

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XVII.

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NO. 894.

The Three Kings of Cologne.

By EUGENE FIELD.

From out Cologne there came three kings
To worship Jesus Christ, their King,
To Him they sought the golden things,
And many a beautiful golden thing,
They brought their gifts to Bethlehem town,
And in that manger set them down.

Then spoke the first king, and he said:
"O Child, most heavenly, bright and fair!
I bring this crown to Bethlehem town
For thee, and only thee; to wear;
So give a heavenly crown to me
When I shall come at last to Thee!"

The second, then, "I bring Thee here
This royal robe, O Child," he cried;
"Of silk tis spun, and such an one
There is not in the world beside;
So in the day of doom requite
Me with a heavenly robe of white."

The third king gave his gift and quoth:
"Spikenard and myrrh to Thee I bring,
And with these twain would I most fain
Anoint the body of my King;
So may thy incense sometimes rise
To plead for me in yonder skies!"

Thus spake the three kings of Cologne,
That gave their gifts and went their way;
And now kneel I in prayer hard by
The cradle of the Child to-day;
Nor crown, nor robe, nor spice I bring
As offering unto Christ, my King.

Yet have I brought a gift the Child
May not despise, however small;
For here I lay my heart to-day,
And it is full of love to all.
Take Thou the poor but loyal thing,
My only tribute, Christ, my King!

REV. FATHER McISAACS' GOLDEN JUBILEE.

High Mass Celebrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax—Grand Sermon by Father O'Bryan, S. J., on "The Priesthood."

At 10 o'clock yesterday Father McIsaac celebrated High Mass in St. Mary's cathedral. The Rev. Father Underwood, of Dartmouth, acted as deacon, and Dr. Foley, of St. Mary's, as sub-deacon of the Mass. His Grace the Archbishop occupied the Episcopal throne, having on his right Rev. Father Doherty, S. J., and the Rev. Dr. Murphy on his left. Rev. J. B. Moriarty was master of ceremonies. Within the sanctuary were the Right Rev. Dr. Rogers, Bishop of Chatham, N. B.; Rev. Fathers Campbell and Carroll, of St. Mary's; the Very Rev. Mons. Carmody, of St. Patrick's; Rev. Thomas L. Daly, of St. Joseph's; Rev. Fathers Grace, of Herring Cove; Holden, Kentville; Young, Enfield, Kennedy, Windsor, and Rev. Fathers W. McDonald, Rod, McDonald and Beaton, of the diocese of Antigonish. After the gospel had been sung the jubilee sermon was preached by Rev. J. Gregory O'Bryan, S. J., who is a native of Halifax. It was eloquent and most impressive. The following is a summary:

We are assembled to-day to do honor to one whom God has honored and to give thanks to the Most High for His amiable condescension in conferring on man the sublime dignity of the priesthood. From the priestly office we learn the priest's greatness, for as no act can be more excellent than the consecration of the body of Christ, so no dignity can be conceived greater than that of the priesthood. Christ ordained His apostles priests by the words, "Do this in commemoration of me," and conferred on them the power of sacrifice. Later, breathing on them and saying, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," He communicated to them the power of absolution. These two powers completed their priestly office and constituted them the perpetual successors of Christ's work. Their powers and their office they by ordination bestowed upon their successors to the end of time. Christ's priesthood is the office He assumed for the redemption of mankind by the oblation of Himself, and so all priests under the New Law, having the same calling and laboring for its fulfillment, are made one with Him and share in His own priesthood. There is but one priest and one sacrifice. In Christ it is fulfilled and by the priesthood on earth united to Him and perpetuated. The priest's dignity, then, comes from the place he holds towards Christ, to whom he must be conformed, and from the appalling power of consecration and absolution with which he is endowed. In virtue of the one he utters the awful words, "This is my Body," and brings upon the altar the sweet presence of the Incarnate Word. In virtue of the other He brings anew into souls seared and stained by sin, the brightness of eternal life, the joy and gladness of God's grace. With such powers what must the priest be? Another Christ, with Christ's large charity and deep pity. He, like the Master, must ever go "about doing good." What glorious titles does not this relationship of the priest to Christ bestow upon him! Steward over Christ's household, to give to every man meat in due season; an ambassador with commission to treat and conclude in His name; a fellow-worker with God in the field of the world and in the vineyard of the Church; a plougher, a sower, a reaper, a builder in rearing on high the temple of the Holy Ghost on the one only foundation which Christ the Master-builder has laid—a Father to all who are born again of water and the Holy Ghost; a judge and a physician too is the priest. "In these things" will may the apostle ask "who is sufficient?" All in all with Christ must the priest be, and every priestly beauty of the divine life must find its perfect reflection in his. To corres-

pond with such a dignity how perfect must the priest's life be.—The outcome of the re-incarnation of Christ Himself. Like St. Paul separated unto the gospel of God, "Without father, without mother and without genealogy, having neither the beginning of days nor end of life, but like unto the Son of God, a priest forever." (Heb. vii. 3) In all things modelled upon the Master he serves, the motive power of all he does must be a love of God and of the souls God loves. A consuming thirst for souls; a longing desire to bring all to the knowledge and practice of God's truth; a helpful, patient charity towards his frail fellow man; a repression of mere worldly ambition; a withdrawal from interests exclusively secular; a general devotedness to the demands of his sacred calling; a staunch adherence to duty, pleasant or unpleasant, and indifference to the adverse criticism of unthinking and perhaps unbelieving men are some of the attributes that must mark the man God has chosen for the high office of the Christian priesthood.

I say nothing of the exalted sanctity of life necessary for the conscientious and worthy discharge of his sacred duties. "Be ye holy as I am holy" was the command to those who drew near Him in the priesthood of the Old Law, and as the priesthood and sacrifice of the Old were but the shadow of the substantial priesthood of the New Law, so much more holiness does the Christian priesthood demand of him God stamps with His sacred character. His work is vast and arduous, his responsibilities enormous, his burdens heavy. Ever face to face with what is noblest as well as what is basest in the life of man, his heart is often saddened by the seeming preponderance of evil in the world Christ died to save. Discouragement and despair press upon him at times, and temptation to give up the struggle that seems so hopeless, against sin. Men prove false, those on whom he relied failed, friends and fellow workers pass away, and with all this the thought of his own unworthiness, be he what he may, the sins of those who in spite of the love of Jesus wound His heart, the lack of interest on the part of good men in the one thing necessary, are enough to make the purest a man of sorrows as the Master himself was the "Man of Sorrows." Alone, as far as human aid goes, he has to face the corruption and waywardness of the fickle and the frail; alone as to human sympathy he has to bear the heats of the day. Alone he enters the homes of sin and shame, alone he returns to his solitary dwelling; in the world, but not of the world, friendless as men understand friendship, he goes his journey night and day at the service of all who in their anguish cry to him for help. Sorrowful, I say, because men love not to serve His Master, friendless as to human friendship, but he has within a friend who can give him more than all the friendship of the world besides. He is in touch, it is true, with his flock, his brethren in the priesthood, the whole Church visible and all the saints above, but he needs a love and friendship nearer than all this, and he finds both in the love and friendship of Jesus, with whom through prayer he lives on terms of intimacy unknown to any but himself. Yes, Christ is his friend, to temper his joys, to assuage his sorrow, to sustain him in weakness, to inspire him in doubt, to console him in disappointment, to reward him in labor. While so alone in the world and friendless but for the friendship of Christ, he is himself the friend of all. How beautiful is the following picture of the priest from the pen of a French writer:

"There is in every parish a man who has no family but who belongs to each a man who is called upon to act in the capacity of witness, counsel, or agent in all the most important acts of life, a man without whom none can enter the world or go out of it, who takes the child from his mother's arms and leaves it only at the grave, who blesses the crib, the bed of death, the bier—a man that little children love and fear and venerate, who, even unknown persons address as 'Father,'—at the feet of whom and in whose keeping all classes of people come to lay their most sacred thoughts, their most hidden sin, a man who is by profession the consoler and healer of all the ills of soul and body, through whom the rich and poor are united, at whose door they knock by turns, the one to deposit his secret aims, the other to receive it without being made to blush because of his need—a man who, being himself of no social rank, belongs to all indiscriminately, to the lower ranks of society by the most ostentatious life he leads, and often, too, by humble birth and parentage, to the upper class by education. Often by superior talents and religion inspires and sentiments his religion inspires and commands—a man in fine who knows everything, who has a right to say everything, from whose hallowed lips all words of divine wisdom are received by all with the authority of an oracle and with an entire submission of faith and judgment—such a man is the priest."

The most difficult and delicate part of my duty now presents itself—to show how in the noble man we honor to-day are found all the qualities of head, heart and soul that go to adorn

the priestly character. Difficult and delicate, I say, because of his native modesty he has ever shrunk from prominence, and his whole desire seems to have been to hide from the eyes of men the noblest deeds with which his life is replete. Loyal to his Master, devoted to his work, for fifty years he has gone on bringing joy and peace and the kindly light of Christ's presence to countless souls. For thirty years and more he has been to me the embodiment of all that in man's saintly, noble and brave. Ordained within these walls by the first Archbishop of Halifax, he went forth into the harvest ripe for the reaper, where the laborers were few indeed. No part of this large diocese but he witnessed his toil, no burden however heavy that he has not borne. With the sacred unction still fresh on his priestly hands he hesitated not in the imminent peril of his life to bring comfort to the poor Irish emigrants stricken with ship fever. In after years, on three different occasions, he took his life in his hands and braved the danger of pestilence to administer to the victims of disease the consolations of holy Church. Thrice stricken down by the plague, thrice did God lift him up from what seemed to be his bed of death to continue his priestly work for the good of souls. In town and country for fifty years, often face to face with death, consoled by the confidence of superiors and upheld by the knowledge that he was advancing the Master's kingdom, he labored on amidst cold and heat, in poverty and forgetfulness of self, happy in the comfort and peace he could bring to others. During all this time the steady progress of religion in this diocese has been a source of joy. Under four Archbishops he has seen Catholicity grow—grow through the labors of devoted priests like himself. Under the guidance of enlightened and pious chiefs, quickened by the grace of God, the Church of Halifax is blessed with temples, institutions, all else that contributes to the edification and salvation of souls. Every priestly work has received the touch of his ready hands, and in these latter years he has been called to duties among the most responsible of all that fall to the lot of priests, the formation and guidance of devoted souls who have consecrated their lives and the fruit thereof through the love of God to the service of humanity. We gather therefore around the altar to-day to thank God for the favors and blessings He has showered down upon His chosen one, and to thank the godly priest for his constant labor for the souls of all. His boast to-day, if he cared to boast, might be that in the course of his long life he has never lost a friend nor made an enemy. And here let us pause, standing and locking backward through the vista of fifty golden years—years golden with the harvest of souls, golden with merit, golden with labor and grace, we reach the day so long ago, when an humble Levite he hearkened to and answered the Master's call, *Amice, ascende superius* ("Friend, come higher up"). From that blessed day to this he has walked in the Master's footsteps, swayed by neither fear nor ambition, human respect nor personal ambition, loyal to all, faithful and true.

And as the golden years that are, are an earnest of the golden years that are to be, he may, we pray, be lent us for much time to come, as an example and encouragement to draw us nearer to Jesus the All-Beautiful.

Newman's Entry to the Church.

An undergraduate friend of the late Cardinal Newman writes in the *New Budget* a most affecting little account of the reception of the great Cardinal into the Catholic Church, fifty years ago. Here it is:

"The 9th of October, 1845, was a day of pouring rain at Littlemore, the little village two or three miles from Oxford, whither Newman had gone to be quiet. It was not weather fit for a cat to be out in. But if any Littlemore men were about they might have met a remarkable-looking man, evidently a foreigner, and shabbily dressed in black. This was Father Dominic, a Passionist priest, who had begun life as a shepherd boy on the Apennines, and who even then dreamed of a spiritual conquest of England. He entered the little parsonage house—as Newman called it—at Littlemore, and the Vicar—for so Newman was still named, though he had resigned the university pulpit in St. Mary the Virgin many months before—kneelt before him and whispered the profession of faith with which all England was to be ringing ere many days were over."

We always consider life as a fairy tale, in which every good action must be rewarded by a visible wonder. We do not accept as payment a peaceful conscience or a good name among men—treasures that are more precious than any other, but the value of which we do not feel till after we have lost them.—"Journal of a Happy Man."

KNEELING TO THE POPE.

Spicy Narrative of the Experiences of Protestant Tourists in Rome.

"How many want to go and see the Pope?"

It was 5 o'clock of a warm Saturday afternoon in Rome, and our party of American tourists had just come in from one of their daily drives through the ruins of the Eternal City. I stood up on a sofa in the drawing room of the hotel to ask the question, and thumped violently on the floor, for our party was large and vivacious, and to get their undivided attention, even for a moment, was no easy matter. The question was repeated twice before its purport was generally understood. Then there was a merry shout of acceptance and a demand to hear more.

I told them that the Pope had invited them to drop in and see him. I then rehearsed the episode of the afternoon which had given rise to the question. At 3 o'clock a message was sent to our hotel by the Papal secretary, that if somebody representing the American vacation excursion would come to his office an arrangement could be made by which its members could attend Mass at the Pope's private chapel next morning, on the occasion of the reception of the Catholic pilgrims from America. I immediately drove down to his office, and was received by a handsome gentleman, gracious in manner, who spoke English perfectly. He said he had received two or three applications by mail from members of our party, and thought there might be others who would wish to see the Holy Father. I said that probably all would like to see him, if it were possible, but that no general request had been made because it was felt that to attain access to his presence was extremely difficult, and for strangers almost impossible.

LET NOT A HERMIT.

He answered with a smile that the Pope was by no means a hermit, and asked how many were in our party. I said one hundred and twenty-four. I believed. He laughed, remarking that he had not room for half of them, and then asked, "How many are Catholics?" I said there were certainly two, and perhaps three. He laughed much more heartily at this, and said:

"What is the purpose of the Protestants in wishing to see the Holy Father?"

I answered that they were not all Protestants; some were agnostics, who cared just as much and just as little for one religion as another. But they were all moved, I continued, by respectful curiosity. They wanted to see a man whose talents had raised him to so great an eminence, and who wielded such a powerful influence in the world. He replied that the motive was creditable, and added, "The Pope has not the slightest objection to receiving Protestants. He then suggested that I return to the hotel and find out how many wanted to attend the celebration of the Mass at the Pope's private chapel at 8 o'clock next morning."

This is the incident that preceded the asking of the question, "How many want to go and see the Pope?" The response made is obvious that such a desire was almost unanimous, and nearly the entire party at once signed a request to that effect.

This petition I carried to the Papal secretary, visiting him after dinner. As he handed me a bundle of tickets of admission, it occurred to me to ask him what were the rules or conditions of attendance—a question that proved quite important.

He said that all gentlemen must dress in frock coats and white cravats, and all ladies must be customed in black, and wear, instead of bonnets, black veils upon their heads. There must be no fans or jewels. And all admitted to the presence would be expected to kiss the Pope's hand, to conform conventionally to the ceremonial.

When I returned to the hotel again the noisy buzz in the parlor was followed by a hush of expectancy, and the general question, "Did you really get any tickets?" An exhibition of the generous package increased the excitement, and applications came in from all sides.

Before distributing them, however, it was considered proper to state the conditions of attendance, and these immediately produced an uproar of remonstrance. The six or eight Protestant clergymen who were present declared that they would not go, and that no good Protestant could go, for to kiss the signet ring was to acknowledge allegiance to the Papacy, and to repudiate all Protestant principles. Two or three of these gentlemen made excited speeches to such as would listen to them, reiterating this view, and above the hub-bub could be heard, "Treason!" "Apostasy!" "Don't give up your principles!" "It is disgraceful!" "What would Luther have thought of this?" "Has Protestantism no meaning?" "Will you go back on all our fathers fought to secure?"

It was insisted that to kiss the signet ring on the Pope's hand was to acknowledge oneself a Catholic, and a subject of the Roman Church; and the example was vociferously quoted of the young Christian girl under the Roman empire, who scorned to offer incense to Jupiter, and walked calmly to mar-

tyrdom in preference. "Well, I think she was a fool," was the comment of one of the ticket-holders. The contest waxed very earnest, and one tall and fervent clergyman, who was a good singer, went to the piano and filled the hotel with "My Country, 'tis of thee!" sung as a rousing solo.

SIXTY WILLING TO GO.

Amid the turbulent roar of his singing and the hand-clapping that succeeded it, could be heard arguments as to the real significance of the ceremonies—those who took the tickets generally satisfying themselves with the declaration that to bow to Queen Victoria at a reception at Windsor Castle, and to kiss her hand, would not be acknowledging her as sovereign of the United States. Some gladly accepted tickets, and then sadly brought them back after listening to the remonstrances of their ministers; but more than sixty were disposed of, nearly all that had been granted.

Then came the question of the costume required—the "official garb," as a youthful joker insisted on designating it. The problem of veils seemed difficult to solve, because it was late on Saturday night, but a dealer in headgear speedily heard of the dilemma, and invaded the hotel with boxes of laces and black tulle. For an hour the ladies bought veils ranging in price from 50 cents to \$15. The gentlemen of the party hustled to find frock coats and white ties. Some hired them from the waiters, some from tailors, and one or two had the audacity to borrow the necessary togery from disgraced clergymen who had conducted the patriotic exercises and sung themselves hoarse in opposition to the fearful signet ring. Some of these crusaders will probably preach next Sunday in coats that have done suppliant homage to the Pope of Rome.

Next morning there was hot haste. Dreams were cut short. Breakfast was at 7, and as each hypothetical penitent appeared in the breakfast room arrayed in mournful togery borrowed for the occasion, there was a greeting of good natured laughter and ironical applause. There were undoubtedly miserable sinners, but their most conspicuous sin seemed to be bad dressing. Everybody had on somebody else's clothes. "Hello! Where did you get that?" was the question asked between mouthfuls. They were victims of the rules of the Vatican, and it was amusing to think that the Supreme Pontiff would be pleased with the salutation of such a lot of misfits whose appearance would exclude them from any respectable society. It was a hot August morning, but some of the gentlemen were smothered in heavy overcoats, while the ladies were completely transformed. After a hasty breakfast we started forth in open carriages, as grotesque as Falstaff's followers.

We arrived in five minutes at the foot of the Royal Staircase which marks the boundary between the Kingdom of Italy and the Papal Dominions. On the outside was ranged a file of King Humbert's soldiers, and on the inside a file of the Pope's body-guard. The latter, who were very much in evidence in all parts of the Vatican, were in a startling uniform of brilliant yellow and black—a military coat on lined with a dash of red, and the fulness of yellow knee breeches accentuated by broad stripes of black hanging loose from belt to knee. The coat sleeves and stockings were similarly striped with longitudinal stripes of black and yellow, giving them a very pictorial appearance indeed. Hanging obliquely across the painted warrior was a baldric embossed with gold. On the whole he was very pretty.

THE SCALA REGIA.

At the foot of which we stood, consists of seventy eight steps and leads only up to the first floor; but the architect has succeeded in giving it the appearance of tremendous length by resorting to an ingenious trick. This staircase is only half as wide at top as the bottom, and all the parts of it are diminished in the same proportion. The supporting columns at the bottom, for instance, are two feet in diameter while at the top they are only one foot. This device increases the apparent distance by false perspective, creating the same deceptive impression on the eye that is produced by a painted picture. To make the distances in the Vatican longer, however, seems an unnecessary attention, for it contains twenty open courts and parks and eleven thousand rooms; to inspect it thoroughly is as fatiguing as to walk over a city.

Not far from the top of the Scala Regia we came to the Pontifical Antechamber named on our tickets; and here at an open door an officer relieved us of these documents.

We were now ushered into the chapel and assigned to seats—long, backless benches covered with green brocade. The American pilgrims shortly filed in, wearing badges, bearing banners and carrying in their hands and under their arms parcels of various articles for the Pope to bless. On each side of the altar they set their two large and handsome American flags—which measured at least four feet by six—and were given seats in front. We restrained an impulse to jump and give three cheers for the flags, and sat still. While waiting for the Pontiff to appear

we had time to observe the surroundings.

POSTIFICAL MASS.

We were in a hall perhaps a hundred feet long by fifty wide. It was hung with crimson brocade from ceiling to floor. On the sides, framed in this tapestry, were four large paintings of memorable events in the life of Christ, and the frieze was composed of frescoes of holy places—Jerusalem, Bethlehem, etc. In the lofty ceiling were deep set panels of gold. In front of us was the high altar, with handsome candelabra and six candles and various rich equipments; over it was a tall canopy of crimson silk. This was evidently to be a Low Mass, as there was no organ, and no arrangements for singing, but through one open window was faintly wafted our ears the music of the High Mass being celebrated in St. Peter's.

Presently the heavy crimson curtains over the portal nearest the Pope's apartments were drawn aside, and two members of the Swiss Guards entered, bearing halberds or long axes, followed by four of King Humbert's soldiers. The latter were in handsome uniform, and wore plumed helmets, which they did not remove until the elevation of the Host. Others of the Papal body guard entered, and were immediately followed by four Cardinals, and two chamberlains supporting the Pope between them.

The appearance of the latter did not seem to justify the current report that he is still strong and vigorous. His eighty six years seemed a heavy burden to carry. He was much bent, considerably emaciated and evidently feeble; and the white cassock, white belt, white slippers and the little white zucchetto on his scalp emphasized his paleness and feebleness. He tottered to the front of the altar and began the long ceremonial of the Mass—standing all the while, though he had fasted since the night before.

It is not necessary to describe the details of this familiar eucharistic service. The voice of the Pope was thin and weak, and at times scarcely heard at all; it was obvious that he was much fatigued. After he had finished the half hour Mass a chair was set for him, and he participated in another long Mass by one of the Cardinals.

At the close of the Mass the Pope's chair was placed on the platform facing the audience. At his immediate left stood the tall, handsome tutor of the Prince Royal of Italy, in plain black, and around were assembled the Cardinals and chamberlains. One of these

PRESENTED THE AMERICAN PILGRIMS as they approached, generally by name. Each one knelt, reverently kissed the Pope's hand, and then prostrated himself and kissed his foot, rising to receive his benediction. Several presented articles to be blessed by the Holy Father and most of them, if not all, left an offering in gold, of which one of the chamberlains took charge.

When the pilgrims had all rendered their homage and retired, some members of our party went forward and were received in a similar manner. Some of them were Catholics and some Protestants. All kissed the Pope's hand, and almost all his white satin slipper, and almost all his red cross. There being a moment's hiatus, a Cardinal stepped forward and said that the Pope was sorry that his extreme fatigue would prevent his receiving any more, but that he blessed them all from his heart, and assured them of his deep interest in America.

Meantime a palanquin or sedan chair, covered with crimson silk, had been brought in and set on the floor. At the conclusion of the audience the Pope came down from the dais, slowly got into this, and seated himself. It was a small box, constructed like a carriage body, with four horizontal handles to carry it by. Two strong men took hold of these and bore him away, the procession closing in behind. In spite of the Pontiff's extreme paleness and feebleness, it was plain to see that he had the intellectual face of a scholar, a bright and penetrating eye, and an expression habitually pleasant and benignant.

And when we got back to the hotel there was waiting and grashing of teeth by those who did not go. The Puritans were disgusted. They had missed one of the sights of a lifetime. They might have seen the ruler of the greatest empire of the world, without kissing his little satin slipper, or his mystical signet ring, without performing any obligation or pledging any allegiance whatever; and they loudly declared that papistical trickery was unfathomable, and that Conscience, as a universal conductor and local guide, had gone back on them.

W. A. Croffut.

The Carmelite Review.

None of the magazines which come to our "Exchange" table is more welcome than the *Carmelite Review*, a monthly Catholic magazine devoted to Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, published at Niagara Falls by the Carmelite Fathers, with the approbation of Cardinal Gibbons, Mgr. Salsbery, Archbishop Walsh, etc. With the December number this excellent magazine closes its third year, and during all that time it has grown steadily and surely in the favor of a discerning public. That the magazine may continue to prosper as it deserves is our sincere wish.

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A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll O'Donoghue."

CHAPTER XXI.

Early the next morning Margaret despatched a messenger to Father Germain to acquaint him of Madame Bernot's determination to appear in court, and also to request him, if it were possible, to see Hubert and prepare him for his mother's presence in court.

As the prisoner's spiritual adviser the clergyman had access to the jail when he would, and the messenger returned with the reply that all should be done as Miss Calvert desired.

Great was the astonishment and consternation among the Bernot servants when they witnessed the preparations for conveying Madame Bernot to court—muffled in a large cloak, and closely veiled, she was borne in her invalid chair, which was so constructed that it could be readily used upon this occasion.

The bearers were the head waiter and the hostler who assisted McNamee in the care of the horses, and Dr. Durant, who in company with Plowden, walked beside, had given particular instructions to go slowly and steadily, that no inadvertent jar might increase the pain which he felt she was suffering; if he could have looked beneath her veil he would have beheld her face covered with clammy perspiration produced by physical agony; her lips white, and her mouth drawn from the same cause; but she gave no sign. Was she not going to plead for the life of her son—her only child? What then could be any physical pain compared with the thought of what was likely to happen to him.

She had requested Margaret to use the carriage; so, for the first time since the trial began, the young girl entered the handsome equipage, accompanied by Annie Corbin, and Kreble, and it was driven slowly in order to keep the chair in sight. Windows were flung open, and heads stretched far out to view the curious procession. Fashionable ladies in un-fashionable morning costumes, ventured even to the stoop, to obtain a closer sight of the strange cortege, and gentlemen who had just risen after late debauches, rushed from their breakfasts at the risk of having only cold mocha to drink, to catch a glimpse of this mother going to a legal court.

The court room was more densely crowded than it yet had been, but the party were admitted through a private entrance.

Plowden had been early astir that morning, and he had made such arrangements that no one of the judicial gentlemen seemed surprised at Madame Bernot's appearance. A passage was respectfully made for the invalid chair, and she was borne close to the judge's seat whether chairs were courteously placed for Margaret and Dr. Durant.

Some one in the crowd who had obtained his information from a court official, voluntarily enlightened those about him, and in a few minutes the identity of the large muffled person in the peculiar chair, was whispered all about the court. People stood on tip-toe to get a closer look, but the thick veil baffled every effort.

Mrs. Delmar adjusted her glass a third time in a very perplexed state of mind. She had not even Louise to whom to communicate her conjectures.

AFTER DINNER

When you have eaten heartily, you should take one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. You'll find them in your stomach, and they'll give you the gentle stimulation, as well as invigorating effect of these tiny sugar-coated granules. If you feel drowsy, dull, languid, oppressively tired or debilitated; if you've no appetite and frequent headaches or dizziness, a furrowed or coated tongue—it proves that you're bilious. In that case you should use the "Pellets." They are anti-bilious granules, which act in a prompt and natural way, without gripping.

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ROBERT MANSON, of West Ky., Buckingham Co., N. H., writes: "Three years ago I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I weighed 120 pounds, and now I weigh 175 pounds, so you see how I have gained in health and weight. Doctor Pierce's Pills are the best pills I ever took for the liver. All my friends say they do them the most good."

LIVER PILLS.

MR. SAMUEL BAKER, SR., of No. 101 Summit Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "There is nothing that can compare with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, or Liver Pills. They have done more for me than any other medicine I have ever taken."

TO ACT AS A FOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES

WYETH'S LIQUID MALTI

IS STRONGLY RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS

If you have tendency to consumption, it fortifies and builds up the system. If you are in the early stage of consumption, it re-supplies in a most salutary way the vitality.

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for that young lady, despite the drive from which she had returned with unmistakable roses of health upon her cheeks, still pleaded illness, and was, though with every symptom of irate dissatisfaction on the part of her mother, permitted to remain at home.

Eugene, the provoking fellow, would only return monosyllabic replies to his mother's remarks. Truth was, the young man was as much puzzled as Mrs. Delmar herself, to decide upon the identity of that strange muffled form.

"It must be Madame Bernot," she said, re-arranging the position of her glass, "for Margaret Calvert is so attentive to her."

Margaret was unfastening the invalid's cloak, in order to throw it slightly back, the atmosphere of the room was so warm.

The prisoner entered. Before he quite reached his place, he paused and swept a hurried anxious look about him, till his eyes encountered the large form in the invalid chair. Margaret whispered to Madame Bernot, and in another moment the young girl, in obedience to a request, had lifted the veil which shrouded the invalid's face, and mother and son's eyes met.

It was an interchange of looks, on the part of the one so full of tender love that it made many eyes moist; on the other so expressive of intense relief, and at length of sudden joy, that there fell from Margaret glad tears because of her very sympathy with the full heart of the prisoner.

He passed to his place with an elastic step. Margaret dropped the veil again over the invalid's face; and people awoke from the strange spell in which a sight of that rare and saint-like countenance had seemed to bind them. Even Mrs. Delmar was pettishly wondering what it was that gave to the sick woman's features such great and peculiar beauty. She did not remember even the color of Madame Bernot's eyes.

On conclusion of the customary legal preliminaries, Kreble Karidat was called for examination. On reaching the court, Annie Corbin had been conducted to the place assigned the Bernot servants, who had already arrived; and Hannah Moore had undertaken to reason the poor, trembling German woman into something like a state of "decent behavior," as she herself termed it. Sam Lewis had also with an air of great importance proffered his advice.

"Bamboozle him like I did, when he's asking you the questions; that's all you've to do; there's nothing like bamboozling."

But poor Kreble would only shake her head and reiterate.

"Mein Gott!"

On the stand she was little better.

"I know notings," she said; "I comes to dis country six years ago. I goes South and gets von place to nurse Madame Bernot; den for von year ask me such things about Mr. Hubert?" with a sudden burst of indignation directed full at Bertoni which almost provoked even the risible faculties of the judge.

Kreble was permitted to descend without being cross-examined, and Bertoni made a few brief remarks, the purport of which was to show, that the last witness had been examined, not because her testimony was an actual necessity, but that his honorable opponents might be quite satisfied of his desire to examine every witness, in order that anything favorable to the prisoner which could be produced might be shown; to which remarks Plowden bowed, and smiled scornfully, well knowing that the opposing counsel had proceeded to such lengths only because they were so many opportunities of displaying his own triumph.

Margaret lifted Madame Bernot's veil, and there was a breathless silence for her testimony was the next in order. Dr. Durant hurriedly felt her pulse; the beats were more regular than they had been for days.

"I can't account for it at all," said the puzzled physician. His own appearance presented greater evidence of mental excitement than did Madame Bernot's; for she was as calm, apparently, as though quietly resting at home.

People expected the low, tremulous, indistinct tones which are usually accredited to invalids; they were not prepared for the exquisitely sweet voice which floated out clear, distinct, and perfect in its articulation.

When she had answered the preliminary questions she was allowed to proceed with her tale, uninterrupted as she evidently wished to do.

"I have requested to be heard to-day in behalf of my only child who has been charged with the crime of murder. I do not seek to avert the penalty which Justice would inflict upon him. I have no hope of influencing the hearts of his judges to lighten the rigor of the law in his case, but I desire to state facts which may cause his memory to be less dishonored—which may win for the remainder of his existence less opprobrium than that with which he is now visited.

"Thirteen years ago our home was one of the happiest in Louisiana; my elder son, Maurice, was at college. Cecil Clare, whose home was also in our state, was his class-mate and warm friend.

"One morning there was a duel on the outskirts of the college grounds, and my son fell with a ball through his heart.

"Over his coffin we learned from some of his college mates more definite, but sadder particulars. Cecil Clare, who had frequently partaken of our hospitality, jealous of Maurice's superior scholarship, of his popularity, formed a pretext for rousing my boy's hot

southern blood, and a duel was the result. Maurice fired in the air—fired in the air, though his antagonist took aim so sure that it was proof of his intention to take a life, and over my son's dead body Clare paused a moment to exult even while his friends were urging him to flee. My husband speedily followed his murdered boy, and my present state of suffering came upon me. Where peace and happiness had reigned ten days before, grief and desolation now made their abode.

"We forgave Cecil Clare; my husband with his dying lips had pronounced his pardon, and over Maurice's coffin, for my sake, Hubert had retraced the boyish vengeance he had sworn, and for the execution of which he sighed for manhood. I also obtained from him and Margaret Calvert a solemn promise never, upon any occasion to mention the sad circumstances of Maurice's death.

"My illness compelled the utmost seclusion; but I had other reasons for severing myself as completely as my poor weak nature would allow, from all worldly affairs. It were better I had not done so, for then my son would not have feared to give me his confidence, and it would not have been for another to tell me that my only child was charged with murder.

"It were better also that we had never come North—though we did so only to be near Hubert during his college term—for then he would not have met so unhappily his brother's murderer. I have heard that hot words passed between them; I know not—I know only that, from my son's unflinching tenderness to me, from his disposition in boyhood, from the tenor of his whole life up to that one unhappy deed, he never would have committed an intentional, a deliberate, murder; and I ask of the gentlemen who may have my boy's life in their hands, to remember, before they unite in a final and fatal decision, that he is the sole remaining child of a widowed, broken-down mother, that his life before this unfortunate affair has been blameless, and that the man he is said to have killed was himself a murderer. I have done, gentlemen."

Margaret Calvert dropped the veil over the pale, beautiful countenance. Dr. Durant felt her pulse again, and then the people began to move in their seats, and to whisper their admiration, and wonder, and sympathy, till "order" was called.

The prisoner had kept his face bowed in his hands while his mother was speaking, and he did not remove them when she had ceased. The various emotions caused by the sound of her voice, and the memories which she was awakening, were almost beyond his control, as might be perceived by the trembling of his fingers, and the deep flush visible on the side of his face and neck.

The doctor urged Madame Bernot to permit herself to be borne out, now that she had performed her part, but she refused, whispering:

"I have not seen my son for so long; do not ask me to leave him now."

She was suffering acutely; but no pain would have induced her to leave the court room while Hubert remained.

Every witness for the prosecution had been examined, and Bertoni waited with a look of supercilious contempt, for Plowden's promised proceedings.

That gentleman, from the very moment of his entrance, had seemed to watch a certain part of the room; turning his keen glance frequently in that direction, and wearing at such times a look of anxious expectation; with that exception, he seemed to be singularly pre-occupied; as if he were more intent upon some determination of his own, than upon the testimony then under way, and it was with that same strangely pre-occupied manner that he rose, and leaning forward, spoke a moment to the judge.

Directly after, Hannah Moore was called.

Great was the consternation among the Bernot servants, who, some time before, had arrived at the pleasant conclusion that no more testimony would be required from them; and the puzzled, frightened cook turned to John McNamee and whispered:

"Is it me, he means?"

"Yes, to be sure; go on—they're waiting for you."

She gathered her shawl about her with no very definite idea of what she was doing, and took her way to the stand, while her broad, good-natured face bloomed like a very peony from sudden color.

When she had taken the oath and stood trembling as if she was herself a culprit, Plowden leaned slightly forward, and looked at her long and earnestly, and almost tenderly; it was a look designed to recall other times, to awake in her heart all the kind feelings which he knew slumbered there. She read his expression, and her eyes dropped, for her Irish heart was full.

"You once held the position of nurse to a certain Mrs. Clare, did you not?" he asked in a peculiar softened tone as if he would coax forth her reply.

Her surprise permitted no answer for a moment, and then it was given with reluctance.

"I did."

"Mrs. Clare had a son, Frederick, whom you knew well?"

"She had," her astonishment growing visibly greater.

"You had ample opportunity of knowing Frederick Clare's disposition to be turbulent and untractable, did you not?"

"I did," falteringly.

"You knew him to be passionate, with a firmness in his passion which would yield to no power under heaven, did you not?"

"Yes," with a half gasp.

"What relation was this Frederick Clare to the murdered man, Cecil Clare?"

The witness refused to answer. Pale as she was before red, she stood with resolutely closed lips.

"Speak, woman!" thundered a voice from the crowd—"your promise is no longer binding, for a human life is at stake."

People looked in vain for the owner of that voice; no one could point him out to the officer whose duty it was to preserve order in the court.

"Yes, speak!" said Plowden, softly, to the startled witness, "answer every question I shall put, if you would not hear the sentence of death passed upon your young master, Hubert Bernot."

A desperate struggle was evidently going on in the domestic heart—the perspiration came out thickly upon her face, and her hands fidgeted nervously with her shawl.

"Speak!" reiterated Plowden, "in mercy to the living, and in justice to the dead, speak!"

Still struggling with her conflicting feelings, she answered with much hesitation:

"He was the brother of Cecil Clare."

"Sons of the same father, but of different mothers, were they not?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes."

"You were in the confidence of Mrs. Clare; you knew that she had been deceived by a mock marriage with her child's father; that she had only learned that fact when she found herself deserted, and was told that her deceiver had gone to England, where he had already a wife and child?"

"Yes; she told me that."

"You learned further from her confidence, that when in the course of years she heard of the death of the legitimate Mrs. Clare, she accompanied by her son, journeyed to that state for the purpose of appealing for her rights to the man who had deceived her?"

"Yes."

"That the result of that journey was a stern refusal from the elder Clare to acknowledge either mother or son, and insulting scoffs from his legitimate son, then a young man of twenty; that the youth, who had accompanied his mother, only to find himself further than ever from a father, swore boyish vengeance on Cecil Clare; that desire for revenge grew to be part of the lad's very being, so that when he returned with his mother to their northern home, he talked and thought of nothing else. You knew all this, did you not?"

"I did."

"What member of that household was there beside mother and son?"

"An only brother of Mrs. Clare."

"How long did you remain with the family?" speaking more rapidly.

"Until Mrs. Clare died."

"That will do for the present."

And, as the witness stepped down, so trembling and confused, as to be proceeding in a wrong direction, till some one kindly set her right, Plowden, in a rapid, impassioned manner, requested that the gentlemen of the jury would be careful to follow, and connect the clues as he would now present them.

"It has been shown conclusively in a previous testimony," he said, "that the prisoner, even though he did not act upon it, had a motive to incite him to the murder of Cecil Clare, and in the testimony just adduced, we learn that there was another being who had treasured vengeance in his heart for this same Cecil Clare. It has not been proved yet, either by the prisoner's own confession, or by any evidence so far obtained, that the prisoner struck the fatal blow in the breast. Improbable as it may seem, it is not impossible that Frederick Clare, the half-brother of the murdered man, may have given the fatal stroke."

He stopped suddenly, inclined himself again toward the judge, and in a moment the latter called:

"Nicholas Neville."

A tall, grand form made its way from the densest part of the crowd—a form, the first sight of which conveyed the impression of uncommon beauty and strength; but a longer look made one recoil with a feeling akin to pain, the whole frame was such a tottering thing. He wore no cloak, as he had done on the previous evening, during his interview with the lawyer, but his dress was entirely black, and his vest was buttoned up close to his collar.

On arriving at the witness stand he looked searching, for a moment, as if seeking to recognize the faces of the judge and jurors—those faces—they seemed to be transfixed with mingled astonishment and alarm; Bertoni's was bleached with horror, and his strong form visibly trembled.

The strange, tottering form raised its left arm and made a single sign. In an instant judge and some of the jury had risen to their feet, stood in perfect silence for a moment, and then slowly resumed their seats.

People stared at each other with wild, wondering eyes. Never had such proceedings been in any court of justice before; but, reading no explanation of the mysterious doings in the countenances of their neighbors, they were fain to turn their glances back, and wait for time to solve their yet unspoken questions.

At the first sound of Nicholas Neville's tones everybody recognized the voice which, so strangely, from the crowd, had issued the command to Hannah Moore.

"I am the uncle of Frederick Clare; his mother was my only sister. When she learned that her marriage was legally invalid, I brought her away from her native New England hills,

that the breath of censure and scorn might not touch her. We came to this city, and it was in direct opposition to me that she sought her deceiver when she learned of the death of his legitimate wife. That journey only secured a desire for vengeance into my nephew's heart. On his return; at his studies, in his sleep, in conversation, he would break forth in one topic—to hurl vengeance on his half-brother, Cecil Clare.

"He fostered ambition, he sought for power, only that it might help to accomplish his end. On the death of his mother, he began his search for Cecil Clare. I accompanied him through love for him, and because of the promise I had given his mother on her death bed, to watch her son, and if possible save him from the effect of any rash deed he might commit.

"We traveled South in search of the Clares; but father and son had gone to Europe some years before, in consequence of a duel in which Cecil had killed his antagonist. We followed to Europe—from city to city, wherever the slightest clue led us. At last in Germany we came accidentally upon the bankers who transacted the business of the Clares; from them we learned that the father was dead, the son a constant attendant on the salons of Paris. To Paris we hurried, and one night we met the object of our search, but, well as my nephew fancied he remembered the features of him whom he so hated, he failed to recognize them until the fragment of a conversation which we overheard, revealed the identity of Cecil Clare. We learned further that he was an accomplished ruse; but something must have alarmed him, for that same night he hurriedly left Paris. We pursued our search for months, but without success, and we at length determined to return home.

"My nephew applied himself to his profession, but his hate and desire for revenge were as deep and unquenchable as ever.

"On the night of the 10th of Sept., or rather on the early morning of the 11th—for it was past midnight when we were returning from a visit—a man whose face was partially covered with dry, encrusted blood, staggered toward us; we feared he might be severely hurt, and we hastened to offer assistance. He was somewhat maddened from intoxication, and yet he had all the anger and obstinacy of a drunken man. We urged him to accompany us, that something might be done for the wound in his face; but he broke into cursing Hubert Bernot, saying that the latter had inflicted the wound, and had left him for dead on the street, but that he—Cecil Clare—would yet have vengeance.

"Up to that time we had not recognized him, for we had not seen his features closely; but when he mentioned his own name, my nephew sprang back. I whispered to spare him because of his intoxicated, helpless state, and my nephew came close to me, and put his hand through my arm. Cecil Clare continued in his madman way to speak of himself, of his fight from some one whom he said pursued him to kill him, and then suddenly with a burst of drunken passion he referred to the mother and son who had called upon his father years before, stigmatizing the mother by some foul name.

"I felt the arm within mine suddenly withdrawn, I saw a form rush past, I heard a heavy thud, and Cecil Clare was lying on the sidewalk drawing his last breath. Vengeance had been dealt at last, and Frederick Clare was the murderer of his half-brother."

There was not a motion among the spell-bound crowd; there was scarcely a breath drawn by the prisoner, who in his intense excitement had risen from his seat and low stooped pale and motionless; there was scarcely a breath drawn by Madame Bernot, or Margaret Calvert; the latter had thrown aside her own veil, and was leaning forward with clasped hands and parted lips; and there was scarcely a breath drawn by any of the Bernot servants, who grasped each other in their wonder, and looked with eyes that seemed to have become strangely extended.

Even the impassive face of the judge betrayed something of the strange emotions under which he labored; and Bertoni's visage was purple—swollen and purple—like that of a man suffering from some fell disease.

Plowden drew himself slightly up, and looked for an instant toward Margaret Calvert; then with a rapid glance at the motley crowd of upturned faces, he said, slowly:

"Since the testimony just given, the veracity of which even 'Rouletaire' will hardly question, has fixed the murder on another than Hubert Bernot, there remains only to ask of the witness to point out this Frederick Clare who gave the blow which sent Cecil Clare into eternity."

The answer came from the witness in tones as slow, as loud, and as thrillingly distinct:

"Frederick Clare and Charles Plowden are one and the same person."

Plowden stretched forth his right hand.

"And I here acknowledge myself to be the murderer of Cecil Clare. My honorable opponent was on the wrong track when he pursued Hubert Bernot."

There was a sound from Bertoni, who had sprung to his feet, as if an effort to speak had ended in a hoarse, half-stifled scream, and then he sank helpless into his chair—so helpless that his head dropped to one side and his hands sought vainly for some support.

Two gentlemen near caught him, but even their faces turned white at the swollen, disfigured visage which rested on the arm of one.

Madame Bernot had risen from her

chair—Madame Bernot who, for nearly nine long years, had been unable to lift even her hands; yet there she stood, her veil flung aside, the large cloak slipping from her shoulders, and disclosing her soft white robe; there she stood, with her hands extended to her son, and her face shining with such an expression as a saint might wear on a first glimpse of heaven.

Margaret Calvert was standing beside her, winding her arms around her and trying to force her into her seat.

The first gush of the girl's own sudden and intense joy was absorbed in fear for Madame Bernot when she saw the invalid rise without any help, and in her wild alarm she almost expected instant death to follow.

Dr. Durant's wits appeared to have entirely deserted him, for he could only murmur while he looked from Madame Bernot to Margaret:

"I think we are all going mad together."

The Bernot servants were all on their feet, Hannah Moore crying, and saying loud enough to be heard by all in her vicinity, if everybody had not been too excited, and too intent upon his or her own comments:

"His poor mother in her grave always feared it would come to that. Oh, I'm glad for Mr. Hubert, but I can't help being sorry for Mr. Frederick."

For some minutes it was impossible to restore order in the court; the wild excitement reigned, but amid it all the prisoner never once turned his eyes from his mother's face. As yet he but dimly comprehended that the crime of murder was no longer upon his soul; as yet he only partially realized that something wonderful had happened to his mother, and he continued to look until at least the tumult was somewhat quieted.

Berton was borne out, and the case was indefinitely adjourned.

The prisoner was taken out; the people began to go slowly forth, and then Plowden wrote on a scrap of paper:

"Miss Calvert—Remember your promise to think kindly of him who should restore happiness to you, and if we should never meet again, still pray for the wretched

Frederick Plowden Clare.

"N. B.—Hubert is safe now from every penalty; 'Roquejare' will resign his case to attend to mine, and a day or two at most will see him free from prison walls." F. P. C."

ONLY A WAIF.

BY M. NESBITT.

Mickey was not by any means a pretty little boy; in truth, by most people, he would have been described as the very reverse, for his small, pinched countenance bore outward and visible signs of the mental and moral inanition from which he had suffered during the short twelve years of his earthly sojourn; and the word starvation—starvation, physical as well as spiritual—was writ large upon his sharpened, preternaturally old features.

As a matter of fact, this lonely waif—an outcast from amongst the children of men—had been washed hither and thither by the darker currents of life, as a leaf is whirled swiftly along some turbid stream. Reared amidst haunts of sin and crime, he could not fail to be affected by the atmosphere of such an environment. Of the eternal God who created him—of Heaven, our everlasting home—of Christ, our Divine Redeemer, who came into this world to be our Brother—he practically knew nothing! No heathen darkness could have been blacker than that which overshadowed the soul of this poor orphan child.

Ah! well indeed may we believe that the cares, the sorrows, and the sufferings of the living cannot touch the happiness of those who have gone before. If it were not so, verily the hearts of faithful Irish Catholics, like Mickey's parents, would be wrung with intolerable anguish at seeing boyish feet set out so soon upon the downward path.

Blows, curses, and an occasional share in the ill gotten goods he had helped to procure—these had been his portion hitherto, and they were likely to be his sole inheritance for many years to come. Yet, taking into consideration the manners and customs of his companions, and the city dens in which most of his days had been passed, he was still very far from being depraved.

It is true that he had been a professional thief almost from his babyhood, but some hereditary instinct, or purer intuition, made the loud laughter and coarse jests of his comrades hateful in his ears. He consorted with them as little as the exigencies of his life permitted, and was unfeignedly relieved when, now and again, having "no job on hand," they allowed him to wander alone at his own sweet will. It came to pass, therefore, that on a certain stormy March evening, Mickey, finding that his time was entirely at his disposal, set forth to roam under the wild night sky.

Loaving behind him the dreary labyrinth of streets and alleys, with all the heart-sickening sights and sounds of a great city, he walked aimlessly on and on till at length he reached a quiet road, bordered on one side by a high wooden paling and on the other by a row of neat but ugly suburban villas. It was not a neighborhood he knew, and the sound of a distant clock chiming 8 reminded him that he had been wandering for more than two hours.

The wind, blowing straight from the

"barren east," was piercingly cold, a steady rain had begun to fall, his shabby garments, a sufficiently slight protection at the best of times, were wholly inadequate on such a night as this. From the bent and battered straw which did duty for a hat, a small, icy stream was beginning to pour; he was chilled to the bone—hungry and forlorn. Indeed, he would have presented a sorry spectacle as he crept round the corner, if anyone had been there to notice him; but the few pedestrians whom duty or pleasure compelled to be abroad, went hurriedly onwards, too thoroughly intent upon their own concerns to give even a passing glance at the curious little figure, which soon found its way up a broad flagged path to an open door, greeted by the welcome band of light which shone out into the gloom.

The building proved to be a church—warm, bright and beautiful—the air laden with the scent of incense, that was floating up in fragrant clouds before the altar throne. The warmth and brightness both appealed strongly to Mickey's starved senses; perhaps the beauty did, too, only he did not know it.

Are we ever thankful enough, I wonder?—we who have been taught to love the beauty of God's House, and "the place where His glory dwelleth." Do we not rather forget to be grateful for the inestimable blessing of daily Mass and frequent Benediction—forget even to pray for those who have been made partakers of our privileges?

A church, as a church, was new ground to Mickey, the few places of worship he had entered having been visited by him for professional purposes only; even to night, though any such thought was far enough from his mind, the boy thief's practiced eye noted every detail with untiring accuracy.

Benediction was nearly over when he slipped into one of the side aisles, and took his place at the far end of an empty bench. A neighboring pillar gave him a welcome sense of shelter and protection, and, as he drew back in his quiet corner, he could see the high altar, gleaming with lights, and the jeweled monstrance, which he was quick to value at its real worth.

But presently the lights seemed to grow dim, the music sounded faint and far away; his sharpened features gradually relaxed; his thin arms dropped to his side, and Mickey, worn out with hunger and fatigue, was sleeping the calm, dreamless sleep of utter exhaustion. When he awoke, "the organ's pealing voice was stilled," the congregation had all departed, and where the voices of praise and prayer had so lately ascended, a holy silence reigned.

At length, however, came the sound of an opening door, followed by swift, light steps. As they drew nearer and nearer, the boy crouched lower down, hoping to escape observation. Yet when he felt a gentle touch upon his shoulder, he raised himself into a sitting posture.

"I wasn't doing no harm," he began, in the gruff, defiant tone of the outcast, whose hand is turned against every man. "I—" but the rest of the sentence was never spoken, for as he looked up into the face bending over him, the words died away upon his lips.

Alas, poor Mickey! he knew very little about angels and saints, and still less of Him Who, for our sakes, came down from heaven to suffer and to die. This ignorance notwithstanding—the purity and holiness, the almost divine compassion shining in the eyes fixed upon him—touched some hitherto silent chord in his numbed little heart. Wonder gave place to awe, and awe to admiring reverence, while his feelings were plainly depicted on his small prematurely ancient visage. In truth, he was experiencing a sensation more nearly akin to worship than he had ever felt in his life.

This face was so unlike any of those he had known; and the personality of its owner as entirely different from the boy's ordinary associates, as light is from darkness. The new comer was clothed in a rough brown habit, girl round the waist with a coarse knotted cord; his bare feet were shod in thick leather sandals, and he wore a string of large wooden beads and a crucifix.

Mickey had never seen anyone in this garb, and his astonishment increased, while a curious sense of his own singular inappropriateness to the place and his companion, forced itself sharply home to his mind.

"I wasn't doing no harm!" he repeated, this time in a very deprecating tone, as he dragged his cramped and weary limbs off the bench.

"My child, I never supposed that you were," answered the young priest, with a slight smile. "But come, you are cold and hungry, as well as tired; we will go and see if we can find something to eat." He spoke as one having authority, and Mickey followed him through the church and into the cloisters, wondering more and more.

Half an hour later, a ragged little figure might have been seen speeding along rain sodden, wind swept roads to the great city, whose still distant lights were "flaring like a dreary dawn." The squalid lodging-houses—that veritable "den of thieves" towards which he was faring—had never seemed more hateful than it did to-night, when, well warmed and well fed, his chilled heart thawed by the unmerited kindness he had received, he left behind him the quiet monastery and turned his reluctant feet towards the only home (heaven save the mark!) he had ever known.

Mickey's services were worth considerably more to his fellow-lodgers—or "pals," as they called themselves—

than he knew; indeed, they would have found it exceedingly difficult to replace this boy burglar, whose quickness, agility, and absolute fearlessness had proved invaluable on more than one occasion when—but for his presence of mind, decided action, extreme caution—the enterprise must have failed ignominiously, and failure in their case meant discovery—the discovery of a long continued and marvellously successful course of jewel robberies—with penal servitude to follow! It was scarcely surprising, therefore, that they kept a watchful eye upon their small confederate, who found himself more and more of a prisoner, and a yoke which had always been distasteful, became daily more galling and intolerable.

Yet, notwithstanding the bondage in which his life was passed, notwithstanding the species of terrorism to which he was constantly and cruelly subjected, Mickey contrived to slip out now and again for one of his solitary rambles. It was characteristic of him that at such times he invariably bent his steps in one direction. The church was always open, and he liked to creep in and crouch down in some quiet corner, where he would spend hours watching for a glimpse of the face and form that he loved with a love that had in it much of the pathetic devotion of a dumb animal. Occasionally his patience was rewarded, but more often Father Raphael, whose duties were many and arduous, never appeared, and then the lonely waif would steal out again and turn homewards with lagging feet and a dull ache at his empty little heart.

The weeks rolled on and winter came again—all too quickly for the poor and suffering, all too slowly for Mickey's companions, who cared little for the cold, short days, because these were followed by long, dark nights, which afforded such excellent opportunities for carrying out their cleverly arranged schemes. Truly it was the burglar's best season, and stimulated by the unprecedented success which had crowned so many previous attempts, the band spent their unoccupied evenings in formulating plans for a still more daring enterprise.

One night, while they were thus engaged Mickey fell asleep in his corner by the fire; the eager conversation going on around him detracted in no way from the peaceful serenity of his slumbers, the loud voices of his companions having been subdued to a key in harmony with the secret character of the points under discussion.

At length, however, whether from the cold—the neglected fire had burnt down, and was now expiring in a dreary heap of ashes—or from the sudden closing of the door—he awoke to find two of his companions gone. The other three were still seated at the bare wooden table, upon which flared a grimy oil lamp that only seemed to make the surrounding darkness more visible, while it diffused an odor the very reverse of agreeable.

For some minutes Mickey felt too drowsy to realize what they were talking about; but at once a chance word reached his ears, and in a moment he became acutely conscious, with every faculty alert and clear.

"It ought to turn out a good job," Keyhole Joe was remarking in an earnest undertone.

He was the one amongst all his companions whom Mickey disliked the least, and the nickname of "Keyhole" had been bestowed upon him as a sort of tribute to his peculiar genius in the matter of locks.

"A good job and a safe one—if half they say is true," and he nodded in the direction his pals had taken; then, as he caught sight of Mickey—"Oh, so you're awake at last, youngster! You'll have to keep your eyes open twenty-four hours hence, I can tell you; for we have got a neat little game on hand, and you will be expected to play your part in it with your usual skill and coolness. To-morrow night we mean to have a try at church-breaking for a change. We've not done much in that line up to the present, I allow, but this business looks more profitable."

Then, to the boy's horror and dismay, he proceeded to give a detailed account of their plan, which proved to be nothing more nor less than a carefully arranged scheme to rob the church Mickey was fast beginning to—outwardly indifferent, not to say apathetic—but all the while his busy brain was hard at work, plotting some means by which he could elude the crafty vigilance of his companions, and convey the news of the intended burglary to his benefactor, Father Raphael. Verily, if he would circumvent them, he must find cunning to match their craft; and this was by no means an easy matter, seeing that the entire band watched his every movement with lynx eye scrutiny, especially at such times as these, when his presence was absolutely essential to the success of their undertaking. How slip off and effect an escape without exciting observation and comment? He mentally weighed each pro and con, while Keyhole Joe talked on, completely unconscious of the counterplot which was rapidly evolving itself out of his young companion's mind, though, eventually the child's white face and excited eyes seemed to recall him to a sudden sense of the lateness of the hour.

"Look here, you young rascal, you'd best be off to bed!" he remarked, not unkindly. "To bed, and to sleep; but there must be no going out to-morrow until night, remember, or it will be worse for you."

"Worse!" repeated one of the other men with an oath, "I should rather

think it would be worse! I'll break every bone in his nasty skinny body if he dares to leave the premises!"

There were still ringing in Mickey's ears when he presently betook himself to his comfortable couch. But neither the indeliberately brutal tone in which they were uttered, nor the knowledge that the speaker would have no hesitation whatever about carrying his threat into effect, served to weaken the boy's courage or turn him from his purpose.

A heavy rain had fallen during the earlier part of the night, followed, towards morning, by a sharp frost, which rendered road and pavement as slippery as glass, and in some places almost impassable. Traffic, even in streets and by-ways, was difficult, and not a little dangerous; while, in the more crowded thoroughfares, weary horses slipped and stumbled, and anxious drivers swore angry oaths, or shouted words of encouragement, according to their own special characteristics.

A dense fog enveloped the great city, and threw the folds of its murky mantle over distant high road and outlying suburb; cold—intense and cutting—added to the prevailing sense of gloom and discomfort. The gloom, however, was welcome enough to one small wildly-beating heart, as its owner scudded along like some hunted hare, keeping carefully to less frequented streets and alleys.

Mickey had escaped! With consummate skill and cunning he had eluded the vigilance of his companions, and now, fairly beyond reach of pursuit, pressed steadily forward, hope springing high in his breast.

What mattered it to him that his tired feet were bruised and bleeding?—that his ragged garments offered no sort of protection? The chilling darkness might grow deeper—nay, it had already done so—but he heeded it not. Courage, strong both to suffer and endure, was the dominant note in this boy-thief's character, and the bright, undaunted spirit that glowed in his weak little body, had oftentimes helped him to rise triumphant where many another would have lain prostrate beneath a load of cruelty and hardship which happily falls to the lot of few—hard and cruel as man's sin can render the lives of his fellow-creature in this world God made so fair.

A sudden turning brought the fugitive into a wide and, under more favorable atmospheric conditions, pleasant thoroughfare, where tramcar, dray, and hurrying cab loomed gigantic through the curtain of fog. Pedestrians, even, assumed abnormal proportions, and the most familiar landmarks were hopelessly blotted out. Yet, notwithstanding these obstacles, Mickey hurried bravely on till he reached the juncture of four cross roads; or, to speak more correctly, he guessed that he had reached it, for by this time, he could scarcely see a foot in front of him. Here, as he very well knew, his path diverged once more, but how to reach the other side of the broad road was a problem not easy to solve.

Breathless and impatient, he waited till the fainter jingle of the tram bells proclaimed that they had passed; then he, too, made a bold plunge, and darted off the curbstone. There was the sound of wheels—a shout—a stifled cry—and, a minute or two later, a tall young man sprang quickly out of a neat brougham and joined the eager throng that had already gathered upon the pavement with that amazing celerity which even the very suspicion of an accident never fails to provoke. But the crowd fell back as if by common consent when the new comer approached; they felt instinctively that this was "the doctor," and made way for him accordingly.

"Poor little chap! 'e were a trying to cross" explained a kindly carman, who was holding Mickey's limp form in his strong arms with no tender care. "I'd a've stung out loud enough, if I'd only known. But there—you can't see the end of your nose in this fog, and the kid's nose too big when all's said and done."

The young doctor made no remark; he merely bent down, and, after brief examination, was about to take the patient into his own arms, when Mickey suddenly recovered consciousness, and opened his eyes.

"Where am I? Let me go?" he cried, struggling to free himself. "I want Father Raphael. I must see him. Oh, for God's sake, let me go!"

Truly the agony in the child's eyes was the agony of despair. It went straight to the heart of more than one of the by-standers, and even brought tears to the eyes of some.

Each and all felt that this was no ordinary case. Accidents, alas! are common enough in the streets of our great cities; but here other interests were clearly at stake, and the keenest sympathy was aroused as Mickey, finding himself unable to move, burst into hopeless tears.

Dr. Duncan stooped over him once more. "Look here," he said quietly, "I am going to take you home with me; and then, if you lie still and do as you are told, I will send for this Father Raphael."

A look of incredulous surprise passed over the ragged outcast's face, yet something in the grave eyes fixed upon him seemed all at once to strike conviction into his soul. He raised a grimy hand to wipe away his tears, but his skinny little arm fell powerless to his side, and he sank back with a sob of mingled pain and relief.

The short drive to his new friend's house was soon accomplished, and not an hour had passed ere Mickey—such a clean, comfortable and contented

Mickey—was lying in bed in a cozy room, his fair head resting upon the softest of soft white pillows, his large, hollow eyes gazing dreamily into a big fire that crackled and roared up the wide chimney, setting at naught the suffocating gloom outside with a bold defiance which seemed to accentuate the warmth and brightness within.

Verily the little storm-tossed vessel had drifted into a peaceful haven at last! As a matter of fact, no one realized this more fully than the weary fugitive, whose bruised and aching limbs had never found such a pleasant resting-place. His broken arm had been set without even a murmur on his part; and now he was waiting happily for Father Raphael—Father Raphael for whose sake he would, if need were, willingly lay down his life; and on whose account he had not hesitated to risk the fierce and brutal anger of companions who were, one and all, proficient in the art of petty torture, as well as open cruelty. To return to them after the course he had taken was clearly out of the question, even if his accident had not rendered it, for the present, impossible. And Mickey, carefully guarded by Dr. Duncan's portly housekeeper, decided, with philosophic calmness, to lay aside all disquieting thoughts of the future, and enjoy to the full all the good fortune which had fallen so unexpectedly to his share.

The sound of footsteps on the stairs set his heart beating wildly with joyful expectation, his eyes sparkled with excitement; and when, a few moments later, he found himself with Father Raphael, he poured forth the news of the intended burglary with a clearness and conciseness of detail that completely astonished his hearer.

Then he lay silent for a while watching every change in the face beside him with dog-like devotion, in which there was something infinitely pathetic. Truth to tell, this devotion to the young Friar was the lonely waif's only religion—the only ray of heavenly light that had ever pierced his darkened, desolate soul; nor was it strange that it should be so. For surely there is nothing more calculated to lead our hearts to the love of the Creator than a pure and elevating affection for one of His creatures. "God is charity," says the disciple whose head once rested upon the Sacred Heart of his Divine Master; and even earthly love, if we will but direct it aright, ought to draw us near to our God. Indeed, it can scarcely fail to do so, when—as in this instance—it has for its object one of those beautiful characters who seem to stand midway between earth and Heaven—Angel Guardians in human guise—sent to lead sinful, life-wearied exiles back to their Eternal Home.

"I have taken a fancy to the boy. I am interested in his case, and mean to keep him and do all I can to pull him through," the young man of science was saying later on to the Religions as they drove away in the former's comfortable carriage. "He may be more shaken than seriously hurt—of course, I cannot speak positively—but I doubt it; in fact, I believe the mischief is even greater than I supposed; and, unless I am much mistaken, this morning's work will pluck it to the fellow; and, if you will undertake the care of his soul, I shall look after his small, wretched body. To make life easier, and healthier, and happier—to alleviate suffering in every shape and form—that is my religion; rather a materialistic creed, perhaps; but at the same time your own is not entirely dissimilar, though I am willing to allow that it is done from a much higher motive. Ah, here we are at your place! Good day! You will look in again as soon as you can."

With these words they parted—the busy young doctor to his patients, the still busier priest to his round of daily duty.

Three weeks rolled away; Mickey's new home was to him a very paradise of delights, despite the fact that he could not leave his bed, and was growing weaker day by day. His bruises and broken arm, badly fractured though the latter had been, were light in comparison with the internal injuries Dr. Duncan had rightly feared. Mickey would run, as he ran on the day of his accident, never, never again. Already his tired feet were setting out on their last journey. A month, perhaps, or even less, and the world which, until lately, had treated him so harshly, would know him no more. Only a ragged outcast—a waif drifting on the storm-driven waters of Time—who cared to keep him? Who would miss him when he was gone?

A while ago the answer would have been—"None." His former companions might, indeed, have cursed the ill-luck which had removed him so inopportunely from their midst, but simply on account of the professional value he possessed in their eyes. Not one would have really regretted him. Love had, hitherto, been a totally un-known quantity in his life's problem. His heart had been starved to the full as much as his puny little body. Nevertheless, the capacity for affection was there ready, as soon as opportunity offered, to manifest itself in acts of faithful devotion which would have done credit to a very different training. And now that his whole mental atmosphere had undergone such an un-dreamt-of transformation, he expanded beneath the genial influence of his environment as a spring bud unfolds in the sunlight.

The first week or so he lived in continual dread of being turned adrift. But Hector Duncan had soon set those fears at rest. The young man was peculiarly alone in the world; he had

no mother or sisters, whose wishes he must consult ere he allowed his compassion for an unknown waif to take the form of turning his house into a hospital for that waif's benefit. He was singularly isolated as I have said; he was interested in his patient—interested both professionally and personally, and, having enlisted his housekeeper's sympathies on the boy's behalf, he determined to keep him to the end.

Father Raphael came constantly, and his visits brought Mickey a happiness so supreme and perfect that his pale little face seemed to glow with a sort of unearthly radiance as he lay listening to the voice whose every inflection he knew and loved so well. In truth, the child—spite the sin and crime with which he had been surrounded almost from his babyhood—was swift to learn heavenly things. Some inherited gift, perhaps, mingling with his own quickness of perception, made such knowledge easy to him; and now that his mental faculties were brought into play he evinced that keen realization of an unseen world peculiar to some characters.

The story of his short and wretched life had soon been told—that life of cruelty and oppression where "the child's sob curses deeper in the ether than the strong man in his wrath."

Mickey's sins had been the sins of ignorance and not of malice—his confession was full and complete. In a few days he was to make his first Communion—that first Communion which was also to be his last.

Dr. Duncan was no scoffer; a self-sacrificing philanthropy was his only form of religion, and he had always found it amply sufficient for his needs; but of late he had been tempted to wonder whether such a creed was not cruelly cold and barren, in view of the great mystery of eternity; more especially when he heard the young Religions talking to the dying child and saw the utter reasonableness of a keen and energizing Faith.

"We speak a great deal about Christianity in these days," he thought; "but, to my mind, there is something far more Christ-like in the humble, selfless life of this Friar than half the boasted piety I see around me."

It was the day of Mickey's first Communion. Twilight had begun to fall; yet a still deeper shadow rested on his small white face. The sands of his short life were almost run, though the eyes he turned on Father Raphael in speechless awe and gratitude were full of loving light.

"I'm not frightened now, Father—not now you're here," he whispered faintly, at last. "I've never done nuffin' but bad all my life, but you'll ask God to forgive me, 'cause I didn't know."

Not many minutes later Dr. Duncan rose from his place beside the bed, and stood looking down upon the small, motionless sleeper.

"You've taught him how to die," he said to Father Raphael, who had risen too. "Now you must teach me how to live."

And thus were forged the first links in that life-long chain of friendship which caused Hector Duncan to remember with affectionate gratitude the dead child he had befriended and eventually, by the help of God's holy grace, brought him to a full and unquestioning knowledge of that truth Christ's Church alone can teach.



THOMAS A. JOHN.

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London, Saturday, Dec. 7, 1895.

ANOTHER REPLY TO THE POPE'S APPEAL FOR UNITY.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, the well-known Congregational minister, of London, England, and whose eccentricities have given him so much notoriety during many years past, has addressed to the Pope a reply to the encyclical letter of His Holiness addressed to the people of England, calling on them to return to the unity of faith.

The doctor is respectful in tone, and expresses great personal regard and veneration for the Holy Father, and admiration for the dignity, spiritual fervor and pastoral solicitude manifested in the encyclical, and he thanks the Holy Father for his "pastoral so strong in large-minded desire, and so tender in simple and affecting pathos."

"I turn to the living Lord of the Church who permits me by the un-speakable condescension of His Grace, to commune with Him in penitence and lowliness of heart. I know no Head of the Church but the crucified and ascended Christ. I know no real and lasting union but the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, equal in power and glory with the Father and the Son. I obey no authority but the word and rule of Him qui est imago Dei invisibilis, primogenitus omnis creaturae — ipse est ante omnia, et omnia in ipso constant. (Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature. He is before all, and all things exist in Him.)"

While it is perfectly true that we must regard the adorable Trinity in all things, it is equally true that the invisible God has made His Church a visible organization, with a visible government and a visible head, subject in all things to the invisible head who is Christ. It is the apotheosis of pride to set up individual opinion in opposition to the visible authority which Christ established when He established a Church, and Dr. Parker proclaims in words which cannot be misunderstood that this pride is the basis of his Protestantism and that of the people of England. Surely he is an authority on this point at least.

It is the merest quibbling, and it should be transparent to every reader, to assert the headship of Christ to be alone admissible in the Church. No successful organization of men is possible, humanly speaking, or independently of constant miraculous interposition, without a visible headship. Dr. Parker asserts that it is the will of God that the Church should be such as he has described it, without any visible head. He says, further on in his letter:

"I have emboldened myself to bear witness to the headship of the Blessed Christ, and to decline communion with any man or any Church that would officially or prescriptively come between me and my Saviour; nor can I charge myself with presumption in assuring Your Holiness that this is substantially the position of all Protestant English Christians."

It has been my most solicitous desire to express myself in terms of reverential courtesy towards the personal dignity of Your Holiness, and if possible, my still intenser desire to make it clear that Protestantism is neither a prejudice nor a whim, but a deep and unchangeable expression of loyalty to what it solemnly and gratefully regards as the will of the Triune God. Certainly, if it were proved that it is the will of God that His Church should be the Babel which the principles enunciated by Dr. Parker have made Protestantism, with its four or five hundred sects, we should accept the results with confiding faith and submission, difficult as it would be to reconcile God's wisdom with the establishment of such a Babel. But we have no such assurance. Revelation is in accord with reason on this point. God could have established His Church without a visible head, and, if He had so willed, He could also preserve its unity solely by the interposition of His infinite power guiding it aright in all things. It is against all the analogies

of the manner in which He governs the world that He should rule His Church in this way, yet if He had revealed that it was His will to do so, we should accept the revelation without a murmur, confident that He knows what is best for the attainment of His purpose, the salvation of mankind.

But God has not made any such revelation as this. His Church is an organization visible to all mankind. He has appointed pastors and a hierarchy to preserve us from being tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine. (Eph. iv., 13) He "has placed Bishops to rule the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood." (Acts. xx., 28.) These Bishops "watch as being to render an account of your souls." (Heb. xiii., 17.) And He has appointed one, St. Peter, for whom he prayed "that thy faith fail not; and thou being once converted confirm thy brethren." (St. Luke xxii., 32.) The Church thus constituted holds authority to judge all controversies of faith and discipline. (St. Matt. xviii., 17.)

We say, then, that Dr. Parker's theory of the sole subjection of individual members of the Church to its invisible head, is a fiction alien to the nature of the Church as constituted by Christ; and once it is established that the Church has a visible head, the doctor himself virtually admits that there is no one whose claim is so valid as that of the Pope, for he says:

"If I could be satisfied to pay personal homage to illustrious learning and still more illustrious piety, and to prostrate myself before incomparable historical splendor, I know not to whom I could more unreservedly offer my humble tribute than to Your Holiness."

There is no doubt that Dr. Parker has expressed as forcibly as possible the theory on which Protestantism is founded. With this theory the world was already acquainted, but it was needed that it should be stated thus plainly by a representative Protestant minister, and we rejoice that Dr. Parker has done this so that its fallacy may stand out prominently.

The doctor concludes his reply by emphasizing the magnitude of the gulf which separates the Protestant sects from each other, and thus unintentionally shows the absurdity of the theory he maintains, of individual supremacy in the decision of all controversies of faith. He tells the Holy Father that "The Archbishop of Canterbury would disallow the validity of my orders, as distinctly as your Holiness would skeptically regard the Archbishop's pretensions."

Who is to judge between the doctor and the Archbishop? Surely on so important a matter as the comparative value of their ecclesiastical orders and jurisdiction there is some authority appointed by God to settle the dispute, and that authority should be outside of the disputants themselves. Yet Dr. Parker settles it dogmatically in his own favor, in the following style:

"Nevertheless it is my supremest joy to believe that by the spirit of God factus sum minister secundum dominum gratia Dei que data est mihi secundum operationem virtutis eius. (I am made a minister, according to the gift of the grace of God which is given to me according to the operation of His power.)"

If boldness of claim constitutes ecclesiastical ordination and jurisdiction, Dr. Parker's orders will be indisputable. But scripture gives us quite a different test of this matter:

"Neither doth any man take the honor to himself, but he that is called by God, as Aaron was."

It is true that the call to Aaron was direct from God, but it was made known by God that he made Aaron His choice, and Aaron's claim did not rest on his own assertion that he was called by God. God selected him and made the selection known to the people of Israel, so that there should be no mistake about it, and appointed a form for this public ordination to his office, and He punished manifestly those who presumed to take the honor to themselves, notwithstanding that they had in their favor the fact that they belonged to the tribe of Israel which God selected to have the duty of exercising the priestly office. After Aaron, no one dared to assume the priestly office but those who were appointed according to the regular order.

The attention which has been paid to the Holy Father's appeal is an evidence that it has attracted much consideration among Protestants, and this is a guarantee that it will bear fruit. It may be that it will not result in the return of any specific denomination to the one fold, but this could scarcely be expected all at once. It will, however, undoubtedly give an impulse of individuals toward the faith, and thus the

result will be beneficial, and it is further neither impossible nor unlikely that among those Anglicans who have already made a movement toward the Catholic Church, there will soon be a return to her on a large scale. By their particular attention has been paid to the Holy Father's paternal message, and some of the ministers, even those who do not belong to the High Church section of Anglicanism, have even read the kindly appeal from their pulpits. The heaven is certainly at work, and we know that a little leaven leaveneth the whole mass. It is God who will give the increase.

A. P. A. DOINGS.

The Apaisists of the neighboring Republic continue to make quite a noise in the world around them, and the prominent members of the order are making themselves more prominent than ever by their eccentric and discreditable conduct. The organizer of the association in Augusta, Georgia, who is also the backbone and main financial support of a madacious A. P. A. paper, has been arrested on a charge of bigamy. He suddenly disappeared when the charge was made against him, but returned to the city unexpectedly and gave bail on being subjected to arrest; and it is said that if he succeeds in explaining satisfactorily to the court why he married three women, all of whom are still living, or were at a very recent date, there will be yet another charge of great turpitude with which he will be confronted. It is no wonder that people who have any regard for their good name, and who, like the Rev. Morgan Wood of Detroit, have been wheeled into the association without knowing its objects and the character of the men who compose it, should endeavor to get clear of it as soon as they come to know more about these things.

It has been already recorded in our columns that in St. Louis, Mo., a temporary civic success of the A. P. A. resulted in the placing of the street railways and almost all the civic offices in A. P. A. hands, to such an extent that applications for appointment had first to be made through the A. P. A. lodges, which pronounced upon them before they were acted upon.

As a consequence of this, the railway companies found it necessary for their protection to ignore the influence and recommendations of the municipal authorities, and on account of their bare faced robberies there was a wholesale ousting of A. P. A. men who had been appointed conductors on the electric railways.

Omaha, Neb., however, has suffered more from Apaisism during the past year than any other city, perhaps, in the United States. The city has been, during that period, completely under A. P. A. control, and the ruinous result has been thus set forth by Mr. Henry D. Estabrook in a speech which that gentleman recently delivered. It was not a political speech, for Mr. Estabrook is himself a Republican, and it was by the alliance of the Republicans with the A. P. A. that the latter gained control of the city. It was a discussion of the municipal condition of the city, and an appeal to the electors to apply a remedy to the sad condition of affairs which their apathy had brought about. Mr. Estabrook said:

"My countrymen, the hope of political preferment held out to American ambition has made of us a race of politicians, and I sometimes fear that it has made of us a race of cowards. For surely it is political cowardice that has permitted to grow up in this nineteenth century, under our very eyes, an organized religious persecution. But that a secret political society, dedicated to religious ostracism, actually exists, no one would venture to deny."

He then vindicated Catholics from the charge of unpatriotism, and though he is of opinion that the American government has done wisely in keeping religious teaching out of the schools, he acknowledged that his belief came from the fact that he is not himself a professor of any creed. On this subject he said:

"Concede, also, if you please, that the Catholic schools teach four R's instead of three: that to reading, riting and rithmetic they add religion. Are not Protestant denominations following their example? The truth is that thoughtful men the world over are beginning to question the wisdom of non-religious education. They are coming to the belief that the child must be spiritually developed as well as mentally and physically in order to make the complete man or woman and the perfect citizen. 'Despotism,' says de Tocqueville, 'may govern without faith, but liberty cannot.'"

He quoted many other authorities who are of opinion that religion should be taught in the schools, but it is to

the condition to which Apaisism has brought municipal matters in Omaha that we desire to call attention here. On this subject Mr. Estabrook said:

"Citizens of Omaha, if I cannot appeal to your conscience, let me appeal to your pocketbook, for, as already intimated, we sometimes count the two. You ought to have known, logically and without courting the experience, that men of a calibre to take up with the anachronistic, un-American idea of religious proscription could not be men of sufficient calibre to run your municipal government as it should be. Are you aware that at this blessed moment four A. P. A. expert accountants are trying to figure out the defalcation of an A. P. A. treasurer and his A. P. A. assistant, which defalcation, except for the criminal carelessness of an A. P. A. comptroller and the supine indifference of an A. P. A. council, would never have been possible? And you are further aware that those four A. P. A. accountants are liable to hang on to their job for the rest of their A. P. A. lives, without ever permitting you to know the why or wherefore? Do you know that every A. P. A. tax assessor in your city levies systematic blackmail upon the merchants and property holders in his district under threat of an unreasonable assessment? Do you know that the A. P. A. department of the judiciary of this district has become a stench in the nostrils of American jurisprudence, and that through the vociferous obscenities of a blatant demagogue the office of judge has been brought to the level of your city dog catcher — with my apologies to the dog catcher; since A. P. A. dog catching has assumed the dignity of a lucrative office it must be treated with reverence. (Applause)"

"Do you know, I say, that you are being plucked, pillaged, plundered, looted, bilked and swindled in nearly every department of your municipal government, from treasurer to dog catcher? What are you going to do about it?"

FAIR-MINDED MINISTERS.

While it is a favorite pastime with so many religious journals and preachers to belite Catholics it is refreshing to find that prominent Protestant clergymen of ability and honesty are disposed to tell the truth and to rebuke mendacious bigotry when they speak of the history or practices of the Catholic Church. The following testimony from Rev. Lyman Abbott given in a recent sermon delivered in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, will therefore be read with interest:

"The difference between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant are wide and fundamental. But there are some things I have not forgotten: I have not forgotten the services of the Benedictine monks who travelled over Europe establishing schools and laying the foundations of seminaries and colleges; I have not forgotten the sacrifices of Roman Catholic missionaries who could be deterred by no burning heats and no frigid zone from bearing, after their own manner, the message of the Gospel of Christ to the people that were in darkness; I have not forgotten the preaching of the Franciscan Friars who, working in the poor and miserable hovels of the cities of Great Britain, laid there by their Gospel the foundation of freedom, civil and political as well as religious; I have not forgotten the Roman Catholic tutor and instructor of that Simon de Montfort, who may also be called the founder of the English Parliament and so the creator of the American constitution; I have not forgotten the Brothers and Sisters of Charity who are leading the world in their self-sacrifice, their generosity, their devotion, their good work; I have not forgotten the Roman Catholic Hospital in this city, nearly all of whose surgeons are Protestants, or at least non-Catholics, and whose doors swing as readily to let a Protestant as a Roman Catholic to enter. At Gettysburg, in the critical moment of that critical battle, a regiment made up of Roman Catholics was ordered to charge. There were five minutes before the charge was to be made, and in that five minutes the Roman Catholic chaplain offered one short prayer and gave absolution to the regiment; and then came the commanding 'Charge' and the whole Roman Catholic regiment rushed on to death. Who has shown more love for America than that Roman Catholic regiment?"

One of the Bishops of the Methodist Church of the United States also recently took occasion to rebuke one of his ministers who in welcoming certain delegates to a conference of the Methodist Church held at Racine, Wisconsin, made an unjustifiable and most uncalculated attack upon the Catholic Church. The Bishop, in reply, said: "He hoped in the near future some priest would welcome a Methodist conference to his town, and he felt it his duty to add that in the Catholic Church are to be found holy men and women whose lives and examples are certain to produce glorious effects and to have a beneficial influence on the lives of others." It would serve to smooth much of

the friction which has occurred in Canada owing to the persistent attacks made upon Catholics by certain clergymen, if there were a few more among the Protestant clergy like Dr. Herridge of Ottawa among the Presbyterians, and Dr. Shaw of Montreal among the Methodists, who are always ready to say a fair word about Catholics when their colleagues manifest their bigotry at their denominational gatherings. Unfortunately for the peace of the country, there are very few clergy who are willing to follow the noble example set by the gentlemen we have named.

OUR SURNAME, CATHOLIC.

Bishop Wm. Bresswell Doane, of the Episcopal diocese of Albany, being asked recently by a representative of the Associated press his opinion on the mooted matter which was said to have been suggested by Bishop Potter, to change the title of that Church from Protestant Episcopal to the Holy Catholic Church, replied that in his opinion Bishop Potter had been either misquoted or misapprehended. He presumes that Bishop Potter intended only to suggest a title by which the members of the Church would speak of it among themselves. He admitted that it would be both "egotistical and arrogant" for Episcopalianism to usurp such a title and declared his belief that there is no man or set of men in the Church who would wish to assume it.

He is perfectly correct as regards the egotism and arrogance involved in the proposal, yet it is known that there was a certain proportion of the members of the last Church convention who desired to make the change of title, notwithstanding the absurdity of a Church which is admittedly local making such an assumption. The Church of England itself never presumed to attempt such a thing, though it retained the clause in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, professing belief in the "Holy Catholic Church." There has long been, and there is still, a large party in the Church of England who are desirous of having their Church called by this name; and who usurp it in their conversation; but the fact that it is the name of the one Church which is truly Catholic, fulfilling the commission of Christ to teach all nations all things which He revealed, and enduring for all time, renders it an impossibility for any sect to assume the title, even if all the power of the State were to be employed to force it on the public.

Bishop Doane, however, makes a mistake in giving the reason why the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States could not assume the title. He says: "It is a term that belongs at once to the whole Christ-believing world." This was evidently said for the purpose of making the public believe that the term Catholic properly belongs to all sects, and that the Catholic Church has no especial right to the name. Bishop Doane, however, has no more power than he has authority to deprive her of this glorious title. Holy Catholic was the title of the Church during the centuries when Protestantism was not dreamed of, and this is why the name is in the Creeds, as being the title by which the Church in which we are to believe is known. It is for this reason that many Protestants would, like Bishop Doane, wish to rob the Church of this title, and persist in asserting that every Christian Church has a claim to it.

The name Catholic is not applied to the Church in Holy Scripture, but its meaning, universal, is implied in the three universalities which belong to her, according to the words of Christ already quoted in this article: she teaches all Christ's doctrine, in all countries, and endures for all time. This three-fold universality is not found in any of the sects and they have therefore no claim to the title. This we are told by the great doctor of the Church, St. Augustine, who informs us that the heretics of his day were desirous to have the title, just as are those of to-day. He says: "Though every heresy wishes to appear and to be called the Catholic Church, yet when the Heretics are asked by the Pagans where the Catholic Church is not one presumes to point out his place of meeting." St. Cyril speaks similarly: "If you go into any city, do not enquire, 'where is the Church or house of God?' for even Heretics say that they have the house and the Church of God, but ask 'where is the Catholic Church?' for this is the peculiar title (proprium nomen) of this holy Church, the Mother of us all, so that if you make this enquiry no Heretic will point out his Church."

Of course, this great prolate did not mean to insinuate that the true Church repudiates the title "Church of God," or that it does not belong to her, but he wished to put strangers on their guard against being deceived by heretics when they came to a city with which they were not acquainted.

St. Pacian in the same century wrote in his epistle to Sympronianus the passage part of which appears, under the title of our paper, as our motto:

"Certainly it is not by the power of man that the Church has not failed through so many ages. But that name Catholic does not imply (nec sonat) Marcion, nor Apelles, nor Montanus, nor other heresiarchs. Christian is my name, but Catholic my surname. The former designates me, the latter points me out distinctly."

The ages of which he here speaks were the first three centuries of persecution which the Church endured and survived. How much stronger are these words as applied to her after she has passed through the vicissitudes of nearly nineteen centuries!

We might quote numerous other passages which indicate the constant tradition of the Church regarding the name Catholic, and also numerous passages which show that the names of heretical sects are derived from their founder, or from some peculiarity which belongs to them, but, as St. Chrysostom says, "The faith itself gave us our name."

THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS BIBLE.

It was announced some months ago that Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the leader of the Woman's Rights movement, had undertaken the production of a new Bible to be called the "Woman's Bible," which should give woman a more elevated position than is or has been accorded to her even in the pages of the sacred volume.

Part 1 of this Bible, or version of the Bible, if we can dignify a travesty by giving it the name version or translation, has been issued and is now before the public.

The fact that Mrs. Stanton is avowedly an unbeliever in the Bible would of itself be a guarantee that the work would not be carried on in that reverent spirit with which so important a matter as the preparation of a version of God's holy Word should be conducted, but the appearance of the part of the book itself has confirmed the worst suspicions which could have been entertained concerning it.

The English and American committee which, fifteen years ago, issued the revised edition of the Bible on the basis of the King James text, included a number of the most eminent Hebrew, Greek and Latin scholars of the age, and these spent more than twenty years in doing their work, but Mrs. Stanton's "translating committee" was composed of women more remarkable for flippancy and irreverent effrontery than for learning, and not one of them is either a Greek or Hebrew scholar, a qualification absolutely necessary to do the work of translation from these tongues in which the holy Scriptures were originally written, and yet these bold translators are able in a few months to issue the first part of their book, though the labor which ought to be bestowed on the revolutionary task they undertook in making an entirely new book of the old Bible, would be necessarily greater than that of the International Revision committee, who proposed only to amend the existing English text by making it conform better with the original where it did not convey the idea which was in the mind of the author.

The introduction to the new Bible is by Mrs. Stanton herself, and this lady reveals the manner in which this pretended translation was made. The members of the committee each took two Bibles and cut out all the passages relating to women, and pasted them in blank books with their comments thereon. Then last summer they met and discussed their views on each text, and the result of their conference is now published, or at least the first part thereof. These commentaries show that the women engaged in the work admit some and reject others of the passages of the Bible to which their attention was specially directed, and this they do, not with any regard to scholarship, or to the meaning which the sacred writers had in view, but rather to their notion of what he ought to have said. An idea of the character of this travesty on the word of God may be had from the statement in it that the Pentateuch was an "emanation from the most obscene minds of a barbarous age."

There is not even the apology for this shameful perversion of Scripture, that there is a depth of thought in it which will commend it to the attention

of those who wish to learn something from its pages, nor is there any literary merit, though there are irreverent and sharp attempts at wit; but even these are not equal to the bright sayings which are to be found in Kit's column in the Toronto Mail.

APAISM IN DETROIT.

In October the Rev. Morgan Wood, pastor of Plymouth Tabernacle, Detroit, delivered a sermon denunciatory of the A. P. A., which he said is both un-Christian and un-American.

As he was a sworn member, he was, of course, subject to its laws, but he had too much spirit to submit to its dictation when he was ordered to dismiss a Catholic servant girl whom he had in his employ.

There was another reason for Mr. Wood's disgust. At a meeting of the society at which he was present a member stated that the course which the A. P. A. must pursue toward Catholics is to use bullets, as milder methods have proved not to be efficacious.

This reminds us of the speech of one of our Canadian politicians who used exactly the same language at a meeting which he addressed at Stayner. This gentleman professes not to be a member of the P. P. A.; but it matters little whether he has taken the oaths of that society or not, he is animated by their spirit, and he is practically to be regarded as one with them, whether he poses as independent Conservative, or as a member of the Opposition in the House of Commons.

Mr. Wood not only bade defiance to the A. P. A. by publicly denouncing them for their intolerance, but on Bishop Foley's return from Europe he was present as a guest at the reception accorded by the people of Detroit to the eminent prelate. As a result, anonymous letters of abusive character have been pouring in on him from day to day, but one letter he received was not anonymous. It was signed by a member of his congregation named Cook, threatening him that he would "have his head knocked off" for the course he thought proper to pursue; and he was warned to "be ware" for his "every movement is watched."

Mr. Cook has been turned out of the Tabernacle congregation in consequence of his conduct, and has joined some other congregation of the city; but other members of the A. P. A. still retain their membership and profess to be watching for an opportunity to take vengeance on their independent pastor, who pays no attention to them but pursues the even tenor of his way.

It is highly creditable to the Protestants of Detroit that though that city has been reputed to be a hotbed of Apaism, the Rev. Mr. Wood is sustained in his course by a majority of his congregation, notwithstanding the efforts of the A. P. A. to undermine him in the administration of his pastoral functions.

Mr. Wood is by no means friendly to Catholics or to the Catholic Church, yet he aims at combatting the Church by argument and not by prescriptive measures and brute force, contrary to the spirit of true Americanism.

however, as Mr. Wood has even now offers of a better position should he find it necessary to leave Detroit.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF KINGSTON AND REMEDIAL LEGISLATION.

In another column will be found a letter from His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston repelling the statements made by certain journals to the effect that the Canadian Freeman is his organ and that it represents his views in attacking the announced policy of the present Government in regard to the Manitoba school question, and in advocating Mr. Laurier's policy of appointing a commission of enquiry into the question with a view to appease the Manitoban Government, and come to some final settlement by mutual pacific agreement between the Dominion and Provincial Governments.

The Catholic Record has given no uncertain sound in regard to the mode in which the Manitoba question ought to be settled. We have no axe to grind with any of the political parties, and we regard the question under debate without reference to the effect it may have upon one party or the other, as we owe no allegiance to either. We look for a settlement of the question solely with the view that justice should be done to the Catholic minority in Manitoba, which has been suffering for more than five years under the unjust legislation of the Manitoba Government, and we shall continue to advocate this until the end be achieved which every fair-minded person must desire, that Catholic parents shall have full liberty to give their children the education they wish. This can be done only by restoring their right of re-establishing Catholic schools.

Mr. Laurier's policy is a policy of delay. We presume he hopes, or at least he announces that he hopes, to induce Manitoba to come to terms with him, as the Manitoba Government are of the same party with him.

There have been delays enough in order to procure an amicable settlement, and during the whole time the Manitoba Government has persisted in assuming an uncompromising attitude. We cannot endure with patience a policy which makes a political plaything of Catholic rights, and we cannot understand how a Catholic journal like the Canadian Freeman should do this by advocating the policy of delay, and denouncing the Dominion Government because of its intention to restore Catholic rights by remedial legislation.

We fully endorse the course which the Dominion Government has promised to take, assuming that it is their intention to give a satisfactory measure of relief from the grievances of which the Catholic minority complain. We cannot, however, close our eyes to the fact that the Manitoba question has caused some friction in the ranks of the Conservative party. Mr. N. Clarke Wallace, Comptroller of Customs, speaking at a meeting in Bracebridge on Nov. 29 last, held for the purpose of promoting the interests of the Conservative candidate, Mr. McGillivray, spoke as follows:

"It is said that on the question of Separate schools Mr. McGillivray desired to come before you unpledged, and asked to be judged by his record. Well, I know his record, because I have been side by side with him in many fights. I remember the last two elections in the Province of Ontario—in one of which Mr. McGillivray was himself a candidate—and in which he fought the battles of the Conservative party, led by Mr. W. R. Meredith, where the chief issue was something akin to the question which is now coming up for decision, whether it be the Parliament of Canada or the Province of Manitoba—that is, the question of Separate schools in the province—and Mr. McGillivray asks you to judge him by his record. What is that record? Fighting side by side with Mr. W. R. Meredith to prevent the extension of the Separate school system in Ontario."

Referring to a speech made by him on the 12th of July Mr. Wallace further remarked:

"I said then, and I now repeat the words, 'Now, for my own part, and I speak under a full sense of the responsibility of my utterances, I have to say frankly, but firmly, that I favor the maintenance of a non-sectarian school system in Manitoba, and if our constitution permitted it, I would advocate with the same fervor a similar system throughout the Dominion.'"

And on the same occasion Major Hughes said:

"Mr. McGillivray had been told in the past that his views on sectarian subjects would injure him in his position as a lawyer. His reply had been, 'Had not Martin Luther spoken where would we have been now?'"

Archbishop Cleary, when held up before the public by several journals as having originated or suggested the course followed by the Can-

adian Freeman, did well to repudiate its sentiments, and the whole Catholic body will be thankful to his Grace for his courage in stating so clearly his views in regard to the proposed remedial legislation, and in maintaining the rights of the persecuted Catholics of Manitoba.

The trick of attributing to his Grace the sentiments of the Canadian Freeman has been attempted before now, but when Mr. Meredith did this on one occasion to suit the purpose he had in view, he fared so badly at his Grace's hands that one would have supposed the same misrepresentation of facts would not have been resorted to again. We are not surprised, however, at any misrepresentation found in the Orange Sentinel, for that is the pabulum with which it regularly regales its readers. Its object on the present occasion was to induce the Government to abandon the proposed remedial measure. The Archbishop by his vigorous and prompt letter has foiled the attempt of the Sentinel and some other journals to attain their purposes at the expense of the Catholic body, by making it their cat's paw.

SEPARATE SCHOOL WORK.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following testimonial to the excellence of Catholic school work in the town of Barrie. This is one of many instances wherein it is proven beyond question that the teaching of the Catholic Separate schools of Ontario is at least fully equal to that of the Public schools:—

Barrie, Nov. 15, 1895.

By invitation from Very Rev. Dean Egan, I visited the several departments of this school, spending the forenoon in inspecting the building generally and in examining several of the classes. It is a sincere pleasure to record my gratification with what I saw and heard. The building is excellent and thoroughly modern, the order, discipline and general tone of the school most satisfactory. I was particularly pleased with the general answering of the classes which I examined, as they gave proof of capable and really thoughtful teaching and showed clearly the employment of the most modern methods in teaching. The work of the IV. class in grammatical analysis, etc., would stand comparison with that of any school in my inspection. In all classes my examination was just such as I would have given had I been inspecting one of my own schools, and the result must have been as gratifying to the teachers as it was pleasant to me.

James C. Morgan, M. A. Co. Inspector.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE MORMONS of North Michigan have had a lively time anathematizing one another, both sides claiming to have had divine revelations in support of their respective views. Joseph Musser, a former elder of the Latter-day-Saint Church, delivered a lecture in South Boardman on the 26th of Nov., attacking the whole Mormon system, and especially its polygamous features and deceit. He brought serious charges against a Michigan elder, who is regarded as a shining light of Mormonism. "Look at him!" said the lecturer: "does he not look like a horse thief?" About a year ago when Musser left the Church, the elders asserted that they had a revelation that unless he returned to the fold, he would become blind and leprosy-stricken, but he is in good health and there is no sign that the calamities foretold are likely to fall upon him. Musser does not appear to be terrorized by the prophecies regarding him, for he is bent on conducting a vigorous campaign against Mormonism, which has been making great progress in the A. P. A. State, where the atmosphere is just what is required for the spread of the Mormon leprosy.

BISHOP NICHOLAS, the head of the Greek Church in Alaska, who is now travelling in Europe on his way to the Russian capital, while in London was in the sanctuary during a service in St. Paul's church, and the Anglican journals are in high glee at the fact, as they consider this a recognition of Anglicanism as a branch of the universal Church of Christ. It is to be remembered, however, that the Greek Church has never countenanced Anglicanism or any other form of Protestantism, and it is not at all unlikely that Bishop Nicholas may be brought to task by the Holy Synod of Russia which he still acknowledges as having jurisdiction over him, notwithstanding that Alaska no longer belongs to Russia. An act of a single Bishop cannot in any case be construed as a recognition of Anglicanism, more especially in the face of the fact that Protestantism has been solemnly and emphatically condemned by several Greek Synods, and, as far as doctrine is concerned, the Greek Church agrees perfectly with the Catholic Church on all those points which are at issue between Catholics and Protestants, with the single exception of the Pope's supremacy. Besides making the most of the fact, the presence of Bishop Nicholas does not

amount to a formal recognition. It is only the whim of a schismatical Bishop, and every one knows that whimsicalities amount to nothing.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

General Intention for December.

CATHOLIC INTERESTS IN THE FAR EAST.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart. The diplomatic world has been much busied of late with China and Japan. The main object would seem to be to prevent the conquerors in the late struggle from profiting fully of their triumph, and thereby becoming too formidable. The paramount interests of the two great nations weigh but too lightly on the minds of statesmen. The Church also has been intently watching events in the far East, and anxiously conjecturing what the result may be from a supernatural standpoint.

So dear to St. Francis Xavier on account of their natural good qualities and their piety, the Japanese, steadfast in their faith amidst even the most cruel tortures, preserved the spark of faith, which smouldered unseen beneath the ashes of their churches, for more than two hundred years. As a nation they have abruptly shaken off their antiquated form of government, and are plunging headlong into the vortex of modern progress. Who can foretell what is to betide newly awakened Christianity among these re-occurring upheavals?

The Chinese, less gifted and less attractive than the Japanese, though they have resisted the encroachment of foreign ideas, have, nevertheless, given the Church more than one consolation. Still, the unceasing and vexatious interference of the Mandarins hamper Christianity in its development.

Now, since both these countries are becoming more and more amenable to outside influence, we should be the Divine Heart to bless them with that true civilization which elevates the soul and leads it heavenwards.

Western nations do indeed something towards the protection of Christianity in China, but they are too slight, imbued with religion to understand and carry out fully their providential mission. It is sad to think that the vices of European merchants and their vile opium trade, more than all else, disastrously counteract the efforts of the missionaries, their fellow countrymen.

There is need of radical reforms; but the Sacred Heart alone is able to triumph over the selfish policy of men.

As for precocious Japan, vain of its half acquired school-boy science, and more so of its recent triumphs, it greatly risks lapsing into rationalism, if the Church does not hasten to its rescue by founding Catholic colleges and universities.

Unfortunately both men and means are needed to supply so many wants, and meanwhile heretics and unbelievers of every tongue and every race flock to Japan, bent on initiating the nation into their science and scepticism.

During this month, let all the Associates of the Apostleship unite in prayer to obtain from the Sacred Heart of our Lord the gift of faith for these two nations.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the Most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer, in particular that in Thy mercy Thou mayest bring the nations of the far East into Thy fold for their salvation. Amen.

About Purgatory.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Dear Father Lambert: Your editorial in last week's issue, entitled "Purgatory," awakens memories of the time before I crossed the Rubicon. At the age of seventeen I was baptized by one of our "High Church Episcopians" at St. James the Less, Philadelphia. It was not long before I stumbled upon the "Articles of Religion." I could not possibly believe in them, and I went to my rector with my difficulties. He asked me what I promised to believe at my baptism. I quoted: "All the articles of the Christian faith, as contained in the Apostles' Creed." "Then," he said, "as you never promised to believe all the Articles of Religion as contained in the Common Prayer book, you do not have to believe them."

As High Churchmen do not claim to belong to an infallible Church, I do not see their inconsistency, as you do. That the position of High Churchmen is unsatisfactory I know from experience, but I think the doctrine of invincible ignorance will cover their case completely; and there is no doubt about their emerging from that same ignorance at an astonishing rapid pace. I find that my Low Church friends and relatives to-day are more Catholic (more nearly Catholic) than we High Churchmen were twenty-five years ago. In fact, I find that Protestants in general no longer believe their old heresies and are seeking for truths to take their places. And they are a good bit more tired of the controversy that has made so much misery the last four centuries than Catholics are—possibly because they got the worst of the fight. Then, let us have peace in Christian reunion.

Instead of publishing heresies that are hardly believed by anybody and almost forgotten (I never knew an

Episcopalian to say he believed the Thirty-nine Articles), cannot you do something to prepare a welcome for converts. They are coming—almost all the Protestants—and if they don't get a better reception than I did, I'm afraid they'll all be scandalized and leave again. Lewis all right. Watch him close. As I view his policy, I think the controversialists' occupation is gone. Yours, H. J. Matties, Philadelphia, Pa.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

Friday was a red-letter day for the Separate school pupils of Hamilton. They assembled in large numbers, accompanied by their teachers, at St. Mary's hall, Park street, at 3 o'clock to receive from His Lordship Bishop Dowling their diplomas and certificates for having passed successfully the High school entrance, commercial and non-professional teachers examinations prescribed last summer by the Ontario Education Dept.

His Lordship also distributed testimonials of merit to the pupils of the Sacred Heart school who obtained successful results in the examinations at that school.

Amongst those present were Right Rev. Mgr. McEvay, Rev. Chancellor Craven, Fathers Brady, Hinchey, Mahoney, Hauck, Lynch of Caledonia, and Hadden superintendent of the schools. Chairman H. N. Thomas, F. J. Harris, Wm. Kavanagh, P. Arland and James Blake of the Separate School Board were also present.

The following programme was carried out: 1. Greeting, "Vivat Bonus Pastor." 2. "Gloria." 3. "Off in the S. Mary's Night."

Distribution of certificates, obtained by Miss Lily Galton. Distribution of certificate, obtained by Miss Winifride Roach.

Silver medal, presented by Rt. Rev. Mgr. McEvay to the pupil who obtained the highest number of marks at the recent Entrance Examination.

Entrance certificates—Misses Josephine King, Lydia Harris, Mary Gormley, Gertrude Leyden, Mary Melody, Marion Nash, Grace Doyle, Elizabeth Josephine, Rosemary, Josephine Coffey, Jessie O'Brien, Annie Dermody, Nellie O'Connor, Kate Cummings, Mary Valentine, Elizabeth Keenan, Elizabeth Lawlor, Joseph Nelligan, Fred Nelson, Joseph Gullen, Hubert Saxe.

Commercial certificates—Misses Edith Hurley, Angela King and Katie Trant.

Commercial diplomas (book-keeping, shorthand, etc.)—Misses Edith Hurley and Helena Hyatt.

Distribution of certificates of merit to pupils of Sacred Heart school, "Star of the Ocean."

Bishop Dowling congratulated the teachers, the pupils and their parents on the good work achieved during the past year. It was not, he said, an easy matter to organize a certificate or to pass the other departmental examinations. It required a great deal of hard work. It was not always the talented pupils who succeeded, as talented pupils were often lacking in diligence. He told the children that they should be thankful for the splendid opportunities they had of obtaining a good Christian education. They had good teachers as could be found in any school in the world, and women who had devoted their lives to the education of youth, for the glory of God and the sanctification of their souls. Their object was to make the children good members of the Church and useful members of the State. When he was a boy there were no Separate schools and his father had to engage a teacher for him. He thanked God that he had a father who would not allow him to go to Public schools. His Lordship said the children of to-day ought to be better educated than the children who lived long ago, as they had better facilities for learning. He told the children that if they were to go to the attractions of the city which they knew only too well, they would be led to the church and the school. He advised the children to follow these two roads and to avoid the bypaths, which often lead them into companionships which were harmful. He exhorted the girls to be diligent in their school work, and to read the trashy literature of the age, not to imitate the detestable ways of the "new woman." If they followed the wise suggestions of their teachers they would retain that estimable quality, modesty, the adornment of true womanhood.

Right Rev. Mgr. McEvay, Rev. Chancellor Craven, Father Brady and Mr. Kavanagh congratulated the pupils on their progress and made and spoke words of encouragement for their future success.

Father Holden, the new superintendent of schools has become acquainted with all the routine work of the schools. At the meeting of the School Board on Monday, Dec. 2, he stated that there were during the month of November, 1,135 pupils in attendance at the separate schools of the city.

The attendance was divided as follows: St. Mary's school, 250; St. Patrick's school, 100; St. Vincent's school, 100; St. Thomas school, 100; Sacred Heart school, 100; St. Joseph's school, 100; De La Salle academy, 100.

The first five schools were taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph. St. Vincent school is under the charge of the Christian Brothers. The commercial part of the school is taught by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart school take up shorthand, book-keeping, typewriting and other subjects suitable for a business education. In the classical part of the school, Latin, French, history, geography, and other subjects are taught. The schools are all modern brick structures equipped with the latest improvements. The class-rooms are large, well-lighted, and heated. At St. Lawrence the school population is growing so rapidly that it will be necessary to build a new school before long.

The superintendent stated that the teachers were doing earnest, faithful work, and he expected good results at next year's examination.

The Leo Literary Society for Catholic young men, which was re-organized for the winter about two months ago, now numbers sixty members. The officers are: President, A. O'Brien; Vice-President, Dr. Green; Sec'y, J. P. Dougherty; Treasurer, J. Nelson. Debates, recitations, reading of essays take place weekly and the Glee Club renders some choice musical selections.

On Monday evening, Rev. Father R. T. Barker, of Oakville, delivered an eloquent address at the open meeting of the society, and a choice programme was rendered.

On the Monday evening previous Rev. Father Brady, pastor of St. Lawrence, entertained the society by a most interesting and graphic description of his trip through Europe, and particularly his visit to Rome and his audience with the Holy Father.

A New Way to Raise Money.

On October 17 a cattle fair was held in Douro, parish of Peterborough, for the benefit of the church. One thousand five hundred in cold cash was thus realized in one day from the sale of the stock. Three years ago last spring the indigent parish priest of Douro, Rev. W. J. Kelly, invited the people to set aside, each family, a calf and raise it for the benefit of the church. Those who were able to do so notably responded, and October 17 demonstrated that the result was an unequalled success. The possibilities in country parishes from such a source of revenue are simply enormous; and the most gratifying part of the transaction is that the people do not feel the outlay.

The grace of perseverance is the most important of all; it crowns all other graces.—St. Vincent de Paul.

LETTER FROM ARCHBISHOP CLEARY.

To the Ed. of the Kingston Whig: Dear Sir:—In your issue of ere yesterday you copy the subjoined extract from the Orange Sentinel, preambled by the remark that "The Sentinel is edited by Mr. Clarke, and its opinions are, therefore, on current questions are particularly significant." "The Dominion Government is banking on the solid support of the Roman Catholic Church in carrying out its policy of coercion in Manitoba. That the Government's expectation will not be realized in this particular is made manifest by the warm approval given by Archbishop Cleary's organ to Mr. Laurier's proposal to appoint a commission for the purpose of making enquiry into the facts before action is taken by the Federal authorities. This deliverance from Kingston makes it clear that the Government, which in its own course has alienated Protestant and friends, will find the Roman Catholic vote, on which it is relying to make up the loss, at the critical moment slipping over to the leader of the opposition. If the Ministry goes on in its present course, therefore, it will lose old and tried friends, and the new support on which it is now leaning will prove a broken reed. The men in power at Ottawa had best heed the warning of the Orange Sentinel's sake. Will they now cease to do wrong when the declaration of Archbishop Cleary is a plain warning that continued wrong doing will not bring them the political profit they are counting on? The Ministry had better even yet decide to stop pandering to Rome and resolve to stand by the true friends who have been its firm support in the past.

No newspaper in Kingston or in Canada is my organ in any sense of the word. Whensoever I am required by a sense of duty to communicate my mind to the public, I do it in my own name openly and without disguise. The paper which the Orange Sentinel has been pleased to style "Archbishop Cleary's organ," is doubtless the Canadian Freeman, published in this city, and the editor of the Sentinel ought to be well aware that it is not my organ, and that I do not control or in anywise influence its political utterances. It was Hon. W. R. Meredith who first invented the charge of my responsibility for the opinions of the Freeman, and announced it to be a large meeting of his followers in London, the week before Christmas in the year 1888 when opening his second campaign against the separate schools. I called upon him publicly to verify his story, and his explanation was that he only hazarded a conjecture. He did not venture to repeat it after he had been told of it by the editor of newspapers that worked with him throughout that fatal campaign continued to repeat his figment in the hope of thereby weakening my position in defence of the civil and religious liberties of the faithful Catholic people and their indisputable right under divine and civil law and the constitution of this Dominion to rear their children Christians.

Will they now cease to do wrong when the declaration of Archbishop Cleary is a plain warning that continued wrong doing will not bring them the political profit they are counting on? The Ministry had better even yet decide to stop pandering to Rome and resolve to stand by the true friends who have been its firm support in the past.

This admirable facility of the editor of the Orange Sentinel to bounce over the fences of truth and honesty is apparent in the concluding passage of your extract from that journal, viz., "The men in power at Ottawa have so far refused to do right for right's sake." Will they now cease to do wrong when the declaration of Archbishop Cleary is a plain warning that continued wrong doing will not bring them the political profit they are counting on? The Ministry had better even yet decide to stop pandering to Rome and resolve to stand by the true friends who have been its firm support in the past.

As in duty bound I published a contradiction of it in the same city. Now that the Orange Sentinel, whose love and admiration for the Catholic minority in Ontario is well known, has thought fit to reproduce the oft-mentioned fabrication and to attach to it a mighty political importance, I feel it my duty to issue a public statement in this issue of the Orange Sentinel, as in duty bound I published a contradiction of it in the same city. Now that the Orange Sentinel, whose love and admiration for the Catholic minority in Ontario is well known, has thought fit to reproduce the oft-mentioned fabrication and to attach to it a mighty political importance, I feel it my duty to issue a public statement in this issue of the Orange Sentinel, as in duty bound I published a contradiction of it in the same city.

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THE JESUIT OATH.

Different Vows Made by the Members of that Order.

A favorite forgery of the A. P. A. bigots is what they call the Jesuit oath. This outrageous document has been printed in alleged religious papers that support the fanatics, and it has also been issued in the form of a circular. It contains more lies than perhaps any other A. P. A. concoction.

The Rev. J. Hoefler, a member of the Jesuit order, has an article in the Catholic Telegraph that is timely, considering the facts recited above. He tells what the real Jesuit oath are. He begins with a few brief remarks on the formation of the religious orders in the Church. He says that Christ presented to the world in His own person the pattern of the higher life in the voluntary choice of poverty, continence and obedience.

The Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St. Paul show that the disciples in many instances embraced that higher life. It is a matter of history that the early Christians in large numbers adopted the higher way of living, some of them remaining in the busy world, others betaking themselves to the deserts of Egypt and the Thebaid, the better to devote themselves to the pursuit of spiritual perfection.

From that time until now it has ever been held by the Church that the essential constituents of the religious state are the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and that a religious order or society is an organized body of men or of women who bind themselves by promise to God to voluntary poverty, chastity and obedience.

The vow of chastity means to promise to Almighty God to be chaste in thought, word and deed, and so to continue in single blessedness. The only great objection which some people have to this vow is that they can not believe that any man or woman can keep such promise—that any man or woman can be chaste.

By the vow of obedience the religious promises God to obey His lawfully appointed religious superiors in all that is not unlawful and not at variance with the laws of His order as laid down by the Church. The Church has always taught that no human being may promise God to do things which are manifestly unlawful, for to make such a promise or vow is not to honor but to insult the God of all law and order.

Consequently, no religious superior may command his subjects to do anything unlawful. Should he do so, the subjects may not and should not obey the command. The vow of poverty does not mean a promise of pauperism. The religious person who takes that vow thereby surrenders all personal right to ownership or acquisition of property.

Such personal vow of the individual does not, as is evident, deprive the religious order or community of the right of acquiring or owning as a corporate body. Americans, who understand better than any other people what is meant by a corporation, ought to understand better than anybody else how a body of men or women could own property as a corporation and at the same time waive their rights personally to a personal ownership of a share of the common stock.

Anybody who has read the Bible should find no difficulty in understanding the ownership of religious orders. They do precisely what the Bible tells us certain communities of early Christians did. They have everything in common—everything is common property and common fund, out of which every individual gets what he needs for his personal wants and into which everything he receives by way of offering or donation must go.

Such an arrangement is certainly biblical enough and American enough not only to be understood by Christians and Americans, but to be applauded by them with honest approval. As a professed Father of the Society of Jesus—that is to say, as a full-fledged Jesuit—who has been in the order since September 3, 1893, I believe I know—I am sure I know—what the Jesuits really are, and as there is not, and never has been, any secret about it, I am ready to tell everybody who is willing to know what the Jesuits really are.

The Jesuits are one of the religious orders of the Catholic Church. They are not monks, not one of the mendicant orders, but one of the orders of clergy of the Catholic Church. They are like all the orders of the Church, like the Benedictines, the Dominicans, the Franciscans, in that which essentially constitutes every religious order, in the observance of the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. The Jesuits differ from the other orders of the Church in the following points:

The ultimate end at which the order aims is not only the salvation and sanctification of its members, but the salvation and sanctification of all men. I am quoting the very words of our constitution. To reach that end the order has by its constitution directed its labors in two directions, missionary work and higher education.

It is therefore an order whose members are either missionaries and professors or either preachers of gospel truth or educators in colleges

and universities. There are four grades in the order.

First you have the lay brothers, men who assume the burdens of domestic service in the houses of the order, but who are really Jesuits, though they never take holy orders. They are not always mechanics and laborers, but sometimes men of education and refinement, as was Alphonsus Rodriguez, now a canonized saint of the Church. The second grade of Jesuits is the scholastics, the young men who are destined for the priesthood. The third grade is that of spiritual coadjutors, that is to say, of priests who, for one reason or another, generally on account of bad health, could not finish all the studies required for the highest grade. The fourth grade is that of professed Fathers, of priests who, after satisfying all the requirements of the order, make, like all professed religious of other orders, solemn vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. All these grades are Jesuits, every man is a religious, because everyone takes the three vows. In this they are perfectly like the members of other religious orders. Every candidate for the order must make a novitiate of two years, during which his time is spent in prayer, in studying the rules of the order, in order to satisfy himself and the master of novices as to his vocation. He may leave at any time during his novitiate, but if he remains and has given satisfaction to his fitness, he is allowed to take the simple vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience at the expiration of two years, and from that time he is a religious of the Society of Jesus. The difference between the simple vows and the solemn vows in all religious orders is this, that the simple vows can be removed by dispensation by the ordinary authorities of the Church, whereas solemn vows can not, the dispensing power in this case being reserved to the Supreme Pontiff.

The formula of the simple vows which every Jesuit takes on completion of his novitiate is now given. The ceremony, usually—though not necessarily, for there is no rule about it—takes place in the church or chapel at Mass in presence of the community. Just before receiving Holy Communion the novice kneels down before the altar and recites this formula—which I myself did, on Sept. 7, 1871: "Almighty and Eternal God, I, N., though most unworthy in Thy Divine Eyes, yet trusting in Thy infinite goodness and mercy, and impelled by the desire to serve Thee, vow to Thy Divine Majesty, in presence of the most Blessed Virgin Mary and the whole court of heaven, perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience in the Society of Jesus; and I promise to enter the said society for ever to pass my life in it, understanding everything in accordance with its constitution.

"I beseech Thee, therefore, by the blood of Jesus Christ, that in Thy infinite goodness and clemency, Thou wilt deign to accept this holocaust as an odor of sweetness; and that, as Thou hast given me grace to desire to offer it, so also Thou wilt grant me grace to fulfill it. Amen."

This is number one of the Jesuit vows, and it is the genuine article which it will at all times give me great pleasure to show to any inquirer in the books that contain our constitution and rules. When a lay brother has been in the order some ten years and has given satisfaction to his superiors, he is allowed to pronounce the last vows of the temporal coadjutors or lay brothers.

"I, N., promise to Almighty God, in presence of His Virgin Mother and whole heavenly court, and to you, Rev. Father N., General of the Society of Jesus holding the place of God in my regard and your successors: (or to you, Rev. Father N., in place of the General of the Society of Jesus and his successors, etc.) God's Vice-gerent,) perpetual poverty, chastity and obedience, according to the manner expressed in the apostolic letters and constitutions of the said society. In such a town, place, day, month and year."

After two years of novitiate the young Jesuit spends two years in post-graduate courses embracing ancient and modern classic literature, oratory, pedagogy and normal training generally in all the branches of a collegiate education. He next enters upon a three years' university course of mental and moral philosophy, physics, chemistry and other natural sciences, and the higher mathematics. Seven years are gone when he enters upon the duties of a college professor, in which he is employed, as a rule, for five years. He then begins his university course of divinity, spending four years in study of Scripture, dogmatic and moral theology, canon law, Church history, liturgy, etc. Some time before the close of the course, after he has labored through fifteen or sixteen years of as hard an intellectual training as can be imagined, he is at last ordained a priest. But he is not yet a completely developed Jesuit. One year more must be devoted to the study and practice of the spiritual life, and to a thorough review of the constitution and history of the order, and he must have completed seventeen years to the day and hour from the first day of his novitiate, before he is allowed to kneel down before the altar and pronounce the solemn vows of a professed Jesuit Father. If, for some reason or other, the Jesuit Father was unable to go through the entire training, he could be ordained at an earlier period and admitted to the last vows of the professed spiritual coadjutor. Here is the formula of these vows:

"I, N., promise to Almighty God, in the presence of His Virgin Mother,

and the whole heavenly court, and to you, Rev. Father N., General of the Society of Jesus, holding the place of God in my regard (or to you, Rev. Father N., in place of the General of the Society of Jesus and his successors, holding the place of God in my regard) perpetual poverty, chastity and obedience, and in accordance with that obedience, a special devotion to the manner expressed in the apostolic letters and the constitution of the same society."

According to the law of the Church all solemn vows must be pronounced in public: the Jesuits are no exception to the rule. For over three hundred years they have made their solemn vows publicly, everybody could go and hear them. It was on February 29, 1887, that I knelt down before the high altar in the old College Church of St. Louis University and publicly took my solemn and last vows. I have the original draft, written by myself and signed by myself with an ordinary pen and black ink. I never heard of a Jesuit signing his solemn vows with a pinard dipped in blood taken from above his hearer, until recently. If anybody is anxious to inspect this bit of paper I invite him to call on me. If he is afraid of me he can ask a policeman to accompany him. If he does not know Latin let him bring along some professional man who can read Latin and understand what it means. This document had to be in Latin; it is an official document, and consequently, is written in the official language of the Church, and not only of the Church, but of all great universities and colleges, which always issue their diplomas in Latin. This is my diploma as a professed Father of the Society of Jesus. It is a real diploma, for, according to the constitution of our order, it attests that, after frequent and rigid examinations in all college and university courses, I was declared by my examiners fully competent to hold in any university the chair of philosophy, of sciences, of mathematics and of divinity.

As most would not understand these my last vows in Latin, I give the formula done into English: "I, James F. N. Hoefler, make my profession, and I promise to Almighty God, in the presence of His Virgin Mother and of the whole court of heaven and of all persons who stand around me, and to thee, Rev. Father Rudolph Meyer, Provincial, in the place of the General of the Society of Jesus, and his successors, holding the place of God in my regard, perpetual poverty, chastity and obedience and in accordance with that obedience, a special devotion to the education of boys; in accordance with the mode of life prescribed by the apostolic letters of the Society of Jesus and its constitutions.

"Moreover, I promise special obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff with reference to missions, according as it is contained in the same apostolic letters and constitutions. St. Louis, Mo., February 2, 1887. St. Francis Xavier (College Church). James F. N. Hoefler, S. J." Signed with my own hand.

Sometimes a member belonging to the grade of Formed Spiritual Coadjutor is on account of superior talents of signal services rendered to the order or the Church, promoted to what is called the Profession of Three Vows. The formula of these three solemn vows is identical with the same as the formula of the four vows, except that the fourth vow of special obedience to the Pope with regard to the missions is omitted.

After pronouncing the solemn vows the newly professed Father takes the following simple vows, which are peculiar to the Society of Jesus. Here is the formula which I read immediately after my profession in 1887.

FORMULA OF THE SIMPLE VOWS WHICH THE PROFESSOR TAKE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THEIR PROFESSION: "I, James F. N. Hoefler, a professed Father of the Society of Jesus, promise to Almighty God in the presence of His Virgin Mother and the whole heavenly court, and in the presence of Rev. Father Rudolph Meyer, Provincial, holding the place of the General of the society, that I will never in any way do anything or consent to anything whereby the poverty ordained by the constitution of the society should be changed, unless at some time, for a just cause, the exigencies of the case might seem to require that poverty be made more stringent.

I promise, moreover, that I will never do anything or seek even indirectly to be chosen or promoted to any post of honor or dignity in the society.

"I promise, moreover, that I will never seek for ambition any preferment or dignity outside of the society; nor, as far as in me lies, will I consent to my being chosen, unless forced by my obedience to him who can command me under pain of sin.

"Again, if I learn that anyone seeks or ambitions any of the two aforesaid dignities, I promise that I will manifest him and the whole matter to the society or its General.

"Moreover, if at any time it should happen that, despite these promises, I be elevated to any dignity in the Church having a care of my own salvation and of the right fulfillment of the duty imposed upon me, I promise that I will so regard the General of the society as never to refuse to listen to the advice which he himself, or some other person of the society whom he shall constitute for himself in this matter, may deign to give me. And I promise that I will thus always follow the advice of this kind if I judge it to be better than that which occurred to my own mind; understanding all things

according to the constitution and declarations of the Society of Jesus." (Signed as before with an ordinary pen and black ink.)

You have now all the vows, every one of them, which the Jesuits pronounce. There are no other Jesuit vows.

For three hundred years these last and solemn vows of the Jesuits were, according to the law of the Church, pronounced in public; for three hundred years nobody, not even the Jesuits, knew of any other extreme vows. Not even the *Monita Secreta*, the most daring of all the forgeries against the Society of Jesus, had a word to say against the Jesuit vows. The fabrication of the terrible Jesuit oaths—the most outrageous forgery on record in history—was apparently reserved to the pious zeal of the most saintly and loyal subjects of her Majesty the Queen.

These latter day saints and most loyal subjects evidently held the doctrine that the end justifies the means, even the most criminal. The forgery of the Jesuit oath was first published in London in 1843, apparently as a part of the *Monita Secreta*, or secret instructions, which it had never been before. It was a lie and a forgery prefixed to the old tissues of lies, very much enlarged and developed in the English translation. In 1865 a member of the corporation of Dublin, one of the saints, introduced a petition to the British Parliament, which was the god of those saints, to take an almighty action against the horrible Jesuit oath. Some members of the corporation who had more common sense than piety, and a little more of what we call gumption than religious fanaticism, called the saint to give proof of the authenticity of the alleged oath. The saint was highly offended that he should be asked for proof, but as he could not furnish it the corporation—as we say it—simply snowed them under.

The most frightful specimens of the transatlantic and Canadian Jesuit oath cannot for a moment compare with the revised, enlarged, stereotyped blood curdling, wild and woolly edition which has been appearing week after week in the A. P. A. sheets of this country, presumably for the special delectation of other most loyal and saintly subjects.

It is but natural that those who are not saintly and loyal subjects of the Queen but law-abiding citizens of these British United States, would like to have proof from these latter day impostors of the authenticity of the extreme oath of the Jesuits. I for one, as a citizen born and reared in this country, challenge every comer to prove that said extreme oath of the Jesuits is authentic. I denounce it as a forgery. I publicly denounce it as a libel, and if I were sure who the forger or libeler is I would take steps at once to bring him to justice in the courts. If these saints are at all honest, let them furnish the proofs; the burden of proof rests on the accusers.

If you are anxious to find the most reliable blood-purifier, read in Ayer's Almanac the testimonials of those who have been cured of such terrible disease as catarrh, rheumatism, and scrofula, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then govern yourself accordingly.

Eggal Out—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the soul. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery, Cholera, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly, subdues the pain and disease.

Whenever the body has been weakened by disease, it should be built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this: "About two years ago I suffered with a very severe attack of inflammation of the bowels. When I began to recover I was in a very weak and nervous condition, and suffered intensely with neuralgia pains in my head, which caused loss of sleep, and having no appetite, I became Very Thin and weak. Fortunately a friend who had used Hood's Sarsaparilla with great benefit, kindly recommended me to try it. I did so and a perfect cure has been effected. I would not be without Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house for anything." Mrs. G. KERN, 245 Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont.

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1896. THE CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL.

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FIVE-MINUTE Second Series

We celebrate the feast of the Blessed Virgin of the Blessed Church bids us in perfection of her supreme fulness, gifts, that we may be able to approach her. It is this feast in part Christmas; for, presses it, it was of her Son that she had the better by immaculate Conception spending well the memories it; just understand the glorious light is splendor, what then must the only light of Now, in thinking less soul, we can the opposite view widespread is the people of today seems that half of the heavenly enjoy sexual pleasures the ways in which wrecked among for example; who ber of death-de last daily, nay, from the press! print free love little human deures to corrupt disobedient boy must be sold a ruin soul and be newspapers bring matter that dare Even some of o advertise their tempting to stab through their eye. Then take th that there are s you know better how hard it is or from a theatre w The conductors theatres answer the reprobrates they "preach t They insult our mense flaming Lus! flatus he Many poor souls. The general the many other lust—that is to cred apart from by—is to bre decency all arou result is tw of the female s ruin of youth. Against this foul and bruti Christ sets that ulate, whom H as "terrible as array." Who, more hates lust, writing with such wretched slaves of Mary? She som, rich, powe to her, you fee are in weak? She one word f demon is vanq beneath her whi withing on the turn your face late to day: c of grace, the These words, y soul as soil w or since, can "Remember," Bernard, "th that any one h was left unaid fore, in all yo lead you to h you suffer from courage and standard of y and advanced maclate Mott How

Open your bright fires at night. Hand walls. Put on your tab containing ga of dullness a mirth and go tions for you ambitions in you make hon with higher ure. Wheth hood and ent fined taste ponds on yo right means influence ove than any oth

As an eme Cherry Pect other remed cure a crou throat, and troubles to liable, it is to act, sure to Totally Dr. Perry, writes last winter, w tota of crou in other. After consulting sev any relief, I w ELECTRICI poured a litt one-half the completely rec cases of deau this medicine.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Second Sunday of Advent. PURITY. We celebrate to-day, my brethren, the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Holy Church bids us meditate on the perfection of her nature and on the supreme fullness of her supernatural gifts, that we may bless God for her, and that we may be the more encouraged to approach her and ask her intercession. It is very fortunate that this feast is part of our preparation for Christmas: for, as the dogma expresses it, it was by the foreseen merits of her Son that she was saved spotless from Adam's sin. We enjoy Christmas all the better by understanding the Immaculate Conception of Mary and spending well the feast which commemorates it: just as one would better understand the glory of the sun if before he had ever seen it he had enjoyed the beautiful light of the moon. Her light is splendor, fair as the moon — what then must be His light Who is the only light of the world!

Now, in thinking of Our Lady's spotless soul, we cannot help advert to the opposite vice, impurity. How widespread is that vice among the people of to-day! How deep-rooted seems that baleful tree whose fruit is the beastly enjoyment of forbidden sexual pleasures! How manifold are the ways in which innocence is wrecked among us! Take the press, for example: what a countless number of death-dealing instruments of lust daily, nay, hourly, come forth from the press! Great human demons print free love to ruin the family; little human demons print vile pictures to corrupt the young. The silly, disobedient boy who buys cigarettes must be sold a nasty picture to help ruin soul and body. Even reputable newspapers print columns of reading matter that dare not be read aloud. Even some of our merchants cannot advertise their business without attempting to stab their customers' souls through their eyes by filthy pictures. Then take the theatres. I know that there are some decent ones; yet you know better than I can tell you how hard it is ordinarily to come away from a theatre with an unstained soul. The conductors of some of these theatres answer to the description of the reprobates given in Scripture: they "preach their sin like Sodom." They insult our eyes with their immense flaming show-bills, on which Lust flaunts her banners in triumph. Many poor souls are ruined by bad plays.

The general effect of all this, and the many other occasions of sins of lust — that is to say, the effect considered apart from the individuals ruined by it — is to break down the barriers of decency all around. But the conspicuous result is twofold — the degradation of the female sex, and the lamentable ruin of youth. Against this invasion of all that is foul and brutish the religion of Jesus Christ sets that Virgin Mother Immaculate, whom Holy Scripture describes as "terrible as an army set in battle array." Who, but the purest of creatures, hates lust most? Whose heart is wrung with such tender pity for Lust's wretched slaves as the Immaculate Heart of Mary? She is Our Lady of Ransom, rich, powerful, resistless. Turn to her, you poor victim, whose feet are in the snare. Are you weak? She is strong to aid: one word from her and the demon is vanquished, his head crushed beneath her heel. And you, poor soul, writhing on the rack of temptation, turn your face towards Mary Immaculate, late to-day: cry out "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." These words, which once thrilled her soul as soul was never thrilled before or since, cannot fail of a hearing. "Remember," says the prayer of St. Bernard, "that it was never known that any one had recourse to thee and was left unaided." Fly to her, therefore, in all your troubles, and she will lead you to her Son, but especially if you suffer from impurity. Arise with courage and enlist under the white standard of virgin purity, lifted up and advanced by the hand of the Immaculate Mother of God.

How to Save Boys.

Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon your walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish the demons of dullness and apathy, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home these things, fill them with higher purpose than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you. With exertion and right means a mother may have more influence over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

As an emergency medicine, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral takes the lead of all other remedies. For the relief and cure of croup, whooping-cough, sore throat, and the dangerous pulmonary troubles to which the young are so liable, it is invaluable, being prompt to act, sure to cure. **Totally Deaf.**—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Thoughtful girls are already planning for their Christmas gifts. It is not too early to begin work, and here is a suggestion offered by Harper's Round Table to one of its readers that some bright girl may take to herself. A very little girl asks what easy thing she may find to do for her mother's birthday. Make a set of table-mats, dear, of coarse, white cotton, crocheting them in simple close work, and finishing with a scalloped edge. I saw a very pretty set the other day, and the lady who owned them was proud that her youngest daughter aged eight, had made them herself.

What do you think of this as a hint for a useful little gift? A portable pen-wiper as practical, unique, new, and easy of construction. Buy a china doll — one that stands firmly. Make for her several chamois skin skirts of different lengths, putting on the shortest one first. Pink the edges. The costume should be a student's red or black gown and cap, and put a tiny roll of parchment in her hand. If you have to tie the roll in the hand, use fine silk of the same color as the parchment and it will scarcely show. The gown should be long and full. The material may be velvet, silk or cashmere. The cap should have a square top, fastened to a narrow band fitting close to the head. The doll should have the appearance of staidness. Whenever the chamois is soiled, replace the skirts, and thus the pen-wiper is always clean.

Pointed Penitents.

It is quite a common thing for persons to begin to despond if their prayers to God are not heard. Although it might seem to us that the granting of our petition would turn out for the best, still we must bear in mind that our Father in Heaven, who knows all things, has better reasons for judging what may be best for us. He is aware oftentimes that the very thing we imagine will just suit us, is precisely that which may work our ruin. Here, for instance, is a case in point. A poor washerwoman at Fayetteville, Ark., who a few days ago was notified that she had been granted a pension and would receive \$5,000 back pay, was so overcome with joy that she died. There it is! The writer knew of another instance similar to this, and they could easily be multiplied: A certain man was arrested by a policeman on a doubtful charge. "Oh," said he, "if I got bail, I would prove my innocence. Oh, if I only got out of this cell!" — A friend came along and got him out. That afternoon he went bathing and was drowned! Hence, let us always be resigned to God's holy will. He knows what is best for us. We don't. Therefore, we should never murmur if our prayers are not immediately heard. The will of God should be always our will. It was so with the saints, and the saints are safe models to follow.

How foolish a thing it is to imagine that, because we gratify our evil propensities, we are, therefore, going to be happy! The reverse is invariably the case. When that momentary gratification (resulting from evil indulgence) is passed, a feeling of vexatious regret, a sting of remorse, like the sting of a serpent, pierces our soul, and our brow is knit with anger, and we feel anything but pleased. But let us resist that evil impulse, and deny ourselves that forbidden gratification, why then we instantly feel a quickening sense of joy and satisfaction unexpressed by any joy on earth. And, what is more, it lasts. The boy who conquers himself and subdues his evil desires will never be seen with a frown of gloom darkening his young brow, like a black cloud across the sunny sky. Better yet, the oftener he overcomes himself, the more easily he follows on from conquest to conquest, till finally the palm of victory is won, and his soul is saved! Whereas, the drone, who groped along in the swamps of sin, giving free rein to his unchecked desires, plunges headlong into the dark abyss of eternal ruin, having not her peace of mind in this world or the next.

It is a great mistake, even in a mere worldly sense, to think that any solid pleasure or comfort can be derived from the indulgence of any wicked propensity. Watch those men and youths who follow the full bent of their wild inclinations. Look at the blood-shot eye, the knitted brow, the sour and haggard look. Do these bespeak a tranquil mind? Not likely. Yet, they have plenty of money. They are well dressed. They mingle with "refined" society. They attend balls and banquets and revel in the alleged delights and pleasures of life. And yet, they are not only not happy, but, down deep in their hearts, they are miserable, they are "whitened sepulchres," as rotten in the sight of God and His angels as the rottenest carrion tigers ever preyed upon — as rotten as the foul carcass deserted even by the hungry vultures of the bleak and barren mountain wastes. No, no: this world, with all its so-called pleasures, brings no comfort to the human heart. None. "The heart of man can never rest," cried out Saint Augustine, "until it rests in God." And Solomon, the wisest and wealthiest of men, exclaimed, after experiencing all the "joys" that gold could give him: "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity except to love God and to serve Him alone." Let the children, while they are young, be impressed with these ideas: let them be made to realize them thoroughly, and, if they do, a day will come when they will also realize what it is to have the blessings of Heaven abundantly poured down upon their innocent heads.

One thing should not be forgotten by young and old. It is, that it will not suffice to be aware of, and to be fully possessed of, the right knowledge in reference to the correct principles of religion and morality. We must also put those principles into practice. Otherwise, we are no better than the "Heathen Chinese," nor as good. The boys or girls who study their lessons only when the eye of the teacher is upon them — is there anything noble about them? The boys or girls who work in the presence of their employers, and shirk the work when their backs are turned — what must we think of them? There was a funny case reported recently of a girl in a factory who worked overtime on a certain night. When pay day came, of course she asked for extra pay — "What for?" demanded the foreman. "For overtime." "And, pray, Miss, will you tell me how we are going to settle about all the overtime?" "Oh, fix that as you like!" And it was "fixed" by her being told to take an extended vacation with "half allowance." This was simple justice. She "idled" half her time, and when boys and girls act in this way, and then take wages for such "idleness," they simply take money that does not belong to them. Always act in the absence of your teachers or employers as if they were present. God's eye is ever upon you.

Where Courtesy Won. "Mamma, I just won't stand it! He makes faces at me, spits on my shoes, and hollers, 'Baby! baby!' at me every time he sees me!" and Ben's face was flushed and his black eyes snapped angrily. "Soberly, softly, my son! Go to my room and bathe your face in hot water to cool it off, and rub your hands with soap, for another reason which I won't mention: then come and help me pick the straw-berries for the supper, and we'll talk it over," and his mother smiled and kissed the anger-wrinkled forehead.

Ben obeyed somewhat reluctantly, for his little heart thumped against his jacket as only an angry boy's heart can thump, but he knew that his gentle mamma would not allow his loud tones, and that she would find a way to help him bear with Sam Burr's "meanness," as Ben called it, else she'd devise a way to put a stop to it. "Who-ew, what beauties!" he exclaimed helping himself to one of the largest berries, a few minutes later, as he came fresh from the toilet room — if you do not know the refreshing effect of hot water on the face on a hot day, try it.

"Yes, they are very nice. They had to be cultivated, however, to reach this condition. Left to themselves they would not have been first-class." "That's all right for strawberries," said Ben, with argument in both eyes, but in a much softer voice than at first.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," his mother quoted. "Well, I've been 'slow to anger' but a fellow can't keep it up forever." "Granted," said the mother, "and after the 'seventy times seven' I'll help you set a trap for Sam."

"Help me now, then," said Ben "for I guess it's about a thousand." "First, let me say at the start that I don't want you to be imposed upon. There is a limit beyond which boys with due self-respect cannot let anyone go; but with your quick temper you don't often wait for the limit. And you are not all to blame for your temper, as you inherit it from me, and I went away back to my grandfather to get it."

"You, mamma?" astonishment in his face, pausing in the act of lifting a luscious berry to his mouth. "Why, you never bang doors, or kick the chairs, or slam books on the floor. And as for yelling like mad, you couldn't make as much noise as a canary with that sweet, low voice of yours."

"I used to do all those things, and sometimes worse," said his mother, gently: "but I've learned better through many hard lessons which I hope you may be spared, my son. But now tell me about Sam. What kind of a boy is he?"

"He's just awful! Searing the baby girls, making dogs fight, throwing dirt on the boys, and stoning them if he dast 'dares, my dear" — and all sorts of meanness when Sister Gertrude's back is turned."

"How does Sister treat him?" "The best way she can. She has to punish him every day — sometimes two and three times in one day."

"And the boys — how do they treat him?" "Well, I s'pose I ought to be fair. They won't play with him 'cause he's so kind of dirty, you know, and then he never has things to play with. You've just got to lend him your knife or sled or books or tennis racket if you have him in your games at all; and so we just cut him."

"Where does he live? I'm getting interested in a boy that has to fight his way at school, has no one to see that his face and hands and clothing are clean, and who has nothing to play with. He must be lonely."

Ben winced, but answered: "He lives with his grandfather over the grocery on Adams street."

"What? Not even a yard to play in! Who keeps house for them?" "Oh, I guess they just live there by

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY

themselves. The old man mends harnesses and shoes, and Sam does errands out of school hours to help along. "No mother and father, perhaps not enough to eat, punished in school, and snubbed by those who should be his play fellows — he can't have a very pleasant life, Ben," his mother said. "But he needn't pitch into us boys all the time," said Ben, melting a little. "That is true; suppose you pitch into him for a change," and her eyes laughed. "All right, lay your trap," and completely won by his mother's interest, he listened while she planned to ask Sam to tea with him once a week; and when she had written the dainty note of invitation, he could hardly run fast enough to deliver it. Poor Sam! He was so unaccustomed to courtesy or kindness that it came like a thunderclap from a clear sky; but in the "battle" which the boys then and there entered — Ben, to conquer his dislike for Sam, and Sam to "make up" for what he had done to annoy Ben — each won his own fight, and they soon found that the "Friday night tea" couldn't come around too quickly for them. — Little Crusader.

A FAMOUS REFORMER.

Rev. C. J. Freeman Speaks of His Life and Work. — He Has Written and Preached on Both Sides of the Atlantic Recently the *Victor* of a Peculiar Abduction From Which he Was Released in a Marvellous Manner. From the Boston Herald.

No. 157 Emerson St., South Boston, is the present home of Rev. C. J. Freeman B. A., Ph. D., the recent rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church at Anacosta, Mont. During the reform movement which has swept over Boston, Dr. Freeman has been frequently heard from through the various newspapers, and although a resident of a comparatively recent date he has exerted much public influence, which has been increased by the fact that he was ten years ago on a commission appointed in England to investigate the troublesome question of the vice of great cities. He has preached before cultured audiences in the old world, as well as to the rough pioneers in the mining towns of the Rocky Mountains, and his utterances as well as his writings have been in the line of progress and liberality, well-seasoned with practical common sense. Dr. Freeman has written this paper a letter which will be read with interest. He says: "Some five years since I found that deep study and excessive literary work, in addition to my ordinary ministerial duties, were undermining my health. I detected that I was unable to understand things as clearly as I usually did; that after but little thought and study I suffered from a dull pain in the head and great weariness, and all thought and study became a trouble to me. I lost appetite, did not relish ordinary food, after eating, suffering acute pains in the chest and back. There was soreness of the stomach, and the most of my food seemed to turn to sour water, with most sickly and suffocating feeling in vomiting up such sour water."



REV. C. J. FREEMAN, B. A., PH. D. At this time I consulted several physicians. One said I was run down, another said I had chronic indigestion; but this I do know, that with all the prescriptions which they gave me I was not improving; for, in addition, I had pains in the regions of the kidneys, a very sluggish liver, so much so that I was very much like a yellow man, was depressed in spirits, imagined all sorts of things and was daily becoming worse and felt that I should soon become a confirmed invalid if I did not soon understand my complaints. I followed the advice of physicians most severely, but with all I was completely unable to do my ministerial duty, and all I could possibly do was to rest and try to be thankful. After eighteen months' treatment I found I was the victim of severe palpitation of the heart, and was almost afraid to walk across my room. Amid all this I was advised to take absolute rest from all mental work. In fact, I was already

HEALTH FOR ALL. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. THE PILLS. Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. THE OINTMENT. Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Throat it has no equal. FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, Colds, Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm. Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 NEW OXFORD ST. (LATE 533 OXFORD ST.), LONDON. And are sold at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 36s., each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors, throughout the world. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

unable to take any duty for the reason that the feeling of complete prostration after the least exertion, precluded me from any duty whatever, and it appeared to my mind that I was very near being a perfect wreck. As for talking absolute rest, I could not take more than I did unless it was so absolute as to rest in the grave. Then it would have been absolute enough. "It is now quite three years, since, in addition to all the pains and penalties which I endured, I found creeping upon me a peculiar numbness of the left limbs, and in fact could not walk about. If I tried to walk I had to drag the left foot along the ground. The power of locomotion seemed to be gone, and I was consoled with the information that it was partial paralysis. Whether it was or not I do not know, but this I do know, I could not walk about and I began to think my second childhood had commenced at the age of forty years.

"Just about two years ago or a little more, a ministerial friend came to see me. I was sick in bed and could hardly move, and he was something like old Job's comforter, although not quite. He had much regret and commiseration which was very poor balm for a sick man. But the best thing he did say was this: 'Did you ever see Hood's Pink Pills?' I said, 'Who in the world is he?' He said, 'Why do you not try Pink Pills?' He said goodbye very affectionately, so much so that doubtless he thought it was the last farewell. Nevertheless, after thinking a little, I just came to the conclusion that I would make an innovation and see what Pink Pills would do. I looked at them, and I said can any good possibly come out of those little pink things? Anyway, I would see. I was suspicious of Pink Pills, and I remembered the old proverb: 'sospetto licentia fide.' 'Suspicion is the passport to faith.' So Pink Pills I obtained, and Pink Pills I swallowed. But one box of them did not cure me, nor did I feel any difference. But after I had taken nine or ten boxes of pills I was decidedly better. Yes, I was certainly improving, and after eight months of Pink Pills I could get about. The numbness of the left limb was nearly gone, the pains in the head had entirely ceased, the appetite was better. I could enjoy food and had a free, quiet action of the heart without palpitation. In fact, in twelve months I was a new creature, and to-day I can stand and speak over two hours without a rest. I can perform all my public duties which devolve upon me, without fatigue, and do all the walking which I have to do, and am thankful for it. I can safely say I was never in a better state of health than I am to-day, and that I attribute it to the patient, persevering use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I fully, cordially and strongly commend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all or any who suffer in a similar way, and feel sure that any one who adopts Pink Pills with perseverance and patience cannot find their expectations unrealized or their reasonable hopes blasted. But he will find that a blessing which is the reward of a full trust in a true and reliable remedy. I shall always wish and desire the greatest success for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Scott's Emulsion. It is Cod-liver Oil emulsified, or made easy of digestion and assimilation. To this is added the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, which aid in the digestion of the Oil and increase materially the potency of both. It is a remarkable flesh-producer. Emaciated, anemic and consumptive persons gain flesh upon it very rapidly. The combination is a most happy one. Physicians recognize its superior merit in all conditions of wasting. It has had the endorsement of the medical profession for 20 years. Don't be persuaded to take a substitute. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and \$1.

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The Best Christmas Gift. or the best addition to one's own library is WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY. Successor of the "Unabridged." Standard of the English Language. Fully revised and enlarged. Contains 100,000 words, and all the synonyms, antonyms, and idiomatic phrases. Warranted to state the true meaning of every word, without number.

See That You Get the CATHOLIC ALMANAC OF ONTARIO. The Calendar of this Almanac is an accurate guide to the Feasts, Fasts, Saints' Days, etc., as observed in Ontario. It is compiled by the Rev. J. M. Cruise, editor of the *Orion*, and by the clergy and religious of Ontario. No other published calendar supplies this daily guide. In addition to a handsome Calendar, showing Feasts and Fasts, etc., observed in Ontario, are Vestments, words, etc., there are Meditations suitable to the different months, other articles are: Manitoba School Question. Roman Catholic Hospitals in Ontario, illustrated. A New World Calvary. Father Stafford, with portrait. The Rev. E. Med. Dawson, with portrait. A Story in Three Parts. Catholics in Ontario's Parliament, illustrated. A Ghost Story, illustrated. In God's Temple. The Rev. E. Med. Dawson, with portrait. Grandmother's Legacy, illustrated. The House of Prayer. Catholic Societies in Ontario: St. Vincent de Paul; C. M. B. A.; I. C. R. U.; C. O. E.; E. R. A.; A. O. H.; Knights of St. John; Young Ladies' Literary Society. Church in Ontario. Directory of Parishes, etc.; Religious Orders and Branches in Ontario. Figures for Parents. Some Events of the Year, with illustrations. Clergy List. Single Copies 25c.; a dozen copies \$2.50. Sent free by mail on receipt of price. PUBLISHED BY THE SISTERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD, 113 St. Joseph St. TORONTO. Carvers are wanted. Apply to sisters of the Precious Blood, Toronto, for terms.

