

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.

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CATHOLICITY AND PROTESTANTISM.

Some of our ministerial brethren are at a loss to devise expedients to fill the pews. Though they have given evidence of much inventive talent in this matter and can be credited with many fantastic schemes, yet are the gaps in the ranks of their hearers becoming wider and wider. High-priced choirs have failed to draw, judging from last reports. The gymnasium-swimming-tank combination is no better. And the future will show how the contemplated club with roof garden annex shall solve the problem. Even Dr. Hilles—and he is a man of sterling ability, whatever may be thought of his success as a preacher—has turned his Sunday evening service into a kind of five o'clock tea, enlivened of course by his eloquence. But something must have gone wrong with the culinary arrangements, for now the reverend gentleman wants the tollers to be given a half holiday on Saturday, in order, we suppose, to enable them to prepare themselves for the Sunday ordeal. Surely thinking Protestants must admit there must be something wrong with the system. If it had any element of supernatural life it could not fail to attract some at least who feel the need of religion and who believe that there must be some answer to the doubts and perplexities that fill our lives. But it has nothing to offer save literary essays and attacks on the Bible. Hence, in some places, referred to by Emerson when he said "Should I go out of church whenever I hear a false statement, I should not stay five minutes," one hears the old charges, but they fall heedless on the ears of the generation; and, moreover, most of our separated brethren who read are constrained to admit that the revolt which gave them being arose in Germany from self-interest, in England just, and in France the love of novelty. Here in America Protestantism has had numerous opportunities to prove its native strength. And what are the facts? It were too long a story to narrate its varying fortunes, and suffice it to say that all its battling sects are in process of disintegration. Congregationalism, once so powerful, buttressed by wealth and influence, is but a shadow of the Puritan creed. Methodistical fervor has been followed by the sickness of scepticism, and Presbyterianism is tinkering up a code of belief to meet the requirements of the times. They and all the minor sects that follow an phantom of over-heated imaginations are fast going the way of heresy.

Whatever, says Bishop Spalding, conflicting opinions, thoughtful and observant minds may hold concerning the future of religious faith, the fate of Protestantism is not doubtful. Even now it survives not as a doctrine—not as a system of supernatural belief—but as a tendency. It is merely a proof that the Holy Ghost does not abide with those who have separated themselves from the body of the Church.

Now let us hear what the great Unitarian Dr. Martineau has to say about the Catholic Church. The answer of the Catholic Church, he says, to the quotation, "Where is the holy ground of the world? Where is the real presence of God?" Here within my precincts, here alone has at least the merit of simplicity: and it is easier to test than the Protestant reply, which points to a field of divine revelation, discoverable only by the telescope, half way toward the horizon of heaven. It has no absolute need to make its title good by links of testimony running back to afar-off sources of prerogation; no age of miracles to reach and historically prove as a condition of its rights today. It carries its supernatural character within it, it has brought its authority down with it through time; it is the living organism of the Holy Spirit—the Pentecostal dispensation among us still. And if you ask about its evidence, it offers the spectacle of itself. Though it alone has lived through all Christian history, it least affects antiquarian pomp, knowing no difference between what has been and what is. It sells the sacred enclosure of whatever is

divine and supernatural on earth, it has no problems to solve, no legitimacy to make out, no doctrine to prove: but simply to live on and witness of the grace it bears.

AN UNWARRANTABLE INSULT.

The ill-adviced attack on King Edward and Cardinal Vaughan will not, we think, meet with the approval of right thinking Irish Catholics. One of our Irish contemporaries characterizes it as a crime, but some others regard it with undisguised admiration. Now, we should like to assure our journalistic friends over the border that Irishmen who love the old land as well as they, and more wisely, can use clean weapons in a fight, and, above all, are Catholic enough not to taunt ecclesiastical dignitaries with "servile super obsequiousness."

Why servile? Do the editors wish to teach their readers that Cardinal Vaughan and the English prelates who tendered King Edward their allegiance and loyal devotion, are unworthy of the respect of Catholics? If they are servilely obsequious, and "pay fulsome homage to a crowned idol," they surely have proved recreant to episcopal traditions. But, if not, then any editor, in penning the above words, is guilty of an unwarrantable insult, and gives one more proof that respectable prints are marred betimes with not only careless but criminal journalism. They should know, at least, that republic, monarchy, empire—all fare alike before the Church. The authority in all is divine, and obedience towards all is obligatory. Is it servile obsequiousness to render obedience to the divine command? And, if not, what right has any newspaper to impugn Catholic principles, to contribute to the output of false teaching, and to hold up the Catholics of England to the contempt of Irish Americans? The editors may dish up any amount of unsavory stories about the late Prince of Wales, and take infinite satisfaction in the fact that some English prints—fit models forsooth for a Catholic newspaper—have done or do the same, but when they deal with the question of authority, and the attitude of English Bishops towards it, they should either pack their heads in ice or call in some outside help.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Our ever welcome friend The Casket surprises us by intimating that the modern public school, even in Nova Scotia, is, to put it mildly, not free from imperfection: "It gives everyone a chance to become a public nuisance and a pagan."

Now, in the United States we know that the good people who shoot for it and dazzle us poor benighted Canadians with all manner of rhetorical pyrotechnics in its honor are obliged, in order to safeguard their offspring from the many sided curse of the Public school, to have their own schools. In Ontario we have some people who spell culture with a big C, that is, who relegate God to the second place, not because they fail to believe in Him, but because it is bad form to make any ado about religion; and, besides, we must be careful not to provoke anything or anybody—but in Nova Scotia. Well, it is too bad.

Antigonish Catholic have, of course, a remedy in their own college, one of the very best in Canada. But what about the other parts of Nova Scotia? With nothing but the common school to turn to, what is to become of the rising generation? With the public school and Protestant institutions preying upon the young who are talented and ambitious, where shall we look for vigorous and enlightened Catholicity—for men to champion Catholic interests, and, if need be, to fight for them? You cannot get it from the common school nor from Protestant colleges. And it is certainly not a product of our non-sectarian institution which opens its commencement exercises with a long-winded prayer, giving God sundry bits of information, and professes to have an equal regard, which is oftentimes insincere, for all denominations.

Nay, more, a system that legislates God out of its programme is a calamity and a curse, and must inevitably, as in much educated Germany, fashion those who have recourse to it into occi-

blooded atheists who "consider a denial of the existence of God and a mockery of His word the acme of culture and education."

A DANGEROUS CONTRACT.

We are informed by the Rev. H. A. Kruse, S. J., that a million of souls have through mixed marriages been lost to the Church in Germany during the nineteenth century. Those of us who wonder why the Church brands such marriages as abominable and detestable may be induced by the above-quoted statement to give the subject a little reflection.

We know that some mixed marriages have not been accompanied by the disastrous consequences that follow them usually, and that there are instances of the children of such unions being safeguarded from error and of the conversion of the non-Catholic. This we are told is due to the good example and firm faith of the Catholic. It may be so; but we are inclined to believe that the member of a household who contracts this kind of an alliance is a poor type of Catholic and is little calculated to have any influence of a religious nature upon the non-Catholic. At best it is a dangerous experiment and not likely to be attempted by those who obey the teachings of the Church. Granted, however, that some mixed marriages have—for some reason or other—resulted happily, there are the many that are abominable and detestable, with their disunion and perversion of the children, who are sometimes the most bitter and bigoted opponents of Catholicity.

NEGROES TURNING ROMEWARDS.

The negroes of the district of Columbia seem to be awakening to the fact that the only force on earth that can save them from ultimate destruction is Catholicity. They are beginning to recognize that the Church that proclaims the dignity of man, and that has during the many years of her history given no insignificant proofs of her devotion to the cause of human freedom, can do something towards ameliorating their lot. And they are right. The schemes devised for the succor of humanity are either short-lived or restricted in their operations. And any one at all conversant with modern literature cannot but note its heartlessness, either bemoaning the unreachability of the hopes of man or glorifying the strong. True, we have now and then outbursts of sentimentality, but we suspect their sincerity and we know their valuelessness, for charity is not the creature of caprice, nor begotten of a passing feeling of pity, but of faith, and the bounden duty of every Christian. We rejoice that our colored brethren are turning Romewards. They will find we have no color line, that in one spirit were all baptized into one body, whether Jew or Gentile, bond or free; to call Onesimus most dear brother and revealed to the eyes of St. Peter Claver the Redeemer in the guise of disease-stricken humanity, still lives amongst us. For the benefit of our readers we give again a portion of the address of Prof. Jess Sanson before a meeting of Baptists. After describing some kinds of liberty meted out to negroes by the denizens of the land of the free, he said:

"As one of the leaders in a local Baptist church and as speaking to an audience of Baptists, I say now that only the great and powerful Catholic Church can help us. We may not all desire to join the Catholic Church at once, but we will see the way in time. I think it must be God's will that we effect our salvation through the agency of the Catholic Church. The leaders have offered us protection and political rights within the folds of the Catholic Church. We are assured our rights as citizens and human beings, and I see no other way in which we may save ourselves and save our future. We are being ground to powder by the white man in this country, and only the Catholic Church can save us. Let us take matters into our own hands now, and let us act."

UNBELIEF, THE PREVAILING EVIL.

An esteemed contemporary says that too often the pulpit keeps on in the old lines refuting decaying errors and anathematizing bygone immoralities. It believes in denunciation of existing evils. Unbelief is the prevailing religious evil.

Give me the man who has been tried in the crucible, who has been purified by the fire of misfortune, and comes forth purified from vanity and its train of demands.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE 1901.

The Triumph of a Great Devotion.

Recommended to our prayers by His Holiness Leo XIII.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

On Friday, June 14, the doors of every Catholic Church in the world will be thrown open, and in most of them from dawn until evening crowds of the faithful will assemble to worship before altars beautifully decorated with lights and flowers and with a predominant symbol representing the object of their strongest devotion, the Heart of Jesus Christ. In every town and hamlet numbers will approach the altar-rail for Holy Communion; through the day they will linger about the church in posture of adoration before the Eucharistic Presence, and at night they will reassemble to listen eagerly to the eloquent story of the triumph of this devotion, to join with enthusiasm in the solemn consecration of the world to the Heart of Christ, and then close this blessed day amid the light and incense and music of the heavenly benediction service by bowing their heads lowly for the Eucharistic blessing—the forerunner of the longed for "Come ye blessed of My Father."

It is the Feast of the Sacred Heart, now celebrated throughout the world with every solemn sanction the Church can give it. There is no law or penalty enjoining its observance; it is not like the great feasts of Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, a day of rest from labor; but on no other day of the year is some slight sacrifice more spontaneously offered, by every well-instructed Catholic, in order to testify to the powerful hold which this devotion has on the affections of the human heart. Year after year, as the feast recurs, instead of diminishing, the number and fervor of the devotees increase. The services, the decorations and, to some extent, the sermons remain the same; but the spirit of devotion to the Heart of Christ is ever growing and ever enabling its possessors to discover new fruits and new delights in the celebration of this day of the Master's own choice.

The history of this great devotion is an uninterrupted series of triumphs which are all the more glorious because the opposition to it has been so powerful and unrelenting, and the resources of its propagators so weak and hard to utilize. True, we can nowadays argue from its wonderful fruits to the divine impulse in which it must have had its origin; but in the beginning the appeal to a divine origin, viz., to the special revelation of Christ to the Visitation nun Margaret Mary Alacoque was regarded as blasphemous by its enemies, and as suspicious, to say the least, by those who should have been its friends. Cut off by the cloister from communicating with the world the nature, object and advantages of this devotion; impeded in many ways by her superiors, who naturally thought it strange that she should assume such a mission, the nun at Paray had few or no influential friends through whom she could impart her message. She knew too well that ecclesiastical authorities would demand credentials, which, for want of knowledge of her authentic and that heretics would incontinently denounce her as a visionary. Her first advisers, de la Colombe, Croiset, Rollin, were constantly obliged by prudence to restrain their zeal in promoting a devotion which seemed to some new, unnecessary, misleading, sensuous, and to others extravagant, anatomical, erroneous and idolatrous. In a country where so many were tainted by Jansenism, which kept people aloof from Christ, it was too much to expect that many would readily embrace a devotion which made Christ the most familiar object of their affections.

In a time of distrust in God's mercy, caused by the pestiferous doctrine that Christ did not die for all men, men were slow to grasp the meaning of the symbol which Christ used to convince sinners of His love for all mankind. Sneers in public, machinations in secret, the press, the schoolroom, the court and council chamber, the Sunday school and the convent cloister, every possible human agency, however sacred, was employed to sow mistrust of those who were spreading this devotion, to debbar them from the common spheres of influence, to vilify and malign their teaching and morals, and to supplant both by doctrines and practices as baneful as those of Calvinism. Heretical propaganda, political intrigue, even the perverted use of ecclesiastical influence and civil persecution, were all in vain. One glance at the figure of Christ with His Heart unveiled for our contemplation was enough to convince the simplest mind that Christ had died for love of all men, that all might hope in His mercy, and that instead of wishing us to keep aloof from Him, He longs to embrace us all in His love, and considers it as the greatest affront that we are cold and indifferent to Him. What matter whether the inspiration to appeal to men by the Heart of Christ had come by way of special revelation or not? The appeal itself was in effect a revelation which the human heart instinctively seized as genuine. It was so like Christ, so true to the image

which the rudest imagination would strive to form of the Shepherd seeking the stray sheep, of the Father scanning the horizon for the return of his prodigal, of the Divine Guest at Simon's supper table bending her love as reparation for her life of sin; and the conviction inspired, as well as the attraction with which it drew men into close relationship with Christ, could come from no other source but Him.

It is not surprising that the image of Christ inviting men to behold His Heart as the symbol of His love should have inspired the faithful generally with new confidence in Him, induced them to approach Him, and enlightened them with a clearer conception of the Incarnation, of His divine as well as of His human nature, of His Redemption and of His glorious life in Heaven at the right hand of the Father, ever living to make intercession for us. What is surprising is that the most learned theologians should have approved this new manner of representing Christ, and that those who are responsible for the integrity of Christian doctrine and piety should have not only permitted, but gradually sanctioned and commended in the strongest manner possible, the popular devotion to the Sacred Heart which, we may say, characterized the Church since Margaret Mary Alacoque succeeded in making known to the world that Christ wished to be honored in this way. This may sound paradoxical to the skeptic, the non-Catholic and even to many Catholics who affect to reason for themselves, but who show how superficial and inconsistent they are by admitting the revelation contained in Scripture and yet questioning the possibility, or at least, the fact, of special revelation since the time of the Apostles, even for the good of the Church. The world at large thinks that a Catholic, even when well informed, is necessarily credulous and eager to believe in the preternatural, that the authorities of the Church are committed to belief in miracles, visions, revelations and mystical manifestations of whatever sort. It is a pity that they cannot read Niles' "De Katone Festorum SS. Cor. Jesu et Mariae," Marquet, Gallifet's "Adorable Heart of Jesus," or any of the many noble works which recount the origin, history and triumph of this devotion, all of which prove plainly the reluctance, not merely of Catholic theologians but of the ecclesiastical authorities, especially of the Holy See, either to sanction the popular predilection for this representation of the Redeemer, or to designate a feast day for its solemn commemoration. The evidences of this reluctance would be positively shocking to a devout believer unless he were mindful of the solitude with which the Church tries every seeming novelty in doctrines every seeming novelty in practices and practices, every spirit that claims to be of God. Had devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus effected nothing else than the scrutiny to which its origin was subjected; had it only served to show the attitude of the Church generally toward new beliefs and practices; had it merely been the occasion of such investigations as Gallifet's into the origin of other devotions, notably of devotion to the Holy Eucharist, or of such inquiries as Lanquet's into the nature of the visions and revelations vouchsafed to Blessed Margaret Mary; had it finally, done nothing more than prompt the greatest theologians of modern times to examine it as a heavenly emanation of illustrating the nature and purpose of the Incarnation; it might still be said to have been blessed by a triumph of surpassing grandeur. It has done more. It has renewed and invigorated the sacramental life of the Church. It has made the tribunal of penance not the bar of rigorous justice the Jansenists tried to make it, but the throne of mercy. It has made the altar-rail the banquet table whither the children of the Church come for their true *agapa*. It has made the hour before the altar as agreeable as conversation around the hearthstone, and it has created a longing for the last absolution and viaticum.

Those who practice devotion to the Heart of Jesus Christ are growing daily less and less strange with Christ in the Eucharist, and all the fruits of this august sacrament are poured out on them more and more abundantly; they doubt less, the more violent passions—anger, lust, intemperance; their imaginations are chastened, their ways are more meek and their affections are centered on the pure delight of a personal love for Jesus Christ.

Who can recall without a thrill of emotion the first intimation of the fact of Christ's devotion to us as expressed so vividly by the image of His Divine Heart? It may have come in a moment of affliction, of doubt, of remorse, despondency bordering on despair. In every instance it is like a new revelation of the Man-God. Without it, it is safe to say, no man can fully realize what the love of Christ means for him. Let one who has experienced it look back and try to estimate what a void life would have been without it. It has facilitated every sacrifice, softened every chastisement, alleviated every grief, strengthened every purpose, confirmed every hope. In this view it is vain to attempt to measure the triumph of the Heart of

Christ. His triumph is the conquest of humility over pride, of meekness over aggression, of faith over doubt, of hope over despair, of love over selfishness. Certain elect souls the Church has ever had who practised this devotion; through it in our day multitudes of souls can repeat of Christ the triumphant testimony of Longinus, after piercing His heart with a lance: "Truly this man was the Son of God"; and of Thomas putting his hand in the open wound: "My Lord and my God."

Two years ago by command of the Sovereign Pontiff the faithful in every part of the world united together in an act of solemn consecration of the world to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. His intention was to embrace all men in the charity of Christ, and to interpret for them their sentiments towards Him, Jew and pagan alike, idolater, atheist, heretic, none of whom, as he reminded us in his encyclical on the Redeemer, would think of ignoring or rejecting Christ if they could know Him as He is. Too often they know Him not, because His professed followers either fail to imitate Him, or else, while pretending to do so, betray characters which are wholly unlike His. The sordid, selfish and ambitious Christian repels men from Christ instead of attracting them to Him. The indolent and timid Catholic, who mistakes cowardice for meekness and who favors a policy of silence, or fears to seem aggressive when the rights of the Church are in question, is no credit to Christ, nor can he make others know, because he himself does not know, the Heart of Christ as a source of zeal and courage. In the struggle now raging between the powers of irreligion and Christianity, a struggle in which we shall but too soon have our share in this country—we have our share already in the field of education, in the Indian Missions, and in all our new possessions—we need all the virtues which this devotion to the Heart of Jesus inculcates, patience, meekness, and self-sacrifice; but we need much more the virtues of fortitude, courage and the martyr-like spirit which dares demand what is just, even though the demand provokes persecution. Commonly the persecution is the creation of our own imagination, though this may not make it less painful. Too frequently we suffer denial of our rights for lack of the diligence and courage which are needed to present our cause properly before those who misunderstand us. It is worth our work and prayer to obtain that the Heart of Christ may triumph over our sloth and cowardice, and enable us to manifest to others the powers of His love by its influence on ourselves.

FIDELITY TO GRACE IN LITTLE THINGS.

We often see a morning that opens bright and fair clouded over before midday, and the afternoon, dark and gloomy, ending in storm and desolation. So, too, there is many a life which opens with the happiest promise a natural attraction to piety, great graces, good influences, an amicable character, gives hope that he whom these privileges are given will turn out an eminent servant of God, and love with an ever-increasing devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Yet how often the brilliant promise comes to nothing, or next to nothing. The soul which might have risen to a high degree of sanctity, enjoying continual peace and joy, is still battling with passion, anger, sloth, impatience, self-indulgence, vanity, distaste for the things of God, jealousy and ill-feeling, uncharitableness in thought and word. How is it that so little progress has been made? How is it that the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been disappointed of His desire for a complete possession of the heart that He loved? Alas! it is the old story of infidelity of grace in little things.

METHODIST RITUALISTS.

The movement of Ritualism is toward Rome, and the movement of Methodism is toward Ritual. Such was the wall of a prominent Methodist divine of the recent great foregathering of the leading lights. It was a roundabout way of proclaiming the starting truth that the Methodist body itself is succumbing to the irresistible influence of the grand old Mother Church. Living proof that the jeremiad was not a mere dyspeptic hallucination is afforded by a change in Calvary M. E. Church, of New York, which has caused a little schism in the congregation. A choir clad in vestments has been evolved from a long-protracted struggle between two opposing currents of thought in the church; and this choir, which is composed of young people of either sex, on its first appearance marched, in their new vestments, through the church in procession, singing the music of the ritual. Some serious complications have already developed themselves; a couple of choirmasters have resigned, and the views of a portion of the congregation, we may be sure, are reflected in this result. However, this winnowing process is the normal condition of Protestantism now; and its ultimate outcome must tend toward the great desideratum—the reunion of Christianity at last.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF THE CHURCH AND THE MEN.

Model of Men—The Protector of God and His Mother—The Holy Family—The Home at Nazareth—[Compart. son.]

The following sermon, preached at the Chicago Cathedral by Rev. Joseph Selinger of St. Francis' Seminary, Wis., can not fail to entertain and instruct all who may read it. And it has a peculiar charm for all Catholic parents.

"And Jacob begot Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, Who is called Christ," with these words St. Matthew concludes his genealogy of the Messiah. They prepare the reader for the subject and its division.

Although the day on which the Church commemorates the patronage of St. Joseph is past, yet it may be well to call to mind the reasons of a peculiar devotion to the Foster-Father of our Lord, all the more since it lends additional help to understand the life of Jesus and Mary.

The third Sunday after Easter is devoted to St. Joseph. In October, however, the Church recites that memorable prayer to him, begging him to protect the Church of Christ as he protected the Holy Family. On that day, therefore, the priest prays in Office and in Mass the merits of God through the merits of St. Joseph; while the month of May and of October alternately bring before us Mary, the Queen of Saints and of the Holy Rosary, still they are not fully appreciated unless we remember the head also of the home of Nazareth.

It is not strange that our Church, the most powerful religious organization of ancient and modern times, should fetich such a Saint out of oblivion and set him up for the respect and imitation of all who, which considers him obscure! Why does she not go into the halls and galleries of great men and famous women! There a grateful nation places the statues and effigies which looking on children might admire and take courage. Our age, we are told, wants examples of heroes of flesh and blood, who have contributed to its material progress. As though it owed nothing to the past! Is not St. Joseph of flesh and blood? Is he a myth? Does he not deserve the highest regard and devotion of the world for having watched over its Redeemer, for having protected the Mother and the Child?

The difficulty is not with the Church, but with the world. The world has grown too material; it has changed its standard of life; it has lost its moorings. Alas! too, many Catholics have lessened their confidence, and in unguarded moments taken hollow phrases of unsympathetic believers seriously. But it is stranger still—while the century was closing and human society stepping down from one pedestal and on to another, all things being in a change and upheaved by central convulsions—that such enlightened Pontiffs as Pius IX. and Leo XIII. should cling so fondly to old traditions, and direct attention to St. Joseph as a great helper of the world, and guardian of the universal Church. "In these trying times," writes Pius IX., "let us pray the mercy of God against all evils by the merits and intercession of St. Joseph." Again, Pope Leo XIII., with the fondness of a child, studies his flock to Nazareth, there to study Jesus, Mary and Joseph, the Holy Family, directing men above all to look on St. Joseph as their model.

Who is St. Joseph that such notice should be taken of him by the universal Church and by mankind? It ought to be unnecessary to tell this age who St. Joseph is. It boasts a knowledge of Jesus Christ that is deeper, and pretends a faith that is more reasonable than the knowledge and faith of past ages. Yet, who does not know that now the very beginnings of Christianity are misconstrued, that its substance has been lost in many quarters; that arrogance in matters of faith has taken the place of the simplicity, characteristic of our forefathers.

St. Joseph by the providence of God, was the guardian and protector of the Holy Family. He was honest, he was just, he was faithful and chaste though he was poor and simple, he was yet of royal blood. He was industrious, bent on his care alone. He was content with his lot, submissive to God's will. An instrument of God, the husband of Mary, the Foster Father of Jesus. His love for Mary was not untroubled by any base motive. His espousals with her were a union of soul and of mind. Their marriage, St. Augustine and St. Thomas tell us, was perfect, except in union of body. (Summa P. III. q. 29. a. 11.)

For further information, reflect on the notice taken of him in the early parts of the gospel narrative. The genealogy, given by St. Matthew, assures us that he was of the royal house of David. His soul, being a true child of Abraham, was filled with the expectation of the fulfillment of God's promise. His modesty and single purpose of life never inclined him to believe that the Messiah would ever be given into his care. An angel was sent him from Heaven, to assure him: "Joseph, son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for what is conceived in her, is of the Holy Ghost." (Matt. I, 20.) Thus the lot between Joseph and Mary was strengthened. Union of body was necessary to make their marriage true. "By the example," St. Augustine declares, "the faithful in wedlock taught how marriage is still true, when by common consent, continence is observed." Above and beyond carnal affection their hearts throbbled in the sunshine of chastity. Mary in her

THE LORD AND GIVER OF LIFE.

In the Nicene Creed we say that we believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life. Here is the animating principle which makes the Catholic Church the ever youthful, ever strong, vitally permanent marvel that she is. Within her there dwells the very Lord of life Himself. Here is the secret of that unfailing, irrepressible and ubiquitous existence that provokes the wonder and admiration, openly and often expressed, of learned men outside her fold. Neither the persecutions of the Roman emperors nor the horrors of the French Revolution can avail against her finally. Out of the horror and the apparent ruin she arises, as serene, as vigorous, as glorious as before. The very shocks of her tempest seem only to strengthen her. The darkness of the hideous background only brings out into clearer light the immortal beauty that is her imperishable gift. The long line of her sovereign pontiffs, surpasses Europe's proudest dynasties, yet that line is only of frail old men, often upon a seemingly insecure and tottering throne. Heresies arise, grow mighty, then fizzle, or decay and pass away; the smoke of battle darkens the sky; pestilence devastates the nations; "westward the star of empire takes its way," and realms that were proud once are by words now dead. Yet, whatever else happens, and what ever else disappears, never does the Catholic Church fail or disappear. The life in her is more than human, more than transient life. It came down to her from the Eternal God, and it is God, and it abides with her forever. In that life, which is no less than God the Holy Ghost the Giver of Life, she too abides.

Moreover, it is a universal life. You meet her everywhere. Everywhere she is unmistakable, and she is one. Where the ice floes surge heavily against the gloomy shores of Alaska or Patagonia,—where the torrid sun beats on the sands of the Sahara or the jungles of India,—with the cannibal head-hunters of Borneo, the Boxers of China, the red men of America—there she is. She keeps pace with the explorer and the scientist, when she does not carve out the way before them; and the physician finds her in the post house and among the lepers, more fearless, more absolutely devoted, than himself. She is beside the king on his throne and the philosopher over his books, and she is in the slave's hut and beside the rag picker, raising them into the crowded assembly that fills the high courts of her holiness. Everywhere flows the clear, luminous, lucid flood of her immortal life that sets her apart, unmistakably, as the most wonderful organization the world had ever seen, vivified and glorified by nothing less than the boundless and absolute and essential life of Him Who is Life, the Lord and Giver of Life, the Holy Ghost.

How could the Catholic Church ever fail or disappear? We say of a man, he is dead, when the spirit, the life, departs. But to His one true Church, its Master, Jesus Christ said: "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever,—the Spirit of truth, Whom the world can not receive; because it seeth Him not, nor knoweth Him: but you shall know Him; because He shall abide with you, and shall be in you."

Here lies the secret, then, of this perennial, inexhaustible, inexhaustible life, plainly recognizable in the Catholic Church. Upward rings the jubilant, Pentecostal cry of her children, the wide world over, and from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same: "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life."—Sacred Heart Review.

There is something in prayer that harmonizes beautifully with the sweet impressions of a hidden life—that life of the soul which holds its deep communion apart from the busy maze of the world. It is as if there were a chain binding hearts together, ever drawing them upward to Him Who said, "Ask and ye shall receive." This is the promise indelibly stamped on the soul of the Catholic, that through every danger, every grief, brings the light of courage to his desponding spirit and whispers, "Hope—hope on, thou trusting soul, for even beyond the grave our prayer has power unto heaven."

How often in the peaceful evening of life do we, looking back through the shadows, and perchance a light cast about us by the remembrance of our childhood days, when in the twilight hour we knelt at mother's knee, our hands folded in earnest, simple prayer that God might lead us safely to the threshold of life, or to moments in its rosy morn when we began alone to brave the storms of this world's sea of care, influenced by a spirit of prayer, which ever glowed in our hearts and radiated therefrom over every circumstance of our fears.

Life. The poet's exclamation: "O Life! I feel thee bounding in my veins," is a joyous one. Persons that can rarely or never make it in honesty to themselves, are among the most unfortunate. They do not live, but exist, for to live implies more than to be. To live is to be well and strong—to arise feeling equal to the ordinary duties of the day, and to retire untroubled by them—to feel life bounding in the veins. A medicine that has made thousands of people, men and women, well and strong, has accomplished a great work, bestowing the richest blessings, and that medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. The weak, should not fail to take it. It builds up the whole system, changes existence into life, and makes life more abundant. We are glad to say these words in its favor to the readers of our columns.

THE BEST should be your aim when buying medicine. Get Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have the best medicine MONEY CAN BUY.

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"EEN THO' IT BE A CROSS."

BY N. I. W.

CHAPTER V.

"I'm blind, Kathleen blind! Oh, my God! why can't I die?" Ah, Heaven! she was hard to listen to the restless, anguished wail, to watch the arms tossing above the dark head and the features writhing in convulsive agony; and then to feel that crushing powerlessness to offer the least relief. Kathleen bent yearningly over the couch where her stricken sister lay, tossing and moaning in frenzied rebellion against the fate she might not withstand.

"Evelyn, listen, my—"
"Oh, Kathleen, I'd rather be dead!"
"God is so good, my darling; if only—"
But again her voice was drowned.

"What will you do now, my life is spoiled? My doom! He let me die? I'm blind! I'm blind!"

Kathleen turned away, a sick despair at her heart and every feature quivering with almost uncontrolable anguish. She clasped her hands together and pressed them close against her forehead, as if to still the throbbing there. For hours she had been struggling against a faintness, which at intervals, threatened to overpower her. Now it was on her again. The darkness was oppressive. Staggering to the window, she drew aside the curtain, and in an instant the room was bright with a flood of morning sunlight. But as the tender warmth fell about her, and upon her darkened vision there flashed a dim perception of the light, just enough to whisper mockingly of the radiant daylight and all the beautiful world, which she might never see again.

The blind girl started up, and flung out her arms, crying passionately, "Sint it out, Kathleen! close it away! I hate the sunlight. If you believe in God, why don't you ask Him to let me die? What am I going to live for now?"

Kathleen's hands groped about to find the curtain, and when she had drawn it back, she clung to it for a moment, spasmodically, as if for support. Then she sank on the floor, and for how long she knew not, everything was blotted out. At length she became conscious of hearing some one calling her name. She listened. The voice seemed to come from far away; Kathleen, I'm blind! I'm blind! Why can't I die?"

Oh, that delirious cry! Through the long watches of the night it had never ceased. She tried to cover her ears that she might shut out the sound. But it haunted her brain; it had burned its way into her very soul. Vision that in her half-awakened state floated before her eyes. She seemed to see her sister's form borne past her, but it was no illusion. The blind eyes were closed, the hands clasped upon the breast, and the pale lips mute forever. She was so sufficiently conscious to know that she had seen her sister borne from her, but it was no illusion. The blind eyes were closed, the hands clasped upon the breast, and the pale lips mute forever. She was so sufficiently conscious to know that she had seen her sister borne from her, but it was no illusion. The blind eyes were closed, the hands clasped upon the breast, and the pale lips mute forever.

With silent persistence she refused to leave the room, and she was contented with her work. She could not bear her from her side a moment. To Kathleen, too, the thought of leaving her to brood and grieve through long hours alone was unspeakably painful, and she shrank from it while she could. But the necessity was inexorable. Then she turned her head and looked at her sister, and she saw with alarm the growing need. It was only through the kindness of her employer that her position was still held open for her. She dared not risk its loss. She arranged with her landlady that no one should be permitted to intrude on her sister in her absence. Then she turned to Kathleen, sitting alone and desolate, trembling at every footfall, and yearning for her return. As the days wore on and she was not subjected to any unusual annoyance, Evelyn became accustomed to being alone and did not seem to mind it. But Kathleen's heart was only a little lightened of its burden. No sooner was one anxiety in part removed than another, and graver, took its place. While she had remained home with her, she had perceived no change in her sister's appearance, but now that she was much away from her, she began to see, or fancied she saw, the poor thin face growing every day more wan and shadowy. And surely it was not strange either that she who had revelled in warmth and brightness, should droop and die in the close air of the room, which had become to her a prison.

CHAPTER VI.

One evening, returning from the office, Kathleen found her blind sister crouching in her chair, trembling violently, while gray, tearless spots seemed to floor their way up from her heart. The floor about her was strewn with torn and trampled flowers. They were ample explanation. Kathleen knelt behind the chair, but her love and her comfort were alike repulsed.

"Keep away from me! What do you care? You leave me alone—alone!" and her hands went up with a passionate gesture and clasped themselves above her head. Praying silently Kathleen waited, ready when the paroxysm should have worn itself out by its own violence, to soothe the tired spirit to rest.

When she saw Evelyn lying quiet at last from complete exhaustion, she hurried downstairs in search of Mrs. Leacy. "You promised that you would not allow any one to disturb my sister while I should be away!" she said, and there was a tone of angry reproach in her voice unusual in gentle Kathleen.

"I'm very sorry," Miss Desmond. "It was the Sisters and two of the young ladies from the convent. I told them Miss Evelyn was not strong and it was thought better she should not see any one, but they were determined they said she would wish it and it would do her good, and I thought myself maybe it would."

In the morning Evelyn was weak and tired. She seemed to be still much under the influence of last evening's emotions. When Kathleen was preparing to go out she called her back.

"Kathleen," she said, "I can't stay here; we must go away." It was the echo of Kathleen's own thoughts.

"Yes, we shall go," she answered. "I have thought of it too. But where would you like to go, Evelyn?"

Did Kathleen hear right? The words seemed to come to her from a long way off, even from her father's grave, from the dear old days when she knew no care. Ah, to go "back home!" Her head leapt at the suggestion, but sank again. No, it could not be. Meaningless Evelyn was waiting a reply. In her face was a wistful, expectant look, Kathleen's voice was very low and sad.

"But we can't go home, dear."
"Why not?"
"The place is not ours now."
"Neither is this place ours."
"But the old house is rented. There is some one living there, and besides—"
"Oh, I see. You do not wish to go. If you did it could be more easily managed." But there was no anger in her voice this time, only a weary hopelessness anxiously watching the mails for an answer to her letter. Evelyn, too, had begun to show an unwonted interest. At the sound of the door-bell she roused herself from her gloomy reverie, and, turning towards her sister, asked—"Is that the postman, Kathleen?"

"Yes," she answered, and presently heard a step descending. Kathleen hurried out into the hall to meet the messenger. "A letter for me?" she asked eagerly. "No, Miss, but there's a gentleman downstairs waiting to see you."

Kathleen was disappointed. She went back into the room to speak to Evelyn, but she came wearily down the stairs and into the reception-room.

"Dr. Morley!" bravely she forced back the tears and tried to smile a welcome.

"You may expect to hear from me. As soon as possible I will write again."
Her eyes were humid with tears as she raised them to his face.

"You are so kind," she said simply. An answering mist blurred his vision. He kissed her forehead almost reverently. "Keep a brave heart, little Kathleen; all will be well yet."

When he was gone she came back into the little parlor and sank on her knees with a piteous moan. "All will be well yet." Even to Kathleen, with her trust in God that was deep-rooted as life itself, the words seemed a bitter mockery. Some misfortunes might be retrieved, but who would make the blind eyes to see? Who would gather up and knit aright the ravellings of the fair life-web, so rudely torn? The weeks that ensued were very long. In spite of Dr. Morley's assurance, Kathleen's faith in the success of the task she had set him, was very slight, and his striving to cheer Evelyn's spirits and foster her hopes she unconsciously kept a feeble flickering in her own. Thus, more than a month had gone, when, returning home one evening, Mrs. Leacy met her on the stairs;

"Miss Desmond," she said, "a gentleman has just called to see you; a priest. He called early this afternoon and asked what hour you would be home. I told him and he was here just on the minute. You are a little late."

The girl looked anxious, as she always did now when she learned that any one had called to see her. "Did he say to see my sister?" "He asked how she was, but that was all."

Kathleen was relieved. She turned and went into the parlor, guessing that her visitor was Father Vincent of V.; and she was not mistaken. The kind old priest had called the orphan girl into his heart at once. Such a big heart it was, where every one but self found room. It gave her a letter from Dr. Morley dearing her to read it at once. Her face was a study as she read and understood that the longing she had not dared to call a hope, was now a reality. Her old home was at her disposal again. When she had finished the letter, the priest said: "The doctor has commissioned me to bring you home. I have business in the city that will keep me till nearly the end of the week. Can you be ready by that time?"

"I think so, I told Mr. Willis some time ago, I should probably be leaving the city soon. I do not think he will have any trouble in finding some one to replace me in the office. I should be very sorry to inconvenience him—he has been so kind to me. For the rest very little time will suffice. There is not much to do."

"We have got fourteen music pupils for you. Will you be able to attend to so many?"

"Oh, yes, easily, Father. I am very grateful for your goodness to me and to my sister."

The hurried preparations for departure were completed, and the sisters, under the care of the good priest, quitted forever the scene of so much sorrow.

Through the crowd of former friends and neighbors, who had gathered at the little station at V. to witness this strange home-coming, Evelyn hurried to her father's carriage, which awaited them, and driven to her childhood's home. Her face was heavily veiled, for she shrank, not only from the touch of the sunlight, but from the intolerable thought that stranger eyes should look upon her misery. She was very still, and the wreck of her mind life might never be restored.

She seemed like one stricken unto death, who, assured that her last earthly wish shall be fulfilled, waits with what patience she may, the Angel of Release.

In truth it was no lingering love for this old home of hers that prompted her imperious desire to return to it. But she had hoped that the prospect of a nook and corner of it, blind as she was, she could wander at will, without the mortifying necessity of being led. Then again, the cottage, hidden away among the trees on the outskirts of V. was to be a sort of grave where her dead ambitions, and the wreck of her mind life might be buried away from the gaze of the world she had loved so well, but whose aims and interests she was done with forever.

During the preparations for departure, and in the journey she bore herself quietly, taking no notice whatever of what went on about her, and making plain, by her shrinking from observation, her desire to be left alone. With Kathleen, now as always, every other care was subordinated to her all-absorbing solicitude for her sister. Without any seeming effort she stood between her and the least annoyance that threatened her.

Arrived at their destination, they alighted, and Evelyn feeling secure in her remembrance of the place, and impatient of the guiding hand, broke from her sister and went on towards the house. As she ascended the steps the door opened and her old nurse came out to meet her darling. With a cry, in which all the joy of recognition was lost in the wail of a great sorrow, she caught the veiled figure to her heart, calling on her baby's name and uttering incoherent lamentations. The girl writhed as in intolerable agony. Fiercely she flung the clasping hands from her, and with a low moan, tottered backward into her sister's arms. When Kathleen had helped her into the house and done what she could to quiet and comfort her, she hastened back to reassure Mrs. Mason, who astonished and bitterly wounded, still stood where they had left her. It was not an auspicious ushering in of the home life.

CHAPTER VII.

The people who had known them when they were children had a warm welcome for the orphan sisters, and would have lavished upon them every care and kindness. But as gently as possible Kathleen gave them to understand her sister's desire for complete seclusion, and with instinctive delicacy, the wish was respected. She herself, who was necessarily much among them, received gratefully every mark of sympathy and friendship. But she was careful that no suspicion should reach Evelyn of the interest and pity her presence excited.

Always deferring to her wishes, without counting the cost to herself, she had arranged to give her lessons at the homes of her pupils. She had thought of dis-

posing of her own piano and harp before leaving the city, but then, she had such precious relics of the past she could not bear to part with them; and, unconsciously to herself, her heart still cherished a hope that their music would yet gladden Evelyn's lonely life. So they were brought back to V. and stood untouched in the places they had occupied long ago, when their tones had filled the old home and her father's heart with melody.

Except that her movements were freer from restraint, Evelyn's life now was much what it had been. Crushed beneath a sense of her own uselessness, cut off from every interest, in very truth "world forgetting, by the world forgot," she, nevertheless, excited from Kathleen the most unremitting attention, jealous of the interference of her other duties with the care she gave to her. During her absence she would brood in silence till her heart would swell to breaking with the passion of her despair; then, on her sister's return, at the least fancied neglect, the pent-up torrent of bitterness would burst its bounds, sweeping everything before it.

Poor Kathleen! her lot was very hard, and she was weary sometimes, so weary that she would let them both lay down the burden of their blighted lives, and rest. But these were only passing moments of weakness. Her own brave spirit would reassert itself, and meekly she would bend to her cross again. In the silence and darkness, while the blind girl tossed in her bed, she would bring the trouble of her heart to Him, Who has promised to give the heavy-laden rest.

Mrs. Mason, who since her late employer's death, had lived with a nephew in the village, would have returned to her old charge, had circumstances permitted; but it was, she would bring her time at the cottage. At first she was timid of intruding upon Evelyn, but the girl soon grew accustomed to her presence. In fact, she seemed a part of the place, and her being there, a matter of course. The orphan girls were to her as her own children. She had nursed them both, and they had grown up to fill in her heart the place of the little ones whom, long ago, she had laid to rest.

Deeply she mourned the blight that had come upon her bond of promise, the little, wayward darling, who had been at once the plague and pride of her life. With a pathetic longing to give what comfort she might, she would linger around her, striving to anticipate her wants, and ready to obey her least behest. But there were times when her compassion and love for the blind girl, and a burning indignation against her world struggle for mastery in her heart; when the haunting sadness in Kathleen's eyes and the growing languor of her step, appealed to her as strongly as Evelyn's affliction; times, when looking on them both, she was doubtful to what she should first turn her eyes.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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

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

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

Blessing you, and wishing you success, Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,

D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Lissias, Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday, June 8, 1901.

CONCERNING MASSES FOR THE DEAD.

SUBSCRIBER, Bruce Co., Ont., asks:

"Can a Mass for the dead be said in white or red vestments? Please explain the Catholic doctrine with regard to color of vestments to be worn in Masses for the dead."

Answer to question: Yes. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is a divine institution, and was first offered by our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ when at His Last Supper He changed bread and wine into His own flesh and blood, as we read in Sts. Matt. xxvi; 26 28; Mark xiv; 22 24; Luk. xxii; 19 20; 1 Cor. xi; 24 29.

We do not propose to prove here extensively either the truth of Christ's presence in the Holy Eucharist, or that the Eucharist is a sacrifice offered to God for the living and the dead, but we will point out that all the passages above quoted besides others in Holy Scripture, prove that Christ is present; and there is everything in the Eucharist to constitute a true sacrifice to God, which consists in an offering to God duly made by a lawful priest, in acknowledgment of God's supreme dominion over us and over all things and of our total dependence on Him.

The essential identity of the sacrifice of the Mass with the sacrifice of Himself offered by Christ on the cross is evident from the identity of the victim, who is Christ in each case: of the high priest, who is also Christ; and of the person who receives the sacrifice, or to whom it is offered, who is the Eternal God, with special reference to God the Father.

This identity is pointed out and established by Christ Himself in the institution of the Holy Eucharist, as He declares:

"This is My blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many for the remission of sins."

That is, it is the same blood which shall be shed on the cross. (St. Matt. xxvi, 28) (See also St. Mark xiv, 24.)

"This is My body which is given for you: This is My blood which shall be shed for you." (St. Luk. xxi, 19, 20.) Do this for a commemoration of Me . . . for as often as you shall eat this bread and drink this chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord until He come. (1 Cor. xi, 24 26.)

But the Mass is the offering of Christ in an unbloody manner, and He does not really undergo death therein, whereas on the cross He was offered in a bloody manner, and He endured death and its concomitant sufferings: for, "Christ rising again from the dead, dieth now no more, death shall no more have dominion over Him." (Rom. vi, 9.)

Now, the Mass being identical in substance and essence with, though differing in form and manner from the sacrifice of the cross, is applicable as an atonement for living and dead alike, just as was the sacrifice of the cross: As we read in Scripture:

"For to this end Christ died, and rose again, that He might be Lord both of the dead and of the living."

From these principles it will be seen that the value and application of the Mass to the dead arises out of its intrinsic nature as a sacrifice of universal application, and not out of the color of the vestments worn in its celebration, whether they be white, red, or black.

The Mass is of divine institution; but the color of the vestments worn on particular days and in special Masses, is of ecclesiastical institution, and depends upon regulations made by the Church, which do not affect or change the infinite value of the sacrifice whether it be offered for the living or the dead.

These considerations bring us to the answer to the second part of our correspondent's query, which asks for an explanation of the colors of vestments to be worn in Masses offered for the dead.

As we have already explained, Mass may be offered for the dead in vestments of any color suited to the day on which the Mass is celebrated. However, black is the special color which is always regarded as symbolical of death, or of the dark abode of the soul before it is admitted to the brightness of heavenly bliss, whether that abode were Limbo, where the souls of the saints who died before Christ remained till they were redeemed by Christ's dying on the cross, or Purgatory, where those dying in venial sin are detained until they are cleansed by the purgatorial fire. This symbolism is found in Holy Scripture in many passages, as in Zach. xiv, 6: "And it shall come to pass in that day that there shall be no light."

Hence black vestments are used in saying Masses for the dead, on those days when the Church rubrics permit the special Mass for the dead to be said which is celebrated in black vestments, and which is called the Mass of Requiem. But it must be borne in mind that there are festivals appointed by the Church to be celebrated on nearly all the days of the year. Some of these festivals are reckoned as of higher rank than others: and on the feast days of highest rank the feast cannot be set aside for any other devotion, whether public or private.

To this class of festivals of highest rank belong such feasts as Easter, Christmas, Pentecost, with their octaves, Holy Week and other days appointed by the Church as being set apart for the commemoration of the principal mysteries of religion, which are of universal interest to the Church of God. Black vestments cannot be worn, therefore, by the priest, even when he offers Mass on those days for the dead, but he must use the vestments of the festival.

Red vestments are used on martyrs' feasts, symbolizing their intense love of God manifested by the shedding of their blood for Christ. The same color is used to symbolize the passion or sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ, because by the shedding of His blood He atoned for our sins. Red also symbolizes fire, and is used to express the fire of love or charity, which produces within us a sensation somewhat similar to fire. For this reason also Masses in honor of the Holy Ghost are celebrated with red vestments, the Holy Ghost being the Spirit of love.

White vestments are used on the feasts of our Lord, except when they refer to His passion: on feasts of the Blessed Virgin, and of saints generally who are not martyrs. White is an emblem of joy, and the use of white vestments signifies the joy with which we should regard the glory of the saints in heaven, and the example of virtues which they afford us, by means of following which we may attain the same reward.

We have spoken of the highest festivals which always exclude the black vestments of mourning and affliction. But the festivals of the Church are divided into several degrees of solemnity. There are four degrees called doubles, namely, doubles of 1st and 2nd class, greater doubles, and doubles, without a modifying adjective. Then come ordinary Sundays, semi doubles, simples, greater ferias, and ferias. Among these there may be certain privileged days of any class, the offices and Masses which cannot be replaced by divine offices or Masses said at will.

It will be readily understood from this that Masses in black vestments can be said only on certain days when the Church permits them. They may be said on all days which are of semi-double or lower rank, unless on those days which have a particular privilege annexed to them. It is also permitted in Ontario for the priest to celebrate Masses in black on two days of the week only which are doubles of the fourth grade as above explained. To funeral Masses, anniversaries, month's mind celebrations, and in some other cases, some special privileges are accorded beyond what we have here mentioned. Our correspondent can ascertain these privileges whenever it is necessary to know them, on consulting his pastor. Having spoken here of all the colors of vestments used by the Church, except purple, it is advisable to add that this color is used by the Church at the Masses of the penitential times, this being the color symbolical of penance. Purple is therefore the color used during Lent and Advent and on the Ember days, and Rogation days, which are days of penance or

special petition, unless the offices and Masses of these days are replaced by festivals of another rank, which sometimes occur.

A SPECIMEN AMERICAN DIVORCE.

In the Court of General Sessions before Judge McDougall, held in Toronto on May 28th, the jury returned a verdict of guilty against John L. Sheppard on a charge of non-support preferred by his wife, Kate Sheppard.

The defendant claimed that the plaintiff is not his wife, as on June 19th, 1898, he obtained a divorce in the State of Michigan after a residence there long enough to constitute him an American.

It appeared in evidence that Sheppard resided in the States for five months in order to become able to avail himself of the easy terms on which divorces may be obtained in Michigan, little more than American citizenship being needed that one may obtain a divorce when sought through the courts.

Judge McDougall, in addressing the jury, told them that no divorce obtained under the lax laws of Michigan. The divorce might be valid in Michigan, but it is altogether foreign to the spirit of Canadian marriage laws.

Mr. Sheppard lived in Detroit during his absence in the States, and his wife visited him there, but he persuaded her to return to Toronto, and later on returned himself; but he refused to support her even then, and told her of his having procured a divorce, giving this as his reason for not supporting her. This was the first notice she had of a divorce having been obtained, as no formal notice of the divorce proceedings was sent to her.

The jury found a verdict for Mrs. Sheppard, in accordance with the judge's advice, and the defendant was ordered to support his wife. The decision is an important one, and, if sustained, as we trust will be the case, divorces granted in the United States to Canadians, who go there to evade the Canadian laws, will be held to be invalid in Canada.

It has been hitherto always the aim of Canadian legislation to observe the inviolability of marriage, except under some very special circumstances, and we hope American laxity will not be surreptitiously introduced into Canada under cover of the American divorce laws. The laws of Canada should be the test by which the validity of Canadian marriages should be tried, as regards the civil effects of marriage, and, if this be done, American law will not creep in.

We speak here, of course, of the civil effects of marriage only: for the obligation of the indissolubility of marriage, so far as it regards conscience, does not rest on the civil law, but on the laws of God and the Church. In the absence of the recognition of ecclesiastical law by the State, the next best thing is that the State should preserve the inviolability of all marriages once duly contracted.

CREED REVISION.

At last, after several years of violent agitation and debate, the Presbyterian Church of the United States has definitely determined on a revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith which has been the fixed Presbyterian creed since its formal adoption by the Presbyterian General Assembly of Scotland in 1647, that is to say, for the last two hundred and fifty-four years.

A committee has had the whole matter under consideration for several years, and a couple of years ago a vote of all the scattered Presbyteries of the Church was taken on the subject, from which it was made clear that a revision is desired.

The vote of the Presbyteries in favor of revision was 153 to 52, and now the General Assembly at Philadelphia has determined to act upon the petition of so decisive a majority.

And why should not the divines of the present day make an entirely new Confession?

Admittedly, the Westminster Confession was made by fallible men, and was subject to error, and it may be revised at any moment by modern divines when it is found not to agree with the sentiments and opinions of the age, which is the case now. Then why not revise it, or abolish it if need be?

But here is exactly where the trouble lies. The "Church of the living God" is described in Holy Scripture as the pillar and ground of truth, whose teachings we should hear and accept undoubtingly. But

the truth is unchanging, and it is evident to all that the Church which changes the truth into some other teaching cannot be the pillar and the ground of truth, and must therefore not be the one Church established by Christ on earth, which is the Church of God.

The Westminster Confession was adopted in the first instance with a great flourish of trumpets, and the National Covenant was ordered by act of the Scotch Parliament and the General Assembly to be subscribed by persons of all ranks that:

"To the which Confession and Form of Religion we willingly agree in our consciences in all points as unto God's undoubted truth and verity, grounded only on His written word. And therefore we abhor and detest all contrary religion and doctrine; but chiefly all kind of Papistry in general and particular heads, even as they are now named and confuted by the word of God and Kirk of Scotland."

(National Covenant subscribed by King Charles II. at Stry, June 23, 1659, and Scone January 1st, 1651.)

And further, to sanction this Covenant, it is therein decreed:

"That Papistry and superstition may be utterly suppressed. . . they ordain all Papists and priests to be punished with manifold civil and ecclesiastical pains as adversaries to God's true religion, preached and by law established within this realm."

The present determination of the General Assembly to revise the Confession is an acknowledgment that these verities which have been proclaimed so loudly as God's only truth are but falsehoods and errors which have been promulgated by false teachers "in the name of the Lord."

The General Assembly have been all along perfectly aware that this is the position in which they stand, and to this knowledge is attributable the fact that they have been exceedingly cautious and slow in arriving at the present decision. The call for a revision has been loud for many years, and within the last four years the General Assembly attempted to smother it, but in vain. Louder and louder, year after year, rose up the cry that the doctrines taught in the Confession are a slander on the Almighty and a cruelty to man, and various efforts have been made to shake off the incubus of such teaching.

The Presbyterian Church of England has already for years past had a new creed which, though not nominally, has actually been substituted for the Westminster Confession; and in it the peculiarly objectionable doctrines of Presbyterianism are left out. A declaration of common faith was also issued in 1899 in the form of a new catechism of the Christian religion, under sanction of a committee composed of Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, and other sects, and in this also the objectionable doctrines of Presbyterians were passed over as if they had no existence, and it was proclaimed that these Evangelical Churches had found a common ground on which not less than sixty millions of avowed Christians were prepared to stand. But this new creed, even to this day, has not been sanctioned by even one of the numerous denominations which were supposed to adhere to it.

Within the Presbyterian body in America the movement toward revision could not be suppressed. The doctrines of preterition and reprobation of angels, men and infants, as taught in the Confession, are now not believed even by the strictest Presbyterians, and the call was most general for a revision which would leave out such teaching, or at least explain it away, as being not intended to be taught in the Confession itself.

Historically, we know that this teaching was intended, as the Confession clearly lays it down, and it is now decided that it shall be eliminated.

The committee which had been appointed to consider the whole question declares that:

"The returns indicate that the Church desires some change in its credal statement, and these returns indicate that it is the mind of the Church that the Confession shall be interpreted throughout in harmony with the teaching of Scripture that God is not willing that anyone shall perish, nor is it the decree of God, but the wickedness of their own hearts which shuts some men out from the salvation freely and lovingly offered in Christ Jesus to all sinners."

This is altogether a new view of the efficacy of Redemption, so far as Presbyterianism is concerned; for the Confession says distinctly:

"By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others forfeited to everlasting death. These angels and men thus predestinated and fore-ordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished. . . The rest of mankind [outside of the elect] God was pleased . . . to pass by and to commit them to dishonor and wrath for their sin to the praise of His glorious justice." (Westminster Confession, chap. 3.)

This is the principal chapter which the committee recommends to be "interpreted," which means here to be explained away under a fog of words. But it is also proposed to "interpret"

certain other chapters in a similar way: thus:

Chapter 10, which declares that there is a class of elect infants, leaving it to be inferred that there is also a class of non elect infants who can never be justified.

Chapter 16, which declares that the (good) works of unregenerate men are sinful, and "yet their neglect of them is more sinful, and displeasing unto God."

This is a doctrine which certainly leaves the unregenerate man in a very peculiar position. He cannot regenerate himself, since he is of the reprobate, and before him is eternal damnation: behind him everlasting perdition. Even taking to the woods will scarcely better his condition.

Chapter 22 declares it to be a sin to "refuse an oath touching anything that is good and just, being imposed by lawful authority." It is understood that the proposal of the committee is to concede a point to the Quakers, Mennonites and Doukhonors, by making it lawful to commit this sin.

But by what authority will the General Assembly change the divine law on this point? The great Covenant declares that "we willingly adhere (to the Confession) in all points as unto God's undoubted truth and verity." The Catholic Church never made any claim to have authority to change God's absolute laws. Where, then, did the General Assembly get such authority?

There is an amusing side to the recent action of the Assembly.

It is generally admitted that the Confession ought to be revised, because it contains gross errors against faith and divine revelation; but the Assembly wishes us to believe that, though it needs correction, it will be corrected merely by interpretation, and not by actual change of teaching. Thus the committee's report while admitting that "some change in credal statement" is desirable, says that such change must not "in any way impair the integrity of the system of doctrine contained in the Confession of Faith."

It does not admit the necessity of substantial change, for the reason that this admission would be an acknowledgment that for over two and a half centuries the Presbyterian Church has been teaching false doctrine. Yet it would be much more honest to admit the truth plainly.

There is still another change proposed, namely, in Chapter 25, where it is said:

"The Pope of Rome is that Antichrist, that man of sin, and son of perdition, that exalteth himself in the Church against Christ, and all that is called God."

Dr. Phillip Schaff, one of the most learned of American Presbyterian divines, said that this article of the Confession is based upon a misinterpretation of the passage of St. Paul in 2 Thess. ii, 3. This is undoubtedly correct, and we rejoice to see the more kind dispositions which the Presbyterians of to-day are cultivating when they no longer regard Leo XIII. as the monster of iniquity of which every Pope has hitherto been regarded as a constituent part. But if the Westminster divines had laid down in the Confession only revealed truth, as they pretended, there would not be the need of correcting their blunders to-day.

The true Church of Christ would have been guarded by the Holy Ghost against falling into such errors as we have here described; but it is only the Catholic Church which has been so guarded, and which alone does not need to revise or reject any doctrine which it has once declared to be a truth revealed by God.

MR. CARNEGIE'S BENEFACTIONS.

Some of our esteemed exchanges, with their penchant to adversely criticize, find fault with Mr. Carnegie, since he does not contribute his millions to some distinctly religious object and argue therefrom that he is opposed to what they call "sectarianism." We in Pittsburgh know the absolute reverse to be the truth. Mr. Carnegie, from our best information, and we know that we are informed correctly, is not a professing member of any Church, but he is no bigot and is quick and responsive to aid the Churches, irrespective of denominations. A business man, he is not in love with unbusiness like methods, and does not like to see churches hopelessly entangled in debt brought on through carelessness and sheer incompetency. He has in one instance, if reported correctly, sharply called down a minister who sought his aid, and who he believed by his carelessness did not deserve it. Mr. Carnegie in this instance has given to at least a dozen of our Catholic churches fine organs, costing each from \$3,000 to \$20,000, and in other ways he has shown his generosity to our people. It is an incorrect imputation to say that Mr. Carnegie refuses his aid to churches because of his disapproval of "sectarianism."—Pittsburgh Catholic.

A GREAT SERMON.

Archbishop Ryan on Questions of the Day.

The following is the sermon of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, which he delivered last week in the cathedral at Baltimore at the conferring of the biretta on Cardinal Martinelli. It was delivered with the eloquence which has made the Philadelphia prelate famous. In those portions referring to the importance of religion in the schools, the rights of parents, and the treatment of the American Indian, he rose to the heights of oratory rarely heard in the pulpit. He was equally forceful and telling in his reference to Christian unity and in praise of the regular orders of the Church. His text and sermon was as follows:

"Have they made these rules? Be not lifted up; be amongst them as one of them. Have care of them and so sit down, and when thou hast acquainted thyself of all thy charge, take thy place; that thou mayest rejoice for them and receive a crown as an ornament of grace." (Ecclesiasticus xxxii, 1-3.)

Your Eminences, Venerable Fathers of the Episcopate and the Clergy, Dear Brethren of the Laity:

"We are here to-day to show by our presence how we esteem the virtues and services of the late Delegate of our Holy Father, the Pope, his apostolic humility and thorough purity of intention, joined with sound judgment and just appreciation of our national environments and whose mission, therefore, has proved so eminently successful. His was the diplomacy of perfect honesty, which, by inspiring confidence, attains far higher ends than political astuteness can. He came among us not as a foreign ambassador to an alien people, but as a representative of the Father of the Faithful, whose paternal rule is co-extensive with the Catholic world and whose envoys should feel at home in every land."

"In the Delegate we beheld Leo, as in Leo Peter, and in Peter Christ, and in Christ God. Though officially exalted, he was not personally lifted up by pride of position, but was ever found as one of those whom he ruled, according to the mandate and the example of his divine Master. And because of this humility and fidelity he to-day receives the crown, the scarlet biretta of the Cardinalate, as an ornament of grace. This crown brings with it a triple honor and imposes a triple responsibility."

First, he who wears it becomes one of the electors to vote for the man who is to hold the highest position on earth—the Sovereign Pontiff. Second, he becomes one of those who may be himself elected to this exalted office; and, third, he becomes a trusted counselor and so laborer of the reigning Pope in the administration of the universal Church. To this third rank, with some of its duties and responsibilities, I desire to direct your attention on this interesting occasion."

"The Cardinalate derives its great dignity from its intimate relations with the Sovereign Pontiff. As the King or President is the first man in the realm, and his official chief advisers come next to him in dignity and power, so these exalted officials come next to the Pontiff. Ruling a kingdom far above all earthly principalities, a kingdom whose dominion extends over intellects and hearts, into the sanctuaries of which earthly monarchs may not enter, the Vicar of Jesus Christ calls around him, as aids in his administration, the wisest and best of his subjects and ennobles them by this selection."

"Any man who has studied the genesis of Christianity must be convinced that it was intended by the Founder to be an organized permanent institution, the prophesied kingdom of the Messiah in this world. As such Christ and His Apostles ever spoke of it. These Apostles were sent not merely to baptize and to preach, but to govern an institution which Christ called His Church and which meant simply Christianity organized. He spoke of it and its qualities under various parables, declaring that those who did not hear it should be regarded as the heathen and the publican. He spent forty days after His resurrection in instructing His Apostles concerning this kingdom of God on earth."

"We sometimes hear non Catholics objecting that in the early ages they find little evidence of the great Papal power of the Middle Ages and of to-day. But we must distinguish between power and the exercise of power. The power was always there, but from various circumstances it was not always publicly exercised. But whenever an occasion arose we find it wielded promptly and finally and without apology. It was ever the centre of unity and preserver of the deposit of faith. The prayer of our Divine Lord was ever heard: 'Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath sought you that he might sift you as wheat, but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not, but thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren.' Vigilance as to the integrity and purity of faith become the Pontiff's first duty. His faith was to confirm that of his brethren and preserve them from being sifted as wheat, becoming the sport of demon's temptation. Observe how in this important text our Lord first uses the plural number, 'but he might sift you,' that is all of you, as wheat, 'but I have prayed for thee, Peter, that thy faith fail not, and thou being converted, confirm thy brethren.'"

"It is true the Bishops of the world were also appointed 'judges of faith' and were placed by the Holy Ghost to rule the Church of God which He had purchased with His own blood, according to the strong expression of St. Paul. But in the long intervals be-

tween such assemblies, and when the Pope could not consult the Bishops was all-important that there should be the immediate present voice of the Supreme Head, to decide doctrinal controversies. Such decisions were not to come by miraculous intuition, but presupposed knowledge, careful examination. But as one could not possibly attain such knowledge and make such examination Pontiff surrounded himself by learned ecclesiastics whose counsel he sought. These ecclesiastics in our day are known as the Cardinals of the Roman Church.

"It is the duty of the Pontiff, these ecclesiastics to be vigilant only as regards positive doctrine, discipline, but also to observe tendencies toward errors in faith and morals. These tendencies are sometimes dangerous than expressed false principles. The false doctrine can be damned at once, and the heretic who the heretic withered by the Church stigma; but false tendency, almost invisible, insidious, harmonizing the age and with the spirit of the age, in which we live and which love, becomes more perilous."

"Not, indeed, that we should be antagonistic to our age and country. God forbid! We should try to harmonize with both. We should love them, but we must love God and still more. What, for instance, more in harmony with our age than the exclusion of religious texts from popular education, and yet has proved more appalling in its effects, as we see in the youthful life of France, and which we realize in the youth of our country. Can we love this feature of the spirit of our age and country?"

"And when we see this system tending to the poor Indian child who have no opportunity of learning Christianity at home or in the schools, and the Government claim the right to do this in opposition to their parents' wishes, are we not towards if we look on and protect? Such abuse of power seeks its justification in false principles of government and paternalism. No doubt the child has its rights in the matter of the education of its own subjects, but the exclusion of the rights of God of parents. Even among those who are otherwise quite orthodox, are, on this subject, false or dangerous principles which are dangerous not actually condemned by the Church."

"In this supremely important the Pontiff is aided by a body most learned and observant men, and even abstracting Divine assistance it is more probable that he and they should be right each of our individual judgments."

"It is also necessary that the as supreme ruler, should be so in regard to the relations between kingdoms—the Church—and the of the nations, in which his subjects abide. Even where there is no union of Church and State cannot be a complete divorce of from religion, not only because it is essential to the well-being of the State, being essential to moral self, but because there are great temporal interests in the Church and State are connected. Hence most governments of Protestant as well as Catholic representatives at the Court of Rome, and His Holiness in turn presented by nuncios or delegates their courts."

"Prussia and Russia, having off such relations with the Roman, found it necessary after they resumed them. Other governments of that of England, though not official representatives in Rome, sent agents from time to time to questions relating to their subjects. The Pope therefore knew well the outside world governments in order to protect interests of his own children. department he requires the aid of congregations of Cardinals and he enjoys in the Cardinals 'immunities' and 'Extraordinary Affairs of the Church.'"

"In these relations with the of the world it is necessary the good of the Church that should be entirely free from control of any one of them. This independence can only be by some amount of temporal power. For over a thousand years he preserve the Pope from such this independence, and must to regain it. Someone may not spiritually free now? mere permission of the King who has power with his army on the Vatican and his sacred. No one has been able to devise means to secure spiritual independence other than by the possession of some temporal power. Guaranteed, such as Victor, offered, would avail little, for guarantees the guarantees?"

"The religious orders, to oldest of which Cardinal Martinelli, have always been most the heart of the Church. Since lately wisely for their internal ment and their relations with and the secular clergy and them when attacked by the religion. The present attitude XIII. In their defence in France historic attitude of the Roman. To many non-Catholics it is a puzzle and a habit so deadly a hostility to legislate their destruction such non Catholics should be that this hostility is not against the religious orders against religion itself. They orders with the hatred that Catholic the world would hate"

tween such assemblies, and when the Pope could not consult the Bishops, it was all-important that there should be the immediate presence of the Supreme Head, to decide doctrinal and other controversies. Such decisions were not to come by miraculous inspiration, but presupposed knowledge and careful examination. But as one man could not possibly attain such knowledge and make such examination, the Pontiff surrounded himself by learned ecclesiastics whose counsel he sought. These ecclesiastics in our day are known as the Cardinals of the Roman Church.

"It is the duty of the Pontiff and these ecclesiastics to be vigilant not only as regards positive doctrines and discipline, but also to observe tendencies toward errors in faith and morals. These tendencies are sometimes more dangerous than expressed false principles. The false doctrine can be condemned at once, and the heresy and the heretic withered by the Church's stigma; but false tendency, almost invisible, insidious, harmonizing with the age and with the spirit of the country in which we live and which we love, becomes more perilous.

"Not, indeed, that we should be antagonistic to our age and country. God forbid! We should try to be in harmony with both. We should love, but we must love God and truth still more. What, for instance, is more in harmony with our age than the exclusion of religious teaching from popular education, and yet what has proved more appalling in its effects, as we see in the youthful immorality of France, and which we begin to realize in the youth of our own country. Can we love this feature in the spirit of our age and country?

"And when we see this system extending to the poor Indian children, who have no opportunity of learning Christianity at home or in Sunday schools, and the Government claiming the right to do this in opposition to their parents' wishes, are we not cowardly if we look on and protest not? Such abuse of power seeks its justification in false principles of governmental paternalism. No doubt the State has its rights in the matter of the education of its own subjects, but not to the exclusion of the rights of God and of parents. Even among those who are otherwise quite orthodox, there are, on this subject, false or doubtful principles which are dangerous though not actually condemned by the Church.

"In this supremely important work the Pontiff is aided by a body of the most learned and observant men in the world, and even abstracting from Divine assistance it is more probable that he and they should be right than each of our individual judgments.

"It is also necessary that the Pope, as supreme ruler, should be solicitous in regard to the relations between his kingdom—the Church—and the rulers of the nations, in which his spiritual subjects abide. Even where there is no union of Church and State there cannot be a complete divorce of Church from religion, not only because religion is essential to the well-being of the State, being essential to morality itself, but because there are great indirect temporal interests in which both Church and State are concerned. Hence most governments of Europe, Protestant as well as Catholic, have representatives at the Court of the Pope, and His Holiness in turn is represented by nuncios or delegates at their courts.

"Prussia and Russia, having broken off such relations with the Roman Pontiff, found it necessary afterward to resume them. Other governments like that of England, though not having official representatives in Rome, have sent agents from time to time to treat of questions relating to their Catholic subjects. The Pope therefore, must know well the outside world and its governments in order to protect the interests of his own children. In this department he requires the efficient aid of congregations of Cardinals, and this aid he enjoys in the Cardinals for 'Immunities' and 'Extraordinary Affairs of the Church.'

"In these relations with the governments of the world it is necessary for the good of the Church that the Pontiff should be entirely free from the control of any one of them. This spiritual independence can only be secured by some amount of temporal power, to preserve the Pope from such control. For over a thousand years he possessed this independence, and must ever seek to regain it. Someone may ask, is he not spiritually free now? Yes, by mere permission of the King of Italy, who has power with his army to seize on the Vatican and his sacred person. No one has been able to devise any means to secure spiritual independence, other than by the possession of some temporal power. Guarantees of freedom, such as Victor Emmanuel offered, would avail little, for who can guarantee the guarantee?

"The religious orders, to one of the oldest of which Cardinal Martinelli belongs, have always been most dear to the heart of the Church. She legislates wisely for their internal government and their relations with Bishops and the secular clergy and defends them when attacked by the enemies of religion. The present attitude of Leo XIII. in their defence in France is the heroic attitude of the Roman Pontiff. To many non-Catholics it must appear a puzzle and a scandal that educated Catholics should exhibit so deadly a hostility to them as to legislate their destruction. But such non-Catholics should bear in mind that this hostility is not so much against the religious orders as it is against religion itself. They hate the orders which believed that Christ proclaimed the world would hate His fol-

lowers. Some of these enemies profess comparative friendship for the secular clergy, but we, Bishops and priests, resent the insult of such a friendship, and shall stand shoulder to shoulder with the brave army of the cross, who fight the battle of Jesus Christ. These soldiers are dear to us because His dear to us, and they to Him, and with them we stand or fall! This comparative friendship is hypocritical, and we well know that when they should have destroyed the orders they would at once fall on us, as their fathers did on the secular clergy in the French Revolution. We should also bear in mind that most of the present persecutors of the Church are men who did not receive Catholic training and are members of secret orders condemned by the Church.

"But someone may further ask, What of those who did receive Catholic education and training? How account for their utter ingratitude to their religious mother and their present blind obstinacy of unbelief, if their faith is nothing in the Church or in her training to account for such hostility? I reply by asking, What was there in the teaching and actions of our Lord that provoked such ingratitude, ending in crucifixion itself, on the part of the people on whom He conferred so many blessings and never did them injury? He seldom complained. But on one occasion, when His sensitive, grateful heart was deeply wounded because the Jews took up stones to cast at Him, He turned upon these ingrates and indignantly said to them: 'Many good works I have shewed you from My Father; for which of those works do you stone Me?' As if He would say: 'I made your blind to see and your lame to walk and your deaf to hear; I cleansed your lepers and raised your dead; for which of those do you stone Me?'

"So may the religious orders of France expostulate with those on whom they have bestowed nothing but good: whom they baptized and taught and civilized, whose sick they cured, whose dead they buried. For which of these things, O France, do you stone us?'

"As to the blind obstinacy and infidelity of these persecutors, we find a parallel also in the same Jewish people, and among those especially who ought to be the most enlightened, illustrating how demoralizing and utterly blinding religious prejudice may become. These people had every reason that could convince the intellect to receive our Divine Lord, but they not only rejected and disbelieved Him, but as He hung upon the gibbet expressed their infidelity in most insulting gibes and challenges.

"But, brethren, it is not sufficient for the Sovereign Pontiff and his Cabinet of Cardinals to see to the purity of faith and morals and the relations of the Church to earthly powers; they have to see, also, that the outside world is not neglected as far as they can minister to it. The Gospel must be preached to every creature and the administration of Church affairs in nations not professedly Catholic must be provided for. For these objects the Congregation of Cardinals known as the Propaganda Fide has been established. At its head stands one of the most interesting figures in Rome after the Pontiff himself, the brave old soldier and confessor of the cross, Cardinal Ledochowski. Adjoining its offices is that remarkable institution known popularly as the College of Propaganda, in which students of every nation under heaven are congregated to study for the priesthood and go forth to their people thoroughly equipped for the divine ministry. In no place on earth is more visible that marvelous combination of Catholicity and unity which is the most striking and convincing characteristic of the Catholic Church.

"As the Church in the United States is under the jurisdiction of the Cardinals of the Congregation of Propaganda, it is all-important that its should be well represented there. It is true that our well beloved and tactful American Cardinal belongs to it, but we need, also, local representatives there, who know our people and their wants. The former Apostolic Delegate, the learned Cardinal Satolli, is a member, and I trust it is not presumptuous to hope that his successor may occupy a similar position.

"Several other Congregations of Cardinals for specific purposes are organized in Rome. I have had time to glance at a few only. There is, however, a recently established Commission of Cardinals, with the Pope at its head, which I cannot pass by without directing your attention to it. It is the creation of the present Pope, and its object is the reunion of dissenting churches. We know how near to the heart of the Pontiff has been this object. Looking toward the East and the West he beheld the scattered children that should be in the fold. For the great Greek and smaller schismatic churches of the East professing almost the same articles of faith and receiving the same sacraments and under similar government, it seems so easy to return, if only the baneful influence of secularism did not stand in the way. Then there are the sectarian churches that sprung up in the West, at the Reformation, without any unitive principle and daily dividing more and more into sections, and in too many cases passing into partial or total infidelity. All these elements, the Pontiff sees, should be brought together, and that he must do his part to effect it, even though human perversity should oppose this most desirable reunion.

"How can this great object be obtained? First of all by finding some one point on which there is substantial

unanimity. But where can such a point be found? Where may we all meet to make some commencement for harmonizing all these discordant elements? That point I believe to be the foot of the cross of Jesus Christ. Re- vance and love for Him are found in the hearts of many of those who profess Christianity under any form, and even now we find the Reformed Jews joining in the universal chorus in His honor. O, how many hearts there are outside the body of the Catholic Church who love our God with great tenderness! Such are not from the kingdom of Heaven, and may be made to love when they know her, the Spouse of their Lord. And I, when I will be lifted up, will draw all things to myself. Christ crucified still remains 'the power of God and the wisdom of God.' The encyclical of the Pope on the occasion of the opening of the Holy Year and his more recent one on 'Jesus Christ our Redeemer' are most opportune utterances, admirably calculated to enkindle the fire of charity in our own hearts and to proclaim to the children of the world without the Church that, though they refuse now to enter its portals, there is erected in front of the temple a great cross, under the shadow of which we may all meet and adjust our own differences in order to find union.

"Behold, brethren, some of the high purposes for which the Roman Pontiff calls around him the splendid College of his Cardinals.

"How truly divine an institution is the Church of God! 'Glorious things are said of Thee, O city of God! How little are we all—Cardinals, Bishops and priests—in thy presence! We meet under the shadow of thy wings. We are but as shrubs beneath thy branches, O Cedar of Lebanon! We pass away, but thou remainest and thy years fail not. Thou art exceeding beautiful, because of the Lord's beauty, which He has put upon thee according to promise, and whatever we have derive from thee. Protect and guide of the nations! Save the world from its own passions; strengthen our faith and love in Jesus Christ, thy Spouse.'

"Receive to day into the sanctuary of Thy inner councils this son of Augustine. Bless him with Thy choicest Benediction, and may he never forget in the glorious assembly of Thy spiritual rulers and in presence of Thy supreme head on earth, the far-off devoted young nation which he has learned to love."—Baltimore Sun.

RATIONALISM AND OBEDIENCE

The Independent, commenting on the joint address of Cardinal Vaughan and the English Bishops to their flocks, and the Pope's approval of the principles maintained, says:

"The one objection against Rationalism, it seems, is 'subjection and obedience' to one's spiritual master. This is the true Papal doctrine."

"If we substitute 'divinely commissioned teachers and rulers in the Church of Christ' for the Independent's 'spiritual masters,' its statement expresses very fairly the Papal or Catholic doctrine. What other attitude can be taken by a believer in the divinity of Christ than that He established a Church—a teaching and governing body—and commanded us to hear it under penalty of being considered as heathens and publicans? What other attitude can one take in the presence of a teaching body which Christ Himself commissioned, and of which He said: 'He that heareth you heareth Me; he that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me?'

No society, human or divine, can exist whose members are not required to assent to its principles and obey its decisions and laws. How long could the government of the United States exist if its citizens claimed and exercised the right to disobey its laws and reject the decisions of its Supreme Court? We must be reasonable. If civil society has the right to exact of its members obedience to its laws and submission to its authority that it may preserve peace, order, security and continued existence, has not the Kingdom of Christ on earth built by Him for all time, a greater and more direct a divine right to insist on obedience of its members to its laws and their submission to its authority?

Every society has the unquestioned right to determine its conditions of membership; to say who may enter and on what conditions they may remain and receive the benefits that make membership desirable. The Divine Founder of the Church has very explicitly laid down the conditions of membership in His society. 'If he will not hear thee, tell the Church; and if he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican.' (Matt. 18: 17.) That is the condition of membership, and it is founded on the very nature of society and government.

"The bishops," says the Independent, "are the lords of the opinions of the people." This is not Catholic doctrine. The relations between the Catholic layman and the priest or prelate is not that existing between the lord and the serf, or master and servant. It is rather that which exists between the legitimate officer of a society or government and the member or citizen. The doctrines of the Church are as obligatory on the bishops as on laymen.

"Laymen," continues the Independent, "have no right to an opinion, except as it is taken from or approved by the bishops."

The bishops, as officers of the Church are bound, each in his diocese, to see that the conditions of membership are

compiled with; and the individual cannot expect to enjoy the benefits of membership while he disregards its conditions.

But you may say the conditions are too hard. That is for the individual who seeks membership to determine, and he should not be so stupid as to need to be told that he cannot at the same time have the benefits of a membership and the independence of one who is not a member. Rights of membership, like all other rights, are coupled with obligations.

"They [the bishops] are the only people that have a right to think; and they can think only on the lines dictated in turn to them by the powers above them."

This is more loose talk, and is below the character and usual tone of the Independent. To think is to form judgments by comparing ideas, and every human being who has come to the use of reason and is awake is constantly doing this. It is the nature of the mind to do it, and consequently there can be no question about the right, and there never has been. But while we have the right to think we have not the right to think as we please; to think, for example, that two and two make seven, or that the diameter of a circle is greater than its circumference. If the right to think thus exists, it belongs only to minds diseased.

Now, revealed truth is just as true, though of a different order, as mathematical or geometric truth, and when this revealed truth is presented to the mind by an infallible, divinely commissioned teacher, the same mind is bound by the very laws of its being to accept that truth as it accepts the truth that the diameter is less than the circumference. The mind is therefore not free to form and adopt a judgment contrary to a revealed truth presented to it by infallible authority. To refuse assent would be an act of unreason, and reason has not the right to abdicate and be unreasonable. That is the position of the Catholic, and it ought to be the position every one who believes in the existence of a supremely perfect Being, Creator, and in the divinity of Jesus Christ, and in the Church He founded and commissioned. This position rests on the highest dictates of reason, and to deny it involves absurdity.

You will say: This is all very well if an infallible authority exists on earth. But does it? That is not the question just now. The whole drift of your article is to show the unreasonableness and stupidity of Catholic believers and the tyrannical requirements of the Church. And it has been our purpose to show that the Catholic, believing as he does in the existence of an infallible Church, is most reasonable, logical and wise in preferring its judgment to his own, in preferring the infallible to the fallible. Would you do otherwise?

But does such an infallible Church exist on earth? That is a question of fact to be determined by evidence. The Catholic believes the evidence is conclusive in the affirmative, and he is ready to give an account of the faith that is in him. To give it here does not come within the range of our present purpose, which is to show that the Catholic is reasonable and logical, and is free to think anything but the false and absurd. Greater freedom of thought he does not desire, nor should any one else who loves truth and consistency.

"Nothing," says the Independent, "ought to be sacred from those who are seeking new truth, or to be as sacred as the existence of God Himself."

Moses in his desire to learn new truth was of that opinion, but he learned a lesson that serves him still as long as he lived. He was out of Horeb and saw a bush burning without being consumed; and he said, 'I will now turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt.' * * * And God called to him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here I am. And he said, Draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. Moreover, He said: I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God. (Exodus 3: 4-6.)

How different would have been the history of the event if the Independent had been in Moses' shoes. It would have said: Here is a host of new truths or old errors, and rushed in with rough rider strenuity. Moses was to weak to be a scientist or even a higher critic. He lacked the characteristic of both—a superlative appreciation of the Me, and had too much reverence for the Not-me.

A Protestant may "have the right to ask whether God is," and imply by his question that He possibly is not, yet remain a Protestant. But with the Catholic it is different. He has no such right and at the same time the right to be a Catholic. He cannot be a theological hermaphrodite or mermaid. If he does not believe in the existence of God with a conviction that excludes all doubt he will be told that his proper place is outside the

Church, and all his snivelling about intolerance will be so much energy wasted.

If we understand the Independent rightly, it makes the labor and energy expended in the search after truth the only vivifying state of mind, and not the actual possession of truth. It is the eager striving of the hungry man after food that nourishes him, and not the actual eating and assimilating of the food; the grasping of the thirsty man for water that refreshes him, and not the drinking of it. In other words, the seeking after truth is not for the possession of it, but for the sake of the exercise one gets in the performance. It is like running after a departing train; whether you catch it or miss it you have got the healthy and invigorating exercise all the same.

But if this theory be correct, why seek after truth more than after error? Would not a vigorous search after the latter afford as much intellectual exercise as seeking after the former?

The Catholic theory is that it is the possession of truth that is the object of the search, as the possession of food is the object of the hungry man's search, or the drinking of water the object of the thirsty man. In the matter of truth the Catholic wants no Barceide's feast for the sake of the exercise it gives to the imagination. He prefers obedience to rationalism, and faith to skepticism. —New York Freeman's Journal.

MATRIMONY AND CONJUGAL LOVE

In discussing the awful increase in divorces the secular press displays gross ignorance of the Sacrament of Matrimony. God has not ordained and created the wonderful union of marriage without giving to men help of every kind, abundantly sufficient to enable them therein to produce those fruits of peace, happiness and holiness which He intended. We will consider these both in the order of nature and in the order of grace.

First, then, God has so created man and woman, and endowed them with such dispositions, as that from that union, which is naturally the object of their desire, there should also naturally arise a most intimate, strong and tender friendship which draws them together more closely and affectionately than any other kind of friendship.

The mutual love of which we speak is a great gift of God. It elevates, ennobles and spiritualizes the desire of union to which nature tends. It unites the wedded pair by a spiritual bond far more precious and excellent than any carnal bond can be. It makes them become one spirit, as they are one flesh. It makes them companions in intelligence and in affection of soul, as they are companions in the care of their household and of their children.

This conjugal love, which by the gift of God rises so naturally and so happily in the hearts of married persons, disposes them to fulfil with joy and good will all the duties imposed upon them by God; and by a special disposition of God's kind providence, it so far differs in each partner as to urge them to delight each in the special duty which attaches to them. In both it leads to an unselfish devotion, which is often so strong as that he or she who feels it would gladly suffer or die for the one who is loved, but in each it has a special tendency and outlet, according to the part which nature destined for each.

The love of a man finds its delight in defending his wife from all evil, and in waiting for her welfare by guiding and instructing her, and in cherishing her with a tender, protecting affection. The woman, on the other hand, delights in being dependent on her husband, in being subject to him, in learning from him, in watching for and supplying his every want and wish, and in soothing his cares by her loving endearments. Thus nature itself, or rather God, the Author of nature, fits and provides His creatures for the parts which He destines them to play.

But as marriage is not for this world only, but is intended by God to lead to the kingdom of Heaven; and as grace does not destroy, but complements a perfect nature (God pleased that husbands and wives should love one another, not with a natural love only, beautiful as that is, but also with the very love of charity, by which we love God Himself. Nay, by the right order of that same charity they must love each other more than than any other being upon earth, next to God.

Next to God and to his own salvation, charity inclines each one to love the partner to whom God has joined him. And, lastly, it is the very end and object of the special grace of the Sacrament of Matrimony to inspire its recipients at through their married life with innumerable lights and helps, making it easy for them to love and be faithful to each other. Lastly, husband and wife are helped by God to love and be united to each other, by the children whom He gives them. These children belong to them in common, and they have from God in common the duty and the privilege of maintaining, educating and guiding their common offspring. This duty and authority belong to both in common; for, though the wife's authority is subordinate to the husband's, it is not delegated to her by him, but is an independent parental right, given to her by nature and by God. Now, where there is good will and ordinary prudence, the common management of a task so interesting and so affectionate ought to have a powerful influence in drawing them together. —D. V. M. in American Herald.

THE NEW "GOSPEL PREACHING."

From the New York Sun, Sunday, May 12.

We copied from a Chicago paper, the other day, a list of the advertised subjects upon which sermons were preached in that town the Sunday before. It was presented to show how far the Chicago pulpit had got away from the old "Gospel preaching." This list of sermons to be preached to-day in New York suggests that the departure here is not less:

- "The Heroism of Common Life." By the Rev. Dr. Hepworth.
- "Elements that Help the Young Man to Win in the Race of Life." By the Rev. Dr. Stinson.
- "The Average Man." By the Rev. Henry E. Cobb.
- "Have Animals Souls?" By the Rev. Percy S. Grant.
- "Success in the Home." By the Rev. Q. Donahue.
- "The Prodigal Mother." By the Rev. Robert Bruce Smith.
- "The Slaughter of Birds, Cruelty to Animals, Horridness of Sport," etc. By the Rev. Dr. M. C. Peters.

VICTORIA DAY CONCERT AT MORRISBURG

Under the Auspices of St. Mary's Church.

The concert given in the Music Hall, on the evening of the 24th under the auspices of the Catholic Church was in every way worthy of the generous patronage received. The spacious hall was filled long before the appointed time, despite the fact that there were many attractions in other places and a considerable number of people who had arrived in the evening which no doubt prevented many from attending. The programme contained many names of people from a distance who had heard here, as well as nearly all of our own local entertainers. The Morrisburg Orchestra opened the evening, and surprised everyone by the marked improvement in their work. They were followed by Miss Jessie Barry whose recitation "A Tale of Housatonic" was well received. Miss Ida Barlowe looked daintily and sang "Daddy Gray," a military air, in charming manner. Miss Maud Bowen of New York was heard here for the first time, and her singing of "Who'll Buy My Lovin'?" was pronounced success charmingly rendered. She has a sweet, cultured voice, a good stage presence, and looked beautiful. She was presented with a magnificent bouquet of beautiful pink and white roses. Mr. Davy's song, "The Bandolero," was just suited to the singer and to his deep, base voice and showed the effect of his environment while in Toronto. The singing of "The Sea Girl" and "Land of My Home" by Mr. R. H. Monksbury and a chorus of young ladies was much admired. This concluded the first part of the evening and during the interval the audience were treated to a clever address appropriate to the occasion—"Victoria Day" by Mr. J. A. Chisholm, R. C. Cornwall. His touching reference to the Green Isles beyond the sea and the noble and patriotic part Erin's sons justly and proudly claim in the up building of our Great Empire was enthusiastically applauded. The second half of the evening was opened by Mr. Fred E. Morris, pianist of Morrisburg. His selections were mostly from works of the great masters Chopin, Rubinstein, Weber, and Liszt. Special mention should be made of Rubinstein's "Kamionka Oversea," making one forget him self and everything around, thus illustrating the true power music possesses. Liszt's "Eric Koning" was one of the gems of the evening. Its impassioned, beautiful singing movements and rich chords thrilled one. Mr. Morris especially pleased in passages containing runs when one was reminded of a running brook. His playing was artistic, combining much animation with technique. Miss Minnie Hickey followed, who sang "Leave Me Not," a selection that showed her at her best and called forth much applause. Miss Eva Sherman and Miss Kathleen Piper gave a "black four" sketch in costume—"Goon Town Guards." These clever little ladies are always well received, and on this occasion surpassed their former triumphs. They were immediately followed by Mr. Arthur Dickinson, who sang "Play in Your Own Back Yard," made up as an old colonial chimney. This sketch was a novelty that pleased everybody. Miss Duvaline of Prescott, sang "Matches." This was a very clever and original sketch, though her reputation had preceded her, and she more than justified all that had been said. Her singing throughout was charming. She will be warmly welcomed in the future. The duo "Battle Royal" by Messrs. H. Monksbury and W. Thom was artistically rendered by these clever young vocalists, and the evening was brought to a close by a selection and "God Save the King" played by the orchestra and sung by the entire company. The concert was one of the best ever given here and the programme was fully carried out. Father Fleming, our zealous pastor, and the committee deserve great praise for the great success of the entertainment. Every one was pleased and a neat sum was added to the church fund.

"BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR."

Through the noise and turmoil of the days
That my soul's seeking for a part,
Unheeded, meek, with patient love,
I stand at the door and knock.

I ask no title, My child, of thee,
Nor of wealth nor fame a part,
That which to others you freely give—
A share in a loving heart.

Why is that heart against Me closed
With bar and bolt and lock?
All others may enter when they will,
While I stand at the door and knock.

Through the quiet hours of the lonely night
That sound may reach your ear,
Refuse Me not entrance—turn not aside,
And pretend that you do not hear.

Let not your heart where I long to dwell
Be as the unyielding rock—
So open, My child, to Me, your God,
When I stand at the door and knock.

—Sacred Heart Review.

LORD SALISBURY.

Toronto, May 30, 1901.

Dear Sir—I have cordially read the extract from the London Times, published in your issue of the 25th May. With regard to this, I would only remark at present that with your kind permission I may at a later date have something further to say.

But the second paragraph of the notice in the Record of 25th May commences as follows: "In the issue of 6th April exception was taken to this statement, etc."

Now having read and re-read my letter in your issue of 6th April, I fail to see the slightest degree of "exception" was taken to anything. I merely quoted your article and asked to be referred to the speech or other emanation of or from Lord Salisbury, in which the statements had been made by him.

Your obedient servant,
D. MILLER.

C. M. B. A.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.
St. Albert, May 21, 1901.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London:
Dear Sir—At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 37, C. M. B. A., the following resolution of condolence was moved by Bro. Archie McDonald, seconded by Bro. J. Herbert.

Whereas Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, has called to his eternal reward Mr. Tierney father of our President, Dr. John A. Tierney. Be it hereby
Resolved that his fellow members of Branch No. 37, extend their sympathy to his bereaved ones.
M. HOGAN, Sec. Tierney.

NEW BOOKS.

Clearing the Way. By Rev. Xavier St. Louis, P. S. S. Published by the Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West Sixtieth Street, New York. Price 10 cents.

Though intended mainly for converts and for Protestants inquiring into the teachings of the Catholic Church, it will be eminently useful to Catholics, old and young, making them familiar with logical reasons for the faith they profess, and ready to help inquirers who are doubting neighbors, and combat successfully a bigoted one. For sale by Thos. Coffey, London, Ont. Price 10 cents.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE STORY OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

Feast June 13.

BY CHARLES ROBINSON.

In 1221 St. Francis held a general chapter at Assisi. After the assembled friars had dispersed, there lingered behind a young Portuguese religious who had journeyed from afar to see and hear the great founder of his Order. That he might remain near the person of St. Francis, he besought his Italian brethren to find a place for him among them, even volunteering to perform menial duties in some convent kitchen. They at first hesitated about taking the shy, sickly youth under their charge; but finally sent him to the Hermitage of Mount Paul, a solitary convent near Bologna.

On the 13th of the present month the Catholic world celebrated in a signal manner the memory of this young Portuguese friar whose influence has reached out to men undiminished for seven centuries. St. Anthony of Padua—or Ferdinand de Bullones, as his name was in the world—was this time in his twenty-sixth year, having been born at Lisbon on the Feast of the Assumption, 1195. His father, Don Martin, was a son of the house of Godfrey de Bouillon; while his mother was also of royal lineage, being a descendant of King Froila, who reigned in Asturias in the eighth century. Devoted from his earliest years to prayer and study, he entered among the Canons Regular of St. Austin, in his native city, at the age of fifteen. Two years later he retired to the convent of the Holy Cross at Coimbra. Stirred by the spirit and example of the first five Franciscan martyrs, he subsequently joined that Order, and penetrated into Africa to preach the Gospel to the Moors. Denied a martyr's palm, although brought to the grave's brink by sickness, he proceeded to Italy, where for a time he fulfilled the humblest offices in his community.

In 1222 an assembly of Franciscans took place at Forli. The young religious was present, and though he pleaded to be excused, was commanded by his superior to address the assembled friars. When he began to speak his voice was low and faltering, and his whole manner that of extreme embarrassment. But of a sudden his voice filled and rose, his form straightened, his eyes gleamed with fire,—in short, the spirit of his genius, so long barred within his own heart, burst its bonds, and as the discourse proceeded "the Hammer of Heretics," "the Ark of the Testament," "the eldest son of St. Francis," stood revealed in all his sanctity, learning, and eloquence before his rapt and astonished brethren. Indeed, such was the change that those who heard him thought him inspired.

For the nine following years the saint's missionary journeys were all continuous, and resulted in a series of victories for the faith. Suddenly, on June 13, 1231, his brief apostolate was closed; and in the streets of Padua little children were heard crying, "Our Father St. Anthony is dead!" On May 30, in the following year, the church bells of Lisbon rang without ringers while in the Eternal City the name of the poor Portuguese friar was being inscribed upon the eternal book of saints. It is recorded that one night while St. Anthony was staying with a friend in the city of Padua, his host saw brilliant rays streaming under the door of the saint's room; and, on looking through the key hole, beheld a little Child of marvellous beauty standing upon a book which lay upon the table, and clinging with both arms around St. Anthony's neck. Presently the wondrous visitor vanished; and Fra Antonio, opening the door, charged his friend, by the love of Him whom he had seen to "tell the vision to no man" as long as he was alive.

As is well known, this incident forms the subject of the largest picture Murillo ever painted. The artist now adorns the baptistry of the Cathedral at Seville, and it is interesting to recall that the Duke of Wellington once offered to cover it with gold ounces as a purchase-price. The offer was declined. Indeed, Murillo's series of St. Anthony pictures stand unrivalled among the art treasures of the world. Art has always paid great homage to St. Anthony, and there is perhaps no shrine in all Italy richer in monuments of ancient and modern art than the Church of Padua which bears his name.

An ancient writer (quoted in a recent number of the Catholic Review) describes St. Anthony as being of medium height and tolerably stout, although rather of sickly aspect. He had a broad, high forehead; keen, piercing eyes and a swarthy complexion, while his almost childlike face bore the impress of a sweet gravity indescribably charming. The magnetism of his manner is said to have been something extraordinary, so that even those unacquainted with him were instinctively drawn toward him by the light of sanctity that seemed to shine forth from his whole being.

The miracles which St. Anthony performed during his life, and those which have been wrought through his intercession during the six centuries which have elapsed since his death, are as wonderful as they are numerous. Mere mention of them would exhaust our space; so I can only refer the reader to those of the Liber Miraculorum, as well as those which are contained in the Manuscript of the Convent of Ancona, and in the Anac-

leta of Valerius Poliodorus. Still more may be found in the Italian Collection of Bernardino Genovesino, in the Collection of Ludovico Micoli of Gemonia, in the Anonymous Collection of a convent of Venice, in the "Belgian Collection" of John Vander Borcht, and in the "Spanish Collection" of the annalist Cornajo.

In particular, St. Anthony is renowned as possessing the power of restoring things that are lost. "All men know," says the Bollandists, "that Anthony of Padua has been destined by God for the exercise of that power which enables him to restore to their owner things lost by accident or carried off by thieves." And many miracles, based on irrefutable evidence, fully justify the pious practice of invoking St. Anthony's aid in this direction. Just as Our Lord glorified St. Anthony in his lifetime by giving him grace to bring back wandering souls," says Frar Polbart of Temeswar, "so hath God conferred on him since he has been in heaven the privilege of miraculously restoring lost articles to those who have recourse to him." St. Bonaventura celebrates this marvellous power in the miraculous Responso, Si Quorid Miracula, composed by him in honor of St. Anthony. This beautiful prayer forms part of the Franciscan Liturgy, and has earned the title of "miraculous" on account of the many wonders which have been wrought through its recitation.

The reply of St. Francis de Sales to some indiscreet critic who spoke disparagingly about the then growing practice of addressing prayers to St. Anthony for the recovery of lost things is well worth quoting. "God has shown us," he said "that such is His good pleasure; for He has hundreds of times worked miracles by this Saint. Why, then, should we not believe, the evidence of facts? Of a truth, sir," he added, "I wish that we, too, might together make a vow to St. Anthony for the recovery of that which we lose every day; for you, Christian simplicity; and for me, the humility which I neglect to practice."—Ave Maria.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

We need men, but men with conscience and character; men who are not afraid to be virtuous; men who believe in law because they believe in God, and who love their fellowman because he is the child of God; men who are proud to be Christians, and whose lives of integrity, self-sacrifice and patriotism are illumined by the faith which has come to them by religion. Let us be true to our ideals; let us strive to make the world better by our lives; let us be true to religion as taught by Christ.—Mgr. Conaty.

Robinson and Dan.

If you seriously wish to get on creditably and successfully in life, you must turn your face not only against gambling, but against all questionable modes of transacting business and making money. I will take a few cases to illustrate my meaning.

Robinson, who had been out of employment for several months and reduced in consequence to a very low financial ebb, got a situation recently through the influence of some friends. He considers, however, that the salary is too low for the work required of him, and he takes every opportunity that occurs to recoup himself. By this means his income is become highly satisfactory, and he is able not only to support his family in comfort, but to lay aside every month a considerable sum in the savings-bank.

I don't think, however, that Robinson is at all happy. A voice within him that cannot be still tells him that he is doing wrong and that he will be bound to make restitution of the whole amount of his pilfering, even though he never be detected. He knows there is no salvation, no hope of heaven without such restitution. What is the consequence? He is gradually drifting into a state of unbelief in the truths and duties of religion. No one can live long at war with his conscience; and Robinson finds that his conscience becomes less and less troublesome the farther he casts the ties of religion from him.

But the inner voice of the soul, stilled during life, has a terrible awakening at the approach of death. It rises serpent-like before the disturbed vision, hissing the one word, Restitution, into the affrighted ear. But how can restitution be made? Can he reduce his children to beggary? Can he brand his memory with the stigma of systematic theft? Can he whisper his guilt even to his nearest relative? And yet, can he go before his Judge with unrepented wrong, unforgiven sin on his soul?

It is surely better and more prudent to live an honest, upright life, even in poverty, than to expose one's self to the agony and torture of despair in one's dying moments. Another case: Mr. Dan owns a store in which he sells second class value at first-class prices, whenever he can deceive his customers in the quality of his goods. He also makes up his parcels under weight and gives short measure. He professes to give unlimited credit; but he charges heavy interest on outstanding debts from the first day they are contracted. He is not satisfied with ordinary profit; he takes more pleasure in a cent made by crooked dealing than in a dollar acquired in the legitimate course of business. His ruling passions are not love of money but "smartness." His whole life is devoted to the one object of taking people in; and the more cunningly he succeeds, the more he is gratified.

He trains his children in his own principles. He seizes every opportu-

ity of instilling into them the duty of taking in every one they can, but never allowing themselves to be caught napping by others. All generous impulses, all belief or trust in men, he sneers at as the silly, mawkish weakness of a greenhorn.

If society were really to be what Mr. Dan represents it, life would be a wretched, intolerable yoke. Every man's hand would be armed either covertly or openly against his neighbor. Friendship would be only another name for hypocrisy; truth would be the cloak of falsehood; justice and honesty, the bait used by thieves and swindlers to catch the gullible and unsuspecting.

With all his cleverness, Mr. Dan never gets on. His customers drop off one by one; his goods are left on his hands; his creditors come down on him and sell him out. Every one is surprised that such a smart man of business so unfortunate; but man of his own stamp believe that he has made a large haul, and has migrated to a neighboring town to make another. Mr. Dan is at no pains to un-deceive them.

On Being Tolerant.

The Golden Rule, as we call it, seems to be hardly more than common decency formulated. Nothing, obviously, can be decent in our treatment of others that we do not recognize as proper and desirable in their treatment of ourselves. It is a rule that seems to be made for supreme selfishness.

Refrain from putting your foot into another pig's trough, unless you are willing to have another pig put his foot into your trough. One of the great mistakes of the world, and especially of the Christian world, is in the conviction that this is a high rule of action, and that the virtue based upon it is of superior value. It is the thinnest kind of a virtue, and if there be not the love of God and man behind it, to give it vitality and meaning, it can never minister much to good character. What a man does, actuated by the motive of love, he does nobly, and the same thing may not be done nobly at all when done in accordance with the rule to do to others what one would like to have others do to himself.

There are other virtues that are very much over-estimated, eminent among which is that of toleration. We know of none so thin as this, yet this is one over which an enormous amount of bragging is done. We talk about this religious toleration practiced by our government, as if it were something quite unnatural for a government to protect its own people in the exercise of their most precious opinions and privileges. The man who personally tolerates all men, and all societies of men, in the exercise of their opinions upon religion and politics, is not without his boast of it, and feeling that he had outgrown most of the people around him. The sad thing about it all is, of course, that a country or a community can be so blind and stupid that toleration can appear to be a virtue at all, or so bigoted and willful that it can even appear to be a vice.

We thank no man for tolerating our opinions on anything, nor do we give him any praise for it, any more than we thank him for the liberty of breathing with him a common air. Toleration is the name that we give to the common deficiencies of intellectual and moral life. It is the Golden Rule applied to the things of opinion and expression. It is by no means a high affair. It is simply permitting others to do, in all matters of politics and religion, freely, in our presence and so society, what we claim the privilege of doing in their presence and society.

People who are intolerant—and we are informed that there are such in this country—are simply indecent. They are devoid of intellectual courtesy. They are bores who are out of place among a free people, and, no matter whom they may be, they ought to be presently snubbed until they learn polite intellectual manners. The spirit of intolerance is a spirit of discourtesy and insult, and there is no more praise due a man, or a sect, for being tolerant, than there is due a man for being a gentleman, and we never saw a gentleman yet who would not take praise for being a gentleman as involving an insult. It is at least the thinnest of all virtues to brag about.

THE WORLD AGAINST HER.

The Church and Those Who From All Time Assail Her.

The Catholic Church is the great incubus which is perpetually haunting and troubling the dreams of the world. Men try to ignore it; but it obtrudes itself upon their unwilling notice. They would fain regard it to a place among the effete superstitions of the past; but when they think the spectre is laid, it returns unbidden, and casts its vast shadow over the present. In that vast shadow the world lies uneasily; and consequently or unconsciously, it betrays its dissatisfaction.

In every great political and social movement, in the literature of the day, nay in every magazine and newspaper which drops from the teeming press, the influence may be more or less distinctly discerned of the mysterious presence of this great spiritual organization. The world has always been puzzled to account for this influence. Protestantism it can understand perfectly—there is nothing unearthly or mysterious about that; but in the life and progress of the Catholic Church there is something which defies every attempt at rational and systematic explanation.

To be sure, men have their theories; but if the truth be told they are by no means so satisfactory as might be

wished. Such expressions as "the consummate policy of Rome," and "the marvellous machinery of the Catholic Church," are after all but stock phrases, with which men dispose of phenomena which must have at least a nominal resolution. What is there behind the policy? What puts life into the machinery and guides the great engine into the noiseless, frictionless activity? Will "discipline" explain the devotion of the Catholic priesthood? Men do not turn hypocrites in order to spend their years in prayer and fasting; neither do they voluntarily elect to become the passive tools of a sordid despotism, to be rewarded only by a life of sacrifice and toil.

Indeed, the world does not believe its own slanders. And now and then when some periodic gust of persecution assails the Church and not a martyr's sinches, or when pestilence goes through the land, and faithful seekers of souls follow quickly in the trail of the destroyer, and the places of those who fall are instantly and noiselessly filled; or when tidings come that a score or so of missionaries and a few thousand converts have been massacred in some hitherto unheard-of province in China, the world, conscience-smitten, holds its peace, and pays to the kingdom which is "not of this world," the tribute of a sullen if not a respectful silence.

Of the best things said by that acute thinker, the Comte de Maistre, was that "no test is so infallible as the instinct of infidelity." Certainly, in examining the claims of rival Christian bodies, it will be the art of prudence to watch narrowly the tactics of the opponents to all Christianity. And here at once we come upon something definite, for the application of this criterion gives us results which no sincere lover of truth can disregard. Infidelity does not stop to make war on Protestantism; it is too cunning by far to quarrel with those who are ignorantly doing its own work; it greets them with a covert sneer or an insolent nod of recognition, and goes on to do battle with its ancient and inveterate foe.

Look at the character of the unbeliever of Catholic and Protestant countries. Doubtless some of my readers are amazed at this challenge. They have been accustomed to regard the religious condition of Catholic nations as one of the strongest arguments against the Catholic Church; nowhere, say they, is infidelity so thorough going and so bold; and in no way can this virulent scepticism be explained but as the inevitable reaction from the degrading superstition in which the people have been for centuries held. Surely observation was never more hastily nor inference more illogical. There is less of real irreligion in Catholic than in Protestant countries. What there is, is indeed rampant. And why? Not as a necessary recoil from a religion which degrades rather than enlightens. I am convinced, from my own experience in Catholic countries that this supposed religious degeneracy is a huge bugbear.

The explanation is far more simple. The Catholic Church makes no truce, holds no parley with the world, the flesh nor the devil. Her enemies can neither frighten her into silence nor cajole her into compromise. At every point they find her guarded, vigilant and unrelenting; and driven from her citadel, they are forced to stand forth in open warfare and rail at her in various defiance. In France, and Spain, and Italy, a man in either a Catholic or an infidel. But in Protestant countries unbelief salutes Christianity; it puts on the livery of the saints, and builds its chapels and pays its preachers; and in course of a generation or two it has made Protestantism as godless as itself.

Read the history of Europe for the last two centuries. It is that of one long, desperate struggle, waged by all the anarchic powers of human nature, and with all the weapons which craft and hatred could furnish—against what? Not against Protestantism but against the Catholic Church.

Dates, Encyclopedists, Jacobins, Rationalists, Freethinkers—they are good Protestants all; they laud the Reformation, they boast that they carry out its principles; and with one consent, though by divers arts—by arguments, by satire, by blasphemy and by the guillotine—they assail her within whom dwells the everlasting Presence, before which the devils of old cried out, saying, "Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, Jesus of Nazareth. Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God!"—Rev. James Kent Stone—The Invitation Heeded.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

True devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus does not confine itself to affectionate sentiments and exterior practices, but consists in a serious study of the dispositions of the Adorable Heart, and in a continual application to conform ourselves to them.

We should in all things represent to ourselves this amiable Saviour as the model for all our actions, to the utmost of our ability to reproduce in ourselves the features of His different states, of His mysteries, of His virtues.

O Jesus, open to us thy Sacred Heart, that gate of eternal life, that source of infinite grace, that we may enter into the knowledge of Thee and drink from the fountain of everlasting life.

Let us daily examine with what care we apply ourselves to the faithful imitation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Obedience, submission, discipline, courage—these are among the characteristics which make a man.—Samuel Smiles.

THE CRUCIAL DIFFICULTY.

Gradually the High Church Anglicans and Episcopalians, says the Sacred Heart Review, are gaining a knowledge of the Catholic truths they lost three hundred years ago. The Holy Sacrifice, the sacramental presence of Jesus, confession and absolution, the love and power of Mary, the invocation of the saints, prayers for the dead, are among the many things which their minds are grasping after and yearning to possess. But as yet they are blinded to the meaning of the great words of our Blessed Lord to His apostle: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build My Church;" and of St. Ambrose's plain commentary upon them: "Show me Peter, and I will show you the Church." They have yet to learn that the Church which is Christ's true spouse must be like to Him, not only as the true healer of souls, but as their true and infallible teacher; and that only in her can they find realized that sweet vision of peace—the union, in Jesus Christ, of the children of His one Catholic Church. Our prayers should be daily offered that they may see the truth, and that our own lives may be such as to win them to it.

A NERVOUS WRECK.

Was the Condition of Miss Gillis For Eight Years. THE BEST DOCTORS' AND HOSPITAL TREATMENT FAILED TO HELP HER, AND SHE HAD ALMOST LOST HOPE OF EVER BEING WELL AGAIN—HER EARNEST ADVICE TO OTHER SUFFERERS.

One of the most common, at the same time one of the most to be dreaded, ailments which afflict the people of this country is nervous debility. The cause leading to the trouble are various, overwork or worry being among the most prominent. But whatever the cause, the affliction is one that makes life a burden. Such a sufferer for years was Miss Margaret Gillis, of Whit Road Cross, P. E. I. Her life was one of almost incessant misery, and she had come to look upon her condition as incurable, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to her notice, and to this life-giving, nerve restoring medicine, she never owes health and happiness. Miss Gillis tells of her illness and cure as follows: "For the past eight years my life has been one of constant misery. My nervous system was shattered, and I was reduced to a mere physical wreck. My trouble began in one of the ailments that so frequently afflict my sex. I was irritable and discouraged all the time, and life did not seem worth living. For seven years I was under treatment by doctors. I even went to Boston and entered a hospital where I remained for some time. While there the treatment temporarily benefited me, but soon my condition worsened than ever. Finally my nervous trouble took the form of spasms which caused me suffering that words can't describe. When thus attacked I felt as though I was literally torn apart. I would become frequently unconscious and sometimes would remain in that condition for half an hour. In some instances had as many as six of these spasms in a week, and no one who has not similarly suffered can imagine the tired, worn-out, depressed feeling which followed. Doctors seemed utterly unable to do anything for me, and those years of misery can never be forgotten. Then I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in a short while found them helping me. Then another doctor told me he could cure me. I stopped taking the pills, and like the dog in the fable, while grasping at the shadow I lost the substance. I was soon in as wretched condition as ever. The pills were the only thing that had ever helped me and I determined to begin them again. I continued to take them for nearly nine months, the trouble gradually but surely leaving me, until I am now in almost perfect health and fully released from what I at one time thought would prove a life of constant misery. I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly, nor can I too strongly urge those who are ailing to test their wonderful health restoring virtues."

In thousands and thousands of cases it has been proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood purifier and nerve-restorer medical science has yet discovered. The pills act speedily and directly upon the blood and the nerves, and thus reach the root of the trouble, effecting thorough and permanent cures. Other medicines merely act upon the symptoms, and when the patient ceases using them they soon relapse into a condition as bad as before. There is no trouble due to poor blood or weak nerves which these pills will not cure. Those who are sick or ailing are urged to give this medicine a fair trial, and are cautioned against the numerous imitations which some dealers offer. The genuine pills always bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box.

Don't think less of your system than you do of your house. Give it a thorough cleaning, too. Take Lord's Sarsaparilla.

SOVEREIGN—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Ar-magh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at nights, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and resolved to try it, and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

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