

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, January 12, 1901.

### NEARER TO JESUS.

In the Twentieth Century, says Archbishop Martinelli, the most important task of mankind can be no other than that which has always been mankind's most important business, that is, to draw near to God, man's last end, through Christ the Redeemer. The one change to be desired before the end of the twentieth century is the return of all men to the unity of faith in Jesus Christ and all His teachings, that there may be "one fold and one shepherd." The sheep and the lambs are being guided, nourished and protected by him to whom Christ said: "Feed my sheep, feed my lambs."

### A MINISTERIAL BUSYBODY.

Dr. Parker has not, we fear, been a brilliant success as a newspaper man. Somehow or other, an ungrateful public failed to appreciate the efforts put forth on its behalf, and the rev. gentleman will continue to gesticulate and to expound as heretofore. He did attempt to reform the Prince of Wales and Lord Rosebery, and as a result we may have the pleasure of seeing the pictures of those personages taken before and after reading his editorial effusions. Now if some good Samaritan will take Dr. Parker and reform him he will confer a favor on a long suffering public. We cannot expect too much from him, for a clerical performer dependent for very life on his ability to minister to the volatile tastes of the crowd, must now and then come into conflict with truth and various other things more necessary for healthy national life than the abolition of horse racing—but at least less noise and arrogance.

### DE WET.

The recent performances of the elusive De Wet must have been extremely trying on the nerves of those who imagined that peace brooded at last over the South African land. The wily Boer does not conduct war business according to established rules. He has no technique so to speak—but he manages to arrive just the same. Round about him gathers a circle of steel and fire, and just as we are clearing our throats for his requiem he flits to places where circles are not, accompanied by a few British soldiers as souvenirs.

Fair-minded Englishmen are, whilst deprecating De Wet's sprinting and predatory exploits, not loth to commend him as an able leader. Besides, he believes that he is fighting for fatherland, and a man imbued with that idea and backed up by hardy and desperate burghers is to be reckoned with.

### PAUL KRUGER.

Some English newspapers are unduly exercised over the receptions extended by certain peoples to Paul Kruger. Now such a trivial thing should not be allowed to disturb the imperturbable self-possession of the Anglo Saxon. Multitudes, we believe, have indulged in frantic demonstrations, conjoined with consumption of sundry liquors, in honor of the old man of the Transvaal, but the war goes gallily on. But why should Englishmen who received Mazzini and Garibaldi and Kossuth with open arms object to the jubilation of holiday-making continental crowds over Mr. Kruger? Is it because he has not the red shirt affected by the red-hot Italian anarchist, or is deficient in the Hungarian oratorical graces that pleased the English populace? Again, why do they allow their funny men to ridicule the psalm-drooling tendencies of Mr. Kruger and designate his avowed love for the Bible as characteristic hypocrisy? We believe that the Gordon who was done to death at Khartoum by official stupidity and neglect, was addicted, though not in the same way, to religious reading; but we have yet to learn that his fame was, on account of it, marked by the banister.

Now we should like to have generous treatment meted out to a beaten foe. We should wish to see the great newspapers proving to the world that the mud throwing sheets—the correspondents whose little minds exude descriptions of the out-of-date attire of Boer women, etc.—do not represent the public opinion that means anything.

### TOLERATION.

"In this age of increasing toleration" is a fine sounding phrase and albeit its air "has been better times," is still eminently respectable and given the entree to the most select society. You always write "Hear, Hear" after it. Why? We do not know, but it is customary. Once goes, for example, to a convivial gathering and listens with heroic patience to the platitudinous discoursing, to antique gags and moss-backed witticisms of able-bodied citizens. Suddenly out of the flat and unprofitable talk come the magic words, and you hear the chorus: Hear, Hear. Or you may attend a gathering in a city dominated to all seeming by a band of bigots, and the phrase receives the same gracious welcome. The fact also that the voters who are miracles of silence and prudence and born upholders of the doctrine that they can do wrong make vocal comment upon it is a convincing proof of its mysterious potency. It is quite a good thing to be tolerant, and the New Year shows by its "increasing toleration" a courtesy as gratifying as it is becoming.

Some day we hope to meet with this toleration—this vision that makes sunshine in the brains of postprandial orators and illuminates the dreary way of the individuals in quest of a job.

### ANGLICAN INCONSISTENCY.

The diocese of Fond du Lac believes in keeping itself before the public. That old humbug Villate gave it some time ago a passing notoriety, and lately the Ritualistic display at the consecration of its auxiliary Bishop may remember that it was still on the map. From all accounts it was a spectacular success—a dream of light, color and sound. But one has to pity the good Bishops who took part in it—saying Catholic prayers, wearing imitations of Catholic vestments and hugging to their soul a hope that has been declared to be unfounded.

The startling fact in this affair, says the Independent, is the bold rebellion of these Bishops against the authority of their Prayer Book. What they had promised to obey they have spurned. They claim the right to remain in the Church while breaking down its laws. They do this openly, conspicuously, theatrically, defiantly. And they will continue to do so, not only in Fond du Lac but all over the country. The Anglican body merits to day, more than ever, Macaulay's criticism, that it is the most absurd and indefensible of all institutions now existing in the world.

It has, moreover, repudiated its Prayer-Book so often that any department of it can scarcely at this stage be characterized as a bold rebellion. Having had as its devout adherents men of such widely divergent views as Matthew Arnold and Frederick Danston Maurice—men who, like Littlehale, looked upon the Reformers as villains, and others, as Kingsley, who regarded them as humanity's benefactors—men, in short, who made their own creeds and yet could not be deprived of the title of orthodox, we quite believe that the "Church of England" drives with an exceedingly loose rein: you can do anything you like in it provided you go about it decorously.

### THE CHURCH AND THE NEW CENTURY.

What prospects has the new century for the Catholic Church is a question just now agitating the minds of many without the fold. A century ago the schemes and novel ideas that fascinated the multitude seemed to press the returning of the old order of things. The conquests in the material realm, the social transformations and the assertions of those who gloried in their emancipation from creeds, were as signs that would soon erase the feet tired out with long tramping through the wilderness of serfdom and doubt. But the fears have passed, and Catholicity has come unsashed out of the ordeal of modern philosophy and science, and those who erstwhile marched behind the men with the new philosophy are sitting by the wayside disconsolate.

The message of the Church is the same now as in the beginning: she

faces the new century with the same assurance of success as when she began her mission. Nay, more, we think the coming years hold out magnificent prospects to Catholicity. Mankind has wearied of its theories and religious conjectures. The needs of the soul, which, despite the trappings of the body that enclose it, and the social conditions that environ it, are ever the same, crying out for relief. And we are satisfied to believe that man, conscious of his wants, and convinced from much experience that they cannot be satisfied by man-made opinions and creeds, must turn to Catholicity.

### Wrote Cardinal Manning:—

All that the Church asks is an open field and freedom to act. She will take the world as it comes; nothing but force can oppress her. She is the same as she was three centuries ago, ere the present religions of the country existed; you know her to be the same; it is the charge brought against her that she does not change; time and place affect her not, because she has her source where there is neither place nor time, because she comes from the throne of the Inimitable, Eternal God.

### PROGRESS OR RETROGRESSION?

All sorts and conditions of journalists, including Edwin Markham, are peering into the new century and reading out to their admirers classified lists of the marvels that are as yet invisible to mere ordinary mortals. There will be increased progress, less poverty, more literature, better houses—in fine, a great many things too numerous to mention.

The prophets read so much like advertising notices that we thought the gentlemen of the pen had a corner on the century and were publishing rose colored announcements with the view of persuading the public to invest in it. We hope, however, the good things will be on hand at the proper time, though our ideas of progress may not coincide with those of the individuals who are giving exhibitions of what a trained imagination can accomplish. Still, having faith in human nature, we like to cherish the belief that, some time before the New Zealander happens along, men will have learned to look upon things with saner and clearer eyes, and upon what is now termed progress as retrogression. One consummation we devoutly wish for is a noticeable decrease in "literature." There are too many book-makers abroad in the land. Week after week we have works that are worse than useless. Nobody, of course, is forced to read them, but they are a standing menace to intellectual development and a constant temptation to our novel cursed brothers and sisters. It is far better never to read at all than to depend exclusively for mental paralyum on current literature. It is far wiser to play golf or even solitaire than to pore over pages of sentimental nonsense. And yet there are persons who, whilst taking care to wrap up their bodies in furs and silks, are content to adorn their souls with the tawdry gimcracks of literary modistes.

For adults who are addicted to excess in novel-reading we have but one word: Swear off! Lock yourselves up in a room from time to time with books that are books and bend yourselves to the task of understanding them. You will at the outset find this a matter of no little difficulty, just as a lover of rag-time music may be discouraged at the first brush with Wagner; but persevering work will enable you to appreciate them.

We do hear occasionally of people who assure us they take naturally to the reading of world books. But they are the exceptions—the happy individuals who, in answer to the question demanding what books would be most suitable for a desert island, invariably reply: the Bible, Dante and Shakespeare. With most of us the taste for good reading is, however, an acquired one, and years of faithful study elapse before we can honestly say we "only read the Saints."

To see the beauty of chiselled phrase, to comprehend that a great book is a message to us, and the very bone and flesh and blood of a writer, demands time and toil. Once gained, however, we have taken out citizenship papers in another world. Suppose, then, we resolve to make an attempt to read something this year?

pass on, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.—Fraude.

### THE CHURCH OF THE POOR.

Cardinal Gibbons Talks Upon Democratic Principles.

When His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons was in Augusta, Ga., on the occasion of the dedication of the new Church of the Sacred Heart, which ceremony he conducted, he was interviewed by Mr. R. W. McAdam, a representative of the Atlanta Constitution.

"I sat in the parlor of the paragon of the Church of the Immaculate Conception for an hour yesterday afternoon," said Mr. McAdam, "waiting to see Cardinal Gibbons, who, fatigued by his journey, was resting upstairs. Father Binz had told me he would in form His Eminence of my desire for a brief interview when he came out of his chamber.

"As I waited I considered for the first time what questions I should ask the great prelate. He gave me an audience. I thought of the many Protestant churches whose architectural grandeur adorns the fashionable quarter of New York that has sold their ancient properties in the lower part of the great metropolis at an enormous financial advantage and moved up town. Their former sites, with their moldering tombstones for more than half a century indifferent to the maelstrom of traffic that surged just over the protecting black iron fences, now afford foundations for buildings of the skyscraper variety. The weather-scathed old temples and the picturesque graves have been swallowed at a gulp by the Moloch of commercialism. These business transactions made many of the churches rich, but removed them from the region of souls.

The teeming hordes of Manhattan were becoming churchless as the aristocratic heights proceeded northward. The Catholic Church did not sell its downtown properties, no matter how tempting the bids of the real estate agents. It stayed right there and multiplied its houses of worship. I determined to ask the Cardinal some thing about this and the evident demerit of Catholicism.

"Rev. Louis O'Donovan, the Cardinal's secretary, came downstairs at length, and to him I explained briefly why I desired to converse with his eminence. He did not encourage me that the interview could be had, explaining that Cardinal Gibbons had a very limited time in which to get ready to drive to the depot to take the train for New Orleans. However, the secretary said he would tell the Cardinal of my wishes.

"In a few minutes Cardinal Gibbons and Father O'Donovan entered the parlor together. The distinguished prelate wore the red skullcap of his holy office and held his silk hat in his hand. He had on his overcoat and was evidently about to leave the parsonage.

"Cardinal Gibbons is a man apparently in the median of life, somewhat above medium height, with no superfluous flesh on his frame. His closely trimmed hair is iron gray, and his clean-shaven face is on it lines that stamp the scholar and ascetic. It is a serenely thoughtful face, but not one whose spirituality has held it aloof from the rough and tumble arena of ideas. On the contrary, it is the face of one used to grappling with what are called the problems of the day, in the fashion of the intellectual gladiator. It betokens a strong mentality, alert and resourceful. And above all, it possesses the peculiar dignity of the best Celtic type.

"When he speaks to you, His Eminence looks you through with his penetrating blue gray eyes and seems to have divined your unspoken thoughts and anticipated your question. He answers with the incisiveness of his glance—directly, clearly, tersely, and with a frankness that puts you at your ease. There is nothing of the secretiveness and suspicion of the diplomat in look or reply. He does not act as though he were guarding a state secret that you were indiscreetly trying to worm out of him. This is no noteworthy, for a reporter meets it so frequently in dignitaries of whatever kind, particularly in ecclesiastics.

"The Cardinal shook my hand with the frankness of his look and speech. 'My secretary has told me your question,' he remarked, with a kindly twinkle in his eye. 'You want an expression on the democracy of Catholicism. That is fundamental and can be answered by him as well as by me. The Catholic Church is nothing if not democratic. You must excuse me, as I am about to leave for the depot and must make some little preparations. My secretary will speak for me.'

"Your eminence, I returned, determined to at least get a few words out of him. 'Dr. Madison C. Peters, the well known minister of New York, who is to lecture in Atlanta shortly, has pointed out the fact that Protestantism has virtually abandoned the lower third of New York to the Catholics by moving its churches from among the poorer classes to the fashionable avenues around and above Central Park. Where Protestant churches, with almost the single exception of Trinity, are still represented in the down town and east side districts, they have degenerated into little more than

charitable missions, and many have not even left missions behind them. Of course, the working classes of lower New York do not take kindly to such a situation, and many thousands of them have ceased attending Church altogether. As the Catholic Church has not only remained in this Church- abandoned district, but has built many fine new churches and cathedrals there, I thought you would be willing to tell the readers of the Constitution something about the democracy of Catholicism along the lines I have indicated. The work of such priests as Father Thomas Dacey among the working people and poor of New York has attracted much admiration.'

"The Cardinal touched me kindly on the shoulder and his face lighted up with an interest he had not evinced before. He half pushed me back into the chair from which I had risen.

"'Sit down,' he said, warmly. 'I must take a few minutes, even at the risk of missing the train, to talk on such a theme as that.'

'First, you must know that the dignity of the soul is the corner-stone of the Catholic Church. With us the soul is everything—the man nothing, socially speaking. From the days of the Disciple Peter, we have been fishers of men. Whether in the slums of a great city or in the wilds of heathenry, the Church has labored with an eye single to snatching humanity as brands from the burning.

"If in America the Christian religion were not made accessible to the people in the mass, and the poor did not have the gospel preached unto them, how strange would be the spectacle of a great foreign mission organization supported by the benevolence of the privileged few who hear the word under imposing steeples of a Sunday.

"Catholicism has never deserted the people. It has, instead, sought them out, whatever their station or walk in life, and planted the cross in the midst of them. The soul is more precious to the Church than gold, though it repose in the breast of a beggar. Nor has the Church been unmindful of the bodies of the least of these our brethren. Catholicism has nothing to blush for when inquiry is made into the extent of its palliatives. If the burden of society's extremely poor and unfortunate ones has been largely resigned to the charity of the Catholic Church in some communities, the Church has met it as becomes a Christian organization with a heart full of pity, mercy and love and a generosity of purse commensurate with the degree of its material stewardship.

"The Catholic Church will never leave the region of souls. If it can afford beauties of architecture, splendors of art and comforts for the worshipper, these are for the high and low, rich and poor alike. A Cathedral will lift its gilded spires and throw wide its sculptured doors, beside tenement house and factory, because among the poorest thousands in the dingy haunts of labor, poverty and sin are the souls more precious in God's eyes than purple and fine linen. The Catholic Church is planted there, regardless of all temporal considerations, and there it will remain.

"The Catholic Church,' I ventured, 'has shown itself to be in close sympathy, not only with what is most democratic in republican institutions, but, through His Holiness, the Pope, has taken advanced ground on the great social question, particularly the phase of organized labor. I understand Your Eminence's staunch advocacy of trade unionism.'

"Throughout the United States and Great Britain there is to day a continuous network of syndicates and trusts, of companies and partnerships, so that every operation from the construction of a leviathan steamship to the manufacture of a needle is controlled by a corporation.

"When corporations thus combine, it is quite natural that mechanics and laborers should follow their example. It would be as unjust to deny to workingmen the right to band together because of the abuses incident to such combinations as to withhold the same right from capitalists because they sometimes unwarrantably seek to crush or absorb weaker rivals. Another potent reason for encouraging labor union suggests itself to my mind. Secret societies lurking in dark places and plotting the overthrow of existing governments have been the bane of continental Europe. The repressive policy of these governments and their mistrust of the intelligence and virtue of the people have given rise to those mischievous organizations; for men are apt to conspire in secret if not permitted to express their views openly. The public recognition among us of the right to organize implies a confidence in the intelligence and honesty of the masses; it affords them an opportunity of training themselves in the school of self government and in the art of self discipline; it takes away from them every excuse and pretext for the formation of dangerous and public scrutiny, the constitution and laws of the association and the deliberations of the members; it inspires them with a sense of their responsibility as citizens and with a laudable desire of meriting the approval of their fellow citizens.'

### NON CATHOLIC MISSIONARY WORK.

Miss Eugenia Washington, a grand niece of George Washington, was buried with a Requiem Mass in Washington, D. C., where she died recently. Some years ago she visited a relative in Louisiana and while there attended a mission and was received into the Church.

The New Year is full of hope and promise for the mission work to non-Catholics. It is nothing less than an inspiration that led the Holy Father to point to Jesus Christ the Redeemer as the Saviour of men as well as the Healer of the nations.

There is in the deliverance of this message a situation at once sublime and intensely dramatic.

The Holy Father is the aged watchman on the tower of Israel. His outlook has been over the century. He sums up in his august person the ripest experiences of men and things for the century gone. He speaks with the wisdom of a seer and the foresight of a prophet. His life seems to have been miraculously preserved unto this moment. With one hand parting the veils of eternity he turns back to speak to the children of men the words of wisdom and point to Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, and to emphasize the fact that there is only one Name in the strength of which we may be saved. The circumstances of this letter, as well as the powerful truths which it enforces, will have the effect of bringing back many a wandering soul to the fountain of truth.

It is not unnatural to expect that there will be a revival of the religious interest during the coming months. The Evangelical Churches have taken hold of the matter and are arousing a great deal of interest and spending thousands of dollars to call their people back to the fold. The effort on their part will serve to intensify the religious interest and prepare the harvest for the reaping that is to be done by our missionaries.

In New York lately a number of distinguished converts came together and founded a "Converts' League." Benjamin F. DeCosta, a recent convert from the Episcopal Ministry, was selected for the presidency; Geo. D. Mackay, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, for the Vice Presidency; Miss Barrett of Bridgeport was elected Secretary, and Mr. S. Connes, a member of the firm of Thread Manufacturers of the same name, was made Treasurer. The purpose of this League was to emphasize the idea of conversion and to make a rallying point for new converts as they come into the Church. It has always been said, and the recent converts coming into the church bear out the idea, that the type of man or woman who comes into the Catholic Church is very high. He has many sacrifices to make for conscience sake, and he comes to secure the peace of heart and contentment of mind that were denied him outside the true Church of Christ.

There is, however, one thing that converts miss when they come into the church. They miss the social side of Church life. They complain that the Catholic Church is so lonely. No one meets them with a warm hand grasp or goes out of the way to make them feel at home. The Converts' League will endeavor to supply to them this desideratum. It will surround them with kindred spirits and supply for them something of the social life to which they were accustomed.

One of the members of the newly-formed league said: "Another important feature of the future work will be the gathering of converts as such, for it will serve to bring to the notice of the world, and of the great body of Catholics and non Catholics, the high character of the men and women who come into the church through intellectual conviction. They have all, though severally and individually, worked their way out from the prejudices of early education and the restraining attachments of friends and relatives, into a position in which very often their only consolations are rest and peace of heart that come in the possession of the truth."

A. P. DOLLY, priest, Sec. Catholic Missionary Union.

### OUR MORNING PRAYER.

"How do we make our morning offering?" asked Father Gignoux, S. J. "How many of us make it in a drowsy manner, scarcely conscious of what we are saying, or with our mind occupied with thoughts of what is likely to occur during the day? In making our morning offering our words must mean what they say. I offer my prayer, I mean to pray a real, earnest, heartfelt prayer, such as would satisfy the Sacred Heart, and for all the intentions which may please Him. I offer my work, and I mean to work as Mary would teach me, and by my zeal and earnestness in exterior labor to edify and encourage those who come in contact with me.

"Let no one, from false humility, imagine himself too little, too unimportant, to be capable of influencing others. Not one with whom we come in contact escapes without some impression from us, for good or for evil. The morning offering ought to be earnestly meant, so often repeated, that it becomes part of our daily lives."



As alum coats but corrosive poison and dangerous to use in food.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

... No. 2 at 26c. Peas in demand, with corn and at 60c. east. Corn ...  
... No. 2 at 26c. Peas in demand, with corn and at 60c. east. Corn ...  
... No. 2 at 26c. Peas in demand, with corn and at 60c. east. Corn ...

## MILLIONS OF WOMEN USE CUTICURA SOAP FOR THE HANDS AND SKIN.

For the stopping of itching, for the relief of dryness, for the relief of itching, for the relief of dryness, for the relief of itching, for the relief of dryness...

CATHOLIC ALMANAC FOR 1901.

Frontispiece of His Excellency the ...  
... Frontispiece of His Excellency the ...  
... Frontispiece of His Excellency the ...

B. A.—Branch No. 4, London, on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at 8 o'clock, at their hall, on Albion Street, Richmond Street, Frank Smith, President, F. Boyle, Secretary.

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE. XXX—CONTINUED.

"Asked you to tell me?" he repeated; "she would not dare to tell me anything, no doubt, that I should penetrate whatever 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 Orlotte'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 in her life seen.

After the first wild look of agony, she felt that she must scream with terror if she saw it again, 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 rank 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 scapegrace."

"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 Carme I am charmed. It seems one of the strange freaks of fate 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 purpose she admitted him so much, since her father would be invited to Weewald Place, and she doubted not his immediate acceptance of the invitation.

sorrowful. Carme was disturbed and pained. Linking what Miss 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 be one confession—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 she look pale and sick, if, 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 the 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.

Mr. Edgar had thought it better to tell at once all that was known of the circumstances, and attending young Mackay's suicide, and he broke to him by another than Mr. Edgar, he might not have exercised such stern control of his feelings; but as it was, even in his intense grief—for he loved his boy, scapegrace though he deemed him to be—he was impressed and, as the matter of 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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"Nothing; but how should I know? He was away from home so much. In the last eighteen months he has scarcely been here a week. His sister, Annie, may know. They took to each other warmly, more than most brothers and sisters; only she is dead, her father and her mother, and so delicate that I'm afraid this news will be the death of her too, and—"

He stopped suddenly, for the thought of the loss of both his children caused a great lump to rise in his throat, and he turned away, unable to restrain his tears.

"Elna was really touched. He placed his hand on the old man's arm and said with a strange tremulousness in his own tones:

"Do not let her know anything about it yet, and when she returns she may be strong enough to resist the information. How long is she to remain with her aunt?"

Mackay, having by an effort recovered his voice, answered: "As long as she likes; I wasn't particular, so long as it was doing her good."

Very well then, he stayed, and send her no word of this."

To which proposition the old man assented.

And Elna, when told all that by her father, felt intensely relieved. Annie Mackay away from home, and likely to be dead, the letter was not her own, and she was nothing of the kind, and the very sympathy expressed for old Mackay had a cold, unfeeling ring about it that made Ned turn away from the letter with disappointment.

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 herself 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. Carme 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.

But at the same time he felt also a little pang 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 treated her, and he resolved to be more than fathers keep their children, and why should he want the very brightest of her years bound to him, an old man now as he imagined himself to be, though hardly in his fiftieth year, when the full of simple reason demanded that she should be free to do as she pleased, in a useful sphere?

Thus, even 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 the young man whom he loved so much. And he was to be separated from him, which note he intended to dispatch by hand, so that the bearer might bring to him immediately Carme's answer.

Elna was still bustling with pleasure at the prospect of the young man, and she was away now with her remembrance of her part when he interrogated her about the gentleman's attentions to herself, indicated that he would not object to the young man as a suitor, and Elna determined to wind about him when she saw herself in the arms of a young man.

Edgar resolved, for a moment that she was shy, reserved, calumniated Ned, who, without knowing it herself, had won the heart of handsome Alan Carme.

XXXII. Mr. Edgar's departure caused Mrs. Doloran to have one of her most tantalizing moods. Her vanity had been sorely wounded by it, for, as she had been so long at all impressed by her blandishments, he certainly would not have departed so soon. And, as was usual, everybody about her paid the penalty of her miserable falling; but the keenest brunt of it fell upon Ned. She made the most absurd demands of the poor girl, of the office of many of the guests, and she querulously censured her in public and in private, until Ned, in desperation, was seriously determining the question of leaving the lady's service. She could at least go to Albany, as she had written, and she had sufficient money saved to defray her expenses until another situation could be found. But she must write to Dyke first; she could not take such a step without consulting him. And accordingly she wrote, detailing pretty fully the many present mood, but withal saying that, as it was now the beginning of winter, and perhaps rather an awkward time to think of securing a position in any family, if he thought it better, she would endure her present abode until the spring.

Very nearly swam with tears of pleasure; it, as it were, gave him an assurance that her heart was still her own, and might (ah! how his own heart beat at the thought) one day be his. He had given so much satisfaction to his employers that they read that letter with surprise and joy to him to a position beyond his most sanguine hopes; the fact had been hinted to him that very day, and he had ample reason to expect that by the spring he would be in a position to be able to leave his present home. At least, he had written to his wife, his large loving heart could shelter her from every ill such as she now endured. So, in the fulness of his delight, he wrote that he could not for one moment expect her to remain in a place where she had daily and hourly to be reminded that she was not his wife. He would endeavor to get a couple of days' leave of absence in order to escort her. Not a word had he said of his real intention, and yet he flattered himself that she would see through it all, and understand that the position he would be able to secure for her would be that of his wife. Ned, however, was obtuse in that respect. She divined nothing of the kind from the simply-worded letter; and while his heart beat with renewed affection for

the honest, large-hearted fellow, it was the affection of a sister, nothing more. She solicited about the contents of the missive:

Since he is so certain of securing a position for me in the spring, why should I not endure Mrs. Doloran until then? After all, if I go to these good people in Albany, they may insist upon doing as they did before, charging nothing for my expenses, and then I should feel not a little unhappy. No, I have changed my mind; I shall endure Rahandabad until April."

And she wrote to that effect to Dyke; and he, blinded by his own love, took her resolution to remain at Rahandabad as the frivoliest of resolutions, and that, with her beautiful modesty, she had refrained from a single question which must draw him out upon the subject.

Nor would he be any more explicit until the actual moment arrived when he could have no other alternative than to say to her: "I have changed my mind, and I have increased since every year of his own life."

Carme dispatched an immediate acceptance of his invitation to Weewald Place. Indeed, he was rather glad of the change it would afford. He was tired of the frivolous content him, disgusted with his aunt, whom his maudlin would not permit to abandon to the sharp practices and the unkind gossip of many about her, and he was bitterly disappointed in, and heart-sick at the thought of, Ned. He departed for the station, all sorts of unpleasant reflections arose in his mind. Was it for the sake of Dutton she had discarded Mackay and driven the latter to suicide? Had she been frank enough to tell Dutton anything about the wretched affair? And then he tried to have Ned's stigmatized her to himself as a secret flirt, a schemer for a husband; but one look at the sweet, pale, sad face disarmed him and sent him back to other thoughts with a sigh in his heart, and a great wild longing that she was what he once thought her to be.

He departed for Weewald Place very quietly, no one knowing of his departure until he had actually gone, and then a brief note to Mrs. Doloran borne by Magilivray, who had driven the young man, as the Scotchman always termed Alan in speaking of him, to the station, informed the lady of her nephew's intended absence for a few weeks, but the pace of his destination was not mentioned. Why Alan had acted with such secrecy he perhaps could hardly have explained to himself, save that, as his secret so avowedly disliked Mr. Edgar, it would be better to feel to her anger did she know he had gone to visit that gentleman, and in that case her temper would be more disagreeable than ever to those about her during his absence. But his present course was hardly better. He was reading the note, she turned in a perfect fury.

"What do you think of that? Alan leaving home without consulting me, and then daring to write that he has gone to see to it that she should not be any more to be seen?"

She burst out in a fit of indignation. "When did he give this note to you?"

"The Scotchman did not lose his prudence. Divining from the information that Mrs. Doloran had already imparted that there was some motive for secrecy on the part of Alan, he determined to be very careful not to reveal the precise time of Alan's departure, nor the train he had taken."

"Me leddy, he put that note into me hand just as the carriage stopped down at the station, and just before he stepped into the car. But the man's hair precise in form was just as I was a thinking about tightening the girths of black Bess the off horse, an' war about to get down to lark at the left fore shoe of Jim the near horse, an'—"

"Stop," commanded Mrs. Doloran, more infuriated than ever. "didn't ask you how long he was in the car? What train did Mr. Carme take?"

The Scotchman's face assumed a most bewildered expression, and he looked from Mrs. Doloran to Ned in such an amusingly helpless way, that at another moment the girl would have been provoked to laughter.

"Speak, man!" thundered the irate woman. "Well, you see, me leddy, a train war going up and a train war coming down, and what between the notes that he gart me gie you, and Jim's left fore shoe, I was in a utter fool," interrupted Mrs. Doloran; "can't you tell whether he went up or down; did you see him get on the car?"

from the unpleasant contact only because there was nothing very convenient to her hand.

At length, Mrs. Doloran seemed to have found an anchor for her restless thoughts. In her denunciations of Alan's conduct, she had named first one place, and then another as his likely destination, but only to discard the idea as soon as she had given it expression; now, however, she seemed to conclude that it was after Elna he had gone, and immediately she said, so adding:

"Why did I not think of that before? The girl bewitched him, any object he cannot live without her. Depend upon it, Ned, he's gone to Weewald Place, and he'll come back, I suppose, with his bride."

Had she been a grain less selfishly absorbed than she was, she must have noticed the change which her words caused in the face of her companion. Pale before, it was ghastly now, and the dark heavy lines under the big black eyes seemed to grow darker and larger.

But Mrs. Doloran continued: "I wouldn't object to his marrying her. I don't object to her, I only object to her father. I shall write to him immediately, and tell him just what I think of his sneaking away from Rahandabad like this."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A NIGHT IN THE BUSH

Sequel to a Priest's Thrilling Adventure in Australia. BY T. J. LAWS.

Father Tom Ryan was seated in his cosy little parsonage, surrounded by some of his parishioners.

"Yes," said Father Ryan, "the ways of Providence are indeed wonderful. That's not a very original observation, is it? But, truth to tell, I was just thinking of an adventure which happened to me during my stay in Australia."

It was Sunday evening; the winter wind howled without and snow fell thickly; but the fire blazed brightly within, and the fire of Christian charity, I am sure, warmed the heart of every one in the room.

"Oh, do tell us the story, Father!" All joined in this chorus.

"Have I time? I mustn't keep you here too late, because some of you are married men, and you'll get in the wars if you are not at home by times. Mr. Dolaney, you're nearest the window; will you kindly raise the window and see if it's snowing yet?"

"Faster than ever, Father." "Oh, then, you'll have a fair excuse to offer. Draw your chairs a bit nearer the fire. This is the first snow I've seen for ten years."

this unorthodox apparition was as welcome to me then as a warm fire-side to a shivering man.

"My friend," I said, "I am thankful to meet you. I have lost my way; perhaps you can conduct me to some shelter where I may pass the night."

"Bushed, are ye?" was the reply. "Well I reckon you couldn't have lighted on a better chum than myself. There are bushrangers about, you know, and you might have fallen in with some of them."

"Bushrangers!" I started and scrutinized as keenly as I could in the gathering darkness the features of my new companion, and the thought leaped to my brain that here before me stood as fair a specimen of the genuine ruffian as I had ever seen. But one must not always judge by looks, so I simply said:

"Bushrangers would find a poor prize in me."

"Ye're a parson, ain't ye?" queried the stranger.

"I am a Catholic priest."

"Oh!" My friend seemed to regard me with that sort of amazed curiosity with which we examine some extraordinary freak of nature; then, after a moment he added:

"Well, come along o' me. I can take you to a shanty belonging to some friends of mine; they'll let you have a 'damper' and a 'billy' of tea, and give a shakedown of some sort for the night. It'll be better than camping out here among the snakes and the dingoes."

"Thank you very much," I said, "but how far am I from Burke's place? I ought to visit a sick man there."

"You'd never find your way there to-night; it's ten good miles. Sick men'll have to wait till to-morrow. Say whether you'll come with me or not; make up your mind quick, for I'm getting peckish."

"I shall only be too glad to accompany you," I replied, "and thank you sincerely. I also agree that the sooner we reach your friend's shanty the better, for if you are peckish I am absolutely wolfish."

"Come on, then." He laid his hand on my horses' heads, and in an incredibly short space of time—I should not think three minutes could have elapsed—we stood outside the door of a fairly large but shabby hut. My guide gave a peculiar low whistle, which was answered in kind from within, and the door opened.

My friend then related the following: "About eight years ago I was bushed. I dare say you don't all know what that means, so I'll tell you in the bush while taking the Blessed Sacrament to a sick man. Our parishes are large in Australia, and a ride of a few miles to see your next-door neighbor is common enough. The man I wished to see was a squatter named Burke, who lived some twenty miles from our mission church at Wallaloo, and to reach his house I had to cross a belt of bush about ten miles in width. I had been through it once before with a guide, and so, of course, was consoled enough to imagine I could do so a second time without one. And here I was, close on sundown, completely lost, having ridden round three times in as perfect a circle as Euclid ever described. I knew that, by a certain aged and peculiarly-formed gum tree whose acquaintance I had made thrice in the course of the day, marking it with a cross at my second visit. Here was a pretty state of things—a sick man waiting for me, myself desperately hungry, no sign of human habitation and the sun almost set. In a few moments darkness swift and sudden would be upon me, and what was to be done then? What was that the stiff leaves of the trees seemed whispering?"

to what ash 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, mayhap; 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 hour, 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 general, 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 in a stanza, 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 curtain-wise, 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 see 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 did 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. Y'esse, 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—as 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 homestead of the Burke's, the man I had set out on the previous morning to visit.

"And now, Father, I must leave you," said Donovan, reling 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 certainly 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-

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 they shall be changed, but 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 forbear 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 he 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, one unwilling to obey and all growing daily less capable of mastering their own passions, not of speaking of lesser others. We need Him to cry out: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." In face of the same evils with which divorce is deluging the world. We need sady His: "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 His: "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 desires 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 better, or a more 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 consciences

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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 century, making to our God who unites in the offering one who, and the people of every age, 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 sitteeth 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-conceit 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, and the voice of the Lamb: it is worshiping God! 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, see the Catholic mind piously speculating on Christ's reign in the hearts of

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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 did 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. Y'esse, 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—as 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 homestead of the Burke's, the man I had set out on the previous morning to visit.

"And now, Father, I must leave you," said Donovan, reling 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 certainly 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-

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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 Lodi, 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 Elitz, 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 Caesare 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 eucharist. He then tried to escape, but lost his way and fell, he was wildered 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 eucharist 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. Gropping 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 GRATIFYING 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 GOODSELL 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 Elliott 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 Elliott 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 Elliott 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 depose 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.

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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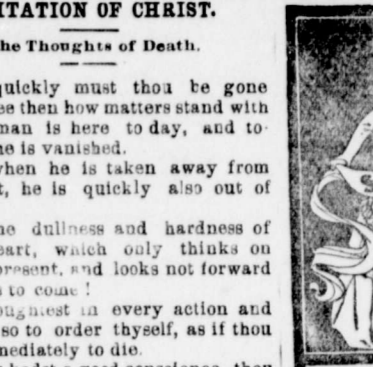
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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

CHRISTMAS AT CHESTERVILLE.

Christmas Day was observed with all due solemnity by the Catholics of this diocese. At the different congregations assembled...

The choir, under the leadership of Miss Nellie Wheeler and Miss Mary Ann, sang the Mass celebrated at 10 o'clock...

PARISH OF PERTH.

On Monday afternoon, Dec. 24th, Reverend Father McPhillip, of the Redemptorist order, Montreal, arrived in Perth to hold a mission in the parish of St. John the Baptist...

At the meeting of the C. M. B. A. last week, a meeting of the C. M. B. A. last week, the following officers were elected...

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to illustrate his words. His address on Thursday evening... He was admitted the faithful to practice...

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DIocese OF LONDON.

Shortly after 11 p.m. on Monday, the 12th December, the snow, which had been falling...

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Hymn.

"Holy God we praise Thy Name" German Choral Mass... The Children's Choir assisted at 8.30...

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DIocese OF HAMILTON.

The pastor, Rev. Dr. Spetz, C. W. R., and the congregation of St. Louis Church, Waterloo...

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FROM SAULT ST. MARIE ONT.

Though the customary Midnight Mass on Christmas night was omitted at the Sacred Heart Church...

At the meeting of the C. M. B. A. last week, the following officers were elected: President, Francis Bracken; 1st Vice President, Thos. Flynn...

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. London, Jan. 10.—Wheat, per cental—Wheat \$1.05 to \$1.07...

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CARD OF THANKS

From the Sisters of Mount Hope Refuge—Donations gratefully acknowledged...

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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...

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DIED.

At Morrisburg, Ont., on Dec. 25, 1900, Margaret, Ada McDonald, daughter of Thomas McDonald, Registrar of Dundas County...

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TEACHERS WANTED.

WANTED FOR SCHOOL SECTION No. 4 W. Rolph, north Renfrew County, a qualified teacher...

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CATARRH OF THE KIDNEYS. Perhaps, reader, you are unfortunate enough to have some kidney or bladder trouble...