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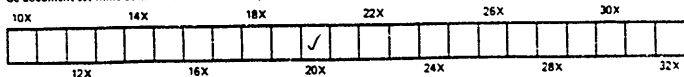
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THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mails from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

ANTHIM

Mr. Samuel R. Bolton, a student of the Belfast Government School of Art, has taken first place in the list of Queen's prize winners in connection with the South Kensington examinations in design. There were 1,593 competitors from all parts of the Three Kingdoms.

ARMAGH

Two men, named King and Kelly, who are awaiting their execution for murder, were visited in Armagh goal by His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland.

CLARE

Mr. D. A. Hogan, of Kilkree, relates the death by lightning of a coastguard named Mercer there on the 27th of December. "At 7 a.m. on the date mentioned," he says, "a terrific thunder-storm burst over the coastguard station. Richard Mercer was on guard. About six paces from the guard-room is the flagstaff, 50 feet high, and provided with a lightning conductor. If this were a proper lightning conductor it would protect an area with a radius twice its own length. Instead of that it proved to be the immediate cause of the disaster. It attracted the lightning without being able to convey it into the earth."

CORK

Bertha Froudman, a governess, was drowned in the Lee at Sunday's Well.

DEIRY

The Guildhall of Deiry, which is in the control of the corporation, has been granted for the use of the notorious Ruthven to deliver a series of lectures "to ladies and gentlemen," "ladies" especially, on subjects which are to include "Home's Blood-stained Record," "Rome a Teacher of Murder," "Hand Bills, bearing the imprint of 'London-derry Sentinel Office, 4199,' are in circulation. These are headed, 'No surrender,' and contain statements of the most scandalous offensiveness to the Catholic community by the vilest assailment of their priests and the most sacred practices of the Catholic religion. Amongst some of the more infamous declarations is that of 'The Deverance of the Women and Children of the British Empire from the Vampire Priests of Rome.' The visitor professes to tell 'unlovely' and 'terrible truths,' and announces that he comes to Deiry with credentials as a 'Royal Purple Marksmanship' of the 'Loyal Orange Institution, Vancouver Island District,' of which he claims to be 'chaplain.' The whole document is an outrage on Catholic feeling and belief, and on public decency. Deiry has had no visitation of this character, or anything of even approximate offensiveness, since the days of Gavanni.

DONEGAL

An evicted tenant named Michael Mooney was found dead in the back-yard of a farmer's residence at Strawradden, near Cullinst, County Donegal. The medical evidence at the inquest was that death was due to suffocation, caused by a fall.

DUBLIN

The premises of Messrs. Hopkins and Hopkins, Jewellers, O'Connell street, were entered, burglariously, and gold and gem jewellery valued at \$400 was abstracted. The burglars left a dummy behind, which may furnish an important clue to their identification.

A limited liability company, under the title of 'The Association for the Housing of the Very Poor,' has been registered in Dublin, having its office at 40 Dame street. The capital will be \$20,000, in 20,000 shares of \$1 each.

The death is announced of the Very Rev. Father Victor Carolan, Passionist, which took place at St. Paul's Retreat, Sarmento, Buenos Ayres, on November 25th. Father Carolan, or, as he was known in religion, Father Victor, who was in his 83rd year, belonged to an old and respected Dublin family.

Before the Catholic Commercial Club Mr. P. H. Pearce has been lecturing on Irish Saga literature. He said it was time for Irishmen to grasp the fact that if on the face of the earth there was a nation with an intellectual history reaching far back into the remote past, embracing many brilliant literary epochs, and exhibiting a continuous literary development, that nation was Ireland. Irish literature had its roots deep down in the heart of the past; whilst the literatures of modern Europe were of comparatively mushroom growth, having arisen within the last few hundred years. The development of Irish literature extended back over twelve centuries, and it relied entirely on its own internal resources, in this respect contrasting with that of the Greeks, which drew its inspiration from Eastern sources. The Folk Tale was the earliest form, and was essentially of and for the people. The Saga form, which came next, was the peculiar property of the Irish bards, who were nothing if not aristocrats. The Saga was, properly speaking, not literature at all. It was unwritten, the word 'saga,' which was Icelandic, meaning to 'say.' When writing came in there was an end of the Saga period. These sagas were originally recited by the bards, and were afterwards committed to writing. The oldest of them were Pagan, and the Christian monks, who afterwards transcribed them, altered the texts very little, only introducing a Christian name here and there; and a few words to make the saga fit in with Christian ideas.

Messrs. St. Clare Leggo and David Mennis, manager and assistant, 6 Parliament street, appeared in court to

WEXFORD

Much regret was felt in Wexford when the news of the death of Lord Maurice Fitzgerald's youngest daughter, became known. His lordship bears the name of a stay-at-home kindly landlord of a numerous tenantry, whilst a strong Protestant, his words and actions on all subjects where Catholic interests are concerned, especially the Education question, show the utmost fairness and broadness of view.

ENGLAND

LETTER FROM CARDINAL VAUGHAN ON THE IRISH EDUCATIONAL QUESTION.

Cardinal Vaughan has issued an important letter on the Irish university question, in which he says:—

The claims of a University for the Catholic of Ireland has for its foundation the principle of equity and religious equality, by which the State professes to deal out an equal measure of justice to all classes.

In Trinity College the Protestants of Ireland have all the advantages of a richly endowed University, in that their sons are fitted to fill the most influential positions that can be open to them. It is equally certain that the Catholics of Ireland, although three-fourths of the population, are left without any such University training, and are thereby outside the rule of national progress. No quibbler can ever after these concrete facts into anything else than what they are—a national injustice and a breach of religious equality.

The Catholic population of Ireland has clearly the same right to have University education provided for it as the Protestant population. The latter has been provided with all that it needs, and has never called upon to build and endow Trinity College by private subscriptions. It is richly endowed with every advantage. The former has a just claim to an equal provision, and it cannot be called upon to make that provision by private and personal sacrifices.

If it be said that Trinity College is open to Catholics, the answer has been given by an eminent statesman, who asked—whether the Protestants of Ireland would be content to send their children to Trinity College were it as distinctly Catholic as it is now Protestant? Would they as Protestants be satisfied with the assurance that the doors of the Catholic College would be open to them if they would seek the advantages of University education? Everyone knows that University training does not consist in mere book learning, but that a spirit, an atmosphere, a genius loci, is essential to its well-being. Neither is a University a mere examining board.

The Catholic people of Ireland, through their Bishops and members of Parliament, have demanded for generations the establishment of a Catholic University in harmony with their conscientious convictions. Now, if the desire of great popular majorities in the matter of education is everywhere conceded—in England, the rights even of minorities are respected in such matters—how comes it that a deaf ear has always been turned to this demand of the Irish people? Upon what plea of justice or of sound policy can the demand of the Catholic people of Ireland be spurned, when it is similar to an acceptable system of University education? This is a question which must now receive a definite answer from the Government and the legislature. In the late summer and in the autumn of the year which has just closed we read many indignant resolutions and protestant passages against the establishment of a Catholic University for Ireland. I cannot believe that these protests were passed under a misunderstanding. I will not believe that English Non-Conformists wish to deny University education to the Catholics of Ireland unless they accept it in a form and under conditions abhorrent to their national and religious convictions. I will not believe this of any large body of them without further proof. They imagined that there was to be the endowment of the Catholic religion, that the clergy were to receive complete control over education, and that the Pope was to be supreme. They have been mistaken. No such claims are put forward.

In proof of this, I may refer you to an article from the Bishop of Limerick in the current number of the 'Nineteenth Century.' The Bishop has long since made this question his own, and writes with authority. In that article he points out that in setting up a University for Irish Catho-

lics there is to be no State endowment of it, that no public funds will be applied to denominational purposes, and that the bishops and clergy do not ask to have the control of the University handed over to them.

His words are:—'No Dissenter can complain that his money is to be used to teach a religion in which he does not believe. This money, or rather the public funds, will simply be used to provide secular knowledge, to fit human beings, not religion, to the Catholics of Ireland, and one cannot help thinking that if this fundamental condition of the whole case could be brought home to the intelligence of ordinary Englishmen they would ask with surprise:—'What, then, is all the row about?'

It is not in reality a Catholic University that is asked for, but simply a University which the Catholics of Ireland may use without it being positively offensive to their convictions. To quote again the Bishop of Limerick:—

'An institution constituted under these conditions (to which the Bishops have agreed) cannot be regarded as a Catholic University, in any true sense of the word; and for us, Catholics, it is only too painfully clear how far we have been driven by the exactness of our religious opponents from the attainment of our own ideals. In a Catholic University the authority of the Pope would be supreme, and would reach directly or indirectly to every part of its organization, and guide and inform its operations. He would grant its charter and appoint its rector, and sanction its decrees, and all its intellectual life would be carried on under ecclesiastical supervision and control.'

A very different thing is now asked for—namely, the establishment by Parliament of the University for teaching secular knowledge, on such conditions as shall render it at least tolerable for Catholics. We simply ask that it shall have a Catholic atmosphere, and not be positively offensive to our belief and sentiments. For this reason the very name, 'Catholic University,' is rather inaccurate. A University for Catholics is a much more correct description of what we now seek.

The fact is that the Catholics in Ireland are asking for far less than they are rightly entitled to receive. They are asking for far less than is contained in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge Act of 1877. They have come down to the irreducible minimum.

The character of the present Government and the temper of the present Parliament will be tested by the manner in which they will meet this demand of the Catholics of Ireland for University Education.

While many enlightened and leading English Protestants are fully prepared to grant the educational claims made by Ireland, it would be strange, indeed, if any lukewarmness could be found among the Catholics of England in forwarding such a cause. We are, too, closely united by ties of affection and of blood with the ancient Irish Church, which has maintained the Faith untarnished through centuries of untold suffering, not to be deeply interested in everything that concerns its welfare.

VISITING ROME.

The Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Southwark, who has gone to Rome, will report to the Pope the progress of the Catholic Church in his diocese. Since his last official visit to Rome, three years ago, many missions have been established in the three counties of Surrey, Sussex, and Kent, which constitute his diocese, and a number of churches and schools have also been erected. A census of the Catholic population has been taken, and these particulars will be presented to the Sovereign Pontiff.

THE BOOT ON THE OTHER LEG.

The Bishop of Chichester, addresses a letter to the Duke of Norfolk in which he says:—'The Duke of Norfolk is prepared, as I understand, with great generosity, to provide sufficient accom-

modation for the whole number of school-going children in Arundel, in his own schools. But it is impossible that Churchmen can allow the children of the Church to be taught in Roman Catholic Schools.' Impossible, mark!

But has it ever occurred to Bishop, Priest, or Deacon of the Church that it is impossible for Nonconformists to allow the children of Nonconformity to be taught in Anglican schools? 'The foot,' says London Truth, 'will fit just as well on either leg.'

A MALICIOUS LETTER.

Sir Edward Clarke, M.P., writes to the 'Western Daily Mercury,' denying that he is to take part in the Gladstone Memorial meeting at Plymouth. He says the greater part of the money already obtained has been given most properly by peers and baronets and knights who owe their titles to Mr. Gladstone, and could not decently refrain from subscribing. He thought that the country was under no debt to Mr. Gladstone.

NOTABLE CONVERSIONS.

The Rev. A. W. Bennett, M.A., until recently curate in charge of St. Gabriel's Church, Bromley-by-Bow, has just been received into the Catholic Church by Father Eckridge, of S. C. of Notting Hill, and a few days since was confirmed by Cardinal Vaughan at the Archbishop's House. Mr. Bennett, having decided to become a priest and join the Oblates of St. Charles, is studying with that intention at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Bayswater. The Rev. A. W. Milton, M.A., formerly Vicar of Stowmarket, Suffolk, and more recently of Markyate, Dunstable, has also been received by Father Humphrey, S. J., of Farm street Jesuit Church, Berkeley square. W. Mr. Milton is married, and therefore unable to join the ranks of the Catholic clergy.

LADY UP IN LONDON.

The Very Rev. Father Cummings, S.M., Vicar-General of Christ Church, New Zealand, who came over to England some time since on a visit with Monsignor Grimes, Bishop of Christ Church, has been unable to return in consequence of a serious illness which has attacked him.

CONVERT TO CATHOLICISM.

The Tablet announces that the Rev. W. R. Clark, sometime curate at Aughton, Ormskirk, has been received into the Catholic Church.

PAPAL NUNCO TO RUSSIA.

The 'Daily Mail's' St. Petersburg correspondent writes:—In January the nomination of a Papal Nunco to St. Petersburg will be made. Since the time of the Emperor Paul, who was assassinated in 1801, the post of Nunco has remained vacant. Count Muraviev has placed the decree re-establishing the post before the Czar, who is expected shortly to sign it. The re-establishment of the post is a victory for Catholicism in Russia, and shows an inclination to grant favourable treatment of the Pope. It is the direct consequence of the disengagement proposed, and has made a deep impression on the Pope.

AN OLD SETTLER PASSES AWAY.

An old and respected citizen of Peterborough, Mr. John Tangany, died at his residence, corner of Ruddle and McDonnell streets, on January 18. He was seventy-two years of age. He was born in Limerick, Ireland, and came to Peterborough in 1842.

A Queerest's Confession in Dr. Chase's Catholic Cure—Lives better as ever, He Says.

Danville, F. C., April, 9th, 1898. EDWARD B. BURNETT, Danville, Va.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find for you 3 boxes Dr. Chase's Catholic Cure. Please send them at once. Every patient using it says 'It is an excellent cure, gives relief at once.' Jas. Mason, Gov't Merchant, Danville, F. C.

Domestic Reading

Poetry is the beauty of ideas distinct from the beauty of things.

Poetry should strike the reader as a working of his own highest thought. You arrive at truth through poetry, and I arrive at poetry through truth. Poetry is only born after painful journeys into the vast regions of thought.

There is something so satisfactory and pleasing to reflect on in being able to administer comfort and relief to those who stand in need of it, as infinitely of itself, rewards the beneficent mind.

A kind-hearted man finds life full of joys, for he makes joys of things which else were not joys; and a simple-hearted man can be very joyous on a little joy, and to the pure-hearted man all things are joys.

It is a safe rule to follow never to appear to speak that a subject of which one is thinking requires explaining, or to assume that a piece of knowledge quite familiar to one's self is not equally so to other people.

One thing we see, the moral nature of man is deeper than his intellectual; things planted down into the former grow as if for ever; the latter, as a kind of driftwood, produces only annuals.—Thomas Carlyle.

Depend upon it that all false, all sham work, however it may last for a little, the effect of it is ultimately to destroy reputation, to take away confidence, and to act most injuriously upon those who have adopted the trick.

Beauty is not an accident of things; it pertains to their essence; it pervades the wide range of creation; and, wherever it is imparted or banished, we have in this fact the proof of the moral disorder which distracts the world. Reject, therefore, the false philosophy of those who will ask what does it matter, provided a thing be useful, whether it be beautiful or not?

The principle of education is to develop the man himself, heart, mind, and body, and put his powers to their proper use. Education is to enlarge the soul. It is to teach us how to live; it is to give us the great facts of life, and show us the true principle of life, and open to use the true goal of life. A complete education is something more than an accomplishment. It fits for actual life.

So long as the Socialists of the near future believe assertively that they have discovered the means of saving humanity from misery and poverty, and fight for a pure conviction, they will have the better of it; but when they find themselves in the position of attacking half of mankind's religious faith, having no idea, but only a proposition, to offer in its place, they will undoubtedly be beaten.—F. Marion Crawford.

It is not leisure, wealth, and ease which come to disport themselves as athletes in intellectual games; it is the hard hand of the worker, which his yet stronger will has taught to wield the pen; it is labor, gathering up with infinite care and sacrifices the fragments of time, stealing them, many a one, from the rest and sleep and offering them up like so many widows' mites. In the honest devotion of an effort at self-improvement.

New I made 2000 a Month in a few Months. I want to tell you of my wonderful success. Being a poor girl and doing a steady trade, I tried the Diamond Business and have cleared every day. It is more money than I ever had before and I can't tell you about it, but I believe my success will be yours if you only try. The Diamond Business is the only one that will give you all the money you want, as you can begin with a small sum. Some diamond work is the best investment in the world or thereabouts; you can work and try the diamond business at all. I would recommend my sister to try it. Write at once.

Advertisement for P. Burns & Co., 38 King E., Toronto. Includes text: 'DON'T DO IT', 'WE WANT YOUR WORK', 'Enameline', 'PROGRESSIVE PRINTERS', 'No such Printery in ye West and no such Types since ye discovery of printing, as ye Printer-man now has *'. Also features a logo for 'The Catholic Register' and 'JOB DEPARTMENT'.

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. TALKS BY "TERESA"

The department stores will have to look to their laurels. There is a rock ahead which is threatening their commercial supremacy...

Propagate uniform I believe great good 'oul' be done. The conditions of membership in the corps would be correct behaviour, obedience, and diligence...

REV. DR. TEEFY AT ARTHUR. Arthur, Jan. 19.—The lecture on "The Human Soul," by Rev. Father Teefy, president of St. Michael's College, Toronto, took place in St. John's church, on Friday evening...

WEDDED AT PETERBOROUGH. A quiet wedding took place on the 17th, at St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, when Mr. John B. Sullivan, formerly of Toronto, but now of Durand, Michigan, was united in marriage to Miss Jennie Fogel, daughter of Mr. L. G. Fogel, of Chemung Park, Ven Archaean Casey performed the ceremony.

Partial Paralysis.

A SEVERE COLD BRINGS A WIFE AND MOTHER LOW.

Partial Paralysis Accompanied by Fatigue. Fita Pills—Doctors Fail to Bring Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore Health.

Brookholm, a suburb of Owen Sound, is fairly vibrant with nervous, morose, and wonderful cases affected in that place by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A newspaper man of Toronto, spending some time in the vicinity, was directed to a house on a hill overlooking Owen Sound...

Not Like So & So's, But has a Distinctive Delicious Flavor "all its own."

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA "The World's Preference." Lead packets only. 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c. By all Grocers.

POSTAGE STAMP INSCRIPTIONS. A Few More The New Canadian penny stamp bears the modest motto, "We hold a Vaster Empire than has Been."

MR. COSTIGAN AND THE GOVERNMENT. The St. John Telegram says:—"We publish elsewhere an interview with the Hon. Sir John Costigan on the subject of provincial politics. Mr. Costigan declines to have his freedom of action taken away by any so-called convention of the Conservative party."

Street Car Accident.—Mr. Thomas Sabie, says: "My eleven year old boy was run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. Thomas' Eucalypto Oil, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot as usual."

FIRESIDE FUN.

Historic.—"I suppose," said the frequently disappointed politician, "that I may refer to my latest experience as a historic defeat." "Yes," answered the somewhat sceptical friend, "in the sense that history repeats itself."

Kind neighbor (accompanied by a large infant, to a little girl very much afraid of him). "He's a good dog; he never hurts any one. Don't you see how he's wagging his tail?" "Little Girl (still shrinking back). "Yes, I see; but that isn't the end of it."

Practical Remedy.—Caller (with manuscript).—"Then you can't use the poem? May I ask what ails it?" Editor:—"Well, it lacks what might be called the true poetic fire."

Practical Classics.—Mrs. Timkins was taking her son to school for the first time, and, after impressing the schoolmaster with the necessity of his having a thoroughly good education, finished by saying:—"And be sure he learns Latin."

Stammerers!

Address Church's Auto-Voice Institute, 9 Pembroke Street. Established 1890. Only Institute in Canada for the cure of every phase of defective speech. Open continually. Free Trial Free.

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RELICS OF THE TRUE CROSS.

Ottawa, Jan. 20.—Mr. W. L. Scott before the Catholic Truth Society in the Academic Hall of Ottawa University last night read a well-prepared paper on "The Relics of the True Cross."

CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY.

The Vatican correspondent of the "Times" is authorized to deny absolutely that there has been any recent exchange of views as to a possible modus vivendi between the Church and State in Italy, and that the representatives agreed that, for the sake of appearances, hostility must seem as bitter as ever, though peace might be secretly made.

In meditating on the holy mysteries we find lessons for the three great trials of life—joy, suffering, glory. Joy is apt to dissipate the mind and the heart; but in the joyous mysteries and united in God. Sufferings are likely to depress and cast us down; but in the sorrowful mysteries we shall find examples of patience and resignation.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Mrs. W. Kerr, of Woodstock, tells a Thrilling Story. Prostrated by Female Weakness, Kidney and Liver Trouble.—Her Doctors Gave Her Up to Die—Saved by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Woodstock, Ont., Jan. 22.—Mrs. W. Kerr, who keeps a grocery store at No. 311 Dundas street, here, and who is well known to and respected by a very large number of people in the town, had a very narrow escape from an untimely death, recently.

To our reporter, who called on the lady, and asked for particulars of the incident, Mrs. Kerr said:—"I have had an experience such as falls to the lot of very few women. Twelve years of my life were made almost unendurable by Female Weakness, together with Kidney and Liver Complaints."

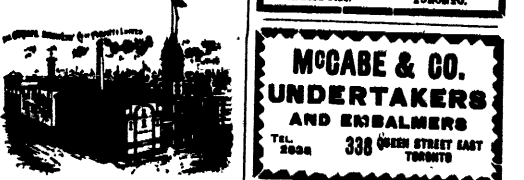
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FOR SALE BY ALL WINE AND LIQUOR MERCHANTS. TORONTO: J. James Good & Co., cor. Yonge and Shuter Sts. MONTREAL: P. L. H. Beaudry, 137 De Lorimier Ave. QUEBEC: E. T. Montreuil, 377 St. Paul St.

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One of the most complete breweries in the Dominion—capacity 100,000 barrels annually—equipped with the most modern plant, including a De La Vergne refrigerating machine, 75 horse-power, with water tower in connection—a 50 horse power electric dynamo for lighting brewery and raising water—large water filter, through capacity 5000 gallons per hour, through which water, after passing, is absolutely pure, and is used in all brewing, and our improved facilities enable us to guarantee our products. European and American exports have pronounced our establishment and products equal to the best in their respective countries. Large malt house and storage in connection.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1899.

Calendar for the Week.

- Jan. 26 - St. Polycarp. 27 - St. Vitalion. 28 - St. John Chrysostom. 29 - Septuagesima Sunday. 30 - St. Felix IV. 31 - Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden.

Although the cable reports dealing with the results of the recent elections in Ireland held under the new county government bill are meagre enough, they make it abundantly plain that the national voice has not with a general and enthusiastic response from all the provinces.

The young men of St. Mary's Parish are to be congratulated upon the result of last Sunday's meeting to start the building fund for their proposed parish hall.

General Lord Kitchener has been appointed Governor General of the Sudan, and the Imperial Government has published the text of a convention that fully establishes a protectorate over Egypt.

The Winnipeg Telegram and Le Manitoba are hotly engaged breathing religious hate and racial fury against each other. Both papers profess to speak for the Conservative party in Manitoba.

William Hurrell Mallock, in the December Nineteenth Century, makes out

an absolutely clear case against the Church of England upon the indictment that it does not teach anything. If this be the conviction that sways the public mind in England at the present time, it must be said that the cable news of this week, to the effect that the Anglican bishops are about to move for the re-establishment of church courts, proves their lordships' capability to commit greater mistakes in the future than in the past.

New Yorkers are being treated to a double-barreled religious sensation. Bishop Potter has been addressing a gathering of the rich and exclusive, and explaining to them how the saloon is the working man's club.

Canon Davidson has been endeavoring to turn the attention of the Anglican Synod at Montreal to an important subject—the taxation of marriage. It is to be regretted that Mr. Davidson ignored abuses prevalent in Ontario, that have made legal marriage a social danger amongst us.

The petition was accompanied by a fantastic "history" of the church of the Galicians. The Free Press, as we have said, made a tremendous noise of Mr. Wood's rather clever contribution; but when a few days later it was called upon to retract, it published the letter of denial in an obscure corner of the paper, where it would be best calculated to escape notice.

While it is the duty of the government to do everything necessary for the welfare of the Donkubors, who arrived at St. John's last week, and are now on their way to Manitoba, it is well to remember at the same time that all the lessons of past experience of this character

should warn the public to suspend judgment for a year or two at least until the immigrants can show the results of work as colonists. There is a disposition to work up a sort of public ecstasy over these peculiar Russians. The newspapers even go so far as to write admiringly what they are pleased to call the "marriages," that took place on board the steamer during the long voyage.

Recent issues of the Winnipeg Free Press contain some articles that will completely disillusion the good people here in the east who think, or profess to think, that the Laurier and Greenway governments are seriously desirous of allaying sectarian strife in the prairie provinces.

A Conservative paper, the Winnipeg Telegram, seems to have been studying the methods of Joseph Martin and Cliffordifton to some purpose. For a considerable time it has been making war against the French and raising all the hullabaloo possible over the concessions which Mr. Greenway is said to have lately made to them alone on the school question.

A Dominion government agent, at Sitka, started the echoes a couple of weeks ago by raising a new and great cry against the deceitful Catholics, and the Dominion government organ, The Free Press, published it with several headlines running across double columns.

The agent in question is one Paul Wood. He professed to have received a letter, petition and protest from the Galician settlers of York River district for the information of the government; and public. The letter was signed by a Galician named Michael Fekala, and besides expressing the bitter cry of the Galician immigrants against the pestering priests, it contained a very definite complaint to the great capacity for work and the vast services accomplished for the government by Mr. Paul Wood himself.

In the beginning of December, 1898, a priest, calling himself a Roman Catholic missionary sent by the archbishop, accompanied by another gentleman, went the round of the houses in the Galician settlement in Tp. 20, R. 21, 22. The question to each was, "Are you Catholics?" The answer was always yes, for the people did not understand the object of his visit and did not think it necessary to say that they were Greek Catholics, belonging to the Russian church.

A short time afterwards it was said amongst us that the gentleman with him was a school inspector, and that he would apply for separate schools for us on the ground of our being Catholic—Roman Catholics. If this was a government school inspector, we beg to inform the government hereby, that we the undersigned are not Roman Catholics and do not wish separate schools.

To the Editor of The Free Press. Sir—I trust you will allow me to make some remarks on the letters that

appeared in your issue of Saturday last concerning the Galicians and separate schools. I had a few hours' talk with Mr. Paul Wood, Dominion agent for Galicians, and he admitted to me that he had been imposed upon. It is no doubt true that Mr. Michael Fekala and the sixteen other Galicians who sign with him are opposed to Catholic schools; but they represent nobody but themselves, and there are over three hundred Galician families in the Dauphin district, who have expressed to Rev. Father Page, O. M. I., and to Mr. Robson their preference for Roman Catholic schools.

Such incidents as this show the power for mischief-making which Dominion government employes in Manitoba possess when working hand in glove with the political agents of the provincial government. Partisan ingenuity in the raising of such cries is highly esteemed in the school of politics from which men like Joseph Martin and Cliffordifton have graduated.

The ill-considered attempt of the Dominion government agent to stir up religious strife is nothing new in the province of Manitoba. Indeed it would appear as if the surest way of obtaining political preferment at the hands of the existing political powers is to blow upon the embers of anti-Catholic feeling until they leap into a blaze once more. It is difficult to accept in sincerity Mr. Wood's statement to Father Kulawy, to the effect that he had been imposed upon.

Why a man who holds a position like this agent Wood should be allowed to devote his time to any such work as the facts of the case prove him to have been engaged in, must be beyond the comprehension of believers in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's alleged desire to restore peace and harmony in Manitoba.

A correspondent in the Northwest writing to us about these Galicians says they are a very innocent and harmless people. They acknowledge the Pope as the head of their church; but it is easy to understand that in their present straitened and poverty-stricken condition, in a strange country and among strange people, what effect the machinations of a man in agent Wood's position would have upon them.

The Catholic people of Manitoba have been slandered and persecuted long enough, but that the work is still popular and likely to continue so is made abundantly plain by the recent political signs on the western horizon.

A Derry Incident.

It always affords us pleasure to be able to speak in terms of satisfaction of the acts of Protestant public men when, upon occasions of sectarian excitement, they display a fair spirit. An incident of the month in the city of Derry, Ireland, seems to call for favorable comment on the part of the Catholic press wherever the peace of mixed communities is liable to be disturbed by those degraded adver-

terers of Great Britain and America who call themselves "ex-priests." On the first Sunday of the month the self-styled "Father Ruthven" made his appearance in the city of Derry in the company of a local politician agent and the secretary of a local Orange club. Arrangements had been made on his behalf in advance that he should deliver a course of his stock lectures in the Guildhall, the consent of the Mayor having been obtained. Handbills and posters advertised the usual harangues against "the vampire priests of Rome," and these announcements naturally excited the public mind in a city where the majority of the people are Catholic.

One of the councillors of the city, Mr. William O'Doherty, amended that the civic hall should be used for such a purpose, addressed a protest to the Mayor on the subject, a portion of which we reproduce: "You, being an Irishman, will understand the feeling we Irish Catholics entertain for our priests. You know that the bond between priests and people has stood the test of centuries, that it has survived the worst penal code ever enacted in any civilized country of the world, and if we Irish Catholics have a tender spot at all it is our affection for our priests.

The Philadelphian Press has the following reference to a class of people who have lately been doing more advertising in Canada than the departmental agents of—C. Bourdoin, one of the dullest lights of Canadian history makers, has again taken up the congenial task of glorifying Canada and Canada's country that it is." This point of view is of course easy to take, but when one considers how for nearly a century these 'loyalists' gave so little sign of political or economic statecraft that Canada barely awakened in our own generation from a state of torpor, the eulogies might well be passed by.

The True Logic of "Expansion."

Mr. Bourke Cockran spoke the most convincing logic at a meeting, held on Sunday last, in New York, under the auspices of the Continental League, for the purpose of protesting against the "imperialism" of the United States government and the formation of an alliance with England.

The "expansion" of the United States, as it is called—although it really is not expansion but annexation of Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines and other islands until lately the possessions of Spain—finds its warmest advocates in England. English politicians and business men cannot too strongly urge Uncle Sam to possess himself of an empire with an "open door," so that honest John Bull may have the run of the house. The Americans are told by every English paper from The Times to Ally Sloper; and by every politician from Joseph Chamberlain to Ker Herry, that no nation can be great until it has "expanded" to its utmost possible dimensions.

This advice may not be all lost upon Uncle Sam, who is generally supposed to possess a sense of humor, if he does not yet see an empire. Mr. Bourke Cockran put it this way at the New York meeting:

"I confess I am in favor of expansion if it is meant in the right direction. In this case everything depends on what is meant by the right direction. If we want expansion, why, here to the north of us lies a country which is a natural part of us. Why not annex Canada? I'd be delighted to see the great lakes and our line of territory to the north of us extended to Baffin's Bay. Deeply as I desire annexation with Canada, I would not have it by force of arms. The histories of Alaska and Veraigne and England's treatment of Ireland are too well illustrated the foolishness of annexation by force and coercion. Now, if England likes us, as she claims she does, let her convince Canadians that their true destiny is with us."

The spirit of these remarks is unobjectionable to any Canadian who

knows the rules of fair discussion. Although the speaker's tone seems to have been half in fun and wholly in earnest, the idea in his mind was exactly expressed in a couple of recent issues of The Toronto World, pointing out many signs of the annexation of this country to the United States which the recent policy of England towards the United States perhaps unintentionally reveals.

A. O. H.

At the last regular meeting of Div. No. 4, held in St. Ann's Hall, a resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted upon the death of the father of Bro. Charles and Joseph Hogan.

To Correspondents.

Constant Reader—Your letter should be addressed. The Countess of Aberdeen, Haddo House, Aberdeen, Scotland. Commence the letter: Your Ladyship,

DOYEN OF THE FRENCH BIER-ARCHY PASSES AWAY.

The Bishop of Ajaccio, Monsiegnur de la Foata, who has just died in his 82nd year, was the second doyen or senator of the French hierarchy, after Monsiegnur Dubat, Bishop of Perpignan. He occupied the see of Ajaccio for the past twenty-one years. The deceased bishop studied theology under Cardinal Guibourt, when that prelate was a professor in the grand seminary of Ajaccio. He succeeded Monsiegnur Gaffery in 1877, and although opposed to the Republic, being like most Corsicans, an Imperialist, he always managed to avoid entanglement of any sort with the government. According to an allowed custom, Corsica finds its own Bishops, but the present Minister of Public Worship may possibly nominate a successor to the deceased from another diocese, out of the island. Another French prelate, Monsiegnur Hautin, Bishop of Chambéry, whose name is known in a few fresh convents, has been lately affing a good deal, but is now said to be better. He has been spending the remainder of the winter on the Riviera, the severe Alpine climate of his diocese being dangerous to him in his present enfeebled condition.

THE SELF-LAUDED LOYALISTS.

The Philadelphian Press has the following reference to a class of people who have lately been doing more advertising in Canada than the departmental agents of—C. Bourdoin, one of the dullest lights of Canadian history makers, has again taken up the congenial task of glorifying Canada and Canada's country that it is." This point of view is of course easy to take, but when one considers how for nearly a century these 'loyalists' gave so little sign of political or economic statecraft that Canada barely awakened in our own generation from a state of torpor, the eulogies might well be passed by. It is possible these loyalists may have had all the virtues that the rebels who established the United States of America lacked, but Canadian history draws as they come on the scene. Their narrow-mindedness and rancour, their indifference if not hostility, to free institutions, made the development of the Canadian federation a tollsome one, and, if anything, it might be proved these 'loyalists' were actually a curse to Canada. But, then, that is Canada's concern, not ours. The United States was well rid of them!"

MEAT SCARCEN IN GERMANY.

Berlin, Jan. 24.—At a convention of delegates from the cities of Prussia in session here to-day, the question of high prices and insufficient supply of meat was under consideration. The delegates unanimously agreed that there was serious reason for complaint, as statistics for 50 cities showed conclusively the shortage and the high rates. A resolution was adopted asking the Government to relax generally its strict policy of meat exclusion, and particularly in the case of countries where cattle disease was not prevalent.

THE PRINCE PIERRE IS ILL.

Prince Max of Saxony is very seriously ill at Dresden. His Royal Highness, who was to have entered on his new duties as priest in Nuremberg several days ago, has been obliged to remain in Dresden, and in consequence of the illness his father, Prince George, did not pay his customary visit to Berlin at the opening of the year.

THE KINGSTON CONVICT VOLCANO.

Kingston penitentiary is once more in eruption. A revolt occurred on Tuesday, about 40 convicts being concerned. The men found fault with their food, but after five of the ringleaders were locked up the others are said to have submitted. An appeal will be made to the warden.

CONGRATULATIONS FOR THE POPE.

A great number of congratulatory telegrams and messages reached the Holy Father on New Year's day from Sovereigns and Princes, ecclesiastical personages, associations, and private persons. They all expressed joy at the excellent state of his health. On the 2nd inst. the Pontiff gave a private audience to Prince Philipp Hohenzollern, who was accompanied by his wife.

Brother Paul's Intention....

(By W. S. Burton, in Temple Bar.)

CHAPTER I

"Pray," said Brother Paul, earnestly, "pray for my intention!"

Day after day this request was ever on his lips. The moment he came in eight people knew what he would say; if he came to a priest in the city he would, if possible, ask him to pray for his intention; and when he thanked the good shopkeepers or house folk for contributing to his sack, he added:—"Do me a greater kindness—pray for my intention!"

What that intention was was known to God and his confessor. Poor Brother Paul! He was a well-known figure in the city and neighbourhood of Florence. He looked strong, but he considered himself fragile enough to do hard work and trudge many miles four times a week to collect food—not so much for the community as for the poor.

He was a Tuscan of the slender type—regular features, brilliant eyes, grey hair, and bushy, grey eyebrows. He looked sixty, but he was scarcely fifty. He had an active brain, and a heart that for his body to consider any fatigue or labour welcome, light, if only it added to the bank of charity. His convent was about six miles from Florence, at the edge of a very poor little village up in the mountains. It had the reputation of being a casket of art treasures. Tourists and collectors drove up to it, and so brought a little money for the poor folk who stood round like children, staring at the grand New World men and women, who, thinking them picturesque in their patched clothes, threw them money.

A few years back this was true. It was a home of beauty as well as austerity. Now the austerity was emphasized by poverty; the art treasures were gone—by order of the King and Government. The new order of things had begun—the greatest good to the greatest number, which, translated, meant, take from the Church, where few go to pray, the fine works of art which can be seen by the many in galleries, and teach "aie many" mysteries of line and colour, instead of inspiring the souls to prayer and sweet devotion. Besides, the sale of these works brought money to the State coffers and to the men who transacted the business.

When the change came there were forty monks in the house. Now there were five priests and three lay brothers; the rest were dispersed—like the Apostles, in groups of two or three—passing to strange countries as missionaries.

One day an American, Mr. Joshua B. Montgomery, arrived with his Murray in his hand, demanding a sight of Casacaleste's grand picture of the Crucifixion.

"It is no longer here, signore," said Brother Paul.

"But it is mentioned in Murray!" said Mr. Montgomery, assertively.

"It was here, signore. But so long ago is it since it was carried away that—though my eyes ache for a sight of it—they have almost forgotten how to weep."

"It is a masterpiece—the best specimen extant of Casacaleste's work," Mr. Montgomery read from his Murray.

"The signora cannot find words too laudatory for our lost treasure," said Brother Paul. "It was a wonderful picture! Caro signore, you may well believe me, it had a power in it—so tender, so terrible, so anguish-giving, so consoling! It could touch the hardest hearts. If you your own self were now standing before it, the tears would reach your eyes, your heart would throbb through you, and you would fall on your knees to say one little word of contrition and gratitude to the Divine Lord who suffered for you and me, dear signore, and to the Holy Mother, who stood beside the cross."

"Was it a very large work?" asked Mr. Montgomery, wishing to avoid noticing the emotion which had brought the "forgotten" tears into Brother Paul's eyes.

"Come and see. The place is desolate."

Brother Paul led the way into the chapel, which, in its architectural proportion was so beautiful that although now the walls were blank, over many of the altars, an involuntary exclamation burst from the visitor's lips.

"Thieves and robbers!" he began, with voluble indignation. "I guess—in my country—somebody would know the reason why—the wretches!"

"Hush!" said Brother Paul, gently. "If the signora has something to say, let it be outside the church. The dear Lord is very patient; it is true the best of everything has been carried away, but He whose first shelter was a stable is patient. He knows we do our little best, and give Him our all. If the signore will step into the porch, I will show him what I mean."

Left alone for a moment, Mr. Montgomery's eyes wandered freely around the church, and he noted strange incongruities—lace of the finest, commonest kind, on altars of exquisite beauty, carved by fingers that loved the work; a series of suns, brass lamps of modern make in place of the seven silver lamps which Murray told him were of rare Eastern workmanship; a painting of the Assumption, very blue and white and pink, and a perfect caricature of the work it intended to reproduce. Made all the more hideous from the depth of tone in the frame which was part of the church, old black wood carving, shining from the ground, and appearing

into a corner surmounted by a crown of starned lilies. "Come, caro signore," whispered Brother Paul, looking in at the door; "I cannot bring it. Will you kindly walk this way?"

It was to a sort of workshop that they went. Brother Paul produced a large frame, in the centre of which was a small photograph of the Crucifixion. "A visitor had most kindly sent it," he explained, "from Vienna. One of the lay brothers had carved the frame; before it arrived there had been a misunderstanding as to the measurement—but it would not look bad, the space over the altar was so large. It was rather good for the frame to break the space."

"And you mean to put that up in the space where the picture used to be? A sort of specimen acorn from the oak that has been felled? I shouldn't do that," Mr. Montgomery frowned and shook his head. "It will disfigure the place, according to my notions. Have you got a visitors' book?" he asked, suddenly.

Brother Paul could not say. "Why I ask is this. Some people, wherever they go, write the names. I don't say as I don't do it myself. I do it now if you have the book; but it shall mean something. I'm not a man whose words are a tinkling harp or a sounding cymbal; I do as well as talk or write. I don't agree with your government—I don't hold with robbery and desecration—I won't bring any blessing with it. I don't generally talk of blessings or cursings, but I mean it's a disgrace to civilization to let buildings which are of no doubtful elegance and of the past generations and bring shame to the present nineteenth century. I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a picture, a Crucifixion that shall match with the building; no copy of the past—a picture of the day! I know where to put my hand on it. I have not seen it, mind, but I've read about it. Realistic? Why, they say you feel as if you could stretch out your arms and lift the body off the cross; and as for size—I guess it will reach from the altar to 'no roof! You can't have it for three months, because it's in an exhibition; but when you can't have it, you can tell your abbot, or priest, or bishop, or whoever he is as accepts such things that Josh. B. Montgomery promised it, and down Wall street—any one will tell him—his word's as good as gospel. If you get me a pen and ink I'll write down for you to show. It will cost \$6,000—but I don't mind that, if I make up my mind."

It was not for Brother Paul to refuse nor to accept; in fact, the American's Italian was rather difficult to understand. However, Mr. Montgomery knew what he had written, and with praiseworthy generosity fulfilled his promise to the letter.

And thus it was that one of the wonders of the modern world of art was bestowed on this out-of-the-way barren convent in the hills above the city of flowers—Florence the dear, Florence the beautiful.

CHAPTER II

It seemed like a fable. Brother Paul took Mr. Montgomery's written promise to the prior, and told him all he understood of the American's sentiments. Then the paper was put away and no more was thought about it except by the old lay brother. He hesitated as to putting up the photograph of the fine original which had been taken from them forever—perhaps, after all, the picture might be given them, and until then the wall would better remain bare.

But the situation had only begun when a letter from the American Consul informed the prior that a large case had arrived in the city, addressed to Brother Paul at the convent. A few days later a pair of white oxen toiled slowly up the hill, taking the unwieldy burden to the despoiled church.

It was a new sensation for the good fathers and brothers to receive a gift. They had seen statues, pictures, vestments, even votive offerings of gold and silver, and choice vessels and old lace carried away from them; but to receive as a free gift from a stranger a gift which had cost a fortune, and was even the talk of the world—that, indeed, was new to them.

"I have one suggestion to make," said the Consul, who had come over to present the gift in person to the fathers. "Shall I not be a loan to the church, thus safe from the covetous eyes of those who might seize it?"

"The church cannot accept it as a loan," said the prior.

"As a loan Mr. Montgomery to be asked for, yet to enable Mr. Montgomery to claim it as his, in defiance of any attempt of others who might seize it?"

"Nay," said the prior; "it may not be. The sin be upon the head of those who would again take from us the little that we have!"

It was anxious work unpacking it. The village carpenter and blacksmith and barber were all there, with screw-drivers and hammers to get out the screws and nails. It was hard to be patient. Brother Paul fitted about, his bright eyes sparkling with excitement.

"It is a stupendous work!" he said to the crowd of simple folk who had followed the cart to the convent gates and now waited with a patience and sympathy that can rarely be found, except in such a childlike village as

this St. Andrea, to see the great case opened. "Six thousand dollars—a good thirty thousand lire!" said one man to another, meditatively.

"And the Government will be fed with shame when they hear of the prodigious generosity of this strange American, who is also a heretic and yet had a heart of pity for the empty jaws of our dear Lord."

"St. Andrea will be spoken of all through the world and half the city will come here to look."

"It is a great thing that consolation should be given at last to the fathers."

"The Blessed Madonna herself will smile from among the angels when she sees!"

"It never can take the place of the Casacaleste—the great Crucifixion, but thirty thousand lire!"

In awestruck voices the simple folk chattered together the grape talking, the bread making and the washing in the tremendous excitement of the great gift. It took an hour to unpack but it was done at last. The lid was removed, but a white sheet hid the picture from view.

The excitement was so intense one could hear the choking, sob-like catching of the breath as the whole mass of villagers crowded together, their hearts throbbing with emotion—parly religious, partly mere wonder and curiosity.

The Consul waited the permission of the prior to uncover it. It was given, and one of the great gems of modern art was exposed to view.

Brother Paul scarcely dared trust himself to look up.

Yes, it was immense. It had a plain, broad, wooden frame, and the painted cross on the canvas was hardly less real. The figure was life size, painted with spirit and knowledge. So real was it that the tearing flesh and spurting blood made one shudder; muscle and nerve and true contour were all there; the agony had been well imagined, skilfully depicted.

Why was it, then, that all these simple, devout folk were not upon their knees? There was a profound silence.

It was too large to be seen at one glance.

A second cross was dimly indicated to the left. A strange, wild face peered out of the darkness—the penitent thief. All the details of this picture were so obscure that they could not be caught; but—the Christ? Yes; the head was there, bent upon the shoulder, bent over in the language of death, and the lips were swollen, cracked and black; the glassy eyes, rough beard and glittering teeth clenched together in despair—yes, it was all there, very real, and what the American had said was quite true—one felt that it would be possible to lift up that solid, round and fleshy body, lift it and ease the wounds—if it was a terrible life—if one could have to see so revolting an example of human nature.

With anxious eyes the people looked into the faces of the fathers and brothers.

No one seemed able to speak.

At last the Consul said:—"It is indeed a stupendous work! Truth, reality, dexterity of brush—and drawing that defies criticism."

"Maybe," said Brother Paul, trembling with agitation, "it may be the greatest painting in the world... but, caro signore, the artist has forgotten; it is Barabbas he has crucified—not our divine, our loving Saviour Jesus Christ."

There he made friends with Matt. Bandinelli, who invited his father to allow him to stay at his delectable inn at St. Andrea for the winter.

The villa nearly filled one side of the village street. The gateway, with a lovely Della Robbia shrine, made a corner at the very beginning of the hamlet; the high stone wall hid the lemon and oleander garden, and gave the street a dreary look, and sent back to the heart of the white stones, a scorching the inhabitants of the poor little houses that were irregularly ranged along the other side of the way.

Presently the street widened, and the house itself rose high, intercepting the view of the valley, the air and the sunshine.

"Mind, he understands that he pays no lodging money," said Signor Bandinelli to his son, "only feeds himself and (if he pleases) gives a trifle for service. That I do not ask, but neither will I inquire about."

He is English," replied Mario, with a sudden movement of his fingers, and open hand, that to his father expressed without words the common opinion of the English—proud, generous, honest.

Thus it was that Claude Holden came to St. Andrea. Mariotta (the bailiff's wife) took him over the great wandering house, and he chose the rooms he would occupy—a bedroom overlooking the valley, and commanding a great expanse of sky to satisfy his love of light and color, and a small room that opened on the street to give him shade and the chance of seeing the manners of the people quite unobserved. It happened to be a grand year for the vintage. The village was gay. All day long the ox carts were busily journeying from the fields to the cellars, where the wine presses awaited the precious burden of grapes.

Claude Holden was in a paradise. He could hardly breathe or decide what to do first. From early morning to the last glimmer of light he was always beginning something, making little sketches of light and shade in charcoal as well as atmosphere; for the lay life around him and the extraordinary enthusiasm of the laughing, singing, laboring people forced him to get a good twenty-four hours' ordinary work done in every twelve.

"Ah," said Brother Paul, with a sigh, as he looked at a sketch of two little children hiding in a bower of vine leaves—"he can paint, he has a heart for nature—but he is English."

However, before long he had shown Claude over the church and his disappearing picture had been displayed with it the sorrows of his heart.

"It is a grand subject," said Claude, "and a very superb work—wasted!"

"You have it, dear signore—you have it!" said Brother Paul, rubbing his hands together in joy at this appreciative sympathy.

"Yes, it is wasted—but that is not altogether the fault of the painter; it is the world, society, the times, the way of thinking, that is the fault."

"I am an ignorant man!" murmured the lay brother, deprecating his inability to follow the young man's line of thought.

"What I say is this," returned Claude, with all a young man's dogmatism: "either take it from its own standpoint, and paint it with your most exquisite imagination—or leave it alone; absolute realism is impossible because what men call realism is, in fact, idealism. Name, then, if you dare, in one breath—idealism and the divine Lord. I don't feel as you do, but I agree that this picture is not for a church. Why not sell it, and commission some great man to paint you a new one? Or what would be a million times better, buy back the old one—Casacaleste's fine one—you could do better!"

"That is impossible. It is only this Government that sells its treasures. And now, who is there that paints divine Christ—Holy Madonnas?" said Brother Paul, with a sigh.

The village blacksmith is usually a good deal of good health. Even he sickens and is frequently in bed, especially in early autumn, when the most robust, can afford to be sick. It is a most precious health, which is his. When a man who does so well, and who is so good a man, is losing his appetite, that he passes restless nights, that he awakens in the morning unrefreshed and without ambition or mental or bodily vigor, when he is troubled with headaches, nervousness or biliousness, it is time for him to take serious notice of his health.

These symptoms are by no means trivial, and are indicative of disorders that may lead to consumption, nervous prostration, malarial troubles or some serious blood disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine for men and women who suffer in this way. It restores the lost appetite; it gives sweet, refreshing sleep; it cures indigestion, perfects the liver action and purifies and builds the blood. It is the greatest of all nerve tonics. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures all cases of consumption, weak lungs, bronchitis, spitting of blood, obstinate coughs and kindred ailments. It is also an invaluable cure for nervous exhaustion and prostration. At all medicine stores.

Mrs. Rebecca F. Gardner, of Granton, York Co., Va., writes: "When I was weighed 125 pounds. I was taken sick and could not eat. My doctor said I was dying. I began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and now I weigh 140 pounds and am well."

Women's Worst Enemy

Some hesitate before giving an answer, but those who know best will immediately say HEADACHE.

Thousands of women live in misery day after day, and week after week, suffering untold agony from these dreadful headaches. Husbands are discontented, children neglected, and happy moments are few. Most women strive to bear in patience the suffering which they consider part of life without looking into the cause or searching for relief. Food cannot digest without the bile which the liver supplies and hence the necessity of keeping the liver in good working order. To cure the cause, the kidneys must be kept in good health. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the greatest discovery of this great scientist, are put up to sell 25 doses for 50c. All dealers.

Dr. Chase spent years of his life in perfecting a medicine which acts directly on the kidneys and liver. Thousands of grateful women have testified during the past years to the effectiveness of this remedy for sick headaches. Many a lady has been restored to happiness as a result. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the greatest discovery of this great scientist, are put up to sell 25 doses for 50c. All dealers.

"I have not thought about it," conceded Claude, honestly, "as I said, it is the tone of thought and the mode of life that bars the way, and the great difficulty of the models; where, I ask you (and you can answer me with more reason than most), where can you find any face divine enough to inspire a worthy representation of such a theme?"

"And the signora has always been a heretic!" said Brother Paul, under his breath.

"Heaven forgive you," replied Claude; "but when I was a little child I was a Christian."

"And now?" asked Brother Paul, a faint hope dawning in his heart.

"Now, unworthy, unworthy! But," said Claude, excitement in his voice and manner, "I have an idea—just a glimmering of an idea. I have seen a face—not here—no, no, miles and miles away—in Germany. I believe I have a sketch of it, too—the Passion Play. You know of it, no doubt?"

"No, no," Brother Paul shook his head sadly.

"Well, at the Passion Play—the Christ has a head that might serve differently well, if you had a great painter, a man of bright imagination and warm heart."

"The signora knows much of the world," said Brother Paul, unable to follow Claude in his enthusiastic realization of what might be possible, if only the right painter could be found and the right model.

"It is something beyond knowing the world," thought Claude, more than usually grave, as he watched Brother Paul draw the curtain over the costly decoration of the divine subject; "one must needs get a glimpse of heaven itself and span the universe with charity before one can venture on or even dream of such a subject!"

"Pazienza!" said Brother Paul, the keys jingling so softly in his nervous hands that they sounded like the distant murmur of sanctuary bells. "Pazienza!" with a sigh, as he closed the door, and they again stood in sunlight.

"By the Lord, I am sorry for you!" returned Claude, heavily, "and wish I had the skill, the genius to be able to help you. I tell you what I might do some day—make you a copy of the old Casacaleste's work—miles away—I mean, not to be compared—any more than the wretched Judas Iscariot can be thought of as a disciple. The stamp of the apostleship and the noble beginning (that will show in the design), but the execution after all that will be in the technical execution. I have no genius, and how can I hope for a divine inspiration?"

"The signora painter has a lovely touch, and a pulse that beats at one with the heart of nature, and he is possessed with sympathy and charity. Not a bad beginning, if the good Lord will."

"Hist, hist!" Claude made the sound he had picked up from the students with whom he had been studying. "I pray you, I pray you. These are the qualities of the painters of long ago—the race that has died out—not such as I, a sinner."

"Ah, dear young man," said Brother Paul, almost affectionately, "we are all one family, those of the past and the future, between whom we are the link. The same God gives the same grace, the same genius. The holy saints in heaven were sinners on earth, the great masters of whom our dear Casacaleste was one were students when they were young."

"Brother Paul, you are a philosopher. If I were as good a painter as you are a teacher, the thing would be done. Even now I feel ashamed of what I have said to you, for could at times one feel as if one could paint anything, from the faintest wild flow, to the great mountains, the sky, the sunlight itself—yet when the paint brush is in my hand I am a child by a trail of vine leaves and a child's sweet face—poor me!"

His old mother. The woman shut the door in the winter and worked in the fields in the summer when they could but they could not earn much. A Antonia had been weak and ill ever since the birth of her last child, a few months after her husband's death, and the old mother was almost past work.

Their home was almost exactly opposite Casacaleste's rooms. Looking across he could see into the rough, dark place from which the villa had taken the view not only of the great valley, but of the sky and the sunshine.

He was the most active man of the village. "Getting old," he said; "thirty, about five and thirty, possessed with energy and a quick brain, that wrapped his hard life in such very wonderful surroundings that the stern realities were lost to him in the beauty of the thoughts in which he lived. It was not a great talker, but a very persistent door of any duty, pleasant or disagreeable, that came to hand."

"His was a poverty that ama Claude. He rarely possessed two shillings, although he worked so hard. He had two sets of clothes, blue linen trousers, and striped red and blue shirts, and a red coat and a hat that had seen much service, but which to Claude was dolourous in tons and form, pulled down on his high, narrow brow, pinched off at the side, showing the beautiful ear and bringing into relief the bone of the head and the neck chin. It was a great soft hat, that shielded him from the sun, but in spite of it, except quite high on the forehead, he was tanned a lovely bronze olive, with scarcely a vestige of red in the whole aetetic face, except in the lips. He never wore boots except on Sundays or feast days, yet he walked many miles every day to fetch and carry for the neighbours and earn a few pence—or to sell garden produce. He was a capital salesman.

Everyone in Florence knew Miao. His voice was enough to distinguish him, though his song was only to extol his beautiful cherries, or apricots, mulberries, field salad, or roughly-made slippers. During the vintage he rarely came to the city, he had the luxury of steady work for the five or six weeks of the wine making. Claude had sketched him a dozen times, he was so picturesque.

But no matter what Claude did he was taunted by the voice and earnest face of Brother Paul. A great fight was going on in his soul as to whether it would be right for him to steal time from his studies and academy picture to make an attempt at a reproduction of Casacaleste's great work.

"I don't see why I should—but, again, I don't see why I should not; everything is practice. I'll have a shot at it if I can get a good photograph of it."

So early one morning he went into town not only to buy the photograph, but to have what he called "a scaffolding" through the fine art and utility galleries and the sweet impression of his favourite subjects. Almost all of them were religious—the wonderful gaunt, stiff yet heavenly Botticelli, and Fra Angelico's, the Lipsis and that face for which he had such tender reverence, Leonardo's angel—the angel of the discovery of his genius.

Coming home a brick in the stone wall gave him a view of the distant mountains and a grand effect of light upon the bare rock which fired his imagination. He rested a moment to make notes of the wild beauty of the cedars, cypresses, and flex dotted against the bright, gleaming sky. The rest of the way his thoughts dwelt not only on the work of other great artists, but on his own and other men's men he admired and hoped much from.

"By George!" he said to himself, "trudging along in the dust, at what a time I am having—a perfect intoxication of loveliness and opportunity! Inspiration in the very air itself, and pictures, ready-made, springing out of the common life!"

He could hardly eat or drink, though he was tired and exhausted. He had a great screen in his work-room, and on it he stretched his paper, anxious to put into form the ideas that had made his day so full and exalting.

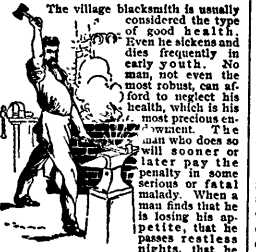
All day he worked. The design was there, the soft charcoal itself to his will, and the long, tedious studies at the academy stood him in good stead. He was obliged to model as he went and account for each undulation in the perfect human form. Ah! what a wild and mad meditation it was that accompanied the work—skimming the necessities of art and plunging to the depths of the soul as far as may be permitted to a mere mortal painter to enter on such mysterious, holy ground. The various emotions which made up "the bundle of bitter herbs" affected him and opened before him a spiritual experience to which he had hitherto been a stranger and which hitherto he had not known.

He was exhausted him, body, soul and heart, till he was nearly fainting with the effort to grasp, master and express the chaotic infinite that defied his power of definition.

His subject was the passion. Behind the easel of a big canvas loomed for poor Brother Paul—a remembrance of Casacaleste's picture.

He was in a condition of spiritual excitement that made him blind and deaf to common thoughts, yet actively alive to every sound or sight that could intensify emotion. A great flask of common wine stood on a small table in the corner; he poured some out and held it to the light. It was a glowing ruby red.

The life blood of the earth! drawn from her breast, hidden in beauty of form, colour, fragrance then crushed,



The village blacksmith is usually a good deal of good health. Even he sickens and is frequently in bed, especially in early autumn, when the most robust, can afford to be sick. It is a most precious health, which is his. When a man who does so well, and who is so good a man, is losing his appetite, that he passes restless nights, that he awakens in the morning unrefreshed and without ambition or mental or bodily vigor, when he is troubled with headaches, nervousness or biliousness, it is time for him to take serious notice of his health. These symptoms are by no means trivial, and are indicative of disorders that may lead to consumption, nervous prostration, malarial troubles or some serious blood disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine for men and women who suffer in this way. It restores the lost appetite; it gives sweet, refreshing sleep; it cures indigestion, perfects the liver action and purifies and builds the blood. It is the greatest of all nerve tonics. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures all cases of consumption, weak lungs, bronchitis, spitting of blood, obstinate coughs and kindred ailments. It is also an invaluable cure for nervous exhaustion and prostration. At all medicine stores.

Mrs. Rebecca F. Gardner, of Granton, York Co., Va., writes: "When I was weighed 125 pounds. I was taken sick and could not eat. My doctor said I was dying. I began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and now I weigh 140 pounds and am well."

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...to go to live again and renew his strength, exaltation, vitality. There was a subdued clamour on the street. A hurrying of feet beckoned his thoughts, an assembly of all the villagers, with a strange suppression of voice.

"Well," he said to himself, putting down his glass, "I must leave it to-morrow. I must make Maso take the wine tubs and give me an hour or two, if no more. Fine head he has! If the Passion Play were given here he would be the Christ—the long, pale, ascetic face, Nazarene beard, only too short. Cropping the hair so very close spoils him. To-morrow he shall sit for me. I must get the head in before the design is stale."

There was a tramp of feet coming nearer—quite an unusual sound. The evening had closed in suddenly—it was too dark to see far down the road but a lurid light touched the houses and was reflected from the glass windows of the room opposite, throwing round spots of flame on to the white paper with the rough sketch.

Claude moved to the window to look out. Some women below were crying; little children, clinging to their skirts, seemed affected by a strange fear. Torches in the distance awayed with the movement of marching along.

"What an effect!" said Claude to himself, making a mental note of the scene.

"Here they come—Antonia! Tonina! Ninotta!" shouted the women below. "Your brother-in-law is at hand! See, the Misericordians are in the road—Maso will be here before the bed is laid open or a pillow ready!"

There seemed to be no reply, but Claude could see by the faint light of an olive oil lamp of classic shape that the room opposite his own was being made ready; he did not guess for what.

But the tramp came nearer—sixteen men all marching in one swinging step made a sound that echoed against those houses and sent dread into the heart. With curiosity very like anxiety Claude watched till they halted just beneath his window.

"Too narrow—the staircase?" said the captain.

"Try the window," proposed one of them.

"Nay," said the captain; "the case-ment is far too small."

"He will not endure the agony of being touched."

The hood of the litter was lifted off and the crowd pressed as near as the band of Misericordians around it would permit them to come. Looking down, Claude could see over their shoulders who it was that lay suffering in the litter.

It was the very man he had in his thoughts and wished to compel to give him time and sympathy in his great work.

Maso the merry, contented, active, industrious; now—Maso the agonized, crushed—dying.

Suddenly the cry of a child—terrible—burst above the hubbub of voices speaking fast and low. A woman held a little boy in her arms and lifted him so that he might look down on the prostrate man.

"Does thou see, thou wicked, disobedient one?" she shouted; "dost thou see our Maso—right, dying—all through thee?"

At each point she gave the child a shake that hurt him, and his cry opened the wounded man, who just roused his eyes and gave a low moan.

"Hush!" said the doctor, "keep the child quiet. Do not add to his sufferings by your reproaches."

"Beside, it is unjust," said a tall Misericordian, who held a torch that showed the woman's angry face and the child's writhing figure; "probably he did not know what he was doing."

"Let him see now then, and never, never forget the cost of his disobedience."

"Out of the way there—back, back with you!"

The crowd was forced to make a larger ring that the Misericordians might complete their mission and carry poor Maso to his bed.

At the sight of the pale, agonized face the women burst into loud lamentations, and Claude witnessed a sight that affected his whole life.

And he heard exclamations he never forgot. "So good he was—so kind!"

"Ah, it was a sweet end to a good life—to die for a little child!"

CHAPTER V.

"How did it happen?" asked Claude, getting into the road to inquire and sympathize.

"It was that plague of a child!" said Angela.

"The child ran out to the side of the gateway in the stone wall of the Villa Blanca just as the cart was going through, and the wheel worked over crushed him, but Maso was near. He saw it, and reached over and picked him up," said a man.

"And was caught himself?" asked Claude.

"That was it."

"It need not have been," said Angela, who had been weeping, and now was angry and excited, though she was only a neighbor. "It was that fool of a Tonino, who saw Maso, and lured his own the wrong way—so, just as Maso had picked up the boy, the wheel crushed himself against the wall—his ribs, his body."

"Do Banto! R makes me tremble while I baton!" said a man.

"Fool fellow—he seems to be terribly hurt!"

"The brothers came out to fetch him to the hospital," explained Angela, "and the doctor also came, and they laid him in bed, just where he was

placed when they lifted him from where he fell. Ah! had you seen him, caro signore, at all you had seen him—it was touching! It was very terrible—he could not endure, to be carried; so in the palace, on the vine branches (the leaves were in heaps on the ground) they laid him his poor blood staining them—then leaves so green—oh, it was pitiful, pitiful!"

"I wonder they did not take him to the hospital," said Claude; "there, at any rate, he would get surgical attention."

"He wanted to be left where he was but that could not be. So the Misericordians brought him home—he does not know—he is unconscious, they say—and will never wake again in this world."

Angela's tears broke up her sentences.

The Misericordians were gone; the tramp and they did not almost lost in the distance, though the light of their torches appeared from time to time as they reached corners of the descending zigzag road.

Claude watched them for some time from the wall of the garden under the cypresses. Then he went back to his room.

The road was quiet now and dark. The room opposite seemed full of light. It was a poor place—so very bare. Claude could see the bed and the sufferer, a table with the white cloth on it, and some vine leaves and a crucifix and candles in brass candlesticks.

Sounds of lamentation—in women's voices—came from the window from time to time.

Claude could not bear to listen nor to watch, but a terrible fascination held him. His soul seemed caught up into the mysterious land where the experience of pain opens the way to thought and emotion hitherto unknown. He wanted to tear himself away, and get to bed, and presently he passed into the other room, and tried to sleep as usual, but it was of no use.

It was a wonderful night. He never quite understood or remembered what passed—whether sleeping and dreaming or waking and watching, he witnessed certain events.

The stillness of the night was broken by the tinkling of a little bell, and a few men and women, half dressed, hurried into the street; all knew the meaning of the sound—a priest on his way to give the last sacraments to the dying.

Maso, then, was not dead.

Not dead, but dying; not unconscious, but in agony.

The voice of the priest praying and the responses of the people kneeling below in the street sounded wild and strange. Claude heard them, and did not understand.

But what Claude could see in that bare room filled his heart with such a pity that if sincere desire—even though too incoherent for words—be prayer, he prayed—prayed as he had never had occasion to pray before—for relief from pain for that unselfish sufferer.

He could see the priest's hand moving to bless. He could see the sacred host held high before those dying eyes—and then he could see another face, so full of light and sweet compassion that he could not recognize it. What were features of individuality to him? It was a human soul he saw, mastering the veil of common existence and shining with the passion of charity and devotion, as though already it had gained the gate of Heaven, and the divine light shed on it.

Yet that disfigured countenance was only the homely face of the poor, hard-working lay brother—Brother Paul.

The minutes passed on. The commendatory prayer was over, the sufferer's face of agony and yet of faith, aspiration, hope, lost all expression. Sensation seemed to be ebbing. As far as human eye could tell, mechanical unconsciousness had bridged the chasm of painful death.

CHAPTER VI.

For many days Claude would see no one. Marietta was concerned. "He will not eat," she said; "he will not sleep. It is true that he is young, yet even the young cannot live without food and sleep."

He lived with his paint-brushes in his hand, labouring away to realize his idea of the pictures he had sketched in on that eventful day of his journey to Florence.

Even when the light faded, his big lamp was called into requisition. A consuming fever was upon him. He worked as if in a trance which had snatched him away from common wants and made ordinary intercourse impossible for him.

At the end of a week or so (which had been passed almost fasting, mere bread and wine of the red, sour, thin sort, the only sustenance he had been inclined to take) he was perceptibly thinner, his face all eyes. Marietta was seriously anxious about him, especially as he, who had always been cheerful and courteous, would not talk or listen, but was almost rough in his demand to be let alone until one day, when Brother Paul was coming slowly down the street, starting for the city on his usual round, Claude saw him and called to him.

"Come up," he said. "I want to speak to you. I have something for your eyes."

The young man threw himself on the rush-seated settee, near the window, to watch the face of his critic as the old lay brother moved before those two great canvases, the central figures of which were in, though the surroundings had yet to be worked out.

It sounded ages before the brother spoke, but his face betrayed the emotion awakened, which at length made

his eyes bright with the anguish of joyful tears.

"Caro—shino mio," he said, at length. "You have it, you have learned it—how? When? Who shall say? Like Casa-cate, you have painted with your soul, with your heart, with the genius, inspiration of grace! I know nothing of the art of painting. I am a poor creature, but I can feel. It is sublime! That life in death (pointing to the Crucifixion), that fortitude, yet fear-pointing to the Christ of the passion—ah, me! I feel my heart melting. The light overcomes itself in that joyful face. It is a dream that only your good angel could reveal! Such a countenance—at once so human and divine! Not of this earth—ah, no! Caro signore, who in this sad world could ever be dignified with the light divine, except our blessed Lord himself?"

"Surely some of His friends," murmured Claude, as though dreaming.

When Brother Paul had left, Claude was pointing to the last four days related, and he seemed to be very ill, though really was only the exhaustion of the body, which had been so severely treated by his emotional soul.

Marietta was alarmed, and fetched Brother Paul in to see him as he lay on his little bed in a darkened room.

He did not know what to think of himself, he felt so ill, and all the world seemed so distant, so unimportant.

"Shall I die?" he asked Brother Paul, who came daily to see him.

"Caro mio, but you have died—to die to your old self. You have reached the land of the happy few who have eyes to see, ears to hear, and a heart to understand."

"I am so tired!" said Claude, wearily.

"You must come into the air and sunshine. Come into the garden. You have been too much alone. Come to the convent. Get back to your work and put to good use the genius with which you pleased the good God to endow you."

"Yes," said Claude, "I must go to work again. If one could but put on the car as what one knows ought to be there, it would not be so hard."

"Pazienza!" said Brother Paul, with a kindly smile that reached the young painter's tired soul. It was so full of confidence, hope, and sympathy.

CHAPTER VII.

Before many days had passed Claude had changed his quarters and was painting in the chapter-room. Sympathetic companionship was thus given him, and like the painters of old, he lived in very great simplicity, and earned his bread and lodging with his brush. Each member of the little community had a special devotion or idea, and was thankful to the painter for any sketch he could give them, if only it embodied their aspiration.

In the early spring a bitter disappointment and a great satisfaction came to him simultaneously. He sent his great picture of the Passion to London, together with the studies made in the vineyards and the streets.

"Ah, yes," said the great men (of the Gethsemane picture), "a very promising picture, but there should have been more attention to details. This is not the Holy Land; far too verdant! Still it is promising. But the studies—the studies are excellent!"

That was the disappointment, and the verdict came just when the painting of the Crucifixion (not a copy of Casa-cate's, but his own rendering of the terrible subject) had been formally installed in the large carved oak frame where once the old master's great work had been venerated.

In vain had Claude protested. "It is not worthy. Each day I see some new defect; it is bad. If I could paint it again, it would be better—different!"

"As if the picture were the work of a day and a night wishing-wand!" said Brother Paul. "The church is not a picture gallery or art school—heaven forbid!"

"It is not the technical part," replied Claude. "The drawing is all right. I am pretty sure, and as for the painting, one never does get quite what one wants; but that doesn't trouble me much. It is the whole picture! It lacks dignity, spirituality, perfection of beauty; it lacks every thing—and yet in one way it has its merits. But it is not what I hoped for, what I meant, what it might be, if only I had the power to do what I mean!"

"But who has seen, can see, your dream? Happy you to have an ideal so much greater than that with which we are so content!"

All the villagers flocked to see it, and from the country round and the city itself men of all classes came to look and admire.

"Well," said Brother Paul, who was with Claude in the sacristy one day when quite a crowd of visitors had flocked into the usually desolate church, "now see for yourself. Was it devotion you wished to inspire—love to God and our blessed Lord, or admiration for your own skill and genius? Ah, they will not forget the young painter, never! But see that for yourself if your object is not gained. Every look of sorrow in those faces, every tear that falls slowly from those eyes, is a witness to your success. What more do you need?"

Claude, though still dismayed, was consoled.

"That is your vocation," said Brother Paul, rejoicing in the young painter's triumph. "Any one who can put at all can paint a cup, a flask, a waxen model of a tree, but it is a very special gift of the great God Himself to be able to touch the heart and awaken a divine sympathy. Dear

young man! Dear friend of my heart, the treasure has been given to you!"

Claude looked up and again saw the selfish face of the poor lay brother.

"If I have it," he murmured low, "it is from you I gained it."

"No, no," replied Brother Paul, "not me; it is from the good God Himself. There are many gifts, but in all the same spirit!"

When Claude returned to Rome to complete his studies his career was virtually determined. A strange contentment filled him. He went back to England, and met with a moderate success. But life in ordinary society hindered his work, so he established himself in a quiet suburb of Paris, and set to work on things that suited him—pictures for which, as Brother Paul had phrased it, he had a vocation.

And the great public responded to his touch, so that in a few years he was known as the best modern painter of religious subjects. Students flocked to him, and a little community sprang up around him. But Claude could not be a mere professor. He would give any help he could, but he must be free to devote his time and energy to his own work.

"I thought the time was past for this sort of thing," said an American, who had seen the sights of the art world.

"Art for art's sake," is the doctrine of the day, not art for dogma, history or imagination. I see you lean to the traditions of the past, not the realism of the day."

"Do I?" said Claude, amused at his visitor's arrogance. "I have always tried to do my best to represent with absolute fidelity whatever comes to my brush."

"You do? Well, you're not singular. I once bought the most costly religious work that has been in the market for many a year, bought it and paid six thousand francs, and that was realistic, if you please—a fine Crucifixion, with a body that you could swear you could lift from the cross. Yes, I bought that, and gave it to a church that had been robbed—yes, air, robbed of its art treasures. You may have heard of it; it's down by Florence, and the story is given in Murray. That's my card. It was I who gave the picture, Joshua E. Montgomery. If ever you're down that way you might look at it and see what realism can do for religion."

"I am much interested to see you," said Claude.

"I like your heads," volunteered Mr. Montgomery, "and I like your brush; it's neat, but it's rather light. I like a broad effect. But, I say, what made you take to religious painting at this time of day?"

"Because it suits me."

"Rather reviving an old school?"

"It's to be hoped you will have students who will do as well as yourself. You have something in your work, just a something, I can't exactly explain it, but I see it—ethereal, you know—lofty. I wonder how you got it? It's not so realistic as some painters are, but—but I like it—yes, I like it, but how you get it passes me!"

"I saw a face transfigured once," said Claude solemnly, as though paying a debt of honour, "I saw a soul shining so brightly with spiritual fervor, charity, compassion, that it made me feel of how little importance is the physical form compared with the spirit—that is all."

"Something, I guess, in your eyes as well?"

"Maybe" said Claude to himself, though he only bowed to his visitor, but in reality he felt that it was mainly owing to Brother Paul's intention.

The Brightest Flowers were saved here, and Claude's studies, as you can see, were preserved by Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil. Group, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sore, bruised, piles, urinary difficulty, and is most economic.

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CHAPTER XL.

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young man! Dear friend of my heart, the treasure has been given to you!"

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"You do? Well, you're not singular. I once bought the most costly religious work that has been in the market for many a year, bought it and paid six thousand francs, and that was realistic, if you please—a fine Crucifixion, with a body that you could swear you could lift from the cross. Yes, I bought that, and gave it to a church that had been robbed—yes, air, robbed of its art treasures. You may have heard of it; it's down by Florence, and the story is given in Murray. That's my card. It was I who gave the picture, Joshua E. Montgomery. If ever you're down that way you might look at it and see what realism can do for religion."

"I am much interested to see you," said Claude.

"I like your heads," volunteered Mr. Montgomery, "and I like your brush; it's neat, but it's rather light. I like a broad effect. But, I say, what made you take to religious painting at this time of day?"

"Because it suits me."

"Rather reviving an old school?"

"It's to be hoped you will have students who will do as well as yourself. You have something in your work, just a something, I can't exactly explain it, but I see it—ethereal, you know—lofty. I wonder how you got it? It's not so realistic as some painters are, but—but I like it—yes, I like it, but how you get it passes me!"

"I saw a face transfigured once," said Claude solemnly, as though paying a debt of honour, "I saw a soul shining so brightly with spiritual fervor, charity, compassion, that it made me feel of how little importance is the physical form compared with the spirit—that is all."

"Something, I guess, in your eyes as well?"

"Maybe" said Claude to himself, though he only bowed to his visitor, but in reality he felt that it was mainly owing to Brother Paul's intention.

The Brightest Flowers were saved here, and Claude's studies, as you can see, were preserved by Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil. Group, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sore, bruised, piles, urinary difficulty, and is most economic.

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4,000 People

Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,
Lame Back,
Gout,

Cured by

Eczema,
Salt Rheum,
Skin Eruptions,
Long Standing Sores

Kootenay Cure

Bright's Disease,
Kidney Complaints, All
Stomach Troubles.

Contains New Ingredient

PRICE
A 1/2 bottle, 50c
A bottle, \$1.00
From your drug
store, or
The S. S. Ryckman
Med. Co., Limited,
1111 Main St.,
St. Louis, Mo.
Beware of cheap
imitations free by mail address

young man! Dear friend of my heart, the treasure has been given to you!"

Claude looked up and again saw the selfish face of the poor lay brother.

"If I have it," he murmured low, "it is from you I gained it."

"No, no," replied Brother Paul, "not me; it is from the good God Himself. There are many gifts, but in all the same spirit!"

When Claude returned to Rome to complete his studies his career was virtually determined. A strange contentment filled him. He went back to England, and met with a moderate success. But life in ordinary society hindered his work, so he established himself in a quiet suburb of Paris, and set to work on things that suited him—pictures for which, as Brother Paul had phrased it, he had a vocation.

And the great public responded to his touch, so that in a few years he was known as the best modern painter of religious subjects. Students flocked to him, and a little community sprang up around him. But Claude could not be a mere professor. He would give any help he could, but he must be free to devote his time and energy to his own work.

"I thought the time was past for this sort of thing," said an American, who had seen the sights of the art world.

"Art for art's sake," is the doctrine of the day, not art for dogma, history or imagination. I see you lean to the traditions of the past, not the realism of the day."

"Do I?" said Claude, amused at his visitor's arrogance. "I have always tried to do my best to represent with absolute fidelity whatever comes to my brush."

"You do? Well, you're not singular. I once bought the most costly religious work that has been in the market for many a year, bought it and paid six thousand francs, and that was realistic, if you please—a fine Crucifixion, with a body that you could swear you could lift from the cross. Yes, I bought that, and gave it to a church that had been robbed—yes, air, robbed of its art treasures. You may have heard of it; it's down by Florence, and the story is given in Murray. That's my card. It was I who gave the picture, Joshua E. Montgomery. If ever you're down that way you might look at it and see what realism can do for religion."

"I am much interested to see you," said Claude.

"I like your heads," volunteered Mr. Montgomery, "and I like your brush; it's neat, but it's rather light. I like a broad effect. But, I say, what made you take to religious painting at this time of day?"

"Because it suits me."

"Rather reviving an old school?"

"It's to be hoped you will have students who will do as well as yourself. You have something in your work, just a something, I can't exactly explain it, but I see it—ethereal, you know—lofty. I wonder how you got it? It's not so realistic as some painters are, but—but I like it—yes, I like it, but how you get it passes me!"

"I saw a face transfigured once," said Claude solemnly, as though paying a debt of honour, "I saw a soul shining so brightly with spiritual fervor, charity, compassion, that it made me feel of how little importance is the physical form compared with the spirit—that is all."

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The Brightest Flowers were saved here, and Claude's studies, as you can see, were preserved by Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil. Group, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sore, bruised, piles, urinary difficulty, and is most economic.

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Secrecy of the Confessional.

A correspondent of the Register in England informs us that the reported case of a Quebec priest having been ordered to divulge the secrets of the confessional has attracted no little attention there. The same matter has been made the subject of comment in some of the American papers, and as these reports serve to raise misconceptions with regard to the Canadian law of evidence and procedure, we publish herewith the terms of a quite recent judgment by Mr. Justice Curran in the Court of Queen's Bench, sitting at Montreal, which elaborately states the Canadian civil code of procedure, and shows that in criminal matters Canadian and English law are alike. Although protection is afforded only to the legal adviser, there is the strongest tendency to extend this privilege. Mr. Justice Curran's judgment was delivered in the case of Bouchard and Bell (see vol. 5, Official Reports of Quebec, p. 138). The learned judge said:—

The question submitted to us by this appeal seemed to be approached on both sides, as though it involved religious distinctions and some grave constitutional problem, and was to be settled upon principles differing in some respect from those ordinarily invoked before legal tribunals. I see no occasion, either in examining or deciding it, to treat it otherwise than we would an ordinary question in regard to a matter of procedure, in which our code has established a rule of exemption in unambiguous and comprehensive terms. In England it has been held to be immemorial that the confidential relationship existing between the client and his legal adviser, the absolute necessity for the one to state his case fully and unreservedly, that he might receive reliable counsel from the other, made it a necessary condition that such communication should be privileged, and that the counsel should neither be allowed nor compelled to disclose it, even when placed in the witness-box and sworn in the usual way, to state the truth, the whole truth (1 Starkie, p. 18; 1 Powell, 69; 1 Chitty, Archbold, 67. Such matters are seldom regulated in England by statute, but by precedent, and a long-continued usage, and there is a decided indication in modern judicial utterances of the extension of this principle to the confidential communications between a penitent and his religious adviser (King v. Griffin, 6 Cox's Crim. Cases, p. 219). Baron Alderson, in commenting on conversations that had taken place between a prisoner and the chaplain of the prison, said:—"I think these conversations ought not to be given in evidence. The principle upon which an attorney is prevented from divulging what passes with his client is because without unfettered means of communication the client would not have proper legal assistance. The same principle applies to a person deprived of whose advice the prisoner would not have proper spiritual assistance. I do not say this down as an absolute rule; but I think that such evidence ought not to be given." And G. Pitt Lew. v. G.C., the editor of the last edition of "Taylor on Evidence," says in a foot-note at p. 595, referring to the decision in R. v. Gilham, that although the judges therein tacitly or expressly accept the position that strict law does not admit the privilege of exemption by a clergyman of the Church of England from stating, as a witness, what was stated to him as a confessor, nevertheless they all protect, by the strict letter of the law in that respect, and Sir R. Phillimore ventured to commit himself to the expression of an opinion, that the privilege of a clergyman of the Church of England as to matters told them in confession will be recognized when the question next comes before a Superior Court.

Dr. Phillips has recently been taught by a Superior Court judgment for damages, by an English judge and jury, that information acquired by a physician as to the condition of his patient is not to be communicated to others in compliance with what he considered a discharge of duty.

The same general principles are recognized by the higher United States Courts, and in many of the States special Legislative enactments exempt religious advisers, of whatever creed, from the obligation to disclose, as witnesses, what may have been stated to them in their capacity of religious advisers.

The law of France has always been strict in enforcement of this principle, which Mr. Justice Bowen has referred to. Our jurisprudence was well settled in the same sense prior to the code, but based as it was upon the text of the laws and jurisprudence of France, it might have been limited to confession to a Roman Catholic priest; the only case which had come up for adjudication before the French Courts, and our codifiers therefore logically and properly enlarged the text of the law by article 225, C. P., so as to leave no doubt as to its applicability to all religions, as to all legal advisers. A witness cannot be compelled to declare what has been revealed to him confidentially in his professional character as religious or legal adviser, or as an officer of State, where public policy is concerned.

It is, of course, important to secure correct information as to the facts of each case by means of sworn statements of witnesses, but, like everything else, this importance is only relative, and frequent instances occur where it has to yield to some other principle, which the legislatures or the courts consider to be of greater weight. Most of us can remember when a litigant could not give evidence for

himself on a matter even a relatively within certain degrees. That rule has been gradually relaxed, so that the proximity of relationship now disqualifies a witness and in commercial cases the party may now tender his own evidence, but it is still inadmissible in other cases, no matter what their importance or the impossibility of establishing the facts by other means. Our law prohibits verbal evidence to contradict a written contract, or in regard to contracts even of a commercial character for an amount exceeding \$50, except in certain specified cases. Husband and wife cannot testify either for or against the other. The law treats as privileged, as a general rule, what has passed between a principal and his agent, and will not force its disclosure under oath, at the instance of an adverse litigant. These well-known rules of common observation, which the law has adopted, the disclosure of facts by certain parties is denied either upon grounds of public policy or by reason of the special relationship of such parties to the litigant, or the subject matter in dispute, serve to illustrate how natural it was to establish a similar rule in regard to legal and religious advisers. At all events, the rule exists, and we should feel no more hesitation or scruple in enforcing it than we do in the other cases which I have cited.

The law has enacted which has been attempted to be made between what the penitent says to his confessor, and what the latter says in reply, is not in my opinion a sound or defensible one. The nature of the answer necessarily expresses that of the enquiry, and to enforce its repetition as evidence would violate the reason of the general exemption, and also that other legal principle as to the indivisibility of admissions. They should be wholly disclosed or entirely withheld. The law has enacted the latter stipulation in regard to communications with one's religious adviser, and it should be effectually enforced.

South Staffordshire Tramways Co. vs. Elbsmith, L.R., 2 Q.B.D. (1885), p. 669; Knapp vs. City of London Insurance Co., 29 L.C.J., 238; Ducharme vs. Loisee, 27 L.C.J., 145; Wilson vs. Brunskill, 2 Chancery Chamber Reports (Ont.), 137; Hamely vs. White, C.P.B. (Ont.), 148; Forsyth vs. Charlebois, 22 L.C.J., 284; Taylor on Evidence (Ed. of 1895), par. 911.

I have not overlooked the case of R. vs. Cox, at p. 14 L.R.Q.B., division 153, to which the learned judge in the Superior Court has referred, but it does not appear to me to control the case now under consideration. That was a criminal case, while this is a civil one, in the Cox case there was evidence already in the possession of the tribunal, and independent of that which was then sought, to establish that the attorney had been consulted by the prisoners for the express purpose of securing advice to enable them to commit and conceal a crime. The moment that was established the reason for the exemption ceased, and the rule forbidding the attorney to state what had occurred between him and the prisoners might have been properly relaxed, as it was here in the case of McKensie vs. McKensie (9 L.C.J., 87), unless some snowy-winter circumstance. But until an illegal motive is thus established, the statement of the religious adviser that no such object was apparent, will be unreservedly accepted by the court, in conformity to the principle laid down by this court, in Gagy vs. Chagnure, 13 L.C.R., 31. The court has no power to compel the Provincial Secretary to produce documents connected with affairs of State if their production would be injurious to the public interest, of which he was to be deemed a witness. It is not necessary to concur in the judgment maintaining the appeal and reversing the interlocutory order to compel the appellant to disclose what had occurred between him and the penitent at the confessional, but do not base the judgment, in any sense, upon the appellant's having taken an oath or made a vow prohibiting such a revelation. The privilege of exemption is founded entirely upon the provision of our code, based upon grounds of public order, and is applicable to anyone discharging a religious office to whom a confidential statement is made by reason of that office.

THE DUTY OF CHARITY.
Peterborough, Jan. 23.—A large congregation gathered at evening to hear the charity sermon delivered by Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, of Young's Point, a great favorite in town, and an exceptionally gifted preacher. Rev. Father Fitzpatrick spoke from St. Paul to the Galatians, vi. 2:—"Bear ye one another's burdens, for in so doing ye fulfill the law of Christ." He pointed out that of all the duties of man none is so frequently and so fully neglected as that of charity, as that of generously giving to and assisting the poor.

SOCIALISTS MISCONCEIVE THE NATURE OF SOCIETY.
Ottawa, Jan. 22.—Socialism was the subject of the sermon given in the Murray street chapel last evening by the Rev. Father Niles, O.M.I., vice-rector of Ottawa University. "Socialists pretend," the preacher said, "that the State should own everything, that individual man should not own anything, and that the State should distribute everything, giving everybody an equal share. According to Karl Marx, the leader of German Socialists, labour is the only source of capital. The labourer should therefore get possession of capital, but in society, as it is now organized, capital is in other hands.

How society should be reorganized on a new basis. This is the object of socialism, according to the socialist. Unless published in all countries, Father Niles related this, claiming that all this socialist doctrine comes from a wrong idea of society. Society, he stated, is constituted by an intelligence superior to man's. Society is composed of families, and the family of individuals. The individual is therefore anterior to the family and to society. Hence an individual's rights and obligations or duties are natural, and society cannot take them from him.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION TO MR. D. J. WALSH.

Mr. D. J. Walsh, for several years connected with the Inland Revenue in this city, has recently been promoted to a responsible position at the Prescott distillery. The following address was presented to him on Thursday evening by the citizens of Norwich, where he has been stationed for the past three years:—

To D. J. Walsh, Esq., Norwich, Ont. Sir,—We, the undersigned, take this opportunity, upon the eve of your departure from our midst, to express to you the high esteem in which you are held by your friends at Norwich. During your residence of three years in Norwich, we have admired those sterling qualities of head and heart which have won for you the respect and goodwill of the citizens at large. While we regret your departure, we are pleased to know that you have been promoted in this respect, in which you are such an able and efficient officer. We are pleased to know that during the slow years that you have served as an officer in the Civil Service you have been steadily promoted. We are not surprised at this, for your zeal and integrity have led you, wherever you have been stationed, to faithfully and fearlessly discharge the duties entrusted to you by the Department of the Government under which you have served, while in your capacity as a public servant you have, by diligently striving to promote the best interests of the service, won confidence and respect, you also, as a private citizen, endeared yourself to all who know you, and are deservedly popular.

We further ask your acceptance of this chair as a slight memento of the respect and esteem in which you are held by your friends in Norwich, and trust that you may be long spared to enjoy its comfort. It is the earnest wish of your friends that your future may be bright and prosperous, and we all join in wishing you and Mrs. Walsh every happiness and comfort in your future home. (Signed) Thos. Brown, Austin D. Ellis, Jas. H. Farrington, committee. Norwich, Jan. 20, 1899.

UNITED STATES INDEPENDENT LEAGUE.

The Register has received from President M. Van Hoesen, of New York, a copy of the manifesto issued by the United States Independent League, which is "an association of American citizens, organized to oppose and defeat every political machination or attempt to entangle the United States in the quarrels of European Powers; and, more especially, to defeat the widespread influence which England is at present using to secure an alliance with our Government."

The manifesto opens with the following declaration of George Washington, which is printed in italics:—"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, believe me fellow-citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican Government. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard."—Washington.

Proceeding, the document sets forth that:—"The leading powers of Europe—Russia, France, Germany, and England—and Japan, the new nation of the Orient, are gathered in conferences around the yellow corpse of China, withheld from rending it piecemeal by their jealousy and hatred of one another. In the event of war over the partition of China, the support of the United States would be of vital importance to England, isolated and distrusted as she is, her traditional policy of pillage and selfish aggrandizement having earned for her the hatred of every other nation. In Africa, France and England are on the brink of war. On the frontiers of India, England and Russia are massing forces for a death struggle, in which the Empire of India is the stake."

The closing paragraphs are as follows:—"It is said that the question of expansion in the Far East, and the question of an alliance with England, are one and inseparable. We believe that these two questions are distinct and separate, and should not be linked together. Expansion is an American problem, about which opinion is divided, while an alliance means a political connection with a foreign monarchy. "We desire to harmonize and unite all classes of the American people against the insidious designs of England, the hereditary foe of this Republic, and the common enemy of subject races and struggling nationalities."

AN EXCELLENT OPINION.

The London Echo says:—"A rumour which has gained currency in Canada is to the effect that one of the last acts of Lord Aberdeen as Governor-General was to recommend the grant of a medal to the men who suppressed the Fenian

and the Fenian, in 1868. We can only hope that Lord Salisbury will not sanction an unwise act if it is true. To revive, after thirty years, incidents which are deeply deplored, will be resented throughout the Empire by those who have no sympathy with Fenianism. And to so many Irishmen the grant of a medal for service against them would be most stinging. Can it be that the rumour refers to the ratings of the French Canadians under Louis Riel? Even if this is its origin, the decision would be most unwise. Not thus was unity between the North and South brought about. Civil quarrels should be forgotten and forgiven.

C.M.R.A. BRANCH 15.

At the regular meeting of Branch 15 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, held in the hall at the corner of Queen and McCull streets on Friday, a most enjoyable evening was spent. This being the first meeting after the installation of officers for the year, the branch invited the members of Branches 49 and 11 to be present, and amongst those who responded were:—From 49—President Quinn, Charles Byron, Cook, Landy, and Mulvihill. From 11—President Dolan, Vice-President Kelly, Chancellor Pegg, and Bros. Peck, Macdonald, McQuinn, Highland, and Ryan. Bro. James Ryan, of Branch 85, was also present. During the meeting President Wm. Ray, in a few well-chosen remarks, gave an outline of the origin of fraternal societies, and the work done by the officers, and then asked Treasurer E. F. Wheaton to step forward, and on behalf of the branch presented him with a handsome silver candlestick in appreciation of his valuable services rendered while in office. Bro. Wheaton, in a few words, thanked the members for the honour conferred upon him. Then, after speeches by the visiting brothers, they were escorted to the larger hall, and enjoyed themselves with games of pedro and euchre, and after doing ample justice to the refreshments served by Bro. J. McHenry, the meeting was brought to a close.

TROUBLE IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND BECOMES ACUTE.

London, Jan. 24.—The real contest in the ritualistic controversy in the Church of England has now actually begun. Hitherto it has been an affair of correspondence and leading articles. News comes from Liverpool—which, curiously enough, is the most anti-ritualistic diocese in the United Kingdom—that the two curates of the Church of St. Agnes, in Rosters park, have insisted, against the wish of the majority of the congregation, on preaching in favour of compulsory confession. They have refused either to avoid reference to the subject or to resign, so on the advice of the Bishop the vicar gave them six months' notice. Thereupon the vicar of a neighbouring church wrote a long letter of sympathy, and offered places to both on his own staff. Local excitement runs high, and it is likely that the Bishop will refuse to license the curates to their new positions. Meanwhile part of the congregation sympathizes with the curates. The matter may find its way into the law courts.

The whole ritual question is assuming daily more serious proportions, and it is thought not unlikely that eventually it will lead to the disestablishment of the Church through a coalition of extreme ritualists and non-conformists.

AMERICAN PRELATES AT ROME.

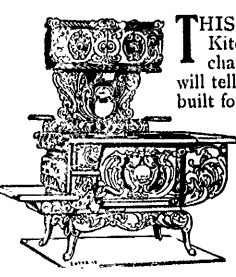
The Boston Republic says:—"The departure of Archbishop Ireland for Rome has been made the occasion for the wildest sort of speculation by the yellow journals. One of these predicted his capture by the Holy Father, and asserted that he had been summoned to the Vatican to receive his castigation. Another said he was to be invested with a red hat. A third declared that he was to be sent to the Philippines. A fourth contended that he was called to the Eternal City to consult with the Pope upon the President's policy. And so it went."

Archbishop Corrigan has taken the trouble to issue a calm statement of the law governing "ad limina" visits of prelates to Rome. After stating generally the obligations resting upon every bishop to pay such a visit during each decennial period, his Grace says:—"To be more specific, the present decennial period, during which the duty of visiting the throne of the apostles is to be fulfilled, began on December 20th, 1895, and will end in 1905. Within these two dates a bishop is free to consult his own convenience in discharging the aforementioned obligation. But this law in mind, and knowing that Archbishop Ireland has not been abroad since 1895, one would be guilty of indelicacy at least, if not of actual impertinence, in asking why his Grace refuses to visit Rome at present." But such a consideration will not deter the yellow journals from keeping up their policy of wild and reckless guessing and speculation upon the Archbishop's objects and purposes.

MUNIFICENT GIFT FROM THE POPE.

The "Tablet" announces that Leo XIII. has sent to England the sum of four hundred thousand Italian lire (about sixteen thousand pounds sterling) to form part of a perpetual endowment for the new college his Holiness has established in Rome, under the name of St. Bede's, to enable Anglican clergymen who have joined the Catholic Church to pursue their studies for the priesthood. The funds will be administered by the Archbishop of Westminster for the time being.

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THE POPE'S HEALTH.
Rome, Jan. 24.—The Pope has completely recovered from his recent attack of influenza, and gave audiences today as usual.

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