

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, March 2, 1901

### A WORD OF CAUTION.

One word to our readers. Be slow to accept the statements of Churchmen, on no other authority save that of the secular press. The ubiquitous reporter is sometimes at a loss for "copy," and has no hesitation in testing the resources of a trained imagination.

### INCONSISTENT PHILOSOPHERS.

There is probably no man more contentions in dogmatism than a scientist with a seeming case against religion. Not only does he become unscientific in method when he abandons the study of phenomena and their laws for the domain of metaphysics, but he exacts and receives blind obedience from his adherents. We are not alluding to quacks and charlatans, but to men who have acquired a reputation either as investigators who have given us new points of view or as formulators of opinions that have more or less vogue. Once let a man as Huxley or Darwin proclaim that the Church is opposed to science and the assertion takes root in the minds of his followers. Wherein the opposition lies need not be stated. The word of the scientific sage is enough for those who tender him homage as slavish as was ever given to Eastern potentates. This, however, is called emancipation of the intellect, and is regarded as conducive to a manly and independent mode of existence.

It strikes us that the ancient pagans were a deal more decent than their modern brethren. The old philosophers blundering along in the dark were not unwilling to confess their inability to solve the problems that lay thick around them. The light of reason, they felt, was not enough for their guidance, and hence we see the noblest of them looking heavenwards for a teacher and leader. But that spirit is not visible in the mental equipment of their descendants. These are, to all seeming, convinced that unfettered by faith they have come into the possession of truth—that is all truth worth knowing. And their adherents yield them unwavering allegiance, prating about the brotherhood of man whilst ignoring the Fatherhood of God, and spinning wondrous theories for the enlightenment of mankind. One can scarcely pick up a magazine without happening upon the blasphemous vagaries of untrained intellects. If they approach the question of a Supreme Being it is only, so to speak, for the purpose of taking measurements. Instead of being on their knees with a prayer for light, they stand erect with the line and plummet of reason to measure infidelity. Though they are encompassed by mysteries and the most familiar facts of nature, they are, as they would fain assure us, "gifted with vision that can penetrate the secrets of the things that exceed nature. In view of this one cannot help thinking there was much truth in the Shakespearean adage: "Put a beggar on horseback, and he is sure to ride to the devil." With human reason as the steed, its driver is bound to go in that direction. It has been going that way ever since reason threw off the authority of faith that alone can guide and ennoble and strengthen it.

### RELIGION AND FREE THOUGHT

Professor Goldwin Smith is out with an article entitled *The Present Attitude of Free Thought*. The professor deprecates all irreverence and scepticism in ancient religion, and asks the Archbishop of Canterbury, a man of robust mind, to give him fresh assurance of faith in what he styles the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Now this, on the face of it, is rather astonishing. Why should a man of Prof. Smith's attainments be willing to sit down as a pupil at the feet of the Archbishop of Canterbury? If he cannot succeed in piercing the darkness, with what show of reason can he expect light to come to him from the English prelate? Perhaps he is becoming convinced that authority of some kind is requisite for the stability and unity of religion; and if so why not look for it where its credentials can

be established beyond cavil or doubt? We are very much afraid that the professor's perplexities will not be solved by any pronouncement from the Anglican body, which has been, and is, the sheltering ground of conflicting and contradictory opinions, and which has not withheld the claim of orthodoxy from men of such widely dissenting views as Mathew Arnold, Rev. C. Gorham and Frederic Danousson Maurice.

And though quite willing to admit that, outside Catholicism, the churches are filled with strife, still we do not think that fact alone should encourage Dr. Smith in indulging in walls pestilent. That Prof. Jowett ceased to believe in miracles is certainly no proof that miracles have never taken place. Miracles are usually occurrences of a sensible nature and are therefore subjected, as fact of that kind, to the rules of evidence. If it can be proved that miraculous events have happened we should, as reasonable individuals, acquiesce in the verdict. If, again, it can be proved that miracles are signs that God has given to man a divine revelation, then that revelation and all that it entails must be accepted.

If we take the word of a fellow man in matters of earthly moment, why not take the word of God, in questions that concern the soul? If God has spoken, and there is nothing clearer than this in the records of history, then it behooves a creature to listen to it, not to gaily say or discuss it, but to embrace it with all the fervor of his being.

To all honest searchers after truth Cardinal Newman left the following prayer: "O my God, I confess that Thou canst enlighten my darkness. I confess that Thou alone canst I wish my darkness to be enlightened. I do not know whether Thou wilt; but that Thou canst, and that I ask, what Thou at least hast not forbidden me asking. I hereby promise that by Thy grace, that which I am asking, I will embrace whatever I at length feel certain is the truth. If ever I come to be certain. And by Thy grace I will guard against all self-deceit which may lead me to take what nature would have rather than what reason approves."

The man who is convinced that the longings of his being cannot be satisfied by unbelief and that of himself he cannot keep the whole law of nature is forced to conclude that either God has left him without means of attaining perfection here and hereafter or that there must be some way of arriving at his end.

We know that much stress is laid upon the lives of unbelievers in contradistinction to those that are burdened with dogma. Free-thinkers are, we are told, moral, good husbands and fathers, whilst believers are, sometimes, exactly the reverse. With our going into the question of how far morality depends upon dogma, exception of course being made to the dogma of the existence of a Supreme Being, we fall to see how good or bad works may be attributed to either infidelity or faith. In the case of the unbeliever, must not the actions which arouse the enthusiasm of his admirers, be regarded as the outcome of some good habit or doctrine which survives, despite the loss of faith. Just as some of the old pagans when under the influence of primitive revelation rose superior to their surroundings so also their descendants give in their lives now and then evidences of the working of forces external to infidelity.

When M. Rnan attempted in his discourse at the installation of the celebrated Pasteur as member of the French Academy, to explain the phenomenon of infidels living good lives, he ascribed it—and he is a very impartial witness in this matter—to the fact of their early training. "These men," he said, "are living under the shadow of a strenuous faith." What will be the character of their children who shall live under the shadow of a shadow?

### A COSTLY PICTURE

The Anselm Madonna, by Raphael, now holds the distinction of being the most expensive picture in the world. It was purchased out of Parliamentary grants from the Duke of Marlborough for \$350,000, which is equal to \$60 per square inch.

In repose, coloring, drawing and technical achievement it is one of the finest of Raphael's paintings, but there was much dispute concerning the availability of the English nation paying for it such an unprecedented sum.

### PASTORAL LETTER

Addressed to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Halifax, by the Most Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, D. D., Archbishop of Halifax

CORNELIUS BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND FAVOR OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE, ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX: To the Clergy, Religious Orders, and Laity of the Diocese of Halifax and Benediton in the Lord.

Dear Beloved—At the dawn of the Christian era wise men came from the East to Jerusalem, asking—"Where is He who is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East, and we are come to adore Him." (Matt. II, 2) The hope of a Redeemer, given by God to our first parents immediately after their transgression and fall from primal innocence and grace, lived in the traditions of their descendants, and gave color to the Religious history of all early nations. Thoughtful men realized that the conditions of life, such as actually existed, could not be the ones intended by a beneficent Creator. They felt that human nature had been born to a nobler destiny socially than that of slavery to the passions, and intellectually, than that of perpetually crying in the darkness for light. They were sensible of the existence of a superior Power, and were convinced that only in a closer union with It lay their hope of betterment. But this closer union could not be effected by any effort of man lifting himself up; they felt incapable of that: it must be brought about by God descending to man. Later on came the explicit promise of God to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob of a Deliverer, a Ruler, a King, Moses and the Prophets gave testimony to this promise—a testimony which was not confined to the Jewish people, but which became known to the nations around about. Referring to the period when Christ was born, Sostolus, a pagan author, writing in the first years of the second century, says: "An old and unvarying belief was noted abroad through the whole East, that it was to come to pass at this time that persons sprung from Jewish stock should obtain supreme power." (Vespas. Cap. IV) Previously, Tacitus in words which are almost identical, bears witness to the prevalence of this belief, adding that it was contained in the "Sacred Books of the Priests," that is, in the Old Testament (Hist. v, Cap. xlii). Putarch, too, discussing the existence of good and evil in the world, refers to the general conviction of the coming of a Mediator who should restore order between God and the human race, and calls it—"a most ancient belief which has descended from theologians and legislators to the poets and philosophers, which does not take rise from any clearly defined author, but is, however, a firm and indelible conviction, propagated in many places not by treatises only, or traditions, but in sacred rites and sacrifices, both amongst barbarians and Greeks." (D. I. de Ordirde)

The belief, then, in the coming of a Supernatural Being, who should reconcile man to his Maker, restore order and harmony in human conduct, cure the lawless, uphold the weak, and renew the face of the earth, was old, unchanging and widespread. It was the one hope of humanity tossed about like a rudderless ship, on the seething sea of its own uncontrolled passions. The plaintive prayer of the Prophet, "Drop down dew, ye heavens from above, and let the clouds rain the just: let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour; and let justice spring up together." (Isaiah xlv, 8) was the burden of the cry sent up from weary hearts. He, and He only, could cure the ills of the nations. For thousands of years men had been at work. A literature which has never been surpassed existed both in Greece and Rome. Painting, Sculpture and Architecture had reached a state of perfection unequalled to this day. All the highest intellectual faculties had been developed to their culminating point. It is only the less noble ones we are developing to day. Notwithstanding these achievements the moral and social condition of mankind was most lamentable, its degradation unspeakable. Apart from what may be gathered relative to this, from the writings of pagan poets and historians, we have the very vivid description given by St. Paul in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, of the pagan world. The picture of shameful debasement is rather underdrawn; the reality was too revolting to be set down by the Apostle pen. And the evil was caused because men had "changed the truth of God into a lie," and because "they liked not to have God in their knowledge." If we be honest with ourselves, we shall confess that human nature, unaided by supernatural intervention, is incapable of rising to the higher and more noble plane of life, for which it instinctively feels it was born. That intervention was promised, and as we have seen, man was expecting it in the days of Cæsar Augustus.

The history of the human race is a great epic, and should be read in its entirety if we wish to grasp the meaning and connection of its various episodes. The story of England's Barons forcing King John to sign, at Runnymede, the Magna Charta, fascinating though it be, does not afford us any adequate idea of the vicissitudes of Parliamentary institutions. Much less will a study of some, even many, of the laws of the physical world, or the adaptation of natural forces to meet our conveniences, enable us to understand the story of mankind, and of the Christian Religion. Yet with no better mental equipment than that supplied by such studies, serious men, — and not seldom, untrained scientific ones, also — will attempt to explain that story, in a tone more dogmatic than learned, more flippant than convincing. The coming of the wise men from the East to Jerusalem in search of the new born King is quite credible and explicable read in the light of ancient history, and of the Bible account of man. They came seeking a "King." They found Him in a lowly cot, wrapped in coarse swaddling clothes. No men of arms guarded the door; no liveried servants watched and waited on the infant; there were no marks or signs of regal dignity in the room. Only "Mary, His Mother," (Matt. II, 11) was there. Yet, "falling down they adored Him, and opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh." Were they fools, then, not "wise men," as the Gospel styles them? Had their judgment been guided by human standards, and not by some supernatural light, they should, indeed, be accounted unwise to adore that Babe as their Lord and Master. Read in the light of Bible history and of future events, their adoration is seen as an "obsequy" in the chain of divine intervention which runs through the whole history of man; they adored, not because their senses bore testimony to the Lordly dignity of the Infant, but because of an infused light and knowledge, or divine Revelation. Time justified their act, proved their wisdom, and has made clear to men of good will that the Babe of Bethlehem was as truly God as He was really man.

The long expected Redeemer and Mediator had come to break the bonds of sin, to conquer death, and to renew the face of the earth. The Creator had come down to His creatures, to lift them up from the mire of iniquity, to dispel the darkness of error, and to offer a balm for every wound, a cure for every spiritual disease, and to subvert all things to Himself. Yet He came in lowliness, in meekness, in poverty. His Virgin Mother was poor; His most intimate associates during life, His chosen disciples even, were unlettered fishermen; He was despised by the more learned classes, and finally died as a Malefactor on a Cross. All the ordinary means of success were lacking in His case; and yet what conqueror ever gained such victories, or so firmly established his kingdom? What school of philosophy has ever disseminated its teachings so widely as our Lord has propagated His? Maxims and rules of conduct proposed by learned men have, indeed, exercised a certain influence over the minds of their pupils, but only within a restricted area, and for a short time. But the Gospel of Christ changed the habits of thought of mankind, opened up new fields of intellectual activity, shed light on many obscure subjects, and emancipated human reason from the slavery of error, by proclaiming the truth. And this action has not been transitory: it has dominated the intellect of all that has been born in the world for the past nineteen centuries, and shaped the course of all moral, social and political reform. Even those who to day reject, or rebel against that Gospel, are influenced by it in a thousand ways. Their self-respect, which leads them to avoid disgraceful actions, as well as the philanthropy of which they boast, are results, distorted, indeed — yet the results of the impalpable action of the Gospel in the region of thought. To that same action are to be ascribed all the nobler and more humanizing sentiments, works and theories which distinguish them from the pagans of St. Paul's time. For conduct can never rise higher than its principle. If men are less gross, less cruel, less shameless than in pagan Greece, or Rome, it is because they are informed by a higher principle. Who taught that new and higher principle? Who but the Lord Jesus Christ; He who was "born King of the Jews," — whose star the wise men had seen in the East; and whom they came to adore.

No serious student of history will gainsay this, so full and clear are the evidences of the renewing and transforming action of the Gospel, on the wild tiger nature of the pagan nations that were gradually brought under its influence. In the remote confines of Caesarea Philippi, at the base of Mount Hermon, and near one of the sources of the Jordan, our Lord spoke solemn words which are a prophecy and a promise, a pledge of hope for mankind, and at the same time created in the beginning, as those spoken "Let there be light." After Peter had proclaimed that, "Thou art

Christ, the son of the living God, our Lord said—"Blissed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona: because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father Who is in heaven. And I say to thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven." (Matt. xvi, 16-19)

By these words Christ's spiritual kingdom was created, its head on earth designated, its indefectibility both foretold and guaranteed. Subsequently its scope and mission were more fully defined when our Lord addressing His Apostles said: "All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii, 18-20) This teaching body, consisting of a few Galilean fishermen, thus chartered and commissioned, began its work judged by human standards, it must be pronounced totally inadequate to propagate and make popular doctrines opposed to the passions and prejudices of mankind. Yet, history tells how great, and widespread and enduring its success has been. Every effect must have a cause potentially proportionate to itself. If we deny a divine power to that teaching body, common to all called the Church, how shall we explain the incontrovertible fact of the humanizing, civilizing and christianizing of so many hundreds of millions through its ministry? How explain the triumphs of the ignominy of the Crucifixion over the pride of the Roman patrician, — His code of purity over the degraded masses, — His meekness over the fierce Goth, and Vandal, and Hun? Our intelligence, when brought face to face with the facts of history, must either stultify itself by admitting effects without a cause, or it must recognize a divine power in the Church, and, consequently, the divinity of its Founder.

And this Divine Founder, Who in the beginning was with God, and was Himself God, through no compulsion, but moved by infinite love for us, descended to our weakness so that we should be made partakers of His strength, uniting to Himself a human body and soul through which He might bear our sins, and teach us by word and example.

What does He ask in return for all the benefits conferred upon us in the social, intellectual and spiritual orders? Only our love, our adoration, our service. He is our Brother Who has labored and suffered much for us; therefore we should cherish for Him an intense personal love. He is our God, and as such merits our adoration. He is our King — our King by right of creation and by the right of purchase through the shedding of His blood for us, hence our best service is His due, hence our love for us, and the consequence of man, fear and restlessness find no place. In families and communities where His laws are observed peace and happiness abound. If we obey Him we shall find that rest of soul after which we all sigh, even in the midst of thoughtless gaiety, for so He has promised: "Come to me, all you that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you. Take up my yoke upon you, and learn of Me, because I am meek, and humble of heart; and you shall find rest to your souls." (Matt. xi, 28-29)

But the victories of the Gospel were not won without many struggles. The evil one who seduced our first parents, and who for several thousand years had held us in futile love for us, could not so easily be overcome. He is the tempter of so many, fought to maintain His mastery. All through the centuries we see the opposing forces at work: side by side we see their effects in all the relations of life. In the same kingdom, often in the same community, and sometimes in the same family, we find examples of the loftiest virtue, as well as of the lowest vice. The Gospel message calls man to follow virtue; it does not drive him; the grace of God entreats to good, it does not force. The awful responsibility of freedom of will is ours: good and evil are before us, constituting the touchstone by which souls are proved. If the senses exert an influence to drag us down to material things, the words of Christ, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Matt. viii, 36), tend to lift us up to the spiritual; temptations are strong to lure us to sinful pleasures, the grace of God is no less potent to strengthen us to seek the unending joys promised to the pure of heart. The devil, who is no figment of the imagination, but a real personal being, once a noble spirit, but having fallen through pride, is ever seeking to draw others down, makes use of men individually and collectively, to thwart, or mar the designs of God through a misuse of their free will. Let no one wonder at this. Does not one man frequently control and shape the actions of a number? He does not, and cannot force

their will; nevertheless, by cajolery, or astuteness, or imperious determination, he bends it to his own purpose. The men may be merely puppets without personal malice, yet they become the effective tools of the one master mind. In this way the devil stirred up persecutions against the Church; he played on national feelings to create divisions; he led the unwary into profitless sentimental speculations, and eventually into intellectual pride and heresy; he engendered a love of wealth and honors at another period; then he appealed to the lower passions so as to strike at the root of the Christian home through the effective instrument of divorce. Finally, in our day, he is re-awakening the faculties which served his purpose so well during the period of decadence of all the dead kingdoms of the past. Then, as now, pride of heart and luxury of life had turned the thoughts of men from God. The religious sense had been blunted by self-indulgence, and the spiritual instinct deadened by an eager pursuit after the material. Gods they, indeed, had, but gods who neither cared for, nor took any interest in the affairs of the world. It was not difficult for the wily foe to persuade such men that, after all, it was the only god they should adore. It flattered their pride, it drove out fear, it reduced morality to a mere sanitary law. Every thoughtful person can see with what startling similarity the conditions of decadence are being verified in our day. The fight for possession of the sources of wealth is fierce and unrelenting. Justice, charity, honor, are all trampled upon in the mad pursuit after money. The sense of common honesty has become so dulled that the successful thief, who has stolen and defrauded under cover of status purchased by his gold from corrupt legislators, is favored upon by society, and held up in the press as an example to our school children. The multiplication of the conveniences and luxuries of life has begotten a silly pride in the material progress of our time which would be laughable to the reflecting mind were not its consequences so regrettable. Men thus affected may yet speak of God, but it is no longer the just and loving Father adored by their sires. The dry rot of unbelief, born not of intellectual advancement, but of mental decadence, is sapping the religious spirit of the children of the world. The spiritual instinct is no longer quickened by prayer at home or by the study of metaphysics at school. Physical phenomena are investigated not for the purpose of finding a God behind them, but in order that some cheaper method may be found of applying their constituent forces to the production of wealth. The way is thus prepared for the enemy. He will no longer persecute; he is satisfied with having God ignored in business, in the press, and in politics, knowing that this must lead to a negation of Him in the home and in the human heart. It has led to this already in many cases. To realize and proclaim the presence of danger is not, as it is frequently called by those already overtaken by disaster, pessimism; it is the truest form of patriotism. Has Christianity, then, been a failure? God forbid the thought. If the careless and carnal minded abound, the fervent and pure of heart abound. Sorrow, and grief, and pain, are on the threshing floor of God's Church; there is no winnowing of pretension to separate them; the husks appear on the surface and the straw hides the grain from view. The children of the world are always in evidence; after the acquisition of wealth the attainment of notoriety is their passion. Even their deeds of philanthropy must be performed in the full glare of publicity, accompanied by the blowing of trumpets, and the tooting of tin horns. On the other hand the children of God do their work quietly, effacing themselves and glorying in the humility of the Cross. As an illustration of this we might point out the marvellous increase of Educational and Charitable Institutions during the past century. Yet how little has been heard of the pious and silent workers. If Christianity has not subjected all hearts to God it is not through any failure on its part; it is because men choose to misuse their free will, as they did when St. Paul complained: "But not all obey the Gospel" (Rom. x, 16). In these few words we have a full explanation of the existence of all social, moral and political evils. "All do not obey the Gospel." Our dear Lord brought to earth a cure for all human misery, a remedy more potent to scold "strikes" and labor disputes than boards of arbitration, a preventative of crime more efficacious than police regulations, viz., His Gospel. But all do not obey it, and so men suffer; the tears of the weak still flow; brute force has its admirers; and the cries of the oppressed are ascending in judgment against the doers of evil.

No new Gospel, no revised code of morality, no fresh standard of conduct is required to heal the ills of our time, and to guide men aright. "Jesus Christ yesterday, and to day, and the same forever." (Heb. xiii, 8) Acknowledge His Kingship in the family, in the school, in public life, let Him reign over the hearts and the intelligence of His creatures, and peace and justice will enfold the earth. R. Ject

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Christ, the son of the living God, our Lord said—"Blissed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona: because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father Who is in heaven. And I say to thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven." (Matt. xvi, 16-19)

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A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN FARRER.

XLIV.—CONTINUED.

When the hour of his departure came, Mrs. Doloran would accompany him to the station, and what was her surprise to see her nephew there; he had just stepped from his carriage, and was giving some order to Macgillivray. Regardless of all propriety, she leaned from her own conveyance, and called to him.

He was obliged to go to her, but he bit his lip with vexation; he had the strongest objection to being questioned on his intended journey—an objection that was not lessened as he caught sight of Ordotte's face.

But Mrs. Doloran for once was not so anxious to seek information as to give it. She began with impressive volubility:

"How strange and how delightful! both of you going to New York; and when I tell you, Alan, that Macscar is going away for the purpose of unravelling a mystery, an awful—she stopped short and suddenly, for the gentleman she had mentioned, finding no other way to remind her of her promise of secrecy, brought his foot heavily down upon her own; but even that did not improve her memory; it only extorted from her another 'O-oh!' Macscar, you were very awkward just then. You have hurt my foot dreadfully," and then she went on with all that she knew of the motives for Macscar's journey, while he, with a most expressively amused look, muttered something about attending himself to his ticket, instead of allowing the footman to do it, and left the carriage.

Mrs. Doloran, in the full tide of her account, did not observe him, as she would have done at another time.

"Isn't it all very wonderful, Alan?" she still continued, when she had repeated every word that had passed between Ordotte and herself; and if he could only have taken you and me, as I wanted him to do."

"I should certainly have declined the privilege of accompanying him, if he had consented," retraced Alan ironically.

"Then may I ask where you are going now?" she retorted angrily.

"As you have already guessed, to New York."

"And what are you going to do there?" she questioned in the same angry tone.

"Nothing that concerns you."

And after that there was no further time for conversation, for the train was in sight, and all of Mrs. Doloran's feelings were absorbed in her parting with Ordotte. She cried upon his shoulder in spite of all his efforts to prevent her, and she even managed to get her arms around his neck, from which embrace he was obliged to use violence to release himself, or he would have missed the train.

All that she home she cried to herself; being alone in the carriage, there was no one to help her as she went into hysterics. But she soliloquized upon her aggravated trials, how unprotected she was left, Macscar and her nephew both gone; and then she called her nephew a brat, and otherwise stigmatized his treatment of her. She did not dream that his treatment of her was due to her own harsh judgment of Ned.

Had she expressed one pitying word for Mrs. Carnew, had she uttered one doubt of her guilt, Alan would have gone on his knees to serve her; but the more severe she grew to the discarded wife, the more the young husband felt like being cold and insolent to her.

Promises with Mrs. Doloran were most unstable things. She kept one only so long as it suited her; and thus it was with the promise of secrecy, which Ordotte had exacted from her. No sooner had she returned to Rahandabad, than all the guests were regaled with the mysterious object of Ordotte's journey. And by that time, her imagination having had time to work, her account was so mysterious it would have amazed Ordotte to recognize even the bare elements of that which he had said to her.

XLV.

"On the train, Carnew selected the most retired seat he could find, even drawing his hat over his eyes, and thus it was with more unmistakable desire for his own companionship. But as he neared New York, he felt some one drop into the vacant seat beside him; even then he did not remove his hat, nor make any motion, not until a familiar voice pronounced his name. He looked up to meet the tawny, smiling face of Ordotte.

"Pardon my intrusion," he said in his cool, easy manner. "I have not done as you say. I will do so now; and I would not do so, only to clear some undefined notions about my journey which your aunt may have left in your mind."

Carnew roused himself a little.

"I really have not given myself a thought about my journey. I scarcely heard what my aunt said."

"Then so much the easier to explain myself," with a manner that was prof against any rebuff. "You see, my dear fellow, when I found Mrs. Doloran to secrecy, I did it knowing perfectly well she would repeat everything I said to her, just as she did to you, despite my painful reminder of stepping on her foot. And when you return to Rahandabad, you will find upon all sides of you such a version of the mysterious causes which led to my journey that you will hardly recognize me, or your worthy aunt. In order, then, to clear up beforehand these mysteries that await you—"

Carnew interrupted him.

"I assure you, Mr. Ordotte, I have not the slightest interest in anything you mention. I must get to be excused from listening any longer."

Once more he drew his hat over his eyes and leaned back in his seat.

Ordotte leaned over him and whispered, if that could be called a whisper which had to be spoken loud enough to drown the noise of cars:

"Will you make me the same reply when I say that you are most deeply concerned in this mystery I am going to have explained?"

Carnew sat bolt upright.

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Nor can I explain myself further; but that perhaps is sufficient to win your attention for a few minutes."

Carnew looked cold and haughty still, but he did not make any attempt to release him from his former position, and Ordotte continued, with an expression of face not at all in accord with the serious words he was saying; but that was his rise to make the people about him think he was only holding a light and bantering conversation.

"You have never given me much friendship, Carnew, and you have done

your best to make my stay short in Rahandabad. You have been most dissatisfied and worried about your aunt's preference for me, fearing that she might do the desperate thing of marrying me; not that you would lose anything by her marriage, but because you did not want the family disgraced by her union with such an Indian mountebank as you regarded me. Nay, don't disclaim my assertion yet; I have not finished," as he saw Carnew about to speak; but the latter would interrupt with:

"Instead of being about to disclaim my assertion, I was going to say that you certainly had read correctly my feelings toward you."

Ordotte laughed so that his exquisitely white teeth were quite visible for a moment, and resumed:

"Well, I am leaving Rahandabad now, without having married your worthy aunt, and if it be decreed that I should never return, then will be dashed for you one of those singular joys which only come once in a generation. I have watched you, young man, as I watch everybody with whom it is my lot to be thrown, and despite your unfriendly feelings toward me, I have liked you. Not knowing that I should meet you on the train, I had some intention of seeing you privately before I left Rahandabad, in order that I might say a little of what I have just now said; but your good and worthy aunt really left me no opportunity. Come now; are we friends?"

He laughed again, as if he had been telling a good story, and had with an effort restrained his mirth until it was finished. And he did not give Carnew time to reply, for he resumed immediately that his laugh had gone back to a smile:

"Do not take the trouble to protest your suddenly acquired friendship for me, nor to display your penitence for your treatment of me in the past. I should be over-careful if you did; but think of me as one who has gone abroad in your interest; and should success reward me and enable me to restore to you something that you now deem lost forever, why then overwhelm me with your contrition and your friendship. Until the arrival of that time, farewell!"

He glided away before Carnew could stop him by word or motion, and as the train was just then roasting him in the sun, he was not able, in the bustle that ensued, to catch even a glimpse of him.

The young man regarded it all as the senseless vagaries of a man who, now that he was leaving Rahandabad, wished to create in his favor a diversion on the part of one whose dislike he had so clearly read. What could he, a foreign stranger, do toward restoring that suddenly vanished happiness? Oh, no; the mystery of Ned's case was too deep for him. But he would be willing to take any steps in Ned's behalf, when so doing must expose herself? "But why should I suffer so bitterly when she is the guilty one?" mused Ned.

"And her husband may not think it so dreadful if the story comes to him from her own lips. At all events, it is her duty to clear me; to release me from my oath. To-morrow I shall write to her father for her address."

And on the morrow she did so, a brief, polite note, containing no more than the request for Mrs. Brekbellev's foreign address.

The three letters went forth together, the hired man starting early with them in order to be in time for the first mail from Sagarities.

Mr. Edgar received his first, and he smiled a little scornfully, wondering if the note was Dyke's prompting, remembering the latter's insinuations against Mrs. Brekbellev, and what he or Ned could expect to gain by writing to his daughter. However, he answered it, but saying respectfully and briefly that, as Mrs. Brekbellev was travelling upon the continent, preparatory to an extended stay in London, he could not give her exact address; but any letter addressed for her, to Brekbellev & Hepburn, Strand, London, would be forwarded to her.

A little later in the day, Carnew received Ned's communication. He was indignant at her rejection of his settlement, and divining that her independence was due to Dyke, he was more violently inflamed than ever against that individual. He tore the little note into pieces, and set a quart against one side of the fire place. He would not answer it, and the settlement should remain.

The day after, Dyke received his reply, and when he had read it, he put it away with a sort of sad satisfaction; he was glad that Ned had refused the settlement, and it was a joy for him to work for her; but he was bitter feeling for Carnew. As it was the bitter hatred him for his distrust and doubt of Ned.

XLVI.

"Ordotte, old fellow! where did you come from, and how do you do, and where have you been, and what have you been doing, and when did you arrive, and where are you stopping, and—"

the numerous questions were cut short by the speaker's positive inability to continue them. He was short, thick-set man, with a very red face and puffy cheeks, and a mouth that seemed always on the point of blowing something away. He had little light blue eyes, however, which had a certain trusty winning sparkle, and a way of clasping a friend's hand that went right to the friend's heart.

He was still shaking Mr. Ordotte's hand with a vigor and significance that quite atoned for his loss of speech, when that gentleman good-humoredly broke in:

"You swoop down upon me with so many questions at once that it will be an hour's task to answer you. I came yesterday from Liverpool, where I landed from New York, the day before; I am in excellent health; I have been, as you have been aware from my letters, sojourning with Mrs. Doloran, of Rahandabad. My present object is to make my way to India, and I am stopping for the present at the Grosvenor Arms."

"Capital, old fellow," accompanied by a vigorous slap on Ordotte's shoulder: "you have answered all my questions in a very neat manner. And now come along; we'll have a chop together down here at the Piccadilly, and this evening I'll introduce you to our club. By Jove! how your letters used to amuse them. Why, we had extra the nights your letters came. I used to read them to the whole assembled club—I mean the parts that described that place Rahandabad and that odd Mrs. Doloran. Everybody used to go into fits, and call them devilish fine."

"Read my letters aloud to the whole assembled club!" repeated Ordotte, stopping short in the walk both had begun, and looking at his companion with a sort of horrified stare.

"Why, yes, old fellow. I didn't tell you so when I replied to you, lest the fact that they were going to be read aloud

might impede your style. Now don't be out up about it. Of course, I did not read anything pertaining to private affairs, only your amusing descriptions and your capital hits at the different characters you met. For instance, that imbecile fellow Brekbellev, whose uncle I wrote to you was in business on the Strand with the father of one of our fellows, Hepburn. The fellows in our club laughed about him till the tears ran down some of their cheeks."

By this time Ordotte had either been quite appeased, or he deemed it best to appear so, and both had resumed their talk to the Piccadilly, Ordotte's friend continuing:

"Didn't he make a lucky marriage, though—a beautiful girl and an heir. When they came here on their wedding trip, they stopped at old Brekbellev's for a day or so, and Hepburn, of our club—he's the youngest and the richest man in it—saw her. He raved about her for a fortnight afterwards. Whatever induced her to marry such a man? Why, his uncle says he hasn't the brains of a calf, and what with his idiosyncrasy and his capacity for being gulled and victimized, and his insane desire to create a princely income for himself, even his large fortune will dwindle in a little while; but then his wife is said to be immensely rich."

By this time they had reached the Piccadilly, and Mr. Manson's volubility was inspired afresh when an appetizing lunch was placed before him and his friend.

"Nothing like our London porter," he said with a blow of satisfaction as he put down his empty glass, and refilled it. "You have gotten into American ideas, as he saw that Ordotte had scarcely touched his."

"You people over there don't know how to breed bone and muscle as we do," touching with a gesture of pride his own short, stout arm.

"You forget," answered Ordotte, laughing, the effect of my Indian Rajah member have been ten years in that ghastly country with not much opportunity for making bone and muscle."

"That's a fact, old fellow," speaking with his mouth half-full. "I remember when you came from India to get all that money that was left to you; you were even more of a scrawny, tawny-looking being than you are now. And then you went to Italy, didn't you, and met that queer Mrs. Doloran there?"

Ordotte nodded.

"And how did you come to leave Rahandabad? I take the name? You didn't say anything in your last letter about coming to London."

"I didn't know it myself at the time; something happened shortly afterward to make me decide on the journey, and I am not going to stay in London longer than to made arrangements to go to India."

"To India again!" Mr. Manson's glass, on its way to his mouth, was stopped about a foot from that capacious receptacle, and his little sparkling eyes were transfixed with astonishment.

"What the devil are you going to do there?"

"A little business bordering perhaps on the occult. You know there are jugglers there, and persons having the gift of second sight, and people who approach you visibly in spirit, and converse with you, and tell you mysterious things, but whose fleshy bodies may be at that precise time fifty miles distant."

"Don't, Ordotte, don't tell me any more; you are withering the marrow in my backbone," and in order to restore the vigor of the said marrow, he emptied his glass and called for another, making the third measure of porter.

But Ordotte, without noticing the interruption, continued:

"I am going to see one of these persons, an old man who dwells in the Terai, and with whom I have had, when I lived in India, more than one mysterious conversation. If I can find him, I shall seek his help, and I do not think he will refuse. If I cannot find him, I shall search for another of his kind."

"Upon my soul, Ordotte, you talk as if you had been studying the black art."

"Perhaps I have—the black art of reading other people's hearts"—and then he finished at a draught his first glass of porter.

Manson ate on in silence, looking as if he were strangely divided between his desire to satisfy his voracious appetite and his wish to ask more questions. At length the latter prevailed, and as the grease from his well-battered chop trickled smoothly down his ample chin, he inquired how long would Ordotte's stay be in India, and whether he would return to England, or to New York.

"I cannot tell the length of my stay in India, as my errand may require more time than I think, and I shall not return to New York from there unless I can learn that Mrs. Brekbellev has also returned to that city. I have quite a desire to see her for the sake of old times; you remember what interesting accounts I gave of her, and if she should remain abroad, I shall certainly make the effort to meet her somewhere."

"Well, old fellow, I think I can keep you posted as to her whereabouts. You know her husband writes to his uncle regularly. I guess he does it as a stroke of policy. He may be his uncle's heir, and, anyhow, every letter directed to them comes to Brekbellev & Hepburn first, and the firm forward it to the young couple. There's in Paris now, spending lots of money, and Mrs. Brekbellev's beauty and accomplishments are the theme of every salon. I shouldn't wonder if her poor idiot of a husband hadn't by this time become like most French husbands of a certain class, a sort of figure-head."

And having finished his chop and his porter simultaneously, and his companion also having finished his sallyer gastronomic operations, both sallied forth, after a little, taking leave of each other, and Ordotte walked slowly back to his hotel, ruminating on all that he had heard about Mrs. Brekbellev.

That evening he sent a note of excuse to Mr. Manson, pleading fatigue as the cause of his inability to be present at the club meeting, and expressing deep regret that he should be obliged to forego the pleasure. And while Manson, having read the note to the assembled members, was discounting upon his own unexpected meeting with the writer of the same, and the mysterious object of his journey to India, Ordotte was panning a letter to Mrs. Doloran. It was the first he had written her since he left Rahandabad, and he filled it with the items which he knew would most please her. In an incidental way he mentioned what he had heard of Mrs. Brekbellev's triumphs, and he pro-

THE CHURCH AND THE DYING.

XLVII.

Life in Rahandabad moved at its old gait; indeed, it was faster and more vivacious than ever, owing to Mrs. Doloran's desire, now that Ordotte was away on such a mysterious journey, to fill up the time with excitement so that it would pass the quicker.

The house was so constantly crowded with guests that it presented more the appearance of a hotel than a family country mansion, and excursions by day and parties by night continued without intermission.

Carnew was disgusted with it all, but as no one, not even his aunt, dared to invade his solitude, he was not disturbed further than by seeing occasionally a little of the lamentable folly. He knew it would be useless to attempt to check it, or even to remonstrate, as Mrs. Doloran's self-will was now roused to such a pitch that even the restraint Alan used to exercise upon her seemed to have lost its power. In one thing he did interfere, and by so doing called down upon himself the real or seeming animadversions of pretty much the whole house, for the entire society of Rahandabad was formed around the mistress, and possessed their souls only through hers. It was, when she announced her charitable intention of keeping the woman Banner and her baby charge, in Rahandabad. For Mr. Dickson she had actually obtained through the influence of her friends, a very lucrative position in New York, and to Mr. Hayman she had sent a handsome donation, with the promise of renewing the same annually; but for Banner and her child, since Mrs. Carnew had so shamefully discarded her own offspring, it became "her duty," spoken in accents of the most ardent virtue, to provide for them in a tender manner. So, in the servants' hall was Mrs. Banner installed, with a very comfortable apartment entirely to herself, and no labor required of her but the careful nursing of the baby.

Alan swore when he discovered all that, but his aunt assumed a greater appearance of virtuous indignation than ever, and went into such hysterics that the whole house came about her, and her nephew was glad to retreat to his own solitary and secluded apartments.

When the letter came from Ordotte, she read it to everybody, and insisted upon sending it to Carnew, for that purpose respectfully declining the proposed pleasure, as he had no interest in Mr. Ordotte.

"But he shall hear it, for all that," persisted Mrs. Doloran, and straightway she went to his apartments. He was in his own room, and that was locked against her. Down she went on her knees, so that her mouth could be on a line with the keyhole.

"My dear Mrs. Doloran—"

"Good God!" said Alan to himself, as the words, fairly shouted through the aperture, made him start in his chair, and sent into convulsions of subdued laughter some of the servants who were surreptitiously listening in the next apartment, "how shall I rid myself of her?"

"I have had a most pleasant voyage," pursued the stentorian tones, "and one that I should have enjoyed exceedingly were it not for my regret at leaving Rahandabad and you—"

"Thank Providence, some one appreciates me," thrown in from herself by way of a respectful parenthesis.

"When I arrived in London, I met a dear old friend, Mr. Manson by name; but what the use of reading the whole of such a nice letter to you; you wouldn't appreciate it. I'll just go on to what it says of that lovely Mrs. Brekbellev; she's in Paris, with the Emperor himself at her feet. If you had married her, now, as I wanted and begged you to do—she had never asked him to do anything of the kind, but that didn't make any difference in the present instance—"

"Instead of that shameless, brazen, good-for-nothing Ned—"

She was cut short by the sudden opening of the door, so sudden that, as the door opened outwards, it sent her flat on her back in a most ungraceful sprawl.

The hot words on her nephew's lips could come no further as he saw his aunt's position, and if they could, they would not be heard, for she set up a succession of screams that brought the whole corps of listening servants into the room. Alan, seizing his hat, fled from the apartment, and ordering his horse, dashed away on a frantic ride.

THE CHURCH AND THE DYING.

The Catholic Church never ceases to watch over her children. From the cradle to the grave she never loses sight of them. By baptism she makes man a child of God, a co-heir of Christ; in penance she cleanses him from sin and she prepares him by the sacramental grace of Extreme Unction to enter on immortality. A great French writer, speaking of the Sacrament of the Sick, says:

In order to see the most beautiful spectacle that the earth can present you must see the Christian die. That man is no longer the man of the world; he belongs no longer to his country; all his relations with society have ceased. For him the calculation by time is ended and he dates now only with the great era of eternity. A priest seated at the pillow consoles him. The holy minister communes with the dying one upon the immortality of his soul and the sublime scene that the entire antiquity has presented but a single time, in the first of its dying philosophies, is renewed every day upon the pallet of the lowest (in station) of the dying Christians.

At last the supreme moment has arrived; a sacrament has opened the gates of the world to this just man, a sacrament closes them upon him; religion balances him in the cradle of life; its beautiful songs and its maternal hand still lull him to sleep in the cradle of death. It prepares the baptism for the second birth, but it is no longer water that it chooses, it is oil, the emblem of celestial incorruptibility. The liberating sacrament breaks little by little the earthly ties of the faithful one; his soul, half escaped from his body, becomes almost visible upon his countenance. Already he hears the music of the Seraphim; now he is ready to fly away toward those regions where that Divine Hope, the daughter of Virtue and of Death, is beckoning him. In the meantime the angel of peace, descending toward the righteous one, touches his weary eyes with his sceptre of gold and closes them delightfully to the light.—Baldmore Mirror.

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BEHIND THE WALLS

Brave Act of an Unlucky Hero in Dinky Gray.

By Kenneth Herford.

The line of dingy coated men stretched along the broad granite walk and like a great gray serpent wound in and out among the wagon shops and planing mills and filled the prison yard.

Down beyond the foundry the beginning of the line, the head of the serpent was lost at the stairway leading to the second floor of a long, narrow building in which whisk brooms were manufactured.

An hour before, on the sounding of a brass gong at the front, that same line had round the same corners into the building whence now it crawled. There, the men had seated themselves on four-legged stools before benches that stretched across the room in rows. Before each man was set a tin plate of boiled meat, a heavy cup of black coffee, a knife, a fork, and a thick bowl of steaming, odoriferous soup.

Daring the meal other men, dressed like the hundreds who were sitting, in suits of dull gray, with little round crowns, peaked visored caps that moved in and out between the rows, distributing chunks of fresh white bread from heavy baskets. Now and then one of the men would shake his head and the water would pass him by, but usually a dozen hands were thrust into a basket at once to clutch the regulation "bit" of half a pound. The men ate ravenously, as if famished.

Yet a silence that appalled hovered over the long, bare dining hall while eight hundred were being fed. There was no clatter of knives and forks; there was no jest; the waiters moved about as noiselessly as ghosts.

There were faces stamped with the indelible marks of depravity and vice, but now and then the "bread-tossers" would see uplifted a pair of frank blue eyes, in which burned the light of hope. Men were there who dreamed of a day to come when all would be forgiven and forgotten; when a hand would again be held out in welcome, and a kiss again be pressed to quivering lips. Men there were of all kinds, of all contentences, young and old; the waving, sunlit hair of youth side by side with locks in which the snow was thickly sprinkled. All these men were paying the penalty society imposes on proved criminals.

And now, their dinner over, they were marching back to the shops and mills of the prison, where days and weeks were spent at labor. Those employed in the wagon works dropped out of line when they came opposite the entrance to their building. Those behind pushed forward as their prison mates disappeared, and never for more than ten seconds was there a gap in the long, gray line.

The whisk broom factory occupied the second floor of the building at the far end of the prison yard. On the ground floor men worked at lathes, turning out wooden handles to the brooms that were finished, sorted and tied upstairs. At the corner the line divided, sixty-five of the men climbed the stairway to the second floor, the other thirty entered the lath room below.

A dozen men in blue uniforms marched beside the line on its way from the mess hall, six on each side, at two yards' distance. Their caps bore "Guards" in gold letters, and each guard carried a short, heavy, crooked cane of polished white hickory.

On entering the workroom of the second floor, the men assembled before a raised platform, upon which a red faced, coal-black stood behind a desk. In cold metallic tones he called the numbers of the convicts employed "on the whisk broom contract," and the latter, each in turn, replied "Here!" when their numbers were spoken.

"Twenty thirty-four!" called the red faced man. There was no response. "Twenty thirty four!" The red faced man leaned over the desk and glared down. Then a voice from somewhere on the left answered, "Here!"

"What was the matter with you the first time?" snapped the foreman. The man thus questioned removed his cap and took three steps toward the platform. In feature, the word "ward" would describe his forehead, and yet narrow between the temples. His eyes were small and close together. His nose was flat, and his mouth hardly more than a straight cut in the lower part of his face. The lower jaw was square and heavy, and the ears protruded abnormally. A trifle above medium height, with a pair of drooping, twitching shoulders, the man looked criminal.

To the question he replied doggedly, "I answered the first time, sir, but I guess you didn't hear me." The foreman gazed steadily at the man. Their eyes met. The foreman's did not waver, but "2034" lowered his, and fumbled nervously at his cap. "All right," said the foreman, quietly, "but I guess you'd better report to the warden as soon as you get through here. Don't wait for any piece of work. Go to him as soon as you have finished your task. I'll tell him you're coming. He'll be waiting for you in the front office."

"Yes, sir," the convict did not raise his eyes. He stepped back into line. Then, at a clap of the foreman's hands the men broke ranks, and each walked away to his own bench or machine. Five minutes later, the swish of the corn-wisps as they were separated and tied into rough brooms, and

the occasional tap of a hammer, were the only sounds in that long room where sixty-five men toiled.

Now and then one of the men would go to the platform where the foreman sat bent over half a dozen little books, in which it was his duty to record the number of "tasks" completed by each of the workmen "on the contract"—a "task," in the prison vernacular, being the amount of work each man is compelled to accomplish within a given space of time. On the approach of a workman, the foreman would look up, and a few whispered words would pass between the two. Then the broom-maker would dart into the stock room, adjoining the factory, where, upon receiving a written requisition from the shop foreman, the official in charge would give him the material which he needed in his work—a ball of twine or a strip of plush with which the handles of the brooms were decorated.

At 3:10 o'clock 2034 crossed to the platform. "What do you want?" asked the foreman, as he eyed keenly the man in the dull gray suit.

"A paper of small tacks," was the reply, quietly spoken. The order was written, and as 2034 moved away toward the door leading to the stock room, the man on the platform watched him closely from between half-closed lids.

A guard who had come round from behind the broom-bins noticed the way in which the foreman followed every movement of the convict, and stepping over to the platform asked, in an undertone, "Anything wrong, Bill?"

"That's what I don't know, George," the foreman replied. "That man Riley has been acting queer of late. I've got an idea there's something up his sleeve. There's not a harder nut on the contract than that fellow, and by the way he's been carrying on, and len like and all that, I'm fearing something's going to happen. You remember him, don't you? What, no? Why, he's that Riley from Acorn. He came in two years ago on a burglary job in Clive, where he shot a drug clerk that offered objections to his carrying off all there was in the shop. They made it manslaughter, and he's in for fifteen years. And I'm told there's another warrant ready for him when he gets out, for a job done four years ago in Kentucky. He's a bad one. A fellow like that is no good round this shop."

The guard smiled cynically at the foreman's suggestion that a convict may be too bad even for prison surroundings.

"And his influence over the boys isn't for good, either," went on the foreman. "There's not a fellow in this place these walls that for the sake of getting out would commit violence quicker than that fellow Riley. Bill, I've got my eye on him and I'm sending him up to the warden this afternoon. Say, George, when you go back to tell the warden Riley's coming up to call on him this afternoon, could you tell him what I've been telling you about him, will you?"

"Sure, Bill," was the smiling reply of the guard as he moved away. Two thousand and thirty four had returned with a paper of tacks and gone directly to his bench.

It was 3:45 by the foreman's watch when the door at the head of the stairway opened and the warden entered, accompanied by two friends whom he was showing through the "plant," as he always persisted in calling the prison. The warden was a stout, jovial man, who looked more like a Bishop than a "second father" to eight hundred criminals. The foreman did not observe his entrance into the room, and only looked up when he heard his voice.

"This is where the whisk-broom are made," the warden was explaining to his friends. "On the floor below, which we just left, you will remember we saw the boys turning out broom handles. Well, here the brooms are fastened to those little wooden handles. Some of the work, you see, is done by machine. The brooms are tied and sewn, though, by hand, over at those benches. In the room beyond, through that door, we keep the stuff handy that is called for from time to time, and in a further room is stored the material used in the manufacture of the brooms, the tin tips, the twine, the tacks and about ten tons of broom straw."

As the warden ceased speaking, the foreman leaned across the desk and tapped him on the shoulder. Riley's coming in to see you this afternoon. He's been acting queer—don't answer the call and the like. I thought may be you could call him down."

The warden only nodded, and continued his explanations to the visitors of the work done in the shop. "Now," he said, moving away toward the door leading into the stock room, "if you will come over here I'll show you our store-rooms. You see we have to keep a lot of material on hand. Beyond this second room the stuff is stored up, and is taken into the stock room as it is wanted. Between the rooms we have arranged these big sliding door that in case of fire, could be dropped, and thus, for a few minutes at least, cut the flames off from any room but that in which they originated. See?"

He pulled a lever at the side of the door, and a heavy iron sliding-sheet dropped slowly and easily to the floor. "You see," he went on, "that completes the wall."

The visitors nodded. "Now come on through here and look at the straw and velvet we have stored away in bales."

The visitors followed the warden through the second room, and into the third. There, ranged regularly on the floor, were huge bales of broom-straw, and against the walls of the room, boxes of velvets, tacks, ornamental

bits of metal, and all the other separate parts of the commercial whisk-broom.

The visitors examined the tacks and the tins and felt the bales of straw. "Very interesting," observed one of the men, as he drew his cigar case from his pocket, and biting the tip from one of the cigars it contained, struck a little wax match on the sole of his shoe. He held the match in his hand until it had burned down, then threw it on the floor, and followed the warden and the other visitor under the heavy iron screen into the workroom of the factory.

The foreman was busy at his books and did not observe the little party as it passed through the shop on the other side of the broom-bins and out at the big door.

Two minutes later 2034 happened to look out through the window across his bench, and he saw the warden with his friends crossing the prison yard to the foundry. A guard just then sauntered into the room and stopped at the first of the bins. He idly picked up one of the finished brooms and examined it. His attention a moment later was attracted by some one pulling at his coat from behind. He turned.

"Why, Tommy, my boy, what is it?"

The two soft brown eyes of a little boy were turned up to him. "I'm looking for papa," replied the little fellow. "The foreman down stairs said he came up here. Uncle George is back in the house, and mamma sent me out to find papa."

The guard patted the little fellow's head. "And we will find him, Tommy," he said. He went over to the foreman's desk. "Bill, did the warden come up here? Tommy is looking for him; his mother sent him out."

The foreman raised his eyes from his books. "Yes," he replied, "he went in there, with a couple of gentlemen."

The guard looked down at the little boy. "He's in the stock room," he said. "You'll find him in there, Tommy."

Then he turned and walked out of the shop. The child ran into the room beyond. His father was not there. The stock keeper did not observe the little boy as he slipped, in a childish way, past the desk. Tommy passed on into the farther room. He knew he would find his father in there, and he would crawl along between the sters of straw bales and take him by surprise.

He had hardly passed the door when the stock keeper, raising his head from the lists of material he was preparing, held his face up and sniffed the air. Quietly he rose from his revolving chair and went to the door of the straw room. He merely peered inside. Turning suddenly, he pressed upon the lever near the door and the iron screen fell down into place, cutting off the farther room. Then, snatching a few books that lay on his desk, he slipped out into the shop, and at that door released the second screen. As it fell into place with a slight crunching noise, the foreman turned in his chair. The eyes of the two men met. The stock keeper raised his hand and touched his lips with the first finger. He crossed rapidly to the desk.

"Get the men out! Get the men out!" he gasped. "The storeroom in there is on fire!"

The foreman rapped on the table twice. Every man working in that room turned and faced the desk.

"Work is over for to-day," said the foreman. His manner was noticeably calm, and the men looked at one another wondering.

"Fall in!"

At the order, the dingy gray suits formed the same old serpent, and the line moved rapidly through the door at the end of the room and down the outside stairs.

There, in front of the building, they were halted, and a guard was dispatched to find the warden. He was discovered in the foundry. "Fire in the broomshop!" whispered the guard.

The warden's face paled. He dashed through the doorway, and one minute later came round the corner of the building, just in time to see the first signs of flame against the windows of the rear room upstairs.

Within five seconds, a troop of fifteen guards had drawn the little hand on glass from its house and hitched the hose to the hydrant nearest the shop. From all the other buildings the men were being marched to their cells.

"These men!" hurriedly whispered the foreman to the warden. "What shall I do with them?"

"Get 'em out as soon as you can! This won't last long, the front of the building is cut off. It'll all be over in ten minutes."

The foreman gave an order. At that instant a woman came running down the prison yard. Reaching the warden's side, she fell against him heavily.

"Why, Harriet," he exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Oa," she gasped, "Tommy! Tommy! Where is Tommy?"

There was a crash. One of the windows fell out. "Get a ladder!" some one cried. A guard ran back toward the prison house. Then, in the midst of the hubbub, a man in a dingy gray suit stepped out a yard from the line of convicts. His prison number was 2034. He touched his little square cap.

"If you'll give me permission, I think I can get up there," was all he said.

"You! you!" exclaimed the warden. "No, no, I shall tell no man to do it!"

There was a second crash. Another window had fallen out now, and the tongues of flame were lapping the outer walls above.

The convict made no reply. With a bound he was at the end of the line and dashing up the outer stairway.

The warden's wife was on her knees, clinging to the hand of her husband. In his eyes was a dead, cold look. A few of the men bit their lips, and a faint shadow of a smile played about the mouths of others. They are waited. A convict had broken a regulation—had run from the line! He would be punished! Even as he had clambered up the stairs a guard had cried, "Shall I shoot?"

The sentence was broken by a shriek from the woman kneeling at the warden's feet. "Look!" she cried, and pointed toward the last of the up stairs windows.

There, surrounded by a halo of smoke, and hemmed in on all sides by flames, stood a man in a dingy gray suit. One sleeve was on fire, but he beat out the flames with his left hand. Those below heard him cry, "I've got him!" Then the figure disappeared. Instantly it returned, bearing something in its arms. It was the limp form of a child.

All saw the man wrap smoking straw round the little body and tie round that two strands of heavy twine. Then that precious burden was lowered out of the window. The father rushed forward and held up his arms to receive it.

Another foot—he hugged the limp body of his boy to his breast! On the ground a little way back lay a woman, as if dead.

"Here's the ladder!" cried the foreman, at that moment the eyes that were still turned upon the window above, witnessed a spectacle that will repeat before them again and again in visions of the night.

The coat the man wore was ablaze. Flames shot out on either side of him and above him. Just as the ladder was placed against the wall, a crackling was heard—not the crackling of fire. Then, like a thunderbolt, a crash occurred that caused even the men in their cells to start. The roof caved in!

In the prison yard that line of convicts saw 2034 reel and fall backward, and heard as he fell, his last cry, "I'm a comin', warden!"

He was a convicted criminal, and died in prison gray. But it would seem not wonderful to the warden if when that man's soul took flight, the Recording Angel did write his name in the eternal Book of Record, with the strange, cabalistic sign, a ring around a cross—that stands for "good behavior."

GETHSEMANE.

A golden chain, O Lord, A chain of woe, Ever in sweet accord Swings to and fro. One end is sure, to cling, To Jesus, my Lord, Through our heart's quivering, Lord, hold us true!

Welded the other end Straight to Thy Throne— Sothy Thy love doth bend Over this own! Ever Thy cup they drink, Eager to be Tightening each shining link Leading to Thee.

Sharing Thine inner bliss, Sea-deeps of peace Under the waves that hiss Softly increase, Deeper Thy plummet goes, Glittering free; O'er our clinging grows, Life line, to Thee.

Up to Thy Bleeding Heart Draw us thereby! Through every sting and smart Say "It is I!"

Jesus, we beg of Thee,— Grieving alone,— In our Gethsemane! Comfort Thine own!

Show us our sorrow-chain Fastened secure! Each slender spirit gain Gently made sure, Love, hold us every hour, Love all aglow! These, and Thy touch of power, Jesus, we know.

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Of the Ferrent Amendment of Our Whole Life.

Trust in the Lord and do good, saith the prophet, and inhabit the land, and thou shalt be fed with its riches. (Ps. 84, 3.)

There is one thing which keeps many back from spiritual progress and fervent amendment of life, and that is an apprehension of the difficulty or the labor which must be gone through in the conflict.

And they indeed advance most above others in virtue, who strive manfully to overcome those things which they find more troublesome or contrary to them.

For there a man maketh greater progress and meriteth greater grace, where he more overcome himself and mortified himself in spirit.

But all men have not the same difficulties to overcome and mortify. Yet he, who is diligent and zealous, although he hath more passions to fight against, will be able to make greater

progress, than another who hath fewer passions, but who is withal less fervent in the pursuit of virtue.

Two things particularly conduce to a great amendment: these are, firstly, to withdraw one's self from that to which nature is violently inclined, and earnestly to labor for that good which one wanteth the most.

Study I likewise to fly more carefully and to overcome those faults, which most frequently displease thee in others.

Turn all occasions to thy spiritual profit; so that, if thou seeest or hearest any good examples, thou mayest be spurred on to imitate them.

But, if thou observe anything that is blameworthy, take heed not to commit the same; or, if thou at any time hast done it, labor to amend it out of hand.

As thine eye observes others, so thou art also observed by others. How sweet and comfortable is it to see brethren fervent and devout, regular and well-disciplined!

How sad a thing and how afflictive to see those walk disorderly, who practise nothing of what they are called to!

How hurtful 't is to neglect the intent of our vocation, and to turn our minds to things that are not our business!

Be mindful of the resolution thou hast taken, and set before thee the image of the Crucified.

Well mayest thou be ashamed, if thou hast looked upon the life of Jesus Christ, that thou hast not yet strived to conform thyself more to His pattern, although thou hast been in the service of God.

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Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning. Arrangements must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

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

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

Blessing you, and wishing you success, Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday, March 2, 1901.

HIS EXCELLENCY MGR. FALCONIO.

A report has been for some time persistently in circulation to the effect that Mgr. Martinelli is to be elevated to the Cardinalate, and that Mgr. Falconio will be transferred to Washington as Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

We should be extremely sorry to lose as Apostolic Delegate for Canada the present eminent holder of the office of representative of the Holy See; but if the rumor prove to be true we must content ourselves with the loss, as we must feel pleased that Mgr. Falconio's services in Canada are so highly appreciated by the Holy See, as to have brought about his promotion to the more important and higher position of Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

REV. FATHER FISHER, O. F. M.

We announce with much regret that Rev. Father Edward Fisher, O. F. M., Secretary to His Excellency, Mgr. Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, is obliged, through ill health, to return to England.

Rev. Father Solanus, O. F. M., of Chatham, Ontario, has been appointed to take his place. During Rev. Father Fisher's stay in Canada he has endeared himself to all those who had the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

It can with truth be said he possesses all the traits of the true Franciscan, and in addition his winning personality and kindness of heart made for him friends without number.

If it came to pass that at some future time he will return to Canada—and many will, we feel sure, offer up an earnest prayer that such will be the case—his welcome will indeed be a warm one.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

In a recent letter received by his Grace Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa, from the Secretary of Propaganda, attention is called to a feature of the quinquennial report which has to be sent regularly to the Holy See regarding the state of religion.

This feature lies in the fact that the number of mixed marriages, that is of marriages of Catholics with Protestants, has increased—a state of affairs which is not pleasing to the Holy See.

The Secretary of the Propaganda writes: "We have learned with a great deal of regret that marriage between Catholics and non-Catholics are becoming more frequent in your diocese.

Your Grace and your clergy well understand that these marriages are allowed only with the regret of the Catholic Church—and constitute a relaxation of that lively faith which should everywhere prevail."

In consequence of this notification, the Archbishop has instructed his clergy to see that the regulations of the Church regarding such marriages are to be read at least once a year in all the churches of the diocese.

The Church has always disapproved of such marriages, and with regret grants permission that they should be contracted; and when they are contracted, always insists upon it that full liberty to practice the Catholic religion be given to the Catholic party, and that the children be brought up in the Catholic faith.

The Catholic party should also, by word and good example, endeavor to lead the non-Catholic husband or wife to become a Catholic.

THE CONVERSION OF AMERICA.

In a recent sermon delivered in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York, by the Rev. Walter Elliot of the Panlist Fathers, speaking of the prospect of the conversion of America said:

"Cardinal Gibbons is authority for the statement that 30 000 converts are received into the Catholic Church in this land every year. This estimate of the Cardinal was made before the initiation of the new non-Catholic missionary movement, for since that statement was made, the number of converts has increased 25 per cent."

According to this estimate the annual number of converts must be about 37 500, and unless losses to the faith exceed this number—which we are assured is not the case—the Church is progressing steadily beyond the natural increase of population. Father Elliot is full of hope that the increase will be greater as more energy is thrown into the missionary work, and in regard to the future prospect, he adds:

"It is a vast undertaking to explain to the American people the doctrine of the Catholic Church. But we are equal to it. We have the true faith, we have a splendid clergy, led by noble Bishops and enrolled in many glorious religious orders. The Church of Christ was made to do great things, and above all to save the nations of the world."

THE "CORONATION OATH."

The opening of Parliament by King Edward VII. was a gorgeous ceremonial, and was carried out with great pomp on Feb. 14th, the tablet being exceedingly brilliant, notwithstanding the sombre coloring given by the black evening dresses worn by the peeresses and others who were in mourning in consequence of the Queen's death.

The occasion was marred, however, by the Declaration against Catholic doctrine which His Majesty took in obedience to laws which were passed in an age of persecution when to be a Catholic was an unpardonable offence against the laws of Great Britain.

This oath which the King is required to take was in substance prescribed by an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Charles II. and modified in that of William III. in 1689, and it was so framed as to make it sure that no possibility should any believer in the Catholic Church, or in the principal doctrines of the Catholic Church, ascend the British throne; but not only was this required, for the new Sovereign must absurdly and falsely swear that any of his subjects who believe in these doctrines is guilty of idolatry and superstition!

The oath is as follows:

"I, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ, at or after the Consecration thereof by any person whatsoever; and that the Invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous."

In addition to this the King must swear that he has not received any dispensation from the Pope or other person authorizing him to take this oath falsely.

This is frequently called the Coronation Oath, though it does not necessarily pertain to the Coronation of the King, as it may be taken, as it was in this instance, on the occasion of the opening of Parliament, or of some other public function. Thus it is taken at the coronation, if it has not been previously taken.

It is needless to say that this is a most senseless requirement, as well as a gross insult to the twelve million Catholic subjects of His Majesty. It is senseless because there is no need for it. It is admitted that the Catholic religion is not inimical to loyalty to the throne; and one of the best proofs that this is the case, is that the Catholics of the Empire remain loyal notwithstanding so gross an insult being put upon them. We do not at all assume or imagine that the fact that such an oath is still taken will shake Catholic loyalty; but we submit to the governing authorities the consideration that the patience of a large body of subjects should not be so sorely tried by the continuance of this detestable and insulting oath.

The British Empire now extends over a territory which includes the followers of Mahomet, the worshippers of Buddha and the Grand Lama, of fire and the hideous fetishes and gods of Africa and China: yet our Sovereign is not required to insult all these

Why should the insult uttered against Catholics be kept up in an age when the persecuting spirit which led to its adoption is supposed to have passed away?

It is said, and we believe it, that Edward VII. has sound sense, and is endowed with the qualities of thoughtfulness and discretion, and with such qualities he must be convinced of the necessity of repealing the odious law which required him to take such an oath. If he manifest his desire to have this law changed, we have no doubt that it will be; and we therefore anticipate its repeal at the earliest possible moment; but so long as it remains on the Statute books, it is the duty of Catholics, and even of honest Protestants, to agitate for its repeal.

We have had already Catholics in positions of the highest responsibility in the service of the public, not in the colonies only, but in Great Britain itself. There are many Catholic Privy Counsellors: good Catholics have been members of successive British Cabinets, and until recently, a Catholic held the position of Chief Justice of Great Britain, whereby he was the chief guardian of the laws of the British Empire.

So lately as last year, Queen Victoria publicly thanked her Irish Catholic soldiers for their services bravely given in South Africa when it was admitted that the Empire itself was in peril, and her words of gratitude were echoed everywhere so heartily that St. Patrick's day was celebrated with enthusiasm even by Protestants who had never thought of doing the like before.

These Catholics, without exception, fulfilled their duties faithfully and ably, and is it not an act of supreme folly and ingratitude to persist in retaining in the King's oath, a clause gratuitously insulting them and their co-religionists?

We are pleased to notice that the question of repeal of this oath has been raised in Ottawa, and that it is proposed to bring the matter before the Imperial Government.

An expression of opinion from the British colonies would add greatly to the force of the protest which has already been made by the Catholic peers, especially at this moment when the colonies have done, and are doing, so much for the maintenance of British power in South Africa; and as Canada has taken so prominent a part in this work, an expression from our own House of Parliament declaring its desire to see the insulting language of the coronation oath removed therefrom would add great weight to the demand.

We hope, therefore, that the Canadian Parliament will make a move in this direction.

A telegram from London states that thirty Catholic peers, including the Duke of Norfolk, have already protested against the iniquity, but the voice of colonial Catholics will have some weight in promoting their case.

Mr. John Redmond also called the attention of the Government to the matter in Parliament, but he was answered by Mr. A. J. Balfour that the form of words of the oath are not to be admired; yet "he hoped the practical question of their repetition is disposed of for many years to come."

We hope, indeed, with Mr. Balfour that the King may reign many years; but this does not dispose of the question. Human life is precarious, and the practical question may loom up again at any moment.

If this question had been brought up last year, it is probable Mr. Balfour would have made the same answer, and yet not years, but only a few months elapsed before it became a very practical question. It is, therefore, a matter of importance that the law prescribing the disgraceful oath should be repealed without delay, so that there may be no possibility of its repetition.

EXTREME UNCTION AND MIRACLES.

At a recent meeting of the "Protestant Ministerial Association" of Montreal, after passing a vigorous resolution declaring that the Deloit marriage, the civil validity of which is now being contested before the courts of the Province of Quebec, is a valid one, the meeting listened to the reading of a paper by the Rev. Mr. Webb on "the New Testament doctrine of healing." The reader maintained that the age of Christian miracles is past, yet he added that there is no reason why the sick Christian should not follow the advice of St. James, given in the 5th chapter and 14th verse of his Epistle, and seek for the elders of the Church to pray with him and expect the prayer of faith to save the sick person.

Mr. Webb and the clergy who applauded his views appear to have overlooked the fact that St. James prescribes something more than mere prayer for the sick. The elders, as the Protestant version has it, are also to "anoint the sick with oil in the name of the Lord." A Protestant minister of the present day would be very much perplexed as to the manner in which this injunction should be carried out. What kind of oil should he use, and how is it to be applied? He has never obeyed the command, and would not know how to do so now.

The Catholic priest knows what he ought to do in the circumstance, for he is aware that the apostle here speaks of the sacrament of Extreme Unction, which is administered to the sick, to gain for him the graces necessary to strengthen him in dangerous illness; but Protestantism has abolished this sacrament, and with it the practice of sacramentally anointing the sick as prescribed by the holy apostle.

And how did the Rev. Mr. Webb come to the conclusion that the age of miracles is past? They are not, in deed, so commonly wrought as they were in the apostolic age, when God deemed it proper that Christianity should be propagated by miracles whereby the divinity of the Christian religion should be plainly demonstrated. But Christ did not fix any period to which the working of miracles should be limited. He named no date after which miracles should not be wrought, but gave the commission in general terms to His apostles, and to those who should believe in Him:

"Amen, amen, I say to you: he that believeth in Me, the works that I do, he shall do, and greater than these shall he do, because I go to the Father." (St. John xiv., 12)

Miracles were, therefore, to continue in the Church, and would be wrought whenever God in His infinite wisdom might deem them needful for His work of spreading the gospel. They are still wrought in the Catholic Church, and there are thousands who can testify that at certain shrines of the saints, such as of the Blessed Virgin, St. Anne, etc., just such miracles as were foretold by Christ occur frequently, testifying to the divine mission of the Catholic Church, just as our Lord indicated that His miracles proved that He was the Messiah for whom St. John the Baptist was looking. John's messengers were told:

"Go and relate to John what you have heard and seen: that the blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, to the poor the gospel is preached." (St. Luke vii., 22)

THE ANTI-SALOON CRUSADE.

The raid of Mrs. Carrie Nation upon the saloons of Topeka, which was participated in by a band of women and men who supported her, has resulted, as was to be expected, in bringing this disturber of public order into the meshes of the law. She was several times arrested after smashing slot-machines, jars, glasses, and other furniture of saloons or joints with a hatchet, but was released as the judge before whom she was brought at first, would not entertain complaints against her for disorderly conduct and refused to inflict punishment.

In one of these raids, Mrs. Nation was herself struck with her own hatchet which a man defending the saloon against her attempts wrested from her hands, striking her unintentionally on the right temple. She was not seriously injured, but was able to seize another hatchet carried by one of her companions, and to continue the work of demolition. In this saloon a large refrigerator and the bar fixtures were demolished, the contents of the glasses behind the bar were spilled on the floor and Mrs. Carrie Nation herself was taken to the police station, where, with her followers, she started a sort of religious service consisting of hymns and a lecture to the policemen.

She was, strangely enough, let off notwithstanding these pranks, as the judge seemed to be indisposed to inflict a penalty on so extraordinary a female character; but she is in the county prison now for continuing her acts of destructiveness. She is confined in the county jail on a charge of destroying the plant of the Cold Storage Company on Sunday morning Feb. 17th. She acted as her own attorney, and is held by Judge Hazen under bonds for \$2,000. She cannot procure bondsmen, as she expresses her determination to destroy all the saloons she can in spite of police, or any other opposition, and she is therefore detained in jail. Judge Hazen also placed three other women under peace bonds. In their cases, bail was offered and accepted.

We already mentioned in our columns that Mrs. Nation's destructive methods were adopted by the Faith Curists of Dowle's Church in Chicago. An attempt was made at Millwood near Leavenworth, Kansas, to follow Mrs. Nation's methods, for the propagation of the same cause of Temperance, but it ended fatally. The saloon of one John Hudson was attacked. Three men entered the saloon and called for drinks, and when served they gave a signal by pounding on the bar counter, that it was time for the mob of raiders outside to enter. About forty men then rushed into the saloon, and when the purpose of the raiders was thus made known, Hudson grappled with one of the men, and in the fight which followed, a gun carried by one of the raiders went off, the shot entering the wall.

Mrs. Hudson, attracted by the noise, ran screaming into the room, and in the general melee about one hundred shots were fired, one of which struck Mrs. Hudson, tearing off the top of her head. One of the raiders, William Ebb, was also struck in the shoulder by a revolver bullet. It is stated that Mrs. Hudson cannot recover, but the mob, horrified at the mischief they had done, retired without wrecking the saloon.

There were no women in this mob, which was composed of farmers in disguise, four of whom have been arrested.

In Chicago there have been similar disturbances.

These outbreaks of mob violence are inexcusable, as the law ought to be obeyed, and if the saloon keepers break the law they may be prosecuted.

We are sorry to notice that some Ontario Prohibitionists have seriously proposed that the same lawless methods which are producing already such ill effects in the West shall be adopted in Ontario. We can scarcely believe that in this law abiding Province there will be found fanatics enough to carry out the proposal; but should it be attempted, the lawful authorities should suppress the attempt at any cost or expense which it may be necessary to incur to suppress such rowdism and rioting.

We are in favor of restricting the sale of intoxicants within the narrowest limits for which the people of the province are prepared; but we are decidedly opposed to illegal and violent methods of making the people temperate. They will result only in misfortune and trouble.

LATITUDINARIANISM IN THE PROTESTANT SECTS.

The pastor of the Jarvis street, Unitarian, Church of Toronto, the Rev. J. T. Sunderland, in a sermon recently delivered in that church, made reference to the retirement of Professor Steen from the Anglican Diocesan Theological College of Montreal.

The professor's views in regard to the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion were regarded by many as too lax, and tending to Latitudinarianism; but it would appear that his language was so guarded that the ecclesiastical Court which took cognizance of the matter pronounced his views to be orthodox and his theology sound. This decision seems to have been founded rather on the proclivity of recent theological thought to allow great laxity of belief in regard to the most sacred of revealed truths, such as the Divinity of our Lord, and the inspiration of Scripture, and this is really the view taken of the matter by the Rev. Mr. Sunderland.

Our readers are aware that Unitarianism saps the very foundations of Christian truth, and it is not a very satisfactory testimonial to the orthodoxy of our Anglican divine that his views are applauded in a Unitarian pulp.

In fact, the professor seems to have become convinced, notwithstanding that he is upheld by the ecclesiastical court which took his case into consideration, that he belongs to too advanced a school of thought to be an acceptable theological teacher in an Anglican institution.

It is of course well known that there is in Anglicanism a Broad Church or Latitudinarian party, but this is not a strong party in Canada, so we have no doubt that the Rev. Mr. Sunderland is correct in stating that Professor Steen intends to go to the United States, where he will join with some sect, perhaps even the Protestant Episcopal, where he will find more tolerance for his mode of thought.

Rev. Mr. Sunderland is evidently well pleased with this evidence that Latitudinarianism is spreading in the Church of England, and he does not conceal his delight, as he considers the fact an evidence of the spread of Uni-

tarrian views among the apparently orthodox sects. It is not that Unitarianism is professedly adopted; but the sects are taking up the Unitarian creed while remaining in name what they were before, whether Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregationalist or Baptist.

Thus Protestantism, professedly founded upon an undoubting belief in the divine inspiration of the Bible, is fast drifting towards unbelief in this important doctrine, and as a matter of course to pure Deism, which is all that will remain when belief in the Bible disappears.

The Catholic Church alone, which Protestants have hitherto regarded as an enemy of the Bible, will soon be the only Christian Church which will hold firmly to the doctrine of Biblical inspiration, and the Divinity of the Son of God.

THE DELPIT MARRIAGE CASE.

The Deloit marriage case is still attracting a considerable amount of attention, and is being discussed with a good deal of vigor in certain papers, much indignation being freely expressed by some papers and their correspondents, because the validity or invalidity of the marriage has been made to depend upon the pronouncement of the Roman ecclesiastical Court whose duty it is to pronounce upon such cases.

We have already stated in our columns the point at issue on which the decision of the courts so far has been made to rest, and it is this:

The Catholic Church maintains that marriage being a Sacrament of the New Law is a sacred institution and contract, and not a merely civil agreement between the contracting parties.

This being so it belongs to the domain of the Church to lay down the conditions under which the marriage contract is valid.

The civil law of the Province of Quebec recognized this claim before the cession of Canada by France to England, and as by the terms of that cession the religious privileges of Catholics were still guaranteed to them, Mr. Justice Jette decided in reference to the Deloit marriage that its validity depends upon the ecclesiastical law on the matter, as regards Catholics only.

It follows from this that the question at issue is not one of Catholic encroachment on the rights of Protestants, as several of the Protestant religious papers represent it to be. Thus the Presbyterian Review of the 7th Inst. is completely astray when it says:

"We think over this unhappy Deloit case, and we give valuable space to it as it presents for solution the question whether the Pope's decree or the King's writ is supreme in one of the Provinces of Canada. There must be no doubt upon this point. If the Province of Quebec, in which the other Provinces of the Dominion have a very special interest, stands isolated from the sister Provinces in its relationship to the authorities of the land, it is well that this should be known. . . . We have no fault to find here with the Roman Catholic because he is loyal to another than the Protestant faith. But the circumstances connected with this miserable Deloit business justify the proclamation anew that Protestants have rights in the Province of Quebec, and that Rome rule in Canada is intolerable."

The fact is that there is no question of Rome rule in civil matters in the Province of Quebec or any other Province, but so long as the civil law governing marriage follows the law of the Catholic Church, the judges must follow it independently of any special action of Rome; and if there is any hardship thereby inflicted on any person or class of persons, the proper remedy should be found, not in abusing Rome or the French-Canadians, but by endeavoring to have the law changed in a constitutional manner to suit the circumstances of the case, if the hardship be real, and not merely a phantom of the imagination. But here we must remark that the civil law can not legislate in conscience upon any more than the civil effects of marriage. The Church alone, inasmuch as marriage is a sacred contract, can regulate the substantial conditions under which that contract can be validly entered upon.

But here a difficulty arises which is not to be overcome by brow-beating the French-Canadians, as the Review seems inclined to do. It was, as we have already remarked, a condition of the cession of the Province that the religious privileges of the Catholic people should remain intact, and thus the Catholics of the Province cannot be forced to change the law in regard to marriage, so far as Catholics are concerned, and it is an act of folly to

browbeat possible reasoned of the civ much if th But is t present l been done tion to be ent in litti fore, no further th principles Notwith have bee seems to be the marri when the Sacred R the evid and so ds under the contracte that law have obe The la that if tw Quebec, Council ity is in marriage parish p him, and nullity, the con was, of c it have conse We no clares h her a pre ate an a But i rights of thus ren Catholic To th great ha Quebec, regarde olics. ant mi garded ics Ca celebrat ants, str isters w Catholic perform mony a blamab as he whom h to be b ly and from hi ministr reader Catholic istratio The never l the wor ism by riage to the Cat unlawv riage a valid a Catholic to the CO that R no civ dowmte fury th King f a few destroy temple ers ov likewise Cesar, face of Chr the te man: counsele humane of its ceptant affect ibe edge; These taste Lord's refuse of the jure l work They not re ing, a convic regard recap tolera for permitt and time, injure take their would est th gathe life, t





OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

MADGE BARRY.

Madge Barry; the name sounded like her, rapid and mischievous, and as I write it I see again the old dance country schoolroom, the dingy desks, the torn speckles, the crowd of restless, healthy, noisy children, and foremost, conspicuous among them all, Madge Barry.

She was taller than most of the other pupils, a strong, bright, dark-eyed girl of fourteen, perhaps, whose shining black hair tossed itself in short round curls all over her well-poised head. She was straight and active; quick to learn, quick to plan, quick to quarrel or forgive, quick in every way.

I can see her now, seriously intent over Mary Baner's slate, working out her problems with a flying pencil, and setting down the correct answer with a triumphant flourish, and a moment later carefully tying Annie Wally's curls to the back of her seat with pieces of twine, while the questions in geography are slowly travelling down the class to find the unconscious Annie a prisoner in her place.

Indeed, Madge's energies seemed equally divided between good and evil doing; not that her mischief took any really wicked form, while her generosity was broad as sunlight and as warm. All the little helpless sixth-form children looked to Madge as to a strong power of retributive justice. Anything forlorn or wretched, kitten, beggar, tramp, frog or angleworm, found a ready champion and helper in this loud, wilful, merry girl.

She had a way of dividing up her nuts and candies right and left, that made me somehow think of the "loaves and fishes," and her "bounty was spread abroad so widely as not to cause even her foes to be idle in her praise." Child as she was, I yet was conscious of a great power in Madge to command and control, but she was terribly indolent at times, and could do nothing with better grace than any human being I ever saw.

Madge was a first division girl, and I, a third, so I could only observe her from afar, but I remember my feeling of mingled pain and wonder when I saw her stand up, tall, handsome, clever, "the observed of all observers," and fall, utterly, day after day.

I recall, so well, the look of weary, hopeless contempt on Miss Gaynor's face when Madge rose for recitation, and the blush that stole burning to my cheek as she sat down again, smiling and indifferent under scathing rebuke or still more scathing silence.

Poor Miss Gaynor! how plainly she, too, comes before me, flushed, and fretful and pretty, with a steady brilliant light in her hazel eyes, a lustre whose sad meaning I had not learned to know. She was precise, methodical, thoroughly practical in character, but tight-laced, pastry lunches and bad air had made her irritable, whimsical, full of cracks and corners.

To the good girls, the galaxy of shining lights in the front row, Miss Gaynor was, no doubt, an excellent teacher, for they needed neither discipline nor severity; but beyond these, her reign was a tumult, a sort of civil war led on by Madge.

It is very probable this state of affairs would have brought about the speedy expulsion of the chief "turbulent spirit," only for the fact that Madge's parents were among the most esteemed and respected people in Dane, and were, moreover, constantly showering kindnesses and friendly attentions on Miss Gaynor, as if anxious to counterbalance the shortcomings of their rebellious daughter, whom they adored and spoiled and found fault with, after a foolish fashion known only to fathers and mothers that possess but one child. It never occurred to either of them, honest, kindly souls, that the pranks and follies they so much deplored were simply the legitimate outgrowth of their own lack of will or knowledge to direct the strong unfolding energies of Madge's character.

I used to wonder in my dreamy, childish brain, if anything could ever happen to Madge, to blot away the darling happy smile from her face, or soften her ringing voice, or cloud her open, joyous eyes in tears. And one day, very suddenly and unexpectedly, my question was answered. How it all comes back to me on a thought! The royal June day, bright and burning, that hung above the broad fresh meadows of Dane!

Mary Baner is cutting paper dolls, well-shielded from view by Miss Joyce's open atlas. And Madge Barry, as usual the center of a group, is making an elaborate caricature of Miss Gaynor receiving the visiting committee.

There is much crowding, and craning of necks, and various stifled shrieks of laughter, as the work progresses, but the artist sits unmoved by homage, and undisturbed by elbows, putting in, with an impartial hand, the gigantic nose and emphatic shirt collars that are supposed to distinguish visiting committees in general.

As usual, also I am near to Madge, at least within reach of her nod and smile, and the kind protecting looks she loves to send me from time to time, perhaps because she knows I watch and wait for it.

The prim, busy girls on the front seat are working out exercises, slates in hand. Dot, dot, dot, click, click, go the hurrying pencils. Miss Gaynor's monotonous voice reads from the arithmetic and explains; I can scarcely hear her above the tumult, but I can see her very plainly indeed, sitting behind her desk and leaning forward a little on her elbow.

She is dressed in a light blue cambric, with fresh linen at her wrists and neck; her smooth brown hair is built in glossy braids behind, and long coral eardrops dangle from her ears; her cheeks and lips are brighter than ever, but her voice sounds spent and faint; as she seems to speak and act mechanically, as if her mind were far away.

I have just finished writing thirty punishment lines for spilling my ink, and am, therefore, at leisure for a time. It is only 2 o'clock. How slowly the hours move! How drowsy they make me, the heat and noise and bustle! If I could only lay my head down on the desk—! A moment, just a moment!

I suppose I am falling gently asleep, when my senses come back with a jump. A strange sudden sound, a cry, a gasp, rings out above the drooping hum, and stills it instantly. And we all see Miss Gaynor leaning back in her chair as pale as death, holding against her lips a handkerchief stained with blood.

For a moment or two we sit staring at her as if paralyzed. Then little Lucy Morris, the angel of the school (she was indeed an angel, and has gone to heaven since), stands at her side holding a glass of water to her lips.

Some of the others now rise hurriedly, but Miss Gaynor holds up her stilted hand, and they sit down, obeying the mute gesture, as if it forced them into their places. How quiet the room has grown! The clock ticks out sharply, and the wind comes in with a sort of shuddering sigh.

After a while of waiting, breathless silence, Miss Gaynor arises, supporting herself with her hand on Lucy's shoulder. She is still terribly pale, but she looks round on us with a wistful smile.

"Girls, I must leave you; I am very ill." Her voice is scarcely louder than a whisper, but it sounds in our ears almost like a trumpet. "Lucy will walk home with me. If I am able, I will surely be here in the morning as usual, but if not I should like to appoint one of you to take my place for a day or two, so that the studies can go on. I wish to do this especially on account of the students who are trying for the high school membership, and who cannot afford to lose any time."

She was silent a moment, glancing through the classes. At length—"If she is willing," speaking firmly and clearly, "I appoint Madge Barry. Will you come here to me, Madge?" "Madge," Miss Gaynor says, gently, and still faintly smiling, "you are my tallest girl, and have the greatest influence. Do you think you could be, for a day or two, my best and wisest girl? Will you try to take my place while I am gone? I have sometimes been grieved that you did not better use your opportunities, but you have many noble qualities, and I see them now."

"To teach and keep them in order, and—and everything?" "To do everything you have seen me do. You can do it, I am sure, if only you are willing." "Yes'm, Miss Gaynor, I'll try," she answers, briefly, still looking straight before her; but I can see a great flush rise over her face, and her lips twitch a little. "Give me your hand, then, Madge," her teacher says; and so, with her other hand in Lucy's, she stands between the worst girl and the best girl in school, and says good-bye quietly and tenderly. Many of the girls are weeping, and some are sobbing audibly.

World that the secret of popularity is kindness and helpfulness. The depreciation of kindness in private life, which is one of the features of our day, is very largely due to the fashion of intellectualism; but human nature below the surface of crazes and phrases remains the same, and his fellows still judge a man by his heart rather than by his head.

When the jury is selected, not from a coterie, but from the market place, the person who is ever kind will ever be preferred to the person who is clever; and "thoughtful," to use a cant word of our day is still less than warm-hearted. Walter Scott and Dickens will ever have a larger hold upon the people than Hardy and Meredith, not because their art is finer, but because their spirit is kinder. An affectionate child is more welcome than those monsters of modern precocity who furnish their foolish parents with sayings for quotation, and who have worn out all healthy sensation at the age of ten. The boy who is honest, unaffected, considerate, good natured, still receives the prize of respect and of love. No young carter is better liked than he who has a genuine interest in the aged and in little children, in poor lads and in weak people.

The Christian in Active Life. Men are asking everywhere this question: "Is it possible for a man to be engaged in the activities of modern life and still be a Christian? Is it possible for a man to be a broker, a shop keeper, a lawyer, a mechanic, is it possible for a man to be engaged in a business of to-day, and yet love his God and his fellowman as himself?"

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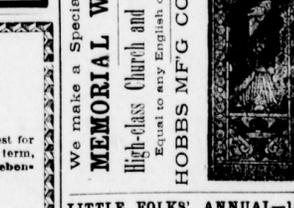
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Vertical text on the right margin containing various small notices and advertisements.

