

The Catholic Record.

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

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AN INSULTING QUOTATION.

"If you enjoy a good ballad get Newbolt's 'The Sailing of the Long Ships' (\$1.00). The author is Henry Newbolt, Editor of the Monthly Review, London, Eng.

"Filled from cover to cover with ringing verse this little volume is bound to win its way to true British hearts. The following stanza will give you our author's style:

"Drake in the North Sea grimly prowling,
Treading his dear *Heaven's* deck,
Watched, with the sea-dogs round him growling,
Galleons drifting wreck on wreck,
Peters and Paul for England's neck,
Fogot and Pacher, Saint and Chin—
Yonder the Devil and all his howling,
Devon O Devon, in wind and rain!"

This literary note appeared in the "Canadian Teacher" Jan. 15, 1903. It is quite a scholarly appreciation, and our readers will notice how tactfully the quotation was chosen to give them "our author's style." They may also revel in the artistic beauty of the phrase "true British hearts," worthy indeed of the Canadian Teacher, and so characteristic. They may call up visions of the scribe as he wrought the literary gem and of his joy as he laid it at the shrine of Canadian literature. We thought that Roberts, Carman, Stringer, all the literati had gone to New York. But have we been misinformed? Is Roberts perchance lurking in the sanctum of the Canadian Teacher? Or—but let us restrain our curiosity and just be thankful.

"Scribe in the office grimly prowling,
Making himself look like thirty cents,
Write with the big toe around him growling,
Pages editors for literary cents,
Pages a glow with sentiments,
Rant and Pathos and Rhetoric and Roar,
Anything in sooth to suit the crowd howling,
Toronto, Toronto, why isn't he shot."

This graceful tribute has cost us some weary moments and the only question we ask is that it may win its way to all true British hearts.

FLYING FALSE COLORS.

A few weeks ago we had occasion to address a few words of remonstrance to the Canadian Teacher. We put our case before the editor as courteously as possible and expected him as a gentleman to favor us with either a rejoinder or the granting of our very moderate and not too presumptuous request. But we erred in believing him to be a gentleman in his official capacity as editor. And we tell him now that he is a blundering bigot. We say blundering advisedly, because he is the veriest amateur at the business. Were he cautious, commercially prudent enough, he would avoid letting the public know that he befuddles himself with nursery yarns. But to pick out an offensive stanza from a book which, as he assures us, is bound to win its way to true British hearts, is too transparent a trick. He could have selected other and not insulting quotations. Why did he not or his co-workers do this? Was it worth while to take chances with their reputation as gentlemen and scholars, in order to gratify childish spite and to prove how incompetent they are to have aught to do with what concerns the teaching fraternity. We tell him and his co-workers that the Canadian Teacher is flying false colors. Surely they are able to see this! Or are they childish enough to think that Catholic teachers will continue to support them if they persist in their present policy? Do they imagine that our teachers are cowardly enough to submit to thinly-veiled insults? We have respect for the opinions of others, but we object to a journal conducted as is the Canadian Teacher being considered a representative organ of the Teachers of the Province. It represents nothing but the animus of private individuals. It is not Canadian in aim or aspiration, and its teaching value is a very variable quantity. Change the name and be honest.

We are aware that words of ours will have small effect on this gentry. And we therefore advise our teachers to touch them in their most vulnerable part—their pockets. Show them that you respect yourselves, your profession and your faith. Tell them you are the ladies and gentlemen to do this—that you demand a journal that may be read by all teachers, and that makes for the upbuilding of amity and not dissension.

For our part we beg to tell the directors of the Canadian Teacher not to judge all British hearts by their own. They should come out into the light and see the world more.

We shall never be at peace with ourselves until we yield with glad supremacy to our higher faculties.—Joseph Cook.

A CLEAN FIGHTER.

"We congratulate the Toronto Presbyterian and the Westminster Company on the appointment of Rev. James A. MacDonald to the managing editorship of the Globe. The change will be found distinctly to the advantage of the Toronto Presbyterian."—Editor Dominion Presbyterian.

We venture to say that his congratulation will be regarded as ill-advised by many Presbyterians. We have had on occasion a journalistic bout with the Rev. Mr. MacDonald and have ever found him guileless of dishonorable tactics. He was a clean fighter, and as such we respected him. And when the editor of the Dominion Presbyterian approaches to within even hailing distance of the standards of dignity and worthiness established by the late editor of the Westminster we shall have much pleasure in congratulating him.

AN APOSTOLATE.

We have more than once commented on the activity of non-Catholics in matters social and religious. They may not be enthusiastic, but they are earnest and very persistent in their endeavors to help their brethren. They spread nets on all sides and gather in all those who chance to get into their meshes. The men among them who are conspicuous by their influence and position are towers of strength to the various organizations. They give them advice and material support. Let a lad come from the rural districts and forthwith he is surrounded by friends who not only talk to him but enable him to get a foothold in the city. The Y. M. C. A. rooms are frequented by all classes of citizens, and abound in devices to attract and retain the attention of the members. Their "receptions" are honored by personages whose names appear in the society column of the newspaper. Strangers are taken up and safeguarded in an atmosphere of refinement and sympathy from much that is evil. They are made to feel at home, and we can point to more than one prominent in the community who owes the beginning of his success to a helping hand when it was needed.

We have done much in this kind of work, but we have not exhausted our energy, nor have we made excessive demands on our charity. We know the men who do the greater part of it. But they are handicapped by lack of resources, by acrid criticism, or what is worse, by cold indifference and betimes are discouraged. They have their hours of red hot enthusiasm, which, however, cools and leaves them in a state of sluggishness.

But what of the hundreds who do nothing, and who live as if the interests of the Church have no claims on them? It were idle to say that this is an unfounded statement. It is absolutely true that many of our influential Catholics are in this matter very little removed from the "don't care" state of a Pagan. They have their little circles consecrated to the god Caste, and the thought of stepping over them to mingle with the plain people gives them a shock. They complain (they are very good at that) that news or messenger boys are being inveigled into Protestant organizations. These poor little chaps we may remark are treated to a square meal now and then by charitable ladies and gentlemen. And they understand that. Now, instead of complaining, why do not they take a leaf out of the book of their neighbors? A little systematic work in befriending poor lads, and aiding our societies is of more value than a ton of talk. A pastor cannot do everything. He has many things to look after—many things to bear, not the least of which is the Catholic who has leisure for talk, and for nothing else.

If they would but give work—anything that is prompted by love of souls—the pastor's burden would be lightened and his outlook more promising.

How Leo XIII. Says Mass.

The opinion prevails in many circles in Rome that the Pope no longer celebrates Mass, or else that he celebrates the whole, or at least half, of the Mass in a sitting posture. This is quite incorrect. The Pope says Mass every day, and standing from beginning to end. The venerable old man, in spite of the burden of his advanced age, performs every genuflection completely, and prays so accurately that he takes three quarters of an hour to celebrate. He is assisted at Mass by his private chaplain and master of ceremonies, Mgr. Marzolini, whilst his personal servant, Centra, serves the Mass. The Holy Father says his week-day Mass in the little private chapel next to his bedroom, but on Sundays in the domestic chapel behind the apartment of the Noble Guard. After Mass the Pope always hears another one said by Mgr. Marzolini.—From the Tablet.

HANS AND SCHWARZ ON LUTHER.

It was in the year 1516; Luther had just finished his revolutionary career and nearly all of Northern Europe was mourning the loss of its great savior, when two old peasants, Hans and Schwarz, met early one morning on a highway leading to Trier.

They had both received a sufficient education, in the times when, as Luther himself says, "nothing was spared to place children in convents and make them go to school," to be able to read such parts of the discussions between the great minds of the times as were translated for the common people. This learning, together with their experience in the late disturbances, uprisings and wars throughout Germany, enabled them to get a fairly good idea of the so-called reform.

Their respective opinions, however, about the sincerity of the reformers and the effects of their work upon the world were widely different, as we shall see from their conversation.

They lived in adjoining parishes, the pastors of which, though at first of the same faith, had gradually differed in their teachings; the one having been Luther's error, whilst the other had remained scrupulously firm in the faith of his fathers, the Catholic Church. Hence it is not surprising that Schwarz, perhaps in good faith, followed the footsteps of his teacher and became a rank Lutheran, whilst Hans, under the guidance of his devoted pastor, had remained a faithful servant to his Church. Here let us remark that had Germany been blessed with many such devoted priests as had preserved Hans, Luther in all probability would not have found the fertile soil he did find in which to plant his false doctrine. But since it is useless to tarry over what might have been, except perhaps to learn a lesson therefrom, we will return to our two peasants.

It must be kept in mind that Hans and Schwarz were somewhat superior to their less favored brethren in intellect, and hence were able to discourse with more depth than they upon the questions of the time. Schwarz had not seen Hans for some time, having been away with a band of fanatics seeking wealth by plundering monasteries and church property. He was just returning home from Trier with his booty, when he met Hans and greeted him with these words:

"Have you heard of the death of our great liberator from devilish Popery?"

"No," answered Hans; "but if it is true, I rejoice to hear that the great apostate has at last ceased his fiendish work."

"What! do you dare malign with such words our saintly evangelist?" indignantly added Schwarz, "as you defame our Holy Father," replied Hans, sternly. "But instead of quarreling and perhaps coming to blows over Luther and the Pope, let us in a more quiet way find out whether Luther is so deserving of the saintly titles you would give him. Let us see what there is in the man, his works and their effects on the people which make him so great in your opinion," proposed Hans.

"If all you Papists, said Schwarz, "would only throw off the cloak of darkness and superstition which priestcraft has thrown over you, I am sure your eyes would soon be opened to the true merits of the man. Just think of a poor, humble monk whose zeal for learning and for the promotion of the spiritual good of his people made him, when but a young man, a leader in religion. So learned was he that all your Cardinals, Bishops, Doctors, and even Popes could not compare with him. Had not a man conceived an extreme admiration for a man so sound in his religious views that he fears not to face the present and criticize the past teaching of your Church and even defy them to prove that what he teaches is false? Follow our saintly doctor throughout his life and you will be amazed at the great amount of work he did, preaching, writing, and translating the Bible. He saw how oppressed were his people, and felt with a tender affection how necessary it was for some deliverer to come in order to free the priest-ridden world. He felt that he was called to the great work, and gladly did he accept the call.

"All that sounds very well," returned Hans, "but now let me say a few things. If Luther was so learned a man, whence did he get all that knowledge which made him surpass the teaching of the Church? Was it not from that teaching body itself? Were not his teachers the same men who taught Erasmus, Eck, Zwingli, Bucer, Oecolampadius and other scholars, with whom Luther was unable to hold his own? Do you mean to say that one should place his entire confidence in this one man as opposed to the whole teaching body of the Church past and present? Did not Luther himself admit, and was it not conceded by all, that Dr. Eck and Leonardo were far superior to Luther in depth of learning when those celebrated discussions were held at Leipzig and Worms? When Luther saw that he was outclassed, what did he do but adhere to his own interpretations of Scripture, and that with such stubbornness as is found only in the most obstinate heretics.

"You speak of him as a great worker, indeed; but what has he effected? His preaching has only multiplied sects, sowed the seeds of anarchy and brought about wars surpassing all others in cruelty. All his sermons and writings which I have read do not indicate to me the generous, mild and devout reformer you have pictured; on the contrary, one sees no love in him for his enemies. He brands with 'hog,' 'devil' and all

sorts of vile epithets those who preach contrary to him. He condemns to the deepest hell those whom he is unable to induce to follow his teachings. Are such, I ask, the marks of a true evangelist? Granting he has written devotional books for his people, why does he spoil the good effects that such books would have by his filthy table talk? In fact, the whole life of this man is replete with inconsistencies.

He expresses his love of free speech, yet he permits his students at Wittenberg to burn Tetzel's masterly defence against the wrong doctrines contained in the theses; he himself burnt publicly the Bull of Leo X, which excommunicated him. Now he preaches against the approaching Turks and urges the people to defend their country, and immediately after he tells the world that it is wrong to resist the invaders, he would punish the people for their sins. Even Henry VIII, of England says of Luther with regard to his manner of defending his doctrines: "If your arm yourself with faith to oppose him, he confronts you with reason; if you buckle on the armor of reason, he intrenches himself in faith."

"He has freed the people, as you say, from the priestcraft of the Popes; but in the present condition of the people, bound down as they are by the iron hand of a lazar-loving nobility and Luther's own despotic spiritual rule, I see only the transfer of a nation from the mild rule of the Popes, to what there was at least an opportunity to appeal for aid against oppressors, to a hopeless and abject slavery both spiritual and temporal."

"But does not Luther teach us that we are free to interpret Scriptures as we please?" objected Schwarz.

"Yes, and that is why there are so many religious fighting among themselves, though united against the Church of Rome," said Hans. "Yet Luther did not believe in this teaching himself, nor do all the sects that have been started by him."

"How do you know that?"

"Why, did not Luther thunder against the heretics of his own Church? For instance, do you not remember how Luther raved against Carlstadt because this disciple took objection to some of his interpretation of the Bible? And how ashamed Germany felt for its doctor when even that shoemaker took him to task over a simple passage in Scripture? And again, after the great council at Marburg between Luther and Melancthon on the one hand and Zwingli and Oecolampadius on the other, anathemas were long interchanged between Zurich and Wittenberg merely because both parties would not concede to one another the right to give their own interpretation to Scripture. How is it possible to reconcile such actions with the teachings of your apostle?"

Schwarz remained silent for some time, then, suddenly raising his head with an air of satisfaction, said:

"Luther had the first right to claim belief for his interpretation because he alone knew the full meaning of Scripture, being the first to translate it."

"Aha!" interrupted Hans. "Now you contradict yourself. You said just a moment ago that Luther taught private interpretation of the Bible. More than that, he even said that the lowest of the flock had the gift to solve the most obscure passages, and that he ought to be among them to be enlightened upon some difficult part of the Sacred Book. But Luther was not the first to translate the Bible. I am sure you have seen the translation of Rabanus Maurus and of Wilfrid Strabo. These men translated the Bible at the request of Louis the Pious in the ninth century. Westcottians also had the Scriptures published in 1400. And these were by no means the only translations."

Schwarz, not knowing what to reply, sought refuge in asking questions.

"Why is it," said he, "that the people of the higher classes were more easily led to adopt the teachings of Luther than the lower classes? Do you not think that it is an argument in favor of the reformation that the nobility, being more learned, should be the first to join the new faith?"

"We must consider," said Hans, "the motives that led the rich to leave the Church of the Apostles. You know how most of the poor loved their old faith. They would not hear of any substitute for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Luther, in his hatred for whatever savored of Rome, wished to force his innovations upon the people, but they rebelled. Hence in order to effect his purpose he was obliged to effect his conversion of the nobility. All connection between the influential classes and the Pope being once severed, he was sure they would use every violence to force the poor to accept the new faith. So Luther began by exciting their cupidity for gain, as this, he knew, would be the surest way to effect his purpose. In the first place he attacked the celibacy of the clergy by ridiculing and calumniating the religious. Then he encouraged in every possible way the priests and monks to marry, and finally he set the example himself by marrying a nun. You remember, I am certain, how Germany blushed at this. The lords then began to raid the monasteries; drove out the inmates whom the teachings of Luther had rendered lukewarm and tired of their vows; plundered and appropriated to themselves the property of the religious houses and churches and thereby greatly increased their wealth. This was the main reason why the nobility was so easily induced to apostatize. All they cared was for gain, and as Luther showed them from Scripture that they were justified in this nefarious work, they were not slow to seize the bait.

"When Luther had won the favor of the rich he had little regard for the needy, who, when driven to desperation by their tyrannical lords, joined hands in the revolt. In vain they turned to Luther, imploring him to have pity on them; in vain they begged him to intercede for them with their oppressors. Luther only turned a deaf ear to them and made their condition worse by advising the princes to 'strike, slay from and rear; nothing is more devilish than sedition. There must be no sleep, no patience, no mercy; they are the children of the devil.'"

Hans seeing that Schwarz was silent, continued:

"That the people could not be satisfied with the new faith is seen from the great number that have returned to the old faith. Many who were at first wavering have reaffirmed their belief in the only true religion; whilst among those that seem hopelessly lost there is continual restlessness. I am sure you have noticed of late how easily your people are led from one belief to another."

We must here add that conditions have not changed since the time of Hans and Schwarz. The Mormons of the present day admit that England and the northern countries of Europe have proved to be rich fields for their missionaries. They have gathered thousands of converts to their pernicious sect, and these are not only from among the ignorant; while the Latin countries, which remained more firm in the Catholic faith, have given few if any to this polygamous creed.

SAVAGE AND HIS CRITIC.

Before giving the remainder of our article, which for want of space was crowded out last week, we must correct a couple of typographical blunders that the compositor made and the proof reader let pass—would that we had them by the ears—and which made a heretic of St. Gregory Nazianzen. Speaking of the eternal Word, the saint said: "Who at last was made man for our salvation; possible in the flesh, impossible in the Divinity." The printer and proof reader made him say "possible in the flesh, impossible in the Divinity." May the saint forgive them.

St. Gregory of Nazianzen was too scholarly a man not to know of the Council of Antioch and its excommunication of Paul of Samosata for denying the divinity of Christ. It was only about sixty years before his time. He was also too scholarly a man to be ignorant of the writings of Tertullian, Origen, Irenaeus, Clement of Rome, Ignatius of Antioch, Justin Martyr, Athenagoras, Theophilus of Antioch, Clement of Alexandria, Hippolytus and his Philosophumena. And, knowing these and the action of the Council of Antioch, and Pope Victor's condemnation of Theodotus, he would not—being a holy man—have stated what he knew to be false.

St. Gregory Nazianzen has fortunately left on record his opinion of St. Athanasius, the champion of the divinity of our Lord. In his oration "Contra Gentes," he said: "When I praise Athanasius, virtue itself is my theme; for I name every virtue as often as I mentioned him, who was possessed of all virtues. He was the true pillar of the Church. His life and conduct were the rule of Bishops, and his doctrine the rule of the orthodox faith." Would he have thus spoken of one whom he believed to be the first promulgator of a heterodox doctrine?

Savage: "An ustine has left on record the saying that he was in the dark until he found the true doctrine concerning the Divine Word in a Latin translation of some Platonic writings. His light came from Plato, and not from the New Testament."

There is here an unscholarly subtlety and an unworthy sophism as well. First, as to the subtlety. The question the reverend gentleman had in hand was as to the Divinity of Jesus of Nazareth, and he would leave the impression in the reader's mind that St. Augustine first learned of His divinity from Plato, who lived over four hundred years before Jesus of Nazareth was born. The question he was dealing with was not as to the existence of the eternal Word, but the existence of the Word in time in human flesh, in Jesus of Nazareth; and he would leave the impression that this latter truth was learned by a Christian Bishop from a pagan philosopher. Is this either scholarly or honest?

Augustine, when a Christian and a saint, wrote a book—his Confessions—on an account of his mental experiences when he was a young man and before he became a Christian. Up to the time that the Platonic books came into his hands he believed the Manichean doctrine that there were two gods—

essentially good and the other essentially evil. In these books he found certain teachings that he afterwards learned to be Christian truths. These truths were that "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and Word was God." And after quoting several more verses from the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, he says the truths he found in the Platonic books were not in those exact words, but, to his mind, they meant what St. John teaches regarding the eternal Word. Continuing, Augustine says—and this is the point Rev. Savage had in hand—"But that He (the Word) came unto His own and His own received Him not; but as many as received Him, to them He gave the power to become the sons of God, believing in His Name. I did not find in these (those Platonic books). Again, I read there that God the Word was born not of flesh, not of blood, not of the will of man, neither of the flesh, but of God. But that this Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, I did not read there." Continuing to state the Christian doctrine of the incarnation and divinity of Christ, Augustine repeats again and again these words, "I did not find there;" that is, in these Platonic books. (See St. Augustine's Confessions, Book VII, chap. 9, and following.)

And yet the Rev. Savage would leave the impression that St. Augustine, a Christian Bishop, knew nothing about the divinity of Christ until he learned it from a pagan philosopher. Just here is found the unworthy sophistry. Is it honest?

There are several other statements in the Rev. Savage's letter that are on a par with those we have examined—that is to say, equally false, sophistical and of no practical value. But we have here treated of those that bear directly on the issue he raised. The doctrine of the Trinity and of the Divinity of Christ has been taught throughout the ages, as the records show; and it has been thoroughly discussed, with the result that, with the exception of a comparatively few called Unitarians, the whole Christian world believes it, as it has done from the beginning. The Unitarian has only the alternative of accepting the doctrine of the Trinity or holding that the Christian world has been in error from the beginning.—New York Freeman Journal.

CHILDREN CONSECRATED TO THE INFANT JESUS.

SIMPLE BUT BEAUTIFUL CEREMONY AT THE CARMELITE MONASTERY.

The consecration of children to the Infant Jesus before an image of the Miraculous Infant of Prague took place for the first time at the Carmelite monastery, 1518 Poplar street, on Thursday afternoon of this week. The little chapel was filled to overflowing a full hour before the time appointed, 3 o'clock.

The ceremony, which is very simple and beautiful, was performed by Rev. Jack J. Moore, chaplain of the monastery. After a brief discourse explanatory of the devotion, the blessing of the children, as appointed in the ritual, was given. The medals were then blessed, after which the Act of Consecration was recited, the little ones repeating it after the priest. Then all went to the altar rail and one by one received the precious medals, which were placed around their neck and which they were exhorted to wear faithfully as a pledge of their love for "little Jesus," making each morning the aspiration, "Infant Jesus, bless me," and kissing the medal as they awake. Benediction closed the ceremony. The age of the children must be from two to twelve years.

The miraculous image of the Infant Jesus has long been honored in the Church of Our Lady of Victory, Prague, Bohemia, and books have been written telling of its many wonders. We quote from one compiled by the Rev. E. F. Bowden and published by the London Catholic Truth Society:

"It is this temple raised in honor of the Infant Jesus which has been chosen by His Mother that has been chosen by the Infant Jesus wherein to manifest Himself to the whole world during the last two hundred and fifty years by a series of prodigies in which He has shown Himself to be the providence of the poor, the consolation of the afflicted, the health of the sick, attracting unto Himself all hearts in confidence and love."

One of the side altars of this church is resplendent with burning candles and ever surrounded by many of the faithful in prayer. Above this altar, in a small waxen statue, but twenty inches high, upon which all eyes are fixed. This image, with its benignant countenance full of grace and majesty, is known as the "Infant Jesus of Prague." It stands upright clothed in a royal mantle crowned with a diadem of precious stones; its right hand is raised to bless; its left holds a golden globe of sovereignty.

Within the past fifteen years the devotion has grown in a wonderful manner; and now the statues of the Infant Jesus of Prague may be seen in churches and chapels, cloisters and schools all the world over. The little King has taken up His abode among rich and poor, great and small. As a mighty tree springs from the tiny mustard seed, so this pious devotion has grown from a small beginning to the greatest dimensions; it is no longer local or national, but as universal as the Church itself.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

THE STORY OF A BRAVE MOUNTAIN PRIEST.

Abbe Morice any myself were returning from a visit to the ruins of Gorville. We chatted as we climbed up the steep path which zigzagged along between rocks and brambles up to the old church and parsonage perched alone on the top of the cliff.

"You are very solitary up there," I remarked. "But as a compensation you are quiet. I suppose that your parishioners, innocent souls that they are, are mostly at home."

"Hum! hum!" coughed the priest. "I was partly an expression of doubt as to the fervor and saintliness of his people and partly a result of his breathlessness caused by our ascent, although we had progressed very slowly."

priest would not come to listen to the confession of a poor tormented soul. He said that he was even tempted to commit suicide in his despair of receiving the forgiveness. At once rose to go. "From his words he must be very repentant, added Toimon. 'I didn't see his face, for he kept in the shadow, but I think he was one-eyed.' At that word I shivered."

"You certainly did not go after that," I exclaimed. "I will confess that I had a moment of hesitation," replied the Abbe, quietly. "Then I reasoned rapidly. There might be more than one man of that sort. What reason was there to think that a rogue would, through pure vengeance, risk facing a man who knew as much of the world as I did?"

"The Abbe was silent for a moment, and his expression became thoughtful, at the remembrance of cruel and barbarous scenes doubtless; then he continued: "Ah, yes, I have much to contend with, but I do not complain. I am not one of those who become a priest to accept easy places. I, after five years in Tonquin and six in China, I took this charge, which no one else wanted, it was because I felt myself to be a true soldier of the faith and because I love the fight. Here, as there, I consider myself a missionary, as the performance of my duties is not without a real danger."

result of M. Frederic de France's inquiry amongst French celebrities upon this question. In preating his article he says: "Small we believe with Mohammed that immortality is certain; or shall we say with Job that 'as the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more.' This is the eternal problem. The thinker seeks the truth from Krishna, from Plato, from Jesus, from Nietzsche, but neither the religious teachers nor the philosophers have succeeded in answering the riddle."

"I would not regret to die if it were only a question of relinquishing the good things of life. I have no more confidence, however, in death than I have in life. I have no more promise of unconsciousness; it is not likely to be an absurd and obscure palimpsest, of which I am afraid. On earth I realize that I have to expect material trouble, incessant work, the hostility of friends, the calculations of those around me. Will it be worse in that? The scientist answers: 'Probably.'"

M. Jean Berthelot, the chemist, thinks that we feel the pain of death most when it summons us from work unfinished. "What poet, painter, or sculptor," he asks, "would not grieve to die before his work was completed?" Louise Michel the anarchist-communist, says: "Under no circumstances would I regret to die, because in the eternal harmony of the universe the being that dies, the leaf that falls, the world that disappears, are obeying a rhythmic law that we do not understand as yet. At times I have wished to die, because it is noble to die for our cause, and because death is the great propagator of ideas."

Christian sects, thus destroying their faith and producing skepticism and confusion worse confounded. But the great American civilization must be introduced at least among the Mohammedans, and so Professor Townsend proceeded to establish a school in the very midst of the Mohammedan population. In this school the children are not taught to read, they have no books—they simply receive an industrial training. They are taught certain trades and handicrafts. They make such things as meet with a ready sale, and they are allowed to enjoy the product of their labor.

"Think," says Mr. Townsend, "of paying children for coming to school? But why not? In what other way could they be taught the value of industry in the concrete? Worst of all, children were not required to come to school with clean hands, or to wash them after coming, except as they learned that dirty hands meant soiled and unsalable work. Right here," continues this candid missionary of American civilization, "let me say that acquisitiveness, the love of money, avarice, if you will, has been the mainstay of our work."

"The following letter and verses reached me just before 'mailing' time. I am greatly indebted to my correspondent for them. I would ask my good friend where the music may be procured, as I would very much like to have the full song." "My Dear Kit—As an occasional contributor to, and a constant admirer of your weekly, I am glad to think that I can in this week able to assist you a little in complying with a request of one of your correspondents. My wife, who, by the way, is an enthusiastic admirer of your page, called my attention to the fact that you wished the words of that beautiful song 'Will my soul pass through old Ireland'...

oyed Daddy: " 'Twas this way, father. One morning early, the ship, stopped running, and I got out and raced up on deck. And then, not a hand's throw from us were the green hills! And then it was the tears came pushing through—and hurting so—and all the wish of my soul was that I might get out and lay my body down face to face and breast to breast with the big green hill of home—and father, I thought that there would be a heart laid his two great arms about my shoulders and I was his little girl, his grudgeless, his own-noon—and there was no world at all outside of him. And he died that Christmas.—Kit in Toronto Mail.

What is prayer for? Not to inform God or to move him, unwillingly, or have money, as it like some proud prince. He required a certain amount of recognition of His greatness as the price of His favor, but to fit our hearts by conscious need and the true desire and dependence to receive the gift which He is ever willing to give, but we are not always ready to receive. —Alexander MacLaren.

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RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE.

The growth of religious indifference on the Continent is not confined to France. The Berlin correspondent of the Daily Chronicle draws a sad picture of spiritual life in Prussia. Protestantism would seem to be rapidly losing its hold on large sections of society. Connection with the State exercises a chilling influence. This has been exemplified in the triennial provincial Synods recently held throughout the country. The Synods occupied themselves with projects for building churches, with protests against Social Democracy, against cremation, promiscuous bathing at seaside resorts, and so on; but vigor and earnestness were altogether lacking. In the large cities the clergy are no longer called upon as frequently as formerly to assist at burials and marriages, and the number of confirmations is not increasing with the increase of population. Owing to the exertions of the Emperor and the highly-placed personages, churches are becoming more numerous in Berlin and elsewhere in Prussia, but the gifts which go to build these edifices are to a large extent compulsory. The great masses of the people of all classes, the correspondent declares, are indifferent. In other words, the people of Prussia and the people of France are displaying the same lifelessness in the matter of religion. Engrossed in worldly pursuits, and in the gratification of the passions, they dislike and reject the restraints of religion.

THE TERROR OF DEATH.

It is evident to whosever has pondered over the lives of the saints that for the martyrs and holy people, in all ages, death had no terrors. We have seen good men die, and they died perfectly contented. Some may be seized with that natural dread of dissolution which is inalienable from man, but the prospect of passing out of life and into another one was always both bright and consoling. It seems to me that the fear of death, in the immortal, in God, to be haunted by a perpetual fear of death. On this subject the Literary Digest reproduces a few very striking passages from recent publications. We will take the liberty of quoting a few of them: "The thought of death," observes Le Journal des Debats, "seems to be as full of terror to our nineteenth century free-thinkers as it was to the devout religious souls of past generations. Alphonse Daudet acknowledged that this thought poisoned his life. It haunted Emile Zola; and Lazarus, whom he depicts in 'La Joie de Vivre,' was a victim of this death horror. The works of Pierre Loti are full of the same spirit. Massupass was constantly possessed by it. The only mistake here is to ascribe to the 'devout religious souls of the past generations' a fear of death. It is true that these really pious and holy ones were seized with a constant fear; but it was not a fear of judgment after which they were haunted by a fear of death. They were haunted by a fear of sin, in this world, and a terror of its punishments in the next. In their case the maxim that most fittingly applies is 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' As a sample of the free-thinkers of the present, we have had to turn to La Revue, which contains the

THE GREAT AMERICAN OR THE TRUE CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION—WHICH?

We have been very much interested in the report of an agent of the United States government who was sent as a teacher to the Mohammedans in Sulu and Mindanao of the Philippines. It is a curious document and reveals a new kind of missionary work among the heathen. The teacher's name is Henry S. Townsend, and he congratulates himself on having had the good fortune to be assigned to a command which gave him the whole Mohammedan problem to deal with. The heading of the article in the Boston Transcript, which publishes the report of Mr. Townsend, will give some idea of the missionary plans and labors of this representative of the American government. "Unique Public Schools. The American System in Sulu and Mindanao. Children not taught to read and write, but given purely industrial training—Avarice and personal vanity as springs to education. The parents being enrolled in the schools. Pupils just beginning of a great work. Crude beginnings of a great work. We are at once struck with the fact that this is not a Christian mission but a mission of the great 'American civilization.' The friars, against whom such a flood of prejudice and ill-feeling has been let loose—our own government, at first, favoring their being expelled from the islands—had introduced Christian civilization among a large portion of the population, including some of the Mohammedans, and they were a quiet, orderly, peaceful, intelligent and moral people until infidelity and hatred of all religion was introduced by the Masonic, Katipunan and other infidel secret societies who determined to drive the friars out, as being the only effective obstacle to their wicked designs, and who introduced rebellion, disorder and every evil work. We have wanted to see whether our Protestant friends, who rushed to the islands with so much apparent zeal, would make any attempt at the conversion of the Mohammedans and other heathen of the islands. Thus far we have failed to discover any effort in that direction. Their mission seems to be simply to convert the Catholic Christians to the conglomeration of so-called

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

On page 108 Lansing quotes Llorente...

Now what is the impression which Llorente evidently meant to convey by this statement...

The worthless character of Llorente as a statistical authority...

Now if we assume Llorente to have exaggerated as much about the Inquisition as about the Jews...

First, by Llorente's own details, no one, even of the 31,000, was burnt alive...

Secondly, a considerable minority of the 30,000 were put to death for offences punishable by universal law...

Thirdly, the whole number executed by the Inquisition in three hundred and thirty years was not more than one-tenth of the number put to death in the same length of time...

Fourthly, Colonel Higginson, whose carefulness everybody knows, informs us that in ten years, towards 1700, four thousand persons were executed in Scotland as witches...

There is a shame in all this which does not appear to see or feel, the shame of this casting dishonor on the title their fathers bore so long...

God meant us for musical instruments and gave to each soul a capacity for some original harmony...

context. If it should appear that he really means heretics by infidels...

I may remark that if Dens uses "infidels" in the common English sense...

By the way, Lansing has no manner of right to call Dens "their great authority"...

THE IMPORTANCE OF NAMES.

When our attention has once been called to the singular prominence given in Scripture and in the Church to the proper name of an individual...

On a name in our earthly life distinguishes us from our fellow-men...

There is a shame in all this which does not appear to see or feel, the shame of this casting dishonor on the title their fathers bore so long...

God meant us for musical instruments and gave to each soul a capacity for some original harmony...

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Fifth Sunday After the Epiphany.

FREQUENTING THE SACRAMENTS.

"Let the peace of Christ reign in your hearts." (Col. iii. 15.)

But some good people do not seem to understand this at all; and there is a remark, common enough...

"Ourselves we are not supposed to have any grave burden on our consciences...

They go so often, also, in order to get light, as well as strength, to avoid sin...

Some converts have told me that these very books hastened their conversion...

Some converts have told me that these very books hastened their conversion...

Helping God. We have constant need of God. We need Him at every breath...

God meant us for musical instruments and gave to each soul a capacity for some original harmony...

Tobacco and Liquor Habits. Dr. McGaughey's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days...

MISSION STORIES.

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS CULLED FROM REPORTS OF THE WORK AMONG NON-CATHOLICS.

Many interesting incidents are described in the Epiphany number of "The Missionary"...

"No, sir, I don't get them mixed at all. I am talking of the doctrine...

But the conversation was interrupted, and it is likely that the lady still argues doctrine on the plan of "Some sinners I have met"...

PROTESTANT MISSISSIPPI. "To every Catholic priest in Mississippi there are forty-five Protestant preachers"...

"I do not deny that the facts I am about to narrate, as I am fully prepared to give the names of reputable witnesses to the veracity of my declarations...

The following from Father Price, of Nazareth, N. C., pictures one of the fruits of the "methods" adopted by the ministers in Mississippi...

The following from Father Price, of Nazareth, N. C., pictures one of the fruits of the "methods" adopted by the ministers in Mississippi...

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CHATS WITH YOUNG M

Be sober. Strong drink turns desire into passion and steals away soul. Live a natural life, not artificial one...

Press On. If Fortune play these false dice, to-morrow you'll be a pauper...

A good principle for the New says the Pittsburgh Catholic. "Put yourself on record as opposing the custom of treating, and you will do all you can to discourage practice."

The Value of Method. Who is there that has not been lied sometimes at the different times of work got through in a given...

Suffer and be strong. Afflictions serve a purpose aside from that ultimate purpose of a power in our lives for evil...

Without any considerable practical literature in my field, I have the love of letters. I have the great many years in habits of study...

The Good Side. "If I can get on the ground," said a young man, "I'll be a man of letters..."

Self-Respect. The man who is accurate speech has, also, great respect. As his own conduct is respectable, he is slow to find fault in others...

It may not be easily done, and it is not likely to disclose every life with which we have contact is worthy studying studied.

It is needless to say that self-respect pre-supposes an unusual degree of force

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Be sober. Strong drink turns sweet desire into passion and steals away the soul. Live a natural life, not an artificial one; therefore take food, but not stimulants. Degradate not friendship, by making drink its symbol or its test. Seek the cheer of a gladsome heart and of loving friends, not the cheating joys of the wine cup.—Most Rev. John J. Keane.

Press On.

Press on! If Fortune play these false To-day, to-morrow she'll be true! When now she smiles, she now she frowns, Tossing old gifts and granting new. The wisdom of the present hour Makes up for follies past and poses To weakness strength, ennobles, and power From frailty springs.—Press on! Press on! —Park Benjamin.

A Good Principle for 1903.

"A good principle for the New Year," says the Pittsburgh "Catholic," as will be put to you, is to be a "Catholic" in the sense of treating, and that you will do all you can to discourage the practice."

The Value of Method.

Who is there that has not been astonished sometimes at the different quantities of work got through in a given time by two men of apparently equal abilities? One of them seems to have time for everything, the other is always pleading that he has been too busy to accomplish some little task expected of him. The former deals promptly with every item of business as it comes; the latter is always more or less in arrears with his work. And yet both are men who know their business well, both are equally good experienced workers.

Suffer and be Strong.

Afflictions serve a purpose. But aside from that ultimate purpose they are a power in our lives for good or for evil, according as we bear them. The man who gets only bitterness out of his trials, loses the chance to appropriate treasures. Out of suffering patience is molded. Out of hardship endurance is won. The man who suffers and sympathizes, and out of sympathy comes charity, and out of charity comes the Divine. The man whose faith has been sounded by crucial tests knows the power that is within him. And he who has exerted his will in hours of darkest need knows that troubles dissolve and melt away when met by stout hearts and unflinching nerve.—L. Hart.

Talent Without Principle.

Without any considerable pretensions to literature in myself, I have aspired to the love of letters. I have lived for a great many years in habits with a great number of those who are distinguished by a talent which is likely to happen from a character, chiefly dependent for fame and fortune on knowledge and talent, as well in its good side and perverted state as in that which is sound and finished. As naturally, men so formed and finished are the first gifts of Providence to the world. But when they have once thrown off the fear of God, which was in all ages too often the case, and the fear of man, which is now the case, and when in that state they come to understand one another, and to act in corps, more dreadful calamity cannot befall them out of hell to scourge mankind.—Burke.

The Good Side.

"If I can get out of the good side of him," said a young man, half jestingly. "That is the only side you have any business on—with anybody," answered his older companion. Whatever the fragment of conversation might mean, there is a sense in which the statement of the last speaker is true. Every nature has its good side, or at least its better side, however faulty that may be, and whatever association we have with any fellow being should mean the awakening, so far as lies in our power, of his higher self. His beliefs, his education, his aims, may be very different from our own, but somewhere along the line of experience, hope or desire, must lie a little element of common ground where we can meet with sympathy instead of antagonism. It may not be easily found, indifference is not likely to discover it, but every life with which we come in contact is worthy studying — must be studied.

Self-Respect.

BY CARDINAL GIBBONS. The man who is actuated by self-respect has, also, great respect for others. As his own conduct is regulated by upright intentions, he is slow to impute dishonest motives to others. He does not pry into the secret springs of action in his comrades; hence, he is tolerant of their opinions. His regard and affection for them is neither strengthened nor diminished, but rather strengthened by occasional discussions and disagreements with them; for he knows that the bond of fellowship is not so fragile a temper as to be easily broken by an animated and good-natured tilt of words and clash of opinion. A clergyman once had a warm and prolonged discussion with the late Bishop Gilmore, of Cleveland. Fearing that he might have offended the Bishop by the freedom and earnestness with which he had upheld his views, the priest went that night to the Bishop's room and said to him: "I beg to apologize for the boldness with which I argued with you to-day. 'No apology is necessary,'" replied the sturdy Bishop, "I would not give a straw for you if you had not the courage to express your convictions. I honor you all the more for speaking out like a man." It is needless to say that the habit of self-respect pre-supposes in its possessor an unusual degree of force and strength

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Noble Example of Devotion to Duty.

It was the morning after a funeral. The dread angel of death had summoned a stalwart man, loving husband, and devoted father. His widow was discussing her future, and that future was a problem with four children, three under eight, to look after, and no reserve fund on which to draw. The talk had not gone far when the eight-year-old boy went to his mother's side, and taking her hand, said: "Mother dear, we won't move into a smaller house; we will stay here and all keep together." They did. That boy toiled at his work and thought only of keeping his home intact. A year later, by his efforts, his invalid and dependent grandparents were taken into the household. The others of the family helped some, but soon the youngest sister became a hopeless invalid and the other brother married. Seven years have passed; the young man is still the support of the family with never a thought of himself, but only of his mother and his sisters.—Howard Wayne Smith, Philadelphia, in Success.

The Girl Everybody Likes.

You have undoubtedly met disagreeable girls who, without doing anything especially spiteful or mean, have impressed you as being girls to avoid. But have you ever met the girl that you and everybody else liked? You are unfortunate if you have not met her. She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she can not have the first choice of everything in the world. She is the girl who is not aggressive, and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people.

The Value of Being Good.

A prince went into a garden to examine it. He came to a peach tree and said: "What are you doing for me?" The tree said: "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance, and on my boughs hangs the fruit which men will gather and carry into the palace for you." "Well done!" said the prince. "What are you doing for me?" "I am making nests for the birds, and shelter cattle with my leaves and spreading branches." "Well done!" said the prince. "What are you doing for me?" "I am making a nesting place for the birds, and I cannot give shelter for the cattle, and I cannot send fruit into the palace, and I cannot even give food for the sheep and cows. All I can do is to be the best little daisy I can be." And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy and said: "There is none better than thou."

The Child and the Angel.

A pretty legend of the olden times tells how a little one of earth passed beyond through the golden gates of Heaven. The story tells how the little spirit stood always near the close-shut shining portals ever with a sad face. The sentinel angel who guarded the gates asked wherefore was her sorrowful look, in that place of peace and joy. "Oh, sweet angel," was the mournful reply, "I never hear my mother weeping, weeping, and her child is shut away from her thus. Cannot you leave the gate but a little ajar? I pray you, do, sweet angel, that my poor sorrowing mother may get but a gleam of this brightness, wherewith to light up her heavy sadness. But he who kept jealous guard over the great glistening portals regretfully answered: "Nay, little one, for I must ever keep faithfully these gates closed, save when they open to let through the redeemed. Else there might ill enter to mar the glory of Heaven." Yet the little one impudently pitted herself, but turn the golden key, good sentinel, and let one little ray of this glorious splendor shine down upon my dear mother to heal her grief!" Still the trusty guardian again declared: "I would grant thy imploring prayer, sweet one, yet I dare not. Nay, I must not see these beautiful gates ajar." Then, it is said that Mary, the sweet mother of the Christ-child, arose and tenderly laid her hand on the faithful gate-keeping angel. Then the sentinel understood that all-tender touch of mother-love. And, while he bowed his head, the key turned, and the golden bars slid softly back. And, behold! the little one's tiny fingers moved the great shining gates. And on the sad mother-heart shone down the healing light of Heaven, through the open portals.

A Cardinal's Story.

Simply, touchingly as he had received it from Cardinal Vaughan a few days before, Cardinal Perraud told the story of the little girl, daughter of an English Protestant clergyman, who, by her ingenious remarks, unconsciously became, by the grace of God, an apostle in preaching the doctrine of the Real Presence. The relation of the anecdote was one of Cardinal Perraud's means of preaching at Paray-le-Monial the other day. The little girl in question was taken one day by her still Protestant father to a Catholic church in London. She was but five years old. Noticing the lamp of the sanctuary she said: "What is that lamp for?" "The father replied: "It is to show that Jesus is there, behind that little golden door." "I should like to see Jesus," she said. "My child, you cannot. The door is shut and besides, Jesus is hid by a covering."

"Oh, I should like to see Jesus," she continued.

After that they went into a Protestant church where there was neither lamp nor tabernacle. "Father, why is there no lamp," she asked. "Because Jesus is not there," was the reply. After this the child spoke of nothing but the Catholic church, persisting in saying that she "would go where Jesus was." To complete the story, as told by Cardinal Vaughan, Cardinal Perraud added that the child's parents embraced the Catholic religion and with it poverty, the father losing at once an income of £1,000 a year.

The Emperor's Answer.

A young Russian, the son of a very wealthy father, was a reckless spendthrift. By the time he reached his majority he had "run through" a sum of money equal to a comfortable fortune. His father, believing his surroundings to be the cause of his dissipation, purchased him a commission in the army, and sent him away from his old associates. But habit proved stronger than duty, and after a fast career of a few months, the young officer found himself in serious straits. The laws of Russia are rigid regarding the payment of debts, and he was owing more money than he could raise. Failure to pay would mean arrest and imprisonment. The next day a large gambling debt—one of the kind mis-called "debts of honor"—must be met, or he would fall into lasting disgrace. He had not been in the barracks. For the first time he slowly reviewed his wild career, and a great disgust took possession of him. He picked up a sheet of paper and began to count up the long list of his debts. When he had put the last one down, he was staggered at the cost of his prodigal conduct. He had not been helped from his father. His heart sank with shame, and he broke down and wept bitterly. Blinded by his misery, he wrote under the long column: "Who will pay?" Then exhausted with suffering, he laid his head upon the table and fell asleep. That night the Emperor, well disguised, was making one of his many rounds among his soldiers. He saw the midnight light burning against the regulation, and softly opened the door. Seeing the paper, he took it up and scanned its contents. He had not been ignorant of the officer's habits, or of the financial embarrassments they must cause. But he also noted the signs of tearful repentance and pitied the sinner's youth. He took the pen and wrote underneath the agonizing question, "Nicholas."

THOUSANDS OF CONVERTS.

STORY OF THE CONVERSION OF A WOULD-BE SUICIDE—TOUCHING EPISODE.

We have now come to that stage in the progress of the mission work for non-Catholics that account is no longer taken of individual conversion, but the report of the result of the work is by numbers that run up into the hundreds or thousands. The time when it was quite possible to keep and publish lists of any of the more notable among the converts, but in the reports of the missionaries these individualistic designations have disappeared. Father Kross of the Cleveland apostolate reports that in the parish of St. Patrick in Cleveland, there have been thirty-eight converts during and since the mission given there. In the missions given by the Paulists Fathers, there were three hundred and eighty converts. Of this number 137 were baptized and 243 were left under instruction. Archbishop Farley made a recent statement at the meeting of the Catholic Converts League that 5,000 converts were received into the Church in the Archdiocese of New York during the past year.

A Greater Love.

St. Catharine, in one of those loving conferences which she used to share with her Divine Spouse, asked Him one day the reason of His permitting His side to be opened after death. He gave her this reply. "I wish to reveal to mankind the secrets of My heart, and that might learn that My love is far greater than I have yet been able to manifest by My sufferings, for there was a limit even to the greatest sufferings which I had to undergo, but there has never been a limit to the love which made Me suffer. Dearly beloved daughter, know that the pains of My death could in no way be compared with those of my soul. Thus did our loving Jesus confide in one of his favorite servants.

Happiness has no history.

Story tellers of all countries understand this so well that the phrase "they lived happily ever after," ends all adventures of love.—Balzac.

SURPRISE is SOAP Pure Hard Soap. SURPRISE SURPRISE

did not take him long. He was in due season baptized and prepared for Holy Communion. It was a long way from a despairing, remorseful suicide to a devoted penitent Catholic. If the story of each converted soul could be revealed it would have its dark shadows as well as its high lights.

SANITARY CONDITION OF CHURCHES.

According to the Sanitarian the Bishop of Fano, in Northern Italy, has taken up seriously the question of the sanitary condition of the churches of his diocese, and in his pastoral letters to his clergy, insists on the necessity for providing that the Biblical precept that cleanliness is next to godliness shall be exemplified in the churches themselves. According to his instructions, after all important feast days, when there have been crowds of people congregated in the churches the floors of all parts of the building that have been especially used be gone over carefully with an antiseptic solution. It is to be used in a solution of 1 to 1000 being suggested for the purpose. At least once a week all carpets and the wood-work as high up as it can be reached, must be wiped with a damp cloth. The sweeping must never be done on a day when the church is to be used for any purpose before the next morning, and must always be followed by the removal of dust with a moist cloth. The Bishop of Fano's instructions are made to apply particularly to the inside of confessionals—a part of the churches that is apt to be sadly neglected by the church cleaners unless they are exceptionally conscientious or have been given special directions. Owing to the lack of light this part of the church is apt to harbor dirt of many kinds. Penitents, safe from observation, do not hesitate sometimes to expectorate in it, and the accumulation of shoe-scrappings is apt to be considerable. All confessionals then are to be thoroughly washed once a week by a mop and ammonia. The usual unsanitary condition of confessionals constitutes an especially dangerous factor of bad hygiene for priests of delicate health. The confession service is often exhausting, it is sometimes undertaken when fasting; infrequently the discomfort of a cramped position and the cold air of the church lower the resistive vitality and make priests liable to infections. Confessional gratings are very seldom cleaned properly, often left untouched for months or only touched with a dry cloth, and it is no wonder that priests are almost invariably victims of any epidemic like grippa that may be going around in a community.—The Dolphin.

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