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The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1905.

EDUCATION AND RELIGION.

REV. WILLIAM O'BRIEN PARDOY.

Always cogent and convincing the address of the eminent Jesuit, Father Pardoy, at the recent Catholic Education Convention in New York, was marked by a candid reasoning that commends its conclusions to all thoughtful people. He spoke as follows:

It is nearly two thousand years since our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, gave expression to these startling words: "Call no man Rabbi," "that is, teacher." "For One only is ever Master, God." In this address all mankind even unto the end of time, Christ was enunciating an educational principle, the truest, deepest and most far-reaching that the world had ever heard.

And yet to the unthinking multitude this strong language might seem anything but luminous and only iconoclastic in its severity. Do not these words in fact, by one fell blow, destroy nine-tenths of the acquired knowledge which we all value so highly? The world is full of men and women who claim to be teachers. The greatest minds of all ages have given of their best to this most noble of themes. The shelves of our libraries actually groan under the tonnage of books which have the mighty word Education printed in red on the title-page, and in large letters, in gold on the covers and on the backs. And get above all the din of the loud voices, too often, alas! conflicting voices of men and books, sounds clear and sharp, the mandate of the Great Educator—"Call no man teacher, for One is ever Teacher, God."

Of course no one has ever denied that capable tutors, men and women, may convey and have conveyed the knowledge of many facts and many principles to others less learned or less skillful than themselves; but all those pedagogical studies have kept pace with the educational strides made by our country in recent years, men have gained a far deeper insight into the teacher's duty than that which was once had. Time was when, to many minds, drilled in what has been pointedly styled, "the American educational trinity," reading, writing and arithmetic, was supposed to be the sum total of a teacher's obligations towards his pupils. But now, thank God! a whole avalanche of protests is rushing in upon us from the four winds. Educators are indignantly raising their voices against any unworthy appreciation of their noble profession and of their divine vocation. They wish it to be distinctly understood that they are by no means devoting their untiring energies to the mere editing of human encyclopedias with gilt edges, or to the manufacture of walking bureaus of information more or less accurate. Education, it is dynamics. It is not the transferring of certain dry facts from books to brains; education is not drill, it is fertilization, it is the stimulating and the evolving of the mighty forces dormant in the human soul—in a word, education is life.

From the high educational plateau now reached, the words of Our Lord, "Call no man teacher," do not sound as startling as they did at first. And in fact the Great Educator, with more than scientific exactness, followed up His first declaration, with these still mightier words: "I have come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly." Yes, life in its fullest and deepest meaning, with the various grades of life physical, mental and spiritual, rightly developed and co-ordinated in proportion to their relative values, this, and this only, is true education.

Instructors in the arts and sciences are indeed of incalculable value in developing physicians, orators, soldiers, accountants, chemists, etc., etc., but to develop men, the educator must be able to reach down to the deepest depths of the human heart, and cause to vibrate its noblest chords. It was in this sense that Christ said: "Call no man teacher!" The only One Who can educate man up to his true level is his Creator.

We have heard a good deal lately, in military circles, of "the man behind the gun." Generals of armies insist again and again on the all-important fact that rapid-fire cannon and all the other modern improvements in the fine art of killing our fellow-beings will be of little avail in sustaining the glory of a nation's flag unless the men who wield the weapons are what they ought to be. Educators of every hue are accentuating more and more the necessity of a somewhat similar principle in the less glory tactics of the mind. "Of what use is it?" asked, not long ago, the president of a famous non-Catholic College, "of what use is it to instruct our boys and girls in the art of reading, if their desire to read seldom or never gets beyond the sensational accounts of crime, or the worse than trashy novel?" He was evidently insisting on the man or woman behind the book.

A recent writer in The Nineteenth Century and After, in an article entitled: "The Blunders of Modern Education," makes the following serious charges: "It should be remembered," he writes: "that the first 'R,' reading, is all too apt to supply a substitute for one's own reflection, while writing and arithmetic are more or less mechanical exercises of hand and brain. The whole science of life," he continues, "consists practically, as we see it, in using substitutes for thought. Novelists save us the trouble of phil-

sophising on our own account about human nature, while the newspaper furnishes us with manufactured opinions on all topics of the day."

Thus in the great majority of cases, our thinking is being done for us by proxy at greatly reduced rates, and with a correspondingly reduced degree of efficiency. Many men and women are actually paying far less for their thinking, done for them by the daily press, than for their washing done for them by the "heaven Chinese."

Remember also that the art of writing, which has enabled men to hand down through the ages the Gospel of Jesus Christ, with its mighty power to uplift the whole human race, has also enabled the man who is not worthy of the name to forge a check which may ruin hundreds, to destroy a reputation more valuable than life itself, and by obscene literature, to lower the morality of an entire nation. Evidently we need a true man behind the pen, and a true man behind the printed page if instruction in reading or writing is to be a blessing instead of a curse.

Now, if we are really to educate the man, we must impart to him a clear, definite and full knowledge of his immortal destiny. Without this knowledge it is as impossible for a human being to develop along right lines, as it is impossible for a pilot to guide his vessel successfully to its destination without knowing the location of the port whither he is to tend, or without possessing the ability to read aright the mariner's compass by his side. Nor will more natural ethics be a sufficient guide, for since the incarnation of the Son of God we can fully know man's eternal destiny and the means of reaching it only by listening to the teaching of Christ. The literature of Greece and of Rome will not do the work. We are no longer pagans, though the age does indeed seem to be drifting back to paganism.

"I know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified," exclaimed the great apostle of the nations. "This is eternal life," proclaimed the great Educator, "to know Thee, the One True God, and Him Whom Thou hast sent, Christ Jesus." When the Catholic Church hands on what Christ taught, she is not teaching in her own name. She calls no man teacher, for One only is her teacher, God.

Religion, then, being necessary for all true education the question still remains: Where shall this religion be taught? I answer, wherever, and whenever the human being is being educated, and as long as he is being educated. He is being educated in the home, let religion enter here; he is being educated in the classroom, let religion enter there; he is being educated in social life, let religion enter there. But at this great assembly of educators, our interest must needs centre in the school time, when the boy, the father to the man, is being prepared for the battle of life, and when the human soul is as the wax to receive impressions, but even as the hardest granite to retain them.

At this stage of my argument it affords me great pleasure to be able to quote, with full endorsement, the bold language of a distinguished lecturer in Princeton Theological Seminary. "Secular education," he writes, referring to the classroom, "is a cramped, maimed, palsied education. It can never render to the state the service of impressing upon the young that reverence for public order and the established authority which are the first lessons in good citizenship. The secularization of instruction is cutting off the children of the nation from contact with the deepest springs of its moral and intellectual life. It is isolating all the sciences from that fundamental science which gives them unity and personal interest, the knowledge of God. It is robbing history of its significance as the divine educator of the race. . . . It is depriving ethical teaching of the only basis which can make its precepts powerful for the control of conduct. It is depriving national order of the supreme sanction which invests it with the dignity of divine authority. This process is going on in every part of our country. The instruction in moral philosophy, where none is still left for any, is given a thoroughly agnostic tone. It really looks as though we were coming to the French regulation, which forbids the use of the name of God by the teacher, during school hours." Thus writes the brave Prince of pedagogue, (The Divine Order of Human Society and its Problems), VI. "The School and its Problems."

Religion forming so vital a part of education, as all true educators admit, I could never understand how anyone could accept the compromise sometimes proposed, viz., that religion should indeed be taught in the classroom but only after the regular school hours. Surely the man who proposed that could never have been a boy. How could one ever have been a boy who, in contact, not with paper boys and girls, but with the real thing, flesh, blood and bones, have invented such an educational rick! We all know the joy of hearing the bell ring for the end of class, but at this supreme moment the educational executioner meant by this plan, appears on the scene, and while the young indifferent list of our American schools and the bright little agnostic and the budding Buddhist rush into God's playground, the Catholic boy and girl must be driven back and penalized for being Christians. No glorious fresh air of Christianity for them until the dose of Christianity has been forced down their little throats!

Let us suppose for a moment that some non-American American hearing that the teachers in the public school were giving quite a good deal of time, during class-hours, to the instilling of principles of patriotism and of love of the flag, would insist that he sent his boy to school to learn the three R's, and that those who wished to learn patriotism and all about the flag might do so after class. What a howl of indignation would go up to heaven from millions of true American throats! "What!" the country would cry out, "connect in the child's mind patriotism and punishment!" Strange inconsistency! The after-class hours, when the child is tagged out, body and mind, are not good enough for the study of patriotism, but they are all sufficient for the study of Christianity!

The Catholic Church has ever taught that Christ and His doctrine have at least as good a right to enter the classroom during regular class hours as the copy-book, the reader and the multiplication-table. The study of religion during class hours has never been an obstacle to success in all secular branches; it is not the mere number of minutes given to any subject, that counts, as every teacher knows: it is the disposition of mind and will. Innumerable facts, too, bear me out in this statement; pupils who have given the allotted time to the study of religion have easily and repeatedly beaten on their own ground the secularist students. Theory and practice combine there that the only road to true and lasting success in educational matters is to listen sincerely to the One Teacher—God.

IN THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.
Father Phelan's Cologne letter to the Western Watchman.

Of course you are impatient for me to tell you something of the great Cathedral. It towers over the whole city, a giantess of beauty and loveliness. The Drachenfels Mountains from almost levelled, so great were the inroads made on its store of white limestone. It was finished over sixty years ago, and the money to complete it was contributed by all Germany, the grandfather of the present Emperor being the most munificent contributor. It is regarded as a monument of German Gothic architecture, and all sons of Fatherland, whatever their belief, are proud of it. It is not only a prayer in stone, but a sermon in stone. Protestants viewing this mighty structure, are impressed with the grandeur of the Catholic religion. It is not more than seven hundred years old, and is really the youngest of the churches of Cologne, but it represents all the triumphs of German architecture, and is the crown of all their work. But unlike the great cathedrals of France and Italy, the Cathedral of Cologne is, before all things, a church. When I said Mass there this morning I saw a great crowd of tourists, packed at the door. While service is going on there is no kneeling allowed in the church. All must stand or kneel, and none can roam about. I heard the Swiss say a lady: "Do you want to hear Mass?" And when she answered in the negative, he said: "Then stay there. It was a lesson in reverence. We Americans have no sense of reverence. We reverence nothing and nobody. Those who visit the Dom of Cologne will learn something of the virtue."

CONVERSION A SLOW PROCESS, USUALLY.
It is a common opinion among non-Catholics that the Catholic Church is so eager for converts that she is ready to snag up every Protestant who, not having the fear of Rome before his eyes, may happen to be looking the other way when a priest is at hand. Of course this is absurd as those who have been converted from Protestantism know. It is not so easy as it seems for a non-Catholic to enter the Catholic Church. A sudden enthusiasm for the Church on the part of a non-Catholic does not carry a Catholic priest off his feet, and there are truths to be learned, and principles to be absorbed, and errors to be repented before this step is taken. The mind must be convinced of the truth of the Church's teachings. "The process of conversion," says the Pilot, discussing this question, "is often slow. Nevertheless, the priest will not let his catechumen go ahead of his grace and light. As a case in point I recall the admirable story of the conversion from Unitarianism of a well known Bostonian, Miss Julia G. Robins, as related in a little pamphlet by herself. The last obstacle in her way was the doctrine of the Real Presence. All else was clear and easy to her, and she longed for the peace and certainty of the truth which was instructing her, if, pending her conviction of this indispensable article of faith, she should not, at least, genuflect before the altar as Catholics do. But he forbade her this outward sign of faith until conviction should have come."

AN ALL-EMBRACING MISSION.
The field opened up to the Catholic Social Movement is a vast one. There is absolutely nothing pertaining directly or indirectly to the Church's divine mission that is excluded from it. One mission that is necessary for the co-ordination of individuals, in this great work for the sanctification of our souls as well as for the diffusion and the ever increasing extension of the kingdom of God in individuals in the family, and in society each striving to procure, according to the measure of his capacity, the good of his neighbor by

the propagation of revealed truth, by the exercise of Christian virtue, by works of charity and mercy, spiritual as well as corporal. This is that "walking worthy of God," to which St. Paul exhorts us, "in all things pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God." (Colos. 1, 10).

OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

The month of September is dedicated to Our Blessed Mother of Sorrows. In the chronicles of the life of St. Elizabeth, so well known to us all by her suffering and the poor, it is recorded that it was revealed to her that after the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into heaven, the beloved disciple St. John, to whose care she was entrusted by Jesus on the Cross, desired once more to see her. The prayer of St. John was heard and granted. He was accompanied by her Divine Son. In that apparition, as if Mary's soul travelled back, so to say, over that life of sorrow through which she had passed, for sixty years, the evangelist heard her entreat her Divine Son to bestow special grace on those who in life should be devoted to her person. In answer to it, St. Elizabeth tells us that He promised four marvelous graces. The first was that those who before death earnestly invoked the help of His Blessed Mother under the title of Her Sorrows should obtain true repentance for their sins. In the second grace He promised that those who cherished His devotion should be protected by His sorrows of death. In the third, that, in recompense for their sympathy for His Blessed Mother in her grief, He would impress on their souls the remembrance of His own Passion, and bestow on them a corresponding glory in Heaven. And, lastly, that in His Divine compassion He would confer on His devoted clients of His Blessed Mother's sorrows to her own special keeping, to dispose of them as Mother's love for her adopted children would suggest, and, moreover, that He would enrich them from the treasury of His love with all the graces she should ask for them. The feast of the Seven Dolours is celebrated on Sunday, the 17th September.

LETTER OF THE POPE.
N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Half-Way Belief is Passing.
The present trend away from all fixed belief among Protestants must inevitably end in the rejection of all revealed truth and in the consequent breaking up of church organization or, more probably, a reaction will set in towards the acceptance of Christian truth in its entirety, that is towards the Catholic Church. It is becoming clearer every year that the coming struggle will not be between the Catholic Church and Protestantism as any form of belief, but between Catholicity and Agnosticism, between belief and unbelief. Half way belief is passing.—The True Voice.

WHY I BECAME A CATHOLIC.
When one attempts to account for his or her conversion upon merely rational grounds the explanation becomes one of the greatest difficulty. None of my near relatives is a Catholic, so I cannot claim that it is hereditary in my family. But looking back over my life, I find a chain of events (trivial in themselves) that have led me almost unconsciously into the Catholic Church. My selection into being members of any Church, I grew to manhood without any religious training to speak of. I attended church occasionally, sometimes at one and sometimes at another of the Protestant churches, other of the Protestant churches, it being immaterial to me which branch of the Protestant faith the Church received. In fact, I may say that I invariably attended the church that my boyhood friends attended.

At the age of 18 I was baptized and confirmed in the Episcopal Church, but did not become an active member, being very irregular in my attendance and having a very indefinite and vague idea of what the Church taught in its thirty nine articles of religion. I believe at this time I was a fair sample of the average Protestant, and attended church whenever I felt so inclined. The thought of religion was, in fact, repugnant to me at this period, and I carefully avoided entering into any discussion pertaining to religion. After my marriage I rarely attended church, although I felt the need of religion in my life and longed to be a Christian, but I did not consider myself entitled to the name when my creed was so vague and indefinite.

How well I remember watching the thousands of Catholics going and coming from Mass on a Sunday morning and asking myself the question: "Why do so many people attend church so early in the morning, and what have they discovered in their religion that makes them look so happy and contented?" The more I thought over the matter the more determined I became to investigate for myself, and the following Sunday I attended High Mass. I was very much surprised to find the church crowded to the doors, and more surprised to see the large congregation so devout; every one with prayer book or beads reciting their prayers. I came away after Mass very much moved, and with all that I had seen and heard, and with a desire to know more of the Catholic faith, but, being ashamed to discuss the subject to any of my Catholic friends, I remained in ignorance of the teaching and belief of the Church. About a year after my visit to the Catholic church a mission was given to non-Catholics at one of the churches of the city. The lectures were by Father Sutton, who were delivered by Father Sutton, a grand old man who won all hearts.

His lectures on the belief and teachings of the Catholic Church were a revelation to me, especially the lectures on Penance, Holy Eucharist and the immaculate Conception. Father Sutton's clear, scholarly explanation of the sacraments dispelled my doubts and left me firmly convinced that the Catholic Church is the one true Church established by our Saviour.

After the mission ended I called on the parish priest and arranged to go under instruction for admission to the Church. In a few months I was baptized conditionally, made my first confession and felt that at last my sins were washed away, and a new life of hope and trust in the teachings of the Church, with the safeguards of the Sacraments, dawned upon me.

While under instructions I read all the Catholic books and tracts that I could lay my hands on, "The Faith of Our Fathers," "The Question Box," "Catholic Belief," and innumerable tracts being to my soul a food to the famished man. The supreme want of man's heart is God, and "except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood you shall not have life in you." A religion that does not supply this food for the soul is not divine and is not of God.

I have tried Protestantism and found it wanting. When I asked for bread it gave me a stone and left the craving wants of my soul unsatisfied. So what was left me to do in my search after the truth? "Be your own guide; read your bible; pray," says Protestantism, and left me to grope my way alone through the labyrinth when my soul was crying for a guide, a spiritual director. The moment I undertook to live a life that was above me and to which I was a stranger. Protestantism left me to meet the doubts, dangers and temptations to be encountered in the beginning of a spiritual life and to feel more painfully my religious wants.

How different was the treatment of the Catholic Church! She sent me to her priests, those in authority in the Church, of whom Christ said: "He that heareth you heareth Me," showing me that I must look to her priests for guidance in my spiritual life. Protestantism, in leaving me to rely on my own private judgment for guidance, was like a derelict, rudderless, drifting helplessly on the ocean of doubt and unbelief. But thank God! I have with His help weathered the storm, and the beacon light of the harbor of peace and spiritual rest beckons me on till I drop anchor in that harbor where the storms of doubt and unbelief cannot assail me and the bright sun of peace shines upon me.

A few months after I became a Catholic my dear wife and children were baptized. I now felt that my cup of bliss was full to overflowing, and together we will meet the trials of life, doing what we can in our own weak way in the cause of the Master until He calls us home.

"In heaven above, where all I love,
There'll be no more sorrow here."
—Miles E. Stratton in Catholic Standard and Times.

CONCERNING JUDGMENT.
To the man whose life is attuned only to the honors, the ambitions, the pleasures and the wealth of the world the approach of death must, indeed, be a most horrible realization. To the bed of sickness, arid, which the consolations of religion do not hover, it has brought dreadful awakenings and even agonizing pain. But how trifling these, compared with what is to follow—judgment.

Judgment, as we learned in our catechism, is the accounting to God of the actions of our entire life and the receiving in return His sentence thereupon. Furthermore, we learned that there were two judgments. The one immediately following the soul's departure from the body; the other on the last day, when we will be summoned soul and body from our graves to receive the eternal sentence and to enter into our eternal rewards or eternal punishments. "Come ye blessed of my Father, possess the Kingdom prepared for you from all eternity, or depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire."

Which shall it be? That depends upon ourselves. It is within the power of each to elect for himself. "The judgment will be just. It will be the judgment of an infinitely Just God. It will be in accordance with the life we have led.

By our life here, then, we are to win heaven or merit hell. Consequently we have it within our power to determine which of the two sentences shall be meted out to us. If we conform our life to God's holy laws, nothing more is needed to insure us of the sentence of eternal happiness. Death will then be a blessed release, and we shall have no fear of the judgments which follow.—Church Progress.

Reverence for Mary.

An article by J. Goudard in the periodical "Etudes" treats of the veneration in which Our Lady is held in many Mohammedan countries, and in the references to her in the Koran. In Syria and Palestine she is especially honored, and her mention in the sacred book is the reason alleged. In ordering all the images in the Kaabah to be destroyed, the only exception made by the Prophet was in favor of those of Mary with her Divine Son in her arms. On one occasion, it is narrated, when an Imam spoke slightly of her he was driven out of the mosque by his auditors, and only allowed to return when he had made ample amends. What an example for Protestant Christians!

THE HALF SIR

By GERALD GRIFFIN

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Are you his mother, poor 'oman? I'm sorry for you."

"May be if I wanted your pity, you wouldn't be so ready wit it."

"Well," said Remy, "I heard a dale of Irish manners, but if I'm to take that for a specimen—"

"You'll get the worth of what you bring, I see what you are now, you unnailed cratur!" said his mother, rising from her seat—"I asked you to a sate by the widow's fire, an' a share of the widow's ale, an' there's my thanks, abusen an' poll-taken!"

"The poor lad that's far away, an' that if he were here, would pommel you while over he was able to stand over you, your contrary cratur!"

"He wouldn't," said Remy, coolly.

"He wouldn't!" replied Mrs. O'Loone, lifting the tongs.

"Would you strike me in your own house?" said Remy, as the blow was about to descend over his eye.

The old woman seemed to hesitate between her desire of vindicating Remy's good name, and the obligation of hospitality which held her hand. At length, flinging the utensil into the chimney corner, and throwing herself, with a wild burst of grief, into the chair, "I'll have you so Heaven!" said she—"If it wasn't for that word, I'd make you that you wouldn't be so free wit your tongue. 'Twasn't a gentleman ever done or said what you did. 'Tis like you, you crule man you!"

And here, unable to continue her invective any further, Mrs. O'Loone lifted her apron to her eyes, and indulged herself in an unrestrained fit of sobbing and crying.

"Ah, now, see what this is!" said Remy, touched by the too great success of his ruse. "I never saw you for a woman, that there can't be any fan wit you, you're so soft. Come here," reaping into his natural tone, "I throw your hands about me and kiss me, you old fool, and sure you ought to know Remy before now."

With a shriek of delight and astonishment, his mother flung herself about his neck, and overwhelmed him with caresses.

"Easy now—that'll do, mother: take your hands off me, I tell you, an' sit down there an' be quiet, and let me finish my dinner. One would think you were gone to make a man of me."

By a great effort, Mrs. O'Loone commanded herself, and taking a seat opposite to Remy, remained gazing at him, as if there were anything at all fascinating in his ill-favored countenance, while he gave her an account of his master's intentions with respect to his future residence in the country, and his desire that his nurse, Mrs. O'Loone, should come to live at Castle Hamond.

Milly seemed to be made rather thoughtful by this proposition. She raised a moment, and then taking her blue rug cloak from an old paneled chest behind her, and pinning a clean white kerchief over her head, she bade Remy to wait half an hour for her, while she stepped over the fields to Mr. Falabee's, to speak one word with a lady that was lodging there, after which she would be ready to accompany her son to the Castle.

"'Twill be a hard thing to bring about," she said with herself, as she crossed the fields alone; "and still, poor dear, if it was a Turk that was there, they couldn't be do all in their power for her. Indeed, to say the truth, it's little admiration she should be afeard to go near him."

For several weeks after his return Hamond possessed in the strenuous practice of the resolution which he had formed on his return to his native land. The dawn of the morn beheld him in the fields, on his way to the bod-side of some suffering tenant, where he was accustomed to spend whole hours, when the number of his afflicted dependants was not so great as to claim a briefer division of his time. Like all other assistants, his fervour, in the new course which his smitten conscience had suggested to him, was pushed to a degree of indirection which might have made its endurance questionable, but for its connection with another feeling which time did not seem likely to remedy. The more Hamond saw of the misery and of the dispositions of the impoverished classes of his countrymen, the more that dislike of the wealthy and high born, which had constituted the disease of his mind for many years, was irritated and increased, and (without seeking maliciously to detract from the merit of his benevolence) he might say, that the poor benefited nearly as much by his resentment to their superiors as by his compassion for themselves. They, however, were unable to estimate his motives, and their blessings and their gratitude were unreservedly poured forth on his feet. The family who were fortunate enough to attract his attention on the morning of his arrival in an especial manner found occasion to rejoice in his bounty; and, tainted as his motives were by a hue of self gratification and want of the unlimited charity which comprises friends and foes with indifference, and totally overlooks, if it does not sometimes contravene, the impulses of mere personal feeling, Hamond soon discovered that even the banded and selfish generosity which he exercised was a surer means of acquiring habits of contentment and quiet feeling than any effort to distract his attention from the sorrows of his own soul by amusement addressed to the senses. The peculiar habits of the people, nevertheless, occasionally gave him a great deal of annoyance. One scene, which took place during a visit which he made to a sister-in-law of Dunat (who was now become a snug steady cottager), may furnish the reader with a general idea of what those annoyances were.

"Well, Dunat," said Hamond, as he entered the girl's sick room, and perceived the patient considerably worse than he had left her on the preceding evening, "was the doctor with her today?"

He didn't seem over and above pleased."

"Why so?"

"Upon her head, sir, he wanted to put it—a blister that is—an' he toul the women to have the hair cut off, for it was the head-ache entirely that was killing her."

"And has it been done?"

"No, no, please your honor, the women say 'tould spoil her for a corpse!"

"How do you mean?"

"To have the curls cut off; and besides, he was very angry in regard of the linen. To have it changed he wanted, sir, but they haven't only the other pair clean, and they want to keep them agen the wake."

"What wako?"

"Her own wake, sir, if it pleased Heaven she went."

"Inhuman wretches!" Hamond exclaimed aloud. "Is it possible that you were calculating the circumstances of her funeral, while she was yet in the balance, and ready to sacrifice the chance of her life to your own abominable vanity? Let the directions of the physicians be complied with this instant."

"O sure if your honor likes it, 'touldn't be wishing to us for a dead to refuse you, sir," said Kitty, "but it was the girl's own wish as much as the rest."

To his unutterable astonishment, Hamond found that this was the fact. He remained, however, to see that his wishes were complied with in effect, and departed in a humor more meditative than usual. He regretted, nevertheless, the violence with which he had spoken to the poor people; for it was evident that the feeling was general, and his common sense told him that he meant mischief in removing it.

On the third day after this, Hamond had a better opportunity than ever of estimating the misery of his poor countrymen; for he lay himself locked fast in the leaden chains of the heavy and wasting pestilence which rioted in the land.

CHAPTER IX.

I that loved her all my youth, Grow old, now as you see; Love lieth not the falling fruite, Nor yet the withered tree. For love is like a careless child, Forgetting promise past. He's blind or deaf, where he list; His faith is never false.—Percy's Relics.

Tied down as he now was to the mournful solitude of a sick bed, Hamond was no longer able to amuse himself with his peace of mind memory and imagination, by fixing his attention on other subjects. His brain was encumbered by the influence of the disease, and less calculated to resist the illusion which, independently of any pre-existing cause in Hamond's own mind, the alteration of the system alone would have occasioned. The hallucinations to which he soon became subject invariably connected themselves with the reigning melancholy of his mind, and became more striking and vivid according as his disease proceeded. The manner, too, in which real and imaginary events and objects were blended in his mind afforded matter for curious speculation, which the growing infirmity of his head did not hinder him from indulging. A few instances may amuse the reader to comprehend the meaning, if (fortunately) his experience may not have made him already acquainted with it.

He had, on one occasion, fallen into a broken and heated slumber, in which he remained for some hours, dreaming of Emily, of her husband, and of her friend; placing the head of one upon the shoulders of another, and imagining all the fantastical changes which the despotism of a favored fancy could suggest. He beheld his successful rival (for his success had reached his ears) lying dead, as he had been taken from the field to which some political quarrel had called him, (for this, too, Hamond had heard, though as yet the reader remains unacquainted with the circumstance), while Emily bent over him in all the agony of real sorrow, and contemplated the scene in silence for a minute, until it faded gently from his sight, and he awoke with a burning thirst. It was nearly dark, and Milny O'Loone, who was his nurse, had left a floating light upon a small table near the bedside, dropping the curtain so as to shade his eyes. He could perceive that some person was seated at the table.

"Milny!" he said, faintly. The person, moved, and presently he heard his bell ring. A few moments elapsed while his thirst became almost torturing.

"Milny, is this the way you treat me! Have you left me like all the world? I am dying of thirst," he murmured in a feeble voice, while his heart was filled with anger.

The curtain was slightly drawn, and a hand was presented to his view, in which was a cup of wine. He drank it, and the hand was withdrawn. In a few moments after, Milny drew back the curtain, and took the vessel from him.

"Milny," said he, as he looked on her withered and bony hand, "it was not you handed me that drink."

"Not me, darlin' child! O, what else, sir?"

"Why did you not speak or look in upon me?"

"Getten it ready, may be, I was, sir."

"You rung the bell, Milny. For whom? Or who rung it?"

"For a token to Remy, sir, to have the seed of the free ready for me."

Hamond was silent, rather because the weakness of his frame disqualified him for sustaining the inquiry, than because the explanation of Milny perfectly satisfied him.

On the following evening, the window of his chamber being thrown up by the physician's desire, to admit the freest possible circulation of air, Hamond awoke from another fitful slumber, open his eyes on a red and cloudy sunset. He gazed, as he lay on his back, through the window, and fell upon the broad blood-colored disk of the lunary, as it slowly sunk below the horizon, while large masses of thick black clouds were gathered, in rocky fragments, about and above, as if ready to topple, and close, and crush it. All

the objects in the chamber were tinged with the dismaying light, and Hamond's eyes were pained at every attempt to turn them away, at the same time that he could not close them altogether—for when he did so, the balls felt as if they were burning beneath the lids. Strange and fearful figures (such as poor Fuselli would have suffered any night ready to be blessed with the sight of) darted rapidly upon his vision and vanished as quickly. At one time he fixed his eyes on a wrinkle in the curtain, and felt as if that were the cause of all his suffering. A wind stirred it, and he fancied that an earthquake was shaking the whole world to pieces about him. In the midst of the many spectres that presented themselves with nearly all the vividness of reality before him, one in particular, which stared upon him from a fissure in the hangings, rivetted his attention. It was that of a female face, pale and wasted—with dark hair and eyes moist with tears—one hand holding the handkerchief which was tied around her neck, and the other putting back the chintz-hanging from before the face. This appearance did not change so speedily as the others, but vanished all together when Hamond moaned in the excess of his debility. Mad exertions which he afterward made were insufficient to bring it before his eyes.

On another occasion, when his disease approached its crisis, the sound of his own guitar coming, as it seemed to him, from a remote part of the building (an old pile almost worn out in the service of the family from whom Hamond's uncle had purchased the property) threw him back in imagination upon the days when he had sat by Emily's harp, to hear her sing those lines which he was fond of adapting to the ancient music of his native country. While he continued to indulge these recollections, her voice at length came back upon his memory so clearly and sweetly, though still dreamily distant, that he was enabled to trace one song (a little melody of the sunbird's note) in the melody of the organ, and was formerly used by the national bards to lull the wearied warriors to rest in their chambers) through all its cadences. The words too sounded in his memory—he could almost fancy upon his ear. They were as follows:

I. Sleep, that like the couched dove, Brooms o'er the weary eye, Dreams that with soft heavings move, The heart of memory— Lull's quotion, softest rest, Fall like comfort on the brain, And sink the husk to thy pain.

Far from thee are stirring fears, And dreams the guilty dream; No banshee scare thy drowsy ears, Nor sound of midnight drum; But tones of fairy minstrelsy, Flow like the melody of sound o'er thee. Softest of rest, and softest of sleep, And ill thee to a sweet farewell!

II. Ye, for whom the easy heart The fearful household clear, The night carman bears— Ye, whose piny fingers make— Noiseless by your airy flight, Silent as the still midnight.

Silent, go, and harmless come, Fear not the striding fiend, Ye, who love the winter gloom, Hither bring your drowsy song, Gathered from the bright luminores; Softest of rest, and softest of sleep, The comfort of the poor man's sleep.

Before the last stanza had faded on his ear, Hamond was falling rapidly into a slumber as profound and salutary as that described by the melodist. The night passed away before he woke, and when he did so, he found that the usual salutary change had taken place in his system.

"If you'd excuse me spoken to you, sir," said Milny to him a few days after, when Hamond was able to sit up at the head of his bed, "I have something to say that I wouldn't without your bidding."

"Say on, Milny," said Hamond, rather amused by the thoughtful manner in which she prepared herself for the conversation whatever it might be.

"Why then, I will, sir, since you desire me," said Milny. Then seating herself by the bed-side, and turning the tail of her horse gown over her shoulders, she said, "You're as dear to me, Mr. Hamond, an' I think worse of you than I do of my own master for I nursed ye both together, an' if I did, sure I was well rewarded for it. But what's the trouble me, sir, ever since you tuk ill, is to speak to you about your duty, if it be long since you do me it. You know, Master Hugh, dear, how religious your family was, ever at Hamond it was always to sit up at the bed-side, an' your poor mother was pious an' good—'tis kind for you to look to yourself that way. Forgive me, Master Hugh, at I make too free, but I declare it's for your good I am, an' I couldn't rest in peace thinkin of it, while you were ill; but now the Lord has given you a safe deliverance, praise be to His holy name, an' you ought to turn to Him and to thank Him, an' to think of Him, and try an' make your peace with Him for all you ever done, for I'm afeard entirely, Master Hugh, that you wor't 't without goen astray an' neglect Him in foreign parts. Forgive me, Master Hugh, if I'm maken too free."

Hamond rarely affected by the tenderness and earnestness of her manner, as well as by the unworldly way in which she started a subject that had long lain dormant within his own bosom, though the blush of self-accusation which rushed into his cheeks showed that its embers were not extinguished, assured her with much warmth that he felt grateful for the kind interest in his welfare which her discourse manifested.

"I declare it makes my heart glad, sir, to see you so willing, for there's always great hope that way. Go on, sir, an' with the blessing of heaven your bow will be green, as they say, before long."

"How do you mean, Milny?"

"An old fable, sir, that they invented as a good mor'l about a great penitent that was there long ago, but you're too wako to hear it."

"Not at all, Milny. I feel quite strong since I took the chicken broth."

Say on, whatever it is."

Milly accordingly complied and as her little tale furnishes a good specimen of the naive ignorance and strength of thought which are frequently combined in those legends, we are tempted to transcribe it for the reader's information.

A couple, Master Hugh, that had a son that used to get his living soft enough by stalen an' doan everything that was indifferant (wicked)—an' his father an' mother could get no good of him, for he bot 'em reg'lar when they talked to him about his parish. He went to the priest of his parish coming on Alister, an' says he, among mother things, 'I bot my father an' mother, says he, 'as often as I have fingers and toes, says he. The priest looked at him, 'Have mercy on you, you uafortunate man,' says the priest, 'how come you to do that? Go now—for I can't take you (Receive you into the Church. The reader will find an explanation of the practice alluded to by Milny in the evidence on the State of Ireland before the late Parliamentary Committee.) says he, un'til you get the apinion he'll give of you, I'll take you or not,' says the priest. Well an' good if he did, the boy went an' told his father an' mother, an' to be sure they made a great lava (lamentation) about his goen to the Pops. Well he got up airly next mornen before his breakfast an' he set off to the Pops, an' a looper road he had to travel before he got to them. When he did, an' when he got foot upon the Pops's ground, every bit of it beg'n shaken under him. The Pope was sitten in his parlor the same time, an' he knew be the ground shaken that it was some bad member was comen to him. 'Run out,' says he to his servant, 'an' see what poor cratur is it that's comen to me,' says he. So the servant done his bidden, an' saw the boy comen along the ground on his bare knees, an' he brought him before the Pops. 'Erra, you poor cratur,' says the Pops, 'what's the reason o' your comen that way to me?' says he. 'The priest that sent me, please your reverence,' says the boy, 'to have your apinion o' me for bating my father and mother as often as I have fingers an' toes.' 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dishonesty—and at the same time, an indispensable factor for success? "Well, said Boles, genially, leaning forward a little to drop the ashes from his cigar, "what do you say, Frank? Before the young man could do more than shrink imperceptibly at the odious familiarity that was in his visitor's tones, there was a soft knock at the door that connected his office with the rest of the house. It was pushed open a little, and his mother appeared on the threshold. She was an old lady with thinning hair, and an infinitely kind expression. Instantly she knew he was engaged, she murmured apologies and withdrew quietly, closing the door. "I say, Mr. Boles," said the young lawyer very gently. "I shall do my best to defend the man Durkin, whom I believe to be innocent of that crime."

INDULGENCES.

Rev. Bernard Conway in "Question Box." "Why does the Catholic priest impose penances for sins already pardoned? Why do Catholics think they can atone for their sins by fasting, prayers, etc.? Do you believe that you can add to the all-sufficient atonement of Christ? When God forgives the sinner does He not instantly free him from all deserved punishment at the same time, as in the case of the dying thief? "To-day shall thou be with Me in Paradise." (Luke xlii, 43)?"

passages declare the contrary. Of course, Catholics believe that God may at any time remit the guilt of sin, and all the punishment due thereunto; just as He does always in baptism; but we say that is not the ordinary rule of His providence, as taught by His holy Scriptures and His infallible Church. "How can your Church be God's Church, when it grants permission or an indulgence to commit sin?" This old fable of Protestant tradition still lingers in the mind of many Protestants, although it has been refuted time and time again. Many will remember how Cardinal Newman nailed the calumny with regard to the catalogue of sins fastened on the door of the Church of St. Gudule's Brussels (Present Position of Catholics" pp. 108-118). The catalogue, written in French, turned out after investigation to be the price paid, not for sins but for the use of chairs. And yet a Catholic lawyer had but lately to correct the same calumny repeated by a correspondent of a Chicago daily with regard to a South American Bishop granting an indulgence to commit sin, so persistent is the unthinking or malicious disregarding of the eighth commandment. Catholics know that an indulgence is in no sense whatever the remission of sin past, present or future, nor does it do away with the eternal punishment due to sin. The most elemental concept of God renders it impossible to imagine Him giving a person permission to commit sin. If our objectors would take the trouble to read any catechism of our Church he would find it clearly stated that unless a Catholic is free from mortal sin, and in God's grace and friendship, he cannot in the slightest degree gain an indulgence. (Baltimore Catechism, lesson xli, questions 1 and 2). An indulgence is the remission by the Church of the whole or part of the temporal punishment due to sin, valid before God because of the living authority Christ gave His Church (Matt. xvi, 19; xviii, 18). It is gained only by one in a state of grace, in virtue of the application of the superabundant merits of Christ and His saints to all the Communion of Saints. Thus in the first days of Christianity the Church imposed upon repentant sinners severe public penances, such as exclusion from the church service, denial of the Eucharist, fasting on bread and water for a term of years, the grievous crimes of murder, apostasy, surrendering the Bible to the pagan persecutors, and the like. We read, however, that frequently the Bishops remitted wholly or partially, these penitential works, if a penitent manifested extraordinary sorrow, if a persecution was imminent if one of the martyrs about to die requested it, if the penitent because of bodily infirmities, or because of death were imminent. This is essentially the Catholic doctrine of indulgences to-day.

THE LADY AND THE FILIPINO.

The Lady to the Filipino: "Ladies' Missionary Society, First Congregational Church, Dallas, Tex. Feb. 3, 1906." "Mr. Digno, A. Liba, State Normal School, Trenton."

YEARNINGS OF THE INFINITE.

TO UNDERSTAND ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL. Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. Human nature is unchangeable; and to-day there are few who have been in contact with men, that do not suffer an almost irresistible temptation to despise them. The law of rapine, which is self, so predominates amongst them; their little souls are held in leash by so fragile a tenement; their wretched hearts are so badly, that one is tempted to hiss the whole company from the stage forever. Human history is but a record of human weakness and brutality. The cross has been planted in the Coliseum; but the evil spirits that lashed with swift and fury the sixty thousand spectators, who seemed to drink with their eyes the blood of their victims, have sought better-swept and cleaner places. But they are by no means exercised or banished from the earth. Let the battlefields of the world, the cries of the oppressed, the pangs of the victims, testify it. What then? Are we to grow impatient with these little minnies? Are we to dream of a greater and stronger and more spiritual race than we behold on our planet? Perhaps so! Yet it would be better to restrain our judgments, and imitate "the yearnings of infinite pity," the consciousness that the key to the mystery of so much meanness and so much weakness is somewhere.—The Dolphin.

DR. BRIGGS AND REUNION. (From The Lamp, Anglo Catholic.) Dr. Briggs is one of the most ardent friends of Reunion to be found anywhere, and years ago started the Protestant world by publishing a book, entitled "Whither," in which he frankly told his Protestant associates, what we are now saying to our Anglican brethren, that the only Church Unity possible for a distracted Christendom is a return of all Christians of every name to communion with the Bishop of Rome. Evidently what he has seen and heard the past year in Rome has greatly encouraged the Doctor. He writes most hopefully and explodes as erroneous the ordinary Protestant ideal that the Church of Rome never has reformed and never will. On the contrary Dr. Briggs declares that since the sixteenth century the history of the Roman Church has been a continuous succession of reforms, but most of all during the past fifty years. Leo XIII. was a reforming Pope, but Pope Pius promises to be even more so. "Great reforms are in his mind which ere long will become evident in fact." Since the Pope has set forth as the chief aim of his Pontificate what all enlightened Protestants ought themselves to desire, the centre and mainspring of all reforms, "the learned professor prophesies that ere long there will be 'the greatest revival and reformation known to history.'"

THE NEED OF THE DAY.

The presence of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, in the Most Blessed Sacrament is a cardinal principle of Catholic belief. He is there as really and truly as He was in the Garden of Gethsemane and on the Cross of Calvary. If He be not there, then the precepts of the Church are useless laws, our churches themselves useless structures and church attendance a needless custom. For if He be not present in the Blessed Sacrament on the altar neither is He present in the Holy Sacrament of the Mass. In a word, if He be not there, then there was no Bethlehem, no Calvary, no Christ. Hence the reason for the Catholic belief, however, is not sufficient. To the profession of belief should also be added its practice. Consequently the conduct of Catholics is naturally expected to reflect their belief in the Blessed Sacrament. But does it do so as generously and earnestly as it should? The answer is found in the exhortations and admonitions from the altar and the pulpit. A frequently repeated appeal is heard from both for more frequent Communion and more generous attendance at Benediction. Such being the fact the conclusion follows that concrete expression of faith is not in harmony with its profession among the people of the Church. Of course, there is faith, but faith alone is not sufficient. There is belief in the Blessed Sacrament but it is not an earnest active belief. If it were, there would be no need for the above exhortations. If it were, there would be no need for reminders. If it were the laity would never pass a church without paying a brief visit to our Lord. If it were they would become monthly communicants. If it were they would be present more frequently and more numerous at Benediction to receive our Lord's blessing. The need of our day therefore is a more earnest and active faith.—Church Progress.

A PLEA FOR UNITY.

Much prominence was given to this idea in last Sunday's Colonist and the reasons explained why all Protestant churches should unite. Let us be permitted to say that unity in religion outside of the Catholic Church is impossible. With them, everyone is entitled to explain the Bible as he thinks fit, and this principle cannot be accepted on the authority of another and wanting to read into them the one or the other sense is no longer believing. With them also, it would seem that they must understand first and then believe, but the correct principle is: "Believe in order to understand. It first believes what its parents say and later on it understands. Every pupil is taught in the same manner and it would indeed be strange if for things of the next life, which are considerably above our understanding we were to follow a different method. God, wishing His Church to be one, has provided her with the means of unity. As there is but one God, so there is but one faith and one head to teach and interpret it. At this writing, there is a movement among the

Presbyterians to abolish their Westminster Confession of Faith and to substitute therefor the brief Confession which has already been adopted by the Church. How can unity be preserved at this rate? We do not boast of our unity, but what we wish to make clear is that if we live up to the requirements of our Church we shall be one, whereas others, following out their principles, shall be more and more divided.—Victoria B. C., Orphans' Friend.

JEWISH ESTIMATE OF POPE PIUS X.

Anti-Jewish prejudices will receive no encouragement from the new Pope says the Jewish Daily News, of New York. Pius X. has many warm friends among the Hebrew race. He was first brought into contact with the latter when a parish priest at Tombolo, where for three successive summers, he was tutor of the boy of a Jewish banker, who had his country place in the neighborhood. When transferred as rector to Salzano he became the most intimate friend of a Jewish manufacturer, Romanin Jacur, and was an almost daily guest at his house. On taking up his residence at Mantua as Bishop, he was delighted to find his friend Jacur established there, and became once more an habitue of his house, and when elected Pope last summer it was this Jewish friend, now a Senator, who drew up the message of congratulations dispatched by the municipal authorities of the city of Mantua to its former Bishop. At Venice, too, freely with the Jews, associating many of them in his numerous charitable undertakings, while some of the leading Hebrew bankers of the city did not hesitate to entrust to him the distribution of that part of their wealth which they devoted to good works.—New World.

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The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 484 and 488 Richmond Street, London, Ontario.

REV. GEORGE B. BORTHGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels."

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation.

Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country.

Therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families.

With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.

Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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.

Believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1906.

"TALKS WITH PARENTS."

We thank the Rev. D. J. Phalen, editor of the Casket, Antigonish, N. S.

Our readers are aware of the services rendered to truth by the Casket.

The book before us is simple and direct, and many.

The book is published by McAlpine Publishing Co., Ltd, Halifax, N. S.

Our readers are already aware that the Norway Storting or Parliament recently determined upon a separation from Sweden.

King Oscar of Sweden was asked to name one of his sons king of the new kingdom.

The Act of the Storting was reserved to be voted upon by the people.

Since the refusal of King Oscar to name a king as the founder of the new Norwegian dynasty, the crown of Nor-

way has been offered to Prince Charles of Denmark, but the offer was refused.

It is now probable that the Swedes will not take up arms in order to enforce a continuance of the union under one monarch.

The religion of both Norwegians and Swedes is, nominally at least, Lutheran.

In 1896 the total population of Norway was 1,701,707, of whom only 316 were Catholics.

Our Catholic schools are very much mistaken in their estimate.

It is difficult to obtain statistics which bear directly enough upon this point so that we might show that this is the case.

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AN INTERESTING MARRIAGE.

Scotch papers describe the marriage of the young Marquis of Bute to Miss Augusta Bellingham, daughter of a distinguished Irish convert to the Catholic faith.

The Marquis is noted for his great wealth and his numerous titles, including a Nova Scotian baronetcy.

Early in 1870, and shortly after Lord Bute's conversion, the writer of this sketch chanced to be visiting the subterranean Church of St. Clement in Rome which was built originally in the fourth century.

The same thing occurred recently in Detroit, though on a smaller scale.

The same thing occurs in other cities when an actual competition open to all takes place.

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PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

The Right Reverend Bishop Charles Hamilton of Ottawa, in his address to the Diocesan Synod, which met some weeks ago, said that

"The increasing habit of exercising the right of private judgment, without sufficient information, is leading to the neglect, not only of the Lord's Day, but also of the Holy Communion and the presenting of children for Holy Baptism."

He urged that it is safer for the individual mind to submit itself to the guidance of the Church than to follow its own notions.

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THOU ART, O ROMAN, UNREALIZED DREAM

THE ETERNAL CITY

believed these to be not vain shadows

into those dreams, had seen the human

might of high should not their

noting that of olden Rome

shattered columns and broken

arches. And yet dreams that a great

Archbishop I

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COMBAT OF THE FIRST IGNATIUS

DECLARATION FOR THE SCHOOLS.

'Tis a winter's night in old Smyrna, and the dark dells of the mountain is lighted by the fitful gleam of the Roman camp fire.

Around the blazing fagots a band of brutal soldiers play dice, wrangle and blaspheme.

To one side apart, with eyes uplifted, kneels a venerable man, whose bare head and shackled limbs are mocked by the moaning blasts and the drifting snow.

This is Ignatius, Bishop, third successor of Peter in the See of Antioch. His silvery hair, his massive brow, his strong face, his flowing beard and sweet smile—all define the sage, wise in council, learned in speech, invincible in courage.

It must not be forgotten, however, that Catholics themselves maintain missions here, and that many devoted priests are up in the Sierras and down among the Tabascan, Chiapan and other Indians trying to civilize them.

It is a great warm-hearted, brooding mother, doing the best it can with a continually renewed hope. A priestly human nature. It is a big fight, and it goes on every day in the year.

Not only is Catholic missionary work going on in southern and interior Mexico, but right here in this city. The big organization does its appointed task; it has little time among every-day humanity for high-flown discussion.

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bitterness between Clericals and Liberals. A handsome residence is to be built here for the present Delegate and all succeeding Papal Delegates.

There are good Protestant missionary workers, and the medical missionaries do an amount of good that justifies their existence and liberal support.

Taking the Catholic Church as a whole in this country, viewing its work broadly and in an impartial spirit, one must commend it heartily.

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When Governor Minto laid the foundation of London, Ontario, one hundred years ago he knew it would grow to be a great city, but had no thought of the Western Fair.

The Western Fair gives the people of this country an excellent opportunity for a pleasant outing at a minimum of cost, and at the same time develops their store of practical and useful knowledge.

No educational features have always been carefully fostered by the Directors. This year several important improvements of an instructive nature have been added.

The celebrated 9th Highland Regiment Band will give three concerts daily during the exhibition. The entertainment department will be better than ever, and will include leaping the gap in mid air on a steam automobile.

FOR INFORMATION WRITE W. A. REID, PRESIDENT, OR J. A. BELLE, SECRETARY

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EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD.

It has often been observed that ex-President Cleveland has many admirers among the Catholic clergy; on the other hand, one could quote from memory some very pretty expressions of Mr. Cleveland regarding our priests.

The Saturday Evening Post (August 5) contains an article from the ex-President's pen on "Old-Fashioned Honesty and the Coming Man," in the course of which "a shrewd old priest" is made to read a brief but pointed lecture to college men.

For the Catholic Record. GOD'S LOVE. A gentle light fills all the air: The fields are smiling in the sun, And golden life is everywhere.

Clear, thro' the hours that come and go With silent tread, and wreath Their misty robes around the soul, This message seems to breathe:

There's love in sun and sky and stars, And all the world is fair: From bright 'n'ink morn to sunset bars, God's love is every where.

—MARY COFFEY.

FATHER MARSHALL THE PRIESTS OF MEXICO.

NON-CATHOLIC EDITOR IS INDIGNANT AT CONSTANT CALUMNIES OF FAITHFUL CLERGY.

Mr. F. R. Guernsey, the well-known Mexican correspondent of the Boston Herald, writing from the City of Mexico, thus speaks of the growth of the Church in that land and of the splendid work of the priests among the poor and ignorant.

After years of depression, but of unremitting work, there is a genuine Catholic revival in this country. One notes it in the interior towns and cities, where there is a continual restoration of church edifices, a growth in the number of character of Catholic schools and a greater activity of the clergy.

The Vatican takes a greater interest in Mexican Church matters, and it is now the settled policy of Rome to maintain permanently here a Papal Delegate, or visitor, who will supervise Church matters. The present Papal representative, Monsignor Serafini, Archbishop of Spoleto, Italy, is a remarkably able prelate; venerable, wise, conciliatory, and an excellent man of business.

He has acquired a little Spanish, and is perseveringly studying English, recognizing the importance of our language both in Mexico and elsewhere. He is not a haughty and inaccessible prelate, but rather a simple Christian gentleman, whose influence is wholly for good in this country.

The high authorities of the Church sustain the republic, and approve the administration of President Diaz. This great change began to make itself manifest during the latter years of the pontificate of Leo XIII. That great Pontiff urged the support of the government here upon the Mexican Bishops and Archbishops. Since that time there has been less of the former

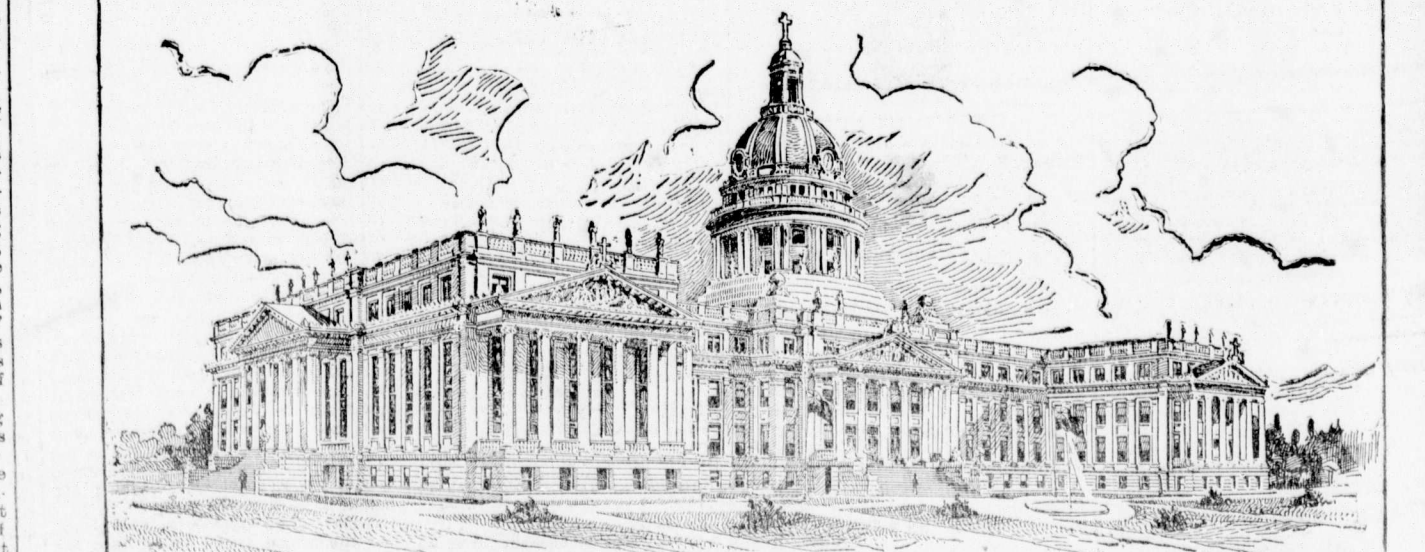
Scholarly priests there are whose conversation is most charming and instructive, men with whom it is agreeable to sit at dinner, as high-bred and as intelligent as any means priest of the class Bishop Whitaker talks about. Take the case of Father Hunt-Cordes, of this city, a native of New Orleans, a scholar and archaeologist, learned in the language and lore of the ancient Mexicans, who talks with the Indians to-day in Nahauti, and maintains, aided by the charitable (including many broad-minded Protestants,) a home for working boys in this city.

President Diaz and his charming wife give their patronage to the school, whither go newsboys, peddlers and the shoeblacks of the streets for supper, lessons and a bed. These lads often rise in the world. "Father Hunt's boys" are in shops and banks, thanks to his work, to his instruction and his never-ceasing care of them. One of his lads is in Japan to-day.

Last Sunday I saw in a neighboring village 143 little Indian boys and girls who have for weeks been under instruction in Christian Doctrine by five young Catholic ladies of the best families. These children, after their first Communion, heard a discourse, brief and interesting, preached by a Jesuit Father, and then sat down in the great corridor of a private house to a most excellent and nourishing breakfast; each little girl in a new dress and ribbon, or head and shoulder wrap, and each little lad in a new hat, blouse and trousers, provided by the well-to-do Catholic families of the town.

The young ladies and young men of the upper class waited on these future citizens and mothers at table, and the religious instruction of the whole 143 will be kept up during the year by the same band of young women. And this goes on all over Mexico.

Not long ago a group of Catholic women went to do missionary work in a far Southern State down by the Guatemalan border. They nursed the sick, taught the children, sewed for them,



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The aim of this institution is to give, under religious influences, all the advantages of secular higher education. The practice of Christian virtue is inculcated by a broad-minded system of discipline.

For particulars address: The President, University of Ottawa, Canada

VOLUME The Cat LONDON, SATU

With Andrew have already Knox is no m It is rather curi herobots tak cal witnesses t the career of K because they b which is no la education and have achieved ophers and the same, would r John Knox; b their brethren "is strange to the time our and toleration spirits of the s Knox was n will have it of "Till Pro national sent David Beaso Knox came o was suspected people, man, ready to die to England."

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