

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE PROLETARIAT.

Some journalists take up a word and work it to death. Just now proletarian is the fashion and phrases such as "our politics and our proletariat" find honored places in the ephemeral literature of the hour. Some years ago Cardinal Manning entered a protest against it.

"There are some people," he said, "who are trying to force into the mouths of Englishmen a very long word—the proletariat. Our old mother tongue has a great many more monosyllables than polysyllables in it, and I love it all the more for that, for I think our old Saxon monosyllables have the strength of a strong race in them. Now, I would ten thousand times rather be called a working man than a proletarian. I will tell you my reasons against the name of proletario. It is pedantry; it is paganism; it is false, and it is an indignity to the working man."

The Cardinal goes on to show that the term belongs to the Roman civilization such as it was before the Christian era and was applied to the Romans who were chiefly slaves, and, moreover, were the greatest of idlers, and the most profligate and the most dependent of the Roman populace.

THE MESSAGE OF CHRIST.

The preacher in the Catholic Church is always accorded a respectful hearing. Be his intellectual gifts what they may, his message is, because it is the message of Christ, received with reverence. His word is not the word of man, but the Word of God. The marvelous ascendancy, to quote De Maistre, which stopped Theodosius at the door of the cathedral of Milan, Attila on the road to Rome and Louis XIV at the altar rail, still belongs to him. And to-day more than ever perhaps our priests are giving attention to knowledge—the eighth sacrament as St. Francis de Sales used to call it—in order to give a worthy setting to the high and holy truths that fall from their lips. Moreover, the authoritative voice resounding in our churches is not attuned to the tender sensibilities of those who desire the beautiful essays on nothing in particular that one sees betimes in the public prints, nor need he be afraid to ruffle the feelings of his auditors by allusions to the great truths of Christianity. But not so with a great many of our ministerial friends. They have to be wary and judicious in choice of sermon subjects or else the people who fill the pews may send them to other fields. Anent this matter we quote the following instance related by the Missionary as reported in the Church Progress:

A congregational minister said recently to a priest: "My dear sir, we talk about the ecclesiastical tyranny of Rome. Why, there is no domination so tyrannical in all the world as what we ministers suffer from the laymen of our churches. There is no man that is so hide-bound by the trammels not only of a narrow public sentiment, but by the openly expressed dictation from the pews as a minister is. It is only a fiction when it is said that he is free to preach the Gospel of Christ. Let him do so; let him enunciate the truth as he knows it, and he will be very soon asked to retire. If such a calamity happens he is without support, or even the necessities of life, till some other congregation chooses to call him."

"SCIENCE AND HEALTH."

Some time ago we were given Mother Eddy's book "Science and Health," with a request to review it. But from the little we knew of it we decided that life was too short and weather too hot for that kind of thing. However, we looked it over and found it was an unique production, a blend of various heresies, and all, of course, based on the Bible. Some preachers are declaiming against it, whilst others look at it with a feeling akin to reverence, and may perchance press it into pulp service. But they cannot read this Sybil out of Protestantism. She is there to stay until the religious appetites require a change. She professes to have the same right as the Reformers to draw up a new creed, and who amongst their descendants can restrain her wayward fancies. It is a far cry, indeed, from the doctrine once advocated that good works are not necessary, that the grossest sins do not hurt the elect, to the Eddy declaration that sin is a hallucination; but they both show how the Bible, deprived of

the guardianship of the Church, can be made the standing ground for distinct and irreconcilable opinions. But to return to the book. Mrs. Eddy says that "erring mortal, misnamed mind, produces all the action and organism of the mortal body." "Mortal mind" is certainly a bewildering phrase. We do not believe the Boston lady imagines that thought is a secretion of the brain as bile is of the liver, and so, whilst awaiting a commentary, we readily confess that the term is beyond us.

Further, in her assurance that mortal mind has no real existence leads one to devise some explanation as to how it can produce "all the organism and action of the mortal body."

The statement that "mind is all and matter is nothing," is not remarkably new, albeit the cultured ladies and gentlemen who flutter around the "mother" may deem it the fruitage of original thought. It is rather an aged theory, and though Berkeley, Kant and others arrayed it in cumbersome phraseology, and nursed it, and predicted a great philosophic future for it, we rarely encounter it except in metaphysical museums. It is manifestly incompatible with the best established truths of science, and we do not think that any Christian Scientist is enthusiastic enough to claim that the \$3 00 he pays for "Science and Health" have no real existence.

To be brief, the book, with its travesty of Scripture, its jargon, nonsense and marvellous coarseness, shows to what lengths an enthusiast a little exalted, with private interpretation of the Bible as guide, can go.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

But how to account for the popularity of the fad. Some of its adherents, women, especially the kind that have "soul ecstasies" over Ibsen and fall into trances at symphony concerts are Christian Scientists until something else, a parsee or teacher of Zoroaster, happens along. There are some, however, in sympathy with this medley of absurdities whom we cannot dismiss so lightly. Perhaps they are searching for the God Whom they have lost. And just as the men of bye gone days looked with straining eyes into the external world and into their own hearts for some trace of Him, so also they who are dissatisfied with the shadow and longing for the realities of religion give allegiance to passing cult and fad in the hope of obtaining intercourse with the invisible world and of realizing each one for himself the desire of the centuries: "When shall I appear before the face of God?" And this to us is its pathetic side—the cry of the human heart for God. The shriek of the drowning mariner, as Father Sheehan says, the sobbing of lone woman at night, the tears of little children, the silent weeping of strong men—all the "Misereres" that well up in one unceasing Jeremiad from the bruised heart of humanity, are a chorus of "Jubilates" and "hallelujahs" compared with this.

"Mr. Doley says they ought to enforce the law in assault with a deadly weapon against their doctors. He says that if they knew less about plzsn an' more about gruel an' opened fewer patients an' more windows they'd not be so many Christian Scientists. He says th' difference between Christian Scientists an' doctors is that Christian Scientists thinks they're no such thing as disease an' doctors thinks there ain't anything else. An' there ye are."

"What d'ye think about it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I think," said Mr. Doley, "that th' Christian Scientists had some science an' th' doctors more Christianity it wouldn't make any difference which ye called in—if ye had a good nurse."

LOYALTY.

The Catholic University of Cleveland believes that people who proclaim their loyalty too much, when loyalty should be taken as a matter of course, look too much like repentant rebels. We agree with our contemporary. If the Catholics of the United States devoted as much attention to their school questions as to the composition of patriotic rhapsodies, they might be pardoned an occasional slip over. At any rate they have little cause for jubilation, and no amount of platitudinous gush should shut their eyes to the fact that, despite their signal services, the liberty they enjoy at present is rather attenuated.

GODLESS SCHOOLS.

"Quarry the granite rock or moor the vessel with a thread of silk, then may you hope," says a writer, "with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against these giants, the passion and pride of man." And yet with such instruments modern pedagogues are attempting to fashion the men of the future. They have put God out of the school room, and their programmes for the enlightenment of youth are, though not so professedly, as deadly an enemy to the cause of true civilization as those of d'Alembert and Voltaire. In fact we believe their machinations for the control of the school are more dangerous, because they are more insidious. Voltaire and his crew called the educational main open and avowed enemies of things Christian, but their descendants are more diplomatic and business-like. They profess a great respect for God and morality, and all the while they are endeavoring—and they succeed too often—to eliminate any love for Him from the heart of the young. But they do not do it openly; and therein is the great danger. If they did and let us have their programmes shorn of bombastic verbiage, we should see that they stand for rank paganism. Then those "liberal" Catholics who are so fond of lauding the advantages of secular training might be constrained to admit the utter imbecility of their attitude. As a result of this kind of education we have all over the country persons of both sexes who have their own notions about God; who may have much esteem for morality when it is unavoidable, and who, heart and soul, are engrossed in the cares and pursuits of the present time with never a thought as to what may happen to them when life's taper goes out. The educators who, without taking any cognizance of God, are trying to fashion character, are doing so at the expense of society. They are building a house that has no foundation and attempting to moor the vessel with a thread of silk. Every Godless school is a menace to civilization.

PREVALENCE OF PERJURY.

Some time ago the President of the Iowa State Bar Association referred to the prevalence of perjury in the American Courts of justice. His indictments may be bewildering reading to the upholders of non-religious education, but it will not strike others as anything to be surprised at. How are you going to expect a man to respect and to fear God when he has been taught during his school days that to respect and to fear God is at best but a matter of expediency.

"Is it true," Mr. McCarthy asked, "that perjury is committed in judicial proceedings? I need take no time for the discussion of this inquiry before a representative bar association."

"Where is there a lawyer who has not seen the guilty criminal pass out acquitted and set free because of perjured testimony? What one of us but has seen the rights of persons and of property sacrificed and trampled under foot, presumably under due form of law, but really and truly by the use of corrupt, false and sometimes purchased testimony?"

"These are the things that beget distrust and disrespect for the courts and for verdicts and for our boasted forms of law. These are the things that produce anarchy, lynching and invite a just contempt as well as a lack of confidence in those tribunals called courts of justice."

"One judge of long experience on the bench writes me that in his opinion about one-half of all the evidence received on behalf of the defense in criminal cases is false. Another judge of equal repute writes that he believes 75 per cent. of the evidence offered in divorce cases approaches deliberate perjury. Another writes that perjury is committed in a majority of the lawsuits, and that it is rapidly increasing. In short, with reference to the prevalence of perjury, the time has come when Justice must wear a veil, not that she may be impartial, but that she may hide her face for shame."

"Some tell us that the crime is committed mostly in the police and petty courts, where, as a rule, the witnesses belong to the vicious classes. But the fact remains that it is committed in other courts and by men professing high station in society, church and State."

It the little pleasures which make life sweet, as the little displeasures may do more than afflictions can to make it bitter.—M. A. Fincker.

A MISSION IN THE ROCKIES.

Butala Union and Times.

During the burning heat of a recent week I hid away from the world's busy bustle. Taking the westward-bound train in the early morning I was swept past towers and steeples, grove and meadow, lying asleep in the moonlight. City after city, crowned by flashing lights, passed me; the sirocco like air fanned me with a less scorching breath, and the awaking pulse of returning morn contended with my yesterday's feelings that it was too hot to breathe. The third day of my "hegira" the low-laying thunder echoing along the Black Hills of Nevada gave with a generous freedom the spirit-raising breath of the North. Awakening next morning, an air chill and damp gave evidence that all is not romance in a mountain scene. Through the grey of the rain cloud I could see broad wastes of gloomy purple, then a belt of field and wood, with their grey-green shadows spreading out upon the pasture lands of Montana. Suddenly, with that swift transition known to the wide of the mountains, the splintering rays of the sun lit up valley, hill and ravine; while afar on the western horizon stood the bow of Noah, rosy in his hues of dewy softness. Up the slope of the eastern side came the celestial king, and surrounded by inflaming tides of light, passed a great conqueror, through the Gate of the Rockies. Never shall I forget this first sight of these grand old mountains, among whose clefts and caverns my soul has learned to expand, my life to broaden, and my heart to be filled with a new life and joy.

At Great Falls a party boarded the train, an interesting party, too, it was; and soon I found myself engaged in conversation with one of the gentlemen, a doctor by profession, going, as he told me, to St. Peter's Mission to be present at the closing exercises of the school and the religious reception of some young ladies; and immediately I jumped at the conclusion that these latter were friends of his, a false conclusion, as I afterwards learned. Being bound nowhere in particular and extremely anxious to pass some days amid the elevating scenes and invigorating air of the mountains, I managed, through a mutual acquaintance of the doctor and myself, to get an invitation to accompany him to the grand Indian Mission of which he spoke so eloquently.

Most romantically situated is St. Peter's, the novitiate and mother house of the Ursuline Nuns in the Rocky Mountains. It was evening ere we reached the mission, but the sun still lingered, and the drilling road winding in and out, among the many-shaped buttes revealed new vistas of every turn. A thousand shades of twilight tint lit up the rocks, gleamed in the stream and blazed from the vaulted skies. Wave upon wave on the fragrant breeze drifted the melody of birds, seemingly all fraught with tenderest love and praise; uplifting unawares my thoughts, my soul, to other spheres, where angel voices sing through dawning ages unto eternal years.

Jupiter was rising over the tallest butte as we drew before the convent, where a warm welcome awaited us. The Right Rev. Bishop Bronzed, D.D., who had come to add the dignity of his office to gala day of his sequestered sheep-fold, invited us to spend an hour with him before retiring and entertained us most royally, spilling the sunshine of his rich heart into our hearts and making us feel a glad response to his admiration of the workings of divine grace which through the daughters of St. Ursula stamp the glory of God on brow and soul of the savage.

Next morning the unclouded ether bent over us, in broad expanse drinking in the tones of love and praise and pleading, which floated from the open casements of the chapel ere the day was one hour old. Inside the convent was a blossom with ferns and flowers; while an arch of the stern mountain growth before an oratory were hung an exquisitely painted Sacred Heart seemed to attune the soul to the spirit of sacrifice with the inner life of those so generously devoting life and talents to the education of the Indian. The morning passed like a sweet dream, and in the afternoon we were invited to the study hall, transformed for the time being into an auditorium. There I was pleased to see representatives from other religious orders, Sisters of Charity and a nun from the order of the Visitation. After the address of welcome came "Cosina," dramatized; it was most perfectly performed by some one hundred Indian girls. The scenery, together with the costumes of the little aborigines, dressed for the drama in all the splendor of buckskin and elk teeth, added not a little to the festive occasion. War-bonnet, cow-sticks, war-hammers, bows and arrows, and the curious tom-tom figures pictured equally at the table or war-dance, where Cosina was a captive at the camp of the Troquois. The peculiar names of the children afforded me intense amusement, not unmixed with a certain pleasure in the tracing of resemblances to some of our modern tongues.

At the close the Bishop addressed the

children in Indian dialects, which brought a joyous delight to eyes not bright from the camp and to dark brows a flush deeper than the sun ever gave. Then addressing them in English, the Bishop said he had been transported out of himself and lived with them for the past hour; among the Algonquins, speeding up and down their swift rivers, gliding over their lakes and listening to the words of their devoted black gown, Father Etienne. The Minnehaha Club, the address of welcome, the recitation, "How He Saved St. Michael's," given by three Cheyenne boys just fifteen months from their teepees, all received a praise which found echo in the mind of each auditor.

After the entertainment I was honored by a few moments with the venerable Superioress, the motive power of all this work so sublime in its object, marvellous in its effects and so divine in its beauty of results and harmony of execution. From this Apostle Ursuline, whose sanctity is truly magnetic, I learned to think of the Indian, not in the gross, nor in the abstract, but as an individual whose life goes with ours to make up the word "humanity." I heard, too, from my gentle hostess, that the little Indian girl's heart is often a most delicate instrument, attunable to that union of melodious sanctity ascending daily from the lips of earth to the ear of Heaven. And as I listened, charmed by the beauty of the thought and the sweetness of expression, I found myself thinking it must be a most unattainable soul indeed which could remain unchristianized, unsanctified under such angelic devotedness and love. The Mother Superioress must have noticed my abstraction and to punish me for it broke off the interview by calling one of the religious to conduct me through the establishment. The building, a gray sandstone, so solid as the Rockies whose quarries built the stately pile. But the unfinished interior bespeaks the sacrifice of holy poverty. I could not help exclaiming, "What, do you live in this unfinished building in winter?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "and we find it much warmer than the log cabins which sheltered us for eight years," and the cheerful voice went on to say that the gifts from kind friends had enabled them to finish their chapel and the children's dormitory; that these same friends kept alive the mission from which all government support had been withdrawn since 1896; that chief among all these benefactors is the Rev. Mother Katharine Drexel, foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

"We, here, at St. Peter's," the Sister added, "love to think of her as God's chosen almoner for us who sit without the gate of traffic; and of profit. Had we a few Mother Katharines God's work need not languish, nor this unfinished convent laugh at our circumscribed finances."

Again I found myself thinking, and this time I was selling my Spanish castles to ease those windows and doors, to floor these plank halls and rooms and thus shut out the wild winds of a northern winter. Oh, had I but the means the will would not be lacking!

The evening was spent among the hills and canons of the mission, those same blessed hills where Father de Smet had planted the cross of salvation and broke the Bread of Life to the Blackfeet and Flatheads. The exhilarating morning breeze and the exquisite fragrance of the blossoming clover awoke me next morning, just as delicate touches of gold and roseate purple were fading before the vast ocean of light that attends a June day in the mountains. I felt almost sorry that I was awake when the thought came to me that this was my last day, for a time at least, in St. Peter's Mission. A stroll up the buttes, a drink from the famous springs which popular tradition says brings all who there quench their thirst to visit again this lovely valley; a most sumptuous patriarchal dinner; and the little mission bell pealed forth the hour, so long delayed, too long delayed, that gave to Heaven three young brides of earth. The ceremony was beautifully sublime; the dignity of the pastoral purple blending in sweet harmony with the pure white of the brides, and gracing with a religious solemnity the habit of black serge, the leathern cincture and white veil of the newly clothed novices. To me it seemed as though an atom of the Eternal had unfolded itself to my view; that this valley lay encircled by God's arms. And going out I was dazed far communing with nature and nature's God as I had never communed before, till lengthening shadows warned me I was still on earth, and I returned just in time to see, from the brow of Mount Ursula, that beautiful day blush at its own excess of love and loveliness.

Mgr. Conaty to be a Bishop.

It is reported that Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, who is delivering a course of lectures before the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, N. Y., this week, on "Christian Education," has received a cablegram from Cardinal Gibbons, who is now in Rome, announcing that the Pope has elevated him to a bishopric.

HIGH CHURCHISM AT ITS HIGHEST.

The Manchester Guardian's London correspondent is responsible for the following rather interesting paragraph: "To-day, the feast of Corpus Christi, a great congregation assembled at St. Alban's, Holborn, for High Mass. The church was full literally to overflowing, for several persons occupied seats in the porch. The music was 'Gounod's Mass of the Sacred Heart' and under the direction of Mr. Adams the excellent organist, was beautifully rendered, the director himself contributing a striking setting of the 'Lauda Sion.' It is not without point to remark that half the church was filled by men, and that a good portion of these were laymen. I myself counted half a dozen fairly well known barristers amongst those present. Incense was used, and movable lights. The observance of Corpus Christi—so the best Anglican authorities tell me—depends on the permission of the Ordinary, so I presume that the new Bishop of London has given his consent to Mr. Suckling for to day's doings. The sermon was preached—according to the use of St. Alban's, after the service by Dr. Ball, of Cambrai; and while the preacher adopted the strongest view of the real objective Presence, it was noticeable that he guarded himself and his hearers carefully against 'scholastic medievalism' and against any idea that the full benefit of the sacrament could be obtained without Communion."

TRIBUTE FROM DR. GLADDEN.

The Rev. Washington Gladden, a scholarly minister who has often had many fine things to say of the Catholic Church, paid a beautiful tribute to her in a recent article on "The Outlook for Christianity." "Its best gains," said he, "have been made in those countries where it has been free to devote its energies to the spiritual concerns of its adherents. The Roman Catholic Church in the great Protestant countries—in Germany and England and the United States—has been making great progress. With respect to what has been done for the protection of the family against the influences that are threatening its life, the Roman Catholic Church deserves all praise. During a recent lamentable recrudescence of Protestant bigotry on this continent, the moderation and wisdom of the Roman Catholic clergy and the Roman Catholic people won the grateful recognition of all good men. If they had not behaved much more like Christians than the zealots who filled the air with baseless lies about them, the land would have been deluged with blood. Such Roman Catholics as Kenrick and Williams and Gibbons and Ireland and Elder and Kane in this country, and Manning and Newman and Vaughan in England, represent a high order of intelligence and patriotism; and, under their wise leadership, the unhappy alienation between the two great branches of the Western Church is gradually disappearing." Dr. Gladden did more, perhaps, than any other minister to expose the A. P. A. movement in this country, and American Catholics owe him a debt of gratitude for that as well as for other services he has performed in their behalf.

THE KING'S OATH.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Referring to the proposed new form of oath for the sovereign of England, the London Tablet says it will be repudiated by the Catholic Bishops, and commenting on the terms of the document itself it thus remarks:

"It is impossible not to be struck by the apparent liberality of the formula forced upon the Sovereign under penalty of the loss of three kingdoms. It allows him to be a Mohammedan or a Buddhist, or a Parsee or a Unitarian, or a member of any other non-Christian body. The King of England may be a fire worshipper or an Atheist, or a Mohammedan, but he must not believe that 'at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is a transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever.' The King of this realm may be Pagan or Infidel or Protestant, but he must not believe in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. In the second section the words 'superstitious and idolatrous' are omitted, and the King is solemnly committed to the statement that Catholic doctrines are not Protestant doctrines. He might just as usefully point out that black is not white."

Became a Catholic.

The Catholic Advance states that Clay M. Greene, the New York playwright, who arranged the Passion Play that was rendered twice at Santa Clara College, California, has become a Catholic—"through the influence upon him of the Jesuits, for whose institution he did the work," adds the Springfield Republican.

The graces we receive are not the reward of our manifold, for the manifold of some would find a roomy grave in a mole hill.—Rev. James H. Cotter.

SEELIA'S CARES.

A Tale of St. John's Eve and the Annual Bonfire.

BY NORA TYMAN O'MAHONY.

It was St. John's Eve, a soft, dreamy evening in June, and almost every man, woman and child in the townland of Gortnaglas (the Field of Green), was busy at work, out in the hay fields. For, it behooved everyone to give a helping hand to get in the hay harvest while the fine weather lasted. It was in the old days, before new fangled farming machinery had come to take the place of the willing human hands and arms; and, out in Mattie Curran's long meadow, it was a very bright and cheerful sight that met one's gaze that evening, the girls in their gaily-colored print frocks and sun-bonnets, merrily tossing the hay, and twirling and turning it in the sun to dry, talking and laughing as they went, while the men and boys gathered the dried part into heaps, and built them into round, symmetrical cocks. From the meadow the cheerful sound of the mowers whetting their scythes, the little children gathering about them, on the chance of their coming upon a wild bee's honey-comb, hidden away in the moss, at the foot of the fallen swards; or perhaps, better luck still, a corn-hopper, or a grasshopper, or a mottled brown beetle. Now and then a wild shriek of excitement broke forth from the bevy of little folk, as a young "corn-crake" black-plumed and long-legged, broke away in terror from the brown grasses, and made for the shelter of the distant hedge with the whole group of youngsters in hot pursuit. The corn-crake, luckily for itself, had generally the best of the race.

Sheila Donohoe, raking the hay at the other end of the field, cast many an anxious eye in the direction of the children. "For, wouldn't it be what you'd expect (she said) for that little villain of a Patey to come in the way of the scythe, and get the two legs out from under him, maybe?"

A terrible anxiety to Sheila was that boy, every and always, not to speak of his sister Mary, or Maureen, as they always called her, who was as bad if not worse than Patey himself. A great deal of trouble had been on Sheila's mind ever since they were big enough to creep out of the cotter crib that had served them as a cradle for the first few months of their stormy existence. They were twins, and Sheila had no other brother or sister, although she was their senior by some twelve or fourteen years. Their father had died suddenly, while the babies were yet in their infancy, and Sheila's mother had been more or less of an invalid ever since. The shock of her husband's death, and her anxiety about her helpless children, had been too much for her already delicate frame, and she never seemed to pick up heart, or to get strength to take the burden of her life and theirs into her own hands again. So it was Sheila who had to take care of them all on her young shoulders; and ever since she was a "slip of a girl" it had been she alone who had kept their bodies and souls together—sometimes, by doing a day's work up at the "big house" when, in addition to a liberal day's hire, the kindly-hearted mistress was sure, when she was leaving, to load her with an ample store of good things for the delicate mother and babies. Then, in the harvest and hay-time she was always certain of a few weeks' hard wages, which sent her home on Saturday morn'g with a light heart. In her more idle days—if she could ever be said to be idle—she tended her garden and poultry, digging and planting with her own hands the potato patch at the back of the little thatched cottage, where she was able also to grow enough cabbage to supply her household and a good many of her neighbors as well. She was always first in the market with her young chickens and ducks, getting sometimes as much as a couple of shillings or maybe half a crown a pair in the early season, when they were scarce; and with this and the sale of some dozens of eggs every week, she was able to keep the little household at least out of immediate want.

"'Trot, 'tis the good little girl she has always been; and 'twill be the sorrowful day for me and the childer when she takes into her head to leave us," Mrs. Donohoe used to say, with a plaintive sigh whenever a neighbor would drop in to see her. And this oft-repeated phrase of Mrs. Donohoe's was partly the cause of the look of gathering trouble which often lay in her young daughter's brown eyes. For, how could Sheila ever leave her mother and the children so young and she so helpless? As she listened to the children her heart felt heavy and sad within her. The sweet scent of the new-mown hay and the clover blossoms only made her head ache, and the drowsy hum of the bees sounded dull and monotonous in her ears. The pretty face under the lilac sun-bonnet looked flushed and hot in the evening sun; and the brown eyes looked heavy and tired.

Presently across the hay-field came the blithe sound of a man's voice deep and melodious, trilling out the "Colleen dhas crathleen namo." The girl smiled softly; then, flushed a deeper pink, she sighed. For the singer was no other than the boy, Sullivan; and she knew that the song he was singing was all for her. Sure, wasn't it only on her account he was there that day? For, what call had he, the son of a comfortable widow, with a snug little farm of her own, to be out, earning his day's hire, like a poor boy, on another man's land? And it was just on this account, and because she thought it wasn't right for him to be there at all, that Sheila kept resolutely at the other end of the field and as much out of his way as she could. They had been "speaking" for a matter of two years or more; and right well Sheila knew that, in spite of the pleasant circumstances, there was not a girl in the whole country round that Con Sullivan thought as much of as he did of her. Sure, only that very night twelve months, when they were at the big bonfire up on the hill, had not Con caught her up behind him on his horse, and ridden away seat and saddle with her? And it was just on that day that a sure sign that some day she would be his wife.

Since that night he had so claimed her for his own, before all the country-side, Mrs. Sullivan had nothing but black looks and ill words for poor Sheila. With a bitter tongue and a narrow, selfish heart; and the worst moment in each week of Sheila's quiet life was when Mrs. Sullivan and daughters drove past her, on their jaunting car, with a haughty look of scorn, each Sunday morning, on their way to Mass.

So it was that Sheila's heart was heavy and sad whenever she thought of Con Sullivan and the kind blue eyes that had looked so often on her with a glance that was almost a caress. He and she both knew that his mother would never give her consent to a marriage between them. And he knew very well, too, that, no matter how he might urge it, Sheila would never be satisfied to live under the same roof with people who despised her.

Over and over again he had asked her to marry him and go with him to America. "Sure she wouldn't be afraid to trust herself to him," he pleaded; "didn't she know he would work the very flesh off his bones rather than see her in want." But she only shook her head. She could not put discussion between mother and son. And now could she leave her own helpless ones?

Now the Angelus bell has rung. It was 6 o'clock, and the day's work was at an end. The mowers shouldered their scythes, gathered up their coats and dinner-pails from the hedge-bank, and trudged their way homewards,—the girls and boys following in a merry troop behind. Con came and walked beside Sheila, taking the wooden hay rake from her and carrying it on his shoulder. This evening Sheila looked thoughtful and gloomy almost, in comparison with his usual bright cheerfulness, and Sheila looked questioningly up at him.

"Will you come to the bonfire to-night, Sheila?" he asked.

"Yes, I suppose so," she answered, flashing little as she met his glance and remembered the previous year.

"I will meet you there, then," he said. Then, catching her hand, he suddenly faced round and stooped in front of her. "And when are you going to give me my answer, Sheila?" he whispered, almost fiercely. "I will not wait much longer, now, tell you."

"What can I do, Con, a-sore," she pleaded. "You know we must think of your mother, and of mine, too."

"Don't talk to me of my mother," he answered angrily. "It's the black and bitter words she gave me before she died that are making me think of her. It's black and bitter enough to poison the very heart of me; and I think I'll not forget till the day I die. And I swear now by St. John and all the saints in heaven that I'll marry you before the year is out, in spite of her or of any other woman."

"Hush, Con, darling!" Sheila cried, with a shudder; "you have no right to speak like that, and it will not bring either of us luck."

"Wait till you see, then. You don't know how the heart is worn out in me with all this waiting and never a sign of hope for me. A man must get desperate sometimes, and if you won't come to America with me I must just go by myself; for I can't stand this any longer."

The tears came to Sheila's eyes.

"Do you think that I suffer nothing at all?" she asked reproachfully. "But let us not talk about it now, Con. We will meet to-night at the bonfire in any case. And now I must look after the children."

The twins, Patey and Maureen, were still busily investigating the secrets of nature, but came quickly in obedience to Con's loud whistle, their hands filled with wild flowers, poppies, moon daisies, and golden St. John's wort. They were in great glee, looking forward with the wild delight to the bon-fire festival that night. The bon-fires were to be lit on the little hill at the top of the boren, and after supper time all the people, young and old, of the townland would flock thither. There would be singing and story telling, card playing and other games, but no dancing. For was it not the dancing of the daughter of Herodias that had cost the blessed St. John his life? To-night two bon-fires were to be lit together, and some of the boys and girls would rush between the flames hand in hand, or maybe on horseback, as Con had done with Sheila last year. And other farmers would drive their cattle up to the fire, where men stood on guard at each side, and the women and girls would strike each quiet beast on the hip with a reed, driving them quickly through the tongues of flame, and thereby bringing down a blessing on each one of the herd. The children would go, after supper, and gather the reeds, which, it is supposed were symbolic of St. John himself, according to the words of the Gospel— "And what went ye out to see? A reed shaken in the wind?"

Con left Sheila, with the children, at the door of the little cottage. "Ye were long in coming child," said her mother peevishly, "and I'm afraid the praties is almost spoilt."

She lifted the pot and shook the potatoes lightly together, "to make them floppy," she said; then turned them out on the table, set a noggin of buttermilk each for Sheila and herself and the twins, and they all sat down.

"I see that young Sullivan comes to the door with ye, Sheila," Mrs. Donohoe began, when they had nearly finished; "and I don't see what good is going to come of ye keeping company with that boy."

Sheila flushed with annoyance; then turned to the children.

"Do you run off now, alannas, and get the reeds," she said to them hastily, fearing her mother's outspokenness before them. "Don't be long, and I'll be ready to take you to the bonfire against your come-back."

"So, it's off to the bon-fire ye are now," said Mrs. Donohoe, with an angry gleam in her eye. "An' I suppose it's off to meet him again ye are. It isn't enough to have him workin' all day in the field with ye, nothin' less will do ye both, and gettin' him to see ye home to the very door, and then ye are off to meet him again." "You know very well, mother," said Sheila, "that I should go to the bon-fire were Con never to be at it, and you know, too, that it is his own wish and not mine to come to work in the field and see me home in the evening."

"Well, I tell ye again ye need expect no good of keepin' his company or runnin' after him, encouragin' him to go against his own mother. It isn't right or natural for a boy to go against his own like that, and I won't have it to the people to say that a daughter of mine is to blame for it."

Sheila choked back an angry retort, and sighed deeply. It seemed to her that no matter what she did, it could not be the right thing now. She had fought all day, as many another day, against her own inclinations, had tried to put Con out of her heart, to think only of the feeble mother and the little brother and

sister depending on her. And now her mother was the first to turn on her and scold her for running after him and making him go against his own. In the bitterness of her heart she could have wept. She looked at her mother reproachfully, and choked back a sob. Then, she set about clearing away the remains of the supper, and when she had done that she threw a shawl about her and went off to meet the children. She went down the field by a path under a hedge, the banks of which were all but hidden under huge clusters of feathery bracken fern, with here and there the tall graceful stems of the purple foxglove. Down beside the lake, where the green rushes grew, and the yellow broom made many a patch of golden glory against the blue waters, she knew she would find the children at their work.

"Patey! Maureen!" she called down the hill side; "come, are you ready?" A joyful "Holla!" came back to her in answer; then, a moment after, a sudden wild shriek of terror rang out through the air and went echoing across the lake. She heard Patey calling loudly on her to come quickly, flew down the path, and came suddenly on him, standing alone, wringing his hands and wailing piteously for help.

"Where is Maureen? Tell me quickly," she cried, her heart beating fast with a terrible fear.

"She's there," he wailed, "out in the water," pointing to where a white stripe of pinstar lay on the surface of the lake out beyond the reeds. Sheila threw off her shawl and plunged into the water, careless of herself and her inability to swim, only willing to risk her own young life to save that of the little sister whose angel guardian she had always been.

But it was of no avail. Half an hour later Con Sullivan, dressed in his best suit of homespun, and gaily caparisoned for the bon-fire festivities, where he was to meet the girl of his heart, came unexpectedly on a melancholy group down by the lake side. The lifeless body of little Maureen lay on the mossy bank, one cold little hand still clutched the brilliant yellow flagger-blossoms which had cost her and Sheila their lives. But it was left to Con to find the body of his little dead sweetheart, lying tangled in the weeds a few yards from the margin of the lake. It was he who reverently carried home the poor tender lifeless body of the girl, and laid her gently in the sorely stricken mother's arms. It was he who stood by the widow during the weary days of the waking, taking upon himself to look after her wants, and bearing the funeral expenses of Sheila and the child. And it was he who took the foremost place in the funeral procession, helping to bear the coffin of his dear dead Sheila on his strong young shoulders, and never once relinquishing the care of it till it was reverently and sadly laid in the grave beside that of her little sister.

A week after Con Sullivan turned his back for ever on the home of his boyhood, and set out for America, a lonely, broken-hearted man.

REPROACH AND SHAME OF THE CHURCH.

(Cardinal Newman in Sermon "Christ Upon the Waters")

"The Church" has scandals, she has a reproach, she has shame; no Catholic will deny it. She has ever had the reproach and shame of being the mother of a nation unworthy of her. She has good children;—she has many more bad. Such is the providence of God, as declared from the beginning. He might have formed a pure Church; but He has expressly predicted that the cockle, sown by the enemy, shall remain with the wheat, even to the end of the world. He pronounced that His Church should be like a fisher's net, gathering of every kind, and not examined till the evening.

There is ever then, an abundance of material in the lives and histories of Catholics, ready to the use of those opposed to the Church, and the notion that the Holy Church is the work of the devil, leading to have some corroboration of their leading idea. Her very prerogatives give special opportunity for it; I mean that she is the Church of all lands and of all times.

If there was a Judas among the Apostles, and a Nicholas among the deacons, why should we be surprised that in the course of eighteen hundred years, there should be flagrant instances of cruelty, or of unfaithfulness, of hypocrisy, or of profligacy, and that not only in the Catholic people, but in high places, in royal palaces, in Bishop's households, nay in the seat of St. Peter himself?

What triumph is it, though in a long line of between two and three hundred popes, and martyrs, confessors, doctors, sage rulers, and loving fathers of their people, one, or two, or three are found who fulfill the Lord's description of the wicked servant, who began "to strike in the manner of the maidservants, and to eat and drink and be drunk?" What will come of it, though we grant that at this time or that, here or there, mistakes in policy, or ill-adviced measures, or timidity, or vacillation in action, or secular maxims, or narrowness of mind have seemed to influence the Church's action, or her bearing toward her children? I can only say that, taking man as he is, it would be a miracle were such offenses altogether absent from her history."

WHY THE SEED SHOULD BE SOWN EARLY.

(Leo XIII. to the Bishops of the Church, April 21, 1878)

"It is your duty, Venerable Brethren, to devote your assiduous care to scatter afar in the field of the Lord the seed of your heavenly doctrines, and to cause the principles of the Catholic faith to penetrate early in the souls of the faithful, so that these doctrines may push their roots deeper and be preserved in that shelter from the contagion of errors. The greater the efforts of the enemies of religion to present to inexperienced persons, and especially to youth, teachings which may corrupt their minds and corrupt their hearts, the more you must labor zealously for the success, not alone of a good and solid method of education, but especially to make the teaching itself conformable in science and discipline to the Catholic faith, particularly in philosophy, on which depends in a great measure the just direction of other sciences, and which, far from tending to destroy Divine revelation, is likely rather to smooth the way for it

and to defend it against its enemies, as has been taught us in the examples and writings of the great Augustine, of the Angelic Doctor, and other masters of Christian science."

OPPOSITION TO CHRIST.

Why is there so much opposition to Christ? He was a good man. Nothing in His life was done antagonistic to man. He did great things for us both directly and indirectly, and He certainly brought blessings to the world. And still many men protest His claim.

Why is that monuments are erected throughout the world in honor of all great men and benefactors of the race, and when a monument is erected to our Blessed Lord it meets with hisses? What is the reason? The reason is not far distant. Those in this age, as in other ages, who manufacture public opinion, in other words those who are in touch with the world and closely related to it, Christ said at the last supper He would not pray for those having the ear of everybody do not desire anything like an universal acceptance of Christ's doctrine. Why? Because Christ's religion preaches sobriety, honesty, purity and chastity, and there are men and women who have no higher motive or instinct than we have in common with the animals. They desire license, complete scope for the indulgence of human nature, that can brook no interference. An examination of the detail of the lives of such persons will show such motive, and if not, then we will find a supreme pride which centuries and centuries ago was the cause of Lucifer's fall when he was told he would be compelled to kneel down and adore a man. You will find that outrageous arrogance that dares to contest God's supremacy in the world and would not for an instant submit to God's commands.

It is predominant in Christ's religion that God is first, before all, and the instant He falls to second place the world is upside down and man is committing sin.

For reasons such as these it is that there is so much opposition to Christ.—Rev. James J. Sullivan, S. J.

THE FAMILY THE CRADLE OF CIVIL SOCIETY.

"The family is the cradle of civil society, and it is for the most part in the surroundings of the home that the destiny of States is prepared. Those who wish to tear society away from Christianity, go to the very roots and endeavor to corrupt family life. They do not allow themselves to be deterred from this attempt by the thought that this cannot be accomplished without inflicting upon parents the most cruel outrage; for to parents it belongs by virtue of natural rights to educate their children to the ends which God has given them. It is a strict obligation laid upon parents to give all their care, and to neglect no effort, to repulse energetically all unjust violence done to them in this matter, so that they may guard their exclusive authority in the education of their children." (This last passage is translated in Father Eyre's edition as follows: "It is then incumbent on parents to strain every nerve to ward off such an outrage, and to strive manfully to have and to hold exclusive authority to direct the education of their offspring, as is fitting in a Christian manner.") "They must, moreover, imbue them with the principles of Christian morality, and absolutely oppose their children frequenting schools where they are exposed to the fatal poison of impiety. When it is a question of the good education of youth, we have no right to fix a limit to the pains and labor that result, however great these may be. Those Catholics of all nationalities, who, at the expense of much money and more zeal, have erected schools for the education of their children, are worthy of the admiration of all. It would be well if this noble example were followed wherever circumstances call for it."—Leo XIII, Jan. 10, 1890.

"NON-SECTARIANISM."

A noteworthy illustration of "non-sectarianism" was presented recently in the city of Londonderry, Ireland, in the refusal of the Board of Poor Law Guardians to accept the gift offered by a lady member of the Board, Mrs. Monaghan, the gift being a copy of the famous "Ecco Homo," by the celebrated Italian artist, Guido Reni, and the donor's idea being that the picture should be hung in the hospital or infirmary of the institution. Following is a digest of a report of the Board meeting at which the matter was considered and decided on:

"Mrs. M. Morris said—I am sure you all remember the melancholy occasion on which we met in this room and passed a unanimous vote of sympathy with His Majesty the King on the death of his beloved mother, the Queen. On that occasion I had the melancholy pleasure of referring to the noble and sympathetic qualities of the deceased Monarch, and to the beautiful and graphic description given by the press of her death and the surroundings of the death chamber—how, in her last moments, she gazed so affectionately on the picture of Our Divine Lord, which she always kept in her bedroom. I on that occasion was struck with the happy thought that we should remember her in more than words, and to accomplish that I wish to present a fac simile of that picture, and to ask that it be hung in a conspicuous place in the new infirmary in memory of her late Majesty."

"The Chairman—What is the picture?"

Mrs. Morris—The picture is 'Ecco Homo' and an exact fac simile of what the Queen had in her bedroom."

"Mr. Hall—I move that there be no sectarian picture brought into this house."

"Mr. Browne—Surely no Christian can call the picture of the Lord sectarian."

"Mr. A. J. Irwin said in the arrangement of the Royal death chamber the Queen had many things included, which other people considered wrong and out of place."

"Mr. William Browne—There can be no objection to a picture that is a

copy of a painting for which the English Government paid several thousand pounds."

"Mr. Irwin—Let the Government keep it; we don't want it."

"The Chairman said that if the picture to be presented were one of the late Queen herself it would, doubtless, be accepted by the Board without any difference of opinion."

"Mr. P. Lynch—It strikes me that if a picture of the Queen is worthy of respect, a picture of Our Lord should be worthy of still greater respect."

"Mrs. Morris had the picture brought into the Board-room at this stage, and unwrapped it, so that the members could see it."

"Mr. Shannon—We don't want it here."

"The Chairman—Do you make the motion?"

"Mrs. Morris—Yes; I move that the picture be accepted in memory of the late Queen."

"Mr. Hannigan—I second that."

"Mr. Irwin—I move that it be not accepted."

"On a division, the acceptance of the picture was refused, seven voting for, and eighteen against."

For readers not acquainted with the eccentricities of a certain element of the population in Derry and Belfast, which element is in the ascendancy on all public boards in both cities, we may explain that the "Sectarianism" of the "Ecco Homo," in the judgment of the eighteen who refused to accept it, lay in its being by them regarded as "Popish." A picture of the Queen herself would be all right with the Orangemen. "No difference of opinion" as to that, but a picture of Christ or the Sign of the Cross—that is "sectarian."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A STRIKING REWARD.

Father De Musy and the Banner of the Sacred Heart.

Commandant Russett of L'Ecole Supérieure de Guerre, in his history of the Franco-Prussian war, lately published in Paris and crowned by the French Academy, gives a realistic picture of the battle of Loigny, in which the pontifical zouaves of Charette carried the banner of the Sacred Heart. The author describes the desperate valor and dogged persistency with which their charge was made.

The banner changed hands many times, but as the standard-bearer fell another seized it and carried it forward in the same heroic manner.

These are the words of Russett: "General de Louis, commanding the Seventeenth corps, wished to try a supreme effort to save the day for France. He called to him the 300 zouaves under Colonel Charette, who had fought in the army of the Pope; a half battalion of militia from Das Cotes du Nord and two companies of sharpshooters from Tours and Bidaire, in all about 800 men. Putting himself at the head of this handful of soldiers de Louis threw himself against the victorious division of the enemy which had occupied Loigny."

"With an irresistible impulse and a courage without bounds this heroic band followed their general. Using only their side arms and without firing a shot, they took the first stand defended by seven companies of Germans. On they went, still without firing, for such was the order given, and though not exposed to the raking fire of the enemy, they covered the distance of 1,200 meters of open country that lay between them and Loigny. A little wood not far from the village was next carried. The ranks of the gallant company were already thinned. General de Louis was stretched upon the field, his leg carried away by a ball, but the standard of zouaves, still held aloft. Wounded to death, Sergeant Desberthamont passed it to Ferdinand de Bouille. When the latter fell dead, he was replaced by his son, Jacques de Bouille. He, too, killed, was replaced by his son-in-law, Cazeneuve de Pradines, now deputy from Loire Inferieure, who was soon seriously wounded and passed the standard to M. de Traversay."

"All their gallantry was of no avail. The reinforcements of the Germans proved overwhelming. Charette fell wounded, and retreat was sounded. Of the 300 pontifical zouaves who answered the call of their general, but 102 returned unwounded."

The inspiring lessons of faith and valor furnished by the banner of the Sacred Heart lends more than a passing interest to its history. There recently died at Chagny, France, the rector of the parish for forty years of priesthood, the second son of the Count of Musy. While attending the seminary of Annecy, preparing for holy orders, the young man lost his power of speech. Later, by special favor, he was admitted to the holy priesthood notwithstanding his infirmity, but shortly after lost, too, the use of his eyes. Again paralysis affected him, and henceforth he was confined to an invalid's chair.

It was to this poor, helpless creature that came the thought during those terrible days of 1870 to save France through recourse to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He caused to be made at Paray-le-Monial a banner of white silk on which was embroidered the emblem since so familiar to us all. Though it led as gallant a charge as was ever made, it failed in the purpose its donor intended, for God had other designs. What these are we know not. Perhaps France's defeat was a merited chastisement. Perhaps it is because France was not to be saved by force of arms, and they who boasted that they "knew no God but their mitrailleuse" were destined to learn

how futile the arms in which they trusted.

But God rewarded in a most singular way the poor afflicted priest whose cordoning faith was placed in the mercy of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. On the 15th of August, Lady Day, M. de Musy was brought to Lourdes in company with thousands of pious pilgrims to seek the help of Our Lady. At the moment of the elevation of the Sacred Host in the Mass the poor paralytic felt his body revive, his eyes were opened and his whole being strengthened. He left his roll chair, and when the faithful raised their eyes from adoration they saw him kneeling in their midst.

For many years after Rev. Father de Musy ministered to a large and devoted parish, a living wonder more eloquent than words.

Over the city of Paris has since been raised the beautiful basilica of the Sacred Heart. It is a church of expiation, and intended by millions of faithful Frenchmen who contributed for it as a work of national reparation for the national sin of an outraged religion. Never more than at present does France need this public acknowledgment of her crime and her sorrow. But may her reparation through the Sacred Heart of Jesus soon take the blush of shame from the face of the "eldest daughter of the church"—Guidon.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

Model of Charity, of Learning and of Devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament.

An undying honor is attached to the noble lineage of the Counts of Aquino, in Italy, in that the Angelic Doctor, as St. Thomas Aquinas is styled, was a member of that family. Born in the year 1226, his early childhood was passed in the monastery of Monte Cassino, but while there he displayed such extraordinary abilities that his relatives used every possible means to dissuade him from adopting a religious life, forecasting that his talents would secure a most brilliant future for him in the world. But their efforts were unavailing, and at the age of nineteen Thomas put on the Dominican habit at Naples. However, he was not to be unmolested in his choice. We read that he was seized by his brothers, Landulf and Reginald, while on a journey to Paris, and endured a two-years' captivity in their castle of Rocca Sacca. But the violence of his brothers and the affectionate caresses of his mother and sisters did not shake him in his vocation, and finally, escaping, he entered on a course of study at Cologne under Blessed Albert the Great, from whose instruction he proceeded to Paris, and in that city himself taught philosophy and theology for many years.

From the Lives of the Saints we learn that while St. Thomas was in confinement at Rocca Sacca, "his brothers endeavored to entrap him into sin, but their attempt ended in the triumph of his purity. Snatching from the hearth a burning brand, the Saint drove from the chamber the wretched creature whom they had there concealed. Then marking a cross upon the wall, he knelt down to pray and forthwith, being rapt in ecstacy, an angel girded him with a cord, in token of the gift of perpetual chastity which God had given him. The pain caused by the girdle was so sharp that St. Thomas uttered a piercing cry, which brought his guards into the room. But he never told his grace to anyone, save only to Fr. Raymond, his confessor, a little while before his death." And this was the origin of the Confraternity of the Angelic Warfare, a devotion followed by numberless saints, confirmed and endowed with greatest privileges by many holy pontiffs, and of which Camillo Quadio, of the Jesuit order, writes that if he should desire to recount all the graces received by the faithful by means of the girdle of St. Thomas, which members of the confraternity wear, he would have to fill many volumes.

But St. Thomas was celebrated for his learning also, and the Church has ever venerated and still venerates his copious writings as "a treasure house of sacred doctrine." His were the rarest gifts of intellect, and they were united in him with the most tender piety. Prayer, he used to say, had taught him more than study.

But he was also a model to us of devotion to the Most Holy Eucharist; the office and hymns for Corpus Christi, which he composed, testify to this fact. It is related that he was once miraculously addressed by a Crucifix, before which he knelt in the following words: "Well hast thou written concerning me, Thomas; what shall give thee as a reward?" "Naught save Thyself, O Lord!" Here is a divine panegyric. Well, indeed, has he written, and through long ages Holy Church has been illumined by the wisdom of this "Angelus Doctor," and drinks from the pure ever-flowing waters of his doctrine. St. Thomas died at Fossa Nuova, in the year 1274, while on his way to the General Council of Lyons, to which he had been summoned by the pontiff, Pope Gregory X.

The Rosary Magazine for this month contains an excellent account of the Saint and his work, and from it is taken the following summary of his qualities and influence. The writer of the article says: "St. Thomas has stood before the world for more than six hundred years, not only as a great doctor of the Church, but also as an extraordinary saint and as an exemplar of every Christian virtue, drawing all to himself by the charm, innocence, sweetness and gentleness that shone in him from a tender youth of five summers to the end, which came at the

age of eight and forty years. I stand before all, whatever their station or position in life, as a guide and patron under whose banner they would do well to place themselves. Under his special protection they would learn to love and pray, to love and practice the holy virtue of purity, to preserve their souls clean, innocent and acceptable in the sight of God. No one can tell how many thousands owe to him and the Angelic Warfare their salvation from the corruption of six and a half centuries. God alone knows how many thousands rose from the mire and mud of incontinency and became shining models and examples of grace, spiritual beauty and sanctity through His intercession and devotion to the Angelic Warfare."

THE KEEPING OF SUNDAY.

When the Master of the House called Beelzebub, they of the household need not crave a better name; and if the Lord of Universe was caused of breaking the Sabbath walking in the fields, His bride was willing to be taunted for being found at His side. In the eyes of Dissenter, Catholics, as a body, fail to keep holy the Sabbath day. What means by the Sabbath, and on what bases his keeping of it, he is not so clear. Not till the time of Moses the observance of the day began, though in Genesis we are told that "God blessed the seventh day and loved it." To a people of shepherds a non-working day was not necessary or possible. With an agricultural life, the privilege of a day of rest for man and beast is served in the Book of Deuteronomy. The Hebrews is there told to keep seventh day as a day of rest, not because the Creator rested on it, but order that "thy man slave and maid slave may rest even as thou."

The Decalogue exalted the benediction regulation into a binding law. The Dissenter does not, however, pay to reflect that the commandment applies to the Saturday instead of Sunday, and that he has no authority but that of the Catholic Church for transfer. "The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath," and His Church inherited the dominion. Our Lord besides exposing himself to the criticism of the Scribes, declared the Sabbath is "made for man, not man for the Sabbath," and remarked the consistency of those who loosed an ass on the Sabbath, yet were so strict when He on the same day "loosed" the daughter of Abraham whom Satan bound. But he did not abrogate the Sabbath. This was the word of the Church. "Let no man judge ye says St. Paul, 'in the matter Sabbath Day.' In commemorating Christ's resurrection, and to distinguish His resurrection from the Sabbath of the law, the first and not the seventh was chosen by the Apostles as a day of special devolution to God. It is in the Apocalypse "the Lord's Day" and in the Acts we are told how disciples came together on the first of the week to break bread.—American Herald.

THE CHARM OF BELGIUM CHURCHES.

Writing from Brussels, "Catholic" a gifted correspondent of the "New York Sun" says: "The churches heavy and dark, with massive towers, at which one cannot look without a sickening sense of helplessness and our own insignificance in Belgium. But within the churches are many more superlative charms in spite of the fact that they are decorated with frescoes, which ment and give color to the church. Italy, for it would have been impossible to preserve frescoes in such a climate. The pictures are votive offerings and are placed in chapels erected by their donors or placed on an altar, the gift of a league or a miracle peror to commemorate a miracle interposition in favor of the Father or in honor of a favorite saint. To one accustomed to the warm color of the churches of the East there is a sense of missing.

"But a certain absence of senseness is forgiven in the realization of the highest religious feelings at a mosque of solemn and penetrating devotion. From 6 in the morning till after 12 a succession of worshippers attend the Mass, and at that time apostate silence and awe are kept. No pictures are shown, tombs may be visited; the vergers in uniform present to the keeping of the rule. With impatience of a sightseer one is left against the delay this imposes, but let one step out clear sunshine into the tempered air of the Cathedral, look through vistas of arches to the nave where altar is aglow with lights and choir in white vestments are on knees, and for the aesthetic effect one is willing to wait. It was the church was built, that adorned it, artists painted it, and in your role of spectator have part in it. They to whom it belongs are the old women in the cloaks and creped caps kneeling the pillar; the little footed girl with her wooden shoes; the lady Slater in her wondrous blue woollen dress and starched bonnet; to the seated and seated man with the medals on his breast; the coat, like Joseph's, of many Did not St. Francis bless the Then, too, the dog of Flanders, his strained muscles and great hide, who has left his cot and entered the quiet shelter for a brief space, here also has a place."

age of eight and forty years. He stands before all, whatever their state or position in life, as a guide and patron under whose banner they would do well to place themselves. Under his special protection they would learn to love and pray, to love and practice the holy virtue of purity, to preserve their souls clean, innocent and acceptable in the sight of God.

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THE CHARM OF BELGIUM'S CHURCHES.

Writing from Brussels, "Carlebel," a gifted correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, says: "The churches are heavy and dark, with massive Norman towers, at which one cannot look long without a sickening sense of helplessness, perhaps occasioned by their immensity and our own insignificance."

I own that we suppressed a sigh of disappointment when the scriarist refused to move the baldachne and let us see the Madonna of Bruges without obstruction. Will the learned and traveled reader permit its humblest correspondent to remind her that this is Michael Angelo's most pleasing of Madonnas—soft, pensive, feminine, while the exquisitely modeled naked child is like a lily springing from a stalk?

A CONVERT'S FIRST CONFESION.

Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, the brilliant writer, relates in his book, "A Troubled Heart," how he made his confession after he became a Catholic. He says: "Did any one ever approach the mysterious portal of the confessional for the first time without a feeling of awe? My turn came at last. It was on a night when many penitents were gathered in the dimly lighted chapel. For a time I held aloof, not knowing exactly what to do, or how to do it."

ANOTHER DANGEROUS STIMULANT.

President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University asserted the other day that people nowadays read too much. He said: "Reading is a kind of crazy that has got hold of the people. It is a dangerous habit, like a stimulant. The publishers are constantly putting forth new attractions in the field, and the reviewers excite our appetites. It is no doubt very pleasant to be up to date, well posted and in the swim about the latest issues from the press, but we are all in great danger of reading too much."

IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

From a Sermon by Father Coupe, S. J. The best way, perhaps, to practice yourself in the conscious presence of God is by the method of ejaculatory prayer, and it is well to select indulgent prayers. You are tempted, let us say, to sin; you reflect for an instant that God's eye is upon you—that is the act of faith—and then you make the act of will: "Incline unto mine aid, O God: O Lord make haste to help me." Or you are wearied with work, and you pause a moment to think of God and to say, "As the hunted stag panteth after the fountains of living water, so doth my soul long for Thee, O God." Or you are gazing upon the sky, sown with stars at night, and you reflect how that God with finger tip is marshalling these mighty spheres as they wheel in their vast orbits through the heavens, and you say, "The heavens and the earth are full of Thy glory, O Lord. Some love to look on flowers and to think of the beauty of God which flowers faintly shadow forth. Others love to gaze upon the restless sea, with its resistless ebb and flow, and to ponder the awful power of God, of which the sea is so speaking a type. Indeed, all nature is a book that tells of God's presence, and at every page we can admire the power, the beauty, the grandeur, the providence, the loving kindness of our unspokeable God. But, most precious during the day of the Sacred Heart of Jesus petitioning for your love, Jesus stands like a suppliant at the door of your heart and knocks for admittance. Do not refuse Him. Do not overlook Him. And there is no need to receive Him with ceremony; no need for fine speeches or well turned phrases. When you hear the clock strike, sign your 'I' and say, "O Sacred Heart of Jesus I implore that I may love Thee daily more and more." Or, if that be too long, say simply, "My Jesus, mercy," or "Thy Kingdom come." Nay, you need use no words at all. Think but of God's presence and make a momentary, inarticulate act of love of Him, and though it has cost you but a fraction of a second, in that moment of time you have stored up for yourself rich treasure of that golden coinage of the spiritual mint by which heaven is bought.

A Black Orator.

From the Ave Maria. We quite agree with the "Bookman" that the following sentences from an exhortation delivered by a Negro preacher at a revival in Aidan show a very high degree of "untutored native eloquence and of primitive imagination which rises to the heights of the sublime."

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

If thou couldst but purify thyself will from affection to creatures, Jesus would willingly dwell with thee. Thou wilt find all that in a manner lost which thou hast placed in men out of Jesus. Do not trust nor rely upon a windy head; for all flesh is grass, and all the glory thereof as the flower of the field. (Isas. xl, 6.) Thou wilt soon be deceived, if thou regard only the outward show of men. For if thou seek comfort and thy gain in others, thou wilt often meet with loss. If in all things thou seek Jesus, doubtest thou wilt find Jesus. But if thou seek thyself, thou wilt indeed find thyself, but to thine own rula. For a man doth himself more harm if he seek not Jesus, than the whole world and all his enemies would be able to do him.

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You can't sleep in the calmest and stillest night, if your stomach is weak, circulation poor, and digestion bad. Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens the stomach, improves the circulation, perfects digestion, and brings about that condition in which sleep is regular and refreshing. It does not do this in a day, but it does it—has done it in thousands of cases.

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

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

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

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

Believe me, Sir, yours faithfully, +D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

London Saturday, August 3, 1901.

THAT OATH.

The discussion of the accession oath whereby the Sovereign of Great Britain is required, not only to declare himself a Protestant, but also to insult all Catholics in his dominions, has borne good fruit inasmuch as it has brought forth the acknowledgment from the highest and most prominent statesman of the Empire that the oath comprises a most wanton insult to Catholics, which ought to be eliminated.

The select committee appointed by the House of Lords, to consider the matter has made its report on the subject of modification, and though this report is far from being satisfactory, it may be regarded at least, as a vague promise that a satisfactory modification will be made in the near future.

A great step has been taken, whereas a committee composed of such prominent statesman, and which includes the Premier of Great Britain, has pronounced so positively that the insult should be abolished, even though that committee has not risen to the importance of the occasion which called it into existence.

The members of that committee are the Lord Chancellor, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke of Argyll, Earl Spencer, Earl Cadogan, the Earl of Crewe, the Earl of Dunraven, and Lord Tweedmouth.

The resolution passed by the Committee recommends a new form of oath to take the place of the old one, and is as follows:

"That the declaration required of the Sovereign on his accession by the Bill of Rights can be modified advantageously, and for the future should be as follows, viz:

"I, by the Grace of God, King (or Queen) of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever. And I do believe that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any Saint, and the Sacrifice of the Mass as they are now used in the Church of Rome are contrary to the Protestant religion. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof unreservedly."

This is the complete report of the Committee: but the change proposed is in no sense less objectionable than the oath which it is proposed to supersede.

It is true, the clause stating that the doctrines above repudiated are superstitious and idolatrous, is omitted; and so far there might seem to be a slight improvement in the wording; but it is still stated that the Church of Rome uses "adoration of the Virgin Mary" and "other Saints," which is an insulting falsehood.

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If such a falsehood is to be tolerated, it might just as well be added that such adoration is superstitious and idolatrous. The superstitious and idolatry are implied in the fact that this teaching which Catholics repudiate, is asserted to be the teaching of the Catholic Church.

We are glad to notice that the Catholic peers have already expressed their indignation against the form adopted by the Lords' Committee, and we sincerely hope that with one voice they will oppose the proposed change. If the future Kings of Great Britain are to be still obliged by a Protestant majority in Parliament to take a false oath, it is just as well that the perjurers should be as glaring as it has been hitherto; but it would not be well that the Catholic peers or Commons should appear to approve the new perjury by voting for it under any circumstances, or on any pretext. By doing so, they would actually incur the guilt of approving this perjury, a guilt which so far is on the consciences of the Protestant members of Parliament only to whom the old oath is attributable, and of those who support the equally objectionable new form.

There are certain Protestant papers which formerly expressed themselves in favor of removing the insulting words of the accession oath, but which now declare that if Catholics are not satisfied with the proposed change, no further satisfaction should be offered. This is the position which has been virtually taken by the Montreal Witness, which says in a recent issue that in the first instance, the Catholics

"Were led in their protests that they had no thought of assailing the purpose of the oath or reducing the supposed safeguard to the realm which it was designed to be. They only wished to remove from it the uncalled for offensiveness of its form in denouncing as damnable certain doctrines which were to them in the highest degree sacred. With this moderate request we were in the utmost sympathy. In the argument which asserted that the oath of the Roman Catholic Bishops should be remodelled before that of the King, we saw no sense, etc."

"Carefully, however, as the advocates of change guarded themselves against being understood to object to anything but the uncalled for offensiveness of the form of the oath, it could hardly be but that their real objection was to the thing itself. The bringing in of the report of the modification committee has consequently been the signal for the throwing off the cloak, and in some cases of the coat also, and roundly demanding that the Protestant oath should be abandoned altogether. This is a quite different thing, though there may be something said even for this."

The first sentence of this extract is somewhat mixed, but we can understand what the writer meant to say. He wishes to tell us that in the beginning the Catholics who objected to the oath professed to be quite willing that the King should make a strong profession of Protestantism as might be required of him by his Protestant subjects, provided the insult to Catholics were omitted; but that in our captiousness and over-sensitiveness we are now not to be satisfied unless the profession of Protestantism be itself abandoned: that, in fact, we are demanding more now than we asked in the beginning.

The Witness admits that even so, there is some reason in this more extensive demand, yet it advances certain reasons why this should not be granted. In a nutshell, these reasons are included in the statement that a little more than two centuries ago the Catholic King James "in spite of his oaths and promises did all he could to restore Romanism as the one and only Church in the realm."

If this accusation against James were absolutely correct, the crime would surely be no more grievous than the Protestant Sovereigns Henry VIII., Edward VI., Elizabeth, James I., Charles I. and II. and the Protector Oliver Cromwell were guilty of in imposing their special forms of Protestantism on the people. But in fact, it cannot be shown that James I. intended to establish the Catholic religion. The persecuting laws against Catholics, and even against non-conformist Protestants, were barbarous in their rigor, and he aimed at moderating them, and ultimately, we may presume, at restoring liberty of conscience to Protestant non-conformists

as well as Catholics; but there is no good reason to believe that in the temper of the English people at that time, he had any expectation of re-establishing the Catholic religion, even though he might have wished to do so, if there had been any fair prospect of success.

However, it is not worth our while to discuss what may have been the secret intentions of James II. They have no bearing upon the present fact that the King takes an oath which is grossly offensive to twelve millions of his subjects. The truth is indisputable that the accession oath is a surviving relic of a barbarous age—the same age in which the Presbyterians of Scotland swore with easy consciences that papistry is an idolatry which ought to be exterminated by means of the most cruel pains and penalties, that the Pope is the Man of Sin and the Antichrist mentioned in Scripture. But as Presbyterians are now recognizing that their creed is too vigorous and rigorous on these points, and propose to modify it, so the English people might also well admit that the time has gone by when their Sovereign should be forced to commit a perjury in order to secure himself on his throne.

It is a confession of weakness of Protestantism if no way can be found whereby the King can proclaim himself a Protestant without hurling a wanton insult against the whole Christian Church of nineteen centuries. It is an admission that there could be no Protestantism, if there were not already existing a Christian Church for it to protest against.

We would sooner see this humiliating confession of weakness and modernism remain as it is, than have it botched by the pretended concession to Catholic sensitiveness which the Lord's Committee proposes. It is no concession at all, and we hope and expect that every Catholic in Parliament will vote against it as an injury added to the contemptible insult already existing.

Since the above was written, the bill authorizing the new oath passed its second reading in the House of Lords by an overwhelming majority. We have no doubt that most of the Lords were well-intentioned in supporting it, being convinced that it would improve the case; but in this they are much mistaken. We are pleased to be able to add that the Catholic peers did not support the farcical measure, and there is every prospect that they will continue their opposition to the end.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MAYOR.

Mayor Morris, of Ottawa, is certainly entitled to be so termed. He gave permission to have the national emblem hoisted on the city hall flag on the 12th July, on the ground that it had as much right to fly to the breeze on that occasion as on the patronal days of St. Patrick, St. Andrew and St. George. To discuss this point would simply be waste of time. When the occasion again arises we trust the people of Ottawa will place Mayor Morris where he properly belongs. He is certainly a most unsuitable person to hold the position of chief magistrate of the capital of the Dominion.

In connection with this matter, we have much pleasure in publishing the following sensible and timely letter from Mr. D'Arcy Scott, son of Senator Scott:

Ottawa Citizen: In your issue of Monday a person signed as a mixed community meeting on my action in protesting against the flying of the flag on the city hall on July 12th, asks how it comes that I so identify myself with Irishmen, seeing that I am not an Irishman but a Scotchman. It seems to me that any citizen, whatever his origin, or religious belief, who desires to see peace and harmony preserved in a mixed community such as this, would have been justified in pointing out to His Worship the Mayor how undesirable it was that the flag should fly on a public building like the city hall on a day set apart, as is July 12th, for the keeping alive of sectional and religious bitterness and animosity. The celebration of March 17th is far from being a parallel case—St. Patrick is the patron of all Ireland, and his day may be, and is, celebrated by Irishmen of every denomination. I hardly flatter myself that my nationality is a matter of public interest, but since your correspondent endeavors to make it one, let me say that I am both by birth and feelings, a Canadian—by origin, however, I am Irish. My father, like myself, was born in Canada, but his father belonged to the Scots of Cahiron, county Claire, Ireland—a family who have been settled in that county for upwards of two hundred and fifty years. If your correspondent wishes to delve still further back into the dust of history I may tell him that so far as I can learn the family was never Scotch—back at least to the time of Edward I. I am proud to say that a relative of mine, Mr. Richard Scott, a Dublin solicitor, was election agent for the great liberator, O'Connell, in the historic Clare election, which brought about Catholic emancipation. Taking the other side of the house, my mother was born in Dublin of Irish parents. Let me add that, while first of all a Canadian, I am in sympathy and feeling, intensely, and entirely Irish. With apologies for having been forced to make this letter so personal, I remain, D'ARCY SCOTT.

Ottawa, July 16, 1901.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom and will see the defect when the weaving of a lifetime is unrolled.

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

The Paris Univers states that the Pope has sent a sympathizing letter to the heads of the religious orders in France, expressing regret at the failure of his efforts to preserve them from the persecution with which they are threatened when the new law against religious orders is put into execution. His Holiness declares that this law is contrary to natural, evangelical and ecclesiastical rights, and that the cause of the persecution with which they are menaced is the world's hatred of the Catholic religion, and that this persecution is dictated by the desire to cause nations to apostatize. The Church must labor to counteract these works of darkness, and the orders are exhorted to conform themselves as far as possible to the requirements of the law, notwithstanding their injustice, and to remain firm, dignified and faithful to religion, overcoming evil by good. He concludes his letter with the words: "The Pope and the whole Church are with you. Remember Christ's words: 'I have conquered the world.'"

ANOTHER HIGH LOW WAR.

Is it advisable that a Church which is divided into two such factions as High and Low Churchism, which are diametrically opposed to each other on the most vital principles of Christianity, should ignore their differences, and by compromises made between them make a pretence of being in harmony and peace with each other? That the difference between these two parties of the Church of England, and the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, which is the name by which members of the Church of England call themselves when they go to the United States, are most vital, and concern the most important truths of Christianity, can scarcely be denied by any one, whether a member of that Church or not; and in fact the most prominent members of these Churches openly admit that the dissensions between the two parties mentioned are so important that no compromise is possible or reasonable.

The leading High Churchmen maintain that it is most important that the power of priestly absolution, which they claim belongs to the priests of the Church, ought to be exercised by them, whereas by the Low Church party it is generally maintained either that no such power exists in the clergy, or that, if it exists, it should be left to the will of individual members of the Church or Churches whether or not they shall ask their ministers to hear their confessions and give them absolution.

In regard to the sacrament which Anglicans call the Lord's Supper, the High Churchmen maintain that Christ is truly and bodily present therein, together with His soul and divinity, and that He must be therein adored; whereas the Low Churchmen assert that there is neither Transubstantiation nor a Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist by any of the modes as Consubstantiation orimpanation whereby Lutherans and some other sects maintain that Christ becomes present. In consequence of this belief they assert that the High Church teaching of Christ's real presence is what is asserted to be in the accession oath of the British Sovereign, "idolatrous and superstitious."

Strange to say, there are persons both within and without the Anglican and its sister churches who maintain that these two beliefs, so contrary to each other, and so irreconcilable, ought to be allowed to exist side by side in the Church, and that they who hold them should mutually tolerate each other, and should continue to dwell together in peace and harmony as members of the same Church. Thus only a few days ago the Rev. Dr. J. J. Wilkins of Los Angeles, California, Vicar of the Protestant Episcopal Church of that city, declared in the Pro Cathedral of which he has pastoral charge that "there is room and need for the High Churchman and Low Churchman both, in the university of souls, and there is no need for either of them to get worried or excited because the other thinks or worships differently."

There can be no doubt that in such an important pronouncement, officially made in the Pro Cathedral, Dr. Wilkins had the approbation of the Bishop of Los Angeles, and we are indeed aware that this is really the view taken of the matter by "the peace at any price party" both in the Anglican and the American Episcopal Churches.

The occasion which gave rise to the Rev. Dr. Wilkins' pronouncement is

that there is at the present moment an outbreak of bitter hostility between the High and Low Church parties in Los Angeles, and the middle or peace party is endeavoring to patch up a truce between them; but in spite of these efforts, the outburst of hatred between these two very distinct parties bids fair to rival even the hostilities which resulted from the physical force attacks made by John Kensit on the Ritualistic churches of London, England.

The present war between the two parties was precipitated in the diocesan convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Los Angeles diocese. The convention was controlled by the High Church party, who in the election of delegates to the general convention of the Church, which is soon to be held, refused to choose a single representative of Low Church proclivities.

Naturally enough, the Low Churchmen are highly indignant at this state of affairs, and on their behalf the Rev. Dr. Dowling, of Christ Church, Los Angeles, has, in consequence, sounded the tocsin of war by a sermon preached in his Church on July 14, in which he attacks vigorously the High Church position in regard to Confession, priestly absolution, the Lord's Supper, and the movement to give a new name to their church, rejecting the name Protestant.

He declares that the clergy of his own Church and of his own diocese who favor these doctrines are guilty of idolatry and superstition. In another article in this issue, under the title "Sacerdotalism," we have something to say on the attack of Dr. Dowling on the Catholic doctrine in regard to the power and authority conferred by Christ on the priesthood. In the present article we confine ourselves to the consideration of the peace theory to which we have referred above, and which has been advanced by Dr. Wilkins.

This theory is evidently based upon the principle that Christ has not revealed any definite doctrine on the points at issue, so as to bind mankind to any belief in particular.

This theory is injurious to God, destructive of all Christian faith, and contrary to the plain teaching of Christ and His Apostles. It is injurious to God because God is truth itself who can neither deceive nor be deceived. Reason itself teaches this independently of Holy Scripture; for God is necessarily infinite in all perfection, and as truth is a perfection, He must be infinitely true. And further, our rejection of any truth revealed by Him is a practical denial of His truthfulness, and a grievous injury to His essential character, which is equivalent to a denial of His existence. This doctrine is therefore practically Atheistic. This is everywhere taught in Holy Scripture; but it will suffice for us to quote the following passages:

"All the ways of the Lord are mercy and truth, to them that seek after His covenant and His testimonies." (Ps. xxiv, 10.) (Prot. Version; Ps. xxv.) This implies not only God's truth, but also our obligation to believe His testimonies.

"For all Thy works are true, and Thy ways right, and all thy judgments true." (Dan. iii, 27.)

"For the law was given by Moses; grace and truth by Jesus Christ." (St. John 1, 17.)

From these passages it is also evident that the Christian faith is true in all its details. We may add here the obligation of our unhesitating belief in what Christ has taught:

"Without faith (belief in the truths He has revealed) it is impossible to please God." (Heb. xi, 6.)

"He that believeth not shall be condemned." (St. Mark xvi, 16.)

From all this we learn the teaching of Christ and His apostles. We need only add that St. Paul teaches that "the Church of the living God is the pillar and ground of truth." (1 Tim. iii, 15.) It is therefore impossible that God's Church should permit the teaching of the gross contradiction which Dr. Wilkins declares ought to be tolerated in the opposing parties of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America.

The whole dispute shows the state of confusion in which the Protestant Episcopal Church is involved, and places in a striking light the absurdity of which Dr. Dowling is guilty in taking advantage of this state of affairs to attack the Catholic Church. It is the drawing of a red herring across the track to put the hounds on a wrong scent.

The choir invisible! Who are the members of it, if not all those who in any quiet, simple way are doing the days' work, whatever it may be, as they know how; who are trying to make life pleasanter and happier for those to whom their lives are naturally bound?—John White Chadwick.

"SACERDOTALISM."

The great bugaboo of the Low Church Anglican party is "Sacerdotalism." This was the target for Archdeacon Farrer's darts when a few years ago he announced himself as the champion of Low Churchism vs. Ritualism, though since that time he appears to have fallen into comparative obscurity, inasmuch as in the Church of England the Ritualistic party has so progressed that so far as ability and zeal and influence are concerned, it has become the chief party in the Church, leaving Evangelicals, Neologists and Erastians completely in the shade.

In another column will be seen an account of a Ritualist war which has broken out at Los Angeles, California, in which a Rev. Dr. Dowling stands forth as the Evangelical champion who besides attacking "Romanists and Ritualists" for the doctrines therein mentioned, makes a special onslaught on what he called "Sacerdotalism."

By Sacerdotalism he explains that he means certain powers which the priests of the Church of God alone have authority to exercise. Among these powers are the granting of absolution to penitent sinners, the changing of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, and the ministry of the sacraments which Christ has instituted.

If these powers exist, Dr. Dowling says: "The priest stands between you and your God;" and this he regards as a sufficient reason for rejecting the doctrines which, according to him, constitute "Sacerdotalism;" and he appeals to all of his fellow churchmen, clergy and laity, to fight against this innovation in the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, "for purity and freedom," and against "Romanism and the resulting priestly assumption of undue authority."

It would occupy too much space in this issue if we were to enter into a full and lengthy vindication of all the Catholic doctrines included by Dr. Dowling under what Low Churchmen term Sacerdotalism; but we shall point out that to maintain the position the doctor has taken, he appeals to the pride of the laity, and demands that they shall not permit the existence of a priesthood in the Church of Christ, having powers which the laity cannot exercise.

This is exactly the reasoning of Mary (Miriam) and Aaron when they attacked the authority of Moses, saying: "Hath the Lord spoken by Moses only? Hath he not also spoken to us in like manner?" (Num. xii, 2.) But God was angry because they "were not afraid to speak ill of His servant Moses who was most faithful in all His house." Mary was punished with a leprosy for seven days, from which she was delivered only through the prayers of Moses.

Core, Dathan, Abiron and Hon were also severely punished, together with two hundred and fifty leaders of Israel for rebelling against Moses, whose authority was from God.

The authority of the Catholic priesthood is also from God, and it is not for man to call it into question.

Christ chose His twelve apostles from among all His disciples and gave them powers which were not given to the disciples generally.

To Peter alone he said, "feed my lambs; feed my sheep." (St. John xxi, 15, 17.) This plenitude of authority could be exercised only by Peter's lawful successors.

To the Apostles alone Christ said: "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations baptizing them, etc." And behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." (St. Matt. xxviii, 19, 20.) To the Apostles alone it was said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained."

We might quote many other passages to show that the Sacerdotalism condemned so vigorously by Dr. Dowling was established by Almighty God both under the Old and under the New Law. We shall add only one more text to show that it is a presumption for any to assume the sacerdotal office who do not derive it from God through the priesthood which Christ instituted: "For neither doth any man take the honor to himself but he that is called by God as Aaron was."

The priesthood of the New Law does not depend on the fancy of Rev. Dr. Dowling, but on the institution of Christ, and it is by succession from the Apostles that the priests of the Catholic Church possess their authority. Of course, the so called clergy of the

Church of England, and of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America do not possess the same prerogative cause they have neither sacerdotal mission.

In answer to Dr. Dowling's appeal popular pride, we need not say than to quote the sacred book of verbs, xv, 25: "The Lord will destroy the proud."

THE POPULATION OF FRANCE.

For some years past there has been felt considerable anxiety among French statesmen arising out of the fact that the increase of the population of France had been growing less and less year after year, until it had fallen down almost to nothing. A number of schemes had been proposed to remedy this state of affairs, none of which were practicable. The latest of these proposals was to induce a number of French Canadians to settle in the United States in order that new life should be infused thereto. It is needless to say that this proposal was fantastically impracticable. But Mr. Waldeck-Rousseau, French Premier, has now introduced some French Senators that the declining decadence appears by the census returns to have ceased. In the last five years there has been an increase of 412,364 inhabitants, as during the five years previous to this increase recorded was only 17,000 and during the ten years ending 1896 the increase was only 21,896. It is encouraging to know that the decadence, the evil consequences of which were a cause of consternation no longer to be feared.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HOUSING.

General Intention for August.

THE OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.

American Messenger Sacred Housing. Sunday is fairly well observed in the United States. It is notable of rest from labor; business suspended, social intercourse limited to the most necessary duties are performed privately and in as brief a space as possible. The very atmosphere is still, even in our busy cities; less hurry in the movements and we meet in our thoroughfares calm demeanor and spiritual peace of mind tell why they are and whether they are going; it is than usual self-restraint of their are not on the same errand, or, or unwittingly on their tribute of respect to those who the day religiously.

No one can witness the observance of Sunday in America without being struck by the fact that Christ still a most powerful influence among our people; and this is borne in upon us more and more as we are described by a material, industrial and moving nation. Truly it requires super-human influence, so more than the craving for a seasonal day of rest or pleasure, us, rich and poor alike, agree a week to stop the vast and complex systems of machinery, which fortunes to set going again, our markets, to cease from tolling in great measure the world and conveniences which would the laborious services of other discontinue, the disposition to pursue their daily avocations, or to spend it in bolstered assembly relaxation.

The extent of this Christian observance of Sunday in the United States all the more remarkable when we reflect that fully fifty millions of people are not active members of the church, though they profess the faith of one or other denomination, the twenty-five millions who are active members of the sects, very many, no doubt, negligent in this as in other their religion. Still, fully to fill our churches from morning night every Sunday, and over millions members of the various sects meet in their churches, at least, for their five forms of worship, and multitude of fifty millions Protestantism, the remainder, observe the precept of that day, out of respect for wish to keep it religious; can be no doubt that many of serve the God pliously after fashion.

What makes this fact more able still is that there is no ordinance for the institution of the observance of the Sunday at all. In an ecclesiastical institution, at the time of the Apostles would seem to be the "Lord's Day" mentioned in the Apocalypse. The first day of the week was day of meeting for common as we gather from the Acts from the First Epistle to the Thimothee 1, 1. Such passages report what was customary, that the observance of Sunday obligatory from the first, we accept the tradition of the Church. From this source we learn apostolic institution, a sun-

Church of England, and of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, do not possess the same prerogatives because they have neither succession nor mission.

In answer to Dr. Dowling's appeal to popular pride, we need not say more than to quote the sacred book of Proverbs, xv, 25: "The Lord will destroy the house of the proud."

THE POPULATION OF FRANCE.

For some years past there has been felt considerable anxiety among French statesmen arising out of the fact that the increase of the population of France had been growing less and less year after year, until it had come down almost to nothing.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

General Intention for August.

THE OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.

American Messenger Sacred Heart.

Sunday is fairly well observed in the United States. It is notably a day of rest from labor; business is suspended, social intercourse limited, and the most necessary duties are performed as privately and in as brief a time as possible.

No one can witness the observance of Sunday in America without drawing the conclusion that Christianity is still a most powerful influence at work among our people; and this conclusion is borne in upon us more forcibly now that we are described by others, and have come to regard ourselves, as a material, industrial and money-loving nation.

The extent of this Christian observance of Sunday in the United States is all the more remarkable when we recollect that fully fifty millions of our people are not active professing Christians; that of one every denomination. Of the twenty-five millions who claim to be active members of the different sects, very many, no doubt, observe Sunday in a worldly way and with a worldly motive.

What makes this fact more remarkable still is that there is no Scriptural ordinance for the institution of observance of the Sunday at all. It is purely an ecclesiastical institution originating at the time of the Apostles.

the Sabbath of the Old Law designated to commemorate Our Lord's Resurrection, and observed, now one way, now another, always by worship in common, especially by the celebration of the Eucharist, and always as a day of rest from servile labor.

From the beginning the Church has "remembered" to keep holy a day known as the Lord's own day. When abrogating the Sabbath of the Jewish covenant, she did not lessen the number of days on which public worship should be paid to God, but simply substituted the first for the last day of the week and consecrated it, first, by making it a day of rest and then by sanctifying it in His Name.

In speaking thus optimistically about our Sunday observance we are not exaggerating the fidelity of our Catholic people or the benefits accruing to our selves and others from this observance.

There are too many, unfortunately, who act as if they would like the Church to accommodate them by the gospel-wagon system, by having Mass said in a place, or at a time, to suit their convenience; so many who do not mind coming late to Mass, or hearing it in a distracted way; so many who seize the slightest excuse for remaining away from it—an indisposition which a walk to the church might relieve; friends whom they wish to entertain, forgetting that frequently the friends would prefer to go to church; distance from the church, frequently a matter of their own choice, especially in this summer season; need of recreation which they imagine they can satisfy in no other way than by a Sunday outing begun too early to permit of their hearing Mass.

But Sunday observance consists in something more than rest from servile labor and hearing Mass. Sanctifying the Sunday means doing some special good works on that day, good reading, for instance, teaching catechism, etc., and it means also some additional acts of piety, such as attending Vespers, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Sunday evening devotions and sermon, if there be one.

The service always seems better and the sermon likewise; it is worth while to make them both the best they can be, when the congregation is present. The parishioners are more intelligent in religious doctrine, and more spirited and loyal on account of the edification there is in such a regular and numerous attendance at the special service of the day.

the eternal, which is to know God and Christ Whom He has sent.

THE CHURCH IN THE XX. CENTURY.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

One morning in April, 1895, the English speaking world read in their newspapers a Papal document which concerned them very closely. Fifty years ago an encyclical from the Pope to the English people would have been treated with scorn and insult. But the world has been moving since.

The Protestant Morning Post, writing on the subject, declared that "the figure of this Pontiff, who thinks to unite all Christians into one single community for the defense of social order against its enemies, must be regarded as extraordinarily grand and noble both by the people of England and by those of all Christendom.

A couple of years later Leo XIII. seemed to many to destroy the good effects of his letter, Amanitissimae voluntatis, by declaring in catholicae in the invalidity of Anglican orders. Gladstone had made a pathetic appeal to His Holiness not to reach, or at least not to publish, such a decision; thousands of Protestants benevolently disapproved toward the Catholic Church.

The innumerable sects of the United States were certainly included in the Holy Father's invitation to the Protestants of England, and as a matter of fact the encyclical Amanitissimae expected equal attention there. But Leo XIII. was not content with this. In his letter Longinqua Oceani of January, 1895, he referred to our separated brethren of North America as follows: "Our thoughts now turn to those who are separated from us in the faith."

By the sweet music of his face, and his low tones of tenderness, To melt a lonely, stubborn race."

While struck down with fever in Steily, in May, 1833, he kept saying, "I have a work to do for England; I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light."

On November 30, 1894, Leo XIII., in his letter Orientalium, promised Eastern Christians, whether separated from the Catholic Church or not, that he and his successors would always maintain their rights and prerogatives. He even goes so far as to forbid priests of the Latin rite to endeavor to wean members of the Oriental Churches from their own rites.

institutes for the Bulgarians; at Cairo a seminary for the Copts; at Moscow two colleges for clerics of the Syrian and Chaldean rites; he has heaped favors and privileges on the International novitate of the Capuchins at Bondja, which is designed to supply priests for the Oriental nations; he has founded a college at Athens for the Greeks; he is protecting the college of St. Anne at Jerusalem for the Greek-Melchites; he has reorganized the Greek college of St. Athanasius in Rome, and he has created in the Eternal City another college for the Eucharists. Finally, he has recommended the generalists of the Jesuits and the Assumptionists to pay special attention to the Eastern missions, and to do all in their power for the establishment of schools and theological colleges.

Leo XIII. was not aware, when he set his heart on this great work for the reunion of the churches, of the tremendous difficulties that confronted him on all sides. But he knows of one infallible means of conquering them, and he never ceases to refer to this in his encyclicals. It consists "in praying with humility, fervor and perseverance, for God holds the key to men's hearts, and His grace alone can enlighten their minds."

He knew that he would never live to see a thousandth part of the fruits of his great crusade, but he knew also that he was called by God to be the mouthpiece of a Church which is to last forever. P. O.K.

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN.

A century just past since the birth of John Henry Newman, and a decade since his decease. What his wonderful personality has done for the Church of God in England is well stated by the late editor of the London Spectator, a candid Protestant, in the following passage written ten years back: "No more impressive testimony could have been afforded to the power, sincerity and simplicity of the great English Cardinal's life than the almost unanimous burst of admiration and reverence, on the occasion of his death, from all the English Churches and all the English sects for the man who had certainly caused the defection of a larger number of cultivated Protestants from their Protestant faith than any other English writer or preacher since the Reformation."

By the sweet music of his face, and his low tones of tenderness, To melt a lonely, stubborn race."

HIS INTENSE DESIRE TO FULFILL THE WORD OF GOD.

While struck down with fever in Steily, in May, 1833, he kept saying, "I have a work to do for England; I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light."

feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the enquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfill it."

2.—THE EARNESTNESS AND THOROUGHNESS OF ALL HIS WORK.

His whole heart and soul is thrown into every piece of work he did; so much so, that it never seems possible to a d to it, or improve it. His deep but crystal intelligence beholds a subject in all its bearings before he writes a word; his pen, as it glides over the paper so smoothly, seems touched with celestial fire. Take, as examples (1) his wonderful essay on Development, wherein (many years before Darwin wrote) he anticipates all that is true in his scientific system; (2) his beautiful reply to Dr. Pusey on the place of Our Lady as the second Eve; and (3) his crushing answer to Mr. Gladstone's charge against the Vatican decrees that they made Catholics disloyal subjects, which compelled a withdrawal of his charge from that great statesman.

But indeed every single sermon show the same mastery of his subject. I will mention but one remarkable instance of this, his wonderful sketch of the religious history of England in the sermon entitled "Christ upon the Waters," preached at the installation of Dr. Ullathorne as the first Bishop of Birmingham. Here is a short extract:

"We rejoice to-day, as those who love men's souls so well that they would go through much to save them, yet love God more, and find the full reward of all disappointments in Him; as those whose work lies with sinners, but whose portion is with the saints. We love you, O men of this generation, but we fear you not. Understand well and lay it to your heart, that we will do the work of God and fulfil our mission, with your consent, if we can get it, but in spite of you, if we cannot. You cannot touch us except in a way of force which you do not dream, by the arm of force; nor do we dream of asking for more than that which the Apostle claimed, freedom of speech 'an open door,' which, through God's grace, will be 'evident,' though there be 'many adversaries.' We do but wish to subdue you by appeals to your reason and to your heart."

HIS ARDENT FAITH.

In "Loss and Gain" there occurs a description of the Mass written for the Anglicans, which will suffice to illustrate our third point. "I declare, to me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend Masses for ever and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the great action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before Whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope, and is the interpretation, of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of sacrifice. They hurry on, as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick, for they are parts of one integral action. Quickly they go; for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon; as when it was said in the beginning, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Quickly they pass; for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another. Quickly they pass; because as the lightning which shineth from one part of heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass; for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the name of the Lord as He passed by, the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth. And as Moses on the mountain, so we too make haste and bow our heads to the earth and adore. So we all around, each in his place, look out for the great Advent, 'waiting for the moving of the water.' Each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intention, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching his progress, uniting in its consummation— not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but, like a concert of musical instruments, each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, and

simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving; there are innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners; but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn, and the great action is the measure and scope of it. Its wonderful!" — Athanasius in Australian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE NEED OF LAY-ACTION.

The first public pronouncement of the new Bishop of Portland, Mgr. O'Connell, on returning to America to assume the duties of his new See was a plea for lay co-operation, a subject which is more and more being agitated by the clergy and all who have at heart the best development and full growth of the Church in America.

"These are good and wise words. It is well," comments the Catholic Transcript, "that these sentiments were uttered by a Bishop in the metropolis of New England. It is evident to all who follow the Catholic progress of the country that the laymen of this section are not phenomenally active in matters which appertain to the eternal well being of religion. It is true that here the Church is more prosperous and, apparently, more capable of caring for itself than in some other parts of the country. But however strong and progressive and successful, it cannot do its best work when deprived of the loyal and enthusiastic support of the laity—and by the laity let us not understand the pious female sex and the drooping octogenarian, but the robust and able bodied members of the present generation."

"One thing is settled to a demonstration: the co-operation of the laity is necessary to the wellbeing of the Church to-day. When men of Bishop O'Connell's standing remind them of their duty and call them aside, there should be no hanging back. To prove remiss in this particular is to court that religious indifference which has made it possible for an anti-Christian minority to enact tyrannous laws in France and to subject the unoffending religious of Spain and Portugal to the howling insults of a Godless rabble."

Even stronger words than these were those spoken on the same subject in the address delivered at the graduating exercises at Fordham, New York, by Rev. James Dougherty, of St. Monica's Church, New York. "That which the United States needs to-day is an educated, courageous laity," he declared, "men who are neither ashamed of their faith, nor ashamed to work for it in the sight of men, in spite of antagonism, if such must come. There is too much of burden placed on the shoulders of the priest. He can do much, but he cannot do it all." Then followed a stirring passage that almost took the audience off its feet.

"It is time that the influence of Catholic laymen is felt," he said, "if there was an army of them, it would not be possible for the Holy Father to be a subject of an Italian King; the laymen would lift up their voices and speak in tones which would not be denied and demand that the Pope should not bear allegiance to any king."

CHINESE NUNS.

It may not be known to many that there are Chinese nuns, women of good family, who take all the vows. The Mother Superior of an order in China, taking with her a Chinese nun who had been many years in the order, visited our Holy Father the Pope. When she knelt for his blessing he asked her: "My child, why does your nation treat those I send to pray to them, with so much cruelty?" She burst into tears and could not answer, it hurt her so to think of all the martyred ones.

"A Catholic layman leading, in the midst of Protestants and non Catholics of all kinds," says the Sacred Heart Review, "life in accordance with the commandments of God and the Church, is much more of a missionary than he always imagines."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A STORY OF INVENTIONS.

Google Hennessy's first day in the uniform of an American District messenger boy was eventful. In the morning he visited three of the principal clubs in town, made the acquaintance of a millionaire, from whom he received his first tip, a dollar, and also made an impression on all with whom he came in contact by reason of his bright, clean, honest face, which was a contrast to the weary, dull-looking countenances of some of the boys who had been longer in the business.

In the afternoon he posed for a celebrated artist for twenty minutes and had his features hastily sketched in a painting of street arches which afterward became famous and was exhibited abroad. He carried parcels from a fashionable caterer to a house on Fifth avenue, where an awning stretched across the sidewalk indicated that a reception was in progress. Then there were notes and flowers to deliver, a cab to be called and sundry small journeys that toward evening caused his feet to burn, for his mother, being anxious that her son should make a fitting debut in business life, had sent him forth in the morning wearing a pair of cheap material shoes, not adapted to Google's new profession. The result was that he suffered much from this item of his attire, which, strangely enough, played an important part in his eventful day.

Google went home limping. When he reached the three tenement rooms where he lived with his mother, his first proceeding was to remove the offending shoes. His feet were swollen and burning, aching in every joint. Mindful of the evening's work that awaited him he admonished his mother that there was no time for doctoring, and he attempted to get on his old shoes, but his inflamed feet absolutely refused to enter the discarded foot gear. Here was a dilemma.

To fall to return to night duty on his first day meant certain dismissal from a place that he had waited nearly a year to obtain. For it was about twelve months before that Google's teacher at night school promised to get him a place as a messenger boy. He was then selling papers and reaping a very small profit with very hard work.

Now he looked hopelessly at his feet and his heart failed him and his lip trembled. What should he do? It was then the wisdom of Google's mother proved equal to the emergency. She stepped into the bed room and returned with a pair of her own best stockings. Without a word she knelt by Google and slipped them over his stockings. They went on softly and easily, and the boy sighed with relief as she but touched the cloth tops gently around his ankles.

He stood up smiling. His feet still pained him, but the anguish was over. He seized his cap and with a look at the clock hurried down stairs. He noticed as he did so that the old shoes he wore made no sound. The soles were worn so soft and thin that they were almost like cloth shoes, and there was no echo of his footsteps even when they struck the pavement outside.

It was dull in the office during the hours from 7 to 9. Google sat on a bench looking at his feet and thinking how narrowly his mother's thought had been averted by his own. In the street and the manager ordered coal piled in the great round stove until its sides glowed red and the basement room was cozy and warm.

The boys who sat by Google eyed him over, as boys do in all walks of life, not trusting him over much on short acquaintance. He was a trifle too self-reliant in his manner. But there was one boy who rather took Google up and talked with him over his day's adventures. He confided to the new recruit that club cases present from Mr. Ozden, the young millionaire, was an event that would lead to his future. Google began to realize his dignity that club cases present from Mr. Ozden, the young millionaire, was an event that would lead to his future.

Google read the address on the stoutly corded box. "Do you know how to get there?" asked the manager. "Take a cable and transfer to the blue car on this street. Get out at this number and if the elevator is stopped you'll have to climb. The lights may be out, but you'll find the man on the fourth floor."

Google took the package, feeling the importance of his commission in a manner that amused his fellow-workers, who were congratulating themselves on a further stay in the warm office. He pulled on his cap and stepped out feeling the first gust of wind keenly, for the rules of the company permitted him no overcoat, and although the uniform coat he wore was warm, it was hardly suited to a gale like this. As he waited for the car he began to feel the responsibilities of the strenuous life.

He took a seat in the car with the box on his knees, and after he had paid his fare studied the address again

to things, aren't you? And you are hungry, I'll wager. Frank, this young man has been neglected."

The professor nodded to a servant, who placed some dishes before Google. But the boy still hung entranced on the professor's words. He crumbled a macaroon in his fingers as he heard the woman saying what an admirable weapon the gun would be for maids or nurses who took their young charges through the park.

"There would always be time to secure aid," said a pretty woman in black. "Yet one can't ask a nurse maid to carry a revolver."

"Think of a thief in the night," said the professor. "A woman wakes and sees a burglar bending over her jewel case. Few women would have nerve enough to fire a loaded revolver. But this gun is comparatively noiseless and for the time as deadly as a pistol."

"The pretty woman in black shivered as the cool air swept the last drifts of the ammonia away."

"It is frightfully cold," she said, "and I have only brought a cloth cloak."

"We can send for a warmer one," said Mr. Ozden. "I'll telephone to the house."

"The telephone is out of order," said the professor. "I'm sorry; but let me send one of the men."

"No," said Ozden; here is the boy he can take a note up to Mrs. Ozden's maid to send her fur cloak by the coachman when he calls for us."

Several pairs of eyes turned upon Google just as the mandolin music sounded again, and some of the guests began to walk back into the shadows of the great laboratory. Google rose to his feet as Mr. Ozden handed him a card with an address across it.

"You know where that is," he said, giving him a coin, "and I know I can trust you to deliver that message to Mrs. Ozden's maid."

"And here," said the professor, still smiling at the boy; "I saw that you were interested in the gun. I know that I can trust you with one also."

He handed one of the tissue wrapped tubes to Google, who bowed and went out on his soundless shoes to the elevator. He spoke not at all on his way to the street, but jumped on a car that was passing, having forgotten the pain of his swollen feet. Another transfer and he was walking up the steps of the house to which he had been sent.

The man who let him in read the card and said to the boy: "Step up to the next floor and give this to Mrs. Ozden's maid."

Google passed through a maze of marble armor and wonderful hangings the like of which he had never even dreamed of. He glided up the stairs like a wraith and paused irresolutely on the landing, looking about him undecided. Then he heard a clock chime softly and went in the direction of the sound. It seemed to the boy as though his feet were frozen to the rug upon which he stood as his frightened eyes caught the sight disclosed through the door.

The room was dimly lit and was like a great plink shell, the walls and ceiling being tented over with soft silk. In one corner, bending over a dressing table, stood a man that Google had no difficulty in recognizing as a thief. From the table and its various receptacles the burglar was dexterously lifting jewels that shone in the pink light much as to the boy's bewildered brain, the magic light had done in Professor Thayer's laboratory. From below came a burst of laughter. The servants' hall was enjoying a party while the master and the mistress were away.

Google was never quite able to explain how he came to think of the gun safely reposing in his inside pocket. He had never been a particularly brave boy nor had he ever been a coward. The strange and unwonted events of the day and the night had keyed him up to a pitch of intense excitement that was hysterical. But through his youthful brain came the first signals of duty, duty to his new career as he saw it, for all day long he had been keenly conscious of a sense of responsibility. He did not know it at the time, but he was seizing an opportunity, and guided by some courage born of something within him he advanced on his soft shoes, the gun clutched in his cold hand.

The man was bent over a lower drawer in the dressing case. As Google reached his shoulder he looked up and in the mirror saw the boy's gleaming eyes, eyes that looked, as Big Leary afterward said, like those of a panther. With an oath he looked over his shoulder, and then the new invention had its first practical test, a test that made it afterward famous, for the boy and man fell over on the floor, the boy yelling as he saw the burglar's livid face looking up gasping from the carpet.

The maid, who had been asleep in the next room, sounded an alarm that rang through every corner of the house. It reached the party in the hall down stairs, where the private watchman and every servant in the house, except Mrs. Ozden's maid, had been decoyed by the ruse of a confederate and a case of champagne sent as a gift to one of the girls. The police appeared and Big Leary, one of the cleverest of thieves, who never touched anything but big hauls like this, was soon safely behind the bars.

It is true that Google's part in the transaction did not come out in the public reports. It was some time before that story was told, for Google was taken to the hospital with pneumonia the next morning, and he raved incoherently of blue and pink lights, magical guns and burglars. When the story finally was made clear and

Ozden, the railroad king, realized that the small boy with the big eyes was the hero of it he laughed and said he saw it in the boy's face when he came into the smoking-room of the club.

And the "New York Sun," which prints this apparently veracious story, adds that Google is no longer in the service of the District Messenger company. He has doffed his uniform and is learning to be an electrician in the laboratory of Professor Franz Thayer, the inventor. He had his choice of several careers, but the magical blue light still danced before him and showed him the way to his future.

faculty as applied to others is frequently accepted as a sign of superior discernment. Most men are too ready to assume that the faint glimmer really knows what he is talking of while, as a matter of fact, his sharp criticism often conceals the most superficial acquaintance with the matter. It is sometimes one's duty to criticize, and to criticize sharply; high standards, sound methods, and common honesty make frankness of speech imperative. But this kind of occasional criticism is a very different matter from the chronic habit of commenting on the weaknesses and failings of others into which too many people fall. This detestable habit brings its own penalty with it; for the critic who is always at the heels of his fellow man loses his effectiveness, and the man or woman who gives it expression ceases to count save as a grumbler and cynic. Moreover, there is nothing so wearisome as the constant questioning of people's motives and the constant condemnation of their acts. A little criticism of this kind goes a long way; a very little more converts the cynic into a bore, a role than which there is no more humiliating known among men. There would be very much less of this kind of censoriousness if, instead of being accepted as evidence of keen discernment, it was regarded as evidence of shallow perception. For shallow perception it generally is, and the man or woman who is always seeing the weakness of others is usually an egotist—one who cares more for himself than for others, and whose moral nearsightedness prevents him from seeing anything more of the sun than the spots on his surcoat. "It is said," writes Goethe, "that no man is a hero to his valet. That is only because a hero can be recognized only by a hero. The valet will probably know how to appreciate his like—his fellow valet."

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THE PRESENT AGE.

If there is one thing more than any other lying to one's nerves...

CHILDREN AND THE STATE.

Sometime ago we had something to say about youngsters on the street...

THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION.

Now that meetings of education being held in different sections...

TEACHER WANTED.

WANTED FOR THE R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL...

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THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

The University of Ottawa, conducted by the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate...

CHANCELLOR W. B. RAY HONORED.

At the regular meeting of Branch No. 15, C. M. B. A....

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 175, C. M. B. A....

MARKET REPORTS.

MARKET REPORTS. LONDON. August 1st. Daily Produce - Eggs...

SUCCESSFUL PUPILS.

SUCCESSFUL PUPILS. SACRED HEART SCHOOL, LONDON.

NEW BOOKS.

NEW BOOKS. "The Way of Perfection" and "Conceptions of Divine Love"...

EJECTION BY COMPROMISE.

EJECTION BY COMPROMISE. The following is related of an auctioneer...

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL. The many friends in Ontario of Mr. P. J. McDonnell...

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL. At the first meeting of the New Company...

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL. CORRECTION - Miss Nellie Irvine of the Holy Angels School...

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL. The following is related of an auctioneer...

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL. At the first meeting of the New Company...

MARRIAGES.

MARRIAGES. DRE-McCARTHY. A very pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Brigid's church...

MARRIAGES.

MARRIAGES. St. Peter's Church, Norwich, on Wednesday last...

MARRIAGES.

MARRIAGES. At the regular meeting of Branch No. 15, C. M. B. A....

OBITUARY.

OBITUARY. DR. DONNELL, OBELIA. The Times announced with deep regret...

OBITUARY.

OBITUARY. The Hamilton Separate schools have again shown the efficiency...

OBITUARY.

OBITUARY. The Ottawa Government had recently offered him a responsible and remunerative position...

OBITUARY.

OBITUARY. MRS. PATRICK CHAMBERS, CHESTERVILLE. The death of Mrs. Patrick Chambers took place...

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ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON. build a temple worthy of Him. Woeed Jesus more than He needs us...

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON. Last week four magnificent stained glass windows were placed in St. Mary's church...

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON. Another friend of the parish, whose name will be mentioned later...

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON. On Sunday, the 21st ult., the Rev. Father John O'Brien...

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON. The following is the inscription on the stone: Here lies the body of...

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON. On July 22nd First Communion was administered to the children of the parish of Drysdale...

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ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON. At the first meeting of the New Company...

FORTY YEARS AMONG THE INDIANS.

FORTY YEARS AMONG THE INDIANS. Mayor Maguire, of Syracuse, N. Y., in a letter to the Catholic Sun of that place...

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