

# The Catholic World.

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

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## THOSE PRELIMINARIES.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.  
McAllister.—Until the middle of the fifth century the Church of Christ in her councils and doctrines was not at all at Rome. The Roman Catholic Church had no existence. The Church of that day was entirely distinct from the Papal system. Since the claims of the Papacy did not exist, there could have been no Papal Church.

Freeman.—We have in former articles stated the relation of the Pope, the Bishop of Rome, to the councils, and we need not here repeat on the spur of Dr. McAllister's bald statement.

As to doctrines, every scholar in dogmatic theology knows that the creeds and dogmatic decrees of the first four councils—Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus and Chalcedon—are doctrines that must be held as articles of faith by Catholics to-day. This sameness of belief is the strongest possible evidence that the Catholic Church of the nineteenth century is identical with that of the first four centuries.

When the doctor says that the Roman Catholic Church had no existence all the middle of the fifth century he flatly contradicts the evidence of history and the testimony of the Fathers of the first centuries. His statement scarcely deserves a serious refutation. Even the Protestant historian, Dr. Schaff, in paragraph 50, volume second, of his history, traces what he calls the germs of the Papacy to the latter part of the first century—that is, sixty years after the crucifixion. In illustration he quotes the letter of Clement, Bishop of Rome, third from St. Peter—to the Church of Corinth. Of this letter Dr. Schaff says: "It can hardly be denied that the document reveals the sense of a certain superiority over all ordinary congregations. The Roman Church here, without being asked (so far as appears), gives advice with superior administrative wisdom, to an important Church in the East, dispatches messengers to her, and exhorts her to order and unity in a tone of calm dignity and authority, as the organ of God and the Holy Spirit. This is all the more surprising if St. John, as is possible, was then still living in Ephesus, which was nearer to Corinth than Rome." This Clement to whom reference is made was made Pope from the year 91 to 102. Dr. Schaff states, further, that Victor, Pope from the year 193 to 202, excommunicated the churches of Asia Minor for a difference of ritual. Dr. Schaff recognizes the fact of the ascendancy of the Church of Rome and endeavors to give reasons for it. First among these reasons is her high antiquity. He admits, with apparent regret, that Irenaeus, Tertullian and Cyprian—all of the third century—conceded to the Roman Church a position of singular pre-eminence. He concludes his paragraph on the germs of the Papacy thus: "No wonder, then, that the Bishops of Rome at an early date were looked upon as metropolitan pastors and spoke and acted accordingly with an air of authority which reached far beyond their immediate dioceses."

Here is an unwilling witness testifying to the antiquity and paramount influence of the Roman Church and her Pontiffs. As Dr. Schaff refers to Irenaeus, who was the Disciple of Polycarp, who was a Disciple of St. John, the Evangelist, says: By pointing out that tradition which is the greatest, and most ancient, and universally known Church—founded and constituted at Rome by the two glorious apostles, Peter and Paul, derives from the apostles, and that faith announced to all men, which, through the succession of (her) Bishops has come down to us, we confound all those who in any way, whether through pleasing themselves, or vain glory, or blindness, and perverse opinion, assemble otherwise than as behoveth them. For this Church, on account of a more powerful principality, it is necessary that every Church, that is those who are on every side faithful, resort."

It stands to reason that this third century Bishop knew more about the existence and authority of the Roman Church than does any Covenant minister of the nineteenth century. We might quote other Fathers of the Church of the third and fourth centuries to the same purpose, but it is not necessary.

Even the pagan emperor, Aurelian, recognized the existence of the Church of Rome and the wide-reaching authority of her Pontiffs. After his victory in the year 273 over Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra in Syria, the Christian Bishops complained to the Emperor against the heretic Paul of Samosata and his followers, who had possession of the Church property. Aurelian decided over to that one of the claimants "to whom the Bishop of Rome and the Italian prelates of the Christian religion should write,"—that is to the one whose orthodoxy was recognized by the Pope. (Eusebius vii, c. 30.) This pagan emperor could have been but a little conversant with the relative authorities in the Church—and consequently his leaving the decision to the Bishop of Rome must have been suggested to him either by the Oriental Bishops or by Paul of Samosata himself. We must suppose some suggestion of the kind to explain the emperor's action in referring the matter to so distant a See as

Rome—to a See of different nationality and language.

The See of Antioch was avowedly dependent on the See of Rome, as is clear from the testimony of Juvenal, Bishop of Jerusalem, in the council of Antioch: "It is customary, conformably with apostolic order and tradition, that the See of Antioch should be directed by the See of the Great Rome, and should be judged by it." (Kenrick's "Primacy," referring to Mansi, col. 1311.)

St. Basil the Great, Metropolitan of Caesarea, in Cappadocia, in the year 370, thus wrote to St. Athanasius, Patriarch of Alexandria:

"It has appeared to us advisable to send to the Bishop of Rome, that he may look to our affairs; and to suggest to him that if it be difficult to dispatch some persons thence by a general and synodical decree, he himself, by his authority, may act in the case, and choose persons able to bear the journey, and endowed with such meekness and firmness of character as would be likely to recall the perverse to correct sentiments." (Epistle 69.) Evidently this Archbishop of Caesarea in Syria in the fourth century believed the Church of Rome existed prior to the middle of the fifth century, and that her Bishop had far reaching authority. Writing to Pope Damasus, the same Basil said: "Being disappointed in our expectations, and unable to bear our evils any longer, we have resolved to write and urge you to come to our relief and to send us some men harmonizing in sentiment, who may reconcile the dissent and restore the Church of God to harmony. . . . We ask nothing new, but what has been usual of old with our blessed men beloved of God, especially among yourselves; for we know by tradition, being instructed by our fathers, whom we have questioned, and by documents which are still preserved amongst us, that Dionysius, the most blessed Bishop of Rome, who was illustrious among you for the integrity of his faith and his other virtues, visited, by letter, our church of Caesarea. Our affairs are at present in a most difficult and gloomy situation, and need greater care. . . . Wherefore, unless you hasten to our relief, in a little while you will scarcely find to whom you may reach the hand, since all will be brought under the power of heresy." (Epistle 70.)

Now why does this Eastern Bishop appeal to the head of the Roman Church unless he believed that there was in his time a Church of Rome, and that its head had authority in the East? Why did he not appeal to the Patriarchs of Alexandria, Jerusalem or Antioch, or to the Bishop of Constantinople, the capital of the Byzantine empire in which he lived? Why pass over these neighboring authorities and go to distant Rome? One reason which we may assign with safety was that this Greek Bishop did not live in Pitsburg in 1897. He was sixteen hundred years too early to see Roman affairs and the early Christian Church through Dr. McAllister's Covenant spectacles.

We might here refer to the appeal of St. Athanasius, Patriarch of Alexandria, to the Pope, but it will come in more properly when we are considering the sixth canon of the Council of Nice, which the doctor takes up in his next letter—that of October 25.

The doctor may say in explanation of his meaning that the Roman Church was so conspicuous in the early ages and whose authority was so universally recognized in the whole Christian world, was not the Roman Catholic Church. But this denial is gratuitous, and begs the question. It imposes on him the necessity of assigning the time when the Roman Church ceased to exist, and the Roman Catholic Church took its place. Such an important factor in the religious world of the first centuries could not pass out of existence without leaving a record of her demise. No such time can be assigned. The doctor may say—as he does—that the Roman Church usurped powers in the fifth century which she did not previously possess. But this claim, even if we were to grant it, which we do not, would be proof positive that she continued to exist, for that which has ceased to be can usurp nothing. Thus his charge of usurpation proves continued autonomous identity. He may claim that she erred, but this, if granted, as it is not, would still prove continued existence, for that which exists cannot error.

But there are other reasons which destroy his claim. Had the Roman Church usurped authority and jurisdiction by the Churches, East and West, they would have protested against the encroachment on their rights. But we find no such protest in the fifth century—the time assigned by the doctor when the imagined usurpation took place. On the contrary, at the time referred to the authority of the Pope was emphatically recognized by the Council of Chalcedon in Asia Minor, in 451, as it had been recognized in the Council of Sardica in 347. Both these were Oriental Councils. As for the Churches in the West, the Pope's authority was never more fully recognized than in the fifth century. It was about this time lived St. Augustine, the great Bishop of Hippo in Africa. That he recognized the

authority claimed by the Pope is evident from the fact that he sent the acts of the African Councils over which he presided to Rome for Papal confirmation. We conclude, then, that the authority exercised by the head of the Roman Church, and so universally recognized in the fifth century, was no usurpation. The Roman Church, therefore, did not lose her identity by usurpation.

Nor did she lose identity by teaching error at the time assigned by the doctor. To charge the Roman Church with teaching error in the fifth century is to charge the whole Christian world at that time with teaching error; and to do this is to say that the Church founded and commissioned by Christ, and promised immunity from error, had failed. For the Roman Church was in dogmatic accord with the Christian world of that time. The general councils voiced the common belief of the time, and the Roman Church held, as she still holds, as articles of faith the dogmatic decrees of those councils. Hence to accuse her with having changed the faith is to accuse the whole Christian world with having lost the true faith. To do this is to deny the divinity of the Christian religion and to relegate it to the class of purely man-made institutions. It seems to us that this is too large a contract for even a Covenant minister. The Roman Church, then, did not lose her identity either by usurpation or error.

But aside from these considerations there are positive, historical evidences of continuous identity of the Roman Church from the first to the nineteenth century. We will confine ourselves to one proof. It is the line of succession of the heads of the Roman Church from St. Peter to Leo XIII. Both Irenaeus and St. Augustine used this argument to identify the Roman Church with the Chair of Peter. Both these great Fathers of the Church gave a list of the Popes from Peter down to the Pope who sat in the Chair of Peter in their own times. Irenaeus in concluding his catalogue, says: "In this order and by this succession, the ecclesiastical tradition from the apostles and the preaching of the truth have come down to us."

In his next letter—that of October 25—Dr. McAllister attempts to show that general councils have contradicted each other. In our next we will examine what he says on this point.

## REV. FATHER ROSSWINKEL S. J. ON "SPOOKS AND SPIRITS."

An Interesting Lecture Before The Philomathean Society, Detroit.

Catholic Witness.  
"Spooks and Spirits" was the subject of a lecture delivered by Father Rosswinkel before the Philomathean Society of Detroit College on Wednesday evening, Dec. 22. After stating that the belief in a spirit world was universal to-day as it had been at all times, he introduced the teaching of the Bible and of the Church, and explained the origin of the good and evil spirits. "As spirits they are the creation of a Creator, who is goodness and from whom nothing but what is 'very good' can proceed. In as far as they are evil, it is the consequence of a free act of their perverse will. Father Rosswinkel said that the teaching of the Sadducees was revived for the purpose of furthering a well laid plan to discredit revelation. For, as Bayle, a fierce opponent of Christianity, remarks: "Prove to unbelievers the existence of evil spirits, and by that alone you will force them to concede all your dogmas." The Bible is explicit in its teaching on the existence of evil spirits, but word has been passed along that the teaching of the Bible is to be discredited. Therefore the existence of a spirit world is to be denied. The Church maintains the existence of a spirit world, but she is to be discredited as the author of the Apocalypse; and therefore a spirit world cannot exist. Remarkable apparitions of the Blessed Virgin have taken place in recent times, but their reality would be a proof in favor of Christianity. Therefore again the existence of a spirit world is to be denied!

Father Rosswinkel maintained that no one was less superstitious than an intelligent Catholic, who gratefully accepts all the proved facts of science, but is not willing to accept conclusions in no way warranted. Science has not and will not be able to prove the non-existence of a spirit world.

Various phases of spirit manifestations were then explained, as "table talking, mind reading," etc. While very much might and could be explained either as downright humbug or by some natural principles, still there were certain phases which all professed explanations failed to explain. In confirmation of which the lecturer cited some well authenticated facts.

Father Rosswinkel stated he was far from believing all fairy tales and stories of hobgoblins, but the fact that certain houses and places were by the permission of God allowed to be infested by evil spirits was undeniable. The counterfeits of proof of the existence of the genuine article, and thus while again often deception is practiced, still more flippant people will be

satisfied with a shrug of the shoulder and an incredulous smile in recorded instances where hundreds of sober, intelligent persons were witnesses of certain manifestations, which baffled all natural explanations. The subject of "invasion," "obsession" and "possession" was then fully treated. Some of the unmistakable signs of genuine "possession" were stated and interesting instances narrated.

Father Rosswinkel concluded by stating the number of safeguards we had against the assaults of the devil. 1. They are creatures of God and are under His dominion. 2. The Church has received power over them. 3. The holy angels, who are as soldiers for our welfare as the devils are for our ruin. 4. The power of the holy name of Jesus.

## NOTABLE CONVERSION.

New York, December 29.—It has just been made known among High Church Episcopalians that Miss Marion Lane Garney, who founded the Church Settlement Home, connected with the Church of the Redeemer, had renounced the Episcopal and had accepted the Catholic faith.

Miss Garney was educated in Wellesley College. She belongs to the historic old Boston family of Garneys. Quaker blood flows in her veins. On November 1 she was baptized in the new faith at St. Francis Xavier's church. She was confirmed at St. Patrick's Cathedral about a week later by Archbishop Corrigan.

Father Van Rensselaer and Mrs. Arnold were her sponsors. Upon entering the Catholic Church Miss Garney changed her name from Marion Lane Garney to Marion Frances Garney. After partaking of her first Communion Miss Garney went into retreat at Poughkeepsie, where she is at the present time. It is said she will either join the Franciscan Sisterhood or the Sisters of the Holy Souls in Purgatory. Both her parents are Protestants.

## THE YEAR'S CONVERTS.

As has been the custom for several years past, the Paulist Fathers have compiled a list of distinguished converts to the Church during the past twelve months.

The list of foreign names, to which must be added those of Lord Ecombe, the son and heir of the Earl of Eldon, and Lady Auckland, wife of Lord Auckland, whose conversion is chronicled in foreign exchanges just to hand, is as follows:

In England, the Hon. Albert E. Bingham, a son of the Earl of Lincoln, and Mrs. Albert Bingham, Mrs. Herbert Rowbotham, wife of Herbert Rowbotham of the British South African Company; Robert E. Dell, an Oxford graduate and editor of the Surrey Mirror; the Hon. Mrs. Moore Smith and the Viscountess Canterbury, sisters of the Earl of Oxford; in France, Mrs. Terry, formerly Miss Sibyl Sanderson, the American opera singer.

The recent converts here include Dr. Grever, wife and seven children, Scranton, Pa.; Miss Marion Garney, a graduate from Wellesley College; Dr. Luke Robinson, San Francisco; C. E. Allen and Frederick Long, of Cleveland; Dr. Richard Lillis, San Francisco; Miss Bessie Livingston, Webster, Mo.; the Meriden Hospital, Meriden, Conn.; Clarence Whitaker, Colorado; Henry Augustine H. Boyer, formerly a Presbyterian minister in Chicago, now a student at St. Joseph's Seminary Yonkers; the Rev. E. L. Buckley, former rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Newport, R. I., at present engaged in study in Europe for the priesthood.

## A BRITISH SOLDIER.

Lawrence McCarthy, probably the oldest man in the world and the last survivor of the combatants at Waterloo, has just died in the workhouse at Nough, Tipperary, aged one hundred and fifteen years.

This scrap of contemporary history, culled from the daily papers, furnishes the most interesting epigram on "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," we have seen for a long time. The world is moving to tears at the story of Belisarius, blind, led by a child, and begging alms from the wayfarers; but it weeps at what is most probably a myth. Here is the case of a real hero of the present century—one of those who assisted in saving Europe, and especially England, from becoming the prey of a tyrant swollen with insatiable ambition, left to die a pauper's death and fill a parish coffin. Probably one of those Irish lads, mere raw recruits, who marched to the field of slaughter to the rollicking strains of "The Young May Moon" or "The Foxhunter's Jug," and whose impatient spirit found it so hard to be kept standing in square all day long before the mad charges of Ney's cuirassiers. How beautiful to fight and die in defence of an empire that lets her humble defenders sink into beggars' graves while honors and riches and titles are lavished on the well paid generals who order the movements of slaughter! The United States Government is often reproached for the facility with which men can get on its pension list,

but how much more shame attaches to the rule that leaves its bravest soldiers often die of sheer starvation!—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

## A MASKED ENEMY.

It is not the bold and unmasked enemy that we need to fear. The man who attacks us in daylight on the open highway, and promptly recognizes and hands over to the police. But the stealthy assassin who emerges from the dark alley, the man or woman who pretends friendship, is our covert foe; the soft voiced acquaintance who beguiles us into confidences which are our own undoing; the smiling plucker who flatters in order that he may reap a benefit; these venomous reptiles can not be tied into a quivering mass and bundled off in a patrol wagon.

Even in the purely natural world danger lurks where we least suspect. While we seek safety from the fury of the cyclone or the fangs of an infuriated beast, the insidious, lifeless fissure in the embankment widens, and the mountain snows quietly melt into a raging torrent, the deadend we are heedless of noise in its distilling.

It is easy to fight the coarse sins which wear no disguise and make no pretence. If the devil's slaves, agitated with horns and eleven hoofs, breathing fire and flame, the whole world would unite to defy him and put him to rout; but the insidious ease and grace with which he plays a part is his best weapon, and his path is strewn with the wrecked lives of those who thought him an angel of light.

There is a new poacher in the preserves of the King, a fresh and devouring fire in the fair meadows of Christ. It is a belief which calls itself Christian Science, and which is compounded of several vile heresies. A belief, did I say? It is rather a disbelief—an avowed negation, a contradiction of everything tangible, a denial of all but the unreal. The same fantastic persons who fall upon their metaphorical knees when the "spirit rappings" were heard, who worshipped at the shrine of Buddha and the occult, who thought altruism the only scheme of life, and Nirvana the condition of the blessed in death, who projected astral bodies and died in thought transference, now swear like gnats around the leaders of this new craze, and later with awe to their vivid and unattainable theories.

And the fire is increasing. This is no false alarm. The "Christian Scientists" in Chicago had just closed a meeting which cost more than \$100,000 and which is free from debt, and crowded at each meeting with hundreds from far and near. Money poured into the coffers of the new cult with but little solicitation; and the fever has seized, not the obviously unbalanced alone, but thousands whose perversion is to us no less a surprise than a great grief.

From the hundreds of cases where this weird thing has wrought deadly harm, and of which I have been personally cognizant, I will mention a few. Of course it is well known that the "Christian Scientist" affords all the remedies of the physician and the herbs which were intended for the healing of the nations, and simply denies that the disease exists. A little girl was seized with throat, and a false membrane formed in the throat. The misguided mother at once proceeded to deny the existence of the child, with the help of a healer of her own faith, made use only of the incantations it directed. In a short time the child died, and was buried a few days after that, the mother met the old family physician, and her sore heart, beginning to repent, desired comfort.

"Doctor," she said, "sell me the truth. Would any have been saved if I had called you?"

He was familiar with the case, and was indignant enough to tell her the truth. "I would have removed that membrane from her throat," he answered, bluntly, "Amy would be well to-day."

"The mother gave a shriek, and in a week was an inmate of an insane asylum. Instances like this are recorded daily; still, and as these are, they are innocent compared with the heretic travesties with which the Sacraments of the Church are burlesqued. But of this feature of the subject, a natural repugnance and a consciousness of the inability to do justice forbid me to speak further. Investigation will convince any one that I have not exaggerated. And, sad to say, this is no local danger; it is radiating in all directions. No Catholic—God be thanked!—can equip with these devices, the expediency of craft, the wickedness in high places, and "God be with us" for a war-cry.—Flora L. Stanfield in Ave Maria.

## RETROSPECT.

Between remembering the old year and looking forward to the new year, New Year's Day should be a busy one for a Christian. It ought to be a day of examination of conscience. Good Christians examine their consciences in some manner or other daily, and some are so vividly in God's presence that they scrutinize every act of their lives; and this is what it is to be thoroughly conscientious. Conscientiousness when cultivated is nothing less than habitual consciousness of the Divine Presence. To be sure, some persons are over-particular in examination of their consciences, and these are called scrupulous. But most of us are not scrupulous enough. The cultivation of the conscience tends to a constant realizing of the Divine Presence, and when this becomes habitual the soul becomes perfect.

There are two kinds of examination of conscience, both of which are good. One is done at fixed times by some arrangement with one's self honestly adhered to. The other is that of the moment, and is done in the kind of examination is spontaneous. In this latter case the conscience would not let you pass an hour, or even a minute, without undergoing scrutiny. In the former case you examine your conscience, and in the latter you conscientiously examine you. "I have met numbers of persons," says a well-known Paulist preacher, "who need never examine their consciences, and in the latter you examine and are ready at all moments to perform the highest spiritual duties."

But for most of us we may truly say that no practice will produce better results for persons of good sense than having fixed times at which we shall give our examinations of the day. And New Year's Day, of all days in the year, we should take account of our conduct towards God and our neighbor and ourselves, and make good resolutions for the future.

The fact is that on a day like this the old year rises up and demands examination. Sometimes we say, "the past is gone." But the truth there is no such great luck as that. It would be a very good thing for some of us if the past could be politely bowed out with the old year. But there is no bowing out. The past year is an account-book

turled over to God's court to witness for or against us; let us try to get a favorable balance out of it. At any rate, let us know the truth about it.

Last fall about, therefore, and look back over the past twelve months, and look back over the seasons of the old year. How did I begin the old year and how did I behave myself last winter? Did I make my Easter duty last spring? Did I attend Mass regularly and worship God through the summer, or did I make the Lord's Day one of carousing and drinking? Have I used my tongue for blessing, my body for lust, my soul for slavery to the evil one? Have I unjustly gotten any of my neighbor's property? Have I been brutal to my family? These are not only questions, but there's no happy New Year for you till you have answered them and many others besides, repented of your sins and made good resolutions for Confession and Communion, and for a good life for the future.—Sacred Heart Review.

## ST. PAUL'S.

Five thousand Freemasons, we read, attended the bicentenary celebration of the building of London's Saint Paul's. We do not doubt it, and we believe it was appropriate. St. Paul's is almost the only religious pile of any note of which English Protestants can boast that was not torn from Catholic owners and appropriated to the new discredited worship. It was built to replace the beautiful Gothic structure raised by Inigo Jones and destroyed in the great fire of 1666, and it is worthy of note by those who complain about St. Peter's in Rome being the fruit of general contributions of European Catholics, that the money for building St. Paul's was levied off all the English counties, in some places by the gross imposition of the Protestant squirearchy. St. Paul's cannot be regarded as a cathedral, in any strictly religious sense. It is a Freemason's edifice, built largely by Masonic subscriptions, and the forced contributions of agricultural clods, and it was right and proper that most of those who participated in the celebration should be people whose rites are as blasphemous and who are the banned enemies of the true Church of God. Externally and internally there is little in St. Paul's to proclaim its ecclesiastical character. It is more like a mammoth custom house, plus a dome, than a temple of divine worship, and before its main entrance stands a dilapidated statue of the nearest approach to a female saint of which English Protestantism can boast among its regalities, the decrepit living but common place Queen Anne, who had only two prayers for the Church of England and devotion to her gin bottle. Everything is in keeping about St. Paul's. It has neither the venerableness or antiquity nor of modern sanctity nor yet has it the attraction of architectural beauty; it is simply vast, bulky and pretentious.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

## CROSSFIXES ARE ILLEGAL.

The war on the High Church party in the Church of England has commenced, and it has been announced that henceforth they will have no peace until their "Rush" practices are completely banished from the English Church. Herbert, the Evangelical party in the Anglican Church has looked on in passive disgust at the exhibition in churches of crucifixes and confessionals and vestments and altars. But it seems that this passive attitude has now been definitely abandoned, and war to the knife is to be the motto henceforth.

The rector of St. Mark's, Marylebone, London, was "high," and had stations of the cross in his church and a crucifix over the pulpit. An indignant parishioner took the question to the law courts, and Dr. Tristram, of the probate and matrimonial division of the High Court, in his capacity of chancellor of the Diocese of London, heard the case. The written pleading filed in the case alleged that a "brass crucifix" had been put up in the Church and prayed for its removal, as well as for the removal of the stations of the cross. The judge, in deciding the case, made an elaborate distinction between a cross and a crucifix. He cited a decision of the judicial committee of the privy council, affirming that a cross was legal, but implying that a crucifix was not. And, following the indication contained in this decision, the chancellor held that the crucifix was illegal and ordered its removal.

For Catholics, there is something decidedly ludicrous in the idea of a law court undertaking to settle questions of orthodoxy and correct church practice as between a clergyman and his congregation. It was the absurd incongruity of having questions of religious belief and ritual determined by such a tribunal, as exemplified in the case of the Gorham judgment, that has been the chief realization of the fact that the position of the Church of England was wholly untenable. It may confidently be predicted that, if this victory of the Pragmatists in the case of St. Mark's Church is followed up and pressed home, there will be a large number of conversions to the Catholic Church. Those who have hitherto been deluding themselves with a vain imitation of Catholic practices, will see that they have come to the parting of the ways, and that they must choose either to accept the reality, in place of the semblance, or to go back to the cold and lifeless Protestantism of the last century.—Chicago New World.

## THE STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

A favorite argument against the Church with certain of our Protestant friends is that it torridly discourages the reading and study of the Scriptures by the people. You can find that argument in one form or another, in almost every Protestant book, paper and sermon, and although it has been refuted time and time again, it comes forth again as if its accuracy had never been questioned.

An Australian prelate, Dr. Delany, who is congregator to the venerable Archbishop Murphy, of Hobartown, gives this Protestant calumny against the Church a very effective denial by pleading for a better edition in English of the Bible than we now possess. Not that he finds any fault with the accuracy of our improved English versions, but for the reason that he finds fault with the publication of an edition supplied with notes by the best Biblical scholars, and made accessible to every Catholic home.

Dr. Delany contends that it is one of the chief duties of the Church to present its Divine Founder to the people as He really is, and shows Himself in the Revealed Word. Sermons, conferences and doctrinal works may all be say, contribute to this manifestation of Christ to the people, but over and above all those works, he holds "that the inspired words of the Gospels, the words of our Lord Himself, set in a framework of interpretation such as shall convey to the reader that precise sense which the Church derives from them, is the most effective of all ways."

The same idea was expressed at greater length by the Holy Father in his splendid encyclical on the "Study of the Scriptures." The Church has always favored and encouraged popular reading of Holy Writ, her only concern in the matter being that the faithful shall be on their guard against perverted translations of the Word of God.—The past year is an account-book

Sometimes a striking example of prayer and the goodness of Almighty God, our faith more than man. So we will relate to day Sacred Heart Review, a remarkable incident that occurred on the sets season in the month of the present year. It dealt with an act of thanksgiving and also to give us more cry to Him out of any depth no matter how dark and may be.

A boy of sixteen, named son of one of our well known citizens, was drowned by a raft on Wednesday, August St. Joseph's day of the week afterwards remarked.

His bright, active boy, merry, bright, active boy, perfect health, and was his sister Mary old woman, regularly and were able to a little fellow not strong of any use. A young lad of the place and an expert came to the aid of the He had already sunk through without waiting to remove she threw herself into the water to the shore. Her noble in vain.

Meanwhile, the child screams had reached far across the water, gathering in crowds, and was a man named Com already received a reward from the Society for saving the risk of his own. He reaching the boy, but out of breath with running not retain his hold and again below the sea.

Joe's sister, instead of fainting, was praying God who is indeed our strength. And in her in the true communion began to say her rosary, the great St. Anthony, things, "that he would put the child in his boat, put the spirit into the water, help, put it beneath the boat as Mary began the third that her brother might man drew him to the surface.

He had been, at the eight minutes under the water ten or fifteen. His weight, lay across the swollen, lifeless. Then Comroy's direction, at morning, what seemed less task.

Still Joe's sister prayed afterwards that she should pray to God before she found that she never then. It was a hearty but a beautiful one. It had been glad to part man working over the faithful sister on the helping against hope the very face of death: circle of earnest work offering up the rosary, near by a little comrade hands and innocent eyes again. But in half an men came to Mary and "I am sorry to say it done all that is in our Your brother is dead."

She did not cry. She seemed to herself to be She could only pray. man, I don't believe on with her praying out, the water was an absolute faith in God grant her prayer. No long experience of strength and death had they like this. There came life, and at length the carried him to his friend heavy had the slender become that it took the terrible weight of been ten minutes under a desperate struggle with death, faintly till midnight had was something marvelous.

What gave the man breath alive, that seemed flicker of a candle? kept it burning? The men were five remained by the boat. The physician of the Catholic, came and again, and he said to she arrived the following startling words: "I than that your son's jaws and limbs were there was any breath, smallest amount than sible."

The water poured if out of a pitcher. ered at all there was of brain fever or convulsions. By and by piteous moans, yet they were rejoice, for they were the delirious of all the five men's st him. But if his face bestness spoke to him her voice and with of courtesy and obedience. His friend saw of restoration was so ant and severe that it carried on could com men put their powers to an unpr efforts were aided prayers and faith o

"I had the offer of long leave," the impatient young soldier continued, "as I started on this expedition, I have a great mind to take it. I have caught the loneliness of barracks and forest alike. I want familiar places and faces. Will you have my company to Ireland?"

"It is of all things what I most longed for," replied Blake.

"It is a bargain then?"

"A bargain," exclaimed Maurice.

Half rising from their rough couch, the two men clasped hands once more. Then, with a murmured good-night, they nestled snugly down amongst the spruce, drew their blankets closer, and dropped into a dreamless sleep that lasted to the dawn.

The trouble of the expedition was over. Blake knew the forest as a cuban knows a city.

His rifle and woodcraft combined provided them with food, dainties and abundance, as regularly and assuredly as the careful housewife that ever hunted the meat marked for city purchase. Their painful march was thenceforward turned into a holiday expedition.

CAN'T HELP IT AND DIDN'T MEAN TO.

These twin disturbers, Can't Help It and Didn't Mean To, have wrought a great deal of misery in this world. They are the defences of the flabby body, the wicked and the shiftless. And what poor defences they are! They are cowardly subterfuges behind which skulk many a fellow who might have been a reputable citizen if he had not constantly yielded to his temptations, and then covered under the brittle shield, "I can't help it," as if he, as an intelligent being, had not free will and understanding and powers of resistance like the rest of human creation.

The habitual drunkard, who has weakened his will by his excesses, always puts forward the plea, "I can't help it," and he obtains from many excessively sentimental people sympathy, on this excuse. This makes him even worse than he was before, and he goes on sinking lower and lower every day under the weight of "I can't help it." Then, if he commits a crime when he is intoxicated, which is likely to bring him to life imprisonment or the gallows, the equally absurd plea, "I didn't mean to," is brought out. This is about what hereditarily amounts to when it is advanced as an apology for crime. That we are nearly all born with an inclination to commit some special sin may be readily acknowledged, but we are also given the power to overcome it, and by exercising this power we win heaven. We are not saved by faith alone, however strong that may be. So, to yield to any temptation, whether it be in the direction of intoxication, sensuality or anything that is vile, is to commit an act that can not be covered in the sight of God or man with the excuse, "I can't help it," and "I didn't mean to."

It is cowardly to try to dodge responsibility by the employment of these terms. If you have unfortunately committed offences that should put you outside the pale of decent society, manfully acknowledge your errors, and say, "Yes, I did so, with my eyes open. I am sorry for it, and I will try and not do so again." A man that is thus candid with himself is on the path of reformation, but if he says, "I can't help it," and "I didn't mean to," he is getting deeper and deeper into the tangled forest in which he is likely to be eventually lost.

What I would ask of the bright, young, healthy, well-intentioned, brave fellows whose friendship I hope I have made in these papers, is to be honest with themselves and with those who appreciate their good qualities and are sorry for any tendencies which may lead to the acquirement of bad habits. The Church in which most of you were born offers you plenty of assistance in your endeavors to lead a manly life, and by this I do not mean the brutality which some people mistake for manliness. I do not wish to preach to you. There are trained minds that are better able to do this than I am, and I would ask you to listen to them attentively when they speak from the pulpit or the altar. My mission is to give you a little friendly advice from an everyday point of view, as if we were sitting and smoking our evening pipes together.

I know that young men are apt to think that youth is to last for a long time, for, in the happy saying of the day, "I have been there myself," and they put off the correction of their faults on that account. But youth, as the poet asserts, passes as quickly as the opening flower. Therefore, do not form habits that will pursue you into middle life or perhaps into old age, for virtue is not always an accompaniment of the latter, and to do this, banish your exclamatory phrases, "I Can't Help It" and "I Didn't Mean To!" Hell is paved with them. —Benedict Bell in Sacred Heart Review.

Blake listened with breathless interest. There was a long silence when Lord Edward's voice ceased.

"I feel quite sure it is so," said Blake, at last, speaking very low and earnestly. "Some instinct tells me you are right, but I have no claim to break in upon your life until he calls or comes to me. Still the words he has spoken are for me as well as you—for me more than for you—they are spoken from a father to his son. They are the echo of the voice of my own heart."

"More than one pause. This time Lord Edward broke it. "Whither are you bound?" he asked Blake.

"For Ireland," the other replied with a curious tremor in his voice as it dwelt lovingly on the name. "Let me confess, and I have much to tell you of that same hope of your company. Do you ever think at all of that talk of ours on the night before we last parted, when, as it seems to me, we swore fidelity to the old land? Often the remembrance has come back to me, and I have felt the pang of fire in the lonely woods, and has set me pacing restlessly all through the night. You have been in Ireland since we last met."

"I have," said Lord Edward, sadly. "I have seen her misery without the power to help her. I have felt weak and bewildered, and ended by swimming with the current, with eyes and ears close shut."

"I will not believe," Blake broke in, "that you saw misery without trying to soften it—that you saw wrong without trying to right it."

"I felt helpless—that is all. There was no point where I could set the lever—no power I could apply to raise the people. There was no use, I thought, grieving over what I could not remedy. I tried to forget, and I did forget. I grew absorbed in my own life, and I paid the penalty of selfishness. I drifted, and my drifting has landed me here. Our life's course is fashioned before our lives begin," he went on gloomily, with a touch of that dreary philosophy, old as the hills and false as the seas, which youth borrows from disappointed love, and thinks new and true: "Our lives are made for us like our minds and bodies. We can change none of the three. We revolve in a narrow self-conscious circle from day to day, but the great orbit of our existence is shaped by mysterious powers which we neither know nor can control. We are what we are, and will be what we must be."

A half-conscious admiration of his own cynical wisdom mingled with the bitterness with which he spoke.

"I deny it," cried Blake in earnest protest, "God has made us masters of ourselves for good or evil. He has given us power to shape our own lives. On our own heads are the folly, crime, and punishment if we mis-shape them."

The earnestness in his voice touched Lord Edward, more than he cares to show.

"Give fate her due," he cried lightly, "at any rate she has tied your life and mine together. For the third time we have met by the strangest chance in the heart of this lonely forest, far from all the beaten tracks of human footsteps."

"The thought that our lives are fated to run together," Blake replied, "has often been in my own heart, and has been very pleasant to me, but our meeting here has not been chance. I knew of your expedition and came to seek you. When I

crossed the trail of the moose I knew he was hunted, and guessed who the hunters were. I knew, too, that where the snow ceased there was danger of losing him. I followed the deer and you followed me, and so we met."

"Not soon to part, I trust," said Lord Edward, with something of his old boyish enthusiasm.

"Most sincerely, I hope so," Blake replied.

"I had the offer of long leave," the impatient young soldier continued, "as I started on this expedition, I have a great mind to take it. I have caught the loneliness of barracks and forest alike. I want familiar places and faces. Will you have my company to Ireland?"

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LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

BY M. M. D. BOEKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE AIR BITES SHREWDLY; IT IS VERY COLD."

—Hamlet.  
"Myself must hunt this deer to death."  
—Henry VI., Part II.

And push distraction and perpetual shame,  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land."  
—King John.

To tell of Lord Edward's life in the barracks at New Brunswick would be foreign to the purpose of our story. The all-permeating military discipline, which made the very atmosphere of the place imparted the powers of self-restraint, which served him well in later life. It taught him, if he could not check, at least to hide from careless eyes the fiery enthusiasm of his nature. The responsibility which, in that lonely station, was thrown on the officer, and the readiness of resource of situation in command called for, fitted him for the perilous part he was hereafter to play as leader of oppressed people, to whom fortune alone denied victory.

His letters at this time, written with sweet, playful humor to those at home, show how lightly his emancipated spirit now sported with the fancy which so seriously enthralled him a little time before.

"I ought to have been a savage, and if it were not that the people I love and wish to live with are civilized people, and like houses, I really would join the savages."

There would be then no cases there of looking forward to the fortune of children, of thinking how you are to live; no separations in families, one in Ireland, one in England; no devilish politics, no fashions, customs, duties, or appearances to the world, to interfere with one's happiness. Instead of being served and supported by servants, everything here is done by the people one loves, and the mutual obligations you must be under increase your love for each other. To be sure, the poor ladies are obliged to cut a little wood and bring a little water. Now, the dear Ciss and Mimi, instead of being with Mrs. Lynch, would be carrying wood and fetching water, while Ladies Lucy and Sophia were cooking or drying fish. As for you, dear mother, you would be among your pipe, Orlin and all the boys, after having brought in our game, would be lying about the fire, while our squaws were helping the ladies to cook, or taking care of our ponies. All this in a fine wood, beside some beautiful lake, which when you were tired of, you would, in ten minutes, without any baggage, get into your canoes and off with you elsewhere.

One would like to linger over this busy, and not unhappy, period of his life, of which many details remain to us, but the chief action of his career cries "Forward."

The military genius of Lord Edward was stimulated by a military life. Daily and daily he mastered more and more completely the details of his fascinating profession. Daily his active and penetrating mind showed him more clearly how these details could be combined for stupendous results.

More and more his old brilliant dreams of victory and conquest beset him. He pictured himself at the head of a nation's armaments, wielding his powers as Job's arm wields the thunderbolt. The clash, the struggle, and the triumphs of the battle-field delighted him. He dreamed of great armies beaten, and vast territories overrun, his name on all men's lips, in all men's ears, at once the glory of his country and the terror of her foes.

His cheek flushed and his heart beat faster at these glorious visions. The east of victory—the plains strewn with mangled corpses, the myriad happy homes made desolate, were quite forgotten. The night, while his eyes could only see the glories of war, not his horrors.

But there were times, too, when the noble instincts of his nature rebelled against the dull routine of the life he led, and the hard, hurtful splendor of the dreams he dreamt. Eyes and again the tear of his old love would rankle at his heart. Then he would start on long expeditions in the unknown land, alone or with little company. The solitary communion with Nature soothed his troubled soul for a time. But the restlessness increased, and him and grew daily harder to appease.

He longed for adventure with a spice of danger in it, and fortune threw what he longed for in his way.

He volunteered for the command of a wild and dangerous expedition—from Fredericksburg, where his troops lay, to Quebec, and was accepted. Fortwith he embarked on the strangest piece of inland navigation ever attempted.

One hundred and seventy miles he must pass through the primeval forest. To make the way where no way was visible) was to meet death. Lord Edward commanded the little troop, which consisted of thirty men.

Suddenly out of the darkness of the thick wood the huge black quivering shadow of a deer's head was projected flat on the white ground. The body followed, the long legs striking back right into the shadow of the trees.

It was a weird and ghastly sight, to send a thrill through the heart of a watcher in the still moonlight, but Lord Edward felt no such thrill. He knew there was a substance behind that shadow. As he steadied his rifle across his arm where he lay and waited for the shadow to follow the shadow into the light, the savor of hot grilled venison steak was the homely anticipation that absorbed him.

But there is many a slip between the game and the bullet. The high-piled camp fire at this instant fell in with a crash. The black shadow vanished suddenly as ghosts vanish, and only the keenest ear could detect the rush through the snow as the frightened moose deer fled away into the night.

Lord Edward called up his sleeping comrades. Here was a chance of fresh meat not to be neglected. But the meat was alive on four swift, strong legs, and must be caught before it was cooked.

They reconnoitered the spot where the shadow vanished, and at the covert's edge found a deep track stretching away through the woods. Very quickly their simple belongings were bundled up, their snow-shoes strapped on, and they were away in pursuit.

The trail was easy to find. There was a broad, deep furrow where the resolute deer had ploughed his way, belly deep, in the loose snow dust.

By no means easy to follow. The snow-shoes of the party sunk deeper than ever from the quick motion. The front man who laboriously beat down the track for the others, had to be constantly relieved. Every half hour or so there was a change along the whole line, so that the labor was more equally divided. But Lord Edward, light and active, insisted on more than his share of the toil as the leader's right.

So they plodded rapidly and doggedly forward along that white furrow from red sunrise to redder sunset. But the stout deer ploughed his way still faster, and from sunset to sunrise their strained eyes caught no glimpse of moving thing in the still white forest.

By endurance, plainly, not speed, the brave prize was to be captured. Worned, but hopeful, they camped round their huge fire that night, and ate more freely of their scanty store, and drank success to their strange chase in cups of scalding coffee.

Before dawn they were up and away again. By sunrise they had camped where the wood was more open, and a broad expanse of white ground flushed pure red in the morning light.

Young Lieutenant Langley, who headed the party at the moment, peering out into the crimson haze, thought he saw two black branches stuck up from the white, bare ground, and quiver and wave in the dead calm.

At the same instant he felt Lord Edward's hand heavy on his shoulder. "Down, Artie, down!" the leader cried, in an excited whisper. "It is he—only three rifle shots away. With caution we may creep on him."

Crouching and cautious, the party moved stealthily as spectres over the white ground.

It was no use. The quick ear of the deer caught the faint rustle in the snow; the keen eye marked the string of dark figures sharply outlined on the white. Before half the distance was over-passed the slender branches that stuck up out of the snow were violently shaken. For one moment they caught the full outline of the great deer as he leaped from his repose. The next he was tearing through the snow like a swift ship through the water, throwing up as he went a cloud of frozen foam, that glistened and sparkled with myriad colors in the glancing sunlight.

With a shout of excitement they pressed forward, as the trail of foam lengthened out before their eyes. But the moving cloud distanced them, despite their utmost efforts.

Stepping carelessly in his haste, young Langley's snow-shoe interlocked. He fell forward on his hands and face in the deep, soft drift, and the whole party came tumbling after and over him.

They gathered themselves up, laughing, from the frozen bath, shaking off the clinging white dust, like so many water-drops fresh from the shower. The same lesson was learned once again that by steadiness, not speed, the moose deer was to be captured, if at all.

On they went, steadily, with eyes straining through the forest, for yet another peep at their quarry.

Lord Edward noted a thin, dark line leading down through the wood on the right hand towards the deer's trail.

As he came up he discovered with dismay the distinct impression of snow-shoes like their own, following the deer's trail like themselves. The party stood disgust still for a moment in surprise and disgust. The sharp breeze which they had scarcely felt in their excitement, seemed now to warp their flesh with cold.

It was wonderful how tired and hungry they felt suddenly. The same thought was in all their minds. There was another competitor for their live venison, and he had got the start of them.

Lord Edward bent down and examined the track carefully.

"More than one man has passed here," he said; "the weight of two at least was needed to press the snow so hard. Come along, my boys," he cried out with sudden cheerfulness. "They have kindly made a path for us. We will catch them and the deer yet. If we make haste, and act as usual, the venison we started for is in all their minds. There was another competitor for their live venison, and he had got the start of them."

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REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FAITH AND PERSEVERANCE.

Sometimes a striking example of the power of prayer and the answering goodness of Almighty God will animate our faith more than many sermons. So we will relate to day, says the Sacred Heart Review, a remarkable incident that occurred on the Massachusetts coast in the month of August of the present year. It deserves to be put on record for the greater glory of God, as an act of thanksgiving to Him and also to give us more courage to cry to Him out of any depths whatever, no matter how dark and deep they may be.

A boy of sixteen, named Joseph, son of one of our well known Boston citizens, was drowned by falling from a raft on Wednesday, August 11, 1925. St. Joseph's day of the week, as it was afterwards remarked. He was a merry, bright, active boy, in absolute perfect health, and was visiting with his sister Mary old family friends, but none of them were able to swim, except a little fellow not strong enough to be of any use. A young lady, a resident of the place and an expert swimmer, came to the aid of the stronger lad. He had already sunk three times, but without waiting to remove her shoes she threw herself into the water, hoping at least to bring the lifeless body to the shore. Her noble efforts were in vain.

Meanwhile, the child's piercing screams had reached to the sand hills far across the water. People were gathering in crowds, and among them was a man named Conroy, who had already received a medal from the Humane Society for saving a life at the risk of his own. He succeeded in reaching the boy, but being spent and out of breath with running he could not retain his hold and the body sank again below the sea.

Joe's sister, instead of screaming or fainting, was praying earnestly to that God who is indeed our refuge and strength. And in her practical faith in the true communion of Saints, she began to say her rosary in honor of the great St. Anthony, "who finds lost things," that he would please find Josie. A fisherman named Flynn came round the cliff in his boat, put down an extra sprit into the water, with Conroy's help, put it beneath the boy's knees, and as Mary began the third bead, asking that her brother might be found, the man drew him to the surface.

He had been, at the lowest estimate, eight minutes under the water; some say ten or fifteen. His body, a dead weight, lay across the boat, black, swollen, lifeless. Then began, under Conroy's direction, at 11:30 in the morning, what seemed at first a hopeless task.

Still Joe's sister prayed. She said afterwards that she supposed she knew how to pray to God before, but that she found that she never had known till then. It was a heartrending scene, but a beautiful one that an artist would have been glad to paint—the brave man working over the inanimate form, the faithful sister on the cliff above, hoping against hope and praying in the very face of death; on the beach a circle of earnest women, kneeling, offering up the rosary, and in a field near by a little comrade with clasped hands and innocent eyes lifted to heaven, all praying that Joe might live again. But in half an hour one of the men came to Mary and gently said: "I am sorry to say it, but we have done all that is in our power to do. Your brother is dead."

She did not cry. Through it all she seemed to herself to be turned to stone. She could only pray. She said to the man, "I don't believe it," and went on with her praying in what was, as ought to be clearly remembered, an absolute faith in God that He would grant her prayer. Never in all their long experience of storm and wreck and death had they met with a case like this. There came a faint sign of life, and at length they lifted him and carried him to his friend's cottage. So heavy had the slender boy of sixteen become that it took ten men to bear the terrible weight of a body that had been ten minutes under the sea. Then began a desperate hand-to-hand struggle with death, that lasted incessantly till midnight had passed. There was something marvellous in it.

What gave the man the courage to struggle on and keep the little faint breath alive, that seemed like the mere flicker of a candle? And what had kept it there at all?

The men were five in number who remained by the boy till day broke. The physician of the place, a non-Catholic, came and went, again and again, and he said to the mother when she arrived the following day, these startling words: "I can say no more than that your son was dead. His jaws and limbs were set in death. If there was any breathing left it was the smallest amount that could be possible."

The water poured from his mouth as if out of a pitcher. Even if he recovered at all there was imminent danger of brain fever or congestion of the lungs. By and by he began to moan, piteous moans, yet they were the heart-rejoice, for they were signs of life. Terrible delirium ensued, when it took all the five men's strength to control him. But if his faithful friend and hostess spoke to him he seemed to know her voice and with his long habit of courtesy and obedience strove to reply. His friend says that the work of restoration was so intense, incessant and severe that only those who saw it carried on could comprehend it. The men put their physical and mental powers to an unprecedented strain. But beside and above this, their heroic efforts were aided by the intense prayers and faith of his sister and the

Christian women in the place. Water of Lourdes was sent to moisten his blackened lips, candles were lighted for him in St. Joseph's honor. The priest came and anointed the boy, and Joe, who had been for years a notably faithful altar boy in his beautiful parish church, strove to speak to him. Perhaps the familiar sound of the Latin words memorized by the many, many Masses he had lovingly served.

Surely the prayer of faith and the holy oils had visible power this time to heal the sick. For at last God's wonderful mercy granted what was asked with such wonderful faith. Half an hour after midnight the boy opened his eyes rationally and knew everything except one thing—that he had been drowned and had been dead. Neither congestion of the lungs nor brain fever set in, nor have any ill-effects of any kind followed from that time to this. On Friday, feast of the altar boys' patron, St. John Berchmans, Joe was out on the cottage piazza; on Sunday he walked to the beach and looked unawares on the spot where he was drowned and rose again; on Monday night he returned to his happy home, and on Tuesday morning he was at Mass once more. All around him were those who had watched him from his childhood, rejoicing with awe in their hearts, to see him re-turned as from the grave. Beside him knelt the faithful sister whose prayers and faith had not once faltered and who had the courage to claim him and win him from the very jaws of death. And before them was the tabernacle and the altar and the Real Presence of Jesus Christ. One could but think of Jesus and Mary and Lazarus and Tennyson's beautiful lines:

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer, No other thought her mind admits, Than he was dead and there he sits, And he that brought him back is there.

Joe is now studying at college and serving Mass again, strong, well and happy. We submit the letter of another physician, a practical Catholic, who was visiting at Scituate at the time of the accident. It is taken from a copy made for us by the boy's Irish hand that lay ten minutes underneath the sea in the icy grasp of death. All who know the boy and his happy Christian home cannot fail to rejoice with them over this wonderful event and to unite with them in sincere thanksgiving to Almighty God, with whom nothing is impossible and in whose strong hand are the issues of life and death.

The physician's letter is here given by permission:

Dear Mr. —: Your note of thanks is most gracious, but entirely undeserved by me. When I arrived at the scene the good men who had your son in charge had done the really vital work. They are deserving of the highest praise and gratitude, not only at your hands, but from every lover of humanity. Their names should be inscribed on bronze. To think that your dear boy was under the water a good ten minutes might deter man of science from efforts at resuscitation which those brave fellows carried to success. God bless them. If a testimonial to them is got up I want to know it and contribute a mite, for their self-sacrificing and noble work calls for recognition far beyond my personal ability.

If I gave any useful suggestions later they pale before the work of the men of Scituate. God was kind to you in the matter, and I am willing to see in the whole affair a merciful suspension of His laws in response to the fervent prayers of your daughter and the earnest women who joined her. With hearty congratulations to you and Mrs. —, I am, yours very truly,

The Mother.

No teacher can adequately supply the place of the mother. No one has the same hold that she maintains on the intellect and affections of her child. She is not only an authority whose right to rule is never questioned, but an oracle that is implicitly believed. The words and example of a parent, especially of a mother, exert a life-long influence on the child. The seed of righteousness sown in the youthful heart by the maternal hand usually bears abundant fruit. The salutary lessons the mother has taught are seldom effaced from memory. They are engraved on the heart in luminous characters, and the sacred image of the mother herself stands before us silently but eloquently pleading the cause of God. The tablet of the soul, like a palimpsest, may afterwards receive impressions that will hide from view the original maternal characters written upon it, but the waters of compunction and the searching rays of Divine grace will bring them to light again. There is no exaggeration in saying that the hope of the rising generation is in the Christian mothers. The individual and national character may be traced to the training imparted under the domestic roof, and its beneficial or baneful influence may be guarded by the religious and moral standing of the family circle. — Cardinal Gibbons.

Yonge St. Fire Hall, Toronto, March 16, 1927. Gentlemen—I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for Biliousness and Constipation, and have proved them the best that I have ever used—will use nothing else as long as they are obtainable.—Remaining yours, respectfully, E. C. SWETMAN.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, unless you can get Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

"QUESTION BOX"

Queries Now Submitted Show That the Lectures and Answers are Bearing Fruit.

Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor lectured on "The Sale of Indulgences" at St. Teresa's on last Sunday evening and answered a number of the queries placed in the question box. Some of these show that the lectures and answers are bearing fruit.

S. A. K., whose father and mother were Episcopians, asked a number of questions:

(1) "Would it be wrong for me to pray for departed friends? I think the Catholic custom is so charitable and beautiful that God could not be offended with one who so prayed."

It certainly would not be wrong for you to pray for the dead, yet it is scarcely consistent to do so and at the same time deny doctrinally that such prayers are efficacious or that there is a place of probation such as purgatory in the next world.

(2) "Do you not think that salvation is possible in any Christian Church provided we keep the Ten Commandments and trust in the atoning death of our Saviour?"

This has been answered before. When the baptized Christian is not a conscious heretic, but only remains outside the one true Church because of ignorance of its truth, he may be saved. The non-Catholic who believes in the Church, but does not unite himself with it for worldly reasons, or who doubts and does not investigate, rejects the grace of God and endangers his salvation.

(3) "The Church of Christ is one, but you have added to the Creed?"

This charge is too general. You must specify the additions to obtain a reply.

"The Church is holy, but Catholic countries are less moral than Protestant. In South America half the births are illegitimate, and in Italy there is a regular system of organized murder, the Mafia?"

The Church condemns impurity, divorce and everything derogatory to the sanctity of the relations between the sexes. It condemns secret societies like the Mafia. If you will read Father Young's "Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared," you will find that your estimate is erroneous, and yet the author of this work depends on official and in most instances Protestant authorities to prove Catholic countries superior in morality.

(5) "The only Apostle you speak of is St. Peter. It is doubtful if he was ever in Rome."

St. Peter is the only Apostle spoken of by Catholics, but he was chief of the Apostles and hence is chiefly named. St. Peter's residence in Rome was never questioned until the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries. Read Romans i, 8, and then tell us who converted them. Cave, in his "Literary History of Ecclesiastical Writers"; Erastus Baanen, in a letter to London Times, June 5, 1871; Calvin, in his "Institutions"; Dr. Dollinger, in his "History of the Church"; all of them Protestants, testify to St. Peter's presence in Rome as its first Bishop.

E. F. S. thought the Pope sides with Ireland against England, because the latter is Protestant and sends Bibles to Italy and Spain. The people of Ireland fear the priests, who horsewhip them, and they believe the priests can turn them into animals. Does your Church teach that Protestants will go to hell? If a Protestant girl marries a Catholic, would she have to go to confession?

Strange to say, there are Irish politicians who think the Pope sides with England, but to him all souls are of like value, whether encased in the body of an Irishman, an Englishman or an African. Why should the Church have preserved the Bible if she opposed its reading? Remember that the Protestant Bible is not all the Bible. Read answer to S. A. K. about non-Catholics and their salvation. A Protestant does not become a Catholic by marrying one, hence does not have to go to confession.

O. G. C.: "Where is Heaven?" Heaven is a state best described by St. Paul when he said, "Eye hath not seen," etc. etc.

J. J. Y. asks if the Ancient Order of Hibernians is fully recognized by the universal Church?

All societies not approved are but tolerated. All are tolerated which are not formally condemned. The A. O. H. is not a universal order.

J. C. says he would have become a Catholic long ago, but he is a Mason and Old Fellow and his business would be ruined; besides, his wife and children are very strict Presbyterians and would make it hot for him. He thinks he could manage the matter if the Church would permit him to conceal the fact that he is a Catholic and not insist on his abstaining from meat on Friday. "Could I not become a Catholic on the quiet?" "Could I be a Catholic and go sometimes to a Protestant church?"

The communication of which this is the epitome illustrates most eloquently what is meant by the boasted liberality of Protestants. Here is a man that believes the Catholic Church is right and is afraid to take the step because it would ruin his business and estrange his wife and family. If any sign were needed to prove that the Catholic Church is true, this petty persecution would prove it. Our Lord said, "Leave all and follow Me." True love for your wife and family would, it seems, demand that you should make known your change of faith that they might also in time enjoy that grace of conversion. You are not compelled to

trumpet abroad your being a Catholic, but it would be wrong to deny it. It is best for you to consult some priest as to your difficulties.

A non-Catholic friend asked if Mary, the Mother of Jesus, ever had any other children and who were they? The idea is repugnant to every Catholic instinct. As if she who was thought fit to be the Mother of Christ could be the mother of any mere creature! The Church believes that Mary was ever a Virgin and the Scripture so teaches. Why would our Lord on the cross commend her to the care of St. John if she had sons, as some would contend? Protestant scholars, such as Pearson, Mill, Westcott and Lightfoot, agree with Catholics on this point.

W. J. M.: Were not some of the Popes forcibly intruded into the Holy See by factions of nobles and were not others nominated and installed by Emperors? If these were not Popes at all, and consequently the Roman Catholic Church lost the Apostolic succession and ceased to be the Church of Christ.

From the tenor of this it might be assumed that the writer is a believer in Christ. If the Apostolic succession indeed is necessary to mark the true Church, then this Christian is placed in the awkward position of arguing that Christ's promises have failed. The Apostolic succession and the primacy are separate; the former descends to all the Bishops from the Apostles and is the result of the sacrament of holy orders; the primacy is the succession to St. Peter as head of the Church and is not sacramental. The visible manner of selection does not preclude that the Holy Ghost inspired the choice and does not prevent the person selected from having all the attributes which a Pope should have. Many Protestants contend that they are inspired by the Holy Spirit in the interpretation of the Scriptures. Why should not the Catholic Church, with whom Christ promised to be all days, even to the consummation of the world, then claim this inspiration for its *ecclesia* defined by its head the Vicar of Christ?—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

SOUL PICTURES.

God's studio is the universe, and His one unchanging model is Himself. His colors are the light He commandeth in to being, His beauty, His goodness, and His truth. His canvas is space illimitable, and upon it the pictures of His manifold creations are but the faint reflection of Himself.

The heavens declare His glory, the firmament, His handiwork, and the earth, the riches of His providence and love. He sits above and views all at a glance, life, immortality, time, eternity—all are unrolled before Him, and to His all-seeing eye, there is neither death, nor darkness, nor distance, nor obscurity, nor past, nor future time, but one living, lighted picture of the everlasting "now."

We turn the pages of His portfolio to find His pictures as infinitely varied as they are numberless. Here is shown a bit of misty landscape; there an uncertain mass of shadow. Here the majesty of the revolving spheres, and there an microscopic marvel. On one page is strength, and sublimity; on another, grace and simple beauty.

Such is the abyss of God's infinitude in the universe of nature, and no less varied is His handiwork in the souls that people it. He who has made each single mountain crag unlike to any other, and ordered for each land its own peculiar beauty, its blessing and its use—who made the stars to differ in the glory of their beams, paints also, in His impenetrable wisdom, His soul-work in various ways—in wonderful, unsearchable ways.

In one, He reflects the beauty of His holiness and spotless purity; in another, the depths of His ever-burning love. In one His never-ending justice, and in another His tender, long-enduring mercy. Here He shows a dazzling glimpse of His glory ineffable, and there the shadow of His cross. Here a Martyr, there a Martha. On one page a martyred missioner; on another an Aloysius, or a gentle, joyous Stanislaus. Side by side are painted in the robes of royalty and the single tattered garment of a beggar and the lovely, spotless Agnes stands close beside a weeping Magdalena.

We are but babes upon His canvas, and to our shortened vision, there is little but conjecture, or mystery dead and unsovable. His lights confuse and dazzle us, and the shadows He has painted in with care, to us are meaningless; till, like as in one vast kaleidoscope, we see but never ending forms and colors which we cannot understand; but to faith's discernment, God's hand is in it all. God's thought is over all, and by its harmonious blending, God is glorified.

Among these beautiful soul pictures given us by the Artist Divine, there is one that attracts us more and more not by its portrayal of wealth and rank and worldly preference—though it has all of these—but by the simple, charming beauty of its truth and gentle sweetness—that of the amiable Bishop of Geneva, St. Francis de Sales.

We love them all—the lovely Baptist, the lofty Theresa, the stainless Aloysius, the learned, humble Bernard, the pure and noble nature, Xavier—but in the pure and noble nature, diffusing as it were luminous reflection upon the dark and troubled times in which he lived, we recognize the character of a true and tender shepherd, and give our souls without resistance to be led in ways of pleasantness and peace.

His whole life, so widely known and so universally admired, is throughout its goodly length, a beautiful concep-

tion of a shepherd's devotedness, happily united to those other qualities no less essential to the welfare of the flock, manly strength and fearlessness in their defence.

Gentle and meek, and yet so full of chivalry; a lover of peace means—gentle, sunny and so full of heaven's light and love that his soul seemed like a golden censor, and the unrelenting sweetness of his spirit its heavenly perfume. Added to all these lovely qualities were noble birth, personal attractiveness, and a profound learning tempered by prudence that eminently fitted him for a defender of the faith, and the redeemer of a straying flock from the raving wolves of heresy that were then invading it.

From his youth, the one affliction of his life, was the error of his countrymen, and his once beautiful land of the old time faith laid waste and desolated by the fearful storm of the Reformation that had recently swept over it, and as he pours forth his plaintive lamentations upon its desolated churches and ruined monasteries, we may truly picture him as another Jeremiah weeping for the departed glory of his people, Israel, for to the dwellers of the Alpine valleys, as well as to the faithless Jews, could have been applied the lamentations of God's holy prophet:

"My people have been a lost flock; their shepherds have caused them to go astray, and have made them wander in the mountains; they have gone from mountain to hill, and have forgotten their resting place." (Jeremiah 44)

The rich, the poor, the priest, the peasant, even the rough peasant of the lakes, and the simple herdsman with their flocks about them, all claimed him as their common shepherd, who knew and loved them all and whose only care it was "to seek that which was lost and that which was driven away," "to bind up that which was broken and strengthen that which was weak."

Though always affable and ready to assist all who came to him, it was upon the weak and straying members that his devotion was most lavishly bestowed. This God-like trait of character was shown most plainly in his apostolic labors among the mountain districts of his diocese, where his shepherd spirit never wearied in searching for the lost, or felt its obligation less, of nourishing one poor unfortunate than of providing for the "ninety and nine" who had never left the fold.

Nor were his diocesan labors ever so extensive, so manifold or so absorbing, but that his gracious heart found time to minister to the tender portion of his flock—the lambs—the little children. Attracted by his sweet, cheerful piety and by the invincible gentleness of his voice and manner, they trooped merrily about him, falling at his feet to receive his blessing and to kiss his robe. He never found their presence annoying or their innocent prattle wearisome, and never permitted them to be sent away, as his friends sometimes desired him; but, drawing them nearer to him, he would say, "Suffer them to come to me; they are my little people."

With the little ones gathered thus about him, listening to his instructions or singing the beautiful French hymns that he himself composed for them, he formed a picture strikingly alike to that of the Divine Shepherd in the Gospel narrative, of whom it long ago was prophesied: "He shall gather together the lambs with His arm and shall take them up in His bosom."

Throughout all his writings, which are the faithful revelations of his character, there is a vein of rich and poetic thought that seems the natural outgrowth of his sympathy with the scenery about him. His style is sometimes soft and soothing as the air of the Vale of Chamouni, or the songs of the Alpine shepherds that charm us by their sweet simplicity.

Again, it rises grandly like the eagle, seeming scarcely to belong to earth, and shows a soul as lofty and sublime as the Alps themselves; as clear and as calm as the skies that bend above them; as pure in its affections as the eternal snows that wrap their cloud swept summits, as tranquil in its emotions, and with depths as lucid and bright with heaven's sunshine, as the sheltered lakes that nestle at their feet, and a faith as firm and impregnable as their adamantine base.

What a beautiful—what a heavenly picture! How it draws us with its irresistible charm, to love the beauty of its Creator, there so perfectly portrayed. We turn to look at it again and again, long and lovingly, and as

Thin in flesh? Perhaps it's natural. If perfectly well, this is probably the case. But many are suffering from frequent colds, nervous debility, pallor, and a hundred aches and pains, simply because they are not fleshy enough. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites strengthens the digestion, gives new force to the nerves, and makes rich, red blood. It is a food in itself.

we look our lips repeat with the prophet Isaiah, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings and that preacheth peace." Poems with other selections from the writings of Sister M. Genevieve Todd.

SUICIDAL DYSPEPSIA

Positively Averted by Using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Does Dyspepsia kill? Yes! In thousands of instances Dyspepsia has given the invitation to death.

This may be a startling statement. But it is a true one. Dyspepsia unchecked causes a melancholy, hopeless feeling. Soon this merges into dark and dreary despondency. Then follows insanity—which is the second stage of despondency.

The invariable tendency of all who suffer from melancholy insanity, is to commit suicide. In nine cases out of ten they succeed.

Thus Dyspepsia leads to death. Now, there's not the least necessity for this. It need not be so, and can be prevented as easily as you can fall asleep. There's no secret about how it is done. Simply use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—one or two after each meal—for a couple of weeks, and the thing is done.

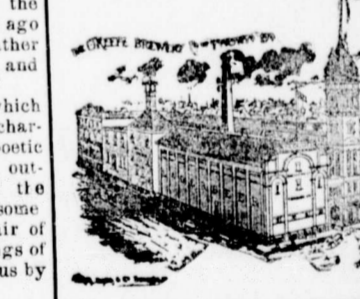
Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are a perfectly perfect digestive. They digest the food themselves. They don't need help.

Sometimes Constipation accompanies dyspepsia and indigestion. In each box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets is a supply of smaller tablets that are the most perfect bowel regulators ever made. Taken with Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets they fit the bowels to perform their duty which is supplementary to the digestive process.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have never failed. never will fail, cannot fail to cure any case of Indigestion, Dyspepsia or other stomach trouble. They digest the food, strengthen the stomach, and banish dyspepsia and indigestion, naturally and rapidly.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, each box containing a full double treatment, can be purchased from all druggists, at 50 cents a box, or will be sent, on receipt of the price, by the Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

High-Class Church Windows Hobbs Mfg. Co. London, Ont. Ask for Designs.



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The Celebrated Parisema and Altar Brand... and Baumer's Patent Finish Beeswax Candles...

Acknowledged by all to be the best and in use upon the altars of the Catholic Churches throughout the United States.

The Will & Baumer Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y. For sale by Thom Coffey, London, Ont.

The Catholic Record. Published Weekly at 454 and 486 Richmond Street, London, Ontario. Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

It has been ascertained that the piper Findlater who has made himself famous by playing "The Cock of the North" at the head of the column of Gordon Highlanders while they charged up a precipitous mountain in Hindostan, defeating the tribesmen and capturing their stronghold, was an Irishman.

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OSTRACISM.

Since the article appeared a few weeks ago in the CATHOLIC RECORD, dealing with the shameful manner in which Catholics are ostracised in Ontario as to judicial appointments, we have received many letters from different parts of the province, showing that in the matter of other positions our people have been treated in a most unjust manner.

NEEDLESS ALARM.

We have received a copy of the Chat-ham, N. B., Weekly World, with a request to republish a long letter which appears therein from the pen of Mr. William Joseph Garvey Cashin Hayes. In this letter the writer makes an appeal to his Irish fellow-countrymen to be extremely cautious in their speech and action at the celebration which they propose of the Centennial of '98.

SECULARIZED EDUCATION AND CRIME.

Bishop Ellison Capers of the Protestant Episcopal Church of South Carolina, makes the astounding announcement that during the past year the number of murders committed in the State was double that of the preceding year.

tend to prove that the absence of religious instruction in the schools is not only destructive to faith in Christianity, but is also fatal to public morality.

PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

Germany will not tolerate public attacks upon Christianity or on religion in general, and the freethinker Dr. Bruno Wille has been recently found guilty of attacking the Christian and Jewish religions, and has been in consequence condemned to imprisonment for eight days.

AN EVIDENT MISTAKE.

A cable despatch states that the Prince Regent of Bavaria has appointed Dr. Von Stein, who has liberal tendencies, to be Archbishop of Munich, but that the Pope does not approve of the appointment, and the whole ultramontane press protests against it.

THE ENCICLICAL ON THE MANITOBA QUESTION.

We announced last week, as far as the cable report gave the information, the terms of the Pope's decision in regard to the duties of Catholics in the matter of Catholic schools in Manitoba.

NOT A HOUSE OF MERCY.

The New York Herald has published an extraordinary account of the manner in which the Protestant Episcopal House of Mercy at Inwood, not far from the city, is conducted. The house is in charge of a society of women called "Sisters of Mercy."

mitted to the institution by the police magistrates at the request of parents, or agents of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. They were for the most part committed because they were wild and intractable.

HEIR TO THE EARLDOM OF ELDON BECOMES A CATHOLIC.

What revenges time brings! Who would have thought in 1829 that a descendant of John Scott, Earl of Eldon, and the heir to his title and estates, would ever become a Catholic!

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We shall not have long to wait for this, as it is understood that the encyclical has already reached the Archbishop of Quebec, by whom it has been probably already sent to the Canadian hierarchy.

RITUALISM AND PRESBYTERIANISM.

The Rev. A. J. Mowat must have given quite a surprise to the Presbyterian divines who were assembled in Montreal last week to celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the promulgation of the Westminster Confession of Faith.

WILL THERE BE A CATHOLIC SPIRITUAL PEER?

A despatch from Rome to the London Morning Chronicle states that the Duke of Norfolk, who is the British Postmaster General, has approached Lord Salisbury with a view to obtain the admission of Cardinal Vaughan to a seat in the House of Lords.

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Mr. Mowat says that "In the New Testament there is a bare and meagre church service—a form of worship, I venture to say, not at all suited, and, moreover, as I take it, not intended to suit the needs and requirements of these times of ours."

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**A STORY OF ST. ANTHONY.**

Charles Warren Stoddard's little book, "The Wonder Worker of Padua," recently published by the Ave Maria, of Notre Dame, Indiana, contains accounts of many of St. Anthony's miracles. One of the most interesting of these stories is given below. That miracles have occurred and are occurring even in our own day there is no shadow of doubt, says Mr. Stoddard. What is a miracle? According to Worcester, a miracle is "an effect of which the antecedent cannot be referred to any secondary cause; an event or occurrence which cannot be explained by any known law of nature; a deviation from the established law of nature; something not only superhuman, but preternatural; a prodigy, a wonder, a marvel."

Thousands of eye-witnesses bore testimony in their day to the wonders worked by St. Anthony in France and Italy. It would seem that his fame must have preceded him, and that wherever he went his approach must have been heralded and his appearance hailed with enthusiasm by expected and animated throngs. This was not the case. Obedient to the voice of his superiors, he went wheresoever he was bidden; went alone and unannounced; a stranger in a strange land, unrecognized of any until he had lifted that voice whose persuasive eloquence no one was long able to withstand. Then came his triumph, complete and over-whelming. Triumph followed upon triumph, until at last the land rang with his praises. On every hand he gave abundant proof of the divine power which he was called upon to exercise. Following in the footsteps of his blessed Master, he healed the sick, raised the dead and wakened the living to life everlasting.

There dwelt in Bourges, the capital of Berry, in France, an Israelite, who was of all Israelites the most bitter foe of the Catholic Church. He was the leader of the anti-Christian movement, an earnest worker in opposition to every doctrine that Anthony taught. Guillard the Jew was not an ignorant and blind bigot; he was a man of intelligence, an honest doubter. Often he had listened to the preaching of Anthony, yet he was not convinced. Shall we not say that it was his misfortune rather than his fault that he remained without the fold and persistently assumed an attitude of antagonism?

The dogma of the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament was naturally his chief stumbling block. Much he could accept and much consider in a calm spirit of philosophical inquiry, but the Eucharist, Transubstantiation—the perpetual miracle—was in his estimation past belief. For this miracle he demanded miraculous proof.

"The Turk does not question the word of Mohammed," observed Anthony to this follower of Didimus the Doubter; "the philosopher accepts the philosophy of Aristotle; but you who pride yourself upon being a worthy Israelite, will not accept the testimony of the Son of God."

"I must see for myself with these very eyes before I can believe," replied the doubting Thomas. There are many who, like him, must put their finger in the wounds before they are convinced of the living truth.

One day Guillard said to Anthony: "Brother Anthony, if by some tangible, outward sign you can confirm the truth you have demonstrated by reasoning, I will abjure my ancient creed and embrace yours. Do you consent?"

"In order to save a soul one may make great concessions, nor was it beneath the dignity of Anthony to offer visible proof to an anxious and inquiring eye."

"I consent," said he. "I have a mule," added the Jew. "I will keep him for three days under lock and key, and in all that time feed him nothing. At the end of the third day I will bring him to the largest public square in the city, and there in the presence of all the assembled people I will offer him a feed of oats. You, on the other hand, will come carrying the best, which, as you believe, is the true Body of the Son of God. If the mule refuses the proffered food in order to prostrate himself before the monstrance, I will become a Catholic and no longer question the truth of the doctrine taught by the Catholic Church."

Here was a direct challenge, and it was not declined. Anthony felt that his victory was assured. The reward of that victory was an immortal soul. For three days the young apostle devoted himself to fasting and prayer. Not for one moment did he lose faith in the success of the miracle he was about to work, but he dared not attempt it without solemn preparation. Meanwhile Guillard and his companions were so sure of Anthony's total defeat and discomfort that there was much merriment at the wonder-worker's expense; and the interest in the approaching test increased from hour to hour.

The eventful day arrived. Guillard and his friend trooped into the public square with smiles and laughter, so confident were they that the famishing mule would instantly abandon himself to his oats. The immense throngs who had gathered to witness the impending spectacle were consumed with curiosity. As Anthony slowly approached, bearing reverently the Sacred Host, his eyes cast down, his air devotional, a great hush fell upon the multitude. He was followed by a large crowd of the faithful, singing canticles and whispering prayers.

The mule was then led forward, and the oats laid temptingly before him. At that moment Anthony drew near,

bearing the monstrance. Turning towards the dumb brute, he exclaimed: "In the name of thy Creator, whose body I, though unworthy hold in my hands, I enjoin and command thee, O being, deprived of reason, to come hither instantly and prostrate thyself before thy God, so that by this sign unbelievers may know that all creation is subject to the Lamb who is daily immolated upon our altars." In the same moment Guillard and his friends presented the oats to the famished beast. Without taking the smallest notice of the food, the mule, turning away, walked to the feet of Anthony, and bending his knees knelt before the Blessed Sacrament and remained there in an attitude of adoration.

Great was the enthusiasm among the faithful. The heretics fled away in fright and hid themselves for shame; they dared not face the one who had proved that prayer is more powerful than the laws of nature. Many were so moved by the wondrous spectacle that though they had long wandered from the path of duty they returned into the fold. Guillard likewise sought admission, for he could no longer doubt, and with him came his household. He publicly attested his faith, and in gratitude erected a church upon the spot where the miracle had taken place, and that monument endures to this hour. As late as 1850 a block of marble, carved to represent a mule in the attitude of devotion, was discovered in the wall of the facade of the church built by Guillard and consecrated in 1231 by Archbishop Simon de Sully.

Pierre Rosset, a doctor of the University of Paris and a poet of the fifteenth century, Wadding, in his "Annals of the Friars Minor," and Benedict Mazzara, in his "Franciscan Legends," bear witness to the authenticity of this memorial of a miracle. Toulouse and Rimini claim a like honor with Bourges, and there are those who have believed that the miracle was repeated. The evidence is cloudy and conflicting in these cases, but there is no shadow of doubt that Anthony, the wonder-worker, worked that wonder in the ancient city of Bourges, and that Guillard the Israelite then and there built the Church of St. Peter in honor of his glorious conversion.

**The Mother of the Kiss.**

Sweetly she sits, the Hebrew Mother fair!  
Alamron, yet in look and years a maid,  
Holding the Sacred Child who gently laid  
His tiny hand upon her lips that wear  
A smile more sweet, 'e'en for the sadness  
there.  
And as she pressed the little hand, a shade  
Came to her eyes, her cheek's soft flush  
fade.  
A single tear falls on His curly hair.  
Oh! does before the Mother-Maid arise  
The Saviour led in cords through Israel's  
dale?  
And kissing those small hands in Mother-  
love,  
The tears just trembling in her lustrous eyes,  
Does she foresee them pierced with cruel  
nailed hands?  
Or stretched o'er men in blessing from  
above?  
—Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

**Credited to Prayer.**

Mrs. Adrian Iselin is to-day at her home in New York City, on the high road to recovery from an illness which less than a month ago her physicians announced could not terminate otherwise than fatally. So near at hand was death that Father Kellner of St. Gabriel's church, New Rochelle, was summoned to administer to her the last sacrament of the church. When the summons came Father Kellner was conducting the Sunday school.

As he hurried to the bedside of his beloved parishioner, the priest asked the children to pray for the recovery of the dying woman.

Father Kellner then left the church and hurried to the bedside of Mrs. Iselin. To his surprise he found her malady had taken a sudden turn for the better. The physicians in attendance could not explain it.

Father Kellner says that he felt Mrs. Iselin's improvement was nothing short of a miracle, and that it was due solely to the prayers of the children of St. Gabriel's church. The church is the one Mrs. Iselin built and endowed.

**"Making the Prayer."**

"How barren, how utterly stale, flat and unprofitable are many of the prayers offered by the best men in prayer-meetings!" exclaims the Baptist Standard, referring to the ministerial habit of "making the prayer" for the congregation. Our contemporary suggests that a better course of rhetoric and unction be provided for divinity students in Protestant seminaries. Not all the brethren, however, are uninteresting prayer-makers. Of the late chaplain of Congress an irreverent man once said that he could give heaven more news in a five-minute prayer than could be found in the whole Congressional Record; and a wicked young reporter in Chicago recently described the effort of a local clergyman as "one of the most eloquent prayers ever addressed to a congregation!"—Ave Maria.

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**VOCATION TO THE PRIESTHOOD.**

We reproduce from the English Messenger of the Sacred Heart, published by the Jesuit Fathers at Wimbledon, Surrey, England, an highly interesting article (by Canon Akers) on Vocations to the Priesthood. The article is timely, since such is the January in Lenten blessed by the Pope for the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart.

We stand much in need of more vocations of the priesthood, to carry on the great missionary work of this country. The fields seem white for the harvest, but how few are the reapers! What is to be done to supply the want?

If there is a lack of men for any secular profession, it is generally easy to supply it. Certain premiums and advantages are held out, technical teaching provided at little or no expense, and a stream of volunteers present themselves. Youths choose it as their profession for the advantages of it. They have but to give their studies the right direction, and a career lies open before them.

But we cannot find priests in this way. There are two impediments. First, we have no such premiums to offer to the young candidate for the priesthood. We offer him a life of labor, not limited to so many hours in the day, or so many days in the year; an income less than that of most clerks in a city office, and likely to dwindle down to nothing if he be promoted to be Rector of a mission; no "plums," and no securities, and very few honors. In short, a life of ceaseless self sacrifice and unceasing labor. There is not much to attract in all this.

But a graver impediment than this is, that a lad cannot choose the priesthood as he chooses a profession, at his own will or fancy. In truth, he does not choose the priesthood—he is chosen for it.

What is to be done, then, to promote this good end? The first thing to do, our Lord Himself has taught us. "Pray you therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth laborers into the harvest." Four times a year the Church bids us pray, and pray with fasting, for those about to be ordained, and we may fairly include in this prayer all those in any stage of preparation for the priesthood. Many holy souls, both in religious houses and in the world, offer their frequent prayers for the same intention; and all who have had occasion to know the multitude of stray sheep in our large town missions, and of the many inquirers knocking at our gates, must be moved to join in this prayer. Is it not an intention specially suitable to the Apostolate of Prayer?

Though we cannot invent a vocation for ourselves or for others, we can do much to encourage and promote it. As a good seed planted in good ground, well tilled and kept free from weeds, will flourish, whereas among thorns or by the wayside it will be trodden down or choked, so a vocation sown in the heart of a child may come to perfection, if watched and cherished by those who have the care of that child, or, on the other hand, be utterly lost through their neglect. In this matter, as in all others, God requires our co-operation. The lad himself who has had the happiness to receive the first sign of a vocation, must correspond to it, but how shall he do so if he is not taught and helped? It is the duty and the happiness of a good pastor to watch for vocations and to help them forward, but it is no less the duty of parents, and the priest can do little if the parents are neglecting their part. A good home, pious parents—having prudence, too, as well as piety—careful training in obedience, diligence, and self denial, as well as observance of religious duty—these things are so necessary to a good vocation, that it is difficult to suppose a case in which they are wanting, without the loss of it.

I come to the end of the limited space allowed me, having done little more than make a beginning. But I must add a very few words to point out mistakes too commonly made about vocations. All the care and training I have bespoken above are needed, and are the bounden duty of parents for all their children. It does not therefore follow that where these are provided, and the child responds to them, that he is called to be a priest. Piety and all virtues are demanded of the laity as well as of the clergy. It would be a bad day indeed for us all when it was otherwise. But this careful training will give room to the vocation to develop itself as it could not otherwise, and the good priest and the good parent will soon be able to observe the distinctive marks of a priestly vocation.

These are too delicate and to various to be even enumerated with any completeness in so short a treatise. Among them at any rate should be found—a love of the Church and of the Church services, a regular and devout frequenting of the sacraments, devotion to the Sacred Heart, the Victim of Divine Love, and to our Blessed Lady, the Queen of the clergy; and a certain steadfastness and perseverance, both in study and in play, the mark of a solid character. If fathers and mothers would realize how much is entrusted to them, how much they can and ought to do to train up their children in a good Christian life, vocations would spring up of themselves. Till the ground, hedge it about, and pull up the weeds, and God will give the increase.

**The Three Stages.**

For the early stage, Scott's Emulsion is a cure. For the second stage, it cures many. And for the last stages of consumption it soothes the cough and prolongs the life.

**NEW ORLEANS' COLORED NUNS.**

In the old French quarter of New Orleans, with its narrow streets, latticed windows and jealously guarded courts, where the fig and orange tree grows, is a square of rather miscellaneous architecture. Its central building, 717 Orleans street, is several hundred years old. It has a stately entrance, with great pillars and old-fashioned, ornately carved doors. It was once the old creole opera house and ball-room of the early days. Now it is the home of the colored nuns.

The powdered and ringleted damsels with hoop distended skirts who stepped daintily across the threshold to scenes of gaiety in bygone years have given place to dark robed figures whose white ruffled caps only bring into stronger relief the bronze and ebony of their skins. The very names of the streets here are rich in history and romance. There are Orleans and Bourbon, Chartres and—him of the iron hand and gentle heart—Tonty. Saades of the past are jostling one another, though in a gentle, side-walk way, at every street corner, and at nothing do they seem to be more astonished than at the sight of the colored nuns.

Yet the order is not such a very modern one after all, for it was founded in New Orleans over half a century ago. Its members are now well known figures on the streets of the Crescent City. The special object of its institution was the education and moral training of the young colored girls and the care of orphans and aged infirm people of the race. It had the cordial support of such eminent churchmen as Archbishops Blanc, Odin, Perche, Leroy and Janssens, who successively filled the archiepiscopal See of New Orleans. It has also a novitiate where young girls are trained for the work of the order with the view of extending the work to every parish in Louisiana, and, it is possible, into every southern state.

In the orphan asylum 135 children are sheltered who would otherwise be thrown upon the state. These, as well as the sixty poor old colored men and women and many of the children in the school, are dependent upon the Sisters for their daily bread.

Formerly the Sisters obtained a fair revenue by going through the streets of New Orleans, from door to door and into business houses and railroad offices, soliciting alms for their charges. So quietly did they labor that few outside the city were even aware of the existence of the order, the only colored Sisterhood in the United States. But the yellow fever which broke out in the south in August caused that section to be hemmed in by quarantine and the wheels of commerce were stopped. As a pathetic letter just received from one of the Sisters says, "Our friends have always been among the poor laboring classes, who seem to feel most for us, and since this class has suffered particularly through lack of employment for three months, and their distress at present is almost as great as ours, we cannot but conscientiously apply to them for aid. Even if we did it would not be forthcoming, as they have not the means to give us now the mites wherewith we have hitherto managed to sustain our little orphans and poor people. \* \* \* Ours is a colored order, and it is not all who can understand and feel for us, especially in this section."

"We find ourselves on the verge of winter without food or clothing for our helpless little ones. Our schools will not afford us any support this term, as our patrons are among the poor. \* \* \* We know not where to turn for aid save to the people of the north, who have always been the friends of our race. Were our dear Archbishop living we know he himself would apply to the country in our behalf. \* \* \* We can only turn to you ourselves now that he is dead and our friends in this section are too seriously crippled by the paralysis of business to help us for months to come. We will be glad to get anything, whether in money, food or clothes."

Chicago has a heart as big as her self. Maybe now that her poor list has, as the bureau of charities shows, been cut almost in two, she may be able to give a little of her abundance to the poor colored nuns of the South, who are spending their lives in noble works of charity for the betterment of their race. And many a pickaninny of the South finding his friends of the North gratefully his thanks to "Santa Claus" and to Chicago.—Mary J. Onahan in Chicago Post.


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Human nature is quite sure that the living now, would charge to us. By means the alms, not which human nature propose and perform looks upon as necessary life, liberty, and the pines, when not guided by divine grace. "This world" can do but to make of this life what for mankind. For if Christ had never come and manifested a supernatural end for what other end would thought of? "Let us say the world, "f die."

You will hear on who say: "We live are men of the world we have faith in an towards a higher destination ourselves to the or we would be left take part in the hope and learning, and things which are to be ing. You see at a cowardly Christians! birthright to heaven tage. They seek after of the world first. T as of the first importa in getting hours in or an exceptionally science or art, he th failure. What does "Seek ye first the and his justice, and will be added unto y. Our Lord has come has revealed to us the to enter and be God's domin which is of God of this world, and is only kingdom that we His. To fail of ob that glorious and et and happiness is to to a state which is eternal death, chie And, compared to th the state of hell deser. But you may ask not conform oursel the world in so far Just think one minu where the trouble estimate of its good t It makes them first and its estimate is f only secondary in the Irish people in th ingly suffered for the good things of th have to put their fa less worthy, then tians followed the a and refused to cona wrong estimate of th things. They died rather than conform. Secondly: The good things is wrong to an excess which is reason as it is Money, and houses, ture, horses and car clothing, learning are good. But foll practice of the wor if you, a Christian them. Who do l money, too much l and furniture, too carriages and cloth ing, and too much in any way you mu much. Too much money for religion. you, as St. Paul h you in louder tone not conformed to world that cannot bounds of reason against the wis by the law of Chris

What Missions," say J., "are given for ing the pastoral wa awakening in the a full realization condition, and exte means to unite the God. Missions ar for those who hav the performance of Church, or wholly but likewise for the spirit of divi kindled in their a tions more keenly great object for ated more firmly mnds. To receive mission it is need service five times ber of sermons; perform the penu receive Holy Com sion church; lastl for the Holy Faith.

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**FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.**

First Sunday After Epiphany.

VANITY OF EARTHLY THINGS.

Human nature is pretty much the same in all ages of time, and I am quite sure that the Apostle, if he were living now, would repeat the same charge to us. By "this world" he means the aims, motives, and deeds which human nature will, of itself, propose and perform to secure what it looks upon as necessary or desirable for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, when not enlightened and guided by divine grace. The best that "this world" can do by its own light is to make of this life what we call an end for mankind. For if our Lord Jesus Christ had never come to this world and manifested a vastly higher and supernatural end for the human race, what other end would he have been thought of? "Let us eat and drink," says the world, "for to-morrow we die."

You will hear on every side people who say: "We live in the world, we are men of the world, and although we have faith in and know of duties towards a higher destiny, we must conform ourselves to the ways of the world or we would be left behind, unfitted to take part in the honors and riches, and learning, and other desirable things which are to be the portion of us." You see at once where these cowardly Christians barter away their bright light to heaven for a mess of pottage. They seek after all these things of the world first. They esteem them as of the first importance. If one fails in getting honors in society, or riches, or an exceptionally good education in science or art, he thinks his life is a failure. What does our Lord say to us? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all other things will be added unto you."

And all the people of India who heard this prophecy looked eagerly for the star which was to announce the birth of the great ruler.

And behold, after many years a star arose, as brilliant as the sun, and to be seen by all, for it hovered day and night over the mountain like a glorious eagle, and departed not for three, but even outshone it. And in the midst of the star could be seen the figure of a little child and also a cross; and a voice came forth from it saying: "To-day is born the king of Jews, the Expectation of Nations, the Ruler of the World."

Now you must know that the land of India was divided into three kingdoms many leagues apart. One kingdom was governed by Melchior, the king who brought our Saviour an offering of gold, another by Balthasar, who offered Him frankincense, and the third by Gaspar, who made an offering of myrrh. When the star appeared it was seen at once by the three Kings, though so many leagues apart. Each one rose up, and donning his costliest raiment, summoned the greatest men of his court, and with canals and noble steeds in richest trappings, and laden with precious gifts, set out in quest of the new-born Child.

And the glorious star, which preceded them, shone, even at night, like the noonday sun, drying up the marshes, and lighting gloomy forests like an open plain so that there was naught to stop the kings on their way; neither they nor their people halted to eat or rest, but kept on till they reached the crib of our Saviour and offered Him their homage and their gifts.

Then only would they seek rest and refreshment for man and beast. And strange to relate, though the journey lasted thirteen days, from the 25th of December to the 6th of January, it seemed to them as if it had endured only from sunrise to sunset. Thus our Saviour went to lighten and shorten labors conducted with a right good will.

The three kings met just outside the entrance to Jerusalem, and on learning that it was even the same quest which brought them all, embraced one another right heartily and rode joyously abreast through the gates. Then they met Herod, who, the Gospel tells us, was an arrogant knave, and sought to use the holy men for his own base ends.

As they neared Bethlehem certain shepherds fell in with the royal train, and could talk of nothing but the wonderful music they had heard on Christmas night, the glorious tidings proclaimed by an angel, and the wonderful Child that was born in a manger. The three travellers listened with beating hearts, and parted not from the shepherds till they had rewarded them right royally.

No doubt you would find some what of the exterior countenance and bearing of these three holy men, but more I may not tell you than that Melchior, who brought the offering of gold to our Saviour, was short of stature, Balthasar, of middle height, and Gaspar, the tallest and most powerful of the three was black, at which we need not marvel, for had not the prophet said: "Before Him the Eshioptians shall fall down."

**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.**

**LEGEND OF THE THREE KINGS.**

By ELLA MACMAHON.

Epiphany is one of the oldest feasts of the Church, and in many places was wont to be celebrated with even greater pomp than Christmas; in fact, in the Middle Ages it was considered the greatest feast of the year for the reason that our Saviour by calling the three Wise Men to His crib manifested Himself to the Gentiles and proclaimed Himself the Saviour of the whole world.

The three kings have ever been regarded with veneration and devotion by the faithful, notwithstanding Holy Scripture tells us little more of them than the one great fact of their lives, their beautiful fidelity to the divine call of grace. There is no mention in the Gospel of their kingly dignity, of whence they came, nor of any detail that throws any light upon their history subsequent to their visit to Jerusalem.

Hence there has been a large field for pious legend and tradition. The following is an epitome of the chief legends on the subject which have come down to us from the early centuries, and many of its details are uncontradicted by history and the Fathers.

There was a great mountain in India called the Mount of Light, and on its summit the people built a high tower and stationed watchmen therein, lest, perchance, the enemy come upon them unforseen, or any marvel in the heavens escape the knowledge of the great seers of the nation.

Now, as many as 1,400 years before the birth of our Saviour, the Prophet Balaam, in this very land had said: "A star shall rise out of Jacob, a sceptre shall spring up from Israel." And all the people of India who heard this prophecy looked eagerly for the star which was to announce the birth of the great ruler.

And behold, after many years a star arose, as brilliant as the sun, and to be seen by all, for it hovered day and night over the mountain like a glorious eagle, and departed not for three, but even outshone it. And in the midst of the star could be seen the figure of a little child and also a cross; and a voice came forth from it saying: "To-day is born the king of Jews, the Expectation of Nations, the Ruler of the World."

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ure they had brought, but offered themselves as humble vassals to the Infant Majesty before them.

Then Melchior presented thirty pieces of bright gold and a golden apple; Balthasar, frankincense, and Gaspar, myrrh.

The golden apple which Melchior offered had once been in the possession of the great king and hero, Alexander of Macedon. He had had it made to represent the world which he had conquered, and he had bidden the artisan to fashion it out of set gold that it might take any shape under his royal hand—this was to proclaim that he ruled the world he had conquered, and could bend great kingdoms and mighty empires to his will. But when the golden bauble was placed in the hands of the divine Child it turned to ashes, to show that all earthly grandeur and power are as dust before God, and to dust must needs return.

An angel of the Lord visited the kings in their sleep, and bade them avoid the perfidious Herod, and they went not near the knave, but returned home by another route.

After a two years' journey they reached again the Mount of Light, and on its summit forthwith they erected a magnificent temple to the young king, to whose service they had vowed themselves as willing vassals.

At the foot of the Mount of Light lies the city of Stulla, and here the kings, before separating, chose a common place of burial where they all might lie.

Then each went to his own kingdom, and ceased not to proclaim the fulfillment of the great prophecy. And so it came about that many pagan temples adopted the device of the infant child and a cross, and when he sought its meaning he was told the tale of the three Kings and their journey to Jerusalem.

St. Thomas was overjoyed and went at once in search of these earliest servants of His Divine Master. When he met them he found their hearts were well prepared for the Divine Word, and but a short time elapsed ere they and all their people were baptized.

The faithful Wise Men were thenceforth filled with the Holy Spirit, and in their holy zeal and ardor for the Gospel fell no whit short of St. Thomas himself. Therefore the Apostles took them as his fellow laborers, and ordained them priests, for the legend runs that they were unmarried and vowed to holy chastity.

Meanwhile St. Thomas went from province to province converting prince and peoples, destroying idols, until finally he won the crown of martyrdom.

After his death the three kings chose a spiritual and temporal ruler for the land, and retired to the city of Stulla. Two years later, a few days before Christmas, a beautiful star appeared in the heavens, and a something told the holy servants it was a harbinger of the great deliverer, death, and that they were soon to be united with their Master.

And so in truth it proved. King Melchior went first on the eighth day after Christmas, in the one hundred and sixteenth year of his age, just as he had finished celebrating the Holy Sacrifice, and Gaspar in like manner seven days later in his one hundred and ninth year. And when his people carried him to the common grave which the three had chosen, Melchior and Balthasar drew apart that Gaspar might rest between them. And the star continued over the grave until the holy remains were separated, which came about in this wise: the people of the three kingdoms fell out, whereupon each took his sovereign to his own land and buried him anew with great pomp and ceremony in their respective kingdoms.

Thus the holy servants of God, who were so united in life and would find not separated in death, continued in separate tombs until the third century, when the great Empress St. Helen, who found the True Cross, and built so many churches and cloisters, journeyed to India expressly to obtain the holy relics.

The bodies of Melchior and Balthasar were presented to her, but the body of Gaspar had fallen into the hands of unbelievers, who refused to give it up. Nevertheless, they were finally induced to give it in exchange for the body of St. Thomas.

The Empress carried the relics to the capital of Greece, the city of Constantinople which was built by her glorious son, Constantine.

In the city is the great Cathedral of St. Sophia, so large that the tallest-masted ship with full sails could turn at ease in it. Here the three Kings were reverently enshrined by the holy Empress, and many miracles were wrought at their tomb.

At this point the pious legend loses its mythical character, and assumes the sober mien of history, and we are told that in the 12th century the remains of the three Kings were transported to Milan, a star in 1163, when the city was destroyed by Frederick Barbarossa, the relics were given to Archbishop Rainald, of Cologne, which city, because of these and many other holy relics, was called the German Rome, or the holy city. They

now rest in the grand Cologne Cathedral in a golden shrine studded with no less than 1,540 precious stones.—Catholic Fireside.

**CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN**

To reach the goal of earthly success is the worst ambition of the heart. This can be done only by throwing aside the works of darkness and putting on the armor of light. In a natural sense, the armor of light is truth and activity; and no character has both, without being wise, just, honest, temperate, industrious and frugal. These qualities light up the way of the youth, lead him into the paths of happiness and prosperity, and conduct him to the home of success.—The New World.

Right and True. Do what you feel to be right, say what you think to be true, and leave with faith and patience the consequences to God.

Easy to Find. There are two things, each of which he will seldom fail to discover who seeks for it in earnest—the knowledge of what he ought to do, and a plausible pretext for doing what he likes.

The Successful Man. "The successful man," said Gratebar, "is by no means helpful to himself alone; he helps a great lot of other people as well. There isn't a healthy, vigorous, energetic, self-reliant, successful man whose example does not breed the same qualities in others, and personal contact with such a man is an active stimulant and direct aid to success. He awakens in us new strength, and arouses ambition. He winds us up, and sets us going. So to it, my friend, that you don't run down."

Stimulating. Nothing is more healthfully stimulating than a genuine love for the pursuit in which one is engaged. Every gain in it is a fresh excitement. Each new method adopted, each new experiment tried, each new tool tested, each new discovery made, is a message of present delight and spur to future effort. But he who drags along an uninteresting succession of days, in which his work is only compelled drudgery, is deprived alike of incentive and pleasure.

Learn to Talk Before an Audience. Join a society and talk. It doesn't matter so much what you talk about, whether it is the constitution of the society or the speeches of Demosthenes, but talk, get on your feet, think on your feet, get over the horrible self-consciousness and witless stampe of every idea. Learn to express yourself and then take up subjects that have a practical application to the life of the world we live in.

Aim High. Aim at something great; aim at things which are difficult—and there are no great things which are not difficult. Do not pare down your undertakings to what you can hope to see successful in the next few years, or in the years of your own life. Fear not the reproach of Quixotism or fanaticism in your own life; but after you have well weighed what you undertake, and are convinced that you are right, go forward, even at the risk of being torn to pieces by the very men that you have changed hearts your purpose will one day be accomplished. Fight on with all your strength, against whatever odds, and with however small a band of supporters.—John Stuart Mill.

Chances. While ten men watch for chances one man makes chances; while ten men wait for something to turn up one turns something up; so while ten fail one succeeds, and is called a man of luck—the favorite of fortune. There is no luck like pluck, and fortune most favors those who are most indifferent to fortune and keep to the line of duty.

To be Shapely and Strong. The man who exercises at all kinds of physical exercises and competes but little in any of them, who does his work daily for health and fun's sake, is sure in time to have the most shapely and enduring body. The person who aims to excel in some one thing rarely has a well shaped body.

Religion Blesses Innocent Pleasures. "I have always regarded it as great misfortune to religion that some men have so associated it with unnatural gloom that it became unamiable in the eyes of men, especially of youth. Religion is bright and beautiful, and sanctifies our legitimate recreation, as well as the performance of our most serious acts. I have no sympathy with those who make it a moral straight-jacket and try to crush out the joy of the young heart. No, enjoy life whilst you remain within the domain, and it is a very extensive and lovely one, on the confines of which the angels of conscience and religion stand and say: 'Thus far and no farther.'"—Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia.

Honely Homilies. When in doubt, don't talk. Prosperity getteth friends, but adversity trieth them. More people should rejoice that they

don't get what they deserve, instead of complaining.

It is only through some faults and mistakes that most of us rise to our best and final character.

To-morrow can not furnish an opportunity for the duty you should have done to-day.

Every man's character is what his thoughts are. "As a man thinketh, so is he."

The mind is the man. If that be kept pure, a man signifies somewhat. If not, what difference is there between a man and a beast, save that the man has the greater power for the larger mischief?

A Cowboy's Conversion. An amusing illustration of the adage that all roads lead to Rome is given by the experiences of a missionary in Texas who has since been made an Archbishop. He was on his way to a mission, astride a mule, when the mule, with the characteristic crankiness of its kind, decided to stop and view the scenery. Blows had no effect, and the priest could not adopt the remedy usual under the circumstances—he could not swear at it—so he dismounted and tried diplomacy. It worked like a charm. A cowboy, who had been an admiring witness of the contest, came up to the reverend rector and said: "See here, Mr. Priest, I ain't never keered for parsons of your stripe, but a preacher that can get ahead of a mule has got grit, and I want to hear you preach!"

The sturdy frontiersman heard the future prelate preach, not only once but many times, asked for instruction, was baptized and lived a staunch, albeit a pugnacious, Catholic.—Catholic World Magazine.

**FATHER McCALLEN'S TRIBUTE TO THE VALUE OF THE "DIXON CURE"**

FOR THE LIQUOR AND DRUG HABITS. On the occasion of a lecture delivered by a large and appreciative audience, at Windsor Hall, Montreal, in honor of the Father Mathew anniversary, Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., of St. Patrick's Church, without any solicitation or even knowledge on my part, paid the following grand tribute to the value of Mr. A. Hutton Dixon's medicine for the cure of the alcohol and drug habit, known as "The Dixon Remedy" by the cure which it has effected under my own eyes. I must come to the conclusion that I have longed for twenty years to see discovered, has at last been found by that gentleman, namely, a medicine which can be used privately, without the knowledge of even one's own intimate friends, without the loss of a day's work, or absence from business, and without danger to the patient. As I was in a measure, a sufferer from the alcohol and drug habit, the PHYSICAL CRAVE for intoxicants is completely removed. The greatest obstacle I have always found to success in my temperance work has been, not the want of good will on the part of those whom I administered the pledge, but the ever recurring and terrible PHYSICAL CRAVE which seemed able to tear down in a few days what I had taken months and even years to build up. Therefore, on this Father Mathew anniversary, do I pay willing and hearty tribute to "The Dixon Remedy" for the cure of alcohol and morphine habits. I do so through a sense of duty towards those poor victims who cry out for relief from the terrible slavery under which they suffer. It is the first time in my life that I have departed from that reserve for which our clergy are noted in such circumstances. If I do so now it is because I feel that I am thus advancing the cause of temperance. (Montreal Gazette, Oct. 25.) NOTE.—Father McCallen is president of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society, of Montreal, and the cure which he refers to above can be had of the discoverer, Mr. A. Hutton Dixon, 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, who will send full particulars on application. 1003-2

**A Running Sore Pronounced Incurable by Eight Doctors—Cured by Dr. Chase.**

Mr. R. D. Robbins, 118 Cowan Ave., Toronto, says: "I had a running sore which was simply unsightly. From below the knee to the ankle was one great sore. Eight doctors treated me without benefit. I was induced to try Dr. Chase's Ointment which cured me, and all that remains to be seen are the scars."

Sleeplessness.—This is unhappy in an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with me subject agree, namely, that DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

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No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing a peculiarity of DODD, though they nearly all adopt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this. Their foolishness prevents them realizing that attempts to imitate increase the fame of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Why is the name "Dodd's Kidney Pills" imitated? As well ask why are diamonds and gold imitated. Because diamonds are the most precious gems, gold the most gold precious metal. Dodd's Kidney Pills are imitated because they are the most valuable medicine the world has ever known.

No medicine was ever named kidney pills till years of medical research gave Dodd's Kidney Pills to the world. No medicine ever cured Bright's disease except Dodd's Kidney Pills. No other medicine has cured as many cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes, Heart Disease, Lumbago, Dropsy, Female Weakness, and other kidney diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have. It is universally known that they have never failed to cure these diseases, hence they are so widely and shamefully imitated.

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