

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1899.

NO. 1,102.

The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, December 2, 1899.

RELIGION IN NEW ENGLAND.

The New York Observer has, after much painstaking research, pointed out the source of the evils that exist in the New England States. There is Sabbath desecration, etc., and for these and other grave transgressions the French Canadians are responsible! We were under the impression that the Sabbath did not vex the minds of a great many of our friends across the border, because our readers will remember that a prominent civil dignitary told us not long ago that in some districts there was never a sound of church bell from one end of the year to the other. The French-Canadians, however, with their fondness for amusement, are a menace to the religious well being of the New England States, and upon Presbyterianism devolves the duty of disciplining those wayward Christians!

We hope the pensive divines will not bring them to believe "they are pious when they are only bilious."

"THE SCARLET WOMAN."

The Rev. Mr. Hocking is once more to the fore with a novel entitled "The Scarlet Woman." The rev. gentleman can write readable English, but he should devote his talent to the portraying of things of which he has some knowledge.

The plot is on lines familiar to those who attend the lectures of the "escapes." It is just as vile as anything that ever emanated from the prurient imagination of Slatyer, and has nothing whatever by which it can claim the consideration of intelligent individuals. He steers wide of the vulgar phraseology of the "escapes," but his diction veils but thinly his envenomed ignorance. There is a Jesuit, crafty and unscrupulous of course, employing every manner of ingenuity to restrain an Englishman who from meddling with the concerns of a Jesuit novice.

Convent life, such as is imagined by the ordinary Protestant, is portrayed by the facile pen of Mr. Hocking. We can understand why the life led by members of the religious orders of the Catholic Church is inexplicable to Mr. Hocking, but we cannot comprehend why he should put all his wild and chimerical imaginings into book form and dub it a portraiture of convent life.

A non Catholic publication, the Spectator, has the following to say of the "Scarlet Woman:"

An illustration of a gentleman descending a ladder with a nun in his arms, combined with the title, "The Scarlet Woman," tells what to expect from Mr. Hocking's book. When nuns want to leave a nineteenth century convent in the British Isles, a far more convenient method is to walk out of the front door. Roman Catholics, to say nothing of worthier motives, are far too much afraid of public opinion to act in the way described in this book. Had Mr. Hocking confined himself to the moral persuasions exercised over Jack Gray and Gertrude Winthrop, his novel would have gained in subtlety as well as in perspicuity.

THE POPE AND DREYFUS.

The Christian Guardian accords a very gracious welcome to extracts from St. George Mirart's letter on the conduct of the Pope throughout the Dreyfus affair. The distinguished scientist is at perfect liberty to ventilate his opinions, but when he essays to force them on others he is either overestimating his persuasive liberty, or the gullibility of the general public.

The only excuse that we can assign for his extraordinary attitude is that illness may have dimmed the brightness of his powerful intellect. He knows "that civil society, even though every member of it be Catholic, is not subject to the Church, but plainly independent in temporal things which regard its temporal end," and we take it that the removal of traitors is distinctly a temporal end. We do not see how anyone would wish the Pope to interfere with France in the management of judicial business.

St. George Mirart assumes that gross injustice was meted out to the prisoner. We need not, however, the logical acumen of the scientist to see that his conclusion is not warranted by his premises. Even they who were inclined to give Dreyfus the benefit of every doubt declared after the Rennes trial they did not know whether the prisoner was innocent or guilty.

And yet St. George Mirart's soul cried out for a letter from Rome! What its purport should be is not vouchsafed to us. It might be a disquisition or contain some complimentary allusion to his efforts in keeping French Catholics in order.

It looks as if the scientist seized upon the Dreyfus case as an opportunity to make an onslaught upon the Roman Congregations.

TRUE EDUCATION.

We should advise anyone in quest of intellectual refreshment and recreation to seek it in the chronicles of the Middle Ages. A few moments with the old writers tone up the mental system. They are so devoid of pretence and show, so solidly learned and gifted with a simplicity that is as charming as it is rare.

They had indeed no opportunity to hymn the praises of the marvels of our days; but they did show—and it is to be regretted that we oftentimes forget their teachings—how to make life more beautiful and how to develop and strengthen the powers that transcend mere matter. And yet they were not academicians with a view to tickle the ears of some favored ones with words tricked out in the graces of rhetoric. Some of them had, we know, an overweening vanity and an inordinate desire for unprofitable dispute; but they were in the main stern men, given much to patient labor, realizing that great deeds spring from great thoughts and scornful of the false and narrow notion of our day that "knowledge is valuable only when it can be made to serve some practical purposes."

They had ideas about education which might with great advantage to systems now in vogue be adopted by educationists. We have undoubtedly done much, but still our educational history has no pages respecting anything like the scenes that stand out on the chronicles of the middle ages—the concourse of students from every clime, the intellectual prowess of the great professors and the extraordinary interest taken by all classes in the pursuit of learning.

And they were not contented with superficiality. Thoroughness and accuracy and skill for abstract speculation were aimed at and obtained through a patient and unflagging toil that would affright the average modern student. Philology was studied for fifteen and twenty years at Paris, and men of advanced age were not ashamed to sit by striplings in the halls that ring with the eloquence of masters such as Albert the Great and St. Thomas Aquinas. Some of them were told were miserably poor, but they had a deeper insight into life, and with truth making sweet music in their souls were happier doubtless than they who had gold and broad acres.

We do not mean to say they were without exception models of every virtue. A few were idle and dissipated, caring more for the smile of a damsel than the sentences of the Lombard; and others, with nature as yet unalleviated thoroughly with the spirit of Christianity, took more kindly to a street brawl than to intellectual reunions.

Still there were myriads who were true students in every sense of the word. They had of course a great many advantages. Men of acknowledged superiority guided their feet in the highway of learning and taught them to appreciate the truth of the following words: "Blessed is the man, not who hath heard Master Anselm, or who hath studied at Paris, but to whom Thou, O Lord, dost teach Thy law." Robert of Sorben tells the student what he must do to profit by his studies. He should give a certain hour every day to some specified reading; to concentrate his attention upon what he is going to read, to write a resume of it, and above all to pray.

In these days scholars used their brains more than books and bent themselves to the grasping of principle and cause. From what we know it may be assumed that the student was of true and tried scholarship before he was invested with the insignia of any academic dignity. A great university was no respecter of persons, and we read that Paris in 1476 refused to give the degree of doctor to a man for whom the kings of France and Spain had requested it.

The product of cram and lopsided education was destined to be fashioned by future generations. The old masters would have been bewildered had it been given them to glance over modern programmes of studies with their "ologies" for all things knowable except God. The Creator, so far as practical results go, counts for little in some halls of learning, except of course as something to be used in the opening prayer on the Convocation day for the purpose of reassuring the public. The schoolmasters of the old days labored to make their pupils understand that education meant not merely the development of the body or the ability to prate the secrets of nature or the strength and suppleness of the intellect; but the knowledge also of God and the power to love and serve Him so as to be united to Him in the land beyond the grave. That is the destiny of man, and the education which does not reckon with it is as false as it is subversive of the rights of man.

Let it not be thought for an instant that the contemplation of the end of man weakened their intellectual powers. We might show how it gave them a largeness and breadth of mind, because the eye of the man of faith sees further and more clearly than the vision that does not reach beyond the horizon of this world. In speaking of the glories of scholastic Oxford Professor Brewer does not hesitate to say that no other nation in Christendom can show a succession of names at all comparable to the English schoolmen in originality and sublimity, in the breadth and variety of their attainments. They believed, as Guizot so well said of his day, that religion was not a study to be restricted to a certain place and a certain hour; it is a faith and a law which ought to be felt everywhere; that it should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere. It is the absence of this religious atmosphere, if we may so speak, that gives us the barbarian of our time. He may have a veneering to cover his original deformity, but in heart and soul he is a more or less cultivated savage.

If the necessity of religion in education was insisted on so strongly by men of the middle ages, we must not now lose sight of its importance. We have abundant need of it at the present day. There are dangers for the impressionable minds of youth on every side—dangers from the naturalism that lurks in the current novel, from the assertions "that the world has outgrown dogma," and from the liberality that affects indifference to all creeds.

Upon parents rests the responsibility of providing their offspring with true education, and that in the highest sense of the term can be supplied only by institutions under Catholic auspices.

It is vain for them to advance as excuse for sending their children elsewhere that our colleges are not up to the requirements of the times. That idea may linger in the minds of "Catholics" who yearn for style, refinement, latest accent and the most correct way of shaking hands, but it is not entertained by those parents who, having their eyes open, are able to see that our graduates can hold their own and succeed despite the fact of practical Catholicity.

MASS ON THE OLYMPIA.

Thomas J. Feeney in November Donahoe's. It was my privilege to attend Mass on the Olympia during the voyage from New York to Boston and I shall never forget the emotions it excited. The little portable altar, formed of sections of gas pipe, was set up on the starboard side of the gun deck, almost amidship. It was draped with the Stars and Stripes and covered with linen and lace. Over the tabernacle hung a crucifix, and on either side was a single lighted candle. One side of the altar was flanked by the frowning breach of a gun. On the other side, and only a few feet away, was the galley, where the cooks were busy preparing dinner. Behind the altar was located an orchestra composed of members of the ship's band. The devotion followed the Mass was something remarkable to behold. Father Reaney's little discourse was an instruction based on the devotions of the month of October. He referred to the power of the Blessed Virgin as a mediator, and how, as the Star of the Sea, she had a special oversight of those who went down to the sea in ships. Then there was a deft touch in referring to the earthly mothers, and the sermon was ended.

On Calvary the gentle John was braver than all his co-Apostles.—Father Ryan.

CARICATURES OF THE CHURCH.

Her Picture as it Appears in Some Non-Catholic Mirrors—a Mirth-Producing Discourse.

At Birmingham, England, recently Rev. J. McIntyre, D. D. of Osgood College, delivered an address which is well worth quoting. At the outset the speaker announced that his subject would be "Looking Glasses." He said in part: "Now, looking glasses are of various kinds and qualities. Some looking glasses give back a reflection clear and precise and definite, and a man can know what he is like. Ladies never look at one, of course. (Laughter and applause.) But there are some other looking glasses which distort the figure they are supposed to reflect, and instead of a portrait give simply a caricature. Everybody knows what he looks like when he tries to see himself in a spoon.

"Now the Catholic Church is a great factor in the public life of the world. The Catholic Church has her own features, and her own figure, but those features and that figure vary upon mirrors of different kinds, and we know how distorted is the picture which is painted of the Catholic Church when she is supposed to be reflected from minds that are not Catholic. When we read the public press, when we read the periodicals that are poured out in countless numbers, what grotesque caricatures do we find of that great, that noble, that divine institution which we know the Catholic Church to be. To-night I propose to set before you some half dozen of the caricatures of the Catholic Church, which in the world outside sometimes stand for true authentic portraits. I am going to look at a number of mirrors—non-Catholic mirrors—and see what picture of the Catholic Church is drawn on them.

THE BENEVOLENT OLD LADY.

"The first I think will be that of the benevolent old lady. She is brought up in the old orthodox school. She reads no book that was not a hundred years of age when she was a child. Her thoughts live in the distant past. She scarcely knows anything of Catholic Emancipation, and perhaps has never even heard of Home Rule. She lives in a little world of her own, and she is large-hearted, very sympathetic. She subscribes generously to those numberless institutions that are formed in this practical country of England, to send out to the blacks of Africa or the Equator trousers which they do not wear and moral pocket handkerchiefs which they cannot read. She subscribes, I say, generously to all these things, but what she delights in most is in tract distributing. She is a thorough believer in tracts. She thinks those poor benighted Papists only want a little of the illumination of divine truth in order to be converted in shoals, and she lays in a large supply of tracts. They have wonderful titles these tracts if you have ever seen any of them. There is "Tie Wooden-legged Sailor" (laughter) or "Virtue Triumphant." Another will be "The Pious Washerwoman of Finchley Common." (Renewed laughter.) Well, the old lady is fond of going about and leaving these tracts in the waiting rooms at railway stations, in omnibuses, and anywhere, where she hopes some casual passer-by—a Catholic—will take it up and be enlightened. On foggy nights, perhaps, she may be observed stealing along some quiet Catholic street pushing a tract under the door, and her face beams even through the fog with a glow of heavenly delight as if one who has been performing a most apostolic action. Well, the old lady's face beams because she thinks that every tract is like a pinch of salt which she has cleverly put on the tail of the simple Catholic bird. (Laughter.)

THE MORAL DON QUIXOTE.

"The next mirror that would come before us might be described as the mirror of the moral Don Quixote. The moral Don Quixote is generally a half penny officer who has come back from abroad with a shattered liver, and in consequence he is very fiery, very ill-tempered and exceedingly peevy. (Laughter and applause.) Shattered in health, all his vices have left him, and he is under the impression that he has left his vices, and in consequence he suffers from a deal of moral exultation. He is a great hero for 'the pure Word of God.' He may be found very frequently at Bible meetings, thundering out the terrors of the prophets against the 'Scarlet Woman of Rome.' (Laughter.) He is terrific on enlightenment, on the open Bible, on freedom and liberty. He can describe as no one else can describe all the dread horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. 'You get the dark dungeons and the clanking chains, but he will stand forward as the modern hero in defense of freedom of religion and of the Church as by law established. (Laughter.) To his inquiry talk, you would imagine that the Inquisition had a branch establishment just round the corner, but that he has got his eye on it. (Laughter.) He talks so familiarly of the Scarlet Woman, of her thoughts and of her doings, that sometimes I have suspected she was once an old flame of his—(loud laughter)—and that now he is so fiercely talking against her because she jilted him. (Laughter.) For such an one we can only

prayer that the Scarlet Woman may not catch hold of him at last. (Laughter.)

THE HARMLESS LUNATIC.

"The next portrait—I have taken them up casually without very much thought—that comes before us is that very common specimen which I may call the harmless lunatic. (Laughter.) He is generally created by the fiery denunciations of the half-pay officer. He has heard this respectable member of society thundering so much about the horrors of the Church of Rome that it has seized the poor man's brain and nerves, and he goes about in a constant state of fancies, fears and alarms. Before he goes to bed at night he is half afraid that he will find the Pope lurking in some dark corner waiting to throttle him when he is asleep. (Laughter.) If he sees a priest coming along the road he slips round a corner immediately for fear of being bewitched. Every morning he is half afraid that some secret hand has been pouring holy water into his coffee. (Laughter.) Not only is he full of alarms himself, but he tries to fill everybody else with the same fears that he has taken possession of him. The image of 'Popish ascendancy' is always hovering round him, and he is half afraid that any morning he may awake to find that his hair has been cropped close, and that for the rest of his days he must go about in wide trousers and wooden shoes. (Laughter.) If we could get really at the back of his brain I think we should find a constant impression there is a modern Guy Fawkes with a barrel of gunpowder, and that every policeman—the harmless necessary policeman—is a Jesuit in disguise. (Laughter.) He is very fond of asking darkly significant, blood-curdling questions. 'What does it all mean? I am told,' he says, 'that the Queen goes to France every year. What does she do for? Why does she go to France? Is it to make her annual confession and to perform her Easter duty?' (Laughter.) He is quite convinced that Her Majesty has been converted, and sneaks off to France for fear the British public should notice what she is doing. This man is quite persuaded that a good majority of the House of Commons is in the pay of the Vatican, and he tells how 'Home Rule means Home Rule,' and that the Home Rule members were bought with Vatican gold. (Laughter.) He knows—he has been told on the most respectable authority—that at the present moment a Roman Cardinal in disguise is acting as cook to Lord Salisbury (laughter) and that they are arranging the terms and the price for which Lord Salisbury is going to sell England to Rome. (Loud laughter.)

THE MAN WHO "KNOWS A THING OR TWO."

"The next specimen of the non-Catholic looking glass or mirror is the man who knows a thing or two. (Laughter.) He has read a six-penny book on science or a six-penny book on history. To him the creation of the universe is as plain and simple as the making of an apple dumpling. (Laughter.) You cannot 'take him in.' He knows what is what, and when his gigantic intellect has been well fed with its six-penny stock of scientific oil it throws out that vast, that piercing, that overwhelming electric light on the Romish system, and you see all its errors melting away. He is the man who talks very largely about infidelity superstitions. He talks very loudly about the progress of science, and he talks about clearing people out of the way, and not standing in the way of progress, but has his advice to offer us, and it is thus that we were convinced that we were completely played out, and he thinks we ought to turn our attention seriously to how to die decently. (Laughter.)

THE PAID ROGUE.

"The fifth specimen is a sad one. He is what I may call 'the paid rogue.' He is the man who drops letters from a balloon down the chimney of a convent (laughter), and some poor unhappy nun inside finds it and reads it, and by some way not explained or accounted for, she manages to send him a letter back in reply. And then there comes the glorious scene of the rescuer. All the penny dreadfuls rolled into one are plain prose compared with the deeds that he has performed as he rescues some unhappy girl. He rushes through fire with her hanging over his arm. (Laughter.) He bursts through iron doors. He pulls down stone walls, and with a sword he terrifies some Mother Superior. (Laughter.) These things happen in places never named. The geography is most indefinite, but occasionally awkward questions are asked, and he is asked to specify the country, the village and the convent. If ever he specifies any place he is gone before the refutation can come—indeed, he always takes good care to be a couple of days in advance of the refutation. (Laughter.) We bear such a man no malice. The money he earns he earns well, and he gets the money of none but of those who richly deserve to lose it. (Loud applause.) To such a man, really, I almost wish success. (Laughter and applause.)

THE GEM OF THE COLLECTION.

"The sixth and the last is rather the plum of the whole collection. He is the choice gem of all. One hardly

knows what name to give him, but perhaps the best would be 'The Arabian Nights' Entertainer.' (Applause.) He is exceedingly moral. He always bears about him a sort of religious halo—the sort of glow that you find on a bad oyster in the dark. (Laughter.) He is the man who converted a whole village—in Spain. He was traveling in Spain, and he happened to meet a poor carpenter, and he spoke to the carpenter and said 'Do you know Christ?' The carpenter, being a Catholic of course, had never heard who Christ was 'Oh! and laughter) so he takes good care to instruct him. The tears of gratitude flow down the cheeks of that enlightened carpenter, so he presents him with a New Testament. (Laughter.) Of course the carpenter cannot read it (laughter) but he generally takes it to the village schoolmaster, and when the village schoolmaster has read a page or two he says: 'This is a dangerous book; we must take it to the priest.' So after the village schoolmaster takes the New Testament to the priest then comes the tragic touch. (Laughter.) The priest, instead of being furiously indignant at the schoolmaster—with a view to a continuance in office expected—instead of being furiously indignant, the priest is melted straight away and, carried along in a stream of religious ecstacy. 'I did not know,' he says, 'that such a book existed.' (Loud laughter.) Of course, then there is the embrace between the moral character and the priest, and the priest undertakes to read a bit of the New Testament to his congregation every Sunday. (Laughter.) The story finishes with the hope that the poor man will not fall into the hands of the Inquisition. It is the same man who describes with carefulness of detail his interview with Her Majesty the Queen. He is the man upon whose head Her Majesty laid her hands and said, 'Yes, I know the greatness of England depends on the fact that my subjects read the Bible (laughter) and this I know and this I feel that my throne and the British Empire are safe so long as there is only one moral man like you in my dominions.' (Laughter and applause.)

HE "SEES" THE POPE.

"Get on the Arabian Nights' Entertainer goes on to speak further. Sometimes he had an interview with our Holy Father the Pope. How the interview came about we do not know, but he knows everything that passes between the Pope and the Cardinals, as though himself had been born and bred in the Vatican. What the Cardinal whispered to the Pope and what the Pope whispered back to the Cardinal he knows perfectly well, but one day he got a chance of saying a few serious words to the Pope about the state of his soul. (Loud and continued laughter.) He said to the Holy Father, 'Do you feel that everything is right between you and God?' and he describes how the Holy Father called him his benefactor, his savior, his eye-opener. The pure morality of the Gospel had been a sealed book, and we get that last petition of the Holy Father to this man, 'Pray for me. I know you are right, but what can I do? If I venture to call myself a Christian the Cardinals would poison me (laughter), but you, when you go back to England, tell all my friends that I am right at heart. Ask them, too, to pray that I may have courage to declare myself.' And the man firmly believes that before the Pope dies he will 'declare' himself and repentant. (Laughter.)

"Well, these are just some half dozen specimens taken haphazard of those mirrors that any one can find in any large English town. You can take up these mirrors and see what the Catholic Church is like—but we have been Catholics all our lives and some times we scarcely recognize our portrait. (Laughter.) But there is one great consolation in it. I often amuse myself by jutting down things of this kind, and there is one great consolation, which is that as long as the Catholic Church is opposed by forces like that the world may just as well think of lifting the sun out of the heavens as lifting the Catholic Church from the face of the earth." (Loud and continued applause.)

A CREATION OF MERCY.

Purgatory is a creation of mercy. Much as some desire to exclude it from the scheme of redemption, reason and faith demand its existence to reconcile human experience with the mission of the Saviour of the world. The day of man's probation could be confined strictly to his life on earth. His eternal condition could be determined by the state of his soul at the moment of death, but with God's sanctity and justice to be satisfied as a *sine qua non* for divine inheritance, where would we find the innocence alone worthy of it? Even human judgment, poorly as it measures the requirements of strict justice, would find few to dwell in the house of God, because there are few who live and die without something due to the justice of God—few who do not welcome a chance to blot out their minor faults even when they have avoided great ones. Purgatory is a creation of mercy.—Cleveland Universe.

TOM O'KEEFE, THE UNBELIEVER.

It was when the child died that Tom O'Keefe uttered his first blasphemy against God. "Don't tell me that it is the will of God," he said to the pale-faced curate who tried to comfort him. "This more like the will of the devil, if devil there is or God either. 'Tis as a devil's act to rob me first of Mary and then of the child. What do you know of the loss of a woman and a child, that never had the like nor ever will have?" "God help you, Tom," said the curate lifting his hands in horror, "and forgive you!" The trouble has driven you mad, surely?"

violence. Not that Tom wanted them, he wanted believers, but these fellows served his turn, for they encouraged the more timid ones who did not like to seem untravelling men and not used to the ways of the world. His love of God was as real a thing as Tom's hatred, but, strive how he would that little centre of infection that was Tom's grew and extended its shadow in the place. The people, even those who were not to be turned, shuddered no longer when they heard it said there was no God. They had looked at first for His lightning to fall, but He made no more sign than the old gods St. Patrick had overthrown. Some yet said that in His own time He would strike, but others, and they were mainly men, felt that Tom's defiance of Him was somehow a fine thing, justified, since He did not trouble to defend Himself. So, little by little, the number of those who came to listen to Tom was increased, and for some it was pleasant to hear there was no God, since there were so many desirable things His law had forbidden. The curate wasted himself in prayer against this blasting evil which had grown among his people. He was not the one to go down to the public-house or among the little parlourments in the forge to answer Tom and confute him. Perhaps if he had, the knots of men who were not afraid of God might have melted like snow before his meek face. Perhaps he might have worsted Tom in a wordy conflict, and carried his stray sheep back to God in a wave of admiration and wonder. But he did not attempt it. He was not the militant sort. He contented himself with calling God to take His own part and save His people, and his prayers went on day long and night long till he was like a ghost from watching and fasting and extremity of prayer. During this time Tom did not go much to the churchyard. Indeed once he had satisfied his hunger to look upon the plot that held his all, he went there no more. He knew that Mary would be unhappy if she could know the thing he was doing, and, woman-like, would not understand that it was because he loved her and the child so much. He mocked at heaven as a delusion, and yet, standing by the grave in Ballygrua churchyard, he felt ill at ease, as if somewhere she must know, and would turn him from his purpose. He did not take to drink, though he went so often to the public house. He was but a poor customer himself; but he brought others, and the publican, who was miserly, did not complain. Those hours of his propaganda were what kept Tom O'Keefe alive during the long days when he dug and planted the bit of land on the mountain side. He had in no way departed from the old industrious ways that were his while Mary was alive. He had mended his hatch and repaired his floor, and replenished his turf stack, and then set to work to reclaim another little bit of land from the mountain, and another, and another. It was fierce work, and entailed labor fitter for a beast than a man, but he liked it; it was of a piece with his war against that silent and impassive God who had taken his all. It was a year since Tom had come home, and still the numbers of his disciples grew. One night—the blackest night it was, though there were points of stars in the black, and now and again a meteor trailed its fiery length across heaven ere it leaped to earth—Tom was going home from the public house. He was in a very black part of the road, where trees overarching made a matted roof of boughs, and he could hear far below the sighing of the surf, when he saw a little way ahead in the road a light no bigger than a will-o'-the-wisp. It was coming toward him, and then it was at his side, and circling about his head, and he felt the air growing lighter and lighter. Presently the thing took shape, and he saw it was like a tree, yes, just like the burning bush of which the curate had told him in his sermon. He saw the leaves plain, all glittering, for they had a hard bright surface like holly, and the little tips of them were small flames, radiant and not burning. On one side of the tree there was a nebulous brightness, white and sharp, and at first Tom could not make out what it held. Then little by little he saw. And what he saw was his own little Patsy, whom he had laid in the coffin himself more than two years ago, and covered with the sods in the churchyard. The child was looking at him. He saw the soft innocent little features and the eyes with their deep irises, and the pretty hair curling in little rings at the neck. The little figure perched as prettily among the lit boughs as a robin in the holly. Tom went down on his knees in the middle of the road and stretched his hands to the radiant little figure. He would have seized it, if he could, and held it to his hungry heart but something invisible beat him back. It was as though he saw his bird in a cage; and his hungry desire to snatch him one instant to his breast had something wolfish in it. "Patsy," he panted, "is it you, Patsy?" "It is I, Dada," said the little voice that had been sweeter to him than ever the birds of heaven could be. "But your grave is in Ballygrua," said the man. "I buried you there myself." "Not my soul, Dada, only my body." "Where have you been since, Patsy?" And where is your mother that she doesn't come too?" "She is in heaven, praying for you; and I cannot go to her."

"What keeps you out of heaven Patsy?" said the man, and his hands worked at the thought of his invisible enemy. "Not God, Dada, but you." "Oh, my God!" said the man, returning unconsciously to the cry of the anguished. "How do I keep you out, Patsy? I who would stay in hell for ever to buy you an hour of heaven." "Look about you and see." Tom O'Keefe peered about him in the darkness. Then he saw beyond the circle of the light, fangs and claws and eyes of torment innumerable and the tree fell upon the road there was a sharp circle, and within that space was clear of demons. "They come nearer and nearer," said little Patsy. "Every minute they remind God that your cup is full. 'Tis only for my sake and my mother's that God has patience. Your angel went back to heaven long since. If I left you, you would be lost." "Don't stay with me, Patsy, agra," said the man, "if you would rather be in heaven." "Because of you," said the child, unheeding, "I have never crossed its door. I have never tasted its blessedness. God allows it. The other children are with God and Our Blessed Lady in heaven. I keep my watch still on earth." "An' it's Dada that's keepin' you, Patsy?" asked the father. "It is, then," said the child. "There are millions and millions of children in heaven this holy month, all singing Our Lady's praises while the angels light the tapers." "Something of longing in the child's voice stabbed the man's heart. "Is it lonesome out of heaven, Patsy?" he asked. "It is lonesome. And I cannot sleep by night or day for watching you lest the fiends seize you. The other children have their beds of down where they rest when the sleep takes them." "How long have you been watching over me, Patsy?" "Since you laid my body in the churchyard and said: 'There is no God.'" "Oh, my God!" cried the man again—"two years and a half! It is a long time to keep you between earth and heaven, Patsy." "Listen now, Patsy," said the child. "A poor old battered soul like mine isn't worth it. Leave me to the torture and go to your mother in heaven." The child smiled a strange, wise smile for a little lad. "Am I to go, Dada?" "Yes, go, Patsy. But if you can, kiss me once before you go, it will keep the dew on my lips." The child leaned out of the tree and kissed him; and the heart-hunger of the man was assuaged as by a delicious draught. "Now go, Patsy," he panted. "I am ready for the torture." "Not till you save yourself, Dada, and set me free." "How can I do it, Patsy? I have sinned beyond forgiveness." "But you have loved much," said the wise child. "Besides, He pardons much to love. Besides, He pardons when He is asked for pardon. Kneel down there in the road, make an act of contrition, and sign yourself with the sign." The man did as he was bid. "Now," said the child, "look about you." Tom O'Keefe peered into the darkness. It was thick as ever, and yet he could see the wings of the black angels like bats in twilight flying away huddled together as if in mortal terror. At the same time the tree with the child in it began to rise and float away from him. "Are you going, Patsy?" cried the father. "To my mother in heaven with God, who is Love," said the child waving his hands towards him and seeming to rise as the flame mounts upward. In the black hours of the early winter morning the curate was awakened by a visitor knocking at his door. "Is it a sick call?" he asked putting his head out of a window. "A soul sick to death," came the reply. The curate went downstairs and opened the door to the one he took to be the messenger. To his amazement Tom O'Keefe stumbled in and fell on the floor at his feet. "Give me absolution," he panted, "lest I die in my sins." The curate lifted the sinner affectionately and led him into his parlor, rejoicing as his Master before him over the sheep which was lost. The news of Tom's conversion spread far and wide, and if he had drawn crowds to hear him before, more came now, for it was said he had had a supernatural visitation. But Tom had nothing to tell them only over and over again the words with which little Patsy had left him—"God is Love, God is Love!" and as he said it to them, the tears ran down his face. Tom O'Keefe died the other day a very old man, and with the reputation of a saint. He had led more sinners to God than ever he had drawn away from him, with his simple gospel that was the last word on his lips. They say now in that part of the country, when there is a death, or troubles are hard to bear, "Well sure, God is Love, as old Tom O'Keefe, Lord rest him, used to say."—Katharine Tynan Hinkson in Donahoe's Magazine. Habit, like the ivy of our walls, cements and consolidates that which it cannot destroy.—Piccola.

BISHOP SPALDING ON CHARITY.

At the recent conference of State Charities at Bloomington the Right Rev. J. L. Spalding was the principal speaker at one of the evening sessions. His subject was "The Preventive Forces of Education." He received an ovation on coming on the platform. He said in part: "Away back when civilization was not what it is now, when men lived the higher sense of charity, there lived the first great Teacher of charity and kindness, the Christ who died upon the cross for others. His is the example of the supreme charity that can exist. He gave His living and His life to those who sinned. He loved His enemies. He spoke well of those who taunted Him. The milk of human kindness in Him was disseminated far and wide and down throughout the ages, until to-day we find the seeds of goodness and charity scattered by Him still thriving and growing to greater and grander future possibilities. "He of all who lived was a Lover of the outcast. He excluded no human being and there was nothing in His life so remarkable as His loving care for the disinherited of the world. To the criminals, to the abandoned of the world, He spoke words of help and sympathy. His religion summed up His love of God and our fellow man as well as our self. He taught that the criminal, as well as the noblest and the best, are to be loved. Crime is a manifestation of that cherished within, it is the child of sin and ignorance. There is no possibility of its prevention unless we beautify the heart, and uphold the moral nature. We must begin with the interior life of the individual. "The world has passed through four ages in the treatment of crime. These stages gradually slope from the original feeling and desire to exterminate and put away the wrongdoer. Next it was repression, then correction, and to-day we live in that broad age when we look not to the punishment of the criminal, but to the fountain head from which criminology springs, with the desire and the purpose of cutting off the source of crime and evil. We have in this age reached a broader period of mind and conscience and our sympathies are going out and we are studying how we can help those who through moral, mental or physical infirmities have fallen. "We must gain an insight into the causes of evil and crime before we can apply the preventive. It may be the mental, moral, physical condition, or the environments or circumstances. There is a vast change in the attitude toward criminals. It can be summed up in four ages. "The leading characteristic of our age and country is the desire to prevent evil. It is characterized by larger sympathy with men, due to the lifting of the life of the multitudes to a higher plane. Since the mass has risen to a higher plane it is natural that the sympathy should be spread, extending to all men. It is held that all men are of the same family with equal opportunities. It is the duty of the country and state to apply the principles in practice through law and public opinion. By scientific progress we are allowed to get at the root of the causes and see the fountain. "The individual is not an isolated product. Every one is a product of his age and heredity, back to the time when his ancestors were savages. A man's influence makes him what he is. It makes a difference in what climate a man is reared, whether in the arctic zone or in the tropics. We cannot control the cosmical conditions. Crime is due to abnormal physical conditions, degeneracy. I hope the day will come when public men and the state will bring their efforts to bear on the question of crime to get the reform needed. Young criminals are increasing more rapidly in proportion than the population. "We must make education more valuable, appeal to the will, conscience, affections as much as we do to the mind. We are all influenced by what we are striving for. We must uphold in man that quality which gives him a terror of degrading sensuality, educate him in self-respect, the value of his own worth and dignity. You cannot give to the young moral convictions if you have not them to give yourself. Morality, like religion, is propagated. The greatest preventive of crime is the heart of a pure, loving mother. Give the young who are to be the hope of the future to the care of men and women in homes who can care for them. It is no use to discuss schools or prisons, for 'like begets like.' "The Bishop said in conclusion: "We must strive to put down selfishness, untruths and unchastity in high places. We must begin at the top as well as at the bottom. The man in high position should be unselfish, devoted to the right and to his country. The great trust magnate or business man must not crush out the life that is left in the poor man. Honesty in high places, the abandonment of a desire for gain and a true charity for our fellow men must be the dominating aims of our hearts. The great tide of corruption that is growing upon the world through unhappy and unfit marriages is an evil that is not to be computed. The licentious, the lecherous, the vicious, the low, the abandoned, have no right to enter the marital state. These persons who either through ignorance or wantonness enter this sacred state, where divorce is daily raising its ugly and venomous head, are starting out on the work of founding a family that will increase and grow, making countless criminals in the coming generations. Like begets like. The appetites, the passions, the capabilities and aims of the parents will appear in the child, and statistics show that vicious

parents are often the founders of a family of criminals. Restrictions of some sort should cover this avenue of growing viciousness that the sources itself might be dried up. Hundreds of the young marry to-day with no greater thought than if they were buying a new suit of clothes or going on a short trip. "Education cannot do all, but it is a marvelous factor in the training of the vicious mind and abandoned intellect. The wholesome training of the home, of the mother, is one of the grandest efforts that can be put forward for the advancement of the youth to a plane where he will not be tempted. Criminals are made largely in the youth before he is twenty-one, and during that formative period is the time when the proper influences should be brought to bear that will start him in the proper channels. The time is at hand to awaken a few who look to God and not to man for recognition in a great work, who love human nature, hate vice and degradation, who scorn the hypocrite in high places, and who will rout out the corruptness in city politics, and work for their fellows without hope of reward."—Chicago New World.

THE ROSARY.

The Rosary is the compendium of the Christian religion. The five joyful mysteries teach us the preparation, as it were, and the foundation of the great work of our redemption. The five sorrowful mysteries show us the way in which that mighty work was accomplished; and the five glorious mysteries tell us of its blessed results. It contains—besides the meditations on the several mysteries—two prayers, the most venerable and most beautiful of all the prayers, the "Our Father," taught to His disciples by Jesus Christ Himself, and the "Hail Mary," made up of the words of the Archangel, of St. Elizabeth and of Holy Church. The Rosary is the universal prayer-book. It can be used by all and at all times. The highest intellect finds worthy exercise in its meditations, and the poorest and most uneducated, comfort and peace in its spoken words. The young, who are unable to comprehend other prayers; the sick, in their long, dreary hours of pain; the old, whose poor eyes dim to the printed page; all Christians, in a word, find in the Rosary a help and a blessing, a strength and a means of grace, suited to all classes of society and to men of every grade.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing. CAN RECOMMEND IT. Mr. Enos Barnberry, Tucson, writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years. Both externally and internally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it." AN END TO BILIOUS HEADACHE.—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. "Parsel's Vegetable will cure it—cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the Pilsoparate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache."

It's Easy To Take Thin, pale, anæmic girls need a fatty food to enrich their blood, give color to their cheeks and restore their health and strength. It is safe to say that they nearly all reject fat with their food.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA is exactly what they require; it not only gives them the important element (cod-liver oil) in a palatable and easily digested form, but also the hypophosphites which are so valuable in nervous disorders that usually accompany anæmia. SCOTT'S EMULSION is a fatty food that is more easily digested than any other form of fat. A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health. You can get it in this way. We have known persons to gain a pound a day while taking it.

"Woman's Work is Never Done."

The constant care causes sleeplessness, loss of appetite, extreme nervousness, and that tired feeling. But a wonderful change comes when Hood's Sarsaparilla is taken. It gives pure, rich blood, good appetite, steady nerves.



BELEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE. Students have a larger earning power who acquire the following lines of preparation under our efficient system of training. It has no superior: 1. Book-keeping. 2. Typewriting. 3. Shorthand. 4. Commercial and Railway. 5. Civil Service. 6. Office. Students may commence Typewriting on the first of each month, and the other departments at any time. J. R. HITCH JEFFERS, M. A. Address: Belleville, Ont. PRINCIPAL.

FOREST CITY Business Shorthand College LONDON, ONT. Catalogue free. J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

A SCHOOL WITH A FINE RECORD. CENTRAL Business College STAFFORD, ONT. Six American business colleges and two Canadian institutions have recently applied to us for our graduates to teach in their schools. If you want additional evidence of our superiority you will find it in our catalogue—the finest business colleges catalogue in Canada. Write for one. Students admitted at any time. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

MORE MONEY... is invested in the NORTHERN Business College Owen Sound, Ont. than any other three business colleges in Canada. It has the best business college equipment, the most complete business course and the best business books in Canada. Write for Catalogue. A. FLEMING, Principal.

DO YOU KNOW THAT THE PETERBORO BUSINESS COLLEGE is now considered one of the most reliable schools in Canada? Write for particulars. 109-111 W.M. PRINGLE, Principal.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONT. THE STUDIES EMBRACE THE CLASSICAL AND COMMERCIAL. Terms including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per annum. For full particulars apply to REV. F. J. O'NEILL, C.S.B., R.V.

SITUATIONS in the five news fields are constantly opening to those who wish to fill them. CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Toronto, received these calls for help within three days from Oct. 25th: Graduate's Agency, Italy, stenographer; H. A. Williams, Real Estate, young man, clerk and stenographer; J. D. King & Co. Ltd., stenographer; Cowan, Kent & Co. Ladies' Dresser, King, Patrol Printing, young man, book-keeping and stenography. Our students secure such places as soon as they become qualified for them. It will save to prepare for them—correspondence invited. W. H. SHAW, Principal.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN, ONT. Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses, Shorthand and Typewriting. For further particulars apply to REV. THOMAS SPENCER, President.

THE FAMOUS ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE Most Widely Attended in America 31st Year. SEND FOR CATALOGUE ADDRESS: ROBINSON & JOHNSON, F. C. A. BELLEVILLE, ONT.

FATHER DAMEN, S. J. One of the Most Instructive and Useful Pamphlets Existing is the Lectures of Father Damen. They comprise five of the most celebrated ones delivered by that renowned Jesuit Father, namely: "The Private Interpretation of the Bible," "The Catholic Church the Only True Church of God," "Confession," "The Real Presence," and "Popular Objections Against the Catholic Church." The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 15 cts. in stamps. Orders may be sent to THOMAS COFFEY Catholic Record Office, - London, Ont.

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, \$1.25, and \$1.50. Subscribers wishing to procure one or more of these prayer books, will please remit what ever amount they intend to devote for that purpose. We will make a good selection for them and forward their order by return mail, postage prepaid. Address: Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

GOOD BOOKS FOR SALE. We should be pleased to supply any of the following books at prices given: The Christian Father, price, 35 cents (cloth); The Christian Mother (cloth), 35 cents; Thoughts on the Sacred Heart, by Archbishop Walsh (cloth), 40 cents; Catholic Belief (paper), 25 cents; cloth (strongly bound) 50 cents. Address: Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD office, London, Ontario.

PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION Can be Seen at our Waterworks, DUNDAS STREET. SMITH BROTHERS Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers. LONDON, - ONTARIO. Sole Agents for Peerless Water Motors, Telephone 55.

The Catholic Record.

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

Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

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

London, Saturday, December 2, 1899.

REMEMBERED.

A magnificent gift for Bishop McEvay reached this city last week.

TO BE A LAYMAN.

Father Ignatius, the well-known High Church cleric, who established a convent at L'Anthony in Wales,

LOOTING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Notwithstanding the denials of some of the officers and even generals of the United States army who have served in the Philippines,

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

Ebenezer Breach and other taxpayers of the city of Portsmouth, England, have threatened to prosecute Sir John Gorst,

whereas they are constantly moving from place to place, and would, before they were aware of it, get sometimes to a steep slope,

When they have succeeded in making the reform in Portsmouth, they intend to carry the fight into London also,

Ebenezer and his co-taxpayers are animated solely by the highest patriotism in bringing on this prosecution,

AN UNGRATEFUL MULTITUDE.

Admiral Dewey, whom the Americans received so enthusiastically on his return from the Philippines,

SCURRILOUS STORIES.

Scurrilous stories have even been circulated by some of the newspapers concerning the Admiral,

WHEN I MADE OVER THIS HOUSE TO MY WIFE.

"When I made over this house to my wife, I thought I was doing the most gracious act that an American gentleman could do."

HE CONTINUED:

"I do not blame the American people for the conduct of a few, but I feel hurt. I am cut to the quick."

IN REFERENCE TO HIS RECEIPTION AS "THE IDOL OF THE NATION."

"I asked no applause. I had merely done my duty, and was ready to do it again."

THE FICKLENESS OF POPULAR FAVOR IS PROVERBIAL,

and the American people do not exalt themselves by their treatment of the brave Admiral.

which is now manifested probably only by a few, but a noisy few, avowedly on this ground.

"No doubt the Admiral will be just as great and just as good a man after his marriage as before, and a much happier one,

This is, very likely, true, and a consequence of the bigotry displayed by these organs;

CLERICAL ATTENDANCE ON HOSPITAL PATIENTS.

P. G., of St. John, N. B., sends us an item clipped from the Evening Gazette of that city,

The Little Sisters of the Poor (in France) wrote to Rome last December to know what to do in the case of old people who being non-Catholics,

It will be noticed that the pretended quotation of the decree of the Roman Congregation as made by the Presbyterian Witness is not self-consistent.

THE NOVEMBER NUMBER OF THE ASSEMBLY HERALD,

shows unreasonable and venomous aggressiveness by misrepresenting the doctrines of the Catholic Church,

IT IS TRUE THAT THIS IS NOT PUT FORTH

professionally as the work of any regular editor of the Herald, as there is no list of editors specially given;

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF ALL THIS

beating about the bush is that Presbyterianism must continue to be as aggressive as it has been in the past,

THE REV. DR. LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN,

the writer of the article in question, draws his conclusions from a misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine,

HE ASSERTS THAT, INSTEAD OF THE SCRIPTURAL TEACHING,

"Repent of your sins" and "Ye must be born again," the Catholic Church, or "Romanism" says: "Do penance for your sins" and "Ye must be baptized."

This intolerance is the more atrocious inasmuch as there is no Protestant Church which consistently with its own professions does or can claim to be the one true Church spoken of in the Gospel.

On the other hand, we can confidently assert that there cannot be indicated a single instance either in Canada or the United States where the doors of Catholic institutions were closed against Protestant ministers desiring to attend Protestant patients who wished for them.

THE HERALD AND THE CHURCH.

The Assembly Herald of New York is published by order and under direction of the General Assembly of the United States, and we are, therefore, justified in believing that it reflects the attitude of the Assembly toward the Catholic Church.

We are often told that the Catholic Church is aggressive, and, so far as the maintenance of truth is concerned, she is and must be aggressive,

The November number of the Assembly Herald, however, shows unreasonable and venomous aggressiveness by misrepresenting the doctrines of the Catholic Church,

Every soul truly repentant is a foe to Roman Catholicism, and a bulwark to a Christian republic.

A LITTLE ABOVE THIS WE FIND:

"However wise or unwise may be the efforts of societies and organizations to counteract or restrain the influence of Romanism in this country by stringent social or political methods, to the Protestant Church belongs the right and responsibility of employing spiritual forces to overcome the influences which the Roman Church seeks to extend."

It is true that this is not put forth professionally as the work of any regular editor of the Herald, as there is no list of editors specially given;

The long and the short of all this beating about the bush is that Presbyterianism must continue to be as aggressive as it has been in the past,

THE REV. DR. LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN,

the writer of the article in question, draws his conclusions from a misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine,

HE ASSERTS THAT, INSTEAD OF THE SCRIPTURAL TEACHING,

"Repent of your sins" and "Ye must be born again," the Catholic Church, or "Romanism" says: "Do penance for your sins" and "Ye must be baptized."

the inward life; formal doing for inward being; the letter for the spirit; Jesus said: "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life."

It is readily seen that this appeal to the prejudice of Americans, which really implies that the American Republic is based upon the spiritual principles of Christianity,

Dr. Lyman is not the first polemic who has misrepresented the teaching of the Catholic Church in regard to the necessity of internal dispositions in order to obtain forgiveness of sin.

The Catholic Church requires, and has always required, the interior dispositions of heartfelt sorrow for past sin, and firm purpose of sinning no more as conditions for the forgiveness of sin.

That these internal dispositions are required by the Catholic Church is evident from all Catholic doctrinal books.

For the purpose of reconciling himself to God, the sinner who is preparing himself for baptism must have the same dispositions as are required for Confession or the Sacrament of Penance.

THE INTERCESSION OF BLESSED MOTHER BARAT,

was the foundress of the Sacred Heart Order in 1800 in France, it being first given the French name, Sacre Coeur, was prayed for. Since her death there have been several evidences of what appeared to be special graces granted through her intercession in answer to prayer.

THE INTERCESSION OF BLESSED MOTHER BARAT,

was constantly prayed for by the Sisters at the Maryville convent; a garment which had been worn by Mother Barat was worn by Mme. Burke;

and the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, the founder of the Jesuits, whom Dr. Lyman and the Presbyterian Assembly Herald abuse so vehemently.

THAT LIBEL SUIT.

General Fanston's threatened suit at law against Archbishop Ireland for libel on account of the latter having stated that the General is believed by many to have been responsible for the looting of churches in the Philippine Islands,

"No better time could be chosen than the present to bring the matter to a head in this way," if General Fanston is anxious for such vindication, there is nothing to prevent his seeking it.

AS BY A MIRACLE.

Alleged Instantaneous Cure of a Nun Who was Dying of Cancer.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat. "It shows that God is very near to us." Such was the comment made by one of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart yesterday after she had been speaking of what is said to be a miracle at the convent of the Sacred Heart Order in Maryville. Cloistered and hidden from the public gaze are the nuns of all communities, and especially retiring as are those of the Sacred Heart, the Sisters of the Maryville convent made every effort to keep secret this remarkable event, which took place a month ago.

A NOVENA.

During this novena the intercession of Blessed Mother Barat, who was the foundress of the Sacred Heart Order in 1800 in France, it being first given the French name, Sacre Coeur, was prayed for.

THE INTERCESSION OF BLESSED MOTHER BARAT,

was constantly prayed for by the Sisters at the Maryville convent; a garment which had been worn by Mother Barat was worn by Mme. Burke;

THE INTERCESSION OF BLESSED MOTHER BARAT,

was constantly prayed for by the Sisters at the Maryville convent; a garment which had been worn by Mother Barat was worn by Mme. Burke;

All hope for assistance through human agency seemed to have vanished. The patient lay on the verge of death. She expressed no fear of death, but said that for the honor of the Blessed Mother Barat she had hoped that she might live.

ONE FRIDAY MORNING SHE RECEIVED

Holy Communion. Propped up by pillows on the bed, this small exertion seemed almost beyond her strength. All in the convent were now prepared to bear of her death.

A TALK WITH ARCHBISHOP KAIN.

His Grace Archbishop Kain was seen last night and gave a short resume of the reported healing as he had learned it while on a visit to the convent. He seemed much pleased over the occurrence, but said that he could not say whether it was a "real" miracle or not.

WHEN THIS IS DONE I WILL SIT

judgment, as it were. With me will be several advisers. After weighing these proofs, if we think they are sufficient they will be forwarded to Rome.

WHAT DO I THINK ABOUT THIS

reported miracle? I told you that I do not for me to decide. If it can be proved the 'Devil's Advocate' at Rome provided it is ever sent there, it will be plenty of time for me to give an opinion of its genuineness.

CHINESE CATHOLICS.

A young Englishman, a convert now living at Singapore, where opportunities for observation are best, declares that the Chinaman "the makings of a thorough Catholic" and that the prospects of the Church in the Malay Peninsula are extremely bright.

WHAT IS MORE, THE CHINESE ADOPT

Catholicity without ceasing to be Chinese or mixing European ways. I find many little shops where nothing but Chinese spoken, where native food and native dress, but where the whole family, especially goes to Mass.

JAPAN, TOO, HAS FELT THE TOUCH

new spirit. Following the example of China, the Government has accorded Christianity official recognition equal with its own religions.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Sacred Heart Review. PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

I have said that by no means accuse all the Protestant agents in the Spanish countries (including the Portuguese) of the bitter scurrility continually appearing in the Champion.

that represented by the Champion. These men are not necessarily, nor ordinarily, hypocrites, but are simply coarse, common, shallow partisans.

How glad they were to tell their fellow Catholics at home, and how glad these were to be told, of the numbers of English Protestants that appeared never to have lost baptismal grace!

Comparison with such a frame of mind in missionaries, whether in Christian or in heathen lands, how absolutely pitiful the men of the Champion are!

However, let it not be supposed that these people only behave so towards Catholics. To be sure, if they make a proselyte, they baptize him, not conditionally in form or matter should have been lacking, but absolutely, as if he were an Arab or a Hindu.

I need not say that these people think it prejudicial to holy zeal to know anything about the Catholic system. We will give some illustrations of this in our next, and then leave the Iberian lands at present to themselves.

NEW YORK FIREMEN AND THEIR CHAPLAINS.

The chaplains of the Fire Department, the Rev. William Smith, of the Fathers of Mercy, and the Rev. James Le Baron Johnson, in the uniform of chief of battalion, are becoming familiar figures in New York.

It is scarcely seven months since the position of chaplain was created. New York remains the only city in the world that provides spiritual consolation for the members of its Fire Department.

Every night the chaplains visit together an engine or hook and ladder house. The men draw up in line and give them the salute accorded a chief of battalion.

How much the influence of the chaplains is due to their magnetic personality is best known to the firemen. Both are young, up in field sports and at a fire never shrink from the danger line.

At the barracks, illustrated. A story of French camp life. "The Little Boy," illustrated. A tale of the early Christians, with the favor of "Fabiola."

WE CLAIM THAT THE D. & L. Menthol Plaster will cure lumbago, backache, sciatica, or neuralgic pains quicker than any other remedy.

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

I will utter things hidden from the foundation of the world. (Matt. xiii. 35.) These are the concluding words of the gospel, and they refer to the great truths that are made known to us through the revelation of Almighty God.

When we look back over the world's history and see the greatest minds of every age and country groping in the dark, seeking in vain for the knowledge that a glorious privilege it is to be enlightened by the divine light of faith.

How widely different is the state of the mind established in the settled conviction of faith from that where there is nothing but the theories and opinions of human knowledge!

Turn for a moment to contemplate the radical and world-wide revolution wrought by the Christian religion in the ritual observance of mankind.

THE CHRISTIAN SUNDAY. Turn for a moment to contemplate the radical and world-wide revolution wrought by the Christian religion in the ritual observance of mankind.

Guaranteed Cure for Catarrh. Catarrh, or inflammation of the bladder, is a common disease, and is characterized by a frequent desire to urinate.

EASY QUICK WORK. SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES.

SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY MAKES CHILD'S PLAY. \$495. JOHNSTON & McFARLANE, Box C. R., Toronto, Ont.

PRAYERS.

St. Louis, Nov. 9.—A miracle is said to have performed at the convent of the Sacred Heart, at Maryville. The story, which has become public, despite the efforts of the Sisters to keep it secret, is as follows:

Mme. Burke, a Sister of the Sacred Heart, of Omaha, was brought to St. Louis for medical attention. A local physician pronounced her case cancer, and proposed an operation. At the request of the Sisters, he waited nine days, during which time they offered a novena in the patient's behalf, praying constantly through the intercession of Blessed Mother Bar, founder of the order while Mme. Burke wore a garment which had been worn by Mother Bar.

THE WILL & BAUMER COY. Bleachers and Refiners of Beeswax, and Manufacturers of CHURCH CANDLES.

THE LONDON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. TOS. E. ROBSON, D. C. McDONALD, PRESIDENT, MANAGER.

CHURCH FURNITURE. SCHOOL DESKS. THE GLOBE FURNITURE CO. LIMITED. WALSHELL, ONTARIO.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, 180 King Street, The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open Night and Day.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

There is a vast difference in the ways of wanting-to-know-between the laudable desire to acquire valuable knowledge and the vulgar thirst of personal curiosity.

Good manners are built upon good morals, and we may not shatter the one without shaking the other. Originally, courtesy was kindly, princely, noble; it gave perfect trust and demanded absolute honor between peer and peer.

Trust must be linked with perfect honor, else it is trust misplaced. The overly inquisitive are not to be trusted; to gratify their insatiable curiosity they will attempt to ferret out secrets, to betray confidences, to spoil plans, to interfere with every right of another to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

THE WILL & BAUMER COY. Bleachers and Refiners of Beeswax, and Manufacturers of CHURCH CANDLES.

THE LONDON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. TOS. E. ROBSON, D. C. McDONALD, PRESIDENT, MANAGER.

CHURCH FURNITURE. SCHOOL DESKS. THE GLOBE FURNITURE CO. LIMITED. WALSHELL, ONTARIO.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

There is a vast difference in the ways of wanting-to-know-between the laudable desire to acquire valuable knowledge and the vulgar thirst of personal curiosity.

Good manners are built upon good morals, and we may not shatter the one without shaking the other. Originally, courtesy was kindly, princely, noble; it gave perfect trust and demanded absolute honor between peer and peer.

Trust must be linked with perfect honor, else it is trust misplaced. The overly inquisitive are not to be trusted; to gratify their insatiable curiosity they will attempt to ferret out secrets, to betray confidences, to spoil plans, to interfere with every right of another to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

THE WILL & BAUMER COY. Bleachers and Refiners of Beeswax, and Manufacturers of CHURCH CANDLES.

THE LONDON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. TOS. E. ROBSON, D. C. McDONALD, PRESIDENT, MANAGER.

CHURCH FURNITURE. SCHOOL DESKS. THE GLOBE FURNITURE CO. LIMITED. WALSHELL, ONTARIO.

