dying here? Let him die in peace, dy'e hear, or there'll be more funerals than one from this shanty."

"Mind your own affairs, Donovan," replied Rennie, but he didn't speak very loudly, I noticed. "We're only just relieving this person of his superfluous wealth; and he won't take the operation gently, so he must rough it."

"Well, all right," said Donovan, "but don't kick up such a confounded row, or I'll silence some one of you for good."

Like a lightning flash a ray of hope swept through my mind—Donovan—an Irish name! The arm around my throat relaxed its pressure.

"Donovan!" I cried, "I am a Catholic priest—"

"A priest! he shouted. "Release him, boys! 'Tis a priest Dan Clancy has been moaning after hours, and by thunder! he shall have one. Step this way, your reverence, and have no fear."

"Stop a minute!" cried Rennie; "you are going ahead too fast, Donovan. I believe I'm captain of this gang—you're mighty commanding all of a sudden, but who do you think will obey your orders? This man's our booty, and we'll do with him as we please. You'll get your share, never fear."

"Well," said Donovan, "you're captain, right enough, and in a general way I'm ready to follow your lead; but the case stands this way: My pal's been crying and moaning for a priest for hours. Here come one ready to hand—I should say heaven sent him; but heaved his naught to do with us here. Now, you aren't going to rob poor Dan of what may make his death easier. He's been a true chum to me, boys, and die for him if I could! The priest is here, and poor Dan shan't die without seeing him!"

"But he shall!" roared Rennie. "What, let a priest hear all our secrets?" Dan Clancy knows enough to hang us all twice over, and if we let him confess to this fellow we are all lost."

"A priest," I ventured to say, "never reveals anything told him in confession. Man, I beg of you, let me see this poor dying wretch—it is my duty—"

"Besides," interrupted Donovan, "if you fear his reverence blabbing, you can silence him just as easily after he has seen Dan as you can before."

"Prevention is better than cure," retorted Rennie; "he shan't go in; that's flat!"

"And I swear he shall!" said Donovan, in a low tense voice. "You see this revolver? Let go of him instantly, or there'll soon be four rogues less in the world."

"Fool!" cried Rennie, "we are four to one and all of us have shooting irons."

"Ah!" replied Donovan, "but there are no cartridges in them—the few we had left are now in my gun. I hold your lives in my hand; release the priest and let him come this way."

Suddenly my captors fell back from me.

"Don't be afraid, your reverence," said Donovan; "come!"

He lifted a blanket hung curtainwise, which I now saw screened off one portion of the room and made a sort of inner compartment.

"You'll find poor Dan in there, Father," he went on. "I'll keep guard, and if you can give the boy the comfort he needs, it's Ned Donovan will see you safe out of this anyhow. Never fear your rogues—they are unarmed, and I'll take care they don't come a foot nearer than they are."

He dropped the curtain, and I surveyed the wretched scene before me by the light of a miserable "home-made" candle which sputtered on a broken stool beside a couch or litter of straw and dried leaves.

On this rude bed tossed and moaned the emaciated form of what had evidently been a stalwart and handsome

man, though disipation had left its unmistakable traces on his haggard face, and the hand of death was pressing visibly his worn and ashen cheeks.

As I gazed at him, from his thin and trembling lips broke a mournful cry:

"Oh, God! oh God! Mercy! mercy! Send me a priest—I cannot die like this—a priest!"

I knelt beside him and took his hand. His confession was a long one, often interrupted by such exhausting fits of bodily anguish that I more than once feared he would not be able to reach the end. But, thank God! he did, and whatever he had done in the past, I believe in that solemn hour he had grace to make an act of true contrition, and I administered to him the Blessed Sacrament.

Almost immediately the dread change some of us know too well came over his face. I softly called Donovan, who knelt beside me at the bedside, revolver in one hand and clasping his friend's wasted palm in the other, and thus, just after receiving his Saviour, the soul of Dan Clancy went forth into the night.

"It's all over, Father," said Donovan, and a big tear rolled down his cheek; "the truest chum man ever had is no more. But now to look after your safety. Follow me and stick close to me."

I did so. We found Rennie and his three mates in front of the door of the hut, with scowling brows.

"Now, chums," said Donovan, "let's have no nonsense. You've got to let his reverence go in peace. He's been good to my chum, and you shan't harm him. I'm going to guide him part of the road."

"Course you want to betray us!" shouted Rennie.

"You're a liar, Rennie," said Donovan, and if I hadn't just left poor Dan's death-bed—for he's dead now, boys—I'd put a bullet through your head. Stand from that door before I count five or your miserable lives aren't worth much. One—two—

Slowly and sulkily the four retreated from the door, keeping as far as the limits of the hut would allow from the muzzle of Donovan's weapon.

"Now, listen," my protector went on, "I'm going to call Jack Blake to bring my horse and the priest's. Don't say of you dare to breathe a whisper of warning to him."

In a very few minutes, though I can assure you they seemed to me like hours, the two horses were brought to the door, and Jack Blake entered the hut to be unceremoniously thrown by Donovan among his mates.

Often and often does that scene come back to me in my dream—I can shut my eyes and see it now; the dim obscurity of the hut—the savage eyes of the blood ruffians glaring through the gloom in impotent rage—and the gigantic figure of my preserver standing in the doorway of the hut, revolver in hand, as I mounted my horse.

A moment later he had closed the door behind us, sprung into his saddle and we were riding at full gallop through the fairly open bush beneath the soft light of the solemn southern stars.

"We are out of danger now, Father," he said. "Luckily for us, they have no ammunition."

Scarcely had these words left his lips when—crack—crack—the report of two pistol shots sounded in our ears.

"Fool that I have been!" cried Donovan; "I forgot poor Dan's revolver—that was very likely loaded. Yeees, we only ran out of cartridges yesterday, and Dan's been ill for days. They've found his gun and they're using it to kill his chum!"

"Can you see them?" I asked.

"No—I'd have a pop at them."

Crack—crack—came again on the air.

"Ah!" The cry was from Donovan. "Are you hurt?" I shouted.

"No—nothing to speak of. Follow me close—the bush is pretty scattered here—ride like the wind!"

No more shots were heard, and as far as I know, no further pursuit was made. On—we dashed in silence, the guns flying past us like spectres in the darkness. But that darkness grew less gloomy, and before we reached the edge of the bush the glorious sun rose resplendent above the horizon and showed to my delighted eyes at no more than a mile's distance the home-stead belonging to Burke, the man I had set out on the previous morning to visit.

"And now, Father, I must leave you," said Donovan, relating in his horse.

"And where will you go?" I asked.

"Anywhere—what does it matter? The law will have me sooner or later."

"Come with me," I said, "and try to lead a different life."

"Too late, Father," he said; "I've led an awful life. I've been guilty of—"

His voice died away in his throat, his face became the color of ashes, he reeled in the saddle, and before I could render him any assistance, fell heavily to the ground. His horse gave a frightened neigh and bolted straight back into the bush. I sprang from my saddle and went to the prostrate man. Then I discovered that he had been wounded in the side by one of the shots fired after us, and the brave fellow had concealed his pain until loss of blood had deprived him of his senses.

I bound up his wound as skillfully as I could with my handkerchiefs (luckily a large one) and feeling certain no harm could come to him for a few minutes, rode as fast as I could (my horse was pretty tired) toward Burke's house, where I was received at the door by the master himself, the sick man of yesterday, alive and well; having, as he told me, made a most mar-

velous recovery in a few hours.

To make a long story short, Burke and his man fettered Donovan into the house and tended him there for weeks. His fall from the horse had caused slight concussion of the brain, but a fine constitution triumphed over all, and in course of time the man was convalescent. He sent for me, told me his confession, a lapsed Catholic, made his confession, and has lived a decent life ever since; he now manages Burke's farm for him.

Perhaps I ought to have handed him over to the law, but wild as his life had been, he had kept from shedding blood, and, after all, one does not feel inclined to give into custody the man who has saved one's life.

In concluding his history, Father Ryan said:

"There! that's the end of my story, and though I'm sorry to part from you, it's time you were all going home. The snow has ceased and the stars are out. Good night!"

"One moment, Father," said one of the company. "What became of the rest of the gang?"

"As usual, Mr. Casey, you want to get to the bottom of everything! Well, I took the police from Wallisloo to the hut, but we found it empty, save for the decomposing body of poor Dan. We buried him decently, but not one of the bush-angers were found at that time. The only one I have heard of since is Rennie, who was hung for murder at Melbourne two years ago. He was a thorough bad lot. May he be forgiven!"

"I believe, Father," said Mr. Casey, "that you've been charitable enough to pray for a mad dog."

"I'd pray he wouldn't bite me, any how. Good night and God bless you all."—Catholic Fireside.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.
GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY, 1901
The New Century for Christ.
Recommended to our prayers by His Holiness Leo XIII.
American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.
The XX Century opens under most favorable auspices. As the bells sound the midnight that divides the old year from the new, the world is summoned to gaze upon a solemnity imposing alike to angels and to men. At that hour the Venerable Vicar of Christ, mounting the world's central altar of God, offers the sacrifice which blends together heaven and earth, and transcending all time, links our century with the century, making it one with the offering of one who, and to the offering, in obedience to the call of the Chief Pastor, over 1,200 Bishops, whom the Holy Ghost has appointed to rule the Church of God, are offering the self-same sacrifice all over the earth, fully 100,000 priests are going up to the altar of God, fully 200,000,000 faithful souls are uniting with them actually or in spirit, making in every place this clean oblation.

How like the vision of the Apocalypse: "After this I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and tribes, and peoples and tongues: standing before the throne, and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands: and they cried with a loud voice, saying: Salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb! And all the angels, and the ancient, and the four living creatures: and they fell down before the throne upon their faces, and adored God, saying: Amen. Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor, and power, and strength to our God for ever and ever, Amen."

Outside, also! still many more millions are celebrating the dawn of the new century in a carnival of noise, excitement, self-complacency and glorification, pleasure, infatuation, and delusive forecasts of human triumphs still to be achieved. Yet above all this din and confusion rises the cry of the multitude before the throne, sounding aloud in magisterial and powerful, like the voice of the Lamb: it is worshiping! Salvation to our God, and to the Lamb! Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor and power and strength to our God for ever and ever. Amen! If we are alive, and enjoying in peace the fruits of human industry, if we take delight in praising the glorious deeds of men and their progress in science; if we are grateful for living to see the day when human energy and perseverance can control and direct for man's benefit the most subtle forces of nature: then, "not to us, O Lord, not to us: but to Thy name give glory."

The spectacle of the midnight Mass at the dawn of the new century, with the incense and the faithful assisting assembled in spacious cathedral, in wayside station or convent chapel makes the Catholic mind and heart instinctively go back to the first days of the Christian era, to the solemn services held under cover of night in the gloomy catacombs, to the solemn rites offered under the open sky by apostles and pioneer missionaries of every age, to the sacred mysteries stealthily performed in days of persecution in hidden crypt and in ruined abbey; and ever and always it is the same, the altar, the priest, the people, because all are made one in the Victim sacrificed, Jesus Christ, yesterday, to day—the same forever. The memories raised by the retrospect of the centuries since all things were re-established in Christ, set the Catholic mind piously speculating on Christ's reign in the hearts of

men during the century now opening. The world belongs to Christ, and it is His for all time. The Only Begotten of the Father, having the same substance with Him, and being the brightness of His glory and the figure of His substance, He has necessarily every thing in common with the Father, and therefore sovereignty and everlasting power over all things. "I will give thee," is the covenant of the Father, "the Gentiles for thy inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession." And by his own acknowledgment of the covenant: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth." He reigns by acquired as well as by natural right. He has acquired the right to rule over us, by redeeming us, by saving us from the powers of darkness, by purchasing us with His precious blood. He is "the king of ages, immortal, invisible." To Him it is said: Thy Throne, O God, is forever and ever; a sceptre of justice is the sceptre of thy kingdom. Thou in the beginning, O Lord, didst found the earth; and the works of thy hands are the heavens. They shall perish, but thou shalt continue, and they shall all grow old as a garment. And as a vesture shalt thou change them, and thou art the self-same and thy years shall not change.

To Christ we owe all that is worth living for in our present civilization, without Him there could be no comfort no security in the blessings of nature, with Him they all work together for our good. How Christ introduced His Hierarchy by making all things new is told in such luminous terms by the Holy Father in his Encyclical on the Divine Redeemer, that we cannot fail to quote it here: "Jesus having blotted out the writing which was contrary to us, fastening it to the Cross, the wrath of Heaven was immediately appeased; the disordered and erring race of man had the bonds of their ancient slavery loosed, the mind of God reconciled to them, grace restored, the way to eternal happiness opened, and the title to possess and the means to attain it both given back. Then, as though awakened from a long and deadly lethargy, man beheld the light of truth so long desired, but for generations sought in vain; he recognized, in particular, that he was born for much higher and more splendid things than the frail and fleeting objects of sense, to which he had formerly confined his thoughts and anxieties, and that this was in fine the constitution and supreme law of human life, the end as it were, to which all must be referred, that as we came from God so we might one day return to Him. From this beginning and on this foundation consciousness of human dignity was restored and lived again; the sense of a common brotherhood took possession of men's hearts, their rights and duties in consequence were discovered or perfected, and virtues beyond the imagination or conception of ancient philosophy sprang up everywhere. So men's projects, manner of life, and character changed, and the knowledge of the Redeemer having spread far and wide, and His power having penetrated in the very life blood of nations, expelling their ignorance and former vices, a marvellous transformation supervened, which originating in Christian civilization, utterly changed the face of the earth."

The age has need of Christ. There are men who would fain retain the benefits of the civilization which was introduced with His era, but combine them with the licentiousness of pagan times. They would, forsooth, have men respect their rights, minister to their gratification and let them live in security of life and property, while pagan like they care to admit no law of obedience, of self-restraint, nor of regard for a neighbor's will being or good fortune. We need Christ to rebuke the spirit of individualism run riot, in sectarianism and socialism, in one willing to obey and all growing daily less capable of mastering their own passions, not of speaking of lessing others. We need Him to cry out: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." In face of the nameless evils with which divorce is deluging the world. We need sadly Him: "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me," to save them from a system of education which is gradually setting Him aside, or at most suffering mention of Him as one of the heroic characters of history. We need Him: "If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me," for all who, in the words of the Encyclical just quoted, "dream of, and would evidently prefer to have, some discipline of thought and act, but with principles less rigorous and more indulgent to human nature, requiring from us little or no sacrifice." We need to hear Him again teaching as one having authority, and charging His apostles: "He that heareth you, heareth me," to remind an age which despises dogmatic teaching in religion, that His purpose is to "bring into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ."

Finally, Christ is needed to save the world from the spirit of lawlessness which seems to have seized on individuals and nations alike, as Leo XIII. well says: "In such strife of passions, in such perilous crises, we must either look for a ruler unit, or some effective remedy must be found without loss of time. To restrain evil-doers, to make people civilized, to deter them from committing crimes by legislative intervention, no means all; but that is by no means all. The healing of the nations goes deeper; a mightier influence must be invoked than human endeavor, one that may touch the consciences

and re awaken the sense of duty, the same influence that has once already delivered from destruction a world oppressed with far greater evils."

Last the New Century be Christ's, and all things will be re-established anew in Him. To quote the admirable Encyclical once more: "Do away with the obstacles to the spirit of Christianity; revive and make it strong in the state, and the state will be recreated. The strife between high and low will at once be appeased, and each will observe with mutual respect the rights of the other. If they listen to Christ, the prosperous and the unfortunate will both alike remember their duty; the one will feel that they must keep justice and charity, if they would be saved, the other that they must show temperance and moderation. Domestic society will have been placed on the best footing under a salutary habit; and so likewise in communities at large, the suggestions of nature itself will prevail, which tell us that it is right to respect lawful authority and to obey the laws, to do no seditious nor contrive anything by unlawful as association. Thus when Christian law prevails without impediment put in its way, then it results naturally and with out effort that the order of society is maintained as constituted by Divine Providence, and then prosperity flourishes along with security. The general safety demands that we should be brought back to Him from whom we ought never to have departed—to Him who is the way, the truth and the life—not as individuals merely, but human society as a whole. Christ our Lord must be reinstated in the possession of human society, which belongs to Him and all the members, all the elements of the commonwealth; legal commands and prohibitions, popular institutions, schools, marriage, home life, the workshop, and the palace, all must be made to drink of the life that comes from Him. No one should fail to see that on this greatly depends the civilization of nations, which is so eagerly sought, and which is increased and nourished, not so much by bodily comforts and conveniences, as to what belongs to the soul, praiseworthy conduct and the cultivation of virtue."

It is vain to hope that Christ may still be called, in the words of Isaiah the Father of the age, to come. Shall we be repeated the fiction? "We had hoped" of the disciples on the road to Emmaus: "Are we disheartened at the thought of the lawlessness, the deceit, disorder of every kind, the hypocrisy and legalized rapine of men in high places? Are we fearful of the prejudice and persecution which is ever our portion, and our best assurance that we are Christ's as Christ's God's? Are we cast down for thinking more of the opposition to our faith than of its triumphs? Then arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem; for thy light is come and the glory of God is risen upon thee. For behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and a mist the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee and His glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall walk in thy light and kings in the brightness of thy rising." The prophecy is verified again in our day. Darkness has come over the earth, as we can gather from the note of despair with which the spokesmen of the once boastful nineteenth century sound the death knell of the age of doubt and agnosticism which they strove to introduce. The sects are groping about in the mists of human conceit. The people of God behold the Gentiles walking in their light; they then be fearful. O ye of little faith? If we would know what is possible in the coming century, we need but review the glorious history of the Church in the century just past, and instead of despairing of making the new century Christian, first ask ourselves honestly what we are doing to make it so.

As we kneel before Christ on the altar the first day of the twentieth century, we cannot do better than read and reflect on the words with which the Holy Father closes his Encyclical: "Most men are estranged from Jesus Christ rather through ignorance than perversity; for there are many to study man and the universe around him with all earnestness, but very few to study the Son of God. Let it be the first thing, then, to dispel the ignorance by knowledge, so that He may not be despised or rejected as unknown. We call upon Christians everywhere to labor diligently to the utmost of their power to know their Redeemer. Any one who regards Him with sincere and candid mind will clearly perceive that nothing can be more health-giving than His law, or more divine than His doctrine. In this, your authority and co-operation, Venerable Brethren, will marvellously assist, as will also the zeal and assiduity of the clergy at large. Think it the chief part of your duty to engrave in the hearts of every people a true knowledge and, we might almost say, image, of Jesus Christ; and to illustrate in your letters, your speech, your schools and colleges, your public assemblies, whenever occasion serves, His charity, His benefits and institutions. About the 'rights of man,' as they are called, the multitude has heard enough; it is time they should hear about the rights of God. That the present is a suitable time, she shown by the good impulses which have already, as we have said, been awakened in many, and in particular by the many evidences of piety which have been shown to the Redeemer, a piety which, if it please God we shall hand down to the next century with the promise of a better age."

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12, 1901.
was as welcome
m firelike to a
"I am thank-
ve lost my way;
uct me to some
ass the night."
was the reply.
I couldn't have
ens about myself.
ers than you,
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ng of me. I can
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d a 'billy' of tea,
en of some sort for
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g the snakes and
ry much," I said,
a I from Burke's
s visit a sick man
nd your way there
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vat: till to morrow.
I come with me or
ur mind quick, for
too glad to accom-
plished," and thank
also agree that the
our friend's shanty
ou are peckish I am
and on my horses
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re elapsed—we stood
e fairly large but
side gave a peculiar
ch was answered in
in, and the door
verend sir," said my
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ection.
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ode; we don't often
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ore welcome for that.
object to smoke?"
fonder of smoke than
rom a good cigar, but
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fit. Somewhere
ounds of laughter,
eared the tears from
able to discern any-
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who were seated round
le in the centre of the
ugh-bearded fellows
g mates for my guide,
earing bigger-bull
They regarded me,
I kind of amused curi-
e while's great volumes
irty, short clays.
"Blake!" roared one
ngiant, in a voice like
th the croup. "What
e you brought us to-
my guide, "is a rev-
-I don't know his
shed into the outer air
see my horse."
I remarked, "is Ryan;
ic priest, and I crave
for the night."
ghter shook the sides of
d," said Redwiskers,
oe will find us a very
but you can have a
some grub, such as it
for it; we're poor men,
and can't afford to give
peculiar emphasis placed
that I did not like
I replied; "now or
does it matter? How
require?"
on have about you," was
you mean?" I cried.
ense!" was the answer.
m Jack Rennie—maybe
of me?"
ad. All Australia rang
as that of the most dar-
angers. What was to be
od nothing for the little
abu:ms—but the Blessed
Sacrament—how should
outrage? I made a dash
undered Rennie.
all the men had sprung to
d four ugly looking re-
painted straight at my
don thought occurred to
rst of men have some good
ould tell these fellows the
and throw myself upon
said, "you are welcome

The Catholic Record

Published Weekly at 454 and 456 Richmond Street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$1.00 per annum.

Editors: REV. GEORGE B. NORTHGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern India."

THOMAS COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey.

Meas. Luke King, John Nigh, P. J. Neven and Joseph S. King, are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Agent for Newfoundland, Mr. T. J. Wall, St. John's.

Rate of Advertising—Ten cents per line each insertion, space measurement.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, the Bishops of Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshawa, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Diocese.

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

Arrangements must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

Its matter and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

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

London, Saturday, January 12, 1901.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

A Catholic millionaire has made a will whereby his infant daughter shall, twenty years hence, receive the whole of his property as an inheritance.

If she shall have led a proper and virtuous life.

Considering that there are very different views in regard to what degree of freedom may be allowed to a young girl, so that it may still be said that she has led a proper and virtuous life, will the certainly leaves it highly probable that there will be plenty of litigation over the matter twenty years hence.

The Ave Maria makes a good suggestion to the little one's guardians, on the hypothesis that she is a Catholic: namely, that she should be placed as soon as convenient in a convent school for a full graduate and post-graduate course.

Surely this is the best means to ensure that the intention of her kind father may be carried out, that she may be kept "proper and virtuous."

MARVELOUS ESCAPE.

A despatch from Brussels of date Dec 19, states that at the headquarters of the Scheut Mission, intelligence has been received of the almost miraculous escape of the Bishop and missionary clergy of the District of Pins, in Manchuria, China, from Boxers by whom they were besieged near Ladivostok.

All the missionary buildings were destroyed, except the Bishop's house. The missionaries consisted of nineteen Belgian priests beside the Bishop, and four native priests; and they had with them three thousand Chinese converts. They were defended by the Russian Commander Eltz, who would not abandon his post though he was twice wounded, and he lost one-third of his force.

After a heroic defence of the position for five days, he was reinforced by Russians who drove away the Boxers.

HEROIC ACTS.

We record with pleasure a heroic act of devotion performed a few days ago by the Rev. Father Cesare Spiccardi, pastor of the Italian Church of Our Lady of Hope in St. Louis, Mo.

The priest was in his study when he was suddenly notified that the church was on fire, whereupon his first thought was to save the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Wrapping his cassock about his head he went into the church and took up the ciborium. He then tried to escape, but lost his way and fell, he wandered and nearly suffocated from the smoke and heat.

The firemen, learning that he was inside, risked their lives to save him, a task accomplished with great difficulty. Father Spiccardi was found by his rescuers unconscious, and clasping tightly the ciborium which contained the consecrated Hosts. He was blinded and nearly smothered by the smoke which filled the church, and was with considerable difficulty revived when brought into the fresh air.

Another act of heroism is related of the Rev. Father Byrne, pastor of St. Aloysius' church, of Caldwell, N. J., who on Sunday morning, December 23, at an early hour, discovered that the church was burning, and hurried to the scene. Soon after the fire was also noticed by some passers-by and two men entered the church which was filled with smoke. Groping their way to the altar they found Father Byrne

nearly suffocated by the clouds of smoke which were issuing from an opening near the altar. He had been overcome while battling with the flames, which were caused by an overheated furnace.

A GRALIFYING REPORT.

The New York Sun gives the strange news from Rome that the young King of Italy intends to leave the Quirinal Palace in Rome and to build a new one, the probable purpose of this being to restore the Quirinal to the Pope, from whom it was taken by force in 1870.

We cannot say for certain that the news is correct, but we should not be greatly surprised if Victor Emmanuel III. feels it to be his duty to restore to the Holy Father the historical abode of the Popes for many centuries; and this may be the prelude to the restoration of the temporal authority of the Holy See.

The restoration of the Palace to the Pope does not necessarily imply the restoration of Rome, as part of the patrimony of St. Peter, but it may be a step towards this, and it gives us much gratification to learn that the young King has qualms of conscience which prevent him from felling comfortable in the stolen palace of the Quirinal.

THE P. P. A. IN AUSTRALIA.

The bigots in Australia have been very much shocked because the Governor, Lord Beauchamp, attended at the dedication of the Catholic Cathedral in Sydney. They have indignantly declared that His Excellency violated his Protestant oath of office.

They quite overlook the fact that in Australia there is no such relic of a barbarous age as Protestant ascendancy, and no State Church. This has been announced formally in a legal decision given by Judge Simpson in an important case. The Judge said:

"In New South Wales there is no such thing as a State Church or a State religion. The law does not recognize one Church as above another. Here all religions are on an equal footing, and in administering the law we recognize no distinctions."

Lord Beauchamp in officially attending the dedication of St. Mary's Cathedral in Sydney acted on the supposition that, as Her Majesty's representative, he should show good-will towards any Christian religion, as we have no doubt Her Majesty would do, under similar circumstances; and in so doing he violated no principle laid down in the constitution of the colony.

BISHOP GOODSSELL CENSURED.

It is gratifying to remark that the vile abuse which "Bishop" Goodsell of the American Methodist Church uttered against the illustrious and venerable Pope Leo XIII. at the General Missionary Conference held recently in New York, has been indignantly repudiated by numerous Protestants in New York papers, and especially in the New York Times. Among others, an Episcopalian writes in the last named journal:

"It would seem to all broad minded people and Roman Catholics was in extremely bad taste from an ethical standpoint, aside from the un-Christian spirit shown toward an opposite religious organization. The right of criticism belongs to all men, but he who would criticize fairly and impartially must have the most intimate knowledge of his subject, and then it need be neither denunciation nor vituperation."

Bishop Goodsell certainly did not know what or whom he was criticizing when he described the great and fatherly Pope Leo as a "cringing beggar with a monkey and grind organ."

We already exposed in the columns of THE CATHOLIC RECORD the mendaciousness and vulgarity of Bishop Goodsell's venomous diatribes. For this vulgarity the whole Conference made itself responsible by its imbecile applause.

"HISTORY MAKERS"

General Funston, of Kansas, who was accused by the San Francisco Monitor and other Catholic papers of the United States, of having taken from the Church of Calococan, on the Island of Luzon, the robes of the image of the Madonna, to make a handsome present to his wife, is now being made the butt of ridicule on another score. A Kansas artist has made a picture representing the brave general in the heroic act of swimming a swollen river "in the face of the enemy," and capturing a fort. The artist's work has been offered to the State to be preserved in the archives as a historical memento of the great warrior. But a protest has been made by soldiers who were present on the occasion referred to, the reasons for the protest being, 1st, that the general

did not swim over the river: 2dly, that the river was dry and any one might walk over it: 3dly, that the captured fort was abandoned by the enemy months before the incident is claimed to have occurred. These facts deprive the work of historical interest, whatever may be its merit as a work of art.

ANGLICANISM AND CHRISTIAN RE-UNION.

Canon McCall, a High Church clergyman of London, England, has evolved from the fertile recesses of his brain a very cogent reason why the opinions of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York against the use of incense and lights and the reservation of the sacramental elements of the Lord's Supper, are fraught with danger to Anglicanism, and are likely to operate against the unity which Anglicanism has for some years past been hoping to effect with the Schismatical churches of the East. His desire is that the Archbishops should recede from a position which brings them into direct collision with the practice of the Oriental churches. The Canon says:

Reciprocal courtesies between our Church and the churches of Russia and the East alarmed the Vatican authorities so much that they have privately disseminated among Russian and Eastern ecclesiastics, a document which aims at proving that the Anglican Communion is a mere Protestant sect, which is completely separated from the churches of the East. One of the principal proofs of this alleged separation is the formal condemnation of incense and reservation.

The Vatican authorities are not such simpletons as to suppose that the merely ceremonial use of incense and lights is the chief point of difference between Anglicanism and the Church of Christ as it has existed for nearly nineteen centuries, nor are the Oriental churches likely to be very much swayed by a difference of liturgical ceremony, which is well known to be quite a secondary matter in comparison with the dogmas of religion which have come down to us from Christ and His Apostles.

The Greeks retain all the dogmas of the Catholic Church substantially, and Anglicanism has been formally condemned by the Synods of the Orient; Churches, along with other forms of Protestantism, for rejecting these dogmas. It did not need that the absence of any claim to being a real branch of the Catholic Church should be demonstrated by the use or disuse of a few minor ceremonies, to convince the Greeks and other Oriental Schismatics that the Church of England is only one of the many forms of Protestantism. They have been acquainted with the true state of the case for more than three centuries, and the Orientals are far more likely to seek to return to Catholic unity, than to patch up a motley union with Protestantism, when they become convinced that they must extend their fold beyond the narrow limits of the east if they wish to be part of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church which received from Our Lord the commission to teach His Gospel to all the nations of the earth.

A NOTABLE VICTORY.

It will be a source of gratification to our readers to learn that the Jesuit College of Holy Cross, of Worcester, Mass., has completely turned the tables upon President Eliott of Harvard University, who but a few months ago declared that the Jesuit methods of teaching are some centuries behind the present age of enlightenment and progress, and that the graduates of the Jesuit colleges are consequently not fit to be admitted into the Harvard Law school. According to President Eliott the methods and the curriculum of Harvard are far above those of the Jesuit institutions.

But it has occurred that the pride of the Harvard President has had a fall. There were recently debates between the students of Harvard and Yale, and between those of Phillips-Exeter and Harvard on the question "whether the permanent retention of the Philippine Islands by the United States is desirable."

In both these contests the young men of Harvard were victorious, and in the flash of victory they issued a general challenge to any institution which might be rash enough to take up the gauntlet.

The bold challenge was accepted by the young men of Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., Jesuit College, and Dec. 12 was fixed for the contest, which was to be between three young men from the junior classes of each college.

The contest came off on the day appointed, the judges being Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, and three other Protestant gentlemen, including a judge of the Probate Court, and the Superintendent of Schools.

The debate took place before a select audience of one thousand two hundred persons in a public hall at Worcester, and, according to the rules laid down, the decision was to be made, not on the opinions of the judges regarding the merits of the question, but on the ability with which the debate should be conducted on both sides. To the great surprise of the friends of Harvard, the victory was unanimously accorded by the judges to the three Worcester students. The chairman said in announcing this decision that the judges were of opinion that the matter used on both sides was equal, but in manner and delivery Worcester was decidedly superior.

President Eliott will now have an opportunity to reflect seriously on the backwardness of the Jesuits in imparting a sound education to their students! It is conceded by all that the Holy Cross young man who contributed most toward the gaining of this notable victory was Patrick F. Doyle, of Worcester. It is admitted, however, that all the young men, both of Harvard and Holy Cross, acquitted themselves most creditably.

THE RIGHTS OF THE POPE AND THE CHURCH.

At a Consistory held in Rome on Dec. 17 the Holy Father announced the appointment of a number of Bishops. Among these, Mgr. Keane, formerly rector of the Catholic University of Washington, D. C., was made Archbishop of Dubuque.

The Holy Father took the occasion to express his thankfulness to Almighty God, who in His bounty had given him strength to terminate the Holy Year of Jubilee which he had proclaimed.

The Pope then made reference to affairs in Italy, declaring that he is greatly afflicted by many painful circumstances, and especially by the conflict between the Church and the State in Italy, the result of which is that the rights of the Pope are greatly violated.

His Holiness continued:

"Still graver occurrences are, perhaps, to be apprehended. It is certainly a calamity that the Pontiff is despoiled by force of his just and legitimate sovereignty which is closely bound up with the liberty of his ministry. The Pontiff is now held under the power of other men, and subjected to their arbitrary will."

"Difficulties arise when we see the domination of Rome pass from one man to another, the fruit of iniquities. We wish the right of the Papacy to remain intact. We declare that neither time, nor the succession of rulers can suppress or diminish the rights of the Pontiff, which are imprescriptible."

It is true that if we were to judge from the apathy of Catholic nations of the present age, we might suppose that there will be no one to intervene for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope; but from the divine protection which God always keeps over His Church, and from His providential guardianship of the temporal authority of the Popes for so many ages, we cannot give up the belief that the time will surely come when that authority will be restored, whether with the good will and free consent of the Italian Government, or on the firm demand of the other powers of Europe.

Rome belongs by right to the Supreme Pontiff, who cannot rule the universal Church freely without being independent; and this fact must be evident to all the Governments, as he cannot communicate freely with the Bishops of the world under the present conditions. We are, therefore, of the fixed opinion that the powers, Protestant as well as Catholic, will yet insist upon his restoration to the position of an independent sovereign, as it is to their interest that the Bishops of their respective nationalities should not be interfered with by a foreign power in their communications with the Holy See.

A despatch from Paris of the 29th inst. states that the Holy Father has also written a long letter to Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, expressing great sorrow at the danger threatening the religious orders in France. This has reference especially to the recent extra and exorbitant taxes imposed on religious orders by the Government, evidently with the intention of harassing them to dissolution.

The infidel press are in ecstasies over the prospect of an estrangement between the Vatican and the Government in consequence of the letter, to the detriment of religion. Notwithstanding the prolonged apathy with which the Catholics of France have appeared to regard the attacks of the Government on religion, we cannot but believe that the time is not far off when they will assert themselves as they have not done yet, and will dethrone their irreligious rulers, who take advantage of every opportunity to oppress the Church.

ANOTHER KENSITITE ESCAPADE.

The irrepressible John Kensit, whose frequent interruptions of Anglican divine service with a howling mob at his back, are well known to our readers, has come to the front once more, after a lull of about a year in his fanatical conduct.

An ordination service was being conducted in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday, Dec. 23, by Bishop Barry, the Vicar of St. James' Church, Piccadilly, and was continued without interruption until the question was put whether any one desired to raise objection.

Mr. John Kensit, the notorious publisher or vender of obscene books, walked up to the chancel and objected to "the Rev. Henry W. Sparling, who," he said, "had been curate of St. Saviour's Church, Pimlico, where the law had been deliberately broken."

He added that "Mr. Sparling had also associated with the notorious brawler at legal marriage services, Father Black."

The "Father Black" here referred to has rendered himself conspicuous by his determined opposition to the marriage of divorced persons. Mr. Kensit here exhibits the position taken by the Low Church or Evangelical party, who maintain the absolute supremacy of the civil law over the teachings of religion, whereas the High Church party maintain that it is not within the province of Parliament to decide what are the teachings of Christ, but solely of the Church.

Mr. Kensit was about to make objection to the ordination of another candidate, when he was stopped by the Bishop, who said nothing had been shown against the personal character of the candidates, and he would, therefore, proceed to ordain them.

There were cries of "Shame" raised against Mr. Kensit and his abettors, and counter cries of the same kind against the Bishop. Then four vergers went up to Mr. Kensit with the intention of expelling him. His followers raised the cry of "Hands off," but the row went no further, as Kensit left the church with those who had accompanied him.

Some of the Low Church partisans of the press disclaim this conduct on the part of John Kensit, but they cannot readily get rid of the fact that the recent anti-Ritualistic agitation was aroused by him, that he has been the brute force leader of the movement, and that it was owing to him that the question of anti-Ritualistic legislation was raised in Parliament by Sir William Vernon Harcourt and others, so that Kensit is the actually recognized leader of the Evangelicals, though they are ashamed to make public confession of the fact, owing, especially, to the exposure of his successful speculation for the sale of his obscene literature by means of the notoriety gained through his leadership of the disturbers of public worship.

A TRAVESTY ON RELIGION.

An Italian society in West Hoboken, N. J., just opposite New York City on the North River, and which goes by the name of the "Italian Pallodramatic Club," recently caused a disturbance which almost culminated in bloodshed and lynching, by making a public parody on religion.

Four young men, members of the club, masqueraded as nuns, wearing flowing gowns and head dresses of black calico, with ropes tied about their waists. A fifth was dressed somewhat after the fashion of the ancient order of the crusader Knights of St. John, though the intention was that he should represent a Cardinal Bishop. He was dressed mostly in black with a red turban, a sword suspended on his left side, across on his breast, and, like his companions, a rope about his waist.

This grotesque company marched through the streets making pious gestures and reciting prayers, also giving their blessing to persons whom they met on their way.

This outrageous mockery of religion excited the indignation of the public, both Protestant and Catholic, and they were soon surrounded by a crowd of citizens of all creeds while they were giving a mock religious service near the Monastery church on West street. Persons in the crowd were in the highest state of indignation, and many shouted "let us hang them with their own ropes."

A squad of policemen rescued the five travesties of religion from the crowd and took them to the police station under arrest, the crowd following close upon them, and endeavoring to take them from the police, which, however, they did not succeed in doing. They were kept under arrest

to await the action of the Grand Jury under charge of causing disturbance, and of mocking religion. They assert that they had no intention to cause disturbance and that they only wished to have some fun. This is, however, scarcely consistent with the statement of one of the guilty parties that he will murder the man who caused him to be arrested.

The pastor of the Italian church of West Hoboken in an interview said that the Pallodramatic Club is made up of men who have no religion, and that they frequently give plays which are calculated to do injury to the morality of their audiences.

It is a natural result of the irreligious policy of the Italian Government, in suppressing religious teaching in the schools, that there should be a large percentage of the young generation of Italians without any religion, and that a crop of infidels and dangerous anarchists should grow up out of the irreligious soil on which they have been nurtured. It is a cause for gratification that there is no room for such anarchists and mockers of religion in the great Republic of this continent. The sooner the Mafiaists and Anarchists learn this fact the better will it be for themselves and for the whole community.

BAPTISM AND THE BAPTISTS.

III.

In two articles which appeared in our columns under the above title, on Dec. 15 and Jan. 5, we treated of the manner in which Baptism may be administered, showing that by Baptism is not necessarily meant immersion, as the Baptists contend, and proving that this sacrament was conferred in the early Christian Church by any one of three modes, namely, immersion, pouring, or sprinkling; wherefore, the Catholic Church follows the authority of the Apostolic tradition in using any one of these modes of Baptism according to the circumstances of the case.

In the Greek Church, for the most part, immersion has been the usual mode of administering Baptism; but the Russian Church administers it by sprinkling. The Catholic Church in the West uses pouring, and it is not lawful for individual priests or other persons baptizing in case of necessity, to depart from the usage, as this would be an act of disobedience to the laws of the Church.

We now have to consider another practice of the Baptists in regard to this Sacrament, namely, their refusal to baptize infants. Their contention is that Baptism can be administered only to those who make a profession of faith, and that, therefore, they who have not yet reached the age at which they can make such a profession of faith intelligently must not be baptized.

Catholics maintain that infants are licitly and validly baptized, in accordance with the decree of the Council of Trent, which says:

"If any one shall say that infants, because they cannot make an act of faith, are not to be reckoned among the faithful, upon their receiving baptism, let him be anathema."

This Catholic doctrine is in conformity with the teaching of Holy Scripture; for in the passage St. John III, 3 our Divine Lord says to Nicodemus: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God," and when Nicodemus asked, "How can a man be born when he is old?" etc. Christ answered "Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter the kingdom of God."

This second birth of water and the Holy Ghost is, admittedly, the birth through Baptism. Christ baptized, at all events through His Apostles, as we learn from St. John IV, 12. He instituted Baptism, and commanded His Apostles to administer it, when converting the nations to the Gospel. (St. Matt. xxviii, 19.) Hence the Apostles baptized all whom they admitted into the Church of Christ. (Acts viii, 36.) Be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of your sins. (Acts II, 38, etc.)

This precept, which is repeated in various forms throughout the New Testament is applicable to infants equally with adults.

This is clear, 1st, from the words of Christ addressed to Nicodemus as above cited. The Baptists frequently assert that the words addressed to Nicodemus are applicable only to adults. They really apply to all mankind, man, woman and child.

It must be remembered that the English versions of the Bible are not the original text, but merely translations, and we must therefore look to the original for their true meaning. The original Greek words in the pre-

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"What could a blind man see?" and "You can't say that way."

"I'm not saying I'm in earnest," said Mr. Davis; and then, looking at one of the boys who said nothing, he asked: "Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think I could do it," was the reply. "Yes, I'm sure I could, sir."

"How do you propose to make him see it?" "Through my eyes, sir. That's the only way he could see it."

"You're the boy I'm after," said Mr. Davis, and he arranged for him to meet the blind man.

The exhibition was in a large theatre, and the blind man and his guide had a box to themselves where they could disturb no one.

The following day Mr. Davis again appeared among the messenger boys, and after a few words with the manager said:

luck and chance, we grant that all these elements are important factors in the battle of life.

"An' dese are soldiers," as she marched her fingers stiffly back and forth. "But I don't like soldiers, 'cause they fight."

"Dis is most pretty at all," he went on, and tall Billy Andrews craned his neck to see.

Marion placed her dainty hands together, so as to make a cradle, rocking it back and forth, while she sang that sweet cradle hymn:

"Hush my dear, lie still and slumber." It was like magic. Every face was pleasant as they glanced at each other.

No more quarrels that day. No more teasing of girls ever, for at least one boy who didn't forget, and just because dear Marion made peace without seeming to try.

I think Marion was like the little child who was asked what it meant to be a Christian.

imitation of Christ. The Thoughts of Death.

Very quickly must that be gone hence; see then how matters stand with thee: man is here to-day, and to-morrow he is vanished.

Oh, the dullness and hardness of man's heart, which only thinks on what is present, and looks not forward to things to come!

Thoughts on the Sacred Heart. Not one of them that are consecrated to the Heart of Jesus, will be lost.

The Heart of Jesus contains infinite treasures of grace and benediction. There is no exercise of piety in the spiritual life better calculated to raise a soul in a short time, to the highest sanctity than the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Everything for the greater glory of the Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is impossible to practice true devotion to the Sacred Heart without at the same time increasing in love, reverence and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

Peace and contentment are enjoyed by all who have consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart. They know and enjoy a happiness, the world with all its glitter and glare cannot give or cannot take away.

WHITHER GOEST THOU? Many visitors to Rome travel down the Appian Way and see the church called "Domine, Quo Vadis?"

Here, tradition says, St. Peter, fleeing from the persecutors in the reign of Nero, met his Master, going into the city. Recognizing Him, he inquired: "Domine, Quo Vadis?"

Lord, whither goes Thou? To which Jesus answered, "I am going to be crucified again."

Thereupon St. Peter, ashamed of his flight, turned back to the city to meet his death.

A marble slab in the church gives a copy of Our Lord's footprint, the original being in the church of St. Sebastian, one of the seven churches so much frequented by pilgrims.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience.—George Washington.

Keep Yourself Strong. And you will ward off cold, pneumonia, fevers and other diseases. You need to have pure, rich blood and good digestion.



A Contented WOMAN is not contented simply because she uses SURPRISE Soap; but the use of this soap contributes largely to her contentment.

Preserve Your Teeth. And teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.

COWAN'S HYGIENIC COCOA. It is impossible to practice true devotion to the Sacred Heart without at the same time increasing in love, reverence and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

Home Annual For 1901. With cover printed in colors and forty-four full page and text illustrations.

Stories by the Best Writers. Historical and descriptive sketches, anecdotes, poems, etc., and the usual calendars and astronomical calculations.

LITTLE FOLKS ANNUAL—1901. FIVE CENTS. With a frontispiece of "First Steps"—The Infant Jesus, surrounded by ministering angels.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY. Church Bells, Chimes and Peals of Best Quality. Address: Thos. Coffey, Catholic Record, London, Ont.

DR. CLAUDE BROWN, DENTIST. HONOR Graduate Toronto University, Graduate Philadelphia Dental College, 189 Dundas at Front St. E.

THE WILL & BAUMER COY. Beechers and Refiners of Beeswax, and Manufacturers of CHURCH CANDLES. The Celebrated Parissima and Altar Brand. Beecham's Patent Finest Beeswax Candles.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

CHRISTMAS AT CHESTERTVILLE.

Christmas Day was observed with all due solemnity by the Catholics of the Archdiocese of Kingston. The Mass was celebrated at 10 o'clock in the morning at the residence of the pastor, Rev. Father Quinn.

The choir, under the leadership of Miss Nellie Wheeler and Miss Mary Quinn, rendered the High Mass celebrated at 10 o'clock in the morning at the residence of the pastor, Rev. Father Quinn.

PARISH OF PERTH.

On Monday afternoon, Dec. 24th, Reverend Father McPhail, of the Redemptorist order, Montreal, arrived in Perth to hold the annual Christmas Mass at St. John's Church.

The church was under a membership of 41, all in good standing, and the present increase in the number of members at the end of 1901.

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to illustrate his words. His address on Thursday evening, Dec. 20th, to the Sacred Heart, and his address on Christmas Eve, Dec. 24th, to the Holy Family, were most interesting and profitable.

DIOCESSE OF LONDON.

MIDNIGHT MASS AT THE CATHEDRAL.

Shortly after 11 p.m. on Monday, the 23rd of December, the most august and venerable Cardinal Archbishop of London presided at the Midnight Mass in the Cathedral of St. Paul.

The choir, under the leadership of Miss Nellie Wheeler and Miss Mary Quinn, rendered the High Mass celebrated at 10 o'clock in the morning at the residence of the pastor, Rev. Father Quinn.

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FROM SAULT ST. MARIE ONT.

Though the customary Midnight Mass on Christmas night was omitted at the Sacred Heart Church, the members were given every opportunity to participate in the celebration.

DIOCESSE OF HAMILTON.

ST. LOUIS CHURCH, WATERLOO.

The pastor, Rev. Dr. Spetz, C. R., and the congregation of St. Louis Church are to be congratulated on the great improvement in the exterior of the church.

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CARD OF THANKS

From the Sisters of Mount Hope Refuge-Donations Gratefully Acknowledged.

The Sisters of St. Joseph offer their sincere thanks to the many friends, friends and near friends who have contributed to the Christmas Mass.

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CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION.

Catholic families of Ontario desiring a boy or girl for adoption, or to apprentice, would do well to apply to the Registrar of the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Inspector of Neglected and Dependent Children of Ontario.

DIED.

At Morrisburg, Ont., on Dec. 25, 1900, Margaret, Ada, McDonald, daughter of Thomas McDonald, Registrar of Dundas County, and sister of Mrs. H. C. Bell and Mrs. S. J. Callaghan, of Morrisburg, died at Morrisburg, Dec. 25, 1900, R. I. P.

CATARRH OF THE KIDNEYS

Perhaps, reader, you are unfortunate enough to have some kidney or bladder trouble, if so it is probable that I can do you good; let me explain how.

You have no doubt gone through the ordinary routine of nearly all my patients who have before writing me, doctoring themselves with patent medicines and much advertised kidney pills. Physicians' prescriptions, etc., and have not got any lasting benefit therefrom, but are sometimes better, sometimes worse. Why is this? Because you are not treating the real trouble. You must remove the cause before you will get well.

Catarrh of the kidneys most commonly first by spreading from the blood, second, by catching cold in the back or settling in the kidneys.

From time to time I have explained that Catarrh was not a local but a constitutional disease, which goes into the blood thus permeating the entire system.

Perhaps reader, you do not know your body as you ought to, you may not have been taught physiology at school, and there is a vast field for you to explore. Let me tell you, they are simple affairs, for filtering the liquid waste from the blood. Now if this blood is impure with Catarrh Germs, the filtering process must be imperfectly performed, and these germs close up the tubes and prevent some of the waste material from escaping from the blood, and naturally the urine is impure, and contains a lot of one's strength is lost; the blood also becomes impure.

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