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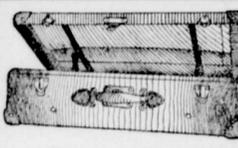
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Order number, H

The Robert SIMPSON Company Limited TORONTO, CANADA

THE RULING PASSION

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

When the good priest of St. Ger6ne christened Patrick Mullarkey, he lent himself unconsciously to an innocent deception. To look at the name, you would think, of course, it belonged to an Irishman; of the very appearance of it was equal to a certificate of membership in a Fenian society.

But in effect, from its turned-up boss of his black moustache, the proprietor of this name was a Frenchman—Canadian French, you understand, and therefore even more proud and tenacious of his race than if he had been born in Normandy. Somewhere in his family tree there must have been a graft from the Green Isle. A wandering lumberman from County Kerry had drifted up the Saguenay river to the Lake St. John region, and married the daughter of a habitant, and settled down to forget his own country and his father's name. But every visible trace of this infusion of new blood had vanished long ago, except the name; and the name itself was transformed on the lips of the St. Ger6nians. If you had heard them speak it in their pleasant droning accents,—"Patrick Mullarkey,"—you would have supposed that it was made in France. To have a guide with such a name as that was as good as being abroad.

Even when they cut it short and called him "Pato," as they usually did, it had a very foreign sound. Everything about him was in harmony with it: he spoke and laughed and sang and thought and felt in French—the French of two hundred years ago, the French of Samuel de Champlain and the Sieur de Monts, touched with a strong woodland flavor. In short, my guide, philosopher, and friend, Pat, did not have a drop of Irish in him, unless, perhaps, it was a certain—well, you shall judge for yourself, when you have heard this story of his virtue and the way it was rewarded.

It was on the shore of the Lac 6 la Belle Riviere, fifteen miles back from St. Ger6ne, that I came into the story, and found myself, as commonly happens in the real stories which life is always bringing out in periodical form, some where about the middle of the plot. But Patrick really made me acquainted with what had gone before. Indeed,

it is one of life's greatest charms as a story-teller that there is never any trouble about getting a brief resume of the argument, and even a listener who arrives late is soon put into touch with the course of the narrative.

We had hauled our canoes and camp-stuff over the terrible road that leads to the lake, with much creaking and groaning of wagons, and complaining of men, who declared that the mud grew deeper and the hills steeper every year, and vowed their customary vow never to come that way again. At last our tents were pitched in a green copse of balsam trees, close beside the water. The delightful sense of peace and freedom descended upon our souls. Prosper and Orville were cutting wood for the camp fire; Francois was getting ready a brace of partridges for supper; Patrick and I were unpacking the provisions, arranging them conveniently for present use and future transportation.

"Here, Pat," said I, as my hand fell on a large square parcel—"here is some superfine tobacco that I got in Quebec for you and the other men on this trip. Not like the damp stuff you had last year—a little bad smoke and too many bad words. This is tobacco to burn—something quite particular, you understand. How does that please you?"

He had been rolling up a piece of salt pork in a cloth, I spoke, and contentedly wiped his fingers on the outside of the bundle before he stretched out his hand to take the package of tobacco. Then he answered, with his habitual politeness, but more solemnly than usual:

"A thousand thanks to m'sieu'. But this year I shall not have need of the good tobacco. It shall be for the others."

The reply was so unexpected that it almost took my breath away. For Pat, the steady smoker, whose pipes were as invariable as the procession of the equinoxes, to refuse his regular rations of the soothing weed was a thing unheard of. Could he be growing proud in his old age? Had he some secret supply of cigars concealed in his kit, which made him scorn the golden Virginia leaf? I demanded an explanation.

"But no, m'sieu'," he replied; "it is not that, most assuredly. It is something entirely different, something very serious. It is a reformation that I commence. Does m'sieu' permit that I should inform him of it?"

Of course I permitted, or rather, warmly encouraged, the fullest possible unfold-

ing of the tale; and while we sat among the bags and boxes, and the sun settled gently down behind the sharp pointed fir across the lake, and the evening sky and the waveless lake glowed with a thousand tints of deepening rose and amber, Patrick put me in possession of the facts which had led to a moral revolution in his life.

"It was the Ma'm'selle Meclair, that young lady—not very young, but active like the youngest—the one that I counted down the Grande D6scharge 63 Chicoutimi last year, after you had gone away. She said that she knew m'sieu' intimately. No doubt you have a good remembrance of her?"

I admitted an acquaintance with the lady. She was the president of several societies for ethical agitation—a long woman, with short hair and eye-glasses and a great thirst for tea; not very good at a canoe, but always wanting to run the rapids and into the dangerous places, and talking all the time. Yes; that must have been the one. She was not a bosom friend of mine, to speak accurately, but I remembered her well.

"Well, then, m'sieu'," continued Patrick, "it was this demoiselle who changed my mind about the smoking. But not in a moment, you understand; it was a work of four days, and she spoke much."

"The first day it was at the Island House; we were trolling for ouaniche, and she was not pleased, for she lost many of the fish. I was smoking at the stern of the canoe, and she said that the tobacco was a filthy weed, that it grew in the devil's garden, and that it smelled bad, terribly bad, and that it made the air sick, and that even the pipe would not eat it."

I could imagine Patrick's dismay as he listened to this dissertation; for in his way he was as sensitive as a woman, and he would rather have been upset in his canoe than have exposed himself to the reproach of offending any one of his patrons by unpleasant or unseemly conduct.

"What did you do then, Pat?" I asked. "Certainly I put out the pipe—what could I do otherwise? But I thought that what the demoiselle Meclair had said was very strange, and not true—exactly; for I have often seen the tobacco grow, and it springs up out of the ground like the wheat or the beans, and it has beautiful leaves, broad and green, with sometimes a red flower at the top. Does the good God cause the filthy weeds to grow like that? Are they not all clean that He has made? The potato—it is not filthy. And the onion? It has a strong smell; but the demoiselle Meclair she ate much of the onion—when we were not at the Island House, but in the camp."

"And the smell of the tobacco—this is an affair of the taste. For me, I love it much; it is like a spice. When I come home at night to the camp fire, where the boys are smoking, the smell of the pipes runs far out into the woods to salute me. It says, 'Here we are, Patrique; come in near to the fire.' The smell of tobacco is more sweet than the smell of the fish. The pig loves it not, assuredly; but what then? I am not a pig. To me it is good, good, good. Don't you find it like that, m'sieu'?"

I had to confess that in the affair of taste I sided with Patrick rather than with the pig. "Continue," I said—so happy that he would not feel richer for a child. I know not a man so happy that he would not feel happier with a child in the house. It is the best thing that the good God gives to us; something to work for; something to play with. It makes a man more gentle and more strong. And a woman—her heart is like an empty nest, if she has not a child. It was the darkest day that ever came to Ang6lique and me when our little baby flew away, four years ago. But perhaps if we have not a child, there is another someone, where, a little child of nobody, that belongs to us, for the sake of the love of children. Jean Boucher, my wife's cousin, at St. Joseph d'Alma, has taken two from the asylum. Two, m'sieu', I assure you; for as soon as one was twelve years old, he said he wanted a baby, and so he went back again and got another. That is what I should like to do."

"But, Pat," said I, "it is an expensive business, this raising of children. You should think twice about it."

"Pardon, m'sieu'," answered Patrick; "I think a hundred times and always the same way. It costs little more for three, or four, or five, in the house than for two. The only thing is the money for the journey to the city, the choice, the arrangement with the nuns. For one, one must save. And so I have three, away from the pipe, and a third. The money of the tobacco is for Quebec and for the little found child. I have already eighteen piastres and twenty sous in the old box of cigars on the chimney-piece at the house. This year will bring more. The winter after the next, if we have the good chance, we go to the city, the goodwife and me, and we come home with the little boy—or maybe the little girl. Does m'sieu' approve?"

"You are a man of virtue," said I; "and since you will not take your share of the tobacco on this trip, it shall go to the other men; but you shall have the money instead, to put into your box on the mantel-piece."

After supper that evening I watched him with some curiosity to see what he would do with the pipe. He seemed restless and uneasy. The other men sat around the fire, smoking; but Patrick was down at the landing, fussing over one of the canoes, which had been somewhat roughly handled on the road coming in. Then he began to tighten the tent-ropes, and hauled at them so vigorously that he loosened two of the stakes. Then he whittled the blade of his paddle for a while, and cut it an inch too short. Then he went into the men's tent, and in a few minutes the sound of snoring told that he had sought refuge in sleep at 8 o'clock, without telling a single caribou story, or making any plans for the next day's sport.

"That was a close question," I commented; "your Miss Miller is a plain speaker. But what did you say when she asked you that?"

"I said, m'sieu'," replied Patrick, lifting his hand to his forehead, "that I must go where the good God pleased to send me, and that I would have much joy to go to the same place with our Cur6, the P6re Morel, who is a great smoker. I am sure that the pipe of comfort is no sin to that holy man when he returns, some cold night, from the visiting of the sick—it is not sin, not more than the soft chair and the warm fire. It harms no one, and it makes quietness of mind. For me, when I see m'sieu' the Cur6 sitting at the door of the presbytere, in the evening coolness, smoking the tobacco, very peaceful, and when he says to me, 'Good day, Patrique; will you have a pipet?' I cannot think that it is wicked—no!"

There was a warmth of sincerity in the honest fellow's utterance that spoke well for the character of the cur6 of St. Ger6ne. The good word of a plain fisherman or hunter is worth more than a degree of doctor of divinity from a learned university.

I too had grateful memories of good men, faithful, charitable, wise, devout—men before whose virtues my heart stood uncovered and reverent, men whose lives were sweet with self-sacrifice and whose words were like stars of guidance to many souls—and I often saw these men solacing their toils and inviting pleasant, kindly thoughts with the pipe of peace. I wondered whether Miss Miller ever had the good fortune to meet any of these men. They were not members of the societies for ethical agitation, but they were profitable men to know. Their very presence was medicinal. It breathed patience and duty, and a large, quiet friendliness.

"Well, then," I asked, "what did she say finally to turn you? What was her last argument? Come, Pat, you must make it a little shorter than she did."

"In five words, m'sieu', it was this: 'The tobacco causes the poverty.' The fourth day—you remind yourself of the long dead water below the Rapide des G6rvais? It was there, all the day she spoke to me of the money that goes to the smoke. Two piastres the month. Twenty-four the year. Three hundred—yes, with the interest, more than three hundred in ten years! Two thousand piastres in the life of the man! But she comprehends well the arithmetic, that demoiselle Meclair; it was enormous! The big farmer Tremblay has not more money at the bank than that. Then she asks me if I have been at Quebec? No. If I would love to go? Of course, yes. For two years of the smoking we could go, the good wife and me, to Quebec, and see the grand city, and the shops, and the many people, and the cathedral, and perhaps the theatre. And at the asylum of the orphans we could seek one of the little found children to bring home with us, to be our own; for m'sieu' knows it is the sadness of our house that we have so no child. But it was not Mees Meclair who said that—no, she would not understand that thought."

Patrick paused for a moment, and rubbed his chin reflectively. Then he continued:

"And perhaps it seems strange to you also, m'sieu', that a poor man should be so hungry for children. It is not so everywhere; not in America, I hear. But it is so with us in Canada. I know not a man so poor that he would not feel richer for a child. I know not a man so happy that he would not feel happier with a child in the house. It is the best thing that the good God gives to us; something to work for; something to play with. It makes a man more gentle and more strong. And a woman—her heart is like an empty nest, if she has not a child. It was the darkest day that ever came to Ang6lique and me when our little baby flew away, four years ago. But perhaps if we have not a child, there is another someone, where, a little child of nobody, that belongs to us, for the sake of the love of children. Jean Boucher, my wife's cousin, at St. Joseph d'Alma, has taken two from the asylum. Two, m'sieu', I assure you; for as soon as one was twelve years old, he said he wanted a baby, and so he went back again and got another. That is what I should like to do."

He pictured himself, side by side with his good wife, the *salle a manger* of the Hotel Richelieu, ordering their dinner from a printed bill of fare. Side by side they were walking on the Dufferin Terrace, listening to the music of the military band. Side by side they were watching the wonders of the play at the Th6atre de l'Et6ile du Nord. Side by side they were kneeling before the gorgeous altar of the cathedral. And then they were standing silent, side by side, in the asylum of the orphans, looking at brown eyes and blue, at black hair and yellow curls, at fat legs and rosy cheeks and laughing mouths, while the Mother Superior showed off the little boys and girls for them to choose. This affair of the choice was always a delightful difficulty, and here his fancy loved to hang in suspense, vibrating between rival joys.

Once, at the Riviere du Millien, after considerable discouragement upon Quebec, there was an interval of silence, during which I succeeded in hooking and playing a larger trout than usual. As the fish came up to the side of the canoe, Patrick netted him deftly, exclaiming with an abstracted air, "It is a boy, after all. I like that best."

Our camp was shifted, the second week to the Grand Lac des C6dres; and there we had extraordinary fortune with the trout; partly, I conjecture, because there was only one place to fish, and so Patrick's uneasy zeal could find no excuse for keeping me in constant motion all around the lake. But in the matter of weather we were not so happy. There is always a conflict in the angler's mind about the weather—a struggle between his desires as a man and his desires as a fisherman. This time our prayers for a good fishing season were granted at the expense of our suffering human nature. There was a conjunction in the zodiac of the signs of Aquarius and Pisces. It rained as easily, as suddenly, as penetratingly, as Miss Miller talked; but in between the showers the trout were very hungry.

One day, when we were paddling home to our tents among the birch trees, one of these unexpected storms came up; and Patrick, thoughtful of my comfort as ever, insisted on giving me his coat to put around my dripping shoulders. The paddling would serve instead of a coat for him, he said; it would keep him warm to his bones. As I slipped the garment over my back, something hard fell from one of the pockets into the bottom of the canoe. "It was a briar-wood pipe," he said. "Aha! Pat," I cried; "what is this? You said you had thrown all your pipes away. How does this come in your pocket?"

"But, m'sieu'," he answered "this is different. This is not the pipe pure and simple. It is a souvenir. It is the one you gave me two years ago on the M6t6botchaouan, when we got the big caribou. I could not reject this, I keep it always for the remembrance."

At this moment my hand fell upon a small, square object in the other pocket of the coat. I pulled it out. It was a cake of Virginia leaf. Without a word, I held it up, and looked at Patrick. He began to explain eagerly: "Yes, certainly, it is the tobacco, m'sieu'; but it is not for the smoke, as you suppose. It is for the virtue, for the self-victory, I call this my little

fish. We explored all the favorite meeting-places of the trout, at the mouths of the streams and in the cool spring holes, but we did not have remarkable success. I am bound to say that Patrick was not at his best that year as a fisherman. He was as ready to work, as interested, as eager, as to work, as he had been, as persevering; but he lacked steadiness, persistence, patience. Some tranquillizing influence seemed to have departed from him. That piteous condition in the ultimate certainty of catching fish, which is one of the chief elements of good luck, was wanting. He did not appear to be able to sit still in the canoe. The mosquitoes troubled him, terribly. He was just as anxious as a man could be to have me take plenty of fish in a hurry. He even went so far as to say that he did not think I cast the fly as well as I did formerly, and that was too slow in striking when the fish rose. He was distinctly a weaker man without his pipe, but his virtuous resolve held firm.

There was one place in particular that required very cautious angling. It was a spring-hole at the mouth of the Riviere du Millien—an open space, about a hundred feet long and fifteen feet wide, in the midst of the lily pads, and surrounded on every side by clear, shallow water. Here the great trout assembled at certain hours of the day; but it was not easy to get them. You must come up delicately in the canoe, and make fast to a stake at the side of the pool, and wait a long time for the place to get quiet and the fish to recover from their fright and come out from under the lily-pads. I had been our custom to calm and soothe this expectant interval with incense of the Indian weed, friendly to meditation and a foe of "Raw haste, half sister to delay." But this year Patrick could not endure the waiting. After five minutes he would say:

"But the fishing is bad this season! There are none of the big ones here at all. Let us try another place. It will go better at the Riviere du Cheval, perhaps."

There was one thing that would really keep him quiet, and that was a conversation about Quebec. The glories of that wonderful city entranced his thoughts. He was already there, in imagination, with the vast throngs of people that filled its splendid streets, looking up at the stately houses and churches with their glittering roofs of tin, and staring his fill at the magnificent shop-windows, where all the luxuries of the world were displayed. He had heard that there were more than a hundred shops—separate shops for all kinds of separate things; some for groceries and some for shoes, and some for clothes, and some for guns, and many shops where they sold only jewels—gold rings and diamonds, and forks of pure silver.

Was it not so?

He pictured himself, side by side with his good wife, the *salle a manger* of the Hotel Richelieu, ordering their dinner from a printed bill of fare. Side by side they were walking on the Dufferin Terrace, listening to the music of the military band. Side by side they were watching the wonders of the play at the Th6atre de l'Et6ile du Nord. Side by side they were kneeling before the gorgeous altar of the cathedral. And then they were standing silent, side by side, in the asylum of the orphans, looking at brown eyes and blue, at black hair and yellow curls, at fat legs and rosy cheeks and laughing mouths, while the Mother Superior showed off the little boys and girls for them to choose. This affair of the choice was always a delightful difficulty, and here his fancy loved to hang in suspense, vibrating between rival joys.

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piece of temptation. See; the edges are not cut. I smell it only; and when I think how it is good, then I speak to myself, 'But the little found child will be better.' It will last a long time this little piece of temptation; perhaps until we have the boy at our house—or maybe the girl."

The conflict between the virtues of Virginia leaf and Patrick's virtues must have been severe during the last ten days of our expedition; for we went down the Riviere des C6dres, and that is a tough trip, and full of occasions when consolation is needed. After a long, hard day's work cutting out an abandoned portage through the woods, or tramping miles over the incredibly simple hills to some outlying pond for a shagbush, and lugging the saddle and hind quarters back to the camp, the evening pipe, after supper, seemed to comfort the men unexpectably. If their tempers had grown a little shorter under stress of fatigue and hunger, now they became cheerful and good-natured again. They sat on logs before the camp fire, their stockinged feet stretched out to the blaze, and the puffs of smoke rose from their lips like tiny salutes to the comfortable flames or like incense burned upon the altar of gratitude and contentment.

Patrick, I noticed about this time, liked to get on the leeward side of as many pipes as possible, and as near as he could to the smokers. He said that this kept away the mosquitoes. There he would sit, with the smoke drifting full in his face, both hands in his pockets, talking about Quebec, and debating the comparative merits of a boy or a girl as an addition to his household.

But the great trial of his virtue was yet to come. The main object of our trip down the River of Barks—the terminus ad quem of the expedition, so to speak—was a bear. Now the bear as an object of the chase, at least in Canada, is one of the most illusory of phantasms. The manner of hunting is simple. It consists in walking along through the woods, or paddling along a stream, until you meet a bear; then you try to shoot him. This would seem to be, as the Rev. Mr. Leslie called his book against the desires of the eighteenth century, "A Short and Easy Method." But in point of fact there are two principal difficulties. The first is that you never find the bear when and where you are looking for him. The second is that the bear sometimes finds you when—but you shall see how it happened to us.

We had hunted the whole length of the River of Barks with the utmost pains and caution, never going out, even to pick blueberries, without having the rifle at hand, loaded for the expected encounter. Not one bear had we met. It seemed as if the whole ursine tribe must have emigrated to Labrador.

At last we came to the mouth of the river, where it empties into Lake Kenogami, in a comparatively civilized country, with several farm houses in full view of the opposite bank. It was not a promising place for the chase; but the river ran down with a little fall and a lively, cheerful rapid into the lake, and it was a capital spot for fishing. So we left the rifle in the case, and took a canoe and a rod, and went down, on the last afternoon, to stand on the point of rocks at the foot of the rapid, and cast the fly.

We caught half a dozen good trout; but the sun was still hot, and we concluded to wait awhile for the evening fishing. So we turned the canoe bottom up among the bushes on the shore, stored the trout away in the shade beneath it, and sat down in a convenient place among the stones to have another chat about Quebec. We had just passed the jewelry-shops, and were preparing to go to the asylum of orphans, when Patrick put his hand on my shoulder with a convulsive grip, and pointed up the stream.

There was a huge bear, like a very big, wicked, black sheep with a pointed nose, making his way down the shore. He shambled along lazily and unconcernedly, as if his bones were loosely tied together in a bag of fur. It was the most indifferent and disconnected gait that I ever saw. Nearer and nearer he sauntered, while we sat as still as if we had been paralyzed. And the gun was in its case at the tent!

How the bear knew this I cannot tell; but know it he certainly did, for he kept on until he reached the canoe, sniffed at it suspiciously, thrust his sharp nose under it, and turned it over with a crash that knocked two holes in the bottom, and the fish, hooked his chops, stared at us for a few moments without the slightest appearance of gratitude, made up his mind to go, and did not like our new appearance and then looked leisurely up the mountain side. We could hear him cracking the underbrush long after he was lost to sight.

Patrick looked at me and sighed. I said nothing. The French language was as far as I knew it, seemed trifling and inadequate. It was a moment when nothing could do any good except the consolations of philosophy, or a pipe. Patrick pulled the briar-wood pipe from his pocket; then he took out the cake of Virginia leaf, looked at it, smelled it, shook his head, and put it back again. His face was as long as his arm. He stuck the cold pipe into his mouth, and pulled away at it for awhile in silence. Then his countenance began to clear, his mouth relaxed, he broke into a laugh.

"Sacred bear!" he cried, slapping his knee, "sacred beast of the world! What a day of good chance for her, he! But she was glad, I suppose. Perhaps she has some cubs, he? Bijette!"

III. This was the end of our hunting and fishing for that year. We spent the next two days in voyaging through a half dozen small lakes and streams, in a farming country, on our way home. I found out, Patrick kept his souvenir pipe between his lips a good deal of the time, and puffed at vacancy. It seemed to soothe him. In his conversation he dwelt with peculiar satisfaction on the thought of the money in the cigar-box on the mantel-piece at St. Ger6ne. Eighteen piastres and twenty sous

already! And what made from the tobacco the past month more than twenty-five all safe in the cigar-box on the mantel-piece at St. Ger6ne. It was not the fumes of their invisible vision, glittering walls, regiments laughing eyes of a little girl?

When we came to the Belle Riviere, fifteen miles back from St. Ger6ne, that I came into the story, and found myself, as commonly happens in the real stories which life is always bringing out in periodical form, some where about the middle of the plot. But Patrick really made me acquainted with what had gone before. Indeed,

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We had hauled our canoes and camp-stuff over the terrible road that leads to the lake, with much creaking and groaning of wagons, and complaining of men, who declared that the mud grew deeper and the hills steeper every year, and vowed their customary vow never to come that way again. At last our tents were pitched in a green copse of balsam trees, close beside the water. The delightful sense of peace and freedom descended upon our souls. Prosper and Orville were cutting wood for the camp fire; Francois was getting ready a brace of partridges for supper; Patrick and I were unpacking the provisions, arranging them conveniently for present use and future transportation.

"Here, Pat," said I, as my hand fell on a large square parcel—"here is some superfine tobacco that I got in Quebec for you and the other men on this trip. Not like the damp stuff you had last year—a little bad smoke and too many bad words. This is tobacco to burn—something quite particular, you understand. How does that please you?"

He had been rolling up a piece of salt pork in a cloth, I spoke, and contentedly wiped his fingers on the outside of the bundle before he stretched out his hand to take the package of tobacco. Then he answered, with his habitual politeness, but more solemnly than usual:

"A thousand thanks to m'sieu'. But this year I shall not have need of the good tobacco. It shall be for the others."

The reply was so unexpected that it almost took my breath away. For Pat, the steady smoker, whose pipes were as invariable as the procession of the equinoxes, to refuse his regular rations of the soothing weed was a thing unheard of. Could he be growing proud in his old age? Had he some secret supply of cigars concealed in his kit, which made him scorn the golden Virginia leaf? I demanded an explanation.

"But no, m'sieu'," he replied; "it is not that, most assuredly. It is something entirely different, something very serious. It is a reformation that I commence. Does m'sieu' permit that I should inform him of it?"

Of course I permitted, or rather, warmly encouraged, the fullest possible unfold-

"I said, m'sieu'," replied Patrick, lifting his hand to his forehead, "that I must go where the good God pleased to send me, and that I would have much joy to go to the same place with our Cur6, the P6re Morel, who is a great smoker. I am sure that the pipe of comfort is no sin to that holy man when he returns, some cold night, from the visiting of the sick—it is not sin, not more than the soft chair and the warm fire. It harms no one, and it makes quietness of mind. For me, when I see m'sieu' the Cur6 sitting at the door of the presbytere, in the evening coolness, smoking the tobacco, very peaceful, and when he says to me, 'Good day, Patrique; will you have a pipet?' I cannot think that it is wicked—no!"

There was a warmth of sincerity in the honest fellow's utterance that spoke well for the character of the cur6 of St. Ger6ne. The good word of a plain fisherman or hunter is worth more than a degree of doctor of divinity from a learned university.

I too had grateful memories of good men, faithful, charitable, wise, devout—men before whose virtues my heart stood uncovered and reverent, men whose lives were sweet with self-sacrifice and whose words were like stars of guidance to many souls—and I often saw these men solacing their toils and inviting pleasant, kindly thoughts with the pipe of peace. I wondered whether Miss Miller ever had the good fortune to meet any of these men. They were not members of the societies for ethical agitation, but they were profitable men to know. Their very presence was medicinal. It breathed patience and duty, and a large, quiet friendliness.

"Well, then," I asked, "what did she say finally to turn you? What was her last argument? Come, Pat, you must make it a little shorter than she did."

"In five words, m'sieu', it was this: 'The tobacco causes the poverty.' The fourth day—you remind yourself of the long dead water below the Rapide des G6rvais? It was there, all the day she spoke to me of the money that goes to the smoke. Two piastres the month. Twenty-four the year. Three hundred—yes, with the interest, more than three hundred in ten years! Two thousand piastres in the life of the man! But she comprehends well the arithmetic, that demoiselle Meclair; it was enormous! The big farmer Tremblay has not more money at the bank than that. Then she asks me if I have been at Quebec? No. If I would love to go? Of course, yes. For two years of the smoking we could go, the good wife and me, to Quebec, and see the grand city, and the shops, and the many people, and the cathedral, and perhaps the theatre. And at the asylum of the orphans we could seek one of the little found children to bring home with us, to be our own; for m'sieu' knows it is the sadness of our house that we have so no child. But it was not Mees Meclair

already! And with the addition to be made from the tobacco not smoked during the past month, it would amount to more than twenty-three piastres; and all safe in the cigar-box as if it were in the bank at Chicoutimi! That reflection seemed to fill the empty pipe with fragrance. It was a Barneccio smoke; and the fumes of it were potent, and their inviolable wreath framed the most cheerful visions of tall towers, gray walls, glittering windows, crowds of people, regiments of soldiers, and the laughing eyes of a little boy—or was it a little girl?

When we came out of the mouth of La Belle Rivière, the broad blue expanse of Lake St. John spread before us, calm and bright in the radiance of the sickling sun. In a curve on the left, eight miles away, sparkled the slender steeple of the church of St. Gérôme. A thick column of smoke rose from somewhere in its neighborhood. "It is on the beach," said the men; "the boys of the village accustomed themselves to burn the rubbish there for a bonfire." But as our canoes danced light forward over the waves and came nearer to the place, it was evident that the smoke came from the village itself. It was a conflagration, but not a general one; the houses were too scattered and the day too still for a fire to spread. What could it be? Perhaps the blacksmith shop, perhaps the bakery, perhaps the old tumble-down barn of the little Tremblay? It was not a large fire, that was certain. But where was it precisely?

The question, becoming more and more anxious, was answered when we arrived at the beach. A handful of boys, eager to be the bearers of news had spied us far off, and ran down to the shore to meet us. "Patricque! Patricque!" they shouted in English, to make their importance as great as possible in my eyes. "Come tme; kme; yo' onse ees hot burn!"

"What?" cried Patrick. "Monje!" And he drove the canoe ashore, leaped out, and ran up the bank toward the village as if he were mad. The other men followed him, leaving me with the boys to unload the canoes and pull them up on the sand, where the waves would not choke them. This took some time, and the boys helped me willingly. "Et ces nees need t'urry, m'sieu," they assured me; "dat 'onse to Patricque Moullarquet had burn' sence t'ree hour. No t'ing lef' bot de hash."

As soon as possible, however, I piled up the stuff, covered it with one of the tents, and leaving it in charge of the village and the site of the Maison Mullarquet. It had vanished completely; the walls of squared logs were gone; the low, curved roof had fallen; the door-step with the morning glory vines climbing up beside it had sunk out of sight; nothing remained but the débris of the clay oven at the back of the house, and a heap of smouldering embers.

Patrick sat beside his wife on a flat stone that had formerly supported the corner of the porch. His shoulder was close to Angélique's—so close that it looked almost as if he must have had his arm around her a moment before I came up. His passion and grief had calmed themselves down now, and he held the cask of Virginia leaf in his right hand. He was cutting off delicate slivers of the tobacco, which he rolled together with a circular motion between his palms. Then he pulled his pipe from his pocket and filled the bowl with great deliberation. "What a misfortune! I am so sorry, pretty house is gone. I am so sorry, Patrick. And the box of money on the mantel-piece, that is gone, too! I fear—all your savings. What a terrible misfortune! How did it happen?"

"I cannot tell," he answered rather slowly. "It is the good God. And he has left me my Angélique. The m'sieu, you see—here he went to the pile of ashes, and pulled out a fragment of charred wood with a live coal at the end—"you see"—puff, puff—"he has given me"—puff, puff—"a light for my pipe again"—puff, puff!

The fragrant, friendly smoke was pouring out now in full volume. It enwrapped his head like drifts of cloud around the rugged top of the mountain at sunrise. I cried, "The m'sieu's face is spreading into a smile of ineffable contentment. 'My faith!' said I, 'how can you be so cheerful? Your house is in ashes; your money is burned up; the voyage to Quebec, the visit to the asylum, the little orphan—how can you give it all up so easily?'"

"Well," he replied, taking the pipe from his mouth, his fingers curling around the bowl, as if they loved to feel that it was warm once more—"well, then, it would be more hard, I suppose, to give it up not easily. And then, for this house, we shall build a new one this fall; the neighbors will help. And for the voyage to Quebec—without that we may be happy. And as regards the little orphan, I will tell you frankly—I—here he went back to his seat upon the flat stone, and settled himself with an air of great comfort beside his partner—"I tell you, in confidence, Angélique demands that I prepare a particular furniture at the new house. Yes, it is a cradle; but it is not for an orphan."

It was late in the following summer when I came back again to St. Gérôme. The golden-rods and the asters were all in bloom along the village street; and as I walked down it the broad golden sunlight of the short afternoon seemed to glorify the open road and the plain square houses with a careless, homely radiance of peace. The air was softly fragrant with the odor of bilge of Gilead. A yellow warbler sang from a little clump of elder-bushes, tinkling out his contented song like a chime of tiny bells, "Sweet—sweet—sweet—sweet—sweet—sweet!"

There was the new house, a little farther back from the road than the old one; and in the place where the heap of ashes had lain, a primitive garden, with marigolds and lupines and zinnias

all bloom. And there was Patrick, sitting on the door-step, smoking his pipe in the cool of the day. Yes; and there, on a many-colored counterpane spread beside him, an infant joy of the house of Markey was sucking her thumb, while her father was humming the words of an old slumber-song:

Salute Marguerite,
Valez sa pette!
Endormez ma p'tite enfant
Jusqu'à l'aube de quinze ans!
Quant il aura quinze ans passé
Il faudra la marier
Avec un pillé honnête
Que viendra de Rome.

"Hola! Patrick," I cried; good luck to you! Is it a girl or a boy?" "Salut! m'sieu," he answered, jumping up and waving his pipe. "It is a girl and a boy!"

Sure enough, as I entered the door, I beheld Angélique rocking the new babe of the reward of virtue in the new cradle.

MARY MAGDALEN'S FUNERAL TEARS.

By Consuelo.

For two days the rain had dripped drearily from the overcast heavens. On the morning of the third it had ceased falling. There were "tender glints of promise in the sky," and a delightful breeze made the spring air fresh and invigorating.

The party of four young people, who were traveling westward in the comfortable coach of an express train, had managed to pass the time pleasantly, despite the disagreeable weather.

Their eyes had grown accustomed to dun sedges and rain-soaked fields. But as the forenoon advanced patches of azure sky peeped between the rifts in the lowering clouds and finally a burst of dazzling sunshine transfigured the world.

At the same moment, a change appeared in the landscape. The train rounded a curve, and a silvery lake, bordered by perennially green trees, and a distant glimpse of mountains came into view.

"Oh, how delightful, how entrancing! From this drear thraldom to be free."

Miss Vivian Courtney sang the operative selection softly, with a musical ripple in her rich, contralto voice. Then she said, gaily: "We are at last emerging from the desert, and the sunshine is welcoming us into the land of promise. Are not the fates propitious, Geraldine?"

Miss Courtney turned to her companion, a young woman becomingly attired in a blue traveling gown. She was rather tall, graceful in figure, and steadfast of temper, as a model for the American type of beauty. She had regular features, clear, expressive blue eyes and wavy brown hair. Altogether Miss Geraldine Tremayne was very fair to look upon.

She glanced up from a book she had been perusing, smiled slightly, inclined her head and resumed her reading.

Vivian, dark eyed and vivacious, chatted pleasantly with the two young men sitting opposite. One was her brother Chester, the betrothed of Geraldine; the other, Mr. Forbes, an old friend. The four were going to visit Mrs. Courtney, who, a few months before, had gone from the East to Denver for her health.

Mr. Courtney's eyes kept roving in the direction of Geraldine; and at last he asked, rather satirically: "May I inquire the title of that all-absorbing book? You have scarcely raised your eyes from it all the morning."

Miss Tremayne lifted her head, and an unwonted sparkle came into her blue eyes. Unconsciously, perhaps, there was a challenge in her look. She hesitated an instant, then closed the book and held it toward him, still keeping her finger in the page she had been reading. It was a pretty volume neatly bound. In the center were conveyed to places where they would be cared for. Geraldine found the book for the members of her party in a hotel. After Mr. Forbes' hand had received the attention, he was able to consider the suffering Vivian to her mother's home only a few miles further on. Geraldine remained beside Mr. Courtney who was still unconscious. Vivian had promised to send Mrs. Courtney back as soon as possible.

The injured man was in a very dangerous condition, and when the physician left that night, they had little hope of his recovery. With face as white as the one upon which her tears fell, Geraldine bent over him. The doctor's words, "he may not live until morning," still rung in her ears. "It cannot be," she moaned, wringing her hands. "So young, so strong, and stricken down!"

Her thought of him dying in his sins and standing before the God Whose existence he had dared to deny. She fell upon her knees and tried to pray but an awful fear and despair seized her. She arose, shuddering when the voice of the tempter seemed to say: "What right have you, a renegade to look, with suspended breath, at a still white face lying on the pillow. Wearily the time dragged on. Somewhere in the distance a clock tolled out the hour. It was 3 o'clock. She had not noticed it strike before into her mind: "The night of agony is nearly passed," and then the words: "There is no sorrow like unto My sorrow."

As a sudden burst of light across an inky sky came a ray of hope that illumined the black despair of her soul. The compassionate Saviour, suffering in the Garden of Gethsemane, would hear the prayer of the repentant sinner. She thought again of Mary Magdalen, who "went forth in the beauty of heaven," from the feast. Then she sank upon her knees and prayed.

Good Friday dawned. A dark cloud obscured the rising sun as if nature mourned for man's ingratitude. There seemed to be a slight change in Mr. Courtney's condition. Eagerly Geraldine awaited the doctor's coming. He declared her love when her child most needed her. Never were tidings more welcome. With care, the

physician said, the patient would recover. Then, in the privacy of her own room, Geraldine thanked God for granting the unspoken prayer of her heart. Her mind was made up. She would leave all to follow Christ. She had rejected His teachings. For wealth and worldly honors she had forsaken Him, and in her heart had been enshrined an earthly laid upon him, her punishment would have been justly deserved. But God had mercifully spared him. Her renunciation was complete. She reserved but one privilege, that of praying as long as she lived for his conversion.

Mrs. Courtney came on the morning train. At noon Chester asked to see Geraldine. When she stood beside him, to her surprise he asked: "Where is that book you had yesterday?" "I have it still. Why do you ask?" "I would like to read it, if I may."

"Certainly. As soon as you are able." That afternoon, greatly wearied, Geraldine fell asleep in her chair. She was awakened by the ringing of a bell. The deep, sonorous tones reminded her of the bell that was christened "St. Mary," in the Eastern church where she and her mother had worshipped in her girlhood days. One day when the bell was ringing, she remembered hearing her mother say: "Listen to the voice of Mary. It seems to be saying: 'Come! Come! Come!'"

She thought the bell was repeating the same message now—"Come! Come! Come!" She rose, dressed for the street, and quietly left the hotel. A few minutes later she was ascending the steps of the church dedicated to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary. She made the Stations of the Cross and once more knelt and kissed the "Five Wounds of the Image of Christ Crucified." Some time later, when Geraldine left the church, she met three Sisters just outside the door. There was a startled glance, an exclamation of surprise, and the hands of one of the Sisters were clasped in those of Geraldine.

"Is it possible—Sister Ignatius—away out here?" she asked. "It is quite possible," the Sister said. "I am Sister Ignatius." She looked puzzled, then a light broke over her face. "And you are Geraldine Tremayne!"

Sister Ignatius had been Geraldine's teacher and her mother's dearest friend. For several years, owing to poor health, she had lived in Colorado. Her brother was pastor of the Church of the Holy Rosary. The child of her heart had never been very dear to her, she had grieved when Geraldine was removed from school and had never ceased to pray for her. Thus the two had strangely met. Geraldine accepted the invitation of Sister Ignatius and went into the Sisters' house adjoining the church. Before she left she had told her friend her story, and she had said: "I fear I have forfeited your good opinion, Sister." Her cheeks burned and her voice was low and faltering. Sister Ignatius laid her hand gently on the bowed head. "No my child. Although we despise sin, we must love the sinner. Who among us is without sin? Many who vainly boast have never been tempted. God reward you for the sacrifice you are making. Be comforted for there is joy in heaven when a sinner does penance."

Geraldine returned to the hotel greatly comforted. On Holy Saturday afternoon she mingled with the throng of penitents. On Easter morning she received her mother's letter. She, too, had risen to a new life.

"The waters of life had gushed forth from the wounds of the Victor Who suffered to save."

Three days later Chester Courtney was able to be removed to his mother's home. His last interview with Geraldine affected him greatly. She told him all without reserve, and pointed out the impossibility of marriage between them. To her surprise he did not seem when she openly vowed herself a Catholic, and when they parted "Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears" was in his possession.

Sister Ignatius consulted with her brother, Father Wynne, and the latter obtained a position for Geraldine. A friend of his, the pastor of one of the large churches in a neighboring city, desired an organist. There was also an excellent opening for a teacher of music. Geraldine's talent fitted her for the position. An accomplished well-trained voice. Indeed, it was her vocal ability that had first attracted Chester Courtney, who was also a fine musician. She gratefully accepted Father Wynne's offer.

Several years passed by. Miss Tremayne had won more than a local musical reputation. Still young, beautiful and accomplished; it was no wonder that she had received several excellent offers of marriage. But she refused them all and devoted her time to teaching and charitable work.

For nearly four years she had heard nothing of the Courtneys. A year after Chester's accident, his mother had died. Vivian married and returned to the East. About the same time her brother went to California. One day Geraldine received a letter from Father Wynne, asking her to take part in a concert for the benefit of the Church of the Holy Rosary. She consented gladly, for the sacred edifice was very dear to her.

Some time before, Father Wynne had received a large contribution from an unknown source. It enabled him to put into execution a long cherished plan—the building of a school for boys, under the patronage of St. Joseph. The concert was to take place in the hall of the recently completed structure, on the evening of the day of its dedication.

With some emotion Geraldine revisited for the first time the place where the great change in her life had been effected. Sister Ignatius received her affectionately. She admired the beauty of the new school and went into the church to pray. She took

pleasure in playing on the fine pipe organ in the new building. It was also the gift of the unknown donor. Geraldine drank tea with Father Wynne. He told her that a feature of the concert was to be the singing of a boys' quartet and chorus under the direction of Brother Joseph, a fine musician who had been teaching in the old school for nearly a year. Brother Joseph was highly gifted, but remarkably modest and retiring. Nevertheless, he was to be placed in charge of the new school. Geraldine listened with interest. From Father Wynne's praise, she conceived an exalted opinion of Brother Joseph. That evening when she had finished her solo and responded to an enthusiastic concert, she watched the boys, sixteen in number, come on the stage. The organ pealed forth grandly, the music rose and fell, soft and low like a lullaby, full and strong like a song of triumph. Then the clear, boyish voices were raised heavenward. They sang exquisitely, their training was marvellous, and the applause was long and loud. At last they filed out. Geraldine bent forward to look at the gifted Brother Joseph. For an instant their eyes met in mutual recognition. It was Chester Courtney. Like a flash she comprehended everything. He was the mysterious benefactor, whose munificence had erected St. Joseph's school for boys. He had devoted his talents to the training of youth, his wealth to charity, his life to the service of God.

How good and merciful the loving Father had been! Geraldine bowed her head in silent thanksgiving. The void in her heart was filled, the prayer of her life answered. God's grace had wrought the seemingly impossible through "Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears."

Let us not count too much what we do for others, or try to measure the extent of our devotion; the calculation casts a coolness into the soul, and this coolness communicates itself to all our actions.—Golden Sands.

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Letters of Recommendation: Appointed Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

To the Editor of The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

My Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

Following these lines I have done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, and its wholesome influence reaches many Catholic homes.

I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.

Yours faithfully in Christ, GONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1905.

To the Editor of The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, The Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Believe me and wishing you success, I remain, Sir, your sincere friend, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Latisana, Aponte, Italy.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 21, 1905.

BON VOYAGE.

The beloved Archbishop of Kingston, Most Rev. Dr. Gaullier, and the beloved Bishop of London, Right Rev. Dr. McEvay, will sail from New York on the 23rd inst. to pay their first visit to the saintly head of the Universal Church, Pius X.

In leaving their respective fields of labor they take with them the gratitude of their people—a gratitude as sincere as it is deserved—and a heartfelt appreciation of their devotion and self-sacrifice.

The many tokens of love from priests and people, as well as the religious communities, of which they have been from time to time the recipients, are reminders that their unwearied zeal in the cause of education, and the learning and practical judgment, of which we have had so many object lessons, are not unnoticed. And these greetings should tell the prelates that their kindness to all, irrespective of creed, their commiseration of the sick and suffering and loving care of the poor, say more to their people than any speech, however eloquent. We think of the words of the prayer which the Church offered for them, before she admitted them into the ranks of the Episcopate, express their careers: They have cherished humility and truth; overcome neither by flattery nor fear; lovingly severe, giving judgment without wrath, softening the minds of their hearers whilst fostering virtues, not neglecting strictness of discipline through love of tranquility.

Despite the peril and labor and difficulty of the Episcopal office, they have done their work as the Heavenly Commander enjoins.

Not only have they been a power for good, but they have also left the impress of their personal character upon the hearts and minds of those with whom they have come in contact. How this influence, which we call personality, has been fashioned and developed, we can but conjecture. But we know that by prayer and meditation, by personal love for Christ, in solitude and through trial and sorrow—for a Bishop, like his Master, has betimes occasion to weep—it has become—this personality—a potent influence for good. It touches hearts and makes us feel that our souls—ye, our pursuits, our households, are the objects of the Bishop's solicitude. It is dignified, but not so as to affront the lowliest among us. Humble and devoted, it receives the love and fidelity of their flocks. Aid greater testimony is the affection and loyalty of the priests.

Certain it is that the Archbishop of Kingston and the Bishop of London possess the hearts of their priests. In all things the priests are intensely loyal, and are ready at a word for any work for the good of souls. They are obedient, indeed, but they are also proud of their Bishops, jealous of their fame and anxious not to tarnish it. In a word, they love their superiors, for

they know that under the purple beats the heart of a friar and father. That love helps them in their trials and labors; and to the men who have called it into being, it must be a perennial source of joy and thankfulness.

When the Archbishop of Kingston and the Bishop of London are in the presence of the world's greatest democrat, Pius X., they will tell him, doubtless, the works they have accomplished. Statistics will bear evidence of our progress. But the declaration they can make that they rule over priests and people whose generosity is matchless, and whose love is theirs, will assure the Holy Father that Kingston and London are singularly blessed in their Bishops.

The Archbishop of Kingston will be accompanied by the Rev. John T. Hogan, of Perth, and the Bishop of London by Rev. J. E. Aylward, rector of the Cathedral. Both rev. gentlemen have, by their arduous labors and faithful discharge of duties, earned a goodly vacation. May they enjoy it to the utmost and return to their respective charges renewed in strength to pursue their holy work.

TESTIMONIAL TO BISHOP McEVAY.

Last Wednesday was a notable day in the history of the Diocese of London, for on that day was given a practical demonstration by the priests of the diocese of the love they bore their chief pastor. They were all present in the cathedral city. The esteem in which their Bishop is held is not confined to a portion. All without exception have learned to hold him in the highest regard, because his warm heart is at all times with them in their work, sustaining them and encouraging them by kindly word and deed and by noble example. They place their trust in him because he is worthy of their trust. They love him because he is worthy of their love. He is to them in season and out of season the loving chief pastor who lightens their burden and brightens their pathway as they labor in the vineyard of the Saviour.

At the Sacred Heart Convent on the day named the priests assembled for the purpose of bidding adieu to Bishop McEvay on the occasion of his departure for Rome. A very interesting entertainment was given by the pupils of the convent. The children were prepared in a manner which reflected the very highest credit on the community.

After the entertainment a sumptuous dinner was served, at the close of which Viner General Meunier read the following address to His Lordship. It was beautifully illuminated by a Religious of the Ursuline Academy, Chatham.

The address was accompanied by a purse containing over \$2,000. The purse was presented by Rev. T. West, P. P., St. Thomas.

To the Right Reverend Fergus Patrick McEvay, D. D., Bishop of London, Ont.

May it please Your Lordship—You are about to depart on a long journey—you are going to Rome, to the tomb and at his glorious tomb you will pray the Prince of the Apostles to quicken in us all, both pastors and flock, the fire of that apostolic charity which inflames men with the desire to live and die for Christ.

You are going to Rome—to the chair of Peter, there to give evidence of your faith, as it is from that Chair of truth and life that we await the lights that help us to dissipate that infernal darkness and the shadows of death that weigh so heavily upon the world at the present day.

You are going to Rome—to the successor of Peter—to give an account of your Episcopal labors. It is with joy that the Holy Father will learn that the day of the "restoring of all things in Christ" is already dawning in this fair portion of Christ's Kingdom; that day on which, as he wrote in his first epistle, in each city and in each town the law of the Lord is carefully kept and holy things surrounded with respect; the sacraments frequented; in a word, all that goes to make the Christian life held in high honor.

Our prayers and good wishes accompany you on this long and important journey, and these good wishes are most ardent because we hold you in high esteem.

We esteem you, and we take advantage of this opportunity to tell you so, because you have made yourself both the apostle and the champion of the Catholic school, and we may be permitted to use in your regard the words of congratulation which you addressed to the venerable Archbishop of Ottawa in eighteen hundred and ninety nine. He had availed himself, you said, to the fullest extent of both religious and secular education by establishing Christian schools wherein the heart as well as the head of the child might be trained and all the faculties of the man receive due attention. And I may be permitted to illustrate this by some facts: While giving due credit to your zealous predecessors in the see of London, we at the same time realize how the building of 17 new churches, the establishing of 40 separate schools, the starting of 6 new parishes, the increased room for the infirm, the old people, the orphans and many other good works, have appealed to you for help and not in vain. We esteem you, in fact, for your personal generosity.

We are happy, therefore, to be able to give expression to our esteem to

day, and to wish that for a long time to come we may be enlightened by your counsels and influenced by your example, and with all our hearts we wish you a happy and successful voyage.

Our fervent prayer is that as you go you return. "In omni pietate et prospera peritiam dirigat te Omnipotens et Misericors Deus. . . ut cum pace et gaudio revertaris ad propria." (Itinerarium.)

Accept, my Lord, this faint proof of our affection. Since you are undertaking this long and arduous journey for our happiness and for the interest of the diocese, it is fitting that our grateful love should offer the traveller's vaticum.

Before you depart, my Lord, we would ask you to bless us—bless the good will of your priests to render it still more fruitful; bless us all so that during your absence your spirit of faith and pastoral zeal may dwell with us and that the Church of your diocese may on your return be as beautiful and flourishing as it is on your departure.

Signed on behalf of the priests of the diocese,

VERY REV. J. E. MEUNIER, REV. P. BRENNAN, REV. T. WEST, REV. C. MCGEE.

His Lordship Bishop McEvay replied as follows: Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers—I thank you most sincerely for your beautiful and artistic address and for your exceedingly generous gift, and I prize the good will which prompted both as a treasure beyond any price. The slender resources of most of you, and the many demands made upon you, are known to me, and hence I can appreciate all the more your generosity. Besides this is not the first time I have experienced your kindness. Since the day of my consecration when I came to you as a stranger to the present I have received, on every occasion, the greatest consideration and courtesy in every part of the diocese, and it has always been a real pleasure for me to visit you in your parishes and to see the good work you were doing in the interests of the Divine Master. In a young and free and prosperous country like the one in which we live the multiplying of churches, schools and parishes becomes a necessity and imposes much work and anxiety on the clergy. They must expect to bear the burden and the heat of the day, for the way to our true home is steep and narrow.

Now I am delighted to be able to report to the Holy Father that you as a body of priests have acted in a spirit of faith and loyalty and obedience and generosity, and that I could always rely on you and trust you in every emergency. In God's Church there should be union and order and charity, and hence we require the faithful and devoted laity to act in harmony with the clergy, the clergy with the Bishop, and the Bishop with the Holy Father—the successor of St. Peter and Vicar of Christ on earth. Here is a bond that no power can break. As you have done your part and I include with you the good priests who have gone to their reward—so it is proper that I should do mine. One of my duties is to go to the eternal city to make the diocesan report to the Holy See. Your co-operation and good-will make the duty easy and pleasant. You even supply superabundantly the expenses, and your prayers will continue on my behalf.

I can only express to you my gratitude and promise to pray for you at the tombs of the Apostles and the holy shrines, and I will ask a special benediction for my good and faithful priests and people from the Holy Father.

The Vicar-General will act as Administrator during my absence, and I know you will give him the same loyal support you have ever given me. May God bless you all.

CREED REVISION.

The efforts of the clergy of the various sects to show the consistency of their belief are always strenuous, but there is necessarily a humorous side to these efforts when there is an attempt to show that a constantly varying body of doctrine is really the original truth as God revealed it.

At the Knox Alumni conference, which met in Toronto on the 5th inst., this was painfully apparent. The Rev. Hugh Matheson, L. L. B., read a paper on "The Ethics of Subscription," by which title we are given to understand that the learned gentleman intended to prove that it is quite the correct thing for Presbyterian ministers to sign the Westminster Confession of Faith, notwithstanding that it is a well-known fact that there are parts thereof which are now admitted to be erroneous, absurd, and injurious to Almighty God, inasmuch as they misrepresent His essential attributes of justice and mercy.

The Rev. Mr. Matheson maintains, though in designedly obscure language, that the Church has changed her doctrines in the course of time.

Thus: "The creeds had been arrived at by the development of truth in the Church's own consciousness, and our faith today had come from a Christian experience of many centuries."

"The Church had moved and is still moving, and the part that does not follow should die. Having authority to state her faith, the Church has authority to restate it."

And this sentiment was received with applause! It is very true that the Church of Christ has authority to state her faith, and to restate the same faith even in other words—but not to change the "faith once delivered to the saints." This, however, not the Rev. Mr. Matheson's meaning. He evidently means to justify what the Presbyterians have been doing of late years in Scotland, England, and the United

States, and what is being proposed in Canada, that the faith as given in the Westminster Confession may and must be changed to suit the opinions of the present day; and it is clear that his words were so understood by his audience, for, if his meaning were otherwise, the announcement would have been too tame to call for the applause which was given it.

The truth of the matter is that it was the speaker's intention to give approval to the change of the Westminster Confession which would reject from it the now exploded doctrine of preterition—that God has so passed over certain of mankind in the distribution of His graces, that they have not the ability to fulfil and obey His law, and they must therefore be numbered among the reprobate, who are foreordained to damnation.

There are certain other doctrines equally obnoxious with this which we need not here enumerate, as it is not our present purpose to debate them, but merely to show that it is a present theory with Presbyterians that the Church may change its creed as it deems proper, and this has been done by the Free Presbyterian Churches of England, Scotland, and the United States. Our readers have not forgotten the fact that it was because of this departure from the old Westminster Confession that the Judicial Committee of the British House of Lords awarded the property of the Free Kirk of Scotland, which changed its belief in 1900, to the remnant which remained faithful to the doctrine of the Confession of Faith, and who are now generally known as the "Wee Frees."

We admit that the Rev. Mr. Matheson declares that "he does not mean that the Church may change its belief, but only its statement." This language is well understood. It is what the United States Presbyterian Church declared when it completed the Revision of the Confession. The same doctrine to which we refer was really rejected by the General Assembly, not by erasing it from the Confession, but by a new "statement" whereby a meaning was attached to the words which they never had before, and which they have not now except by the novel interpretation given them. Rev. Mr. Matheson makes his meaning sufficiently clear by the whole tenor of his reasoning, which aims at showing that the Church permits disagreement in matters of minor importance which the Church acknowledges are not of the essence." It is somewhat flippant to call what God has revealed "a matter of minor importance."

The Rev. Dr. McNair speaks plainly enough on this matter, so as not to be misunderstood. He said, just after the reading of Rev. Mr. Matheson's essay: "I am in perfect agreement with the Church of the present age, and with the historical Church, though I had a difficulty in subscribing to the standards. I finally determined to do so, but not literally, and I believe others have done the same. The Church does not require a literal interpretation."

This makes more plain the Rev. Mr. Matheson's meaning, for the two gentlemen are clearly in accord. Dr. McNair concludes that "a declarative standard is required." This is to the same purpose as the words of Rev. Mr. Matheson's essay, that the Church should restate her faith, not by changing her belief, but merely by "a change of statement."

But how does this right of the Church to change her belief, by merely changing the manner of statement of that belief, accord with the teaching of Scripture on the immutability of faith?

To answer this we need only quote a few passages of holy writ. Christ's commission to His Apostles was: "Teach all nations. . . to observe to all things whatsoever I have commanded you." (St. Matt., xxviii., 19-20.)

Christ's commands do not change according to the whims of individuals or congregations, and therefore the truths to be taught by His apostles and their successors should be the same for all time.

"But though we or an angel from heaven preach a gospel to you beside that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema." (Gal. i. 8.)

This is repeated in verse 9, and there is therefore no authority on earth which can change this doctrine of the Gospel by one iota.

"The Church of the Living God (the pillar and ground of truth." (1 Tim. iii. 15.)

Truth is unchangeable: therefore, so must be the teaching of the Church.

"But the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, . . . will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind whatsoever I have said to you." (St. Jno. xiv., 26.)

The teaching of Christ's Church must, therefore, be unchanging, and not subject to revision, and the teachers or pastors of the Church who subscribe to its doctrines with a reservation are those who "turn the truth of God to fables." (2 Tim. iv. 4.)

From the evident longing of many

prominent Canadian Presbyterians to follow the example of their American brethren, in revising the Westminster Creed, we may safely infer that a similar revision in Canada is not far off. A union is also much talked of with other denominations, but no such union can be effected under the present creed, which is unpopular with most other denominations. It may be presumed, therefore, that such a revision will take place before negotiations for such union will be seriously entered upon.

THE SABBATH AND THE LORD'S DAY.

"Sabat," of Guelph, Ontario, writes: "Members of a sect calling themselves Seventh Day Baptists and Second Adventists have been very busy in this neighborhood of late in trying to gain converts to their belief, which seems to be chiefly directed towards the observance of the seventh day of the week, or Saturday, as the Christian day of rest. They circulate many tracts here, the object of which is to show that all other Christians have gone wrong on this point by following the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church, which in the reign of Constantine the Great appointed the Sunday to be kept holy instead of the Saturday, which is the day meant in the commandment given in Exodus xx. 8: 'Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. . . for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all things that are in them, and rested on the seventh day. Therefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and sanctified it.'"

"On what authority was this change that the weekly Christian day of rest should be kept on the Sunday? I take the liberty of asking you on this matter, as I do not find in the Catholic books within reach any very satisfactory explanation of it."

The answer: 1. In the first place, we would point out to our esteemed correspondent that the Seventh Day Baptists and Second Adventists do not constitute the Church of God, which was established by Christ and which the Holy Scripture designates "the pillar and ground of truth." (1 Tim. iii. 15.) These sects have therefore no authority to make laws for the government of Christ's Church on earth, nor have they received any commission from Christ to teach all nations, such as Christ gave to His Apostles, promising to remain with them to the end of time. (St. Matthew xxviii., 20.) They are, therefore, under the condemnation expressed by the Apostle St. Paul:

"But though we or an angel from heaven preach a gospel to you beside that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema." (Gal. i. 8.)

The Second Adventists and Seventh Day Baptists are sects of the eighteenth century, and are therefore by so much too recent to be the authorized teachers of the original Christian faith which Christ taught and His Apostles preached.

2. The authority of the Catholic Church, appointing the first day of the week or Sunday to be kept holy, is sufficient justification for the change which has been made. It will be seen from Acts xv. that when a disension arose in the Church on the question of circumcision, which some of the Pharisee converts declared should be observed by all who became members of the Church of Christ, the Apostles and ancients (who were the priests, being in the Greek original *presbyteroi*) "came together to consider of the matter." The conclusion was, according to verses 28, 29, that the burden of circumcision should not be laid upon the Gentile Christians, though it was commanded under the old law given by God to Moses, and even earlier to the patriarchs.

St. Peter and Paul also gave ample directions for the duties which the converts were to fulfil, as: "Let all things be done decently and according to order;" and, "as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, so do you also." (1 Cor. xvi. 40; xvi. 1.)

The Church of Christ had, therefore, authority to make all proper arrangements for the discipline of the Church and divine worship. The same authority must necessarily be exercised by the successors of the Apostles, who are the prelates of the Catholic Church, and especially the Pope, who is St. Peter's successor and supreme head of the Church. We need look no further, therefore, than to the usage of the Catholic Church for the authority to keep the Sunday or Lord's day holy.

3. It is not correct to say that the Sunday was made the weekly festival of the Church by Constantine the Great. That day was observed by the Church even from the days of the Apostles—centuries before the time of Constantine—and though we do not find an absolute command in the New Testament that it should be kept holy, we do find irrefutable allusions to it as a day of special prayer on which the Apostles assembled for the purpose of adoring Almighty God, celebrating the Holy Eucharistic sacrifice by the breaking of bread, and thanking God for His mercies. The first allusion to this is in St. Jno. xx. 26, where we find that on the eighth day after Christ's Resurrection "His disciples were

again within, and Thomas with them." This was the first Sunday after Christ's Resurrection, as the Jews reckoned time by including both the first and last days of the period, just as the day of Pentecost was reckoned as the fiftieth day after Easter or the Pasch, though it was really seven weeks or forty nine full days. On the occasion of the assembling of the Apostles in the first Lord's Day after the Resurrection, Christ manifested Himself to them, and received the profession of faith of Thomas, who not till then gave credit to what he had been told of the Lord's Resurrection; but when told to put his finger into our divine Redeemer's wounds, he professed his full belief in Him, saying: "My Lord and My God."

4. In Acts xx. 6 we read that St. Paul on one of his journeys stayed at Troas seven days. There is no reference here to any observance of the Sabbath or seventh day; but the Christians assembled on the first day of the week to break bread, and to listen to the discourse of the great Apostle, St. Chrysostom and other early Fathers of the Church infer from this that the weekly Christian day of worship was even then kept on the Sunday and not on the Sabbath.

In 1 Cor. xvi. 2 we find the Apostle of Christ ordering that certain collections for the poor Christians of Jerusalem should be taken up on the first day of the week, so that they should be ready on the occasion of his visit to them, that he might send their bounty to Jerusalem by trustworthy messengers, or carry it with him should he go there in person. It is clear from this that the faithful were wont to assemble on the first day of the week for prayer and the celebration of the Holy Eucharist or the Lord's Supper, as described in 1 Cor. xi.

It was on the Lord's day or Sunday that St. John, being in spirit, that is, being engaged in prayer and meditation, received from Christ the glorious Apocalyptic vision which made known many of the details of the history of Christ's Church on earth, his future trials and triumphs, and the final reward of the saints in heaven. (Apoc. or Rev. i. 10.)

From all these circumstances combined we have evidence that the institution of the Lord's day comes from the Apostles themselves, who seem to have been instructed by our Blessed Lord to observe that day in honor of His Resurrection. But, however this may be, the day was kept at least by order of the Apostles and from their time.

In the earliest days of the Church the Christians, in their fervor, devoted much time to prayer, "continuing daily with one accord in the temple and breaking bread from house to house. . . and the Lord added daily to their Society (the Church) such as should be saved." (Acts ii. 46.) But it is clear from the meeting of the Apostles at Jerusalem, as referred to above, and whereby it was decreed that circumcision was not obligatory under the New Law, that the ceremonial laws of the Jews were no longer of obligation to be kept. This is also indicated decisively by the passage Col. ii. 16, 17, where the Sabbath is specially spoken of:

"Let no man, therefore, judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a festival day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbaths, which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ."

5. During the several centuries which preceded the time of Constantine the Great, the Sabbath was kept to some extent as a memorial day of the creation of the world, and not because it was the Jewish festival; but the Lord's Day was regarded as more holy, because the greatest mystery of the Christian religion is the Resurrection of Jesus, whereby the Redemption of mankind was fully accomplished, and because this mystery is the basis on which Christian faith is founded; for St. Paul says: "And if Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

In the year 170 there was a treatise extant by Melito, Bishop of Sardis, on the Lord's Day as universally observed by Christians; and Justin Martyr, who lived and wrote in A. D. 150, declares that the Christians assembled for worship on the day of the Sun, or Sunday, on which darkness was dispelled through the resurrection of Jesus.

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Ignatius the Martyr, who was put to death in 107, declares that "we (Christians) do not sabbatize, but observe the Lord's Day on which we rise through Him."

Thus we see that the observance of the Lord's Day began long before Constantine's reign, and goes back to the Apostolic days. In fact St. Ignatius, whom we have quoted above, was a contemporary and a disciple of the Apostle St. John. Constantine's do-

ctrine was to the effect that the Lord's Day should be celebrated, but made no claim as a new festival.

ST. FRANCIS' PREACHING.

Rev. Leo L. Dabala, S. M., O. S. B., writes: "St. Francis was a man who put all his heart in his rather exhortations. . . of the methodic composition of the sermons. He spoke with the heart, and there were no proofs to establish a belief, but a simple heart and to the simple hearers, a learned doctor often remembered who have never been able to hear them. Even those of Brother Francis heard them. Even those who had remained in my mind and my heart charmed me." "Every hearer to remember composed of the sermons; remember only the lucid, uncolored, and to be lives. To attain the straight to their hearts that men of his time put on the right track more their will to cause their natural do the rest."

(Written for The Catholic Record by Rev. J. E. R. Gaudin, M. S. S. O., and a member of the Society of the Holy Cross.)

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Missing Mass of parent sin. It is when there is a great Human respect, such and evil associated thousands; Mass men of thousands. Anxiety about sin on Sundays; it distracts every man and woman highly.

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ST. FRANCIS' METHOD OF PREACHING.

Rev. Leo L. Dubois, S. M., in Donahoe's for October.

St. Francis was a man of heart, and he put all his heart in his sermons, or rather exhortations. There was nothing of the methodical, didactic, formal composition of the sermons of the time. He spoke what the heart prompted him to say. There were no arguments, no proofs to establish doctrines which all believed, but a simple appeal to the hearts and to the wills of his hearers. It was this which made one of Francis' hearers, a learned doctor, say: "I have often remembered whole sermons, but I have never been able to re-compose those of Brother Francis after having heard them. Even when some points have remained in my memory, I did not find any more the beauty which had charmed me." Francis did not wish his hearers to remember a beautifully-composed discourse; he wished them to remember only the lesson which he had inculcated, and to carry it out in their lives. To attain this object he went straight to the heart. He knew well that men of his time needed only to be put on the right track; if he could only make their will to embrace the right cause their natural enthusiasm would do the rest.

THE OUGHT TO BE'S.

(Written for The Catholic Standard and Times by Rev. J. Roche, author of "The Obligation of Hearing Mass," "Our Lady of Guadalupe," "Month of St. Joseph," "Belief and Unbelief," etc.)

THE PARENT SIN.

Missing Mass on Sundays is the parent sin. It is the cause of causes when there is a question of defection from the faith. Human respect, bad literature and evil associations have slain their thousands; Mass missing has slain its tens of thousands. The Church has no anxiety about sinners who hear Mass on Sunday; it distrusts the sanctity of every man and woman who holds that duty lightly.

The reasons are plain. The Mass-misser deliberately cuts himself off from the very things which go to keep him faithful. Everything in and around the church reminds him of what he is and what he ought to be. Were it only the nearness, the Divine tenderness and the unspeakable goodness of the Lamb of God in the Eucharistic mystery—that would be enough to keep the sinner from the Real Presence, with its pathos and feebleness, its never 1's upon the soul so long as a single particle of faith remains. Add to this the association of the Church, with all that is holiest and best in childhood and youth, the remembrance of the vows and pledges of earlier years, as well as the memories of graces resisted and opportunities wasted. Add to all this again the species of priestly participation in the divine ceremony, in which the Victim lays aside the outward veils of the divinity, in order that mankind, in union with Him, may have a worship worthy of God. And this is not all. The Mass-misser cuts himself off from the Living Word imparted in the sermons and instructions of the priest. This is almost as necessary for his perseverance as divine grace itself. Man is so constituted that he needs to be frequently reminded of the truth of salvation. Forgetfulness as well as ignorance begets impiety.

Many who were born and brought up Catholics are now lost to the Church, because of their having been placed in circumstances that rendered difficult the fulfillment of the obligation of hearing Mass; but many more were lost because of their failure to realize its gravity. Any priest of experience will tell you that there are two classes of Catholics to whose future he looks forward with much anxiety: one is the offspring of careless parents, the other is the Mass-misser.

A WORLD'S WONDER.

Sunday observance among Catholics astonishes and edifies the people of our day. Empty churches and no Catholics. Without any attempt at sensationalism or the modern methods of pious advertising, the Mass continues to fill our churches. Outsiders, not understanding the Mass, cannot understand why this should be so. Some call it superstition, and let it go at that. Others look deeper, but deem the doctrine as shrined in the Mass too incredible for human belief. The Mass-misser is an object of scandal. His negligence is ever to their minds an evidence of disbelief. No man, they rightly argue, can believe in so wonderful a doctrine and act as he does; and hence it is that scarcely any one can culpably omit hearing Mass on Sunday without giving grave scandal, whether it be to the members of his own household or to others within and without the fold who are witnesses of his example.

LARGELY PRETEXTS.

There are circumstances which render the fulfillment of this obligation physically impossible, or so difficult as to be considered morally so. Physical inability, a grave or urgent necessity, the duty of one's office and the claims of just obedience are universally regarded as exempting cases more fully into this category. The legislation of the Church is applied to common sense, and never demands the unreasonable or the impossible. The excuses of the Mass-misser, however, are frequently pretexts. It is hot or it is cold; it is wet or it is dry. The heat prostrates them, the cold benumbs them, the rain dampens their ardor and the snows of

winter chill their fervor. There are children to take care of and household duties to perform. There are excursions for pleasure and business trips for profit. There is physical indisposition, which unfits for duty but never interferes with pleasure. There is sloth, which is dignified with the name of rest, and greed which is dignified with the name of necessity. There are Saturday night revels and Sunday amusements which are frequently far from being innocent, but they are all sufficient to serve as pretexts for the careless and negligent.

There is the old excuse, too, that the church is afar off, even though the same distance be regarded as nothing when it is a matter of business. Distance is of little consequence when it is a question of pleasure or profit. It is a grievous matter, when it is a question of saving one's immortal soul.

The campaign to reclaim the ought-to-be must begin right here. Got them to go to church on Sunday and the rest is easy. They must return along the same road by which they left. Hear and there a conversion is miraculously made, but ordinarily the process resembles that by which the sinner fell from grace.

The Mass is the sun and centre of Catholic faith and Catholic life. Men cannot draw close to its mysteries without renewing their allegiance to Him Who is the victim and the High Priest of the sacrifice.

THE "NON-SECTARIAN" PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Gretina, Man., Oct. 9th, 1905.

Dear Sir.—Here is the milestone the non-sectarian schools of Manitoba have now reached, as witness the following report of the laying of the corner stone of the new Public school in Melita, published in the Morning Telegram, of Winnipeg, Oct. 4, 1905:

CORNER STONE IS LAID AT MELITA. Missions Office at Founding of New School—Large Audience Attends Ceremony.

Melita, Man., Oct. 3.—(Special)—The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new school here was performed today by J. A. O'Leary, past Grand Master, assisted by other grand lodge officers and brethren. After the stone was well and truly laid, the Grand Master made a very appropriate and instructive address on the occasion which drew such a large crowd together, and beautifully illustrated the symbolic meanings of the ceremony, which was that of character building, which was the principal object in the laying of every corner stone and endeavor to leave some lasting monument of his being of value to the world.

The choir, under the leadership of Miss Smith, received well-deserved praise for the numerous songs they rendered. The Rev. Fr. O'Leary, past Grand Master with a silver trowel.

It was done with the consent of the trustee board, as the after act of presenting the Grand Master Mason with a silver trowel goes to show. "Well! what of this?" says the bigots of the Rev. McBeth and McMillan stripes, "there is no religion in the set. There was only an address from the Grand Master Mason, in which he elaborated on the principal object in life of every person, being that of character building, and leaving some lasting monument of value to the world." People may conscientiously differ in what they consider of value to the world, but a Catholic is taught that his principal object in life is to know God, to love and serve Him in this world, and that he must take more care of his soul than of his body, because in losing his soul he loses God and everlasting happiness. That is faith. When will bigots recognize the Catholic position? For Catholics to be expected to trust the spiritual lives of their children to teachers of such schools is practically impossible. To force them, as some would do, is tyranny in the truest and broadest meaning of the word. It is a tyranny that places the power in its hands, that compels the taxpayers to pay taxes for the support of Godless schools, and at the same time has no compunction in banding over ceremonies attending the laying of a corner stone to the auspices of a secret society of Free Masons.

This is the crop growing from the feed trough of the disgustingly coarse caricatures on the Catholic hierarchy and the educational clause in the act of the province of Alberta and Saskatchewan, so predominant in the pages of the Toronto News, Winnipeg Telegram and Tribune.

Those who are preaching and trumpeting so loudly the Provincial Rights in the West, in order to influence the elections, do so to conceal their own praetises of Provincial Wrong. There have been many crimes committed in the name of Liberty, and Provincial Rights appears to be another godname to conjure and juggle with by the politicians in Western Canada just now. Ludwig Erk.

CONCERNING THE ANGELS.

It is little wonder when writers soar into realms far beyond their understanding that they effect nothing more than a display of their own ignorance. In such cases precisely we have the spectacle of mountains in labor and the birth of a miserable mouse. An essay on the angels, for instance, might have racked the brains of St. Thomas Aquinas. Great theologians certainly found much difficulty in trying to explain what angels are and do. The editor of the Providence Journal, however, or one of his assistants has no hesitation in assuring us that the angels are "in a sense sexless," that to represent them "in the guise of fair women is a theological error;" that it is very natural "the desire to humanize these shining beings;" and that the popular confusion between saints and angels is "an error absolutely without authority."

So many startling conclusions would be apt to give us a high regard of the writer's scholarship provided we had no means of knowing from what premises the deductions were drawn. But here are the premises before us now; and we find loose logic the most characteristic feature of the editorial on the angels. We are told that the most conspicuous feature of the Journal's knowledge of the Irish question and the Catholic Church.

very first paragraph where we read: "the medieval dispute as to the number of angels who could stand on the point of a cambric needle implies that they are bodiless though sometimes appearing to terrestrial eyes in human form." Just where the word "cambric" appears in any of the medieval disputes regarding the angels would be hard to say. We have no quarrel with the Journal on this account. The editor is at liberty, beyond a doubt, to use any adjective he pleases to bring out clearly the niceties of a scholastic distinction. But we are entirely at sea to understand how the dispute as to how many angels could stand on the point of a needle implies that they sometimes appear to terrestrial eyes in human form.

The editor of the Journal is sadly in error, also, who imagines that angels are represented as human beings simply because the desire to humanize them is very natural. Angels are not "humanized" for this reason at all. There is a deeper psychological reason for clothing the celestial spirits with the bodies of men. It is because of our inability to imagine them otherwise. From faith we know that angels have no more closely to the image and likeness of God than we are. But as all our knowledge is essentially conditioned by sense relations it is impossible for us to picture to our minds an angel without the accoutrements of space. For that reason we endow them with bodies just as we represent the Holy Ghost as a dove, and the Virgin Mary as a woman.

The sculptor of the new building of the Cathedral in New York, was not, therefore, misled by "that dirty of our childhood which represented us as wanting to be angels." He is doubtless as old and intelligent as the editor of the Providence Journal, and certainly more famous. He betrayed no lack of mature sense in carving the angels as human beings though he may have departed from tradition in making them "fair women." Nor have we heard of any one even a child who had come to the use of reason who expected to become an angel after death. Catholics, at any rate, know their religion too well to mistake the difference between saints and angels. We are exhorted, it is true, to become as far as we can like the angels, especially in the matter of purity. No, because to want to be like an angel is "to set up an un-realizable ideal," are we departing from common sense in trying to fashion our lives according to that ideal. We are just as sane in doing so as the Journal is in trying to be like great daily newspapers in other large cities.—Providence Visitor.

CREEDS IN ROME.

A very interesting chapter of the last Italian census is that which contains the religious statistics of Rome. The total population of the Eternal City, says the London Tablet, is given as 442,783, and about a tenth of these is made of foreigners residing here; the population has doubled in the last thirty years. The number of Catholics in Rome is given as 422,494 or 95.5 per cent. of the whole. The Jews come next longo intervallo, for the number according to the official returns is only 7,121, or 1.5 per cent.; their own authorities assign to them about one thousand more, and probably with reason for many Roman Jews are reluctant to admit that they belong to the last century, as we find that in 1871 they represented about 2 per cent. of the entire population, in 1882, 2.15 per cent., and in 1883, 3.13 per cent.

The number of Protestants is 5,993, or 1.1 per cent. Thirty years ago they numbered about 4,000. It is quite certain that the great mass of the 6,000 Protestants here are to be found among the converts of the Waldensian colony in Rome. It is a pity that we have no means of judging the exact number of "Roman Protestants" living under the shadow of St. Peter's, or of the number of good English sovereigns and American dollars that have been expended in "converting."

Convert Becomes a Nun.

Solemn and impressive were the ceremonies which marked the taking of the veil as a novice by Miss Grace Medford, of New York, in the Chapel of the Dominican Nuns, Thirteenth avenue and South Ninth street, Newark, N. J., on Sept. 8. Miss Medford was a convert from Protestantism, and among the guests assembled to see her publicly renounce the world were many Protestants.

The young woman is the daughter of a broker of New York. She is well educated and has travelled abroad extensively. Of her family there was present at the services only her sister, Miss Elith Medford. Her new name is Sister Mary Aloyns of the Blessed Sacrament. The address to the young novice was made by the Rev. John B. Young, S. J. of St. Francis Xavier's, New York. Several other clergymen took part.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

A well sky of London hue And earth so still and grey, Without God's sunshine it had been A melancholy day.

But with the sunshine's dreamy gold The hazy way was filled, And all the long and silent hours, With sweet content were filled.

There are no people so much to be pitied as rich men who do not love God. There are people who do not love the good God, who never pray to Him, and yet who prosper. It is a bad sign. They have done some little good and a great deal of evil, and God is repaying them for it in this life.—Cure of Ars.

AUTUMN'S THOUGHTS.

All Nature is replete with lessons. Spring tells of Nature's birth, summer its life; autumn tells of its decline, and winter of Nature's death. There is something beautifully sad and touching about autumn, for day by day we see so many changes coming over Nature. The harvest is gathered in by the busy farmer, and soon the fields are laid bare; the trees put on varied tints of sober, quiet hue, and change and change till with a weird and faded look they yield to the surging winds and fall dead to the ground, and in a few days become as ashes of their former selves and crumble into dust.

No one can look at these rapid changes but what he will feel moved by them; for they bear a striking resemblance to one's life. If there is, as has been said, a sermon in every blade of grass, how many sermons there must be in every tree! Let us review the sermon the trees now preach to us, for it is reasonable. It is the sermon of the autumn leaves. Do they not tell us of the vanity of things of this earth, and that they soon must fade away and vanish in the dust? These leaves were in the springtime the joy of all as they shot forth from the branches and grew larger day by day; and then, when summer came, they made a cooling shade for the tired and overheated traveler by the beautiful dew with which they were laden. But now they seem to lose their former life and vigor, and day by day pass from hectic flush to saffron hue, and finally, wan and pale, drop lifeless to the ground.

It is with all earthly things the same way when they are earthly and not living more. They are vanishing, about to die, and nothing more. That pleasure soon which once about leaves pain in its train. Thus go idle thoughts and thoughtless deeds—they leave no trace behind; and such, alas! make up a large part of the life of many persons in this world.

But how different life can be and is as we see it practiced by the wise and good who strive to turn to good and lasting account everything they think and do. Their thoughts are not concerned with the fleeting moments of time, but look beyond this world to the endless years of eternity. The same with their deeds—they respect not themselves alone nor the concerns of their fellowmen, but are always directed at the same time to God. The eternal bliss of heaven is their goal in all things, that in their immortality they may reap an undying harvest, the fruit of their mortal years. All earthly things must perish, for God Who made them has made them only for a time. They come and go with the seasons and the years. They live for their time and then pass away, but man, for whose use all these things are made, lives forever. He is finally withdrawn from earthly things by the trump of death which God sends over him at His own appointed time, and he passes into the realms of eternity. 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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

1. Blunt's and Dr. Schaff's error respecting Stephen and his two colleagues is easily explained. They knew that they were Waldenses, and that they were bishops, and therefore naturally supposed that they were bishops of the Waldenses. It is not strange that they have failed to trace out the curious conjuncture of circumstances by which three Valdois ministers obtained ordination and episcopal consecration at the hands of discontended Catholic bishops, on the verge of a ten years' schism from Rome. It is the University of Prague, Catholic, contemporary and hostile, which has preserved the record of this singular fact, and the modern Catholic historian Falcky who has revived the remembrance of it.

2. "Apostolic succession" may be used in two senses. As meaning the episcopate assured of infallible doctrinal guidance, Roman Catholics, of course, restrict it to the Roman communion. As used by Cardinal Newman and other Catholic writers, it extends to all the Eastern churches, and to the Old Catholic.

3. The "Catholic Dictionary" makes that which schism always involves the lapse of jurisdiction, though not of orders. However, this is not the teaching of the Roman doctors, which is thus expressed to me in a letter by the late Bishop Gilmore: "We acknowledge the Greek-Russians, the Monophysites, the Nestorians, and the Old Catholics, to have valid orders. We acknowledge the Greek-Russians, the Monophysites, and the Nestorians to have jurisdiction. We deny to the Anglicans both orders and jurisdiction."

We have considered the extraordinary, indeed absolutely portentous misrepresentation of the Catholic doctrines of sin and of the sacraments, especially of the sacrament of confirmation, given by Professor Emerton on page 544 of his history. We see that he imagines youths to be held incapable of mortal sin until the age of physical maturity whereas they are accounted liable to mortal sin at seven years old. We see that he debars them from confirmation until they are grown, whereas they may receive it at seven.

We see that he does not allow Catholic youths, even grown, to be held capable of mortal sin until confirmed, thus making this sacrament rather a trap than a help. We see that he denies membership proper in the Church to the unconformed, and thereby implies that they are incapable of receiving the other sacraments, whereas we know that myriads of unconformed Catholics confess, are absolved, communicate, and in mortal illness receive extreme unction, and that this was true of old as well as now.

Emerton's treatment of the Eucharist is as extraordinary as of confirmation. Says he: "The third and most sacred of the sacraments was the Eucharist, the vest importance of which in the scheme of the church polity we have had occasion elsewhere to describe. In the individual case it meant the absolute identification, for the moment, of the communicant with the person of Christ, and taken in connection with the fourth sacrament of penance, it removed the guilt of whatever sin he might previously have committed."

Professor Emerton makes such bewildering misstatements of Catholic doctrine, that it is hard to refute him. We can hardly make out what he has in his mind. However, I will do my best. It seems to be plain that he has no conception of Catholic abhorrence of pantheism. An eternal unity of thought and will with God is indeed the goal of redemption. But even a momentary disappearance of a human personality in the Divine, is, of course, heresy. Even the Saviour's Humanity, though assumed into the Godhead, remains eternally distinct. His human will, although in absolute union with the Divine, remains properly subsistent forever in nature and in action. It was the failure distinctly to apprehend this which has brought even on a Pope the anathema of the Church.

Emerton, indeed, seems to treat the reception of the Lord's Body as identifying the soul with Christ by intrinsic necessity. He makes no mention of the fact that a Communion in conscious mortal sin is sacrilege, and unrepented of, involves no forgiveness but damnation. However, I suppose he is speaking only of a penitent reception. Extraordinary also is the author's statement that it required the conjunction of the Eucharist and penance to remove guilt, whereas we know that, apart from a present reception of the Eucharist, contrition, with the desire of confession, or attrition with actual penance, is held to extinguish external guilt, and that, on the other hand, all the other sacraments together, after baptism, do not certainly extinguish purgatorial guilt. Even a Plenary Indulgence has not this virtue if the soul, in departing, is not absolutely detached from every venial sin.

prizing to Catholics. On pages 555, 556 the author ouriously confuses jurisdiction over which the Church has power, with Orders, the effect of which is divine. (So is the effect of jurisdiction divine because its root and source are found in, and its powers come from, Divine Mission—"As the Father had sent me so also do I send you;" "Go therefore, teach ye all nations;" "Whatsoever you shall bind on earth shall be bound also in heaven."—Ed. Review.) He declares that a bishop only differs from a priest in authority, and actually says: "He did not receive with his higher office any higher consecration!" Plainly he supposes that an instituted bishop is the same thing as a consecrated bishop. Indeed, we see that he knows nothing about episcopal consecration, that he is quite unaware that there may be bishops having authority without consecration, and bishops having consecration without authority. The former can induce a priest, but cannot ordain him; the latter can ordain him but cannot induce him.

The author has probably heard that St. Thomas Aquinas holds bishops and presbyters to be the same in sacramental character, and therefore imagines that whatever a bishop does a priest may be empowered to do. He neglects to note that St. Thomas vigorously protests against the notion that any possible authority of the Church can validate the ordination of a priest by a simple priest or by an unconsecrated bishop. Therefore, whether or not episcopal ordination is a distinct sacrament, it confessedly conveys a specific Divine power. Therefore, even the irregular consecrations and confirmations of a bishop hold good, while any such authorized acts of a priest are null, and an attempt of his to ordain to the priesthood could not possibly be validated. He could probably not even be empowered to ordain a deacon.

On page 587 the author makes statements concerning marriage which are not only fundamentally erroneous but practically very injurious to the civil and social standing of the Catholic Church. They will therefore require a separate paper.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK, Andover, Mass. "Our disagreement with our friend, the Rev. Mr. Starbuck, originated in a claim he made in his article Aug. 12 that the modern Moravians or Herrnhutters have "Apostolic Succession" because they have valid orders and episcopal consecration. In his paper Sept. 16, he reiterated at greater length his first claim and maintained in addition that where there are valid orders and consecration there is also according to the doctrine of the Church "Apostolic Succession." In our notes, Aug. 12 and Sept. 16, we stated the Catholic doctrine. To-day we have nothing to add to it, but feel that we should notice our reverend friend's new statements.

In his paper to-day our friend, Mr. Starbuck, says paragraph 2, that "Apostolic Succession" may be used in two senses. That is true. It may be material or formal. But material "Apostolic Succession" as found, for instance, in the Greek church is a lifeless thing and avails nothing. Formal "Apostolic Succession" is a living principle animating a living organism, the Apostolic Church. The severed branch is the same that, while united to the trunk, drew thence life, vigor and beauty, but now is withered and fruitless. The world knows that Constantinople separated from Rome is but the plaything of the Turk, as Canterbury is but the tool of Caesar. The second and third sentences of this paragraph puzzle us. The first sentence says: "Roman Catholics of course restrict (Apostolic Succession) to the Roman Communion." Well, ought not this restriction by Roman Catholics to be conclusive as to the meaning of the phrase "Apostolic Succession"? From whom can we learn the meaning of their own doctrines if not from Catholics themselves? But the next and last sentence of the paragraph we do not understand: "As used by Cardinal Newman and other Catholic writers it extends to all the Eastern churches and to the Old Catholics." If Roman Catholics "restrict Apostolic Succession to their own communion" how can "Cardinal Newman and other Catholic writers" extend it to these Eastern heretical churches? We shall return to this paragraph again.

The quotation from Bishop Gilmore in paragraph 3 is what staggers us. We were going to say that in view of the fact that the world is full of theologians—they are as thick as blackberries in every large community, and we have reason to know that our friend Mr. Starbuck has on hand no mean supply—in view, we repeat, of this fact why does not our friend quote word for word, from some one of these innumerable theologians, the Catholic doctrine which he is now fathering on a dead bishop, and on nameless Roman doctors? The few Roman theologians we know give no countenance to the doctrine attributed by Mr. Starbuck to Roman doctors. Again, not every schism or even heresy involves immediately its full consequences. It must be formal, perhaps even it must continue many years, and be accompanied with a defiant contumacy, etc. But besides, every one validly ordained, be he a schismatic, heretic, or what not, has jurisdiction from the Church in the case of the danger of death. In such a case even M. S. Merryman's putative, but unfortunate, husband has jurisdiction. As for the purpose of the Church on earth is to save souls she allows nothing to stand in the way. Her own disciplinary and ordinary cases, necessary, laws are suspended, and the heretic, the schismatic, the deposed, and the degraded priest receives, for the moment, all the power the Pope has, in order that one poor soul may be helped on its way from time to eternity. Perhaps this is what Mr. Starbuck has in mind. We are not aware that the Church gives its jurisdiction to heretics or schismatics at other times. Though when we consider the good faith of the mass of the poor, innocent people who are mere-

ly the tools of designing, selfish knaves, we would not be surprised to find that the Church, by some means, may have devised a way to help those who are innocent and in god faith, and who are not, in the strict sense of these words, heretics or schismatics at all. No one can be more pleased than ourselves to have such a practise pointed out. One thing is certain, if it be true Mr. Starbuck can find it.

Now let us return to the doctrine attributed in paragraph 2 to Cardinal Newman. "Apostolic Succession" we are told, as the term is used by the Cardinal and other Catholic writers is possessed by all the Eastern Churches. Is this true? Here is a statement that must be easily susceptible of proof. It is a pity that our reverend friend gives no clew to the Cardinal's statement. The Cardinal was a voluminous writer. It would take weeks and months, perhaps even years, to read all he has written. When our friend comes to look at the matter in this way he will, we are sure, tell us where to find this extraordinary doctrine. Again, much of the Cardinal's writing was done before he entered the Church; we would not look for Catholic doctrine in Protestant books. In the meantime, we would recommend Mr. Starbuck to read Newman's Lectures delivered during the year 1850 to his Protestant friends. The title of his book is: "Certain Difficulties Felt by Anglicans in Catholic Teaching." The eleventh lecture is entitled: "Heretical and Schismatical Bodies No Prejudice to the Catholicity of the Church," and it appears to us to touch repeatedly on the doctrine of "Apostolic Succession" as claimed by the Greek, the Nestorian and the Eastern heretical Churches, and what is more important, it appears to be inconsistent with the doctrine which Mr. Starbuck says the Cardinal held. These lectures have one feature that may lead one into error. Newman, while stating the objections or doctrinal positions of his Protestant auditors, is in danger of being understood as making these objections or positions his own. To guard against this mistake he is constantly warning his hearers that he is simply repeating the objections so familiar to them and to himself. The argument from the Greeks against the exclusive claims of the Catholics, he says, "rest upon grounds which it is supposed we can not deny; namely, the pretensions of the Greek church whose Apostolic descent is unquestionable, and whose faith almost unquestioned." And again: "Nestorians came from Antioch, the original Apostolic See. . . . Nestorianism has its Apostolic Succession, as Photinism has, and a formal hierarchy. The context shows that Newman is but repeating the familiar Anglican objections to the "Pretensions of Rome." Is it possible that Rev. Mr. Starbuck misunderstands Newman and attributes to him the very opinions and theories which he is combating in this course of lectures? Newman makes his own views and position on these claims evident. Assuming, he says, "that there is a Supreme See, divinely appointed in the midst of Christendom to which all ought to submit and be united, such phenomena as the Greek church presents at this day, and the Nestorian in the Middle Ages, are its infallible correlates, as human nature is constituted. It is but an exemplification of the words of the Apostle, 'There must be heresies, that they also who are proved may be made manifest among you.' He considers the fact that the Greek church was Apostolic in origin, that it produced eminent and saintly men, that it consists of many millions of people, "This is the objection," he repeats, "which I am to examine. . . . I observe, then, that this phenomenon is but an instance of a great and broad fact, viz., that truth is opposed not only by direct contradictions which are unequivocal, but also by such pretences as are of a character to deceive men at first sight, and to confuse the order of what alone is divine and trustworthy." This truth he illustrates by many Scriptural facts as, for instance, the enemy of man in paradise pretending to be a prophet preaching against his Maker; James and Mambres imitating the miracles of Moses before Pharaoh; the temple having a rival shrine on Mt. Gerizim; Christ Himself warning us of false Christs and anti Christs who were to mislead many with the imitation of His claims; and His Apostles resisting, and in a manner thwarted by Simon Magus, and others who set up against them; the Apostles themselves distinctly prophesying that such delusions were to be after them.

In view of these facts and Apostolic prophecies and warnings, he concludes: "Were such imposing phenomena as the Greek church taken out of the way, it would be difficult to say how the actual state of Christendom corresponded to the Apostolic anticipation of it." In further confirmation of this truth he quotes St. Paul: "After my departure ravenous wolves will enter in among you, not sparing the flock. And of your own selves will rise up men speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them." And again: "In the last day shall come dangerous times, for men shall be lovers of themselves, having the appearance indeed of piety, [that is of orthodoxy,] but denying the power thereof." "Evil men and seducers shall grow worse and worse, and driving into error." And "There shall be a time when they will

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not bear sound doctrine, but according to their own desires they will hear to themselves teachers having itching ears." By such arguments does Newman dispose of the claims of the Greek, Nestorian and other heretical churches to "Apostolic Succession." The claims of the Greek against the Catholic Church he pronounces "bold, plausible, imposing," but he accounts for this attitude of the Greeks by recalling the words of the Apostle St. John: "They went out from us, but they were not of us; for, if they had been of us they would no doubt have continued with us."

Replying in another form to the objection against the Church founded on the large number of Christians outside its fold, Newman says: "Why do you not bring against us the vast unreclaimed population of paganism, or the political power of the British Colonial Empire, in proof that we are not the Catholic Church? I misbelieve a greater marvel than unbelief, or do not the same intellectual and moral principles which lead men to accept nothing, lead them also to accept half of revealed truths? Both effects are simple manifestations of private judgment in the bad sense of the phrase, that is, of the use of one's own reason against the authority of God. If he has made it a duty to submit to the supreme authority of the Holy See, and if there is a constant rising of the human mind against authority, as such, however legitimate, the necessary consequence will be the very state of things we see before our eyes—not merely individuals casting off Roman Supremacy, but much more, the powerful and the great, the wealthy and the flourishing, kings and States, cities and races, falling back on their own resources and their own connections, and refusing any longer to be dependent on a distant centre, or to regulate their internal affairs by a foreign tribunal. . . . A command is both the occasion of transgression and the test of obedience. All this depends on the fact of the Supremacy of Rome; I assume this fact; I admit the contrary fact of the Arian, Nestorian, and Greek communions; and strong in the one I feel no difficulty in the other. Neither Arian nor Nestorian, nor Greek insubordination, is any true objection to the fact of such Supremacy." If our friend, Mr. Starbuck, can find in Newman another set of opinions on "Apostolic Succession" opposed to the above we shall be glad to hear them.—Ed. Review.

[Even Hecete would describe differently the incident here alluded to.—Ed. Review.]

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON Nineteenth Sunday After Pentecost. Wherefore, putting away lying, speak ye truth every man with his neighbor; for we are members one of another. Eph. iv. 25.

TRUTHFULNESS. St. Paul here teaches us that truthfulness of speech should be a mark of those who profess the true faith. He speaks of the darkness of understanding, the ignorance, the blindness of heart of those who are alienated from the life of God; "but you," he says, "have not so learned Christ. You have been taught the truth as it is in Jesus. You have been taught to put off the old man who is corrupted according to the desires of error, and to put on the new man, who, according to God, is created in justice and holiness of truth; wherefore putting away lying, speak ye the truth every man with his neighbor, for we are members one of another."

Yet, even without these supernatural reasons and motives, the duty of truthfulness is plain to every one by the light of natural reason alone. The gift of speech which so strongly marks the distinction between man and the lower animals enables us to clearly communicate our thoughts to each other. If, then, we make it a means of deceiving others, we plainly offend against the law of nature, which is God's law. In every relation of life we are obliged to depend upon the statements of other men; we have a right to the truth from them, and it is therefore our duty to tell the truth to others. We can have no feeling of security if we cannot trust the word of those with whom we are brought into daily contact. If lying is common in any class or community, it creates a spirit of distrust and uneasiness instead of that mutual confidence which should prevail.

A high sense of honor in men of the world will often make them strictly truthful. Such men despise a lie as something base and mean and utterly beneath them. If then, purely human motives, a mere sense of worldly honor, will keep men from lying, how much more should this fault be avoided by those who claim to be trying to serve God, and who are constantly assisted by His grace. Our Lord has told us that liars are the children of the devil, "for he is a liar and the father thereof." But we are called to be the children of God, who is the eternal truth; we have been given the light of the true faith. We glory in the certain truth of our religion; should we not then be zealous for the cause of truth in all things, even in the least. Absolutely unwavering truthfulness in speech should therefore mark the true disciple of Christ.

"But," some may say, "a lie is only a venial sin." Yes it is true that a lie which is not malicious, which does not, and is not intended to, harm our neighbor in any way, is not a mortal

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sin; but it is the meanest of venial sins, and we know that a long and terrible purgatory awaits those who are guilty of deliberate venial sin. Moreover careless about the commission of venial sin leads to mortal offences, and there is nothing which will more readily lead a man into other and graver faults as the habit of deliberate untruthfulness. Cultivate, then, a love for truth, and seek to acquire the habit of truthfulness even in the smallest matters. Every one despises a deceitful person, and there is nothing a man resents so much as being called a liar. If you do not like being called a liar, do not be one.

MY HEADS. Sweet, blessed heads! I would not part With one of you for richest gem; 'Tis gleams in kindly diadem; Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief In all the days of twenty years, And I have moistened you with tears, And in your decades found relief. Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed, And joys have died; but in my needs Ye were my friends, my blessed heads! And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time in grief, My weary fingers wandered round Thy circled chain, and always found In some Hail Mary sweet relief. How many a story you might tell Of inner life, to all unknown! I trusted you and you alone, But ah! ye keep my secrets well.

One of the first signs that something is wrong with an infant is disturbed sleep. Usually the trouble is with the stomach or bowels. If your little one is cross and restless do not give it an opiate or "soothing" medicine of any kind. All these things are deadly poison, and the sleep they give is unhealthy, unnatural and injurious. Your baby will sleep and let you sleep if you treat it properly. In Baby's Own Tablets there is not an atom of poisonous "sleepy stuff," and yet by their beneficent, healthy action they give refreshing sleep. They remove the cause, and the result is healthy, refreshing, life giving sleep from which the little one awakens bright and well. Mrs. S. T. Douglas, Petticoilae, N. B., says: "My baby was trouble wicky and did not sleep if you treat it properly. In Baby's Own Tablets there is not an atom of poisonous "sleepy stuff," and yet by their beneficent, healthy action they give refreshing sleep. 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CATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The long cool evenings have come again, when out door recreation being hard to find, everybody is seeking for ways in which to pass the leisure hours in a comfortable way.

Now is the chance of young men to improve their minds, to read, to study, to practice. Books are cheap, teachers are numerous, studies and accomplishments are many.

But some young men, whose education has been limited or whose chances to learn music have been few, may say: "O, what can a man learn in a couple of hours of an evening?"

Practically the same question says the Catholic Columbian, was put to the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Chicago about its night classes, and thereupon he wrote out this article:

How Promotion Came. A business man asked me the other day what evidence I had that the evening educational class work really amounted to much to the employed young man.

In answer to his inquiry, I told him of several cases which came readily to mind where the evidence was conclusive. A few of the cases may interest other young men as showing them how, out of comparatively little opportunities, men get large successes.

From Machinery's Helper to Draftsman. Hoping to enter a school of technology, Mr. X—a young man some twenty years of age, came to Chicago from the South. When he reached the city he found that he could not pass the entrance examinations, and so hunted up a position in a machine shop, to do work with which he was slightly acquainted.

Not willing to give up his plans for study, he joined a class in mechanical drawing at the Y. M. C. A. Just before the close of his first year's study the head draftsman in the large railroad shops where he was working wanted some extra drawing done, and, as his men were busy, had the question passed among the machinists as to who could do a little extra drawing.

Mr. X—responded, saying that he was willing to attempt it. Although the task set him was difficult, he did the work satisfactorily, and since that time has not returned to the machine shop, but has drawn a largely increased salary in a much better position than would have been open to him had he missed the opportunity he improved in the evening class.

From Assistant Book-keeper to Private Secretary. Mr. A—a young man just out of his teens, who was an assistant book-keeper in a railroad office, decided to improve some of his leisure time in study. He selected the subject of shorthand and attended the evening class in the Association. For two years he had no use for the shorthand he had learned. One evening after the stenographer had gone the superintendent wanted some extra letters gotten out, and asked in the office if anybody could take the letters for him.

Mr. A—said he would be willing to try. He got out the letters slowly but satisfactorily. A couple of days afterward he was called in again and asked to take a few more. This time he managed to get them out very well. The superintendent then asked him if he could "brush up" in stenography sufficiently to change to that kind of work in two weeks, saying that if he could the company would pay the expense of the special training and would be given the position of private secretary.

At the end of the two weeks he began his work in his new position. The class work of twenty-eight leisure evenings gave him the opportunity of his life. From the Bench to the Teacher's Desk. A journeyman carpenter, a young man decided to improve some leisure evenings by preparing himself to do cabinet making. In the Association evening class he was instructed by a man who was teacher in manual training in the city high school. During the year his interest in the work increased, and as he saw the instructor at work he developed a desire to become a teacher in manual training himself. In this he was encouraged by the instructor. Toward the end of the year's work he took the city examination for instructor in manual training, and before the close of the evening class season he had been appointed to an instructorship in manual training, offering \$1,000 salary.

From Stone Mason to Architect and Contractor. A stone mason, whose early education had been quite deficient, decided to use two evenings a week in the study of architectural drawing in the Association evening class. About three weeks after the beginning of the term he had the misfortune to fall, breaking his left arm and permanently weakening it so that further work at his trade was impossible. During the rest of the winter season, with one arm in the splints and a sling, he took the course in architectural drawing, doing all his work with one hand. In the spring he ventured to draw plans and to submit a bid for the erection of a large store house. His plans and bid were accepted, and during the major portion of the following year he did very successful work in superintending the erection of the building. Since then he has continued as architect and contractor, part of his leisure evenings being devoted to study in Association evening classes.

From Itinerant Plumber to Foreman of a Machine Shop. Mr. R—nineteen years of age, chanced one summer morning to jump off his wheel near me in the park. As we lay on the grass talking I learned that he was barely earning a living at odd jobs of plumbing. I discovered that he had some inclination to mechanical work, and advised him to take some of the evening classes in the Association mechanical drawing department. He did so, and having much leisure during the day completed two years' work of a most excellent grade in one winter season. He then sought employment in one of the large manufacturing establishments. While there he secured a position as foreman in one of the departments. Within eight months he was called to be foreman of a large

machine shop in the West, where he has a good paying position and large promise for the future. From the Typesetter's Case to the University. Mr. B—about twenty years of age, having worked since a boy in a printer's office, decided to better his education, which was very deficient. For three years he studied four nights a week in the Association classes working during the day and saving his money to pay his future college expenses. Although he lost the public school from one of the lower grades he was able to enter without condition the junior year in the academy, his evening class study for three winters having saved him two full years of expensive study elsewhere. Having gotten a taste of the benefits of an increased education he has turned every stone to enable him to continue his study, and this fall enters the university.

From an Odd-Job Man to a Foreman Electrician. A young man who managed part of the time to keep himself busy at odd jobs, decided to study electricity in the evening classes. After his having taken these classes for two seasons I was surprised to meet him one day on the street, in the heart of a large city, superintending the laying of an extensive system of electric conduits for one of the prominent electrical concerns. His evening class work had been the sole means of his promotion.

From Intellectual Indifference to Literary Power. A youth of eighteen, who had had no interest in literature and no acquaintance with it, was induced by an Association friend to try the Association evening class in English literature "to see how he liked it." Under the class training his horizon broadened, his vision of the beauties of literary study became more and more clear, he began to read, and with the reading his desire for reading and study increased. Before the close of the year a noted college president, who had seen the change in the young man, said at a public gathering that if there were presented to him no other evidence of the value of the Association evening class work than the marked awakening and the development of real literary power in Mr. E—he should be perfectly satisfied that the Association was doing an educational work of far greater import than that done by many schools much more widely known.

These cases are not extraordinary, and the advancement is nothing marvelous or unnatural in any case. They are simply a few of the many instances which have come to my special attention, and show clearly that to the young man who will do something for himself there is furnished in the Young Men's Christian Association an encouragement and help that will enable him to cover an unfortunate past and turn a dark future into a bright promise and a sure success.

—WALTER M. WOOD.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES OF THE ROSARY.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBBER. The Nativity of our Lord. NO ROOM.

Many of Susie's flippant speeches about the Rosary, among other devotions, returned to her mind with curious distinctness. She had often said, in a childish way, that she would like to go to heaven, forgetting that the angels in choir of heaven say over and over again with ceaseless repetition the same words of praise. She had not remembered that just as to the ear of Royalty on earth the cheers of the people are an ever fresh demonstration of loyalty of which they do not weary, so much more to Our Heavenly Queen the same words spoken first by angelic lips in the supreme moment of her life are ever sweet to her, spoken as they are in concord and love.

But that evening Susie felt how thankful she was for the simple prayer to the Mother of Mercy who could so well enter into the feelings of a child supplicating for the life of her father. The meditation that night was on the words, "There was no room for Him in the inn."

The priest was by no means eloquent, but his words "came from the heart," and so followed their necessary sequence of "going to the heart."

And he adapted his ideas and the simple thoughts that flowed from the picture of Mary and Joseph seeking shelter to the life of the present day. This end of the century was ever echoing that statement made so long ago, there was no room in the inn for thousands for the Christ Child. The living at high pressure and physical nerve was kept, the infinite attractions of science, art, the press, etc., all formed so many distinct and definite things which might if used with moderation add to the greater accidental glory of God, or else if an undue proportion of time were devoted to them, so occupy the mind and heart that the spiritual life and its needs were more and more forgotten. Faults were allowed to be taken ascendancy, for no means were taken to fight them beyond those furnished by natural reason, perfectness replaced fervor, carelessness was substituted for regularity, indifference for zeal, and practically in these lives there was no room for Christ. He was crowded out by other interests.

Then he went on for a few moments to speak of good works, which, excellent as they were, could, if multiplied to the exclusion of personal religion, also make those words true. Of many it might be said, "They have made me the keeper in the vineyards; my vineyard I have not kept."

As Betty heard the latter words she knew that they applied to her very truly. Her own vineyard had been very badly kept indeed, though no one but herself knew to what extent that was.

When the girls returned they found matters in the same state, but by the next morning a change had taken place, and Mr. Vavasour was mending. The doctor said he would pull through, and in that house there was very great

happiness. On Christmas morning the girls one and all went to the altar, making there an earnest Communion of thanksgiving for their father's recovery and other blessings known to each alone.

Resolutions were made that morning, and each girl realized how she would obtain strength to keep them. The anxiety about their father, the first really great trouble they had known, had shown them how individual real religion must be. The idea of being one in a crowd is one which seems to possess some people, who imagine from a false humility that they are too insignificant for it to be of any consequence how they live or what they do. They thought that there are plenty of other people to pray and live holy lives, and so that they themselves need not trouble about their own souls, is one which often crosses the minds of many who thus try to evade their own duty.

But the lesson taught by the crib at Bethlehem is absolutely opposite to this false notion. There in the humble manger is the Incarnate Word of God, who took upon Himself our flesh, so that each individual might be saved. In the Incarnation He is united to the whole human race, in Holy Communion He is united to each in particular.

Five years have passed away and brought with them many and great changes at Nurbiton: external changes visible to all, and other alterations in the lives of its inmates which are less visible but none the less real. Good resolutions made under pressure of great emotions are often not kept without earnest endeavor and constant watchfulness. For when life has returned to its normal condition, and excitement has passed away, it is not always easy to live up to the heartfelt resolves which God speaking to the soul had called forth.

When Susie told her father how sorry she was that she had had felt of remorse and penitence when she knew she might never have a chance again of hearing his voice, she felt as if she could never be angry again, and really for some weeks it seemed as if the evil spirit of her temper had been exorcised, and was never to reappear.

Religion seemed beautifully easy, and she found it most delightful to spend what time she could get in church and by going to Mass. She gave up her cherished idea of getting another column on her paper, and got Mr. Lewis to let Miss Jones continue it. The latter knew to whom she owed retaining the work, and thanked Susie with tears in her eyes. When Susie heard that the girl was supporting an old blind mother, and earning only a few cents a week, she felt that the sacrifice she had made was amply repaid.

However, as time wore on she found that the old temper was there as before, and she got very much disheartened. One new cause of her being often very much irritated was that she tried to get to church very often indeed while her professional work increased rather than decreased.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ROSARY OF MY TEARS.

Some reckon their age by years, Some measure their life by art; But some tell their days by the flow of their tears.

And their lives by the means of their heart. The dial of earth may show years, The watch, the clock, the cross may lead; Few or many they come, few or many they go. But time is best measured by tears. Ah! not by the silver gray, Nor by the hair that is thin and white; And not by the scenes that we pass on our way. And not by the furrows the fingers of care On forehead and face have made. Not by the years that we count on our wrist; Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade Of our souls, and the fall of our tears. For the young are oft-times old; Though their hair be bright and fair; While their hearts beat warm, their hearts are cold— O'er them the spring—but winter is there. And the old are oft times young; When their hearts are true and true; And they sing in age, as in youth they sung. And they laugh for their cross was light. But, head by head, I tell The rosary of my years; When their hair is thin and white; And they're blest with a blessing of tears. Better a day of strife Than a century of sleep; Give me instead of a long dream of life The tempests and tears of the deep. A thousand joys may foam On the bows of all the years; But never the foam brings the lone back home. I reach the haven through tears.

IMITATION OF CHRIST. OF NOT SEARCHING INTO HIGH MATTERS NOR INTO THE SECRET JUDGMENTS OF GOD. I am He who made all the Saints; I gave them grace; I have brought them to glory. I know the merits of each of them; I prevented them by the blessings of my sweetest love. I foreknew My beloved ones before the creation. I chose them out of the world; they were not beforehand with Me to choose Me. I called them by My grace and drew them by My mercy. I led them safe through many temptations, I impaled them to them extraordinary crosses, I gave them perseverence, I have crowned their patience. I know the first and the last; I embrace them all with an inestimable love. I am to be praised in all My Saints; I am to be blessed above all things and to be honored in every one of them, whom I have thus gloriously magnified and eternally chosen without any foregoing merits of their own.

It would be most interesting for someone who can get at the facts to collate an exact list of all the Anglican ministers who have been received into the Church, both in this country and in England during the last ten years. Many would be surprised by the length of the list.—The Missionary.

THE CHURCH AMONG THE CREES.

THE WORK OF THE HEROIC OBLATE FATHERS AMONG THE INDIANS OF BRITISH AMERICA—MANY PAGANS MADE CHRISTIANS.

There are to-day thirty-eight Oblate Fathers laboring among the Cree Indians. The territory assigned to them covers an area of 114,000 square miles of British America.

The Crees live in huts unfit for human habitation. Their beds are the skins of wild animals. The winters are intensely cold, thermometer registering more than fifty degrees below zero. Clad only in rags, many of them die of consumption. Their food is bannocks and what fish or wild animals they can secure. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate, whose work is to evangelize the abandoned, are the heroic missionaries who volunteer to live among these people in a country made almost unbearable by the extremes of heat and cold.

In summer myriads of flies and of mosquitoes pursue the traveler. They soon get the last drop of blood. The priests travel from camp to camp and sleep in the snow under a blanket or skin, through which the intense cold penetrates, the falling snow often covering them to a depth of three or four inches. One priest from Regina was found frozen to death. They have had many escapes from drowning. Recently there died the Rev. Father Paquette, O. M. I., who had been among the Crees for thirty years. His district comprised 165 square miles. His death at the age of fifty-five years was the result of hardship and of starvation, his stomach having shrunk from want of food.

Here is only one of his experiences; Called to visit a young Cree in a distant camp he brought with him a young man of the tribe whom he wrapped up in skins and placed in the wagon at his feet, lashing themselves with willow branches to keep from freezing, they rushed on facing a fierce north wind.

They reached the hovel, which was only a few feet square in size, as they were on the point of dropping from fatigue and cold. The father had only one pair of swollen mittens, which he loaned from time to time to the young Cree. The priest's eyes were so swollen and burning from the wind that he could not read his breviary this reading he replaced by reciting three Rosaries.

"In that cabin," he wrote, "where there was only a little corn to eat, there reigned a peace and a love of God which repaid me for my journey. He saw the sick man the sacraments. It was pathetic but grand to see how all the people in the neighborhood came to the hovel at midnight to assist with the greatest devotion, at the holy sacrifice of the Mass the following morning."

The Oblate's life is very severe. He has to live in great poverty, to do his own housework, his cooking and washing. Often he has to go to bed hungry for he will share his scanty food with the people who look up to him as to a father. The want of congenial companionship is one of his greatest trials, for an Oblate from the fact of his heroic self-sacrifice, is a man of a fine sensitive nature. It is no uncommon sight to see the Crees reduced to the extremity of eating the decayed flesh of a horse, prairie squirrels and crows. They will even proffer some of the Oblates. The priests will accept it with thanks, rather than offend the poor people.

The Oblates have performed wonders in spreading the Catholic religion among the Crees. Where there were many pagans a few years ago, there are now pious and devoted Catholics who will travel hundreds of miles in winter to attend Mass, and to receive the sacraments. During the journey the women carry their babies on their backs, all sleep under the snow in order to reach the mission in time. The good priest then gives them what clothing he has received from friends. When the supply which is a sadly small one, gives out, he cheers them by a promise of more when the next box arrives.

It is terribly discouraging for a priest to preach to a ragged, hungry congregation. He can speak of charity to them but he must call on the treasury of Catholic hearts to prove that there is something substantial in it.

The Bishop has an industrial school at Duck Lake in which there are 100 children, whom he feeds, clothes and teaches. His hopes lie in educating the young and in raising them above the degraded level of their parents. The boys are taught farming and useful employments and the girls housework, sewing and other useful things. There is a debt of \$20,000 on this school. This is an enormous sum in the eyes of the poor Bishop.—New World.

FINAL IMPENITENCE. The last of the six sins against the Holy Ghost to attract our consideration is that of final impenitence. Viewed in its bearing upon the soul it is, indeed, of supreme importance that we do not become one of its victims. And this because an awful eternity awaits those who die under its dreadful stain. Those are guilty of it who die impenitent, that is without confession, contrition for their sins. The Sacraments of baptism and penance were instituted by our Lord for the forgiveness of sin. After the reception of the first, all sins committed may be remitted by the latter. But there must be repentance, for there can be no forgiveness without it. To obtain eternal happiness we must receive pardon for our sins. But pardon without repentance is impossible. Therefore, heaven is closed against those who die impenitent. In the words of Ixias, chapter 28, verse 15, all such proclaim by their action: "We have entered into a league with death; and we have made a covenant with hell." And it is a covenant that will not be violated. The Holy Ghost inspires all to repentance. Final impenitence, therefore, is a sin against the Holy Ghost because



it opposes the grace of the Holy Ghost, through which all are to be saved.—Church Progress.

"The Life Was In Him." Daniel O'Connell once unravelled a queer plot in a will case. Witness after witness swore that they saw the document duly executed. At last a constantly reiterated expression caught the lawyer's attention, "The life was in him," over and over repeated. "By the virtue of your oath, was he alive?" he asked one witness. "By the virtue of my oath, the life was in him," he was answered. Then O'Connell turned to the man and very slowly and very solemnly said: "Now I call upon you, in the presence of your Maker, who will some day pass sentence upon you for this evidence—I solemnly ask you—and you answer for your peril—was not there a live fly in the dead man's mouth when his hand was placed upon the will?" Cornered and pale with fear, the witness confessed that this had actually happened.

SUFFERING WOMEN. FIND HEALTH AND STRENGTH IN DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS. "I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a most marvellous medicine," says Mrs. Louis Turcott, 665 Papineau street, Montreal. "They restored me to health and strength, when I was in a most hopeless condition, and almost a despair of recovery. My trouble began a severe illness, from which I did not regain my accustomed health and strength, though I had the very best of care and treatment. I seemed to grow weaker every day. I was pale and emaciated, had no appetite, could hardly go about, and found my life almost a burden. It seemed as though my blood had turned to water, and my nerves seemed completely shattered. All the time I was under medical treatment, but with no apparent benefit. One day a friend who called to see me, brought me some Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and asked me to take them I did so, and after a couple of weeks I found my appetite improving, and took this as a sign that the pills were helping me, and I got another supply. In a few weeks more the change in my appearance and condition was marvellous, and friends who dropped in to see me, hardly thought I was the same person. It was not much longer until I was completely cured; in fact felt better than I have done for years before. I am, therefore, very happy to make known to all ailing women the fact that they can find new health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Mrs. Turcott's experience with this medicine is the same as thousands of others. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest cure for ailments due to poor blood. All the weakness of anemia; all the distress of indigestion; all pains and aches of neuralgia, sciatica and rheumatism; all the misery and ill-health that women suffer from time to time, come from bad blood. And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure these troubles, because they actually make new, rich, health giving blood. They don't act upon the bowels, they don't bother with more symptoms; they go right to the root of the trouble and cure it through the blood. But you must get the genuine—substitutes and imitations never cured anyone. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around the box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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WHO MAKE THE BEST CONVERTS?

Asked suddenly, "What kind of Protestants make the best converts?" the hereditary Catholic answers almost instinctively, "The Anglicans, or Protestant Episcopalians." These have retained much both of Catholic doctrine and ritual. Within their ranks is a strong and constantly increasing element which likes to be called "the Catholic party." The houses of worship under its control are almost indistinguishable from those of Catholics; it believes in Christian education; it has religious orders of men and women; and Catholic-wise, it gravitates to the poor. There is probably no distinctive Catholic doctrine at which it hesitates over much, except the supremacy and infallibility of the Pope; and Lord Halifax, the leader of the Church Union, would find there not altogether re-affirmation of Pope Leo XIII. of previous Papal decisions against the validity of Anglican orders.

The religious life of the sincere Anglican or Protestant Episcopalians finds its only logical termination in the peace and certitude of the Catholic Church. Most Catholics know so many fervent converts who a few years ago were fervent Episcopalians that we naturally look to them as the most promising field for recruits. But the Rev. M. I. Bearman, S. J., of Chicago, a most experienced missionary, answering the question put at the outset of this article says:

"It seems to me that converts from Lutheranism are, as a rule, the best. Lutherans seem to possess more truth than other Protestants; and they seem, when converted, to bear more easily the obligations of Catholic life." Whereupon, our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Transcript, of Hartford, Conn., comments:

"There are not a few who will acquiesce in the opinion here expressed. The reason for the Lutheran's readiness to accept the teaching of the Catholic Church may be attributed to one or more causes, but, in the last analysis, it will be seen that early in life the Lutheran child is inured to the practice of his faith. He goes to a school from which religion is not banished. Nay, religion is the very life of the Lutheran school."

A well-read Catholic at once remembers the school controversy in Wisconsin, nearly a decade and a half past, where a coalition of Catholics and Lutherans on the school question took that State for the time being out of the Republican and into the Democratic ranks. As a rule, Germans, Catholic or Protestant, cannot conceive of education without religion; and the Lutheran parochial school, like the Catholic, in a new settlement, goes up brick for brick, or stone for stone with the house of worship. The Lutherans in the United States have probably as many children in their parochial schools proportionately as have the Catholics in theirs; and while, among the Episcopalians, there is evidence of divided counsels on the school question, there is unanimity among the Lutherans for denominational schools.

The Lutherans revere the Crucifix as a reminder of man's redemption. Luther himself, even after his apostasy, proclaimed the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Mother of God. In Denmark, Norway and Sweden the churches divorced at the time of the so-called reformation to Protestant uses, retained much of their Catholic aspect; while a larger proportion of Catholic doctrine lingered among the people than in Germany itself. We all remember the Christian and fatherly address of the German Emperor William to his sons before they were confined as members of the Lutheran body.

A correspondent of our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Transcript, has a letter well worth quoting in this connection:

Dear Sir:—There is a Lutheran church near here, recently built, which has a large cross on its steeple. This is a new departure, at least as far as my experience goes, and I was wondering if it is the opening wedge, and if other Protestant churches will follow this example. This Lutheran church has quite an interesting little history. Some years ago the pastor preached strenuously against Freemasonry. Nearly half of his congregation were Masons, and these left the church at once. As the pastor refused them burial in the Lutheran cemetery they bought a piece of property adjoining the church, which they turned into a grave yard for their own. The faithful remaining members have just built themselves the new church which is crowned by a cross.

JOHN BENNETT.

Sunman, Ind. This instance is confirmation strong of Father Bearman's experience, showing as it does that "private judgment" is much more in abeyance on religious matters in Luther's own special sect than in many other Protestant bodies, and that consequently Lutherans find it easier to submit to authority as embodied in the Catholic Church.

But who among us, especially in New England, has not known of fervent Catholics from the Congregational, Methodist and Baptist denominations? Nay the writer can find none to excel in unquestioning faith and exemplary practice, a group of converts who were Unitarians. The Spirit of God bloweth where it listeth. The sincere Protestant, of whatever denomination, who lives up to all the light he has and holds himself in readiness to do God's will at any cost is sure to make a good Catholic. Hosts of such Protestants have come into the Church in America from every denomination, often putting to shame by their piety and sacrifice those to whom the Faith is an inheritance.—Boston Pilot.

The smart of poverty is allayed even more by one word of true sympathy than by the alms we give. Alms coldly and harshly given irritate rather than soothe. Even when we can not give, words of kindness are a precious balm; and when we can give, they are the salt and seasoning of our alms.

WORDS OF A PROTESTANT MAYOR

The Seneca (Kansas) Tribune gives the following fine tribute of a Protestant mayor to the Catholic Church uttered in presence of Bishop Lillis of Lawrence and an assembly of priests and laymen under the auspices of the Federation of Catholic Societies of Nemaha county.

The Mayor spoke in part as follows: "You represent the mother Church of the Christian era—the pioneer Christian missionary organization of all the ages. Born at the foot of the cross, your nineteen centuries of holy endeavor give glorious proof that your grand mission shall never cease till time shall be no more, and till your work shall be crowned amid the glories of the eternal morning."

"You never wait for civilization to conquer the waste places, but you move forward and civilization follows in your path. You do not pause to await the movements of commerce, but you cross the deserts, the seas and the mountains, and commerce finds its way where you have led."

"So long as the starry banner of 'our own Columbia' kisses our skies it will be remembered that a brave Catholic mariner, under the auspices of a devoted Catholic queen, first sailed in American seas, and first planted a Christian emblem upon American soil. That mariner and his queen 'built' better than they knew. Your flag was planted on this continent more than four centuries ago, and the savage wilds of 1492 will soon be the homes of more than one hundred and fifty million people, whose commerce girdles the globe; whose missions, homes, schools and church spires, with the ever-inspiring cross, are blessed of God from the Polar regions of British Columbia to the sun-gilded mountain peak of Mexico. How little we know that a train of momentous events may start from one holy thought, from one heroic deed—what grand lessons we learn from brave self-sacrifice for others."

"Your history is a most honorable one in American annals. Your name is upon the Declaration of American Independence. Your brothers fought with 'Marion and his men'; with Gates at Saratoga; were with Washington at Valley Forge, and helped win the crowning victory at Yorktown."

"An insult to the American flag, an act of war touching our national interests, always find you ready to shed your blood and give your lives for American honor and American liberty. So long as the heroic deeds of Shields, Sherman, Sigel, Rosecrans, Sheridan and Corcoran endure in the annals of American fidelity and courage, the Americanism of your membership will remain as a synonym for national patriotism and honor."

"You are not believers in race suicide. You obey the Scripture in junction—'multiply and replenish the earth.' Your most enduring work is in the purification of the hearts and the homes of the people. You do not teach that men can be made pure by legislative enactment, but you lead all to Him Who said: 'Come unto Me and I will give you rest.'"

"Not upon fields of battle, not in hot disputes upon the rostrum, but in the tender ministrations of the home; in the mother and child; in the wise counsels of the Church, stand your towers of strength, your citadels of beauty and wisdom."

"Speaking as a Protestant of Pilgrim origin, it is a privilege to say that your religious zeal brings to mind the enthusiasm and love of St. Peter, and the eloquence and courage of St. Paul. It is no mean honor to be placed by you upon this programme, and it is a genuine pleasure, in the name of the City Council and in behalf of our people, to publicly thank you for giving to this city the honor of the first Catholic congress in Kansas, and in behalf of the city of Seneca to bid you earnest welcome to our hearts and homes, and to bid you all God-speed in your efforts for the upbuilding of humanity and the widening of the spheres of love and fraternity on earth."

OPPRESSION OF THE POOR.

According to God's commandments we are rigidly enjoined to the obligation of giving to everyone that which is due him. Therefore, injustice of any and every description is a sin against God's holy law. When this injustice assumes the form of oppression, especially of the poor, it then becomes a sin which appeals to Heaven for vengeance.

the fatherless and the widow, nor oppress them unjustly."—Church Proverbs.

INTERVIEW WITH PIUS X

A NON-CATHOLIC IS HONORED WITH A PRIVATE AUDIENCE.

Not only is Pope Pius X accessible at all times to his own people, but he is also very kind in receiving non-Catholics, for whom he has a very warm place in his heart, as his children just outside the fold. All Americans of whatever creed, who go to Rome have one consuming desire and that is to see the Pope; but not all are as fortunate as the non-Catholic young lady in the following chronicle who in a letter tells of a most delightful little visit which she enjoyed with the Holy Father.

The circumstances which led up to the private interview were as follows: Some years ago the young lady, who is a resident of Chicago, befriended a poor Italian who was eking out a livelihood by teaching there. Later she saw a sign of him, and two years ago while in Italy was surprised to meet her quondam teacher in the person of a prominent Count. He had come into his inheritance, and as he is a cousin of Cardinal Rampolla he offered to secure her an interview with the Pope. On her visit to Rome this summer she decided to take advantage of his kind offer, and the charming description of her visit to the Vatican is as follows:

Rome, August 1, 1905. I received my invitation yesterday, hours from 9 to 12 a. m. I left my party in the forenoon at 10 o'clock and took a carriage by the hour, drove to a church supply store, bought rosaries, then to the hotel to dress. I had on black shoes and skirt and belt, a white shirt-waist and hat, which latter I now took off and pinned a long lace shawl on most picturesquely, put on my black silk coat and black high collar, no gloves, according to regulation, no handkerchief in sight, no watch or rings. Then I went up the stairs to the rooms—all the girls in the party wanted some—and drove to the Vatican. My driver had been telling the others waiting in front of the hotel whether I was bound, and when I came out between the long curtains which serve as doors here, they all arose and bowed, likewise the hotel employes. I felt like a church dignitary, I assure you.

Twenty minutes later, at 11:10, I stopped at the bronze gate of the Vatican, walked through the lines of Swiss guardsmen and up the stairs into the private court. From here I was shown up five long flights of stairs, sixty steps each low and wide, of light marble, at each landing were guardsmen with pikes who saluted me. At last I came into the first ante-chamber where the sentinels were pacing to and fro by twos; from there into another curtained red silk room, where three men in wine colored silk suits received me and escorted me into a third room, where Monsignor Bressan, the private secretary, came to me and told me that foreign matters made it impossible for His Holiness to see me and he would take my message.

This did not suit me at all and I said, "I must see him myself," and could not tell M. Bressan my message. I said a few minutes would do and so I was turned over to a tall young man in full dress who was talking to a monk in brown and he took me into room No. 4 where I sat a quarter of an hour admiring the beautiful gobelins carved ivory crucifix and red silk lining of the room.

Suddenly a whole family of nobles called in and were taken through to another waiting room. After five minutes more a foreign embassy, prelates and monks, etc., all came out, in lively discussion and left after hurrying to and fro carrying documents in and out of the private secretary's room. Next a general appeared, all stiff with medals and gold and beckoned me into room No. 5, where a beautiful gold throne stood, the arms of which were angels and the back a dove in rays of gold, the room was done in red velvet, chairs and all. Here the military dignitaries parade and I waited with some Bishops.

The Italian family now swept out and I began counting the stars on the uniform of the general when a master of ceremony, all in uniform, appeared with a cane and a knob on it and after a few moments the general came to me and announced that the Holy Father wished to see Signorina Maria A. I walked through six more ante-chambers, he ahead, and in each a dignitary in purple, bowing and pointing to the next room. At last the large library was opened and the general fell on his knees, pointed at me and cried out: "Be seated, your Holiness, to present Signorina Maria A. I could not see the Pope on account of the open door but when I stepped to the side of the general (on his knees) I saw Pius Tenth on a little raised platform in a white broadcloth gown and cap, long golden chains with green stone cross and his famous Peter's ring on his hand.

I bowed deeply and he immediately made a sign that I should not attempt to kneel, but drew a chair up to his and said: "Come and sit down beside me and be comfortable." I ascended the steps and the general left us and shut the door so that we were all alone. The Pope looked very kind and gentle and said: "Did you not understand me? Do sit down."

"After you, Holy Father," I replied and he smiled and sat down. I sat close beside him and I saw him as near as if I had sat on a sofa with him. He is small and chubby, very good and noble looking, fine character lines in his face. I said: "Excuse me if my Italian is poor and I do not know what to say. I am an American."

"Oh! I know all about you," he replied. "My friend wrote to me and said you were coming. How are they all?" Now my tongue went pretty fast and I had a quarter of an hour's chat with him. He complimented me on my Italian, and said it was "Carina," which means 'nice' or 'dear' and "so

was I." Then he asked about my home and travels, all the news of Venice and laughed heartily at some things I said. I took out my photographs, which were hidden in my dress, as I was not allowed to have anything in my hands when entering, and he wrote a Benediction on each for me to see for the poor artist. Then I asked him to bless my rosaries and he said:

"Why I did that when you spoke of them before."

"Did you?" said I, "I did not notice it and I thought you would touch them and I could see you do it."

He laughed and put out his hands, gathered them all in a bunch around my wrist, where they hung and said: "There now, watch me do it, here is the best thorough blessing I can give."

I thanked him and said I would now go as he was so busy. He replied I must come again when I came to Rome and he was glad to meet an American who spoke such good Italian. When I arose to go he raised his hand, and as I liked him well, I said: "I know it is considered the right thing here to kiss your hand," but before I could finish my sentence he said: "You do not need to do it my dear," I took his hand saying: "But I like you because you have been very kind to me and helped the poor artist." Then I pressed it lightly against my cheek and said: "Good bye." He laughed evidently amused, and said: "A rivederci!" ("Hope to see you again). I bowed and went out. Now all the people were watching me closely in the adjoining room and I heard some one say: "She is an American." "I ok out, she understands you," said the General. "She speaks Italian." I left quietly without a word more and well pleased with my novel experience.—Catholic Columbian.

MARRIED.

MCMANUS FRANKLY.—In Orlino, on Oct. 13, at the Church of the Anze's Guardian, Dr. John McManus, of New York, to Miss Mary Amelia Frankly, of Orlino.

DIED.

FORBES.—A London, Ont., on Oct. 9, 1905, widow of the late Wm. Forbes, in her seventy-fifth year. May she rest in peace!

MULLARKEY.—In East Nisouri on Sept. 28, Mr. John Mullarkey, aged ninety-two years. May he rest in peace!

FALLOU.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of the late Mrs. James Falloou, who died in London, Ontario, on Friday, Oct. 13th. May his soul rest in peace!

GOLD.—Of your charity pray for the soul of Madam Gold, nee Madam de la Roche, who died in London, Ontario, on Friday, Oct. 13th. May his soul rest in peace!

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FEMALE TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 10, N. near (near G. Ave.). Holding second class professional certificate. For 1906 State salary and experience. Address: Michael J. Kennedy, Sec. Trans., Toronto, Ont. 188-2

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CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, CANADA.

VOLUME X

The Catholic

LONDON, SATURDAY,

DRINKERS

Commenting on the working classes, the says that a growing tendency in hard liquor once in hard liquor a demand practical abst among their employe recent demand for nectuous drinks and the sales of the more po Competition carries o own, for the drinking he is not so valuable as his non-drinking the time comes to la the working force th is not the first to go be done no better t others, but he is mor thus more valuable t We know that som chants refuse emplo quenters of saloons, actuated by motiv They believe that th brains cannot do go little use to him, ally when in a p cost him money. Drinkers barred. only occupation lo road-house continge recital of their griev poor fellows are b against, and of why ities are so sadly an looked. They shou signs of the times. understand that th drinker are hard he And these gentlem extremists nor cran fact citizens, tell u who uses intoxican get on, is a fool. lowest means of gai viz, saloon keepi the bar-tender sha stainer. Think of who spends his o peddling rum, and that requires stead intellect, must not interests block the for the bar-keepo young man who lo nobler than taki lars from wives and him? But he need with seeking reason support of the salo concerned he must with the fact that wanted, and govern

THE DECLINE

PA

We are informe party will not be this winter as a m We are glad to kno tremists on this po that card playing t ject is apt to bego our social ingenio in quantity and c deadly monoton th we suppose that fo and women will en the chattering of handling of pasto curious that the g euecho condemn th races. The race- ject is more y; the well, the support o winning of a priz says that games a home, and even th loss they involv. more indispensa money; for it is getting money, b vastly higher an dom and virtue. good, but time mi

BAPTIST PRA

Rev. C. L. Rhod American Baptist the recent annual ministers of New paid a tribu of the Catholic C said: "I have be for saying that I has been a Roman that it has had a But I reiterat's it back. How in th the great tide of turned itself tow the last half centu retained withi Church without f floor ce that the Roman Catholic I again thank G olic Church."