

The Catholic Record.

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

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NOT VISIBLE TO US.

We are informed that since many Catholics are interested in the cause of Higher Education our captious remarks to the contrary are as impertinent as they are unwarranted. Without any desire to ruff the susceptibilities of our brethren we have no hesitancy in saying that we cannot see any widespread manifestation of this interest. Here and there, notably in Antigonish, Catholic interest is more than academic; but, as a rule, our interest is based on glorification of what we have done in the past. We are confident that we are not unworthy of our forbears in the faith, forgetting that we neither strive to emulate their self-sacrifice nor to perpetuate their zeal for education. They were known by their achievements; we, by our talk. If we wish to be factors in the moulding of public opinion, to take our part in the controversies of the age, to be represented in the literature of our country, we must have a university as a source of love and life. If, however, we are content to dream in a fool's paradise, taking no heed of the portents of the time, unmindful of the efforts of our separated brethren for education, we condemn ourselves to feebleness and to a position which precludes any guidance of the destinies of Canada.

OUR STANDING.

We do not think that our standing in Ontario can be viewed with much complacency. When, for instance, questions of national import are discussed, we listen in vain for the sound of a Catholic voice. But we hear the president of a great non-Catholic house of learning contributing his quota to public opinion; we see its professors and graduates pleading for reform, throwing in current issues the light of cultured minds—in a word, we see the non-Catholic asserting his claim to leadership.

It boots little to decry these universities. The fact that they are on a plane of influence suffices as a proof for many that Protestantism is the source of enlightenment. And if we wish to prevent ourselves from being intellectually the equals of others, we give grounds for the charge that our interest in education is mere braggadocio and that we are not the enemies of ignorance. For the present, let us say that we must strengthen our university, and make it for our children, what Toronto and Queen's are for the Protestants of Ontario. The following words of Cardinal Newman are to the point: "At least," he says, speaking of the English universities, "they can boast of a succession of heroes and statesmen, of literary men and philosophers, of men conspicuous for great natural virtues, for habits of business, for knowledge of life, for practical judgment, for cultivated tastes, for accomplishments, who have made England what it is—able to subdue the earth, able to dominate over Catholics."

LOST GROUND.

To some parts of Canada came the Irishman. He wrested a living from the wilderness. In course of time he waxed prosperous and became an important factor in the life of the community. He was courted by politicians, and because of him Catholics enjoyed a certain prestige. He carried us on his shoulders, and when he died we found ourselves, to our dismay, like babes bereft of a mother. We were unable to take his place, and hence, upon the ground won by him, encamped the stranger. We were again in the rack—the puppets of politicians—making noise about our rights though forming no plans to get them, turning a deaf ear to appeals for education, as if the unskilled and uneducated can be competitors for the prizes which this country has to offer. We should not take ourselves too seriously. We have made progress, but not to the extent portrayed by the flamboyant oratory at society dinners. True, indeed, that our churches dot the land, but it is also true that they lack the decoration which the Catholic, knowing his faith, can translate into language the world understands, and who do not believe that laymen are anointed in confirmation to the end that they merely save their own souls and pay their pew-rent. The loved prelate of London, declared, some time ago, that the grandest ornaments of a diocese are souls illumined by faith,

and with zeal, gemmed with the self-sacrifice that makes every worthy cause their own and incites them to be in the foreground of intellectual movements of all kinds.

THE MAGNIFICENT SAINT.

We talk of Raul and Luther, Knox and Wesley . . . magnificent saints were they all, says the Christian Guardian. This quotation needs little comment. The editor who made a bid for notoriety by defending the French Government's crusade against Christianity, may tread any strange path without evoking surprise. But surely its readers will resent the coupling of the man who weakened, and consequently, divided Christianity, whose writings are, according to the Protestant historian, coarse, scurrilous, a menace to the foundations of religious morality, with the apostle who wars us against false teachers and exhorts us to hold to the Gospel which we have received. We may remind the editor that modern historical research has torn away the saintly garb in which Luther was once arrayed. Neither in his life nor in his writings does it see any evidence of sanctity. And Knox—a magnificent saint? We might cite a historian to the contrary, but it may be as well to point out that Wesley, the founder of Methodism, does not agree with his disciple who is editor of The Christian Guardian. Wesley dismisses the Scottish reformation with the caustic comment that "the work of God does not, cannot need the work of the devil to forward it."

We may mention that the late Rev. Heinrich Dentle, O. P., one of the greatest scholars of Europe, who was commissioned by the German Government to make a study of the Lutheran epoch and to draw up a study for purely historical purposes, exhibited Luther not as a champion of truth and freedom but as one of the vilest characters of which there is record in history. Men of learning, as Harnack and Soberg, abused the Dominicans, but they failed to disprove his charges.

THE SPOUTERS.

The temperance cause suffers from some who pose as its friends. We refer to the wandering orators who wander so much per, and who, by their intemperate language and methods, which trench on buffoonery, are a drawback to the cause which they profess to advocate. The average citizen will listen to argument, but he is averse to tactics which indicate a striving for notoriety, and which, however agreeable to extremists, are not viewed kindly by those who wish to see the temperance question on the basis of right reason. The speaker who bears in mind that his hearers have brains can obtain a favorable hearing on this matter in any city of Canada. The spouter who offers mush, garnished with wholesale denunciation, is suffered not gladly and is forgotten ere he departs.

THE SAINT AGAIN.

Since Luther is for the editor of The Christian Guardian a man of faith, a man of resplendent piety, we presume that he finds no fault with the following utterance of this Reformer: "I assert and maintain," he says, "with the whole of Christendom that the dear saint should be venerated and invoked: for who can deny that even in our days, through the saints, God visibly works wonders with the bodies and at their graves."

WHAT THE SAINT SAYS.

We beg to inform our contemporary that the "magnificent saint" has the following to say of himself: "I confess," he writes, "that I am much more negligent than I was under the Pope, and there is nowhere such an amount of earnestness, under the Gospel, as was formerly seen among monks and priests."

WORDS OF WARNING.

On November 2, Lord Roseberry opened the London County Councils new training college. In the course of his address he said: "If you send out sceptical teachers—though they may not have the opportunity, and probably will not have the opportunity of giving a word of religious instruction within their school-hours—you are doing the schools to which you send them not a benefit but an injury. . . . But of this I am convinced, that scepticism applied to the tender years of childhood, boyhood, girlhood, is a corrosive acid eating deep into all the foundations of character which you

wish to strengthen and support." Lord Roseberry is right. He sees, as others before him, that life must not be judged by the antipathies of the sects, by their prejudices, but by the standards of eternity. An unbelieving teacher is a greater scourge than war or pestilence. He may speak of Christianity or he may ignore it, but his influence will, in many ways, teach his pupils that religion is not an essential element of their lives. Hence, they to whom children are entrusted, not for the purpose of turning them into clever devils, but into God-fearing men and women, should themselves be earnest Christians. But strangely enough the British non-Conformists are opposed to religious tests for teachers. We say "strangely," because they who pride themselves on their concern for Great Britain are doing what they can through fear, we suppose, of Popish aggression, to imperil the foundations of national stability.

OUR DUTY.

Let us work good towards all men, but most of all towards those of the household of the faith. We think that the apostolic precept is not in honor in some quarters. We do not say that the unit should be pushed forward. What we maintain is that Catholics seeking situations should be assisted by those who have influence and position. Bound to us by the ties of faith they cannot be regarded as strangers. But it happens oftentimes that they of the household who are struggling for a living are ignored by their brethren. And yet, a manifestation of that brotherhood of which we speak would be to the young lawyer, doctor, merchant, at a time when the way seems to them both long and hard, of great benefit. It would not only encourage them, but it would also show that brotherhood is not a mere cant word, but an expression of the belief that the poor and the struggling are children of our own Father in heaven.

A RUMOR TERRIBLE.

The papers inform us that the Orange Lodge of Toronto, has, it is said, passed by a large majority a resolution forbidding the leaders of the Order to appear on the platform, or in any way assist in the election to political power, any member of the Roman Catholic Church.

This statement, even if accurate, does not surprise us. It is not good "politics." It is un-Canadian; but it is Orange to the core. It points out that discrimination in political matters, on lines of religion, finds favor with those who know nothing of the spirit of tolerance that showed itself in Quebec by the support of men like Sir Henry Joly and Mr. Justice Wartell. But Orangemen seem to prefer the policy of hatred to that of conciliation: the interests of the lodge to those of Canada. They live in an atmosphere charged with ignorance and bitterness and suspicion, and hence bring to the treasure store of Canada neither love nor wisdom, but discord and foolishness. To quote Lord Roseberry, who repudiated Orangemen some years ago, "their policy is solely negative, ever seeking to sow dissension. It is a source of deep regret," he says, "that individual moderate Orangemen do not think out some matters for themselves. To me they appear to be following blindly the lead of some few professional politicians whose advice seems invariably to be the result of a contemplation of their personal interests and hardly ever the outcome of a desire for peace and prosperity." He came to the conclusion that local Orangemen was coming to mean an organization seeking to establish the worst mental slavery. The gentleman hits the mark. Orangemen are bound by the chains of prejudice. So far as we are concerned their talk is made in Ulster.

"A Continuous Mission."

Father Rosawinkel, S. J., the veteran Jesuit missionary, speaking the other day at the annual banquet of the Cleveland priests, urged upon them the support of the Catholic press, declaring the Catholic newspaper "a continuous mission in the home."

"Catholics," he continued, "do not begin to make the use of the press that Protestants do. The children of the world are wise in their generation than the children of light." The ministers become the active agents of their church newspapers. They give to the circulation of such publications their active and persistent co-operation."

Father Rosawinkel urged his audience to take a deep interest in this important matter, and to insist as much as possible on having the Catholic newspaper in every Catholic home.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON URGES CLOSER STUDY OF THE MASS.

SOLEMN SIGNIFICANCE OF SACRIFICE NECESSITATES THE UNDERSTANDING OF ITS CEREMONIES.

"The general use of the missal has not made the layman more observant of his religious duties and days of obligation." Archbishop Glennon declared in his regular monthly sermon on "The Mass and the Missal" at the New Cathedral Chapel.

Formerly, he said, the layman reckoned his secular as well as his religious duties by the ecclesiastical year; with its chronicle of various saints' days, with their offices, chants and litaniae, and therefore was more familiar with his obligations.

The Archbishop spoke on the beauty, dignity and solemn significance of the Sacrifice of the Mass and emphasized the necessity of understanding its ceremonies on the part of the congregation, so that they might associate themselves in the celebration. He said:

"This day, the first Sunday in Advent, marks the commencement of the ecclesiastical year. From to-day we date the feasts and fasts of the Christian year chronicling in succession the saints' days, their offices, chants and litaniae. To-day the celebrant of the Mass opens the first page of the missal, and for the reciting of his office the first page of the breviary.

"Time was in the Church's history when it would not be necessary for men to make these announcements, for they were already known to the laity, and strange to say these were days not deemed as enlightened or as progressive as the present.

"When the art of printing gave a chance to the educated Catholics to obtain prayer-books, it was custom: they were asked for the most part, the Church could offer its own official prayer-book, the missal. This missal was sometimes in Latin, and later on in the vernacular.

"With this missal as their guide, it was easy to discern the time and title of the ecclesiastical year, and in a sense to regulate their own lives accordingly. They knew when Advent came with its prophecies and promises and when Christmas came with its angels song, and its Christ child. Then Epiphany and Candlemas, Lamas and Michaelmas—for all these feasts, as their very names expressed it, were Mass days from their missals' catalogues.

"But it was not for the knowledge it gave them of feast or fast that these people valued their treasures. True, the missal might tell them of the various duties the different feasts incited; it might remind them of their secular duties coincident therewith. Still the primary purpose of the missal in the hands of the laity was that thereby they might follow the celebrant of the Mass, step by step, as he went through the august celebration.

"And in this they knew they were in complete accord with Catholic theology. For this theology teaches that in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the first celebrant is our Lord Himself; next is the priest celebrating and then in order the faithful attending, so that all should be united, not alone by a physical presence, but much more in with an order of devotion by forming one more unity in the august Sacrifice.

"How can this be done, however, under the conditions that exist to-day, when the laity do not understand and consequently cannot, even if they would, directly associate themselves in the celebration of the Mass, hence the movement of the Mass of the Sacrifice is by the laity partially lost, while the beauty of its litany and its prayers and through them also the sublime character of the Sacrifice can be only in the faintest way understood.

"But with the Catholics of the past it was entirely different. With them the Mass was in Latin, translated into English; take your place before the altar, whether it be by the railing or the door it matters not, repeat with the priest the very words that enshrine the mystery and majesty of the great and only Sacrifice of the new law; then you will go into the choir of God and recite the psalm which with the solemnly commences; with the celebrant, you will move outward to the table, beneath which rests the relics of the saints; and you will see in that ascent to the altar the ragged hillside of Calvary, where the Mass was first offered, just as you see surmounting the altar at the summit of Calvary, the cross of Christ.

"You will speak again the words of faith and the lessons of piety that furnish the prelude of the Sacrifice. You will speak the praise of the Lord in the preface and join with the choir of angels in reciting the triple 'Sanctus.' Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts! You will recite again the message given to the churches of Rome, and the morning of the Saviour's life brought with the angel's hymn. 'Glory be to God on high and peace on earth to men of good will.'

"You will stand around with the candles lighted to hear some portion of the Saviour's life, recorded in the gospels of the day; some miracle He wrought by His power. He taught or the word that He has done in the years of His earthly ministration. Thus with you, containing the epistles and gospels, you profess that the faith as taught in these writings is yours; and from it you recite the creed. In that procession, step by step, you move from creation's dawn onward to the resurrection of the coming among men, His life, His death, and His resurrection.

tion. You speak the words of cheer that brighten our future and light on through the resurrection, unto 'life everlasting.' And now, your profession of faith ended and your creed recited, you bow your head at the Canon of the Mass and recite with ever increasing solemnity the words that move you nearer to the center of the Sacrifice; the living church springs before your mind, and you pray that the living Church now before its Master and Lord may live in peace and unity under the Master's supreme rule. Step by step, from Pope to Bishop, from Bishop to parish and parish to people, you will include all in this prayer of peace and union, and especially would you include all those who with you there join in that sacrifice; and thus you make your communion for the living.

"Then, turning to the history of Sacrifice, you would bring to mind the blessed mother who stood by that Sacrifice on Calvary, and with her in the long procession, the apostles and martyrs, Peter and Paul, James and John, and all the saints whose merits and prayers you would appeal to for help and protection in this great purpose of sacrifice. Then, while heads are bowed and all spirits there attuned to the solemnity of the occasion, the words of consecration are pronounced; obedient to that decree spoken the night before the crucifixion, where Christ tells His apostles, 'Do this in commemoration of Me.' The consecration over, before the blessed Saviour, now sacramentally present, you pray that in His sacrifice, yours also may be found worthy.

"Thus, onward through the solemn services you go, pleading that the Lord may give you life, nourishment, and with His life give you your daily bread. He is here on the altar now; you realize it, for you feel that you are unworthy to be present, and thrice you repeat with the ruler in the gospel, 'Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof.' Then, with the consummation of the Sacrifice you hear again repeated, as from the cross, 'Consummatum est.' It is finished. With this Sacrifice completed, the opening word of the Mass again is spoken. In the beginning you say, 'I will go up unto the altar of my God,' and now the celebrant turns and says, 'You may go, for the Mass is ended.'

"Now, my dear friends, this is the value of the missal in the hands of the laymen, that with it he takes, as a Christian, the theory which he takes, an integral and intelligent part in the celebration of holy Mass—becomes, in fact, what he should be, a celebrant.

"Thus, also, will he understand the beauty and meaning of the Church's liturgy, the rules and spirit that govern her inner life. In his eyes and before his soul the holy Mass, from a meaningless jumble of ceremonies and chants, is transformed into a Sacrifice divine in its essence, well ordered in every part, reproducing before him the tragedy of Calvary, with all its light and shadow, all its despair and hope.

"Read that missal again; follow its movement; listen to its words, recited by you, by the celebrant, not chanted by the choir; it is, let us say, that part of the 'Credo' where the Blessed Lord is led forth to die. The tragedy is there in three words; the choir will sing them to-day, as they do in every Mass. Note the evidence of sadness that with each note increases until you hear its last tones linger there in the tomb, where they laid Him.

"Crucifixus, mortuus, sepultus." He was crucified, died, was buried. There the life goes out as an expiring sigh; the voice, too, that recites the tragedy should know what tones would best produce that sorrow crystallized, and tell in becoming numbers the story of a divine heart that was broken.

"He is laid in the tomb, His chant is nature's requiem, whispered by all creation—taken up by the angels of God, spoken in accents pathetic through time and space and eternity. 'Sepultus.' He is buried, the tomb is sealed and there is silence now around the tomb, the silence of death and the darkness of the night. Then you hear the imperceptible recital of a tragedy, the uncertainty, then the more hopeful tones of the awakening—the east is filled with light. The day is at hand. The stones are rolled away. The darkness is gone and in triumphal tones the choir chants 'Et resurrexit.' He is risen from the dead. He has conquered.

"Now this is, at least, only a very faint recital of a single passage from the missal. Just a simple incident as it occurs in the celebration of Mass.

"Taking the Mass in entirety, we learn all its lessons, study its meaning, form and manner. And you will see in all the movements, lights and shadow, all the heights and depths of a tragedy, the re-enactment of that saddest tragedy in all the history of man. With the words of the missal on your lips and the Church's hand to guide you you will walk again with Christ along the thorny way—in spirit you will go with Him through death's valley unto the portals of heaven."

A PRIEST ADDRESSES MINISTERS.

Who has not heard of Oberlin and who does not know that the Oberlin of years ago did not associate with and could not find any good in anything labeled "Catholic?"

We notice that Father Dietz, the zealous pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart in that town, addressed the ministers' meeting held there on Monday, December 2. He took for his subject, "The Late Ecumenical of Pope Pius X. on Modernism." This certainly gave to Father Dietz a very opportune subject. He took advantage of the occasion to give to his listeners

a very fair and full idea of the present condition of the Catholic Church. We may know how well he fulfilled his task when "a vote of thanks was returned to him for his most able and instructive address and the morning service was greatly enjoyed by all present." We congratulate Father Dietz on the good work he is doing in the educational center of Congregationalism.—Catholic Universe.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

General Zietzen, one of the veterans of the Seven Years' War, gives us a noble example of true moral courage. One day having received an invitation to dine with Frederick the Great, he begged to be excused, saying: "I pray you tell His Majesty that this is a day on which I am accustomed to receive Holy Communion and I do not wish to put myself in the way of distraction."

Some days after the king said to his favorite general: "Well, Zietzen, how did your Communion go off the other day?" At which all the courtiers laughed. But Zietzen rose, approached Frederick, and said gravely:

"Your Majesty well knows that I have dreaded no danger, and that I have fought against odds for you and the country. What I have done I am ready to do again when your Majesty commands me. But their is One above us mightier than you, than I, than all mankind. I will never allow any man to insult Him in my presence, even in jest; for in Him is my faith, my hope, my consolation."

The king, much moved, held out his hand to the noble old general, and said with great earnestness: "Happy Zietzen! I respect your religion. Preserve it carefully, and rest assured that what has now taken place shall never again be repeated in my presence."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

On his recent visit to Emporia, Kansas, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lillis administered confirmation to several converts. Among them was Mr. W. F. Dungan editor of the Emporia Times.

The Very Rev. Francis Xavier Wornz, General of the Society of Jesus, celebrated last Thursday, the golden jubilee of his entrance into religious life. Father Wornz was born in Wurttemberg, on December 2, 1812.

It is reported that Charles M. Schrab, the steel magnate, has made a gift of Richmond Beach, Staten Island, to the Sisters of St. Francis of New York, who will establish a hospital for crippled children there. The property is valued at \$150,000.

Amongst the honors conferred by King Edward of England on occasion of his sixty-sixth birthday (Nov. 9) was that of Knighthood upon Charles Stanley, a Catholic singer who has charmed multitudes in all parts of the world. Mr. Stanley is said to be the first vocalist upon whom this distinction has been bestowed.

This suggestion from the Pittsburg Catholic is timely: "Our societies in their entertainments are not too careful in their selection of public speakers. The society owes a high and exact duty to the men and women invited and present, that the speaker is one, not only eloquent and instructive, but whose life is beyond a cavil. A mistake in this direction is irreparable.

The House of Providence, an orphan asylum conducted by the Sisters of Charity just outside of Syracuse, N. Y., was burned to the ground Sunday morning. As the result of the fire one hundred and fifty children and fourteen Sisters of Charity are temporarily without a home. The only salvages were the clothes the children and Sisters had on their backs.

At the recent twelfth Diocesan Synod of New York, Archbishop Farley announced that fifty-five churches of the archdiocese now have male choirs, and twenty churches are earnestly preparing for the same. The Diocesan Commission on Church Music will soon issue a list of Masses suited to divine service. It is likely that Gregorian chant will be taught in the parish schools next year.

The Sacred Heart Review says: Alphabetically the diocese of Antigonish, N. S., has a place well up near the head of the list, but it does not depend entirely on this fortuitous circumstance for a position of honor.

In no diocese with which we are acquainted is the number of merely nominal Catholics smaller than in Antigonish. In no diocese are the relations between pastors and people more harmonious."

Mayor Fitzgerald, in Collier's, says Boston is proportionately the most Irish city in America. It has also more folk of Irish descent in it than Dublin, the chief city of Ireland. Of about 561,000 people in 1900, only 156,000 were of native parentage, and at least one-half of these were third or fourth generation descendants of the Irish. With the Italians and other Catholics, the Catholic vote of the city reaches well toward 75 per cent. of the total.

Observes the editor of the Sacred Heart Review, of Baton, a recent incident offered to several prominent ecclesiastics in the Episcopal City. Sitting in the faces of priests seems to be one of the gentle pastimes of anti-Catholic roughs in Rome. Some day some misguided lizzard will try this on a sovereign from Cork or Tipperary—and there will be a brilliant display of muscular Christianity then and there.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE QUEEN'S CONFESSION. OR, THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. JOHN NEPOMUCENE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RAOUL DE NABERY. CHAPTER I. KING AND QUEEN.

A great crowd thronged the banks of the Rhine. Gay yachts covered the grand old river. The inhabitants of Cologne, Mayence, Coblenz, and Aix-la-Chapelle came in long processions. All the roads were crowded with paleys, carriages and pages, and with companies of guards and archers. From time to time ivory horns and trumpets sounded the gathering. Every one was clad in holiday garb. The old men talked of the last grand solemnity of the Koeningstuhl. The maidens, leaning on the arms of their lovers, hastened on the view as though to arrive sooner. The victors could not be seen on the hillsides. The crowd could be seen by the great human gathering, swaying like the plentiful ears in a vast corn-field.

The day was fine. A single cloud crowned the dark summit of Marburg, seated on the abrupt rock of Braubach, like a giant turned into stone. A single senela roared high above its walls in round or square towers, and its bell tower, while the plainer ones still wonder, lay in the distance, looking like the continuation of the night rock on which Marburg stood. The villages, hidden by the reed-canals of the Rhine, displayed their gay roofs and gables. On that day the simplicity of German life adorned the patriotism of the German land.

In the little Church of Rheuse, the bell and witten, which seemed to be taken by storm, were struck in prayer. The impatient crowds outside seemed to think their eager cries and gestures would hasten the spectacle they had awaited since early dawn. Suddenly a lengthened clamor arose, rising higher and higher as it passed onwards. The cortege of those electors had come in sight. For those that have not seen the scene, it will be difficult to imagine the scene which gladdened its banks; but for those that know that noble river, it unravels the glorious sights which its waters have reflected during so many ages.

On either side of the Koeningstuhl stood the clergy and nobility of the land, in front stood the burghers and the people. The Koeningstuhl was a large stone in the form of an octagon. It rested on seven piers of stone; and supported seven seats of stone; a large column standing in the center presented the emperor, seven smaller ones represented the seven electors. The platform was reached by a stone stair of fourteen steps. Around or near the Koeningstuhl, or the king's stone-seat, there was neither house nor hostelry. Instead of the large hall formerly used at the election of an emperor, a huge hall, which was the bosom of the German empire, which weighed so heavily in the balance of the fortunes of European nations. The simplicity of the Koeningstuhl gave a peculiar greatness to the empire; its very name strikes us even to-day, because of the solemn symbol to which it owes its origin. It is with sad musing we turn our mind from the Koeningstuhl, and look down the water, and we would fain look back to the stirring times and grand festivals, which assembled the German people around the little chapel of Rheuse.

The spectacle awaited was indeed worthy of a great people. At the sound of the trumpet, mounted on the paleys, came forth the Archbishops of Mayence, of Treves, of Cologne, and the grand Electors of Germany, and the great families of the empire, who followed by dukes, marshals, landgraves, lords of feudal cities, warriors, abbots, and the numerous retainers and followers that composed a grand procession in feudal times. The Archbishop of Mayence rode between the Emperor and the young King elect of Bohemia. At last they reached the Koeningstuhl around the granite rock. Slowly did the seven electors ascend the stone steps; and take their places on the high stone seats of the platform. Acclamations loud and prolonged greeted the emperor and princes of the empire. A deep silence followed. The listen ing crowds waited to hear the Arch bishop of Mayence pronounce the name of Wenceslaus as their future king. The seven electors bore the right of electing the Frankish or German kings; and the emperors, whenever they could, got their sons to be chosen kings in their own lifetime. In this case there was less likelihood of an interregnum, for after the emperor's death, the young king at once took up the reins of government, and was in due time crowned emperor.

The Archbishop of Mayence opened the ceremony of the election by intoning the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*. When the hymn was ended, rising slowly, he proclaimed the name of Wenceslaus. Before the Archbishop's lips had closed again, the slumbering echoes of the valleys and the hills were awakened by the cry—*Vivat Rex!* General joy gladdened the return to Mayence.

The young Queen Jane was the daughter of Albert, Count of Hainault; she had been married to Wenceslaus a short time before the coronation. The new king and queen were expected in Bohemia, but a plague raged in that part of the empire, and Wenceslaus refused to stay some time at Aix-la-Chapelle. Queen Jane was glad of the delay. Her father's ambition was not satisfied; she was crowned queen; but her crown would yet become a crown of sorrow.

Justice bids us say that some change for the better was wrought in Wenceslaus after his marriage. That harsh and violent young man became milder; he began to love the society of his home circle, and he indulged less often

in Rhenish and Bohemian wines. Wenceslaus was a man of passion, without foresight, without discretion, and unsoftened by the least self-control. He had never known any gentle or wholesome influence. Charles IV. had been a prudent ruler, but while he had kept a steady eye to his political interests, he was, perhaps, an imprudent father. Allowed to be his own master, Wenceslaus cared for no one but debauched courtlings, who were more eager to make him worse than to wear him from his vices. Axious to be thought a person of strong mind and will, he did not observe that the resolves which he made, and the thoughts which he entertained, came from an inborn strength or thinking of his own. As he liked or disliked, so was he advised by those around him. They allowed him to boast of his absolute freedom, they praised what they called his firmness, which lay who ly in blindly following a path of wickedness and ruin.

A favorite, named Hatto, had won a fatal control over Wenceslaus. Hatto, a knight of the empire, was not a man of great talents, but he did not bear the weight of a crown, and was not therefore apt to be brought to account for his misdeeds by an outraged people. To make Wenceslaus a mere puppet, to pull him into slothfulness, to make him unfit for the duties of his high state, to make pleasure his only thought, to induce his every whim, to fill his soul with any sacrifice—all seemed possible to Hatto, who aimed at being virtually the ruler of the empire. With the stamptness of a brute, Wenceslaus was a weak slave, when the allurements of a paltry pleasure could lead into doing deep wrong.

Charles IV. did not see all the folly and vice of his son, but what he did see suggested to him that it might be well if he were married. But how could he find a spouse for one who was so stubbornly mad as Hatto's master? His nearest friend, Count Albert of Hainault, the emperor gave him, the picture of the emperor gave him, the picture of Albert of Hainault made him listen. That evening Hatto was sent for. Contrary to the expectation of Wenceslaus, Hatto recommended the proposed marriage. This was quite in keeping with the character of Hatto. Believing that a gentle, patient, pious woman, like Jane, would allow the king to reign in his time and his acts, Hatto imagined that such a marriage would further his own designs. Besides, the daughter of Albert of Hainault could not have any very exaggerated notions of what might be due to her as a queen. Her joy at being made queen would make her overlook domestic annoyances, and if she should ever grow angry, she could not threaten to bring an invading army into the dominions of her husband. She would be too helpless to thwart Wenceslaus, and he would be too easily able to satisfy Wenceslaus.

"You," said he to him, "will have to marry, like other princes, for political reasons; gain the confidence of the emperor, and your marriage need make no change whatsoever in your life or manners. Wenceslaus was pleased with Hatto's plausible reasoning, and he at once declared himself willing to take Jane of Hainault as his wife. When Charles IV. received Jane, he reproached him self with having sacrificed her to his anxiety for a stubborn son; remorse filled his heart; to drive it away he flattered himself that the forgiveness of Wenceslaus would give before the gentleness of his spouse. Wenceslaus averted her with eager curiosity. He never once reflected that she should be his for life. Hatto had told him so often that marriage was merely a condition to be complied with in order to reign, that he looked upon his marriage as little more than a means of reaching kingly power. Quite unexpectedly he found himself in the presence of Jane. The sight of his betrothed bride troubled him, he had not thought she was so graceful, and so pale and delicate withal. While she looked into his with her own blue eyes, so full of fear and anxiety, his harsh voice became smoother, and his usually insolent bearing more respectful. Charles could not conceal the joy which he felt. After the marriage ceremony was over, Wenceslaus asked his father: "Do you think she will love me?" "Yes, if you are worthy of her love," replied the emperor.

"She ought to love me." "My son, respect commands respect, and tenderness inspires tenderness. Among all the princesses and noble ladies of Europe, there is not one in whom so many charms and virtues are united. Show yourself worthy of the treasure you have received, strive to be good for her sake, and she will obey and love; her soul has been sorely tried by early sorrows, she needs gentle treatment."

"She shall love me," said Wenceslaus, with warmth. The young queen soon learned all the strong leanings of her husband's character. She so unassumingly tried to mould them, to soften them, that her quiet goodness told on him in a marked manner. Seeking nothing more eagerly than to be corrected herself, she made the most heroic sacrifices. She was ever ready to please him; she understood things seemingly impossible in order to prove to him that she deemed his every wish should be obeyed and respected. The harsh Wenceslaus learned that it was noble to be gentle. The drunken feast was forgotten. Wenceslaus loved Jane passionately, jealously. It was not the holy, unselfish love that springs from purity and confidence; yet, such as it was, his love very much surprised the queen. She was grateful to him for the efforts he made to gain a man's step in his improvement. He, on the other hand, was pleased with himself that he had won a place in the heart of one so good, so pure, and he blessed the foresight of the emperor for having brought him so much happiness.

During the first months of their married life, Hatto kept out of sight. He thought the attachment of Wenceslaus to the queen would be short lived, that

it was better to leave him to himself for a while, that time would achieve what he aimed at more surely than any counsel of his. But far from being tired with the sight or companionship of the queen, Wenceslaus was delighted to meet her, and to be with her whenever he could. He had begun to rise above the abyss into which unbridled passion had plunged him. His heart sometimes darted on wise plans of ruling well, and the unexpected turn for doing justice, and the general good which would follow a change of life, soon showed themselves in his words and deeds. Doubtless the queen would have been better pleased if he had been more enlightened in the laws of God, and if his past life had been less sullied with vice; but she consoled herself with the thought that she had rejected a heart which she did not betray what things unworthy of a Christian and a king. The happy change gladdened her, but she turned her mind to something greater still, she set before herself the holy work of saving his soul. Pleased with the good which Wenceslaus had begun to display, her love for him grew with the zeal for his salvation.

The Emperor Charles IV. having reigned thirty-two years wisely and piously, died at Prague, 1378. Wenceslaus mourned his father's death, and the queen was his only comfort in his grief. At length Hatto began to break from the humble role to which he had been for two years condemned. He crept slowly out of his hiding place. The queen disliked him. As Wenceslaus boasted of the staunch attachment of his favorite, he did not betray what she may have thought of him, but Hatto she had learned that he found no favor in her eyes. He would win back his former power over Wenceslaus. He spoke of the chase, the king shrugged his shoulders; he spoke in glowing words of the grand tournament, which would bring together all the beauty and valor of the palatinate; the king smiled the careless smile of a man who needs no need to seek happiness in mere amusement. Lastly, Hatto hinted that Wenceslaus did not rule alone; the king answered that two govern more wisely than one.

Hatto knew not how he might sap the influence of the queen, an influence based on esteem and virtue. If the king should cease to love her, the field would be again open to him. What was the charm of this woman? How had his former power been so completely broken? She was beautiful, but there were many other women who might successfully dispute the palm for beauty with her. What then had charged Wenceslaus, once so coarse, so worthless, so wicked. His conscience answered it was the virtue of the queen—virtue without spot. Wenceslaus believed in her goodness, and he loved her for it; she was his wife, and he could boast of her priceless worth. When he saw her coming from the divine office in the royal chapel, he gazed on her as he would have gazed on an angel; when she gave alms, he would go down and watch her small, white hands doing out bread, clothes, and medicines to the poor whom her charity relieved. More than once, moved by the pity which her charity inspired, he added his own offering to hers. He felt the better for it. Finding in good works a joy to which he had often led to kindly deeds for the sake of the pleasure which they brought him. It did not cost him a thought that the queen was not an able politician, or that her father could not bring a vast army to aid him in case of need. Wenceslaus felt that nothing could lessen his love for the queen; and indeed, if Wenceslaus would be saved, his wife's hand would be his helpmate in such a holy work as the companion of his life.

Hatto thoroughly understood what an opponent he had to overcome; he also believed in the sterling goodness and purity of the queen. She avoided what was wrong with as much zeal as he shunned what was upright. A skillful huntsman, he spread his snares; all time, however, was not yet come; his loved families in Aix-la-Chapelle loved the queen; all the inhabitants would have risen to defend her, if a word had been breathed against her. He must wait till she had gone to a part of her dominions where she was less known, and therefore less powerful. The plague abated in Bohemia; Wenceslaus inherited his father's well known preference for that part of the empire; and ceased, without asking Hatto's advice, the king set out with his attendants for Bohemia.

CHAPTER II. TWO PLOTTERS. With eager strides Hatto paced his room up and down. His hard features bore signs of impatience; it was plain to him he was expecting a visitor, for time to time he went to the lofty window of his apartment to watch the persons who passed and repassed in the courtyard below.

"Will he never come?" burst more than once from his lips. At length an ill-looking man, with stealthy tread and downcast gaze, glided rather than walked into Hatto's room.

"At last!" cried Hatto. "You have made me wait, and wait, and you know—"

"That you don't like waiting, my lord."

"Your work—"

"Is sure to satisfy you."

"Speak," said Hatto, sharply. "Of course, and I ask no questions," said the visitor, in a suspicious tone. "But I have been running; I have been questioned; I have had to speak—"

"Enough," said Hatto, shrugging his shoulders, and casting a look of contempt at the creature before him, while he rang the bell. A servant promptly answered the call. "Fetch a glass and a flask of Tokay." The gray eyes of Hatto's guest sparkled with pleasure. "You are a generous patron," said he. In a moment the servant returned,

and set the glass and the flask of wine on the table. "Drink, Mauper," said Hatto. Mauper did not need to be told a second time. With a slow but steady hand, he should sip one drop of the highly-prized wine, then re-filled his glass, emptied it, then re-filled it again. Mauper was remarkable for three things—for his love for wine, for his dislike to Hatto, and for his cunning. Burning at once with impatience and bad passions, Hatto was almost beside himself with anger. He wished for intelligence, and Mauper could give it, in gence, and Mauper could give it, in which he was so anxious, he forced his pride to yield to his mental, while Mauper, on the other hand, enjoyed his master's humiliation.

"Yes, my lord, I have faithfully executed your orders; for eight days the queen has been closely watched."

"What have you discovered?" "On Monday she went to the office in the cathedral. She came back to the palace, and remained with her maids of honor until midnight; after that the queen wrote two letters, the first was for the count of Hainault, and a courier was sent off with it at full speed."

"Let me see it." He snatched the paper from the hand of the guilty wretch, scanned its contents, muttering as he scanned it, "Strange feelings of the country or the people; regrets the absence of her former chaplain; does not know why she is not so happy here as at Aix-la-Chapelle."

Hatto crushed the paper in his hand. "On the next day the queen had a long conversation with Otried." Hatto, becoming doubly attentive, said: "I told you to bring every item you could glean respecting this young gentleman."

"I have done so," said Mauper, while he raised another glass of Tokay to his lips. Hatto struck his heel violently against the seat on which he was sitting. Mauper, however, seemed not to notice his impatience.

"Otried," he began at length, "is the son of a man that comes to a good family, named Notberg. You are aware, my lord, of the Count of Hainault's passion for the chase. In a struggle with a wild boar, Count Albert would have been surely torn to death had it not been for Notberg. The latter received the wounds intended for his feudal lord. With his dying breath he commended his only son to the tenderness of Lady Isabella. The count gave to the dying knight the promise she gave to the dying knight, as well as shared in the education given to Jane of Hainault."

"Go on," said Hatto. "For many years children remain children; but a day came, and Count Albert wishing to marry again, was persuaded by Lady Odeline, now his wife, that his own happiness, as well as the happiness of his child, demanded that Jane should be married to Otried."

"The count would not hear of such a thing; it seemed a sorry lot for the heiress of the house of Hainault to be the wife of Otried, whose only heritage was the memory of his father's deplorable death. But what pride scorned, impatience deemed fitting. Feeling that he could not find a stepmother for his daughter, the count would find her a husband. Otried, encouraged by the count, and all was finally settled."

"For the marriage of Jane with Otried?" "The chaplain brought them the happy tidings of their contemplated union, and Jane was arranging her bridal robes, when Count Boleslaus arrived at the Castle of Hainault, and demanded the hand of Jane for our royal master."

"Oh, if Wenceslaus only knew this!" "But Wenceslaus may not know it, and there are two good reasons for not telling him. One is, he is now king."

"Jane of Hainault is Queen of Bohemia."

his pert reply if he dared, but he could not afford to lose the services of his hireling. Mauper had the eyes of an owl, he could discern what darkness hid from the sight of other men. He saw plainly what Hatto did his best to conceal. To pay large sums for the spying of Mauper pained Hatto; while it vexed the former to see Hatto, whom he believed a mere bungler incapable of doing anything really clever, holding a place in the confidence of Wenceslaus. In his inmost soul he cursed Hatto for standing in the way of his rightful ambition, by usurping a place which he deemed himself better fitted to hold because of his superior shrewdness and tact.

A moment of awkward silence followed. Hatto wished to get further information without forcing his pride to beg it. Mauper would give no more till his patron had first asked for it. To cut short this unpleasantness, Hatto took up a purse and jerked it contemptuously at Mauper, who without deigning to open it, weighed it scornfully in his hand, and then placed it beside the empty wine flask, like a man that feels he is meanly, unjustly treated.

"Perhaps you are not pleased, Master Mauper?" said Hatto. "I, my lord? I am only too happy to render you a service."

"And do you call this rendering me a service?" "I should think so."

"So that I should be obliged to you?" "I should hope so."

"Then I have to tell you the fact is quite the contrary."

"Do you treat me as a friend?" "Or pay me as a hired servant?" "I will owe you nothing."

"Then we shall settle our accounts."

"By all means."

"Without opening this purse, I know what is in it. I had to break down three horses on my journey from Prague to Hainault, to bring me waiting women of Lady Odeline, to make the guards drunk, to have her majesty might be most easily damaged by turning her very virtues against her. Jane of Hainault was likely to push her heroic charity to the verge of rashness. Great souls despise base plots; they fear no evil, for they know no sin."

"Who would fall in Mauper's way to help him in his guilty work? He stands and listens. There is a loud noise in the distance. At another time Mauper would have turned and fled, for, like most of a pouter, he was cowardly, now any chance, no matter how poor, might serve him. He therefore pushed forward at a brisk pace to the spot where the noise came, and he soon saw a large crowd gesticulating and shaking their hands threateningly in the direction of a dismal looking house, at the solitary window of which stood a pale, affrighted girl, her hair flowing in haggard wildness, while she vainly strove to move the riotous crowd to pity her forlorn condition."

"What is going on over there?" Mauper asked of the first person he met near the crowd. "An awful thing," said an old vixen. "You see that wretched creature. The day before yesterday her father died suddenly. She pretended he died from the bursting of a blood vessel; he was buried; his corpse was covered with a cloth; no one could see it. Yesterday her mother dropped down dead. Do you understand now?" "No."

needful is a deep plot. Let Wenceslaus once suspect her, and we shall become masters of this stupid monarch; he will make us his favorites. Sinony shall refill the coffers charity has emptied. The queen must be disgraced, and it must be done through Otried."

"I agree with you; but who will dare hint to Wenceslaus that he is the dupe of the queen's artfulness?" "I will," answered Hatto. "It is a dangerous game to play."

"On the first impulse Wenceslaus will have but one thought, my death; the instant after he would have my life. Yet who can tell what effect jealousy may have on a furious beast muzzled by a woman's snarl?"

"If you fall in—and one ought to anticipate defeat; everything is in favor of the king. Naturally one believes in her virtue; she is so obedient to the king, so charitable, so good to the poor."

"If failure threatens, we must try violent measures."

"A crime?" asked Mauper, in a low voice. "Or the appearance of a crime. I have plotted Mauper, this night you have the full sum of your wages. Sinony your keenest wit to find a case of deepest distress. To play the comedy well, we will have no accomplices who might mar our plot, but partners, whose misery shall make them unwitting tools and whose distress shall serve as a bait for the trap we shall set."

"I will find all you need," said Mauper. Having received his instructions, Mauper bade Count Hatto good night.

CHAPTER III. THE PLOT. Having left Hatto's room, Mauper crossed the courtyard, and was soon lost in the windings of the dark streets, hidden lanes, and byways. While he went along the streets, peering through the broken walls, narrowly watching the houses, and spying out the persons appearing at the windows, he mused over the conversation he had just had with Hatto. The two plotters cunningly argued that the queen's reputation might be most easily damaged by turning her very virtues against her. Jane of Hainault was likely to push her heroic charity to the verge of rashness. Great souls despise base plots; they fear no evil, for they know no sin."

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"No! the pest is in that house!" "The pest!" cried the accomplice of Hatto, with a snudder. "Yes, the pest!" said a loud strong voice. "We had thought it was gone, but now it is back with us again. That girl should have told the truth yesterday. When she knew what her father died of, she should not have suffered any one to go near the corpse, to carry it to the graveyard or to the church. Not one can approach such a corpse without being stricken with the plague. The people should be first thought of. Did she make the truth known when her mother died? Not she, indeed! If a neighbor had not heard the shrieks of the dying woman, and had not seen her convulsed, swollen, hideous, we should not have known the plague was amongst us. That girl is a fiend; that house will be the death of us; let us make it a grave."

"A grave!" yelled the crowd in wild uproar. "Mercy! mercy!" screamed the bereaved girl. "I have lost my father and mother." There was death in every tone of the wild mob. "No mercy! She must not leave the house! Close up the door with stones!" The poor girl threw up her arms. She begged the crowd to let her leave the house, and she would quit the city at once. She was afraid; starvation and death stared her in the face; she trembled as she thought of being forced to stay shut up with the black swollen corpse of her mother. Had the plague come to sweep away the people of Bohemia? A single case of it renewed the fears of the people. Prague had so severely suffered from its ravages that we may form some idea of the rage the dread and the cruelty of the maddened wretches, who were going to build up a barrier between themselves and the unhappy girl, who, they believed, would bring the plague to their doors. In good and evil the mob acts hand in hand. The voice of the man who said, "Close up the door, make the house a grave," found a terrible echo. In an instant, as if by magic, their hands were filled with stones and mortar, and in a quarter of an hour the house was changed into a tomb, the living was buried with the dead.

The terror of Julie was followed by a dismal hopelessness that stunned her. Seeing the mob deal to her cries, she sawed her doom with her mother lay in the end of the dark room; its dim outline reminded her again of her father's and mother's death; their dying shrieks rang again in her ears; their convulsed, swollen

limbs again writhed in her eyes; shuddering after the poor girl's frame, length awakened to a misery. Mauper saw all that. He thought he might see in favor of his own. A poor, harmless young man to horrible treatment the dreaded plague was fresh. An heroic act, great danger to brave should go alone? Yes, some one may aid her tomorrow there will be a the monastery; the office a child go through to herself at the feet of the queen is touched with the devil will do the thoughts that Mauper's mind; they able for such a generous or to keep them long himself.

The crowd had closed her dead mother, and hurriedly from the afraid to go back to the. Some were appalled at the poor orphan but greater part strove to feel by using strong by burning scented their houses. When kept aloof from the street was abandoned, and deserted a lady in the doorway of Julie. "Who are you?" as "The friend of Julie killing."

"You love her very much?" "Why?" "Because she loves me." "And would you see her fingers bleeding, I nails trying to tear and the mortar."

"That is not the way." "What way, then?" "Do you know the queen's child." "Would you have speak to her?" "Is it I? Never." "Even to save a hunger and the plague." "Oh, for her—"

"You would dare to I will try. What do you know?" "They have often the monastery." "Well, go there to wait in the archway." "I will."

"The bells will ring will leave the sac ceremonies. A lady with sweet eyes, will pass along the nothing; watch the ceremonies as lady leaves the church at her feet, join to her, Justice and mercy." "Justice and mercy."

"The Queen will tell her how with the corpse that if she does not she will surely misery." "And will the queen?" "The queen is a I will go then." "You will forget nothing."

"Nothing." Mauper, giving the little girl, he going home, he told him she had done. The so far advanced to not yet find a pre with the king. I to the end, Hatto joy. "Come what is sure to fall in king."

"But have you before an hour thing ready?" "But the king?" "I am an am cabinet." "Then let the queen," said Mauper from Hatto's patron the care seemed to him so

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THE CHR The landlord and from vario the poor girl toget Arnold is no have waited ne he cannot be the host. "He has seen the sky, he is a tempt a strange conditions," as "The bride-else I should have would come to he knew that of Grace, Arnold a glance for her. She colored. The bride-else Arnold is difficult, perhaps more especially of taking grace himself," said at the bright his daughter down." They seated cheerful and room. The fast, the black table, the black fast glow of tined with r blood to raise their faces of in a wayid on Christmas The explanat

DECEMBER 28, 1907.

limbs again writhed in agony before her eyes; shudder after shudder shook the poor girl's frame, till she was at length awakened to a sense of her own misery. Mauper saw all that had happened. He thought he might turn the sad scene in favor of his own dark designs. A poor, harmless young girl, doomed to horrible treatment; a new case of the dreaded plague while the remembrance of his late ravages was still fresh. An heroic act to achieve; a great danger to brave. But if she should go alone? She dare not! Then some one may aid her in the risk. Tomorrow there will be a festival kept in the monastery; the office, music. Let a child go through the crowd, throw herself at the feet of the queen; the queen is touched with pity, overcome; the devil will do the rest. Such were the thoughts that passed through Mauper's mind; they were too valuable for such a generous soul as Mauper to keep them long shut up within himself. The crowd had closed in Julie with her dead mother, and then moved away hurriedly from the spot. All were afraid to go back to their own houses. Some were appalled at the thought of the poor orphan buried alive; the greater part strove to escape the infection by using strong perfumes, and by burning scented fagots before their houses. When Mauper, who had kept aloof from the crowd, thought the street was abandoned, he went into it, and desecrated a little girl sobbing in the doorway of Julie's dismal prison. "Who are you?" asked Mauper. "The friend of Julie, whom they are killing." "You love her very much?" "I do." "Why?" "Because she loves me." "And would you save her?" "Look," said the girl; "see my fingers bleeding. I have broken my nails trying to tear down the stones and the mortar." "That is not the way to save Julie." "What way, then?" "Do you know the queen?" "The queen! No," replied the child. "Would you have the courage to speak to her?" "Is it I? Never!" "Even to save Julie from dying of hunger and the plague?" "Oh, for her—"

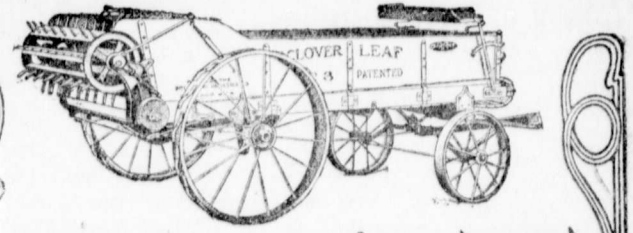
"You would dare anything?" "I will try. What is to be done?" "Do you know the church of the monks?" "They have often given me alms at the monastery." "Well, go there to-morrow morning; wait in the archway." "I will." "The bells will ring, and the priests will leave the sacristy to begin the ceremonies. A lady, richly dressed, with sweet eyes, and bounteous hand, will pass along the line of poor people; you will say nothing, you will ask nothing; watch everything. When the ceremonies are over, when this lady leaves the church, throw yourself at her feet, join your hands, and say to her, 'Justice and mercy.'" "Justice and mercy," repeated the child. "The Queen will ask for whom, and you will tell her how you closed in Julie with the corpse of her mother; and that, if she does not die of the plague, she will surely die of hunger and misery." "And will the queen save her?" "The queen is an angel." "I will go then." "You will forget nothing?" "Nothing." Mauper, giving a piece of money to the little girl, left her. Instead of going home, he returned to Hatto, and told him all he had witnessed and all he had done. The night was not yet so far advanced that the favorite might not yet find a pretext for asking speech with the king. Having heard hide his joy, Hatto could not hide his joy. "Come what may," said he, "she is sure to fall into disgrace with the king." "But have you still time to set?" "Before an hour I shall have everything ready." "But the king?" "I am commanded to see him in his cabinet." "Then let the saints guard the queen," said Mauper, smiling; and he went from Hatto's room, leaving to his partner the care of completing what seemed to him so cleverly planned. TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST. The landlord had served the dinner, and from various points of the room they drew together toward the table. "Arnold is not coming to-night. We have waited nearly an hour for him; he cannot be coming to-night," said the host. "He has seen that there is snow in the sky, he is sensible; he will not attempt a strange journey under such conditions," said Evangeline. The bride-elect sighed. "I should have thought that Arnold would come: in any case, as soon as he knew that we were here, he would have come from his father arrested her. She colored and hung her head. The bride-elect sighed again. "Arnold is too wise to attempt a difficult, perhaps a dangerous journey, more especially when he is on the eve of taking great responsibilities upon himself," said the host, with a glance at the bright haired girl who was to be his daughter. "Come, let us sit down." They seated themselves, and a more cheerful atmosphere pervaded the room. The smoking viands on the table, the blaze of the logs, the steady glow of the lamp—all these combined with Mr. Mortimer's sensible words to raise the spirits of the party. Their faces cleared. How they came to be stranded there in a wayside inn, in a strange country, on Christmas Eve, matters nothing. The explanation is very simple; but it

has nothing to do with the story. The party consisted of Mr. Mortimer, an English gentleman; his two elder daughters, Evangeline and Doris, and two younger children, Grace and Harold; the young girl who was affianced to her son Arnold, expected that evening, and two young men who were friends of Arnold's—Michael Bream, a sculptor, and Alex Ross, an engineer. "It is snowing now," said Harold. "The blinds were not drawn and they could see the white flakes as they pressed against the panes, slide down and fall." "Wisdom Arnold!" said Evangeline. "Wisdom Arnold!" echoed the bride-elect. Mr. Mortimer was glad that they had taken Arnold's wisdom for granted. He was anxious now that his son should not have set out as he had formerly been anxious that he had. But now, as formerly, he allowed none of his anxiety to be seen. "Why there are two vacant places at table?" said the bride-elect, suddenly. She looked at the place at her side, then at a vacant place at the other side of the table, between Grace and Harold. Both children colored. "That is Grace's and Harold's affair," said Mr. Mortimer, smiling. "Since they were my children they have observed the old custom and kept a place for the Christ Child—or any He might send." All turned toward the empty place by the window. Unconsciously they bowed. "We told the landlord and he did not mind," whispered Grace to the bride-elect. The young girl smiled; her eyes were very bright. All were served and they began to talk. Michael Bream, urged by gentle glances, related that legend which had inspired him to attempt the statue of the repentant Magdalene. The work had made him famous, but of that the young man said nothing. When his voice ceased the company heard for a few moments no sound but the thudding of the snow on the windows and the dripping of the Magdalene's tears. "The gentleman has arrived sir," said the landlord's triumphant voice. He shut the door, smiling, and withdrew. For a moment the stranger did not advance into the room. He stood irresolute by the dark portiere curtains. His head was bent, his face in the shadow, the light fell upon his young, slim form. His hand, which hung by his side, was long and delicate. After a moment he advanced further, still with his head hanging. "Why, it is not Arnold at all!" cried Grace. She began to laugh at the mistake. The face of the bride-elect was full of disappointment. "Whoever you are, you are very welcome, sir," said Mr. Mortimer. The young man looked round the table. His eye fell upon the two vacant places. He glanced at that by the side of the bride-elect, for a moment his eyes rested on her bright hair and downcast lids; then it passed on to the empty chair by the window. Without uttering any word of greeting or apology he went forward and slipped into that chair. The company looked at one another. Mr. Mortimer cleared his throat. "You will dine with us, that is well," he said. He lifted a warm plate and began to fill it. The stranger merely bowed his head in response. With a feeling of gentle delicacy, the little company kept their glances from his face for some moments. They need not have feared to cause him embarrassment. When they looked at last, they found a young, still face, with stiff lips and drooped eyes, that seemed as if it had been carved from clear features showed an unbroken integrity. His form appeared hardly to breathe, his skin showed in the light whitely gray, as a man's skin turns when he is ill of deadly fever. Harold ran to seize the plate and bring it to the stranger. "You are our guest: Grace's and mine; we kept this chair free for you," he whispered. The stranger's eyelids flickered. For a moment he raised them; the boy had a glimpse of eyes that he never forgot. His face turned pale under the stress of that glance. The agony of it reached to his soul and touched it. With a trembling lip the child crept into his seat. "The snow is melting on your coat, aren't you wet? Christmas Guest?" asked Grace. He turned at the fantastic childish question. The tired lids raised themselves again, the pale lips almost smiled. Then the man looked at the coat in wonder, as if surprised to find it sparkling with shining drops. "Oh, it snowed!" he said, wondering. Lifting knife and fork stiffly, he began to eat. The sculptor rose silently, went to his room, and returned with a dry coat. It was of a dark color, and the stranger's face, rising from it, appeared paler than before. There were a few moments of deep silence. Suddenly the guest turned. "You were telling a story," he said to Michael Bream, "when I came in. Won't you go on? I am tired of silence—oh, so tired!" Infinite watchfulness was in his voice; as he spoke a shiver ran through him. Both the young men looked away. The sculptor could not speak, imagination, a sense of mystery, tragedy, seized him, held him silent. "Bream has finished his story," said Ross, hastily. "It was the legend of the repentant Magdalene. I have one as strange to tell. I will tell it now." After a moment: "It is a legend of the repentance of Cain," he said. The stranger lifted his glass and drank. His hand clasped round the slender stem with fingers of marble. "Sir, you are cold; come nearer to the fire," said the host. "No, no, I am not cold. Presently I shall be warmer. Let us have the story," he said. The engineer began to tell it. His voice, with its sweet Scottish cadences, could rise to passion and sink to harsh despair. His strong face burned with the fire of the story he told, it paled with the direness of the tragedy. Ever and anon he struck out and opened hard, bony hands. These hands seemed to mesmerize the stranger; he could not take his glance from them. "Thus he sought for, and never found, forgetfulness," concluded the Scotsman. "He was a wastling," cried the stranger. His face flashed with sudden fire; he half rose in his seat. Then he sank back. "He had committed a dastardly act," he muttered. While they looked at him a knock came again to the door. "A knock at the end of the first story—a knock at the end of the second!" cried Harold. "Perhaps it is Arnold!" He clapped his hands. The landlord stood again in the doorway. There were signs of perturbation on his face, mingled with a face of contempt. Moving aside, he made way for the two men who stood behind the room with blinking eyes. The snow lay thick upon their coats. Their eyes ran round the room with a dull disappointment, as sharp and clear as those of rats. "There, what did I tell you?" cried the landlord. "You see he is not here, your criminal. These they all are, as I told you—Mr. Mortimer and the two young ladies, his son and his son's fiancée, the two young gentlemen friends, and the children. Have I told you anything other than what you see?" The men growled something, the reply was unintelligible. "You seek some one?" said Mr. Mortimer. His voice was suddenly cold, it sounded harsh, arbitrary. His brows twisted as he faced the men. They reflected how he was "like all those English," jealous of his privacy, impatient of intrusion. "We seek a criminal, sir," said one in a grating voice. "A murderer," said the other. "A poor lad who killed the landlord, tormented him, cried the landlord, hotly; "that is to say, they say he has killed him. Shut two men up there alone on the hills, and what will you expect to happen, all the more so when one has the temper and the viciousness of a fiend from hell?" The men shrugged their shoulders. "Your spirits are in your head, landlord, that you expect a man to murder any who would dole out to them? Bah!" "I never saw the lad—but I have heard of him—and of his partner," said the landlord. "But that is not here nor there. Are you satisfied that you have seen all to be as I said?" "We are satisfied," said one. He looked again round the table, round the room. "The devil of a night to be out?" said the other, watching the snow upon the panes. "Does it still snow?" asked Michael Bream. "I think not." He went to the window and looked out. "I can see nothing." He drew the lamp a little aside on the table and looked again. "Yes, it falls," he said; "but not so fast." The stranger's face was now in the shadow. His hand was upon his glass; it lay about it like stone. The men at the door turned, half hesitated. "You have none here but your family and your guests, sir?" Mr. Mortimer pushed back his chair. "That is all," he said, quietly, "my family—and your guests." "Then we must fare further," said the man. They turned away. Then the other man spoke, quickly, sharply. "There is a vacant place at the table," he said. The Scotsman lifted the decanter and began to pour out a glass of wine; he watched it trickle into his glass, a sinuous yellow stream; the officers watched it, too. "Bah! Is that the whim of the children?" cried the landlord. His tone was full of a tolerant tenderness. With a half smile he began to tell the tale of the Christmas Guest. His tale was so obviously true that the men listened. Their hard faces softened; they, too, had half a smile for the Christmas Guest. But Harold and Grace sat with hot cheeks—and hot hearts. The host chafed—and hot hearts. The host spoke as if he were not there, why did he look at them as if they must not speak? "The story is true, little one?" "The question was put to Harold. He looked away from the stranger, and his tears were not far from his eyes. "Yes, it is true," he said. "We have waited for him every year." "My home some day," said the officer, quietly, almost with reverence. The men withdrew. The landlord closed the door. "I have a story to tell," said the bride-elect. "It is the legend of the Repentant Prodigal. But this legend is true." She began to tell the tale, softly, gently, her voice shaken with tender emotion upon the table. They all listened, and without the snow still fell. And while the two officers mount their horses and ride away through the night. "They have gone back," said Michael Bream, and the story teller paused for a moment. "Yes, they have gone back," said Mr. Mortimer. "They have gone back," said Evangeline. "They are afraid," said the stranger, "to take the journey through the wood." After a moment. "They do not know the silences, as I," he said. His eyes dropped again, again his face paled. "He went home," pursued the bride-elect, "and his father—his father ran

out to meet him." She went on with the tale. When it was finished, and the table was clear, the landlord threw a fresh red spark of fuel upon the fire, and fresh sparks flew out in a fame. "He has chosen a good night to make his escape, poor lad," said he. "There are none know these parts well enough to follow—on such a night as when he reached the door, the kindly fellow turned." "Pray God, he don't lie dead in the snow," he said. "And yet that might be the better fate. If he be caught, there be scant justice in these parts." "Pray God he isn't caught," said Evangeline. And her lips did not twist over the strangeness of the prayer. When the sound of the landlord's steps had faded the stranger arose. "Not yet," said the host. His face was oddly agitated, oddly pitiful. The boy—for he was little more—stiffened his back. "Yes, I must go now," he said. They pressed a flask and upon him; the sculptor would not have his coat returned to him; the girls were pale faced; the children wept. "What can we give you?" they pleaded. There was awe, fear and misgiving in the tone. He was young and desperate; his life was in his hands, and he must go alone. But he would only take a lantern. They gave it to him, a swinging lantern with a sheltered light. He took it in his hand. "Good-by," he said. They gathered round him; then quickly, abruptly, to hide their tears, they turned away. They did not hear him descend the stairs and go from the house, but presently, as they stood looking upon the windows, they saw a dancing moth upon the snow. "My lantern, which is his now," said Harold, proudly. "It is going to guide him home—the Christmas Guest," said Grace. It moved onward, the snowflakes hid it, it vanished from sight. They were very quiet when it was gone. When the sparks flew out from the fireplace it showed faces that changed often to thoughtfulness. And anon a head turned and looked at the window and watched the snow. When Arnold appeared, late that night, they had given up worrying over him, and were full of wonder and dismay that he had attempted the journey after all. "I was lost in the wood, and wandered there for hours," he said. "I had given up all idea of seeing you again, any of you, when I spied some fellow with a lantern, and, following him, got upon the high road." "But I never caught him up," he added. "I don't know who he was." "The Christmas Guest!" breathed Harold to Grace. They twined their arms about each other's necks, and looked toward the chair that again was empty. And the others turned, and with tender eyes looked there, too.—Agnes Crozier Herbertson, in Black and White.

NO "CONVERSIONS" FROM EITHER SIDE. What he considered to be a singular fact or aspect of the situation as to conversions and perversions among Catholics and Protestants in Ireland was noted by Chief Secretary Birrell in a speech recently at Belfast. Talking of "religious difficulties and disputes" between Irishmen, which, he said, were at one time more fierce than they are now, he remarked, that they are being diminished and show symptoms of disappearing altogether, and he expressed the belief that the Catholic population of Ireland would be found extremely ready and willing in its present frame of mind to show its perfect good faith in this matter to secure to the Protestants of the North every kind of protection, more, perhaps, than strictly speaking, they would be entitled to, and do everything, in fact, in order to show that they were anxious in the great work of the regeneration of Ireland. In these words reference is made to the professed fear of Protestants that under Home Rule they would be persecuted or unjustly treated by the majority in the Irish Parliament, which naturally, he Catholic, as are three-fourths of the population of the country. Mr. Birrell has no such idea. He believes that there would be no injustice whatever by Catholic to Protestant and he has another interesting belief which perhaps was not very pleasing to some if not many among his Irish audience. You will never in this country (said he) find any Protestants and Catholics or many Catholics and Protestants. Nothing amazes me more as an Englishman that has always been accustomed to regard these differences as what you may call intellectual differences—differences of temperament, differences of study and the like—nothing amazes me more that the religious difficulties that prevail so largely in this country. I have known to my day (Mr. Birrell continued) many of my Protestant friends who have become Catholics, and I have known one or two Catholics, though I admit it is rare, to cease their Catholicism and become Protestants. These things in England are regarded as matters for intellectual discussion and religious consideration. But here in Ireland I find your differences are regarded very much as if they were differences between different natural beings. No Catholic ever dreams of becoming a Protestant; no Protestant ever dreams of becoming a Catholic. The idea of conversion from one side to the other seems entirely to have been overlooked here. Hardly overlooked, for has there not been an "Irish Church Mission" institution for generations in Ireland having the idea, and doing its best through the agencies of soup, blankets and other creature comforts, to win over the native Irish from the "errors of popery" which was, indeed, the main object the pervers Queen Elizabeth



Big interest on your investment.

A farmer who knew said that if a man did not have the money to buy a manure spreader, he could afford to borrow it, pay 50 per cent interest, and still make money. This shows how extremely profitable the use of a manure spreader is. It increases the fertilizing value of barnyard manure, the only fertilizer produced on the farm, fully 100 per cent, and when you remember that this barnyard manure is worth \$2.00 or more per ton, you know how much money a spreader makes for you on every ton of manure hauled into the field. Of course, you must be sure and buy a good spreader. We mean a strong, dependable, practical machine—one that you can load up day after day and drive into the field with absolute certainty that it will spread as many loads per acre as you desire. The I. H. C. spreader, Corn King and Cloverleaf, will do this. They can be rented to spread any number from 3 to 30 loads per acre. The principal point of difference is in the apron. The Corn King is a return apron machine and the Cloverleaf an endless apron machine. Both spreaders are replete with valuable features, not found on other spreaders. For instance, the single lever on the I. H. C. allows the driver to make every adjustment, change the rate of feed, return the apron, start the machine, or stop it. Then again there is the vibrating rake, a feature not found on any other spreader. You know that when first starting the machine, if not properly loaded, the manure is apt to pile up against the cylinder and clog it. Perhaps the most valuable feature of the Cloverleaf and Corn King spreaders is the fact that they level the load as properly fed. The vibrating rake on the Cloverleaf and Corn King spreaders prevents the manure from piling up against the cylinder and insures an even and uniform distribution of the contents. You won't find a whole lot coming out before it reaches the cylinder and insures a full width of the cylinder. There are many other excellent features about these spreaders—both wheels are drive wheels, the steel wheels cut under the drive apron never binds nor buckles, the front axle is well trussed, the frame is staunch and absolutely rigid. We suggest that you look into this question fully. The local agent in your town will gladly demonstrate the line he handles. Or write the general office for catalogues, colored handbooks, or other information desired. Send for copy of "Farm Science" or "Wasteful Farm Practices," which contain very valuable information on agricultural subjects of special interest to you. Call on our Local Agent or write nearest branch house for catalogue. CANADIAN BRANCHES: Calgary, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, St. John, Toronto, Winnipeg. International Harvester Company of America, Chicago, U.S.A. (Incorporated)

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A PROCESSION WITHOUT A PRIEST

It is not often that a procession of the Blessed Sacrament takes place without the assistance of a priest. A short time ago, at the little village of Felines, in a remote and mountainous district of France, a landlady carried away several woods, fields, and dwellings, and a considerable portion of the parish church. The part of the church which was left standing, was already gathered around it in great anxiety, as the Blessed Sacrament was still in the Tabernacle, and likely to be buried in the ruins. There was no priest to remove it, as the Cure had been called away to Lyons for the thirteen days' service. It was only at the peril of life that the sanctuary could be approached, and even one, moreover, felt a religious diffidence at presuming to touch the Blessed Sacrament. Finally, a

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed Scott's Emulsion.

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.



THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Catholic Record

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 18th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, with satisfaction.

CHRISTMAS GREETING. What a cluster of flowery fragrances gather in thought and memory at Christmas time.

redeem us, to make His Father know, to show us the way to heaven. As long as there is a soul to save so long will He and His blessed mother be in Bethlehem to receive our homage, to bestow upon us the grace of His coming and draw us nearer to His Sacred Heart.

serious thought, and whose vitiated taste becomes weaker by reason of the poisoned aliment it receives. Then they wonder why the Church does not make their sons do what is right.

A THEOLOGICAL QUESTION.

We have received the following question: "If Catholics are absolved of their sins through the tribunal of the confessor, why do they believe in a future punishment for those same sins when they die?"

THE TRAINING OF YOUTH.

Nothing is more important for the future welfare of a country than the proper education of each rising generation. What strengthens and elevates the young will influence and form the nation.

THE IRISH GRAZERS. A press despatch came to us from the old country last week. It appeared in the daily papers on Monday from the correspondents of the New York Herald.

THE SALVATION OF NON-CATHOLICS.

Rev. John Gavin closed a heart-rending course of sermons on Everlasting Punishment in the Cathedral at Westminster London, recently by a Western and learned presentation of the Church's teaching as to the salvation of those outside the Church.

Whoever dies in the state of grace, free from mortal sin, is certain to go to heaven, and to face in heaven, although the vision may be delayed by some suffering in purgatory.

THE POWER OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

Every Catholic knows, from his catechism, that he can only receive absolution of his sins in confession, when he is truly sorry for them, and is willing to repair all injuries occasioned by them, as far as lies in his power.

son, a package of banknotes, to the amount of \$5,000,000. "Take this money Father I and return it to the authorities that it may be used for the benefit of the city, and State where it belongs, and pray that God may forgive me my sins!"

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Let us consider now the infidel in the full maturity of his intellectual gifts. It is an article of faith that from the things that are seen by the natural light of human reason he can learn the existence of God, and certain leading moral principles that some things are to be shunned as evil, and to be performed as good.

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ness." He reports sincerely, confesses frankly, and the priest's absolution blots out his sins forever. An act of perfect contrition, or sorrow for the love of God is the sole way open to non-Catholics to obtain forgiveness of their grave sins; and that way they often hardly know.

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Should you read of a theologian of a saint, who condemns human beings to everlasting damnation because they are not in the Church? Souls are not judged in battalions. They are judged according to the light they have. No Jew or infidel, or Catholic, is ever condemned by lasting perdition except by his own fault, and by his own choice, he has refused according to his knowledge, to be saved.

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EVENTFUL OCCURRENCE. SCOTTISH CATHOLIC. What may be described as an epoch-making history of the Catholic Scotland took place at the Chapter of Canons was held in the Cathedral of Argyll at Heriot's work of fallen solely upon the Bishop Smith, but hence the Bishops in the throughout Scotland, will have the assistance of Canons.

Very Rev. Canon Mackintosh, Provost of Very Rev. Donald MacBrige; Very Rev. Andrew Fort William; Macdonald, Campbell; Rev. James Chisholm, Canon, was under Gaelic speaking Highland. At the installation of the Pro-Cathedral of High Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Argyll, Very Rev. Canon Mackintosh, Provost of Very Rev. Donald MacBrige; Very Rev. Andrew Fort William; Macdonald, Campbell; Rev. James Chisholm, Canon, was under Gaelic speaking Highland.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Between remembering the old year and looking forward to the new year, this day should be a busy one for the 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. We know, to be sure, that some persons are over-particular in examination of conscience, 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 which one's self honestly adhered to. The other kind of examination is spontaneous. In this latter case the conscience won't let you pass over an hour, or even a minute, without undergoing scrutiny. In the former case you examine your conscience, and in the latter your conscience examines you. I have never examined my conscience when preparing for confession; they live habitually in the Divine presence and are ready at all moments to perform the highest spiritual duties. I think it was one of the St. Catharines who was kneeling down to make her prayer for the community when the bell rang for Communion; she went up and received our Lord, and then went back to her batch of bread, and she was excellently well disposed for Communion. St. Francis of Sales, from the evenness of character which he attained, must have had this gift of consciousness of the Divine presence in a high degree.

Brethren, I wish all of you had something of this high gift. But for most of us it may truly say that the examination of conscience which will benefit us will be that made at set times; or, of course, at confession. But no practice will produce better results for persons of good sense than having fixed times at which we shall go over the actions of the day. And on 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 that day the old year rises up and demands examination. Sometimes we say, "The past is gone." But in truth there is no such good 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 it is, fixed for ever. The past year is an account book turned over to God's court to witness for or against us, and we try and get a favorable balance out of it. At any rate, let us know the truth about it.

Let us face about, therefore, brethren, and look back over the past twelve months, and question 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 plinking 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 sound like ugly questions. But there's no happy New Year for you or me till we have answered them and many others besides, repented of our sins and made good resolutions for confession and Communion, and for a good life for the future.

A FALSE ASSUMPTION.

THAT ONE OR TWO CHILDREN WILL BE OF "BETTER QUALITY" THAN TEN TO A DOZEN IN A CHRISTIAN HOME.

Sacred Heart Review. Speaking the other day at a session of the National Purity Congress held in Battle Creek, Mich., the Rev. J. M. Cleary, of Minneapolis, scored severely the people who practice "race suicide" and who defend it on the ground that quality and not quantity in the matter of children is what the world needs today. Father Cleary declared:

"The assumption that one or two children will be reared to do better men and women than a dozen in a Christian home is wholly false, and cannot be supported by the test of experience. This assertion of Father Cleary's is supported by a writer in the 'Popular Science Monthly,' who has consulted the biographies of seventy-six of the most eminent men whom the race has produced. He finds that most of them were members of very large families; that on the average they had six brothers and sisters apiece, and that Thackeray, Robert L. Stevenson, John Ruskin and Alexander Hamilton were about the only instances of notable single offspring."

Horace Walpole was one of nineteen children, Benjamin Franklin one of seventeen, John Marshall one of fifteen, Peter the Great one of fourteen, Napoleon Bonaparte one of thirteen, Samuel Adams, Sir Walter Scott, James Fenimore Cooper and Alfred Russel Wallace more than a dozen; Lord Nelson and Washington Irving, members of families containing twelve; Lord Nelson and Henry George, members of families containing eleven. Grover Cleveland's father had nine children, and four of his other ancestors, reaching back in a straight line, had families ranging from ten to thirteen children—an unprecedented record. Jefferson and Dickens were each one of eight children, and Madison, Clay, Tilden, Longfellow,

Bryant and Paul Jones each one of seven.

This writer gives the facts and does not attempt to theorize on them beyond noting that the members of large families have been apt to show marked firmness and independence—perhaps because they were not coddled and indulged by their parents, and even in childhood had to look out for themselves.

WHAT IS A GOOD MAN?

ANSWERS TO AN OLD QUESTION BY ARCHBISHOP IRELAND AND OTHERS. What is a good man? The question is not so simple as it appears at first glance. The definition of goodness is so different in different minds that it would be interesting to study its variety if it were not somewhat alarming. It is interesting, for instance, to study the answers to the question evolved by a number of well-known men in response to an appeal from the editors of Everybody's Magazine—who could not decide for themselves—but it is rather appalling to note that of all those who discuss goodness, only two make any mention of God, the Supreme Goodness, and only one, Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, makes man's duty to God constitute any important part of his moral obligation.

The contributors to the symposium in the December number of Everybody's, besides the Archbishop of St. Paul, are H. G. Wells, who gives the view of a Socialist, Thomas W. Lawson, the epigrammatist of "Braziered Finances," fame, Count Tara Katsura, Prime Minister of Japan, and Edward North Ross professor of sociology in the University of Wisconsin. Their definitions are all readable enough, but they seem sadly unworkable to those who know the impossibility of making human nature moral without religion, or virtuous without divine grace. They are as impossible as the conception of a building without a roof. It is only Archbishop Ireland who goes back to Christ and from Him borrows that sublimely inclusive description of a good man as a lover of God and of his neighbor.

THE WISEST ANSWER.

"The question has been asked often before," says the Archbishop; "in one form or another it is as old as the instinct of morality in the human soul. It was put to the Supreme Teacher of our race, and His answer given by Him I make my own. None wiser, none more practical will ever be spoken. And Jesus answered: The first commandment of all is: Hear, O Israel: The Lord thy God is one God; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind, and with thy whole strength; and the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. To the Scribe, who confessed that the observance of these two commandments is 'a greater thing than holocausts and sacrifices,' Jesus said: 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of heaven.' The essence and the motives of moral goodness do not change with time. They are to-day what they were of yore. Hence, to-day, I repeat the words of the Saviour, and to him who accepts them as the norms of his conduct I say: 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of heaven.'"

The first and chief condition of moral goodness is to love the Almighty God. I am not preaching a sermon: I am talking plain, every-day moral philosophy. But moral philosophy, no less than religion, in its higher principles rests upon the Almighty God as its very basis and foundation. This great truth I cannot too strongly emphasize. The lesson above all others needed to-day, when the question of righteous conduct is forced so imperiously to the front, is that of man's duty to the Almighty God. God is forgotten, or at least is treated as a being with whom we have little concern.

THE PARAMOUNT MOTIVE OF LOYALTY.

"The fulfilment of duty toward the Almighty God is all the more important since duty to God is and must ever be the paramount motive of loyalty to duty along other lines of human conduct. Leave God aside—what power remains to compel the soul to righteousness? Separated from the idea of the Supreme Legislator, the moral law is a theory, an abstraction. Logically, and in time practically, its meaning and purpose become pleasure and personal aggrandizement. Intellectual concepts of morality, unsupported by a living authority from which there is no escape, do not build up the strong soul, able to best down the rising billows of temptation with the silence upon the wild clamorings of passion. Human interests, in the last analysis, reveal themselves as selfish interests. The service of society or of humanity at large, so freely invoked by a school of modern philosophy, is a misty dream, from which the sin-burnt heart turns in desolation.

"The good man will be a devout worshipper of the Almighty; he will be a religious man. He will kneel often in adoration and prayer; he will seek out in earnest study the law of the Supreme Master, and will loyally conform to it in his private and social life.

CLEAN OF HEART.

"The good man has his duties to himself. Chief among these is the utter cleanliness of heart, the righteousness of the inner soul. Mere exterior morality is a sham and a pretence. Not last, it is a hypocritical, a lie acted out by the man himself, an effort to deceive his fellow men.

"Clean of heart, the good man will be clean of mouth. Vulgar and obscene language, oaths and blasphemies will never pollute his speech. He will be clean of act, respecting his body as the very handiwork of God. He will be clean of hand, never reaching out to the things that are not his by strict-right rules of social justice. The good man will not be the lazy and indolent servant; he will improve his mind by thoughtful study, he will improve, as circumstances permit, his condition in life, bringing into active exercise the

latent talents given to him by the Creator, that they be developed and put to profit. He will be brave in effort, resigned in failure, calm and self-possessed in success.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Man is necessarily a social being; he has absolute need of others. Altruism, the love of the neighbor, is imposed upon him by his very nature, and by the author of that nature, the Almighty God. The neighbor means family, society, country.

"And if any man have not care of his own," says St. Paul, "especially for those of his house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." The good man is ever mindful of his family. Nothing, whatever else it does for society or for country, makes up for the neglect of the home. The good man provides for the material and moral wants of wife and children; he is kind and loving; while the master in authority, he is the servant in ministrations. What some will tolerate as they may what civil law reluctantly tolerates, the indissolubility, as well as the oneness, of the sacramental tie of wedlock remains not only the dictate of the Christian religion, but also the natural and necessary protection of the family hearthstone. Where the good man rules, true and faithful, he is kind and forbearing, there is self-denial even of separation; where separation is deemed urgent, it must never be supplemented by the rupture of the marital bond. That he is a good husband and a good father is one of the highest encomiums before God and men that the good man may ambition or hope for.

AS A MONEY-MAKER. "The good man's relations with his fellow-men should be the social organism which is characterized by absolute justice and charity. 'Avoid evil.' Do no harm to rich or to poor. Be honest and honorable. The acquisition of wealth, be it of one dollar, or of a million dollars, is praiseworthy when it follows upon industry, the use of high talent, the vigilant observation of opportunity. To be poor through slothfulness, wastefulness, or willful ignorance, is a sin and a disgrace. But, throughout, justice must prevail; nothing must be taken that belongs legitimately to others; no methods must be employed that law and equity reprove. 'Avoid evil, do good.' When acquired, wealth must be put to good use. The miserly rich man is not the good man; neither is the good man who is ever searching for opportunities to lavish wealth in subservience to mad whims and fancies, who in his wild extravagance irritates the poorer into class hatred and social anarchism. America is the land of great fortunes; that saves and honors it is that it is the land of great social benefactions on the part of its wealthy citizens.

AS A CITIZEN. "Finally, there is a man's duty to his country—his country, especially where democracy prevails, and the active and earnest service of all its citizens. The good man is the good citizen, who votes after due counsel with conscience, who does not shirk public office, when public office is in need of his brain and his industry; who, when in public office, remembers that the norms of his acts must ever be the well-being of the country. The good citizen is he whose money and whose talents are poured out without stint when the country is in peril. The citizen who gathers into his hand the favors of fortune of which the country is prodigal, who basks in repose beneath the sunlight of its banner, and yet, through civic indolence, refuses to do a yeoman's share for its welfare and honor, merits disfranchisement and exile: neither God nor men will declare him to be a good man. 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DECEMBER 28, 1907.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Power to Please. If you wear a bulldog expression, if you go about looking sour and disagreeable, you must not wonder that you are not popular with your employees.

Nothing else will win the heart of a young person to you so quickly as making him feel that you take a genuine interest in what he is doing, and especially in what he is going to do in the future.

The power to please is a great success asset. It will do for you what money will not do. It will give you the capital which financial assets alone would not warrant.

How many people go through life deluded with the conviction that if they could only get a little more money, they would be in a more comfortable position.

There is something about boldness which sometimes borders on audacity that commands respect, if it is based upon real self-confidence, a consciousness of power, and not upon egotism.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

DAWN IN DARKNESS.

(By Mary L. Cummins in Our Young People.) The sun was coming in faint, pale streaks through the tall windows of Washburn Hall as Marion Harlow took her seat for the afternoon concert.

"Excuse me, Miss Harlow." An usher, whom he knew, was standing beside her with his arm through that of a tall lad of sixteen. The boy's appearance was remarkable, in spite of his shabby suit of gray. Thick brown hair waved away from a broad, white forehead. The eyes were blue and very wide open; the mouth sensitive.

When the oratorio commenced she lost herself and her surroundings completely, as she always did, in the beauty of the music. Only when the great contralto—a woman who had never squandered her marvellous gift on unworthy songs—arose for the second time, she turned involuntarily to the boy at her side.

"No," he murmured, his face shining. She put her hand through his arm and they walked together down the aisle. "You are coming again?" "No," the light left his face for a moment.

"On, you must," Miss Harlow said impulsively. "You must hear 'Elijah' to-morrow night. Let me drive you home and we will talk about it." She guided him carefully down the stairs. At the foot a tall, slender woman in black stood waiting. She touched his arm and he turned to her at once, saying "Mother."

"I do not want to lose such a kindred spirit now that I have found it," Miss Harlow went on smiling. "Please let me drive you home." When they were seated in the open landau, she turned to the woman beside her: "If you are not in a hurry we might go through the park, Mrs. —?" "Arnold. Wouldn't that be lovely, Geoffrey?"

The lad sat opposite with his sightless eyes lifted. It was all a glorious dream to him. The music, the lady with the beautiful speaking voice, the drive in the warm fall sunshine.

"Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing."

It is superiority that wins. The

St. Louis about a fortnight ago. It was a merry, noisy, good natured crowd of actors and actresses. Among the number were two boys, aged about twelve and fourteen years.

But gradually the laughter ceased and soon quiet reigned. Presently the little fellow emerged from the smoking compartment, where he had gone for relief and not to smoke, and made his way to lower —

And someone did pass, one who deeply appreciated the situation. It was the Pullman conductor, himself a most exemplary Catholic gentleman. He was both surprised and edified. It was the second time only during his period of service that he had witnessed such a scene.

Next morning he engaged the older boy in conversation about his conversion and his action the night previous. The second lad proved to be a non-Catholic, but quickly volunteered the information that his little friend "never went to bed anywhere without praying every bead on his Rosary."

When leaving his home in England for the present theatrical tour he had promised his father and mother that he would say his Rosary every night that he might protect him and send him back to them safely. And then, quickly adding, "I haven't yet broke my promise."

Why can't not you students merge your inherited denominational preferences and found here in Harvard University a church that shall be broad enough to include all denominations, as Jewish as the Ten Commandments and as Protestant as the Sermon on the Mount? This, it seems to me, might well be the consummation of that type of religion which has been so clearly and forcibly represented at Harvard in times past.

Truly a wonderful religion that would combine the Divinity of Christ with the negation of His Divinity, the honor and worship of Christ with dishonor and rejection of His Real Presence, that would accept and reject the sacraments, that would include in one great chaos a thousand different contradictions, and then, having accomplished so much, would resolve into the thin air of absolute religious indifference that have been attempted ever since the dawn of its multiplicity have disappeared.

The nation, young though it is in years, has already had its experience of the wholesome results to which religious indifference inevitably leads.

HIS RELIGIOUS VIEWS AND "TRENEMENTS." "The objection to the Bible originally came from Roman Catholics, who opposed it as sectarian."—North-Western Christian Advocate.

the Public school a sectarian propaganda, a practicing ground for Protestant theological students, and a stepping-stone to the sectarian pulpit?—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Does it not seem strange that the man who can spend dollars for drinks and cigars every day in the week cannot find 10 cents for religion on Sunday?

That people will pay high prices for a seat in the theatre but always steal one in the church when they can? That our young men will assume a barroom attitude at devotions and take on photographic postures in the parlors of their young lady friends?

Few instances of conversions to Catholicity are more interesting, says the Missionary, than that of the wife of Gen. P. Kearney, who died last year. Mrs. Kearney became a convert while studying the Catholic religion in order to prevent some relatives from joining the "Church of Rome."

NO ENCOURAGEMENT OF INDIFFERENCE NEEDED. The Sacred Heart Review quotes the following interesting passage from an address delivered recently before the students and professors of Harvard University:

There is a subtle and misleading play upon a word in the above. The Bible, meaning a record of divine revelation, is not sectarian. But a certain translation purporting to be the Bible, and known as the Protestant, or King James' Bible, is sectarian.

When we were a boy going to the Public school we were put into a reading class where the King James' Bible was used as a text book. The father of one Catholic boy gave his son a Catholic Bible and told him to ask the teacher if he could not read from it in class.

The Catholic parent got about as much amusement as vexation from the teacher's "treatment," and concluded that if his Bible knowledge was equal to his knowledge of English words he was not a competent teacher of either.

The element man was a theological student from a sectarian seminary. What is the matter with the eye-sight of our Chicago contemporary that he thinks, or implies, that Catholic parents were wrong because they protested against that sort of thing, this making

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into the Church of Christ. The friend to whom she felt she owed the most and whose saintly life is so well known, was Mother Garesche, Superior of the Sacred Heart Convent, a convert like herself. Rev. Mother Garesche was called many years ago to receive her heavenly crown, but her beautiful influence lives on in souls she aided by word and example.

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Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, including fragments of advertisements and page numbers.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The Modernists are straining every nerve to find shelter in the shadow of a great name. If they could on a father their heresy on John Henry Newman, they would have a respectable lineage. His essay on the development of doctrine was famous throughout the world before either Darwin or Spencer had written or spoken a word on organic evolution. He was the greatest thinker of modern times, but he was also the most loyal and devoted son of the Catholic Church. Long before his conversion he had arrived at a belief in the infallibility of the Church. So surely and inevitably as the Constitution of the United States requires the Supreme Court to interpret it, does the Bible need an infallible authority to decide between the conflicting meanings attached to its utterances by different readers. All this was clear to the keen, logical mind of Newman while he was yet a Protestant rector in Oxford. His conversion was one of the great events in English history during the nineteenth century. His secessions, said Lord Dunsford, dealt a blow to the Anglican Church from which it still reels. Learning, piety, purity of life, uncompromising devotion to truth, whose lead he was ever ready to follow, regardless of the consequences, offered homage to Catholicity when Newman forsook friends and most alluring temporal prospects to enter the fold. Has any sympathetic person ever read with dry eyes the chapters of the "Apologia" that narrate the agony of soul through which he passed on the eve of his cutting loose from the moorings of his previous life of forty-six years? His Essay on the "Development of Doctrine" was written while he was still a member of the Anglican body. On becoming a Catholic he spontaneously offered to revise and correct it, but he was dissuaded on the ground that as a Catholic he was not responsible for what the world recognized as his views, during his affiliation to Protestantism. But even adherents of the most rigid school of orthodoxy have little fault to find with the principles of the Evolution of Doctrine formulated and advocated by Newman. We all believe in development. Catholic dogma, devotion and liturgy have beyond all question grown and unfolded themselves since the Apostolic age. Discussion and controversy conduce to place the truth in a clearer light, and no intelligent Catholic would dream of asserting that the Immaculate Conception was as explicitly present to the consciousness of Catholics during the third as during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Two points are essential in the Catholic position. In the first place the faithful can never be authoritatively commanded to accept a new doctrine not previously contained in the Apostolic deposit of faith, and secondly no dogma once defined by the Supreme authority of the Church can ever become obsolete. The Modernists, teaching, as openly and boldly, conflicts with these two cardinal points, as Newman's position was confessedly in line with them. Why then should Tyrell and Loisy dishonestly calumniate the memory of that great mind, that loyal Catholic, that saintly priest, in whom learning, logic, piety, wisdom and simplicity seemed blended in such perfect proportions that the amalgam was one of the rarest and most fascinating personalities in modern history.—New World.

AN UPRIGHT HEART FINDS THE TRUTH.

In one of our late missions I saw a fine, well preserved woman accompanied by a younger person, evidently her daughter, every evening at the church. She was elderly, but the marks of a strong mind, a self-reliant character, a staunch, stalwart nature (so to speak) stamped her countenance and showed in every movement. She seemed to have the respect and deference also of the whole town. Her appearance struck me and I made inquiries about her and learned she was the wealthiest woman in the town; a widow of German birth. Her husband and herself were strict Lutherans and had come to this country in early life. They had labored and worked together and although he had been dead some years, she continued his business with a strong, able and now quite wealthy. Her adherence to the Lutheran faith in which he died was unflinching and yet their daughters had been sent to a convent school because, with a keen sense of the correctness of things, they saw that the education received there was the purest and the best. No restrictions were placed in the girls in matters of religion, but the two who became Episcopians were not to be outdone in generosity. Their parents died while young. The remaining daughter became a Catholic and after her father's death, with gentle persuasion, tried to soothe the stricken heart of her only surviving parent by quietly endeavoring to lead her mother to the faith, where alone her heart could be in peace, where her dead might be prayed for and every longing of her soul satisfied. To gratify this Catholic daughter—this cherub—of the mother attended the mission. The days passed on and although deeply impressed she was not changed in her faith. She was not a character easily influenced and old habits and beliefs were strong. But she was "good and right of heart," and wanted to do God's will, and the Lord was not to be outdone in generosity. She did not miss a single lecture. The mission closed; she was still a Lutheran, but now a spirit of unrest seemed to take possession of her. She was disturbed and unhappy and at my departure to another mission some six miles away it seemed as if she were resisting grace and shutting her eyes to the light. I saw the struggle and prayed for her; and fervently; her daughter also prayed.

Suddenly, during my second mission, I saw her in the church with her daughter. She had come that distance, urged by grace and her upright heart and after attending anew to the lectures she came to me one evening: "Father," she said, "I have made up my mind! I can resist no longer. I firmly believe in the Catholic faith and I am determined to become a member of the only true Church!" Of course I was overjoyed. There was little instruction to give. She had not gone blindly into this change. She had thought it out and studied all that was essential. I baptised her the next day and her happiness and that of her daughter can scarcely be described. They are most fervent in their thanksgiving for the gift of faith. It seems to me that this good woman's conversion is owing to nothing so much as to her upright heart and sincere character as well as to her three-score years of a God-fearing life.—Rev. R. W. A., in The Missionary.

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EPISCOPAL MINISTER BECOMES A CATHOLIC.

WILLIAM EMERY HENKELL OF READING, PA., ENTERS CHURCH AND WILL PROBABLY BECOME A PRIEST. At St. Peter's Church, Reading, Pa., on November 29, William Emery Henkell, until a few days before pastor of St. Barnabas' Episcopal Church, was formally received into the Catholic fold and on the following day was confirmed by Archbishop Ryan in the Philadelphia Cathedral. Mr. Henkell is unmarried, and it is understood that he aspires to the priesthood. Mr. Henkell was born near Mercersburg, Franklin county, Pa., about forty-five years ago, taught school for six years and later was successfully graduated from Lafayette College and the Union Theological Seminary, New York, and was ordained to the Episcopal ministry by Bishop Potter in 1893. He served curacies in Calvary and St. Andrew's Churches, New York, and later accepted a call from St. Paul's Church, San Antonio, Tex. He resigned there in order to enter Oxford University, England, and upon returning to this country received and accepted a call from St. Barnabas' Reading. He is a man of great learning and wide scholarship. For years he made annual trips to England, and during a number of these holidays took special courses at Oxford and Cambridge Universities' summer schools, pursuing the most critical studies in religious and correlative branches.

PARTY UNITY IN IRELAND.

It is quite evident that there is factional feeling among the leaders of Irish politics in Ireland. There is talk of having a friendly conference between those who pay allegiance to Mr. J. Redmond and to Mr. W. O'Brien. Such a conference was proposed by Mr. O'Brien and has never been held. Mr. J. Redmond, in his speech at Ballycullane near Wexford on the last Sunday of November, Mr. O'Brien sought still further to clear the way towards a meeting. As to the necessity of unity there could, he thought, be no question. It was useless to talk bravely about practical unity when no fewer than nineteen Nationalist members had declared that there was no such a thing, when three out of four Archbishops were of the same opinion, and when the amount contributed towards the party funds by the whole country during the last twelve months was less than half what used to be contributed by a single county. It appears to us that the best way to bring about unity among the leaders in Ireland is to give them to understand that contributions from home and abroad will be very much lessened unless they stand shoulder to shoulder for the common good of the people in Ireland.—Catholic Universe.

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A NEW INSTITUTION OPENED IN OTTAWA. Hitherto the Capital City has failed to come into line with many other notable cities of the Dominion, in caring for that section of the community, which commercial development creates, and yet which commercial enterprise generally insufficiently pays. The business boy is recognized as necessary to commercial life. He is the future business man, but has to commence his career at the bottom of the ladder. The rapid growth and development of this country in industrial activity draws, of necessity, to our large centres, a large number of boys, who, while possibly eventually establishing their own homes there, yet at first are strangers and homeless. Amongst this number are many young boys, attracted to the commercial life of the city, through many reasons, chief of which, amongst them, being a distaste for agricultural life and surroundings. While we deplore so many young boys leaving the advantages which work on the land has to offer, yet we are bound to admit the fact, and deal with the difficulty thus created, of properly caring for those who seek their living in our commercial centres. Employers realize only too well the advantage of having on their premises, as if those whose home surroundings and influences tend to develop their higher characteristics. Our boys, boys in stores and those learning trades are all more trustworthy and dependable as their free-time environment and influences are of the best. While this is easy of attainment for those whose own homes are in the town or cities of their employment, it is impossible for the "stranger" boy. There are those who will tell you, the "stranger" boy is not wanted and he is not in our midst. However, this latter may be a matter of opinion, the former certainly is not, as the enormous demand for juvenile employees, in nearly all our large towns and cities, readily proves. Oftentimes, we admit, the "stranger" boy, makes himself known, yet we are unfair to him, in condemning his class by individual acts of dishonesty or unsatisfactoriness. It would be an unreasonable judgment to judge the bulk of the class on the basis of a few instances. The cases under note are provided for in the industry. It is necessary, as a recognized fact, amongst those interested in the care and welfare of neglected dependent, or delinquent, that the conditions, which, at large, are responsible, for their surroundings, are such as to likely contribute to the development of unsatisfactoriness or delinquency amongst them. The circumstances of a "stranger" boy, in business in any town, are usually such as to legitimately compel him to be designated a dependent. His earnings are small, consequently his lodgings are meagre, and his board precarious. Moreover, habitual influences, as an age when most needed, is altogether wanting. His friends are the habitual loungers, and his interests and amusements, the cheap banquets, the theatre, the poolroom and the circus. Not only of choice, but rather of necessity, for the want of something better being offered him. In this respect, then, the community are responsible, needing and de-

manding him, if they do not provide for his care, during those years, when his earnings are too small to provide for himself. Years of influence and environment count for much in his own development, and much more in the development of his citizenship. Other cities have risen to their responsibility in this matter by providing homes for such boys to reside in, and have the benefit of good care and oversight, and it is to the credit of Ottawa Catholics, that they, too, have now taken the lines already recently established a Home for Catholic Business Boys at 815 Queen street. This is a small scale, but the Home will accommodate only twenty-four boys, and though only just over two months old, has already all its accommodations taxed. The present inmates are not lords of passage either. By force of the opening of the Home they were lodging in the city, but for the most part under conditions altogether detrimental to their spirits, morals, or even physical welfare. Their lodging was a bed mostly itself shared, in a room certainly shared with one or more others. No sitting or recreation room at all. Their board was obtained, for the most part, at one or other of the cheap lunch counters, as they were at the moment could afford. At those times not infrequently, when the pocket could not raise the necessary price, or the friend needed did not turn up the meal, perforce was skipped altogether. Their recreation, chiefly in the form of amusement, pool rooms, theatres, etc., as one or the other composing the day's participation could raise the necessary price. Contrasted with this condition of things, at least those now resident in the Home, have a good, well-furnished, comfortable home, regular and healthy food, and recreation both for mind and body, calculated to develop the good with, and eliminate the bad qualities which may be in them. More could and would be done were funds forthcoming to make it possible, and the writer feels sure that were the advantages of such institutions, as only to the immediate beneficiaries themselves, but all understood, not only Ottawa, and the one or two, but every city, would be properly equipped to care for and train to good citizenship the "stranger" boy whom commercial demands call to their doors. One notable result of the opening of the Home is the gradual elimination of the desire to attend the night drama, or in fact, to be there generally, in its residents. Whereas at first, this was a serious proposition to consider, and the writer feels sure that were the being contracted through want of other reasonable recreation, the desire to attend the theatre has now almost entirely disappeared, its place being taken by music provided amongst themselves in the Home. Cigarette smoking in another evil which is gradually being overcome through the provision of interesting and healthy recreation, and for more than twenty-four, the means are not lacking to make it possible, both in Ottawa and elsewhere.

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DIED.

GUINANE—In Kinkora, on Dec. 24, 1907, Mr. Thomas Guinane, in his seventy-sixth year. May his soul rest in peace!

MY WISH.

To A. B. C.—On his taking the cassock, Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Seminary of Philosophy, Montreal. May the soubre habit, Randolph Macdonald, Esq., A. A. Allan, Esq., Hon. D. McMillan, Arch. Campbell, Esq., M.P., A. E. Dymont, Esq., M.P., F. G. Jemmett, General-Manager. Savings Bank Department. Interest at best current rates paid quarterly. London Branch—Opposite City Hall, F. E. KARN, Manager. London East Branch—635 Dundas St., W. J. HILL, Manager. 88 Branches throughout Canada.

TEACHERS WANTED.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. NO. 1. A. Hesson, for 1908. Duties commencing Jan. 3rd. State experience, qualifications and salary, etc., to J. Gaudin, Sec. Treas., Hesson, Perth Co. 1907-11. TEACHER WANTED, HOLDING SECOND CLASS PROFESSIONAL CERTIFICATE FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL SECTION NO. 4. Appointed duties to commence Jan. 1st, 1908. Apply, stating salary and qualifications to J. John English, Sec. Treas., Norwood, Ont. 1907-2. TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL IN THE TOWN OF CACHO, P. E. DUTIES TO COMMENCE AFTER CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. One speaking French and English and holding a first or second class certificate, and one holding a third class certificate. Applicants state salary and experience, etc. Apply at once to D. A. Chénier, Sec. Treasurer, Cache Bay, Ontario. 1907-11. QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL SECTION NO. 4 WEST-COAST (La Poudre Village). Duties to begin January, 1908. Apply, stating salary and qualifications to Gilbert Gervais Jr., Sec. Treas., La Poudre, Ontario. 1907-11. TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 6, 1. Sides, Ont. Duties to commence Jan. 2nd, 1908. Address stating salary and experience. School is conveniently situated near church, Post Office, and Station. Address C. Rush, Secretary, Sides, Ont. 1907-2. WANTED FOR THE REOPENING OF SCHOOL AFTER CHRISTMAS, A Catholic lady teacher, holding a second class professional certificate and having sufficient knowledge to teach and converse in the French language. Salary \$75 per year. Apply to Rev. Tourangeau, S. J., Sec. St. Jean, P. O., South St. Marie, Ont. 1907-11. A MALE PRINCIPAL FOR THE PETER A. DROITÉ SEPARATE SCHOOL, a department. Duties to begin January 1st, 1908. Applicants please send reference, state qualifications, and salary required. John Corkery, Secretary, Separate School Board, Peterborough, Ont. 1907-3. TEACHER WANTED—FIRST OR SECOND CLASS PROFESSIONAL MALE PREFERRED—R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL, Adajala, Colgan, P. O., Ont. Salary \$200 a year and allowance for contributions classes extra. Apply immediately to Daniel Gavin, Secretary-Treasurer, Colgan, P. O., Ont. 1907-11. TEACHER WANTED FOR UNION SEPARATE SCHOOL, Sec. 3, Holland and Glenoid, holding second or three class certificate. Duties to commence 1st January, 1908. Address stating salary and experience, etc. Wm. O. Mara, Sec. Dundas, P. O., Ont. 1907-2. WANTED, TWO FEMALE TEACHERS (Catholic) for the Penzance Public School, holding second class certificates. One for the Second Book Class, and one for the Part II. Teachers able to teach French preferred. State experience and salary expected. W. R. Parker, Sec. Treas., P. S. B., Penzance, 1907-3.

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