

...now may be up to set things...

...by the hand of a doctor...

...we're not talking about a lockout...

...I mean that a lockout pretty much...

...England Cotton other'll knock...

...out, sure you're ahead of them...

...which is not so un-likely...

...Dr. notion appealed justice...

...the mills will ever just go...

...There won't say. There won't say...

...The two 'em, you can't make terms...

...long as they can't make terms...

...That's the Canon think the Canon...

...think I was the priest. That's why...

...I mean. I mean. I mean. I mean...

...Quebec, I reckon, New England, a...

...clearing, scientific. God knows what...

...of cleared land in minister spoke more...

...information, then as conclusions.

...you say, but it's and they're mostly...

...what has sent them and it's what is...

...turning and, or will soon, into

...At the best, the er can no more hold...

...anyway, against the command can't...

...the company. He's that is the farmer...

...two thousand miles or, or change his...

...just what he can't or the West is the...

...plenty water, fresh d, better climate...

...favor."

...right," was the went his way; he had...

...over what he had first to Ottawa and...

...back of Ottawa and ewan, way back of...

...Also, to information to Father graham...

...the plans and pro- katchewan Land and...

...lately supplied and senior, details of...

...even in their proper about that some days...

...meeting at the priest's and most keenly...

...but I guess you'll do all right, especially...

...of your folks have crossed the Jordan...

...said Father Gagnon regretfully, "some as you say...

...Then to Pierre referring to the information conveyed...

...to him from John Hammond through the doctor...

...you will go to Ottawa first mon ami, with a letter...

...to Monsieur Biledeau which Monsieur le Docteur...

...will give you. You have already met him have you...

...he asked. "Yes Monsieur le Curé," replied Pierre...

...at Saint Joseph de l'Acadie. How indeed could he...

...ever forget that beginning of his life's work as it...

...had proved to be and the words carelessly spoken...

...which had nevertheless strongly influenced him?

...resumed Father Gagnon, "you will go to him and hear...

...It seems he has some plan for getting land and money...

...from the Canadian parliament; if so, it will make things...

...easier. After that," he continued, "you will go to my friend...

...Abbe Provost, at St. Mathias, in Saskatchewan—M. Biledeau...

...will tell you how to get there—and give him a letter...

...from Brother Cyriac by name, was returning one day...

...towards evening, from his round of charity. It was many...

...years since as a young man he had passed into the silent life...

...of prayer. Peace, faith, and hope. Here by the old cross...

...weary of his walk, mayhap an angelus. He was about to rise...

...from his devotion when his attention was arrested by a mocking...

...laugh. Turning he saw three young cavaliers cantering...

...towards him. One of these, Franz Ludwig, was the eldest...

...son and heir to a nobleman who owed his fealty to the king...

...Their horses, trappings, and dress bespoke opulence. Their...

...wild laugh and coarse manners signified a freedom in which...

...was neither law nor respect. That day, unable to break the...

...mild restraint, they had broken away from the homes of their...

...fathers. "Let us go," they said, "and see the world in the way...

...and time we wish. Too long have we been pent up here in...

...ignorance." Pausing in a coarse drinking song, Ludwig threw...

...himself from his saddle and bade "his comrades mark the sport."

..."How now, monk," he cried, "dost thou still confide in stone?"

...Saints) at Baden in the Black Forest. We had dismantled for rest...

...at a crystal spring beside which a little shaded by the foliage...

...stood a cross, some five or six feet high, hewn of stone...

...It was a Latin cross and richly carved. Facing the west...

...at the cross beam was represented the crucifixion; above it...

...Beneath the cross on either hand the Magi. Below them on the other...

...sides, wrought with much intricate scroll and net work...

...were figures depicting the life of Christ from Nazareth to Olivet...

...On the ground at the left hand was a square block of stone...

...which, from appearance might have formed the base of such another...

...cross. As I stood there admiring the exactness and beauty...

...with which the work had been accomplished, my guide came up...

...and told me in substance the following story: About half a mile...

...further along on this road we are travelling is the ruins of All Saints...

...a monastery of the long ago. Here during six centuries the Norbertines...

...lived and prayed and toiled. Some tilled the soil, some illuminated...

...and transcribed books, some journeyed to the neighboring towns...

...to give alms to the poor and visit the forsaken. One of these latter...

...was a holy man of fifty years. Brother Cyriac by name, was returning...

...one day, towards evening, from his round of charity. It was many years...

...since as a young man he had passed into the silent life of prayer.

...Peace, faith, and hope. Here by the old cross, weary of his walk...

...mayhap an angelus. He was about to rise from his devotion when...

...his attention was arrested by a mocking laugh. Turning he saw three...

...young cavaliers cantering towards him. One of these, Franz Ludwig...

...was the eldest son and heir to a nobleman who owed his fealty to the king...

...Their horses, trappings, and dress bespoke opulence. Their wild laugh...

...and coarse manners signified a freedom in which was neither law nor...

...respect. That day, unable to break the mild restraint, they had broken...

...away from the homes of their fathers. "Let us go," they said, "and see...

...the world in the way and time we wish. Too long have we been pent up...

...here in ignorance." Pausing in a coarse drinking song, Ludwig threw himself...

...from his saddle and bade "his comrades mark the sport." "How now, monk,"...

...he cried, "dost thou still confide in stone?" "Son," replied Cyriac, "forbear...

...to scold at holy things. Hast thou no faith in the cross of Christ?"

..."Faith," echoed the reveller. "I put no faith in stone," he exclaimed...

...as he seized a huge fragment of rock and dashed it against the cross. The...

...of that serenity which only comes when the soul is at ease. He looked...

...at him as in a dream, and continued towards the monastery. Beneath the...

...Gothic arch of the door an old member of the brotherhood sat telling his beads...

...The stranger came and whispered in the ear of the old monk who arose and...

...made him a sign to follow. They passed through the long dim cloister, all dark...

...save where the light of a candle, shining from a cell far ahead, fell athwart...

...the passage, and where here and there the figure of a saint loomed from the...

...shadow as they passed. Pausing at the door whence the light was streaming...

...the guide made a sign for the stranger to enter. It was a monastic cell. The last faint...

...streaks of day were glimmering on the white wall, and nothing in the room...

...was discernible save by the uncertain light of a candle. On the floor some...

...monks were kneeling by the couch of a dying brother and as a stranger entered...

...he heard their subdued voices reciting the "De Profundis clamari." Recently...

...he had asked for Brother Cyriac. No word was spoken in response, but all the...

...monks bowed in reverence towards the couch. On it was the form of an old man...

...A peculiar sweet scent of incense, the smell of a dying man, as he turned to his brothers...

...and said in a voice that was husky with death: "Benedicamus Domino." Then came...

...a sound of chanting from the monks at vespers in the chapel near by. The...

...dying hands were slowly sinking and Franz folded his arms about the monk...

...to sustain them. A non came, the scent of incense, the tinkling of a bell, and...

...they knew that the Sacrament was exposed. The lips of the old man faintly...

...moved, his hands stirred and his soul passed. The last shades of twilight...

...faded from the wall, the candle threw its quivering rays on the kneeling penitent...

...and the calm, sweet face of the dead monk—and they both upheld the cross—

...G. Birmingham in the Sacred Heart Review.

...JIM DAGLEY "SEEN THE POPE." FROM MONTANA, AND HE WOULDN'T BE DENIED—WHILE A PRISONER, RESCUED FRENCH AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER FROM FIRE—THEN WAY WAS OPEN.

...In my boyhood days as I drove the cows to pasture or followed behind the plough...

...I dreamed of college. When those college days I knew not how, and sped away so rapidly and found me...

...arrayed in cap and gown I dreamed of glorious days in the Eternal City which...

...Horace had first taught me to love. Somehow this dream, too, was realized. It was...

...a glad April morning when I awoke to a sight of the blue Mediterranean and to a sense...

...of nearness to the home of much that is best in two thousand years of history. The shrill whistle...

...of the engine as we crossed the Tiber was a little disconcerting, but the soft tones...

...of the guards call, "Roma," was reassuring, and I stepped out to catch the glint...

...of the morning sun upon the seven hills. I had no travelling companion, yet I felt no...

...more alone amid these records of centuries than a book-lover does in the solitude of a great...

...library. There followed a succession of days full of rapture such as many a pilgrim has felt.

...One evening after dinner, as I sat sipping my wine in a little restaurant on the...

...Corso, my eyes fell on a face in such marked contrast to the suave Italian faces...

...around that I was at once interested. His tanned hair, shaggy beard, rough skin...

...and general unkempt appearance suggested that he had known more of the field than of the drawing room...

...As I was struggling with a guess as to his nationality I saw him peering around the room...

...his eyes resting on the floor. By a sort of divination I concluded he was an American...

...and was looking for a cuspidor. I had heard my own language frequently in the Forum in the Vatican...

...and even in the streets, but had been pleased to persuade myself that my sole purpose...

...there was to make the acquaintance of Rome. But somehow this face drew me like a magnet...

...I must find out if he was my countryman. The approach was easy, as he sat at a small table alone...

...Taking a seat opposite to him I asked: "Are you an American?"

..."You bet yer life," was the hearty response, as he extended his brawny hand and gave mine a most cordial grasp.

..."By cracker, I'm glad to see ye. Ye'r the fust American I've seen since I came to this here ole place."

..."With that he drew a large plug of tobacco from his pocket and vanded it across the table and asked:

..."Cowan's Cocoa. Let the children drink all they want. Healthy, nutritious, delightful. Absolutely pure. That rich chocolate flavor. Very economical. The Cowan Co. Limited, Toronto."

..."Waal, Jim, did ye git religion?" "None uv yer blame business," sez I. "Anyhow, the parson's a spang-up feller—a durn sight better than I thought. Yans surs, the parson treated me white. I want to tell ye. I had an idee he'd want to talk to me about my sins, an' git down on his knees an' pray an' that sort uv thing. Waal, sur, he didn't do nothin' uv the kind. He just handed out his han' an' sez, sez he: 'Jim, I'm mighty glad to see ye. Take a cher.' Then he give me the best sez I ever rolled my tongue round. Waal, I jist told him I'd made my wad an' wanted to see the sights, an' I'd come to talk it over with him, 'cause I knowed he'd bin an' saw 'em hisself. An' he tole me in a fine sort uv way, jist like a book, where all he'd bin an' what he seen. An when he seen I liked best what he tole about Rome an' the yaller Tiber, an' the Vatican, an' all them things, he got down a book an' showed me how to git there, an' here I am."

..."He seemed to take it for granted that we were to be boon companions in sight-seeing, so upon learning that my name was Silas, he said: 'Now, you call me Jim an' I'll call you Si. I hate Mister; it sounds so stuck up like.'

..."So we parted for the night as Jim and Si. As he started down the Corso I saw him draw a plug of tobacco and bite off an unusually large quid; he was now making up for lost time.

..."When I entered the restaurant the next morning I was greeted with 'Hello, Si,' in tones loud enough to attract the attention of the passersby. Fortunately, there were few in the restaurant; the merely shrugged their shoulders and returned to their coffee and rolls and morning papers. My new acquaintance begged to go with me to 'see the sights,' which request I readily granted, as I had planned a walk on the old Appian Way and a visit to the catacombs for the morning.

..."Jim" Dagley's spirits were high. His step, though heavier, was as eager as that of a small boy on his way to the circus. As we stood on the brow of the Capitoline Hill overlooking the Forum, the Sacred Way and the Coliseum—that

...vast array of ruins eloquent of the magnificent days of the Caesars—"Jim" exclaimed: "Whew! They must have had a rip-roarin' fire here. Them was curus kinds of bildin's, wuzn't they? Party nigh all made outen pillars. Now, ain't it quarr," he added, as he pointed to the Arch of Titus, "that that their gateway wuz left unscorched, when all round wuz burnt clean up?"

..."We passed through the Arch of Constantine out of the city, and along the road that has kept green the memory of Appian Claudius, the stern old Roman senator who thundered in every speech he made that Rome's great rival, Carthage, must be destroyed. Here in places the old pavement was intact. The crumbling tombs that skirted the way had ceased in many instances to honor the dead, for their names were gone; but they stood as monuments of a past civilization and the mutability of time. As I was struggling with such reflections, "Jim" Dagley all the while giving me a detailed account of his and Buck Isley's bar hunt on the headwaters of the Missouri. Finally at the third milestone, I halted and suggested that we return.

..."Why, Si, ain't ye goin' out to that place ye wuz speakin' uv this mornin'?" "This is what I came to see, Jim, this ole road."

..."Holy smoke!" exclaimed Jim, "we've got roads better'n this in Montana. If ye cleaned up the rubbish along it it wd be purty tolerable decent. It's jist like it wuz back there at that fire. By cracker, they're a shiftless set—these fellers."

..."Upon our way back we turned in to see the catacombs. The monk who came forth to guide us eyed "Jim" Dagley suspiciously as though he felt he was being eyed. The crowd of sight-seers and dynamite. As we began the descent "Jim" halted and exclaimed rather vociferously: "Ye don't ketch yer Uncle Jim goin' down into that hole. By cracker, he's had his fill uv mines, I want to tell ye."

..."After much persuasion he accompanied us, but took little interest in the trials of the early Christians. "They wuz blame fools. Why didn't the whole shebang leave these diggin's an' go to America," was his observation. The monk, feeling that explanation was hopeless, offered none, but continued his exposition of the many symbols this pious people left behind.

..."In the next few days "Jim" and I were together very little. I was studying sculpture in the Vatican Museum, and "Jim" seeing on our first visit the statues concluded he would rather see something more up to date. Every evening he regaled me with his experience in course of the day in his wanderings about town.

..."One evening, about ten days after our first meeting, he was very enthusiastic. That day he had met a native of the city who could speak English. This fellow had told him marvelous stories about the Pope, and we hadn't seen him!

..."Let's go an' see 'im to-morrow, Si," broke out "Jim" in the midst of his account. I tried to explain that it was impossible, that he could be seen only on rare occasions; but in vain, for I heard "Jim" muttering: "By cracker, I'll see 'im if it's the last thing Jim Dagley does."

..."I was surprised at not finding him in the restaurant next evening at the usual hour. About 10 o'clock I went around to his room; he had not returned.

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The Catholic Record

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and fidelity, and above all that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends the principles and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more and more Catholic hearts. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic hearts. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success, I am, Sir, very sincerely in Christ, Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.

Mr. Thomas Coffey

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your admirable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its manner and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to be, Sir, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Laissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1906.

NOTES.

Amongst the reviews of books in the Globe of May 22 we were taken back at seeing a complimentary notice of Joseph Hoeking's latest story "The Sword of the Lord." We referred not long ago to this book, which deserves neither the title of romance nor the epithet of story. It lacks the moral purpose of a novel. If it has any aim it is to falsify history and perpetuate discord. Historical novels cannot distort facts. Yet this author displays a dangerous talent of mendacity and calumny which should be condemned rather than praised.

The Orange bugle has given out its first note. Premier Asquith of England should take warning. These objectionable features of the coronation oath, and also the disabilities of the Catholics of England, must remain. So proclaims Dr. Sproule—so howl his pack of wolves. Why the motion was brought forward in the House of Commons without first asking permission from the Orangemen of Canada is incomprehensible. It was John Redmond's fault. He presented the bill. These Orangemen will talk a great deal about it. Their stand is always a threat—their loud-mouthed speeches are always directed against a minority who leave them alone with a treatment which as Orangemen they never deserve.

How is the Lord's Day Alliance feeling? Sick. They petitioned the governor-general not to attend the Woodbine races at Toronto. In answer His Excellency goes in state—and is just as enthusiastic about the sport as any one. Well done, your Excellency! By what clause in the Decalogue is a self-constituted association undertaking to outline a governor general's moral conduct? If gentlemen of high standing did not read these Judaizing Sabbatarian lessons now and again life would hardly be worth living. The Alliance had boldness to approach His Excellency. If the members have any self-respect they will mind their own business.

A JOURNAL WITH A JOB.

Some one has sent us a journal entitled "Christian Standard." The name is high enough and the purpose away up in the air. Its aim is to restore primitive Christianity, its doctrine, its principles and its fruit. No one could find fault with such a desire. As a starting point, it by no means commends itself, however, to our judgment. Christianity cannot be distorted, or else Christ's promise fails. The Church was so strongly constituted by its divine Founder that it could not err. Its teaching power was ever to be preserved in undiminished brightness. Its governing power was never to weaken; nor were any combined forces ever to prevail against it. No one country was to be its only home. All the nations were to hear the sound of its voice. They might listen or they might not; they might hear the voice, obey it for a time, then turn disloyally away. The wilderness which once blossomed as the rose might again become a barren waste. Not so the Church. Once started upon its universal mission of teaching all nations, once established upon the Rock, it would never cease its work or crumble by lapse of time. It must be the living, immortal Church or all is vain, and primitive Christianity is not worth re-

storing. This task of restoration is herculean. Coming from a non-Catholic the work is impossible. Restoration and reformation must be always going on within the Church. Here the possibility is secured; for the teaching body knows and has never strayed from the primitive truth. People may err and become depraved. Christ's mystical spouse must keep unpolluted the fountains of His truth and sanctification. The Christian Standard should throw up the job. It is going at it in a very awkward way. The best plan is to enter the Catholic Church, where alone will be found the doctrine, the principles and the fruits of primitive Christianity. The contents of the Christian Standard are hardly so laudable as its aim. They lack many important and desirable qualities. First comes an article attacking the federation scheme amongst the sects. This is followed by a personal sketch wherein the subject draws a line of distinction between the Anglican Church and what he calls Christ's Church. The young man left the former to join the latter, because he loved liberty and hated display of ceremony. Our thought was that, being almost as humble as one of Dickens' characters, he need not have had his picture in the Christian Standard. We are next treated to "Studies in Roman Catholic Newspapers." As studies, they are neither profound nor scientific. They consist of extracts from many Catholic papers in the United States upon the Public School system. The writer thinks these attacks are fearful; and that the one determined will of the Catholic press is: the little red school must go. Not quite, Christian Standard. Bad as the public school system is proving itself, Catholics are too fair to sweep them entirely away. All that Catholics in the United States complain of is that these schools are not good—that Catholic children should not attend them—and that Catholics should not pay a double school tax. Beyond this article there was no use venturing. Theology, criticism, missions and various other topics were discussed. Many of the articles were marked for our special benefit with red and blue. Life is too short to thrust it all for a single grain which might possibly be found in the whole load of straw. This is the age of newspapers. It would, we think, soon pass away, if the Christian Standard were the only type of the journalistic species.

ATHEISTIC TEACHING.

The tree is bent as the twig is inclined. Let primary education start with the dangerous and cursed exclusion of religion, the evil will sooner or later manifest its more unsound tendency in institutions of a higher grade. What was not so clear in the child, surrounded as it was by the mother's influence, stands out in bolder relief when these saving helps are withdrawn. It is not the individual who alone is the victim. The very spring in the mountain is poisoned. As it flows down and receives tributaries the danger and harm are vastly increased. What was bad enough in the village school becomes a menace in a university. Religion omitted from the child's training leaves a weakling exposed to the storms of doubt and the corruption of unformed morality. Without a definite creed, but ever preserving the natural curiosity of his mind, the young man has the gravest questions before him, with no guide to direct his enquiry, no teacher to solve his problem. Principles were not laid in his soul as foundation stones. There is nothing whereon to build. His studies lead him farther into the mines of investigation and the paths of criticism. He is face to face with the underlying principles which have carved the history of the world and built the framework of civilization. He has left home in more senses than one. His new surroundings are most unlike the old. His work, his teachers, his companions, drag down what rectitude of faith and religion he had before. The academical line of thought, so full of novelty, so eager to criticize, so fruitful of doubt, is that along which he must walk henceforth. Nothing is spared or held up as sacred. The Bible which he had been taught by his mother to revere is placed upon his laboratory table to be analyzed by its authors, are classified with books, with their authors, are classified with legends of paganism. The same analysis that cuts up the passages of Homer is applied to prophecy and psalm and gospel. This is all taking place in the universities of America—United States and Canada. As a writer in the Cosmopolitan Magazine lately put it: "The colleges of the United States are blasting at the Rock of Ages." One professor says that "it is not right to set up a technical, legal relationship as morally superior to the spontaneous preference of a man and woman." Worse quotations upon the same subject are given as the teachings of professors throughout the country. A professor in the University of Kansas

holds that the "standards of right perpetually change in social life." Another unblushingly states that "it is unscientific and absurd to imagine that God ever turned stonemason and chiseled commandments on a rock." "In hundreds of class-rooms," this writer maintains, "it is being taught daily that the Decalogue is no more sacred than a syllabus; that the home as an institution is doomed; that there are no absolute evils; that conceptions of right and wrong are as unstable as the style of dress; and that there can be and are holier alliances without the marriage bond than within it." With such teaching society is in the gravest danger. The academy, wherever it has wrought its work and carried its lessons to the young, has incultured doubt and induced corruption. This is the history of that early academy started by Plato and afterwards revived in the cities of Antioch and Alexandria. It is the evil character of the sophistical and critical teaching of the present time—the outcome and application of private judgment to the pillars of society and the foundations of religion. The storm is only beginning. It will yet be a hurricane. Once the protecting walls of faith are swept away by the tidal wave of doubt and irreligious laxity of morals, it will be but a short time before the deluge of destruction will have completed its work. No religion in the primary school is the zephyr—the rising wind indicative of the coming storm. The social question in the hands of irresponsible professors, more eager for originality and a name than for truth and religion, is the raging storm. One wise mother—prudent and loving—hurries her children into the ark to save at least the willing, dutiful portion of the family. It is the Catholic Church.

THE CENTENARY OF ST. ANSELM.

This, being the eighth centenary of the great Doctor, St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of England, has been the happy occasion of another of the great encyclicals of our Holy Father, Pius X. We publish a portion of it, and will continue it to the end, in order that its profound lessons of truth and history may be learned direct. Our purpose here is to call attention to some of its most salient points. One reason which animated the Sovereign Pontiff to fix his special attention upon St. Anselm is that "there is a closer similarity with our own days in the nature of the conflicts borne by him, in the kind of pastoral activity and in the method of teaching applied and largely promoted by him." Anselm entered the monastic state at Bec in Normandy in 1060. He was then twenty-seven years of age. Within three years he was made Prior of Bec. His youth became the ground of considerable irritation, which was overcome by the Saint's virtue and talent. He was esteemed far beyond his monastery walls by kings, princes and supreme pontiffs. While he was still about the powerful Gregory VII. wrote to him with esteem and affection soliciting prayers for himself and the Church. Modest and humble, he proved his fortitude by unconquerable constancy and forgiving meekness amidst the severest troubles. "Simplicity and greatness," says the Encyclical, "humility and magnanimity, strength and gentleness, knowledge and piety existed in him in wonderful harmony" so that throughout the whole course of his religious life he was singularly esteemed by all as a model of sanctity and learning. He lived in three times. England had just changed masters. William the Conqueror had taken possession of the island and established the Norman laws and customs. After him came his son William Rufus in 1087. The saintly Lanfrance, Archbishop of Canterbury, died two years later. The rapacious king usurped the revenues of vacant benefices; and when Canterbury became vacant he refused to fill the see. All eyes had been turned upon Anselm, whose visits to Lanfrance had brought him into the notice of the English. It was only at the end of the year 1093 that the king, who had been seized with serious sickness, agreed to name Anselm. To leave the quiet of the cloister and take a monarch of this kind was a hard task. To none could it have been more disagreeable than to our Saint, whose love of prayer and study led him far from the turmoil and quarrels forced by political changes and a cruel master. He took the cross and bore it. His courage and prudence won for him the praise of Pope Paschal II, who wrote to him: "Thanks be to God that in you the authority of the Bishop ever prevails, and that although set in the midst of barbarians, you are not deterred from announcing the truth either by the violence of tyrants or the favors of the powerful." This luminary of doctrine and holiness, says Pius X., rose in Italy, shone for over thirty years upon France, for more than fifteen years over England, and finally upon the whole church. His Holiness turns to

the evils of the present time, when "efforts of all kinds are being made to supplant the kingdom of God by a reign of license under the lying name of liberty." The religious Orders, always the strong shield and ornament of the Church, the promoters of learning and civilization, the laborers in all lines of Christian beneficence, have been expelled from Catholic countries. This is all done in the name of liberty and progress, "whereas the plain truth is that it is mainly from Christ through the Church that the progress of real liberty and the purest civilization has been derived. Bad as this war from outside may be, a worse one threatens the Church from within. It is all the more dangerous because it is all the more hidden. Unnatural children, lurking in the bosom of the Church, are trying to poison the springs of Christian life and teaching. They despise all authority and put a new form on the Church. Their system is a figment of shallow philosophy and fallacious erudition. Having rejected good conscience they have made shipwreck concerning the faith. Some are tossed about on the waves of doubt, whilst others, wasting time in the investigation of abstruse trifling, grow estranged from the study of divine things. This is Modernism, which, although denounced several times and unmasked by the very excesses of its adepts, continues to be a most grave and deep evil. Against these foes, external and internal, the weapons of St. Anselm must be used with zeal and prudence. Similar abuses were deplored by Lanfrance, Anselm's master, and by Anselm himself. For the Church and the Apostolic See he feared neither—exile nor torments nor death." In order to combat the errors and evils of the time the Holy Father writes that it is for the pastors and leaders of the Christian people to resist with all their strength this most fatal tendency of modern society to lull itself in a shameful indolence while war is being waged against religion. For unswerving faith in and devotion to the Apostolic See this great doctor was most remarkable. His earnest desire was to put all his acts at the disposition of the Papal authority in order that this same authority might direct, and when necessary correct them. To the fierceness of unjust princes the saint opposed gentleness. To the ignorant and false principles of his age he opposed learning and sound philosophy. Anselm, says the Encyclical, has the distinction of having opened the road to speculation, of removing the doubts of the timid, the dangers of the incautious and the injuries done by the quarrelsome and the sophistical, "the heretical dialecticians" as he calls them, in whom reason was the slave of the imagination and vanity. The Holy Father admirably shows how St. Anselm defined clearly the functions of reason in matters of revelation. He avails himself of the opportunity of inculcating once more the lessons of Christian wisdom first taught by the Doctor of Aosta and afterwards developed by St. Thomas of Aquin. His Holiness concludes by deploring the continued obstinacy of many Modernists and urges the Bishops to still greater vigilance.

CLERICAL EDUCATION OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

Toronto is wonderfully active in religious matters just now. We have no reference whatever to things within the Church. We refer altogether to outsiders. Gipsy Smith has been filling the largest hall for a fortnight with vast crowds, whose views were most divergent and whose sentiment seemed carried away by the home-spun expressions of the speaker. Beyond Massey Hall zeal was kindling itself into a flame. The well known lay theologian of Toronto, the Hon. S. H. Blake, has of late been imitating Pope Pius X. in his war upon higher critics. If he would be candid he would acknowledge once at least that he sides with the Holy Father in his condemnation of modernism. He may in his heart regret that he has none of the papal power. All he can do is to bewail and complain that higher critics in high institutions are tearing the Bible to pieces, without the Index or the Inquisition to stop the flood. Nor does Mr. Blake limit his action to the Anglican Church. His latest pamphlet is addressed to Chancellor Burwash, the head of the Methodist Victoria College. This pamphlet is "No. 4" As might be expected, it is replete with sarcasm; for its author has more than his share of this dangerous gift. The subject of the pamphlet is the education of the clergyman either in the Anglican or the Presbyterian or the Methodist Church. "The education of our clergymen," says Mr. Blake, "in most of our theological colleges, has been unsound for thirty years." We do not see why he stopped at thirty years. He should have put it three hundred years. No sound theological education can possibly be evolved from private judgment or based upon it. A man might as well build his house upon shifting sand. What was held yesterday is doubted to-day and will be denied to-morrow. An opinion held in

one school is contradicted in another. As a private judgment has the double disadvantage of being false and inadequate. It is false in theology, or revelation has never spoken. It is inadequate, for it has no standard for its truths beyond the changeable opinion of men. The fruit of this tree is fast ripening. However reverent a few may be toward God's Word—and we respect them for it—they cannot stem the tide or stay the storm. The saintly Danish King showed his courtiers how powerless he was over the incoming waters. The same weakness is inherent in private judgment, made more and more manifest, and will yet prove more clearly that the only power it possesses is destructive. Private judgment puts the Bible into every one's hands—learned and unlearned, religious and irreligious. There is none to direct or control the critic or the scholar who in his pretended illumination thinks he finds flaws and contradictions. No authority is near to call the rationalist to account who strives to explain the whole Bible, Christian religion and all, upon purely natural principles. We think that here Mr. Blake weakens his case by sarcastically observing that this country has only second class scholars as compared with Hegel, Strauss, Bauer and Heckel. Whether first or second or even third class, the tendency is to be equally condemned. Private judgment cannot classify its scholars or condemn these critics. If they carried the principle farther than others why was the weapon ever given them or even forged in the workshop of error? Coming down to the real point in the formation of the ministry, there is a much more essential need than the character or extent of learning. It is the power. No one should assume honor unless he be sent. Education is necessary. It is not the primary want. When it is taken as the only need, as it is amongst the sects, it will surely lead in days of scientific criticism to dangerous shoals of novel theories destructive of faith. Sacerdotalism, with its legitimate jurisdiction, is the safeguard of truth, the cultivation of wisdom and the sowing of salvation's harvest. Knowledge puffeth up. Charity does not fail. And charity alone holds sway where the priesthood is bestowed and governed by the continued authority of Christ. There is no use in Mr. Blake telling the Methodist leaders that the candidates for the ministry are taught in false doctrines, or that, for the sake of numbers in their colleges, they are temporizing with Biblical truth and slurring over the unsoundness in their professor. It may all be so. Many an onlooker may have wondered how the Jackson episode so quickly closed. Many more might question the high rectitude of the ready reception of one who had been publicly called to account by the General Superintendent. We can scarcely see that this is an Anglican's business any more than it is ours. Where there is no authority there can be no compulsion, no protection; opinion will be divided and the temporizing tide of compromise rush in to undermine the pillars built in the sands of private judgment. If candidates are to be duly educated there must be a priestly power to confer, priestly duties to perform and sacerdotal discipline to enforce. All that private judgment can do is to form generations of unsystematic critics eager for novelties—each generation outvieing its predecessor in its search for originality. What Mr. Blake complains of is true enough. He ought to recognize the sore need the sects all have of a real priesthood and a strong congregation of the Index and the Inquisition.

ANGLICAN CHURCH CONTROLLED BY CIVIL COURTS.

The Court of King's Bench in England has lately shown the pretended sweep of its power. A man had married his deceased wife's sister in Montreal. They went to England, where they took up their residence. Belonging to the Anglican Church, they attended religious services, and presented themselves on one occasion to receive communion. The minister refused. Litigation followed, the parties applying for protection to the courts. A decree was issued by the Court of Arches that Canon Thompson cease denying the sacrament to the defendants. Against this decision the officiating clergyman appealed. The King's Bench found his refusal illegal. The ground taken by this last court was that the minister's action was a breach of a law recently passed by which marriage with a deceased wife's sister is rendered legal. On the other hand it was argued that the Church refused the sacrament on the ground that the marriage was immoral. Neither position is logical. But then the logic of Anglicanism is to be illogical. The first chapter of its history chiefly concerns a deceased brother's wife. Its foundations are laid upon the theory that such a marriage is invalid, and therefore immoral. We all know how that pure minded "defender of the faith," becoming scrupulous—wearied, more correctly speaking, with virtue

enamoured with pride and passion, put away his lawful wife and queen. Today the Anglican Church contradicts its whole history. It accepts the power of parliament to render valid or proclaim invalid what it itself pretends to be a sacrament. Servile it is, enchained by the civil power and controlled by popular clamor and prejudice. Its ministers have no voice in deciding who are worthy and who are unworthy to receive the rites of their Church. It cannot be otherwise. Their power is earthly. They have no jurisdiction from above. Parliament and its laws control them.

WELCOME BACK.

The CATHOLIC RECORD joins with the many friends of the Right Rev. Mgr. McCann, Vicar-General of Toronto, in welcoming him back home. He returns with the well-deserved honor of Domestic Prelate conferred upon him by His Holiness the Pope. We congratulate him, and hope he will live many years to enjoy his distinction and continue in his native diocese the good work with the same modest success which has ever characterized him. He is a most worthy priest. For forty-two years he has labored in his divine Master's vineyard, ascending in honor and responsibility as time advanced. Gentle and refined, he makes friends wherever he goes. Eloquent and dignified, he maintains the highest place amongst our pulpiter orators, displaying in his sermons theological erudition with a marked touch of poetic diction. He has throughout these years been chiefly associated with the city of Toronto. Vicar-general under three Archbishops, he is intimately conversant with the growth and administration of the archdiocese. The honor conferred upon Mgr. McCann was very graciously bestowed at the suggestion of Archbishop McEvoy, who so arranged it that the needed vacation should be doubly pleasant by freedom from work and by Mgr. McCann receiving the honor at Rome. All who knew the Vicar—and their number is legion—rejoice with him upon the glad occasion of his return and also of the dignity he has received.

We also welcome Rev. Father Hand. He had gone with Mgr. McCann upon an extended trip to Italy, the Holy Land and back to Europe through France and England. Our pleasure at the zealous pastor of St. Paul's return is as sincere as that we bear Mgr. McCann. It is most gratifying to learn that Father Hand's health is completely restored. We cordially welcome both from over sea.

ROSARY OF SEVEN DOLORS.

A correspondent has asked us what is the correct way to say the beads of the Seven Dolors. The leaflet which our friend enclosed gives an excellent way. It corresponds with the account of the devotion as given in the standard authors upon Indulgences. The Raccolta contains appropriate prayers and thoughts suitable for the recitation of these beads. They have direct reference to each Dolor, and are substantial statements of the seven sorrows. They open with an act of contrition; and they close with the recitation of three Hail Marys in honor of the tears which the Blessed Virgin shed in her sorrows, to obtain true sorrow for our sins and the Indulgences attached to this pious exercise. Care should be taken that the beads be blessed by a priest who has authority for blessing the Seven Dolors beads, as this faculty properly belongs to the members of the Order of Servites.

FROM HALIFAX COMES THE SAD INTELLIGENCE OF THE DEATH OF THE HON. WM. CHISHOLM, MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

The deceased ranked amongst the most prominent citizens of that city. He was native of Antigonish, and of Scotch descent, being a son of John Chisholm. At the date of his death he had attained the age of seventy-seven years. During his whole life time he had been a most ardent Catholic and was generous in his contributions to the Church. What made this more estimable was the fact that his benefactions were ever bestowed without ostentation and many splendid works of charity, unknown in this world, have been put to his credit in the world to come. The CATHOLIC RECORD sends its sincere sympathy to the surviving relatives of the deceased.

WHAT A RICH FUND FOR THOUGHT MAY BE FOUND IN SOME OF THE SAYINGS OF THE SAINTS!

These words of St. Basil should be committed to memory by those who are given abundant share of this world's goods:

"Unhappy ones that you are! What answer will you make the great Judge? You cover with tapestry the bareness of your walls and do not clothe the nakedness of men. You adorn your steeples with costly trappings, and despise your brother who is in rags. You allow the corn in your granaries to rot or be eaten up by vermin, and you deign not to cast a glance on those who have no bread. You hoard your wealth, and do not deign to look upon those who are oppressed by necessity. But if each one took only what is necessary for his

subsistence and ga-digent, there would poor."

EVERY DAY BR

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THE EPISCOPAL

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and passion, put... To reach contradictions... accepts the power... valid or proclaim... pretends to be a... is, enchained by... strolled by popu... Its ministrations... worthy to receive... It cannot be... er is earthly... tion from above... control them.

EVERY DAY BRINGS to light cases where the Irish people are grossly maligned. In the sporting pages of the dailies may be seen distinctively Hibernian names appropriated by pugilists of other nationalities. Some who do not keep watch on the trend of events therefore jump at the conclusion that the Irish are no better than they ought to be, that they are criminally inclined, and so on. Last week the papers told us that an individual had taken considerable money from merchants by raising the figures on postal notes. He was described as of decidedly foreign appearance and accent, but, nevertheless, he gave his name as John Maloney. A man named Coughlin was, a few days ago, sent to jail for a month in this city for assault. Mr. Coughlin is a full-blooded African.

THE EPISCOPAL BISHOP of Albany has sounded a note of warning to his people in regard to the divorce question. The blow he has administered the divorce court comes from the shoulder and there can be no controversy as to its meaning. Here it is: "My own conviction is that according to God's original institution of marriage and according to our Lord's reaffirmation of its principles, divorce, as meaning the breaking of the marriage bond in such a way as to make possible any remarriage, is impossible to reconcile with God's revealed will." Would that all Ministers of the Gospel were as straightforward in their utterances on this question. Some of them handle it with kid gloves lest they may give offence to certain of the pew-holders; others advance no opinion whatever upon the matter, whilst others again hesitate not to perform what is falsely called a marriage ceremony between divorced persons. We may be grateful that we have little of this in Canada, thanks to the splendid influence of the Catholic province of Quebec.

MOST TIMELY are these words of Bishop Corrigan, assistant to Cardinal Gibbons. They were uttered at the quarterly conference of the Catholic clergy of Baltimore in the form of a resolution:

"We the Catholic priests of Baltimore assembled in conference, view with alarm and indignation the attitude of certain influential publications which circulate largely in the homes of our Catholic people, in regard to the dangerous and immoral practice of limiting families by the arbitrary restriction of childbirth. When the daily newspapers begin to spread such theories, we feel that the time has come for plain speech on our part and it is our duty to protect the interests of the people and to prevent them from being inoculated with such dangerous doctrines. We pledge ourselves to accomplish the truth on these subjects, but also when necessary by denouncing such publications as dangerous and immoral."

The father of a family who does not watch with care, who does not pay heed to the quality of the reading matter that enters his home, either in the shape of a newspaper or magazine, will some day rue his wilful neglect of the temporal and eternal welfare of his little ones.

MODERN NOVELS, the hotel bill of fare and the social whirl, form nearly the sum total of the lives of some of the women of this our age. Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis, recently preached a sermon to a large and fashionable audience of aristocratic women from the west end. He referred in denunciatory terms to that type of modern, selfish, indulgent, idle, irresponsible, inconsistent and well-fed material women who herd together in hotels and department houses. How true is this description of their daily routine. "They prefer," he says, "a French novel to a cook book; a game of bridge to a piece of embroidery, or the eating of doped candy to the cultivation of the flower-patch." Speaking of another class he says: "We have the pathetic condition of the childless and homeless people who live without any purpose and who pass without any record. Ah! for the God mothers of long ago." It is to be hoped the Archbishop's words will burn deeply in the hearts of the purposeless creatures whose lives are as the butterflies and with whom practical Christianity is something about which they never think.

WE FEAR in a small minority will be found that class of women who find favor with heaven—women who perform their part in this world with faith, hope and charity as their motto. They are found bringing hope to the afflicted, the comforts of life to the needy and clothing to the naked, all for the love of Christ who died for them. Work of this kind brings them a joy that is lasting. We know some women who have a circle of afflicted ones whose welfare forms their daily care. They are the angels of the little cottages where poverty and sickness are too often to be found. They take a pleasure in their work. What a

contrast to the enamelled beauties who think only of self. To the one, when the angel of death comes, there will be little but remorse; to the other a firm hope of eternal happiness in the home of the One Who promised reward to those who would minister to these needy ones of His flock in this world.

THERE IS A TOUCH of biting sarcasm, richly merited, in the announcement recently made by a Scotch editor, touching the suspension of a paper called "Alba," a Gaelic weekly. The editor writes: "Having run for exactly a year, Alba, the only all Gaelic weekly journal in Scotland, to-day retires as gracefully as may be from a world where the Gael will die for his language but will not spend a penny a week for the privilege of reading it." The condition of things here referred to does not belong exclusively to Scotland. It is true the world over. In every congregation may be picked out men who would die for the Catholic faith but they will not live for it—men who are ever ready with the tongue to proclaim their Catholic belief, but whose pocket remains intact when the Church makes demands upon it—men who will not take a Catholic weekly but depend entirely for their literary food upon the secular press where the bill of fare is in large part murders, suicides, highway robberies, hold-ups, etc. When too late they find out that such reading matter tends not to make manly men and womanly women.

JUDGE LINDSAY, of Denver, Colorado, is one of the most noted judges of the juvenile courts in America. He possesses in such goodly measure a firmness of character combined with an abundance of the milk of human kindness, that it were difficult to estimate the blessings he has imparted to the rising generation who are criminally inclined. Some time ago we saw it stated that Judge Lindsay was a Catholic. Such, however, is not the case. Being questioned as to his religious belief, he made the following statement:

"I have had rather a peculiar religious experience. My father was an Episcopalian and a convert before he died to the Catholic Church. My mother was a very devout Methodist. All of my people were Protestant. I was baptized in the Catholic Church, but when I was a small boy I was sent to live with my Protestant relatives. My father died and the result was that I drifted very much religiously, and while I have a deep reverence for the Catholic Church, and have been claimed by a great many because of my father's experience, I cannot say that I am a Catholic. Many of my best friends, however, are the Catholic clergy and Catholic people of Denver, who have been perhaps the staunchest supporters I have had since one of the fights I made in the legislature was for a bill requiring dependent children of Catholic parents to be put in homes of people who were Catholics."

THE COMMERCIAL CATHOLIC, or the Catholic who trades upon his faith, is, we may be thankful, fast becoming a thing of the past. There are, however, a few left, especially in large centres of population. They are easily known. The years come and the years go without finding them attending Mass or approaching the sacraments. But as soon as they are looking for a "job" or an "office" they will get in close touch with the Church and the priest. Once they obtain what they have been seeking they drop back to the old indifference. They have no further use for either the Church or the priest. But the mischief now begins. With the Catholic brand upon them they are loud of mouth, they carry about with them the odor of the bar-room, and in the discharge of their duties sooner or later they are found guilty of "ways that are dark and tricks that are mean." Mr. P. Sarsfield Cummin, of Watertown, Mass., gives a pen picture of this individual which we gladly transfer to our columns:

"Beware of him who to win success for himself—personal, professional, political or social—wraps the garment of his religion about him and loudly proclaims his undying allegiance to it and his unflinching championship of it. Spread the mantle of charity over his professions and protestations, but let his acts speak for his sincerity. Many sins have been committed in the name of religion and many men have lifted themselves into public places by a false claim to the Catholic Church membership, and so by their acts have brought contempt on the Church, when their careers actually reeked with those things against which she stands and which she always stood. Such men deserve to be branded, besides being detroned from their high places, and the Church purged of their false claims. Happily these cases are not too frequent, but when they do crop out they should meet with the condemnation they deserve."

Whenever possible the Catholic child should be in a Catholic school. The Catholic school educates a child not only for to-day or to-morrow, but also for eternity. The outbreaks of genius are ascribed to temperament, when they ought to be set down to temper.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF MOST HOLY FATHER PIUS X.

By Divine Providence Pope.



TO ALL THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATE, ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS AND OTHER ORDINARIES IN PEACE AND COMMUNION WITH THE APOSTOLIC SEE.

To our Venerable Brothers the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, Bishops and other Ordinaries in peace and Communion with the Apostolic See. PIUS X. POPE.

Venerable Brothers, Health and Apostolic Benediction. Amid the general troubles of the time and the recent disasters at home which afflict Us, there is surely consolation and comfort for us in that certain display of devotion of the whole Christian people which still continues to be a spectacle to the world and to the angels and to men, and which, if it has now been called forth so generally by the advent of misfortune, has its true cause in the charity of our Lord Jesus Christ. For since there is not and there cannot be in the world any charity worthy of the name except through Christ, to Him alone must be attributed all the fruits of it, even in men of lax faith or hostile to religion, who are indebted for whatever vestiges of charity they may possess to the civilization introduced by Christ which they have not yet succeeded in throwing off entirely and expelling from human society.

For this mighty movement of those who would console their Father and help their brethren in their public and private afflictions, words can hardly express our emotion and our gratitude. These feelings we have already made known on more than one occasion to individuals, but we cannot delay any longer to give a public expression of our thanks first of all to you, Venerable Brothers, and through you to all the faithful entrusted to your care.

So too, We would make public profession of Our gratitude for many striking demonstrations of affection and reverence which have been offered Us by Our most beloved children in the celebration of Our sacerdotal jubilee. Most grateful have they been to Us, not so much for Our own sake as for the sake of religion and the Church, as being a profession of fearless faith and as it were a public manifestation of due honor to Christ and His Church, by the respect shown to Him who the Lord has placed over His family. Other fruits of the same kind that have greatly rejoiced Us, the celebrations with which dioceses in North America have commemorated the centenary of their foundation, returning everlasting thanks to God for having added so many children to the Catholic Church; the splendid sight presented by the most noble island of Britain in the restored honor paid with such wonderful pomp within its confines to the Blessed Eucharist, in the presence of a dense multitude and with a crown formed of Our Venerable Brothers, and of Our own Legate; and in France where the afflicted Church dried her tears to see such brilliant triumphs of the August Sacrament, especially in the town of Lourdes, the fiftieth anniversary of which We have also been rejoiced to witness commemorated with such solemnity. In these and other facts all must see, and let the enemies of the Catholicism be persuaded of it, that the splendor of ceremonial and the devotion paid to the August Mother of God, and even the filial homage offered to the Supreme Pontiff, are all destined finally for the glory of God, that the Kingdom of God may be established on earth, and eternal salvation gained for men.

This triumph of God on earth, both in individuals and in society, is but the return of the erring to God through Christ, and to Christ as the Church which We announced as the program of Our Pontificate both in Our first Apostolic Letters E supremi Apostolatus Cathedra and many times since then. To this return We look with confidence, and Our plans and hopes are all designed to lead it to a port in which the storms even of the present life are at rest. And this is why We are grateful for the homage paid to the Church in Our humble person, as being with God's help, a sign of the return of the Nations to Christ and a closer union with Peter and the Church.

THE CENTENARY OF ST. ANSELM. This affectionate union, varying in intensity according to time and place, and differing in its mode of expression, seems in designs of Providence to grow stronger as the times grow more difficult for the cause of sound teaching, the sacred discipline, of the liberty of the Church. We have examples of this in the Saints of other centuries, whom God raised up to resist by their virtue and wisdom the fury of persecution against the Church and the diffusion of iniquity in the world. One of these we wish especially in these Letters to commemorate, now that the eighth centenary of his death is being solemnly celebrated. We mean the Doctor Anselm of Aosta, most vigorous exponent of Catholic truth and defender of the rights of the Church, first as Monk and Abbot in France, and later as Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate in England. It is not inappropriate, we think, after the Jubilee Feast, celebrated with unbounded splendor, of two other Doctors of Holy Church, Gregory the Great and John Chrysostom, one the light of the Western, the other of the Eastern Church

to fix our gaze on this other star which if it differs in brightness from them, yet compares well with them in their course, and sheds abroad a light of doctrine and example not less salutary than theirs. Nay, in some respects it might be said even more salutary, inasmuch as Anselm is nearer to us in time, place, temperament, studies, and there is a closer similarity with our own days in the nature of the conflicts borne by him, in the kind of pastoral activity he displayed, in the method of teaching applied and largely promoted by him, by his disciples, by his writings, all composed in defence of the Christian religion, for the benefit of souls and for the guidance of all theologians who were to teach sacred letters according to the scholastic method.

While some stars are setting others rise to light the world, so the souls succeed to the Fathers to illumine the Church, and among these St. Anselm shone forth as a most brilliant star. ANSELM IN THE EYES OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES. In the eyes of the best of his contemporaries Anselm seemed to shine as a luminary of sanctity and learning amid the darkness of the error and iniquity of the age in which he lived. He was in truth a prince of the faith, an ornament of the Church, a glory of the episcopate, a man outranking all the great men of his time, both learned and good and brilliant in speech, a man of splendid intellect whose reputation was such that there was no man in the world then who would say: Anselm is less than I, or like me, and hence esteemed by Kings, Princes and Supreme Pontiffs, as well as by his brethren in religion and by the faithful, nay, beloved even by his enemies. While he was still Abbot the great and most powerful Pontiff Gregory VII. wrote him letters breathing esteem and affection and recommending the Catholic Church and himself to his prayers: to him also most learned and devout of the bishops of England.

And yet Anselm in his own eyes was but a despicable and unknown good-for-nothing, a man of no parts, sinful in his life. Nor did this great modesty and most sincere humility detract in the least from his high thinking, whatever may be said to the contrary by men of depraved life and judgment, of whom the Scripture says that the animal man understandeth not the things of the spirit of God. And more wonderful still, greatness of soul and unconquerable constancy, tried in so many ways by troubles, attacks, exiles, were in him blended with such gentle and pleasing manners that he was able to calm the hearts of those who were enraged against him, so that the very men to whom his cause was hostile praised him because he was good.

Thus in him there existed a wonderful harmony between qualities which the world falsely judges to be irreconcilable and contradictory: simplicity and greatness, humility and magnanimity, strength and gentleness, knowledge and piety, so that both in the beginning and throughout the whole course of his religious life he was singularly esteemed by all as a model of sanctity and doctrine.

THE CHARACTER OF HIS TIME. Nor was this double merit of Anselm confined within the walls of his own household or within the limits of his school—it went forth thence as from a military tent into the dust and the glare of the highway. For, as we have already hinted, Anselm fell on difficult days and had to undertake fierce battles in defence of justice and truth. Naturally inclined though he was to a life of contemplation and study he was obliged to plunge into the most varied and important occupations, even those affecting the government of the Church, and thus to be drawn into the worst turmoils of his agitated age. With his sweet and most gentle temperament he was forced, out of love for sound doctrine and for the safety of the Church, to give up a life of peace, the friendship of the great ones of the world, the favors of the powerful, the united affection, which he at first enjoyed of his very brethren in religion and in the episcopate, to live in daily trials, in troubles

of all kinds. Thus, finding England full of hatred and dangers, he was forced to oppose a vigorous resistance to kings and princes, usurpers and tyrants over the Church and the people, against weak or unworthy ministers of the sacred office, against the ignorance and vice of the great and small alike: ever a valiant defender of the faith and morals, of the discipline and liberty, and therefore also of the sanctity and doctrine, of the Church of God, and thus truly worthy of that further encomium of Paschal: Thanks be to God that in you the authority of the Bishop ever prevails, and that, although set in the midst of barbarians, you are not deterred from announcing the truth either by the violence of tyrants, or the favor of the powerful, neither by the flame of fire of the force of arms; and again: We rejoice because by the grace of God you are neither disturbed by threats nor moved by promises.

In view of all this, it is only right, Venerable Brothers, that we, after a lapse of eight centuries, should rejoice like our Predecessor Paschal, and echoing his words return thanks to God. But at the same time it is a pleasure for Us to be able to exhort you to fix your eyes on this luminary of doctrine and sanctity who, rising here in Italy, shone for over thirty years upon France, for more than fifteen years upon England, and finally upon the whole Church, as a tower of strength and beauty.

ANSELM'S DEVOTION TO THE APOSTOLIC SEE. And if Anselm was great in works and in words, if in his knowledge and his life, in contemplation and activity, in peace and strife, he secured splendid triumphs for the Church and great benefits for society, all this must be ascribed to his close union with Christ and the Church throughout the whole course of his life and ministry. Recalling all these things, Venerable Brothers, with special interest during the solemn commemoration of the great Doctor, we shall find in them splendid examples for our admiration and imitation, nay, reflection on them will also furnish Us with strength and consolation amid the pressing cares of the government of the Church and of the salvation of souls, helping Us never to fail in our duty of co-operating with all our strength in order that all things may be restored in Christ, that Christ may be formed in all souls and especially in those which are the hope and the pride of the Church, of maintaining unswervingly the doctrines of the Church, of defending strenuously the liberty of the Spouse of Christ, the inviolability of her divine rights, and the plenitude of those safeguards which the protection of the Sacred Pontificate requires.

THE EVILS OF THE PRESENT DAY. For you are aware, Venerable Brothers, and you have often lamented it with Us, how evil are the days on which we have fallen, and how iniquitous the conditions that have been forced upon Us. Even in the unspeakable sorrow We felt in the recent disasters, Our wounds were open afresh against the clergy of being behindhand in rendering assistance after the calamity, by the obstacles raised to hide the beneficent action of the Church on behalf of the afflicted, by the contempt shown even for her maternal care and forethought. We say nothing of many other things injurious to the Church, devised with treacherous cunning or flagrantly perpetrated in violation of all public right and in contempt of all natural equity and justice. Most grievous, too, is the thought that this has been done in countries in which the stream of civilization has been most abundantly fed by the Church. For what more unnatural sight could be witnessed than that of some of those children whom the Church has nourished and cherished as her first-born, her flower and her strength, in their rage turning their weapons against the very bosom of the Mother that has loved them so much! And there are other countries which give us but little cause for consolation, in which has either broken out already or is being prepared by dark machinations. For there is a movement in those nations which have benefited most from Christian civilization to deprive the Church of her rights, to treat her as though she were not by nature and by right the perfect society that she is, instituted by Christ Himself, the Redeemer of our nature, and to destroy her reign, which, although primarily and directly affecting souls, is not less helpful for their eternal salvation than for the welfare of human society; efforts of all kinds are

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being made to supplant the kingdom of God by a reign of license under the lying name of liberty. And to bring about by the role of vices and lusts the triumph of the worst of all slaveries and bring the people heading to that ruin—for sin makes people wretched—the cry is ever raised. We will not have this man reign over us. Thus the religious Orders, always the strong shield and the ornament of the Church, and the promoters of the salutary works of science and civilization among uncivilized and civilized peoples, have been driven out of Catholic countries; thus the works of Christian beneficence have been weakened and circumscribed as far as possible, thus the ministers of religion have been despised and mocked, and wherever that was possible, reduced to powerlessness and inertia; the paths to knowledge and to the teaching offices have been either closed to them or rendered extremely difficult, especially by gradually removing them from the instruction and education of youth; Catholic undertakings of public utility have been thwarted; distinguished laymen who openly profess their Catholic faith have been turned into ridicule, persecuted, kept in the back-ground as belonging to an inferior and outcast class, until the coming of the day, which is being hastened by ever more iniquitous laws, when they are to be utterly ostracised from public affairs. And the authors of this war, cunning and pitiless as it is, boast that they are waging it through love of liberty, civilization, and progress, and, were you to believe them, through a spirit of patriotism—in this lie too, resembling their father, who was a murderer from the beginning, and when he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar, and raging with hate insatiable against God and the human race. Brazen-faced men these, seeking to create confusion by their words and to lay snares for the ears of the simple. No, it is not patriotism, or zealous care for the people, or any other noble aim, or desire to promote good of any kind, that incites them to this bitter war, but blind hatred which feeds their mad plan to weaken the Church and exclude her from social life, which makes them proclaim her as dead, which they never cease to attack her—nay, after having despoiled her of all liberty, they do not hesitate in their brazen folly to taunt her with her powerlessness to do anything for the benefit of mankind or human government. From the same hate spring the cunning misrepresentations or the utter silence concerning the

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Trinity Sunday.

THE DIVINE MAJESTY.

"For of Him, and by Him, and in Him all things; to Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen. (Epistle of the Day.)"

To-day, my dear brethren, the Church, having completed the round of feasts and fasts which she began on Christmas, having brought to our remembrance our Lord's birth, His holy childhood, His ministry on earth, His Passion and death, His glorious Resurrection and Ascension, and the coming of the Holy Ghost as He had promised, finally brings us into the presence of the Being by Whom all these wonderful works have been accomplished, and Who is the sole object of our adoration, the ever Blessed Trinity, the three Divine Persons, the one God. She bids us contemplate, so far as it is possible for us, the great and ineffable mystery into the faith of which we have been baptized, and to join with the angels and saints in the canticles of heaven. "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Who was, and Who is, and Who is to come."

"Of Him, and by Him, and in Him are all things," said the apostle, reminding us of this highest of all the teachings of the Christian faith. Of the Father is the Son, and by the Son is the Holy Ghost, Who proceeds from the Father and the Son, and in Whom is their life and mutual love. The distinction of the Divine Persons is thus intimated to us; but the Divine Nature is only one; of, by, and in that One are we and all things created.

We and all the world around us are of God; not part of Him, nor born of Him according to nature, nor proceeding from His substance, but still of Him in that we owe our being entirely to Him, Who drew us from nothing by His almighty power. Nothing could ever have existed outside of God Himself except through the wonderful, incomprehensible act of creation. From nothing, nothing of itself could come; all things are from and of God, Who created them from nothing. By His almighty power, then, we have been created, and by it now we are sustained. We can live for a moment except by His continual support. It is only by His aid that we can draw a single breath, walk a single step, or perform the simplest act. The winds and the water, and all the powers of nature, as we call them, are His powers, too, which He lends to us, and makes subservient to our use.

And in Him we live and move and are. He is nearer to us than we are to ourselves. It is not only that He makes us live; it is His life by which we live; our life comes from and belongs to His eternal life. The life of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is in Himself; ours is in Him.

To Him, then, the one and only true God, "be glory," as the apostle says, "for ever and ever." How often we say these words, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," and how little do we think of what they mean! If all that we are and have is from God, by Him and in Him, how can we set ourselves apart from Him, or claim anything for ourselves against Him? How can we glory in ourselves, or desire glory from others, when all glory, praise, and honor belong of necessity to Him from Whom, by Whom and in Whom all things are?

For this is what it means when we say, "Glory be to God." Not some glory or praise or recognition of His greatness from us, as a sort of tax or tribute which we must pay to keep the rest for ourselves. No, when we have given glory to God as we should, there will be nothing left for us to keep. This is the perfection of the creature, to prostrate itself at the foot of its Creator's throne, and to cast all the crowns it has received before Him that sitteth thereon, and to say with the angels and saints in heaven, "Thou art worthy, O Lord our God, to receive glory and honor and power, because Thou hast created all things, and for Thy will they were and have been created."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

We have already referred to the effect recent teachings in some Protestant churches have had upon church attendance. Half filled churches are the surest indication that the living and inspiring faith that imparted vitality to the Protestantism of half a century ago is on the wane. The "higher criticism," which tore the Bible to tatters inaugurated what may be fittingly designated a religious revolution within the ranks of Protestantism. The sheet anchor was gone and the ship began to drift away from its ancient moorings until now it has almost completely lost its bearings. In what strange seas it will be sailing at the end of the next half century, there is no telling.

At the present the outlook for a shipwreck of the faith that made the fathers and mothers of the present generation of Protestants firmly believe in the truths God has revealed to man, is ominous. Doctrines are openly preached in Protestant pulpits which, however you may characterize them, are not Christian. Unfortunately they are often positively anti-Christian. It is not surprising then that such teaching undermines the faith and thereby creates the indifference in respect to religious matters which is reflected in empty church pews.

Here in New York City a Protestant Minister, the Rev. Dr. John Lyon Caughy, of the Harlem Presbyterian Church, recently directed attention to the subject of diminishing congregations in a sermon entitled "Why People Don't Go to Church." In the course of his sermon he read a report made by the Federation of Churches based on a careful canvass of that party of the city known as Harlem. In the canvassed district there is a population of 56,000. Forty-four per cent., or almost one-half, of this population are non-attendants at Church. The Rev. Dr. Caughy in giving the reason for this state of things did not touch upon the real causes that have brought it about. His is an extremely superficial view. After stating that the figures furnished by the canvass "were sufficiently alarming to give grave concern to the churches" he sug-

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It is the duty of a Christian people to withhold patronage from all forms of Sunday desecration and to discourage every form of Sunday employment. This is good enough in its way but the question of questions is, will it help revivify the faith that in the last century built churches and filled them? We are afraid it will not.

It is interesting to note the reasons given by those interviewed by the canvassers for their abstention from church services. These are: No need for a church, "Not interested," "Need of rest," "Physical disability," "Employed on Sunday." In the district of the city over which the investigation extended there are 24 churches, 100 saloons and 8 theatres. The percentage of non-churchgoers is thus classified: Jews, 80 per cent., Protestants, 31 per cent., Catholics, 12 per cent., miscellaneous, 54 per cent. In all likelihood a considerable number of the 12 per cent. Catholics can plead the legitimate excuse of either physical disability or employment on Sundays. But even if every one of the 12 per cent. Catholics who do not hear Mass on Sunday were influenced by religious indifference, the showing in favor of Catholics would be much better than that furnished by the 31 per cent. of Protestant non-churchgoers.

Whilst on this subject we do not think it out of place to suggest to the Protestant churches of New York City to make the experiment of holding religious services at 2 o'clock on Sunday morning to enable the army of Protestant nightworkers to have the spiritual benefits accruing from Protestant worship. We know that this suggestion will never be acted on. If an attempt were made to carry it out, it would prove an utter and ignominious failure. Yet what the Protestant churches of this city would not even attempt to do, the Catholic Church has done successfully for the last nine years. Every Sunday morning, winter and summer, Mass is celebrated at 2 o'clock in two Catholic churches which are crowded to the doors by night workers, who after toiling through the long night hours, kneeling at the foot of God's altar whilst the priest offers the Divine Sacrifice. Those kneeling workmen in the still hours of the early morn, whilst the great city is still asleep, attest by their presence their faith in the doctrines accepted by all Christians before the Christian unity was destroyed by the spiritual forerunners of those to-day have whittled Christianity down to the dissolving point. Until something of the living faith animating these Catholic night workers be breathed into Protestant churches the latter need not hope to see the large Protestant congregations that have so dwindled in consequence of the "higher criticism" and cognate causes.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CATHOLIC WORK FOR ADOLESCENTS.

It is sometimes cast up as a reproach to us Catholics that up to the present we have done, in a social way, so little for the young people from fourteen or fifteen years to twenty. These years form the most dangerous period in the lives of boys and girls, when subtle and significant changes are taking place in body and mind, and when guidance and care are needed more than at any other time in life. The reproach is not well deserved, because, as is often known, no other people in the United States have made so many sacrifices as Catholics in the cause of religion. The foundation had to be laid before the super-structure could be erected, and the laying of the foundations, has occupied nearly all our time and attention up to now. In spite of this, many parishes throughout the country have provided meeting and recreation halls for the young people, where, in classroom and gymnasium, under Catholic auspices, they may obtain that mental and physical training which under present conditions is so valuable an aid to a happy and successful life. As time goes on, and the Church establishes itself more firmly, our Catholic people will pay more and more attention to this important matter. Indeed, circumstances will compel them to. Already there is a constant temptation for Catholic young men and women to seek in non-Catholic surroundings the physical recreation and the mental training so urgently offered. The non-Catholic settlement houses, the boy's and girl's clubs, the philanthropic unions and associations of various kinds but all non-Catholic, are enticing many of our young people, if not entirely away from their faith, at least away from that spirit of Catholic fervor and loyalty which characterized their fathers. And it behooves us all to think seriously of doing something to stem this tendency and to safeguard the faith of our own children.

In this connection it is pleasant to read of a project now engaging the attention of the priests of St. Mary's parish, Wilkesbarre, Pa., which has the hearty approbation of Bishop Hoban. This is the founding of a Catholic headquarters for the youth, male and female of Luzerne County. "Experience has demonstrated," says the Pittsburg Cath-

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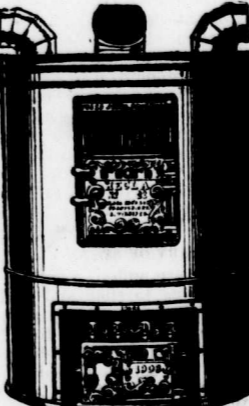
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Bishop Foley of Detroit, in a recent sermon, said: "Never permit your children to even visit the demoralizing 'penny exhibits,' or the cheap, trashy five-cent theatres that have sprung up like mushrooms in our midst. Nothing of good is ever learned there, and all too often evil associates and still more subtle suggestion emanating from the clap-trap dialogue and loose songs on the stage, mark the beginning of the waning of childish innocence and give to the faces of so many of our precocious children the blasé countenance of hardened men and women of the world. At the same time that parents are advising their children of the dangers of evil and suggestive penny and five-cent exhibits, let them be consistent also, and refrain from setting a bad example by themselves flocking to the two and three dollar per seat exhibitions of gorgeously clothed vice and degradation now so brazenly strutting upon our contemporary stage. The evil is there in both instances. The difference is only a matter of price. There are plays presented weekly at our so called select, exclusive and high-class theatres which rival in downright degrading immorality the shamelessly indecent offerings of our low houses and burlesque."

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Why do men drink of exhilaration liquor, because it is quickened, the stimulant, the excitement. There is a false after the poison system to enforce the circulation of reaction. The system slows down in its. There is a feeling sadness.

If a man gets sickens before and the blood is rid of the poison in prime of the impurities doing so, become generate.

Why do men drink? Why do men drink to cause they think a saloon, and then have a dram. Drink is rather especially if the what does that "out for a last" and it will be smaller quantities being immediately stand use of it is, poisoning.

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Insurance

Why do men drink? There is nothing pleasant to the taste in beer or wine, or whisky. Fear has a tang that is made by acid. Alcohol is a fiery liquor that burns the lining of the throat and stomach.

Why do men drink? At first they drink for sociability's sake, because they are out "to have a good time," because they think it mainly to go into a cause they stand up at the bar, and have a dram. They feel big. The drink is rather sickening to them, especially if they take much of it, but what does that matter, are they not "out for a lark!" Alcohol is a poison. Drink a quart of whisky at one time and it will kill you. Taking it in smaller quantities prevents it from immediately poisoning, but the constant use of it, after all, only a slower poisoning.

Why do men drink? There is a sense of exhilaration after several drinks of liquor, because the action of the heart is quickened. It throbs faster under the stimulant. The brain, too, feels the excitement of the feverish blood. There is a false sense of gaiety. But after the poison has its power on the system to enforce along the speed of the circulation of the blood, there is a reaction. The spirits droop. The heart slows down in its pulsations below normal. There is a feeling of oppression and of sadness.

If a man gets drunk, the stomach sickens before he gets over the spell, and the blood takes some time before it is rid of the poison. If his kidneys are not in prime condition, they filter out the impurities slowly and even in doing so, become themselves more degenerated.

Why do men drink? There is no benefit from liquor. It does not add to a man's strength, nor increase his capacity to work, nor help him to achieve success.

Why do men drink? It is an expensive habit. Only one drink a day of fifteen cent liquor means a yearly outlay of \$54.75. And where is the drinker who takes only one dram a day? Even if he does not drink regularly, a periodical spree costs a lot of money, and the frequent treating of boon companions exhausts his savings.

Why do men drink? It is injurious to health. Life insurance companies will not take them as policyholders in breweries unless they are total abstainers. Athletes are forbidden to touch it. Men who meet with serious accidents or who have to submit to surgical operations, usually have much better chances of recovery if they are not liquor drinkers than if their vital organs are affected by alcohol.

Why do men drink? It is an objection to a man in the eyes of employers. It is a hindrance to promotion if a man's breath smells of liquor in business hours. It is a danger if a man has work involving the safety of other people, like drivers, engineers, etc., for an extra glass means intoxication, and intoxication often causes accidents, and accidents occasion death.

Why do men drink? It is the cause of a legion of evils—brawls, thefts, poverty, insanity. Almost all criminals in penitentiaries were addicted to drink. Many of the inmates of poor houses and insane asylums were brought to their present misery by liquor.

Why do men drink? It is a frequent occasion of sin. It excites the passions. It arouses anger. It stirs desire. It strengthens the inclinations of nature and weakens the will. It drives away the grace of God. It darkens the door of heaven. It opens the door of hell. Now is a good opportunity to take the course of safety, of strength, of courage, of virtue, of success. Give up the habitual use of liquor. Even the moderate drinker is in peril, if he takes alcohol into his system every day. He does not take it for nothing—he wants enough of it to feel stimulated. The quantity has to be steadily increased. He does not intend to become a confirmed drinker. But he goes on and on moderately, until the longing for liquor is practically uncontrollable. The sot's the man whose body is saturated with the poison, never designed to become an inebriate. Temperance is good. Total abstinence is best. Between them lies the way of the man who makes three resolutions.

1. I will drink but only with extreme moderation.

2. I will not drink regularly. Therefore I will not touch liquor any two days in succession.

3. I will not enter saloons.

Young men starting out in life, the way of sobriety is the only secure path. The man of firm will, clear brain and sound body, is the one who will win. The three "P's"—temperance, thrift and truth will lead to triumph.—Catholic Columbian.

Wise to Marry, Marry Young. Young people of to-day laugh at match-making, just as they laugh at the seriousness with which their grand-parents regarded love and marriage. But when it is remembered that no man or woman who remains single does not bitterly regret it when regrets are almost useless, we wonder if the old people are not wiser than we are. If people are to marry they certainly should do so whilst they have youth and health and hope at an age that will allow them to see their family reared before they themselves are too old to work. Nothing is more distressing to parents who have married late in life than the knowledge that they must die before their children are old enough to gain a firm foothold in the battle of life. Recognizing the responsibilities of marriage, knowing that it is not well for man or woman to live alone, old-fashioned folk believed in early matches, and usually married their first loves. The results were excellent enough to make us regret that society has so altered its customs that marriage is deferred to the last moment, and young people think it ridiculous to settle down before they have what they call a good time.—B. C. Orphan Friend.

Men Wanted To-day. Men who cannot be bought. Men whose word is their bond.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Why do Men Drink?

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Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Ointment, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Ointment, be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., 233 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Men who put character above wealth. Men who possess opinions and a will. Men who see the divine in the common.

Men who would rather be right than be president. Men who will not lose their individuality in a crowd. Men who will not think anything profitable that is dishonest.

Men who will be honest in small things as well as in great things. Men who will make no compromise with questionable things. Men whose ambitions are not confined to their own selfish desires.

Men who are willing to sacrifice private interests for the public good. Men who are not afraid to take chances: who are afraid of failure. Men of courage, who are not cowards in any part of their nature.

Men who are larger than their business; who overcome their vocation. Men who will give thirty-six inches for a yard, and thirty-two quarts for a bushel.

Men who will not have one brand of honesty for business purposes and another for private life. Young men who will be true to their highest ideals in spite of the sneers and laughter of their companions.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Where Girls Make Mistakes. Many girls think they are demeaning themselves if they are approachable. They cultivate an icy manner as the hall-mark of respectability. Don't be afraid of being pleasant. It cannot hurt you and will be as good as a tonic for all you meet.

What though you do think yourself superior to most of your acquaintances, is it good taste to placard your belief by a freezing countenance? There is nothing like affability to conceal one's family skeletons. A haughty manner is a direct bid for the rest of the world to rake up ancestral secrets that you thought buried under a mound of gold.

The secret of many a homely girl's success is an affable manner that makes every one she meets feel as welcome as a cold snap in the dog days. Not every one has the happy faculty of drawing the best out of others, but no one need be guilty of the vulgarity of consciously seeking to put them at a disadvantage.

Snubs have a way of coming home to roost that is as surprising to the snubber as when her pet Tabby avenges a tweaked tail with her claws. Be affable. Most of us can forgive an injury quicker than a rudeness. Be affable. There is no one so lowly that her good-will can be scorned, and nothing so quickly makes ill-will as haughtiness.

Be affable. If you are not pleasant because it comes natural, be pleasant because it is the only manner that is well bred. Some people lack affability because they are disagreeable, others because they are naturally stiff and reserved. The former might as well reconcile themselves to hatred; the latter should take a course in cordiality.—B. C. Orphan Friend.

Don't Tell Unpleasant Truths. Kindness does not seem to be a natural characteristic of children. It has to be carefully and persistently cultivated. A kindly, pleasant, agreeable manner is an ear-mark of the grown-up. Apparently there are a great many men and women who remain children in tastes and judgment and general mental development all their lives, if one may judge by the amount of unkindness one comes across everywhere. The number of women old enough to be altogether grown-up who delight in making remarks which cut and scorch, is saddening.

They are certainly very disagreeable people to meet, those women who delight in telling you everything that is unpleasant regarding your past, present or future, your personal belongings or your appearance. How they get into the cruel habit is a mystery. The worst of it is that they frequently cajole their consciences into believing that it is their duty to tell their neighbors all the unpleasant truths they can master. Supposing it is true that there was a time when your next door neighbor did not wear such stylish gowns, what possible good is served by your mentioning it? She knows it as well as you do and she certainly won't thank you for bringing up unpleasant memories she is trying to forget. And what good does it do you or anybody else to tell Juliet when you meet her she looks woe-begone enough to have lost her last friend? Poor girl! Probably she is painfully aware that she looks worried and ill.

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She hoped nobody would notice it. And you think good will come of it when you tell Harriet that Ellen said she was too stingy to join the reading club or the sewing circle? Probably poor Harriet has drains upon her purse she cannot mention and the knowledge of Ellen's remark will hurt even more than your unkindness in repeating it. But what's the use. These ultra-truthful women know that no good is done by repeating unkind remarks or telling unpleasant truths.

It costs so little to say nice things, and the result in another's pleasure is out of all proportion to our trouble. We ought all of us to be ashamed of ourselves when we let pass the opportunity to tell someone of the kind things we heard said about them. When your friend has done a good piece of work, praise it. When she does a kindly tactful thing, express your admiration. When she looks well or has too a particularly becoming garment tell her so, when the contrary is true in any of these instances, just keep your thoughts to yourself. Learn to say only kind things. Repeat the good and ignore the evil.

Do You Talk up or Down?

The following paragraphs on conversation, from "Stray Thoughts for Girls," are applicable to talkers of all ages: Some people are like Kay, in Anderson's "Snow Queen," they have a bit of ice in their heart, and they see all the smallness and absurdities about them, instead of being alive to the pathos, or endurance, or good-nature of the apparently stupid lives around them. They are always in a critical, carping, superior frame in mind. These people can often talk brilliantly, but it is thin. You cannot have a large mind without a large heart. "We live by admiration, hope and love," without these, we cease to live—we wither.

The best talk is kindly. A good talker makes other people feel they are much cleverer than they had before realized; they are at their best, thanks to the listener who draws out the best side of them. It is delightful to be with some people—you are sure of hearing good talk—interesting subjects spring up wherever they are.

Perhaps you have a friend staying with you who is one of these delightful people, and you say: "Oh, dear! I must go and pay a duty visit—it will be so dull, but do come with me." And lo and behold! that visit is delightful, for your friend made that dull person into an interesting one by getting her to talk and show her real self. For the real self of every soul is interesting, only it often has such a "buried life" that we are not skillful enough to find it.

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Now does your way of talking bring out the best side of yourself and of those you talk to? School gives you tremendous opportunities of adding to the kindness and nice-mindedness of the world: for there you talk with a large number who, like yourself, are not yet made, and who are, therefore, more colored by the person they talk to than older people would be.

There are people in the world who never hear unkind gossip or vulgar jokes, for no one would think of saying such things to them. I know girls who would never have such things said to them that was not of a nice tone—because, instinctively, their friends would feel such things out of harmony with them.

When girls are silly, or spiteful, or not quite nice in what they say to you, it pays you a bad compliment; do not in your own mind merely condemn them. They would not say it to you if they felt you above talk of that kind. You may be above it in your own mind and may feel that your home surroundings are on a higher level than such talk; but either you have not had the courage to show your colors, or else you are like that in your heart and they know it by instinct.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Two telephone girls were talking over the wire. Both were discussing what they should wear. In the midst of this important conversation a masculine voice interrupted, asking humbly for a number. One of the girls became indignant, and scornfully asked, "What line do you think you are on, anyhow?" "Well," said the man, "I am not sure, but judging from what I have heard I should say I was on a clothes-line."

A Cleveland bookseller tells the following amusing story of a conversation he held recently with a well-to-do but illiterate client. "I must have some books," the latter remarked, and

went on to explain that he had found an empty library in a house which he had purchased in Kensington. His only condition was that the volumes should be handsome. The bookseller suggested that half of them should be bound in Russia and half in Morocco. "What on earth is to hinder you from having the lot bound in Cleveland?" was the unexpected response.

HE "THINKED" RIGHT.

Professor George Porter, principal of the Hallsville schools, has continually told the pupils that they should think twice before they speak. One cold morning last week Professor Porter backed up to the stove, after having given expression to his famous adage, when a little boy on the front seat, after having been permitted to talk, said: "Professor Porter, I've thought once."

"Think again," he replied. "I've thought twice," said the youngster. "Then speak." "Yes, sir, I thought your coat-tail was a scorchin'; now I think it is ablaze," replied the obedient urchin.—Hallsville (Mo.) News.

AMPLE REASON.

During the trial of a man who had made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide, a lawyer had badgered the witnesses to an exasperating extent, and evidently intended to pursue the same course with a meek appearing little Irishman who next took the stand. "You say you talked with the accused an hour after his attempt?" the lawyer demanded. "I did," was the direct reply. "And did he give any reason for attempting to commit suicide?" "He did, an' it was a good reason."

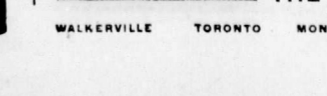
"Well, and what reason did he give?" "Sure, an' he said he wanted to kill himself, Pat answered, and for a moment even his honor could not control his laughter.—Harper's Weekly.

The old couple were eating their first meal with their son after his return from college. "Tell us, John," said his father, "what have you learned at college?" "Oh, lots of things," said the son, as he recited his course of studies. "Then," he concluded, "I've also studied logic."

"Logic?" said the old man. "What is that, my boy?" "Well," replied the son, "let me give you a demonstration. How many chickens are on that dish, father?" "Two," said the old man. "Well," said John, "I can prove that there are three." Then he stuck his fork in one, and said, "That is one, isn't it?" "Yes," replied the father. "And this is two," sticking the fork into the second.

"Yes," replied the father again. "Well, don't one and two make three?" replied John triumphantly. "Well, I declare," said his father, "you have learned things at college. Well, mother," continued the old man, to his wife, "I will give you one of the chickens to eat, and I will take the other, and John can have the third. How is that, John?"

Think low thoughts and you will do low deeds.



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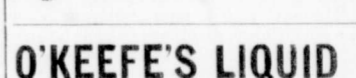
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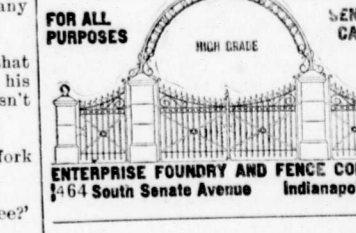
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ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF MOST HOLY FATHER PIUS X.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE.

most manifest services of the Church and the Apostolic See, which they do not make of our services a cause of suspicion which with wily art they insinuate into the ears and the minds of the masses, saying and travestying everything said or done by the Church as though it concealed some impending danger for society, whereas the plain truth is that it is mainly from Christ through the Church that the progress of real liberty and the purest civilization has been derived.

Concerning this war from outside, waged by the enemy without, by which the Church is seen to be assailed on all sides, now in a sort of open battle, now by cunning and by wily plots, we have frequently warned your vigilance, Venerable Brothers, and especially in the Allocution we delivered in the Consistory of December 16, 1907.

THE INTERINE WAR ON THE CHURCH.

But with no less severity and sorrow have we been obliged to denounce and to put down another species of war, intestine and domestic, and all the more disastrous the more hidden it is. Waged by unnatural children, nestling in the very bosom of the Church in order to rend it in silence, this war aims more directly at the very root and the soul of the Church. They are trying to corrupt the springs of Christian life and teaching, to scatter the sacred deposit of the faith, to overthrow the foundations of the divine constitution by their contempt for all authority, pontifical as well as episcopal, to put a new form on the Church, new laws, new principles, according to the tenets of monstrous systems, in short, to deface all the beauty of the Spouse of Christ for the empty glare of a new culture, falsely called science, against which the Apostle frequently puts us on our guard. Beware lest any man cheat you by philosophy and vain deceit, according to the elements of the world, and not according to Christ.

By this figment of false philosophy and this shallow and fallacious erudition, joined with a most audacious system of criticism, some have been seduced and become vain in their thoughts, having rejected good conscience they have made shipwreck concerning the faith, they are being tossed about miserably on the waves of doubt, knowing not themselves in what part they are sunk; at the conclusion of the investigation of abstruse trifling, and thus grossly estranged from the study of divine things and of the real springs of doctrine. This hot-bed of error and perdition (which has come to be known commonly as modernism from its craving for unhealthy novelty), although denounced several times and unmasked by the very excesses of its adepts, continues to be a most grave and deep evil. It lurks like poison in the vitals of modern society, estranged as this is from God and His Church, and it is especially eating its way like a cancer among the young generations which are naturally the most inexperienced and heedless. It is not the result of solid study and true knowledge, for there can be no real conflict between reason and faith. But it is the result of intellectual pride and of the pestiferous atmosphere that prevails of things of religion, united about and dissembling, borrowing the name and some sanctity of Christianity but without its life and truth.

Now in all this it is not difficult to recognize one of the many forms of the eternal war waged against divine truth, and one that is all the more dangerous from the fact that its weapons are craftily concealed with a covering of fictitious piety, ingenious candour and earnestness, in the hands of factious men who use them to reconcile things that are absolutely irreconcilable, viz., the extravagances of a feeble human science with divine faith, and the spirit of a frivolous world with the dignity and constancy of the Church.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN THE TIME OF ANSELM.

But if you see all this, Venerable Brothers, and deplore it bitterly with us, you are not therefore cast down or without all hope. You know of the great conflicts that other times have brought upon the Christian people, very different though they were from our own days. We have but to turn again to the age in which Anselm lived, so full of difficulties as it appears in the annals of the Church. Then indeed was it necessary to fight for the altar and the home, for the sanctity of public law, for liberty, civilization, sound doctrine, all of which the Church alone was the teacher and the defender among the nations, to curb the violence of princes who arrogated to themselves the right of treating upon the most sacred liberties, to eradicate the vices, ignorance, and unchristianity of the people, not yet entirely stripped of their old barbarism and often enough refractory to the educating influence of the Church, to rouse a part of the clergy who had grown lax or lawless in their conduct, inasmuch as not infrequently they were selected arbitrarily and according to a perverse system of election by the princes, and controlled by and bound to these in all things.

Such was the state of things notably in those countries on whose behalf Anselm especially labored, either by his teaching as master, by his example as religious, or by his arduous vigilance and many-sided activity as Archbishop and Primate. For his great services were especially accomplished for the province of Gaul which a few centuries before had fallen into the hands of the Normans, and by the islands of Britain which only a few centuries before had come to the Church. In both countries

the convulsions caused by revolutions within and wars without gave rise to looseness of discipline both among the rulers and their subjects among the clergy and the people.

Abuses like these were bitterly lamented by the great men of the time, such as Lanfranc, Anselm's master and later his predecessor in the See of Canterbury, and still more by the Roman Pontiffs, among whom it will suffice to mention here the courageous Gregory VII, the intrepid champion of justice, unswerving defender of the rights of the Church, vigilant guardian and defender of the sanctity of the clergy.

NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.

Right Rev. Aeneas Chisholm, Bishop of Aberdeen, has been appointed by the Aberdeen University authorities to represent this ancient seat of learning in the North of Scotland, at the forthcoming anniversary celebrations in connection with the University of Louvain, Belgium. Catholics throughout Scotland are much gratified at the distinction thus conferred upon Bishop Chisholm.

His Lordship is probably the first Catholic Bishop since the so-called Reformation to be asked to proceed to the Continent as the representative of a non-Catholic university. However, the act is a graceful one on the part of the Senatus of Aberdeen University, and is more appropriate and fitting than one unacquainted with the origin and history of the institution would imagine. Aberdeen University was founded by Bishop Elphinstone towards the end of the fifteenth century, by the authority of the Pope and with the support of James IV., King of Scotland. Bishop Chisholm is the successor of the saintly founder, and this fact was recognized in a signal manner at the University quatercentenary celebrations when he received the honorary degree of LL. D.

In September 1907, when large extensions were opened by the king and queen, Bishop Chisholm was a prominent figure in the procession of dignitaries from all parts of the earth, and with him was Father Fleming, Provincial of the Franciscan Order, who wore his monastic habit. Father Fleming's part in the proceedings was also peculiarly significant, as it was the monastery of the Franciscan Order in Aberdeen which formed the first buildings of Marischal College, the medical and scientific section of the university. At the conclusion of the celebrations at Louvain, Bishop Chisholm will proceed to Rome, where by the express command of His Holiness Pope Pius X., he will celebrate his golden jubilee as a priest by saying Mass at the very altar where he offered it up for the first time fifty years ago. Bishop Chisholm's jubilee is to be marked in Aberdeen by the presentation to him of his own portrait painted by an eminent Scottish artist.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

A most interesting conference was given at the Oblate Fathers Scholasticate, Ottawa, on Tuesday evening, May 25th, under the subject of "The Church and the Bible" was under discussion.

The position of the Catholic Church was ably set forth, and vindicated by the Reverend Brother Kennedy, Sudbury, against the speciously-presented objections of the Reverend Brother Edward Paquette, Montreal, who defended the Anglican "Media," while the Reverend Brother Chevigny, St. Albert, assumed the position of an earnest enquirer with a tendency to Modernism.

The arguments of Bro. Kennedy, incisively and vigorously presented, were frequently interrupted by the caustic comments of Brother Chevigny, or the milder protests of Brother Paquette. The first part of the discussion reached its climax when Brother Kennedy undertook to defend the thesis of Papal Infallibility.

A short interval, during which the Scholasticate Orchestra gave a selection of music, was succeeded by the second part of the controversy during which the claims of the Roman Pontiff scored a decisive victory over the ingenious opponents. The discussion was brought to a conclusion amidst hearty applause, after which the Scholasticate Choral Society under the direction of the Revd. Bros. Paquette (Marieville) was heard to advantage in a briskly sung chorus.

Amongst those present were the Very Revd. J. N. Dozois, O. M. I., Provincial of Canada, and the Revd. Fathers G. Charlebois (Superior), J. Du ic, G. Blanchin, L. and G. Simard, A. Paquet, J. Delpé, J. de Grandpré, R. Villeneuve and W. Collins.

SUMMER PILGRIMAGES TO ST. IGNATIUS' SHRINE.

ERECTED NEAR WAUBAUSHENE IN MEMORY OF FATHERS DE BRÉBECQ AND LALLEMANT.

Weekly pilgrimages to the shrine will be resumed on Thursday, May 27th. On that day, and every Thursday till October 1st, there will be Holy Mass and sermon at 9 o'clock in the shrine. Pilgrims coming by railway will have, this year again, to land in Waubausene at the Grand Trunk station, as the new Canadian Pacific line, between Coldwater and Victoria Harbor, is not yet open to passenger traffic, though we are now in communication with the company to obtain some special excursion trains from Montreal, Toronto, Sudbury, etc., that will come directly and land pilgrims at the very foot of the holy hill. Notice of above excursions will be given in due time.

A large waiting room has just been built near the shrine for the protection of pilgrims against rain.

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BLESSED MADELEINE SOPHIE.

Monday, May 25th, was celebrated for the first time at the Sacred Heart Convent in London, the office and Mass in honor of the Blessed Foundress of the Religious of the Sacred Heart. Just a year ago this holy woman was beatified and the Holy Father appointed May 25th, as her feast day. In all the houses of the Society which are now to be found in every country, except France, this day is one of great rejoicing and holy festivity. London, blessed with a convent of the Sacred Heart, was not the least among the many places to do honor to the Beata.

The chapel, always bright and attractive, was on Monday a picture of beauty—the marble altars aglow with innumerable lights—the fragrance of lilies and roses—the sweet tones of the young pupils—all served to enchant the visitor and make one think of the joys of Heaven. To the right of the main altar is erected the shrine of the Blessed Madeleine Sophie. Loving hands and generous hearts worked well to decorate the precious spot. Here again lights and flowers, gifts of her children of yesterday and today, are in abundance around her picture, and her holy countenance shines radiantly on her beloved ones.

A DESERVED HONOR.

The Casket informs us that a special feature in connection with the closing exercises of the University of St. Francis Xavier, Antigonish, was the conferring of the degree of Doctor of Science on Rev. I. J. Kavanagh, S. J., M. A., B. Sc., of Loyola College, Montreal. Dr. Kavanagh, whose standing in the scientific world ranks high, was, it will be remembered, associated with the Government expedition sent a few years ago to the coast of Labrador to make some astronomical observations. The genial Doctor very kindly consented to deliver the baccalaureate sermon, and his simple, graceful and practical discourse made a deep impression on the audience. At the end of the sermon the Rev. Alex. MacDonald, Bishop of Victoria, gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Annual Retreat at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Canada.

The pupils of this ideally located convent school, closed their annual retreat last Sunday. The exercises were brought to a close by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the conferring of the Papal Benediction.

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Services were conducted by the Rev. John Burke, C.S.P., Editor of the Catholic World, New York City. Amid the delightful scenery of this favorite spot, prayer springs unbidden from the heart at the mere sight of the glorious handiwork of the Great Creator, but when to this is added the eloquent pleadings of a gifted orator, one may well imagine the benefit accruing to the soul. In a retreat the soul draws nearer to God, silence and retirement are essential conditions to its success—that so many of the juniors even were proof against the temptations of the tongue, speaks volumes for the earnestness of the exercitants. The building of the temple of Zion was effected without the sound of axe or hammer—and so the upbuilding of the spiritual in these young souls was carried on in profound silence. That students should cease all studies and "retire into the desert" for three days, to commune alone with God—particularly in these busy days when so much time is given to secular studies—is only a strong proof of the importance attached to the necessity of such a retreat—which is meant to be far-reaching in its results both in the individual soul and the souls of those with whom they may come in contact. The deep and fundamental truths of religion and of the perfect life were ably expounded by the very capable director. The happy opportunity of tasting and seeing under the personal direction of such an experienced guide was in itself a rare privilege. It is by means of retreats of this kind that we may look forward to our Catholic girls putting forth their best efforts in the cause of Christ and His Church, not only by the shining example of their lives, but by active participation in the many good works at hand.

The Beggar and the Lost Crucifix.

Up on a cross of ebony and gold, The sacred figure of the Crucified; Glimmered pure ivory—wrought in days of old; By master hands which tolled for Him who died.

And feebly came with halting step and slow, Crippled and old, one of His own—the poor So lame and weary, yet so meek and low, He asked but grace to suffer and endure. "What though I hunger, Lord," he faintly prayed, "And rest his feeble limbs, so travel worn?" "Mine is the joy to feel thee near," "Blessed are they, the lowly and the meek."

Was it God's Angel, gently bade him stay, And rest his feeble limbs, so travel worn? So lame and weary, yet so meek and low, On the gold setting which the cross adorned.

Low on his knees he sank, with reverent awe, And, "I am with you still," he seemed to hear. Gone was the pain and weariness,—he saw Only his Lord, and knew His Presence near.

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