

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1907

1502

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SHOULD HAVE WAITED.

Speaking recently at Montreal on the occasion of the induction of Rev. W. T. Clark as pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, the Rev. John McKay expressed surprise that the confessional had never been introduced "into principles of our church. It is the only medium by which a pastor can be to his congregation what he ought to be."

The statement set the brethren a-tutering and Rev. McKay calmed their nerves by stating that he does not believe in the confessional as an institution, etc.

Had the gentleman maintained his original position, he could have called Protestant authorities to his support. He might have cited Pestalozzi, quoted by Hettlinger IV., page 253, who says that the Reformation broke the chain which bound the people to the ear of its spiritual director, and that the abandonment of the confessional deprived the pastor of the knowledge which is necessary for the right government of his flock. Kirchoff declares that the pastor cannot be what he ought to be save through the confessional. Walcher laments that the Protestant clergyman is but a preacher. And Melancthon scores the folly that banished the confessional. Luther admits that confession is useful, even necessary. Calvin recommends it. Leibnitz regards a pious and prudent confessor as a great factor in the salvation of souls. To Voltaire and Rousseau it was a mighty aid to virtue. Madame de Staël exclaims: "What would I not give to kneel in a Catholic confessional." And who, says M. Naville, has not wished to hear a voice, telling us the power of Christ, "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee."

In his own beautiful way, Cardinal Newman says: "If there is a heavenly idea, in the Catholic Church, looking at it simply as an idea, surely, next after the Blessed Sacrament, confession is such. Oh! what piercing, heart-subduing tranquillity, provoking tears of joy, is poured almost substantially and physically upon the soul, the oil of gladness, as Scripture calls it, when the penitent at length rises, his God reconciled to him, his sins rolled away forever."

Speaking of his first confession, the distinguished convert, Father Fidells, told a Philadelphia audience: "When I got through I found it was the real thing, and I felt so light and happy that I thought I might with a good run have jumped across the Schuylkill river." Well does that great Englishman say:

"For thou soothe the heart thou Church of Rome
By thy unweary watch and varied round
Of service in thy Saviour's holy home."

NO EXCEPTION.

Into the confessional go child and adult, layman and priest, to receive the forgiveness of their sins. Humbly they bow the head, for they know that the confessor is God's ambassador, the minister of reconciliation.

That Christ gave the power to forgive sin is plain from the words of St. John, c. 20. These words are too direct to need any elaborate comment. For centuries they were accepted in their obvious grammatical significance, and it was only when lust and pride were rampant that men set their faces against a truth vouchered for by saints and ages. They affected to be guided by a reverence for the word of God, but the real reason was that confession exercised too great a restraint upon their passions. It kept the young man earnest and upright, and the crown of purity upon the brow of womanhood, even as it guarded and sanctified the household and preserved intact the foundations on which rest the glory and prosperity of a people.

HOW EXPLAIN IT?

Confession is the solace of millions of Catholics. How explain the fact? A human invention? And yet some of the best and brightest of the world have knelt at the feet of priest and bared their souls to him. Could man make them do this? To say they were duped is but impertinence. They knew that the priest is the descendant of the Apostles to whom the Lord said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven," and that the power that Christ entrusted to His Apostles will endure in the Catholic priesthood while the world lasts. A centuries' old fact can-

not be put aside by ridicule. Our non-Catholic brethren are, in this matter as well as others, beginning to think for themselves.

FOR REFERENCE.

The Galileo case does duty even in this enlightened age as an argument against the Church. Father Breen, the English Benedictine, writing in The Tablet of April 20th, says:

"The point raised was whether the words of Scripture were to be interpreted literally or not. The Inquisition decided the Scripture was so to be understood, unless there was not clear proof to the contrary that it was so to be understood, and that is where Galileo's case broke down. There was no clear proof to the contrary known to science as then understood. The clear proof to the contrary was not known till the time of Newton and Halley and was quite unknown to Galileo. Huxley is once reported to have said that to his thinking the Cardinals had the best of the argument. (Quoted by Caskey, June 6.)

To the antiquated charge—Rome's hostility to science, Sir David Brewster says: "Galileo was a foreigner at Rome. The sovereign of the Papal State owed him no obligation, and hence we must regard the pension as a donation from the Roman Pontiff to science itself, and as a declaration to the Christian world that religion was not jealous of philosophy and that the Church of Rome was willing to respect and foster even the genius of its enemies." The reputable non-Catholic writers deny that Galileo was subjected to bodily torture. The legend, we quote "Encyclopedia Britannica," according to which Galileo, on rising from his knees after repeating the form of abjuration, stamped on the ground and exclaimed, *E pur si muove* (and yet it does move), is, as may readily be supposed, entirely apocryphal. The earliest ascertainable authority for it is the seventh edition of an Historical Dictionary published at Caen in 1789, one hundred and fifty years after the death of Galileo.—Quoted by Month (London) for May.

ONE OF THE CRITICS.

We advise the subscriber in regard to membership in a non-Catholic organization to consult his parish priest. What astonishes us is that the question should be asked at all. It is out of place on the lips of a Catholic; and the one who in this day of our flourishing societies cannot decide for himself must have data of which we are ignorant. Our societies may not have the power and influence which are attributed to those not under the auspices of the Church, but that they have the shortcomings visible to our correspondent may be put down to the credit of slander. If weak—why not strengthen them? If devoid of initiative why not impart to them the originality and energy on which our critics decant? Fault-finding is no remedy. But "criticism" is ever a favorite occupation of those who imagine that neither culture nor refinement abide within our societies. But a few words from the parish priest may clear the atmosphere for them.

ANOTHER THING THAT "AIN'T SO."

That the influence of the Church is on the wane may be visible to a non-Catholic editor, but this does not come within the range of vision of men who war against her. The most of the thinkers who are not of the fold say that her influence is on the increase, and one of them, Matthew Arnold, thinks that she will endure while all the Protestant sects dissolve and perish. A very significant fact is that the Socialist and Agnostic agree that the Church is the one great spiritual organization in their way. When men of undoubted ability, skilled in statecraft and having manifold resources, cannot compass her downfall, we may be pardoned for saying that our contemporary's optic nerve is not in working order. What he should try to account for is the fact that there is a Church at all.

Kept Himself Poor.

There are people—even Catholics—who talk about priests as money-graspers. Rev. Thaddeus Hogan, pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Trenton, N. J., the other day made the announcement to his people that during the thirty years of his pastorate he has not received one penny of his salary above the amount required for his personal expenses, having cleared the church of \$15,000 toward clearing the church of debt. He went to the church with \$7 in his possession, and now has less than that to call his own. He has even willed his life insurance to the church.

STRANGE "TRUTHS" AT CORNELL.

GREAT UNIVERSITY IN STATE OF NEW YORK—AND SOME OF THE QUEER TEACHINGS PUT FORTH BY THE PROFESSORS WITHIN ITS WALLS—HOSTILITY TO REVEALED RELIGION IN BOOKS PUBLISHED BY ITS PROFESSORS.

A few weeks ago, in a letter declining to allow credit for work done in any Catholic hall that might be established at Cornell University, President Schurman declared that "Cornell's aim is to learn and to teach in philosophy and in history, as well as in other fields, simply the truth, a truth which is in itself neither Catholic nor Protestant, Christian nor Pagan."

This statement is worthy of careful examination. If it means anything it must mean that Cornell is in possession of some species of truth which is unknown to Catholics, Protestants, pagans, and yet is the truth and nothing but the truth. It was in such way Hegel talked when formulating his philosophical system, and such is practically the language of Haeckel. In our own day, in attempting to popularize his monistic theory.

A writer in the current Catholic Union and Times gives an interesting outline of some of the "truths" which in the past have been taught at Cornell University. Professor Schurman asserts that in philosophy Cornell "learns and teaches simply the truth. What is this truth? The writer takes up President Schurman's book, "Being as One God, Its Origin, Nature and Basis," and extracts from it this assertion, which certainly must prove something startling to Catholics and Protestants, if not to Hindus and other classes of pagans:

"As creation is intrinsically impossible God must be regarded as the immanent ground of the universe, the vivifying and ordering principle of the cosmos, the universal life and all intimating power."

"The world is a phase, a function of the divine will. The causes which we perceive as active in the universe are not and cannot be distinct either from God or from one another, because such a distinction would render causality impossible. Nor have their distinct activities of their own; their action is that of God. Material things exist simply as modes of the divine activity; they have no existence for themselves."

This, says the writer, is pantheism. And indeed it would so appear. It is scarcely Christian to hold that "God must be regarded as the immanent ground of the universe, the vivifying and all ordering principle of the cosmos." The causes which are active in the universe, according to this testimony, cannot be distinct from God; they are a part of the Cause, consequently life cannot be superior to them because He and they are one. Pantheism holds that all that is, is God; therefore the sun, moon and stars are God, or parts of God, and so are men, women, mud-turtles and rotten mackerel.

One flaw, among many, in the pantheistic theory is, that it rules sin out of existence. Thus, logically and obviously, it is impossible for a god to commit sin! But, according to pantheism, all is God—men, women, etc., as well as the world and all its activities; therefore men and women, being a part of God, cannot sin. It can easily be seen that would degradation and dishonor would lead naturally to this conclusion, and would generally hold. In instance, see into what depths it has already plunged the masses in India and Siam.

"Truths" of this sort cannot be very healthy for Americans. But Cornell professes to teach "simply the truth" in history, according to President Schurman. The writer in our Buffalo contemporary takes up the statement also and makes some generally held. In instance, see into what depths it has already plunged the masses in India and Siam.

"Of the innumerable false statements and misrepresentations of facts contained in this work not one can have an idea who has not waded through the sea of worthless volumes. They are a tissue of falsehoods, or rather one long historic lie. Thousands of so-called facts, collected from a vast promiscuous literature, are all twisted to convey the false impression that for centuries the physical and natural sciences have been sterilized by theology or oppressed by ecclesiasticism."

A few references will prove that the work deserves the severest condemnation: The Bible has given to the world long and weary ages of hatred, of fetishism, of tyranny and bloodshed (Vol. II, p. 395). The creation accounts in our sacred books are of a legendary character (I. 24). The legend of the fall of man comes down to us from the Hebrews and by them transmitted to Christianity (I. 301). The Gospels contain a mass of folly and cruelty (II, 115).

Accepting the foregoing as a correct summary, one must question the value of the "truths" taught at this great university in the State of New York. Such an institution, of course, could scarcely be expected to give credit to working Catholic or Christian lines done within its shadow, especially in philosophy and history.

Let us seek purely the kingdom of God, His will, whole and entire, and abandon ourselves to His heart through Mary our Immaculate Mother.—P. de Ravignan.

A DANGER OF SOCIALISM.

We point herewith extracts from sermons lately delivered at Baltimore by Archbishops Ryan and Glennon on the subject of socialism.

There are three great and increasing evils in our day—one affecting the individual, the second the family, and the third the State. I mean suicide, divorce and communism, leading to anarchy, said His Grace Archbishop Ryan. Now, the doctrine of Christianity teaches the folly and sinfulness of all these, and declares that those guilty of them shall be punished for all eternity. The Catholic Church says to a man meditating suicide: You are planning murder; you have no right over your own life; you have no right to destroy the image of God in your soul, and by flying from the evils you suffer you descend in an instant into the flames of eternal suffering and give up our God, who loves you and will strengthen you if you only ask Him. After your death your memory shall be branded with infamy. No religious service shall be held at the church or the grave for you, and you shall be separated from father, mother, sister, brother and kindred; for your body cannot be buried in a Catholic cemetery. To the divorced man or woman she says boldly: You are living in adultery according to the doctrinal declaration of Jesus Christ, and "adulterers cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." To the discontented communist and laborer rushing towards anarchy she says: "All power is from God, and you have no right to disturb the order of society by crime and violence. Seek legitimate means to right your wrongs. Look at the King of Kings, my spouse and your model. He became poor to teach you patience. He was capital supreme; for the riches of heaven and earth were at his disposal, and He became the Carpenter of Nazareth, to teach by example that labor is honorable. And now, brethren, let us all lift up our hearts and voices to-day in this venerable sanctuary and cry to God our Father: O Eternal Father! we thank Thee for the blessings Thou hast bestowed upon Thy people in this temple during the past century, and we beg of Thee through the prayers and sacrifices that have been offered here during that period that Thou wilt hear the cry of the American Church to-day. By the memory of Thy servants whose bodies lie beneath the altar, and those others who have filled this holy temple, and above all, through Him Thy Beloved Son, our Emmanuel, hear us. O Lord!

In this our day we have seen the burning lava streaming down the mountain side and sweeping away the hope of the young, the strong and the hopeful. We have seen the earth opening and shaking and pulverizing the splendid works of men. O grant that the still more appalling mist of moral ruin may not come upon us, but that, safe in the sanctuary of Thy Son, we may await His coming."

In his sermon Archbishop Glennon gave high praise to Cardinal Gibbons as a priest and a man, and said that much of the success in the years that his Eminence has been to the fore was due to his great work.

His theme was "The Catholic Church, the American Nation and the Twentieth Century." He spoke of the change in the social fabric and those things which had been wrought through enlightenment, but he said through all the Roman Catholic Church stood stronger and firmer than ever. He continued:

Baltimore's history draws into its evolution the history of the Church in America; so to do justice to Baltimore, we must bow to the historian, who may in voluminous compilation recount the years and the deeds, the men and the motive that make forever conspicuous in the annals of the Church Baltimore's one hundred years.

When the first stone was laid there was one Bishop, there were a few priests and a scattered sacred edifice to not go outside this sacred edifice to see what fruitage that seed has had, which here was planted by saintly hands. A hundred Bishops to day lower their crozier to Baltimore, fifteen thousand priests and fifteen millions of Catholic people turn to this mecca, when came their spiritual beginnings, with filial love and veneration.

We ask ourselves what has the future in store for us. How will stand this Catholic Church here in this second century of her life? The Catholic Church—the American nation—the twentieth century? The Catholic Church we know; the American nation we know; but the twentieth century and what it will bring we do not know, nor may we dare to presume on knowledge of the inscrutable will of the Most High, in whose hands are Church and nation and all contrary.

And yet, the occasion is opportune to look before and after; to ask the duties of the day and the morrow; to prepare intelligently for to-morrow's work; and, in doing so, to watch as best we may the trend of thought and activity, so that the work we do may merit the benediction of heaven.

The social fabric is to-day in imminent danger in the opinion of the conservative, because they claim old principles are ignored, old foundations are attacked. What was held as law is regarded now as injustice; what was held as Government is now deemed tyranny. Men hold no longer the duty of obedience to power, because power would claim a divine sanction.

It were foolish to deny that the shadow of socialism is hanging over the land, and while learned men are busy pointing out its unreasonableness, its injustice, its lack of feasibility, yet the

shadow deepens; the preachers capitulate and the leaders grow more audacious. We are told that the end has come for that form of social life that heretofore obtained in Christendom, and they doubt not that with it will go the institutions and the churches that cling to the past. So that we may infer that a church that refuses to modify its teachings, or change its principles, or divorce itself from a past that is now impossible, must view with anxiety the threatening future.

Yet we fear not. We are convinced that the Church has a message for these coming years. Do the people demand equality? Do they ask for an even chance in the struggle for life? Is the brotherhood of man the dream they would see actualized? Then comes our Church, heedless of the mere passing clamor, careless of the mere surface thought of a restless age, to the changeless principles of the democracy of the cross, inviting humanity back to that cross and to the one who died thereon.

Standing before that cross, we would teach an equality that mere forms of poverty and wealth would not affect. We would draw back the curtain veil of a man among men, a brother among his brethren, whose presence there to teach brotherhood has the imprint of a divine fiat. From the sacred heart there opened flows equal mercies. In that presence all men are equal—in origin, life, duty and destiny. And in that deeper vision of brotherhood which links itself with the work and walking in the way of our Elder Brother, predicates infinitely more for the poorest and the lowliest than any dream of Socialist or deed of philanthropist.

For these latter would deal with passing conditions, which wise laws can improve, but for vital principles, basic truths, which must underlie all social legislation, these may be found where Christ has set them, and may be ignored only at the price of the downfall of civilization. True, that civilization of ours, the creation of the Church, may have its faults. Sins may have been committed in its name, wealth may have been accumulated unrighteously, application made to the civilizer for its apology or protection. But all this is only accidental. The intrinsic, essential principles still remain, and, taught as Christ would have them taught, become for man the only sure foundation for the construction and perpetuation of the social edifice.

I admit that there is darkness in the sky; social unrest is everywhere visible; rumblings are heard from the hills indicating the coming storm. Yet, from the gloom and the gloom, as on Good Friday, will come a Leader, to bless humanity and recreate the world. By the sacrifice there undergone, He teaches to all men that human life is henceforth equally sacred in all, duty equally peremptory, and hope equally comforting. It is this teaching that has given our civilization its form, and remains still as its foundation, and so will remain while the Catholic Church remains, to guard its walls.

WHY DO CATHOLICS HAVE AN ITALIAN FOR A POPE.

One might also ask why did St. Peter make Rome the seat of his primatial authority. The fact is that Rome is an Italian city, and probably the main reason why many Italians have succeeded to the chair of Peter. It is not necessary that an Italian be chosen Pope. In the past there have been Popes of other nationalities, and the same may occur in the future. The fact, too, that for so many centuries the Pope was also a temporal ruler naturally favored the election of an Italian Pope. In the election of a Pope, as in the appointment of bishops, and even priests, national feelings are often considered and practical considerations are taken into account. It would seem strange, except for urgent and weighty reasons, to select a Cardinal from some foreign country and make him Bishop of Rome or Pope. The College of Cardinals by whom and from whom would naturally expect, as we would naturally expect, to be composed mostly of Italians. They are the bishops of the towns near Rome, and the "official or titular" pastors of some parishes in Rome. It is true that the dignity of Cardinal is frequently conferred upon churchmen of other countries in recognition of their virtues, abilities, and services. The Cardinals, like the princes of a royal family have much influence in the government of the Church. They form his cabinet. The majority of them are Italians, as they should be, in account of their close connection with Rome and its environments. Some intimate knowledge of diplomacy and familiarity with the machinery of church government is expected in one capable of assuming the responsibilities of the Papacy. Now who is more likely to possess these qualifications than an Italian Cardinal who at close hand has by personal experience and observation, has become acquainted with the duties of the Papacy? National jealousies would immediately be aroused if a Pope were chosen who was not an Italian. We are used to having an Italian Pope and we are satisfied.—Catholic Virginian.

A mind ever brooding on God, saturated with the thought of God, and to whose reasoning God is the swift conclusion of all premises, has a sense of its own, and is a power on earth to which neither rank nor genius may compare.—Father Faber.

PIOUS OPINIONS, AND NOTHING MORE.

WHERE NON CATHOLICS ARE CONCERNING WHETHER CATHOLICS ARE BOUND TO BELIEVE.

Although refuted innumerable times, the notion still prevails to a disheartening extent among non-Catholics that the Church is committed to all the opinions and legends found in pious books from Catholic pens. How often one hears or sees such opinions and legends referred to as the teaching of the Church! Strange teaching it would be—some of it. All Catholics should know, and lose no opportunity of assuring their Protestant friends and acquaintances, that the creed of the Church is in reality a short one—that, of a thousand things pliously believed, not one may be binding upon the faithful. What we are bound to believe is laid down by the Council of Trent.

Reviewing, in the London Tablet, a recent sermon by the Anglican Bishop of London, the venerable Father Angus had occasion to touch upon this subject and thus happily expressed himself: "We are not bound to accept everything which we may find in devotional books written by pious and well-meaning persons. Some people appear to think that whenever any one who has a love of paper, pen and ink, and has printing press at his (or her) command, chooses to publish a book on the Holy Souls, or any other subject, the Pope and the whole Catholic Church are responsible for the same, forgetting that many books fall still-born from the press, that many more attract no attention, and that concerning a great many the Catholic world lives in profound and, perhaps, happy ignorance. * * * But, however edifying they may be, we are in no wise committed to the opinions contained in them. These are pious opinions and nothing more, unless and until authority raises them to the rank of a dogma."—Ave Maria.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

An event of historical interest to the entire Church took place at Maryhelp Abbey, Belmont, N. C., on June 9, when the Rev. Gelasio Ramirez, of Cebu, Philippine Islands, was raised to the sublime dignity of the priesthood.

In the highest aristocratic and court circles of Germany a profound sensation has been caused by the retiring from the world of Prince Lowenstein-Wertheim-Rochoford, a member of the Dominican monastery of Bonle, near the Dutch frontier.

Bishop Matz, of Denver, is reported to have warned his people against public libraries, which place within reach of the masses the infidel teachings of Voltaire and the sensational dime novel, getting in their work of destruction only too early.

As a detail of the development of Fordham University, the Messenger Magazine, organ of the Jesuit Order, hereafter will be issued from that institution, where its editors, Rev. John J. Wynne, Rev. Thomas J. Campbell and Rev. E. P. Spillane, will live, Archbishop Vileke has left France for America, and thus the schematics who gathered round him are left in a position of some difficulty. For they are now left without even "a sort of bishop," and there seems but a poor prospect of one turning up.

This year will carry the usage of Cardinal Moran, of Australia, up to 77 years, and that of Dr. Murray, Bishop of Maitland, to 82. Neither of the prelates have occasion to wear spectacles. Neither does Bishop Murphy of Hobart, Tasmania.

The Most Rev. John Joseph Glennon, D. D., Archbishop of St. Louis, Mo., has been appointed an assistant commissioner of the United States Government for the religious census, with a salary, and ample power to engage assistants, and with the franking privilege.

Dr. Alphonse Baudelin of Worcester, Mass., whom the president has made chief commissioner of the United States to the International Maritime Exposition, which begins October 31 at Bordeaux, France, is a graduate of Assumption College, where he was a schoolmate of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and, through his mother, is a nephew of Charles Thibault, the great French Canadian tribune.

The Jesuit Fathers in Holland are starting a house for workmen's retreats. The building for this purpose at Venlo (Limburg) is nearly finished. There is sufficient room for eighty workmen, and lodging in the house receive board and lodging in the house itself. Seven such foundations are already existing in Belgium, in which thousands of men make retreats every year.

The Holy Father received recently in a private audience Canon Patrick O'Quin, who, despite his most Celtic name, comes from Pau, in France. At the close of the interview Canon O'Quin said in Italian, but with a strong French accent: "Holy Father, I beg a special blessing for France, that she may not lose the faith." The Holy Father looked at him with that grave, sweet smile of his: "Nay," he said, "be assured, she will not lose it."

The Japanese ambassador was received by the Pope on July 23rd. He delivered to the Pope an autograph letter from the Mikado, thanking the Pope for sending Bishop O'Connell on his recent mission to Japan. The Pope spoke as usual on such occasions. Subsequently Cardinal Merry del Val, papal secretary of state, returned the visit in the name of the Pope at the hotel where the ambassador is stopping. The Pope conferred decorations on the ambassador and his secretary.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

LUKE DELMEGE.

BY THE REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE," "CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE REALM OF DIA. And now commenced a strange life for our young Levite—a life whose circumstances clearly obliterated every lingering trace of desire for far, heroic deeds, which, like martyrdom, would mean one short spasm of pain, and then—the eternal laurels. He began to feel that there was something even higher and nobler than all this—the daily, hourly martyrdom of the struggle with Satan and sin—the struggle with evil in its Protostan shapes—evil preached from house tops in strong, satanic accents—or more mildly through the press and literature, and from the boards of theatres, and the millions of pamphlets and leaflets, that fell like the flakes of fire in the Inferno, on the raw and festering souls of men. Sometimes he walked, for study's sake, through crowded streets, and watched the hideous mass of humanity from the roof of an omnibus. Sometimes he would stand for a dizzy moment at a chemist's window in London Road, and stare at the swirling, heaving, tossing tide of humanity that poured through the narrow aqueduct. Never a look or word of recognition amongst these atoms, who stared steadily before them into space, each started in some apprehension by some coming apparition. Luke began to have bad dreams. Sometimes he dreamt of the city as a huge dead carcass, swarming with clotted masses of maggots, that squirmed and rolled in its dread putrescence. Sometimes he saw Britannia, as pictured on coins, with her helmet and trident; but there hung a huge goblin on her neck, and that was London. But most often he saw a pale ghost wandering through dark and narrow streets, or herded in fetid alleys. They appeared to be absorbed in a silent, but dread and exorbitant quest. What it was, Luke could not see. Some found the desirable thing, and tried to walk along unconcernedly for fear of being robbed; but there were dark sentinels posted along the ways, and stole the prize even from the most wary passengers. And over all was the smoke of hell and the brown twilight of the realms of Dia.

After this dread dream, which he was unable to shake off for many days, he never saw London but as a shadowy picture of gloom and darkness. Whether the early sunmornings of September lighted the blind streets; or the tender grays of October threw a haze around the dying splendours of parks and terraces—he saw only the London of his dream—*terram desertam, et tenebrosam et operant mortis caliginem*. He began to be alarmed for his health, and he visited a certain physician. A long statement of symptoms, etc., under the keen eyes of *Esculapius*, he promptly replied: "Lately you have been not yet habituated to English roast beef and potted salmon. All will come right soon. Work!" Luke took the prescription, and faithfully followed it. He worked in schools and slums, in confessional and pulpit, in hospital and asylum, till his fine face and figure began to be known, and threw a sunbeam into the tenchous and sordid places where he had to go. And some one said it was a holy Irish name "God sent you!" Ah! These wonderful nuns! The glorious vicarines in the march of the army of Christ. No stars bedeck them, or crosses; no poet sings them; no trumpets blare around their rough and tollsome march and struggle; but some day the bederoll will be called, and the King's right hand will pin on their breasts the cross of His Legion of Honor. And often, as Luke's heart failed him, and he felt he was powerless against the awful iniquity that surged around him, the sight of these Sisters, moving quietly through hideous slums, and accepting insults as calmly as accepting slaps, or their white lips blanched by the reeking air of their schools, and the reeking sordes that festered from the clothes of the poor wails, whom they were rescuing from Stygian horrors, smote him with shame, and nerved him by the tonic of noble example for far higher and greater work. And over all the factor, and smoke, and horror played lambent flashes of Celtic wit and humor, as brave men jest when shells are crashing and bullets are singing around them. "Come, figure on recreation garden badly, so pale and hollow-cheeked she looked. She led him up five flights of stairs, then bade him go out on the leads and look. He did and stood. There was a square patch of blue overhead. All around were brick walls. It was the recreation ground of a prison. He passed around the parapet, and touched with his hand the grimy ledges where the London smoke was festering. And such little pathetic stories as of the child who shouted: "D—n you, don't drown me!" when the baptismal waters were poured upon her head; or the pretty ancient legend of the mariner convert, who could never get beyond "Father, Son, and Holy Water;" or the apology of the old Irish apple woman for not being able to recognize "the figure of the Crucified," "because, ma'am, I haven't my spectacles with me, and my sight is wack." Ah me! These are the little tragic amusements of mighty martyrs in the crowded amphitheatre of London life. Sometimes, too, when Luke felt as an airy, gauze-winged butterfly, beating vain wings against the granite walls of ignorance or vice, and his heart sank down in despair, and his heart was God bless you!" of a poor woman, or the smile of a London flower girl, with her pretty little bow, and "Do, please, Father," would inspire him. Or when striding along some populous street, with all the gaudy 'Arrys and flippant 'Ariats around, he would dream of Ireland, and what she might have been, suddenly a band, with a

green flag and golden harp, and a rush of green and golden uniforms, would burst upon him with music and color, and every man would give the military salute, there as they tramped the London pavement in military order, to their young beloved officer. And he would say to himself: "A race to work for and die for, with all their faults." And above all would float the far-off dream of the white, thatched cottage above the cliffs, and the murmur of the sea, and the purity and simplicity that o'er-draped with clouds of gold the azure vault that bent above his Irish home at Lisnalee. Luke preached his first sermon very much to his own satisfaction. He had heard ever so many times that what was required in England was a series of controversial and argumentative sermons that might be convincing rather than stimulating. The occasion rather than the subject, was a certain Anglican divine had declared that Calvinism was the bane and curse of the Church of England. Here then was the enemy—to be exercised by a course of vigorous lectures on Grace. Here Luke was master. The subject had formed part of the fourth year's curriculum in college, and Luke had expounded it to its deepest depth. He read up his "Notes," drafted fifteen pages of a discourse, committed it to memory, and delivered it faultlessly, with just a delicious flavor of a Southern brogue, which was captivating to the greater part of his audience, and delightful from its very quaintness and originality to the lesser and more select. Now, Luke was a Molinist, and he told his congregation so. He demolished Calvin and Knox first, and when he had stowed away all that was left of them, he told his wondering and admiring audience that the Thomist and Scotist positions had been carried by assault, and that the Molinist *g* was now waving above the conquered garisons. Many more things he told them, as their wonder grew; and when Luke stepped down from the pulpit, he felt that the conversion of England had now in reality begun. Not that he was very vain; but it was hard to get rid of the ideas that six years of success and flattery had imprinted on a very plastic and susceptible character. And Luke felt much in the same position he had so often occupied in Maynooth, when he spun syllogisms as a spider spins his webs, and drew narrow flies into their viscous and deadly clutches. The opinion of the congregation varied. That very large section in every congregation to whom the delivery of a sermon is a gymnastic exercise, which has no reference to the audience other than as spectators, considered that it was unique, original, but pedantic. One or two young ladies declared that he had lovely eyes, and that when he got over the *logomachy* of his Irish education, he would be positively charming. One old apple-woman challenged another:—"What was it all about, Mary?" "Yerra, how could I know? Sure it was Latin. But I caught the 'grace of God' sometimes." "Well, the grace of God and a big loaf—sure that's all we want in this world." A rough workman, in his factory dress, asked:—"Who is this young man?" "A new hand they've taken on at the works here," said his neighbor, "and the opinions of the clergy were not audibly expressed. Luke, indeed, heard one young man hint broadly at the "windmill," by which he understood his own gestures were meant. And another said something about a "pump-handle." A young Irish cotter stole to Luke's room late that night, and on being bidden to "come in," he threw his arms around Luke, and thumped him on the back, ran up and down the room several times, and went through sundry Celtic gyrations; then:—"Luke, old man, I'll tell you, you've knocked them all into a cocked hat." The Vicar General said nothing for a few days; then:—"Delmege, have you got any more of these sermons?" "Yes, sir; I have the series in 'Notes.'" "Barr them!" "Take the Dublin Review to your room, volume by volume, he added, "and study it. You've got quite on the wrong tack." Luke had his first sick call. It was urgent. A marine was dying down at the Naval Hospital near St. Dunstons. With all the alacrity of a young missionary, Luke passed rapidly through the streets, entered the huge archway of the hospital, inquired the way hastily from a passer by, was directed to a hall-door, knocked, and was ushered by a trim servant-maid into a handsomely furnished drawing-room. "Very unlike a hospital ward," thought Luke. "Perhaps the parlour of one of the nurses or the matron." He was left here for a long time wondering at the pictures and books, the dainty accumulations of years by some soul that evidently had taste and where to satisfy it. Then the door softly opened, and a clergyman, clad in library costume, short coat, etc., entered, gravely saluted him, bade him be seated, and commenced a calm, serious conversation. Luke's bewilderment was increasing, and with it an ever deepening anxiety about his poor patient, who then and now might be struggling in his death agony. He never saw his mistake, until at last he rose, and the clergyman escorted him to the door, and thanked him for his friendly visit. He had sense enough left to ask the way to the hospital, which was kindly pointed out, and where he found the patient in the death-agony and unconscious. The dying man lay in a little cot at the right hand side of the long, empty ward. There was no other patient there. An attendant, clad in brown cloth, decorated with brass buttons, sat on the bed, coolly reading a news paper. The hand of death was on the face of the poor consumptive. His eyes were glazed, and the gray shadow flitted up and down at each convulsive breath. "Is this the Catholic patient?"

asked Luke, anxiously. "Yerra, he be a Catholic, I understand," said the man. "He is dying," said Luke, who had never seen death before. "Dead in exactly twenty minutes," said the man, taking out his watch and measuring the time. He restored the watch to his pocket and continued reading the paper. This awful indifference smote Luke to the heart. He knelt down, put his stole around his neck, tried to elicit an act indicative of conscious sorrow from the dying, failed, and was enclosed with higher—and more perfect—faceted with the gifts of God as we? And as God as the five millions of London? Here amongst the five millions of London? It was a dreadful thought, but impossible! It is only on earth that the mighty Maker is ignored. More shame for those who know Him—to whom He hath revealed Himself! And then Luke's thoughts would turn to Ireland of the saints. "It ought to be a vast monastery," he said; "one grand, everlasting choir of palm and hymn, where the praises of God would never cease—never know pause or suspension of night." Alas! he did not know until after many years how far the splendid materialism of England had infected and attenuated the spiritualism of Ireland; and how hearts were throbbing, and eyes looking far towards the rattle and rattle of the machinery of Mammon, rather than for the thunder of mighty organs and the raptures of exultant choirs. Nor did he know how the spirit of the supernatural in his own breast was already pluming its wings for flight, and how new ideas—new, and only felt dimly that he was carried on, on a whirlwind of some mighty mechanism; that the whirl of all this, went his own way, unheeding and indifferent—a solitary in the awful desert of teeming human life. Everywhere it was the same. Whilst all around the splendid materialism of England asserted and showed itself; whilst shops were packed full of every kind of luxury and necessary, and the calculators of the overworked nerves of the victuallers and pork-butchers tied with the fetters of human food; whilst public baths were springing up in all directions, and everything ministering to human wants was exhibited in superabundance; whilst a perfect system of police and detective supervision guarded human life and safety, each solitary individual walked his way alone. You might live in a street for twenty years and not know the name of your next door neighbor; and you would be labelled and ticketed for State purposes, without the slightest reference to your own well-being, except so far as you were a component part of the State. It was a huge piece of perfect and polished mechanism—cold, clean, shining, smooth, and regular; but with no more of a soul than a steam-engine. Often when the rattle and roar of the huge mechanism tortured the overworked nerves of Luke Delmege, and he felt as if he had been condemned for life to be imprisoned in some huge, infernal Tartarus of cranks and wheels, and the everlasting roar of steam and machinery, he would steal into some quiet street, where, hidden and unseen, as God in the mighty mechanism of the universe, he crouched some humble church; and sitting on the rude benches he would wait for an hour or two the red lamp swinging before the tabernacle, and break out into a soliloquy to ease his overburdened heart:—"Lord, Lord! how lonely and silent how hidden and neglected Thou art! O all the millions who swarm in this hideous city, how many, how few, are aware of Thy awful Presence! There they pass and re-pass, Thy creatures, made by Thy hands, and Thy return to pleasure, on sin; but Thou art silent and they do not know that Thou art near! Thy name is cried in the street; but Thou, the dread reality, art but an abstraction and chimera! They think of Thee, as afar off on Sinai or Calvary; they do not know that Thou art here within touch of their hand and sound of their voice. Weary statesmen, but denied in that pile. They want wisdom, but know not where to seek it—world-wisdom, for they rule the world, and have assumed Thy prerogatives and responsibilities without the knowledge that could enlighten, or the judgment that can discern! And there close by is the mighty temple where once Thy praises were sung and Thy Sacred Presence rested; and Thy light is in the sky and Thy porch. Not Thy Presence, but the dust of many who have done Thee dishonor, is there. And here around are souls perishing from hunger and feeding on husks; and they have forgotten to cry to their Father for bread. Verily, Thou art a hidden God, and the world does not know Thee!" This loneliness of our Lord in His London tabernacles invariably led Luke to the cognate reflection of the loneliness of God and His hiddenness in His universe. He was rather drawn to this reflection by the habit he had acquired of meditating on the ineffable attributes of God, since the day when his venerable professor told an admiring class that he had remained up half the night before, absorbed in a reverie, itry and prerogatives of the angels. But whereas, in the lonely fields and on the silent seas and lakes of Ireland, he had been penetrated only by the majesty and immensity of the Creator, here in seething, riotous, tumultuous London, the loneliness of God affected him even to tears. "To-night," he said, "in all England, but two or three small communities will watch with God. To-night, what all England with its 30,000,000 are asleep, one or two tiny communities, there in Devonshire, here in Parkminster, there in Leicester, will startle the solemnity of the night with psalms of praise and canticles of adoration.

"Praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him, all ye people." Alas! no. All the nations and all the people are busy with other things, and the Lord of the universe, bending down to hear the voices of the darkness, of the earth, and the tumultuous worship of His heaven. "And then the thought startled him—could it be that God is as forgotten in the vast heavens as on earth? Are all the mighty spirits that people the universe, hove over infant planets, guide colossal suns, revel in the crimson and golden belts of far fairer worlds than ours, and are enclosed with higher—and more perfect—faceted with the gifts of God as we? And as God as the five millions of London? Here amongst the five millions of London? It was a dreadful thought, but impossible! It is only on earth that the mighty Maker is ignored. More shame for those who know Him—to whom He hath revealed Himself! And then Luke's thoughts would turn to Ireland of the saints. 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CHAPTER X.

THE STRAYED REVELLER.

Doctor Wilson was in his study. He was engaged with a patient. So the faithful servant told the few judicious patients who were waiting below and read the Graphic and The Jester; or mutually comparing each other's liver symptoms, and talking of the latest pharmaceutical wonder. Dr. Wilson's patient, or patients, were of a peculiar type; and he was searching diligently for one whom he felt called covered—invisible to you or me; but plainly visible there in the dark chamber, under the tiny moon of light cast from a reflector. Unseen themselves, but agents of unseen powers for the destruction of human tissue, and therefore of human life, they swarmed under the microscope; and Wilson felt about as comfortable as in a powder magazine, or with a charge of dynamite beneath his feet. But he would not let that microbe of hydrophobia, which no man had yet discovered; he would find and write a treatise on it, and then—Sir Athelstan Wilson! "Come in!" "Mrs. Wilson would like to know, whether you intend going to the theatre to-night." "No!" sharp and laconic. Then—"Send up those patients; let me see—Mr. Carnegie heard his father's decision, heard and rejoiced. "I shall accompany you, mother." "No, dear. I shall not go." Louis Wilson regretted the decision deeply, but smiled. Mrs. Wilson idolized her son. Louis Wilson despised his mother. Her worship disgusted and amazed him. His contempt intensified her idolatry. He played on her wretched feelings, and shattered and wrecked her instrument—made her, made her furious with passion or maudlin with love, repelled her, as at a dinner party a few evenings before, when he hissed at her behind his cards: "Hold your tongue, and don't make a fool of yourself; won't her back by a lurid description of London reveals, in which he played no innocent part. Of his father he was somewhat afraid, probably because he had to look to him for ways and means. There had been one or two scenes by reason of certain debts that Louis had contracted; and the father, to relieve his feelings, used language somewhat stronger than is sanctioned by conventional usage. Louis regarded him coolly, told him such expressions were ungentlemanly, that he had never heard the like amongst the high elemental society in which he moved—in a word, made his father thoroughly ashamed of himself. But there are certain limits even to a doctor's finances; and Louis, once or twice, had to look elsewhere. This did not increase his filial affection, which now was blended with dread and hate, disgust and aversion. "I think I shall have a cigar, then," said Louis to his mother. "I shall hardly return to supper." "The doctor won't like to see you again, Louis," said his mother. "This is his night at the lodge," said Louis. "He won't miss me." The last patient (all but the hydrophobic microbe, who positively refused to be diagnosed or to pay a fee) was dismissed; the last guinea pocketed; the last entry made; and the doctor, a weary man, with a weight of care

showing in his gray hairs and puckered eyes, entered the drawing room. "Where's Louis?" he demanded peremptorily. "Gone out for a cigar," said his wife. "Confound that cub," said the father. "I believe he hates his home and despises us all." "Now, really, Athelstan, you are unjust to the boy. You repel him, and, domesticated as he is, you drive him where he is better appreciated." "Better appreciated?" echoed the doctor, lifting his eyebrows. "Yes, better appreciated," said the good mother. "You ignore the poor boy, and he is frightened of you. Yet I heard Lady Alfrith say the other day at the levee that that boy was a perfect Adonis. What's Adonis, Athelstan?" "Adonis," said the doctor, "was an infamous puppy, who did not reflect much credit on his admirer, nor she on him. Does she make herself the Venus of Emploea or the Venus of Apelles, Bessie?" "I don't know anything about them," said poor mamma. "But I do know that my boy is admired by the highest ladies of the land, and that you'll drive him to destruction." "Humph! He is pretty far on the road already. Where's Barbara?" "I don't know. Probably in some of the slums, with a basket on her arm and a poke bonnet, like those bold Salvation Army people." "Barbara should be at home. Can it be possible that, with her domesticated tastes, you may be driving her to destruction?" "I'm sure I do all in my power to bring her into decent society. I have had every kind of invitation for her—to balls and tennis parties; but the girl has low tastes, I regret to say—" "Inherited from whom?" "Not from me, certainly. You are constantly taunting me with being too fond of society." "H'm! Look here, Bessie, let us compromise. Bring up your brother, the Canon, and I'll give a dinner, and you may meet an eligible 'Barbara'." "She'd rather be kneeling at the feet of a friar," said Mrs. Wilson; but her heart jumped at the suggestion. "Well, that is low enough," said the doctor; and he laughed at his little pun. "Whom shall we ask?" said Mrs. Wilson. "Oh! it makes no matter. The Canon will obliterate everybody. By the way, isn't there a big English preacher coming over here soon?" "Yes," said Mrs. Wilson. Her plans were ripening to perfection. "He's a near relative to the Duke of B—"

"Bessie, the gods are smiling on thee. If ever you care for heaven after you have the Duke's relative at your shoulder, I'm an apothecary. But, by Jove, won't there be fun? We'll pit the Canon against the colubrid; 'twill be worth a prize-fight in Arizona." "What day shall we say?" asked Mrs. Wilson, who bore her husband's bantering by reason of her triumph. "Any day you please, but immediately after the horse show. Calthrop is coming over, and I want to show him something worth remembering." "That horrid fellow from Cambridge who wrote about germs and things?" "Exactly. He is the leading germiologist of the day, except Weismann." "Will he wear his apron—and things?" "T'would be hardly right, you know, in the presence of the clergy." "He will, then, and you'll see streaks of hell fire, red and yellow, across his breast. Here goes for a cigar! If the cub enjoys a cigarette, why shouldn't the old bear enjoy a cigar?" Mrs. Wilson was alone with her own thoughts and plans for a few minutes. Then a gentle step was heard on the stairs, and Barbara, looking pale and weary, came in. She flung her hat on the sofa, tidied up her hair, and asked her mother might she have a cup of tea there in the drawing room. "I suppose you may," said her mother, peevishly. "Although I must say, Barbara, you would consult better for our respectability if you would conform more closely to the requirements of elegant society." There spoke the Canon's sister, Barbara, and then she drew over a chair, and, taking up a magazine, asked anxiously:—"Where is Louis, mother?" "You care little about Louis or any of your family," answered Mrs. Wilson; "if you did you would not avoid meeting those who might be of service to us, and affect the society of the low and disreputable city slums." Barbara was rather accustomed to these monologues, and answered not at all. Mother should speak or go mad. "Your father at last is meeting my wishes, and is about to entertain. Can you help me to form a list?" "Certainly, mother," said Barbara. "Is it—I hope not—a ball?" "No. That's some relief for you. He is about to invite some distinguished people to dinner to meet the Canon." "Uncle?" "Yes. You seem surprised." "And what persons—what class are going to meet uncle?" "Do you think father would ask any one that was not respectable?" "Oh, no! But if I am to help you, I must know is it a medical, or a clerical, or a legal dinner?" "You are becoming sarcastic, Barbara,—a dangerous accomplishment for a young lady." "Now, mother, let us not bandy words. Whom are you going to ask?" "That is what I want to know. Mr. Calthrop is coming over." Barbara laid down her pen, and looked in pained surprise at her mother. "Then you can't ask any priest to meet him," said she. "I would have you know," said Mrs. Wilson, angrily, "that my brother shall be the guest of the occa-

sion. If he should be present, no other clergyman can object." Barbara was silent. "We shall ask Monsignor Dalton and Monsignor Williams. Can you think of any one else?" "There is Father Elton, of—street. He is a very distinguished man—" "I am afraid it would hardly do to ask any one beneath his own dignity to meet my brother. There's a certain etiquette in these cases." "But Father Elton is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and has frequently lunched at the Castle." "Oh! said Mrs. Wilson, with a gasp of surprise, "indeed! By all means put down Father Elton. I didn't know he was so distinguished. Then put down Sir Archibald Thompson, of the College of Science, and Algy Redvers, who admired you so much at the Denison's party, and—"

"Mother?" "Well?" "Will they come? It will be awkward if you get refusals." "Barbara!" said Mrs. Wilson, in a faltering tone, "how dare you say such things! Will they come? I should say so." "Mother, must this be?" "I must, child," said mother, weeping silently, "but I wish it were over." Dr. Wilson attended the meeting of Lodge No. 8, Moulton Street, and was made happy thereby. He had long since learned that it was only by diligent and servile attention to the plenipotentiaries who ruled the Lodges, and, indeed, every other department in his country, that he could hope for advancement in his profession. True, he had an excellent and growing reputation, an excellent and growing number of paying clients; for, after all, when you have a "liver," it makes very little difference even if it is Catholic, buldness, ordered by Catholic doctors, that relieve you. This is sometimes controverted at the Lodges; and it is maintained that even bottles and pills should have the compass and square written or indented. But a certain residuum of desirable patients did trickle into the study of Dr. Wilson, and that residuum created an appetite for more. Then there were certain honors and emoluments that were absolutely in the gift of the Lodges; and these are desirable things, except to a certain class of fanatics, who, like Oriental fakirs, prefer poverty and retirement. Sometimes, indeed, a "sop to Cerberus" is flung to Catholics, when the tables are too redundant and there are no Protestant mouths to feed; and it is Christian and consoling to witness the intense and maudlin gratitude with which the morsels are received and wept over. But how did Dr. Wilson know that he would be there when the crumbs fell, or that some more audacious and hungry Papist might not snatch the coveted morsel? This is a matter admitting of no uncertainty. Brother Wilson, Lodge No. 8, cannot be overlooked. The meeting was over, the night was moonlit, and Dr. Wilson strolled home leisurely. He was accosted at the corner of Denton street:—"Friend, I owe thee something, and I should wish to repay thee!" "Oh! some other time, Mr. Payne," said the doctor, recognizing a city magnate, one of the last remnants of the Quaker community, who are fast losing their characteristics and merging into mere Protestants. "It is not money I owe thee, friend," said the Quaker; "I have paid thee all that was due; but I owe thee gratitude." "A rare and unintelligible debt," thought the doctor. "I had a liver," continued the Quaker, "and I felt like the saintly man of old, who, when threatened by the Pagan magistrate—'I shall drag the liver out of thee,' answered, 'I wish to God you would! Now, that has helped me to bring that rebellious and ungodly member into better dispositions, and I am grateful to thee, and I should wish to repay thee.'" There was a pause, the doctor smiling at the Quaker's drollery. "Thou hast a son?" said the latter, at length. The smile died from the doctor's face. "He is young and inexperienced, and he hath a fatal gift," continued the Quaker. "And there be a foolish woman, and clamorous, who sitteth on a seat in the high places of the city, and him turn in hither." But he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell." "This is all pedantic and ambiguous," Payne, said the doctor, testily. "You mean something grave. Would it not be better to explain it fully?" "Seeing is better than hearing," continued the Quaker, in his solemn way, "better even than faith. Come." He called a cab, and the two drove in silence along winding streets and open thoroughfares, until they came to a fashionable suburb. Here the cab stopped, and the two gentlemen alighted. They moved rapidly along the smooth pavement and stood before a large mansion, whose hall and windows were unlighted, and over which hung the stillness of death. "We saved the best here," said the Quaker, "wilt thou promise to make neither sign nor sound of recognition? It is important." "Yes, I promise," said the doctor, strangely perturbed. They mounted the steps slowly. The bell tinkled, and a footman appeared. "Are the guests assembled?" said the Quaker. "Yes, sir," said the man, deferentially. "And the banquet ready?" "Yes, sir," replied the man. "That will do. I shall find my own way." He passed rapidly up the broad staircase, dimly lighted here and there by a colored lamp. The doctor followed. Their footsteps fell softly on the thick stair-carpet, and did not disturb the solemn silence. A few steps led off the main stairs. Here a door

was opened; but a thick heavy portiere hung down. The Quaker drew it gently aside, and they found themselves in a large dining-room, now fitted as a theatre; but all the lights burned low until but a faint twilight filled the room, save at the end, where a narrow stage was brilliantly lighted with electric lamps. Hence they stood and then sat unobserved by the audience—a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, all in evening costume, and who besides were so interested by the stage tableau that they could not hear the almost noiseless entrance of the visitors. Nor did the visitors heed them; for their eyes were riveted on that same stage, where, clad in fawnskins, with a thyrus in one hand and a winocup in the other, and apparently in an advanced state of intoxication, was Louis Wilson, in the capacity of the "Strayed Reveller." He sat, or rather reclined, on a couch, softened by mosses and ferns; the fawnskin had slipped from his shoulder, which gleamed like marble; the dark curls hung low on his neck as he raised his face upward towards the enchanted dress of Cyprus. Clad in the costume, he was knotted by circlets of gold and precious stones, and her feet quiver bare. Near her stood Ulysses, grim and weather-beaten, his mariner's clothes rather tattered and seaworn, and on his face was a look of gladness as of one who had escaped shipwreck, and yet as of one who had determined not to be taken in the toils of the enchantress. Circe was just repeating the words:

Footish boy! why tremblest thou!
Thou lovest it, then my wine!
Wouldst more of it? see, how it glows
Through the delicate marble.
The red creaming liquor,
Srown with dark seeds!
Drink, then! I bid thee not.
Dost thou not love the bowl,
Come, stretch forth thy hand—then—so,
Drink, drink again!

And Louis repeated:
Thanks, gracious One!
Ah, the sweetest again!
More soft, ah me!
More subtle-winding
Than Pan's flute,
Faint—faint! Ah, me!
Akin the sweet sleep.

"I wish to God he'd never wake out of it," hissed the doctor. "I'd rather see him dead a million times than this."
"Hush! hush!" said the Quaker. "Come out!"
"No, I'll see the damnable thing to the end," hissed the doctor. And they did. Then, with a sigh, the doctor went out, followed by his friend.

"What's all this infernal business about?" said the doctor. "What do they call this Devil's Drama?"
"Now, now, friend, thou art reasonably excited," said the Quaker. "This is a harmless poem enough; written by a very excellent good man; and now more or less degraded into what they call *Tableaux Classiques*. If thou wert to see thy excellent son as Perseus, rescuing that fair lady, Andromeda—"

"And who is that harriard?" said the doctor.
"A most excellent wife and mother. Didst thou never hear of the beautiful Mrs. Wenham, wife of one of the *alides-de-camp* to Lord?"

"Certainly," said his companion. The doctor softened a little under the magic of the name, though he felt his son's degradation keenly.
"And that old Silenus—who is he?"

"The reputable and pious Crawford, whose name stands behind six figures at the Exchange."
"The old ranting hypocrite! I thought he'd nothing but cheat on the Exchange, and sing psalms with old toothless cats, and slander over their sea-tables!"

"Now, friend, thou art irritated, and there's no use. Even the godly and the pious must have legitimate recreation; and thou knowest the object is charitable."
"Indeed! I should be much surprised if my young cub ever did a charitable thing in his life."
"Oh, yes!" said the Quaker. "Thou shouldst not object. Is it not one of the tenets of thy own Church—the end justifies the means? And what can be more laudable than to wean away young baby Papists from their darkness and superstition and bring them into the sunlight of the Gospel freedom? Good-night, dear friend!"

And the kindly sarcastic Quaker went his way. Next morning the microscope patients had a little rest. There was a scene, a violent scene, in the doctor's study, in which, for once, the doctor's honest anger overwhelmed and subdued the keen sarcasm of his son, whilst Barbara and her mother, with white faces, were trembling in the drawing-room. That evening the mail boat from Kingsdown had on its deck a very distinguished passenger, with a good deal of the manner and airs of a foreign prince. And then Louis Wilson had to face the humiliation and misery of his London lodgings during the long vacation, when all the world was abroad, except the vulgar. He would have fretted a good deal but for two resources—the case of his face and a certain tiny flask which he carried with him everywhere, and a few drops of whose magic elixir wafted him to a Mahometan paradise.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FAITH THAT OVERCOMETH.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

Our friend Mr. Harding in his study of French life and character, did not restrict himself to Paris salons or Parisian slums. He took a wider range of social observation, and visited provincial towns and obscure villages, to take notes of men and manners under different aspects of human life.

Thus, one day found him seated in a little inn in the Breton village of Las-Kermor, in Leonnais, on a certain fete day, listening to the conversation of a group of sailors, two of whom, Yves Traheac and Jean-Marie Hoel, having just returned from a voyage to Tonquin, were chatting and drinking with their relations and friends. These honest fellows had been away nearly two years, and must have suffered much in those distant countries! They took no notice of the Englishman who was smoking a cigar and apparently absorbed in the perusal of his newspaper, but he was listening attentively, for he was not yet quite accustomed to the Breton language.

While Jean-Marie filled his pipe, and smiled at his little brother Jennie who had climbed his knee, Yves Traheac, faithful to his reputation of being a good talker, answered the thousand questions addressed to him, without forgetting to empty his glass.

"Look here, Yves," suddenly exclaimed the old pilot Mathurin, "I have a question at the tip of my tongue. Tell us if what Monsieur le Curé says is true, that there are missionaries out in Tonquin who would let themselves be torn to pieces for their religion?"

"Ay, certainly Pilot, all that is true?"

"Thou art jesting!"

"On the contrary, I am quite in earnest."
Mathurin shrugged his shoulders, and replied in an incredulous tone, "Wouldst thou have us believe that there are people in the world simple enough to suffer martyrdom, when they might by one word save their lives?"

"There are such, Mr. Mathurin; I have seen them."
"Thou hast seen them, child?" said the pilot mockingly; "I should very much like to see such people myself. My belief is that such things are no longer of our time! I know no one in Las-Kermor who would be disposed to sacrifice his little finger rather than renounce his baptism."
Heupon loud protestations were raised. "Dost thou take us for heathens? We are not pious folk, but if it came to apostasy, one would think twice about it."

Yves Traheac tapped the pilot on the shoulder: "No humbug, oldascal; you make yourself, and us, out worse than we are. It is all very well to put on Protestant and heathen airs, for a sham, but when one is out at sea, and you are dashed 'y the hurricane on the crest of waves that threaten every moment to swallow you up, it is another thing. Then one understands the nothingness of man, when face to face with God. That is what the sailor out there in Tonquin said to himself, whose story I am going to tell you."

"Ah! thou hast a story?"

"Certainly!"

"Well, then, tell it; let us hear it. But be brief, for we cannot lay to very long."
"Listen then. I will set all sail and give you the facts. It was on the— but what is the good of dates? They are all very well for historians, but amongst sailors one does not look so close at things. This is what happened. A French column has lost its way in the thicket, near Bac Lo. There, during an engagement with pirates, a sailor was separated from his comrades, and, falling into the hands of the enemy, was led before a sort of tribunal presided over by a Mandarin of the gold button, very fanatical and very ferocious.

"Stranger," said he, "thou longest to the barbarous nation whence come the priests of Jesus Christ. Art thou of their religion?"
"I glory in being so."
"Ah! bravo! Now we shall have a laugh. Listen."
The Mandarin made a sign to his guards; one of them laid down a crucifix at the sailor's feet.

"Trample on that emblem of superstition," he commanded. "If you refuse, you will receive a hundred blows of the rattan, and then be beheaded."
In spite of his bravery, the sailor trembled. The outlook was not attractive! A hundred blows of the rattan, and, for a final treat, decapitation; there was no fun in that. The Mandarin was a man who would keep his word.

He resumed in a voice of thunder, "What dost thou decide?"
The sailor hung his head. A violent struggle was taking place in his soul. He had long forgotten his religious duties, but he was a Breton, and he had the faith.

In a moment a thousand memories crowded upon him; the little home where he had lisped the name of Jesus to his mother's knee; the church where he had been baptized and made his First Communion; the cemetery where slept those of his ancestors from whom he himself had learnt his simple trade; and what more I know not. All this brought the tears to his eyes. You must forgive him, he was but twenty. He was no coward. His resolution was taken. "One cannot renounce one's God," he said to himself. "One cannot desert one's colors!" And he quietly tried to say a long forgotten prayer.

The Mandarin stamped his foot, saying, "Wilt thou obey?"
In reply, the young man took up the crucifix, kissed it, and said, "Strike!" The sailor was stripped of his clothes and the blows of the rattan fell thick on his shoulders, without a cry, without a muscle of his face betraying the fearful pain he felt.

The sudden and unhoped for arrival of the French, snatched him, all covered with blood, out of the hands of the executioners. I was there, myself, and I saw him joyous and radiant.

"But I did not see him," said the old pilot, mockingly.

Mr. Harding had been listening with breathless attention to the tale of Yves, and had given a sign of relief as he ended; and the old pilot's words sounded to him almost like a sacrifice.

"Well, then! look at these shoulders," cried Yves, roughly drawing off Jean-Marie's vest, see here the marks of the Bac Lo rattan!"

Mathurin, the old sailor, was deeply moved; he seized the hand of Jean-Marie and wrung it. "Thou art a brave fellow," he said.

"Yes! thou art indeed a brave fellow!" cried all the other sailors with one voice; "is a Breton and a Christian, or nothing!"

Jean-Marie, greatly confused, turned towards Yves Traheac and murmured, "How tiresome! There was no need for thee to tell that tale!"

"'Twas well told," said Mr. Harding, and going towards Jean-Marie, said, "Let me, too, have the honor of shaking hands with you, for an Englishman, and a brother in the faith, and I thank God who gave you grace and strength to confess Him in the very face of a cruel death."
C. H. N.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SUPERSTITIONS.

One reads the latest instalment of George Milne's, "Mary Baker G. Eddy," which is entitled "The Revival of Witchcraft," with a curious sensation of having strayed back several centuries, and wondering how implicitly in witchcraft days.

Who has patience now with the deluded creatures who believed even earlier than the days of the Salem delusion that one might "remove" a human obstacle from one's path by making a waxen image of him and letting it melt before a slow fire; or with the judges who hanged nineteen persons, and imprisoned a hundred and twenty-six, on the absurd charge of bringing injury to others' health and property by diabolical agencies?"

Yet, Mrs. Eddy's "malicious mesmerism," for the exercising of which on the late Lucretia L. S. Brown, of Ipswich, suit was brought against Daniel H. Spofford, of Haverhill, Mass., less than thirty years ago before the court of Salem village, was equally absurd. The defendant's lawyer appeared with a demurrer, which the judge, of course, sustained, declaring with a smile that it was beyond the power of the court to control Mr. Spofford's mind.

Since Mrs. Eddy and her disciples declare there is no real evil in the world but only "Error, or Mortal Mind," how can an active malevolent principle exist, and work tangible mischief to human beings? Well, answer the Christian Scientists, evil seems to exist; but true religion is in realizing that evil has no existence.

We take Mrs. Eddy's explanation verbatim from her "Miscellaneous Writings": "Mortal mind includes all evil, disease and death; also all beliefs relative to the so-called material laws, and all material objects, and the law of sin and death. Mortal mind is an illusion; as such in our waking moments as in the dreams of sleep. The belief that Intelligence, Truth and Love are in matter and separate from God, is an error; for there is no intelligent evil, and no power besides God, Good." These sentences are taken from the sixty seventh edition of the work named; so it is clear that the doctrine has found persons who were at least willing to accept it.

If any one should be immune from the attacks of a mere illusion like "mortal mind," it should surely be the prophet of the new dispensation. But thirty years ago, according to Mrs. Eddy's own statements, she herself suffered most terribly from "malicious mesmerism, or mortal mind." She was then a woman of fifty six years, and married to the man upon whom she had galloped in her "divine revelation." She was engaged on a new and larger edition of her "Key to the Scriptures," but her work was impeded by the conviction that her pupils, engaged in healing, were through thoughtlessness or selfishness, drawing upon her energies, and burdening her with the "beliefs" (allment) of their patients.

"It would be no greater crime," she writes, "for them to come directly and thrust a dagger into my heart; they are just as surely in belief killing me, and committing murder. The sin lies at their door and for them to meet its penalty sometimes. . . . If the students will continue to think of me and call on me, I shall at least defend myself and this will be to cut them from me utterly in a spiritual sense by a bridge they cannot pass over and the effect of this on them they will then learn."

But this fault so severely reprehended and for which chastisement was hinted at was only the selfishness of pupils trying to get the utmost out of a teacher in whom, apparently, they were reposing almost the confidence that creatures put in their Creator. One of Mrs. Eddy's students set up for himself, and endeavored, so she thought, to make her the victim of his personal animosity.

"This malpractitioner tried his best to break down our health before we learned the cause of our sufferings, loathed the cause of our sufferings, and hated his neighbor will have no need to traverse his fields, to destroy his flocks and herds, and spoil his vines; or to enter his house to demoralize his household; and not in propria persona be seen committing the deed. Unless this terrible hour be met and restrained by science, mesmerism, that soon as time will leave nothing sacred when mind begins to act under the direction of conscious power."

Faust, of the legend, disposing of his soul to the devil, makes a poor figure beside the accomplished mesmerist of our day! One of the latter pursued Mrs. Eddy's mind, as a bound prisoner to prey, and since he could not thus disturb her, we need not be surprised that her pupils and disciples

suffered too; the tendency of the mesmerism being "to sour the disposition, to occasion great fear of disease, dread and discouragement, to cause a relapse of former diseases, to produce new ones, to create dislikes or indifference to friends," etc.

She destroys the devil under his usual name, and sates come up and routs her under the name of Mortal Mind!

As the old rhyme has it:
The devil is voted not to be, and so the devil is gone;
But honest people would like to know who carries his business on!

Well, it is Mortal Mind, at your service! And if the enquirer unkindly retorts that mortal mind is responsible under God's Providence, for men's good deeds and bad, in general, that it can be moved by higher intelligences, which are either good or evil, then you will hear that Mortal Mind and all its supposed results are but the figments of a dream. Yet there are thousands of rational beings who accept these doctrines, apparently oblivious to the contradictions involved. The superstitions of two hundred or five hundred years ago are held up to scorn, while these twentieth century men and women in our own America become the willing victims of delusions unsurpassed in the history of recorded time.—Boston Pilot.

AN ENGLISH NON-CONFORMIST ON THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

The famous Dominican, the Rev. Vincent McNabb, calls the attention of the London Tablet to some hopeful signs in a peculiarly unhopful season. It is true that the non-Conformists, generally, are trying to destroy the denominational schools in England, but there must be a small minority of better spirit. Writes Father McNabb:

That there are some embers of hope even where we might least expect, may be shown from a recent issue of a leading—perhaps we should say—the British Weekly. Its accomplished editor, the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, has trained his hearers to expect a high standard of style and scholarship in the columns of his paper. But it may be questioned whether he has ever surpassed his recent leading article on "The Limits of Christian Union."

There is scarcely a phrase which a loyal Catholic would wish to see altered. There are many phrases which could only be altered by being robbed of their peculiar force or grace. Throughout the article there runs a clearness, an earnestness, and a modesty of thought which could well be copied by any future writer or speaker on reunion.

The opening paragraph discusses the duty and manner of reunion; wiser and graver words could hardly be found: "We pay no lip service to the cause of Christian union. It was the Master's prayer that His disciples should be one. To say that that prayer would be answered by a general good feeling amongst Christians organized in different sects, appears to us extremely inadequate. The natural result of a true internal union is an external union; and it is to an external union that the eyes of the world will be drawn, as Christ prayed that they might be. It is well that so strong and earnest a desire for union should prevail among the churches of Christ, and it is significant that nearly all, if not all, the unions that have taken place have been of much advantage to the general Christian cause. Federation is not a substitute for union but a step toward it. True Christian union can only be effected between Christians, between those who hold that the Church is the Body of Christ, the company of believers who profess faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

This clear declaration is followed by a detailed treatment of the various churches possessing the fundamental doctrines of Christianity—the Catholic, the Anglican, the Free churches. It is noteworthy that the writer gives the Christian Churches to the Catholic. His words are well worth quoting:

"We are all agreed, perhaps, that a union of Roman Catholics and Protestants as things stand is impossible. (Italics mine.) The Church of Rome has no terms of union; she insists on complete surrender. The surrender can never be given by those who believe that her form of Christianity is largely corrupt. Neither is federation in any way practicable. Nevertheless, whatever view the Roman Church may take of Protestants, Protestants can with joy recognize the lineaments of Christ in her saints. They can distinguish between the Church and the Papacy. They can acknowledge that the Church of Rome retains the main articles of the Christian faith. Dr. Charles Hodge, the illustrious Calvinistic theologian, was asked toward the end of his life as to the propriety of granting tracts of land along a rail road for the purpose of building Roman Catholic churches.

Inasmuch as the Roman Catholic Church teaches truth enough to save the souls of men (of which I have no doubt); inasmuch as it proclaims the divine authority of the Scriptures, and the obligation of the Decalogue, and the retribution of eternity; and inasmuch as it calls upon them to worship God the Father, Son and Spirit, it is un-

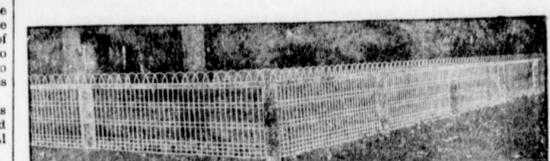
derstandable that those who are great value of small things when done generously for God. We can study in the school of St. Joseph the virtues of the Hidden Life, a life hidden with Christ in God.

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speakingly better than no Church at all. And therefore when the choice is between that and none, it is wise and right to encourage the establishment of churches under the control of Catholic priests."

Read with sympathy and the historical sense, these words are not without their large contribution to hope. That a reunion can take place only on the assured foundation of the divinity of Christ is clear from the following earnest phrases:

Far more serious are our differences with the Unitarians. Those who worship Christ, those who believe in their hearts that God has raised Him from the dead, cannot unite with the Unitarians, and cannot even federate with them. This was clearly seen when the Evangelical Free Church Council was formed. One of the great aims of that body was the preaching of the Gospel, and it was the Evangelical Gospel we had to preach.

The rejection of the New Theology is unequivocal. When we are asked to accept all the negations of Unitarianism plus Pantheism, accompanied by the use of Christian phrase, the declination must be absolute. It is not for us again to say who is a Christian and who is not a Christian. But those who can think clearly know perfectly well that such a system is an open denial and mockery of Christ and His Gospel as we have received them. It is as impossible for us to work on the same ground with these men as it is for us to work with Mr. Blatchford.

The closing paragraph is worthy of the best traditions of non-Conformity; if our chapels are to become mere houses of call for men divided on fundamental principles; if people hear in them one day that St. Paul's teaching is just nonsense, and on another that it is the heart of the Gospel, then it is quite certain that those chapels will be soon deserted. There can be no union between men without common aims and a common faith. The brotherhood that unites the saints is not a rope of sand. It can never be a mere negation, a mere opposition. There are those who seem to imagine that the chief hindrance to the growth of true Christianity is the necessity of agreeing in common, and that men would struggle to propagate the Gospel if everyone were allowed to have his own Gospel. It is the vainest of all fancies. Such a method would eliminate all spiritual religion from the body subjected to it. The people will never support an elaborate religious organization when those who attempt to lead them in work and in thought are at direct issue on central principles. Earnest Christians will turn away from such societies to seek an organization where they will not be countenancing by their co-operation the propagation of what they consider deadly heresy.

Were these thoughts and feelings as widespread as they are earnest and justifiable no one could say whether they would lead. Those gifted to read the signs of the times—evening in the flash of dawn—a storm in a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, see in them, perhaps, a coming religious Hague Conference from which the successor of St. Peter will not be excluded.

The Noisy Devil.
"The devil is making all the noise in the religious world just now," says the Western Watchman. "He is always a good advertiser. The demon our Lord expelled was dumb. All the devils of our day talk and write, and sing and dance and shout, until you would think there was no one else in the world. The newspapers are in the hands of men who if they have any faith, keep it concealed from their readers. They pretend to know most things and discuss everything. When they are done the discussion is adjourned indefinitely. To a man on the fence, it would appear that this hum and buzz is the whole life and thought of the world of our day. It is only the froth. The shallows murmur, but the depths are dumb. The froth is tossed and blown about by the wind, but the great ocean deep is unmoved. The real thinking, sentient Christian world prays much, hopes much, believes much, but talks not at all. . . . This we call the life of the world is infernal. In the silent nooks and dark corners of noisy highways, believing souls are wept in prayer."

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

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

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

Mr. Thomas Coffey: Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 3, 1907.

THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

What had long been threatening, what was surely to come sooner or later, has come—and in its coming casts a gloom over those most distant lands where Ireland has sons to follow her struggles and admire her cause.

ding of Edward Blake. We welcome him home. If there is sadness in the meeting it is not that our respect and affection have weakened; it is because we feel the change.

THE OBLIGATION OF AN OATH.

A few days ago the police Magistrate of Hamilton went out of his way to offend Catholics. The circumstances as given by the Globe's correspondent are as follows.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF TORONTO.

For the first time in the history of this country flags were hoisted upon the Public schools of Toronto on the 12th of July. It must not be imagined that because these schools are not supported by money of Catholics, therefore they are not subject to criticism, or that the Toronto Board of Education can do as it likes.

CENTRAL AMERICAN INDIANS.

A friend from Burk's Falls has sent us a letter which had appeared in a local journal, with a crushing reply by the Rev. Father Fleming.

have not advanced very high in virtue or civilization. As long as the missionaries live with them in paternal government so long are they pious, sober and industrious.

A CHOICE SPECIMEN.

A unique sample of Orange oratory was placed upon our table to-day. Rev. E. C. Larker recently preached to the Lady True Blues in the Clinton St. Methodist church, Toronto, and, in this time of profound peace, he solemnly affirmed that "he would willingly lay down his life if need be for the great principle of Protestantism."

IRELAND A DRAIN UPON AMERICA.

Few people have any conception of the enormous tax upon the pockets of Americans because of the miserable system of government prevailing in Ireland. All power seems to radiate from Dublin Castle and the system of procedure of that unhalloved institution, if we might make use of a very expressive Americanism, is dictated by "pure cussedness," born of a desire to perpetuate the rule of an autocracy which would not be tolerated in Canada for twenty-four hours.

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

A WARM WELCOME.

All Canadians are filled with pleasure with the thought that the Premier of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has returned home, with an abundance of good health, after an extended trip to the old land.

policy. It was a pleasant sight in old Quebec and in the great metropolis of Canada to see personal worth thus enthusiastically and lovingly recognized.

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

The fourteenth annual report of J. J. Kelo, Superintendent Neglected and Dependent Children of Ontario, has come to hand. The report shows that general interest in this work is not abating.

CHURCH WEDDINGS AND CARDS.

PRIEST'S DAILY MASS.

FRENCH MISSIONARIES.

The French are an enigma to us as Americans and Catholics, says the Catholic Mission. We can not comprehend the element in the French character that tolerates the harsh legislation against the Church.

the care of the Christian Brothers and that for girls under the care of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. The total number of children received by all the schools during 1906 was 152; the number in attendance at the different schools on Dec. 31st, 1906, was as follows:—St. John's school 80; St. Mary's school 23; Alexander school 46; Victoria school 202.

It is a singular fact in connection with this report that quite a large percentage of the children dealt with have both parents living, many have one parent living and very few are orphans in the full meaning of the word.

CHURCH WEDDINGS AND CARDS.

PRIEST'S DAILY MASS.

FRENCH MISSIONARIES.

Writing of the audience accorded by Pope Pius X. to Bishop Monaghan of Wilmington, Del., and two companions, a Roman correspondent says: The Holy Father greeted them with the most cordial affection and affability, and showed himself, as usual, most interested in all that related to the state of religion in the United States.

THE SINN FEIN PRO.

Evidence has rapidly been gathered when our readers some time ago (parliamentary) bubble was Ireland," that the era of speech had given place to patriotism in deeds.

Since then five members of the Sinn Fein party have taken their seats in the House and severed their affiliation with the parliamentary party. The latest defector ranks of the Sinn Fein party is less than their senior whip Henry Grattan Esmonde, who has himself a converted Fein policy.

A PROTESTANT P.

Bishop J. S. Johnston of West Virginia has been the man of the hour in the observance of the centenary of Protestant sects has their original spirit afraid that if the there will be very tant Christianity i He, therefore, as assemble a congress denominations for the ing a reunion of s Johnston would be s the Cardinal Prefe which appears in man, of New York The letter that str ment that the w similar communio Leo XIII, but had reply. This is n prise if bore ay letters, which c which are somev sidering that for the guidance Christendom. T strate that wh the head of cese of West Afr knowledge of the treat. He start tion that he was Pius X. to f (The Saint) Fog has been placed then proceeds praise upon a g ilio, known as (Regeneration) principles, wh would destroy Evidently Bish familiarized his ciples advocated & Co., although to Pius X. to b be leaders, wh Father recent Epitome of all h It will be see of West Texas s his intention w Father by calli views of Fogaz scried in the number of your in Italy, right ing for a refor

THE SINN FEIN PROGRAM.

Evidences have rapidly multiplied that we spoke right when we assured our readers some time ago that "the (parliamentary) bubble was bursting in Ireland," that the era of patriotism in speech had given place to the era of patriotism in deeds.

Since then five members of the Irish parliamentary party have resigned their seats in the House of Commons and severed their affiliations with that party. The latest defection from the ranks of the parliamentarians is none less than their senior whip, Sir Thomas Henry Gratton Esmond, who has declared himself a convert to the Sinn Fein policy.

This is the very soul and spirit of Sinn Fein, which is to day revivifying Ireland with a potency that will not be denied.

We look upon all this as the blossom of the campaign of education and the development of national sentiment upon racial rather than party lines, which has been carried on with much success by the Gaelic League, the Sinn Fein Society and the other national and industrial organizations which have been at work for the past six years in Ireland.

The cause that calls forth such willing sacrifices as are now being given by the Irish people for their home industry while its destiny is entrusted to no foreign hands, and its horizon bounded by the influences of no foreign parliament.

No reason exists why such a course of action, followed with fidelity and perseverance, and by the whole people, should not win for Ireland within a decade of years national industrial and racial freedom, as well as its so longed for redemption from the imperial grasp of Austria.—Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

A PROTESTANT APPEAL TO PIUS X.

Bishop J. S. Johnston, of the Episcopal Diocese of West Texas, is evidently a man of the best intentions. Like other observant persons he has noted that the Protestant sects have drifted far from their original spiritual moorings and is afraid that if the drifting keeps on there will be very little left of Protestant Christianity in the near future.

He, therefore, asks that the Pope search, the atheistic French Encyclopaedia counted for really very little, the sole end of their work was not to make new discoveries, but to build a new edifice of interpretation upon old experience.

Nevertheless it was the French Encyclopaedists who were the first to invent the theory that science, always advancing, must ever be in conflict with religion, whose existence depends upon the people's credulity and ignorance.

In modern days, when it is supposed commonly that the Church pronounced her anathema against the analytical method, it is well it should be known that Thomas Aquinas in his "Summa" reasons wherever it is possible from actual experience and observation.

abuses that are paralyzing that great and influential branch of the Universal Church of God, to the leadership of which you have been called." We have in this extract a striking example of the way in which a person may make himself ridiculous by speaking or writing about subjects he knows nothing about.

Bishop Johnston, however, may be excused on the ground that he is so desirous of putting a stop to the disintegrating forces of Protestantism that he did not take time to acquaint himself with the standing in the Church of the person to whom he calls the attention of the Holy Father.

Whist sympathizing with Bishop Johnston's desire to have something done to remedy the evils he sees and deplores, we cannot see how a congress, such as he proposes, would be productive of the beneficial results he confidently anticipates.

Such a meeting as this called by the Pope at this critical juncture would thrill all Christendom to the centre with hope and joy and cause the powers of darkness to tremble lest they should lose their present evil domination over the human race, such large portions of which they still hold in bondage.

Until the various sects are willing to accept the teaching of the Church, thus divinely commissioned, the work of disintegration will steadily go on. Sincere Protestants like Bishop Johnston deplore the results of this disintegration as manifested in the loss of faith in Christianity itself, but there is no help for it. Protestantism did its best to destroy the Christian unity that existed from the days of Christ and His Apostles and now it has only itself to blame for the sad results to which the Bishop of West Texas calls attention.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

They do not believe. Question many of your Protestant friends, men and women, especially those who have been educated in the Godless universities, colleges and public schools. How many of them will press for a candid answer, will reply that they fundamentally believe in the God of the Bible, but that they are unwilling to believe that there is a heaven, but of heaven they have rather uncertain ethical notions.

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It is characteristic of both the true theologian and the true man of science that both conduct their enquiries in such a way that every point of contact and reconciliation is welcomed as being a step towards the attainment of ultimate and ineluctable truth. Really great men of science have not been responsible, says our doctor, for the difficulties of reconciling the prompt the desire of a dogmatic restatement. Their studies and investigations call for cold, mathematical facts; spiritual research and explanation remain for the most part in the realm of speculation.

What, then, concludes Doctor Aveling, is the true attitude that churchmen should take with regard to science? Ought they to neglect it altogether in all religious questions as ordering neither possible support, nor possible criticism? Ought our theology to be closed up in some secret part of our mind as having nothing whatever in common with our other knowledge—in something the same way that the religion of some people is shut up by itself, away from and out of touch with the other influences and interests of their lives? Surely not.

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way as the priest caught saving Mass. They turned the Catholics out of their lands to go where they knew there would be no chance of prosperity—"To Hell or to Connaught." After they had done so, death, or shipped as slaves to the Barbados, 80,000 Catholics, they sent the remainder to Connaught. They who compared the poverty of Connaught with the prosperity of Ulster forget that Ulster was a land naturally fertile, and with every natural condition which tended to fertility, whereas Connaught was a land of bog and marsh, and mountains, where the soil was poor and stony. They sent Protestants to Ulster where they could not help being prosperous and then turned up the whites of their eyes and said, "look how prosperous Protestants are." It was because Catholics stuck to God's word that they were driven from their homes and persecuted. Because they believed in God's word, "You cannot serve God and mammon," they stuck to Christ and poverty. Our forefathers met in poverty in the past for God's word, and would have the executioner's knife or the hangman's rope rather than give up their faith.—Glasgow Observer.

THE INQUISITION.

By Don Martin Wall O. S. B., Fort Augustus. The Spanish peninsula in the fifteenth century exhibited a strange medley of races and religions. The Moors, followers of Mahomet, had established themselves for centuries all over the southern part of the country. The Jews were found in every part of the land, and formed in numbers, intelligence and wealth, a very important part of the population.

The Spaniards were engaged in perpetual wars with the Moors, the Jews rose to high power and position. True to the instincts of their race, they amassed great wealth, and were often useful to the Sovereign in advancing loans for the wars. Being thus in favor, they were frequently advanced to the highest positions. It was not unnatural that fears should arise lest these aliens should get the whole country into their power. When these fears were the King's reaction produced, and the King, instead of favoring them, would put all manner of restrictions upon them, so that they were alternately favored and persecuted. Towards the end of the fourteenth century the nobles, were fanned into such a frenzy by agitators that violent preparations were made against them. The mobs sacked the Jewish quarters in the various towns and killed every Jew who would not promise to be a Christian. The King was powerless to protect them. The result of these persecutions was that large numbers of Jews, to save their lives, received Baptism. These converted Jews were called Conversos. To encourage them in their Christian faith, they were greatly favored and put into prominent positions; many chose the ecclesiastical state, and rose high in it, becoming even Bishops. But now arose a new and more serious danger. It was discovered that these Conversos were not really Christians, but were still Jews at heart, and were fully resolved to betray them to their Moorish enemies. The Conversos especially despised untold power for harm, passing as Catholics, and working their evil designs unseen and often unsuspected.

Desperate evils require desperate remedies. The new Sovereigns had to face the imminent prospect of the peninsula becoming subjugated to the Mohammedans after the shedding of the whole country was in terror. Petitions rose to the throne from every village imploring the king to take steps to avert the danger. Ferdinand and Isabella resolved to revive the Inquisition. This institution had been originally founded for precisely the same purpose as the one now in view, namely, to bring to light secret heretics who were dangerous enemies to both Church and State. It had achieved such signal success in its object, as we recently explained in treating of the Albigenses, that it was natural to look to it as the best means of securing relief from the impending peril now. At first, however, Isabella pointed certain of the clergy to endeavor to win over by persuasion these false Christians. But, so far from succeeding, it made the apostates bolder than ever. They regarded as an indication of weakness and fear on the part of the Government; they had the audacity to publish a sarcastic lampoon on their Sovereign's effort, containing with rebellion, and reviling and blaspheming the Christian religion. Isabella was now convinced that nothing short of coercion would be effectual, so she seconded Ferdinand in his previous determination to introduce the Inquisition. The Sovereigns applied to Sixtus IV., and their petition was granted in 1478, that is to say, four years after their accession to the throne. This long delay, notwithstanding such pressing dangers, shows that the resolution was not hastily taken.

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SPIRITISM.

Not long ago the Salt Lake Tribune published in its Sunday edition an interview in its New York correspondent, John E. Watkins, and the fairly well known psychologist, James H. Hyslop, late of the faculty of Columbia university and now secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research. Mr. Hyslop is a spiritualist and the society of which he is secretary is experimenting with occult science and with the unseen world. Lombroso, Sigmund, Miles Grant and an army of French, Italian and German experimenters have anticipated Mr. Hyslop by many years. Mr. Hyslop and his society can tell us nothing new or advance any theory touching the spirit world that has not been exploited many years since. The substance of Professor Hyslop's statements, reduced to ordinary language, is that: heaven and hell simply are states of mind; the members of his society are spiritualists, not spiritualists, which is but another word for fakirs; ghosts, in many instances, are simply phantasms or fancies of the imagination; the communications between disembodied souls or spirits are established facts; spirit bodies have all the organs of human living bodies actualized. Except the substitution of the word spiritist and its acceptance by his society for spiritualist, Mr. Hyslop's presentation of his case suggests nothing new or even interesting.

For the man who professes belief in the divinity of our divine Lord, that is in the Christian and accepted sense, which the spiritists of spiritism do not, the position and conduct of a human being face to face with the awful and the unseen world and with the mystery of the unseen world and the necromancy or evocation of the dead is settled definitely.

For those of us who are members of the imperishable church of God this grave question of spiritism is for all time answered and our position toward it made clear and intelligible. The Catholic Church has declared the practice of spiritism, or necromancy, or holding communication with them, to be a mortal sin, and against the command of God. She prohibits spiritism to all her children in the most positive manner. She knows what she is doing for she has in her keeping the experience of two thousand years. The Catholic who mixes himself up with spiritism is a fool, and though he may not now acknowledge his folly he will do so before he gets through with the spirits. A more fruitful cause of insanity and immorality and even crime does not exist and cannot be imagined than necromancy. Moses, by the command of God, entered into the Jewish people to shun from all idolatry and from the spirits. Read this extract from Deuteronomy, chapter xvii. "Neither let there be found among you any that consults spirits, or that sooths the truth from the dead." "Snooping this advice of the great patriarch thousands of foolish people are daily experimenting with the dead and wrecking their souls. "And let us consult the word of God? who Jesus was come on the other side of the water, into the country of the Gerasens, there met him two men possessed of devils * * * and behold, they cried out saying, 'What have we to do with Thee O Jesus, son of God?' (Matt., viii., 28) Who told those possessed men that Jesus was the son of God, and why did they publicly declare that they were not on his side?" "Notwithstanding the claims put forward by spiritists that their cult has opened to the understanding and knowledge of man a mine of information about himself, his latent and hitherto undeveloped psychic faculties, the state of disembodied souls, an exact control over the dead, and why did they not persuade that they have added anything to the sum of information already possessed by the man familiar with the history of the human race. The apparition of spirits, clairvoyance or illumination of the mind, mechanical phenomena, such as the production of light, heat and sound; bi-location, the pretended disclosure of future events or oracles; the manifestation of another person's secret thoughts, reading of concealed writing, table-turning, levitation, acceleration of vegetation like the Mango wonder; suspension of vital functions, acceleration of respiration and of the circulation of the blood; clairaudience, speaking foreign languages; automatic writing; the formation of human faces, limbs or eyes of the entire person; alteration of the weight of bodies and all the phenomena of modern spiritism were known to the Chaldeaans and Egyptians in the days of Moses and Pharaoh. Spirit manifestations and spirit wonders are nothing new in history and are not more frequent now than they have been in past ages. Neither are they peculiar to our times. They were more common among the polished pagan Greeks and Romans than they are in any American or European nation to-day. Tertullian, Origen and many of the early or ante-Nicene fathers were acquainted with them. If we may credit the statements made by Mr. J. P. Smet, the theosophist, by Mr. W. R. Inge, the theologian, by the mystics and Mahatmas of India claim to inherit from immemorial times extraordinary occult powers and intimate acquaintance with trans-mundane spirits.

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In modern days, when it is supposed commonly that the Church pronounced her anathema against the analytical method, it is well it should be known that Thomas Aquinas in his "Summa" reasons wherever it is possible from actual experience and observation.

He is, says Doctor Aveling, not to be blamed if his experimental data were meagre. Yet, continues the reviewer, the principles of the "Summa" will prove to be the norm of theological thought, until man ceases to be a man; its principles are the perennial guiding principles of reason; it enshrines the truest philosophy and it embodies the most perfect scientific method.

It is characteristic of both the true theologian and the true man of science that both conduct their enquiries in such a way that every point of contact and reconciliation is welcomed as being a step towards the attainment of ultimate and ineluctable truth. Really great men of science have not been responsible, says our doctor, for the difficulties of reconciling the prompt the desire of a dogmatic restatement. Their studies and investigations call for cold, mathematical facts; spiritual research and explanation remain for the most part in the realm of speculation.

What, then, concludes Doctor Aveling, is the true attitude that churchmen should take with regard to science? Ought they to neglect it altogether in all religious questions as ordering neither possible support, nor possible criticism? Ought our theology to be closed up in some secret part of our mind as having nothing whatever in common with our other knowledge—in something the same way that the religion of some people is shut up by itself, away from and out of touch with the other influences and interests of their lives? Surely not.

While remembering that the brilliant march of exact science has done nothing to invalidate the claims of revelation or the truth of its teaching, we should surely not throw it over as of no use to theology.

But whereas upon its findings, conclusions have been raised that are in the highest degree untrustworthy and dangerous, upon those same findings, correctly understood, ought to be ranged and natural verities that are at the same time the bulwark and the interpretation of God given truth.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THEY DO NOT BELIEVE. Question many of your Protestant friends, men and women, especially those who have been educated in the Godless universities, colleges and public schools. How many of them will press for a candid answer, will reply that they fundamentally believe in the God of the Bible, but that they are unwilling to believe that there is a heaven, but of heaven they have rather uncertain ethical notions.

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After you have eaten a meal, the stomach should do two things—pour out a dissolving fluid to digest the food—and churn the food until completely digested and liquefied. Sour Stomach, Belching Gas, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, simply mean that the stomach is not doing its work properly. "Fruit-a-tives" strengthen the stomach and increase the flow of gastric juice. "Fruit-a-tives" make the liver active and regulate the bowels. There will be an end to those Bilious Headaches, too, as soon as you start curing your Dyspepsia and Constipation with Fruit-a-tives. "Fruit-a-tives" contain the wonderful medicinal properties of fruit—in an active and curative form. 50c a box—6 for \$2.50. At all dealers.



The church has ever encountered them, seen obliged to deal with them and she has uniformly ascribed them to Satan and his angels. Solitism is a heresy with which the Catholic wise man or fool has nothing in common. The church alone gives a satisfactory answer to the questions of the soul, of our present life and our future destiny. Without her there is doubt, darkness, confusion and despair of religious certainty. There is, away from her side, nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our nations as to whence we come or whither we go when the light of human existence dies out in each one of us.—Salt Lake City Catholic.

Preaches in Presbyterian Church. Saffron, W. Va., was the scene of a very strange event a couple of weeks ago, when Father M. H. Stravens, the apostolic missionary, was invited by Rev. R. E. Steele, a Presbyterian minister, to give a mission to non-Catholics in his church. Mr. Steele is a very broad and liberal minded Christian gentleman, having been at one time chaplain in our army. Bigotry and prejudice have no place in his mind. It was he that first offered his church to Father Hangers, the priest in charge of the place, for the purpose of the mission. The mission caused most favorable comment among all classes, and was largely attended. Many questions were asked and he thoroughly explained by the missionary. About sixty-five copies of "The Faith of Our Fathers" were given away, and about as many pamphlets on Catholic subjects.

God has placed the Heart of Jesus in the hands of Mary, that she may take care to make it loved by men.—St. Alphonsus Liguori.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost. THE CARELESS CHRISTIAN. "He hath done all things well; he hath made both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak.—(St. Mark, vii, 31)

To be deaf and dumb is generally esteemed a great misfortune. The poor person thus afflicted is for the most part cut off from the means of getting a living, and has to be supported by charity. He communicates with difficulty with his fellow-men, and this deprives him of a great part of the pleasure of life. We pity such a one and thank God that this calamity has not befallen us.

But to be deprived of the senses of hearing and of speech by the dispensation of the Almighty, who doeth all things well, without any fault of our own, is a more nothing and unworthy of consideration in comparison with that spiritual deafness and dumbness which is our own fault; for this is a deliberate and obstinate wickedness on our part, which draws down upon us in the deprivation of the society of God, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of the saints, and renders us poor and miserable for all eternity.

God is speaking to us always. He speaks to us by His Holy Church and by all her instructions, which were carefully taught us in our youth. He speaks to us by the voice of his priests, who preach his word and the Gospel of salvation. He speaks to us in all events of life; in the loss of our friends and relatives, in the deaths of our brothers, sisters, parents, and children. When such things happen we cannot help but realize the utter uncertainty and nothingness of all human things; that we must die also—when we cannot tell—and that it is the highest folly to live for the moment and forget eternity.

He speaks to us in send, in sickness, and disappointment, and poverty.

Often times God speaks in our inmost hearts, stirring us up strangely and unaccountably to attend to our salvation. O brethren! If we look honestly into our hearts, must we not confess that this is so; that God has never ceased to admonish us, or to be solicitous for our salvation? If we have sinned, even grievously, has He not excited sorrow and made us feel miserable so as to bring us back to His love and obedience? Has He not disgusted us with the filthy pleasures of the senses, made us feel that all such things are truly the husks unfit for any but swine to eat, and made us long for the peace and joy which accompany innocence and a virtuous life? It is with this love and earnestness and patience that God speaks to us, and has spoken to us all our lives long.

And how have we responded to all this? Have we made ourselves deaf and dumb to his voice? When he has spoken loudly to us, so that we could not help hearing, have we not stopped our ears and just refused to listen? When we were indulging in sin and violating the laws of God, and were told of our sins, and that we were doing wrong, and were urged to stop and repent, did we not say in our hearts, "My God, let me alone; I cannot listen now, for I will not quit my evil ways?" When remorse continued, did we not plunge into the distractions of business or of pleasure in order to stifle the voice of God in our hearts? And has this spiritual deafness? so that we could not open our mouths to confess, so that year after year has gone by without our caring or daring to darken the doors of the holy tribunal of penance, thus cutting ourselves off from the society of the faithful, from all the merits of holy purposes and good works, keeping ourselves in the power of the evil one, to listen to and follow his evil suggestions, hardening our hearts more and more, and dragging ourselves down to eternal perdition.

Our Lord healed the deaf and dumb man apparently with difficulty. He did not merely speak the word and heal him at once, but he took him aside, he groaned over him, he put his fingers in his ears, and touched his tongue with spittle, before he said, "Ephphatha—that is, be opened—when he was healed. This he did to show us how dangerous and obstinate is the malady of spiritual deafness and dumbness. It requires a peculiar exertion of divine power to cure it. It admonishes us all of the peril of persisting in this horrible condition, and of the necessity of getting out of it without a moment's delay.

But difficult as the cure may be in itself, it is not difficult with our Lord Jesus Christ. He is ready and willing to cure us. Let us go to Him in all sincerity and ask the grace of a cure, ask that we may be all alive and in earnest to hear the word of God and to keep it; that our tongues may be unloosed to make a good and sincere confession. Our Lord will hear us and grant our request, for He is the One Who doeth all things well, who makes both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak.

Measuring St. Peter's.

The first view of St. Peter's is said to be almost invariably disappointing—not, I think, because it is less vast than has been imagined, but because the ordinary mind is too small to measure its vastness. Its size is more easily taken in in other ways, by ascending the dome, for instance, or by attending a public service there. After climbing up eight flights of stairs to reach the roof of the basilica and walking across a small brick-paved village to the dome and mounting heaven knows how many more steps to get to the first balcony, and as many again to the second, only to find that at dizzy height that the ball is about 100 feet higher still, you begin to have a physical realization that St. Peter's is the biggest Church in the world. You realize it again when you see a big congregation lost in one section of the nave, as we did at the High Mass on the Feast of Corpus Christi.—Annals of the Holy See in the Catholic University.

WOULD BE HAPPY AS A PARISH PRIEST.

Three young English priests who were recently ordained shortly after were received by the Holy Father. Commenting on the Pope's remarks, Rome says: "He told them how people living in the midst of the world, surrounded from morning till night by sin and temptation, would come to them in the confessional—and yet not have sufficient matter for absolution: how sometimes a mother of a family, with a life full of trials and difficulties, would only be able to conjure up for confession: 'Father, I said something, I said something, I said something, and such a thing.' 'The poor good woman,' said His Holiness with feeling, 'and not a million of these things added together would amount to one venial sin.' What consolation there was here for the good priest who loved the souls of his people! And more still, what an incentive to virtue and what a motive for humility! Then the Pope, looking at them earnestly and addressing them in tones that might be those of a brother, a father, an old friend, said: 'I was happy, very happy, long ago when I was parish priest—and I would be happy now if I had to work in my parish.'

The three young priests had brought crosses with them, and when they dilated on the Pope's remarks, they asked the Holy Father whether the indulgence lotteries, with which he enriched them, might be gained even if the crucifixes were used by others than themselves. "Yes," said the Pope, "I have no wish to limit in any way the application of the merits of our Lord." A moment later when they were about to kneel for his blessing, the Holy Father said to them: "You must pray Almighty God to send other students to take your place in the English College—otherwise the college will go."

The dear, old Venerable go, with its martyrs, and the great Bishops, and the holy and learned and hard-working priests it has given to the Church! God forbid!

SOCIAL CHRISTIANS IN AUSTRIA.

Nervous Catholics, even in the progressive United States, will possibly get a shock when they read some of the details of the program of the Social Christian party in Austria. It will be remembered that at the general election recently held in that country under a franchise of practically manhood suffrage the Social-Christians, who are to a man practical Catholics issued from the struggle as the strongest party in the country. Since then their numbers have been swelled by the accession of the Catholic Centre party, which is often described as "servile." After this Catholic combination comes the Socialist party. The Social-Christians have now made known the main lines of their policy. They propose to exercise a vigilant control over the government and to urge it to apply radical reforms in a democratic sense. First of all they intend to introduce a bill authorizing the government to buy up and monopolize all the shares of the coal, petroleum and iron industries, paying the owners of the shares a just price for them. As the railways already are exercised by the State and as the trams and street cars are in many of the cities the property of the municipalities, it will be seen that Austria is already farther advanced on the road of what is usually known as "practical socialism" than any other country.

But the Social-Christians do not propose to stop here—they want to introduce a progressive tax also on capital, and they are devising plans for preventing Austrian capitalists escaping the consequences of this legislation by investing their capital abroad. In America or England measures like these would be considered as revolutionary. Perhaps they are very possibly they are bad politics; it may be that they will produce greater evils than those they are designed to suppress. But from the Catholic point of view the interesting thing about them is that nobody seems to anticipate that the Church will step in one of these days and tell the Social-Christians (which by the way, is not a nice name) that they must change their tactics and become "conservatives." It is impossible to lay too much stress on the truth that, so long as the Ten Commandments and the laws and spirit of the gospel are not violated, the Church allows men to choose their own politics.—Rome.

A RICH MAN BROUGHT TO TERMS.

Robert Carrick, one of the richest bankers of Scotland a few generations ago, was as mean a man as he was wealthy. Being one day visited by a deputation collecting subscriptions toward a new hospital, he signed for two guineas; and one of the gentlemen, expressing disappointment at the smallness of the sum, he said, "Really, I cannot afford more."

The deputation next visited Wilson, one of the largest manufacturers in the city, who on seeing the list cried: "What! Carrick only two guineas!" When informed of what the banker had said, Wilson remarked, "Wait, I will give him a lesson."

Taking his check book, he filled in a check for ten thousand pounds, the full amount of his deposit at Carrick's bank, and sent it for immediate payment.

Five minutes later the banker appeared breathless and asked, "What is the matter, Wilson?" "Nothing," replied Wilson; "but these gentlemen informed me that you couldn't afford more than two guineas for the hospital. 'Hallo,' thinks I, 'if that's the case there must be something wrong, and I'll get my money out as soon as possible.'"

Carrick took the subscription list, erased the 2 guineas and substituted 50, on which Wilson immediately tore up his check.

The hospital was built, and here the rich man who was thus forced against his will to raise the amount of his

subscription soon began to take an interest in the work the hospital was doing. Before many years he contributed sufficient to fully endow and maintain it.—Ran's Horn.

CIGARETTES AND WHISKEY.

Recently a Philadelphia paper asked a score of prominent business men, educators, and others for opinions on the cigarette. One of the most striking features of the replies is this letter from John Murphy, general superintendent of the Pittsburgh Railway Company, in explanation of an order recently posted forbidding employees to use liquor or cigarettes:

"Being an officer of a company that carries—and, of course, is responsible for the safety of—over 225,000,000 people per year, it becomes my moral and legal as well as my public duty to use all reasonable means to protect the lives and further the comfort of this large number of passengers. Having for some time back noticed that our accidents were increasing, upon investigating the cause I satisfied myself that the standard of our men who did not use liquor or tobacco (the latter in the form of cigarettes) was much above that of those who used either. I therefore deemed it my duty to abate the evil so far as lay in my power to do so, and tried to root it out and cast it out through discipline, but found this method inadequate and ineffectual. I then went further, and concluded the desired end could be attained only by removing from the service or refraining from employing all men addicted to the objectionable habits alluded to.

"It is my aim and intention to pursue this policy without abatement since it has proved beyond all doubt that it has raised the standard of our men. I have been criticised for the stringency of the order, especially the prohibition of the use of cigarette, but, on the other hand, I have the assurance of our division superintendents (of whom we have twelve), aided by my own observations, that persons addicted to the use of cigarette, especially young men, are the most careless in their duties and less able to perform them than men using liquor in moderation. I may also mention that in seventeen years experience as manager of public utility corporations I have had occasion to promote many of our men from the rank of conductors and motormen to officers, and in no case has a man using whiskey come up to the requirements."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE RETURNED MISSIONARY.

We have had occasion several times to refer to the tactics of the returned missionary. The first thing one of these worthies does after setting foot on the soil of his native land is to hunt up a reporter and have himself interviewed regarding the crying need of Protestant missionaries in Catholic lands. The fact that there is plenty of room for missionaries actively among the millions of the unchurched in this country does not seem to trouble him in the least. That Protestantism has succeeded in driving the majority of Americans away from Church altogether and that preachers of his ilk are responsible for it is a fact of which he is supremely unconscious. He wants to rob the people of their Catholic faith and give them nothing in return.

Our attention has been called to the latest utterance of one of these returned missionaries who is seeking to enlist the sympathy and the cash of American Protestants in perverting the Indians of South America. To a reporter of the Register and Leader of Des Moines he told in unctious language a plan for uplifting the South American Indian and proceeded to enlighten him thusly:

"They are ripe for missionary work and the churches of this country ought to interest themselves in this field. I believe that they should be taught English instead of the prevailing Spanish because the English influence is sure to be better for them than Spanish. Whenever the Spaniards have come into contact with the South American Indians they have pushed them far down into immorality and debauchery. The Spaniards have utterly ruined some of the finest tribes there, notably the Incas in Peru. These people were once quite civilized, they built cities and temples, and they had a well regulated form of government. In the generations that the Spaniards have dominated them, they have degenerated until now no one respects them. The same thing has happened in other tribes. So I believe that these people should be taught the English language and brought into contact with English speaking."

This fellow is a former Indian fighter and gold hunter who is now a "missionary" to the Indian tribes of South America. We wonder how many "good Indians" he has made in this country before transferring the scene of his activities to the South.

Whatever have been the faults of the Spaniards in dealing with the natives on this continent, it does not lie in the mouth of one who has had a share in the iniquity of our treatment of the Indian to rebuke them. The Spaniards Christianized the Indian wherever they came in contact with him. They treated him as an equal, civilized him, and the Indians increased and prospered under their rule. Witness the changed condition of the Indians of California under the care of the Spanish friars and under the rule of the Anglo-Saxon hypocrites who rob them and drove them forth into the desert or exterminated them. What has become of the Indian tribes that peopled the eastern half of this continent when the English colonists landed? They have been exterminated as ruthlessly as if they were wild animals and not human beings at all. And yet this blood-thirsty individual in the guise of a missionary dares to criticize the Spaniards for their treatment of the Indian! What hypocrisy!

When he can show that our treatment of the Indians has been better than that of the Spanish people of South America who Christianized the Indians intermarried with them and placed

them on a plane of equality with themselves instead of robbing and murdering them, it will be time enough to talk of the great advantage of bringing those Indians under English speaking influence. The missionary cause in South America must be in sore straits when it requires such misrepresentation as this missionary has been guilty of in his endeavor to draw cash from his gullible co-religionists.—True Voice.

SCIENTISTS AND THE CHURCH.

We hear so much from time to time, says the London Catholic Weekly, of the alleged antipathy on the part of the Church towards science that the following words of so distinguished a man as Professor John Butler Burke, of Cambridge, will be read with interest: "We have heard much of late of the evil influences of Roman Catholicism on freedom of discussion. With all due regard to all the parties concerned, I still venture to think that the agitation is a misrepresentation of the true Catholic view. So long as a professor does not preach hereby ex cathedra as if he were infallible, so long is he likely to escape the ex cathedra condemnation, or public excommunication of the Church. The misrepresentation so often urged of the case of Galileo is a case in point. Galileo was so dogmatic that he wanted the Church to accept his doctrine when they were quite willing to leave it an open question. And it is noteworthy that the enemies of Catholicism have ever been ready to misrepresent this and other such instances in which authority may perhaps, on the whole, have been most wisely exercised. I still venture to think that many Roman Catholic scientists are, and ever have been, much wider in their view than many of no religious persuasion whatsoever. The conflicts which have arisen between the Church and science in the past have since been as grossly misrepresented as it is safe to say they were in the first instances due to the most unhappy misunderstandings quite in accordance, however, with the spirit of those times. But at the present day there is little reason to suppose that science and religion should not go hand in hand, and like twin sisters of twenty summers—or, if we prefer twenty centuries—each adorn in its own way, though with some slight difference, the vista of the world of which they represent the life and soul."

The attitude of the Church towards Galileo has constituted for centuries one of the stock arguments of anti-Catholic controversialists. Though Catholic writers again and again presented the true facts of the case, the words of Professor Burke are none the less welcome.

WHAT IS VICTORY.

When you are forgotten, or neglected, or purposely set at naught, and you smile inwardly, glorying in the insult, or the oversight, because thereby counted worthy to suffer with Christ—that is victory.

When your good is evil spoken of, when your wishes are crossed, your taste offended, your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you take it all in patient, loving silence—that is victory.

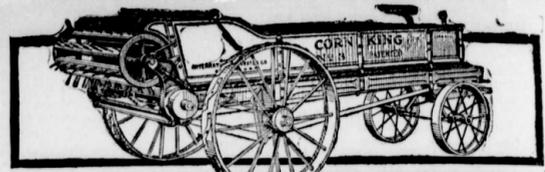
When you are content with any food, any raiment, any climate, any society, any solitude, any interruption—that is victory.

When you can lovingly and patiently bear with any disorder, any irregularity, any unpunctuality, or any annoyance—that is victory.

When you can stand face to face with waste, folly, extravagance and spiritual insensibility, and endure it all as Jesus endured it—that is victory.—Frederic B. Greil.

For Baby's Bath you must have a soap, pure enough to clean the skin, and as delicate as the petals of a rose. Such a soap is "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap. It is two soaps in one—toilet and medicated—for the price of one. Only one cake, 3 for 25c. Druggists everywhere have it.

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For Business Men The profits of a business are often uncertain and irregular; large sums are sometimes quickly made and then again as speedily lost. When to this uncertainty is added the ever uncertain tenure of life, the situation of the average business presents itself. Something more stable than business profits is needed to protect a man's estate, and life insurance admittedly supplies the need. No man whose life is well insured need fear the ups and downs of business, because should he chance to die during a period of commercial depression—when the balances for a time have been on the wrong side of the books—the work of a lifetime would not be swept away. Life insurance is the business man's best anchor to windward.

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CHATS WITH YOU YOUR OPPORTUNITY YOU WHAT WILL WITH IT.

A crucial period comes normal life, the psychologic which, if grasped, brings comes to the young surgeon, after long waiting, drudgery, studying and he is suddenly confronted critical operation. An happened and the great. Life and death balance. Will be the emergency? If his knife thickness of a sheet of cost a precious life. breath separates life and patient. Are his training sufficient to make him occasion? If so, his study made. But if he has not should have been ready. What opportunity will the opportunity will offer to the patient and reunion. Everything depends accuracy of his knowledge. An opportunity confirms lawyer. In a critical case a life may hang upon his faithfulness which has preparation. Will he be occasion? Has he laid out? Is he well read in Does he know all the pre he convince the jury? into his brief and plea that which he has put into the neglected opportunity study; or will he bring keen insight born of experience, thoroughness, and a superior? His opportunity. What will he do with it? Sir Astley Cooper, England, happened to be a helpless crowd was was sent to a boy who had been a carriage. No one what to do. But you've been compelled to hand to make the things he and he was equal to what had developed skill. handkerchief and stopped blood by pressure at wound. This led to his royal surgeon, and was of his famous career. Every now and then tunity confronts a clerk member of the firm has or the firm changes is are looking for a partner superintendent. This out what is in the clerk watching the clock—st of his employer—doing—putting in short hours these years? Has he be impudent, gruff, or curt, ers, or has he been pili kind, deferential, and a The opportunity confront will he do with it? I confront a writer editorials is sick. What paper? Will it be the never gets the thing he brings back only excuse not get at the man, approachable, or that tell him anything; o is always "carrying Garcia?"

So, in every event opportunities are con in me. Who are read fill all the positions placed men, those who paces, who generally will confront you. A for it? Will you be e you laid your foundation and strong? Will your great opportunity errand in selling every every brief, in making has had the possi awaited opportunity. It is interesting to attitudes of men who confronts them. So waited for years for seem to be paralysed. They did not expect way. They are not They might be to week, but not to the opportunity has not look quite as it did to them as it did it will look more at when it is beyond actors are waiting for someone else will wonder why you are promotion; but if life, you will proba good reason. Someb tution is ready for when it comes. S equal to the crisis, b fitting himself for writing every letter errand in selling every every brief, in making has had the possi awaited opportunity. It is interesting to attitudes of men who confronts them. 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JAMES R. RANDALL.

Toronto, July 20th, 1907. Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: Sir—The paragraph in your issue of 20th July referring to James R. Randall, author of the famous Southern war song, "Maryland, My Maryland," is only partially correct. Mr. Randall is not a convert to the Church, but a Catholic born and bred. It may interest your readers to know that through his mother, he is descended from an old Aedonian family, whose expulsion with so many others of the race from their native soil is one of the darkest blot on English colonial policy. As you state, Mr. Randall is now editor of the Morning Star, a Catholic paper published in New Orleans. His fame as a poet is almost wholly associated with "Maryland," for the simple reason that his poems, many of them of great merit, have never been collected, but are scattered through the files of Southern newspapers. His genius, like that of many other poets, has never been appreciated, and he has suffered all his life from the neglect of his contemporaries. His merit has been recognized, however, by the few, able thoroughly to appreciate the nature of his gifts, and it is pleasing to note that in his old age there is evidence of the dawning of a better day. The Hon. William Finckney White, U. S. Senator from Maryland, has inaugurated a movement to honor the poet while life yet remains to him, and he is to be the guest of the State on Maryland Day, at the Jamestown Exposition. At the same time, a testimonial of a more substantial nature, the form of which has not yet been fully determined, is to be tendered to him. It is hardly necessary to say that in honoring her son, Maryland will honor herself, and it is gratifying to Mr. Randall's friends to be assured, that in his old age the neglect from which he has so long suffered will cease. In a recent letter which I had from him, he says: "It has pleased God to afflict me with poverty almost all my life, yet I am thankful to say I still retain an cheerful and buoyant disposition." It may not be amiss to mention that Mr. Randall is a devout and enthusiastic son of the Church, and finds no greater happiness than in serving her in the useful, if not always appreciated, field of journalism. I may add that Mr. Randall has long contemplated visiting Canada, the home of his ancestors, and, as it seems probable, he returns to Maryland, the visit may not be much longer deferred. H. F. MACKINTOSH.

THOMAS W. LAWSON AND THE POPE.

Thomas W. Lawson, one of America's captains of finance and a writer of brilliant descriptive power, has given to the Chicago Examiner the following impressions of his visit with the Holy Father, who received him lately in private audience: "I have had an interview with His Holiness, Pope Pius, and my morning at the Vatican was, I may truly say, the most interesting experience of my life. "At first I was struck by the Pope's extreme simplicity amid magnificent surroundings. Pope Pius is that rarely, a perfectly natural man. "After seeing him I can understand why the cardinals are so devoted to him. He is transparently honest, and one of the most remarkable and touching things about him is that his tenderness and gentleness are almost motherly rather than fatherly. "But back of all this I recognized a force and solidity of character that are extraordinary. "It was borne in on me that when Pope Pius makes his decision, no earthly power can move him. If the French government thinks the Pope will yield in the present struggle between the Vatican and the Elisee it is mistaken. "Perhaps I can best convey the impression of the man's overwhelming atmosphere of power when I say that when I entered his presence I thought myself six feet tall, when I left I felt I was less than two feet high. "I always knew that the Catholic Church was an immense force in the world and that it is especially a force in America, but that quiet, kindly white-robed figure in the Vatican with 250,000,000 human souls behind him, brought the truth graphically, personally home to me."

THE SECRET OF THE CARDINAL'S VIGOR.

To the regularity of his life Cardinal Gibbons ascribes his extraordinary vigor. The Cardinal's regular habits are the admiration of Baltimoreans. In a recent issue of the Baltimore Sun appeared the following: "Even in his daily walks—for the Cardinal is quite a pedestrian—he is as regular as clock work. His favorite walk, where he is likely to be seen, is along Charles street to Mount Vernon Place. He usually stops at the new Walters Art Gallery to see what progress has been made. Out Cathedral street to the Mount Royal entrance lake, when he generally turns back. This is a long walk for a man of his years, but the Cardinal has the vim of a younger man and scorns the comfort and luxury of a carriage. "The Cardinal, the highest in rank, is perhaps the most democratic prelate in America. Position or wealth carries little weight with him, for the humble toilet receives as kindly a welcome as the influential man of affairs. This, no doubt, accounts for his popularity, irrespective of creed. "While the average Baltimorean is glibly talking about the weather, the Cardinal does not complain. How a man of his years can dwell in the hot city down in the turmoil and bustle of the business district, is, indeed, a matter for reflection. Yet, if asked how he does it, it is likely he would reply "methodic living." In this he reminds one of the late Pope Leo XIII., who lived an ascetic and simple life.

CARDINAL LOGUE ON IRISH MOVEMENTS.

The opinion of Cardinal Logue on Irish affairs ought to carry weight. Here is what the Primate of all Ireland says of the importance of a movement which certain Irish patriots, on both sides of the Atlantic, have a habit of ignoring in their schemes for Irish regeneration:— "We have a party representing us in Parliament, fighting in Parliament for the welfare of the country, under very adverse and discouraging circumstances, and we have the great Gaelic League movement, which is bringing a fresh spirit into the country. Both these influences, I trust, I know, are working well, and will work successfully for the welfare of Ireland; and they are making a great effort between them for the welfare of the country; but what I pin my faith very firmly to is the temperance movement. I think the real regeneration of Ireland will come from this movement. Cardinal Logue is not what some of our good friends with a gift for epithet would call a "fanatic" on the temperance question. He sees and appreciates the importance of the several movements which are at present going forward in Ireland. He gives to each its meed of recognition and praise. He mentions particularly what the Irish Parliamentary movement and the Gaelic League are doing, but he says:— "I believe both of these movements, no matter how successful they may be, would fail, to a great extent, in their object, if we had not the evil of drink rooted out from amongst our people. It would mar their efforts so long as the vice of intemperance exists in the country, like the trail of the serpent in Paradise. Ireland can never be a paradise so long as the terrible scourge of intemperance finds its way into it, and, I believe, if we had it banished and rooted out completely from amongst our people, it would contribute very much to the regeneration of the country, and it would be one of the best assistants to all these other influences which are tending in the direction of the regeneration of Ireland. The Irish patriots on this side of the Atlantic who never have a word to say—unless it be a word of disparagement—of the connection between Irish temperance and movements for Irish independence, should meditate on these words of Cardinal Logue. And they should consider also that, in expressing these opinions, the Cardinal is not enunciating any new doctrine. Daniel O'Connell in his day declared that the Father Mathew movement was of the greatest possible help to the repeal agitation, and Charles Stewart Parnell at the height of his power expressed his regret to Father Conroy, now Bishop Conroy of Los Angeles, that there was not in Ireland at that time another Father Mathew.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE POPE'S DAY.

MUCH OF HIS WORK IS DONE BY THE TIME THE MAJORITY OF ROMAN CITIZENS ARE FINISHING THEIR BREAKFAST. From "Rome." This year there is no talk whatever of the possibility of the Pope leaving the Vatican or the summer—neither for Castelgandolfo, or Montecassino, or Venice. Indeed, the makers of Papal anecdotes have just added this one to their already large collection: "Some of the newspapers say," remarked Pius X., on his birthday, "that it will be necessary for me to leave the Vatican. The fact is that I never had any desire to do so. Outside these walls the world has very little to attract me." So while Rome is shunned by the stranger and abandoned by the native, Pius X. will continue to take his daily walk in the corridors or the gardens of the Vatican. Though His Holiness may never appear in the streets of the Eternal City, he has more opportunities than others for seeing Rome at its best. He is always an unusually early riser, and in the summer especially he is alert the very first in all the Vatican—usually at 4, and never later than 4.30, so that he is able to say Mass at 4.15 or shortly after that. If His Holiness ever goes to his windows at that early hour his view takes in the great Piazza of St. Peter's directly underneath, the great silent city around the storied Janiculum facing him and the Alban and Latin hills in the distance. After his meditation, Mass, thanksgiving, recitation of part of the office and frugal Italian breakfast, there are quite three hours here the Cardinal Secretary of State with his daily report on the great affairs of the world. As least one of these hours is occupied by the Pope in reading the daily papers. His Holiness has no great liking for newspaper clippings. He receives a great pile of them every morning, especially prepared for him and containing everything that has been printed throughout Italy during the previous twenty-four hours concerning the Church and the Holy See, but he is also provided every day with the entire copy of the principal newspapers of Rome and Italy and he never fails to glance through the Catholic papers, especially the Osservatore Romano, the Difesa di Venecia, the Corriere d'Italia, the Osservatore Cattolico, the Unita Cattolica, the Universi-Veneta and the Croce. He reads them all through of course, but nothing of importance in their columns escapes his notice. A great part of the Holy Father's day's work is done by the time that the majority of Roman citizens and even Roman congregations have finished breakfast. The Pope finds time for another glance at the papers before he retires for the night between 10.30 and 11. It will be seen that it is a real hardship for the Holy Father to have to say a late Mass at 7.30 or 8; hence it is only on Sundays, and not always even then, that outsiders are admitted to assist at his Mass.

When we wish to enter the Heart of Jesus, it suffices to have recourse to Mary; we are granted an audience immediately.—St. Alphonsus Liguori.

A Quack Medicine Forgery.

Colonel Jack Chinn of Kentucky has filed suit against a patent medicine concern for \$25,000 damages, because of the circulation of its medicine which contains his picture, a facsimile of his signature and a strong endorsement of its nostrum. The Colonel states that he never used the one all, that he never wrote the recommendation of it attributed to him, and that the publication of the said all-manna has caused him great mortification. The swindlers, liars and forgers who get up these bogus commendations of dangerous drugs ought to be put in the penitentiary.

Your happiness can be found only in prayer. When God sees us coming He bends His heart down very low towards His little creatures, like a father who stoops down to hear his little child.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

MISSION AT ALLISTON. A renewal of mission given a year ago took place recently in the parish of Alliston, Ont., of which Rev. H. J. Gibney is pastor. The exercises were conducted by two devoted missionaries, Rev. Richard Joseph M. Snyder, from Salsotona, N. Y. Both preached with great vigour, and to the great satisfaction of the people. The object of the mission was to implant piety in the hearts of the faithful. Piety, piety was the golden thread that ran through all their discourses. They showed that Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist is and must be the favorite devotion of every devout Catholic. There cannot be much piety in a Catholic who does not often give hospitality, like Zachariah, to the Eucharistic God. Some can lead a pure life unless they often partake of the heavenly banquet at which they feast upon the light and warmth, the ray and fragrance and sweetness of His Sacred Heart. Prayer is necessary to be able to lead a truly Catholic life. Frequent prayer through the help of us. When we pray we breathe in God; when we pray we move the Hand that moves the universe. Frequent prayer through the day keeps us in touch with God. Every Catholic should have an aspiration, frequent prayer, such as: "My Jesus mercy." The missionaries made constant appeals to the men. Why, said one of them, are the men of our day so prone to indifference in matters of religion, for which their forefathers laid down their lives? He answered: "The fact is, they are ashamed to let their light shine before men. They dread the jeers of the wicked more than they love the praise of God, who can cast body and soul into hell. The missionary showed that many great men of the past were of our race, and that they were of exceptional piety, loyal in the practice of the Faith.—Charles V. of Austria, Henry of France, Louis of France, Geoffrey de Bouillon, etc. Another point upon which the missionaries drew was the value of good reading. Catholics, they said, should cultivate a taste for good reading for more than one reason. Parents should read to impart religious instruction to their children. There is very little home training in this respect many are indifferent to the teachings and maxims of their Holy Mother the Church. In addition to this every child of the Church should be an able defender of the faith against the attacks of her enemies, who blaspheme God and His spouse the Church. Many Catholics spend much money in the support of newspapers tending with calumny and bitter attacks upon our Holy Faith. Very few Catholics read a Catholic journal and very few lend support to such papers. Here in Canada the daily paper teems with sectarian items. They are a veritable propaganda for Protestantism, and tend to subscribe to a Catholic newspaper, to serve as an antidote to the insidious attacks of our Protestant press. Here in Canada the Catholic press remains ignorant of the great movements in the Church. P. M.

Separate School Work. Our Separate schools throughout the country are doing splendid work. Not only do they fill the minds of the children with the principles of Christianity, but they are also imparting secular knowledge as the Public Schools. Another instance of the efficiency of our Separate schools is that of the late Mrs. C. J. O'Connell, who was a member of the Board of Education. Her children were sent up for the Entrance Examination and the five passed with honors. This is very creditable to the teacher, Miss Cunningham. The school is under the efficient care of Miss Cunningham of Ottawa and Miss Greenan of Lindsay.

Correction. Sir—I notice that you speak of me as "a professor of Andover Seminary." I am a professor of the Holy Scriptures in the seminary (except in the way of priestly intimacy) for forty three years, and then only for a single term. CHARLES C. STARBUCK, Andover, Mass.

ENQUIRER, OTTAWA.—Will you please give us your street address, and we will send you the desired information.

WANTED FOR THE OPENING OF School, the 3rd of Sept. next, two Catholic lady teachers holding proper professional certificates and having sufficient knowledge to teach and converse in the French language. One as principal; \$125 salary per year. The other one as an ordinary teacher holding a 2nd class professional certificate, \$75 salary per year. Apply to Rev. F. Bourgeois, S. J., 152-2, St. Joseph St., Ottawa, Ont. 152-2.

WANTED FOR THE ROMAN CATHOLIC School, the 3rd of Sept. next, one female teacher, Normal school training. Salary \$60 per annum. Duties to begin Sept. term. For applications and particulars apply to J. G. Gallagher, Sec. Treas. R. C. S. S., Cornwall, Ont. 152-2.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE School, Section No. 8, Arthur Lower, for term commencing August 19th. Please state experience, qualifications, references and salary. Applications not later than August 8th. Address James Feehan, Clare P. O., County Wellington, Ont. 152-2.

WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR Public School, Section No. 1, Rutherford. Duties to commence August 19th. Second class professional certificate. Male preferred. For applications and particulars apply to P. R. de Lanorandiere, Sec. Treas. Killarney P. O., Ont. 152-2.

HELP WANTED. WANTED GENERAL SERVANT IN A Catholic home in the county of Renfrew, a good strong girl for general house work. State wages expected. Apply to "S. RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont. 152-3.

C. M. H. A.—Branch No. 4, London. Needs on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at 8 o'clock, at their hall in Albion Block, Richmond Street, M. J. McGrath President; P. Boyle, Secretary.

Red, White and Blue Carnations. We are making up red, white and blue carnations, and chrysanthemums, the three colours in the one flower. Just the thing for decorating your home and altar. We have also rosette garlands, three yards long, with seven flags, red, white and blue attached to same. These goods are new and very effective. For the next two weeks, as a special inducement we will send you for \$2.00 2 dozen carnations, 2 dozen chrysanthemums, and 15 yards of garlands with 21 flags attached of red, white and blue. We will prepay express charges on your order. Of course these goods are all red, white and blue. Send us your order at once to Brantford Artificial Flower Co., Brantford, Ont., Box 45.

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TEACHERS WANTED. TEACHER WANTED AS PRINCIPAL OF St. Mary's Separate school, Woodstock, Ont. Duties to begin Sep. 1st 1907. Initial salary \$450. Maximum \$600. Teacher must have normal school training, 12 daily, experience to Geo. A. Connors, Sec. Treas. Box 673, Woodstock, Ont. 152-11.

WANTED—A TEACHER FOR R. C. S. S. No. 1, Stanley, holder of a qualified certificate preferred. Duties to commence 19th Aug. State experience and salary expected. Apply to Jos. Gelinas Sec. Drysdale, 149-11.

TEACHER WANTED FOR NO. 5 SEPARATE school Hungerford, two miles from the town of Tweed. Apply stating standing and salary to Rev. J. S. Quinn, Tweed, Ont. 152-2.

WANTED FOR CATHOLIC SEPARATE school, No. 8, Peel. Teacher holding first or second class professional certificate. Duties to commence after vacation. Salary \$400 per year. Apply to Francis P. Mayne, Golden Square, Ont. 152-2.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. SECTION No. 11, Anderson. To teach English and French. Male or female. Apply to Thomas Mahon, Aird, P. O., Essex, Ont. 152-3.

WANTED, A CATHOLIC TEACHER (male or female). Fully qualified to teach and speak French and English for R. C. S. S. No. 3, McIntyre Tp., Thunder Bay district near Port Arthur. Applicant's state salary expected and experience. Address: R. A. Caldwell, Sec'y. Treas. Murrill's P. O., Ontario. 152-3.

A CATHOLIC FEMALE TEACHER FOR the Wickham Girls Industrial school. Duties to commence on the 15th of Aug. Apply stating qualifications, recommendations to Rev. Father T. Couture, S. J., Wickham, Ont. 152-11.

QUALIFIED TEACHER (ROMAN CATHOLIC) wanted for S. S. 2, Granite Hill, Ont. S. S. 2, Attention: Principal, 12 daily. Duties to commence after midsummer holidays. Apply to Joseph Bolter, Secretary, Granite Hill, Ont. 149-4.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. No. 4, Township of Mornington. Duties to commence after summer vacation 1907. Apply for salary and conditions of service to J. J. Chene, Sec. Treas., Hession, Ont. 149-1-1.

WANTED SECOND CLASS PROFESSIONAL teacher for Separate school, No. 3, R. C. S. S. 2, 12 daily. Salary \$400 per year. Applications received until 15th Aug. 1907. Apply to J. D. Lamb, Chatham P. O., Ont., Kent Co. 149-4.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SUTLER school. Must be a Catholic. Good salary. Attendance 8 to 4. Salary \$100 per year. Apply to J. P. Ouellette, Cutler, Ont. 149-4.

WANTED CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR R. C. S. S. No. 3, Tilbury East. Duties to commence August 19, 1907, for balance of year. One capable of teaching English and French preferred. Apply, giving recommendations and salary required, to Peter Simard, Elgin, P. O., Ont. 152-3.

WANTED FEMALE TEACHER FOR R. C. S. S. Separate school. Duties to commence August 19th. For applications and particulars apply to Fred C. Dineen, Secretary, St. Joseph, Ont. 152-2.

WANTED FOR THE OPENING OF School, the 3rd of Sept. next, two Catholic lady teachers holding proper professional certificates and having sufficient knowledge to teach and converse in the French language. One as principal; \$125 salary per year. The other one as an ordinary teacher holding a 2nd class professional certificate, \$75 salary per year. Apply to Rev. F. Bourgeois, S. J., 152-2, St. Joseph St., Ottawa, Ont. 152-2.

WANTED FOR THE ROMAN CATHOLIC School, the 3rd of Sept. next, one female teacher, Normal school training. Salary \$60 per annum. Duties to begin Sept. term. For applications and particulars apply to J. G. Gallagher, Sec. Treas. R. C. S. S., Cornwall, Ont. 152-2.

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VOLUME X The Catholic LONDON, SATURDAY, THE STANDARD AN MAN. We are astonished that Montreal, a new, urbane, literary, and the canons of social ming over thread bare, which are an affront. We refer to its article "Shaw." What it thinks his achievements is of though we believe that dramatist could not be staidity of which the evidence. He aspires but his humor is half-tolerance that marks something to his credit of his unendowed school. Newman's words are paying a poor com the most gifted nation suppose that it would ground; that it would lead in the intellect competition was perfect.

THE STANDARD men can't govern or civilization of Ireland. Anglo-Norman invasion Parliament indicated self-government. A earned, the Right Hain said in 1885 at this moment cannot lift a finger municipal or educational being confronted, in trolled by an English by a foreign govern shadow of represe Now can anyone tel which refers to Irish cattle drivers, etc. pencil of the Stand

J. A. Frode, in New York, 1872, said "Ireland was one country in Europe, theft, less cheating, less robbery of all the country of the same sized world. . . . dred years impurity unknown in Ireland, vulgar crime and this due, to their everlast influence of the Cath this modesty of cha something that can by the observer. An also to be, as is t avowed enemy of infide. This species harbored by many of Irishman is a monstru lic Irishman a thing

THE STANDAR The Standard m only thing an Irish groan. He may be pardon he reads the forego the trouble with t he is slow to take who lampoon and columns of resp He has little time dard humorist: s fair play and shou in a paper that freedom from bl Irish history voking. One doe government, fever misery of the of years. The tics taken from M terrible state of During fifty years reign, 1,255,000 3,683,000 were ev igrated. Evictio numerous after t taunts the Irish spite the fact th are men who give