

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Catholic Record.

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A REV. HUMBUG.

The Rev. Jos. Parker is just now showing the quill drivers of London what kind of a newspaper to put in the market. From what we know of the Rev. Joseph we can say he would make an ideal journalist of a certain kind. With his luxuriant imagination and command of vituperative language, and carelessness as to truth, he would be a resplendent figure either as a correspondent or space writer on the iniquities of Rome. The latter subject is a favorite one with the Rev. gentleman and has inspired many Parisian pronouncements. Price Hughes and Silas Hocking—he of the Kindergarten tales—may now look upon journalism as another source of notoriety.

SUFFERING OUR COMMON LOT.

As an antidote to the flippant utterances one sees betimes in the daily press we may quote the following words: "To bear and to suffer is the ordinary condition of man. Man can no more create for himself a life free from suffering and filled with all happiness than he can abrogate the decrees of his Divine Maker, who has willed that the consequences of original sin should be perpetual. It is reasonable therefore not to expect an end to troubles in this world, but rather to steel one's soul to bear them, which in fact educates us to the attainment of supreme happiness. For it is not to wealth and luxury, nor to worldly honors and power, that Christ has promised eternal happiness in heaven, but to patient suffering and tears, to the love of justice and to the clean of heart."

A MINISTERIAL PROPHECY.

Ian McLaren is out with a message to the new century. It is rather nebulous, but on the whole it is the production of a thoroughly optimistic mind. What strikes one is the difference between the attitude of Ian McLaren as a minister and as a novelist. As a novelist he has the gift of showing us bits of life in a framework of beautiful diction, and that without offence against good taste. When he comes before us as a person he cannot conceal his hostility to Catholicity. It may be the result of his upbringing or it may be simply an evidence to his brethren of his orthodoxy, but the person should give it in Drumtochty dialect. We might then be able to understand his ministerial declarations and think all the better of him.

In his enumeration of the famous personages of the Victorian period he has quite forgotten to put any Catholic on the list. "The new century also, will," he says, "tend to abate the insolence of priests by investing the people with many of their powers."

When we saw how far out the novelist was on the ocean of prophecy we were almost tempted to cable him the advice of an unknown writer: "I win in; you're over your head."

THE NEW CENTURY.

We sincerely hope that the new century will be as pictured by the prophets. It will, indeed, be a blessed world when men and women cry no more for bread; when children will have a few years when life will be but a fairy tale for them; when the brotherhood and charity, of which we hear so much, will ennoble and help and console every human being. But this happy transformation will never, to any appreciable extent, be effected by schemes drawn up on mere human lines. We hear, of course, wondrous distinctions on the perfectibility of human life, and the scientific discoveries that will do away with pain and sorrow. It is, however, but a dream—a brilliant one if you like—the haunts the many who believe that the cure for the woes and ills of humanity is anointment compounded of paganism and what is styled philanthropy.

They who understand that life is a probation and that sin requires suffering of some kind; that they are sore mistaken if they expect anything else but to suffer trials, for the whole of this earthly life is full of miseries and edged around with crosses, and who

believe that the Redeemer, as Father Tyrrell says, came not to uproot the thorns which sin had sown, but to teach our bleeding fingers to weave them into a crown of glory for our brow, will find in that knowledge not only courage but consolation in every tribulation.

As to helping others we have no niggardly meed of praise for the men and women who are interested in works of beneficence. But if we wish to earn for ourselves a better title than that of mere philanthropists we must take care to have our efforts in uplifting those about us directed and inspired by Christlike principles. We must look upon men and women as spirits with immortal destinies; baptized, as we, into one body, and to recognize the fact that what we do for them is done for the Redeemer.

THE HOLY FATHER'S ENCYCLICAL.

The latest encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII., on Jesus Christ our Redeemer, cannot fail to be read with interest and profit by Catholics and by thoughtful men everywhere. Amidst the discordant sounds it is like a strain of melody that must fall gratefully on the ears of those who are convinced, though all may be dark to them, that there must be some sure way leading to truth. The Holy Father calls attention to the myriads who, united in heart and mind, have sanctified the Holy Year, and hopes their splendid example may kindle the enthusiasm of all. And, looking out upon the world with the ignorance and fast increasing contempt for the fruits of the antique faith, the aged Pontiff declares that the sole remedy lies in the dissemination far and wide of the love and knowledge of Jesus Christ.

One can look back at the world before the advent of Christ to find out into what an abyss of infamy man can fall without the knowledge of God. The poor were given once to superstitions and debauchery. They were looked upon merely as instruments to minister either to the triumphs of their captors or to the luxuries of their masters. The upper stratum of society was, though trapped in the garb of a refined civilization, thoroughly corrupt. It had its teachers indeed who sought to lead and instruct, but to those who heard them they gave no light nor consolation. And to day there are thousands who are as ignorant as they who lived in that far-off time. Vice, perhaps, does not flaunt itself so openly, nor is luxury so unbounded and shameful. But they have the same disregard for the future, the love for show and ostentation and the childish contempt for the things that cannot be measured by wealth. The same questions also that tormented the souls of men cry out now for solution. We have, too, our philosophies and teachers, but they are as powerless to assuage the hunger of the soul for truth as the wise men of early days.

Christ, as the Pope says, is the fountain head of all good. Mankind can no more be saved without His power than it could be redeemed without His mercy. Reading the luminous pronouncement of the Holy Father we thought ourselves of the words of Pascal: "The knowledge of Jesus Christ frees us both from pride and despair, because there we find at once God, our own sinfulness and its remedy." We should, therefore, strive to know Jesus Christ, since through Him alone can we hope to know God rightly. He is the centre of everything and the end of everything; and he who does not know Him knows nothing, either of the world or of himself.

EFFECT OF THE REFORMATION.

Lord Salisbury declares that the Conservatives must, in order to maintain their hold on the public, devote their energies to the improvement of the condition of the masses. His saying that the state of the English poor is a scandal and disgrace to civilization does not certainly err on the side of exaggeration. It is an admitted fact that in London there are, despite its glare and glitter, thousands in stark and unkept pauperism, ignored by

their fellow-citizens and kennelled in districts frequented only by the police—men and women, riddled by vice and disease, who have been broken on the wheel of the Reformation principles.

That scandal and disgrace of which Lord Salisbury speaks may be accounted for on the ground of changed economic conditions, and possibly some noble lords and ladies may hold charity concerts for its removal. But we think—and not without reason—that the terrible condition of the poor of London is but the flowering of the seeds deposited in English soil by the adherents of the new gospel that justified the robbery of the funds that had been handed down from generation to generation for the relief and improvement of the needy, and that gave as the basis of property the idea of individualism.

Before the Reformation there was indeed poverty, but not pauperism. Instead of the work-house there was the monastery: in lieu of the poor law there was a tender and considerate charity.

Mr. Harold Rogers, a recognized authority on the economic history of England, declares that during the century and a half before the Reformation there were none of those extremes of poverty and wealth which have excited the astonishment of philanthropists, and are now exciting the indignation of workmen. The age, it is true, had its discontents, and those discontents were expressed forcibly and in a startling manner. But of poverty which passes unheeded, of a willingness to do honest work and a lack of opportunity, there was little or none. The essence of life in England during the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors was that everyone knew his neighbor and that everyone was his brother's keeper. The wealthy of those days understood that whoever had received from the Divine bounty a large share of blessings, has received them for the perfecting of his own nature, and at the same time that he may employ them, as the ministers of God's providence, for the benefit of others.

The Government will, no doubt, do something in the present matter, but any relief cannot be but temporary. Men may scheme and plan, and deplore it, but so long as the principles of the Reformation are rooted in the human mind so long also will pauperism affront the public eye. Too many people are Christians in a kind of a way—that is, to quote Ruskin, for half an hour every Sunday they expect a man in a black gown, supposed to be telling them the truth, to address them as Brethren, though they would be shocked at the notion of any brotherhood existing among them out of church.

THE JERUSALEM OF TO-DAY.

The Shadow of the Crucifixion Rests on the Place Forever; a Strange Stillness Reigns.

"There is no warm nor bright color here; all is grim and gray except the blue tiles in the Mosque of Omar," writes Mrs. Lew Wallace of "Jerusalem as We See It to Day," in the December Ladies' Home Journals. "The shadow of the Crucifixion rests on the place forever; a strange stillness reigns, and laughter would seem like laughter beside an open grave. Women, veiled in white, glide through the dark, crooked alleys like tenants of a city of spectres, and even the children, subdued by the overwhelming gloom, are silent beyond the wont of Orientals. Ruins, ruins at every hand! Well has the prophecy been fulfilled: 'Jerusalem shall become heaps.' The very stones of the streets are dismal, worn away with burdens of legions and glittered with the brass armor of the masters of the earth. Men may come and men may go, but never since the Omnipotent Hand stretched the north over the empty space and hung the world upon nothing has there been a race like the race descended from that wolf brood on the Tiber. Outside the walls—saddest sight where all is sadness—are ancient Jews come merely to die in the land of their love. A few in whom there is much magic, offer for sale talismans, gems of magic, number set in the sun, motionless as statues, without the dignity that should accompany age, in poverty past telling, dreaming away the day and night—apparently without hope, except to have a little holy dust laid on their eyelids when they shall have closed them to sleep with patriarchs and seers in the Valley of Jehosaphat."

The Jerusalem we see to day is not the one that gladdened the eyes of the Holy Family journeying from Nazareth

to worship in the Temple. That city lies buried forty, fifty, sometimes over a hundred feet deep in wastage piled in the overthrow of many sieges. The crimson banner of the Moslem floats above the Tower of David, used as barracks, and the Turkish sentinel pacing his rounds looks with ineffable scorn on the Christian. The crumbling Tower of Antonia, the citadel of the Temple, is occupied by the Governor of Jerusalem, and if possession of the law, it is his right, for he held it before William the Conqueror was crowned with the Saxon's crown in Westminster Abbey.

Mrs. Lew Wallace notes that "there is a common lament that the shrines dear alike to Jew and Christian are in keeping of the Mohammedan. For a thousand years they have been guarded with reverence and decorum by armed officials tolerant of every religion. Were Palestine in keeping of our sanctuaries Protestants debasing our concert rooms into eating-houses and concert rooms into theatres would become a park for gentiles and the Holy Sepulchre, the shrine of shrines, be made a hall for socials. Twenty rival sects worship there in peace and safety. Were the Turkish guard withdrawn there would be fighting with paving stones and consecrated candlesticks if other weapons were not at hand."

TO NON-CATHOLICS IN MANAYUNK.

Remarkable Success of Father Sutton's Mission Now in Progress.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. On Sunday evening the Passionist Fathers closed an extraordinarily successful mission at St. John the Baptist's, Manayunk. Four Fathers of the order, under the direction of Father Robert, labored for two weeks in the parish. As one result of their labors over four thousand approached the sacraments.

On Monday evening the non-Catholic mission, which had been widely advertised in the locality, was opened by Father Xavier Sutton, of the same order. This series of lectures marks the first attempt at a mission for the benefit of those who are not of the fold in that section of Philadelphia. It was, accordingly, looked forward to with varied anticipations, many gravely doubting any substantial result from the endeavor. It was announced that Catholics would not be admitted unless accompanied by Protestants. Whatever fears may have been entertained, they were speedily dispelled when the vast audience that greeted the reverend lecturer on the opening night was assembled, over seven hundred non-Catholics being present on the occasion. Father Sutton having announced the order of services, requested the audience to say with him the "Our Father" and to join in the singing of the hymn "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," after which he read a portion of the Holy Scriptures and entered into the subject of the evening's lecture, "What Catholics Do Not Believe."

Having explained the object of the lectures, he corrected and refuted many of the erroneous and calumnious statements of Catholic belief made by those who are opposed to the teachings of the Church.

The clear, concise and eloquent statements of Father Sutton were listened to with rapt and intense attention by his hearers. A most pleasing disposition on the part of the audience was manifested at the close of the lecture, when very many of the non-Catholics came to the altar rail and expressed to Father Sutton their extreme pleasure and satisfaction with the instruction imparted to them, and declared their intention of bringing their friends to the succeeding lectures.

NINE HUNDRED NON-CATHOLICS.

On Tuesday evening the vast edifice was filled to overflowing, many being unable to obtain seats. Over nine hundred non-Catholics were present. This marked an increase in attendance on the part of the general public. The contents of the "Question Box" were first discussed. Questions on indulgences, St. Peter as head of the Church, "Can a man be saved who belongs to no Church?" were disposed of by Father Sutton to the apparent satisfaction of his hearers. "Purgatory," the subject of the evening's discourse, was then taken up. Father Sutton maintained and proved that the belief in a purgatory was not of to-day or yesterday, but that it was held even by the Jewish people before the coming of Christ. He also demonstrated that this belief was founded on passages of Sacred Scripture, and that many of the early fathers and doctors of the Church gave expression in their writings to the effect that there must be a middle state where souls may be purged of the defilements of sin before they can be admitted to heaven, where "nothing defiled can enter." With great eloquence and pathos Father Sutton showed how consoling to the highest and holiest feelings of the human heart is this doctrine of the Catholic Church. We all long to wish them well whom we have loved and who have gone before us. It comforts and consoles us to believe that the ties of affection which unite relatives and friends in this life cannot be broken by death. Even our non-

Catholic brethren are often heard to say when standing before the casket at the grave, "God, be good to him," which is nothing less than acknowledgment coming from the natural and tenderest feelings of the human heart of the truth of the doctrine of praying for the dead.

ON CONFESSION.

Another large audience awaited the reverend lecturer on Wednesday evening. After disposing of the various questions submitted the subject, "Can Man Forgive Sins?" was taken up. Father Sutton called the attention of his hearers to the fact—that 800 fact that confronts all men—that 800 000 Christians in the Catholic Church, a majority of all Christians, believe in and give evidence of their faith by practicing confession of sins. How are we to account for this fact? When did this practice originate? Going back over the pages of history we find that at no period from the days of Christ did this practice not prevail among Christians. Its divine institution was never disputed during 1,600 years until the days of the "Reformers." After proving from passages of Holy Scripture that Christ instituted this Sacrament of Penance, the lecturer eloquently portrayed the uplifting and saving power of this sacrament, the consolation it afforded to the truly penitent, its efficacy as a preventative of sin, the love that every Catholic has for this sacrament. With intense feeling and burning words he repelled the vile insinuations and accusations made against the "confession of sins" by the enemies of the Church.

Father Sutton's lectures have produced a profound impression in the vicinity. They are the chief topic of conversation among all classes. Hundreds have begun to see the Catholic Church and her doctrines in a light before unknown to them, and the daily increase in the attendance at the class of converts established by Father Sutton are ample evidence that the seed is not all falling upon stony ground.

THEY ARE UNFAIR IN CONTROVERSY.

Learned Non-Catholics Whose Departures From Truth Discredit the Whole Protestant Body—A Flagrant Instance.

Church Progress.

The whole range of English literature is honeycombed with falsehoods. Histories and text books of every kind, magazine literature, works of fiction, biographies and encyclopedias repeat falsehoods and calumnies which have been run to the earth time and again. Catholics frequently wonder if there ever have been or ever will be fair and honest Protestant scholars. Here and there a non-Catholic writer is to be found of sufficient breadth of spirit to face the ancient controversies with an eye to truth only; but such a one is an honorable exception to a rule which casts discredit upon the whole Protestant body. From the unlearned Catholics expect nothing but a repetition of the old calumnies. From the learned they are justified in demanding that prejudices give place to a calm and dispassionate statement of the facts, in everything which bears upon controverted matters.

A flagrant instance of this kind is to be found in Johnson's Encyclopedia, generally considered to be one of the fairest and most trustworthy works of its kind. The author of the article on St. John Chrysostom, one Samuel Maceaulay Jackson, D. D., LL.D., makes the following statement: "His merits and the laudation of saints promoted (St. John's) holiness, but it is remarkable that he furnished no support to mariology." His authority for such a statement is undoubtedly the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens, whose biography of the saint contains an even bolder statement: "Of all medieval additions to the purer faith of primitive Christianity, mariology has grown to the most extraordinary dimensions, and is in St. Chrysostom a remarkable absence. In fact, his notices of the Blessed Virgin, not very frequent, are, on the whole, not very frequent, say, unnecessarily disparaging."

Now, when it is remembered that St. John Chrysostom is one of the greatest of the Greek Fathers, and one of the most illustrious names in a great age, his views on so important a matter as devotion to the Mother of God are of surpassing interest to the learned Christian world.

His writings have been preserved with singular care, and many eminent scholars have devoted their lives to the task of collecting and transmitting the fruit of his labors to posterity.

Despite the modern Protestant thought, the best edition of his works comes from the Benedictine monastery of St. Maun, having been prepared under the care of the great Bernard de Montfaucon, "one of the most marvelously industrious workers the world has ever seen."

Almost all the sketches of his life in the English language are from the pens of Protestant authors and it is a remarkable fact that despite the evidences before them in his writing they all appear to have fallen into the same errors.

The apostolic succession of falsehood seems to be particularly true of Protestant lives of Catholic saints.

It may be of interest to state that St. Chrysostom was born in the year 347 and died in the year 407. He was a contemporary of Saints Basil, Gregory of Nazianzen, Jerome, Ambrose and Augustine.

The following extract from his writings, taken from the office of the Blessed Virgin in the Roman breviary, surpasses anything which St. Bernard on the highest flights of his enthusiasm ever uttered.

"The Lord did not choose a rich or distinguished woman to be His Mother; but that Blessed Virgin whose soul was adorned with all the virtues. For as the Blessed Mary preserved chastity above all human nature, because of this did she conceive the Lord in her womb. To this most holy Virgin and Mother of God, having recourse we will experience the utility of her intercession. Thus also let those particularly who are virgins fly to her."

"She will preserve for you the most beautiful, the most precious, the most uncorruptible possession of virginity." And again: "A great miracle truly, my beloved brethren, was the ever blessed Virgin. For who has been, or ever will be, greater or more illustrious? She alone fills the heavens and the earth with her amplitude. For who more holy? Not the prophets, not the apostles, not the martyrs, not the patriarchs, not the angels, not the thrones, not the dominions, not the Seraphim, not the Cherubim; not, in fine, anything amongst created things visible or invisible greater or more excellent can be found."

"This is she the handmaid of God and the one who bore Him, at the same virgin and mother. * * * * * Hall therefore mother, maiden, virgin, throne, ornament of the Church, its glory and its firmament, pray for us assiduously to thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ; that through thee we may find mercy in the day of judgment, and by the grace and goodness come into the possession of those things which the Lord has preserved for those who love Him."

The foregoing quotation is an evidence of how little reliance is to be placed upon Protestant scholarship when it deals with matters of Catholic belief. It furnishes at the same time excellent matter for a brief meditation during the month of the Rosary.

LORD BUTE'S WILL.

Lord Bute's will has been admitted to probate in England, and its provisions have excited much attention, by reason of the extraordinary munificence of one kind and another, by no means limited to the Catholic faith to which he belonged.

Two of the most interesting provisions are those by which he bequeaths all his property in Syria, Egypt, Turkey, and particularly in the Holy Land, to his one daughter, Margaret, who was his favorite child and his constant companion and most intimate associate. She is a beautiful girl of twenty five, whose distaste for society is largely due, no doubt, to her lameness, and who not only shared in her father's passion for archaeology and for ancient lore and historical research, but likewise possessed his predilection for the Orient and his veneration for the holy places in Christendom in the East.

It is, therefore, only natural that he should have bequeathed to her his estates at Bethlehem, at Nazareth, on the Mount of Olives, at Jerusalem, on the shores of Tiberias and at Matarief, near Cairo, where, according to tradition, the Blessed Virgin, with St. Joseph and the Infant Christ, sought refuge from the soldiers whom King Herod had sent in pursuit of the Holy Family when he discovered that they fled to Egypt to avoid the massacre of the innocents.

Lady Margaret purposes to spend much of her time henceforth in the Orient, and has undertaken the duty of conveying her father's heart to Jerusalem for interment there, in accordance with the request contained in his last will and testament.

Another bequest which has excited no little comment is that of an annuity of \$500 a year to Mgr. Capel, to whom the late Marquis was indebted for his conversion to the Catholic Church, and who is portrayed in Lord Beaconsfield's most popular novel, "Lothair," under the name of "Mgr. Catesby." Lord Bute himself figuring in the work as "Lothair."

We cannot control the evil tongues of others; but a good life enables us to despise them.—Cato.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.—R. W. Emerson.

Every good action has a merit, that is a certain conformity to the will of God, and every evil action has a demerit, that is a deformity, which will be followed by punishment.

Nothing is small to a God so great. It is this thought which renders so vast a majesty not tolerable only, but so sweetly intimate and so intensely dear.—Father Faber.

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN FAHRE.

XXIX.

What refined fastidious, quiet-looking Mr. Edgar thought of the great, ill-dressed, loud, and forward woman to whom he was presented by Carnew, it required his most stern self-control to prevent from showing, at least in his face. She gave herself the most absurd airs and with her immense size, and her dress of grey-colored satin that shimmered in the light like a great surface of metallic sheen, and her head dress of plumes that added to her height, and made her seem like a female warrior, she was a most novel and ludicrous sight. Those of the company who were not within the range of his vision were convulsed with laughter, and those who were, had to resort to many manoeuvres to hide their mirth.

Carnew was crimson from anger and shame, but with his impetuous self-command, he permitted no more evidence of his feelings to appear than the flash itself gave, and he fulfilled his part of the presentation of his aunt with a quiet, gentlemanly grace which charmed Mr. Edgar. That done, he turned away; but Mrs. Doloran, whose whim it was to keep him just then, caught him gallantly by the arm, and she said to him: "Now do, Alan, let your gallantry come to my rescue, while you know that Mr. Edgar, having travelled so much, will expect to be entertained by a varied conversation. And what variety can a woman's poor mind devise? You know, Mr. Edgar, with a languishing raising of her eyes, and an affected setting back of her head that was most mirth-provoking."

"I am one of those who know the true value of the sex; the little insipid nothings that fill the female mind; the vagaries, the emotions that upset the female heart. Therefore I am anxious to retain about you something that savors of brains." With a look at her nephew meant to be conciliatory, but that only roused his indignation to white heat. Mr. Edgar bowed; the only thing he could do under the circumstances, as in the character of such an honored guest he could neither reply, nor, in deference to the nephew whom he very much admired, betray by a look his utter disgust of the speaker.

But, Alan, who was bound by no such regard, and who was now so angry that even his wonted command had deserted him, said a little hoily: "It is better for you to go, Aunt Doloran, than stay to witness your incoherence, than stay to witness ideas so divergent to yourself as a woman's." He bowed low to his aunt, and before she could recover from her astonishment and indignation at his boldness in administering such a public reproof, he had bowed also to Edgar, broken from her grasp, and was hurrying away.

"There's a fool for you," in her anger bursting out into her customary incisive speech; "he can't take the truth, and never could; but here is one—" Ordotte, who had just entered the parlor and was approaching her, "who holds my views of things."

Ordotte had been presented to the guest earlier in the evening, and he now came forward with that ease of manner which to thoroughly cultured Edgar favored a little too much of ill-bred familiarity, and began at once with clever tact to soothe Mrs. Doloran's irritation and to draw out the lady's feelings in a comfortable way. In her now-found interest she forgot her previous un-comfortable feelings, and talked volubly and nonsensically enough to corroborate her previous assertion of the impotency of the female mind.

"But your stories, Mascar; your Indian stories," she said suddenly, in the very middle of one of her pointless tales, remembering that that part of the programme arranged for Mr. Edgar's entertainment had not been carried out. Ordotte laughed in a laugh that showed in full his white even teeth, while looking by contrast with the tawny hue of his face—and snapped his eyes at the new guest in a way that rendered the latter a little uncomfortable.

"My Indian stories," he said, when he had ceased laughing, "will have, I have no doubt, a very singular and fascinating interest for Mr. Edgar. Which shall I tell, Mrs. Doloran? The one where I lay in a jungle all night with the dead tiger on my breast, or—"

"No; don't tell any of them yet," said Mrs. Doloran, rising. "Wait until I get Ned here; I enjoy your stories better when I have her face to watch, ever since you said her face recalled one of them to me."

But the messenger dispatched for Ned reported that the young lady was neither in her own room, nor in any of Mrs. Doloran's apartments. "Then search the house for her," said the lady impatiently; and so messengers were sent in different directions. Mr. Edgar, taking advantage of the slight lull that had occurred in the conversation, begged to be excused, while he also sent a message to his daughter.

his ardor in the hunt, an ardor which I unconsciously caught, became separated from the rest of the party, and we found ourselves actually on the lair of a tiger with her cubs. The tiger we dispatched after some trouble and a scratch or two upon ourselves, but the two cubs, strange to say, Klipp would bring home alive with him. No argument mine would dissuade him from his project, nor make him see that he would get just as much for the skins, which we could take off as we had already taken the mother's and at the same time be spared the trouble of carrying the live beasts. He would have his way, and I was forced to carry one of the cubs, while he took the other. Our great fear was to meet the father of the animals, unless, perhaps, he had been met and dispatched by some of our party. Our stock of ammunition was very low, so we courted no more game, but made our way to civilized haunts as quickly as possible.

"Then Klipp stated his object in bringing the cubs alive. Only a day or two before, a female tiger captured for some zoological show that was to leave for England in a few months, had given birth to cubs which had died. The grief of the beast," he said, "was excessive, and Klipp, with his great, kindly heart thought of her when he saw the cubs in the jungle."

"And the bereaved tigress actually welcomed the little strangers, and fondled them as if they were indeed her own departed ones. At which Klipp, to my surprise, looked disgusted. "Her nature is so little to be relied upon as if it were human," he said to me; and when I laughed, he said again: "They say parental instinct is so strong that in the face of any deception a father would recognize his child; but it is not so."

Up to this point of the story, no one save Mrs. Doloran had manifested anything but a polite interest; now, however, Mr. Edgar was sitting erect, his face as pale as the snowy bosom of his shirt, and his eyes flaming through Ordotte. But he, pretending not to notice the sudden and strangely awakened interest, proceeded: "As I said before, Klipp was a very strange man. Indeed, some thought that his mind was not altogether sound, but those people did not know the singular events in his life. He went every day to see that tiger and her adopted children, and every day he returned more and more disappointed and disgusted with her ingratitude and fondness for them."

"One day, in his deep disgust, he said to me: "We are all brutes, and a man may be pardoned when he does a great wrong because of his brutish nature. I expected to see in that animal something that would shame us men; an instinct that would make her turn away from these strange cubs, and not receive them as men do who have other children pained upon them for their own." "The perspiration was standing on Mr. Edgar's brow, and the fingers of the hand that rested on his knee worked convulsively."

Mrs. Doloran, who was angry that Ordotte had not told her that Indian story, could contain herself no longer: "Why did you keep that tale from me, Mascar?" she said with indignant reproach. He answered with a laughable assumption of penitence and humility: "My dear madam, it was hardly of a kind to interest you; but Mr. Edgar," with a profound bow to that gentleman, "has, no doubt, encountered so many strange phases of character that I thought it would not be uninteresting to add one of my experiences to his own."

"The lady was some somewhat mollified. "Well, Mascar, I shall forgive you. And now finish the tale." "The tale is finished," with another bow, and a quick, sharp look at Edgar. "But Klipp, and the cubs, and the dear old tiger, what became of them all?" asked Mrs. Doloran, for voice raised in trembling eagerness.

"The dear old tigress and her cubs were taken to England; and Klipp, I left him in Calcutta." "Could you ask him to come here?" O Mascar, it would be delightful! Just visit and invite him here." And her gushing eagerness set the plumes on her head to quivering in a most ludicrous manner.

"I can't do that very well," answered Ordotte, stealing again a sly, sharp look at Edgar, "owing to Klipp having left Calcutta without leaving any tracing of his destination; so letters from my Indian friends informed me over a year ago, that if you wish, Mrs. Doloran, I could write to the managers of the zoological show in London, inviting the tigress and her cubs here, providing the interesting beast is still alive. They might consent to let them come."

The last part of his speech being spoken with the same imperious gravity and earnestness that the former had been, rendered it irresistibly comic, and Ned, who had paid but little attention to the story, laughed in spite of himself; but Mrs. Doloran arose, and said with offended dignity: "No, sir, you will do nothing of the kind; I shall not have Rahandabbed turned into a jungle." Mascar dropped on one knee in front of her, and clasping his hands, said with an excellent assumption of the tragic-comic air that it conveyed with laughter most of those who witnessed it: "Pardon, a thousand pardons, madam; I but thought to minister to that inherent love of nature which in you is so beautifully developed. O my bended knee I assure you that I shall not write for the illustrious tigress."

ous and prominent than they had done since his arrival. His eyes were fixed upon Ordotte, nor did they seem to have the power of withdrawing themselves, until his daughter, escorted by Brekbellew, came up to him. She arrived in the very middle of Ordotte's ludicrous plea for pardon, and with difficulty preserved her composure; the poor sheep by her side so lived in her presence that he scarcely saw the laughable incident before him. How beautiful she looked; not a trace of any secret grief, or recent emotion about her; certainly nothing to indicate that she felt even half as much as Ned felt the terrible thing that had happened. Vigor and joy seemed to return to Mr. Edgar with the advent of his daughter; it was as if her presence dissipated some ugly unreality; and he rose, thanked Brekbellew for his attention, and immediately transferred her to his own arm.

"Edna and I will have a little santer together," he said, bowing to Mrs. Doloran, "and later," turning his eyes to Ordotte, "I shall be happy to have some conversation with this gentleman." "Ah! his Indian stories have interested you, then," said Mrs. Doloran enthusiastically. "Yes; a little," replied Edgar with some hesitation, as if afraid to commit himself.

And he turned rather hastily away with his daughter. Ned watched them. She wondered if her cousin would tell her father then of her ghastrly discovery, or if she would wait until the morning. They turned away in the direction of the conservatory and, at the same time, Mrs. Doloran called Ned to accompany her and Mascar; they were going to attend to some detail of the illumination that was to take place at midnight.

XXX. The opportunity of speaking to Ordotte that Mr. Edgar desired, arrived just before the guests went out to view the illumination. Edna having been claimed by Carnew for the songs which she sang so well, and to which it was his delight to listen, had gone with him to the music-room, and Mrs. Doloran having disappeared to change her dress for one as appropriate for the grounds, Mascar was for the moment alone. He had not forgotten Edgar's wish to converse with him, and seeing that gentleman apparently holding a sort of dreary conversation with Brekbellew, he went up to him.

Edgar changed color; he was aware that he did so, and he fancied that Ordotte's eyes twinkled mischievously at the sight. He chafed secretly that it should be so, without well knowing why, such an exhibition of his feeling, and, in the second place, why he should care particularly for what Ordotte thought. But that gentleman said in his easy, familiar way: "Thinking that Mr. Brekbellew would like to go to the music-room, I came to offer you my company."

Brekellew was intensely grateful; his heart and his eyes were following Edna when she went away leaning upon Carnew's arm, and though, through politeness, he had offered to remain with his father, he had found it difficult to concentrate sufficient attention on what Mr. Edgar was saying to be able to reply intelligently. To be delivered then from such a situation, and to be free to go after his heart's idol, and to imagine also that Ordotte had come to him, was something of a relief. He had not forgotten Edgar's wish to converse with him, and seeing that gentleman apparently holding a sort of dreary conversation with Brekbellew, he went up to him.

Edgar and Ordotte looked at each other after his departure; a look on the part of the one that told of hidden fear and agony; on the other, of contempt and triumph. But each, on his part, was so brief, the faces returned to their usual, and the key-note of another's secret trouble. "What do you mean?" "There was suppressed passion in Edgar's low tones. "Nothing, save as you interpret it. As I told you in the preface of my story, I had had much experience with the different phases of human nature. Men have been, and are my study, when they speak, it is out of the fulness of a heart that often, unawares, has touched the keynote of another's secret trouble. Whether I have done so in your case, I leave you to judge."

Edgar stared at him. Who was this man who seemed to know his secret trouble? For, despite his love for Edna, and his absolute conviction that she was his daughter, at times a strange haunting doubt mingled with it all. Eight the doubt he did, and crush it; but it rose again, and with it rose more than once after all were his child, and that all those years he had been holding to his heart the daughter of a woman of loose and low character?

Ordotte's tale had roused anew these horrid doubts, and they raged until they were dissipated by Edna's presence, which he had hailed as a drowning marriage, and with it rose more than once after all were his child, and that all those years he had been holding to his heart the daughter of a woman of loose and low character?

"If you have guessed that I have a secret trouble, you have guessed well. Still, if Edna did but show even in her countenance a little trace of feeling for what they had both endured in the early part of the evening, Ned imagined that she would not feel quite so bitter. But the longer Ned looked at her, the brighter grew the lovely face, and it was only too evident that no shadow of the dead man rested upon her. The festivities closed, and much to the satisfaction of Carnew, without the further exhibition of any ridiculous whim by Mrs. Doloran, of any mysterious thought. Accordingly, he was very grateful, and he said his good-night to her with a tenderness that set her cheeks glowing and her heart beating violently. She had hardly recovered from her emotion, when her father, who had found it impossible, without a rudeness of which he was not capa-

ble, to leave Mrs. Doloran until that moment, came up to her to give her his escort to her room. But at his own summons she stopped suddenly, and opening the door drew her in with him. She wondered somewhat, and was a little bit dismayed, for her guilty conscience sent up its fears at once. Still, his manner was that of inimitable tenderness; and when, having closed the door behind them, he drew her forward until the soft light from a large shaded lamp fell upon her face, and folding his arms about her, said with a voice so tremulous and strange it hardly seemed to be her father: "O my daughter!" Her own feelings gave way, and she cried upon his bosom. He felt her tears and thought they were the evidence of her affection for him, of her sympathy with his own emotions, at once so intense and so inexplicable. He did not dream that her tears were those of relief; relief from the horrid fears his strange manner to her had engendered, for she knew not what might have been his paternal wrath were she still safe, were she assured her secrets were still safe, were her paternal love still undiminished, she grew confident and demonstrative in her return of his affection. She would her arms about his neck, she drew his face down to her own, and she held him as if she would never let him go.

"My own, own child!" he murmured, with a peculiar and lingering emphasis on the word own; and he continued to repeat the phrase as if there was a balm in it for his doubting and agonized heart. Never had Edna known him to be so demonstratively tender, and encouraged by that fact she was more than once on the point of telling him of young Mackay's suicide. Something whispered that it would be easier to make the revelation now, than to defer it until the morning. Yet an inexplicable fear restrained her, until he said, noticing that she continued to weep: "Why do you cry, still, my child? Surely you are not unhappy?"

"Ah, papa, not unhappy myself, but unhappy for others." Again he folded her up to him. "My darling! You have your mother's tender heart. Did only a servant have sorrow which she heard, she made it her own. For whom, my child, do you weep?" She lifted her streaming face. "They have discovered that the suicide who was found on the grounds, papa, is Mr. Mackay's son, Dick."

"What! and with his exclamation he started from her in wonder and dismay; he asked rapidly, and it seemed to her fear-stricken as she had again become—sternly: "Who recognized him?" Her cowardly heart, lest she should be asked for explanations which she would be unable to make, would not let her say as truth demanded: "I did," and though a moment before she had not intended to tell a lie, now she said without faltering: "Ned came to my room to ask me to accompany her to see him."

"Did she know that the suicide was young Mackay?" How stern was his voice; Edna cowered from it, and covered from him as he looked at her. "I don't know. She only came to me to go with her, and we both saw that it was he." "And her manner while she looked at him," the stern voice resumed, "was it such as to make you think there had been any great affection between them?" "I don't know. After looking a moment she said she was getting ill, and we returned."

"My surmises have been correct; there must have been some bond of affection between them, or else why should he come here to die? She, perhaps, actuated by a late prudence, has refused to reciprocate his affection, and he may have been driven by his despair to this deed. In any case, I feel that his death lies at her door."

"I, oh, my darling!" suddenly approaching her and again folding her to him: "that I have subjected you for any time to the influence of this woman!" "O papa! do not be too hard upon her; women sometimes cannot help being weak, and she may not have been guilty of what you think."

Her own fears that she had gone too far in criminalizing Ned, and that the meshes she had woven about another might extend far enough to entangle herself, made her earnest and touching in her plea for her cousin. But her father answered: "It is your gentle charity which urges all this; you are too guileless to suspect the wrong-doing of others. And has she proclaimed the discovery she has made, or does she mean to let the poor wretch fill an unknown grave?" "O papa! with a passionate burst of tears, she asked me if I would tell you that we had recognized him."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

THE RED MASS IN LONDON.

In Church (Once Wrecked in Genoa Riots.

When one enters the long, plain, narrow chapel of Saints Anselm and Cecilia, in the Fields of Lincoln's Inn, London, writes N. P. Murphy, in Dublin Freeman, of Oct 25, and peering from the gallery, sees beneath him the short wigs of the stuff gownsmen, the full-bottomed head-dresses and the dark robes of the queen's counsel, and the ermine and lambswool of the upright judge, he knows that he is attending the votive Mass of the Holy Ghost, invoking the blessing of the Divine Spirit upon the contumacious fort that the counsellors below may be fortunate enough to be engaged in during the ensuing legal year. The scene impresses the imagination, and the romantic story of the little chapel, exacts the admiring homage of the historic mind. It was the chapel attached to the Embassy of the King of Sardinia, and for centuries it had been the centre of Catholic interests in the very heart of the camp of the enemies of the faith. Even its privileged character as the place of worship of the Penitentiary of a foreign sovereign did not preserve it from the attacks of the rabid mob when the 'No Popery' fever seized its vitals. As soon as the bigoted shibboleth was raised up rose the rabble, and the King of Sardinia had again to rehabilitate the sacred edifice. It was a butt, a whipping post, for the London mob in the Penal days. So soon as they had blown off steam, by wrecking the chapel, they returned to their shops and their desks, until another fit of fanaticism drove them again in the direction of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

In the year 1780 Lord George Gordon stirred up the scum of the London populace, and gathered to his banner a multitude of profligate and disorderly wretches, upon folly and vice all-wise impel to supply the lack of industry by brigandage. These enthusiasts were animated by a dread that their Catholic fellow citizens should possess the same religious privileges as themselves, as well as a desire for unlimited loot. Headed by Gordon, they wrecked the Sardinian Chapel, and burned it to the ground. That such a terrible outbreak should have been allowed for exercise for days in a large and populous city seems incredible, were the fact not considered that the Lord Mayor of London took not the slightest means to quell the disturbance. But these things occurred long ago. Nowadays, though bigotry against Catholics is still rampant, it chooses milder methods of exhibition and the Church of Saints Anselm and Cecilia, appropriately situated, as it is, amidst the nests of lawyers, inaugurates the opening of the legal year, without dread of a hostile manifestation at its gates.

This year one great, red-robed figure is conspicuous by its absence. Unfortunately it is an eternal absence, and one wonders where the man is to be found who can take his place. The space left vacant is too large to be filled adequately by any man who at present practises at the English bar. Lord Russell stood out from all his competitors, a veritable Triton. His was the cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael. Perhaps among those young gownsmen worshipping below who knows but that there may be one whose genius, whose industry, whose sterling character, will one day enable him to sit, an ermine judge, in the front bench of that little chapel, let us hope, with the same humble reverence that always characterizes the child-like faith of the great legal paladin who is gone from among us. There was no Catholic judge this year to grace the red bench but Sir James Mathew, than whom no better Irishman breathes.

Among the assembled counsellors there was no lack of Irishmen. There were O'Connors, and Murphys, and other conspicuous Hibernian cognomina, who have apparently not forgotten to carry with them their devotion to their religion from the Island of Saints and, shall we say, lawyers, the two terms not being necessarily synonymous.

The practice of this religious service is not confined to England. In all the Catholic countries of the world the deliberations of the gentlemen learned in the law are fittingly preceded by a religious celebration. The practice in England was suspended at the time of the Reformation, and was not resumed till about ten years ago. The presence of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, together with an effective choir, rendered the whole ceremony one of impressiveness of which it would be difficult to surpass.

It is a fault not a virtue, to wish your humility to be recognized and applauded.—St. Bernard.

A great amount of opposition is a great help to a man; it is what he wants and must have to be good for anything. Hardship and opposition are the native soil of manhood and self reliance. John Neal.

The mischief of flattery is, not that it persuades any man that he is what he is not, but that it suppresses the influence of honest ambition by raising an opinion that honor may be gained without the merit of toil.—Johnson.

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.

"Lead, Kindly Light" was the expression of the feelings of a great soul inspired by the Holy Ghost. That soul had been struggling in the dark and gloom for years, humbly and earnestly seeking for light and truth. It was a sincere appeal to God for help. "Our Father," How many such petitions had gone out from that soul before this one was written, and how many followed it before the light came dimly, as though through a glass, and before it was led into all truth! No one but God knows of the struggles and wrestlings that preceded and followed it till it submitted humbly to the guidance of His Church. How many earnest men and women has it taught to say with moistened lips and upturned eyes on bended knee, "Lead Thou me on." Only great souls submit with humility and childlike simplicity, or understand what it means to go to Him like little children. The light came and the great Apostle was glorified and sanctified, and the Apologia came forth, and other great works from his pen followed, and his voice was heard and his self-denying life was felt, and the world has been lifted up and Christianized by them. He walked in His steps, and led many others to walk in them. He was in the world, but not of the world. He kept the commandments. He followed Jesus. He loved his fellow men

JANUARY 5, 1901.

THROUGH THE TRANSMOM.

Judge in? Young Parmelee wheeled about quickly in his revolving chair, astonished at the unexpected voice, for the elderly man who uttered the words had entered the room without a sound; yet there he was, standing in the centre of the apartment, and the door had undoubtedly opened to admit him and was now closed behind him.

Jackson Caskey to rob the bank for him, or, rather, they were to rob it together. They laid their plans to rob the safe, and then blow it up on a certain night, and Jackson Caskey said he knew all about how it ought to be done. So he went away and got a lot of powder, and brought it back and stored it in a safe place to use when they wanted it.

had pushed past him and reached the prostrate form, turned it over, and placed his hand on the heart. "Elnora," he said, "he's dead. He'll be all right in a minute. Get some water."

At this time the Apostles left Jerusalem only upon short missionary journeys, returning thither after a few days at most. When Peter was released from prison during the persecutions of 43 he directed his steps toward the house of Mary, the mother of John, where many were assembled in prayer (Acts xii, 12).

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"Hit the Nail On the Head."

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Sick Headache—"I was troubled with sick headache. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, my husband having been cured of all rheum by it, and soon it made me feel like a new woman." Mrs. Robert McAfee, Deerhurst, Ont.



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VIRGIN MARY'S TOMB

Interesting Argument Regarding its Whereabouts. When the Kaiser paid his famous visit to Palestine a little more than a year ago the religious world was stirred by the presentation to him the site of the Dormito, or place where the Virgin had lived after the crucifixion, and where she died.

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Published Weekly at 424 and 426 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

REV. GEORGE W. NORTHGRAVE, Editor
Author of "Mistakes of Modern India."

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

London, Saturday, January 5, 1901.

DIocese of London.

His Lordship, the Bishop of London, has made the following appointments:
Venerable Archdeacon Andrieux, to Beile River; Rev. Father Plannery, to Irishtown; Rev. Father Meunier, to Windsor; Rev. Father Brady, to Wallaceburg; Rev. Father Ronan, to Logan and Mitchell; Rev. Father Courtois, to Paincourt; Rev. Father McMeamin, to new parish of Clinton and Blythe; Rev. Father Fogarty, to new parish of Dublin; Rev. Father Bechard, to Drysdale; Rev. Father Hanlon, to St. Augustine; Rev. Fathers Downey and Hogan, assistants at Windsor.

THE POPE AND THE JEWS

A telegram from Italy states that the Holy Father has sent instructions to the Bishops of Austria, Germany, and France directing them to give no countenance or support to the Anti Semitic movement in their respective countries. It is added that if these instructions are found to be insufficient to arrest the movement referred to, a Papal encyclical will be issued on the same subject in order to effect the purpose aimed at. The Holy Father, in his unlimited charity, cannot, and will not, give any encouragement to persecution for conscience' sake.

THE POPE MUST BE FREE.

A despatch from Rome states that the Pope's allocution delivered at the secret consistory held on the 18th inst. expressed the Holy Father's gratitude to God for sparing him to complete the Holy Year of Jubilee. The Holy Father made also a strong complaint against the Italian Government, which persists in keeping from him his just right to govern the temporal estates of the Church. His Holiness said: Truly, it is a calamity for us that has deprived the Pontiff of his just and legitimate sovereignty, which is closely bound up with his freedom. His ministry is now under the power of other men. The Pope is entirely subject to their caprices. The difficulties were increased when a short time ago we saw oppressed when Rome passed from one hand to another, as if it were a mere matter of right, and not the outcome of injustice. We wish the rights of the Papacy to remain safe and intact, and declare that neither time nor success of governments can suppress or diminish of imperishable rights of the Pontiff.

A GOOD MOVE.

A mass meeting of women was held in Philadelphia on December 17th, to protest against the spread of polygamy, which is taking place in several states in the West owing to strenuous efforts made by the Mormons to propagate their tenets. It is positively stated that, in spite of their pretence that polygamy has been given up, it is defiantly continued. Dr. S. J. Elliott, an Episcopal deaconess of Utah, in her address, said: "Polygamy is spreading with Mormonism. It is not confined to Utah, but exists in Idaho, New Mexico, Arizona, Wyoming, Nevada and Colorado. If four more states are added to the nine in which the Mormons have already political power, it will be impossible to legislate against them."

It was resolved to petition Congress to take steps for the passing of a Constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy and depriving polygamists of the franchise. It is believed that this would check the evil.

We can be merry as well as religious! One is as much a privilege of our nature as the other, and as deserving of attention and cultivation, but they are not separable. They are to be bound up in each other, they never thrive apart.

THE CHURCH IN CHINA.

Cardinal Vaughan, according to a despatch from London, has issued a pastoral letter which was read in all the Catholic churches on Sunday, December 6, giving details of the martyrdom of Catholics in China. He is said to have stated that there are 750,000 Catholic communicants in the empire, according to which estimate the total number of Catholics would be probably over a million. This is a higher estimate than is usually made. The priests ministering to the spiritual needs of the empire numbered 942 Europeans and 445 natives. The persecution has swept away nearly all the material work of the Church which it has taken centuries to build up. The loss includes 4348 churches and chapels, 4,000 elementary schools, 47 seminaries and many other schools of high grade.

His Eminence says that the upheaval is primarily a revolt against Christianity, but it was roused into activity by foreign, and especially by Russian and German encroachments on Chinese territory.

It will take a long time to restore all these improvements which have been destroyed, but the work of converting the heathen must and will be continued with renewed vigor by the missionaries of the Church, as soon as the door is again opened for them to enter the country, for Our Lord's commission to the apostles, and through them to their successors, must be fulfilled, to preach His gospel to all nations, and His blessing will surely attend the work, for He has said: "Blessed are you when men shall revile and persecute you, and say all that is evil against you for my sake."

The number of Catholic native converts killed during the persecution is estimated at about 50,000, and would have been much larger but that in many instances they fought the hordes of persecutors with heroic courage.

SIR FRANK SMITH.

Those who have the pleasure of knowing Sir Frank Smith will recognize in the following kindly editorial reference in the Toronto Globe a sketch of the distinguished gentleman which is not at all overdrawn. Sir Frank Smith has done noble work in his adopted land. He is one of those great characters—honest, persevering, industrious, noble-minded and noble-hearted—who may with every sense of justice be termed nation-builders. May we not hope that some years may still be added to his honored life—that his friends may have the pleasure of his society and his country the benefit of his broad and matured opinion on matters of public interest:—

"We should hope that at this Christmas time the thoughts of many among us would turn to the sick room of Sir Frank Smith. He has lain for many months upon a bed of pain and weakness, and they say he has borne the hard decrees which reveal a good and reverent heart and courage equal to any fortune. Sir Frank Smith has been the central figure in many a stout battle, and but few of those who contended against him will now deny that he was a good fighter, a modest winner and a manly loser. We are far from admitting that his was always the sound cause, but each battled from his own standpoint, and only time and history will determine the merits of those past debates. Old age rests upon some necks like a benediction, and as the years grow upon Frank Smith we all saw his face soften and his sympathies widen, and to the old statesman party seemed to become less and the state more and more. We think the worst statesman is well used in this connection. In two or three crises of grave moment his was the clear vision and the strong hand, and his courageous loyalty to great undertakings to which the nation has set its hand, counted much for his party and something for the country. But we need not forestall history, and the story will be better told later.

"Frank Smith has been successful beyond most of his fellows, and we are sure he never held his head a whit the higher nor lost in any degree his plain simplicity of character because of the great measure of success which he has achieved. It is true he seems to delight in the look backward, but he is so generous and so ingenious that the rest of us have even greater delight in his reminiscences to the scenes of earlier plans and early labors. He has always loved sport, not on its mercenary side, but in the spirit of Englishmen who race for the Derby and follow the hounds, and that phase of his character gives him many friends in this community. There are in Canada few more zealous champions of local self-government for Ireland, but he conceals no separatist notions, and even the most strenuous opponents of home rule know that his zeal for that cause is a conviction, and not a profession pursued as a means to party ends or personal advertisement. His years have been long, his life strenuous and his work fruitful in the upbuilding of great private and public enterprises. He enjoys in an unusual degree the esteem of all sections of the country, he has outlived the asperities born of the conflicts of other times, and he has to-day the good will, the sympathy and the respect of a multitude of his fellow-citizens all over the Dominion."

CHRISTMAS DAY AND PRESBYTERIAN REVISION.

The various Protestant denominations of Montreal had a Union service on Christmas day in connection with the French Evangelization Mission. We understand that this mission is under the auspices of the Presbyterians, and that the Calvinistic or Presbyterian Presbyterians and Baptists fraternized with Arminian Baptists and Methodists for this occasion—only. We have not learned that the An-

glican clergy participated, as they have their own liturgy for the great festival, and, besides, the Anglicans are too jealous of their supposed claim to Apostolic succession to fraternize in matters of religion with those who make no pretence of possessing it.

The Westminster Confession of Faith, to which Presbyterians profess to adhere, expressly declares that Saints' festivals, and observances of any feasts not laid down in Holy Scripture are expressly forbidden by the law of God, and, of course, Christmas Day comes under this prohibition. Even the observance of Sunday comes under the category, though none carry this observance to greater extremity than Presbyterians; the Sabbath or Saturday being the weekly festival prescribed in Scripture as the weekly day of rest; but Christmas has no corresponding festival under the Old Law, nor is it commanded in Scripture to be observed. According to the Presbyterian rule, therefore, its observance is strictly forbidden by the law of God.

Why then do they begin to observe it now after ignoring it for three and a half centuries? It is easily seen that the Canada Presbyterian body are gradually changing the Confession of Faith while pretending to observe it faithfully. Christmas day is purely a festival of the Catholic Church, so that, according to their own principles, the Presbyterians are adopting the practices of "Antichrist and the Synagogue of Satan," while professing to be the "only true religion!"

In fact we have in past years noticed in our own city of London, that while the other churches were engaged in solemn worship of the new born Saviour, in the Presbyterian churches there was the stillness of death. They would not participate, forsooth, in idolatrous observances!

The question now arises: Are they going to become "idolaters" at last? The Canadian Presbyterians evidently do not need to revise their Confession of Faith, as those of the United States propose to do. They have a way of revision of their own. They are quietly dropping articles of the Confession, while stoutly maintaining that they are strict observers of the Law.

BAPTISM AND THE BAPTISTS.

We already in our issue of Dec. 15 gave a brief account of the origin and principal and distinctive doctrines of the Baptist denomination and showed the Scriptural authority for the practice of the Catholic Church to administer baptism by pouring water on the person to be baptized. Baptism, however, may be administered validly in any one of three ways, namely, by immersion, pouring, or sprinkling. It was shown that there is no reason for the contention of the Baptists that Baptism may be conferred by immersion only.

If it is proper now to show that the Church from the beginning practised baptism in all the modes here indicated. And first we should say a few words to explain the force of the authority of the constant practice of the Church in such matters.

Christ established His Church to teach all nations, and in giving this authority He especially commanded His Apostles to baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." (St. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.) While this commission was given, Christ promised His apostles: "Behold! I am with you all days even to the consummation (end) of the world."

The Apostles fulfilled their commission by beginning the work; but its perpetuation was to be kept up only by their successors, as the Apostles were not to live long enough to complete it. Hence we find that the Church must preserve the valid mode of Baptism forever, whereas the commandment could not otherwise be fulfilled.

The same may be inferred from the fact that Christ built His Church upon a sure foundation, that is, on a rock (Peter) promising that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. (St. Matt. xvi. 18.)

This Church was propagated by the preaching of the Apostles, and the Lord (on their preaching) added to it daily such as should be saved. (Acts iv. 1, 2; ii. 47; v. 14; etc. passim). St. Paul declares that the "Church of the living God," thus built up, "is the pillar and the ground of truth." (1 Tim. iii. 15)

Now it is undeniable that the same organization existed at the period when Luther, also Munzer and Storck, the founder of the Anabaptist or Bap-

tist sect, raised the standard of revolt against it, on the plea that it had become corrupt. In spite of this pretence that organization was still the same Church of the living God, which it could not have been if the only valid form of baptism had fallen into disuse for centuries; and, according to the Baptist theory, it could never have been restored, inasmuch as, by that theory, only baptized persons can administer the sacrament of baptism. There were no immersed Christians to reproduce the Church, and both Munzer and Storck were not themselves baptized (by immersion).

We must infer that the mode of baptism, which was then in use, by pouring, was a valid mode, and that immersion was not necessary, valid though we concede it to have been, and to be still.

But this reasoning is still more strong as applied to the early Church at the time when even the Baptists concede that the Church was pure. It would be absurd to suppose that the mission of Christ on earth to save mankind was an utter failure. Yet this it would have been if the early Church had already lost so efficient a means of grace as true Baptism is conceded to be. Without the second birth "no man can see the kingdom of God." (St. Jno. iii. 3)

How, then, are we to know the teaching of the early Church? What was her teaching when the early Christians were suffering the bitter persecutions of the first three centuries for Christ's sake? These devoted followers of Jesus who were ready to suffer to the utmost, even to death, for the faith of Christ, certainly must have preserved the ordinance of baptism in its original purity, and the same is to be said of the Christians of the fourth and fifth centuries which received the faith immediately from the Martyrs and Saints who lived through these persecutions. Their testimony is good both as doctors, members, and teachers of the Church, and as historians who tell us what the Church believed in their time, and what they received as the constant teaching of the Church from the centuries preceding their date.

The first testimony of this kind to which we may refer is found in the Catacombs which were frequented by the Christians of the first three centuries down to 317 and for some time after, as places of refuge for their persecutors. Here they held divine service and worshipped God, offered up the sacrifice of the Mass, and administered all the sacraments. The side walls of these catacombs, and particularly of the chapels found in them are decorated with pictures representing many events of scripture and Church history. Among these pictures the administration of Baptism is shown frequently, both by immersion and the pouring of water on the head of the person baptized, showing that both modes were practiced. When the baptism was by pouring, the baptizer usually poured the water from a shell.

From among the early Fathers we have St. Justin of the second century, who relates "the manner whereby we have dedicated ourselves to God . . . and they are washed in that water in the name of the Father . . . and of Our Saviour Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Spirit. For Christ also said: 'Except ye be born again, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven . . . that we may obtain in the water remission of sins whereby we have beforetime transgressed, etc. (Apology; 61. Benedictine edition, Paris.)

St. Theophilus of the same age says: "we obtain repentance and remission of sins through water and the laver of regeneration." (To Autychus.)

Numerous other Fathers speak similarly showing that Baptism really gives sin which is the Catholic doctrine, but contrary to that of nearly all Protestant sects, Baptist included.

Origen says: "It is not possible to receive forgiveness of sins without baptism." (To the Martyrs)

It is only once in a while that the Fathers who speak of this sacrament inform us how baptism was given, but Theodoret in the fifth century, applying the words of Ezekiel xxxvi, 25 says: "The water of regeneration wherein when baptized we received the remission of sins, he (the prophet) calls clean water." (T 2.)

The words of Ezekiel are therefore held to be a prophecy of baptism, and even Rabbi David and the Chaldee paraphrase interpret them as dealing a means of forgiveness of sins. They are translated in the Vulgate "Effundum"

"I will pour clean water upon you and you shall be cleansed from all your idols, and I will cleanse you from all your idols, and I will give you a new heart and put a

new spirit within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh, etc."

The Protestant "Authorized and Revised" versions have "I will sprinkle clean water."

The Hebrew word is Zarag which is used to signify to sprinkle or scatter in the manner of dust, and cannot mean immersion. This word may be used of things dry, as dust, as in Job ii, 12: "They sprinkled dust upon their heads," or of liquids in the passage from Eszechiel above quoted, and in Num. xix. 13: "The water of separation was not sprinkled upon him." Many other Fathers give a similar application to the words of the prophet, and from passages occurring in their writings it is clear that the three modes of Baptism above mentioned were in use in the early Church, and not immersion exclusively.

In the recently discovered writing called Didache which gives the teaching of the Apostles, is found the following: "But if thou have not living water, baptize in other water, and if thou canst not in cold, do so in warm. But if thou have not either, pour on the head water thrice in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

This writing belongs to the second century. St. Cyprian says (in de clericis), "The divine blessings should not be mutilated but (the candidate for baptism) should obtain the sprinkling of water as a saving laver." (Ep. to Magnus.)

In addition to these examples, the Deacon Lawrence baptized Romanus by effusion or pouring on of water. St. Benignus baptized St. Symphorianus in the same way. These examples prove that Baptism was administered by pouring as well as by immersion, and both forms were held to be valid.

THE INQUISITION.

S. G. Stevens of Athens requests us, for the information of himself and some friends, to give some information concerning the origin of the Inquisition, and the character of its judgments as it existed in several countries of Europe. This request arises out of a brief account of that tribunal delivered by the Rev. Father Rennatal, S. M., before the recent Australian Catholic Congress, and which appeared in our columns in our issue of Dec. 8th.

The Inquisition was first established in France in the year 1215. Under the name of Albigenses, an old sect known by the name of Manicheans had been revived, who surpassed the ancient Manicheans in the hatred of the Catholic faith.

The error of the Manicheans that there were two creative principles infinite in power, one good and one evil, who were always acting against each other, was renewed. The Albigenses not only taught this horrible doctrine, which revived the error of some Saracen sects, and practically made two Gods, but added other errors which were calculated to destroy Christianity itself. They denied the future life and immortality of the soul, and all exterior worship of God. Hence, their aim was the overthrow of religion, and in fact they destroyed churches, pillaged the Catholic towns in the south of France, and carried destruction to all who would not accept their teachings. It was necessary that the successive kings of France should endeavor to suppress these heretics by force of arms.

St. Dominic endeavored by the zealous preaching of the word of God to combat the evil. But though Dominic and his coadjutors had great success, the king found it necessary to employ more stringent measures to suppress the Albigenses and their atrocities. In 1215 St. Dominic was made first Inquisitor or chief judge of the Court of Inquisition for the examination of those who still adhered to the Albigensian heresy even subsequently to and after their having been defeated in war after several years' defiance of the authority of the king. St. Dominic founded the Dominican Religious Order, otherwise called the Order of Preachers, in the same year, and within one year it attained such a high repute through the zeal of its members and such success in the conversion of souls to God that it was approved by the Pope in 1216. In 1221 St. Dominic died.

When the Albigenses were suppressed, the tribunal of the Inquisition had no further purpose, but in the year 1284, owing to a revival of that dangerous heresy, it was re-established by Raymond VII, Count of Toulouse.

Among the laws which he promulgated, there were several clauses of

great severity, the chief of which were:

- 1. That adherents of the Albigensian heresy should not absent themselves from their place of residence without leave from the prefect of the place, who would grant leave of absence if good reasons were given for it. The punishment for disobedience to this law was deprivation of their goods.
- 2. A similar penalty was inflicted on those who, having once embraced the Catholic religion, refused to make public profession thereof.
- 3. The State confiscated the properties of those who renounced the Catholic faith to embrace the Albigensian heresy.

The Albigenses were in open revolt against the kingdom of France, and Louis VIII. had by this time reduced the rebels to obedience, and as Raymond himself had espoused the Albigensian cause, he wished to show the sincerity of his submission to his Suzerain the king by establishing this court to maintain the king's rights.

It was the office of the Inquisition to discover whether the accused was truly converted to the Catholic faith, or remained an Albigensian, and there its work ended. Thus there were some of the judges or inquisitors who were ecclesiastics, but it was the secular courts which inflicted the punishments above referred to, and the Inquisition itself was in reality a civil court established with a civil purpose in view, which was to detect those who were rebellious to the royal authority, as may be seen from what we have explained.

In Spain the Inquisition was re-instituted in the year 1480 by Ferdinand and Isabella, and its purpose was very similar to that for which it was originally established in France, but the aim was against the Jews and Moors, as the Albigenses were no longer occupying the field. Thomas de Torquemada was made the Inquisitor in Chief. He was Prior of the Dominican order in Segovia. He was a priest, and this is a sufficient reason why enemies of the Catholic Church have represented him as a monster of cruelty and inhumanity, but the truth is he moderated greatly the severity with which the law would have been administered without him. But he could not control the law, which was made for the protection of the State against conspirators.

The Kingdom of Cordova was at this time in possession of the Moors, whereas by the marriage of Ferdinand of Arragon and Isabel of Castile, the rest of Spain, with the exception of Navarre, was united into one monarchy. The Moors in Castile and Arragon naturally sympathized with those of Granada and were in constant communication with the enemies of Christian Spain. The Jews detested almost equally both Christians and Mohammedans, but the Christians most of all, and they took part in many plots, even aiming at the delivery of the Christian strongholds into the hands of the Moors. Many both of the Moors and Jews also had made outward profession of the Catholic faith, yet were in secret league with the enemies of Spain, and it was to prevent their machinations that Ferdinand and Isabella, and not the Church, instituted the Inquisition. The priests who were inquisitors were appointed by the State, that is, by the King, and not by the Church; but the laws of the Church prohibited them from pronouncing any death sentence or sentence of torture.

It is also commonly said that the auto da fe (act of faith) which is spoken of in connection with the sentence of the Inquisition consisted of the burning of the heretics who had been condemned, and that Bishops and priests assisting thereat gloated over the sufferings endured. All this is a misrepresentation of the case. This act of faith, as the name implies, was simply the profession of Christian faith made by those who adjured their errors and promised to lead Christian lives in the future.

It is to be noted here that at the period when the Inquisition flourished in Spain, the opinion was prevalent both in Catholic and Protestant countries that the power of the State should be exerted to maintain the religion of the State and to punish heresy. It was so in Catholic Spain as well as Protestant England; but the punishment of heresy by capital punishment was never approved by the Catholic Church, nor by the Pope, who, on the contrary, many times rebuked the kings of Spain for their severity in punishing heresy; for when the Inquisition ceased to have for its object the saving of the country from Moorish and Jewish traitors, it was turned against Protestantism

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which then began to make its appearance.

The Spanish sovereigns had witnessed the wars waged in Germany, Switzerland, France and Austria by Protestant zealots, and resolved to keep Protestantism out of the country, and the court of the Inquisition, which was already in existence, was an easily available means for doing this; but from the single fact that Protestantism never had a foothold in the country, it followed that the Inquisition had not nearly one-tenth so many victims as the penal laws enforced by the British Government in the kingdom of England, Ireland and Scotland; and the laws of the three kingdoms prescribed more cruel treatment of both Catholics and non-conforming Protestants, than was inflicted by the Spanish Inquisition in its worst days.

We do not defend the Inquisition. Its severity is against the sentiment of the present age, and not only did several Popes condemn its severe penalties, being in advance of the age in assisting the principle of judicial leniency, but they also succeeded in influencing successive kings to mitigate the severity of the penalties inflicted. We have to add on this point only the reflection that there has undoubtedly been religious persecution perpetrated by Catholics against Protestants, by Protestants against Catholics, and against their fellow Protestants. As a matter of fact persecutions by Protestants exceed those by Catholics at least five times. Yet it should be borne in mind that persecutions by Protestants were inflicted to force a new religion upon Catholics, or to deprive their fellow Protestants of the religious liberty they claimed for themselves, while the persecutions by Catholics were done to maintain the faith of fifteen centuries, and prevent it from being overturned. Farther, it is necessary to state that the historian Llorente, who has been relied upon for testimony to the cruelty of the Spanish Inquisition, is entirely unreliable. He was a mere tool in the hands of Napoleon Bonaparte in his spoliation of the Church and the religious houses, and, of course, he endeavored to justify his conduct by misrepresenting the Catholic religion and the Orders in every way possible.

Our correspondent asks also when the Inquisition was suppressed. It was abolished in Spain in 1808; in Parma and Tuscany in 1789; as generally stated by historians; in Sicily in 1782, and in Rome in 1809. The tribunal was revived in Rome at a later period, but as revived it has not inflicted any other than spiritual penalties, Bishops being called upon by it to suppress false and dangerous doctrines, so far as their powers of moral influence extend.

It is clear from what we have stated here that declamation against the atrocities of the Inquisition are out of place in the mouth of Protestants, who have been themselves persecutors more violent than the tribunal of Inquisition. They have persecuted in England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Holland, France, Switzerland, Austria and America; yet we have no desire to recriminate by recalling "railling for railing."

WHY THE CHURCH WAS ESTABLISHED.

As the Church was established by Jesus Christ to perpetuate the work which He had begun, it follows that the reconciliation of sinners to God was to be the principal office of the Church. But the important question here presents itself—how was man to obtain forgiveness in the Church after Our Lord's ascension? Was Jesus Christ to appear in person to every sinful soul, and say to each penitent as He said to Magdalen, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," or did He intend to delegate this power of forgiving sins to ministers appointed for that purpose?

"We know full well that our Saviour never promised to present Himself visibly to each sinner, nor has He done so. His plan, therefore, must have been to appoint ministers of reconciliation to act in His name. It has always indeed, been the practice of Almighty God, both in the Old and the New Law to empower human agents to execute His merciful designs. When Jehovah resolved to deliver the children of Israel from the captivity of Egypt; He appointed Moses as their deliverer.

"When God wished them to escape from the pursuit of Pharaoh, across the Red sea, did He intervene directly? No, but by His instructions Moses raised his hand over the waters, and they were instantly divided. When the people were dying of thirst in the desert did God come visibly to their rescue? No; but Moses struck a rock, from which the water instantly issued. When Paul was going to Damascus, breathing vengeance against the Christians, did Our Saviour personally restore his sight, and con-

vert and baptize him? No; he sent Paul to His servant Ananias, who restored his sight and baptized him.

THE POWER OF THE PRIEST. "When I think of this tremendous power which we possess, I congratulate the members of the Church, for whose benefit it is conferred; I tremble for myself and fellow ministers, for terrible is our responsibility, while we have nothing to glory in. Christ is the treasure; we are but the pack horses that carry it. Christ is the Shepherd; we are the pipe He uses to call His sheep. Our words sounding in the confessional are but the feeble echo of the voice of the spirit of God that purifies the apostles in the councils of Jerusalem."

MGR. FALCONIO AT A MISSION TO NON-CATHOLICS.

Progress of the Paulists' Great Work. Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

Father Younan, the Paulist missionary, has recently finished a mission to non-Catholics in the parish that is served by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate and contiguous to the University of Ottawa, Canada. There had been many misgivings as to the willingness of the people to attend when the mission was arranged for but these were readily dispelled on the first evening found the church so crowded that he was compelled to admit the men into the sanctuary. The promise of the opening was fulfilled by the eager attention manifested during the sessions and the pointedness of the questions asked. The Canadian people are deeply interested in religious questions. The race antagonisms have kept the religious questions far into the front in the popular mind so it was no difficult matter to force the argument to a definite conclusion. The rest of the mission was thirty-one converts received, with three times that number still in the inquiry class. Of these latter it is a very conservative statement to say that 75 per cent. will be received. Father Fallon has interested himself personally in the work and has taken immediate charge of the inquiry class.

The mission was notable from the fact that Mgr. Falconio the Apostolic Delegate to Canada attended in order to investigate methods and to watch results. The Delegate called on the missionary at the close and said: "I am pleased to see such attention and reverence on the part of non-Catholics both during the sermon and the other exercises. I congratulate you on the success your efforts have met with." He expressed his astonishment that fifteen thousand leaflets and books were distributed gratis. "God," he said, "is very good. They will not only read them themselves, but take the leaflets home—their families will read them and greater good will be done."

There are many signs that the movement which has for its main purpose the making of converts is advancing with great strides. Cardinal Gibbons some ten years ago placed the number of converts received at thirty thousand a year. Since then it has increased at least twenty five per cent. After speaking of the recent influx into the Catholic Church of many who had been without any church home, Father Elliott said in a recent discourse: "It is a vast undertaking to explain the doctrine of the Catholic Church to the American people. But we are equal to it. We have the true faith and we can prove it. We have the Holy Spirit to guide us. We have a splendid clergy, led by noble Bishops and enrolled in many glorious religious orders. The Church of Christ was made to do great things, and chiefly to save the nations of the world. And now we have begun to organize our home missions. The Catholic Missionary Union is a corporation of prelates and priests whose purpose it is to raise funds and support priests and distribute literature for the purpose of explaining Catholic doctrine to non-Catholics. It has among its directors two of the Archbishops of the country. Our main efforts are directed towards those parts of the country where Catholics are fewest and Protestants have everything their own way—the South. Though but a few years in existence our corporation now supports priests in Virginia, North Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi and Texas, zealous and successful missionaries, whose sole occupation is making converts. Besides this, a very large amount of missionary literature, books, pamphlets, and leaflets are either given away or sold for a nominal price and these are distributed almost everywhere in America."

Besides this part of the work, several Bishops have recent years organized diocesan bands of missionaries, and although they give Catholic missions, yet their first duty is to non-Catholics, whom they convert in considerable numbers, mainly by giving non-Catholic missions. These missionaries are now permanently established and at work in the dioceses of New York, Hartford, Cleveland and several dioceses in the West, and have begun in the dioceses of Providence and Manchester. This form of apostolic enterprise will no doubt extend to or nearly all the dioceses of the country, and it will, in my opinion, be the most efficacious means of bringing the American people to a better knowledge of the claims of the Catholic Church. It will enlist in this work that part of the Catholic clergy which is the most universal, the most numerous and the most intimately acquainted with non-Catholics, namely the diocesan clergy.

The laity, too, have a part to play and a great one. For if the Bishops and priests are the main arteries of truth and love flowing from the Heart of Jesus, the laity are the smaller ones and they are the innumerable veins bringing the whole world back again to that fountain of life for renewal. Meantime all the religious orders are doing good work in bringing wanderers back to the old Mother Church. Besides the Paulists, whose primacy of position is non-Catholic missions, the Passionists have entered heartily into the American Apostolate, having lately given to it two of their ablest priests, whose labors are wholly gratuitous, and have resulted in many conversions.

That God wills that this great work should be begun at once is also evident. What but the divine Spirit of Truth moves our separated brethren to give us a hearing? What else impels so many fervent Catholics to pray for our non-Catholic brethren? What but God's love has inspired our zealous missionaries to the colored people and the Indians? What else instills missionary zeal into the hearts of Bishops, priests and leading spirits among the laity, and what else but God's spirit has brought in so many converts? What has stirred the soul of Leo XIII., the shepherd to fall Christendom, to lift his voice to the whole world in so many earnest appeals for the return of the straying sheep of Christ? This statement is but a faint echo of that voice, at once so majestic, loving, tender, entreating.

A CONVERTS' CONVENTION.

They Miss the Social Side of Protestantism.

It is timely to suggest anew the convention of converts. Little groups of converts are gathering in the large centres of population for the purpose of giving prominence to the idea of conversion as well as with the idea of extending a warm hand of welcome to those who have been the condemned of friends by becoming Catholics. We who are born in the faith and are accustomed to the democratic methods of our churches find it very hard to appreciate the loneliness of converts when the first flush of conversion has worn away.

They have been very much accustomed to the social life in non-Catholic churches. One of the principal means of holding Protestant bodies together is the social bond. The fact of the matter is so much so has this social factor entered into the life of the churches that there is little else left. They have become social clubs. When one disentangles himself from all these obligations and side functions, and is conscience sake comes back to the old Mother Church where, after all, it is the religious element that is cultivated and the social side ignored, he is impressed with a sense of utter loneliness.

A very highly educated convert said to me the other day—she had been a Catholic but seven months—"Oa," she said, "I have been afflicted with utter desolation since I became a Catholic. If I go into a Protestant church some one always comes to speak to me, invites me to a festival and makes me feel at home, but since I have been going to the Catholic church no one has even so much as spoken to me. I go to Mass every Sunday because I know it is my duty, and I come away with a sense of having done what I should for God. There is not one bit of human comfort in it all for me. All my friends go elsewhere, and they who still think I am sane tell me of the charming people they meet and of the agreeable chats with their clergyman, but I have to tread my path alone. I do not in any sense regret the step I have taken, and God very largely makes up to me of his own sweetness for the human pleasures I have left behind, but I see no reason why there should not be a few more attractions from a human point of view in becoming a Catholic. It is so, and if these Convert Leagues that are forming in our large cities do no more good than the extending of a cordial hand grasp to new comers they will have achieved a good thing.

They will do more. They will give prominence to the idea of conversion. They will let the world see the calibre of the men and the women who leave all for conscience sake and come into the church. They will be moreover most powerful incentives to many others who are hesitating, urging them to make the important step.

The formation of Convert Leagues in various cities will be the material from which a convention will be gathered. We hope before long to see this project materialize.

When it does gather it will be a revelation to many to see the number and the high character of the delegates who will be accredited to it. There are in the seminaries of this country as many as a hundred earnest intelligent young men who have become convinced of the hollowness of Protestantism as a religion and have shaken the dust of it off their feet and their minds where there is peace for their minds and solace for their hearts.

These are all converts within the last few years. There are thousands among the devout laity who, forgetting the things that are behind, have pressed on to the supernatural prize and many of these are in high station as well as in low station. Some of them have sacrificed the dearest things of life, as only be great souls can sacrifice in order to be at peace with their own conscience. A very close estimate of the number of converts received into the Church in this country every year places the number at 40,000.

Every one of them all with praise and prayer to its Almighty Founder, is once more and still as ever at its post of duty, more powerful in numbers than at any previous period, and progressing, as the years and centuries roll on, in zeal and earnestness and devotion in the prosecution of its sacred and glorious mission.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

PROGRESS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Among the distinguishing features associated with the century which in a few days will be numbered with the past, one of the most noteworthy is the contention constantly and persistently urged by its champions and admirers, so to speak, that in the matter of what is called progress it has surpassed far and away all its predecessors since the beginning of recorded time. This has been particularly the boast of Anglo-Saxon literature for at least fifty years, and of course, a very large, if not the largest, share of the credit and honor has been and is claimed as appertaining to the Anglo-Saxons themselves.

But whatever can or may be said still further on the general question of progress, either as to alleged fact, or as to the assignment of credit more or less to one race or country or another, it cannot be doubted that in our great province—and that of the highest human interest—the latter part of the nineteenth century has witnessed retrogression rather than progress among the afore-mentioned claimants to the lion's share of honor in respect to the century's achievements. These achievements—that is, of the Protestant English-speaking races—do not include progress in Christianity, the high interest to which we refer, and which is in a high degree proper to engage a share of our thoughts at the approach of the greatest and holiest of Christian festivals. Outside the Catholic Church Christianity has notably retrograded during the closing years of the century. The fact is manifest to everybody who reads the books or newspapers of the day that "the high criticism"—that is, they no longer accept the Bible as the inspired Word of God; in other words, they are no longer Christians. In all or nearly all the non-Catholic seats of learning—in the Protestant universities and colleges—the same spirit prevails. Many of the professors in those institutions are agnostics or infidels. In the political world, too, and in the world of literature (outside the Catholic Church) there is almost universal disbelief in Christianity in its entirety, the favorite maxim being that "one religion is as good as another," or that "it is no matter what religion you belong to, if you are an honest man and do no wrong to your neighbor."

This is the "religion" of a vast mass of people of our time—perhaps of a majority of those who are not Catholics. Nevertheless there is at least one respect having close relation to Christianity in which progress has certainly been made, and that is in the celebration of Christmas and the revival of many customs peculiarly fitting to religious customs of the Catholic Church, and ever in the Catholic Church associated with that holy season. Fifty years ago Christmas Day was not noticed more than any other day in most parts of English-speaking America, except by Catholics. The ultra Protestant idea was that the celebration of Christmas was "Popery" and, of course, to be condemned if only on that account.

But the "Popery" of observing and celebrating Christmas, not only as a holiday but as a holy day, has progressed and prevailed against the most obstinate prejudices. The great day is now honored every where throughout the land, by suspension of secular business and by services in the churches of nearly all denominations, while the whole Christmas time—four days before and days after the festival itself—is regarded by every one as the most appropriate season for works of benevolence and brotherly love—for charity in all its various forms, for good fellowship, for the display and exercise of the strongest human sympathies, for happy social and family reunions, for everything, in short, that is implied in the great Christmas benison of "peace on earth to men of good will."

Here, then, is a progress that is well worth noting at the close of the nineteenth century—the progress of Christianity in the minds and hearts and affections of vast communities in which little honored and little thought of. Perhaps it may be that through this blessed and widespread revival, in part at least, of one of the holy practices of the Christian Church, further progress in the right direction may mark the early years of the coming century. To earnestly hope and pray for this is the duty of all Catholics, and in all the Catholic Churches the closing hour of the old and the opening of the new century will be devoted to the performance of that duty as well as to praise and thanksgiving to God for all the blessings of the past.

Thus the Church which began with the first century and has ushered in every one of them all with praise and

prayer to its Almighty Founder, is once more and still as ever at its post of duty, more powerful in numbers than at any previous period, and progressing, as the years and centuries roll on, in zeal and earnestness and devotion in the prosecution of its sacred and glorious mission.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

HUMANITY'S LEVER.

Religion a Power to Lift the Heart Above Worldly Trials.

BY RIGHT REV. BISHOP CHATARD. It is not on the physical or psychological conditions of a country that the rarity of suicide depends. Troubles come everywhere: Care enthrones herself in the palace and in the home, on the sunlit prairie and on the rocky mountain side.

There is needed something else. That something is not the development in man of "the power of well-ordered sentiments and ideas by which to reach a certain aim in life." It is not this. The real means is religion so cherished as to become the life of the people. Do you want a proof?

Look at Ireland, a Catholic people by excellence. Here is a people, ground down by centuries of religious persecution; their priesthood proscribed; their worship forbidden; the education of their children unlawful; their families reduced to poverty, to live on the wild products of nature, the roots of the forest and the weeds of the sea; even those who could raise themselves a little above the lot of the rest allowed to till the land at a rack rent which tardy justice only recently reduced one half. So wretchedly has the economic condition of these people been administered that Ireland has become almost the classical land of poverty and famine.

Was there ever a state of things more likely to foster a tendency to suicide? Where was the aim in life for this people, debared from every position of political preferment, of social standing, or of acquired wealth? There was no aim in life for them; but there was an aim beyond this life, and that aim was God! To God and to His religion they clung; and in the day of dark despondency the eye of faith, piercing the darkness, saw beyond the light eternal of the house of their Father. This kept them up; this formed their character; this gave them an aim in the life to come and in that of the present; this made this gifted people an example to the world of sound morality and of sterling love of virtue.

Their history has demonstrated to the world what it is sustains man in trial and forms the character of man; it has shown that the preventive of self-destruction is not to be found in the schemes of the rationalistic professor, but in the supernatural power of the religion of Christ, the Redeemer of the world.

SISTINE MADONNA.

Impressions of a Noted Protestant Divine.

Rev. T. DeWitt Tallmadge, the noted Protestant divine, writing from Dresden, Germany, states the impression the "Sistine Madonna" made on him in the following eloquent words: "But I am most impressed with the fact that Germany is the home of pictures and music. You walk through the palaces at Berlin and Potsdam with their gilded walls and the galleries at Dresden, containing the best work of the great masters dead and living, and you study until you are bewildered with the battle-pieces, the mid-night auroras, the dawns, the mists, the ship wrecks, the repentant Magdalens, the temples, the cities, the mountain-crags, the transfigured faces, the dying Christs, and the Madonnas."

But I care not whether you visit the room in Dresden gallery containing the "Sistine Madonna" first or last, you will come again and again to look at it. It is a picture from which you never get away. Of motherly piety and expectation, such shadows of apprehension and such light of victory, such eyes as never before or since looked out from any other canvas, tenderness and strength and love and hope; eyes suggestive of bitter memories and holy ambitions, eyes that contain the story of the cold manager in Bethlehem caravansaire, and yet of realization that she held in her arms the Redeemer of Nations; the faraway look, as though she saw what thirty-two years after would occur of abuse and torture to the Divine Dyce, except by Catholics. The ultra Protestant idea was that the celebration of Christmas was "Popery" and, of course, to be condemned if only on that account.

The Holy Child is a healthy child, with feet that might bound the playground before it was spiked to the cross. His hair disheveled as a boy's hair is apt to be. He will pick wild flowers in the field, and cause his mother some anxieties by his climbing the rocks, and from the hill back of Nazareth will watch the sunset. Mother and infancy nowhere else were ever so well presented. Some of the colors, for expressiveness, seem a mixture of tears and blood. There is on the canvas enough light for a morning, and enough shadows for a night. She holds the child not with too tight a pressure, as if she would not give him up, for she will have to give him up, nor with too little grasp as though

there were anything lacking in affection. She seems by her manner to say 'Here is the matchless child for which the ages have waited. God gave him to me, I gave him to the world.'

The child—how strong he is! Prophetic of the fact that he will yet be able to carry a world on his shoulder, the forehead by its shape implying that he knew already the majesty of the mission on which he had entered the world, yet a thorough child, and not prematurely old, a child's eye, a child's arm, a child's foot, an infant precious gift that heaven ever lowered to the earth ever took. All the great painters of the German school and the Italian school and the Dutch school, and the French school and the English school have made at least one attempt in colors to tell the story of Mary and the child, and there may be greater artists now in the cradle than any who have yet touched easel with pencil, but the probability is that in the last day of the world's existence if a group of artists discuss the comparative merits of those who have attempted to show the world the Infant Christ, that group of artists will agree that the greatest Madonna of all time is the "Sistine Madonna," of Raphael, in the gallery at Dresden.

THE MONKS.

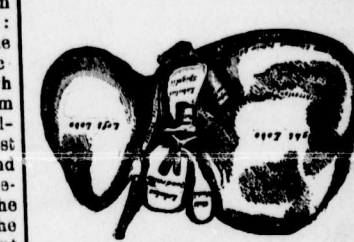
"The monks," says Mr. John Willis Clark in the London Guardian, "led no life of selfish ease; they actively employed themselves in the improvement of the neighborhood. They reclaimed waste lands, planted forests, grew corn, laid out gardens, planted vineyards and olive-grounds; they exercised trades, and they taught the ignorant peasants to do these things for themselves. Farther, they were kind and generous; they relieved distress, tended the sick, welcomed with lavish hospitality all guests representing themselves at their doors; they were excellent schoolmasters; for not only did they educate, as the term was then understood, but they gave the best education which consists in setting a good example. They taught self-denial and self-respect, men's duty to God and also to their neighbor. The object of the order was to utilize the spiritual, the intellectual, the physical gifts which brethren might possess, in one common object, the Reformation of the world."

CHRONIC... CONSTIPATION

(Catarrh of the Liver.)

PERMANENTLY CURED

BY DR. SPROULE



Have you ever thought that your chronic constipation caused all your other wretched feelings? Perhaps your hands and feet are cold. Or, you feel dull and heavy during the day. You can hardly keep awake after a hearty meal. Your skin is either a muddy yellow, or covered with unsightly pimples. Perhaps you feel blue, without energy, and generally miserable; or your food doesn't taste good. Yet, perhaps, you feel sometimes hungry, at other times no appetite at all. This is because the waste matter, which should be promptly thrown out, is kept in; it poisons and disorganizes the whole system. Chronic constipation is particularly bad at this time of year. The body should now be getting rid of the accumulated poisons and refuse of the year. If it does not succeed it means a low state of health all winter. I cannot succeed unless the bowels are open and regular.

Chronic constipation comes from a liver which is diseased, and so cannot produce the necessary bile. The bile is Nature's Purgative. Artificial purgatives can never cure. The more you use them the more you have to. They usually do much harm. Notice how weak they make you feel. You can't keep on draining your system like that without suffering for it. To help nature you must strengthen.

The only way to cure Chronic Constipation permanently is to cure the Liver. In America the most common liver trouble is Catarrh. Dr. Sproule was the first to discover this. As a result he has cured where all others had failed. Under his treatment the liver is thoroughly cleansed and toned up. The wretched feelings disappear, the bowels depart, the eyes brighten, the complexion grows clear and healthy. The cure is gentle and painless BUT IT IS PERMANENT.

Symptoms of Catarrh of the Liver.

This condition results from the liver being affected by catarrh extending from the stomach into the tubes of the liver.

1. Are you constipated?
2. Is your complexion bad?
3. Are you sleepy in the daytime?
4. Are you irritable?
5. Are you nervous?
6. Do you get dizzy?
7. Have you no energy?
8. Do you have cold feet?
9. Do you feel miserable?
10. Do you get tired easily?
11. Do you have hot flashes?
12. Is your eye-sight blurred?
13. Have you a pain in the back?
14. Is your flesh soft and flabby?
15. Are your spirits low at times?
16. Is there a bloating after eating?
17. Have you a quivering in bowels?
18. Is there throbbing in stomach?
19. Is there a general feeling of lassitude?
20. Do these feelings affect your memory?
21. Are you short of breath upon exertion?
22. Is the circulation of the blood sluggish?

Address DR. SPROULE, B. A., English Specialist in Catarrh and Nervous Diseases (Graduate Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service), 1 to 13 Doane St., Boston.

SECRET HEART REVEALED. PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY. BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

Dean Hodges' fourth lecture, which is mainly a contrast between William the Silent and Philip II, is one with which Protestants will heartily agree...

Now how did the absolute monarch receive this bold attack on absolutism? With deep reverence, His father, the great Emperor, now in retirement, warmly urged the letter on his attention...

There is one thing, however, to be said for Philip. The cruelties of his agent Alva, in the Netherlands, were, according to the careful testimony of the Protestant Irishman, Mr. Lecky, fully equalled by the cruelties of Elizabeth's agents in Munster.

Dr. Hodges will pardon me a bit of pedantry. Even pedantry has its uses. He speaks of Charles V. as "Emperor of Germany." Now there was no such person.

Let me remark, that William was not called the Silent from any taciturnity, for he was very free in conversation, but from his power of keeping counsel under the most stunning communications.

Queen Wilhelmina, the last survivor of the House of Orange, is, believe it or not, a collateral, not a lineal, descendant of the great Prince.

I am sorry that Dr. Hodges, in commenting on the position taken by Philip, should treat as belonging to her several utterly distinct propositions. He says that he held that the king was supreme, and the people were his slaves.

obey his commands, or diverge into any other religion than his, it is the full truth. The Dean, however, presents this as his theory. Now this, it is certain it was not.

Las Casas, we know, was thoroughly orthodox. Indeed, we may say that he was, were it possible, more orthodox than the orthodox.

When Philip had just come to the throne, and was still at London, with his wife the Queen of England, Las Casas wrote a long letter to his confessor, Caranza, to be communicated to him.

Now how did the absolute monarch receive this bold attack on absolutism? With deep reverence, His father, the great Emperor, now in retirement, warmly urged the letter on his attention...

What we have seen before, Dr. Hodges' inveterate disposition to confuse objectionable practice with objectionable theory, will, I think, be found lurking in his treatment of Philip the II's misbehavior, which, as we see, is an unwarranted assumption.

Charles C. Starbuck. Andover, Mass.

GOD'S WAYS NOT OURS.

How little we know of the ways of God when we consider "success" according to the human standard as evidence of the blessing of God!

Society can be purified and elevated only by the purification and elevation of individual minds and characters, which in turn will re-act on families and communities.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Sunday after New Year. CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

"Whom the Lord loveth, He chastiseth." (Heb. 12, 6.) This is the course of life. Whom the Lord loveth, He chastiseth. That is, trials and sufferings are the lot of those who love God...

That is what you must do when you have catarrh in the head. The way to cure this disease is to purify the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Second-Because they have so skillfully combined the various ingredients that the best possible results are obtained by its use.

Third-Because it has made so many sickly, delicate children strong and healthy, given health and rosy cheeks to so many pale, anaemic girls, and healed the lungs and restored to full health, so many thousands in the first stages of Consumption.

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PRAYER BOOKS FOR SALE—WE HAVE a new stock of Catholic Prayer Books ranging in price from 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 50, 75, \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$2.00.

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS—THIS has been a year of many startling events now on the market. It is not a controversial work, but simply a statement of Catholic Doctrine.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE ROSE-CROWNED KING.

A Legend of Nazareth.

It was evening, and the setting sun dipped gloriously into the Mediterranean...

The workers of Nazareth were resting from the labors of the day, and many sat before their doors to enjoy the cool breezes that came from the sea.

In two houses, however, of the peaceful town there was more than ordinary activity, arising from the pleasant duties of hospitality.

All signs of labor had on this day been early laid aside, and Joseph and Mary were busy in making comfortable and attending to the wants of two guests who had honored their dwelling with a visit.

Joseph, realizing that as head of the family he represented all source of authority, called Jesus forward and said to Him:

"The children of Zabdai of Bethesda are on your plateau. Let us should seem wanting in hospitality, go and bid them welcome to our town."

With a slight inclination of the head towards Joseph, Jesus obeyed with alacrity the behest of His fosterfather.

At the moment of the coronation, when the merry boys were heartily shouting, "Hall, king of the Jews! Long live our nation's king! and bowing the knee in homage to the one of their choice, a small band of Roman soldiery came in sight on the edge of the level ground.

"Whom shall we crown king?" shouted Micha, the son of Oziel, just as the mock countess was ended.

"We want no king," said Subael, the eldest son of Geddiel Sodi, who had been chosen leader of the Romans.

"Shame! shame! Subael," said nearly sixteen and his brother John was two years younger, and both were already learning the trade of their father, a fisherman on the Lake of Tiberias.

Amarias, a tall boy in the little group. "Even in our games you object to our being free. Oh! that the Great Deliverer would come in truth!

Just at that moment Jesus appeared at the outer edge of the plateau. Micha caught sight of Him and said: "See, here comes the son of Mary and Joseph. He is our king."

The group of handsome Jewish youths turned to look at Jesus as He approached. There was a calm dignity surrounding Him which silenced the noisest among them for a moment.

It was different with John. He stood transfixed and motionless. His eyes were riveted on that serene face, and it seemed as if he could never sufficiently drink in the sight.

At that single word the boys ceased their hostile demonstrations, and the evidences of the anger and hatred of the Roman soldiery died out of their faces.

Amazed as he was, his anger had not subsided. Striding rapidly towards the throne, the rough soldier seized the crown of roses and tore it violently from the boy's head.

Mary rushed forward and clasped Him in her arms, saying in an agony of grief: "My child! my son! my son!"

His head rested a moment on her shoulder, as a dove nestles in its nest, and as it did Mary saw across the clear, pure brow a blood-red mark which the thorns of the rose crown had made.

The chief ambition of most young men of intelligence and energy, on entering the great field of the world, is to accumulate money enough to enable them to retire from business, and pass the latter years of life in quiet comfort.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it.

GOOD NEWS comes from those who take Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, dyspepsia and rheumatism. Reports agree that HOOD'S CURE.

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you teach your children treason and sedition even in their games," said the officer, angrily.

The flower-crowned king had not moved from his chair. The soldier realized the inoffensiveness of the pastime, yet, having come down from his horse with an air of so much importance, he was loath to mount again without letting his subordinates witness some act of authority on his part.

The officer became more furious, while the youths were getting demonstratively angry. Some furtively picked up stones, and by their angry gestures and sullen faces it could be seen in the gathering darkness that the boys were determined to defend their chosen king, and the Roman officer might have departed not without some ugly bruises had not Jesus calmed the rising tumult by one word: "Peace!"

Mary turned to her son and said: "Do as I command you at once," shouted the Roman.

"No, I do no harm. The play is innocent and harmless," answered Jesus, calmly.

Amazed as he was, his anger had not subsided. Striding rapidly towards the throne, the rough soldier seized the crown of roses and tore it violently from the boy's head.

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with comfort, with happiness, and honor, is to lay his plans so that his time shall be fully and compulsorily occupied in advancing the well being of others, in every way compatible with the safety of his own fortune and health. It may be instructive to know the way to death which many successful business men travel, the steps taken as seen by an observant physician, the little things which lead to grand results, the total subversion of the aims and labors of a lifetime.

A man retired on a fortune has nothing to do after he has built his house, laid out his grounds, and arranged his affairs perfectly to his "own notion," according to his own "ideas of comfort." The mind can no more be arrested in its activities, than can a star in space.

The officer became more furious, while the youths were getting demonstratively angry. Some furtively picked up stones, and by their angry gestures and sullen faces it could be seen in the gathering darkness that the boys were determined to defend their chosen king, and the Roman officer might have departed not without some ugly bruises had not Jesus calmed the rising tumult by one word: "Peace!"

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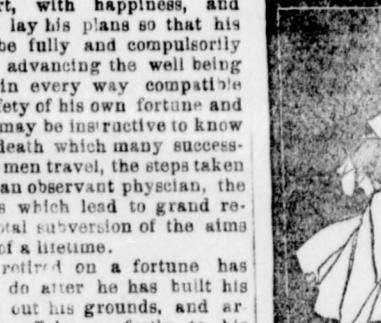
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CHICAGO, Jan. 20, 1899. I have used SURPRISE SOAP since I started house and find that it lasts longer and is better than other soaps I have tried.

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