

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 30 1908.

1545

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1908.

A FEW REMARKS.

Says Mr. J. A. Spender, Editor of the Westminster Gazette, in "The Comments on Bagshot," a series of comments upon a great variety of subjects: "The most certain mark of a bore is complete assurance that he is an exception to the rule."

The most difficult thing in the world to realize is that other people talk about us with exactly the same freedom that we talk about them.

Let us assure ourselves that this is actually our fate at the hands of our very best friends. Let us cheerfully yield ourselves as a topic of conversation to our friends if they are kind enough to think us interesting; but let us have no mercy on the mischief-makers who turn the innocent into the malicious by the act of repeating it.

He looks forward to a state of society in which every man shall be able to earn sufficient to provide air space, decent food and clothing, as well as education and rational enjoyment for himself and his family and in which no man shall be able to plead economic conditions to avert the penalties—compulsory labour, loss of rights, etc.—with which he will then be inexorably visited for failing to do these things.

"JUST DEBTS."

Our readers have heard Sairey Gamp saying: "If you wish to be tittivated you must pay accordin'." We have a suspicion that in some quarters this dictum of the genial Sairey is not in honor. Some people must have their cap and bells though others pay for them. They strow their homes with useless things, dress extravagantly, live beyond their means with never a thought of the debts they contract. To make a show seems to be their aim, though by so doing they forfeit the right to say that they owe no one anything. They send their children to boarding schools; and insist upon them being instructed in all the "ologies, but they are absent minded beggars when the tuition bill is received. They buy gewgaws, but do not open their purses for them. They take a paper, but they forget that the publisher needs money for its printing. They put off the landlord with a promise, and use strong language when the grocer and dressmaker present their accounts. They mean to pay at some time, but not now when they need so many things at the expense of others. And this debt—a very mountain of loans and bills that would be the blackest kind of a nightmare to honest people—troubles them not at all so far as the world can see. Now and then conscience makes outcry, but they are as deaf then as they are when they are dunned. If the vision of their pitiful, shoddy, sponging life obtrude itself upon their day dreams, they dismiss it as a mere ugly phantom seen occasionally by those who have a disordered liver. They hear the preacher inveighing against dishonesty and the warnings of the confessor: they know that the unjust shall not possess the Kingdom of God: that the unjust shall be punished and the seed of the wicked shall perish, but they defer payment of just debts, or evade them, or make no effort to render to all men their dues. They should remember the Lord's words: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul."

THE POPULAR FELLOW.

The other day we heard a man praised as "a very popular fellow." To have opinions and to maintain them—a positive character that must at some time jostle others—to hold the faith without paltering or compromise, to be loyal to the Holy Father, however blows the wind of public opinion, to be a dispenser of the courtesy that is a manifestation of charity and of courage that stands full square against opposition—to have all this and to receive universal commendation demands a combination of qualities—a personality that is seen but rarely.

We notice, however, that some men acclaimed as "popular" are nonentities. The young man who persists in decorating a bar-room is always "popular," because he is not on the firing line of life. He is not in the way of the workers; he is dead; and of the departed we speak well. The young man who can do almost anything is not "popular"

with employers, but he enjoys the esteem of those who quest for work that leaves face and clothes ungrimed. The young man who forgets to contribute his share to the maintenance of the household is "popular," with the "boys" who get the benefit of his money, albeit this popularity is not a badge of honor. The popularity that leaves no bad taste in the mouth is the popularity with ourselves. The applause of conscience is far sweeter music than the plaudits of the crowd. To be a person keeps a man on good terms with himself and gives him happiness that endures.

FOR THE BROAD MINDED.

The clever critic, Mr. G. Chesterton, deals in "Heretics" with the mental progress that is concerned with the casting away of dogmas. But if there be, he says, such a thing as mental growth, it must mean the growth into more and more definite convictions; into more and more dogmas. When he drops one doctrine after another in a refined scepticism, when he declines to tie himself to a system, when he says that he has outgrown definitions, when he says that he disbelieves in finality, when, in his own imagination, he sits as God, holding no form or creed, but contemplating all, then he is by that very process sinking slowly backwards into the vagueness of the vagrant animals and the unconsciousness of the grass. Trees have no dogmas. Turnips are singularly broad-minded.

WHAT PROTESTANT SCHOLARS SAY.

It may surprise some Canadian editors to find that Protestant publications of acknowledged authority, such as the Athenaeum and Saturday Review, of England, and the Pope's condemnation of Modernism is a noble defence of the Christian Revelation. They regard him as the champion of Christianity; and praise him even as other Protestant papers praised him when he took up the gauntlet that French Jacobinism had thrown down as the champion of religious liberty. Without the fold many wearied and troubled souls are saying, with Von Hartmann: "If there should really be a Church which leads to salvation, no matter how, then at all events I will search for an immovable sovereign church, and will rather cling to the rock of Peter than to any of the numberless Protestant sectarian churches." Tired of schism and division, men, who know that Christ prayed for unity among His disciples, are beginning to see more clearly that if there is to be one fold and one shepherd there must be a concrete organization governed by authority that is the bond of unity. Earnest men wish to hear the Lord's voice—not man's voice, and to stand upon something more solid than a creed fashioned by divines who have but scholarship to guide them.

A CHANGE NEEDED.

If our critics could inject a grain of originality into their comments on the Church they would have the thanks of a suffering public. But to have the old charges masquerading as news and arguments must be wearisome to the enlightened non-Catholic. We cannot understand why a non-Catholic editor, writing for the household, should condone injustice and champion the cause of those who trample under foot the rights of conscience, and, in a word, are avowed enemies of all that should be dear to Christians. We fail to see how blasphemy can be but "not very sensible remarks." And we cannot discern why the outcries of some radicals in Rome should be a sign that the Papacy is near its downfall. If these people attempted to pollute Canadian atmosphere with the pestilence of satanic hatred of religion, with their obscene and blasphemous papers and pamphlets, our friends would meet them with a desperate and drastic resistance. And they would not call it persecution. They would not be dubbed as "reactionaries" because they suppressed this kind of progress. And they would be deaf to the demands of free thought to express itself in blackguardism. But when this happens in Rome and Paris, when they hear official documents declaring that "our houses of correction are gorged with boys and girls; our prisons are crowded and too small;" that the number of suicides is increasing, they gloss it over or show sympathy with the enemies of religion. And the talk about the disruption of the Papacy is centaries old.

"If there ever was a power on earth," says Cardinal Newman, "that had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been deeds, and whose commands prophecies, such is he in the history of ages who sits on iron generation to generation in the chair of the Apostles as the Vicar of Christ and Doctor of His Church. Has he failed in his successes up to this hour? Did he, in our father's day, fall in his struggle with Joseph of Germany and his confederates: with Napoleon—greater name—and his dependent kings: that though in another kind of faith he should fall in ours? What gray hairs are on the head of Judah whose youth is renewed like the eagles, whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath are the everlasting arms." (Discourses on University Education.)

A DARING ENTERPRISE JUSTIFIED

Before this number of the CATHOLIC RECORD has reached the hands of subscribers, a much larger, and essentially more permanent Catholic work will have issued from the press in New York City. Each number of a periodical is in the nature of an intellectual butterfly; it is only meant to live until the birth of its next successor, after which event it becomes for the most of its readers dead matter. Even the most ambitious of monthly magazines live no more than thirty days, and if exceptional interest wins a longer lease of life for this or that particular contribution, the latter existence must be in a bound volume, independent and oblivious of the original vehicle of publication. And yet it is no easy matter to produce the successive numbers of a periodical. How much more difficult, then,—how much more anxious—must have been the work of the editors who are offering to the world at large, Catholic and non-Catholic, the third volume of "The Catholic Encyclopedia." Not only this week, nor this month, but next month, next year, and for generations to come the result of their labor and thought will challenge the criticism of scholars and specialists, not all of them favorably predisposed, of their own denominational circumstances. Upon the library shelves of Harvard, of Yale, of Princeton, in short, of every considerable university in the United States, to say nothing of the British Isles—where Protestants and Agnostics gather intellectual force to assail Catholicism, this volume must stand with its fellows as the accredited expression of whatever the great body of Catholics in this twentieth century have to say for their faith, and for its effects upon human civilization. With the approval of the Archbishop of New York upon its title-page and the endorsement of the great majority of the American Episcopate implied or expressed in its list of contributors, in the list of stockholders of the enterprise, and in many other ways no philosophical or theological antagonist of the Church can hold unreasonably that he shall hereafter choose to treat the contents of this volume as at least quasi official declaration of current opinion among the most enlightened Catholics of this generation, as well as a measure of the highest development attained by contemporary Catholic learning.

In all these respects the third volume of "The Catholic Encyclopedia" will have to face an ordeal of criticism neither more or less severe than that through which its two predecessors passed so successfully. But the third volume appears before the public with its own particular weight of responsibility and its own exalted anticipations to justify. If apologies had been needed for any shortcomings in the first and second volumes, the kindness of friendly critics, and even the generosity of fair-minded non-Catholics, would surely have found these apologies in the novel character of the work among people of reference and the absolutely unavoidable inexperience of the editors in a work of exactly this character. But to judge by the chorus of approbation in which such diverse authorities as the New York Evening Post, the London Times, the London Tablet and the Dublin Review have harmonized, no apology was needed. The greatest theological and theological scientific articles of the first volume, notably those of "Atheism" and "Agnosticism"—were received with unstinted, though surely not unmerited, praise. In the second volume, which, as The Dublin Review points out, is from the nature of the case so largely biographical, the highest satisfaction has been generally expressed with the character of even the smallest articles, many of which treat of personalities that have never before been treated in any biographical work. While Father Thurston's delightful liturgical and antiquarian article, no less than such masterpieces of historical and critical exposition as the "Augustine of Hippo" article and the "Assyria" of our Oriental-born fellow-citizen Gabriel Sussani, have been fairly accepted as both fresh and valuable contributions to popular information on topics less understood than they deserve to be. In addition to these separate merits, much praise has been bestowed upon the editors for their more especial work of selection and arrangement.

It is evident that, coming as the sequel of two such volumes, and to a

public by this time accustomed to look for finished excellence at the hands of its editors, the third volume of "The Catholic Encyclopedia" will be judged with rigor on all sides. There is no reason—there could be no reason—supposing that the utmost severity of criticism will develop anything but merit in the forth-coming volume. But when one considers all the terrors and anxieties that must be occasioned those responsible for the work, volume must follow volume, while a public conversed in the mysteries of book production comments on the slowness of the process, instead of wondering at the rapidity with which it is being carried out—taking all these things into consideration, one is prompted to wonder at the courage which prompted these five scholars (three priests and two laymen) to undertake such a task. A glance at the first volume, in which more than in the second, appeared the breadth and variety of the field to be dealt with, suggests the immense difficulty of determining how far into the wilderness of "all things knowable" the Encyclopedia was to venture, what tracks of knowledge were to be covered and what passed over, broadly or slightly each topic was to be treated, to what headings the different facts in the vast material belonged.

What was the motive for taking up arms against this "sea of trouble"? The perky cocksure young man of the period—the kind who thinks himself a brave captain of industry, and who will if he lives long enough, be a humorist—is ready with his answer: "It was a success from the start, any fool could have told you it would sell." And then the cocksure youth goes on to say that he had settled the question. In reality it had only stated a patent fact: "The Catholic Encyclopedia" does sell, unquestionably; as each new copy leaves the bindery a subscriber who has paid for it in advance is ready to take it, and this goes on through many thousands and copies until the big advance subscription has been exhausted. All very true; but what underlies this commercial success? Americans of whatever section, of whatever creed, are not wont to hand out sums in the neighborhood of a hundred dollars for commodities they do not need. Moses Primrose parting with the price of a horse in exchange for a gross of green spectacles is not a common type in this country and in this day; it is probably scarce even in the older English-speaking countries. If "The Catholic Encyclopedia" found thousands of purchasers in advance and is adding scores and hundreds to its lists daily, the reason is simply because just such a work of reference was needed. American Catholics, after a century of peaceful development had begun to realize that they were no mere sect, no mere denomination of Americans, for that matter, of Irish or of Germans, but a community formed on vigorous young branch of an old stock that took miraculous root in western Asia and Eastern Europe nearly twenty centuries since. It had begun to dawn upon them as a body what the few among them had long realized—that this civilization of ours whatever its later developments may be, is not a later development of the old English or Presbyterian or Scotch or Jewish or Christian or Catholic or anything else, but sheer Catholic origin. As a community we had begun to, at least vaguely, apprehend certain facts of political history which linked the preamble of the Declaration of Independence with the careers of cardinals and Roman canonists. People began to suspect that the principles of representative government are really what our Protestant fellow-citizens might call a "Roman Catholic" idea and that the trial by jury was evolved out of the play of "Popish" activities upon primitive Aryan traditions. In the sciences of life and death, and the organized conquest of matter by the human mind, it began to be realized that our race—the white race—had been only the foster child of our Catholic Church—the only church that Europe had known for more than a thousand years while, as for the fine arts, the "acts of war and peace" that grew in the old Greek civilization would have been as remote from us and our ancestors, as completely deceased without issue, as the religious mysteries of ancient Egypt, if it had not been for our church.

American Catholics had fairly realized these things, and had begun to deplore the fact that, because most English-speaking people were not Catholic, therefore the true story of the Church's dominant relation to the great things of the white man's life must still be told by writers either indifferent or hostile to Catholicism. It was fortunate for us that the need of converting this vague consciousness of the Church's true secular function into an orderly historical knowledge became apparent to some of our leaders in New York. It has given us Americans of the Atlantic seaboard something to be proud of among our fellow-citizens of all creeds and among all nations. And in the meantime—first in April, 1900, with the first volume, and then, in the following November, with the second—the editors of "The Catholic Encyclopedia" have succeeded, in a great measure, in showing good Catholics how well founded in fact, how coherent in logic, was this vague consciousness of the Church's greatness in every department of civilized life. They cannot have failed, at the same time, to convince many who were not Catholics, and who were not looking to have this view of things forced upon them. "The end justifies the means"—where the means are not in themselves evil, and there is only question of explaining the action of five good men in incurring

great pains and undergoing immense labor instead of "taking things easy" and leaving "well enough alone." It reminds one of the reply made to a good woman—one who said her prayers and did no wrong, but could not understand why Francis Xavier should have gone through so much for the sake of "converting a lot of colored people who didn't know any better until he came." "Madam," her pastor told her, "perhaps it was because he did know so much better than they—or you."

SERMON BY CARDINAL LOGUE.

HIS EMINENCE ADDRESSED GREAT CONGREGATION IN NEW YORK.

Cardinal Logue preached his first sermon in this country in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, last Sunday morning. Every seat was taken and hundreds stood in the aisles. His Eminence spoke without notes or manuscript. He intended, he said, to give a little talk, just as he would to his own congregation at home. He took as his text a line from the sixteenth psalm, "God is wonderful in His saints," and applied it to St. Joseph. "The Church," he said, in honoring her saints, has a threefold object. First, she wishes to honor the saints and, through them, to honor God; second, she wishes to keep before her children the examples of perfection, and, third, she wishes to place her children under the special care and protection of these chosen servants of God.

"Now," said the Cardinal, "if we keep these three points in mind and apply them to St. Joseph, whose festival we celebrate to-day, we may gather some reflections which will benefit us very much."

Under the head that the Church in honoring her saints honors God, Cardinal Logue said that the saints were manifestations of God's infinite power, wisdom, mercy and glory. They show forth much more plainly the divine attributes than does the visible world around us.

"It is a mistake," said he, "to imagine that in paying honor to these chosen servants we detract from that supreme glory due to God alone. No, we approach God through the saints and honor Him. In them we find His noblest work and as we honor them we honor Him. They are the means by which we frail creatures are able to advance to the knowledge of His greatness and beneficence."

As to the value of the saints as models, the Cardinal said: "We all know how much we are influenced by examples. We are drawn by examples, and, if so, what is more wise than the action of the Church in placing before us the most perfect examples the mind can conceive? Few of us attain the perfection that Almighty God manifested in them, but we ought all strive to bring ourselves as nearly as possible to their standard."

The value of St. Joseph as an example, in the Cardinal's opinion, consisted chiefly in his wonderful humility, his perfect obedience to God's commands, his purity and his charity. The Cardinal declared that there was no more perfect example of obedience in the world than Joseph's taking of the Holy Mother and Son of God in Egypt, at God's command, and remaining there until word came to him to return to Judea. Likewise, there was no more striking example of purity than in this man who made the guardian of "the most pure, perfect and spotless of God's creatures."

The great object of the Church in placing her children under the special protection of saints is, the Cardinal said, to allow them to enjoy the great influence which the saints have with Almighty God. Pope Leo XIII. had set a great example in this respect when he placed the whole Church under the care and protection of St. Joseph.

"That teaches us," said the Cardinal, "how deeply impressed that great Pope was with the great influence that St. Joseph can exercise in heaven."

"Remember," said the Cardinal in conclusion, "that we live in an evil age. The Church is being attacked on all sides as never before, since the days of the early persecutions. The persecutions now are not taking the same form, but there is, nevertheless, persecution without blood more dangerous than that which the early martyrs braved without fear, and that is the continual wear and tear of contumely against the teachings and practices of the Church. Worse still, some of those called by Almighty God to be teachers of the Christian doctrine have turned away and are teaching error. They can never overturn the Church; St. Peter's bark will weather the storm, but deeply impressed that great Pope was with the great influence that St. Joseph can exercise in heaven."

of the Church of God under the care of the great saint whose patronage we celebrate at to-day's festival."—Catholic Union and Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

There is a statue of the Blessed Virgin in Carara marble by a colored woman sculptor, Edmonia Lewis, at St. Francis' Convent, Baltimore, Md. Miss Lewis, who has a studio in Rome, is said to be the only colored sculptor of note in the world.

Mr. Henry Lane Kendall, one of the recent converts to the Church from Anglicanism, and who is now studying for the ministry, is a direct descendant on his mother's side from Ethan Allen of Ticonderoga fame, and whose daughter, Fanny Allen, was the first American nun.

Out of an estate of \$200,000 Mrs. Mary Ives, who died recently at New Haven, Conn., left \$107,000 to charity and public institutions. Fifty thousand went to the public library fund, she having previously donated the sum of \$300,000 for the building, St. Francis' Orphanage and the Little Sisters of the Poor each received \$1,000. Mrs. Ives was not a Catholic.

Father Doyle, rector of the Apostolic Mission House, has been commissioned by the directors of the Catholic Missionary Union to visit some of the seminaries in Ireland, England and the continent and explain the special methods and policies of the mission movement for non-Catholics that have secured such notable results within the United States.

Rev. Russell J. Wilbur, a former Omaha boy, after spending five years in the ministry of the Episcopal Church, was received into the Catholic Church at Florissant, Mo., Easter Sunday. Dr. Wilbur is the son of John E. Wilbur of the Nebraska Telephone Company, and when there was a member of St. Barnabas' Church. He is thirty-one years old, and is a graduate of the Northwestern University.

Cardinal Gibbons has just received from Pope Pius X, an apostolic letter in commendation of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children and the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions. This letter highly commends the Church in America. It pays a high tribute to American Catholics, declaring they have set an example worthy of being followed by the rest of the world.

Queen Victoria and Queen Marie Cristina of Spain, in the name of the committee of ladies of which they are the Presidents, have offered the Sovereign Pontiff for his Golden Jubilee a number of rich donations. Queen Victoria had contributed 10,000 francs towards the expenses of the gift. The Holy Father has sent the two Queens his most warm thanks and has declared that he has decided to send the chasubles to poor churches in Spain.

What is said to be the largest parochial school in the world, and one of the largest schools of any kind, was dedicated last Sunday in St. Stanislas' parish (Polish), Chicago. Vice President Fairbanks made the chief address at the banquet following the dedicatory services. The school will accommodate 4,500 pupils and is in charge of nearly 100 nuns. It is of fire proof construction, built of brown pressed brick and cost \$450,000.

Quite a notable conversion which took place recently at Dallas, Texas, was that of Mr. Charles F. Matthews, who made the profession of faith and was baptised conditionally by Father Hayes. Mr. Matthews is a well-known citizen, highly respected by the people of Dallas, among whom he lived for over thirty years. He formerly belonged to the Presbyterian Church and comes of an old American family. His grandfather was George Matthews, Governor of Georgia, a Colonel in the Revolutionary War and a friend of George Washington.

Preliminary steps for the beatification and canonization of Rev. Francis Xavier Seelos, C. SS. R., were taken recently, when an order was read in all churches of Baltimore from Cardinal Gibbons directing that all letters or manuscripts of the dead priest should be turned over to Rev. P. C. Gavan, chancellor of the archdiocese. The saintliness of Father Seelos while on the mission band of the Redemptorists attracted much attention. It is only after a lapse of forty years that the canonization process has begun. Father Seelos is the second member of the Redemptorist Order in this country to be discussed for beatification. Bishop Neumann, at one time rector of St. Alphonsus' Church, who was consecrated in Baltimore, has now reached the degree of "Venerable."

I know no surer way of shaking off the dreary crust formed about the soul by the trying to do one's duty, or the patient enduring of having somebody else's duty done to one, than going out alone, either at the bright beginning of the day, when the earth is still unrolled by the feet of the strenuous and only God is abroad; or in the evening, when the hush has come, out to the blessed stars, and looking up at them wonder at the meanness of the day just past, at the worthlessness of the things one has struggled for, at the folly of having been so angry and so restless, and so much afraid. Nothing focusses life more exactly than a little while alone at night, with the stars.—The Adventures of Elizabeth in Regen.

He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE. CHAPTER XIV.

After the destruction of the Castle of Male, a short march brought the Dean of the Butchers and his comrades back to St. Cross. Already, on their way thither, they had received intelligence from Bruges that the French garrison was under arms, and prepared to fall upon them as they entered the city; but that by their recent victory, and deeming themselves sufficiently strong to oppose any force the enemy could bring against them, they nevertheless continued their march. Scarcely, however, had they passed St. Cross, when an unexpected obstacle presented itself, and brought them suddenly to a stand. From the villa to the city gate, the whole road was covered with a multitude of people pressing forward in the opposite direction and so dense was the throng, that all further progress on the part of the Butchers became impossible.

Notwithstanding the obscurity of the night, the latter at once perceived, by the confused hubbub of voices and the dark masses moving before them, that a large portion of the population was leaving the city. Surging onward came the multitude; and Breydel and his men, full of wonder at the sight, ranged themselves on one side, so as to allow them to pass. The retreat of the fugitives, however, had none of the appearance of a disorderly flight; each family walked on by itself, forming a separate group, and keeping itself distinct from all the rest, without any appearance of mingling or confusion. In the centre of one of these groups might be seen a mother, weeping as she went, the grey-headed grandfather leaning upon her for support, an infant at her breast, and the younger children, crying and wailing, clinging about her knees, while the elder ones followed behind, toiling under the weight of furniture or other property which they carried upon their backs. Group after group followed each other, in what seemed an interminable succession. Some few among them had carts or other vehicles loaded with goods; others, though these were but rare exceptions, wore themselves mounted.

It may easily be imagined that Breydel was not long in seeking to ascertain the cause of this strange procession; but the lamentations with which he was everywhere greeted in answer to his inquiries were far from affording him any satisfactory explanation. "Master," cried one, "the French would have burned us alive; we are flying from a miserable death." "O Master Breydel!" exclaimed another, in a still more piteous tone, "for your life go not back to Bruges; there is a gallows waiting for you at the Smiths Gate."

The Dean was about to pursue his inquiries, in the hope of obtaining some clearer information, a wild cry was heard in the rear, and a voice, strong and powerful, but hoarse with terror, shouted aloud: "Forward! forward! the French men at arms are upon us!"

Then there was a general rush onward, and the living tide rolled by with incredible rapidity. Suddenly, from a multitude of voices, there arose the cry: "Woe! woe! they are burning our city! See, our houses are in flames! Oh, woe to us! woe to us!"

Breydel, who up to this time had remained motionless and silent from sheer astonishment, now directed his eyes towards the city; and there, indeed, over and anon, might be seen red jets of flame shooting up amidst volumes of lurid smoke curled high above the walls. Rage and anguish now animated to rouse him from his stupor, and pointing to the city, he exclaimed: "What! men of Bruges! is there one among you coward enough thus to abandon your city to destruction? No! never shall our foes make merry round that bonfire! Room here! room! Let us pass through, and then—"

Thus saying, and followed by his comrades, he dashed with resistless impetuosity through the crowd, throwing its aside right and left, while a burst of shrieks arose from the affrighted multitudes, who in their terror imagined that now indeed the French troops were upon them. Regardless of the clamor he had excited, Breydel rapidly pursued his way, wondering all the while that no men of warlike age were to be seen among the throng, when all at once his progress was arrested by a body of guildsmen who were advancing towards him in regular order. It was a band of Clothworkers, all armed, but not all armed alike; some had cross-bows, others halberds, others axes—such arms, in fact, as each man had been able to lay hands upon at the moment; many had only their knives. Onward they came with measured tread, their leader at their head, stopping the way as completely as a fixed barrier; while beyond them again, and following close upon their steps, other similar bodies might be seen issuing successively from the gate. They amounted in all to five thousand men. Breydel was on the point of addressing himself to the leader of the troop for an explanation, when far in the rear, above the din of arms and the heavy tramp of the guildsmen, resounded the well-known voice of Deconinck.

"Steady, my men," he cried; "courage! Keep well together! Forward! third division! Close up, rear ranks! Fall in there on the left!" Instantly Breydel pushed forward till he came within call of his friend. "What means all this?" he exclaimed. "A pretty time you have chosen for your drill! Is this what you are about while the city is burning! running away like a set of cowards after the women and children?" "Ever the same! ever hot and impatient!" was the answer. "What is it you say about the city? Take my word for it, the French dogs shall burn nothing there."

"But, Master Deconinck, are you blind? Do you not see the flames blazing up above the walls?"

"Oh, that is what you mean, is it? That only the straw we set fire to, that we might not be hindered in getting our wagons through the gates. The city is safe enough, my friend; set your mind at ease, and come back with me. I have important tidings to communicate to you. You know that I look at things coolly, and so it often happens that I am right. Take my advice now, and order your men to face about, and proceed along with us to St. Cross. Will you?"

"In truth, Master Peter, it is the only thing I can do, as I do not yet know what is on foot. But your people must halt for a moment."

Deconinck gave the necessary order to the subordinate officers; and immediately afterwards was heard in loud, clear tones, the voice of Breydel: "Butchers, face about and then forward! keep your ranks, and be quick!" Then, after personally superintending the execution of the manoeuvre, he added:

"Now, Master Deconinck, I am at your orders."

"No, Master Breydel," replied the Dean of the Clothworkers, "now that you are here, you must take the command; you will make a better general than I shall."

Not a little pleased at this flattering recognition of his abilities, the Dean of the Butchers lost no time in taking possession of his office. "Butchers and Clothworkers, forward!" he thundered out; "steady and not too fast!" Upon this the guildsmen set themselves in motion, the little army advanced steadily along the road, and in a short time reached St. Cross, where they found the women and children, and the sagging, awaiting their arrival. Singular, indeed, was the appearance presented by this confused encampment. A wide range of plain was thickly dotted with groups, each consisting of a single family. The night was so dark that it would have been impossible to distinguish objects beyond the distance of a few yards; but the numerous fires which already lighted up the scene, showed the unfortunate wanderers crouching round them; or, in more extended circles illuminated the remote background with their flickering glare. Sad and strange as was the sight presented to the eye, the sounds that struck upon the ear were not less wild and mournful. The cries of the children, the low wailings of the mothers, weighed upon the heart like the last sigh of a dying friend. But above the universal din might be heard the shouts of those who had strayed from their companions, or were calling to the missing ones; and louder and sharper still was the fierce barking of the dogs, faithfully keeping watch over their master's household, or searching for them amid the confusion of the night.

On their arrival at St. Cross, Deconinck took Breydel apart into a house by the road side, the owners of which received them with the greatest respect, and readily granted them a chamber for more private conference.

Here, by the light of a small lamp, and with every precaution taken against their being overheard or interrupted, the Dean of the Clothworkers proceeded to inform his colleague as to what had taken place in the city during his absence.

"First," he began, "as to the cause of our flying from the city in the manner you see, and at this hour of the night; it is entirely owing to your breach of promise, and your impudent proceeding at Male. No sooner were the flames of the burning castle seen from the city-walls, than the tocsin sounded in the streets, and immediately all the inhabitants flocked together in the utmost terror: for in these troublous times they ever have the fear of death before their eyes. Messire de Mortenay had his men under arms in the market place; but only as a measure of precaution, for no one knew what was going on. At last, some of the French who had escaped from the burning castle came flying into the town, calling aloud for vengeance; then there was no possibility of keeping the troops in the city quiet, notwithstanding a suit of fine steel, and Messire de Mortenay had to threaten them pretty sharply with the gallows in order to keep them within bounds. You may imagine that, in such a state of things I had lost not a moment in summoning my Clothworkers together, that at least we might not fall without making a determined fight for it. Perhaps you might even have succeeded in driving the French out; but such victory could only have damaged the cause, as I shall presently show you. Then I had an interview with Messire de Mortenay, under safe conduct, and obtained from him a pledge that the city should be respected on condition of our forthwith evacuating it. Any Clowards found in Bruges after sunrise will be hung."

"What!" cried Breydel, not a little indignant at the cool tone in which his brother Dean recounted a capitulation which appeared to him so scandalous; "What! is it possible? Let your selves be turned out like a herd of sheep! Oh, if I had but been there! our Bruges should not have been—"

"Yes, indeed, if you had been there; know you what would have happened then? Bruges would have seen a night of fire and sword, and the morning sun would have risen upon a scene of carnage and desolation! Hear me out, my hasty friend, and I know, in the end, you will say I was right. One thing is certain, that we men of Bruges cannot accomplish our freedom alone; and do you not see that, as long as the other cities of the land lie bound hand and foot, the enemy has his strong places at our very gates? Besides, how can we think only of our city, and forget our country? No, all the Flemish towns must stand or fall together! I doubt not that you have often considered over all this; only in the moment of action your spirit runs away with you, and you forget all difficulties. There is, however, another important point to be considered: pray answer me this question—who gave you and me the right to kill, burn, and destroy? Who has given us authority to do these things, which we shall one day have to answer for at the judgment-seat of God?"

"Bat, master," replied Breydel, with a somewhat displeased look, "I suspect you are trying to throw dust in my eyes with all these fine speeches of yours. Who gave us a right to kill and burn, say you? And pray, who gave it to the Frenchmen?"

"Who? why their king, Phillip. The head that wears a crown takes all the responsibility upon itself; a subject does not sin by felony and obedience. The blood that is shed cries out against the master who commanded the blow, not against the servant who struck it. But if we go to work on our own account, we are answerable before God and the world, and the blood that is shed lies at our door!"

"But, Master Deconinck, what have we done? What else than defend our life and property, and uphold the right of our lawful prince? For myself, I feel that I have nothing either to be sorry for or ashamed of; and I hope my axe has done you no harm. I am just going to unravel a knot. Master Jan, that you have always thought me too patient and slow of action; but listen now to what I have been doing while you were risking all on a peace of useless vengeance. I have found means to acquaint our rightful lord, Count Guy, with our plans for the liberation of our country, and he has been pleased to confirm them with his princely approbation. So now, my friend, we are no longer rebels, but the generals of our lawful sovereign."

"O master!" interrupted Breydel, in a tone of enthusiasm; "now I understand you; now indeed I thank you! How proudly does my heart beat at that honorable title! Yes, now I feel myself a true and worthy soldier; ay, and the French dogs shall feel it too!"

"Of this authority," continued Deconinck, "I have secretly availed myself for the purpose of inviting all the friends of the country to a general rising. This effort has been attended with the fullest success; and at the earliest call every city of Flanders will pour forth its levy of brave Clowards, as if they sprang forth out of the ground."

Here, in a transport of feeling, he pressed Breydel's hand, while for a moment his voice faltered with emotion: "And then my noble friend, shall the sword of freedom rise again for Flanders and not one living Frenchman shall be permitted to shine upon them. Then, too, for every terror of our former vengeance, they will give us back our Lion. And we—we, the men of Bruges, shall have done this,—shall have delivered our country! Does not your spirit swell within you at so proud a thought?"

In a transport of delight Breydel threw his arms around Deconinck's neck. "My friend! my friend!" he exclaimed, "How sweetly do your words fall upon my ear; if you possess me such as I never felt before. See, Master Peter, at this moment I would not change my name of Fleming even for the crown of Phillip the Fair himself!"

"But, Master Breydel, you do not yet know the whole. The young Guy of Flanders and Count John of Namur are to be with us; Sir John Borlout is to bring up the men of Ghent; at Oudenarde there is the noble Arnold; at Alost Baldwin of Paperode. Sir John of Renesse has promised to come and aid us with all his vassals from Zealand, and the noble white distilling nobles will do the like. What say you now to my patience?"

"I can only marvel at you, my friend, and thank God for my heart that He has given you such wisdom. Now it is all over with the Frenchmen; I would not give six groats for the life of the longest liver among them!"

"To-day, at nine o'clock in the morning," said Deconinck, "the Flemish chiefs meet to appoint the day for action. The young Lord Guy remains with us, and takes the command; the rest return to their domains in order to have their vassals in readiness. It would be well that you too should be at the meeting, that you may not through ignorance misconceive the measures that are to be adopted. Will you, then, accompany me to the White Thicket in the Valley?"

"As you will, master; but what will our comrades say to our leaving them?"

"That I have provided for. They are prepared for my temporary absence and Dean Lindens will for the present take the command. He is to proceed with our people to Damme, and there to wait for us. Come, let us start without further delay; for the day is beginning to break."

The Dean of the Clothworkers had taken care to have horses in readiness. Breydel in haste gave the necessary orders to his men, and the two friends set off together. There was but little opportunity for conversation during their hasty journey; nevertheless, Deconinck found time, in reply to Breydel's questions, to explain to him in brief terms the proposed scheme of general liberation. After an hour's sharp riding, they at last perceived the shattered towers of a ruined castle peeping out from among the trees.

"That is Neuwenhove, is it not?" inquired Breydel, "where the Lion made such havoc of the French?"

"Yes, a little farther, and we are at the White Thicket."

"It must be acknowledged that our noble lord has not got his name for nothing; for a true lion he is when once the words are in his hand."

These words were hardly out of Breydel's mouth, when they arrived at the spot on which the battle had been fought for the rescue of Matilda; there lay the corpses of the slain still weltering in their blood.

"Frenchmen!" muttered Deconinck as he rode by; "come on, master, we have no time to lose."

Breydel looked with fierce delight upon the bloody spectacle; and regarded less of his companion's remonstrance, drew in his horse the better to contemplate it at his ease; and not only so, but he even urged his unwilling beast to trample the bodies under his hoofs until the Dean of the Clothworkers looking round, also reined in his steed, and turned back to the spot.

"Master Breydel!" he exclaimed; "what is this you are doing? For God's sake! Surely you are taking a dishonourable revenge!"

"Let me alone," answered Breydel; "you do not know that these are some of the very rascals who struck me on the cheek! But listen! what is that? Don't you hear yonder among the ruins the sound of a woman's cries? The thought is distraction; but it was by this very road that the villains carried off the Lady Matilda!"

With these words he leaped from his horse; and, without even stopping to secure it, started off at full speed towards the ruins. His friend proceeded to follow him without delay; but so much more deliberately, that Breydel was already within the castle-yard before Deconinck had dismounted, and fastened the horses to the roadside. The nearer Breydel drew to the ruins, the more distinctly he heard the lamentations of a female voice; but finding, as he advanced, all further access barred, and unable at the instant to discern any entrance, he hastily mounted upon a heap of rubbish, and so obtained a view into the interior of the chamber from which, as he imagined, the sounds proceeded. At the first glance he recognised Matilda; but the black knight who forcibly held her in his arms, and whom with such desperate energy she sought to repulse (for she was again endeavouring to give the countess which she had rather than slumber had for a while retained her) was altogether unknown to him, and could therefore appear to him only in the light of an assailant. Instantly he drew forth his axe from under his garment, climbed upon the window-sill, and dropped like a stone into the chamber.

"Villain!" he cried, advancing upon the knight, "base Frenchman! you have lived your time; your shall not have laid hands unpunished upon the daughter of the Lion, my lord and prince."

The knight stood amazed at the sudden apparition, not having in the instant perceived the manner of the butcher's entrance, and for a moment he made no answer to his threats; quickly recovering himself, however, he replied: "You are mistaken, Master Breydel; I am a true son of Flanders. Be calm; the Lion's daughter is already avenged."

Breydel knew not what to think; his excited feelings had hardly yet subsided. Nevertheless, the knight's words, spoken in the Flemish tongue, and by one who seemed to know him well, were not without their effect. Matilda, meanwhile, still in her delirium, and accounting the black knight her enemy, welcomed the new-comer with joy as her deliverer.

"Kill him!" she cried, with a laugh of triumph; "kill him! He has shut up my father in prison, and now, false as he is, he is carrying me away to deliver me to the wicked Joanna of Navarre. Flensing, why do you not avenge the child of your ancestor lords?"

The black knight looked upon the maiden with sorrowful compassion. "Unhappy girl!" he sighed while tears filled his eyes. "I see that you love and pity the Lion's daughter," said Breydel, pressing the knight's hand; "forgive me, sir; I did not know you for a friend."

"It is true, illustrious sir," answered the Dean, "that only too many of the nobles have taken part against their country; nevertheless they who remained true are more in number than the renegades. My endeavors, more over, have not been altogether so fruitless as your highness may suppose; and even now the deliverance of Flanders is near at hand. At this very moment the Lord Guy and the Lord John of Namur, and with many other nobles, are met together in the White Thicket in the valley to organize a powerful confederation for that purpose, and are now only waiting my arrival to proceed to the discussion of the necessary measures."

"What say you? So near to these ruins? my two brothers?"

"Yes, noble sir, your two illustrious brothers, and also your faithful friend John of Renesse."

"O God! and I may not embrace them! Sir Diederik die Vos has doubtless told you upon what conditions I have obtained this temporary freedom; and I cannot expose the lives of those to whom I owe it. Nevertheless, I must see my brothers; I will go with you, but with your down. Should I judge it necessary to make myself known, I will give you a sign, and then you shall demand of all the knights present a solemn pledge of secrecy as to who I am. Till then I will abstain from uttering a word."

"You will still be executed, most noble sir," replied Deconinck; he assured that you shall have reason to be satisfied with my discretion. But see, the Lady Matilda seems to sleep. May the rest benefit her!"

"She is not really asleep poor child; she does but slumber heavily from exhaustion. But methinks, I hear footsteps. Remember; my helmet once again upon my head, you know me no longer."

The next instant the physician entered, followed by Breydel. Offering silent and respectful greeting to the knight, he at once proceeded to the patient's side. After a short examination of her state he declared that she must be bled; and this having been done, and the arm bound up, she seemed again to slumber.

"Sir," said the physician, addressing himself to the black knight, who had turned away his face during the operation, "I assure you that the young lady is in no danger; with a moderate period of rest and quiet her senses will return."

Comforted by this assurance, the Count made a sign to the two Deans, who thereupon followed him out of the chamber.

"Master Breydel," he said, "to your care I commit my child; watch over the daughter of your Count until I return. And now, Master Peter, let us make haste to the White Thicket. The Count's two brothers, Count Robert, William of Juliers, their cousin, a priest, and the provost of Aix la Chapelle; John of Renesse, the brave Zelandier; John Borlout, the hero of Woeringen; Arnold of Oudenarde, and Baldwin of Paperode. These, and others of scarcely less note and consequence were here met together in their country's cause. Count Robert, however, of a stranger (for such the black knight appeared to be) occasioned them considerable uneasiness, and the looks which they directed towards Deconinck evidently demanded an immediate explanation; this therefore he proceeded at once to give."

"Illustrious sir," he said, "I bring you here one of the noblest knights which our country can boast; one of the greatest enemies the Frenchman has to dread. Certain weighty reasons—reasons upon which the life and death of one of our best friends depend—forced him for the present from making himself known to you; but I, not amiable, therefore, that for the present he keeps his visor down, and maintains a strict silence; for to many of you his voice is no less familiar than his countenance. My long tried fidelity to our common cause will vouch to you sufficiently that I am bringing no false brother among you."

The knights wondered greatly at this strange declaration, and racked their memories for a name which might belong to the unknown knight; but no one thought of the captive Lion—for how was it possible he should be here? Nevertheless, Deconinck's assurance was sufficient for them; and having taken all due precautions against surprise, they proceeded without further delay, to the business of their meeting, which was thus opened by the Dean of the Clothworkers, who addressed himself especially to the two princes: "I must first tell you noble sirs," said he, "how painfully the men of Bruges have been afflicted at the captivity of your noble father, our lawful Count. True it is that we have often heretofore risen up against him in defence of our rights and liberties, and doubtless some of you may have imagined that we should therefore take part with his enemies; but of this I am well assured—never will a free and generous people endure a foreign master. This, indeed, we have clearly shown for since king Phillip's traitorous plot against our rightful lord, oftentimes we have impelled life and goods, and have made many a Frenchman die the death in penalty for his king's unprincipled deed, while the streets of Bruges have streamed with Flemish blood. This being so, I have ventured, noble sirs, to kindle in your hearts the hopes that animate my own of a speedy and general deliverance; for I am convinced that the yoke is now so loosened on our necks, that with our vigorous effort we might cast it from us forever. A fortunate accident has served us in a remarkable manner; the Dean of the Butchers, with his fellows, have destroyed the Castle of Male, whereupon

Messire de Mortenay has driven all the Clowards out of Bruges, and now there are about five thousand men in their arms at Damme. Among them are seven hundred butchers, who have pledged us with their Dean, Jan Breydel, at their head; nor do I hesitate to say, that these bold men may safely be depended upon not to turn their backs before ten times their number; therefore, noble sirs, we have already in the field no despicable army, and may confidently hope to drive out the French, if only you, on your part, can bring to our assistance an adequate force from the remaining towns of Flanders. Such is my proposal; and may it please you, noble sirs, to approve the same, and to take speedy measures accordingly; for, believe me, the moment is most favorable, and myself entirely in your hands, and ready, to the best of my ability, to execute your commands as a true and faithful subject of your illustrious house."

"It seems to me," answered John Borlout, "that what we have most to desire is too great haste. The men of Bruges may be ready, and even now are in arms; but in the other cities things are by no means so forward as yet. For my part, I should gladly see the day of vengeance postponed awhile, that we may collect larger reinforcements for ensuring it. Be assured, that a vast number of Liyards, will flock to the French standard. We must remember that it is the liberty of our country which is at stake, and that, too, on a single die; for if we throw away our present chance, we shall hardly get another. Once fail, and all we can do is to hang up our arms and quietly submit."

As the noble Borlout was universally famed for his skill and experience in war, his speech made a deep impression upon many of his hearers, John of Namur among the rest, Guy, on the other hand, was strongly opposed to the view he took of things.

"But both you, sirs," he passionately exclaimed, "that each hour of delay is an hour of suffering for my poor aged father, and for so many of our unhappy kindred; think what my glorious brother Robert is now enduring!—he that could not brook even the suspicion of affront or wrong, and whom we are leaving to wear out his life in bondage, to our own eternal disgrace and shame! Do not our captive brothers call to us from their dungeons, asking us what we have done with our swords, and whether this be the way in which we acquit ourselves of our knightly duty? And what answer can we give them? None! none but the blush of shame! No! I will wait no longer! The sword is drawn! never shall it re-enter the scabbard until it has drunk deep of the blood of our foes! I hope that our noble cousin of Juliers agree with me in this resolution."

"The sooner the better, it seems to me," responded William of Juliers; "we have looked on long enough at the injuries done to our house; longer than it were meet or manly to do without attempting either help or vengeance. I have put on my harness, and will not lay it off till the need for it is over. I go hand and hand with my cousin Guy; at a no procrastination for me!"

"But, noble sirs," resumed John Borlout, "allow me to observe, that we all need time to get our forces on foot, especially if we are to avoid giving the alarm to the enemy. If you hurry on your rising prematurely, you will lose the aid we might otherwise afford you. I only repeat to you what Sir John of Renesse had just been saying to me."

"It will be absolutely impossible for me," observed the knight thus appealed to, "to have my vassals under arms in less than a fortnight; and I cannot but earnestly conjure the Lords Guy and William to acquiesce in the views which the noble Borlout has just expressed. Besides, we must remember that the German men at arms whom we expect can be brought into the field without some delay. What say you, Master Deconinck?"

"So far as the words of so humble a subject as myself can be of any weight with the princes, I would endeavor to persuade them to act for the present with caution and prudence. The number of fugitives from Bruges will certainly increase, and will necessarily betake themselves to our camp; in the meanwhile, these noble gentlemen and I will have time to assemble their vassals, and the Lord William of Juliers to return with his men-at-arms from Germany."

TO BE CONTINUED.

To Prevent Taking Cold

And promptly remove Colds use Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The first thought of the physician when treating a cold is in regard to the activity of the excretory organs. He gives something to ensure the prompt action of the bowels.

And if you want to consider, you will probably recall that your cold was contracted when the bowels were in a sluggish condition.

You will be unable to find a medicine so well suited for the purpose of preventing and curing colds as Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. because of their wonderfully prompt and thorough action on the liver, kidneys and bowels. These excretory organs when once unblocked quickly carry off the poison, and thoroughly cleanse the system. Colds quickly disappear instead of hanging on and finding lodgment in the lungs of developing into kidney trouble. Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box.

MODERNISM AND THE PAPAL ENCYCLICAL

Right Rev. Mr. Canon Moyes in the Nineteenth Century.

Two questions suggested by recent events are not unfrequently upon the lips of inquirers: 'What is Modernism?' and 'Why has the Pope condemned it?' We may pause, first of all, at the hasty conjecture that the Pope, by some traditional instinct of his, has wished to fulminate against modern life and progress. The term 'Modernism' is not of the Pope's minting. It was used by Modernist writers themselves to connote their own ethos—rather courteously, I think—look the term just as he found it. For the rest, the Church has no particular quarrel with whatever is soundest and best in modern civilization. If every people in Christendom wished to have a fuller measure of civil liberty under more democratic conditions the Holy See has declared that the Church is indifferent to forms of government, and that she is ready to bless and support any or all which the nations may wish to adopt. If men desire to make the most abundant use of the scientific discoveries which have come to enrich modern life, and to talk to one another by wireless telegraphy, and visit one another in air-ships, the Church is ready to rejoice with them in all that they may do for the purpose. The only liberty which she denies to her members is that she denies 'no' where God has said 'yes,' or, to put it otherwise, the liberty, in those who profess her creeds and share her communion, of saying yes and no at the same time.

At first sight it would seem that Modernism is not a mere tangled tangle of tendencies, but a well-defined system, and that therefore it is possible to define it, at least in a broad and general way, by saying that it is a form of belief which finds the origin of all religion and knowledge of God in the soul's internal sense and experience. And if this definition should prompt the further question 'What is it that feeds the sense and produces the experience?' it would be necessary to add that Modernism replies that it is the Divine Reality or God Himself who by a permanent indwelling and action in the soul—called Immaculate—manifests Himself in some measure to it, and draws it into union with Him. In point of fact, such a definition falls very far short of covering the area to be defined, for it represents at most what may be regarded as the primary principle from which Modernism sets out, or upon which, or around which, it builds. Taking the thought movement as it actually exists, it will suffice for the moment to say that it is a group of beliefs, manifold and various, but more or less interconnected so as to form a system, and that this system will be best understood if we consider a few of its more salient beliefs in detail.

In the recent Papal Encyclical *Fascendi Gregis* there is contained a very able and remarkable exposition of the Modernist doctrines, one, in fact, so full and elaborate that the general reader may perhaps be excusable if he has been found to have shirked the task of studying it quite as closely and carefully as the document certainly deserves. The scope of the present article is merely to indicate a few of the chief Modernist beliefs, so that it may thus suggest an answer in brief to the question as to the meaning of Modernism, and at the same time to show the line of demarcation between these doctrines and Catholic faith, so that the reader may gather for himself the answer to that further question as to the reasons which have led the Pope to condemn it. I take it that we shall be fairly at the heart of the Modernist system if out of the structure of its doctrines we select the following five.

1.—NON-INTERVENTION OF THE DIVINE IN HISTORY. A fundamental tenet of Modernism is the entire separation of the domain of faith from that of history. These two domains are held to be as circles which do not intersect in any part of their area. All that is divine or supernatural is assigned to the one; all that is visible or verifiable is claimed for the other. It will be observed that this assumes a priori that a divine or supernatural fact—such as the Resurrection or the feeding of the multitude in the desert—cannot be effected in such a way as to be visible or provable, and so become matter of history. It follows that all those parts of the Gospel which narrate facts of a miraculous or supernatural character—some three-fifths of the entire text—must be treated as devoid of any historical reality. Most of all, this principle of the non-intervention of the divine in history affects the concept of Christ, and insists upon a practical distinction between the Christ of historical fact and the Christ of Faith. The Christ of historical fact is a man who enters this world and leaves it like any one else, whose body rots in the grave and goes into dust like those of other men. He passes through life with the same limitations of knowledge and education imposed upon him by the circumstances of his place and time. His religious experience lifts him indeed above the level of the average man, but as far as the reality of historical fact goes, he is simply a Galilean peasant and a man who lived and died amongst his fellows. It is urged against this abatement of Christ that we have the evidence of the evangelists that He did works which transcended the power of man, the Modernist reply is that it is precisely this transcending element that is not real history, or historical fact, but history transfigured and embroidered by the faith of His followers, and that consequently it has to be eliminated from the genuine historical account of Christ as presented to us in

the New Testament. There is, thus, neither a Divine Christ nor any intervention of the divine to be found in history. In conformity with this principle, Modernists are said to have asserted that no genuine proof of the divinity of Christ is discoverable in the synoptic Gospels. With a plan of the elimination of the divine agreed upon beforehand, and a priori as part of the principle of non-intervention, it would certainly have been somewhat surprising if there had been. Were this determination to shut out all evidence of the divine from history adopted only pro forma or for argument's sake, in seeking a common ground when dealing with unbelievers, it might reasonably be understood as a mere policy of apologetic. But it is significant that with the Modernist it is not a matter of policy, but a matter of a principle avowedly and sincerely held as lying at the very foundation of his system. He believes that in his history, as in science, our observation falls only on phenomena, and that the Divine Reality does not and cannot enter into the sphere of human life or activity, so as to become a figure or agent in history.

In the face of this root principle of denial, and of its rigorous consequences in the reduction of Christ to the human level on the stage of history, the Catholic Church through her Supreme Head has raised her voice in condemnation and correction. Being what she is, and believing what she does, it is difficult to see how she could have acted otherwise. The exclusion of a Divine Christ from the domain of historical fact, and the cardinal principle upon which it rests, namely the non-intervention of the divine in human history, is felt to be not only incompatible with Catholic faith, but subversive of Christianity. For Christianity is nothing if not the religion of the Incarnation, and from the standpoint of the Catholic Church, the very meaning and the whole significance of the Incarnation is precisely that the divine did enter into our human life and history, and that God was born into this world, lived and walked, and taught in our midst, and that He was the author of the words that men heard from His human lips, and of the words which saw wrought by His human hands. All this, and nothing less than this, the Church finds in the revealed truth that 'the Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us.'

No one imagines that in this life, the Divine Nature in its essence becomes visible or tangible, but every one who accepts the Catholic view of the Incarnation holds that a Divine Person came here upon earth, and said divine words and did divine deeds which were visible and audible, and of true narrative by the evangelists. This presence and action of the divine in the human life, made evidence in such a way that they could be witnessed to, and become the rational ground of the supernatural act of faith, are an essential part of Catholic Christianity. In fact, without it, our Christianity would be bereft of any historical basis, and taken apart from this bed-rock of testimony, it would be difficult to see how our faith could be anything more than that blind subjective emotion which the Church has long since repudiated under the name of *fideism*, or faith without natural and rational foundation. It is needless to say that we do not save our souls by believing in history or by any mere intellectual assent, but we save them by faith—an assent of the intellect prompted by the will—believing with the help of grace, the words and work of God, the saying and doing of which are entrenched in history. It was with a view to safeguarding this supreme interest of the reasonable character of our service of faith that the Vatican Council affirmed that the obedience of faith was not a blind action of the mind, and that besides the inspiration of grace, it has to justify its willful assent by having a basis of proof in 'divine facts,' and is thus brought 'into harmony with reason.' (See Dogmatic Constitution of the Vatican, Chap. III.) That is only to say that, by the wise building of Him Who is at once the author of nature and of grace, reason underlies faith, and the natural is the groundwork of the supernatural. Thus, the Catholic Church, not merely by the recent Encyclical, but by the teaching of the Oecumenical Council of the Vatican, has taken up a position which must by its very meaning resist to the utmost any elimination of the divine element from the domain of Gospel history. That must stand in part for the answer to the question why Pius X. has condemned the doctrines of the Modernists.

II.—THE EVOLUTIONARY CONSCIOUSNESS OF CHRIST.

Under this second tenet of the Modernist system, it may be observed that the collision between it and the accepted Catholic teaching travels back once more to the concept of the Incarnation. The Catholic mind in thinking of Christ instinctively begins from the side of the divine, for there alone is the Person, to Whom all His words and acts are assignable albeit operated in the human nature. It knows that to speak of Christ is to speak of God the Son, living, teaching, suffering in His humanity. It will never accept as the relation between the human soul of Christ and His Godhead anything short of a union which makes one personality. It regards as an evasion of Christianity any attempt to treat Christ as a mere glorified super-human, a man split into some vague or undefined closeness to God, or a man who has been merely filled or inspired by God, or a man differing only from the rest of men inasmuch as he has been vouchsafed an exceptional measure of religious experience. Its reply to all such mingled formulae is the simple and straightforward one, that He is God—God made man for our salvation—and in this truth it finds and feels the whole joy and strength of its Christianity. This concept of Christ—made clear at the Council of Ephesus fourteen centuries ago—will explain why the Catholic conscience recoils from certain views which Modernist writers have expressed on the evolutionary character

of the human knowledge or consciousness of Christ. It is not that the Catholic Church could ever suppose that the human soul of Christ possessed the absolute omniscience of His Godhead, for the Infinite cannot be contained in the finite. But it is the common accepted teaching, not merely of Catholic theologians, but of Fathers and Councils of the Church, that by virtue of the personal union of His human soul to the Godhead, He ever possessed a super-excellent share in the divine knowledge, and thus had that power of knowing all that it wished or needed to know, which has been called relative omniscience. In such knowledge there is necessarily perfectibility, and theologians of the school of St. Thomas have taught that there was a real, as well as an outward, progress in Christ's human knowledge and experience. It is not, therefore, that Catholic teaching denies any sort of evolution, in the sense of progress, in the knowledge in the human mind of Christ, but that it maintains that such evolution must be one that is compatible with the un-speakably close and personal union which subsisted from the beginning between Christ's human soul and His Godhead. The least that could be involved as the result of this, the Hypostatic Union, from its inception would be the knowledge in the mind of Christ of His own Godhead and His divine salvific purpose and mission to mankind.

There are two points in which the Modernist doctrine stands out in contradiction to this teaching. In the first place, the Modernist system, by the very logic of what we may call its 'root principle,' is constrained to speak of the knowledge in the human mind of Christ as the fruit of an exalted religious experience derived from the divinity immanent in Him, and revealing itself to Him. As a result, the knowledge and the experience, although admittedly far above and beyond that which is given to the rest of men, is held to differ not in kind, but in measure from the knowledge and experience which was common to the prophets, or to the great founders and leaders of religions, such as Buddha, Confucius, Mahomet and others, in whom God was also immanent, albeit revealing Himself in a lower and less vivid degree. The Catholic Church cannot accept this putting of Christ on the same plane, or the upper end of the same inclined plane, with merely human teachers, any more than it can accept the relationship between God and these human leaders of religions as so many approximate incarnations. No doubt the Incarnation, as the supreme union between God and man, has its analogies and its reflex in all the lesser relationships of the Creator and the creature, and no doubt God makes a revelation of Himself, by the natural light of reason or by the promptings of His grace, to all men who seek Him in sincerity. But the shadow is not the substance, and that such guidance given by God to His rational creatures should be in any sense comparable or co-ordinate with the infusion of divine knowledge which God the Son pours into His own soul, by His personal union with His Godhead, is felt to be contrary to the unique and incomparable glory and dignity of the Christ as understood and held by Catholic Christianity.

Between this and the Modernist conception of dogma, and its development, there is a difference which goes down to the very foundations of the system. The Modernist begins, not with a communication of truth from God to the mind of man, but with a mere manifestation made by God Himself as immanent in the consciousness, to the religious sense. When man receives from God is not a truth-message, but a feeling of religious experience. This the Modernist calls revelation, and with it to speak, God's part begins and ends. But man handles his feeling or religious experience, and by use of his intellect, seeks to explain it to himself. In doing so he gives it an intellectual expression and transforms it into terms of dogma. Thus the intellectual expression and the transformation are not God's work, but man's own work, and one for which man and not God is responsible. In this way dogma as an expression of revelation is put upon a purely human foundation. The dogmatic truths—the Incarnation, the Redemption, the Resurrection, formulated for belief, become mere human and inadequate symbols which may be helpful at one time and useless and harmful at another. The instability as well as the fallibility of dogma becomes a law and a necessity of the system. Its *terminus a quo* is not truth but sense, and its evolution, in so far as it has any, would not be a development in which something remains the same, losing nothing which it has had while growing fuller and clearer, but a mere succession of transformations in which one intellectual form is cast aside to make way for another. Such a series of substitutions might indicate at most a development of the religious sense underlying the transformations, but it would no more be a development of doctrine or dogma, than the succession of the views in a kaleidoscope would be a development of its first representation.

III.—THE SENSE-ORIGIN AND INSTABILITY OF DOGMA.

Readers of Cardinal Newman's *Essay on the Development of Doctrine*—a development presupposing external revelation and proceeding from an original body of revealed truth as a *terminus a quo* by a law according to which all that was first given is preserved, and in which the latest product, to be genuine, must have existed in the original germ will recognize at once the blason that separates this teaching, which is clearly compatible with the stability of dogma, from the destructive sense-transformation theory of the Modernist, which demands and requires its utter instability and, if I may say so, treats Christian doctrines as mere soap bubbles blown by the intellect from the pipe of religious experience. According to this theory, it would be open to any Christian who found himself no longer spiritually helped by the dogma of the Atonement to discard its fact-value and

take simply Christ's death as an edifying example of self-sacrifice, and in like manner to regard the Resurrection not as an historical fact, but—to use the phrase of an eminent French Modernist—as a round about way of saying that 'Christ is our contemporary.' Even the incarnation itself might come to be treated as merely a cumbersome and crude matter of fact expression of the immanence of God in all, but especially in the highly exalted spiritual creation. In this process the whole of the Nicene Creed could gradually be disposed of, under the plea of reaching a higher and more helpful significance, or rendering of the religious sense, and the system would eventuate not in the development, but in the dissolution of dogma. The Catholic Church could hardly be expected to stand by, mute and with arms folded, while the whole dogmatic system of Christian faith was being cast into the melting-pot of the Modernists. The Encyclical of Pius X. has struck straight at the whole fallacy, and not so much by any fresh decision, but by re-uttering the condemnation which such errors have already received some forty years ago in the Decrees of the Vatican Council. These Decrees affirmed with the authority of a General Council the great foundational truths—the fact of an external Revelation, the nature of faith as a mental assent, the perpetuity and stability of dogma and the character of true, as distinguished from false, doctrinal development.

A curious form of misconception which seems to have found a place in the mind of some critics in haste has been the supposition that in the recent Encyclical the Pope has condemned the whole principle of doctrinal development. That indeed would be passing strange in view of the fact that this principle, essentially Catholic, is stamped upon the whole face of Church history, and is seen in full working, even in the earliest Councils. It was noted by the Schoolmen, who marked it as a growth from within, and not from without, in their dictum *non profectus fidei in fidei, sed profectus fidei in fide*. It was minutely discussed at the Council of Florence in 1438, and described by its name of 'development' or 'unfolding' as contra-distinguished from accretion or 'addition' from without. It was in fact the chief argument of the Archbishop of Rhodes and of Bossarion in the debates with the Greeks over the admission of the *Filioque*. Its laws and tests have happily received classic treatment at the hands of Cardinal Newman, and its place in the system of Catholic belief has been affirmed in the Dogmatic Constitution

of the Vatican Council—an affirmation on which the recent Encyclical distinctly lays special stress. Hence the last thing which could be reasonably imputed to the Church or to Pius X. would be any intention to impugn the principle of dogmatic development. Rather is it that just because the principle is so precious and so vital, the Holy See has felt it to be a matter of supreme importance that it should be safeguarded from crude exaggerations, and most of all from being robbed of the majesty of its stability, and thus be deformed and degraded into a mere succession of temporary transformations.

Not a little obscurity has been imported into this consideration by pushing too far and very recklessly the patent distinction between a dogmatic truth and its expression or formula. A dogma may be a necessary truth, like the doctrine concerning God's life and nature, and as such it is eternally true. Or it may be a fact-truth, like the Incarnation, and as such it is everlastingly true. For if it be true at all that God became man, a fact once a fact is always a fact, and not even God Himself could destroy it. So far we may note the indestructible permanence of dogmatic truth in itself. The next question is the permanence of its formulation. The relation between a dogmatic truth and a formula which accurately expresses it, is inherent, and is not by its nature a provisional or passing one. As long as words mean what they mean—and in a stable language and for the overwhelming majority of their number, that will be for ages—so in their historic sense in perpetuity—the bond of expressiveness between truth and formula is in one sense a natural one and cannot be

Educational.

St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, CANADA Commercial course—latest business college features. High School course—preparation for matriculation and professional studies. College or Arts course—preparation for degrees and seminars. Natural Science course—thoroughly equipped experimental laboratories. English literature receives special attention. First-class board and tuition only \$150.00 per annum. Send for catalogue giving full particulars. REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., PRES.

of the Vatican Council—an affirmation on which the recent Encyclical distinctly lays special stress. Hence the last thing which could be reasonably imputed to the Church or to Pius X. would be any intention to impugn the principle of dogmatic development. Rather is it that just because the principle is so precious and so vital, the Holy See has felt it to be a matter of supreme importance that it should be safeguarded from crude exaggerations, and most of all from being robbed of the majesty of its stability, and thus be deformed and degraded into a mere succession of temporary transformations.

Not a little obscurity has been imported into this consideration by pushing too far and very recklessly the patent distinction between a dogmatic truth and its expression or formula. A dogma may be a necessary truth, like the doctrine concerning God's life and nature, and as such it is eternally true. Or it may be a fact-truth, like the Incarnation, and as such it is everlastingly true. For if it be true at all that God became man, a fact once a fact is always a fact, and not even God Himself could destroy it. So far we may note the indestructible permanence of dogmatic truth in itself. The next question is the permanence of its formulation. The relation between a dogmatic truth and a formula which accurately expresses it, is inherent, and is not by its nature a provisional or passing one. As long as words mean what they mean—and in a stable language and for the overwhelming majority of their number, that will be for ages—so in their historic sense in perpetuity—the bond of expressiveness between truth and formula is in one sense a natural one and cannot be

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX.

Send \$1—Receive 3 wool remnant suitable for Boys' Knee Pants up to 11 years. Give age and we will cut out pants free. Add 25c. for postage. N. Southwell & Co., 1 Coote Block, London, Canada.

CURZON'S LONDON AND NEW YORK STYLES. We are Tailoring Specialists, and apart from the question of economising your tailoring bills by obtaining your clothing straight from the World's Capital and the Home Country, it will pay you to get in touch with us. If you set any value upon efficiency of workmanship and the quality of material used in your Tailoring needs, then you would be wise in dropping a postcard to our Agents for Canada, as addresses below. By return you will receive a unique and wide selection of cloths representing the choicest and latest confections of the English woollen markets. With these will be found up-to-date Fashion-plates showing the latest styles, both London and New York, so that you may dress either in English taste or wear right up-to-date New York styles—whichever you prefer. Our business is a colossal one and world-wide, for by our system of self-measurement we are able to fit a customer living in the remotest part of the earth. This undertaking to fit you from your own measurement is backed by our unreserved guarantee to refund money in full where Mail Orders are not executed to your thorough and absolute approval. We invite you to write for our Free Patterns, Measurement Chart and Tape, and Booklet describing in detail the character of our business. All orders are executed on the following understanding:—satisfaction to be given or cash in full to be refunded. We can save you 50 cents in every dollar.

Suits to Measure from \$5.14 to \$11.0

CURZON BROS. The World's Measure Tailors, (Dept 58. F.), 60 62 CITY ROAD, FINSBURY, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Address for Patterns— For Toronto and East Canada:—CURZON BROS., c/o MIGHT Directories, Ltd. (Dept.), 74-76 Church St., TORONTO, Ont. For Winnipeg and the West:—CURZON BROS., c/o Henderson Bros. (Dept.), 279 Garry Street, WINNIPEG. Please Mention this Paper.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$2.00 per annum. THOS. COFFEY, L.L.D., Editor and Publisher

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

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.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1908.

ARCHBISHOP McEVAY.

The Right Rev. Bishop of London, Fergus Patrick McEvay, D. D., has been elevated to the exalted position of Archbishop of Toronto, in succession to the Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, D. D., who has resigned owing to failing health.

In May, 1889, when Bishop Dowling was transferred to Hamilton, Father McEvay accompanied him. Here he also acted as rector of the Cathedral, and became one of the Bishop's counsel.

New churches and parochial residences, new convents and hospitals, had to be provided, and the work was pushed

with an energy which told us that a master mind was guiding the helm and guarding the precious charge placed in his keeping. A remarkable feature was the splendid advancement made in the interest of Catholic education.

The following circular letter has been addressed by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto to the clergy of the diocese of London:

Rev. and Dear Father:—At the earliest opportunity I desire to inform you and your good people that our Holy Father Pius X. has been pleased to transfer me—although unworthy—from the See of London to the Archiepiscopal See of Toronto.

Archbishop of Toronto. London, May 22, 1908.

ARCHBISHOP O'CONNOR.

Official announcement has been made that the Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto, has sent his resignation to Rome and that it has been accepted.

the faith, in all its purity, from the Green Isle, in the early days. This family has given to the Church, both in the religious and secular field, men and women whose lives and labors will be a subject of becoming laudation for generations to come.

New life seemed to be infused into "Assumption," and year after year showed a degree of prosperity which told that a master mind was at the head of affairs.

It is known only to himself and God how onerous these duties were. A heavy task was his and it would not, we feel assured, be relinquished had it not been that, for the past few years, his health was falling.

RECENTLY THERE appeared in the Halifax Herald a statement which does injustice to Mr. J. J. Hughes, M. P., for King's, Prince Edward Island.

These systems do not reach down deep enough. Nor are they extensive enough. Least of all do they elevate above the earth to heaven, where suffering is entirely relieved and fully rewarded with the vision of Him, Who, bearing the cross, has compassion upon those who bear it with Him.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

A lecture in Toronto upon this subject by a gentleman, the Rev. Mr. McKenzie, presents, notwithstanding the imperfect report, considerable food for reflection. Briefly stated the lecturer's syllogism runs about as follows.

God, an infinitely good Being could not institute sin or evil. It originates from sources against God's law. Its healing must be due to spiritual obedience.

As for healing the deaf, the lame, the blind, lepers, it has accomplished nothing. These turn in their suffering not to Christian Science, but to Jesus Christ the Creator and Physician of both soul and body for the light of the one and the healing of the other.

Every condition must be placed so as to bring out for the child and for the man natural purity, freedom and strength. According to supernatural Christianity we must repress nature, mortify it, bring it into perfect submission to God.

to bring out for the child and for the man natural purity, freedom and strength. According to supernatural Christianity we must repress nature, mortify it, bring it into perfect submission to God.

THE ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.

Anglican reasoning is very peculiar. Whatever may be the premises a double conclusion is always at hand to suit the enquirer. He pays his money, he takes his choice. If he happens to have Roman leanings it will be proved to him beyond question that England is the true centre of primitive Christianity.

It is not natural culture and refinement, whether sensuous, intellectual or aesthetic. It is the renunciation and crucifixion of nature. To practice this renunciation we need not natural culture, but the grace of God obtainable by the sacraments and prayer.

ANGLICANS UPON FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

Now we must observe in regard to the Bull of St. Pius V. that Mr. Russell's remarks are equally in keeping with the rest of his argument. It did not introduce schism. Elizabeth had already by her conduct proclaimed herself the determined adversary of the Catholic cause.

A correspondent has sent us a clipping from the Mail and Empire containing a letter from a Mr. Bell of Toronto, to "Flancon." A former correspondent had asked the question why "the Anglo-Catholic Church did not raise a friendly protest against the recent legislation and actions of the French Government re the Roman Catholic Church."

The answer given by this man, Bell, is flippant, beside the mark, saying nothing of its unreliable mendacity. What brand of religion would the third Republic of France give its people? They (the French Government) have offered an inviting substitute, forsooth: Atheism, Socialism, race-suicide, divorce.

Churches, seminaries and other educational institutions multiplied throughout the various dioceses, homes of every work of mercy rose with the generosity and chivalry of traditional France to take care of the poor, the sick and the aged. Foreign missions found their benefactors and protectors in this land of the crusaders. No statement can be imagined having so little foundation as that the French people were disgusted with their Church and that their priests were hollow. It is the Toronto Bell which is hollow.

A TIMELY TOPIC.

We would ask our readers, more especially the younger portion, to read carefully the contribution entitled "My Literary Friends," by Mr. J. O. Trainor, which appears in this issue. For the rising generation there will be found in it much food for thought. One of the most degrading conditions of our present day life is the desire for putting in a listless and aimless existence. Sport, card playing, drinking of intoxicants, puffing cigarettes, excursions, holidays, etc., when abused, as they too often are, will give us but a generation of nobodies. Literary culture of a high order is one of those things that sweetens and ennobles our lives. Poring over the average Sunday paper, sucking the average magazine, and devouring the trashy novel—trifling of horrible recitals which wound and offend times kill the finer impulses of human nature—is a bad business, and the young person who indulges in these things will always be given a position at the lower end of the class.

TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

WORDS OF APPRECIATION FROM A NON-CATHOLIC SOURCE.

Let's be more reverential in church, and if we can't be reverential, let's be decorous. This does not apply to our Catholic brethren. They have been setting us Protestants an example along this line that has put us to shame in these years. When they go into the house of God it is a serious matter. They kneel as they enter and kneel as they leave, evidently feeling that it is a solemn thing to be in the presence and in the sanctuary of the living God. This is in mighty contrast to the social gatherings too frequently seen in Protestant churches where the tolerated or neighborhood gossip is handed around, where jokes are swapped, where each newcomer is the target for all eyes and where others are admired and criticised. It often happens that the preacher is forced to call the congregation to order, like a teacher at school or chairman at a ward convention. Where such improprieties are tolerated, there is little wonder the spirit of worship is on the absent list. It might help some if a large banner inscribed with Christ's promises, "Where two or three are gathered in my name I will be there in the midst of them," were prominently displayed in each church. If two or three are gathered in His name, this promise will be realized. If a hundred or two are gathered for social converse or intellectual entertainment, converting the house of worship into a sort of club room, no divine influence may be expected. Take the hint, preachers and deacons; inaugurate a crusade for a revival of reverence for the house of God.—Paris (Mo.) Appeal.

MY LITERARY FRIENDS.

BY J. O. TRAINOR.

"I love my books! they are companions dear, stirring in work, in friendship most sincere. Books bring me friends, when on earth I am—Solace of solitude, bonds of society." As I sit alone this afternoon, and look at my books, with their gilded titles glistening in the sunlight, I am, for the moment, forgetful of my surroundings, and I fancy that I am in the company of well remembered characters of history, poetry, and romance. "God be praised for books," said a well known writer, "they are the voices of the distant and the dead." So they are; they hold within them the immortal sentiments of the living, as well as those who have passed away for all time. Books are true friends—I mean good books. When you read a book on an interesting subject, the author's ideas, unconsciously, become your own. The characters whom you meet seem to take human form; you live with them, in spirit, for the time being, and your sympathies naturally respond to every emotion of their own. I have said that books are friends; and, if we should be careful in choosing our friends, so should we be equally careful in the selection of our books. Bad books, filled with misleading doctrines about the world, about society, and about religion, may do irreparable injury to the youthful mind. The boy or girl who reads much of this kind of literature is filling his or her mind with ideas that are unreal, and, eventually, he or she will get a distaste for actual life and its necessary duties. On the contrary, good books have a soothing and elevating tendency, softening the heart, and nourishing the mind. They are usually written with some definite moral purpose in view, and are founded, generally, upon some local or historical fact. The leading characters in them are, to a great extent, realities—at least they can be associated with people met in every day life. Fortunate is the boy or girl who has access to good literature. They may be otherwise poor in the so-called riches of the world, but, in good books, they have the accumulated mental treasures of the past and present within their reach—treasures which the incidents of life shall never take away. Such books may, indeed, be called friends; and youthful friendships, when once firmly established, scarcely ever grow cold with succeeding years. As I look again at my literary friends, the name of "Moore" stands



MOST REVEREND FERGUS PATRICK McEVAY, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto.

out in bold relief. Thomas Moore! What delightful memories arise at the mention of that magic name! "The poet of all circles, and the idol of his own," he has been fondly called. Moore was one of the many gifted sons of that dear Motherland, where the tear and the smile so often have blended, and, by reason of his birth and environments, was in a position to fully understand the varied emotions of the human heart.

His "Irish melodies" and, in fact, all his poems, are founded upon the affections and the traditions of his race—its sorrows, joys and aspirations—a hopeful strain running through all.

But it is in "Lalla Rookh" that his delicate fancy is given unfettered range, and his singular gift of harmonious word painting may be most clearly seen. This splendid poem, one of the grandest in our language, is based ostensibly upon epochs in oriental history, but it is, in reality, a vivid picture of many incidents in the history of his own unhappy land. Indeed the Arab's daughter—the lovely character—would seem to be the very personification of Erin herself, when, in the fullness of grief, she exclaims:

"Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour I've seen my fondest hopes decay; I never loved a tree or flower, but 'twas the first to fade away; I never nursed a dear and true bird, but when it came to know me well, and love me, it was sure to die."

Longfellow is another poet whom I love to number among my friends. He may be called the Moore of American poetry. He, too, sang of the affections; he, too, loved to immortalize the traditions of his country.

"Evangeline," perhaps, is his best work. It is a perfect description of simple domestic happiness, and subsequent affliction.

The beautiful legendary poem "His Watha" is another of Longfellow's best productions. It portrays, very truthfully, no doubt, some of the quaint traditions of the once powerful Indian race, as well as the fineness of sentiment, and the nobility of character, which these people possessed.

Longfellow's poetry is full of music—fresh, pure, and sparkling as the rill which gushes from the hillside.

A person's literary taste is often greatly strengthened by the reading of some particular book. This, at least, was the case with myself. I well remember when a mere boy to read "The Five Senses" by Gerald Griffin, and I believe that my taste for a certain kind of good literature was formed at that time.

Irish life ever written. The author describes the peasantry and the middle classes of his country exactly as they were, without any attempt at caricature or misrepresentation. The plot of the story is one of rare interest, and the characters are all nicely blended.

He was also a poet who sang with much sweetness of expression, but with a strong under-current of sadness at all times. In one epistle to a very dear friend of his youth, he wrote:

"Remember me, M.—, when I am departed, Live over these moments, when they, too, are gone. Be still to your minister the soft and kind-hearted, And drop o'er the marble where he lies alone. And oh! that moment, when over him slouching, Forgive, if his fallings should flash on thy brain, Remember, the heart that beneath thee is lying. Can never awake to offend thee again."

The gifted James Jeffrey Roche, whose unexpected death took place a short time ago, has given lovers of good, healthy and stimulating literature a genuine feast in "The Life, Poems, and Speeches of John Boyle O'Reilly."

The biography of this extraordinary man reads like a romance—truth being the place of fiction. He was born in Ireland in 1814. He was, with several of his countrymen, sentenced to penal servitude in Australia in 1863. Three years later he escaped to America, and it may be said that, from this starting point his real life work began.

Although he came a fugitive from the law, without personal friends, and with out money, by the force of his character, by his gracious personality, and, above all, by his nobleness and sincerity of purpose, he became one of the most respected and influential men of his race in the new world.

Neither time nor distance, however, offset, or even dimmed the delightful memories which he cherished of his early home beyond the sea; it was first, last, and always the dearest spot on earth to him:

"My first dear love, all dearest for thy grief; My land that has no peer in all the sea; For verdure, vale or river, flower or leaf, If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me, Now love may come to bid thee bid adieu, Is deepest yet—the mother's breath and smile; Like the kind face and breast where I was nursed. Is my poor land, the Niobe of Isles."

With all these voices I blend my own, and, in their name, I say that the world is brighter for having possessed him, and mankind will be the better for this treasury of pure, generous and noble thoughts which he has left us in his works.

a passing introduction to a few of my literary friends. May you cultivate a deeper acquaintance, and enjoy with myself the pleasure of their friendship.

Other friends I have, too, with whom I love to spend leisure hours—Scott, Goldsmith, Mrs. Sadler, Rosa May, Holland, Mrs. A. H. Dorsey, the Rev. Dr. Sheehan, and many others, to whom, perhaps, I shall introduce you on some other occasion.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A CONVERT

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

One of the first things that strikes the convert to the Catholic faith—and it is a condition of affairs which as a rule he did not observe, or at any rate fully grasp, before he obtained the gift of divine faith, is the quiet, but nevertheless very real, undercurrent of unfriendliness to the Church which pervades by far the greater part of the daily press. This covert opposition is cloaked under many disguises so that the great mass of non-Catholic readers are blinded to its presence. Let an unprejudiced and fair-minded public speaker say something appreciative of the work of the Church, or of its doctrines, and in next day's press report of the address it generally happens that the enterprising reporter, or else his editor, has "cut it out." Let a different sort of public speaker indulge in some remarks disparaging the Church and her influence, and they are given prominence. But this circumstance, though difficult if not impossible to redress, is only a minor one. Another favorite plan is to give widespread publicity to the rare cases of the abandonment of the Catholic faith by Miss Butterfly or Mr. Highly in order to contract a mixed marriage, but to hide under the veil of silence the astonishing number of prominent and influential personages from the nobility and all the higher walks of life now pouring into the Church in Great Britain and the United States. Within the last fifteen years some three hundred non-Catholic clergymen in Britain and over one hundred in the United States (no less than thirteen in the last two months) have become Catholics. Think of the intense sensation in the secular press had a tenth of this flight of clergy been out from, instead of into, the Ancient Church. The imagination boggles at the thought. But though we can see and pity the narrowness of the motive, we can afford to smile and let it pass. "They laugh who win."

But, dear convert, (who has not yet had time to get case-hardened to this childish and unavailing policy of the secular press) this is not the worst; scarcely a week passes that I do not read in my daily paper some ridiculous "Associated Press Despatch" telling how, for example, some traveller witnessed a terrible scene in a certain part of Argentina—Mexico and Argentina, being very remote, appear to be the favorite locations of these yarn-spinners—where, in a certain village "a certain priest" (nothing could be more uncertain, for names and dates are always withheld) showed a Bible agent out of the place, thrashed all his flock on their bare backs, and ended the interesting proceedings by getting drunk at a bull-fight! What am I to think, or say, or do in a case like that? My dear friend, you must not even think unutterable things, and say anything to the regular Associated Press news sent to his paper, and printed by him "in good faith" (heaven save the mark!) and presumably it is true. THE CATHOLIC RECORD, or some other sturdy Catholic paper sets inquiries on foot, challenges investigation, and demands names of place and priest. No answer, possibly the inquiry is pushed until the name of the accused is ascertained. When cornered he blandly admits that possibly the story is "exaggerated" as he got his information second hand. Now, do the papers that published the original story retract, on request, and give out the truth? Not one! To the Associated Press, State matter now. Let the incident drop. You Catholics are too touchy by half! So there you are, my dear convert, but do not be deceived about it. Rather rejoice, for these things are one more proof, if any were needed, that you are in the one true Church. "Blessed are you, said our Lord, when they shall revile you, and speak all that is evil against you untruly for my sake." The Catholic Church is the only one thus maligned.

Occasionally, there is a newspaper which is quite open and pronounced in its animosity towards your holy faith, and you are not called upon to exceed the reasonable bounds of meekness by contributing to its support as an advertiser or advertiser. It is quite proper, and even your duty, to refuse to pay an editor for insulting you and your family through your religion. Hit his pocket, and hit it hard, and if his representative approaches you on the subject, tell him quietly, but firmly, your good reasons for an excellent medicine for what ails him.

And speaking of newspapers, beware of getting into controversies. No doubt, in certain cases they are timely and even necessary, but one should be well armed and equipped with much knowledge, a good education, and a placid temper. With these you can win for "he is thrice armed who bath his quarrel just." But very few men are fitted for the task, and opponents versed in subtleties of argument like no better sport than to tackle a Catholic who is only half equipped for the fray. Besides, controversies generally end in nothing but ill feeling. Not everyone can, like the late Cardinal Newman, win the admiration, and almost the love of opponents at the same time that he impales them with the lance of his logic. If, however, you should ever feel called upon to take up your pen in defence of your faith you should make it a fixed rule to submit all to your pastor before going to press; it is his right. Stick strictly to the one point under discussion,

and under no circumstances allow your antagonist to wander away from the original subject of debate. You should be courteous, lucid, and very brief. A short amiable letter full of strong proofs will be more powerful than a wordy one covering the same ground, and it will be read by all. Lastly, avoid odious comparisons and sarcasm; don't deride your opponent's religion, or his appearance, or past history, and if he abuses you, ignore it; the public will thus be half won by your patience and forbearance.

The most effective method of defence I have ever witnessed is that pursued by a prominent priest of this diocese. He carefully refrains at all times from attacking anybody's religion; but if his own is misrepresented by any local person he pays a visit to the offender, and in a friendly and becoming manner explains the Catholic teaching and position. This done, he earnestly requests that a correcting letter be sent to the press. Should the request be declined, he announces through the papers that he will reply to the charges in next Sunday evening's sermon. This infallibly ensures the attendance of a large number of those who heard the original charges and whose curiosity is whetted to listen to some of the "thunders of Rome." But there isn't any thunder storm. Only a "gentle dew from heaven" containing a temperately worded, but extremely lucid and logical explanation of the Catholic belief and position. The Catholics present are edified and instructed. The non-Catholics present are also edified and instructed, and unexpectedly mollified. They are assured that the Church has nothing to hide; that she only desires a fair hearing; that if non-Catholics desire to learn more of her, to ascertain what her teachings are, they have only to hold forth their hands as they pass out the door, and a copy of "Faith of our Fathers" or "The Question Box" will be handed them gratis. The plan works well, and the good priest in question has thus flooded his town with these instructive and kindly-written books. The results are easily seen. Good will prevails. Non-Catholics have a kind word for, and respect, the priest. There are always converts applying for admission to the True Fold and the probabilities are that the only unhappy persons are the much surprised original offenders, who doubtless little dreamed that their efforts to sow prejudice and distrust would be the very means of placing hundreds of explanations of Catholic doctrines in the hands of their followers!

Never forget, my dear convert, that there are very many non-Catholics who are sincere and in good faith, just as you and I were. And, by good faith, I mean that they have no suspicion that the Catholic Church is the one and only true City of God, harmonious, complete and infallible. They are in invincible ignorance of her claims on their allegiance, and if they were cognizant of the genuineness of that claim, they would at once, at all hazards, gladly abandon as we did, the great City of confusion in which they, through no fault of their own, find themselves, and permit her to enfold them to her bosom. With these in particular and indeed with all non-Catholics, you must be without reproach, and great responsibilities now fall upon you as a convert. Your non-Catholic acquaintances, while naturally deploring your defection from their midst, and holding in light esteem the spiritual ruin and influence of the Catholic faith, will, by a paradoxical and perverse sort of reasoning, now expect you to walk very circumspectly indeed. And they will unwittingly feel a certain disappointment if you do not. The doling of all Catholics are closely watched and commented upon by non-Catholics much more than is realized; but you, being a convert, will be even more keenly observed, and your human faults and frailties will be laid at the Church's door. This, it will be said, and that, results from his becoming a Catholic! Therefore, in order to walk warily,

Children who exhibit a taste for music should have their talents encouraged by allowing them to practice on the Gurlay piano. While the mind is in the formative state and during the first teaching period it is highly important that none but the best piano should be used. The pleasing, tone and responsive touch of the Gurlay piano appeals alike to young and old.

Perhaps the heart may be so dull that even these simple acts can not be made without turmoil and disturbance of mind. In that case, remain quietly before God in perfect calmness, submitting yourself to His will in this. Occupy yourself simply in keeping peace.

How near I am in Holy Communion, how closely united indeed I am, to the source of all good. I cross my hands upon my breast and know that folded there is all good.

Faith in God may be manifested by good feeling for men.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" CURED HIM

Christopher D. Graham is a well known citizen of Ottawa—formerly in the City Hall and largely instrumental in forming the Ottawa Hunt Club. Mr. Graham's voluntary testimonial as to the great benefit he received from taking "Fruit-a-tives" will carry conviction.



Ottawa, Ont. Nov. 26th, 1907.

Dear Sirs— I have been a sufferer from Rheumatism for a long time—pains in my shoulder and joints practically all the time. I tried various treatments without benefit and then I was recommended by a friend to try "Fruit-a-tives." I took several boxes of the tablets and now, for a long time, I have been entirely free from all rheumatism and rheumatic pains.

I wish to state, also, that I suffered from haemorrhoids, or piles, for years, I used all kinds of ointments and treatment and nothing did me any good, but after taking "Fruit-a-tives" for my rheumatism I am entirely cured of these dreadful piles. (Sgd) C. D. GRAHAM.

"Fruit-a-tives"—or "Fruit Lives Tablets" are sold by dealers at 50c a box—6 for \$2.50—or will be sent on receipt of price. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

pray hard for grace to live well, and be a frequenter of the holy sacraments. And if, my dear convert, you desire as you should, to "instruct others unto justice" and so "cover a multitude of your own sins," you will find your most zealous efforts unfruitful and unavailing unless you command, and what is more to the point, truly deserve, "a good testimony of them who are without."

POLYCARBUS.

CONCLUDED.

PROFITABLE BUSINESS.

Reliable authorities state that the cost of production of a gallon of whiskey is 15 cents. The manufacturer then pays the revenue and calls it \$2 worth. The jobber calls it \$4 worth, the retailer calls it \$6 worth. But by the time the gallon is ready for the customer, it has by the addition of water, tannic acid, acetic acid, oil of crocus, oil of vitriol and other cheap and poisonous ingredients to enhance the profits and make it scotch when it goes down—it has become two gallons, and dish-d out in small ten cent glasses it will yield the complacent saloon keeper about \$15. What originally cost about 15 cents, yields when hauled over the saloon counter \$15. This is why, I am told, the whiskey drinker smacks his lips after he has gulped down a ten-cent dram; he is trying to get his money's worth.—C. P. Baron.

Children who exhibit a taste for music should have their talents encouraged by allowing them to practice on the Gurlay piano. While the mind is in the formative state and during the first teaching period it is highly important that none but the best piano should be used. The pleasing, tone and responsive touch of the Gurlay piano appeals alike to young and old.

Perhaps the heart may be so dull that even these simple acts can not be made without turmoil and disturbance of mind. In that case, remain quietly before God in perfect calmness, submitting yourself to His will in this. Occupy yourself simply in keeping peace.

How near I am in Holy Communion, how closely united indeed I am, to the source of all good. I cross my hands upon my breast and know that folded there is all good.

Faith in God may be manifested by good feeling for men.

Safety and Good Interest in Mortgage Investment

If you want to invest your money in something that is safe, the value of which is practically a fixed quantity, and that will yield you a good rate of interest—we advise you to put your money in mortgages.

Banks pay but little interest on deposits—they are safe of course, but surely not any safer than a GOOD mortgage that pays you so much more.

We would like to hear from either large or small investors who like to know what their money would earn for them invested in a good mortgage.

Our firm has been doing business as Investment agents for nearly forty years. Our accumulated knowledge and experience is at your disposal. We are always pleased to answer correspondence.

John Stark & Co.

STOCK BROKERS AND INVESTMENT AGENTS

Members of the Toronto Stock Exchange 26 Toronto Street Toronto, Ont.

MODERNISM AND THE PAPAL ENCYCLICAL.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.

Broken. A formula, therefore, cannot be treated merely like a separable factor—as a vessel in which water is carried, or a vesture in which a body is clothed. I can put the water into a new vessel, and then am free to discard the former one, or I can vest the body in a new clothing, and then cast aside the old, and in such cases the rejected vessel and clothing have no longer any connexion or relation with what was carried or clothed. Not so with the formula of a truth. Formulas are 'sound forms of words,' or 'types,' as the Fathers aptly call them. They are not mere counters and symbols, but are, as far as they go, true images or pictures of the truth which they express. They preserve the likeness of what they represent, even when fuller and more graphic portraits come to be hung on the wall beside them. The adoption of the new formula does nothing to falsify or evacuate the old. I may indeed find a better formula for expressing the truth, but the old formula remains, inalienably, as long as the words retain their meaning, its power of expression in its own degree, and in its claim on my assent, so that it can neither be discarded, or denied. I may express the Incarnation in the simple formula 'Christ is the Son of God,' and later on I may find a better formula in the Nicene profession that Christ is 'consubstantial to the Father.' But the finding of the latter formula gives me no right or title to reject or deny the old primitive one, which retains its expressiveness and remains in its order and measure to be true and undeniable. It is thus that any true development of dogma must proceed from age to age in a fuller, clearer and more explicit formulation, but never casting away from its treasure the old in the bringing forth of the new. We may not deny the Apostles' Creed because we recite the Nicene. It is this natural permanence and perpetuity in the sphere of formula which enters into the meaning of the stability of dogma as a factor of its true development, and lies behind the teaching of the Encyclical against the Modernists.

IV.—THE DENIAL OF THE INSTITUTION OF THE SACRAMENTS BY CHRIST IN PERSON.

It was not only the dogmatic, but the sacramental system of the Church which was impugned by Modernism. If to the Catholic the sacraments were mere symbols which by their nature or association tended to excite the religious sense, much as the sight of a religious picture tends to awaken devotion, it would matter but little when or by whom they were instituted. But it is a principle of Catholic faith that they are outward signs to the administration of which is annexed by divine ordinance the bestowal of grace and the application of the merits of Christ. As no one but Christ can send the Holy Spirit or apply the saving merit of redemption, it follows from the very nature of the position, that no other person than Christ could institute a sacrament, and that while the choice of the outward elements of the sign might in the case of this or that sacrament be left to the discretion of the Church, the institution of the sacrament itself and the creation of the nexus between its outward sign and the inward grace could no more be attributed to man or any society of men, than could the authority of grace or the divine application of the merits of the Saviour.

To meet the exigencies of its evolutionary theory, the Modernist system held that Christ Himself in person did not institute any of the sacraments, not even those of baptism or the Eucharist. It was maintained that in celebrating the Last Supper, Christ had no thought of founding either sacrament or sacrifice; and that personally He never gave any charge that His followers should be baptized in the name of the Three Persons of the Trinity. It holds that all the sacraments have been instituted after the days of Christ, and gradually, in the course of time by His followers. It adds, in fact, that Christ in Person never instituted the Church, or had any idea that He was to be the Founder of any organized society. Modernists urge that the life and spirit of Christ survive in His followers, and that therefore the Church and the sacraments instituted by them may be said to be instituted by Christ, although not immediately or personally, but this plea is not one which would in the least meet the requirements of the Catholic position. No human society, however much filled with the life of Christ, could have any conceivable competence to institute sacraments involving an objective supernatural change, such as the Real Presence, Transubstantiation, or even baptismal regeneration. They could only be imagined to do so, at the most, by a commission from Christ, and in that case Christ Himself would be the real institutor. But that is precisely what Modernism denies, since it maintains that Christ Himself had neither any knowledge, or any intention on the subject. It is thus that the very duty and safeguarding of the Catholic sacramental system necessitates the condemnation of the theory of sacramental evolution. That is only to say that if a sacrament be by its nature a divine work of Christ as the author of grace and redemption, it may in given cases be evolved as to the elements of its outward sign, but not as to its institution.

V.—SPIRITUAL DEMOCRACY.

The Modernist conception of the Church is a collectivity of consciences, teaching and ruling through a Magisterium which itself has empowered and established. It is thus a spiritual democracy in which we may say that

conscience is invested with a universal suffrage. At all events, the collectivity of consciences becomes the ultimate source of control, and therefore the ultimate court of appeal, seeing that it is from it that Popes, Bishops and priests hold their mandate of authority. This democratising of the constitution of the Church is the logical outcome of the system, for if Christ did not institute the Church, He could not commission it, and if His followers formed and founded the Church by themselves, the same power which constituted it naturally must retain the ultimate and inalienable authority to govern it. To the Catholic Church, the founding and the commissioning of the Church was the personal work of Christ, who not only laid her foundations in the Apostles and charged her to teach the nations, but sent down upon her His Holy Spirit for the purpose. Her powers are thus derived from Christ and His Apostles, and her constitution in the matter of teaching, ministry, and government is necessarily Christocratic and Apostolic, and the theory of her being a spiritual democracy, or in a fold in which the sheep ultimately commission, teach, and control the shepherds, would be to her a complete perversion and inversion of the divine order. Logical dualism is in truth broader and sounder than illegical monism, and one may be excused for feeling that the tendency to apply to the Church the principles of democracy as representative government and popular control seems derived in some measure from a certain narrowness and confusion of thought. In civil government, the end to be attained, the temporal welfare of society, is one within the lines of the natural order, and therefore quite within the rational reach and competence of men themselves to attain it. Nothing is more natural than that in such a sphere the powers of government should be given by God in their natural endowment to the people, and through them to their rulers, and every citizen may be said to carry in his brain and in his right arm his eligibility, if not his claim, to the suffrage. But in the spiritual domain, by the very nature of things, the position is reversed. The end to be attained—the soul's salvation—is supernatural and beyond the reach of our natural capacity, since Christ alone can effect it. In the society established for the purpose it was just as logical that the constituent and controlling powers should come downwards from Christ and His Apostles to the rulers for the people, as it was that in the State they should come upwards from the people to the rulers. As Christ Himself expressed it, 'You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you.' There is, of course, as St. Thomas has pointed out, a very true sense in which the Catholic Church is democratic, but her constitution is apostolic, and her authority to teach, to minister, and to govern she holds directly from Christ and His Apostles, and not from the souls over whom and for whom these powers are exercised. Hence Pius the Tenth in his Encyclical reminds us that the Modernist theory in this point is a subversion of the divine constitution of the Church, which has long since been pronounced an heresy.

THE ASCENSION.

"And the Lord Jesus after He had spoken to them, was taken up into heaven." (St. Mark xvi. 19.)

In looking back over the life of our Lord while on earth, we see that all the mysteries refer to the Ascension as to the end and completion of His work. As every mystery of His life began with the Incarnation of our Lord, so they all end with His Ascension into heaven. After that the work of the Holy Ghost begins. And how glorious an ending His Ascension was! His humble birth, His humility when insults were heaped upon Him and when He was condemned to death, His humility and love when He cried out on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," all are finished by the majesty of His Ascension, than which nothing can be more noble, nothing more glorious. He ascended to occupy the throne and to possess the kingdom on His had purchased by His passion and death, and in order to show us that the kingdom He spoke of was not of this world, for the wealth and power of this earth is but perishable, while the riches our Lord spoke of are above the natural and are eternal.

Our Lord's Ascension leads us to think of Him and to follow Him in mind and heart. By His rising from the dead and ascending into heaven He gave us a model to follow no less than by His suffering and death. By His Ascension our Lord would show us that although we are in the world we should not be of the world, that our minds and thoughts should be directed heavenward. By the Ascension of our Lord the gates of heaven are opened and a place is prepared for every one of us, for He said, "I go to prepare a place for you; and there we shall find Him, ready to be our advocate before the throne of God, provided we be converted and repent of our sins. Is there anything that should give us greater joy or fill our hearts with more earnest desire than the thought of our Lord's Ascension? Should the thought of all our hearts with gratitude? Should it not compel us to forget ourselves and our surroundings—should it not make us think of God and our eternal home? Our Lord says: "Where one's treasure is, there is his heart also."

But now, my dear brethren, have you followed the thought of our Lord's Ascension? Do you seek worldly happiness often at the expense of eternal happiness? And yet those who have been the most successful and most ardent in the pursuit of the riches and the joys of this world have finally become the most severe in condemning them. Perhaps, too, you seek those pleasures and enjoyments which are yours in common with the brutes, and not only momentary in their duration and bitter in their end, but filthy and disgusting. Our Lord's Ascension teaches us to seek the joys of heaven and such as lead to them and are worthy of a rational man. All others are below our level, and to think of following them, of satisfying ourselves with them, is an insult to our regenerated nature, to that nature our blessed Lord deigned to take upon Himself and to bear aloft with Him to paradise.

A day like this is a favorable occasion to store one's soul with the virtues of hope. Our Lord brings into His Father's presence the five wounds and the recollection of all the agony that they mean, and He does so on our account. Those wounds shine resplendent in heaven, and they are the jewels with which our Saviour has purchased our salvation. Let us be full of courage, then. Let us call out to our Lord, "Remember me, now that Thou art come into Thy Kingdom. I am a sinful man, but I am sorry; give me the grace of purity. I am a drunkard; oh! cure me of my dreadful appetite for drink. I am a worldling; teach me the value of eternity. I am quarrelsome; give peace and god will to my stormy soul." Such a prayer as this on Ascension Day will move our Lord to give us the proper dispositions for a good confession and Communion for our Easter duty.

The life of a piano depends on the way it is made and the quality of the material from which it is made. Nothing but the very finest selected and seasoned material enters into the construction of the Gaurley piano, while its every part is carefully tested before being sent out, the result being a lyric quality of tone and a wearing capacity not approached by any other piano in Canada.

Tobacco & Liquor Habits. Dr. McTear's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A reliable medicine, and only requires "touching" the tongue with the remedy. Price, \$1. Truly marvelous are the results from the remedy for the liquor habit. Is a safe and inexpensive home treatment, no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address: Dr. McTear, 15 Young Street, Toronto, Canada.

PAGE WHITE FENCES. Get the Best. Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches. Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white. Tougher and stronger wire than goes into any other fence. Get 1906 prices and illustrated booklet. THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED. Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada. WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN WINNIPEG

SIR CHARLES SANTLEY. A FAMOUS AND OLD TIME CATHOLIC SINGER OF ENGLAND. Charles Santley, of England, the famous singer, was made a knight a short time ago. The Tablet in a comment on the incident said: "He joins the company of 'musical knights' which is made all the worthier by his accession as it was also by that of Sir Edward Elgar. Only five months ago the public which Santley has delighted so long and his fellow artists whose homage he has won kept the golden jubilee of his professional life."

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension.

THE ASCENSION. "And the Lord Jesus after He had spoken to them, was taken up into heaven." (St. Mark xvi. 19.) In looking back over the life of our Lord while on earth, we see that all the mysteries refer to the Ascension as to the end and completion of His work. As every mystery of His life began with the Incarnation of our Lord, so they all end with His Ascension into heaven. After that the work of the Holy Ghost begins. And how glorious an ending His Ascension was! His humble birth, His humility when insults were heaped upon Him and when He was condemned to death, His humility and love when He cried out on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," all are finished by the majesty of His Ascension, than which nothing can be more noble, nothing more glorious. He ascended to occupy the throne and to possess the kingdom on His had purchased by His passion and death, and in order to show us that the kingdom He spoke of was not of this world, for the wealth and power of this earth is but perishable, while the riches our Lord spoke of are above the natural and are eternal.

Our Lord's Ascension leads us to think of Him and to follow Him in mind and heart. By His rising from the dead and ascending into heaven He gave us a model to follow no less than by His suffering and death. By His Ascension our Lord would show us that although we are in the world we should not be of the world, that our minds and thoughts should be directed heavenward. By the Ascension of our Lord the gates of heaven are opened and a place is prepared for every one of us, for He said, "I go to prepare a place for you; and there we shall find Him, ready to be our advocate before the throne of God, provided we be converted and repent of our sins. Is there anything that should give us greater joy or fill our hearts with more earnest desire than the thought of our Lord's Ascension? Should the thought of all our hearts with gratitude? Should it not compel us to forget ourselves and our surroundings—should it not make us think of God and our eternal home? Our Lord says: "Where one's treasure is, there is his heart also."

But now, my dear brethren, have you followed the thought of our Lord's Ascension? Do you seek worldly happiness often at the expense of eternal happiness? And yet those who have been the most successful and most ardent in the pursuit of the riches and the joys of this world have finally become the most severe in condemning them. Perhaps, too, you seek those pleasures and enjoyments which are yours in common with the brutes, and not only momentary in their duration and bitter in their end, but filthy and disgusting. Our Lord's Ascension teaches us to seek the joys of heaven and such as lead to them and are worthy of a rational man. All others are below our level, and to think of following them, of satisfying ourselves with them, is an insult to our regenerated nature, to that nature our blessed Lord deigned to take upon Himself and to bear aloft with Him to paradise.

A day like this is a favorable occasion to store one's soul with the virtues of hope. Our Lord brings into His Father's presence the five wounds and the recollection of all the agony that they mean, and He does so on our account. Those wounds shine resplendent in heaven, and they are the jewels with which our Saviour has purchased our salvation. Let us be full of courage, then. Let us call out to our Lord, "Remember me, now that Thou art come into Thy Kingdom. I am a sinful man, but I am sorry; give me the grace of purity. I am a drunkard; oh! cure me of my dreadful appetite for drink. I am a worldling; teach me the value of eternity. I am quarrelsome; give peace and god will to my stormy soul." Such a prayer as this on Ascension Day will move our Lord to give us the proper dispositions for a good confession and Communion for our Easter duty.

The life of a piano depends on the way it is made and the quality of the material from which it is made. Nothing but the very finest selected and seasoned material enters into the construction of the Gaurley piano, while its every part is carefully tested before being sent out, the result being a lyric quality of tone and a wearing capacity not approached by any other piano in Canada.

Tobacco & Liquor Habits. Dr. McTear's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A reliable medicine, and only requires "touching" the tongue with the remedy. Price, \$1. Truly marvelous are the results from the remedy for the liquor habit. Is a safe and inexpensive home treatment, no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address: Dr. McTear, 15 Young Street, Toronto, Canada.

The life of a piano depends on the way it is made and the quality of the material from which it is made. Nothing but the very finest selected and seasoned material enters into the construction of the Gaurley piano, while its every part is carefully tested before being sent out, the result being a lyric quality of tone and a wearing capacity not approached by any other piano in Canada.

Tobacco & Liquor Habits. Dr. McTear's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A reliable medicine, and only requires "touching" the tongue with the remedy. Price, \$1. Truly marvelous are the results from the remedy for the liquor habit. Is a safe and inexpensive home treatment, no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address: Dr. McTear, 15 Young Street, Toronto, Canada.

Tobacco & Liquor Habits. Dr. McTear's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A reliable medicine, and only requires "touching" the tongue with the remedy. Price, \$1. Truly marvelous are the results from the remedy for the liquor habit. Is a safe and inexpensive home treatment, no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address: Dr. McTear, 15 Young Street, Toronto, Canada.

Tobacco & Liquor Habits. Dr. McTear's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A reliable medicine, and only requires "touching" the tongue with the remedy. Price, \$1. Truly marvelous are the results from the remedy for the liquor habit. Is a safe and inexpensive home treatment, no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address: Dr. McTear, 15 Young Street, Toronto, Canada.

The North American Life Assurance Company. Life Assurance. The financial position of the Company is unexcelled, ensuring satisfactory and prompt settlements. Consult one of our representatives regarding a policy suited to your special requirements, or write to the HOME OFFICE - TORONTO.

Standard Catholic Literature. Father Sheehan's Works. Geoffrey Austin, Triumph of Failure, My New Curate, Luke Delmege, Glenaar. Father John Talbot Smith's Works. Brother Azarias, A Woman of Culture, Saranac, His Honor the Mayor, The Art of Disappearing.

Catholic Record, London, Canada. The Roman Missal. Translated into the English language for the use of the Laity. A new and revised edition with the Imprimatur of Most Rev. John M. Farley, D. D. 54 x 3 1/2 - 782 pages—only 1 of an inch thick.

London Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Canada. One Year's Growth. The strength of a bank is tested by its ability to successfully weather financial storms. The strength of a Life Company is tested by its ability to grow in "hard times."

The Catholic Record, LONDON, CANADA. Books, Prayer Books, Beads, Pictures, Scapulars, Crucifixes. Write For Catalogue.

NEW CENTURY. This new Wringer Attachment is "head and shoulders" above any other. The entire stand is absolutely rigid—always in position—never in the way—and the water drains right into the tub. "New Century" Washing Machine—complete and delivered at any railway station in Ontario or Quebec—only \$9.50. Write for free booklet.

The Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament of Penance. By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L. 15 cents post-paid. The Catholic Record, London, Canada.



A Problem Solved. Any and all beards can be easily shaved with the "GILLETTE"—and there's no honing or stropping. The Gillette Safety Razor consists of a triple safety razor holder and a double edged flexible blade, in velvet lined leather case. Price \$5—at all leading jewelry, drug, cutlery, hardware, sporting goods and department stores. Write or ask your dealer for free booklets. If he cannot supply you, Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited—Office and Factory, Montreal.

COKEE'S MALT EXTRACT. TORONTO, CAN.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER. MAKES YOUR CAKES LIGHT. MAKES YOUR BISCUITS LIGHT. MAKES YOUR BUNS LIGHT. MAKES YOUR LABOR LIGHT. MAKES YOUR EXPENSES LIGHT. Order from your Grocer. E.W. GILLETTE COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER. MAKES YOUR CAKES LIGHT. MAKES YOUR BISCUITS LIGHT. MAKES YOUR BUNS LIGHT. MAKES YOUR LABOR LIGHT. MAKES YOUR EXPENSES LIGHT. Order from your Grocer. E.W. GILLETTE COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

