

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1898.

NO. 1,023.

The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, May 28, 1898.

CONVERSIONS INCREASING.

It is gratifying to note the ever-increasing number of converts in this country and England. The sheep are returning to the fold, and we look forward to the day when there shall be one fold and one Shepherd. Doubt cannot long satisfy the soul, which is "naturally Christian." Protestantism is being torn into fragments by infidelity, or, rather, reverting to it, as its natural terminus. We, however, feel that many will shrink from this dreadful possibility, and turn to the Church which alone "is the way, the truth and the life."

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

In the current number of the Sacred Heart Messenger, Father Casey, S. J., writes of the Sacred Heart and the evils of the day. The article is instructive and timely. He says that the remedy for the three great evils which assail the intellect, will and heart of our generation is devotion to the Sacred Heart. Matthew Arnold, indeed, contends that the waters of literature have wonderful properties for the curing of all human ills, and those who read his glowing pages may be inveigled into the same belief.

De Guerin, for whom we have very little respect, tells us that he once, at a crisis in his life, sought consolation from a lily tree in his garden, but failed in his quest. And so we believe of Arnold and his votaries. Hearts only can satisfy hearts. Humanity must be protected and consoled, as a writer, says "by itself, yet higher than itself." The first evil is one that affects the intellect. It is the tendency to do away with dogmatic belief.

This is very evident, if one has any knowledge of events transpiring in the theological world. Outside the Catholic Church men believe what they please. The atmosphere of unbelief is round about us, and Catholics should be ever on their guard against its insidious and deadly effects. The devotion to the Sacred Heart will alone counteract its influence, for it brings before our minds the Divinity of Christ, the mystery of Redemption, etc. The second evil affecting the will is the tendency to substitute virtues which are merely natural for virtues based on the truth of Faith. When faith disappears, the supernatural quality of virtue vanishes, and what remains may be admired by those who see on the surface, but is totally useless for the securing of the crown of eternal life. Devotion, however, to the Sacred Heart concentrates our attention on our Divine Lord, and purging our actions of unworthy motives, gives us a pledge that our feet are on the pathway that leads to life eternal.

The third evil is the fascination of the world with its countless attractions that entrap the unwary. But those who love the Sacred Heart are proof against its seductions.

AN OLD-TIME UNIVERSITY.

We said in our last issue that a multiplicity of text books was avoided. The student was taught how to think. A man who can do this is educated, though he may not read Virgil and Homer. The cramming process was not in vogue, and one reading the extensive educational programmes of our colleges may be pardoned the desire of beholding them revert to this primitive simplicity. We do not believe that the system in some parts of Canada is productive of anything save evil. It is almost heretical to say so, but experience proves that it places a crop of mental dyspepsies every year upon the country. We have our examinations, mere tinsel and show for the most part, which provoke long and laudatory speeches from the examiner. We have statistics also, but we fail to see how our boys and girls can master the bewildering variety of matters enjoined by the school board. Our failing to see it is of course no proof, but let anyone take the ordinary product of the school system and he will find a mind overburdened with a miscellaneous assortment of intellectual articles. How often does it happen that a raw lad from the country outstrips in life's race many a college graduate? Want of energy, industry and perseverance

may sometimes account for it, but we believe that in a majority of instances the true cause is that, whereas the mind of the college graduate is filled with undigested facts and scraps and bits of information that warp his mental machinery, the mind of the country lad is in a normal state, and can, by its own native power, do good work.

What had something to do with the influence of the University was the fact that the professors used no text books during class hours. The students took down the lectures as best they could, either by a species of shorthand or by committing them to paper after they returned to their lodgings.

And what golden rules were laid down for the guidance of the students: "They were admonished to pass from the easy to the difficult; be slow to speak, and equally slow to give assent to the speaker; strive to understand what you read; find out what you can do, and do not aim higher than your capacity permits."

The student sat at the feet of the master, not for a short time, but for years. Sojourn in a college induced many a young man, before the wise old Experience has spanked the conceit out of him, to imagine that life has no mysteries for him, but in these days the earnest student devoted half a lifetime to the fitting of his mind for ripe and manly thought. The Gospel of Dirt—that learning is valuable only when it can be made to serve a practical purpose—found few preachers. Men sought the good and beautiful, and were happy in the search. They studied and prayed as they fought earnestly, and we often think there was less sham and affectation in their lives than in our own. Their programme was short but comprehensive. What they knew was genuine. We wonder what one of the old professors would say if he were to enter the halls of some of our educational institutions. He would be surprised, no doubt, at the many appliances, at the well appointed rooms, so different from those in Paris, where students huddled without any regard for comfort or ventilation. But he could teach our generation many things. The teacher of the world, Leo XIII., uses a Middle Age text book.

The work of the schools was done by disputation. We are ardent admirers of this method. It imparted to the student a readiness in expressing his views, and, in time, a coolness and self-possession in maintaining them. The disputes were, in early days, not models of academic dignity; but in time the ever-encroaching tide of Christian manliness and patience swept away forever the elements of riot and turbulence. The professors were also an important factor in the formation of an atmosphere of culture and repose befitting a great university.

Let us imagine that a student, having taken the various grades, presents himself for the highest dignity—the Doctorate. This was no easy matter in those days, and the individual who had the privilege of writing a few letters after his name might well be pardoned a feeling of pride, for he was of true and tried scholarship. Suppose that you are back in the thirteenth century, in one of the crooked streets of Paris. You are afire with excitement, for you are to witness the greatest sight of Paris, a display of intellectual power. Perhaps because of our utilitarian tendencies, we may not appreciate in due measure all the circumstances that invested the "act" with importance and solemnity, but we can see the groups from every clime, reckless, betimes, in statement, with a taste for sharp play of dialectics, and we can hear them discussing the merits of the candidate. You can see the bands of monks, many a goodly burgher and gallant knight, streaming towards the hall of disputation. All seem to take an interest in it, for, as it has been said, "the inhabitants of Paris seemed to have derived a species of education through frequent intercourse with busy students and sharpest professors, even as the Athenians learned much from the sophists and talkers of their day." You see them seating themselves on benches and on trusses of straw. Then the authorities take their places, and the candidate, and announce in measured tones the thesis for discussion.

He is sure to be well drilled in the subtlety of debate, for none but a master would dare to break a lance in intellectual tourney before such a keen-witted audience. Prying eyes are upon him, quick to see a flaw in his reasoning on presentation of his proposition. Then comes objections from every quarter. This is the real test of the candidate's proficiency, and when he meets an attack successfully he is invested with the insignia of the Doctorate and placed side by side with the masters.

The professors were, as a rule, picked men, of acknowledged prowess. We do not intend citing those whose names, gemlike, sparkle on the page of history, but we may not refrain from the naming of the greatest of them all—St. Thomas Aquinas. Born of princely race, "and in a time when the cradle had to be protected against the shouts and shock of charging spearmen," he came, in tender years, and sat himself down amidst the children of St. Benedict. How he progressed in the schools until he became the glory of the University, and dominated all by his gentle genius, and wore always the white flower of a blameless life, has been often the inspiration of essay and panegyric.

They believed in the words of Bishop Spalding, "that the best teacher is not necessarily and often the one who knows the most, but he who has most power to determine the student to self-activity, for in the end the mind educates itself. Hence a strong character develops strength. A strong man who loves his work is a better educator than a half-hearted professor who carries whole libraries in his head."

Such, in a few words, is a description of the life of University men of long ago. We may differ from them in method, but we may not, with any sense of justice, refuse them our meed of gratitude for their work towards the development of the world's culture and the dissemination of truth, and the perseverance that never flagged in fidelity to that noble aim.

IS THE WORSHIP OF MARY A MODERN ROMAN CORRUPTION?

Sermon by Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J., M. A.

London Catholic News.

On Sunday evening last at St. Wilfrid's, Preston, the Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J., M. A., professor of philosophy at Stonyhurst, commenced a series of discourses on the Blessed Virgin. The first of these was the worship of Mary a Modern Roman Corruption? Taking for his text the words: "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed," (words spoken by Our Lady, Luke 1, 48), the rev. preacher said we were born slaves of the devil, but by grace we have become slaves of God. Slaves of God: for St. Paul said (Rom. 6, 22): "Thanks be to God that you who were the slaves of sin have now become the slaves of God." As God emptied Himself of His Divinity to become man, and in His Divine Son took "the form of a slave" (Phil. 2, 7), so each of us, "predestinated to be made conformable to the image of His Son" (Rom. 8, 29) is happy to want himself with St. Paul (I. Cor., 7, 22), "English Bibles, no doubt, in some of these passages read "servant," but the original Greek reads "slave." Between servant and slave there is a wide difference. A servant has a claim to fair wages; a slave to none. A servant is ever free to quit his master's service; a slave never. Over a servant a master has but limited rights; over a slave he has the rights of life and death. We Catholics, then, are the slaves of Christ. But more than this. We are also the slaves of the Mother of Christ. Because for thirty years Jesus was "subject to His Mother" (Luke, 2, 51), therefore, we too, the brothers of Jesus, are proud to be, our whole life-long, subject to the Mother of Jesus. Because Jesus came to us through Mary, therefore, the hope is laid up in our hearts that we may go to Jesus through Mary. That is our creed. That is our profession. That is our boast. One there is, however, who hates this doctrine: one who is a stern opponent and a subtle foe. He calls Mary-worship idolatry. He dubs it Mariolatry. Who is this enemy? It is that apostate spirit whom men call Satan. Yes, Satan hates Mary; he hates her and he fears. And not without reason. For from the twilight of the human race, in the very flush of his first victory over God and man, in the hour of his triumph over the Creator, and over those new creatures, our first parents, whom the Creator loved, there was pronounced by the unerring lips of God Satan's doom through Mary. Thus the sentence ran (Gen., 3, 15): "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed; she (or "he" for the original is ambiguous) shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." Mary, then, either herself immediately, or mediately through her Son, was to crush Satan's

head. War then, war to the death, between Satan and the allies of Satan on the one hand, and Mary and the allies of Mary on the other hand. The enemies of the Mother of God do on this charge we Catholics shall have to stand our trial at the throne of God. Let us try to picture the scene. Let us suppose that at this hour and in this place God called me to my account. The imperious summons of the dread chamberlain, Death, thunders at my door, and in the twinkling of an eye I stand at the bar of Divine Justice. Here the Court is met. Jesus is my Judge. My angel guardian and my patron saint take their places to my right hand and to my left. Mary is my advocate. My accuser stands over against me, Satan, the Father of Lies.

The trial opens. Read the indictment. Lucifer begins, "Thou hast paid exceeding honor to this woman. Moreover, thou hast in public and in private moved others to honor her." "What music in my ears! Fiend, I thank thee for that charge. Satan, I am deeply obliged to thee. Prove thine accusation up to the very hilt, and I thank thee will be redoubled. Yet stay, I plead guilty. For once, O Father of Lies, thou hast spoken truth. To Mary I have paid some honor; I do confess it; but not enough, not enough! Would that ten thousand times a day I had paid her ten thousand times more honor! In Mary's praise I have publicly spoken; I do confess it; but not enough, not nearly enough! Would that my sluggish tongue had been tipped with the fire of the Divine, and that my voice like the Angelic Angel's had rung through realms of earth, to publish the prerogatives and proclaim the praises of Mary! Proceed! I do confess the fact! What of it?"

The accusing spirit continues: "Mary worship was thine own invention; the coinage of thine own brain. Foolish fiend! Devotion to Mary I drank in with my mother's milk. I learnt it from my playmates. They too, wore the scapular of Mary. They, too, told the beads of Mary. They, too, morning, noon, and night at the Angelus bell invoked the sweet name of Mary. Nay, no invention of mine. We Catholics love no novelties. I did not invent the doctrine. I received it. "Received it," retorts the Fallen Spirit, "received it from whom?" From one man. From thy priest." "Not so, I reply, a Catholic priest is not merely one man. He is a host in himself. To him it is not given in his teaching to pick and choose as he likes, to take and leave as he lists. No solitary witness is he, but a mouthpiece of the Church, whereof he is a minister.

With ignominy from his pulpit, and be driven by his prelate with anathemas from his post. "Be it so," sneers the Adversary. "Yet thy Mary-worship is the silly superstition of but one people, the foolish fancy of but one nation, the current coin of but one realm." Demon, prove that charge. Tell me what land is there whereon the sun looks down; tell me what nation is there on this earth's broad face, whither the Catholic missionary has not penetrated, carrying the knowledge of Jesus and His Mother, bearing aloft the Cross of Christ and chanting canticles in honor of Mary? If there be a realm so plunged in darkness, and the shades of the Valley of Death, at least it is not marked on the maps of the world. Still the Tempter is not silenced. He urges: "At any rate this Mary-worship is an invention of these latter days, a modern discovery, a new corruption." False, again, Malignant Spirit; false as thyself is this accusation. No new discovery is the worship of Mary. Look back ten centuries before the Eastern and Western Churches divided. Turn back a thousand years and more to the days when even her enemies allow that the Catholic Church was yet undivided, and still retained her infallibility. Travel back to those early ages and you will find the worship of Mary already a vigorous and a flourishing growth. Then if you will not admit the teaching of the Roman Church, go to the Greeks and interrogate them. Consult the Oriental Churches. Question these seventy millions of the Eastern Church, so independent of Rome, so hostile to Rome, so long separated from the West, so conservative, so tenacious of its traditions, so jealous of its antiquity; and what do you find? Hatred of Mary? No, not hatred! On the contrary, Greeks far outstrip us Latins in devotion to Mary. Our Mary-worship is timid in comparison with theirs. At the end of the collects and petitions in the Breviary, in the Ritual, in the Liturgy, for the name of Jesus the Greeks have substituted the name of Mary. What so bold as that has the Roman Church ever done? Not in mere pious books, not in mere popular devotions, but in the formal service of the Oriental Church players end with the clause "not as with us, "Through our Lord Jesus Christ"—but, "In the name of the Theotocos, of the Despara, of the Mother of God." To substitute Mary for Jesus in public worship—surely, you will say, that is Mariolatry? Yet if it is it is the Geeks who do it, and

not we. It is the unchanging East, and not the Church of Rome. If, then, you choose to call honor paid to Mary by the name of Mariolatry, at least be consistent, and do not call it new. For whatever Roman doctrine the Eastern Christian now holds has come down to him from ancient times, from what all Christians agree to call pure times, from the days of primitive Christianity. The Mary-worship of the Greek is stamped with the hall-mark of antiquity. It is over a thousand years old.

The accusation is made, my brethren, that the honor paid to the Blessed Virgin is a modern Roman corruption! HAVE THE ACCUSERS EVER HEARD OF THE HERESARCH NESTORUS? Have they ever studied the Third General Council of Ephesus, A. D. 431; one of those General Councils which our adversaries find convenient to recognize as (Ecumenical and infallible? Have they ever read how that heretical Patriarch of Constantinople attacked the doctrine and assailed the devotion of Mary worship? Are they quite aware that that General Council solemnly defined, and declared it heretical to deny Mary to be Theotocos, Despara, Mother of God? Have they ever considered how the people of Constantinople tarried the live long day without the Council Chamber to hear the dogmatic definition was pronounced, how in transports of joy, with music and dance and torchlight procession, they escorted the Conciliar Bishops to their lodgings, making the city resound with the jubilant cry: "Mary is Theotocos! Mary is Mother of God!" And St. Proclus, soon after elected Patriarch of Constantinople (A. D. 434), called "Mary in triumph" the unsullied shell which contained the pearl of great price; the Church's diadem; the expression of orthodoxy. He says: "Run in thought through all creation and see if there be one equal to Mary, Mother of God." And Cyril of Alexandria, president of the Council of Ephesus, representative of the Holy See, Archbishop, scholar, orator, saint, doctor of the Church, gave eloquent utterance to the thoughts of the people in these words: "Hail, O Mary, Mother of God, majestic treasure, the possession of the whole world, unquenchable lamp, crown of virginity, staff of orthodoxy, dwelling of the infinite God, Mother and Maid, through whom He in the holy gospels is called Blessed who cometh in the name of the Lord, through whom angels and archangels rejoice, devils are put to flight, and fallen man is received into the heavens." (Opera Cyril., Tom. vi., p. 325.) That assuredly is Mary worship yet who will say it is unwarranted, and who will say it is new? Give to Mary the title of Theotocos, Despara, Mother of God, and every other title pales in comparison as a star pales in presence of the noontide sun. Once realize that Mary bore, suckled, and nursed the Infinite and Eternal God, in the guise of a little Child, and what mind with power to think at all, what heart with capacity to feel at all, could resist the awe and surprise, would stem the flood of reverential thoughts at the sublime dignity which such a fact involves! Mary, Mother of God! No modern Roman corruption is that: it is the dogmatic doctrine of a General Council, recognized alike by East and West, confessed by Protestants to be infallible. Not new is that glorious title of Theotocos, Mother of God. It was solemnly proclaimed by the divided Eastern and Western Church just 1467 years ago!

The doctrines and devotions of Mary-worship are, we are told, new, a recent corruption.

NEW! Are the Roman Catacombs new? Yet the Roman Catacombs bear eloquent witness to the doctrines and devotions of Mary-worship. Go down into those underground cities, the homes of countless saintly dead, the hiding places of the infant Church, where tyrant persecution compelled the first Christians to lurk from the light of day. Thread your way through those antique corridors and on every side you shall find proofs of love for Mary. There in rude designs, drawn by holy hands long before the Roman legions had departed from English soil, the pathetic figures of the Virgin and Child look out into the gloom of those subterranean vaults, the Mother with hands extended wide in prayer, the Divine Son with hand uplifted to bless in response to His Mother's petition. If this implies corrupt doctrine, that doctrine is indeed Roman, but say not that it is new!

Turn again to that Accusing Spirit and ask him if yet he be satisfied. No, my brethren, no! He is never satisfied. You cannot quench the devouring fire of his calumnious tongue. He is like those unbelieving Jews of old who asked our Lord for a sign. Christ worked a miracle. This sign, they said, was not convincing. They wanted a sign from heaven. Christ gave them a sign from heaven. Still they would not believe. They could not deny the prodigy, but our Lord had worked it, they said, by compact with Belzebub. Christ bowed them that between light and darkness, between truth and falsehood, between Himself and Satan, no compact was possible. Did that silence them? Quite the contrary! They clamoured only the

louder: "We are disciples, not of this Man, but of Moses." And so the unending protest riven on, and thus the Spirit of Lies, driven back from point to point, puts forth ever the toothed tools of his own evil mind. Refute him as often as you will, he still continues to prate and babble that Mary worship is new. You ask him: "If new, when did it begin? Who invented it? Who brought it in? Where are the records of the stand made against the new superstition?" From the ancient Fathers of the Church I can quote passage after passage in which with fierce zeal they fell on those who were slack in devotion to the Blessed Virgin. But find me one passage, even one, even a spurious passage, in which the Fathers speak of Our Lady as this Spirit of Lies speaks of her, and I am willing to submit to a verdict of guilty, to confess myself an idolater, and to see the gates of heaven closed for ever upon me. Turn over the time-eaten folios of the earliest Fathers of the Church, those lynx-eyed watchmen, who never let a novelty in doctrine escape, and what do you find? Protests against Mary-worship? Denunciations of Mary-worship? Not a single word of it. But there you find, writ large so that those who run may read, the doctrine of Mary's prerogatives, and praises of devotion to Mary. To take but three Fathers as specimens.

WHAT THE FATHERS SAID OF MARY. In Palestine you have St. Justin. In Asia Minor and Gaul, you have St. Irenaeus. In Africa and Rome, you have the great Tertullian; all three writers of the first class. And of what age are they? Of the second century. Is that modern? Is that new? Not to go beyond these three Fathers of the sub-Apostolic age you have their unanimous testimony that Mary was, in the plan of the Incarnation, not merely a blind and unmeriting, but a free and willing agent. The Holy Ghost not only descended by His power upon her virgin body, He also filled with His gifts her three-holy soul.

Henceforth the Fathers delight to call Mary, the Second Eve. For, as Eve, the spouse of Adam, is "mother of all the living," in the order of nature, so Mary the Spouse of the Holy Ghost is the "Mother of all the living" in the order of grace. As the first Eve by abuse of freewill forfeited the privileges of mankind; so Mary, the second Eve, by perfect use of freewill won back the privileges of mankind. For as the first Eve was unbelieving and disobedient; so Mary, the second Eve, was obedient and believing. As the first Eve occasioned Adam's ruin, so Mary, the second Eve, occasioned Christ's redemption. Moreover, the reparation far exceeded the ruin, and, therefore, while the first Eve cooperated in a vast evil, Mary, the second Eve, cooperated in a vast good. Such is the gist of the teaching of these three Fathers. Who will deny that it is Mary-worship? And who will affirm that it is new? New! Why, it is the doctrine of writers whose grandfathers were contemporary with the Apostles! It is, therefore, the doctrine of the Apostles themselves. It is, therefore, the doctrine of Christ Himself.

Now lest it should be said that I have put my own interpretation on these three Fathers, and that this wrong triple cord is one of my own weaving, let me quote a passage which may serve as a sample of the rest. It runs thus: "Eve produced a guilty generation doomed to death, until a new generation sprang from Mary, Mother of God. As Eve, seduced by the Angel of Darkness, transgressed the divine command and fled from God; so Mary, obeyed by the Angel of Light, saluted the divine command, and bore God within her. And whereas Eve had slipped into disobedience, Mary stood steadfast in obedience, so that of the Virgin Eve the Virgin Mary became the advocate. And as by a Virgin mankind had been linked with death,

SO BY A VIRGIN MANKIND WAS LOOSED FROM DEATH.

The balance was thus preserved: a Virgin's obedience counterbalanced a Virgin's disobedience." (Irenaeus, Adv., Her. v. 19.) Accusing Spirit, does that sound like honor to Mary? Is it honor to attribute to Mary's obedience the salvation of mankind? Is it honor to call Mary the cause of this salvation? Is it honor to style Immaculate Mary the advocate of sin stained Eve? Yet whose testimony is this? Is it modern? Is it new? Against Julian the Apostate in the fourth century St. Augustine quoted this passage and called it ancient even then. Whose testimony is this? It is the testimony of St. Irenaeus, who was the pupil of St. Polycarp, who was the companion of the Apostles and the intimate friend of St. John. It is, then, the testimony of the Apostles, and, therefore, of Christ Himself. If, then, Rome pays worship and honor to Mary, do not, O Father of Lies, say it is a Papal corruption, and do not say it is new. Your accusation of Mary worship tells not merely against me, not merely against the Church from the beginning; it tells also against the Fathers; it tells against the Apostles; it tells against Christ Himself. Thus, O Accusing Angel, hath thy sharp dart fallen blunted to the ground!

The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 484 and 486 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Idolaters."

THOMAS COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey.

Messrs. Luke King, John Nich, P. J. Neven and Joseph N. King, are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Rates of Advertising—Ten cents per line each insertion, again measurement.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, the Bishops of Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

Advertisements must be paid in full before the paper can be supplied.

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

London, Saturday, May 28, 1898.

RUSSIAN RULE.

In an article in the May issue of the Quarterly Register, the Secretary of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance states that the Stundists of Russia are still enduring harsh persecution from the Government: which means really from the Holy Synod of the Russian Church.

BIGOTRY IS COSTLY.

The Boston Standard, one of the chief out of the many defunct organs of the A. P. A. in the United States, was in debt to the amount of \$91,024 at the time of its collapse, the assets by the sale of the plant and collections being only \$7,427.86.

GOLDEN JUBILEE.

The Right Reverend Monsignor Connolly, Vicar General, and rector of St. John the Baptist church at St. John, N. B., will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination in July next.

ALWAYS COWARDS.

American papers are poking a good deal of fun at the blatant members of the A. P. A., and similar societies, who were so loud in proclaiming their patriotism when there was no dangerous duty to be performed, and in vilifying others who in the time of danger were at the front in defence of their country.

ENGLAND'S SHAME.

Irish papers complain loudly of the plain measures adopted by the government for the relief of the starving people of Ireland.

specially numerous, and they occur frequently in Cork, Mayo, and other counties, and the only relief afforded is that the peasantry are put to work at sixpence per day on road-making or other public works.

THE BAPTIST CONVENTION AT HAMILTON.

Last week the annual Baptist Convention for the Dominion was held in Hamilton, at which it was reported that the Baptist Church is making fair progress throughout the Dominion.

Considering the number of Baptists in Canada, this increase is considerable, though from its actual magnitude we can scarcely draw the inference that any very considerable inroad is being made upon the prevailing form of Protestantism in favor of the peculiar tenets of the Baptists.

The Rev. Mr. Eaton addressed the Convention on the subject "Home Missions." He admitted that in the Northwestern Territories the Baptist Church has not made great headway.

Continuing, the Governor says: "Those who object to a Catholic joining the United States army must forget that a very large part of those who went down on the Maine bore Irish and other foreign names, and laid allegiance to the Catholic faith.

It is a well known fact that over one-third of the standing United States army and navy, and of the students in the military schools are Catholics, as is the case at West Point at this moment.

But it is not at Gettysburg alone that the Irish Catholic brigade, under General Meagher, distinguished themselves. The following extract from the first edition of a history much used as a text-book in American schools, will show how the brigade conducted itself elsewhere.

We notice a remarkable statement made by one of the delegates, Mr. Thomas Urquhart, to the effect that in order to reach new fields in which missions are much needed, and which should be opened and developed, "a band of consecrated, young, unmarried men is needed who could carry all their belongings in a grip sack, and who could go into the great Northwest and evangelize this country."

We do not dispute the greater efficiency of unmarried missionaries in doing their work. This is, in fact, one of the reasons why the Catholic Church has established the discipline that her clergy must be unmarried. But it is not only for the missionary clergy that this is a good rule.

As it is desirable that the clergy should be solicitous for the things of God, the Catholic Church has made the law of celibacy obligatory on the clergy, though this law is a matter of Church discipline, which could be changed if it were deemed wise or advisable to modify it.

And again: "Judges and juries have convicted quite a number of these felonies and misdemeanors of every kind, and sent them to acquire the technical education imparted in our State penitentiaries, but there are others. The self-constituted protector of American institutions is now a firm believer in the doctrines of the Peace Preservation Society."

matters on which they have hitherto been violently antagonistic to us. We are glad to see this tendency to Catholic practice, for the end must be that many will at last see that the attacks which have been made on Catholic teachings are unfounded, and will thereby be brought back to the one true fold.

SOME SAMPLES OF BIGOTRY.

A piece of A. P. A. bigotry of a character so outrageous as to be scarcely credible has been severely and justly rebuked by the Governor of Colorado.

The Cripple Creek (Col.) Herald relates the particulars, which are briefly as follows. One Captain Howard has been for some time organizing a company of local militia in that city, but it was discovered that he designedly rejected all Catholic applicants who desired to enrol themselves in the organization, and even boasted openly of having carried out this malicious ostracism.

A Protestant, Clayton Comstock by name, presented himself for enlistment, whereupon he was asked by Howard: "Are you a Roman Catholic?" Comstock asked: "What difference does that make?" Howard answered: "A difference of difference with Company G. I am running this company, and no Catholic can belong to it."

Bigots like Captain Howard and the publishers of the school history are glad enough to have Irish Catholics fight their battles at the critical moments of their country's existence, but they endeavor at all other times to throw discredit on the men to whom they are under so deep an obligation.

We admit that it gratifies us to learn that Captain Howard is likely to be duly punished by having his commission cancelled, and we feel assured that honest American public opinion will compel the school authorities to exclude Barnes' history from the schools, since their attention has been called to the matter.

THE POPE AND THE WARRING POWERS.

It might at first sight be perplexing to understand for what purpose the Methodist and Baptist ministers of New York, while urging on the American Congress to declare war against Spain, took occasion to abuse the Pope for his efforts to preserve peace, which did not cease down to the very moment when war was declared.

These ministers declared that they want no interference by the Pope in the political affairs of the United States. Such a resolution was entirely uncalled for, as the Holy Father made no attempt at interference, further than what would be the right and duty of every Christian who might exercise a great influence over the destiny of Christian States.

The Pope was, of course, fully aware that the majority of the people of the United States regard every action of his with suspicion, as they have been taught thus from infancy by just such teachers as these New York ministers. Hence it was not true, as these preachers pretended, that he had offered to arbitrate between the two powers.

If he had done so, there could be no blame attached to him on this account, but he did not make the offer, as he knew well that it would not be received in the good spirit in which such an offer might have been made.

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was not a whit less treacherous and perfidious. Having quoted the historical passage given above in reference to Irish courage in fighting the battles of the United States, we are led to record another instance of treachery to which Mr. John E. Cashman calls attention in a recent issue of the Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.

The extract as given above is from "Barnes' Brief History of the United States." But in the more recent edition of the same work the passage occurs so changed as to refuse the credit of bravery to the Irish brigade, and to transfer it to the "brigades of French and Hancock's divisions."

This is effected by substituting the words just quoted for the first words given above in Italics, and by omitting entirely the mention of the "Sons of Erin" in the second place, which is also in Italics. It will be noticed that the passage thus mutilated is nonsensical, for it refers to the "dauntlessness of a race" of which nothing is said previously.

Here it may be well to remark that the Irish brigade, so-called, was not exclusively Catholic. We notice this fact, as it might occur to some that it was formed by an ostracism just as blamable as that of Captain Howard. Protestants, or men of other nationalities than Irish were never excluded from this brigade, but Irish Catholics formed about 95 per cent of its membership, and it always had Catholic chaplains for this reason.

Hence it was regarded as practically a Catholic brigade, the nucleus of which was the 69th New York regiment. It is evident, therefore, that the purpose of the mutilators of Barnes' history was to deprive this Catholic brigade of the glory due to it, and so Mr. Cashman justly asks: "Are the present publishers of Barnes' history catering to the A. P. A.?"

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the avowed reason that Spain is a Catholic country. To avert bloodshed and the horrors of war, and to obtain for the people of Cuba, at the same time, the political advantages they require to make them prosperous and contented, the Holy Father used his influence with the Queen and Government of Spain that it should make such provisions for the government of the island as would be acceptable to its population, and at the same time to the United States, and, indeed, Spain yielding to the supreme Pontiff's advice showed a willingness to do all that might be necessary for the purpose, even to the granting of self-government.

It is true the United States was not satisfied with the concessions, and so the war was precipitated. We have no doubt the Holy Father would have been willing to assume the responsibility of arbitrating on the questions at issue between the two countries if both had expressed their willingness to abide by his decision, and that decision would have been undoubtedly a just one, with due regard to the rights of all the parties concerned, of the United States and the Cubans, as well as of the Spaniards, and we may safely say it would have been to the interest of them all to have made him the arbitrator instead of having recourse to the fearful arbitrament of war.

The Holy Father had at heart the maintenance of peace and humanity, and it can be only malevolence to represent him as unduly interfering in political matters. He did not claim any temporal sovereignty over any of the parties concerned, but he spoke as the upholder of general morality and Christian charity, and his position as head of the most widespread religious body, and the centre of the greatest moral power on earth. Other powers have deemed it wise to accept his arbitration in international matters of dispute, and there is really no reason why the United States should not profit by the wisdom and justice of a judge who is above being influenced by other considerations than those of justice and Christian charity.

Protestant Germany found it advantageous to make use of the Holy Father's wisdom, and publicly thanked him for his just decision in a dispute with Spain only a few years ago, so there can be no good sense in the rage exhibited by the parsons of New York when the Pope's name is mentioned as a possible judge in a dispute of the United States with the same power.

Some papers have circulated an unfounded report to the effect that since war was declared, the Holy Father has been endeavoring to stir up the European nations against the United States, and to take the side of Spain in the present struggle. There is no truth in these statements, and to set them at rest Cardinal Rampolla has telegraphed to Mgr. Martinelli, the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, denying all such assertions, and stating that the Holy Father entertains and will entertain only good-will for both nations, and that he has no other desire than to maintain peace, so far as his influence extends. It is true, Spain is a Catholic country, but the Catholics of the United States are not very far from being as numerous as those of Spain, as they are about ten or eleven millions, while those of Spain are about seventeen and a half millions. Besides, the Cubans are themselves a Catholic people, and there is no reason why the Pope should not look to their interests equally with those of Spain or any other Catholic country.

A CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL.

The Congregationalists of America are to hold their annual Council at Portland, Oregon, in July. Congregationalist papers express the hope that it will be well attended, and are urging the representatives of the various congregations to show to the West the vitality of their denomination.

The total number of delegates will be nearly six hundred if all attend, but this is not expected, as the railways have not granted sufficiently favorable terms to induce the delegates to travel so far. The Council has no authority to legislate in Church matters, as the congregations are free to make their own arrangements as to the clergymen they wish to engage, and the doctrines they wish to have preached to them. Hence it is known that the Council will not transact any important business, and there is little inducement to the delegates to assemble at great cost. Only those who have a strong desire to meet their colleagues in the ministry are, therefore, expected to bear so

much of an outlay as will fall upon the delegates. As the Congregational body has no recognized common authority over it, it is no wonder that there is a great diversity of doctrine taught in the churches of that denomination, though they give a sort of free and easy adhesion to the Westminster Confession, modified, however, by their special characteristic of congregational church government.

From time to time there has been an effort made by the conventions of the Congregationalists to insist that there shall be no departure on the part of their ministers from what has been called the "historic belief" of Christianity, but these efforts have ended in failure. A notable instance of this occurred in Vermont in 1879, when a certain clergyman of St. Albans, whose teachings approached toward Unitarianism was brought to task by the State convention, and the denomination in that State was on the point of schism, until it was tacitly agreed that the danger should be averted by allowing the resolution of the convention to become a dead letter.

The resolution set forth that "the Word of God is our only rule of faith, as teaching the doctrines commonly known as Evangelical, held in our Churches from the early times, and sufficiently set forth by former General Councils, notably in the Councils of Boston and Oberlin, and the reputation of any substantial part of these doctrines (held in common by all Evangelical Churches) is considered by us as inconsistent with continued claim to denominational fellowship with our ministers and churches."

The opinion of the minority was expressed in various forms, and was embodied by a paper which represented their views, in the following terms: "The obvious meaning of this proceeding is that in the judgment of the Orthodox Congregational ministers of Vermont, there is no truth except what their assemblies have already discovered, and anybody who thinks there is, is a heretic, and if he remains in the Congregational Church, he is no gentleman. Pretty soon there will be an ecumenical Council of Congregationalists to determine what the historical belief is, just as the ecumenical councils at Rome determine what is, and always has been the belief of the Roman Catholic Church."

This view, which is to the effect that Congregationalists are entitled to believe as much or as little as they deem proper, provided they maintain that they have found their belief in Scripture, is the one which prevailed on this occasion, and this is now the undisputed governing principle of Congregationalism.

We cannot help contrasting the Council of next July, which proclaims that it has no legislative authority, with the Council of Jerusalem of which we read in the 15th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and which definitely settled a disputed point which involved both doctrine and discipline, the non-necessity of circumcision under the New Law. The Apostles assembled in Council on this occasion certainly exercised authority when they pronounced:

"For it hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay no further burden upon you than these necessary things;" after which they enumerate the obligations they deem it necessary to impose. Surely the Apostolic Council bears more resemblance to the Councils of the Catholic Church than to the "ecumenical" Council which is to come off in Oregon in July.

To us, as outsiders, it seems an anomaly to hold a council which, confessedly, will have no authority. How are the interests of Christianity to be advanced by a mere social gathering of ministers who will do nothing more than spend a few days in making reciprocally complimentary speeches?

RELIGIOUS PRACTICES.

An article in the Ave Maria, quoted in a late issue, calls attention to some omissions on the part of Catholics which indicate a decline of the devotional spirit, if not also suggestive of a lack of fervor of faith.

Now it seems to us that these two are always found together—fervent faith and a devotional spirit—and that their possession will always be evidenced by an active zeal for the spread of the faith and constant acts of devotion.

Time was when children were taught to sign themselves with the sign of the cross on leaving the house and on commencing any work of the day, and families never failed to say grace, each by himself, or all together, at every meal, thanksgiving being also made after each meal. Holy water was kept in the house, handy for constant use, and it was frequently made use of. The rosary was recited at least on Sunday evenings and it was not omitted because visitors were present, since they were always pleased to join in this family devotion and were glad

at not being forced to miss it by reason of their absence from their own homes. We do sincerely hope that our esteemed contemporary is mistaken in its estimate of the extent to which this religious apathy has grown. We fondly hope that these beautiful religious customs of our early days are still as widely followed as they were then.—Catholic Review.

DYSON HAGUE'S SERMON.

His Statements Criticized by Father Minehan.

(To the Editor of the Globe.)

In a recent Saturday number of the Globe its readers were treated to an extended report of the first of a series of sermons on the Anglican Prayer Book by the Rev. Dyson Hague of Wycliffe College. As long as this gentleman's utterances are confined to the walls of Wycliffe and the Church of the Redeemer no one will deem it worth while to contradict them in your columns. But when they are scattered broadcast by the Globe that important and enterprising paper will certainly allow its Catholic readers, whose Church has been assailed, the right of self defence. Defence is not very difficult in this instance. Indeed Falstaff himself could not come up to the performance of the gifted professor of Wycliffe. Could the gallant knight who manufactured eleven buckram men out of two perpetrate anything more delicious than the following statement of Rev. Dyson Hague: "A man after he was converted was still the same man that he was before. In the same way the Church of England before it was reformed and after it was reformed was still the same Church." St. Paul before his conversion was a bigoted Jew. After his conversion he was a zealous Christian. Yet as he was the same man as before it would follow from the reasoning of the Wycliffe professor that Judaism and Christianity are the same Church. A child can see the absurdity of this reasoning. St. Paul was the same physically and intellectually after his conversion as before, but he was not the same in faith. And it is difference in faith which makes different churches. Were the members of the Church of the Redeemer to be converted to Presbyterianism tomorrow they would be physically and intellectually the same, yet no one who knew what he was talking about would say that they belonged to the same church as before.

After this brilliant illustration we are prepared for a decidedly original handling of the facts of history, and are not disappointed. We are told that little is known of the early Church in England, and immediately after it is stated that "its form of government was Episcopal, that its faith was simple and its worship pure, that it held the great verities of the Christian faith, and none of the false doctrines which afterwards crept into the English Church were then known." Now, in order to know the nature of a church's government, to determine the nature of its faith, and especially to decide on the purity of its worship, an intimate knowledge is necessary. Yet here is a man who tells us that little is known about a church, and in the very next breath proceeds to certify to its form of government, the nature of its creed and the purity of its worship.

But Rev. Dyson Hague claims one crowning Wycliffite glory for the early church in England:—"It was totally independent of the Church of Rome. From the eighth century, however, the Church of England became more and more identified with Rome, and from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century the Church of England was governed from Rome." Here we have the following assertions: First, up to the eighth century the church in England was totally independent of Rome. Secondly, after that time she became more and more identified with Rome: in other words, she began to approach Rome more and more, but was not with her. Thirdly, the church in England became completely under Roman rule from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries.

Now let us test these three statements in the light of English history, and we will take as our guide not a Catholic, but a vigorously Protestant historian, Green. Writing of Christianity in Britain before the Anglo Saxon invasion, he states that: "Before the landing of the English in Britain the Christian Church extended in one unbroken line across western Europe to the furthest coast of Ireland. The conquest of Britain by the pagan English thrust a wedge of heathendom into the heart of this great communion and broke it into two unequal parts." (Green's History of the English People, Vol. 1, page 66) Here it is distinctly laid down that before the Anglo-Saxon invasion the Christians of Britain form one great communion or body with those of Italy, Spain and Gaul, and hence there was no Church of England totally distinct from Rome. After the pagan English had driven the British Christians before them and practically wiped Christianity out of the land Christianity was introduced amongst the Anglo-Saxon conquerors by the Monk St. Augustine and his companions, who were sent by Pope St. Gregory in the year 597. These spread Christianity through the south and east of England, whilst the work of Christianizing northern England was mainly the work of Irish monks. In the year 664 a council was held at Whitby between the followers of St. Augustine and the Irish monks. The points in dispute between them were simply matters of discipline, namely, the form of tonsure to be worn and the day on which Easter was to be observed. That all acknowledged the supremacy of Rome

in matters of faith is evident from the answer of Colman the spokesman of the Irish monks, to the following question of King Oswiu, who was present: "You own, cried the King at last to Colman, that Christ gave to Peter the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven—has He given such power to Columba?" The Bishop could but answer "no." The result was the victory of Rome in the Synod of Whitby." (Green ibidem, pages 76 to 78) Here is the testimony of a Protestant historian to the supremacy of Rome in Anglo-Saxon England in the middle of the seventh century (A. D. 664) Yet, according to Rev. Dyson Hague, the church in England did not become completely fused into the Church of Rome until the thirteenth century. To sum up the testimony of the historian Green, Christianity in Britain was one with Rome before the Anglo Saxon invasion. That event practically cut off British Christianity from that of Rome for a time, with the result that misunderstandings arose in matters of discipline, such as the tonsure and the observance of Easter. The authority of Rome triumphed in these matters of discipline and was not questioned at all in matters of faith in the National Council of Whitby in 664. Regarding the so called Reformation in England Dr. Dyson Hague has the hardihood to speak of it as the "work of God," and of its authors as the great reformers whom God raised up. Macaulay, a bitter foe of Rome, writes this of Cranmer, the chief of these: "Saintly in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward and a timeserver in action." (History of England, Vol. I, page 57.)

Rogers, who is not a Catholic, in his Political Economy, page 122, describes the godly fruit of the so called reformation in England in the following words, which will conclude my criticism of a few of the teeming misrepresentations of the Wycliffite professor:—"Before the reformation and during the time in which the various monasteries were in being the wants of such poor as were reduced to penury by great necessity were relieved through these sources of charity. Lands were generally distributed . . . guilds supported their own poor . . . absolute want was on the whole unknown. The scene changed after the period referred to. The monasteries were divided amongst the rapacious courtiers of Henry—the mass of the population fell into great distress . . . the whole policy of the court tended to the aggrandizement of the few and the misery of the many—population and misery were kept down by excessive persecutions."

Toronto, May 12. L. Minehan.

"QUESTION BOX."

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. "Anglican" asks: "When do Catholics claim the separation of England from the Roman Catholic Church took place, that is, admitting that she was ever Romanist?"

The separation was not easily or suddenly effected, but began in 1531, when Henry VIII. first claimed the title of Supreme Head of the Church, and may be said to have been completed when the Thirty-nine Articles were adopted in 1563.

"Puzzled" asked if Whit Sunday, Pentecost and Trinity Sunday are the same.

Whit Sunday and Pentecost Sunday are the same. Trinity Sunday is not; it comes the Sunday after Pentecost and marks the close of the time allowed for performance of the Easter duty.

"A Subscriber" would like to know in what years the following Sisterhoods were established, namely: Little Sisters of the Poor, Sisters of Charity, of the Good Shepherd, of Mercy, of Notre Dame.

The Little Sisters of the Poor were established in 1840; of Charity, in 1634; of the Good Shepherd, in 1646; of Mercy, in 1827; and of Notre Dame, in 1805.

"Irish Catholic" has a Protestant friend who persists, notwithstanding all protestations to the contrary, in believing that Catholics pay money to have their sins forgiven by the priest. He wants to know how he shall convince him to the contrary.

Don't try. If he has started out by doubting your word on this point, how can you expect him to believe anything else you say? He may be in the way of salvation, anyhow. If he believes as he speaks, invincible ignorance will be his valid excuse for not having the true faith.

"K. M.," an Episcopalian, cannot see the utility of Latin in our Church devotions, and says that with the "Book of Common prayer" he can follow the service in any country, no matter in what language.

With the variety that exists in Episcopalian services in this city alone we may be pardoned for doubting this assertion, but if we admit that the form will give the clue to the service without a universal liturgical language, how much more should it do so where both the language and the form are the same? Let our friend go to some Episcopal church where only a foreign tongue is used and try his theory. Even if the forms were alike, he would have more difficulty than a Catholic, particularly if a dead language, is not subject to change, hence the liturgy is preserved from innovation.

"L. Z." attended the funeral of a Catholic friend and saw candles around the casket and on the altars, and asked why they are lit even when electricity and gas are also used.

Outside of their use for purposes of illumination, candles are an appropriate ornament and are emblematic.

The light, the burning and self-consuming of the candle reminds us of our faith, which must be lively; of our charity, which must be burning and diffusive, and of our devotion, which, like that of Mary Magdalen, must not spare sacrifices. A lighted candle is also a primitive and purely ecclesiastical ornament.

"J. F. M.," a Methodist who reads the Catholic Standard and Times, asks a number of questions, one of which (the last) is answered in the "Answers to Correspondents" column. The others are:

(1) Did not our Lord intend the Bible to be read and understood by all? Why, then, does the Church claim to be the sole interpreter of it?

Christ gave the Apostles and their successors authority to teach all nations, and commanded the faithful to hear them. For many years after Christ's ascension there was no Bible. The mere words of the Bible, unless properly interpreted, are often confusing, and as the Protestant Bishop Walton says: "The word of God does not consist in mere letters, whether written or printed, but in the true sense of it." There can be but one true meaning and but one infallible teacher.

(2) What is the essential difference between the Catholic and Protestant faiths?

Catholics accept the authority of the Church in all matters spiritual. Protestants claim to be guided by the Bible alone, only a part of which they have. Private interpretation has gone so far that it is no longer a novel thing among Protestants to find the Bible itself an object of their criticism. If Protestants can accept as genuine a book which owed its preservation to the monks of the Catholic Church, why can they not accept the teaching of that Church?

(3) Does not the Bible say that we are justified by faith? Why, then, does the Church teach that we must be saved by good works?

The Bible also says that "If I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing" (I. Cor. xiii, 2); and again, "the doers of the law shall be justified" (Rom. ii, 13); again, "Except ye do penance, you shall all likewise perish" (Luke xiii, 5); again, "But be doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves," etc. (James i, 22-27); "Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone" (James ii, 17, and balance of chapter.)

Catholics who have questions put to them by non-Catholic friends and are not prepared to answer them, may by addressing "Question Box," Catholic Standard and Times, 211 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia, have the same given attention. Make our separated brethren acquainted with this department of the paper.

THE PASSING OF GLADSTONE.

A great mind has gone out of the world. Full of years and honors, the greatest moral force of the present century next to the great Leo XIII., William Ewart Gladstone, has gone over to the illustrious dead. Two continents are saddened by the loss. In this country, which he never saw, and in which his name was yet a household word, he will be mourned by many. In Europe he will be regarded as an almost irreparable loss.

Mr. Gladstone stood for something new in politics, in the latter half of his public life. He represented the view that politics have a higher sanction than successful intrigue and superior material force. His political views were the reflex of his private life. He believed that justice and morality were factors that should not be overlooked in the business of the statesman. Yet so curious is human nature that the pursuit of these very objects may often lead a man into the perpetration of wrong. We cannot forget that the statesman whose impassioned utterances against Turkey sounded the death knell of Bulgarian oppression sent the armored fleet of England and the army of England to crush the national movement of Arabi Pasha in Egypt—a movement which was as just as any for which a man drew a sword in any age. Similarly, while Mr. Gladstone will always be remembered in Ireland as the man who lifted from her the incubus of the Established Church, the founder of a new principle in her agrarian law, and the framer of her Home Rule scheme of government, he will also be regarded as the man whose unjust financial policy imposed upon her a load of taxation which crushes her to this hour and is out of all proportion to the country's ability to pay as well as to her just share of the burdens of the imperial system. It was by his action that the income tax was extended to Ireland, in violation of the express disclaimer of the Act of Union, and it was his financial policy which fastened the enormous spirit tax upon Ireland now chiefly instrumental in the extraction from the country of several millions of dollars annually beyond her fair proportion.

These discrepancies in public action do not, however, blur the departed statesman's fame. There are ragged dints in the surface of the silvery orb of night, but they do not mar the beauty of its spheroidal outline.

Since Edmund Burke's time there has been no figure in English politics comparable to Mr. Gladstone. He brought into public life a stainless personality, a scholar's mind, a philosopher's grasp of human things. Grand in conception, splendid in debate, full of that personal magnetic force which marks a man out as a party leader, he stood for the past half century absolutely without a rival.

It is something for Americans to be proud of that this great man found in their country a model on which to form his own character. Writing to an American correspondent when nearing his eighty-sixth year, he said: "I am reading with much interest your contribution to Washingtoniana, as I have almost idolized him for sixty years, since I read Marshall's life of him in five quartos." Years ago Mr. Gladstone wrote: "Washington is to my mind the purest figure in history." And on another occasion this: "I look upon Washington as among great and good men one peculiarly good and great; he has been to me for more than forty years a light upon the path of life."

Catholics will always remember Mr. Gladstone with gratitude for the part he played in completing the work of emancipation by disestablishing and disendowing that monstrous fraud, the so called Irish Church. His own leanings toward Catholicism were strong, but his political entanglements kept them from having their natural direction. Newman, who had been his friend for years, had great hopes of his ultimate conversion. On the eve of Mr. Gladstone's first visit to Rome in the year 1858, we find him making this remarkable declaration: "I am most earnestly anxious to become acquainted with the practice of the Roman Catholic Church, with its moral and spiritual results upon its members. It is of the utmost importance to the adjustment and development of my own conviction regarding the doctrine of the visibility of the Church, and the necessity of that doctrine to counteract the tendency to indefinite subdivision and ultimate infidelity which springs from the notion of a limitless private judgment."

Whether he was formally of the body of the Church or not in his later days, Mr. Gladstone was a profoundly religious man, and almost one in spirit with the Church in many things. We may trust that his good dispositions will count for much in this regard. His name is bright here below; let us hope his spirit will find light above.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

THE ROOD SCREEN.

The question as to whether or not the rood screen in St. Peter's Church, Sunderland, England, should be removed gave rise to a long and heated discussion at the annual Vestry meeting last month. Some of the members contended that the screen was "wrong and idolatrous," and deplored the rapid strides the Church of England is making toward "Romanism"; while others held that symbols of the early Church were not to be despised. This discussion illustrates the deplorable feature of Ritualism. In the outward imitation of Catholic practices, which is all well enough, many lose sight of the doctrinal teaching of the Church. There is the danger for Ritualists, of whom the gentle Faber once said:

They are a sect playing at Mass, putting ornaments before truth, suffocating the inward by the outward, bewildering the poor instead of leading them, reveling in Catholic sentiment instead of offering the acceptable sacrifice of hardship and austerity. This is a painful, indeed a sickening, development of the peculiar iniquity of the times—a masterpiece of Satan's craft.—Ave Maria.

MEXICAN RAFFLE FAKE.

A Statement Regarding It From Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. About a month ago reference was made in these columns to a statement which appeared originally in the Christian Endeavor World and afterwards received wide circulation in the Protestant press regarding an alleged "raffle for the souls in purgatory" conducted by priests in charge of a church in Mexico. The Christian Endeavor World's authority for the publication was "Rev. Francis Barton, a missionary in Pueblo." Mexico is a big place and the churches and clergy-men there have names; but the Rev. Mr. Barton has a poor memory for such things and "a church in Mexico" is as far as he could go in the matter of location. But neither his memory nor his imagination was at fault regarding the terms of the alleged raffle. As a matter of fact he was able to give the following "copy" of a notice posted on the door of this "church in Mexico":

"Raffle for Souls—At the last Raffle for Souls the following numbers obtained the prize, and the lucky holders may be assured that their loved ones are forever released from the flames of purgatory:—"Ticket 81—The soul of the lawyer, James Vasquez, is released from purgatory and ushered into heavenly joys.

"Ticket 41—The soul of Mme. Calderon is made happy forever.

"Ticket 72—The soul of the aged widow, Francisca de Parras, is forever released from the flames of purgatory.

"Another raffle for souls will be held at this same Blessed Church of the Redeemer on January 1, at which four bleeding and tortured souls will be released from purgatory to Heaven, according to the four highest tickets in this most holy Lottery. Tickets \$1. To be had of the father in charge. Will you, for the poor soul of \$1, leave your loved ones to burn in purgatory for ages?"

Touching appeals for the name of the "church in Mexico" and of the city or town in which it is located have been addressed to the Protestant press which so readily grabbed up and passed around this choice morsel of anti-Catholic literature, but the information is not forthcoming.

Well, the story got to England, and some one suggested that Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J., who will be remembered as the learned priest who forced Rider Haggard to retract certain stories about the immuring of live nuns within stone walls, was well qualified to bring the Rev. Mr. Barton to task. In this instance Father Thurston finds it impossible, of course, to bring direct evidence of falsehood because the name and location of the

church are not given, but he nevertheless explodes the calumny in the following letter to the Liverpool Catholic Times:

"It may be worth while to say that lotteries to benefit the holy souls do take place in Mexico and, I believe, in some other Spanish speaking countries. A number of people contribute money which goes to support the poorer among the clergy, and in return Masses are said for the holy souls, the intentions for which they are more particularly offered being decided by a lottery. The winner of the first prize in such a 'raffle' has usually at his disposal a ton of Masses, which he is free to apply as suffrages for his deceased relatives and friends.

"As to the becomingness of this practice I express no opinion. It will be differently judged by different people. The principal involved does not seem to me to be very different from that by which many good Catholics make no scruple about 'betting a pair of beads' or playing a game of chance, the stakes of which are to be given in charity to the object designated by the winner.

"One thing, however, is certain. If any Mexican priest—which I utterly disbelieve—ventured to assure the winner in such a lottery that 'the soul of Madame Calderon is made happy forever,' etc., he would render himself liable to the severest censure, if not to suspension, if the case were reported to his Bishop. A friend long resident in Mexico, who gives me no above information, also assures me that this part of the statement quoted by your correspondent is a pure calumny."

ADMIRAL DEWEY A CATHOLIC.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. Several times has the question been asked: "Is Admiral Dewey a Catholic?" In the numerous biographical sketches of the hero of Manila that have appeared in the press of the country care has been taken to speak of his early Protestant associations, but of the admiral's later religious life nothing has been said. It has come to be generally accepted, therefore, that he still clings to the Protestant belief of his youth. The following positive statement on this point, and the first we have seen, is made by the Catholic Universe, of Cleveland:

"Catholics have every reason to be proud of the part they are taking in the conduct of the war, though they are loath to refer to this and would not do so, except to silence the offensive mouthings of stay-at-home bigots.

"Those who express doubts as to the spirit of American Catholics in the existing emergency will be surprised to learn that this spirit is manifested in Admiral Dewey's brilliant achievement at Manila. Admiral George Dewey is a Catholic, a convert to the faith, and on the authority of one who was closely associated with the hero in the navy, we are informed that he is a very consistent and practical Catholic, too. There are scores of Catholic officers serving with equal loyalty and valor in Uncle Sam's vessels who only await the opportunity to demonstrate the same spirit displayed by the brave and successful commander of the Pacific squadron. A very large proportion of blue jackets who work the ships and man the guns are of the same faith.

"A like state of things exist in the army. At least two and probably more of the recently appointed major generals are Catholics, and in every grade of the service Catholics hold their own with others in proportion to their numbers, until we come to the men who carry muskets, in whose ranks they far outnumber those of all creeds combined, computed according to the religious census of our population.

"A knowledge of these facts might be expected to silence the tongues of cowardly insinuation, and it would if our critics prized the truth as they do their mean little prejudices."

A FORCE WITHHELD.

What a much more enjoyable world this would be if the tendency to bestow praise honestly merited were half as common as the propensity to play the carping cynic or to indulge in perpetual fault finding! How many a fainting heart is suffered to lapse into hopeless discouragement for want of a drop or two of that stimulating elixir, the kindly commendation of relatives, associates, or friends! How many a smug Christian takes large credit to himself that he is no flatterer, and makes a virtue of what at bottom is possibly nothing else than disguised envy!

While it is no doubt true that, as Josh Billings well says, "flattery is like cologne water: to be smelled, not swallowed"; while it may even be granted that the too frequent or too protracted "smelling" is likely to result in more or less disastrous intoxication; it is nevertheless certain that ordinary men and women err most often in giving, not too much, but too little praise. The fictitious apprehension that, or for that matter, a friend of any age, will be spoiled if cordially and unstintingly commended for some act or work that has won for him our interior approval, has, in all probability, been accountable for worse consequences, than have ever followed from even the most injudicious plaudits.

"Give him a cheer!" said one in a crowd gathered around a burning tenement-house, as he saw a brave fireman hesitate and falter for a moment at the final effort that was needed to save a woman's life. "Give him a cheer!" And as the crowd responded with an admiring huzzza, new life and courage seemed infused into the hero. The needed stimulus had been applied; with a bound he gained the blazing room, only to reappear a moment later with the half-smothered woman in his arms. Yet there were probably in the crowd some pragmatical, self-conscious individuals who frowned at the demonstration as being quite uncalled for, "seeing that the fireman was merely doing his duty"; and was, moreover, well paid, sir, by the city for doing it.

effect upon a public speaker of the applause received from a sympathetic and responsive audience? How it spurs him on to higher flights, to more animated delivery, to nobler action, and more persuasive earnestness! As Mr. Gladstone once put it, the speaker gets from his audience "in vapor what he gives them back in flood." There is a constant action and reaction going on between orators and hearers; and thus, between them, they zigzag up the mountain pathway until they reach the summit, whereon are conviction, decision and enthusiasm.

And so is it, in a lesser degree, in countless instances in our everyday life. A word of praise judiciously bestowed is a more potent force than the bestower may be aware of; while the approbation which, though evidently deserved, is intentionally withheld is oftentimes more disheartening than outspoken fault finding.—Ave Maria.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

The movement for preaching missions to non-Catholics grows apace. Permanent bands of missionaries have been organized for some time in a few dioceses, and occasional missions are given by zealous priests in many others. But the laity should not forget that they, too, have a share in this work, and that their duty toward non-Catholic missions does not end with a money contribution. It ought to be realized that the explanation of Catholic truth will be coldly received if the faithful themselves are indifferent and wanting in zeal; and the proclamation of a lofty standard of conduct will be without effect if Catholic lives contradict Catholic preaching. In explanation of the success of one of his missions, Father Elliott wrote in the Catholic World:

Let us do justice to those who mainly caused it—the practical Catholics of the parish. When applied to to be missionaries with us, to pray and to work as sent by God to save sinners, they took us at our word. They least sinners with every form of spiritual attack and gave them no rest till they surrendered and came to the services. Even Protestants helped. These saw the big sign, or read the press notices which we managed to have inserted in the city dailies, and chafed their Catholic friends—not all in joke either—but attending to their religion. Two Protestants working down town with a "hickory" Catholic of the parish saw the sign, and one of them said: "If I were a Catholic I would show my appreciation of my religion by going to that mission." The other Protestant backed him up, and their careless friend was finally shamed into making the mission, and related the incident to one of the missionaries—an illustration, by the way, of the decadence of Protestant prejudice.

This experience—by no means a rare one—is full of significance. All men respect earnestness and energy; and "the decay of Protestant prejudice" will be accelerated just in proportion as Catholics, clergy and laity, are energetic in preaching Catholic truth and earnest in practising the virtues which their religion inculcates.—Ave Maria.

THE OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY.

The Sabbath Recorder, of Plainfield, N. J., is publishing a long series of testimonies, from Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist and Presbyterian sources, to the decline of Sunday-keeping, in the old Puritan sense, in this country. This decline is due, not, as these witnesses suppose, to the growth of irreligion; still less, as the erratic Recorder holds, to the unlawful substitution of Sunday for the Sabbath (Saturday)! The inherent weakness and transitoriness of error is being manifested, in this case, by the gradual disappearance of the false notions of Sunday observance invented by the Puritans and Presbyterians of England and Scotland, and the substitution, among the God-fearing part of the community, of a method of observance more in keeping with the spirit of the day. But there is danger of carrying the reaction against Puritanism too far.

The Catholic Church, on whose authority alone the keeping of the Lord's Day and other holy days rests, while requiring only participation in the Holy Sacrifice and abstinence from servile labor, has always recommended the devoting of a considerable portion of such days to religious worship, pious reading, edifying song and other spiritual exercises, and has discouraged noisy and boisterous public amusements during these sacred hours. Innocent recreation is perfectly lawful on any feast-day, and even particularly appropriate; but to forget God on His own day, or to remember Him for only one short half hour in the morning, is conduct unworthy of any one who calls himself a Christian.—Church Progress.

The Church teaches that men may be inculpably out of it pale. Now, they are inculpably out of it who are, and have always been, either physically or morally unable to see their obligation to submit to it. And they are equally out of it who are both physically and morally able to know that it is God's will they should submit to the Church and, either knowing it, will not obey that knowledge, or not knowing it, are culpable of that ignorance.—Cardinal Manning.

Cardinal Vaughan's statement that "the number of converts received into the Church every month in England is between six and seven hundred," has brought a storm of protests and challenges upon the devoted Cardinal's head. The London Tablet, however, declares positively that these figures understate rather than overstate the progress of Catholicity in England. What a sowing of seed there was when Newman went over to Rome!

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Pentecost.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

"I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever." (St. John, xiv., 16.)

Ten days ago the Church celebrated the Ascension of our Lord. For forty days after His resurrection from the dead, He had been with His Blessed Mother and the Apostles, and had instructed them in the things of the kingdom of God. At the end of that time, He went up into heaven to the throne of God, where, as St. Paul says: He ever liveth to make intercession for those whom He has left behind. Before He left this world, He told His disciples that they were soon to be separated from Him, that the time was coming when they should see Him no more. Strange to say, His departure was to be no loss to them, was on the contrary to be an advantage. "I tell you the truth: It is expedient, it is profitable to you that I go." Painful though the separation might be, their spiritual good and that of the world required it. Why? Our Lord Himself gives the answer: "If I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you: but if I go, I will send Him unto you."

Therefore, according to our Lord's own words, it is better for us Christians to be deprived of His own visible presence, no longer to see Him, no longer to hear Him, because His visible presence stands in the way of a yet greater gift. This greater gift is the Holy Ghost, the descent of whom upon the Apostles, in the form of tongues of fire, we celebrate to-day.

How true our Lord's words were appears clearly from what happened to the Apostles themselves. Before the descent of the Holy Ghost, they were, while our Lord was with them, very blind to spiritual and religious truths, and very cowardly, running away in the time of danger, going to sleep when they should have watched and prayed, seeking for the most part their own advancement, very jealous of each other, and often unkind to poor people. After the descent of the Holy Ghost what do we find? No sooner did He come down upon them than all their darkness of mind disappeared, and they began speaking with such power and effect that on this very day of Pentecost, three thousand souls were added to the Church. So great was the fervor of their converts that it overcame even the love of worldly goods which is still supreme in the hearts of most men.

They sold their possessions and goods, and divided them to all according as they had need. The Apostles themselves, formerly so timid, now rejoiced that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus. We hear no more of jealousies and envious; no longer did they seek for honor and esteem, no longer did they treat the poor with coldness and unkindness, their delight now was to give up their lives to the service of others, to spend and be spent in ministering to the wants of slaves and barbarians and the outcasts of this world, making themselves all things to all men that they might gain all. Instead of seeking each one his own, in honor they preferred one another. All this and much more resulted from the coming down of the Holy Ghost into their hearts and minds. This great change was effected by Him. In this way our Lord's words were shown to be true—"It is expedient for you that I go."

And, now, dear friends, for ourselves can it be said with truth that we have profited by the departure of our Lord? That it has been better for us that He went away? I am afraid that to many it may be said that our Lord has gone, and that the Holy Ghost has not yet come to dwell in their souls and bodies. I am sure that of all of us it must be said that we have attached too little value to this great gift, that we have not opened our hearts wide to receive Him. And yet if He does visit us, if He does not come down in our hearts and change them, everything else is in vain. The words of the most eloquent preachers will not move us, the examples and the prayers of our dearest friends will have no effect. We shall go on in our sinful ways, in our darkness and blindness till the end. But if He comes, and in the degree and measure in which we admit Him, all will be well: for He will show us our sins and give us true sorrow and repentance. He will bring light, for He is the spirit of truth, and will teach us truth. He will comfort and console us in our trials; for He is, as our Lord says, the comforter. He will even bring us joy, and the "charity of God is poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given to us." Pray, therefore, during this week especially in the words of the Church, for the gift of the Holy Spirit. Say with all our hearts: "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire and lighten with celestial fire."

From the first moments of our life our angel has taken charge of us with a most tender love, beyond that of brother, father, or mother, and that without any end or advantage of his own; and he employs his entire energies simply for our greater good.—Father Faber.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extirpator. A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or Dyspepsia.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A REMEMBRANCE OF VISITING DAY.

The boys' ward of the hospital, with its snowy curtains and counterpanes, looked refreshingly cool on the warm August afternoon. The occupants of the little beds, nevertheless, were hot and restless, longing impatiently for visiting hour to come. All the week they had been looking forward eagerly to this day, and, with the exception of a few who were too ill to take an interest in the outside world, seemed imbued with an unusual amount of animal spirits.

There were boys of every character and nationality, it would seem, if one were to traverse, with the white-capped nurse, the length and breadth of her small territory. The sad little faces brightened noticeably as her cheerful countenance came within view of the different cots. Teddy, only a few months from theisle of saints, held her apron in both his hands to attract her attention. It did him more good than all the hospital treatments, he told his neighbor, to have a smile and word from her. Opposite the young Irishman lay a fair-haired German, with whom the former carried on frequent conversations in pantomime.

Teddy's chief ambition in life was to be a fireman. His aunt, who had brought him to Canada, lived close to an engine house, and Teddy asked no better fun than attending fires. Every time the gong struck he made a wild rush to be on hand when the engines started off. The excitement was perfectly delightful to a boy of his temperament, but after the first few weeks of leisure had quickly passed, Mrs. Fegan announced her intention of placing her promising nephew at school.

A greater penance could not have been imposed upon the twelve-year-old lad, who, bright and agile enough elsewhere, was strangely awkward and ill at ease within the narrow limits of a class-room. The locality in which this particular school was situated did not bear a reputation for refinement. The majority of the boys were rough, uncouth specimens of humanity, who greeted the appearance of the "green horn" in the recess yard with a howl of derision. They proceeded to test his physical courage later in the same day, but Teddy soon proved to them that it would be wiser to avoid than attack him.

The brogue was a source of much amusement to these native-born Canadians, and Teddy keenly felt, as well as saw, the contemptuous glances exchanged whenever he was called upon in class. The teacher, Miss Sanford, kept her boisterous youths pretty well in subjection. She was not afraid of using the rod, and if her record of whippings, which the school committee demanded, was more lengthy for the first month than those of the other instructors, it was noticeably briefer during the remainder of the scholastic year. She had a grip of iron, and the most desperate character knew, that, once in her clutches, he was doomed to submit and suffer.

So the sneering smiles disappeared quickly when her sharp eyes fell on the culprit, and as Teddy was too many to tell tales she knew nothing of his silent persecution. After awhile school became a long extended martyrdom to him; it was so hard to jodopt new ways and methods. By and by, he stayed away occasionally, on his own responsibility. These stolen vacations were very sweet, and he employed them in recalling the past. He was very lonesome, so far away from his dear old Irish home, if it was only a poor, cheerless-looking cabin. The aged grandmother, who had clung to her native soil until death gave her a resting-place therein, tenaciously kept possession of her daughter's boy.

"Let him go to Ameriky, is it? Oh, no, sure, he's all I have in the world," she would moan, when the neighbors urged upon her the advisability of accepting the offer of his father's relatives. The boy did not want to leave his granny, and the two lived together, happily and very frugally, as may be surmised, on the fruits of the little patch of ground which the landlord gave them, rent free.

Poor old granny did her best for the boy. She sent him to the village school every day, and saw that he attended Mass and catechism regularly. Perhaps he was shabbier than the other lads, but, if so, he was unconscious of the fact. The farmers' boys shared their lunches with him, and helped in the care of his tiny farm.

All that was changed now. The shamrocks were growing over the kind, worn face he loved so well. Money came from this country to buy an outfit and pay his passage to Canada. There was nothing left for him but to accept. Father Patrick, himself, came to Queenstown to see him off, and Teddy found it hard to say good-by. From the simple kindness of his old neighbors, his lot was cast among strangers in a strange land.

As stated before, the fire brigade was his one interest and ambition. The men from the captain down, had a kind word for Teddy, who loved to watch them making preparations to answer a call. In rain or shine he followed the engine, and this peculiarity accounts for his stay in the hospital.

One June afternoon the thought of school was intolerable. The city seemed like a big furnace, and on every side people were wishing for cooling rain. Teddy betook himself to the Public Garden, radiant in its summer beauty. He watched the swan-boats

gliding about on the pond, and admired the gorgeous floral display until dismissal time. Then he started homeward, but, unluckily, the fire-alarm sounded just as he passed the engine-house. Despite the weather he pursued the flying horses down towards the business part of the city. A great warehouse, packed with fireworks and combustibles of all sorts, was in flames.

To the boys who congregated around, it was quite a Dominion Day celebration to hear the cannon crackers exploding. Teddy was an interested spectator. His friends were among the firemen who were doing noble duty at the risk of their own lives. A terrific report, followed by flying bricks, caused a stampede. Teddy got under the horses' feet somehow. The heavy team passed over him, and he was carried home to his aunt, a sorry-looking object. That good woman was in terrible distress when the doctor told her that Teddy's injuries consisted, besides the very evident bruises, of a broken leg. With a house full of boarders to attend to, how could she take proper care of a helpless boy? At the physician's suggestion, she applied for his admission into a hospital, and, so, just as vacation time was coming on, Teddy found himself undergoing a novel and unpleasant experience. The nurse and doctors were very kind, but imagine, staying in bed week after week, for goodness knows how long! Then his aunt was too busy to come to see him often, and before many days had gone by, Teddy regretted his affection for conflagrations. Indeed, he quite decided to abandon the idea of adopting the avocation of a fireman.

While the other patients entertained their callers on this particular visiting day, Teddy lay and watched the scene with interest. Directly opposite, Heinrich was quietly crying himself to sleep—nobody cared whether he lived or died. At the little German's right, two bright-faced boys exchanged confidences. Next in order was a dark-haired lad whose father sat near the foot of his cot. Teddy heard the doctor say that morning—

"Number Five needs great attention. It looks now as though the poor fellow's days were numbered. Follow my directions closely; before twenty-four hours there will be a great change."

The Irish lad who listened felt deep sympathy for his fellow sufferer. He could do nothing but pray for him, however, and all day long he begged Our Lady's help. The thought of death was so terrible—the more Teddy considered it the sadder he became. The poor man looked so disconsolate as he sat beside his boy that Teddy knew he realized the sad truth. If it were not for that miserable old leg of his, he would have gone over to them, and tried his best to give some consolation.

One afternoon the visitors went away. Number Five's father was the last to leave, and as he bade his boy good-by, Teddy decided that he would be willing to exchange places with the dying boy just to have some one so near and dear. Quietly settled down on the ward again. During a short interval, in which the nurse was absent, Teddy managed to get out of bed. It was a risky proceeding, but he could not bear the strain any longer. He painfully shifted himself—no other expression is applicable—across the room, and gently pushed his indulged, enced crucifix into the hands of the dying lad. The big, dark eyes opened slowly, and rested for a moment on the little cross. Then the weak hands raised the symbol of salvation reverently to his trembling lips, kissing it repeatedly and passionately. Teddy, not daring to linger, explained hurriedly that the crucifix was blessed for a happy death. He got back to his cot again, and sometime after the nurse found him in a dead faint. When he returned to consciousness, bed five was empty.

Teddy's departure from the hospital was retarded a whole month by one imprudent act, the physician asserted. He felt satisfied to suffer, however, when he remembered the spiritual comfort which the image of Christ crucified brought to a soul in its hour of need. With the world fading from view, the dying eyes beheld Jesus expiring upon the cross. Sentiments of tender and contrite love overflowed the innocent, boyish heart at this touching reminder of God's mercy, and clasping the crucifix in his hands, he went forth to meet a loving Saviour. Thus reasoned Teddy, and now, in planning for his future, he wonders if there could be greater happiness than in preparing the dying for their journey to eternity.—Adapted from The Working Boy.

The Lodge Replacing the Church.

The experience of Wichita, where the Masons, who a few years ago bought the First Baptist Church at foreclosure sale, recently purchased the Y. M. C. A. building under similar conditions, gave point to the words of a Topeka clergyman, who said that the lodge room was superseding the church in Kansas.

This Tells Where Health May be Found.

And that is more important than making money. If your blood is impure, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, rheumatism, catarrh and all other diseases originating in or promoted by impure blood and low state of the system.

HOOD'S PILLS are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure Indigestion, headache.

Safe, Certain, Prompt, Economical—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Call the Universe.

The matter of association in all its bearings has much to do with character and life. A great deal, if not everything, depends on the kind and quality of our intimate companionships. We need not expatiate on the advantages of having really intelligent and competent parents. What influence is so potent for our good all through life as that of a wise, good mother? A mother's goodness embraces more than tender devotion to the physical comfort and transient pleasures of her children. A father's worth implies something in addition to providing well for the bodies of his offspring. The value of true friendship lies deeper than the intellectual satisfaction which one derives from congenial comradeship. So on through the whole list; the benefits of personal intercourse with those around us are commensurate with their intrinsic merits. Many a man has been permanently saved from a wrong course by the silent influence of an unconscious mentor, in the person of a friend whose excellence impressed itself upon the character of those with whom he came in contact. It is natural that in the vast majority of cases this savior happens to be mother or father, but it is liable in some instances to be a total stranger. That is the secret of the tremendous force of good example. Each one of us is consciously or unwittingly moulding in some degree the characters of others, and in time the character of each of us is being influenced more or less from without in the same way. It is clear, therefore, that it lies within the power of all to enjoy the salutary effects of propriety and contact with superior natures by a judicious selection of intimates. If we chance to be blessed with uncommonly good home influences we are more apt to drift into the way of advantageous friendships than if we be less fortunate in that particular. It must be plain to anyone who seriously considers the subject that more than to anything else of an extraneous nature, we are indebted to the character of our associations for the good or ill of our lives.

Our observant and philosophical friend of Youngstown, Noble Sims, to whose suggestions we have occasionally called attention, enlarges on this point and makes a special application of it for our instruction, in a communication just at hand. He writes: "The young men's department is a sort of a school for the youthful reader of the masculine persuasion in particular, but I venture to say that young women readers of the Universe patronize this column quite if not more extensively than their brothers. In this circumstance, wouldn't it be well to address yourself now and then directly to things of special interest to this portion of your clientele? With this thought in view I shall, with the editor's permission, endeavor to hold the attention of the gentle reader for a brief space in relation to the question of the enduring charm of her sex and the power which it exerts on the lives of the other gender. I have frequently noted the high esteem and reverence in which some women are held, despite the fact that they do not possess those external attractions, a beautiful face and figure, which are usually so potential in eliciting the admiration of men. I have striven to discover the key to this mystery, which isn't so much a mystery after all, when we come to examine it. An experience which I had when I changed the town of my abode may serve as a useful illustration for a certain class of young men doubtless represented among your readers, who are at a loss to understand how a woman not personally endowed with extraordinary grace of face and form, can be regarded as attractive.

I went to Wa—no—perfect stranger. It was not long, however, before I made the acquaintance of quite a large circle of young men of the place. From them I acquired all the knowledge I possessed for a long time of the town and its people. In the course of events, I grew into the social life of the community. I became a part of it. From the first I had heard the name of a certain young woman mentioned more frequently and with a greater unanimity of amiable regard than any other. I was informed many times by my young men friends that she was a person I ought to know. The cause of this general high opinion I found sprung from the fact that she was so good and kind. Long before I had the pleasure of knowing her personally I had formed very decided notions concerning her appearance, as people will. Somehow I associated the fine traits of character and beautiful manners and accomplishments attributed to her, with a well-defined conception of physical loveliness. I imagined she must be beautiful externally as well as morally and intellectually. I confounded her with the accepted paragon of beauty who ordinarily achieves bellehood in a large town. When I first met her I was disappointed, I must confess. The picture which I had drawn in my mind bore no resemblance whatever to the original, in point of looks. She was what one would call plain, but I perceived at once the reason of the general affection in which she was held. She was frank, unaffected, sympathetic, quite different in this respect from the fair creature whose popularity is the outgrowth of exceptional outward charm. She was in short an everyday girl with an every day name, plain Mary, of which she was intensely proud because of its sacred connection with the highest model of womanhood. She manifested

a kindly interest in me as a stranger, and as she talked I took a hasty mental inventory of her external characteristics. Her neat figure was clad in a gown of rich material but severely plain and her raven tresses were crowned with a becoming headress suitable to the season. There was nothing particularly striking in her appearance that would lead a stranger to bestow upon her a second glance, though she had fine eyes, regular features and an expression of great intelligence and benignity. Her manner, however, was most engaging, and could not fail to make an agreeable impression upon a keen judge of human character. I understood at once why everybody liked her and spoke well of her.

With that inherent hospitality which distinguishes good and generous souls, she invited me to call on her at her home, arranging the date to suit my convenience. I gratefully availed myself of the opportunity, and the favorable impression first created was deepened and became more firmly fixed as the result of closer acquaintance under the most auspicious circumstances. I was not surprised to find her indifferent to the frivolities and hollow vanities of the social swim, but cultivated, well-read and conversant with serious concerns of general interest. Our conversation passed from literature with the best of which I discovered she was on terms of easy familiarity, to the subject of the war. She was enthusiastic on the subject of going to the front as a nurse in the event of such services being needed and showed that she was intelligently patriotic. She played and sang with unaffected sweetness and grace and manifested in every act the charming points of innate cleverness and self-mastery. The evening passed very rapidly and almost before I realized the time for departure arrived. I was quite free to confess when it was all over, that I had never spent a more enjoyable and satisfactory evening.

The moral I would draw is this. I wish all our Catholic young men were fortunate enough to number among their young lady acquaintances Marys of the type I have attempted to describe. Associations of that sort would prove tremendously beneficial and elevating. Then the young men would be inspired and impelled by an ambition to be worthy of the privilege. They would study and improve their manners and in every way would be the gainers thereby.

Sims is right. Young men can learn a practical lesson if they will, from his experience and the moral of it ought not to be lost either on the alert and supple minds of our dear girls in whose behalf the tale is told. The surest safeguard for our youth lies in innocent and intelligent associations, the duty of our young women is to provide them. How many of our youth act up to this ideal?

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