

The Catholic Record.

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

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SOCIALISM IN FRANCE.

Despite the fact that Socialism has failed in small communistic societies, there is no abatement of the propaganda in its favor. The men who condition themselves by the facts of human nature are willing to work for the improvement of social conditions, but not with the aid of Socialism. The picture of the Socialist state is but a picture, and however we admire the self-sacrifice of its painters, we must say that their energy could be directed, and to much better purpose, into other channels. Beside the picture they should put facts which should give them food for thought. For instance, a recent despatch from France says that the town of St. Denis, governed on Socialist lines for the past three years, has been brought to the verge of financial ruin. Brost, after three years dallying with Socialism, is in financial straits. In Roubaix, Marseilles and Limoges, similar disaster is reported.

THE CATECHISM.

The catechism is the compendium of the whole revelation of God. Truths beyond the ken of the philosopher are here defined: all that a Christian needs to know is found within its covers. Concise and comprehensive, it needs the light of explanation to reveal its beauty to the little ones. It brings the children into the presence of the Divine Lord and His Mother, and in the hands of a competent teacher, who can appeal to their imagination and will and affections, it becomes for them not something to be learned somehow, dry and tedious, but one of the most interesting of books. But it is not our intention to dwell upon catechetical methods. What we wish to point out is that some parents, and we speak from experience, deem the catechism of little importance. They insist upon due attention to secular studies, but the catechism, which can be for a Catholic the source of happiness here and hereafter, is treated with neglect. The result is that many of us do not know enough of our religion to care much about it. We believe, of course, in eternity, but it exercises little influence on our lives. When we should say a word in defence of the Church we are either silent or vituperative. Negligent parents have much to answer for. In their eagerness for the goods of this world they lose sight of the reason why they have children at all. We wonder how many of them would say what the great orator, McGee, said in the course of a debate upon the above question: "I have but one son whom I dearly love," he said, "whose future I have deeply at heart, and if, on one hand, I could secure him all the knowledge our best universities could impart, without that of the 5 cent catechism, and on the other, have him thoroughly instructed in the latter to the neglect of all the rest, I would give him the catechism and my blessing and think I had best equipped him for his future career."

A VALUABLE WORK.

The Catholic Encyclopedia is making its way. When it was announced two years ago that such a work had been undertaken there were not a few who had dismal visions of the financial straits in which its promoters would find themselves. They pointed out that Catholics are not enthusiastic supporters of publications devoted to their interests, and that works having for object the history and constitution, discipline and doctrine of the Catholic Church would not find a market. Happily, however, these predictions are unfulfilled. The Encyclopedia has found, and is finding, friends. Approved by the highest authorities in America, commended by scholars, and with contributors, many of them of acknowledged prowess in the field of science and literature, and all of them with a thorough knowledge of their subjects, it must be an invaluable aid to all who wish to study the influence of the Church on the social, educational and religious development of the human race. It is a storehouse of information. The non-Catholic can find in it a fund of useful knowledge which may serve to remove misconceptions in regard to us, and the Catholic can, by means of it, enlarge his intellectual vision and strengthen his grip on his beliefs.

PAYMENT OF DEBTS.

In the second volume, which is now ready, the well-known Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J., sets forth the teaching of the Church in regard to the moral obligation of paying one's just debts. "If," he says, discussing the moral aspect of bankruptcy, "the creditors only receive a portion of what is due to them, they have suffered loss through the action of the bankrupt, and if he is morally to blame as the cause of it, who, through misfortune and by no fault of his own, has become bankrupt and unable to pay his debts. But if bankruptcy has been brought about by the debtor's own fault he must be condemned in the court of morals, even if he escapes without punishment in a court of law. Living beyond one's means, negligence, or imprudence in the conduct of business, spending money which is due to creditors in betting or gambling, are frequent causes of debtors appearing in the bankruptcy court. It is obvious that it is against the rights of creditors and against justice for an insolvent debtor to transfer some of his property to his wife or to a friend who will keep it for him so that the creditors cannot get at it. In the same way a debtor is guilty of dishonesty if he hides or removes some of his property, or if he allows a fictitious debt to be proved against the state. Loss is caused the creditors and injustice is committed by an insolvent debtor who continues to trade after the time when he fully recognizes that he is insolvent, and that there is no reasonable hope of recovering himself."

THE MORAL OBLIGATION OF A BANKRUPT.

WHAT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH TEACHES IN REGARD TO THE PAYMENT OF ONE'S JUST DEBTS.

In the present agitated state of the financial and commercial world the moral aspect of bankruptcy takes on a special interest. The subject is treated most instructively and interestingly by the well-known English Jesuit, Rev. Thomas Slater, of St. Beuno's College, in the second volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia, which is now ready. In this article, which sets forth what the Catholic Church teaches in regard to the moral obligation of paying one's just debts, Father Slater says, among other things:

"If, as is usually the case, the creditors only receive a portion of what is due them, they have suffered loss through the action of the bankrupt; and if he is the voluntary cause of that loss, he is morally to blame as the cause of injustice to his neighbor. There is no moral blame attributable to a man who through misfortune and by no fault of his own has become a bankrupt and unable to pay his debts. But if bankruptcy has been brought about by the debtor's own fault, he must be condemned in the court of morals, even if he escapes without punishment in a court of law. Bankruptcy may be the result of one's own fault in a great variety of ways. Living beyond one's means, negligence or imprudence in the conduct of business, spending money which is due to creditors in betting and gambling, are frequent causes of debtors appearing in the bankruptcy court. All such causes are accompanied with more or less of moral guilt, in proportion to the bankrupt's adherence to their probable consequences and the voluntariness of his action."

"Breaches of the moral law are also committed in a great variety of ways in connection with the bankruptcy itself. The benefit of the law is extended to the bankrupt debtor if he faithfully complies with all its just requirements. To do this, then, is a matter of conscience. He is bound to make a full disclosure of all his property, and to surrender it all for the benefit of his creditors. He may indeed retain what the law allows him to retain, but nothing else, unless the law makes no provision at all for him and the results of surrendering everything would be to reduce himself and those dependent on him to destitution. Such a result, however, must not be readily presumed in the case of modern bankruptcy law, which is humane in its treatment of the unfortunate debtor, and makes what provision is necessary for him. It is obvious that it is against the rights of creditors and against justice for an insolvent debtor to transfer some of his property to his wife or to a friend who will keep it for him till the storm blows over, so that the creditors cannot get at it. In the same way a debt is guilty of dishonesty and fraud if he hides or removes some of his property, or if he allows a fictitious debt to be proved against the estate."

"Loss is caused the creditors and injustice is committed by an insolvent debtor who continues to trade after the time when he fully recognizes that he is insolvent, and that there is no reasonable hope of recovering himself. He may continue to pay what debts he can as they become due if payment is demanded by his creditors, and he may make current payments for value received. But if, in contemplation of

bankruptcy, he pays some creditor in full, with a view to giving that creditor a preference over the others, he becomes guilty of a fraudulent preference. "Lawyers and theologians are agreed that in most countries the effect of a discharge is merely to bar legal proceedings for debt against the bankrupt. His moral obligation to pay all his debts in full when he is able still remains. He may put off payment till such time as he can conveniently fulfill his obligations, and in the meanwhile he is guaranteed freedom from molestation. This seems to be the effect of the national bankruptcy law of the United States. 'Since the discharge is personal to the bankrupt, he may waive it; and since it does not destroy the debt, but merely releases him from liability—that is, removes the legal obligation to pay the debt, leaving the moral obligation unaffected—such moral obligation is a sufficient consideration to support a new promise.' (Bradenburg, 'The Law of Bankruptcy,' 391.)

"On the contrary, an absolute discharge, when granted to the honest bankrupt, according to English law, frees the bankrupt from his debts, with certain exceptions, and makes him a clear man again. This is admitted by English lawyers and by theologians who treat of the effect of the English law of bankruptcy. When, therefore, an honest bankrupt has obtained his absolute discharge in an English court, he is under no strict obligation, legal or moral, to pay his past debts in full, though if he chooses to do so, his scrupulous rectitude will be much appreciated. What has been said about bankruptcy applies also to compositions or schemes of arrangement with one's creditors when they have received the sanction of the court."

"OVER THE WALL" INTO THE FOLD.

A STUDY IN EVOLUTION BY A DISTINGUISHED JESUIT CONVERT.

The December Messenger publishes under the title "Over the Wall" some reminiscences of the late Rev. Henry Van Kesseler, S. J., the noted convert, whose death occurred in New York recently. The following extracts are of special interest:

"By my God I have leaped over the wall, and what a wall it was! A wall that has proved an impassable barrier to millions! This was the wall laid by the leaders of the great revolt against the Church in the sixteenth century, and raised higher and higher in succeeding centuries by the accumulation of false accusations and prejudices. By the powerful help of God alone can one have strength to leap over this wall. And the leap supposes a combined action of man's mind and will with the grace of God. A leap it is, and, owing to the nature of faith, which implies some uncertainty in the evidence, it seems to be a leap in the dark. For there is always a latent apprehension that perhaps the action may be a mistake."

But to become personal. I was born of very religious parents of the strong Protestant type. My father was of Dutch Reformed origin, while my mother was a Protestant Episcopalian. Fifty years ago the distinction between those sects was comparatively unimportant. They were all Protestants and were proud of it. The world false accusations and prejudices would scarcely have been brought to the notice of Protestants. The term Catholic was a by-word. The term priest was not yet usurped by ministers, with the exception of a few who were eyed askance as dangerous characters, secret allies of the Scarlet Woman and in her pay. The evolution of the Episcopal Church into a so-called branch of the Catholic Church is interesting.

Originally an offshoot of the Established Church of England, this American branch was cut off by the Declaration of Independence and had to assume a new corporate existence and title. The staunch Protestants of those days were proud of their new name. But they had Bishops, so-called, and therefore they were Episcopalian. So their sect was thenceforth to be known as the Protestant Episcopal Church, a name which suited it admirably. They were on friendly terms with other Protestant denominations, and their Protestantism cannot be supposed to have been of the first order.

The first ritualistic church in New York was St. Alban's. The name of it was significant. It was meant to insinuate the continuity with the ancient British church, of which St. Alban was the first martyr. Moreover, its nameable in London had been the center of opposition of the officials of the state church.

St. Alban's on this side of the water was an exact imitation of a Catholic church. The minister dubbed himself "father" and donned the habiliments of a priest. It was a novelty, and sightseers frequented the services. The Church of St. Mary the Virgin was the next to follow and offered all the attractions of Rome, without being Roman. St. Ignace was the next in the field, with rival novelties from Rome. These were full-blown ritualistic churches. There were others tending upward. For the tendency of the true Church is truly enough said to be becoming "high." For

perhaps the most striking way to show this growth is to follow the evolution of the eucharistic service, for this was the axis on which the movement turned. In good old-fashioned Episcopal churches there was a chancel and in the chancel a communion table—a veritable table with four legs, and when in use, once a month, it was covered with a regulation linen table cloth. Being a table for the Lord's supper, as it was then commonly called, there was ordinarily nothing on it. Then an ornamental cover was placed over it, and this became later a front al. The empty space between the legs was filled in, and it took on the semblance of an altar. Next a shelf made its appearance at the back of the table. On the shelf a cross of flowers was introduced on a feast day, Christmas or Easter. The flowers withered and were removed, but the wooden cross remained. Next two candlesticks with candles for light in the early morning only flanked the cross. As it was no longer a receptacle for flowers, two vases were substituted. By this time the old-fashioned communion table had blossomed into a simple type of altar. The large flagon of wine, the chalices cup, and the plate of bread were no more visible on the table. A credence or side table was provided. The elements, as they were called, were covered with a veil, and the bread was in the form of wafers.

The ministers, and they were not ashamed of the name, of old stood at either end of the table, so that the congregation could witness all their actions. This was technically termed the northward position, although north and south would have been more correct. But the eastward position (the altar end of the church theoretically was supposed to face east) became prevalent, and the minister stood with his back to the people, which gave him a chance for various ritualistic practices, which he interpolated unbeknown to the congregation. But the dress of the minister had to keep pace with the development of the altar.

First, he donned a cassock reaching to his feet, with a moderately long surplice. The broad black scarf, worn on all occasions, gave way on great feasts to a white one. This done and accepted, the other colors were soon adopted. But the surplice was not an eucharistic vestment. A sort of combination chasuble and surplice served as a go-between, until the regular chasuble was no longer an object of suspicion. For a while the material was linen sometimes handsomely embroidered; silk soon replaced the linen, and a set of silk vestments of all the church colors became a part of every ritualistic establishment. The evolution was well nigh complete; the chancel had become the sanctuary; the table, the altar and all its appurtenances were there. The cross had replaced its figure, and the homely heart; querulous and complaining in our conversation; suspicious and fault-finding towards our fellow-men? Well then, let us resolve, with God's help, to look now on the bright side of things, to rely on God's promised help, and to speak good things of our dear Heavenly Father and of our fellow-creatures. Are we only too prone to find an excuse for not going to Mass on Sunday, or on holidays of obligation? Let us determine by God's help, never to commit that sin again. Are we apt to gossip, talk scandal, listen to scandal? Let us resolve, by God's grace, to curb our bitter tongues and to speak good things henceforward. One firm resolve let us all make with the new year, namely, to love and serve our Blessed Redeemer with joyful, trustful, loyal hearts, and to rejoice daily in the Lord. Such joy will make us more thoughtful for our neighbor and more firm and steadfast in God's service; it will lighten our burdens and help us to carry our crosses; and it will be a foretaste of the heavenly delights that God has prepared for them that love Him.—S. H. Review.

THE NEW YEAR.

With the beginning of each year we ought to recall the fact that the venerable Pontiff, Leo XIII., consecrated the entire twentieth century to our Redeemer Jesus Christ. Consequently, should not each New Year's Day of this century be the fitting time to review, in our own way, devoutly and fervently, that consecration? What serious and helpful thoughts should accompany this act? We are not our own, but we are bought with a great price, by our Blessed Saviour Who gave His life for us on Calvary's cross. Love and gratitude should spring up in our hearts and well forth from our lips, as we recall this truth. What can we do for Him, who has given us everything that makes life truly worth living? Adoration, homage, praise, all these are His due; but a further offering should accompany these acts, an occasional offering of our daily words, and thoughts for His greater glory.

Our Blessed Redeemer does not demand from us magnificent and splendid returns as our mark of gratitude for His inestimable bounty, though true indeed it is that there are men and women, who are able and glad to lavish such great gifts as His pierced and holy feet. But He does wish for our hearts, an occasional loving thought of Him, a hearty wish to serve our Redeemer Jesus Christ.

Is it pleasing our Lord if we cheat, or lie, or back bite, or wrong our neighbor in any way? Is it pleasing Him if we murmur at the cross He lays upon us? Is it pleasing Him if we stay away from Mass and the sacraments, or if we disobey any other command of God's Holy Church? Let us begin the new year with one distinct and solidly good resolution in honor of our great Redeemer. Let us choose decidedly and prayerfully some one special thing that we will try to overcome during this new year for His glory. Certainly we must try to overcome all our faults, but let us make a particular fight against one of them.

Are we accustomed to be morose and melancholy, distrustful of God's good news and of His loving and benevolent heart; querulous and complaining in our conversation; suspicious and fault-finding towards our fellow-men? Well then, let us resolve, with God's help, to look now on the bright side of things, to rely on God's promised help, and to speak good things of our dear Heavenly Father and of our fellow-creatures. Are we only too prone to find an excuse for not going to Mass on Sunday, or on holidays of obligation? Let us determine by God's help, never to commit that sin again. Are we apt to gossip, talk scandal, listen to scandal? Let us resolve, by God's grace, to curb our bitter tongues and to speak good things henceforward. One firm resolve let us all make with the new year, namely, to love and serve our Blessed Redeemer with joyful, trustful, loyal hearts, and to rejoice daily in the Lord. Such joy will make us more thoughtful for our neighbor and more firm and steadfast in God's service; it will lighten our burdens and help us to carry our crosses; and it will be a foretaste of the heavenly delights that God has prepared for them that love Him.—S. H. Review.

THE SUNDAY PAPER.

INFLUENCE GENERALLY LOWERING—WOMEN THAN THE DIME NOVEL.

In a splendidly-written article on "The American Sunday Newspaper," in the Nineteenth Century, Frank Foxcraft says among other things:

The latest development of Sunday journalism is the colored "comic secular" or "comic Sunday" paper, the product of most of the larger Sunday papers. Crudely drawn, dabbed with vivid reds and greens and yellows, and conveying with the very feeblest humor, it is like a "comic valentine" extended, and multiplied by forty or fifty. Here is a specimen from a metropolitan Sunday paper. One page is taken up with fourteen pictures representing a small boy's nightmare; another series of twelve pictures portrays the inconceivable consequences of "Little Sam's Sneezes." Another page of twelve pictures describes the pranks of an urchin who puts a dress on his dog and passes it off for a little girl. These are fair specimens of the type. What can be the mental condition of the adult person who thinks them even faintly funny? These gaudy grotesques have now had a run of several years. There are cheerful optimists who look for a reaction against them. They reason that it is impossible that the Sunday paper should remain stationary; that these pictures are as cheap and maudlin as can be conceived of; and that therefore any change must be for the better. This sounds plausible; but there can be no assurance that there are not yet lower depths than have been reached. Ten years ago the present monstrosities would have seemed incredible.

The influence of the Sunday newspaper in dissipating intellectual energy and lowering standards of taste in art and literature is not easily measured. In these respects it works along the same lines as the indefinitely multiplied ten-cent magazines which strewn the counters of the news stands. It reaches a lower level and achieves a wider circulation. The typical American is a more omnivorous

reader than any other national type. He leaves behind him in the street cars and railroad trains a trail of discarded papers and magazines with which he has beguiled his journey. It is a pity that, for his one leisure day of the week, he should find nothing better than what is provided for him by the average Sunday newspaper. And it is deplorable to think of the children in American homes turned loose among the lawdry attractions of these publications.

AN "EPISCOPAL TAP."

From the Ave Marie.

Notwithstanding the lamentable pass to which religion has come in France, there exist here and there in all parts of that country veritable centres of true Christian living, wherein are annually held regular retreats for men. All ranks and conditions—employers and laborers, masters and servants—attend these spiritual exercises. The results are admirable. The men return to their occupations not only better Christians individually, but very often apostles, Catholic knights without fear and without reproach. M. de Bonneval, in the "Messager de Saint Ache," cites the following incident as a rather original case in point.

Of all the employees in a certain industrial concern, only one had followed the exercises of a man's retreat that had just been concluded. The other workers knew about their companion's "piety," and proposed having some fun with him on the subject when he returned to his work. Among the band there were naturally some free thinkers, and one of them, who set up for a wit, took the lead in rallying the religious laborer. Accordingly, as the latter joined the group of workmen standing about the gate before the bell rang for the beginning of the day's labor, the free-thinking joker saluted him with: "Say, old man, as you are just off retreat I suppose you are a priest now, and so can give me an abouction?" A hearty laugh followed this salutation, but it was soon hushed in order that all might hear the "pious one's" answer. It came forthwith, and hardly admitted of a rejoinder. "Priest? No, I'm not; so I can't give you an abouction. But, all the same, I can, even without being a Bishop, give you some consolation. Here you are." And with that he gave the fellow so vigorous and resounding an "episcopal tap" on the cheek that the joker fell to the ground, amid a roar of applauding laughter that effectively restrained him from future pleasantries toward the pious comrade.

While one cannot approve of what is called "muscular Christianity," one must admit that the "argumentum ad hominem" is sometimes very effective; and its employment in cases like the above is to be condoned rather than condemned. The Holy Man of Tours, we remember, once silenced a blasphemer by a smart slap in the face.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Very Rev. Bernard O'Reilly P. P., Kilquade, County Wicklow, one of the most popular priests in the archdiocese of Dublin, died at a private hospital in Mountjoy square.

The Rev. Father Dietz of the Sacred Heart Church, Oberlin, Ohio, recently addressed a minister's meeting in that city on "The Late Encyclical of Pius X. on Modernism." He was given a vote of thanks by the ministers for his able address.

Paris, December 25.—A noteworthy feature of the Christmas celebration was the resumption throughout France of midnight Masses, which last year were abandoned by the direction of the higher clergy because the separation law was about to go into effect.

A mitre worn by St. Thomas a Becket has, it is stated, come into the possession of Archbishop Burnes of Westminster. It may be of interest to recall that St. Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born in 1117; was murdered in Canterbury Cathedral in 1170, and was canonized in 1173.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites had before it on November 26 the cause of beatification of Mother Marie Madeleine Sophie Barret, foundress of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. At its next meeting the Congregation will consider the case of Madeleine Pontel, foundress of the Sisters of Mercy.

Detroit, Mich., December 21.—A noticeable feature of the laymen's reception given at the Hotel Pontchartrain to Right Rev. John S. Foley, D. D., Bishop of Detroit, in connection with the celebration yesterday of the golden jubilee of his priesthood, was the appearance of a number of Protestant clergymen in the receiving line.

John Mitchell, the president of the Miners' Union, was taken suddenly ill last Thursday at a conference in Indianapolis, Ind., and a physician and priest were hurriedly sent for. It appears that Mr. Mitchell was received into the Church on what he believed to be his deathbed. His wife and family are Catholics and have never ceased to pray for his conversion.

The conversion of a Russian Archbishop, Father Sergius Verigin, to Catholicism has made a great sensation in ecclesiastical circles in St. Petersburg, although it was not entirely unexpected. The report had arrived in the capital that he was suffering from what is termed in Anglo-Saxon ritualistic circles "Roman fever." It was even said that it was due to his infatuation with Queen Natalie of Servia because a Catholic, and the conversion of several well-known Russians at Bordeaux was attributed to him.

THE QUEEN'S CONFESSION. OR, THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. JOHN NEPOMUCENE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HAOUL DE NAVERY. CHAPTER VII. THE YOW AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

The night was come. It was lowering and dark; a night meet for fearful thoughts and guilty deeds. Otried was lying on the floor of one of the darkest dungeons of Prague. Word was sent to him that he must die on the morrow. With a mournful resignation he reviewed the rapid events and changes of his life. He was about to die, to die in his twentieth year! To die a fearful death for a crime he had not been guilty of!

to free Otried from his prison? "To procure him the means of flight." "If Otried be not found in the prison to-morrow, shall it not be said, the queen procured his escape? Hatto closely watches for his prey. When he strikes Otried, he aims at you. Be cautious; the wicked as well as the good are likely to expect you will do an act of generous imprudence. The prison is guarded well. Otried must be snatched from the hands of the hangman without your being compromised." "And who will be bold enough to expose himself to the deadly hate of Wenceslaus?" "I will," said the priest. "You! you!" repeated the queen. "Otried," said the priest, "is now awaiting a confessor. Doubtless he has already sent for me. He feels the need of avowing his innocence to a friend, and of receiving from my hands the crucifix, the emblem of innocence condemned. I alone can save Otried. I am known and loved in the prison. I will go into it, and demand to be shown the condemned. I will go into his cell to encourage him. I can remain a good while with him; no one will wonder why I stay so long. My cloak will be large enough; the tunic and the countenance of the priest need not be seen, and Otried may pass out quietly in the cloak of the priest."

instead of having lost the best part of it for creatures, who think neither of my devotedness nor of the sacrifices I have made. I would wish for a long life now, in order to give it to him who alone could grant me such a blessing. My life has been an illusion, and I am justly punished for it. I believed in friendship, in gratitude. I thought that fortune could not harden every heart. Folly and deceit! Prosperity blunts the noblest feelings. A woman, who would be a saint in the bosom of an humble family, becomes selfish and heartless in a palace." "Take care, Otried." "I know what you would say. The queen is gentle and modest; she loves to scatter alms with bounteous hand; she keeps in her heart the remembrance of the past; she is a heroine; she braved the terrors of the plague to save the dying. No matter for my part I say, Jane, Queen of Bohemia and Germany, breaks her solemn promise in allowing me to perish. I once believed that if the earth opened at her very feet, she would have kept her word." "Otried! Otried! you will bitterly regret the words you have spoken." "What did she do when she saw me in bonds? Did she speak one word to appease the anger of Wenceslaus? Did she take any trouble to discover the real criminal? The deepest plots are devised for the ruin of one who never judged ill of any one. I have fallen into the snare. One hand alone can save me out of it. That hand has not stirred to save me." "Do you know the reason?" "The word ingratitude is sufficient explanation." "The queen has not forgotten the promise made by Jane of Hainault. But the son of Notherg forgets that evil-minded men make use of past innocency to speak ill of their sovereign. They do not say, Otried is the adopted brother of Jane, but that she trifles with the honor of a woman and a queen." "Infamous! Infamous! who dares to cast a stain on a spotless name?" "Who? but who has dared to speak so foul a lie?" "Doubtless the man who put the poison into your pocket to cause your arrest, and to make your apartment guilt bring disgrace on the queen."

"Hatto!" murmured Otried; "the wretch Hatto! Then she has acted wisely in not coming to my release. I no longer complain. The hangman is less terrible than the anger of Wenceslaus will be. To-morrow I shall die; the approach of the executioner has broken more slowly and pitilessly." "And yet," said the priest, "she wished to come to release you. I allowed your bitter words to pass; I was sure you would regret them. The queen knows well she owes you a life; she was going to save you, though she had no reason to hope she could succeed. The approach to the prison are watched. I have made the promise she would not be guilty of any indiscretion. She has yielded to my advice, and I am come to fulfill the vow she had made, the promise she undertook to keep. You are going to be freed, freed in a moment. I am going to remind you of the Christian wish expressed by you when she saw you had none, that you would consecrate your life to God were it prolonged." "I swear to do so, father." "Then I am well repaid already," said the priest. "What means do you use to set me free?" "The simplest." "You will bribe the jailer?" "It happens that he will not be bribed." "How then?" "The priest drew from his shoulders the large cloak which covered him, and it fell down at his feet." "Take this cloak," said he; "cover up your face; ascend the two stairs by which the prison is reached. A miracle! without speaking, and cross the three hold of the prison. The guards know this cloak; they will leave you a free passage. Once outside, hide yourself till the gates of the city are opened; then hasten to the Cistercian Monastery, knock at the gate, say to the Superior that you have come from me, and that you wish to clothe yourself in the habit of a novice. Once the door of the monastery closes behind you, what can you fear?" "But you, father, you?" "I? I have then tried to poison Wenceslaus, or to vex his peace?" "No, surely. Yet you will be accused of complicity." "The queen will be able to defend me, Otried." "Ah, you run too great a risk. No one should die in my place." "Jane of Bavaria has made a solemn promise." "Which I look on as fulfilled." "She has made me; I use to say so." "I will not have my life saved at the risk of yours." "Are you then so well fit to die?" "I am weary of life." "You must obey God, who has special designs in your regard; and the queen, whom you will otherwise, perhaps, leave to wither under the blight of evil tongues, and me—"

"You know not Wenceslaus," said Otried. "I trust in Providence," answered the priest. Otried persisted a long time in his refusal to leave the prison. The time passed quickly; it would be daylight in a little while, and all chance of escape would be soon impossible. His fears at length being removed by the priest, the young man besought pardon of his deliverer for exposing him to the risk of terrible persecution; then, taking up the cloak of the queen's confessor, and wrapping himself closely in it, he stepped forward to beg the priest's blessing, and taking the lamp which had been left by the jailer, he hastened from his dreary cell. The warder spoke to him, but he replied only by a gesture. The doors were at once opened for him by the turnkey, the soldiers saluted him, and Otried stood in the streets of Prague. He breathed the pure air of the night, filled his lungs with it, and hid himself in the pores of a church to await the opening of the gates of the city. When he had crossed the drawbridge his joy was so intense that he forgot the priest, and the fear which he had had that he would be sacrificed to his great charity. He was now free; all he had to do was to seek an asylum amongst the Cistercians. While he turned his steps towards the monastery the city was awaking from the slumbers of the night. Prague awoke to unrest, to noisy bustle, to pain, and suspense. Otried had been sentenced to die that morning, and the burghers and the people were thinking of the sad spectacle which they expected to take place. Many of them, however, loved Otried. They remembered his almsgiving; they spoke of his manly bearing, his frank open countenance, so free from laughings. They murmured that if a young man so brave and good should have to undergo a punishment so terrible. They could not think of accusing him of the crime. Who had warned the king of the poison? Hatto. Who had said the poison was to be found on the person of Otried? Again, Hatto. It was true Hatto made a great boast of his devotedness to the king; but he really respected his sovereign would he have shown his hatred for the queen so openly? When the people had drawn this inference which these observations suggested, they lowered their voices, and looked around in fear. Many spoke of having the Holy Sacrifice offered up for Otried. Some asked if he would die with a fair day. Some asked if a queen, because of her having to be present at the sad spectacle. All at once the bells of the city began to ring. They sounded the death-knell. Two platforms, hastily constructed in the night, were the most striking objects that caught the eyes of the people in the morning. One furnished with hangings of black cloth was the tribune; the other, made only of coarse planks, rudely joined together, was the resting place prepared for the prisoner before he was dragged by the wild horses. The windows were thronged with eager faces; the streets were choked up with the swaying crowds, and the shattered cries of the women and children rent the air. There was speaking and earnest gesture, but high above the uproar of the people rose the deep, mournful clangor of the cathedral bell. Two men, stripped to their waists, held four wild horses, that plunged and reared, their manes flowing in the morning wind, and their hoofs angrily stamping the flagged street. Soldiers stood around the platform to keep back the surging crowds. At last the royal cortege came in sight. Wenceslaus had ordered the young queen to dress in her richest, gayest robes, that she might bear witness to her joy in the king's happy escape from the wicked hands that attempted his life. On one side of the monarch sat Hatto, a greater favorite than ever. The anxious Jane sat in front. Wenceslaus inclined himself towards her with deep tenderness. Hatto smiled wickedly. When the king and queen reached the tribune, a signal was given, which was at once answered by another from the top of the prison tower, and the funeral procession began to form. The prisoners, whose form was shrouded in a large coarse cloak, moved onwards with firm, even tread. He walked up to the tribune with the same fearless ease; he heard his death sentence read, and calmly waited for the end. The executioner's assistants led the horses nearer, and in the iron rings fastened to their harness they fixed strong ropes, to which they bound the limbs of the doomed man. When all was ready, the executioner pulled off the veil which covered the face of the prisoner, and a cry, long and loud, arose from the astonished crowd: "Father John Nepomucene! A miracle!" cried many voices, while others added: "Long life to Otried, angry look at the arena, and finding himself cheated of his expected prey, he cried in a voice hoarse with passion: "Traitorous priest! thou shalt pay dearly for this!" And turning to the queen, he added: "He is also your accomplice; but justice shall be done to you both."

"Otried lives, Otried is free, and you ask—" "Otried is not guilty, sire. I have spared you long remorse—" "The cup of poisoned wine—" "The cup was exchanged by cunning hands—" "The poison was found on his person—" "Otried has enemies." "Enemies! what enemies? My friends, who watch over my life, and love me, and would defend me? Otried is guilty, not only of attempted murder, but also of a crime more hateful, which makes me a but for the gallery of my subjects." "Sire, anger blinds your better judgment." "I know it all. She and he: two beings in whom I had so much trust; two who seemed to love virtue equally well—and under the cloak of religion, under the mask of hypocrisy." "Otried is not a hypocrite." "Do you know him so well that you may answer for him?" "I have known his respect and his love; often he came to my cell for advice or consolation." "He suffered, then?" "Who does not suffer?" "And you, priest, heard the confession of his pain?" "Yes, and I shared in it; his suffering childhood, his father's untimely and tragic death, were enough to excite my pity for him." "Speak not of that." "Often, also, he told me of his wish to embrace a religious life." "What reason did he give to make him think he had a vocation?" "The little hold the world had on him." "Did it not promise him a great deal?" "It always promises too much." "And do you believe in his yearning to quit the world?" "Yes, sire." "To quit the world, to renounce all, to clothe himself in the garb of a monk?" "I am a priest," said Father John Nepomucene. "You were poor, Otried was rich and of gentle blood. Your heart never trembled to a feeling of love: Otried loved." "Otried's love was pure and holy, sire." "Otried should die for having dared to raise his eyes to her whom he loved." "Even if, by a fatal coincidence, the poison had not been found on him?" "Perhaps so," said the king in a bitter tone. "Oh, what prejudice!" cried the priest. "You, at any rate, could save him." "I tried to do it." "By aiding in his escape. What does that avail? My soldiers will find him; a price has been set upon his head. But what is now most pressing is to bring peace to me, to quench the jealousy which consumes me, to prove—" "Can I prove anything, sire?" The king continued, as if he had not heard him, "To prove that I am right in believing in the fidelity of the queen." "Ah, sire, believe in it as if it were as clearly seen as the light of the sun." "I demand proof." "Can I apply the proofs?" "John," said the king "you inspire me with great confidence. One word from you will save two lives, the queen's life and Otried's. The queen shall die to atone for his crime. Now you ought to speak that word. The circumstances are so grave that every other consideration gives way to the obligation of restoring to the queen and to Otried the good name they have lost. The poison was shown to me, but I do not attach so much importance to the attempt made on my life as I do to an affection or passion which undermines my happiness. If Jane loved me, Otried would have never attempted my life. Now I wish to know from you if I am loved by the queen." "Then ask your own heart, sire." "Then ask Almighty God." "God has ministers in this world," said the king, "to Whom He gives powers which raise them above other men, and make them in some manner like to their Divine Master. They are made judges of right and wrong; they bind and loose. Nothing is hidden from them. The dearest secrets, seen and rets dangerous and deadly are told to them. Well, it may one day happen that a man tortured by keenest anguish, and otherwise unable to know the truth, shall say to the priest, 'Give me the confidence I need to save me from a crime.' I am that man." "I do not understand you, sire," said the priest. "Must I then speak out? You do not understand me! It is false; you know what I demand and what I need." "No, no," cried the priest, pressing his hands to his head, "it cannot be what I fear; it is too dreadful!" "I see well that you understand me." "It is impossible." "We shall make it possible. Speak, and there is no place in our kingdom, which you may not claim. I offer you the bishopric of Leitomeritz, the chancellorship of the kingdom, whatever you covet. You shall be my chief adviser; all my favors shall be in your gift; all my confidence shall be placed in you." "Sire," said the priest, "you would trust me in the very hour in which I should make myself unworthy of every trust." "There is none to betray you." "God!" answered the priest. "God wishes peace and union to reign in the houses of kings. I shall have no peace till I know the whole truth about the queen. You know how dear she is to me. I am maddened at the mere thought of my having been betrayed by her. I feel myself borne away by wildest despair. You know what I do not know. Kneeling before God in the confessional the queen could not lie. She dreads hell though she may hate her husband. Speak! tell me what she breathed in your ear in the confessional. A husband is not like another man. My wife's heart should be laid bare to me." "Now," said the priest, in a tone of deepest sorrow, "now is the minor of God counted vile indeed; he is asked to sell the secrets of the confessional." "Ask it as a husband, not as a king." "Before the confessor the king is only a man, and to this man never will I betray the confidence of a penitent, never will I break the seal of confession." "Then," said Wenceslaus, "the queen is guilty, otherwise you would not fear to speak." "Sire, you know well I am not free to speak. You know I am not free to furnish you with proofs of a penitent's guilt or innocence." "Could she blame you for speaking to save her?" "You forget I have a soul; you do not think of my damnation. When I present myself before my Judge, the angels, who keep watch and ward round the tribunal of penance could not find flaming swords keen enough, nor thunder bolts terrible enough, to hurl me with those eternally cursed by God. The demons themselves would say to one another, 'Behold that infamous priest! he has betrayed the secret of confession; he has brought into our midst the guilt of a crime hitherto unknown!'" "A man may obey his sovereign. When the monarch speaks the subject should obey." "He should never disobey the Monarch of kings and of subjects." "Do you save the queen or abandon her to destruction?" "I can do nothing, sire; nothing more than remind you of the goodness, the gentleness of the queen, the sterling virtues she has taught by word and example. Could one like her have fallen from the traditions and virtues of the princesses of her race? Could one like her have forgotten the modesty of a woman and the dignity of a queen? Could she have spurned a love like yours, which, though violent, may be none the less sincere?" "Sincerely!" said Wenceslaus. "Jane, with her tenderness, in which I once believed; with her eyes of blue, which beamed with heaven's own light; her angel's smile; her small fair hands, which spent my treasures in almsgiving; she was queen of my heart. All my heart, soul and feeling were hers. Of my savage heart she made a human heart. She ruled a nature wild and ungovernable. I obeyed her, and found my pleasure in obeying her; but it was her virtue I obeyed. Now I know not whether I ought to bless her or to curse her." "Curse only your blind passions, sire," said the priest. "Will you speak out as I have demanded?" "Never!" answered the priest. "And the queen's confession?" "Shall be known only to God and to me." "This is folly and madness?" cried the king. "Sire, passions blind you. You do not see things as they ought to be seen. If the penitent could not trust in the silence of the priest, would he ever open his lips in the confessional? Take away the obligation of strictest secrecy, and you do away with sacramental confession; you rob the Church of one of her highest privileges, the privilege of granting pardon. If she once betrayed, who would come to her for pardon?" "I agree with you," said the king, "that the obligation of secrecy weighs with great weight in ordinary circumstances; but in this instance common rules may be set aside. It is not the case of a man asking a question by chance. It is the case of a king demanding an answer from a subject; of a husband asking if he may still trust in the faithfulness of the woman who has solemnly promised to honor and obey him." "Sire," said the priest "you find many plausible reasons to help you out in your demand. Viewed in the light which religion gives, the reasons you allege are groundless. You claim to argue against the decrees of a law divinely made and sanctioned. To the priest and not to the king it is said, 'What you bind on earth will be bound also in heaven.' With the confessional you have nothing to do. To us it is given to keep the secrets of the soul. In the creature who kneels in the confessional the priest sees only a Christian. Be it queen or peasant, it is all the same. All Christians have the same claim, the same title, the same right to the inviolable silence of the confessional. The claims of the wife are strong as those of the husband. Were it otherwise, the queen might ask the same questions of me as you have, had I been the confessor of the king. If you could urge you claims successfully, why should not a father claim to have betrayed to him the secrets of a son, a master those of a servant? Lastly, sire, betrayal is impossible." "Stubborn priest, you will suffer the queen to be accused to be imprisoned, perhaps put to death, when one word might save her. If the queen be guilty, nothing shall convince me that Otried sought my death; the person really guilty shall be punished, and your protégé may return to court." "Better for him to stay far from it." "But the queen and the queen!" "One day you will know the whole truth." "One day! And endure this anguish till then! No; I would rather see her dead, lost to me for ever, than bear the torture of thinking she loves another. Your silence will be fatal to her. To one your king is no wrong. Give, then, to Christ what belongs to Christ." "And to God what belongs to God," rejoined the priest. "I have begged this as a favor from you." "I know that, and I am sorry you persist in asking it." "If I should command it as a right?" "Then I would refuse, now and always." "You will ruin the queen by your

stubbornness.

"God will save her."

"You will cause your own ruin."

"The ruin of my soul!"

"Your body belongs to me."

The priest smiled. "Do as you please, sire, with my body."

"Once more I ask you to tell me the queen's confession."

"Never, sire."

"That will do. I will not ask again. The executioner shall be entrusted with the matter."

"Sire," said the priest, "the children of the Church have always borne willing testimony to her laws. Should it be my lot to die for the holy law of silence which guards the confessional, I shall be ready to shed every drop of my blood in its sacred cause. But, sire, allow me to remind you that you have fallen into deep guilt by trying to tempt or to force me to betray the secret of confession. As my body and soul belong to the Church, I will never refuse her life. But my death shall usher in the evils which shall crush you. I do not for a moment think of saying a word to save my life; but as the blood of Zachary cried to heaven for vengeance from the steps of the altar, and as Titus carried fire and sword into Jerusalem after the death of St. Stephen, believe me, my death shall be the foreshadowing of evils which shall come swiftly. God keep you, sire, from the influence of bad advisers and of bad passions."

The king answered not, and the priest, bowing respectfully, withdrew.

Wenceslaus was not long alone. The door opened noiselessly, and Hatto stood in the royal presence. He saw at a glance that the king was worried in his interview with the priest. He dared not ask questions but waited patiently till the king told him the result of the interview. When the king had spoken, Hatto insisted that the priest was proud and stubborn, and wanting in his duty to his king. He advised the king to forget for a while those that had so justly fallen under his displeasure, and to enjoy again a little of the pleasures which his marriage caused him to forego. He reminded the king of the festive joys which formerly filled up his hours; he cleverly ridiculed the reforms introduced by the queen; he consoled the king for the loss of the queen's affection; and he swore that Odrick should not escape the just vengeance of the king.

"Come," said Count Hatto, "let us leave our distresses and betake ourselves to the pleasures and joys of the wassal."

"Let them begin," said Wenceslaus, "never to end."

TO BE CONTINUED.

LITTLE JIM.

It was bitterly cold, that New Year's Eve, as I stood before the humble door of a house I remember to this day. During the preceding week there had been a light snow, which had soon disappeared beneath the influence of a warm wave and a warm rain. Then over the undulating sea of slatted roofs, broken here and there by a city spire or steeple, the bleak hills again appeared, brown and barren in the distance. The naked trees mockingly set their wasted brows like jagged spectre crowns, and seemed to stretch out their leaden branches in a last vain effort to retain the dying life within them. Yet life was still there; for it was warm! But then the cold came, fierce and keen. All earth stiffened in the death grip of the frost king. Wagon ruts and foot print, frozen hard and deep, rendered passage difficult in the unpaved streets and alleys. And I still can hear the sharp ring of my footsteps, as they re-echoed from the pavement to the shop or dwelling, and back again into my lonely soul, as I walked the street that winter night. I remember, too, that as I passed the tall, illuminated clock upon the right it told me that the hour was 10.

At last I was there, standing before the door and home, the humble home of little Jim.

How did I know him? That's not in my story! Little Jim was a news-boy. I knew him. Someone had told me that he was sick, and I had come to visit him. Isn't that sufficient?

I pressed the button of a well-worn bell and waited for an answer. It came through the speaking tube—a sharp request to know the wish of such a belated visitor.

"Does little Jim live here?" I asked.

"He's sick, and I don't think you can do it. However, he lives on a top floor. Wait right up the stairs to the third landing and knock on the first door to the left."

Click! I knew the door was unfastened.

The stairs creaked mournfully beneath my tread, as I hurriedly mounted their unoccupied way, and as I passed the second story I was painfully aware of the presence of a wiry little figure and two piercing black eyes watching me from behind an adjacent door, which had been left slightly ajar, and showed me a darkened room within.

Creak! I creak! I creak! The bending stair gave way to a more substantial landing, the third landing; and the first door was on the left.

I knocked, but weakly at first, lest I should disturb the sick within. No answer to my bidding! Perhaps I asked too weakly, I thought, and this time the deep night quiet of that hallway was startled into echo by the noise of my knuckles on the loosened panel. The room within reverberated with the hollowed one hears when some large, empty cask is struck; and the hour, the errand, the weak little summons to "Come in," in response to my noisy bidding, filled me with a kind of superstitious oppression, as I turned the knob and entered.

But I had not been prepared for what I saw. The room was exceedingly low, and cold. Before me, huddled up, almost entirely concealed by a shawl which completely enveloped her head and shoulders, sat a woman, rocking violently to and fro and moaning incessantly. She neither turned her head nor spoke upon my entrance.

Naught could be heard save the almost inaudible moan and the thump-ump of the square worn rocker, whose every passage over a warp in the floor was thus timed as accurately as it by the most delicate chronometer. There were two little cots of the cheapest kind, and I noticed that all the bed-clothes were on the one in the farther end of the room, but in the uncertain light of the candle, burning on the stand, I could see no more. Of furniture, there was all; unless one dignified the little stool and broken-legged table by inserting them in this category.

The paths of it all—for I knew a little soul was somewhere near and sick—oppressed me greatly; but the cold, the biting cold, startled me to a realization that added to the absolute need of furniture was a greater lack of heat and protection from the winter. It was not hard to discern the cause. By day this home—how cold the word sounded here, colder even than the atmosphere within it—was lighted by two small and now decaying windows, whose warped and twisted framework seemed to be in league with winter himself to allow a free and unrestricted passage to his menial winds. And before them hung the remains of two curtains, which now existed as long, torn shreds upon the rollers—sad witnesses of their former selves, silent actors in this, Death's sorrowful travesty on the comfort of a sick room. The ill set, tiny window panes were covered thick with a deep layer of frost, which showed dark gray against the are light in the street without, and in their formation the little crystals seemed to have united to mould long, finger-like projections, which were all inclined in the same direction.

Ghost fingers, I thought, as I observed the queer coincidence, and all pointing—to the death of little Jim.

For he was there, lying on that low little cot in the corner, and as I looked, even as if by some mysterious hands that wait the cloud shadow in the summer time from off some beautiful scene, that might may entrance it, the lids upon the eyes were slowly raised and I heard him weakly call for "mother."

Instantly thump-ump of the square worn rocker ceased, and the stooped form of the woman in the chair rushed by me to kneel at the bedside of her stricken one.

"Isn't someone here?" I heard him ask, and for the first time since my entrance the raw, sorrowful moan died away while the mother answered, only a single word, "Yes."

"I think I dreamed that he had come to visit me."

The woman looked up and beckoned me to draw near. Why? I know not. Perhaps, I too was walking in a dream whose essence, action, cause, whose all, was deep sorrow and affliction.

Standing beside the kneeling figure I looked sadly down upon the form stretched on its narrow cot. Heavily the little head began to turn on its pillow and a slim, wasted arm only half protected by the torn and ragged sleeve, slowly crept from within the bed-clothes. The hand of little Jim was weakly stretched to meet the grasp of mine; and looking up with those dark brown eyes of his, he said:

"I thought you would come to see me, mister; you always were so kind when I was out there in the street."

The voice was dry and parched, and at the neck, where the button of his night shirt was unstuffed, I could see his chest rise fitfully and fall again into its sunken chasm. The cheek was flushed and deep red above the bone, which protruded sharply as if to break its protective covering and foolishly cry its freedom. Pain had furrowed his childish brow and set his dark and lustrous eyes, each in its own great prison hollow, guarded well by Death's encircling blueish rings.

"Don't you feel cold, Jim?" I asked the little fellow, as the candle flame flickered low before an unusually sharp winter blast.

"No, I'm warm enough now with these extra clothes on—all except my feet. They feel funny. They don't seem to feel either warm or cold."

I was surprised by his answer, for his feet seemed well protected. I began to touch them more snugly in their covering, however, and in so doing accidentally touched them. But the sense-destroying, cold-producing hand of Death had touched them, and never again would little Jim stand upon the street corners with his papers, or hurriedly home to a gray-haired mother anxiously awaiting his return.

"That's, mister, I'm not feeling so well to-night, anyway, and I had a funny dream just before you came. I thought I was in a big strange city, in a crowd of people I never saw before. We were on a hill, and on its top I could hear men talking and yelling as though they were mad or jeering some one. And then, mister, I saw just what you told me of only a few weeks ago when you took me to your room and gave me that crucifix that stands there on the table beside the candle. Only when His head was turned and He seemed just ready to die, instead of looking toward that thief you said He did. He seemed, mister, He seemed to look toward me and smile. I don't know why I dreamed that way. And just after that I thought you came to visit me. Somehow I think I'm going to see Him soon, for He seemed to call me when He smiled. And, oh, I'd like to go only—"

Again the little head turned heavily on its pillow, this time away. "Only why, Jim?" I asked.

"Only for mother there. I don't know what she'll do without me. I used to earn quite a little by my papers, and then I used to sing some times for the men down in the big hotel, and they always gave me nickels. It wasn't much, but it's all we had to live with, for I haven't seen my father since I was a little feller about four years old, I guess."

"Don't fear, Jim. For when you go away to see Him, then your mother will be with you."

"Oh, thanks, mister, thanks! You always tried to help me and I know you would this time. His hand wrung mine in his weak but fervent thanks. And now, Jim, don't you think you should try to sleep? You look a little tired, and I will come and see you again to-morrow."

"May be I had better try, mister. Good bye—till to-morrow."

And on I that long to-night that breaks in that longest-morrow!

"Good bye, little Jim!" I said.

"Good bye—till to-morrow!"

And before I left I brushed aside a tear look again, and for the last time, upon the tableau of that tragedy enacted in the stage of life, so heart rending in its actuality. A gray haired mother with shawl thrown back, kneeling at the bedside of her dying boy; her poor form shaking with sobs as her head rested on his fever sunken chest and his own little arm thrown around her neck; the long torn shreds of his shirt sleeve hanging loosely down her back and mingling with the rents in her own old shawl, his heavy eyelids trying to close in slumber, yet opening again to glance at his mother before he should say farewell! For that farewell would be his last goodbye, that slumber his last sleep.

As I was walking home that night, under a sky studded with stars, unlighted by the moon, I saw the largest of them all seemed, suddenly slip from its position in the firmament and, glowing brightly, describe a long yellow arc across God's heavens and lose itself in dying brightness behind a bank of snow-clouds that just bordered the western horizon. My thoughts flew back again to little Jim and the tale my mother told me at her knee—

In the wake of the falling star the souls of the departed go to heaven—and I knew that little Jim's New Year had already opened in that realm where all is unending peace and joy, in the presence of Him Who smiled upon him in his dreams and called him with His smile.

WILLIAM E. LEAHY, '07.

that even if not inspired it proves that the Jews believed in a purgatorial state, one hundred and fifty years before Christ. Now it was Christ's custom to refute all errors which He found in the Jewish teaching at His time. He certainly found this belief in purgatory; for it exists among Jews in our own day. Prayers for the dead are asked for in the synagogues, yet nowhere in the New Testament does Christ attack the doctrine of a purgatorial state.

SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENT.

Roman Catholics do not hold that the New Testament proves clearly and irrefragably the doctrine of purgatory, and according to their principle, they are not obliged to hold this. Even those separated from the Church who in theory maintain that they teach nothing but the Bible, in practice do things which are not clearly taught in the Bible. As an instance, they observe Sunday as the Lord's Day, although the Bible clearly shows that Saturday is the Sabbath, and nowhere mentions the tremendous change from Saturday to Sunday. However there are several texts in the New Testament which make the doctrine of purgatory probable, and which when related with the traditions of the Fathers, present a very strong cumulative argument. The first text is Matt. 12, xxxiii. "He that shall speak against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come." This clearly implies that some sins will be forgiven in the world to come; not mortal sins, assuredly, for they are visited with eternal damnation, but of hell there is no redemption, therefore these sins must be venial sins, which as Catholic theologians teach, will be forgiven at the moment of death, as the soul passes from this world into the next.

Again, in (1 Cor. 3, x-xix): "So as by fire," implies that those who depart this life like Hamlet's father's ghost, with all their imperfections on their heads, will be purified by fire.

The third text is the one which I quoted at the beginning, "There shall not enter into it (the New Jerusalem) anything defiled." This implies that the soul must be perfectly purified. Now it stands to reason, based upon our daily experience, that the majority of men, women and children are not absolutely free from all defilement. They may not be guilty of grievous sins, but they have generally venial sins to expiate, such as vanity, impatience, lies of excuse, etc. Now all this defilement must be done away with before they can enter heaven.

ARGUMENTS FROM REASON.

And this leads to what is perhaps the strongest argument in favor of the purgatorial doctrine, i. e., the argument from reason. The majority of men, women and children are neither bad enough to deserve eternal punishment, nor good enough to enjoy the vision of God, therefore for those who die in the faith and the love of God there must be some intermediate states where their souls are cleansed from the dross of earthly imperfections. That is what the Catholic Church means by purgatory. So reasonable is this doctrine that of late years many Protestants, especially Anglicans, have come to believe in an intermediate state, but their opinions of the nature of this state are somewhat at variance with the Catholic doctrine of purgatory. They hold that souls detained in the intermediate state may require new merit and acquire new degrees of glory. This is contrary to Catholic teaching. Catholics hold that there can be no merit, after death. "As the tree falls so shall it lie." The souls in purgatory do not merit, they merely expiate.

What is their condition? It is one of suffering, but also one of great peace. They suffer probably more than we do in this world, but only for a time and they are sure, which we are not, of their ultimate salvation. They live in a state of great faith, hope and intense love of God. Newman in his "Dream of Gerontius," represents the soul of an ordinary good man as appeared before Christ to be judged, and so enamored with the splendor of that vision of God, that he only to enjoy an accord plunge into the purifying lake where the angel leaves it, promising to come again and bear it to the heavenly Jerusalem. This doctrine is full of consolation. How sweet it is to be able to pray for our departed ones. This makes the communion of saints a blessed reality. Prayer for the holy souls in purgatory who are holy because they are sure of the vision of God, lift our spirits to a higher plane. It makes familiar with the great revealer, the habitual thought of death. It preserves us from the seductions of temptations, and thus keeps our hearts pure. It earns for us the gratitude of those holy souls who will not forget to pray for us when our time comes, as it may come soon.

WHAT PURGATORY IS TO CATHOLICS.

Winnipeg Free Press.

Rev. Father Drummond delivered a very eloquent and thoughtful sermon recently at St. Mary's church on the reasons why the Church believes in purgatory, and prays for the souls of the dead. He took as his text the words, "There shall not enter into it, anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." He said that it being the feast of All Saints and the eve of All Souls Day, it seemed advisable to state the doctrine of the Catholic Church on purgatory. This doctrine is expressed by the Council of Trent, in its thirty-third session as follows: "There is a purgatory, and the souls detained therein are helped by the prayers of the faithful, and especially by the acceptable sacrifice of the altar. This doctrine was impugned by the Albigenses, the Waldenses and the Hussites, but especially by the reformer of the sixteenth century. Luther said that it was opposed to the fundamental article, teaching that Christ alone and not works of men deliver souls. Calvin declared that purgatory is an invention of satan, which makes void the cross of Christ. The answer to this objection was that the Catholic Church does not believe that the satisfactions of men are an insult to the infinite satisfactions of Christ. On the contrary, it believes that it is a far greater honor for Christ to be able to make the actions of men satisfactory to Himself, besides this error is unsupportable. (St. Matthew, 23, xlv.) they read: "If anyone will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me." This shows that faith alone is not enough. There must be the carrying of the cross with Christ. St. Peter, in his first epistle, 2, xxi, says: "Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example, that you should follow His steps," therefore to follow in His steps is supposed to be necessary.

PROTESTANT NOVEL.

In fact "In His Steps" was the title of a popular novel, in which a Protestant clergyman insists on self denial and carrying the cross. St. Paul, than whom no one loved Jesus more, nor set more store by His infinite merits, says: "We are the sons of God, heirs indeed of God, and joint heirs with Christ, yet so if we suffer with Him, that we may also be glorified with Him." But perhaps the most striking text is in St. Paul's epistle to the Col. 1, xxiv, "I, Paul, who now rejoice in my suffering for you, and fill up those things that are wanting of the suffering of Christ in my flesh, for His body is the Church." This was the boldest affirmation that there was something wanting in the sufferings of Christ, not that they are not infinite in value, but that they must be applied by each individual soul, corresponding to the grace of God.

The belief in a purgatorial state is to be found in the earliest historical monuments. Plato speaks of it, as do also several other Greek and Roman writers. The sacred books of the east hint at a purgatorial state. These indications are due to the survival of the primitive traditions, which were gradually corrupted when monotheism degenerated into Polytheism, until the most striking tradition is that of the Jewish people. In the second book of the Maccabees, twelfth chapter and last verse, it is found that Julius Macabeus having fallen that several of his victorious followers had secreted on their persons before death some of the donaries of the idols of Jamnia, which the law forbade to the Jews, sent 12,000 drachmas of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, and the sacred writer concludes: "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from sins."

This book is declared by the Catholic Church to be truly inspired as any other books in the Bible, but those separated from the Catholic Church hold that it is not, and that it is a book of the Apocrypha. However, they all admit that it is historically true, and for the sake of argument, it may be said

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REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R. PRES.

and you will find that Raffaele was right.—Rev. P. A. Sheehan.

ABOUT PRAYER.

Without prayer religion lacks the vitalizing power that shapes and molds the lives of men into patterns that show the works of service and sacrifice. The skepticism regarding prayer is the result of our absorbing interest in things material and the consequent lack of appreciation of things spiritual. The storm, stress and strife of modern days, bent pre-eminently upon the acquisition of those means that will secure more and better creature comforts, are unemphatically favorable to the development of our mortality and unfavorable to the culture of our finer feelings and sentiments. Sentiment unfolds in an atmosphere that is pervaded with the warmth of the soul. Prayer is such a sentiment that must, therefore, be interpreted in the language of the soul, and not in the terms of the intellect.

Not all that passes for prayer is, therefore, the genuine article. The mere saying of prayers is not necessarily praying. The one is oftentimes a meaningless and mechanical task, as is the turning of the prayer wheel in Tibet; while praying is the drawing of the individual out of self into that larger self that conceives to be divine. "A prayer without reverence and awe," says the rabbi, "is like the human body without a soul." They also liken prayer to a burning fire that smokes of which rises while the ashes remain behind. So, in the true and devout prayer, the spirit that prompts it ascends to God's throne, while the words, like ashes, remain behind to be scattered by the winds.

Over the main gateway of one of England's ancestral homes there stood at one time a marble statue; in the hand the figure held a wine cup; in the other an urn. The wine cup was turned down; it was empty. Over the lip of the urn there flowed the water of which it was always full. On the pedestal below was inscribed the single word "Endure." The water came from a hill beyond the house, where there was a spring that never failed. It was not the capacity of the urn that gave it its fullness; it was its connection with the spring.

THE "CREDO" OF A GREAT SCHOLAR.

The late M. Brunetiere wrote in one of his last letters:

"What I believe—and I put a very special emphasis on the word—what I believe, not what I suppose or imagine, not what I know, or understand, but what I believe—go and ask it in Rome. In matters of dogma or morals I am only bound to verify and to prove the authority of the Church. Revelation has not had for object to put the human intellect in possession of the unknowable; and if there were no mysteries in religion I should not need to believe; I should know. Let us avoid here one of the worst confusions of modern criticism. The object of faith, and that of knowledge, are very distinct. I do not believe that two and two make four, nor that like begets like, nor that Caesar conquered at Pharsalia—all this I know. If I knew in the same way and with the same evidence, if I could understand with the same clearness the mystery of the Incarnation or the operation of grace, there would be no longer mysteries, and the knowledge would be no longer creed or faith: *Fides est argumentum rerum non apparentium*. This does not mean that faith is contrary to reason. No, it is not contrary; it only introduces us into a realm more than human, where reason, being human, has no access. It gives us lights which are not the results of reason; it continues it, it perfects it, and, if I dare to say so, it crowns it."

THE CHILD.

To-day a child in its mother's arms came into my garden. I looked at it, and saw at the same time the necessity of the Incarnation. God could not resist taking that lowliest form the highest to which material things have reached. The yellow curls, thick and close and fine as silk floss, falling down upon his neck; the clear, limpid eyes beaming with pure delight; the white teeth, with its ineffable joy, as it played at hide-and-seek behind its mother's neck; and then becoming suddenly serious, stroked the mother's cheek, and stared at her with eyes of wonder—no! If God has chosen to unite Himself to His creation, He could not have chosen a lowlier, nor a lovelier form. How beautiful the medieval painters interpreted this mystery of the Human and Divine! And with what theological exactitude, yet with what artistic and withal sympathetic instincts they drew from the deep wells of imagination and devotion their Madonna and Child. Was it Tennyson that found fault with the serious look in the Child's eyes in that eighth wonder of the world—the Sistine Madonna? Look more closely, O poet

Helping Our Brethren.

Bishop MacDonnell of Alexandria, Canada, preached a sermon on temperance, recently. He dwelt at considerable length on the evils of the liquor traffic and the fallacy of regarding alcohol as a food. A great deal of drinking came from a false notion of hospitality. Some people were of the opinion that they were not entertaining their friends well unless they treated them. He pointed out the opportunity there was here for each of us to do our duty to suppress this evil; by our determination to do no more treating; by our advice and our example in refusing to give or accept drink when we know that our refusal would help a weaker brother to resist the temptation.—Sacred Heart Review.

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A CONVERSION WITH A LESSON.

Religious controversy has been given a bad name because it is rarely, if ever, productive of immediate good results. Too often the soil into which the seed has been dropped is prematurely abandoned as barren, when under the surface the roots are spreading and must shoot forth in due season.

Such is the lesson contained in the announcement in the Central Catholic, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, of the conversion of L. M. Fortier, editor of the Department of the Interior, at Ottawa. Twenty years ago Mr. Fortier, who signed himself "An Anglo-Catholic Layman," engaged in an angry controversy with the editor and proprietor of the North-West Review, a Catholic paper. Apparently the discussion was fruitless, Mr. Fortier holding tenaciously to his original view.

Now, after the passage of two decades, in his Book, of Edmonton, the erstwhile Catholic editor, writes to the Central Catholic as follows: "When I called on him (Mr. Fortier) some years ago in Ottawa, he said he was very happily situated as to being provided with the kind of Anglican service that suited him. A couple of weeks ago I

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be led hither and thither by red republicans. It is hard to choose between the scourge of the Jew and the bomb of the anarchist.

POOL-ROOMS.

II.

Our correspondent passes from Roman elections to conditions nearer home at such a pace that we find it difficult to follow.

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teaching of catechism in the native language of the children.

ANGLICAN ORDERS.

Two features of Anglicanism keep manifesting themselves from time to time. These are the desire to have their orders recognized as valid by Rome if possible, and since Rome failed them, by some of the Oriental churches, and secondly, the doubt and isolation in which they persist.

NOT DISCOURAGED. We hope the present agitated state of the financial and commercial world will not have a depressing influence on subscriptions to the RECORD.

ADVICE TO BE HEEDED. We admonish those Catholics who are engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors that they seriously consider how many a'd how great are the dangers and occasions of sin which surround their avocation, however licit in itself this avocation may be.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL. The liquor dealers are alarmed at the growth of the prohibition sentiment.

PITY THE POOR MAN. We are told that the saloon-keeper, a good fellow doubtless, will be driven to poverty by legislative action against the traffic.

IRISH TROUBLES. We direct attention to a very clever letter published in this issue from the pen of Mr. J. C. Walsh, managing editor of the Montreal Herald.

WHAT A GREAT PRELATE THINKS OF IT. Archbishop Ireland says that the interest of the liquor traffic in the poor man is misplaced.

THE CONVERSION OF THE COOK. For The Missionary by Rev. Richard W. Alexander.

My Dear Editor.—As you tell me that my experience in the apostolate are much appreciated by the readers of the Missionary, I shall give you my latest adventure, or, I should call it, my latest spiritual happiness, which came about during the past summer in a secluded little spot in northwestern New York.

I had been spending a few days in a delightful location. A beautiful little lake, set like a gem in the midst of low hills and verdant woods: a sloping meadow ran down to the water's edge and a great flock of sheep grazed there all day.

My visit was to an invalid lady who had been paralyzed for six years, unable to move hand or foot, and whose patient resignation was a subject of edification to all who knew her.

"Where is the man that can live without dining?"

"Don't think I am degenerating from the ascetic spirit of the Mission House, when I dwell so long on this word. It is only the fact, and my story is about the cook! It will tell my readers how wondrous are the ways of God, and how varied the paths by which He leads His erring sheep back to the fold!"

"So my story is of the cook! She was a buxom young woman of about twenty-six, very efficient in her line—in fact unusually so—with an open attractive face. I often saw her around, and noticed she observed me very closely, and very curiously, as if she had never seen one of my cloth before. In this, I was mistaken. When the opportunity came she spoke to me, timidly yet reverently.

"Father, I ought to be a Catholic?"

"And why, my child, are you not one?"

"Father, we always lived in the country; never had an opportunity to learn religion. My father was not a Catholic—his dead; my mother is a convert and I only was baptized and made my First Communion, years ago. When I saw you and heard you talk, something rose up in my heart, and a great desire came upon me to do what was right."

"Poor woman! The mission of charity in which I was engaged and the blessed words of prayer uttered, had gone to her soul and awakened her faith."

"But why, my child, have you left off doing what was right?"

"Well, Father, I have a husband who has been drinking steadily for three years. He lies around the house, and curses and swears at religion, especially the Catholic religion. I was tired quarrelling with him, and the only way to have peace was to let church and religion alone, and yet, Father, in my heart there has been no peace."

"Have you any children?"

"Yes, Father, a girl of ten, and a boy of two, and they have never been baptized."

"Poor, innocent children. And do you not know, they will never see God's face if you do not have them baptized, my poor woman?"

"Yes, Father, and oh I do want to have them baptized, and come back to my duty. You know I ran off when I was sixteen and got married by a Protestant minister."

"You are in a bad fix, I must acknowledge. Your case is a special one, and you must see your pastor."

"But, Father, can't you do anything for me? Can't you come with me, and get the children at least baptized, and I promise you I will bring them up Catholics and do what is right myself the first opportunity! Father, it seems to me you have brought God's grace here—it has touched my very soul! It has made want to do right by those children, at least in the act of baptism. If they should die I would go crazy! If they were not baptized, I know it would be on my soul, and besides, I am afraid to go to the priest by myself!"

"The tears were in her eyes. She was deeply in earnest? What should I do? It was none of my business to meddle in the affairs of a strange parish. What would the pastor think? What would he not have a right to say? Yet, if I would go with her it would be a step in the right direction. It would place two souls in a state of grace and perhaps both husband and wife might finally see the light and there would be four more precious souls gathered to the feet of the Master. I would go!"

"My good woman, I will go with you to the pastor, and we will see what can be done. Suppose you bring the children here and let me instruct the little girl some."

"Her face beamed with joy. 'Oh! thank you, Father! I will never forget your kindness. I will bring them tomorrow, and I will make some excuse to go to the village, for my husband"

Jews once appealed to Caesar: "We have no other king than Caesar." Their words were the embodiment of the deepest hypocrisy.

Public opinion is being formed on this question. The scientist is fashioning it as well as the man of affairs.

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would kill me if he knew they were baptized."

"How far away is the village?" "Six miles, Father, but we have a horse and rig, and it will be easy to get there."

"What is the usual amount of intelligence possessed by such would-be crusaders against the Scarlet Woman?" "What is the usual, almost universal mental attitude of Protestant agents in Latin America?"

The return of the mother to her duty is only a question of time and since then, I made it a point to meet the husband accidentally, (I talk to him pleasantly, with attention, and expect a promise that he would say the Lord's Prayer every day until he would hear from me.)

It is a consoling thing to bring God's grace and love into a far-away spot, and I ask your readers to say at least a Hail Mary daily for the full return of this family to the Heart of Christ.

ABOMINABLE LIAR OR OUTRAGEOUS IGNORANCE.

PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN'S DESCRIPTION OF METHODIST BLANDER OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Rev. Dr. Charles C. Starbuck, the Protestant theologian who writes for the Sacred Heart Review, says:

We have noted the statements and positions of John Lee, the Methodist emissary in South America, especially in Ecuador. We have noted also how absolute and unreserved a commendation Bishop Vincent gives to everything that Lee says.

Here is what Mr. Lee says: "When he (President Camacho) came to Washington in 1880, I was delegate to the American International Conference, he brought with him a written indulgence from the Archbishop of Quito for all the sins he might commit for twelve years. This extraordinary advantage over the rest of mankind was given him as a reward for his devotion to the Church, and was much envied by the delegates from other countries."

An indulgence of forty days or a year, or many years, does not mean the remission of such a term of purgatorial pain, after the silly objection of Erasmus, that purgatory does not count time by days and years. Erasmus, learned man as he was, could evidently have said of himself, what Luther owns of his famous theses that he began to write about indulgences without really knowing what an indulgence was.

An indulgence, say of so many days, or so many years, means simply the remission, to a penitent man, of such a measure of purgatorial suffering as would be equivalent to a public penance of a certain length of time in the ancient Church. It is not time matched against time, but suffering against suffering. A year in purgatory might conceivably equal a hundred years of the ancient penance, or much more.

Next, there can be no such thing as a forgiveness of future sins. A crime cannot be pardoned before it is perpetrated, nor a sin until it is committed and repented of. As Tetzel sarcastically reminds Luther, the Church grants no indulgences except "to the contrite and absolved."

An indulgence, as all theologians state, is, and can be, only the remission of temporal or temporary penalty, to be endured on earth or in Purgatory. The Church does not in elude Purgatory in eternity, as Erasmus foolishly assumes, but in time, for its punishments, as farthest, cease with the Day of Judgment, and all the souls then found in it are received into heaven. It is only such an ignorant as Mrs. Julia McNair Wright—and the Presbyterian Church, which publishes her foolish and spiteful book—that is capable of making an educated Catholic express a fear that, through the neglect of her kindred, she may wander in Purgatory forever, and never reach heaven.

I have read a great many Catholic disquisitions on indulgences by Tanquerey, Lombkahl, Bellarmine, Banel, Wetser and Welte, the Catholic dictionary, and I know not how many others, and the more widely I read the more monstrously does this pretended indulgence of the Archbishop of Quito stand out as utterly un-Catholic and anti-Catholic, a pure impossibility. It would not involve the excommunication of the prelate, for it would be plain proof that he was mad. He would not go farther beyond his limits of doctrine or competency if he should publish a canonization of Giordano Bruno.

Observe, Bishop Vincent plainly has no conception that Leo is either an abominable liar or an outrageous ignor-

ance. Vincent evidently imagines that Leo represents the Archbishop as acting entirely within the limits of his episcopal authority, and in perfect consonance with the doctrine of the Church. This is about the usual amount of intelligence possessed by such would-be crusaders against the Scarlet Woman.

What is the usual, almost universal mental attitude of Protestant agents in Latin America? I have read largely in El Abogado Cristiano Ilustrado and El Evangelista Mexicano, the northern and southern Methodist organs of Mexico, somewhat in El Mensajero, the Seventh Day Adventist organ, and somewhat in O Estadante the Presbyterian organ of Brazil, besides not a few communications in El Abogado concerning Uruguay and Argentina.

The Adventists are often greatly in error, but they evidently wish to state the truth and are by no means of a callous mind. El Abogado seems to have had a great reverence for Leo XIII. I doubt whether I ever saw a statement from him disparaging to him.

Otherwise I can understand why that Protestant missionaries, from Mexico to Argentina, almost universally display a greedy desire to turn every fact and feature of Catholic doctrine, discipline and history to a malignant account, and entire indifference, no matter how long may be their stay in these countries, to gaining even an elementary knowledge of the Roman Catholic system.

A POLICEMAN IN CHURCH.

At a certain church an aged usher, to save the exertion of continually marching up and down the aisle to conduct persons to their seats used to take a stand in the centre of the church and when any newcomers appeared, beckon to them and then conduct them to a seat.

The usher of the neighborhood, knowing his popularity, used to point their heads inside the church door and mimic his action by beckoning to him. Many times he tried to catch them, and one Sunday morning nearly did so. But the boy rushed away from the church and ran into the arms of a policeman.

"What have you been up to?" demanded the policeman. "Thought the boy," "I'm caught," but he said: "Oh, sir, there's a disturbance at that church, and they have sent me to fetch a policeman."

"Very good," said the officer. "I'll step in and see about it." So he opened the door at the west end of the church, and taking off his helmet, entered.

The moment the aged usher saw him he beckoned to him and motioned him to a seat next an old gentleman. Immediately he was seated he touched the old gentleman and said: "Come quick."

The old gentleman replied: "What do you mean?" "You know what I mean, and I don't want to chat. Come quick, or I shall have to take you by force."

Old gentleman: "I really don't understand you." "Look here, we don't want no more disturbance; you have been kicking up quite enough, and I'm going to have you out quick."

By this time the congregation were looking at the pair and wondering what was the matter, so the old gentleman said: "Very well; I have not made any disturbance, but to save any I will go with you."

So together (to the wonderment of the congregation) they marched up the aisle.

When they had passed out of the church the usher followed them, and the policeman, turning to him, said:

"Now, then, you have to make your charge."

"Charge!" said the usher. "There ain't any charge; all the seats are free!"—Detroit News-Tribune.

CHURCH AND HUMAN PROGRESS.

NON-CATHOLIC HISTORIANS AND PHILOSOPHERS WHO DECLARE THAT THROUGH THE CENTURIES SHE HAS BEEN BUILDING CIVILIZATION.

The appearance of the Easy Road of Plus X against the errors of Modernism has moved various critics throughout the world to accuse him of standing in the way of Human Progress; nay, of even trying to lead the mind of this age back to the alleged ages of darkness. Catholics—sincere Catholics—are not amazed at this charge, of course, for it is one that has been made for centuries, whenever a Pope spoke. They cannot see, or they will not see, that the Holy Father is not condemning Modernism, but some of the errors which it has accepted as truths.

But has the Church ever stood against right human progress? A writer in the current Union and Times enumerates a few of the things she has done for the past. He fills a column of that journal, but he could have filled pages of it, yet leaving his story incomplete.

"The leading non-Catholic historians," says he, "have to a large extent, done justice to the grand work of the history-maligned Church and papacy. To expose the shallowness and ignorance of those who persist in accusing the Church and the papacy of an unquerable enmity against all that makes for progress, we will give a few quotations from prominent English, French and German writers. We confine ourselves to non-Catholic authorities, not because we consider them superior to our own learned men, but because some people would be pleased by their enemies rather than by their friends."

"No society ever made greater efforts than the Christian Church did from the fifth to the tenth century to influence the world about it and assimilate it. It attacked barbarism at every point in order to civilize it and rule over it." (Gaiuzot, History of Civilization, Vol. 1, Lecture 3.)

"Before the Reformation came, she (the Church) had enfranchised, almost all the bondmen in the kingdom." (Macaulay, History of England, Vol. 1, p. 33.)

"She combated with much pertinacity and perseverance the great vices of the social condition, particularly slavery. The Church did not labor less worthily for the improvement of civil and criminal legislation. Finally she endeavored by every means in her power to suppress the frequent recourse to violence and the continual wars to which society was so prone." (Gaiuzot, l. c. Lec. 6.)

"On the present occasion I shall content myself with remarking the important effects produced by the numerous monastic establishments all over the Christian world, in preserving amid the general wreck, the inestimable remains of Greek and Roman refinement; and in keeping alive, during so many centuries, those scattered sparks of truth and science which were afterwards to kindle into so bright a flame." (Dugald Stewart, Progress of Philosophy, p. 14.)

"It must always be an honor to the papacy that in a great crisis of European affairs it asserted the importance of a policy which was for the benefit of Europe as a whole. Calixtus III. and his successors deserve, as statesmen, credit which can be given to no other of the politicians of the age. The papacy by summing up Christendom and defending the ancient limits of Christian civilization against the assaults of heathenism was worthily discharging the chief secular duty of its office." (Creighton, Calixtus III, Vol. 2, p. 345.)

"By the monks the nobles were overawed, the poor protected, the sick tended, travelers sheltered, prisoners ransomed, the remotest spheres of suffering explored." (Locky, History of European Morals, Vol. 2 Ch. 4.)

"It (the papacy) prevented and arrested the despotism of the emperors, compensated for the want of equilibrium and diminished the inconveniences of the feudal system." (Anclillon, European Revolutions, Vol. 1, p. 166.)

From these quotations it is clear that whatever leads mankind to true happiness, even in this world, has had at all times the hearty support of the Church and the papacy. What Catholic cleric has done in the past, it will do in the future. He who sees in any action of the Church or the Pope an attempt at checking true progress or interfering with genuine reforms, reveals a startling ignorance of the history of civilization.

THE APOSTLE OF HER FAMILY.

The father of Adelaide was a Protestant and greatly opposed to the Catholic religion. Her mother was a Catholic, but had given up the practice of her religion entirely, and had been married in the Protestant Church. When this eldest daughter was sixteen some Catholic relative induced her to send her to a well known Catholic academy. Here the young girl became ardently attached to the Catholic religion.

Very soon she desired to become a Catholic, and received the final grace to determine to overcome all obstacles and enter the Church while kneeling in prayer before a life size representation of the dead Christ exposed in the Chapel of the academy one Good Friday. Her maternal grandfather, Judge ———, who, until shortly before this time, had acted and written as an atheist, became a practical Catholic. He was only too happy to assist her in carrying out her wishes.

She was baptized privately without the knowledge of her parents, and began with the most ardent devotion to practice her religion, and this under grave difficulties. She was only a day old when she was baptized. She frequently waited late in the day to go to confession and Holy Communion privately, and on several occasions remained fasting until 3 o'clock in the afternoon without the knowledge of anyone, and when the confessor of the Sisters heard the confessions of the community she would go, and then beg him to give her the Holy Communion. Through her influence and exertions three of her much younger sisters were soon baptized at the academy and taught and encouraged by her how to practice their religion unknown to their parents.

Their grandfather, who had become a saintly man, died while she was yet at school, and on his death bed called her mother to his side, told her that Adelaide and her little sisters were Catholics and that she must blame no one but herself. Adelaide, seeing that her mother tacitly allowed so many of her children to be Catholics, took courage and begged her for the love of her departed father to permit her to have her three little brothers and one baby sister baptized. The poor lady seemed to wish to consent, but thought it was a most dishonorable act to have it done without the knowledge of her husband. Being persuaded by some Catholic relatives that it was not only far from being dishonorable, but an urgent duty, she consented. Their devoted sister attended to all the arrangements for these four baptisms and carefully taught the little ones to say their prayers, etc. Her next conquest cost her many tears, prayers and sacrifices. This was her mother who had not practiced her religion for nearly thirty years. One of the last things she did to obtain the great grace of her conversion was to walk after a fatiguing school day in summer a distance of many miles to a little church lately dedicated in honor of the Sacred Heart where she had heard that a similar grace had been granted. Only a day or two after this her mother, unable longer to resist her earnest pleadings, went to confession and resumed the practice of her religion.

After many more prayers and sacrifices she had the consolation of seeing her father and two grown brothers enter the Church. Adelaide certainly deserves the name of not the crown of the Apostle of Her Family.—The Missionary.

SOMETHING WRONG.

CALL FOR A CRUSADE AGAINST THE MASS-MISSERS. The Apostolate.

There's something wrong about our teaching the obligation of attending Mass on Sundays and holy days. Not that the attendance, generally speaking, is not good, but it is not what it ought to be, considering the grave obligation. Our sense of that obligation has been shocked frequently by the flimsy and often no cause at all which both men and women, young and old, offer for missing Mass on Sunday. Now, why is that? They are not impressed with the supreme importance of the duty of going to Mass every Sunday possible. Yet there is nothing in the Church's regulations of so much importance. It is fundamental. With the sense of this obligation developed to the full, people will get everything else. If they don't go to Mass, they get nothing. They do not know when Masses are, when holy days occur, when Easter duty time comes; they do not hear the word of God explained; they know nothing of the Church.

Church societies and fraternal organizations of Catholics should never cease harping on the necessity of all their members and all Catholics attending Mass every Sunday and holy day that it is as all possible; and the Mass-misser should be tabooed and with warning, ridicule, penalty and every other way made to feel his delinquency. In certain parts of Germany, I am told, a man who misses Mass on Sunday frequently is pointed out as one to be snubbed, and one for the children to be afraid of as a bogey man. The same is done in parts of Ireland, where no one dare miss Mass on Sunday unless for the most serious reason. Such means have been resorted to here in order to bring some so-called Catholics to a full sense of their duty. A crusade must be instituted against the Mass-misser.

Some people easily get into the non-Catholic habit of thinking that there cannot be a grave obligation to attend "Sunday services;" that if they are tired or ailing a little, or the weather is too hot or too cold, or the distance far, or the preacher not very good, or if they are not just now, they are obliged to go to Mass. This is modernism, modern ease, modern selfishness, modern fastidiousness; and if the Pope does not condemn it, God does. Some people who do not go to Mass regularly only get a pious streak occasionally when something extraordinary is going on in the parish, a mission, a strange priest, a new choir, or a special sermon, or special doings of any kind. Indeed, we are getting to have to announce special doings for some people, as special preacher, a special musical programme. The Mass is not considered at all. It is common.

Now, this is all wrong, all worldly and all destructive. The Mass is everything to a true Catholic. It has always been the centre and source of all Catholic devotions. It is the highest service that can be given to God; it is the grandest act that was ever performed on this earth. It has been reduced to a short half hour or so, but it is the very quintessence of prayer and praise. The Mass, then, is what must be insisted on, and not the frills, feathers and "fluffy ruffles." A true Catholic will always make the Mass his central thought and supreme object for Sunday services. If there's a fine choir and eloquent preacher, so much the better; but these are away down the list, of which the Mass stands supreme.

First, the Church has made Mass attendance on Sunday her first law. "Thou shalt hear Mass on Sundays and on holy days." It is not merely the Church's law; it is God's law to rest and keep holy the Sabbath day. Now, Catholics know no other way to keep holy the Sabbath day than by going to Mass on Sunday. We've gone to some length on this subject, but we are not done with it. We are going to keep harping on this subject till this duty of supreme importance is supremely felt.

IMPARTIAL STATISTICAL RECORDS.

To the general reader who wants a clear precise statement of facts and to the special student who desires reliable statistics in detail, these articles in the second volume of The Catholic Encyclopedia will make a particular appeal; they are "Bible Societies" by James M. Gillis, "Bohemian and Moravian Brethren" by J. Wilhelm, and "Baptists" by N. A. Weber.

In the article on "Bible Societies," in the Encyclopedia, much interesting information is collected.

It will surprise most people to learn that the British and Foreign Society controls about 8,000 auxiliary societies; has issued translations of the Sacred Text in 380 different languages; dispenses annually of about 5,000,000 copies of the Bible; and spends each year about \$1,200,000. The American Bible Society in the ninety years of its work has expended of about 78,509,529 volumes.

After an exhaustive treatment of figures, Father Gillis states the position of the Church in reference to organizations of this kind and shows that it is only opposed to the promiscuous circulation of unapproved translations of the Scriptures wherein the reader is thrown upon his own resources for the meaning of the text.

The article on the "Bohemian Brethren," now known as Moravians, covers four pages in the Encyclopedia and traces the history of this sect from the days of Wycliffe and Hus in the fourteenth century down to the present day.

The American branch of this denomination was established in 1734 by Count Zinzendorf in Georgia, which at that time had just been ceded from the larger territory of the Carolina grant to serve as an asylum for insolvent debtors and for persons fleeing

Cured Senator Costigan "FRUIT-A-TIVES"—is the finest medicine ever produced! OTTAWA, ONT., Jan. 8th, 1906. I have been a dreadful sufferer from chronic constipation for over thirty years and I have been treated by many physicians and I have taken many kinds of proprietary medicines without any benefit whatever. I took a pill for a long time which was prescribed by the late Dr. C. R. Church, of Ottawa. Also for many months I took a pill prescribed by Dr. A. P. Rogers, of Ottawa. Nothing seemed to do me good. Finally I was advised by Dr. Rogers to try "Fruit-a-tives" and after taking them for a few months I feel I am completely well from this horrible complaint. I have had no trouble with this complaint now for a long time, and I can certainly state that "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine I ever took that did me any positive good for constipation. I can conscientiously recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to the public as, in my opinion, it is the finest medicine ever produced. J. JOHN COSTIGAN.

The thousands who know the Honorable Senator from New Brunswick, know that nothing short of a complete and wonderful cure could induce him to write such a testimonial as the above letter. "Fruit-a-tives" was the only remedy that gave Hon. John Costigan any permanent relief. "Fruit-a-tives" accomplished in three months, what the leading physicians failed to do in thirty years. 50c. a box—6 for \$2.50. At dealers or sent on receipt of price. Try them. "Fruit-a-tives" Limited, 145 Ottawa, Ont.

Take my Poultry-for-Profit Outfit Without Spending a Cent in Cash

Peerless Incubator and Brooder advertisement. Includes images of the incubator and brooder, and text describing the benefits and terms of the offer. "Tell me to ship you a PEERLESS Incubator and a Brooder, and you take your own time to pay for them." "You never saw an incubator so certain to hatch strong chicks—nor a Brooder so sure to raise them." "I will tell you exactly what to do to make a success of poultry raising. I will work with you as your expert advisor, if you want advice. I will see you through—show you just how to make most money quickest." "I will even find you a high-paying cash-down buyer for all the poultry you want to raise, all the eggs you care to ship." "And I will put a Ten-Year GUARANTEE behind the incubator and the brooder—an absolute, plain-English guarantee that puts ALL the risk on me, where it belongs." "I can afford to, because I know for sure you can make money if you go at it right,—and then I will sell you more incubators and more brooders." "Suppose you send for the free book anyway—and send now. That commits you to nothing and costs you nothing." The Lee-Hodgins Co., Limited 352 Pembroke Street, Pembroke, Ont.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Second Sunday after Epiphany.

COUSING.

"His name was called Jesus." (Gospel of the day.)

The feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, dear brethren, is one which suggests to us many thoughts. It recalls to our mind the sweetness of our Saviour. It speaks of His tenderness for sinners and of His mercy to the penitent. It tells us, too, of His power—the infinite power of God, and of His awful majesty.

It is a day that fills us with joy and with sadness. It brings us joy because the Holy Name is a precious treasure entrusted to each of us, and a mighty shield defending us against the attacks of our spiritual enemies.

And we are sad, too, to-day, because we are reminded how much the Blessed Name of God our Saviour is reviled and used irreverently. And to-day the Church protests with all her power against blasphemy and cursing.

The wicked habit of cursing, which the Church lifts her voice to cry out against, is an evil of a very serious kind. And it is something that unfortunately is too common among Christians of every age and walk in life.

Young children and gray-haired men and women are guilty of this irreverent and sacrilegious name. Rich men and poor men, men who say they have faith and men who have no faith, all are addicted to the impious vice of cursing.

Think how shocking it is to hear the name of Him who so loved us that He gave the last drop of His blood for us; who literally poured out His life for us; think of His name brought into the gutter! Think of that name, "which was called by the angel," with awe, introduced into the low speech of the bar-room, or called upon in witness of the ribald jest! Think of gossiping women varying the monotony of their unsavory discourse with exclamations filled with irreverence towards God and our Saviour!

Go to the shops, to the mills, to the business houses, and have your ears offended and your soul grieved by the injury done to the Holy Name. And go to the homes of Catholic men and women—to the homes of some of you—and listen! Hear the father and the mother cursing each other and their children! Hear them call upon God to damn them, to strike them dead, to hurt them to hell!

Unnatural parents, you teachers of wickedness to your own children, how shall you escape the wrath of God? You who should bring up your children in the love and fear of God have become the agent of God's enemy, and are instructing your offspring in the way of eternal perdition. And how many more of you, instead of calling your little boys and girls about you when bedtime comes, and teaching them to lift their hearts and voices in prayer to God, how many of you, instead of being diligent about this most important duty of taking care that your children pray! When the veils are drawn aside, and you stand before the judgment seat of Christ, you will learn how many sins you have been the occasion of by your neglect of duty and your bad example.

The home, the street, the work place, are each and all the scenes, and often the strongest, of this rampant vice of bad language. And the men and women and children who debase themselves and scandalize others, and sin against God by this evil habit, are more numerous than we like to acknowledge.

Our duty is plain enough. If we have the misfortune to be of those who have contracted this vice of foul speaking, let us resolve now upon amendment, and impose upon ourselves some definite penance for our crime, and study to discover and apply the proper remedies.

If we are not ourselves the victims of the habit, let us help others by our example. Let us show our displeasure on every occasion when bad language is used. Let parents bring up their children strictly, teaching them respect for sacred names and the duty of reverent prayer. And let us always, by in formal signs of respect, give honor to God whenever we hear His Name dishonored among men, and thus do something to abate the evil of this horrible vice.

WEALTHY CATHOLICS.

EVERY WHIT AS GENEROUS IN THEIR BENEFICENT AS ARE NON CATHOLICS.

Dissenting from the opinion evidently held by Father Roche, author of "The Business Side of Religion" that, generally speaking, wealthy Protestants are more generous in their gifts to religious causes than are the corresponding class among Catholics, the Ave Maria says:

"Wealthy Catholics are every whit as generous as wealthy non-Catholics. Of course, the number of the former—as wealth is computed nowadays—is comparatively small, but they give generously, constantly and unostentatiously, as a rule. The more frequent and more munificent their benefactions, the greater would seem to be their reluctance to have them found out.

"We know of one millionaire Catholic in the United States, whose name is seldom, if ever, mentioned in connection with princely gifts of any sort, that expends a 'little fortune' every year in charitable work. A Catholic lady of our acquaintance once supported forty poor families for a whole winter from her private purse. And this is only one of innumerable benevolent actions on her part—and very probably the only one, too, of which any public mention has ever been made. (It is hoped that this writing will escape her notice.) Another Catholic lady contributed \$20,000 to a good work to which her attention had been called in these papers. It was only by accident that we learned of this benefaction, and there is no telling how

many others are to her credit. A capitalist in one of our Western cities, a strayed Catholic having heard of the need of a certain mission in one of our new possessions, called on a well-known layman and begged him to 'get them everything they want, and send me the bills.' Last week a Bishop told us of a Catholic gentleman whose yearly alms amount to \$60,000 or more though in some quarters he has the reputation of being 'clay-footed.' We could multiply such examples from personal knowledge.

"It is a mistake to suppose that wealthy Catholics are not generous because their benefactions are unheralded from the housetops."

MORE QUESTIONS.

PETER'S PRIMACY—DID HE HIMSELF KNOW THAT HE WAS POPE?—CLOISTERED NUNS.

Question—Is it correct to believe that Jesus gave to all His Apostles the same power He gave to St. Peter? Answer—Such a belief would not be true. It was to Peter alone that Christ said (Matt. xvi. 19): "Thou art Cephas (Peter, petros, in Greek, Rock in English) and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." It was to Peter alone Christ said (Matt. xvi. 19): "I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven (the kingdom of heaven meaning Christ's Church)." It was to Peter alone that Christ said (Luke xli. 32): "Thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren." It was to Peter alone that Christ said (John xxi. 17): "Feed My Sheep" (not some, but all of His sheep). These passages prove that the Saviour confided to Peter, and through Peter to His Church, the infallible commission of St. Peter. We could no more do that than we could limit the Apostolic commission to the Apostles. The commission of the primate no less than the commission of the Twelve, includes their successors in all time to the end of the world.

Question—Did the Apostles ever recognize in St. Peter the vicar of Jesus Christ and the infallible doctor of the Church? Answer—Will let Waterworth ("The Fathers on St. Peter and His Successors," p. 47) answer this: "Peter acts on all occasions as the Head. Everywhere he takes the lead, and the rest gather round him as their centre. They act with him indeed, but he initiates all, suggests all, and takes the prominent part in all. The facts that establish this are too clear and too evident to need repeating. Throughout he also is the teacher; and where any new point has to be developed from the doctrine of Christ, it is Peter who deduces it; as witness the election of Matthias, the reception of the Gentiles into the Church, and the observance, or rather the cessation, of the ceremonial law; all points of magnitude, but the second and third, especially, and so utterly unexpected and strange, that they seem at one time to threaten a schism in the Church. Further, his teaching and discourses are the means emphatically of propagating and making converts to the Gospel. . . . Again, his miracles are recorded at length by the Author of the Acts, who draws special attention to the wonderful powers which he possessed. But besides all this, it is he who exercises the dread power of binding and loosing and judging in the case of Ananias and Sapphira, and Simon Magus. Indeed so prominent and pre-eminent is the part of Peter, that it would be a very easy task to compare it, reverently, but truly, with that of Christ in the Gospels—with all the differences, of course, between the Founder and Law-giver and His interpreter and servant."

Biggs says: "Peter was certainly the chief of the Apostles, according to all the Gospels, during the earthly life of our Lord. The early chapters of Acts represent him as the acknowledged chief of the Apostolic commission down to the Council at Jerusalem. It was he who had the continuation of the narrative of St. Peter's work in Antioch, Western Asia and finally in Rome, in all probability the same undisputed leadership which he enjoyed."

Question—St. Peter never thought of being Pope and never acted as if he were.

Answer—The Jesuit Waterworth and the Protestant Biggs say he did.

Question—Neither Peter nor Paul were ever in Rome, as the history used in all the high schools of Ohio teach.

Answer—Are you sure of what you say about the Ohio schools? No one disputes St. Paul's being at Rome. Some Protestants controversialists denied that St. Peter had been there, recognizing that it would be a body blow to the supremacy of the Bishops of Rome if they could establish that Peter's See was not that of Rome. They have now given up that attempt. Commenting on their action, the Protestant Whiston has said: "None but weak Protestants pretend to deny that St. Peter was in Rome. This is so clear from Christian antiquity that any Protestant must feel ashamed to acknowledge that it has ever been denied by Protestants."

Question—Can an ordinary saloon-keeper be saved, even if he does attend Mass?

Answer—Much more is required for salvation than attending Mass. The saloon business is not one that would recommend to persons anxious about their salvation, for it is sure to subject them to many temptations, and still more sure to hold out temptation to others. It would be unjust, however, to say that the saloon-keeper cannot save his soul, since his business can be conducted morally.

Question—What are the numerous for? What is an inclosed nun? Why

are the nuns not permitted to visit their homes after taking vows? Answer—The Sisterhoods have been established, not by the Church, but by high-minded and spiritually gifted women within the Church, with the Church's approval, for the purpose of attaining the highest Christian perfection through the observance of the evangelical counsels of voluntary poverty, chastity and obedience, as recommended by the Saviour in Matt. xix:21 and 29.

An inclosed or cloistered nun is one who ordinarily does not go outside her convent enclosures. The Sisterhoods are self-governing bodies that have framed their own rules and that select their own officers. The legislation of each Sisterhood differs from that of every other; the reason why some were called from their comfortable beds to adopt a rule not to visit their homes again may be found, I imagine, in Matt. xix:29: "And everyone that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive a hundred-fold and shall inherit eternal life." W. S. KAES.

THE SIGN OF MARY.

"By the Sign of the Virgin Mary" is the name which designates the only drug store in the "icy-land town of Hatt." A statue of Mary, Health of the Sick, has stood in the niche above the doorway for more than a hundred years, and the name has been handed down with the store from generation to generation. A translation from the German in an exchange gives the story of the Sign of Mary.

One cold winter night when the proprietor of the place had long retired, he was called from his comfortable bed by the loud ringing of his bell and the pounding of little fists on his front door. Cross at being disturbed, but still true to his calling, he rose hurriedly to discover the reason for all this noise. There she stood, a timid, frail bit of humanity, bundled in a huge shawl, but still shivering with cold and fear.

"Please would the Herr Apotheker," she stammered, "would this kind Herr Apotheker put up this medicine at once, for the poor mother is very sick?" The man growled a sleepy reply about other people's sick mothers and late hours and unreasonable disturbances in general, and about loss of sleep because of the illness of his own children in particular. He scanned the prescription, reached for his several ingredients among the patiently neat arrangement of bottles on his rough board shelves, and after ten minutes work handed the child the required medicine.

"There, now, carry it carefully," he warned her, "or you may drop it and break the bottle, and I couldn't fill it a second time on this cold night." "Thank you," she said gratefully, as she looked up at him and paid him the sum he asked. "That will cure our good mother," she said, "and the Blessed Virgin, of course." "Yes, yes, and the Blessed Virgin," the man answered as he slammed the door and turned to put away each bottle into its own special place, preparatory to going back to bed.

Glad to be away from the cross drug-gist, the child ran up the hill as fast as her little legs could carry her toward her home.

Twice she turned to see that the drug-gist's little lamp was still burning. Its faint flicker lighted up in special relief a homely little wayside shrine, worn and weather-beaten and of little artistic beauty, a wooden image of the Virgin Mother before which the town people since time immemorial had rested, and had sent up fervent prayer for spiritual or temporal help.

"Dear Mother Mary, save our mother. Thou alone canst help her," the girl prayed, with all the beautiful faith of childhood.

She arose, full of new hope and courage, but as she tried to run on her big shawl caught on a sharp edge of the stone upon which she had knelt and she stumbled and fell. It was not a hard fall, so she jumped up quickly to finish her precious errand. But, oh dear! There was a sudden cracking sound—the bottle had slipped and broken into a thousand pieces, and the precious medicine lay upon the icy ground.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she moaned and wept. "Mother is ill and needs the medicine. But the drug-gist is cross, and he said he would not get up for me again. Still, mother must not die! Mother in heaven, help me, and I'll go back and get another bottle."

Then, more swiftly even than she had run the first time, she hurried down that hill, looking neither to right nor to left, for she felt as safe upon the country road as in her own home. The only fear she knew now was the fear of not being able to rouse the drug-gist.

But what has happened? The oil lamp was burning brightly, as she could see through the frosted window pane. The man must be busy putting up medicines for his own sick children, she thought, for hardly had she touched the door before it was swung wide open and the drug-gist stood before her.

"The medicine," she began, frightened to death, "the bottle—Oh, please Herr Apotheker! There on the ice in front of the shrine on the hill. Please don't be angry! Oh, good Herr Apotheker! It fell and the bottle broke and—"

While she went on stammering her excuses she suddenly felt herself caught up in the big strong arms of the drug-gist, who kissed her impulsively while tears of joy ran down his cheek. Then he laughed and cried hysterically as he set the bewildered child high up on top of his old-fashioned oakened desk.

"Mother Mary, thou has saved us all," he cried, and when his over-wrought nerves had recovered from their fearful tension he related the prescription, this time using the quinine the doctor had ordered instead of that deadly morphine which, by a fearful mistake, he had put into the first preparation.

Question—What are the numerous for? What is an inclosed nun? Why

stand the change in the gruff old drug-gist, but she smiled happily when she heard him singing and humming at his work. At last he was through, and the second bottle was filled. When all was ready she suddenly remembered with a heavy heart that she had no money.

"But—but—we are poor, and when must we pay?" "Pay?" the drug-gist asked. "Why, you paid me before, and let me see how much." "Fifty pfennigs? Yes, here is the identical coin. Take it back; it is yours. And here is a gold piece for your mother. But no, you'll drop it," he continued teasingly. "I'll carry you home and the medicine and the money and all, and in a few days your dear mother will be up and around again, and all will be well. Come."

He stopped to turn down the lamp, then, bundling his precious burden into his arms, he asked her for full directions to her home. "Mother Mary, thou hast helped," the happy child murmured to herself. "Yes, yes, the good Mother Mary," the drug-gist answered fervently, as he smiled up at the little statue in the niche over his doorway—"Mary, Health of the Sick."

A PROTESTANT ON THE SUPERSTITIONS OF INFIDELS.

The Pilot has, already, noted Protestant journalistic appreciation of many points in the Eucycolical of Pope Pius X. on "Modernism," showing that a common peril to all who believe in Christ and love their fellow-men is realized as the result, the destructive criticism of divine revelation.

The following letter appearing in the Boston Herald, under the title, "Arch-bishop O'Connell and Modernism," takes up a point in His Grace's Pastoral, relative to the superstitions of infidels. It is the more impressive as the writer is not a Catholic:

To the Editor of the Boston Herald: Will you allow me space in which to renew the attention, both of Catholics and Protestants, to one bit of Archbishop O'Connell's explanation of the Pope's deliverance on the subject of Modernism? Here it is, with pitying compassion upon the "poor, ignorant, superstitious Catholic servant girl," who prays to the Virgin and believes in Catholic miracles, "arrogating their belief in marvels and mysteries which make you stare with astonishment. The man who ridicules the doctrines of the Resurrection will gravely assure you that he has seen the spirit of his dead grandfather walk out of the darkest cabinets of a materializing medium! Childish superstitions which are no more respectable philosophically, than the voodooism of a Louisiana swamp, are cushioned in the magnificent churches of great cities. It is the old story of credulity and scepticism walking hand in hand?"

It is astonishing how history repeats itself. The old Roman noble who did not believe in God, but who bought a piece of land or took a bath till he had ascertained the relation which the moon bore to the crab! As Macaulay says, "We have ceased to wonder at any vagaries of superstition. We have seen men, not of mean intellect or neglected education. . . . talking unknown tongues, working marvellous cures or mingling down with messages from God to the House of Commons. We have seen an old woman with no talents beyond the canning of a fortune teller, and with the education of a scullion, exalted into a prophetess, and surrounded by tens of thousands of devoted followers, many of whom were, in station and knowledge, immeasurably her superiors, and all this in the nineteenth century."

The writer of this is not a Catholic; but he believes the time has come when all the divisions of the Christian Church should unite to repel the attacks of that newer Paganism which not only antagonizes the fundamental doctrinal concepts of their faith, but is undermining—albeit unconsciously—the foundation of its ethics.

Incidentally, in view of the problem of domestic service, it is somewhat amusing to read of persons with hard-wood enough to "look with pitying compassion" on the "poor, ignorant, superstitious Catholic servant girl." In the first place, the "ignorant servant girl" is a faded literary tradition revived only by young and inexperienced story writers.

In the second place, the mistress no longer turns a pitying, but rather a very apprehensive eye on her maid, knowing that a much smaller matter than the faintest suggestion of criticism of the latter's religion, would send her post haste to other employers who would tenderly consider and facilitate her church going.

In further emphasis of the Archbishop's allusions to the dangerous superstitions of persons religiously unsettled, we have the recent murder

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of a young girl of thirteen in Cleveland by a student of theosophy, anxious to demonstrate his theories on "soul-union," followed by his suicide when his theories failed; and the considerable audience which attended last Sunday night the crazy manderings of an alleged healer, and the vapourings of a shrewd but discredited Spiritist in a city not far from cultured Boston.

EPISCOPALIAN PLEA FOR VICAR OF CHRIST.

The Lamp, the organ of an eminently religious body of Episcopalian, who are all but Catholics, dwelling together in Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y., makes this touching allusion to the Vicar of Christ in a recent issue: "There is a special reason why this Christmas we should remember with loving hearts and strive to do honor to the Pope. It is the year of his jubilee as a priest of the living God. For many months the Catholic world has been looking forward to celebrating this jubilee with great pomp and rejoicing, but owing to the outbreak of satanic hatred and wickedness unspcakable at Rome, the anticipated festivity and joy have been largely turned into mourning and grave anxiety by reason of the foul indignities and insults to which the Holy Father, the Cardinals, the Bishops, the priests and even the friars and nuns have been subjected by the anti-clerical socialists, who now control the municipal government. The public journals have reeked with the vilest scandals, destined to make the name of the Catholic priesthood and the religious communities infamous, which scandals have been exposed again and again as slanders having no foundation, save in the depraved imagination, which have given them currency."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Way to Succeed. Men who become successful in the latter years of their life sometimes give out the set of guiding rules to which they attribute their success. The following rules are said to have been formulated by Andrew Carnegie for his own guidance: 1. Never enter a bar-room, nor let the contents of a bar-room enter you. 2. Do not use tobacco. 3. Concentrate. Having entered upon a certain line of work, continue and combine upon that line. 4. Do not shirk; rather go about your task. Do not let any young man think he has performed his full duty when he has performed the work assigned him. A man will never rise if he acts thus. Promotion comes from exceptional work. A man must learn where his employer's interests lie and push for these. The young man who does this is the young man whom capital wants for a partner and son-in-law. He is the young man who, by-and-by, reaches the head of the firm. 5. Save a little always. Whatever be your wages, lay by something from them. 6. Never speculate. Never buy stock or grain on margin. 7. Never indorse. Whenever you enter on business for yourself, never indorse. Whenever you enter on business for others, it is dishonest. All your resources and all your credit are the sacred property of the men who have trusted you. If you wish to help another give him all the cash you can spare. Another set of rules for young men to follow are those laid down by a man who built up an immense business, the ramifications of which extended all over the United States. They will bear perusal and are as follows: If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. If any one speak evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. Small and steady gains give competence with tranquillity of mind. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Save when you are young to spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.—Our Young People. Overcoming an Unfavorable Impression. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to change our first impression of a person, whether good or bad. We do not realize how rapidly the mind works when we meet a person for the first time. We are at eyes and all attention to detail of the impression on the scales of our judgment. We are all alert, watching for earmarks of strength or weakness. Every word, every act, the manner, the voice—the mind takes in everything very rapidly, and our judgment is not only formed quickly, but also firmly, so that it is very difficult to get this first picture of the person out of our mind. Careless, tactless people are often obliged to spend a great deal of time in trying to overcome the bad first impressions they make. They apologize and explain in letters. But apology and explanation usually have very little effect, because they are so much weaker than the strong picture of the first impression which frequently persists in spite of all efforts to change it. Hence it is of the utmost importance for a youth who is trying to establish himself to be very careful of the impression he makes. A bad first impression may be the means of barring him from credit and depreciating his worth at the very outset of his career. If you can leave the impression that you are a man first, that your manhood stands high up above everything else, that your integrity and your nobility are the most salient things about you and tower high above your other qualities, if people can see a real man behind everything else you exhibit, you will get the world's confidence.—Success. When to do a Thing. A successful man says that he owes much of his prosperity to a lesson taught him by his employer. This man's principle was "Do it now." In stead of putting things off with the idea of attending to them "sometime" he made it a rule to "do it now." Thus he was often in advance of his competitors, both in taking hold of a good thing, or letting go an unprofitable one. This principle may be applied to the smaller affairs of life as well as to the most important. The little things we ought to do and don't do, worry us most. "Sometime" they must be attended to, and the oftener they are brought to mind and dismissed again to that indefinite time the more trouble they give us. Then, after all, we are often surprised to find how little trouble it is to attend to these things, and want somebody to kick us for not realizing it sooner. Happy is the man whose rule is promptness in all things. An unworthy son may prove recreant to his mother's love and to the early teaching of the freed. But some day the memory of that mother will rise before him and stand there until tears come to his eyes and prayers to his lips. At such a time he would give all that he has gained through disobedience to be just like her. There is no faith like the faith of a Catholic mother and there are few influences that will arrest the waywardness of men like the remembrance of her.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"REMEMBER, MOTHER!" A CLIENT OF OUR LADY PROVES HER POWER. The retreating forces of the French army were making their way toward hospitable Savoy, and had arrived at Faucilles (Jura), where they halted for their scanty meal laid out on a heap of snow, which served as a table. Whilst the chaplain of the army was dispatching his share of the repast, an aide de camp of the general in command of the retreating army, approached him saying: "Quick, Father, quick, the general has sent for you to go and prepare for death a soldier condemned to be shot." "To be shot? But what for?" "This is not the time to enter into explanations," was the reply. On arriving at the place of execution the chaplain bade the picket of soldiers to lower their rifles and tenderly embrace the condemned man said: "My dear child, since men have no mercy for you, I offer you the pardon of God. Offer up to the justice of man and God the blood you are about to shed; mount up to heaven, the country of the repentant and the brave." As the priest raised his hand to give him absolution the Prussian balls fell at their feet. "Fly, save yourselves, the Prussians are upon us," was the cry on every side. The chaplain standing by the sergeant, still blindfolded, restored him his liberty and his sight, saying: "My son, behold a mark of the divine mercy; now you will have time to prepare to appear before God." The soldier was kept under guard until the army arrived at Gex, where each detachment went to the town hall to receive their pay. At the door the chaplain met the general, who, watch in hand, pointed to the room where the prisoner was confined: "You have a quarter of an hour, Father," said he, "to prepare the soldier for death. I am sending two men to the cemetery to dig his grave over which he will be shot." The chaplain went to the sergeant. "Father," said the poor man, "is it really true I am going to be shot?" "I am sorry to say it is, my poor boy." The soldier having calmly made his confession suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! Father, must I really die and never see my poor mother again. How proud would she have been to have known that I had died on the battle field; but to be shot, and that by my comrades! No, no, Father, it is too hard; have pity on my poor mother, save me. . . ." In a moment he sprang to the window to effect his escape, but seeing he was on the second story of the building, he fell back into the arms of the priest's ying: "Save me! oh, save me!" "Oh, my son, if I could, most gladly would I do so, willingly would I take your place. But what I cannot do, the Blessed Virgin can. Say, my son, do you love our Blessed Lady?" "Ah, Father, if I love her, I who come from her country!" "You do not come from Nazareth, I should say?" "No, Father, I come from the Pyrenees, from Lourdes." "And do you pray to the Blessed Virgin?" "Father, I have never passed a day during the whole of this sad war without reciting the Memorare." "What, my son, you come from Lourdes, and every day you pray to the Blessed Virgin! Surely our Lady will save you. Let us kneel down and recite together the Memorare; help perhaps will not be long in coming!" Hardly had they finished the last words of that unflinching prayer, when repeated knocks were heard at the door. The soldier fancied that his last moment had come, and sinking down burst into tears. "I am going to die, my poor Mother! I shall never, never see you again!" On opening the door the chaplain saw before him a stranger in a great state of excitement. "Father," he said, "do you not hear noise going on in front of the town hall?" "Yes, sir, I do; but allow me to ask who I have the pleasure of speaking to, for it is easy for you to know who I am?" "I am the Magistrate of the town. Public peace is in danger and my duty is to establish order. The people are clamoring for the release of the sergeant; they will not have it said that French blood was the first to be shed. If the execution takes place there will be new calamities, Father; so help me to save the life of the prisoner." "Sir, willingly would I do so, but unfortunately my honor and conscience as a priest forbid me to interfere in this affair." "Then must we let him die?" "No sir, if we can do otherwise. But I have a plan to save him. Ask the commander charged with the execution to show you the written order. I know there is none, hence the loud murmurs of the soldiers, for the general gave the order for his execution in a moment of passion." (This is but one of the many instances on record of the tyranny practiced in that unfortunate war; the general, the said hero of this adventure, being condemned July, 1871, by court-martial, for two similar offences.) The magistrate went in search of the commander. "Have you a written order?" he asked. "No," replied the commander. "And how, sir, do you dare shoot a man on the strength of a verbal order. Produce the order, please, or I oppose the execution." The commander, who was only too delighted to escape the fulfilment of this sad affair, approached the general, who was leaning on the window-sill of the town hall and looking anxiously at the surging crowd below, clamoring for the written order. "We will see," said he. A council of war was immediately summoned and the sergeant discharged. His offense was not a serious fault, and far from meriting sentence of death, he would have been amply punished by a few hours imprisonment. Hiding his disappointment and humiliation, and with a twist of his red moustache, the general sent for the chaplain. "Father, he said, "though it grieves me to see my orders countermanded, I am delighted to give you pleasure and assure you that the sergeant is free." On his return, the chaplain found his man in a kneeling position, and addressed him in these words: "Sergeant, what did the Blessed Virgin say to you during my absence?" "You know better than I," replied the sergeant in an inaudible voice. "Very well, my son, the Blessed Virgin sends you good news; you will have more time than you think to prepare for death." He did not dare to tell him the truth at once, lest the shock should be fatal as the ball of death; then the chaplain said: "In the meantime follow me." "To death?" "No, my son, I swear to you on the honor of a priest, no; once more, follow me." The sergeant, leaning on the arm of the chaplain, arrived in front of the town hall, where the infuriated crowd waited impatiently for him. At the sight of him, shouts were heard on all sides, exclaiming: "It is he, it is the sergeant going to be shot!" "Not yet," said the chaplain, in a tone which commanded confidence and respect. "Where are you taking me to?" asked the soldier. Without making a reply the priest conducted him to an altar of Our Lady in a chapel close by. Meanwhile the crowd outside pressed on to see what was taking place. "Kneel down, my man, and let us recite together before the statue of Our Lady the Memorare." This being done, the chaplain, helping him to rise from his knees, said: "My son, you will not be shot, you will see your mountains again, and tell everyone that your heavenly mother saved you through the Memorare." The condemned man and his comforter left the chapel together, amidst the cheers of the crowd, transported with joy at the good news. "Long live the sergeant!" cried the people. "Glory be to the Holy Virgin who saved the sergeant," replied the chaplain. A MOTHERLESS CHURCH. We had made our little round of observation, not unmixed with admiration and reverence, within the beautiful new church. Truly there was much to commend and admire—but to me there was a lack that ached through every thrill of admiration, and watered my every word of praise. There were many windows, all of them inspirations, each portraying certain events in the life of the Saviour, events from which sermons in number like the sands of the seashore have been preached, and yet the beautiful stained glass windows, which I missed, the thought kept praying through me, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." And then we came to the last window, and as we passed within a rainbow shower of mellow lights, the pictured face that shone down was sweet, wondrous sweet, with the wistful, Madonna-like gentleness that touches you like a caress. A wave of thankfulness swept over me, an impress developing into conviction, when one of the members of the church approached and remarked with official courtesy and enlightenment: "The angel of the Resurrection! Is it not grand? Yes, our windows are really works of art. We economized in various ways in the building of this church, and it would astonish you to know its moderate cost, but when it came to our windows, it was the best stained glass and artistic skill that we demanded, and we have it here in windows that are inspirations. Of course we sincerely acquiesced and smiled, and congratulated, but as we went away, deep down in my heart a voice whispered: "A motherless church—a motherless church!" A motherless home! How sad a place, indeed! Perhaps none, save the motherless, can know how sad. And yet can it be that only they who have known the mother's love may measure the anguish of its loss? Who I was very young I had the good fortune to enter into a brief correspondence with a well-known and experienced writer. I remember among many interesting stories that illumined and levelled his letters to the range of my taper ray of intelligence was his reminiscence of Florence Percy and her hour beneath the aurore of glory. She was famed and loved for her poem, "You Kissed Me," and 'o hers, but to me the song of her soul has ever been the dear old poem that formed many a reading lesson in the class room, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." It was the heart-cry of genius that sang: "Yet with strong yearning of passionate pain Look I to-night for your presence again," and "Nearer, come back from the echoes shore. Take me again to your heart as of yore. Weep ye of sorrow for others to reap. Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep." "Home is where my mother is," replied the boy to "What is home?" Let us surmise that we enter a home upon the walls we behold the portraits of various members of the family, friends, perhaps, and relatives, or at least some favorite writer, artist, or hero. But we see no token of the mother—no hint or word of her. What shall we think? She must have been a most unworthy mother, or these, her children and members of her family, must be most unworthy and ungrateful children! A familiar phrase in various Protestant churches is that of "church home." Ministers seek to impress upon the minds of all that the church is a church-home. But it is a motherless church-home! In many denominational churches the women of Scripture are accorded honorable place and mention: the Magdalen has her place; even the woman of Samaria is not over-

looked, but she unto whom the angel said, "Hail, full of grace—blessed art thou among women," has no place or welcome. The Son is honored, but the mother who was co-sufferer with the Son for the sins of the world is dishonored by indifference! The Son Who suffered upon the cross is Lord and Savior; but the mother, whose heart was pierced with a sword of sorrow beneath that cross, "that the thoughts of no more than any other good woman," as a minister once declared. The beloved apostle, St. John the Divine, received her at the foot of the cross as His beloved, blessed mother, and devoted His life to her service. And when the apostles were assembled together in obedience to the parting command of our Lord, awaiting the promise of the Holy Spirit's coming, the mother sat in the midst of them. And yet Christian churches who throw wide their doors to the Son, to the apostles and saints, close their doors upon the mother! Know we a man so small, so insensible, so low that would abide in a house that closed its door upon his mother? When we reflect that the Protestant Church has ever been a motherless institution, the thought comes that perhaps we discover a cause for its being ceaselessly riven and rent asunder by dissensions and divisions into many, many sects—like unto a household of disobedient, disorderly, headstrong children wit-out a mother! "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." A generation or so ago, and no Baptist or Methodist church would have tolerated a picture window or any other picture about their church. Music would have been an abomination. The writer's own grandfather would not look upon a picture of our Lord, nor tolerate such a thing in his house. He considered it "a sacrilege" that any man should dare to paint a picture of the Saviour! What would such Baptists of the years gone by think of the church I described in the beginning, which is a Baptist church? Is it not simply a matter of light, and more light? A certain convert to the Catholic faith, in the first year advances, while weeping and sifting with that anxiety that is the nettle rash of the soul, an affliction surely of Satan, stood stock still and asked of her instructor: "Of what need is the Hail Mary?" On her pilgrimage towards heaven she did not want to carry anything but what was absolutely necessary. The priest, the one man out of all the world to suit her case, patient, pardoning, tolerant, with time to spare, simply and calmly—but so kindly—made answer: "Why, my child, you don't have to unless you wish." But then he told her to go home and read her Bible. And he directed her to read certain chapters and passages relating to the Blessed Virgin Mother. In parting he said: "Surely, you believe that the Blessed Mother was superior to any other being here on earth, save our Lord?" She stopped short. Why, certainly, she

had always unconsciously, involuntarily, felt and believed it. Then, full consciousness and light began to dawn upon her. And many a time, after, when the "Hail Mary" was her comfort from the tempest of bitter need, she recalled the words she said: "Of what need is the Hail Mary? A thousand times, and a thousand more, the Catholic should bless God for the faith that is in him, in church and out; in season and out of season; like Daniel in a far country as he knelt and prayed with his face toward the Holy Temple in Jerusalem, his arms outstretched in supplication, with the words of Solomon's invocation like strong arms beneath him, we should love passionately our religion, and our Church, and her every place of worship, whether it be grand cathedral with noble dome and stately, towering spire, or the plain, simple, lowly chapel with its little wooden cross.—Lydia Whitefield Wright in Cleveland Unionist. Modernists Submit. Five of the six authors of the anti-encyclical, over in Italy, have expressed to the authorities their contrition for the part they took in that publication. The Studi Religiosi of Florence, edited by Don Salvatore Minocchi, which was perhaps the first review in Italy to unfurl the banner of Modernism, has announced that its present number is the last. In France the Modernist magazines Demain and Quinzane have disappeared. It is certain that another condemnation of the Modernist Rinnovamento of Milan is imminent, and more than likely that the censure will not be limited to the last number, which consisted almost entirely of criticism or defiance of the encyclical "Pascenti."

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