

The Catholic Record.

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

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A SORRY JEST.

Some well-groomed and well-fed individuals wax merry sometimes at what they are pleased to term the crazy performances of socialists. They would have us believe that the socialist is a creature unkempt, illiterate and given to undue bemoaning of his condition. For our part we fail to see either the wit or aptness of their observations. It may strike them as meet for laughter why they who cry for bread wonder bitterly why ostentation is clad in splendour and they in poverty's shabby livery. But it is rather a sorry jest—one that moves to tears those who understand. The bandit barons grew humorous over the sufferings of their victims, and the King and courtiers, looking out from palace windows at the horde of the wretched and downtrodden, jested, forgetting the while that their own fortunes were on the wane. They did not dream that men, who had tumbled in their presence and gave of themselves and substance for the maintenance of kingly power and pleasure, would ever dare to do aught but obey their every caprice and behest.

WE MUST NOT JEST.

We, however, cannot afford to jest. The mist of material comfort may blur our vision. We may ignore want, or seeing it, adopt the don't care policy of the pagan. We look upon our tolling and suffering brethren as if they were natives of another planet, alien to us in every way. If, however, poverty and wretchedness exist we must either contribute our quota to their alleviation or run the risk of encouraging the sufferers to seek relief in socialism. Not indeed that we can wipe away all tears or take off all the burden from aching backs, but in loving them we can show that Christianity has not lost its vitality.

MAKE OUR OWN HISTORY.

It boots little to descant on the deeds of other days. It is a far cry to the early Christians as to the days of the Florenti. Our past history may incite us to be worthy of our forbears. But to warm ourselves at other fires to the easing of our conscience will do nothing for those who live now and care nothing for the chronicle of charity and justice written by our sages and saints. What they wish to see is achievement. Words cannot save their hurts. It is a duty to show that Christianity is a barrier to wrong and oppression, and to prove by deeds that justice and human brotherhood find their meaning and support in the words: You are all brothers and of one Father who is in heaven.

WORK FOR EDUCATORS.

It seems to us that our educators could devote time to some purpose by interesting themselves in the labor movement. The movement is growing apace. Tainted in some sections of the country with socialism and in others wedded to Christian principles, it needs direction, sympathy and understanding on the part of those who are prominent in the community.

We may be certain that the workmen, compacted into one body, and as time goes on with ever-increasing power, are destined to be no negligible factors in the upbuilding of Canada. With competent leaders, and in Parliament with their representatives bearing no allegiance to either political party, they may hold the balance of power, or be in such a position as to exact a very attentive hearing from Canadians. They are not so apathetic as formerly in regard to their conditions. They are beginning to recognize their possibilities and to play the political game "off their own bat." The worker is well aware of the potency of sympathy and loving kindness, but he complains that these qualities are not visible in every day life.

THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

Property rights, says Bishop Spalding, are sacred, but not absolute—they do not imply that a man may do what he likes with his possessions. He may not do what he likes with himself, but only what is becoming and worthy. A decent physical existence for those who labor for employers should be considered a first charge in the business: and the wages should be sufficient to make it possible that they found a family under conditions compatible with right human life, and favorable, therefore, to mental, moral and religious improvement. The wages does not constitute

the sole relationship between master and workman, for in all human associations rights and duties are involved of which money can never be the equivalent.

THE LITERARY CRITIC.

The literary critic of to-day is, with a few notable exceptions, a very pretentious and most amusing individual. He bows and grines at the beck of the publisher. He emits profound nothings about technique and writes copiously, if not intelligently, about the subtlety and obscurity of motives. In books which are mainly dirt he discerns a rare beauty. Adultery and running away with another man's wife are but indiscretions—an outbreak of the spirit that brooks no conventionalities. Descriptions of sensuality, pictures of passion, dallying with and defiling both modesty and delicacy, are, in his jargon, but human narratives. And some of us take him seriously. Is it due to prurient curiosity? But how anyone with a due regard for imagination and judgment can see beauty in impurity—in the reek of the divorce court and dishonored family—passes our comprehension. The style may be splendid, but we do not drink poison because it happens to be in a cut glass bottle. But then we are told these books are modern and devoid of puritanic prudishness, and devoid, also, we may add, of anything that can entitle them to any consideration from people who recognize their dignity. Their only modern characteristic is the shameless treatment of the subjects which are centuries old, and, in the opinion of the sensible, fit for the dissecting-room and the police court. They have, we grant, a freedom of expression, which, however, not many moons ago was supposed to be the property of the denizens of the underworld. But, guided by our standards of worthiness, we are not prepared to extol the phosphorescent gleam of corruption as a radiant star, or rhapsodize over mud pies as producers of mentality.

TORONTO TO THE FORE.

Toronto is exuding loyalty these days. It may be on account of the Dreadnoughts fever or merely to give an opportunity to our friends of the Lodges to unload their fiery eloquence upon a long-suffering public. But if they really and truly mean to build a warship we beg to nominate the gallant Colonel as commander.

If we remember aright he saved, or promised to save, this country from the machinations of people in and around Quebec. His words of fire seethed and sputtered to the terror of the enemy, and when he threatened to bring his trusty musket into action all opposition faded away like snow before the sun. But imagination keyed up to madness pitch cannot depict what he would do with a ten-inch gun. Still we may as well bear in mind that we cannot build up a permanent nationality with warships. Our chief danger is from ourselves, or, as Jules Simon put it: "A people dies only by the relaxation of its morals; by abandoning its manly habits, by the effacement of its character through the invasion of egoism and scepticism. It dies of its corruption. It does not die of its wounds." If our Toronto friends should extricate themselves from the maze of misconception and prejudice and come into the sunlight with open minds and kindly hands, and admit that contentions and rancour are barbaric, and that sneers at creeds other than their own are un-Christian as well as un-Canadian, they would do more for the Empire than any number of war-ships. The statesman, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, knows that the greatest safeguard is in the hearts of a united people, and its weapons the love and amity of all who do homage to the flag.

The Power of the Press.

"Talking about newspapers," said Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, the other day to a Roman newspaper man, "talking about newspapers, permit me to express the pain I feel every time I come to Rome and find that the immoral and anti-clerical press is every day gaining ground. This morning I went to celebrate Mass at the church of S. Francesca Romana in the Forum. It was early and near the church stood a news-vendor. Every one of the working men who passed by bought his paper, and went on his way reading it attentively. They were all anti-clerical sheets. And then I thought: How is it that you do not succeed in giving greater development and circulation to the Catholic press in Rome? Take my word for it—the necessity of consecrating all our forces to the development of the press at the present moment. I, Bishop as I am, would lay the building of a church in order to help in the founding of a newspaper.—Rome.

CONFESSION EXPLAINED TO PROTESTANTS.

LECTURE BY A CONVERT—A BLESSED AND CONSOLING SACRAMENT—HOW IT HAS BEEN MISREPRESENTED.

The impressive words in which Father Henry G. Graham availed himself of the opportunity on a Sunday evening last at the Co-operative Hall, Motherwell, to explain the true character of the confessional for the benefit of Protestants will not soon be forgotten by those who were present. The audience was large, attentive and intelligent. Father Graham said: "There is perhaps no doctrine or practice of the Catholic Church about which there is more misunderstanding, distortion, and I will even say calumny, than this of confession; no doctrine so much used as this to scare and frighten people away from Rome as the sink of iniquity and the 'abomination of desolation.' The general idea among Protestants concerning it, we may say, is six-fold: (1) The confessional is a source of corruption and immorality both to priest and people; (2) it is an unholy means of making money; (3) it weakens and destroys a man's will power, saps his moral strength and makes him less able to resist evil and depend upon himself; (4) it is degrading and disgusting to go and tell your sins to any mortal, sinful man, and is a bad thing for penitent and confessor; (5) it interferes with the peace of families, and causes strife and discord and jealousy between husband and wife; (6) and, worst of all, it puts the priest blasphemously in the place of God, setting him in the tribunal of judgment to forgive sins, thus usurping the right which belongs to God alone as the great Judge and Calumnious.

"Now, I am free to admit that a few years ago I myself, if I should not have believed and subscribed to all of this, at least would have been silent and been unable to refute or deny it. But now I know differently, and I stand before you tonight to declare, to every seven sacrament, that all such charges are false and calumnious; that they are hollow and devoid of any solid basis in fact; that they are merely repeated over and over again to terrify and delude and repel you by persons who have not and never had any personal knowledge of the confessional, and do not even know what confession is, and could not tell you what the penny catechism teaches on the subject. And, lastly, I stand here to declare with all the earnestness of my soul that the sacrament of penance, so far from being the black and hideous and soul-corrupting institution that it is represented, is, after the Holy Eucharist itself, the most blessed and consoling of all the sacraments; that it brings peace and joy and comfort to the troubled soul; that it strengthens a man's will and fortifies his character; that it gives assurance of God's forgiveness and certainty of reconciliation to the sinner through the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ as nothing else could possibly give, and that, in short, to every contrite, rescued from the confusions and doubts and horrible uncertainties of Protestantism, it always appears as the most blessed instrument ever raised by a merciful God for the saving and sanctifying of souls, and an irresistible proof of the divine origin of the Catholic Church.

No words can express the sorrow I feel that so many dear Scotsmen and Scotswomen should be so deluded and befooled and blinded in regard to the supposed horrors of this life-giving institution. I would I had the tongue of an angel or apostle that I might be able to sweep away all your cruel and painful doubts and difficulties concerning it, and annihilate all the baseless accusations, the whole mass of the confusions and filthy fabrications piled up against it. I cannot tell you how indignant and angry and impatient (and I hope lawfully so) I often feel that so many souls, good, pious, earnest and God-fearing, with the latent capabilities of achieving a high degree of sanctity, should nevertheless be deprived of this most sweet source of grace, and be kept back from mounting up the ladder of perfection by an ignorant and irrational dread of what would be to them, if they only knew it, by experience, the most encouraging and comforting of helps to aid them in their journey through this desert land towards their heavenly home.

"I hope, in the time at my disposal this evening, to do something to assist you to understand the nature of this great sacrament and its blessings to the soul; and so long as there is breath in my body and a drop of blood in my veins I hope and pray that I may ever employ it in leading people who love God to love also His one true Church, and so to come to love and treasure that beautiful and most merciful sacrament, so maligned, so slandered, so misunderstood by others, but for that very reason so much prized and venerated by every child of the Catholic Church.

"A RESURRECTION OF THE SOUL.

"Not until the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, will it be known how many souls have been plucked from the very jaws of hell, and how many more have been advanced on the way of perfection by the instrumentality of God's sacrament of penance. There is the man, for example, whose conscience is loaded with five or ten or twenty years of accumulated sin. Upon his face are branded guilt and shame, confusion and remorse. There kneels the wretched man by the side of the confessional, his head upon his hands, pondering over his sins, ashamed, like the publican, to lift up his eyes to heaven, afraid to open the door of the box and enter and lay bare the iniquities of his heart to God's priest—

whom yet he knows in such a case to be his best and truest friend, and not only his best friend, but the absolutely indispensable instrument of God for applying the cleansing blood of Christ to his soul. At length his turn comes. He summons up courage; he rises, trembling, and glides into the mercy seat. No human ear will ever learn what there took place, but this at least is certain, that during the few minutes spent at the feet of the priest of God a resurrection has occurred more wonderful than the raising of Lazarus from the tomb, a resurrection of the soul from the grave of sin to a life of grace and love of God.

"During these precious moments a drop of blood, as it were, from the cross of Christ has fallen upon his black and sinful conscience and washed it white as snow. All his past sins are blotted out, clean swept away as by a torrent; forgotten, forgiven as utterly and entirely as though they had never been. He is restored to the peace of God, reacquires his merits, is established in a state of sanctifying grace, a child of God, a brother of Jesus Christ, an inheritor of heaven. He comes out, and there is a quickness in his step, joy in his countenance and a new light beams in his eye. And if you ask him why, he will tell you that he has experienced the goodness and forgiveness of Almighty God; he has got another chance, another period for penance and amendment, another proof of God's long suffering and tender mercy. He is God's friend once more; he was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.

"The next moment perhaps you will see some sleeping lightly into the sacred tribunal whose soul is already almost as pure as snow; one whose whole life, day by day, is spent in the presence of God; one whose mind and heart never are, and never have been, stained by any grievous offense against her Lord. A few imperfections, some little faults, perhaps unavoidable in the circumstances—such trifles as these are all that ever occur to distress her devout soul and form the material for her self-accusation. The weekly confession, the frequent, perhaps even daily, communion of the Body and Blood of her Saviour keep that soul so bright and beautiful in God's sight; her conscience is so delicate, so sensitive, so truly scrupulous that the smallest speck of dust, so to speak, that falls upon it is at once detected, and causes her as much pain and regret, perhaps even more than would a hideous crime to the man that I spoke of but a moment ago. Little need for forgiveness or absolution in such a case as hers.

What she wants is spiritual direction, counsel, holy advice how to advance still further on the road of penance and humility, of love of God and union with Christ.

—THE SCIENCE OF THE SAINTS.

"Ah, my dear friends, none but Catholics can adequately realize the heights and depths of the spiritual life; none but Catholics know to what heroic and sublime perfection even the poorest and meanest of God's children, whom externally perhaps you would judge to despise, can and do attain by the help of His holy sacraments. In the Catholic Church, and in her alone, indeed, is the science of the saints.

"Now listen. Year after year, week in, week out, day by day goes on throughout the Catholic Church this ministry of reconciliation. Kings and colliers, paupers and millionaires, princes and peasants, young men and children, old men and maidens, beggars and plowmen, business men and tradesmen, keen lawyers and sharp politicians and great statesmen, poor and rich, clever and stupid, priests and Bishops and monks and nuns, all, and the Pope himself—I say these are to be seen in some church or other within the bounds of Catholicism approaching with contrition in their hearts and humility and love of God the sacred tribunal from which is dispensed the free forgiveness of Jesus Christ, their common Saviour. Will you tell me that all these people are befooled, blinded, besotted? These the best and brightest and holiest in the world? Would they be going to humiliate themselves like that, and subject themselves to the trials of a confession, and place greater restraints and penance upon themselves if the thing was a mere human invention—if they hated it, and loathed it, and felt it to be an engine of degradation and corruption? They are only bound to go month after month, or year after year, or do you seriously tell me that all these great and influential ones of this earth, these aristocrats and scholars, these highly-born and the intellectual leaders, such as we see in every land, but especially in Catholic lands, as well as the common crowd of millions of every nation and color and class, and speaking different tongues, for all I know—are they all believing a lie, keeping up a solemn farce?

"BE PERSUADED THAT IT IS ONLY by the perverse and lies of men who think evil in their hearts that this, one of the fairest works of God, has been blackened and made to appear so foul and false. Rather believe those who know it and have experience of it. Believe those who tell you that not more blessed was the Magdalene when she felt the Precious Blood drip from the wound of her Saviour upon her once sin-stained soul than is the penitent sinner that to-day approaches the priest of God, whoever he may be, and receives the absolution that is ratified in heaven. Think kindly, I ask you, and fairly of this great sacrament that commands the belief and devotion of so many millions of the choicest souls. Pray that God in His mercy may give you to understand and know the truth about it, and I promise you the truth

make you free."—London Catholic Times.

WATERLESS BAPTISM.

The Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked has taken upon himself the responsibility of instituting a sacrament. He has held till recently the tenets of the Baptist Church, which restrict baptism to adults only, but having found that opinion inadequate to satisfy the claim of children to salvation, and unwilling to adopt the doctrine of the Catholic Church as it has been practiced from apostolic times, he has determined to construct a system of his own. The ever old, yet ever forceful question, "By what authority dost thou do these things?" should have been answered before he laid his thoughtless and irreverent hands on so holy and so necessary a means of grace as baptism.

The new rite will be administered without the use of water. It will be a dedication of infants to Christ, and is intended as a substitute for the baptism in other denominational churches. Prayer and the singing of hymns will precede the ceremony, and the parents will promise to rear the child in Christian principles. It is difficult to understand the deliberate postponing of baptism by those who admit that it is necessary for salvation. It seems strange that man should have the hardihood to take the words of Christ and give them an interpretation that the text itself does not include. It is astonishing that an individual has the effrontery to thrust aside so vital a principle of procedure as "Where the law itself makes no distinction, man is forbidden to invent distinctions." When every child of man may be an heir to the kingdom of heaven, not by personal merit, but through the infinite atonement of Christ, he who departs from the path of greatest safety, the practice of infant baptism, for novel and unauthentic theories, places himself between Christ and the human soul, and rejecting the divine command, cleaves to his own vagaries.

It remains undetermined as yet whether the new holders of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church will follow this shepherd into pen and dangerous fields, or whether they will demand the source of his power to establish what the Christian world never conceded except to divine omnipotence.—Pilot.

CHURCH UNION.

The Presbyterian Witness notes the fact that at the recent meeting of the Anglican Diocesan Synod of Montreal, the newly elected Bishop Farthing declared the acceptance of episcopal government to be an indispensable condition of Church Union, so far as Anglicans were concerned. Our Anglican temporary says it fully expected the adoption of this position, and while intimating that it is one which the so-called Evangelical churches cannot accept, it appears to take it with perfect equanimity, concluding its remarks on the subject as follows:

"Our Anglican brethren have intimated with much frankness that their ideal is rather to seek union with the Asiatic and Roman Catholic Churches, than with the non-Episcopal Churches. We trust their experience in this line will prove profitable, although thus far the churches thus to be recognized have been slow in reciprocating respect for, or recognition of, the orders of the Anglican Church. It may be that greater intimacy may mend matters in this regard.

MYTH DISTURBS ORANGEMEN.

The practical joker is not, as a rule, much troubled about teaching useful lessons, but when he victimized Mr. William Moore, M. P., one of the representatives of the Orangemen, he conveyed to Parliament and the public a moral which all who run may read. Mr. Moore is a gentleman who takes a genuine delight in endeavoring to make the inhabitants of Great Britain believe that the wickedness of the people of Ireland, the country where he represents a constituency, is past imagining. No matter how pleasant or how peaceable the Irish Catholic may look, he is always, in Mr. Moore's opinion, brewing mischief. Mr. Moore's Parliamentary life, therefore, consists of a daily array of many questions as to what measures the Government have taken or intend to take in order to prevent this or that crime, or to punish this or that criminal. On Thursday, March 11, he inquired in tragic accents what the Government meant to do with Mr. James Hogan, J. P., of Kinvara. Mr. Hogan, he stated, was a plague in the community. He was a boisterous and oppressor, and had been inflicting suffering on innocent people. The lawbreaker had been brought before the magistrates for his misdeeds, but being of his religious and tragic accents, they acquitted him. The Resident Magistrate had unavailingly protested against the scandal, and the County Inspector had urged the institution of further proceedings. The Attorney-General for Ireland had, however, refused to act on the suggestion, and the audacious Mr. Hogan, of Kinvara, was still at liberty. Mr. Rodmond Barry, amidst the laughter of the house, informed the hon. member that Mr. James Hogan, J. P., was a myth—that no such person exists at Kinvara.—Liverpool Times.

"As One of These."

"He that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." (St. Matthew xviii, 6.)

Oh, the eyes of a child, the eyes of a child,
See far—see fair—
Lest they be clouded for fault of thine,
Take heed—beware!

Oh, the ears of a child, the ears of a child,
Hear fine—hear far—
Hush! Lest they answer for word of thine,
Before God's bar!

Oh, the heart of a child, the heart of a child,
Is so rare a thing;
Tender the touch which should tune each fine
Sensitive string.

Oh, the soul of a child, the soul of a child,
Is white as the flame,
And pure as the Pentecost fire that once
From Paradise came.

And if God's gracious gift has given
To you—or me—
Better to-day than trust betrayed
The stone—the sea.

—Kate M. Cleary, in Extension.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

By the will of the late Joseph A. Connor, of Omaha, five or six parochial schools will be built in that city. Each building will cost in the neighbourhood of \$20,000. An endowment fund of \$2,000 for each school is provided for. A Spanish exchange states, apropos of the announcement that Pius X. will educate 1,000 boys orphaned by the earthquake in South Italy, that various French priests have offered the Holy Father to adopt, feed, clothe and educate 1,000 more, if agreeable to the Italian civil and ecclesiastical authorities.

One of the largest paintings ever made in the United States on a single stretcher, a mural painting of the Crucifixion, by William Laurel Harris, probably will be unveiled at Easter in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York. The stretcher measures 55 by 20 feet, and the canvas for it was woven in one piece in Holland.

For remarks derogatory to the character and fame of the Blessed Joan of Arc, the students of the Latin Quarter in Paris rushed from the lecture room in the university Professor Thalman, held an indignation meeting, formed into parade, surrounded the Professor's house and threatened his violence. The police had to interfere.

The State of Louisiana maintains a home for lepers under the supervision of a state board of control. In their biennial report the board states that successful management of the leper home should be given to Sister Benedicta and five other Catholic sisters, who have entire charge of the domestic affairs and of the nursing and providing for the comfort of the patients.

From Ambryn Islands in the South Pacific ocean news comes of the drowning of Father Perthuy and Sister Marie Clement, Catholic missionaries, and some Kanakas. The Sister, exhausted while clinging to the wreckage of the capsized boat, asked the priest to administer the last sacrament to her. She died soon afterward, and while the priest was administering the sacrament to one of the Kanakas, he himself expired.

Near the city of Vancouver, B. C., is a settlement of the Squamish Indians. The former warriors are well housed, and the industries, prosperous farmers. There is a neatly kept frame church, and on the public square stands a full-sized crucifix with the inscription, "Erected as a memorial of solemn homage to Jesus Christ by the Squamish Indians, A. D. 1900."

His Holiness Pope Pius X. has granted the bishops of America, Oceania and Australia, the privilege, when going to Rome, of saying Mass daily on board ship during their voyages, and also on their return, provided that the place at their disposal be fitting and suitable; the sea so tranquil that there is absolutely no danger of spilling the Sacred Species from the chalice, and another priest—if present—assist in surplice the Ordinary while celebrating.

Jean Webster, the author of "Much Ado About Peter," is a grandniece of Mark Twain and the daughter of the old publisher Charles L. Webster. After leaving college in 1901 Miss Webster traveled in Europe and spent much time in Italy. One year after a winter in Rome, when she wanted to retire to some quiet place to do some writing, she induced the nuns in a convent in the southern part of Italy to let her live there for over two months.

In regard to the approaching beatification of the Maid of Orleans, Blessed Joan of Arc, the London Athenaeum (Protestant) says: "A good deal has been written during the last two weeks concerning the tardy 'preparation' made by the Church of Rome to the memory of the saint burnt by her five centuries ago." The insinuation is incorrect in fact and theology; the Church was never at any time responsible for the burning of Joan of Arc.

It is intimated that Channey O'Leary's donation to the Catholic Church Extension Society will be used in building a memorial chapel in the memory of his mother in the archdiocese of New Orleans. What a shining example for many Catholic people who are supposed to have a good deal more Catholicity than actors!

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS; OR THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

BY MISS JANE PORTER. CHAPTER XXXVIII. THE KNIGHT OF THE GREEN PLUME.

Wallace, having placed a sufficient guard over the bulk of the prisoners...

The following day, Andrew, Lord Bothwell, entered the apartment where Wallace was reposing...

In a few days, Wallace gathered his forces, and commenced the march that was to clear the Lowlands of the foe.

On the evening of a day on which there had been some hot work between the Scots and the troops garrisoning Berwick, Wallace had retired alone to his tent...

Wallace returned the letter to Fraser with an undisturbed countenance...

When the marshal of the army read to the officers and men the orders of the regent, a speechless consternation seized on one part of the troops...

The next morning, Wallace was recalled from the confusion into which his visitor had thrown his mind...

Fearful that Helen might communicate her flight to Wallace, and so excite his suspicions...

Though Wallace heard the denunciation with which she left his presence, yet he did not conceive it was more than the rage of disappointed passion...

from her love than her revenge, he was relieved, and not alarmed, by the intelligence that the Knight of the Green Plume had taken his departure...

After frequent sallies from the garrison, in which the Southrons were beaten back with great loss, the lines of circumvallation were finished...

Having despatched his assent to this request of the governor, Wallace retired to his tent, where he found a herald, who brought him a packet from the north...

Wallace broke the seal; but what was his astonishment to find a citation for him to appear immediately to Stirling...

Allegations of treason against the liberties of Scotland having been preferred against Sir William Wallace, until he clears himself of the charge...

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guilty passion. The countess then alluded to the Knight of the Green Plume, and stated that that knight was the medium whereby their correspondence was carried on...

Wallace and his friends were astounded at the daring and hardihood of this bold woman. It evidently appeared that she was fully aware of the hazardous step she was taking...

The marshals with difficulty interrupted the attack which the enemies and friends of Wallace made on each other: several of the Cummins were maimed, and Lord Athol severely wounded by Kirkpatrick...

Bothwell and Edwin strongly denounced the conduct of the regent and his party, when Wallace exclaimed: "Heaven shield our prince; I dread that Badenoch's next shaft may be at him!"

In the midst of these feuds, Sir Simon Fraser appeared in the council hall. His countenance proclaimed his tidings, and he declared that when the English governor learnt the removal of Wallace...

Lennox hastened to Wallace's camp with the news. Wallace started from his seat. His hand mechanically caught up his sword, which lay upon the table...

Seeing the danger of the realm, and hearing from the Lords Ruthven and Bothwell that their troops would follow no other leader than Wallace, the regent yielded tacit assent to the only apparent means of saving his country...

Wallace again to stretch out his arm in their behalf. With this embassy, the venerable chieftain returned to Balloch-giech; and Wallace was solicited by his accusers to assume the trust of being their defence...

Arrived at Rosslyn, Wallace entered the hall where the ambassadors sat. Baron Hilton was one, and Le do Spencer (father of the violent envious of that name) was the other...

Wallace spoke not, but with an unmoved countenance, looked around upon the assembly. Edwin precipitated himself into his arms. Bothwell's full soul then forced utterance: "Tell your sovereign, cried he, that he mistakes, and we are the conquerors who ought to dictate terms of peace!"

that my Marlon died? that I became a homeless wretch, and passed my days and nights in fields of carnage? You were Mar, dear and valiant Graham!

Wallace snatched the horn from his hand, and springing upon the war-carriage from which Le do Spencer had proclaimed Edward's embassy, he drew forth his sword, and exclaimed: "Preach the word of Scotland, and for the last time, hear the voice of William Wallace!"

Hilton turned sorrowfully away, and Le do Spencer rose: "Sir William Wallace, my part of the embassy must be delivered to you in the assembly of your chieftains..."

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that my Marlon died? that I became a homeless wretch, and passed my days and nights in fields of carnage? You were Mar, dear and valiant Graham!

Wallace snatched the horn from his hand, and springing upon the war-carriage from which Le do Spencer had proclaimed Edward's embassy, he drew forth his sword, and exclaimed: "Preach the word of Scotland, and for the last time, hear the voice of William Wallace!"

Hilton turned sorrowfully away, and Le do Spencer rose: "Sir William Wallace, my part of the embassy must be delivered to you in the assembly of your chieftains..."

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The system is overloaded with poisonous waste matter. This may be the result of over-exertion or of derangements which are corrected by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

You expect to be tired when you have been working hard, for the activities of the muscles or brain cause a breaking down of cells, or burning up we might say, and after while the system becomes clogged with this waste matter or ashes and you get tired.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 15th, 1905.

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

Yours very sincerely in Christ. DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus. Apostolic Delegation. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 27th, 1906.

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

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ. D. FALCONE, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1909.

NOVEL MARTYRDOM THEORY.

In an address to young people at the Memorial Church Canon Hague lately undertook to explain the psychological reasons of martyrdom. A strange theme for a class to which this spirit is foreign by reason of their hopefulness and the idea of freedom so deep seated in modern times.

Martyrs are the scorpions of the saints to-day. Even missionary congresses do not encourage them. There are few applicants for the ruby crown of suffering. Whatever may be the reason we certainly do not agree with the canon in attributing the small number of martyrs to the spiritual character of evangelical Anglicanism.

"It is a mysterious fact," he remarked, with more eloquence than correctness, "a psychological mystery that in proportion as a religion is of inferior value men are less ashamed of it." The following is, according to this new prophet, the scale of religions: heathendom, mahomedanism, Roman Catholicism, and lastly, spiritual and evangelical Anglicanism, or perhaps Christianity.

In the first place, the classification is imaginary rather than real, unfounded by history and ill-arranged by logic. Whether Roman Catholicism is to Canon Hague's would-be spiritual Christianity what Darwin's missing link is to evolutionary anthropology, it is not hard to guess.

Canon Hague's list will not bear up the explanation he desires to offer for the number of martyrs. He should read the Roman Martyrology if he is as earnest in finding an explanation as he is eager to give a slap to Roman Catholicism. The canon is not only astray historically—he is bigotedly distorting his judgment.

mistakes for spirituality, and whose humanitarianism he confounds with supernatural faith. Canon Hague should take another try at the target. His rifle is not well sighted, or he himself is not a good shot.

BISHOP DUMOULIN ON WOMEN.

Whilst a bill is in the Provincial Legislature advocating suffrage for women an Anglican Bishop in a sermon the other day fired a whole broadside against it. Unfortunately the power of settling the case does not lie with the Bishop. Men may not be governing the different national trusts with as high an ideal as they should; we fail to see how the situation is to improve under the new order.

Not only will woman throw away her crown and sceptre of home, she will enter an arena for which she is in no way fitted. The fact that generations now and again have witnessed the success and charm of individual women is of little or no force. Judith and Esther saved their people. St. Catherine of Sienna restored the Papacy to Rome. Joanne of Arc, a peasant girl, was renowned in virtue as well as in military glory.

Queen Victoria displayed force of character and gentleness of rule in a long reign remarkable for many triumphs of peace. The greatness of the women of history does not arise from such power as voting might give them. Dead level laws will not evolve greatness nor make a people great. A woman's power is stronger because it is exercised in the quieter circle of home.

It leans upon the sacrifice which as wife and mother she makes for her husband, her sons and her country. Her lessons of devotion are all the purer and the more generous in that they are given day by day around the hearth and at the bedside with the thought and prayer that the seed cast into the young heart will some day produce fruit—that memory will bring back to the erring boy the mother's love and prayer of his earlier years.

GALILEO.

The question of Galileo's condemnation is a favorite weapon of the enemies of the Church. It is made to do double service—sometimes as alleged proof of the hostility of the Church to science and at other times giving decisive testimony against papal infallibility. Let us first take a cursory glance at the facts in the case around which so much fog has gathered.

In every trial there is the question itself, the evidence by which it is supported, and the sentence. All three have been the object of severe criticism and much unjustifiable condemnation. Were it not for these trials Galileo's name as an astronomer would never have received the glory bestowed upon him which properly belongs to Copernicus, a canon of the Church. Why, if the Church was opposed to scientific theories, did it not summon the latter to trial and forbid him teaching his heliocentric idea? At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Ptolemaic system of the earth at rest and the sun in motion was still in vogue.

From that point everything started. Physical science—such as it was—began with it. Philosophy framed its metaphysics and cosmology with this system as a postulate. Scripture was read and interpreted with this hypothesis. The learned never questioned it nor did others concern themselves about it.

Copernicus put forth tentatively the opposite theory. Galileo came out more boldly, declaring that the Copernican system was the only theory in accord with faith and science. Here was the beginning of trouble. A letter of Galileo's to a Benedictine monk setting forth his views was sent to the Congregation of the Index by a Dominican. Two propositions of Galileo were condemned. First, that the sun is the centre of the world, and altogether immovable. Secondly, the earth is not the centre of the world, nor immovable, but revolves of itself in diurnal motion.

The Florentine mathematician wished to get his new system declared by the inquisition conformable to the scriptures. The Copernican doctrine was never declared heretical, but merely untenable in its absolute and unqualified form until a new demonstration should arise to prove its truth.

With regard to the philosopher himself, they deemed it prudent to reduce him to perfect silence upon the subject. He was an agitator. Much of the increasing difficulty was Galileo's own seeking. He wished to give a law of interpretation to the Scriptures; he would not obey the court by keeping quiet; nor would he remain calm and temperate with judges who throughout had shown moderation and kindly feeling.

There was no war against the doctrine; for every other teacher was left to enforce the same mathematical views. Indeed, at the very time the court was making a decree against Galileo the celebrated Kepler was offered the chair of astronomy in the Pope's University at Bologna. These Protestants talk of Galileo and find in him a martyr. Since they are now such admirers of the Copernican system, why did England wait for one hundred and fifty years to correct the calendar? Sheer bigotry blinded their boasted love of science.

These haughty people would rather quarrel with all the signs of the zodiac and the hosts of heaven than count time at the Pope's beating. For the single Galileo how many a one we could point out in Protestant history. Descartes was hunted down by the churchmen of Holland. Christian Wolff was denounced by the ministers of his own persuasion as an atheist—banished from home, kindred and friends. Protestants should be silent about intolerance. They should be the last to mention the word.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

We have received a letter asking our opinion upon the subject above named. Our correspondent approaches with the compliment that "we voice the position of the old reliable Catholic Church." This position he regards as opposed to "our women being dragged into national politics." He wishes the matter treated in the strongest terms possible for the simple and unselfish reason that he, as a member of some Literary Society, is about to take part in a debate.

The question as proposed is: "Resolved, that women should exercise the franchise." Our friend is taking the negative. We are sorry that he should wait until he is in trouble before coming to us, either to say a kindly word about us or ask our opinion concerning any vexed question. The poet laureate of England is out in a lengthy argument against woman suffrage. His two supreme objections resolve themselves into the facts that women ought to live at peace with their domestic lords; and secondly, that women cannot serve in a nation's army or navy.

A woman's best sphere is home, where her functions are clearly defined, her usefulness appreciated, her dignity upheld. There she is wife, mother, queen, doing more for national politics than ever she can do on the hustings or by the ballot. She rules more the nation and shapes its destiny better from the hearth and in the midst of her family than ever she can on platform or in legislative hall. We do not think that women themselves will gain by the exercise of the suffrage. We are not aware that they have a truer sense of justice or take a broader view of things than men.

Nor are we convinced that a country would reap any signal advantage. Woman is physically the weaker vessel. She is less independent, less frank and straightforward. In political contests with men women would either be beaten or would have recourse to methods which would promptly superinduce corruption of the worst kind. There is a serious inconsistency in present politics. Universal suffrage and majority rule are the forces which impel the political ball. Newspapers and every other form of literature serve to inform women as well as men of the state of affairs.

Education, temperance and policies still more national appeal to wives and mothers with stronger force than to the opposite sex. Women cannot help forming an opinion upon every question—for they are all placed before her in romance and periodical, appealing to her sentiment rather than her reason, and supported by fancy more than by argument. Women are thus schooled. What harm is the occasional exercise of suffrage going to do? We do not think that much more harm can

be done. If women can express their opinion, nay, form it, how can they be prevented from voting? If they are the authors and writers upon political subjects as upon all others, their suffrage is the least factor. They will be weakened when they come to the contest with men. Our friend cannot ask us to stop the flood. We are not admirers of political women. They do not show forth the courage of that strong woman whose value is as of things from a distant coast; upon whose lips is the law of clemency, whose house she has kept in order; who has opened her hands to the poor; and whose husband and children have risen up and called her blessed. A political woman is in our view unsexed; neither woman nor man.

There is no use in our friend beating the air or rowing against the tide. Women have formed opinions upon politics; they will surely express them by vote and otherwise. No negative side in a debate can keep them back. So far as the Catholic Church is concerned, no word has ever, to our knowledge, been authoritatively uttered upon the subject. In Church government woman has no voice. The example the Church gives in the position she assigns to woman, both in her own work and in society, is the most honorable for woman herself and the most beneficial to the world.

Many of her noblest saints—martyrs and virgins—have been the maidens and matrons of their generations. They were not taken into the councils of the Church; but they were used in the great spiritual and corporal works of mercy. They do not appear in the formation of the nations; but the "devout female sex" has been the helpmate of the Church in every age. The Church has raised woman to a much higher pedestal than the political platform can or will raise her. She has drawn around her the circle of her protection, she has clothed her with the robe of refined innocence, crowned her with honor and placed in her hand a queenly sceptre to rule her home and to pray for those to whose salvation her faith and love contribute so much.

Society has cut itself away from the old moorings. It is out in the current and nearing the rapids. We do not fear that much more harm will be done society by women voting than by their writing upon these subjects. At any rate the Catholic Church is not positive in forbidding female suffrage.

THE BEST SERMON.

We are told that the best sermon is that of good example. The sober, industrious and fervent Catholic commands respect and incites to imitation. His love and truth are always visible. He respects authority. He is clear-eyed and firm when choice has to be made between the world and God. His children are in Catholic societies; and he does not think that self-respect and loyalty to the Church must be sacrificed to get a position or a grip on society. Some, however, seem to imagine that a colorless Catholicism is the best passport to success. Not that they are anti-Catholic, but to speak with bated breath and to deplore as ill-advised and inopportune the directions of authority, are the chief articles in their code of getting on. And though they abjure their manhood and whittle down their creed they fall betimes far short of their goal. One thing they acquire is contempt, even from those who use them on occasion.

THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY of the Anglican Convent in Bloomsbury, England, has been received into the Catholic Church. They have obtained permission to retain their habit and their patron saint will be St. Catharine. ONE OF THE MOST widely read novelists of the past generation, F. Marion Crawford, died at Sorrento, Italy, on the 9th. For some time he hovered between life and death but at last an attack of pneumonia proved fatal. Mr. Crawford was a Catholic. HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPARETTI, upon the invitation of Archbishop McEvay, spent Easter Sunday in Toronto. He pontificated at St. Michael's cathedral on Sunday morning and preached to the Italian congregation of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in the evening. Wherever this distinguished Churchman has visited in our Dominion since his appointment by the Holy Father to the high office of delegate to Canada, pleasant memories have remained in the minds of both clergy and people. His courteousness, his urbanity, his broad charity and a judgment fashioned by thorough equipment in the schools and great common sense, render him peculiarly fitted for the administration of the high office to which he has been called.

IT IS PLEASANT to note in many of our American contemporaries very complimentary references to the new Premier of Newfoundland, Sir Edward Patrick Morris. Nor need we wonder at this. To upon those lines which mark a man for high station in public life. Nowadays when there is so much of what we may call human weakness in many public men—when there is a desire to accumulate wealth by those whose

feet incline to other paths than those of rectitude—it is a matter of great moment to find at the head of affairs statesmen above suspicion. Such a man is Patrick Edward Morris, and we trust he will long be spared to guide the affairs of that island in the ocean for which there is a future of promise—a future of happy homes for a vast population.

"CARMINA" is the name of a new volume of poems by Thomas Augustine Daly. It is published by the firm of John Lane and Co., New York. Only ten pieces from his other work, Canzoni, are reprinted in the present volume. We heartily recommend this charming book to our readers. We need not go into a minute description of the beauty of each and every poem, because the reputation of Thomas Augustine Daly is already established. In every stanza the same pure sentiment comes from the author's heart. There is about his poems, too, that tender chord which reveals the sweetest touches of nature in home and family life. We trust the author's second venture will meet with a success beyond his fondest anticipations. "Carmina" can be supplied on receipt of \$1.10 by writing the CATHOLIC RECORD office.

THE AMENDMENTS to the Separate School Act introduced into the local legislature by Messrs. McGarry and Racine have been withdrawn for the present. This has been done at the request of the Government, who wish to submit a stated case to the courts to determine the basis for the distribution of the grant between the Public and Separate schools. Not being versed in the legal aspect of the case we do not wish to offer at this stage any criticism of the action of the authorities. They may be quite justified in the course they have adopted. It will be remembered that a deputation from the Orange Association awaited upon the Government and entered a protest against any action being taken having for object the financial betterment of the Separate school system. The outcome will be awaited with interest. We shall be much surprised if Premier Whitney is not altogether too big a man to permit his Government to be stamped in their course of action, touching the rights of their Catholic fellow citizens by the little army of fanatics led by Dr. Sproule, and Emmanuel T. Essery.

THE MUSSON BOOK Co., of Toronto, made the mistake of sending a Catholic book to the Mail and Empire for review. The title of the novel is "The Conventualists," by Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. He is the convert son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. This was quite enough for the editor, and he straightway proceeded to review the book with a sledge hammer. "The entire sympathy of the writer," says the Mail reviewer, "with one of the most revolting phases of Roman Catholic religion is felt from the first, and the book, while hardly strong enough to be dangerous, is certainly one of the most repulsive of recent stories; a great deal more pernicious in its unhealthy doctrine than some which are catalogued as immoral by the world at large." We can imagine the good man's feelings after tripping lightly over the pages of "The Conventualists." To capture the sunny ways of the reviewer Mr. Musson should send him works having reference to Maria Monk, Chiniquy and Margaret Shepherd.

IT IS NOT IN A SPIRIT of CARPING that we refer to the work done by our separated brethren recently in Toronto. The motives by which they were animated may be commended. While, however they were possessed of a most enthusiastic spirit to carry the gospel to the heathen the thought will come to the man who takes a broad survey of conditions the world over that these gentlemen should have taken into account conditions at their own doors. While it is a good work to bring the Gospel to the heathen is it not of prime importance also to work amongst what may be called the heathen at home. This is what may be termed, if we may be pardoned for using an inelegant Americanism, "horse sense." In the very city of Toronto in which the Congress met all will admit that there is a very large portion of the population who never read the Scriptures, and who never enter a place of public worship of any kind. And this condition is not confined to the illiterate or the poor. In abundance will be found the scoffer in the club and the non-religious amongst the workers. Should there not be more done to put our own house in order before we expect such vast sums in foreign fields. Furthermore, Toronto is a city of lodges, of secret oath-bound societies. To many of the members the lodge room is their only church. The practice of the ordinary Christian precepts is something almost entirely unknown to them and amongst the population generally there is a mountain of uncharitable

ness which ill accords with the true Christian spirit. Asked for proof we refer the enquirer to the newspapers, and he need not confine his efforts to the secular press.

IN THE LAST ISSUE of the Toronto Saturday Night the editor administers a stinging rebuke to that brace of bigots who comprise the majority of Toronto's Board of Education. Referring to the resolution they adopted not to employ Catholics to teach in the Public schools, he calls them a silly lot of bigots. But does not the editor himself come in for a share of criticism when he says: "Unfortunately for us we have Separate Schools, but, having them, the thing for Canadians to do is to minimize as much as possible their influence." Why should their influence be minimized? The Separate schools train children in the fear and love of God and they are taught to love their neighbor as themselves, and no one will have the hardihood to assert that in any schools of the country is there a deeper sentiment of loyalty to country than in the Separate schools. Besides, the training in these Separate schools shows results fully equal and in many places superior to those of the Public schools. Why then should their influence be minimized? Does the editor desire our Catholic children to be trained in a colorless Christianity, with the requirement of the mighty dollar as the aim and end of existence?

THE EDITOR OF THE ADVANCE, a religious weekly of Chicago, spoke recently at a meeting of the Congregational Ministers of that city. His remarks were a scathing rebuke of those ministers who are nowadays preaching everything but the gospel. This criticism is most timely, and it is hoped that those to whom it refers will take thought and mend their ways. There should, he contends, be positive teaching according to fixed doctrine, and every preacher should not be allowed to preach anything that he may see fit. Many of his brother ministers will take issue with him on this point, because it will be considered a blow at that freedom, or rather license, which took birth at the religious upheaval called the Reformation. There is another view of the matter which Mr. Adams did not take into account. The sensational preacher is not alone to blame. Not a few in the congregations take kindly to the yellow preaching. For a Sunday entertainment they desire the very best music and singing and a sermon, full of startling thoughts, on some current topic. A few weeks ago Rev. W. H. Harvey of Dundas preached in a Methodist Church in St. Catharines, recommending Canadians to build a Dreadnought for the British navy. This is but a sample of the many pulpits escapades which catch our eye from day to day. How few of our non-Catholic neighbors have an opportunity of contrasting this abuse with the decorous worship in the Catholic churches. But they will not go to see. Such is the power of prejudice.

MR. McNICOL, Secretary of the Separate School Board, Ottawa, was quite right when he stated that the action of the Public School Board of that city, in raising objections to the Racine and McGarry bills, gave evidence of bigotry and bias. The situation, as we have stated frequently, is simply this. Catholics claim they have the same right to the school taxes of Catholics in corporations as they have to the taxes of Catholics who own a house in a city or a farm in the country. This Ottawa bigotry will not allow. Their meanness will be fully appreciated when it is borne in mind that they can demand and always receive from the municipal government whatever amount of money they may require for school purposes. Years ago, when Dr. Rycerson was Superintendent of Education in Ontario, the persecuting spirit was at its highest and every effort was made to kill the Separate schools by cold neglect on the one hand and injustice on the other. We fear the same spirit animates the Public School Board of Ottawa. It is bigotry pure and simple and no amount of haggling will serve to clear the shirts of the men connected with this execrable exhibition of intolerance. Catholics only ask for what is fair and just, and that they will have notwithstanding the opposition of that considerable class of ultra Protestants who think it is their duty on all occasions whenever possible to oppress their Catholic fellow citizens. We have splendid results in our Catholic system of education in the province. Can it be that the "green eyed monster" has taken possession of some of the members of Ottawa School Board. Their action reminds us very forcibly of a sermon recently preached by a Protestant clergyman, Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, in a Presbyterian church in Philadelphia. He said that some people had laid down two requisites for heaven: "First, do you believe in Christ? Yes. Second, do you hate the Catholics? Yes. Well, then, pass into heaven."

LECTURE B

Bishop Keating a course of are attracting standing room are indebted for the following ture, the text in God the F of heaven and

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LECTURE BY A GREAT BISHOP. Bishop Keane, is at present delivering a course of lectures in Buffalo which are attracting crowds so great that standing room cannot be obtained. We are indebted to the Union and Times for the following report of his first lecture, the text of which was, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth."

These opening words of the Apostles' Creed, said the Bishop, express a truth upon which the heart of man has rested since the beginning of the world. The conviction that there is a God has been at the basis of all his relations, domestic, political and social; it has colored all his literature from the divine strain of type to the lowest phase of belief or infidel who either makes profession in the words I have recited or takes issue with the faith of the world.

When we look back over the history of the human race we see everywhere a light streaking the skies, the history of every successive generation and faith in a deity or deities and a religion resting upon that belief. Has that universal fact any significance? It is a phenomena which must be accounted for. Men have essayed aloud the truth of a fact to convince the world that it had no definite origin, and that it has not been sustained. The theory propounded to-day is shattered by the clearer insight of to-morrow, and even when the advocates of our rational explanation are numbered we find not the school, but individual extravagance against whom the world of to-day and the world of every generation protests with its recital of some such form of belief as one with which we introduce this theme. I believe in God or believe in gods. You may say that the multitudes do not reason. Aristotle says that the simple-minded man has a more accurate reasoning power within the province of his knowledge than the philosopher, that the philosopher obscures the mind by the introduction into it and the making it dependent upon too many complicated rules of reasoning, while the simple-minded judging of a simple fact, goes to the root of the matter by a direct and intuitive process. Any one who will reflect will agree with me that reason is the common basis of the race and that until you get into complicated matters the human mind even of the uneducated is a pretty safe guide, but it isn't a solitary inference, it is a universal verdict to which men have been led by no worldly advantage.

not submit to this all the week." I am not going to afflict you thus all the week. I have submitted briefly in outline some of the reasons for our belief in the existence of a Creator. Is there any one here who will not agree with me that there is a very satisfactory hypothesis? There is no other explanation for things as we know them, and men who have essayed to furnish another account of the existence of this universe as we find it have utterly failed. We have a new theory with every succeeding generation. First there came men who protested there was no God. They clothed their protest in such violent vehemence, fanned with such passion, fired with such wickedness that the effort recoiled, and they were buried beneath their own grotesque theory.

The blood of the Revolution stained the world, but it left the world stronger in its faith in God Almighty than when it drew the sword to throw the Christian God from the waters of civilization and substituted the ideal humanity. That phase has passed away, and now we have substituted for it a new religion, with a little skepticism. A man with a great name for scientific research, may be a bad philosopher when he aims to infer, just as a good lawyer may be a bad natural philosopher. Law is his specialty, natural philosophy is not; physical science is a specialty in our day, and when the physical scientist gives out dogmatically an inference from ascertained facts, he leaves his specialty, he steps down upon the common platform with the poorest of the poor (applause), and with the decided disadvantage of a prejudice begotten by his skill, that is the value I place upon the protest made. All that is claimed by agnostics—I am not much troubled about them—religion and faith in God are more in danger as to their practical results by other causes which are somewhat peculiar to this generation: this is an interesting world, its business is interesting, its pleasures, its projects, its enterprises, and all the workings, and all its energies are made the property of every man by the power of the press every morning, it is a magnificent object that passes in view, it has added to captivity the imagination and dignity of the head and of the heart, it obscures the vision, like the mists of the morning hide the mountains, and God is pushed out of the way into the distance; men are troubled with excuses, busy with the prospects and the projects of life, and they forget their Maker, their heavenly Father; that is the danger of this generation, that we may forget that we are pilgrims here, that our burdens are pitched upon sitting sands, forget that we are citizens of eternity!

I am satisfied, ladies and gentlemen, that the multitudes who held the faith in God in times gone by never went through the process of an argument such as you have submitted for your consideration, and yet they believed in God; the world wasn't to them the revelation it is to us, it has a wider sweep to it; we see it in another light; we know more about it than our fathers did; this we owe to science and the science which makes the revelation help our faith, for every new discovery only adds to the cogency of the argument for God's existence; the world never appeared so wonderful in its magnitude, so admirable in its order, so exquisite in its rhythm, as it does to this generation, and believe me, this is my faith, that the next twenty-five years will reveal a world more wonderful than we dream of, and across every feature revealed will be written the imperishable name of the Immortal Creator.

There is, there must be, a creative and directive Power, omnipotent and omnipresent. Any other answer to the problem of the evolution of the universe solves nothing, gives us no solace. There is a God; there is a religion. Belief in God is the outgrowth of a study of nature, and religion is the outgrowth of a belief in God.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY "ORATORS." Dear Editor,—Happening to see, in your issue of two weeks ago, a reference to the insulting remarks made by Rev. John Coburn, at a supper at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on St. Patrick's night, giving his idea of Irish evils, I would like to supplement your article by a few remarks.

For years I have heard men like Rev. John Coburn, when Irishmen are celebrating their national anniversary say insulting things about Ireland. I have replied to many of them in the Toronto Globe. At the present moment I am daily expecting to see in your issue an article by Mr. Coburn, or in the Globe and Mail and Empire. It is two weeks since I wrote to these journals. They may not be anxious to give space to refute slanders on Ireland. However, we shall see.

heart, and her utter disinterestedness. In the whole history of the Middle Ages there is no story more simple and more splendid, no tragedy more mournful, than that of the "pious shepherdess" who by her passionate faith raised her country from the depths of degradation and dejection, to die the cruellest and most shameful of all deaths at the hands of her enemies. The elevation and the moral beauty of Joan's character have won the hearts of all men.

FOUND DEAD IN BED. Mr. John C. Harris, a prosperous young farmer of Chambersburg, N. Y., went to bed last Thursday night feeling as well as usual. Next morning his wife found him dead in bed beside her! It was a tragedy. He was a well-to-do man, and his death was a great loss to his family. The cause of death was not clear, but it was a sudden death.

TRIFLING WITH FAITH. Too many Catholics hold their faith too lightly and do not appreciate anything like its true value this most precious of all gifts. They are proud of being Catholics, ready sometimes to fight for their faith, when they do not show its influence on their lives. They regard it as a kind of inheritance come down from a long line of ancestors who preserved it amid a thousand trials and persecutions, and which, as a matter of course, they are to transmit unaltered to future generations. But here is the fallacy—in and under their control. It is a precious gift to man, that will live in this cold world of ours only by constant care, they can thrive and blossom only by the most zealous and anxious watchfulness. Those who are ever ready to criticize the Church and its teachings, to arraign priest, Bishop, and even the Vicar of Christ himself before the court of their judgment, are playing a dangerous game. Those who neglect their religious duties, who sympathize

CATHOLIC FARMERS. Ten miles west of Inisfail, Alta, there has been established a center for Catholic farmers with the authorization of the Right Rev. E. Legal, Bishop of St. Albert, Alta, and the agreement of the R. R. Fathers of Tinchebraay, in charge of that portion of territory comprising the district of Inisfail.

REPORTS OF WHAT WAS HAPPENING IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD REACHED THAT FARMER'S HOUSE IN DOMREMY. The heart of Joan was wrung with compassion for her suffering country. Many a fervent prayer did she offer up in behalf of her native land. At last, in 1428, when Orleans was invested by the English, the young girl of seventeen heard a heavenly voice ordering her to go to the rescue of the beleaguered city. Such an undertaking by a peasant girl in her teens seemed absurd, and it was therefore, not surprising that the very suggestion of Joan attempting the relief of Orleans was treated with scorn.

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FOUND DEAD IN BED. Mr. John C. Harris, a prosperous young farmer of Chambersburg, N. Y., went to bed last Thursday night feeling as well as usual. Next morning his wife found him dead in bed beside her! It was a tragedy. He was a well-to-do man, and his death was a great loss to his family. The cause of death was not clear, but it was a sudden death.

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COMING UNIVERSAL CREED.

WHAT PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER FORESEES AS RESULT OF CATHOLIC CHURCH'S TRAINING OF ITS CHILDREN.

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, preaching in the Chambers-Wylie Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, a week ago last Sunday, gave utterance to a prophecy which, must have been somewhat startling to his hearers.

"If the years which the child passes before he reaches his twelfth milestone are the most important years of the human life," said the preacher, "what are you and I as parents, doing for the physical and mental and moral and spiritual training of our little children?"

"Most of us are willing to confess that our little children are not receiving at home the religious training which they should. How are they to get that training? In our Sunday schools? Most of the children do not go to Sunday-school. Indeed, half an hour's week of Bible study will never make a strong Christian man and woman out of our children."

"Now I am going to say something you may not agree with me in, and which will shock some of you here present. The only church which is dealing with the spiritual development of her little children aright is the Catholic Church. The Catholic priest says, 'Let me mold the child up to twelve years of age and I care not who has the child after that.' And mark me, on account of the parochial school, the Catholic Church is to become the universal or conquering Church of America's future."

"And when I say this I am not attacking the Catholic Church. Mr. Beecher used to say that some people had two requisites for heaven: 'First, do you believe in Christ? Second, do you hate the Catholics? Well, then, pass into heaven.'

"But whether I like the Catholics or no, one fact is certain, the Catholics train their children for the Church. The result: the Catholics are simply going ahead by leaps and bounds. The coming universal creed of this land is the Catholic creed, unless we as a church have the brains of the Catholic priest and put the chief emphasis of our spiritual work into molding our children under twelve years of age for God."

ARCHBISHOP FARLEY DENOUNCES STAGE.

PARENTS TAKE YOUNG TO THEATERS WHERE GREATER OBSCENITIES OBTAIN THAN IN TIME OF PAGANISM.

His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop, preached at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, recently, when he spoke of the influence of bad example, and deplored the habits of older men and women who inspired the youth to follow their lead. He said the stage-to-day is worse than in the times of paganism. "We see to-day men and women—old men and old women—who ought to know better, bringing the young to these orgies of obscenity," he said. "Instead of that they should be exercising a supervision over the young and should look carefully after their companionship."

The Archbishop took for his text the words concluding the morning Gospel, "Many are called but few are chosen." He gave an interpretation of the sentence that differed somewhat from the old accepted meaning. "It is a warning and not a menace," exclaimed the Archbishop. "It is not intended to drive to despair, but to inspire to love. While love is a strong motive for man's faith, he nevertheless requires the spur of fear to keep him in the right path."

"The old preachers taught us that we must work out our destiny in fear and trembling," he continued. "They wanted us to believe that we must live untroubled if we are to be saved. But where are we to find any who have lived in accordance with the precepts of God? All about us we have the men and women who are setting evil examples. Men hoary with age are often found inspiring with evil the minds of the young. They go to the public places and to the theatres in shamelessness and they bring with them youngsters who cannot escape corruption."

Commenting on the remarks of His Grace, the Evening Post said:

"The stage is worse to-day than it was in the days of paganism," said Archbishop Farley in his sermon yesterday. Looking at the theatre as it is in this city, there is much ground for this sweeping assertion. Not only is 'Salome,' against which there were such strong protests two years ago, being produced regularly; but there are at least four plays in hitherto reputable theatres so indecent or dealing with such disgusting themes that they would not have been tolerated a few years ago. For this situation, the avarice of the managers, Christian and Jewish, is not wholly to be taxed."

"The laxity of the press is not without its share of the blame. How to remedy the situation is a problem to which the city's spiritual advisers may well devote themselves. We have, fortunately, progressed far from the time when every minister felt that every theatre was the pathway to destruction. Prejudice of this kind has passed with the recognition of the great educational possibilities of the stage. But, if the present rage for nudity and the portrayal of lives of immorality continues, we shall soon reach a pass where it will be folly to assert that we have any standard at all, or to require any of the theatre."

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WHEAT

ST. PATRICK'S SENSE OF HUMOR.

The following story, current among the Irish people in certain districts, claims, more or less seriously, to illustrate St. Patrick's sense of humor:

On a certain occasion, while preaching, the saint told the story of Jonas, relating how the ship in which Jonas had embarked was on the point of sinking, because the prophet was not yet willing to obey the command of God strictly. When the saint had concluded his discourse, he was about to leave but a pagan stopped him and said: "I do not like the kind of justice and right your God uses."

"Why?" said the saint. "Because," replied the pagan, "if the story you were telling a little while ago is true, he was going to drown a whole shipful of people on account of the crime of one man; the worst judge we ever had in Ireland would not do the like of that."

"Come with me, my good man," said St. Patrick, and he led him to a mossy bank where the saint knew there was a nest of bees. "Now, stay here," said

Patrick, "till I find a hive to put these bees in."

Patrick left, and when he came back he found the pagan fighting frantically with hands and feet against the bees, hundreds of them lying dead on the ground and hundreds more falling.

"Oh, why did you so mercilessly destroy these poor bees?" remonstrated the saint.

"Oh, the little demons, the little demons," yelled the pagan. "Without the slightest cause or reason, one of them stung me on the cheek."

"And," said Patrick, "on account of the misconduct of one, you killed them all; I thought you said that was an unjust thing to do and that the like of it was never done in Ireland."

The pagan had not a word to say. He submitted to St. Patrick and was baptized by him.—Translated from the Irish by the Rev. M. P. Mahon.

Great satisfaction is ours when even though circumstance seems to point otherwise, we know we have done right, let the world think what it will.

"LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE."

The question of the religious belief of Abraham Lincoln is once more receiving the attention of some of our exchanges. There is a tendency in some quarters to consider as an honor for the Church the fact that this or that great one of the world lived or died a Catholic. It is vastly more to the point for Catholics to exemplify their faith in their daily lives than non-Catholics seeking the light need seek it no more. The example of those who are not merely Catholics in name has ever been a potent influence in attracting sincere souls into the fold of Christ. The case of Sir Stephen De Vere, a brother of the better known Sir Aubrey, is but one of any among those, who, apart from theological discussions of doubts and difficulties are moved to come into the Church by the power of Catholic example. In speaking of his conversion the Catholic Citizen points out, Sir Stephen says: "What made a Catholic of me was my knowledge, my intimate knowledge of the innocence of the morals of the young men of the peasant class. I went among them. I was at their hurlings, at their sports. I heard them, I listened to them, I knew them, I compared them with the young men of my own class. I said, what can make this difference? It cannot be education, for they have little or none. It cannot be society. It cannot be travel; it must be only one thing—their religion—and I will be of the religion, that makes them so innocent and so pure."—Providence Visitor.

To Home Seekers.

Rev. J. C. Sinnett, P. P., after whom Sinnett, Sask., has been named, writes us as follows: I beg to state that I am now in a position to furnish good homes to those who wish them. In this connection I wish to say that I am not in favor of farmers selling out the old home, but if in a family there are several sons and only one hundred acres for all it would be better for the sons to come where good homes may be had

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rather than have them drift into cities, for which they are ill prepared, and perhaps destined for all time to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Persons wishing good homesteads may address Rev. J. C. Sinnett, Sinnett, Sask., who will furnish all possible aid.

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LONDON, SATURDAY.

THE OLD

It seems to us that the burdening us with load of immaturity refer to their own boys. They cast streets at an early age, to rise or sink. But what chance! Inexperienced, untold forces of the world is there of a Catholicism, standing materialism, the street and factory. Can we have against the well-earned youth of the country Canada is a land of who can win them forth to battle with been forged and and on the arrival of The lad of fourty concivance and worthy parents, stroom into the world. What it is both an office. So long pittance for his time and his right father and mother his contribution to oes. In the course down to the docks might have been prizes which Canada not his foolish an parents sent him merrily as eve victim to the b pastors try to his idea of their res of them are immo elling with dogge that connote in ance and produc as they are incur pend times and str to guide these them over the ro inject into their realization of the Canadians. But oftentimes hear d fault to do mu been played up the street, the flourish like nox and strip life wonder is that t boys into slave give an education of the family in boarding sch taught the pian esute wondrous the paint-brush mere's the pity mysteries of eld day of gradua rustling of fac mother to rec Julia, who exhibit prowess in art. is running ar week. Strang lyte says that

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