

The Catholic Record.

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

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1329

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PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

The CATHOLIC RECORD has commented more than once on some parents' sad neglect of their boys in the matter of education. We would fain forget all about it, but information received from others, and gleaned by ourselves, moves us to say a few words on this point. There should be no reason for writing on a question of this kind. A sense of parental responsibility or common justice should be barriers to the policy which finds warm adherents among our people. It is a discredited and a discreditable policy. Facts are against it: the experience of every pastor condemns it; and yet parental stupidity and cupidity are proof against anything that may induce them to make an effort to keep their boys from the gutter and slum and from the army of the loafer and bar-room loafer.

But it is like crying in a wilderness. Blind and unconscious to their duty, cursed with an insufferable conceit of their own opinion, deaf to the admonitions of their spiritual guides, they persist year in and out in exposing their own flesh and blood to failure and degradation. They know nothing of our conditions will vouch for our accuracy. Hordes of messenger boys who will gravitate later on to the docks or railways or nondescript work—lads acting as doorkeepers at lawyers' offices, etc.—these we find done with school and with life's burden on their shoulders. It is enough to make one weep. It moves us to pity those who are afflicted with parents who barter their rights to happiness, their very salvation, for a few cents. For a miserable pittance an immortal soul is thrown into the world's vortex to be buffeted and defaced by sin, to become saturated with worldliness and to lose amidst the sordidness of the streets and ceaseless striving for money the knowledge of its origin and destiny.

The world is, of course, the great school. Many come forth from it with flying colors. The world toughens fibre and sinew. We have heard it all before—especially from those whose contempt for colleges is equalled only by their ignorance of the aims of a college, or who may relax their antagonism sufficiently to say that colleges should be devoted to the making of dormitories or something useful. But will any sane Catholic contend that the world's school is good enough for his child? Can he hope that a lad with mind and heart unformed, lacking in habits of self-discipline, and ignorant as to how to acquire them, will be able to make headway against the forces that war against him?

A MENTAL TONIC NEEDED.

How about his faith to begin with? That is our most precious treasure. We know this: we hear of it in sermons; and we act as if it were of no value. The boys know it also in a kind of way; but, unable to explain or defend it, unconscious of what it means to him, he may, as others before him, come to recognize that the things which he can see, and which have a market value, are better to all practical intents than the unseen. And, confronted by sin, and with ears filled with the clamor of "getting on," he is fashioned so that were it not for attendance at Holy Mass or the Mission he might be mistaken for a pagan. He counts in statistics, but in zeal—in work for his own real needs—in bearing proudly and with dignity the fame of the Church—he does not count at all. He is the despair of the hard-worked pastor; and one of them said to us recently that talking of things spiritual to a group of young men is tiring work and productive of meagre results. It should not be so, but it is nevertheless a fact as painful as it is true. They take more kindly to pursuits which do not disquiet or tax the intellect. Hence the popularity of the euchre party. A rational amusement! Of course. Individuals who venture to deprecate their frequency are "cranks." But they who summon us, week after week, to finger cards for hours at a time are models of wisdom! And then the prizes we win! And it brings Catholics together and develops social side! A delicate tribute this to the ingenuity of our amusement organizers and to our own intelligence. But the non-Catholic may be pardoned for saying that they who must be entertained in this way are deficient in gray matter. And not all of us are children; and though we may daily on occasion with cards we can appreciate a lecture,

which is far better than euchre, with its incidental cackling, and tends to the conservation of self-respect. What we want is a mental tonic. We are too much on the dead level and a whiff of the mountain air would invigorate us and might possibly enable us to appreciate at their just value the gewgaws upon which so much time is squandered.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.

The parents who believe that a boy who begins work just as his mind is opening out has the best chance to succeed are duped either by their own ignorance or by the stuff that appears in some of the public prints. What chance has he? Even under the most favorable conditions, a boy who can boast of a modicum of education has but a fighting chance. But by what miracle can a boy who enters the struggle at thirteen or fourteen years of age be preserved from disaster and failure in these days of keen and ruthless competition? We have but to open our eyes and see for ourselves. How many of our own can we count who are not in the ruck—at the bottom where the turmoil is the loudest, and the struggle the fiercest. There are those who are there, doubtless, through their own fault, but there are the others—and the majority—who have been forced to it logically and remorselessly. Sending an untrained and ignorant lad into the world is, so far as material success goes, like putting a lamb into a den of wolves. The world also does not give prizes for nothing. How many times have parents been told this, and yet how often have they turned a deaf ear and eluded the school law by falsehoods about the age of their children—and all for the sake of a miserable pittance which stands for their stupidity and criminal neglect, and for their offspring misery and unavailing regret in after years. They condemn their boys to a career of hopeless toil. All good work is honorable; but we do not wish to credit our friends with the conviction that Catholics in these parts are created merely to do duty as furnace tenders or to be menials of every description. We have our opportunities as other people, but the ill educated boy cannot, as a rule, take advantage of them.

THE WAGE EARNER vs THE SALOON KEEPER.

Those parents—and we refer to those who do not live in the borderland of hunger—advance reasons in justification of their conduct. The most common one is poverty. It were waste of time to point out that the paltry sum earned can have very little influence in the finances of the household. Granted, however, that it is an appreciable factor, so far as cutting down expenses goes, shall it outweigh the future of the child. But the reason is valueless, for we know that many who use it, in order to get their boys from school, spend a goodly sum on drink. Who contributes to the erection of the gin palaces? Who enables the rum seller to make a brave show and to send his boys to college? And we have often seen the wage-earner staring in wonder at the well-groomed, broad-chested drink dispenser strutting jauntily into church and taking one of the front pews. But if he would but think that into the pockets of that drink-dispenser he puts the rights of his boys: for the well-appointed residence and family splendors of the saloon-keeper, the poor fool, and others like him, who ply hands and heads in honorable vocations, pay the price which stands also for their own heartlessness, neglect of duty, and for the blood, the very soul, of their offspring. In other words they sell their boy's future for their own selfish pleasure.

A FAD.

In another class are the parents who make sacrifices even that the girl may have educational advantages. The boy does not count or can be depended upon to satisfy his own needs in that direction. Undoubtedly, a girl should have a good education. But in a family with modest income we cannot see why she should have everything and the boy nothing. Moreover, we believe that a girl who is graduated from a good home and is versed in all the accomplishments of housekeeping can be a very useful member of society. She is very apt to be level-headed and unafraid of honest work. She may not pose as "literary" or "artistic" and be indifferent to the lines of caste which are sacred in the eyes of some of our democratic Catholics, but she is generally loved and respected—just a

simple hearted girl who helps her parents and is the best friend and counsellor of her brothers. But these parents are not content with this specimen of the sex feminine. They must have it "accomplished."

It is a sad and on the increase. Meanwhile the boy runs wild, but he may be invited into the "front room" one of these days to see his accomplished sister execute Wagner. Very pleasant indeed for the boy, but he pays a high price for it.

A WONDERFUL POPE.

ST. GREGORY THE GREAT, WHOSE THIRTEENTH CENTENARY OCCURS DURING THE PRESENT YEAR. Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

"St. Gregory the Great" was the timely subject of a lecture by Right Rev. Mgr. James F. Loughlin, D. D., at the American Catholic Historical Society on Tuesday evening. The audience was perhaps the largest that has recently assembled in the society's rooms, among those present being Revs. Philip E. McDevitt, A. J. McCue, Peter Munday and A. J. Schefer. The speaker began with an illusion to the fact that the thirteenth centenary of the death of St. Gregory the Great occurs this year, and that Pope Pius X., who is an ardent advocate of liturgical and chant reform, has made preparations to commemorate the virtues of St. Gregory during Easter week. He was born in 540 of a noble and pious family. His father was a Senator; his mother, St. Silvia, and two aunts have been canonized. He was born at a time when Italy was overrun by the Lombards and Visigoths and when the His education was the best the age afforded, and he was especially well trained in Roman law and music. Evincing a love for the Church, he studied the works of the Fathers, particularly those of St. Augustine, Jerome and Ambrose. In his thirtieth year he was made Prefect of Rome, but, fearing that he would become imbued with a worldly spirit, he sought the asylum of a monastery at a time when St. Benedict was engaged in his great work which did so much for Christianity. Of this saint Gregory was a great admirer. On his father's death his mother became a nun and the son gave his property to charity, building six monasteries in Sicily and one in Rome. From 573 to 577 he was a monk, living in his own house on the Coelian Mountain, practicing severe self-mortification. He was the best of the most happy of his life. In 577 he was made one of the seven deacons of Rome, who administered the affairs of the Church and looked after the poor. Shortly afterwards he was appointed to a position at Constantinople similar to that of a Papal Nuncio by Pelagius II. He returned to Rome in 585 and was made abbot of his monastery. Efforts were made by him to extinguish the Arian schism. It was about this time that he observed certain fair-haired boys in the slave market, and upon inquiry was told they were "Angles," whereupon he suggested that they should be called "Angels." He obtained the consent of Pope Pelagius to go to their country to convert them to Christianity, but was only three days on his way to England when he was recalled. The Pope having died of the plague, Gregory was chosen his successor by the unanimous voice of the clergy and people. He endeavored to evade the honor, and before his coronation he originated religious processions and caused litanies to be chanted for the staying of the plague. There is a legend that during one of these processions the Archangel St. Michael was seen to breathe his sword, whereupon the plague ceased. Since that time, the Castle St. Angelo has borne its name.

HIS WORK AS POPE.

At his accession the world was practically a wreck, and all believed the end of time was at hand. He was the first Pope to assume the temporal sovereignty of Rome at a time when there was no power ready to exercise the authority so much needed. He organized a Sicilian fleet to bring food to the starving people, and defended the city from the attacks of the Lombards, actually doing guard duty himself both day and night. Always a staunch believer in Papal authority and infallibility, he asserted those prerogatives now that he occupied the chair of Peter and appointed apostolic vicars and originated the pallium for metropolitans which has ever since been placed on the tomb of St. Peter before he is conferred on an Archbishop. He devoted himself to the propagation of the monastic life and arranged for its discipline. He extinguished schisms and cultivated closer relations with the patriarchates of Alexandria and Antioch, which he held were equal to that of Constantinople, which claimed to be second only to the Bishopric of Rome. He opposed Erastianism, with it principle of the subservience of the Church to the State, and hence was in continual controversy with Constantinople. The conversion of the Anglo-Saxons was never lost sight of, and his earliest letters tell of his project to convert Great Britain. To St. Augustine and others he deputed the task, which they would fain have abandoned when they arrived in Gaul but for his insistence. Some of the lay leaders in the movement is John J. Sherman, president of the First National Bank in Appleton.

Against Profanity.

All the Catholic societies of Appleton, Wis., with a thousand or more members, have formed one society, the object of which is to refrain from profanity. It was on the earnest appeal of the priests of the city that this action was taken. Each member is pledged to observe the second commandment. The agitation has spread to other cities and Catholic societies in other places expect to take the same action. One of the lay leaders in the movement is John J. Sherman, president of the First National Bank in Appleton.

MISSIONARIES TO GATHER AT CAPITAL.

CONFERENCE AT THE NEW APOSTOLIC MISSION HOUSE: IMPORTANT EVENTS.

The arrangement have been completed for an important Conference of all the missionaries engaged in non-Catholic mission work. The Conference will be held at the new Apostolic Mission House in Washington during the week beginning Wednesday, April 6. Bishop Maes, of Covington, will preside. Together with the diocesan priests who are engaged in the work of giving missions there will be assembled, selected representatives of the Jesuits, Lazarists, Paulists, Passionists, and other religious order, who have signified a desire to attend. The Conference will bring to the newly opened Mission House the entire group of missionaries who are now engaged in spreading an accurate knowledge of the teachings of the Catholic Church in the various dioceses of the country. Two sessions will be held each day during the seven days of the Conference, and carefully prepared papers will be read on selected topics. After the reading of a paper an open discussion of its subject matter will take place under the rules of order laid down by the Convention. Bishops-elect Stang, of Fall River, and Cusack, of New York, are expected to take part in the proceedings of the Conference. While the various papers have been assigned to missionaries engaged in the work, still the sessions will be open to the University students and any priest who may desire to attend. At the close of the Conference on April 14 the Apostolic Mission House will be dedicated by Cardinal Gibbons; Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, preaching the sermon.

A RELIGIOUS FRAUD.

Winnipeg Telegram.

The Telegram is in receipt of the following letters for publication from the Rev. Dr. J. A. Trudell, secretary of His Grace Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface:

Archbishop's Palace, St. Boniface, Man., Feb. 24, 1904.

Sir—I beg leave to inform your readers that Sylvius Jobin, formerly school teacher at Saint Maurice, Assa, neither a priest, nor a cleric, nor a theological student, nor a clergyman of any kind, and, besides, Mr. Jobin, who never was a member of the clergy, has nothing to do with the Archbishop's Palace.

JOSEPH A. TRUDELL, Priest, Sec. By instruction of His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface.

Dear Sir—As several gentlemen have been deceived lately by an adventurer, would you allow me to inform your readers that His Grace has authorized J. C. Birt to take advertisements for the official organ of the diocese, Les Cloches de Saint Boniface, (The Bells of St. Boniface), so melodiously sung in 1852 by the great American poet, John G. Whittier, in his "Red River Voyageur." So, any other gentleman asking for ads in the name of His Grace is a deceiver, a cheat, and he is simply doing a stealing business.

JOSEPH A. TRUDELL, Priest, Dir. of Les Cloches de St. Boniface.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

It is estimated that there are 9,000,000 negroes in the United States, of whom but 150,000 are Catholics.

The use of the name Catholic in relation to the Church is apparently used for the first time by St. Ignatius in his Epistle to the Christians of Smyrna.

A few months ago, the well-known English convert, Lord Brayne, offered a scholarship worth \$500 a year with a view of promoting the study of Scripture in Catholic universities.

While leading his congregation in making the Way of the Cross at St. Mary's church, Richmond, Va., last week Rev. William Mayer halted, stumbled and sank unconscious to the floor. After removal to his home he died in a few hours.

What may be regarded as the late Cardinal Vaughan's last literary work is shortly to be published. It is entitled "The Young Priest," and deals with that period of the young ecclesiastic's life which the Cardinal regarded as the most anxious and criticized of his career. The MS was finished a short time before the Cardinal's death, and he devised it to his brother, Mgr. John S. Vaughan.

There are about thirty-seven million Catholics in South America; five million in the West Indies; sixteen million in Central America; nearly fifteen million in the United States; two and one-half million in Canada. The entire population of all America amounts to one hundred and fifty or one hundred and fifty-five million inhabitants. Of these seventy-five and one-half million are Catholics. One-half of all America is Catholic. South and Central America are by majority Catholic, whereby the United States is by majority non-Catholic or Protestant.

Trimming Not an Aid to Conversion.

The Protestant does not become a Catholic in order to retain what he already has, but in order to get what he has not. And to arrest his attention and induce him to investigate the claims of our religion, we must hold out to him, not what we have in common with him, but what we have which he has not, and cannot have unless he becomes one of us. Few men will adhere to Protestantism for the sake of receiving it back under the name of Catholicity. —Brownson.

HERBERT SPENCER.

Herbert Spencer thirty years ago was quoted as the past-master in all questions scientific and religious. His death in December was the occasion for many an estimate which showed his true place in the history of philosophy, religion and physical science. Dr. Fox contributes to the February Catholic World a learned criticism, replete with an intimate knowledge of Spencer's writings, happy in its excellent expression of accurate thought, and authoritative judgment on the value of Spencer's work, which it would be well for all Catholics to read and to know.

Herbert Spencer outlived his triumph. The innumerable appreciations of his work, which have appeared since his death, while recognizing the wide permanent influence he has exerted, and his claims to the rank of philosopher, acknowledge, either expressly or by significant silence, that his system of philosophy, as a whole, has been, already, relegated to the "gospels of yesterday." The thought of to-day perceives that there are some important things in heaven and earth which are not dreamt of, much less accounted for, in the "Synthetic Philosophy." Evolution, even if accepted without reservation, is seen to be but a process, that no more accounts for the primal origin of things than a railroad time-table constructs the locomotive. Not alone does it leave untouched the proof which the universe proclaims of an intelligent Creator, but it sets forth order and design in the world with far more impressive grandeur than they received in the argument of Paley and the Bridgewater Treatises.

But Spencer has no sooner declared that the Infinite is absolutely unknowable than he assures us that we cannot avoid assuming that we do know it, as First Cause of everything and that, furthermore, this consciousness of the First Cause is the indispensable basis of all knowledge. After teaching that this Infinite, Absolute, First Cause is utterly unknowable, and that the human mind is, by its very nature, incapable of knowing anything about it, Spencer proceeds to declare that he knows it is a Power, that it is the Power from which all things proceed, and that it is the Power which produced in him certain beliefs (those embodied in his Philanthropy), and thereby authorized him to profess and act out those beliefs, and, besides, imposed on him the obligation of not carelessly allowing to die the thoughts born in him.

"The enemy found but little difficulty in demonstrating the astonishing self-inconsistency of this self-destructive doctrine, which Spencer borrowed from Hamilton and Maudslayi, and twisted into obvious absurdity by adapting it to a purpose opposite to that for which they had devised it. 'What shall we say of that which transcends all knowledge?' is the question Spencer puts. 'Say?' 'Why, nothing, of course. What is there to say except 'I do not know,'? replied Dr. Barry, and in that reply he summed up the gist of the countless expositions of Spencer's blunder.

"The promised reconciliation of religion and science was but an attempted destruction of the basis of all religions, which was degraded to a blind sentiment with no reasonable object. The partition of Spencer awarded all knowledge to science, while religion was banished to a barren rock surrounded by a boundless, unfathomable ocean of ignorance. Somebody, rather flippanantly but aptly, characterized the reconciliation as another version of the story of a

"Young lady of Riga. Who went for a ride on a tiger? They returned from the ride— With the lady inside, And a smile on the face of the tiger."

"It is interesting to remember as an instance of the value to be attached to the judgments of leaders of thought, that, when the prestige of Spencer was at its highest, the late Henry Ward Beecher welcomed him to America as one of religion's noblest defenders. When all was said and done, Spencer's system came forth from the ordeal of criticism stripped of its specious disguises, as practical atheism and unadulterated materialism. Between the man who says 'there is no God' and the one who declares 'there is no God that can be thought of,' the difference is not worth observing. The theory which holds that consciousness and thought are but varieties of material motion cannot be absolved of materialism merely by attaching it to the metaphysical doctrine that the essence of matter is unknowable. The course of scientific investigation soon brought even such a pronounced evolutionist as Tyndall to admit that materialism cannot be identified with material energy. And this admission broke an important link in Spencer's chain."

The Catholics in Japan.

The last issue of the official Missions Catholiques (1901) gives the number of Catholics in Japan as 55,453. In 355 Christian mission-centres, with 297 churches, the statistics of Father Knose, S. J., and the Benedictine missionary, Father Maternus, put the number of Catholics now at 59,321, with 8,000 catechumens. There are 355 mission stations, one Archbishop and 3 bishops, 17 European priests, and 34 native, 265 catechists, 3 seminaries with 64 students, 37 schools with 3,748 pupils, 14 industrial and technical schools with 349 students, 7 hospitals and asylums and 17 medical dispensaries for the poor. Their are 4 Religious Orders of men and 6 of women.—Christian Missions in Japan, in the April Messenger.

MARY LEE or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XV.

WEEKS BEGINS TO DEVELOP HIMSELF.—THE HARDWRINKLE'S—ROBERT HARDWRINKLE'S ULTIMATE DESIGNS ON MARY LEE.—LETTERS FROM CONSTABULARY OFFICER.

"Come in," said Weeks, glancing over his shoulder at the tall, dark form of his cousin, Robert Hardwrinkle, standing in the doorway. "Come in; I'm not engaged."

"Thank you," said his host, creeping softly in, and closing the door noiselessly behind him. "I thank you; I merely called, at my good mother's request, to inquire for your health. She always fears, poor creature, you're not well when you don't come down to join us in your family prayer."

"Well, can't I say I'm sick, exactly," responded Weeks, throwing up his feet on the back of a chair, and offering his companion a cigar, which the latter modestly declined. "Can't I say I'm sick, though I haven't got quite clear of that confounded wedding scrape yet. But the fact is, my dear fellow, I dread these almighty long prayers of yours—I do, really."

"Is it possible?"

"A fact; I feel a sorter out of place like, sitting down there in the family circle—well, kinder green, you know. Why, it's just like this—I ain't accustomed to it exactly; business men in the States ain't got time to pray, as you do here in the country."

"Ah, but, my dear Ephraim, you should make time, for prayer is indispensable to salvation. You cannot please God without it."

"O, prayer is a very good thing, I allow," said Weeks, slowly pulling his cigar and beating off the smoke with his hand. "It's an excellent thing for those who can attend to it; but it don't suit men in trade to spend whole hours at prayer, and neglect their business."

"Ah, but you can attend to both, if you only try."

"Why, we do try. We read the Bible, and go to meeting three times on the Sabbath; that's about as much, I reckon, as could reasonably be expected."

"Perhaps so. The people of New England, I'm informed, have acquired a great reputation for sanctity. I'm sure, and deserve it too, take the hull of them on an average. There's the women, for instance, and the farmers, and the country folk all round—they're all church-going people, and do most of the praying, while the merchants and traders are busy at their commercial pursuits. Well, it's just like this: one class of our people does the praying, and the other does the trading—kind of makes it easy, you know, on both; so that, take them on the hull, they're a very religious people."

"Ah, but, my dear Ephraim, that thing of halving the worship of God is forbidden by the rules of the holy gospel. Every creature is bound to worship God, and pray to Him always—in season and out of season."

"What! and have their notes protested at the bank? My dear fellow, business is a sacred thing, and must be attended to."

"Ah, but you forget, my good cousin, that the great, and, indeed, the only business of life, is salvation."

"Well, supposing it is, (I always thought, myself, salvation was a pretty good kinder doctrine in a general way, and I rather guess, too, the world should hardly get along so well without it), still you know it won't cancel a note, Cousin Robert."

"Ephraim! Ephraim!" said Hardwrinkle, his cold, stern, sallow countenance exhibiting an expression of saintly sorrow as he spoke—Ephraim, who did you learn to speak of religion with such contemptuous indifference? Have you soon forgotten the lessons of your pious mother? She, indeed, was a devoted servant of the Lord. O, she was a holy soul—praying in season and out of—"

"Precisely," interrupted Weeks, taking the cigar from his mouth, and knocking the ashes off with his finger. "precisely—that's just it. She was forever running off to contribution parties and prayer meetings, and neglecting her business at home. By gracious, when father died he warn't worth a five dollar bill in the world, and I had to sink off to the south to earn my bread, 'mong niggers and cotton bales. It's all very well to pray, and I don't see either the darned use in praying all day and neglecting the main point."

"The main point? and what's that, cousin?"

little reflection, "will you permit me to ask you one question?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow; why not? Ask as many as you please. Ain't you my cousin?"

"I hope you won't be offended, or think me impertinent, Ephraim. You're my mother's sister's child, you know, and it's but natural I should feel a lively interest in your welfare, spiritual and temporal."

"Of course, I'm your mother's sister's child—well!"

"Well, it's merely this. Do you really believe in the existence of God? Now, answer me candidly. It's rather a strange question, but no matter. Do you believe in that dogma?"

"Yes, sir," replied Weeks, thrusting his hands into his pockets and shaking up the silver. "Yes, sir, I believe that—no mistake about it."

"The Lord be praised for himself, the pious cousin, turning up his eyes. 'I'm thankful you haven't fallen yet into the lowest depth of the abyss. I really feared, Ephraim, from your manner of speaking, you were an atheist.'"

"No, sir; I believe in two things firmly, and no living man can make me change that belief. I believe in the existence of a first cause, and the perfectibility of man."

"And is that all?"

"That's all, sir—that's the length and breadth of my creed."

"And how, think you, is man to be perfected?"

"Why, by reason, science, and experience. That's about all he needs—ain't it?"

"And what of religion?—shall it take no part in his perfection?"

"Well—yes, guess it might help some; that is, if he'd only keep clear of these darned isms, and adopt some sensible kind of religion for himself. The worst thing in the world, cousin, for a business man, is to have any thing to do with the details of religion. They sorter cramp him, you know. Let him lay down a broad platform like mine, and stand upon it flat-footed—that's the way to get along in trade."

"And you're quite serious, Ephraim, in avowing those shocking sentiments."

"Shocking or not, they're mine; that's a fact. Why, look here, my good friend; I have seen too much of your hair-splitting religions in New England not to know what they are by this time. Those deacons, and class leaders, and old maids, and methodical-looking crowds we see going to church every Sabbath, with their Bibles under their arms, are, in my humble opinion, a darned set of dupes and impostors, the whole concern of them. There's neither honor or honesty amongst them. By crackle, they'd cut your throat with one hand and carry the Bible in the other. No, sir, a first cause, and the perfectibility of man, or, in other words, the irresistibility of human progress, is about as much as any business man can profess to believe with safety to himself or the interests of trade."

"But is that belief sufficient to save your soul?"

"Save my soul? O, that's quite another affair. If there be such things as souls, (which is now rather a disputed point), why, the Creator, who made them, knows best how to take care of them, presume."

Hardwrinkle had never such language before on the subject of religion. Bred in the country, and little acquainted with the world, he supposed that however abandoned men might be, or whatever infidel sentiments they might really entertain, the respect in which religion was held by the great majority of mankind would naturally repress their inclination to avow them. Brought up, as he was, a strict Presbyterian, and accustomed from his childhood to hear religion spoken of with the utmost reverence, he now appeared both astonished and hurt to hear his cousin talk of it with such cold, reckless contempt. For himself, he was the very impersonation of a hypocrite. Mean, sordid, and cunning as a Jew, he had the bland smile and the saintly look forever at his command, and could play the Christian or the demon, as it suited his purpose, with equal adroitness. His religion was external. It consisted of long prayers, demure looks, pious conversation, black garments, and an ascetic aspect. At church he was never missing on the Sabbath; hail, rain, or snow, he was there, sitting upright in his pew, motionless and impassible as a statue. And there, too, sat his seven black sisters beside him, tall, thin, and lank, like himself; not a white spot to be seen about them but their pocket handkerchiefs; even their very fans were as black as ebony. In the whole world round never was seen so solemn, staid, and church-loving a family, from Robert, the heir and master, down to Deborah—or, as she was commonly called by her elder sisters, Baby Deb—now a young lady of seven and twenty. It happened, however, that religion, by some misfortune or other, instead of softening and expanding their hearts by its divine influence, had withered them up. Its gladdening and exhilarating touch seemed only to have chilled them like an icicle. The bright look and the pleasant smile, which denote the presence of religion in the soul, were never once seen to light up their features. Like melancholy spectres, dark and stern, they passed through the busy streets, or stole silently away in the shadows of the houses—no one caring to look after them, or bid God bless them for their charity. O thou cold, stern monk of Geneva, thou whose heart never thrilled with a generous emotion, whose pulse never throbbled with sympathy for thy kind, this death-like picture of religion is thy handiwork! Thou subtle betrayer of the human conscience, thou dark plotter of treason against the sovereignty of the human soul, how could you look up at the bright heavens above, and see the blessed sun gladdening the earth with his beams, or behold the stars dancing in their orbits to the music of the spheres, and yet be demon enough to curse humanity with such a lifeless religion as this?

But of all the members of the Hardwrinkle family, Robert was the most heartless; or if, indeed, he had a heart

at all, it was as callous as a stone. When the stranger beggar came to his door (for those of the parish knew him too well to enter his gates) he neither ordered him from his presence nor hunted his dogs on him. No, he kindly admonished the sufferer to guard against the many dangers and temptations that beset him in his mode of life, counselled him gently to beware of evil company, and then gave the shivering supplicant a religious tract to teach him resignation to the will of Heaven, or a Dispensary ticket to procure ointment for his sores. Money was his god, and he adored it. To part with a shilling, save in usury, was like rending his heart-strings. He loved it, not for the use he could make of it in giving employment to others, or in serving the interests of the parish, without loss to himself, but for the mere pleasure of seeing and feeling it with his hands. In this respect his cousin Ephraim was an entirely different man. He, like a true Yankee, was fond of money too; nay, ready to go through fire and water to obtain it; but yet he was just as ready, on the other hand, to lend it to a neighbor in a pinch, and think it no great obligation either. He valued money only as a circulating medium—as an agent to carry on trade, or acquire a position for himself in society. He was forever talking, but he sure, of dollars and cents; but still it was evident to those who happened to be at all acquainted with his disposition and habits of life, that he was by no means a mercenary man. Nor was he, like most lovers of money, envious of his neighbors' prosperity—not he; on the contrary, he was pleased to see every one thrive and do well, and ready to bid them God speed into the bargain. There was one peculiarity in him, however, which at first sight looked rather damaging to the character of an honorable man. He never scrupled taking advantage of his neighbor in speculations; because every man, he contended, should have his "eye peeled," and deserved to suffer if he hadn't. It was by sharp bargains men were made smart, and by smart men trade was made to flourish; and if it happened now and then that a few fell short of their expectations, why, the country at large eventually became the gainer. On the other hand, if his neighbor happened to "come the Yankee over him," to use a favorite expression, it was all fair in war—no neither grumbled nor grumbled, but "peeled his own eye" a little closer, and went off to speculate on something else. Such were the two cousins. Both were fond of money—the one to go to it and adore it, the other to use it as an agent to attain the objects of his pride or his ambition. But to proceed with our story.

"Merciful Heavens!" exclaimed Hardwrinkle, after a long pause, during which he seemed to have lost his speech, for he uttered not a syllable, but kept looking intently at his cousin. "Merciful Heavens! such an expression from the mouth of a Christian man—if there be such things as souls," Ephraim, Ephraim! I fear you're irrevocably lost. O, let me entreat you to pray for light and grace to dispel this darkness of unbelief. O, if you only read the word of God, join our family prayer every night and morning, and come with me thrice on the Sabbath to hear the outpourings of the faithful servants of the Lord, our dear and reverend brother, Mr. Rattletoe, he assured your eyes would be opened to the light of glory shining through at a distance."

"Say," interrupted Weeks. "The light of glory shining out to—"

"Say, hold on; I've heard all that before—could repeat it myself as slick as a deacon. There's no use in thinking to come it over me with that kinder talk. What I believe, I believe, and I ain't ago in to believe nothing else, no how you can fix it. A first cause, and the perfectibility of man, is my platform."

"Ah, too broad, my dear friend—'narrow is the way, you know, and 'Broad' that's just precisely what we want. We want a platform broad enough to cover the hull ground. We are a young nation, sir, strong, active, and ambitious, and must have room to stretch our arms east, west, north and south. Our resources are immense—inexhaustible, and we want a wide field to develop them—and that field, I take it, sir, is the liberty of conscience."

"You mean liberty to cheat and take advantage of your neighbor if you happen to be clever enough to accomplish it with impunity?"

"Why not? That's the life of trade, my dear fellow—that's what makes smart men. Hence it is the Yankees are the smartest business men in all creation. Your evangelical rules would ruin us in twelve months."

"The laws of God ruin you? Do you really mean what you say?"

"Well, look here; I speak only of our merchant and trading classes; with respect to farmers, laborers, mechanics, women and all that kinder folks, they can adopt as many rules and regulations as they please, in the religious line. It don't make any material difference, I presume, one way or other, since they ain't got no business to transact; but you might as well think of corking up the Atlantic in a champagne bottle, as expect the commerce of the States to thrive under the old, stiff, evangelical rules of our grandfathers."

"Ah, Ephraim, Ephraim, speak with respect of those holy men," said Hardwrinkle. "O, I hope and pray," he continued, again raising up his hands and eyes in pious supplication, "I hope and pray we may stand as well before the judgment seat as they did."

"Cousin Robert," said Weeks, looking sideways for a moment at the upturned face of his companion, and twirling his watch key as he spoke, "Cousin Robert, you're a very good, pious man, I reckon, and an honest man too; no mistake about that. But pious people, let me tell you, ain't always to be trusted; hold on now a minute; hold on; I'll just give you an instance in point. I knew a man once in our section of the country, named Pratt—Zeb Pratt, they called him. Zeb was deacon of the Methodist

church in Ducksville, for nearly ten years in my own time, and a real out and out Christian of the first brand. Well, he was cracked up so for his sanctity, that he went by the name of Pious Zeb, of Scrabble Hollows. Now Zeb never was known to be absent from meeting, morning, noon or night—he was punctual as the town clock. Every Sabbath morning, as the bell rang, there was Zeb crossing the Commons, with his old faded cap on his hat, and his Bible under his arm. He was president of all the charitable societies, too, in the district, attended all the prayer meetings, carried his contributions of eggs and chickens every year to the minister, distributed religious tracts to the poor—"

"O, what a treasure!" exclaimed Hardwrinkle unconsciously, interrupting the panegyric. "What a treasure!"

"Treasure! What, Zeb Pratt? By gracious, he was the darndest old villain in all creation—he a treasure!"

"The old cheat; he'd swindle you out of your eye teeth. Why, the old hypocrite cleared out one morning with all the funds of the Christian Benevolent—"

"Letters for Mr. Weeks," said a servant, knocking at the door.

"Hand them here," cried the latter, promptly, throwing the stump of his cigar into the grate, and snatching his feet off the back of the chair. "Ha, just what I've been expecting this whole week past—they're from that lawyer of yours, Robert."

"Of mine?"

"Why, yes, of your choosing. Rather slow though for my money."

"And, please, sir, Miss Rebecca wishes to know," said the servant, "what tracts to distribute this morning, sir?"

"Tell her it don't matter a great deal which; but she might as well, perhaps, try that last package from the Home Missionary Society."

"Yes, sir."

"And, William—"

"She had better take Deborah with her, and leave Judith, Miriam, and Rachael to meet Mr. Sweetsoul, the colporteur, and make arrangements with him about that Sabbath school at Ballymagahoy."

"Yes, sir; and please your honor, sir, that woman is here with the three orphans from Ballymagahoy."

"What woman?"

"McGuinchy's wife, sir. Her husband died, if you remember, sir, last winter, of the black fever."

"And what does she want with me?"

"TO BE CONTINUED."

STORY OF THE MORTE INNOCENTE

Every visitor to Venice who has come down to the Grand Canal disembarks in the Piazzetta, and halts at the foot of the column bearing the winged lion; before you stretch the opalescent waters of the lagoons, with a faint glidgle of green islands far away; to your left rises the Ducal palace, to your right the loggie of Sanseovino. Memories of all those historic stones have witnessed hold you spell-bound, while your eyes feast on the scene which stands alone in its peculiar style. When the sun has gone down in a flood of purple and gold, and the twilight fall, look towards the south-west side of the church of St. Mark, and just in front of the Madonna in mosaic you will see two little lights suddenly flash out. These lamps are lit at sunset every evening, and burn throughout the night with a steady radiance, like two stars seen from afar, and only go out when darkness is lost in the full light of day. Any Venetian, high or low, will tell you the reason of their existence—the sad but true story of the "Morte Innocente," or the "Bonne anima del Fornaceto," as he is variously termed, in whose memory they burn; a story of love and death, an example of the fallible nature of human evidence, and the danger of hasty judgment.

On a brilliantly clear March morning of the year 1507, though 6 o'clock had not yet struck, there were already several customers in the Osteria of the Capitan d'Oro, situated in the Campiello del Bignoli, facing a canal in the Sostiere of St. Marco. This tavern was largely frequented by workmen, gondoliers, and fishermen inhabiting the neighboring narrow calle, or, besides opening its doors so early, its host, Bartolo, kept a large assortment of the home-made wines and spirits so popular in those days, in which his customers were wont to indulge before venturing out into the air of the lagoon, keen enough at that early hour when the sun had not sufficiently warmed the atmosphere. The tavern, too, was a place of resort where friends met and discussed the news of the day.

On the morning in question the guests present, consisting of a workman and two gondoliers, were carrying on a friendly talk with the genial host, when the door opened to admit a singularly handsome young fellow, carrying a large basket full of freshly baked loaves; he was greeted with cries of "Buona Pisto!"

"Good morning, friends," he replied, putting down his basket. "Bartolo, give me a glass of malvasia before I begin my rounds; the cold is piercing this morning."

"You're late, Pietro," observed Giovanni, one of the gondoliers.

"I left home at the usual time," was the answer, "but met a poor old woman carrying such a load of wood that I thought she would be crushed under it; so I just took it to her door, while she watched my basket. To your health, friends!" and Pietro emptied his glass.

"How goes business?" asked Giovanni.

"It could not be better; my father's bread is acknowledged to be the best in Venice, and we can scarcely get through the orders. Have you heard the latest dictum? Wine from Friuli, and bread from Teaso? But now I must be off, and hurry to make up for lost time." As he raised his basket the cloth covering the bread was displaced, and the corner of a beautiful sheath appeared.

"What's that, Pietro?" inquired Vincenzo, the second gondolier; "have you invested in a dagger?"

"I; a dagger! Heaven forbid!"

exclaimed Pietro; "do you suppose I would carry about such a weapon for the world? I found this lying on the ground as I came along, and picked it up. See, it is silver and richly chased."

"Rather! worth many a scudo, I should say," agreed Bartolo, who had approached.

"That's what I guessed," replied Pietro, slipping the sheath into his breast pocket; "and as no one ever claims such an article I shall take it to one of the Jews on the Rialto, and exchange it for a trinket for my Teresa." Nodding to his friends, he shouldered his basket and left the tavern, his merry whistle flying away in the distance.

"What a good fellow he is!" said the workman, looking after him.

"There is not a better in Venice," affirmed Giovanni. "old Marco is indeed fortunate to have such a son!"

"And such a daughter-in-law as Pietro is bringing him!" added Vincenzo. While those remarks were being exchanged a man, whose face was covered by a black velvet mask, entered, and sat down at an empty table. "Cyprius," was the order, uttered in a short voice.

"Per Bacco! he does not waste words," remarked Vincenzo in an undertone to his companions. "What an hour of the morning to go about masked!"

"Perhaps he is returning from a ball," whispered Giovanni; "he's a patrician, I'm sure, judging by his dress."

"He of the mask moved uneasily. "What are you staring at me for, you fellows?" he suddenly asked in an angry tone.

"No offense meant, signore," replied Giovanni. "At this moment the host set down the wine before him."

"What's the news?" asked the stranger; "were there many guests at the ball at the Palazzo Pisani last night?"

"How should I know, Illustrissimo?"

"What! you live two steps from the Palazzo Pisano, and pretend not to know what goes on?"

"I am too busy to interest myself in what does not concern me."

"You are an exceptional host then," was the ironical reply. "Have you heard, at least, whether a street brawl took place in this neighborhood last night?"

"Not that I know of," returned Bartolo.

"Why, they say a man was murdered."

Hearing these words, Giovanni involuntarily exclaimed, "Perhaps the sheath Pietro found—"

"What sheath?" inquired the stranger eagerly.

"A silver sheath picked up by chance."

"And who is this Pietro?"

"An excellent youth, surmamed the Fornaceto, son of Marco Tascas, the baker. You must know that—"

But the stranger had risen, paid his score, and saying "Such matters do not interest me," hastily departed.

"A rude hound! If I had been in your place, Bartolo, I would have set down," exclaimed Giovanni, shaking his fist at the back of the retreating stranger. "I have a presentiment that he is one of those birds of ill omen—"

"Hold your tongue, Giovanni," replied Bartolo hastily; "remember that sometimes even the signori of the council of ten go about masked, and one cannot be too careful. In Venice the very walls speak; everywhere ears are listening, eyes watching, hands ready to seize their prey. One can scarcely open one month before the ten know of it; a lion's mouth is ready in one corner to hold secret denunciations, a box in the wall in another receives anonymous communications. It does not require much to be dragged before the tribunal; laughter may be turned into tears in one moment, and what happens to the humblest of us happens also to the nobles—for instance, the Doge Marino Faliero."

"You're right, but anyhow, thank God, there is justice in Venice; no one is taken up or condemned without good reason," remarked Vincenzo.

"Rather harsh justice at times, you must allow," put in the workman, and his friends laughed.

Once more the door opened, and admitted a strong-looking, thick-set, elderly man, with a jovial countenance and hearty voice. "Good day to the company, and his greeting as he waved his hand."

"Welcome, Marco!" the unanimous response.

"A glass of muscat, good Bartolo," observed the newcomer.

"Your son was here a short while ago," observed the host as he executed the order.

"Was he? Poor boy! he is a good lad. He works for ten, is always good-tempered, only a bit hot-headed at times. I have indeed much to be thankful for. Do think my parents came into Venice barefooted, carrying a load on their backs, and now mine is the most flourishing bakery in town, and we have our own house, and a tidy bit of money laid by. And in three weeks' time Pietro's marriage will take place, and he will bring home Teresa, who is as dear to me as if she were my own daughter. When my time comes to go, I shall be able to close my eyes in peace, and bless my boy with my last breath, as I have blessed him every moment of his life up to now."

And Marco passed breathless, his face glowing as he eulogized the son whom he loved so devotedly.

"You're worthy one of the other; an exemplary father and a model son," replied Giovanni in a tone of sincere conviction.

"Quick! a glass of water for heaven's sake!" cried a young woman, rushing into the room with a distracted countenance.

"What's the matter, Marie?" inquired the host.

"Oh, if you only knew!" she exclaimed, taking the glass with a trembling hand. "I have just seen the dead body of a patrician lying on the Traghett di San Samuele; the dagger is still in his breast. Holy Virgin! his face seemed to cry out to heaven for

vengeance as he lay there," and Maria sank trembling into a chair, while all passed round her.

"And who was it?" they asked.

"None other than Messer Luigi Guoco, Secretary to the Illustrissimo Lorenzo Loreddano." On hearing this name Marco started, and turned pale upon his soul, and grant him peace for he murdered man was well known to have led an evil life.

"A good riddance, too!" exclaimed Vincenzo.

"For God's sake, do not speak so loud!" urged Bartolo.

"Oh, let me be!" returned Vincenzo. "Messer Luigi, though a patrician, was none the less a scoundrel, and I should not hesitate to say so even in the presence of the council of ten."

At this moment the door was thrown open by a boy of fourteen, whose hands, face and clothes were white with flour, and who ran up to Marco crying: "For the love of God, padrone, come home at once; the sbirri are looking for your son Pietro."

"For my son Pietro!" exclaimed old man, turning as pale as death, and starting to his feet.

"Yes, I do not know how I managed to get here, for there are two men posted at the door, while the others are searching the house."

"Impossible! There is some mistake! My son, who is the soul of honor, to be supposed capable of committing any evil action! You all know it is impossible," and Marco, a prey to deadly fear, hurried out and ran towards his shop, followed by the boy.

Marco Tascas had not exaggerated the praises of his son Pietro, who was indeed a model of youth, an indefatigable worker, honest to a fault, steady, and respected by all who knew him. He was engaged to be married to Teresa, the valued maid of Elena Loreddano, wife of the Senator Lorenzo Loreddano, who was one of the members of the dread council of ten. Teresa was an orphan, the daughter of old retainers of the family in which she sewed. She was now nineteen, and one of the most beautiful girls in Venice; of that rare and delicate type of beauty peculiar to the Venetian daughters of the people, with the red-gold hair Titian loved to paint, and the clear white skin and soft dark eyes which form such a striking contrast, and which turned the heads of many a Venetian gallant of the day. Of a sweet, gentle disposition, she was as good as she was beautiful, and between her and Pietro existed a deep, true love. Her mistress, who held her in high esteem, approved of her choice, and had undertaken to provide her with a handsome dowry.

When, on festal, the young pair and old Marco glided in a gondola across the still canals into the open waters of the lagoons, no happier hearts beat under God's sky; in the translucent atmosphere of a southern spring they moved across the quiet waters, where the great barges with their tawny orange, red or yellow sails crept slowly by like gigantic butterflies with outspread wings, the fresh salt breeze from the sea fanning them like a caress till the dome and campanilli of Venice stood out against the sunset sky resembling the outlines of a dream city, and they came back under the gleaming starlight, hand in hand, wrapped in such unalloyed happiness as is rarely vouchsafed here below.

On the morning in question, however, Pietro, having finished his rounds, lingered awhile at the palazzo Loreddano with Teresa, a cloud darkening his handsome face. "Has Messer Luigi dared to offer you any more presents?" he asked.

"He wanted to give me a wedding gift, but I refused even that," replied Teresa.

"The hound! If you knew what that man is! But there are things not fit for your ears to hear. If I thought you listened to his flattering words and honeyed phrases, I should not hesitate to kill him," and Pietro clenched his hands, and walked up and down the room.

"Pietro," pleaded the girl, laying her hand on his arm, and looking up wistfully at him with her beautiful eyes, "how can you speak like that? How can you doubt your poor Teresa, whose heart is yours alone?" and a great burning tear dropped on his hand.

In a moment his arms were around her, as full of remorse, he exclaimed: "Forgive me, forgive me, amoro mio; it is only that I love you so passionately, and to know you are under the same roof as that man maddens me. I know you are mine, mine alone, and I have never doubted you."

"And in three weeks," said Teresa shyly, "I shall be with you in our own home, and nothing will part us but death, and death itself cannot divide us, for love such as ours can never die."

Messer Luigi Guoco was secretary to Lorenzo Loreddano, a man about thirty years of age, handsome in his way, with a fair beard and blue eyes, but a man of low character and notorious reputation. He admired the pretty serving maid, and would like to carry on with her, as was the way with gallants in those days, when "patricians" were allowed much license. Teresa, however, would have nothing to do with him, repulsed all his advances, raised his gifts, and avoided every encounter with him; in spite of which, Pietro was possessed by fierce jealousy towards Messer Luigi, and the only cloud which marred Teresa's perfect happiness was this hatred which Pietro openly expressed against one whom he regarded as a villain ready to devour his dove. The flame was fanned by the secretary's haughty and contemptuous manner towards Pietro whenever he crossed his path; the fiery young baker had not a great restraint upon himself not to express his feelings towards his adversary. But after Teresa's words this morning he bitterly reproached himself for ever bringing a shadow over that beloved face; and as he held her close, he murmured: "Never again, no, never again will I distress you by even naming him, Teresa. Sometimes I am frightened by our happiness, and

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1904.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, with interest and pleasure.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Believing me, to remain, Your faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Adm. Dele.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APR. 9, 1904.

A DAY OF PERFECT JOY.

The Easter day is unfiled by a shadow. At Christmas we hear the Jubilee of praise and glory and thanksgiving and see it radiant with the glory of truth and liberty, but over it is the shadow of suffering which had already begun for the Lord.

These words banish doubt and misgiving. He then, the Nazarene, is the Son of the Living God. For His followers the path was clear. These words came from their lips as they lined up on the morning of long ago to do battle for Him and His cause.

Many also have read and re-read that epitaph with hostile eyes and have tried to minimize or destroy its import by all the resources of criticism.

When D'Alembert told Voltaire: "Let your thoughts above all things be turned to the enlightenment of youth," he echoed the words of Julian the apostate.

WHERE CHRIST TRIUMPHS. This is clear to us, and we have no hesitation in saying that the force of events will compel all friends of civilization to acknowledge it to be correct.

INDISPUTABLE TESTIMONY. The reality of the Resurrection is indisputable. Hundreds of persons saw the Risen Christ during the forty days previous to His ascension.

cost. It is futile to say, with some, that they were deceived by a fable. The Apostles would not have invented a doctrine whose preaching would incur the hatred of the Pharisees and subject them to all manner of persecution.

How could untutored fishermen dress a figment of the imagination in a guise that would compel the credence of this number of individuals? They had no worldly interests to aid them, and could hold out no earthly hope to the men who listened to them.

CHRIST VICTORIOUS. The certainty as to the reality convinced the Apostles that the Master was the God foretold by the prophets. It emptied them of cowardice and made them champions of a cause that seemed doomed to failure.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM THE BATTLE-FIELD. The powers of the intellect have arrayed themselves time and again against Christ. From Celsus to Rousseau and Strauss and to our own time, the scoff of the shallow sceptic and the criticism of the scholar have endeavored to relegate Christ to the ranks of a great philosopher and reformer.

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A LIVING WITNESS. Says Cardinal Newman: "When we consider the succession of ages during which the Catholic system has endured—the severity of the trials it has undergone, without and within which have befallen it, the incessant mental activity and intellectual gifts of its maintainers, the enthusiasm which it has kindled, the fury of the controversies which have been carried on among its professors, the impetuosity of

the assaults made upon it, the ever increasing responsibilities to which it has been committed by the continuous development of its dogmas, it is quite inconceivable that it should not have been broken up and lost were it a corruption of Christianity.

A VALUELESS TITLE. The Toronto Mail and Empire of March 19th gives an account of a lecture by Mons. D'Aubigné in Westminster Presbyterian Church on the Religious Crisis in France and the work of the McAll Mission.

THE RELIGIOUS CRISIS IN FRANCE. It would be a useless threshing of old straw to comment on many statements in Mons. D'Aubigné's lecture. By the way, however, here is an opportunity for the gentlemen who love truth to say something about them in the columns of the Mail and Empire.

THE SPREAD OF RATIONALISM. A curious conclusion has been reached by Rev. Professor King of Oberlin University as the result of his studies of Biblical lore and Higher Criticism. He asserts that owing to the changes which have been made in the common belief of mankind, arising out of the historical researches and scientific discoveries of recent years, it is necessary to restate many things in the biblical writings to make them conform to modern thought.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN FRANCE. An extensive temperance movement has sprung up in France in late years which gives promise of continuing to spread till it becomes of vast dimensions throughout the country.

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some ground for this charge, but insisted that the Jewish people should not be blamed for the conduct of some of their members, and maintained that the anti-clerical activity of the Jews is greatly exaggerated. He promised to send the Cardinal statistics which would bear out this contention.

The interview was conducted throughout in a most friendly spirit, and Herr Steiner was informed that he will be received by the Holy Father in a private audience in a few days.

AN IMPECUNIOUS GOVERNMENT.

The Turkish Government is making an effort to increase the efficiency of its fleet, which consists of vessels which were regarded as sufficiently good at the time they were built, but are now out of date.

Among the firms which contracts were given for the building of battleships was the Messrs. Cramp of Philadelphia, and a fine battleship has been built named the "Medjidia," and arrangements were made that on the arrival of the ship at Hampton Roads it should be formally handed over to the Turkish Government and the star and crescent hoisted on a recent Sunday. On the Monday morning following, the vessel was to start at an early hour for the Dardanelles.

At the time appointed the vessel was ready, and in honor of the event a large party of Turks from the Legation at Washington with the Turkish Minister, Shekib Bey, held a reception at the Chamberlain Hotel, Newport News, Virginia, but the money to pay for the cruiser was not forthcoming and the Cramps Company declined to raise the Turkish flag. It is now said that the vessel will proceed to Turkey flying the Cramps' flag and the stars and stripes, and the Cramps will keep possession until the price is paid.

The Turkish Government is well known to be dilatory in the payment of its debts, and the Cramps firm has taken the surest method to be paid for the work done. The Sultan's Government levies oppressive taxes upon its subjects, but between the greed of officials and the extravagance of the Sultan, it never has money on hand with which to pay its way.

IN THE CAUSE OF CATHOLIC TRUTH.

NOTABLE ADDRESS BY VERY REV. DR. EDWARD A. PACE, AT FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE I. C. T. S.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

The fifth annual meeting of the International Catholic Truth Society was held Thursday evening of this week at the Catholic Club, New York. William J. Carr, former Corporation Counsel of Brooklyn and at present Vice-President of the society, presided. The report of the society's work during the past year was read by the Secretary, James A. Rooney, and it will appear in full in our issue of next week, together with other details of the meeting.

Following is the address of the evening, which was delivered by Very Rev. Edward A. Pace, Ph. D., S. T. D., of the Catholic University.

Five years is not a long time to look back on. It lays no burden on memory. It raises no controversy as to oldest members. For some associations, even in this country of ours, it is hardly deserving of any special mention. But for a society that counts its age by work rather than by time, the case is different. Not five years that have simply elapsed, but five years that have been filled with activity—activity that has been spent in the cause of Truth, Truth that has been spread beyond the confines of our land. Of such a record this society may well be proud. It has been tireless in its endeavor to diffuse among men the truth of Catholic teaching; it has no reason for fear when the truth is told about itself.

What has been accomplished since your last annual meeting is best known to those who have been immediately connected with this work. They realize more fully than any one else the nature of the demands that are made upon such a society. With the vividness of experience, the inner history of those labors which are summarized in their report. But for us, also, as members of this organization, each item in this account holds a lesson. In view of our common aspiration, these facts have an importance of their own. They show what can be done when men strive for noble aims through organized effort. They point the lesson of quiet, persevering work. They teach us the joy of overcoming difficulties, of winning success where the odds are strong, of doing valiantly for the cause that we love.

But more than all this, the work of the years has taught us, as nothing else could, the nature of our undertaking—its wide possibilities and its growing necessity. What was dimly outlined at the beginning now takes more definite shape. In teaching others we ourselves have learned. Our very difficulties have been instructive. The hardest of the realities which we have had to face are fruitful sources of suggestion, unfulfilling indications of the higher ideal which we are pledged to attain.

Our attainment will be surer and our endeavor more meaningful if we pause for a moment to get that ideal more clearly before our minds—in view of what has already been accomplished, we bring home to ourselves the full scope of our association.

ALL TRUTH IS WELCOME.

Now, this work as I have judged rightly, is all contained in the one word Truth. And when to this we join that other word Catholic we

neither narrow nor lower its meaning. On the contrary, we emphasize the fact that to the Catholic mind all truth is welcome. Whether it be that which comes to us from God through the voice of His Church, or that which the great thinkers of the world have wrought by their keen speculation, or that which the men of science have brought to light in patient toil; whether it be of nature or of the soul, of earth or of heaven, the record of the past or the promise of the future; provided only it be truth it is for us one and the same; it is what we seek for ourselves and what we strive to bring within the reach of our fellow-men. There is no fact too small for our philosophy, no life so mean and insignificant that we may despise its laws.

The history of our country, the principles of our government, the causes of our prosperity, the sources of danger to our national welfare, the manifold influences that affect private and public morality—in all these, just because we are Catholics, we must of necessity take a profound and lasting interest. Because the teachings and the practice of the Church reach to the innermost fibres of individual and social being, we are concerned with everything that weakens or strengthens, corrupts or purifies the spirit of society and the spirit of each of its members. Because the Church has given us countless object lessons in all things beautiful and fair, we are bound to a sympathy with literature that is pure, with art that inspires, with culture of every sort that refines and by refining lifts ourselves and every reader, Catholic and non-Catholic, that amid all fluctuations of opinion there is an abiding truth, in the face of all dishonesty and corruption an inviolable moral law—the truth and the morality of Christ and His Church.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE PRINTED PAGE.

In the vast audience to which we appeal there is every sort and condition of mind. To all alike we are debtors. To each we must speak in language full of meaning. To simple, earnest minds the truth, because it, too is simple, may easily be told. But greater skill is needed where prejudice, as deep as it is often sincere, draws its film athwart the mind. And greatest of all is the task when neither ignorance nor prejudice bars the way, but the calm and reasoned conviction that bases itself upon the dispassionate verdict of science and the deeper insight of philosophical research. In number such minds are comparatively few—a minority that has not even the advantage of compactness and cohesion. But in respect of the influence which they exert upon the thought of the world, they are mightier than legions; and when their power is wielded against the truth there is but one way to meet and overcome it. There is but one available answer to the argument that so forcibly impresses the popular mind when it stops to consider the attitude of the learned, the progressive, the dominant leaders of thought. For that argument is no fine-spun tissue of promise and deduction, of subtle analysis, criticism and proof. It is an argument that requires the least possible amount of arguing—a fact so obvious that it carries its own conclusion on its very face. It is what the plain man sees in the book store, the library, the magazine and the newspaper; what he reads in every account of scientific discovery; what he feels in the great movements that most closely affect him—the social, economic and educational movements from which the humblest cannot hope to escape. For all these sources and through all these channels the conviction is borne in that the thinking, intelligent part of mankind is outside the Church; that knowledge is a commodity which the Church cannot afford, and that truth, as the world at large understands it, is divorced from that truth which as Catholics we hold dear. To this argument, so tangible that the commonest part of common sense may grasp it, there is and there can be only one effective reply.

We need not, of course, exaggerate. We should not forget that many a brilliant theory is an evanescent bubble, blown for the eye and the hand of children, young and old. We know that science is perpetually busied in casting aside as error what was hailed but yesterday as final revelation. And knowing this we may reasonably hope that our rivals will not secure this result; nor will it be hastened by vigorous assaults upon opinions which have long since died a natural death and have been decently interred. That the writing of epigrams is an honorable occupation no sane man will deny. Nor will any one dispute the merit of those who keep watch about the graves of departed errors, lest perchance these wake and walk again, even in their cerements. Yet it seems proper to say that the greater credit belongs to those who meet the needs of the moment as they rise; whose thought and writing, though it seem but fragment-like and detached, is none the less timely, none the less accurate in its bearing upon the questions that we men of this generation are asking each other. A credit indeed such work when it is promptly done; but it is more: it is a duty that we owe to those who shall come after us. As each generation confronts new problems, to each we must give our best. We are not to be content with the solutions that we have inherited, or to be satisfied with the ready-made solutions that we are given. We must interpret, in forms that it can quickly comprehend, the truths that are as old as Christianity itself; that thus the evils which result from vagaries and errors and fanciful views may be speedily checked instead of growing and spreading to the detriment of science and the hindrance of true progress.

A COLUMBUS IN THE EXPLORATION OF EVERY DOMAIN.

It is perhaps inevitable that error should multiply; it is certain that some of the noblest developments of truth have resulted from the conflict with error. But it is equally certain that in this conflict the advantage lies with those who bring to light new truths and, by interpreting them, strengthen or weaken accepted beliefs. The pioneers of science speak with authority and in their utterances, we recognize the voice of truth we are fain to rejoice. We are quick to seize upon every shred of evidence that tells in our behalf. We gladly press facts, by whomsoever discovered, in the service of truth.

Suppose, now, that these facts were, by right of discovery, our own. Suppose that we could point to a Columbus in the exploration of every domain. Then, evidently, the defense of truth would be easier a hundredfold. For then the conflict would be, not a struggle for the existence of truth, but a generous rivalry in widening its empire. The new and the old would then be harmonized, not so much through subtle interpretation and sharp debate as through the palpable fact that men of faith, holding fast to the old, had been foremost in reaching for the new. And each such explorer, far as he might seem to be from contact with the work-a-day world, would avail, as no book can avail, in furthering the aims of our association.

This, you will admit, is a fair ideal, a desirable situation, and if it were only realized a highly practical work in behalf of Catholic Truth. But the moment it is proposed and is compared in our minds with the actual situation, it begins to fade—to vanish before the thought of difficulties, or what is still more deceptive, before the thought of less perfect ideals. I shall say nothing; they deserve no mention in this presence. But if you do seem needful to pass upon some of the counterfeit ideals which perhaps suggest themselves as the "best we can do under the circumstances." These substitutes I cannot but regard as taking; not only because they tend to blur our true ideal, but also because they do not even accomplish that which in appearance they promise.

CANNOT LIVE FOREVER ON THE PAST.

And first of all it would be a mistake to suppose that we can live forever on what the Church and her champions have done in the past. It is a past, no doubt, which is full of evidence in favor of our beliefs and which, if only for the sake of historical justice, we should put clearly before the world. But who has the highest tribute we can pay to those who have gone before us is that of imitation. In their achievements is a duty which cannot be fully discharged except by following their example. Think what the middle ages would have been if Aquinas and Scotus and Bonaventure had been content with boasting of their predecessors. Think, too, the little that the twenty-first century will have to record of us if we now are satisfied to read the story of that earlier day, yet make no history of our own! Each portion of our inheritance—the civilization that we enjoy, the treasures of classic learning, the organization of universities, the masterpieces of the great artists, the vast synthetic conceptions of theology and philosophy that evince the harmony of reason and Catholic mind; but each in turn lays upon us the obligation to take up afresh the work of the fathers and transmit it with the increment of our thought and labor to all future generations.

Such, indeed, is the spirit in which Catholic scholars toil who live amid the scenes of the struggle and triumphs of those who tread the ground on which the martyrs walked and the pathways along which the apostles of every age have journeyed through the length and breadth of Europe; who read as they pass the record preserved in manuscript and stone, in custom and tradition; who feel, in a word, that direct and quickening impulses of their noble lineage. To them also we look with admiration. We who are borne along on the swift current of this new world life with its matter of fact conditions and its sternly practical needs. We have time at least to rejoice in the attainments of men like Pasteur, De Rossi and Janesius; we congratulate ourselves because we are glad to be taught by their writings.

Yet here again we run the risk of leaning too much upon the effort of others. We are apt to forget that in the commerce of the mind as in the commerce of trade, home production is essential to prosperity. Importation, if it is to be helpful, must not be totally dependent. It must stir us, on the contrary, to greater activity, to a rivalry which, in literature at least, is certain to result in mutual gain. Let us by all means bring the best products of European thought within reach of our people; but let us also remember that we have a work of our own to do. In the nature of our institutions, the character of our people, the trend of our education, the attitude favorable or unfavorable of our fellow-citizens in respect of Catholic Truth, we find conditions peculiar to our country—conditions, therefore, which are to be met, if met at all, by our thinking and our action. The more energy and courage we throw into this work, the better qualified will we be to appreciate what is elsewhere accomplished and to profit by the example that others may set us.

LEAVING IT ALL TO THE PRIEST.

In one respect, especially, we have to learn a lesson from the Catholic scholars of Europe. They, at any rate, are striving to avoid a mistake which, for one reason or another, we are not inclined to commit, but which, for no reason at all we have almost come to regard as the normal distribution of duties. We are inclined, I fear, to let this whole duty of expounding and defending Catholic Truth devolve upon one class of men, and that by no means the laic class. The priest, we think, by vocation, by training and by position is the natural and official exponent of Catholic doctrine. This is certainly true. The priest, it may be further said, has better opportunities

to detect the spiritual and intellectual needs of the age that those who are engaged in the pursuits of the every-day world. In part this is also true. Therefore, the priest alone must bear the responsibility of upholding and spreading the truth; this—whatever we may call it—impression or conclusion or attitude—is grievously wrong as it is logically false. It is, so far as the scope of this society may be concerned, the most serious of possible mistakes. However it originated and however it has been allowed to persist, it is absolutely incompatible with our aims. In our work, as in that of the Church in other countries, it must speedily give place to close range and co-operation with all available forces. From the laity as well as from the clergy we expect not merely sympathy and support, but an active share in the intellectual work upon which our cause must rely. Because the layman is in constant touch with the practical affairs of life, because he sees at close range the weaknesses of human nature, the dangers to morality and faith, the hard facts of the struggle for existence—he is thereby disqualified to think and to express his thought on the weightiest questions of the day? That he has a vote to cast or an office to fill—should he therefore have nothing to say as to principles and duties? Shall he be silent about education because he has children to be educated? And if he as a man, a citizen and a Christian is hard pressed by the doubts or pains by the open attacks to which his faith is exposed, why should not he take his place in the forefront of those who make a stand for the truth?

Consider for a moment a single department of thought—that which deals with the problem of man's origin, nature and destiny, with the ultimate causes of all existence, with the meaning of right and wrong—even with the definition of truth itself; survey the whole field of philosophy and say who have been and who are now the leaders there. Descartes and Locke and Hume, Spinoza, Kant, Hegel, Spencer—these are the men who have moulded the thought of the modern world, and they are laymen. Condemn their errors as we will, the conspicuous fact remains that outside the Church the foremost thinkers on the deepest questions have been, with few exceptions, men whose only consecration was that of a philosopher. In our day, when philosophy is so largely dependent upon science, what wonder that the leading philosophers should be men who have received scientific training—physicists, biologists, physiologists. What wonder that university chairs of philosophy should be occupied by men and that laymen should conduct the most influential of our philosophical reviews?

Here, indeed, we come upon the real source of many tendencies, movements and popular impressions which, taken in themselves, might appear inexplicable. We read editorial pronouncements on matters that interest the gravest moral and social interests, and forthwith we marvel that such ideas should be served out to the public. We go back to those distributing reservoirs of thought—the monthly and quarterly reviews—and we find that for every question of actual interest there is a writer especially trained to deal with it. He draws conclusions from the facts, to point out their relation to theory and practice, in private and in public life. We trace the career of each writer and in most cases we learn that he is but the exponent, in less technical words, of ideas, formulas and theories which have been first expressed in the terse and severe language of the strictly scientific publication. We find these conclusions, filled with the newest outcome of original thinking and careful investigation, whence are they? Where are men enlisted in the cause of science and drilled in its methods? What opens to eager students the library, the laboratory, the museum? How, in a word, are men taught to "think" and to lay their thought before the world? To answer these questions is to reach the very heart of our situation. Once we understand that the accepted views, true or false, which float among the people have a definite origin, we may further understand the entire process by which ideas, highly abstract or obscure as they may seem at their first enunciation, filter down from the university to the columns of the daily paper and the minds of the plainest readers. It is through this process that thousands who scarcely realize what a university means are nevertheless affected by university work. And it is through this influence, even more widely felt, as education becomes more general and more thorough, that the university itself waxes stronger.

If we look somewhat closely into the matter, we shall see that the power of such an institution is due to its success in training men. And this training is two-fold; it prepares men to think and to write on the most serious problems, and it prepares a still larger number to read and appreciate what is written. If the specialist, the investigator were the only product of the university we should have books indeed, but few readers. It is because those books appeal to men whose tastes have been cultivated and whose interests have been broadened that the highest forms of literature are possible. He who has breathed the atmosphere of learning in his student days will never be so completely absorbed by material cares as to lose all relish for things of the mind. And he whose mind has once been opened to the larger questions of life will always welcome the books in which those questions are discussed afresh.

As Catholics we surely have everything to hope from the diffusion of learning and refinement. For the worst enemies of truth, ignorance and indifference, must quit the field into which the spirit of honest inquiry enters. Such a spirit we challenge—not to a contest of words and bitterness—but to a calm consideration of the truth as it is. And the prospect is that our challenge will be accepted, or rather that our invitation will be heeded, by many who at this moment seem least concerned with our aims.

In proportion, now, as the work of this society extends and as it becomes influential in wider and wider spheres, new opportunities must arise and new needs must be supplied. Inquiries of every sort will call for answer, loose statements for correction, false teaching for refutation. The very service that is rendered has greater labor for its reward and the success that is achieved is a fresh stimulus to effort. All this means closer organization, larger membership, better adjustment of means and details to one comprehensive purpose.

But in meeting these demands, the society will make, as it is already making, demands of its own. It will seek out the men who are equipped for its tasks, and it will provide work for the specialists and scholars in every line. In all probability the demand will exceed the supply. So much the better; for as long as this society, speaking to an intelligent public on one hand and appealing on the other to productive scholarship, shall feel and make felt the need of thoroughly trained Catholic writers, lay-men and priests alike, so long will it be faithful to its mission. If in these five years it had done no more than demonstrate, facts in hand, the value of higher education, and of its practical application, it would have been a success. And if in the years to come it shall quicken the souls of men with the love of knowledge and kindle in the hearts of men the great zeal of conquest for God's Kingdom through the spread of righteousness in thought and deed, it shall well deserve the gratitude of Church and country, of humanity and science, of an ideal. Be it so. Mankind is the better for idealism of this sort. For in this case the purpose and the attainment, the ideal and its realization are not far apart. Viewed in the light of man's progress and in the clearer light of God's sovereign design, they are but aspects of one pervading Truth. Now the Truth is the Way and the Life.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON PREACHES ON ONENESS IN FAITH.

Every kingdom divided against itself shall be brought to desolation.—(Luke 11-17.)

In the gospel to-day our blessed Lord speaks of division—that it is wrong—a mark of Satan, and that it leads to desolation and destruction. And this is true not alone of the supernatural, but also of the natural order. Division means disintegration, and that means death. The doctors are only sure of the patient's death when disintegration sets in, then they say the dead are moral order. Where there is division, especially in matters essential to the welfare of the individual or the State, and where that division is pushed to ultimate conclusions, then that moral order, that civic power ceases to exist. "A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand."

Hence the constant desire of moralists and statesmen has been to create and preserve unity—to hold aloft a national ideal or a moral code, as worthy of all good men's service and devotion. To gain freedom for America it was necessary for the early colonists more than a century ago to form a union; it was to preserve that union were willing to encounter all the horrors of a civil war, to offer their lives and their fortunes in that supreme effort to preserve national unity. The wisdom of the world then teaches unity as a desirable thing for the nation—for the nation's morals—for the nation's strength. "Unity," they say, "is there found true in all the relations of humanity—in commerce, politics, social life. There is, however, one exception to the general desire for unity, and that exception is found to be where it would be least expected. Unity may be desired, but it is not to be in a Kingdom divided."

In civil matters they say we must have a constitution and a country—but in religious matters we must be free from all limitations. We hold no obedience, and why? Because say they—Unity would be tyranny—tyranny over the minds and souls of men. So unity, oneness in faith, with all the present and the past, is opposed to mental and spiritual progress. Unity would destroy our mental individuality and activity. Hence they say they are doing best when they are thinking out their own faith, irrespective of a living Church or a living creed.

Now, as I am addressing Christians, I am sure you will be glad to hear what our Blessed Saviour's views were in this matter. Did He expect among His followers unity—oneness of faith, faith which would be tyranny and sanctify in advance the theory of those who claim the right to divide, deny or doubt at pleasure?

In every instance where our blessed Saviour refers to the Church He was to establish He declares that unity must be its dominant characteristic. Every allegory or simile or parable where the Church—His kingdom—is portrayed as a tree growing up with great, spreading branches, a net cast into the sea, or a sheepfold. In every instance there is that "oneness" or unity that is evidently implied.

Of the sheepfold, He sums up the parable in the moral, There shall be but one fold and one Shepherd," and St. Paul following that teaching, tells the Ephesians that they must keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace—"one faith, one Lord, one baptism."

How admirably the Catholic Church has preserved that unity! Indeed, it requires not the glowing rhetoric of Macaulay to tell the marvelous history of her progress and her unbroken unity. Open the pages of history and you see at once that the Catholic Church stands out unique in all the movements that have affected humanity. Without a sword to defend her she has marched from conquest to conquest. Every nation she met has been to her an

enemy; every way that she has trod has been marked by martyrdom—and yet:

Men that forsake thee has thou not forgotten: Men that knew thee not hast thou known:

LIQUOR DEALERS AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

We recently received a newspaper clipping containing an account of a minister who resigned his charge rather than allow a liquor dealer to be admitted to membership in the Church he served. The person who sent us the sketch asks: What has The Guidon to say about this? Are we Catholics more tolerant or more venal than our non-Catholic friends?

The Catholic Church's attitude on a question of this kind is very plain and simple. She does not turn out people because they are sinners. "To whom can they go?" Her mission like that of her Divine Master is to save them. Every baptized Catholic, good or bad, is a member of the Church, and remains such in spite of his indifference or folly, unless he be excommunicated, properly constituted authority. Now, liquor selling in itself is not wrong. It is no violation of the Divine law; nor does every liquor seller, without exception, break the law of God, and so the Church has never issued a general and formal condemnation of the business. This does not imply, however, that the Church approves of it, much less does it mean that liquor dealers are retained in the Church for the contributions they furnish. The mind of the Church is evident from her utterance on the subject. The Council of Baltimore, approved by Pope Leo XIII., bids Catholics engaged in saloon-keeping "to abandon, as soon as they can the dangerous traffic and embrace a more becoming way of gaining a livelihood."

It is, then, the priest's duty to urge liquor sellers to comply with this counsel of the Church, and this he does with all charity. No priest is at liberty to excommunicate a person, though he may refuse him the Sacraments, if that person's life or business has become a public scandal.—The Guidon.

THE MISSION OF ST. PAUL.

The Catholic World for March contains a noteworthy sermon of the Most Rev. John J. Keane, Archbishop of Dubuque. The following is an extract from the address:

"Has not our own day special reason to study that marvellous man and ponder well the lesson of his life? We are in a crucial moment of the world's existence. Like a mighty pendulum, the thought of mankind has ever been swinging, in successive epochs, from one extreme to another, from idealism to materialism and back again, from faith to unbelief and back again. At present we seem to be midway in the swing, in an epoch that mistrusts all extremes, even all positive assertions—an epoch that says, 'I don't know,' and that is prone to say, 'I don't care.' Intellectually, as shown in the literature of our day, has grown into the spirit which Paul found in Athens—a spirit of flippancy in viewing all great problems; a spirit of humanism, which whether it show itself in the seriousness of the Stoic or in the sensuousness of the Epicurean, is at bottom a defilement of nature, and especially of humanity. And power, as shown in the social conditions of the day, has grown into a spirit like unto that which Paul found in Rome—a spirit which tends to regard not right but might, not justice and love but pride and anger and greed, not the law of God but the law of expediency, as the arbiter of all human disputes. It is the spirit of the world's politics to-day, the spirit of the industrial strife in which lie hid possibilities of social revolution which we shrink from contemplating."

"And shall not the Athens and the Rome of to-day learn wisdom from the past? Do they not see that it is unscientific, contrary to all that they teach concerning progress and evolution, to go back to the intellectual and moral conditions which the clear light of reason, and the hard facts of experience, and the overruling providence of God exploded and cast forth nineteen centuries ago? That spirit then was a mighty influence for the corruption of civilization and the disintegration of human society; we may rest assured that its tenacity is precisely the same to-day. The shipwrecked world was then saved by the wisdom and the power of Christ Crucified; if the lesson of history avails aught, the salvation of civilization and of society need now be sought nowhere else. To every mind that is groping for the anchor of truth, and to every heart that is hung for an assertion or an argument, but a demonstration, that in Christ Crucified and in Him alone, is the wisdom of God to be found for the enlightening of the human mind, and the power of God for directing of human life. St. Paul does not, like other masters, simply expound the teaching of a school, he tells us, with the irresistibility of personal certainty, what he had seen and heard and knows. To all the vaporing of a Strauss, a Renan, or a Harnack concerning the Person and nature of Christ, he thunders out his answer: 'I know whom I have believed; and I am certain that He is able to make good the trust which I have reposed in Him.' And to the anxious minds that seek for a philosophy of the universe, he exclaims in inspiring and uplifting tones: 'All things are yours; and you are Christ's; and Christ is God's.' These are the links of the mighty chain which binds the universe to the heart of God; the chain which we call Religion. Among all whom we must less for our knowledge of life, there is no one to whom we are so deeply indebted as to St. Paul."

"The Episcopalian Church," declares the Catholic Telegraph, "has been a sort of threshold over which many truth-seeking Protestants have entered, the true fold."

ed that there is

Secured Heart Review. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CXXCVI.

We have seen that, at variance with the representation of our Boston friend, Newman and Manning, who may be taken as the eminent representatives of the Oxford converts to Rome, were so far from having "deserted their native religion," which was Christianity, that they threw up the Evangelicalism in which they had been bred precisely because they could no longer acknowledge it as the genuine form of their native religion.

When he had grown up, and was supposed capable of initiation into the esoteric doctrine of the school, he was horrified to be told that "believers keep the law, but not because they are bound to do so." In other words, love, and good works proceeding from love, and a heart converted to holiness by the Spirit of Holiness, are simple luxuries of the justified man, not necessities.

Here he found a deadly poison intermingled with his native religion, which fidelity to that religion required him to expel from the gospel into which it had been insidiously infused.

However, one man, or two or three, might easily have misrepresented the Evangelical school of the Church of England. Newman therefore held himself bound to ascertain what the true Reformation doctrine was. Hearing Luther always discovered the true doctrine of Justification, he tried to ascertain what Luther really teaches. Here he was confronted by Dr. Dollinger, quoting from the Reformer: "Faith justifies before love, and without love."

Finding that no one impugned the genuineness of these words, that they agreed exactly with the doctrine which had just been disclosed to him, and that Lutheranism, a century after Luther, still taught that "love and good works, though highly desirable and praiseworthy are not absolutely essential to acceptance with God, in life or death," he was obliged to conclude that the original Reformation was simple Antinomianism. He does not accuse it of being Liberatorism, although Luther declares that in Germany it sank at once into this, and that on the largest scale.

Dr. Newman does not say that all Evangelicals, or even the most, are Antinomians. Yet as Luther is always put by them at the head of their school and treated as barely inferior to St. Paul, notwithstanding his utter contradiction in this matter to St. Paul, Newman conceives that there can be no authentic and effective protest against Antinomianism by any one who remains an Evangelical. He therefore abandoned Evangelicalism, not as forsaking his native religion but in order to remain faithful to it.

Our letter-writer, in charging the Oxford converts with the double discredit of "deserting their native and maturely adopted religion" means to imply, I suppose, that their native religion, if examined, is in inward detachment, by the searching eye of maturity, would approve itself to their adult understanding, as it had engaged their childish affections. He declares them to have, in fact, adhered to it by this higher form of acceptance as well as by the earlier, as we may say, by the faith of Confirmation as well as of Baptism.

They were therefore engaged to it by a double bond, both strands of which, by their conversion to Rome, he views them as having recklessly torn asunder, thus giving a lamentable proof of spiritual and intellectual instability.

Now had these gentlemen, having been brought up, not only as Christians, but as Christians of a specified type, re-examined their childish religion on growing up, and then deliberately reaccepted it in the strength of mature reflection; that they adhered to it in this form for many years; had they wrought their works of Christian evangelism by the medium of this type of doctrine; and had they then suddenly gone off at a tangent into a widely varying form of religion, whether Catholicism or Unitarianism, they would doubtless have created a strong presumption against their intellectual stability, and one that could only have been refuted, if at all, by very detailed explanation.

burdened soul. Furthermore, they could see no good reason for limiting the number of the sacraments to two, or for confining their efficacy to the simple augmentation of faith by the act of the receiver. And while they did not find the invocation of saints commanded in the New Testament, as indeed the Catholic Church does not command it, they could find nothing in Scripture forbidding it; nor could they find taught in Scripture, or confirmed by early use, that all the elect are certainly made at once, at death, perfect in glory and blessedness, that there is not, for most of them, a delay of full salvation. Yet as Protestantism is so hostile to all these things, they came finally to view Catholicism as the larger and earlier creed, which is purer in morals, as insisting on regenerate love as a condition of acceptance with God, but more indulgent in refusing to impose on the faith of the faithful perpetual negations for which it is hard to find the warrant in Scripture.

Therefore the Oxford converts, pretty much one and all, had, from an early period of their mature lives, for Evangelicalism or High-and-Dry Churchmanship, substituted essential Catholicism. It was in the strength of this doctrine that they had gained note as scholars, thinkers, preachers, in the Church of England. Their final secession to Rome was viewed, alike by themselves and by their opponents, as simply the logical culmination of the doctrines which they had taught for many years, as these again were the development, and in their view the rectification, of their baptismal Christianity. It would be hard to find a change of outward communion with less breach of inward continuance.

This gentleman then tells us that these converts, the whole previous history of whose lives and opinions he so misconceives and misrepresents, "proceeded to put themselves at the service of Italian Cardinals and fanatical priests of many nations."

This misrepresentation, were it possible, is greater than the former. The three leaders of the Oxford secession were the Anglican Archdeacon, Henry Edward Manning, and the simple Anglican presbyters, John Henry Newman and William George Ward, the last of whom never took orders in his new Church. Now it would be hard to find three men of whom it would be more preposterously untrue to say, that they put themselves at the service of any body whatever, beyond their general allegiance to the Catholic Church. I speak not without warrant, for I am not bragging much in claiming a far more interior and detailed knowledge of the lives of all three than this gentleman gives signs of possessing. Indeed, were it not for his native capacity and general cultivation, as well as for his tone of good breeding, his "extensive and various misinformation" concerning Catholic matters might bring on this letter the reproach of being flatly commonplace. To be sure, such a character would render it all the more effective in the circles for which it is particularly intended.

We will next consider more in detail how far it is true of either Newman, Manning or Ward, that they "placed themselves at the service" of anybody whatever in the sense meant in this letter. I do not speak of Faber, who is perhaps more obnoxious to this gentleman's insinuation.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

NOT FULLY CATHOLIC.

Some Catholics live in the Faith, but the Faith does not seem to live in them. Their Faith sits on them as a garment, but it does not penetrate the depths of their spirit. It is a profession; it is even a practice; but it is not their blood, or the breath of their life. They believe in God's revelation, but not so much in God Himself. They believe in the teachings of Jesus Christ, but do not seem to be drawn to Christ's Person. Their Faith is not, to them, a precious and absolutely essential possession. Living, like all of us, in the midst of ceaseless non-Catholic activity, they are too tolerant of religious error. They are not only friendly with non-Catholics, which is right, charitable and useful, but they do not feel as they ought the lamentable misfortune of such non-Catholic friends in their false or inadequate religious views. They are inclined to be very nervous as to what "Protestants will say." They cannot be got to see why the Catholic Church opposes mixed marriages. Sometimes, and even in spite of clear law, they will, on occasion of weddings or other like, go to the length of appearing at a non-Catholic service. They are inclined to believe what the anti-Catholic newspapers print, day after day, against the Church, the Holy See, the Bishops and the religious orders. These things tinge their views and warp their sympathy. On the other hand, they are not what is called "devout" or "pious." Prayers and practices which are sanctioned by the Church as helping the heart to get nearer to the God-made Man and to His Blessed Mother and the saints are for the most part strange to them. Sometimes, again, their want of Catholic spirit will show itself in their restlessness, and even anger, when the Church has to speak out against abuses; in their ignorant impatience of certain restraints, and in their allowing themselves to be carried away by a merely political cry, in things that lie on that border-land where religion and politics touch, and where the true Catholic always puts in the first place religion, as interpreted and applied by those who have the divine commission to teach the flock.

Such are a few of the shortcomings which are too often found among Catholics in non-Catholic countries, and which prove that their holy Faith is not as deep, as penetrating and as spiritual as He would desire, Who, when He was taken up to heaven, sent His Divine Spirit to take possession of every heart, and to fill us all with His heavenly fire. —Lenten Pastoral of Bishop Hedley, of Newport, Eng.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Low Sunday. STEADFASTNESS.

"Jesus saith to him: because thou hast seen me, Thomas, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen and have believed." (St. John xx. 29)

When our Lord appeared to the disciples and gave them the commission to forgive sins, and thus instituted the holy Sacrament of Penance, St. Thomas was not present; and when the other disciples told him what had happened, and that He had shown them the wounds in His hands and in His feet, he refused to believe them; he declared he would not believe unless he himself should see them also. He said: "Unless I shall see the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe."

This disposition of St. Thomas was very wrong. He ought to have believed without hesitation. He had seen our Lord work miracles without number; he had seen Him give sight to the blind, even those blind from birth; make the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak; he had seen Him raise the dead to life, raise Lazarus after being dead and buried already four days. He knew that our Lord had predicted His resurrection. He ought to have believed, and he sinned in not believing. He was obstinate in unbelief, refusing to credit the testimony of his companions, whom he knew to be honest and trustworthy.

Our Lord in the kindness of His heart forgave him, and made him put his finger into the print of the nails and into the wound in His side to convince him, and also to convince us by His testimony of the reality of His resurrection. But at the same time He rebuked him, and taught us all a grand lesson. He said: "Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed."

We have the faith on the testimony of the apostles and disciples who recorded it in the Gospels, and who sealed their testimony in their own blood. We have the testimony of all the disciples who repeatedly saw our Lord after His resurrection, sometimes a great number of them, over five hundred at once. We have the testimony of the Catholic Church; of all those millions on millions who have lived from that day to this; of the wonderful providence of God and His care of His Church until now. This ought to be enough. This ought to be enough to make us say our act of faith, "O my God, I believe whatever Thy Holy Church proposes to my belief, because Thou hast revealed it to her. Thou canst neither deceive nor be deceived."

This is the age of unbelief. Very great numbers of men are occupied in trying to undermine the faith. The newspapers are full of indelible objections. The press is teeming with words written expressly to destroy the faith. The flimsiest reasons are brought forward with a bold face as if they were unanswerable. The very fact that the things of God and religion are so high and incomprehensible is brought forward as the principal reason why they are not to be believed.

We have believed once for all, on the truest and most solid evidence. Our business now is to "live by faith." To put in practice the precepts of our faith, and to follow the example of the Author and Finisher of our faith, our Lord Jesus Christ.

We are not of those who are to be "beat about" by every wind of doctrine. We are not to be moved by the vain babblings of men, who are wise in their own conceit and think they know everything, though they know very little after all. We will not imitate St. Thomas in his unbelief, and refuse to believe the wonderful things of God because they are so high and wonderful, but imitate him when in wonder and admiration he cried, "My Lord and my God." Having in the testimony of God and His Church, and putting away all sceptical and imaginative doubts, we shall receive the blessing pronounced by our Lord: "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

WATCH AND PRAY.

Do you not say that you have the best intentions in the world, that you wish you could act much better than you do; and though you have the sincerest desires for salvation, yet a thousand conjectures happen in life when we forget all our good intentions and must be saints to resist their impression? This is exactly what I tell you; that in spite of all your pretended good intentions, if you do not fly, struggle, watch, pray and continually take the command over yourself, a thousand occasions will occur when you will no longer be master of your own weakness.

Nothing but a mortified and watchful life can place us beyond the reach of temptation and danger. It is ridiculous to suppose we shall continue faithful in those moments when violently attacked when we have a heart weakened, wavering and already on the verge of falling, in a word we must be holy and firmly established in virtue to live free from guilt.—Massillon.

When the secret of a blessed life is made plain to us, we see that each one must learn it for himself.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M., 70 Yonge Street, Toronto. References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice. Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario. Rev. John Potts, D. D., Victoria College. Rev. William Cayen, D. D., Knox College. Rev. Father Teofy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto. Right Rev. A. Sweatman, Bishop of Toronto. Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, Catholic Record, London.

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THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

This and the second commandment might well be called God's laws for the wise government of the tongue. In the second, as we saw, there is continued a positive prohibition against profanity of God's Holy Name. Moreover it enjoins upon us the use of His Name only in a most reverential manner. Therefore it is a law regulating the tongue in regard to God. Hence a law incalculating the love of God, the first and greatest of the commandments.

Yet there is another like unto this, the love of our neighbor. The one following and always inseparable from the other. In the eighth commandment, therefore, God lays down a law for the government of the tongue in our relations with our neighbor. Hence the written command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

As is evident from the language much is embraced by the law. It includes the giving of false testimony, detraction and the bearing of injurious tales, rash judgments, lies and calumnies. Each is an infraction of the law and therefore sinful because each is a species of bearing false testimony against our neighbor. Briefly, then, by false testimony is understood perjury. That is the giving under oath in a court of justice testimony against our neighbor which we know to be untrue. By detraction we offend in speaking ill of our neighbor intending thereby to minimize his good name or injure his reputation. And if we resort to false accusation to attain this purpose we are guilty of slander. Tale-bearing, a species of detraction, is recognizable by the discord it creates among those whom it affects. Rash judgment is the condemning of our neighbor without good cause, and calumny is to impute to him a fault of which he is guiltless. He who writes or speaks that which is the contrary of what he thinks for the purpose of deceiving others is also guilty of an infraction of this law of God.

Such are briefly the principal ways in which one offends against the eighth commandment. For a better understanding of the law some consideration should be given certain subdivisions of the above infractions. These, together with specific penalties attached, will be considered in the next review.—Church Progress.

SPRING'S RETURN.

The chirping of the birds tell us that spring is with us again. The air is growing milder by the warmer rays of the sun. The days are lengthening and a feeling of activity and energy runs through everyone and nerves him to work with greater will and stronger endeavor with the opening of spring. The fields will soon put forth their blades of grass and grains, and the trees and bushes will send forth their buds, and soon we shall behold all nature bright and beautiful. Who will ever forget the apple or the cherry he has seen in blossom, mayhap in the bygone days of youth as he played round his father's cottage in the country, or perhaps while making his studies in his college home far away from the barren city? What thoughts the sight of these things suggest!

Then is nature growing day by day in beauty and loveliness. The buds grow into handsome blossoms and the blossoms into fruit. The tiny grain shoots up into the waving branches, and in time comes an abundant harvest. How the heart is entranced by the study of nature—and how its thoughts fly from earth to heaven, whence all this beauty and bounty come! Let us join in the hymn of thanksgiving which all nature sings to God, its great Creator, the Giver of all these gifts. The birds sing His praises, and the waving branches keep time with their song. The blooming fields bespeak the fullness of His bounty, and the fruit and flowers seen on every side gladden the senses and brighten the heart with feelings of deepest gratitude, which in a true Christian heart finds echo in fervent prayers of thank.

We cannot leave these spring thoughts without calling the moral they suggest. It is this: Since God renews nature every springtime, does He not wish to renew our hearts as well? He gives to the fields a new life, will He not renew the life of our souls? Ah, yes; this is what He wishes and will do if we allow Him. And so nature, which grows so beautiful, so bountiful and so fruitful under His divine hand, will be out-rivalled in us by that same divine hand, renewing and implanting in us beautiful thoughts, bountiful virtues and fruitful deeds which will be the joy of the present and the glory and reward for our future life.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

Two Safe Truths.

"One thing," writes Newman, "is certain. Whatever history teaches, whatever it omits, whatever it exaggerates, whatever it says and unsays, will locate the Christianity of history is not Protestantism. If ever there was a safe truth, it is this." In another place the same great thinker says: "Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Lighthouse Keeper. To all the good you can, while yet you may. Live not long and pass but once this way...

In an address to the recent meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, their President, Mr. J. A. Dodge, spoke of "The Money Value of Technical Training."

Let us outline, says President Dodge, the actual progress of four groups of men at work in the mechanic arts—the unskilled labor group, the shop trained or apprentice group, the trade school group and the technical school group.

The average apprentice entering the machine shop at sixteen earns \$3 a week for fifty weeks, or about \$150 a year, which is 5 per cent. on \$3,000.

The trade school man has entered a trade school at the age of sixteen and has remained three years to learn a trade, at the same time getting a rudimentary theoretical education.

She, all unaware of what was coming, knelt in her accustomed place, partly sheltered from view by a cluster of cedar posts. After Father Etienne had spoken in the most simple but impressive manner, and with touching paths, of the great mercy of God in having spared them while the pestilence was abroad, and told them how in gratitude they were more than ever bound to love and honor their Heavenly Protectors, of whom they were the special care, and devote themselves to Almighty God and His service by a stricter obedience to the rules of faith, and a closer observance of the requirements of charity; then he proposed that all should unite with him in saying the decade of the five Dolorous Mysteries of the Rosary, for the repose of the souls of those who had recently fallen victims to the scourge of the pestilence.

This over, the good priest then spoke of Coaina, who shrunk out of sight when she heard her name, covered with confusion and humility. He related, in brief and simple language, the great wrongs that had been inflicted upon her, then declared how utterly groundless had been even the slightest suspicion of her; how guiltless she had been of the least crime charged against her; how each one who had slandered and conspired against her, had separately acknowledged their crime, and asserted her innocence with their dying breath; and then, turning toward where she knelt hidden by the cedar pillars and closely veiled, he asked in the name of all present, her forgiveness. Then he spoke to these simple children of the forest of the error of rash judgment, of the damnable sin of slander, of the bitter evils of envy, of the malice of pride, of the blighting effects of uncharitableness, which opens the door of the soul to all of the capital sins; after which he concluded by contrasting with these, the beauty of humility, the virtue of silence, the eternal fruits of penitence, the holiness of patience, the glory of true charity, and the divine virtue of forgiveness. All understood it. Not one there who would not have kissed the hem of Coaina's garment; but what was their astonishment when—as Coaina with bowed head and meekly folded hands, approached the altar and knelt to receive the "food of Angels"—they saw old Ma-kee, who had been crouching somewhere out of sight, creep slowly forward, stand a moment erect and then kneel at Father

Etienne's feet beside her, asking for baptism! It was from no want of knowledge, but of faith, that he had deferred and put aside Christianity so long—he knew all that it taught; he had been living too long among Christians, and was too shrewdly intelligent, and intelligently curious to be ignorant of Christian doctrine or dogma, and now by some wonderful operation of Divine Providence—possibly in answer to Coaina's prayers, and to reward his charity toward her during the days of her tribulation—here at the last moment, just when the last sands were crumbling away from his frail foothold on life; the grace of faith was once more proffered him, not to be rejected again. That afternoon at Vespers Ma-kee received the regenerating waters of Baptism, putting off his old savage cognomen, won more than half a century before by his dexterity in scalping the victims which fell beneath his war club in the last fierce wars of his tribe, and received in its stead that of Peter. Ma-kee's conversion made quite a festival at the mission of the Two Mountains, but after it was over, the old old chief was seen no more among them. He lay down one night upon his couch of skins, where he lingered month after month, suffering from an incurable disease. He was removed on a litter to Coaina's lodge, where she nursed him with all the fidelity and tenderness of a daughter. Father Etienne saw him daily and comforted him with good counsel and cheering words. Except to these two he had but few words to say. When his friends, kinsmen and others of his tribe, young and old, flocked to see him, he had but one admonition, which he gave individually to them all, and repeated again whenever they came; that was: "JUDGE NOT." Unlike the beloved disciple at Patmos, he did not say: "Little children love one another;" Ma-kee was of sterner stuff and had been in the vigor of his prime, he would have been just as apt as not, had occasion offered, to have enforced his admonition by smiting off offenders' ears and otherwise inflicting such just punishment as the case in hand required. But he was too far gone now to do aught—to keep them in mind of the great sin of rash judgment and uncharitableness they had fallen into against his favorite—except say to them, one and all, "Judge not," and they remembered the solemn sentence, after the old chief was laid in his Christian grave until the end of their days.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. COAINA, THE ROSE OF THE ALGONQUINS.

By Anna H. Dorey. CHAPTER X. CROWNING. It was with great joy that Coaina once more approached the divine sacraments. Like a pilgrim long abroad, and lost in a dreary wilderness, who suddenly finds himself at home, surrounded by its peaceful and holy endearments, and partaking of its joyful feasts, as one perishing with thirst in an arid desert suddenly beholds a cool fountain gush from the burning sands beside him; so felt she while kneeling at the shrine of our Blessed Lady, or before the altar to receive the Bread of refreshment and eternal life. Every moment, not devoted to the sick and to necessary repose, she spent in the chapel; it was her home, her refuge, her palace; it was to her the vestibule of heaven and the shadow of its everlasting repose, where she sat undisturbed at the feet of Jesus and MARY.

Old Ma-kee crept here and there after her, watching and waiting patiently for his coming and going, seemingly satisfied if he could keep her in sight, for he seldom spoke. Towards the people of the mission, he preserved the most dignified hauteur, only consenting to speak to them when he had an opportunity to say something very bitter; in fact old Ma-kee was a sort of moral nettle, stinging right and left, which helped the rash-minded in their penance, and gave the more humble something to think about. He was only an old pagan, we know, and it was his to judge of a tree by its fruits; he was one of those witnesses no one thinks about, who will arise in the latter day to testify for or against the fidelity of Christians to their opportunities and graces.

It was Sunday morning, and the mission chapel was crowded with those whom the pestilence had spared. Father Etienne had appointed that day not only as one of solemn thanksgiving but was determined, with all the beautiful chivalry of his nation, and the still more noble chivalry of Christianity, to make use of the opportunity to offer a public *amende* to Coaina, whose great humiliations had not only been public but so entirely unmerited.

She, all unaware of what was coming, knelt in her accustomed place, partly sheltered from view by a cluster of cedar posts. After Father Etienne had spoken in the most simple but impressive manner, and with touching paths, of the great mercy of God in having spared them while the pestilence was abroad, and told them how in gratitude they were more than ever bound to love and honor their Heavenly Protectors, of whom they were the special care, and devote themselves to Almighty God and His service by a stricter obedience to the rules of faith, and a closer observance of the requirements of charity; then he proposed that all should unite with him in saying the decade of the five Dolorous Mysteries of the Rosary, for the repose of the souls of those who had recently fallen victims to the scourge of the pestilence. Instantly, every knee was devoutly bent, and every head bowed, while the soul-touching devotion, with its solemn prayers and responses, were performed. Low sobs and fast falling tears attested the deep emotion felt by the congregation, and there is no doubt that the earnest and pathetic appeal to the Mercy-seat in behalf of those who could no longer help themselves amidst the sweet torture of flame and exile, fell like refreshing dews upon their patient and suffering souls.

This over, the good priest then spoke of Coaina, who shrunk out of sight when she heard her name, covered with confusion and humility. He related, in brief and simple language, the great wrongs that had been inflicted upon her, then declared how utterly groundless had been even the slightest suspicion of her; how guiltless she had been of the least crime charged against her; how each one who had slandered and conspired against her, had separately acknowledged their crime, and asserted her innocence with their dying breath; and then, turning toward where she knelt hidden by the cedar pillars and closely veiled, he asked in the name of all present, her forgiveness. Then he spoke to these simple children of the forest of the error of rash judgment, of the damnable sin of slander, of the bitter evils of envy, of the malice of pride, of the blighting effects of uncharitableness, which opens the door of the soul to all of the capital sins; after which he concluded by contrasting with these, the beauty of humility, the virtue of silence, the eternal fruits of penitence, the holiness of patience, the glory of true charity, and the divine virtue of forgiveness. All understood it. Not one there who would not have kissed the hem of Coaina's garment; but what was their astonishment when—as Coaina with bowed head and meekly folded hands, approached the altar and knelt to receive the "food of Angels"—they saw old Ma-kee, who had been crouching somewhere out of sight, creep slowly forward, stand a moment erect and then kneel at Father

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WHAT A SCHOOL CANNOT DO.

"And she was a convent girl, too!" is the comment one sometimes hears when a young woman's conduct falls short of the highest canons of the conventional. From this, one would infer that the office of convent school training is not only to turn the mind and heart of the spoiled darling of indulgent parents towards high ideals, but also to correct in a short time the faults due to years of injudicious training. Indeed, in some cases it would be necessary to substitute an entirely new nature for one that is not what it should be.

Convent schools realize, more keenly than others, perhaps, that to build up a strong, beautiful nature the work must begin within, so ready-made qualities are not supplied the needy pupil to do at her entrance into the convent. Most young girls who enjoy the advantages of convent school training are from homes in which right ideas of conduct are inculcated, and these students are held to the highest ideals during their years at school. But even these are not labeled on their graduation day "warranted to wear well."

There are always a few who will not yield themselves to the best influences or who let them take but a superficial hold upon them, so it is hardly to be wondered at that in after years they fall short of the noblest and the best. And in considering these few, people are apt to forget the countless many who realize that "a good woman has no history."

Simple dignity, unaffected piety and cultured intelligence" were recently given as a summary of what a convent school aims to develop in its students; and amongst other reasons why the aim is not always reached, were noted defective home-training, absence of home restraint and permitting young girls to take an active part in society before school-days are over. The result of this sort of training is hard to counteract and at best can only be partially done.

A philosopher of our day declares that you can send a young man to college, but you can't make him think; so, unless a young woman appreciates the necessity of co-operation with those instructed with her education best and strongest results cannot be obtained.—F. X., in St. Mary's Chimes.

IMITATION OF CHRIST. THAT MAN HATH NO GOOD IN HIMSELF AND THAT HE CANNOT GEORGE IN ANY THING.

But Thou, O Lord, art always the same, and endurest for ever: always good, just and holy; doing all things well, justly and holily, and disposing them in wisdom. But I, who am more inclined to go back than to go forward, continue not always in one state; for seven different seasons are changed over me.

Yet it quickly becomes better, when it pleases Thee and Thou stretchest out Thy helping hand; for Thou alone without man's aid canst assist me and so strengthen me that my countenance shall be no more changed, but my heart shall be converted and shall take its rest in Thee alone. Wherefore, if I did but well know how to cast away from me all human comfort, either for the sake of devotion, or through the necessity of seeking Thee because there is no man that can comfort me, then might I justly depend on Thy grace and rejoice in the gift of new consolation. Thanks be to Thee from Whom all proceeds, as often as it goes well with me. But for my part I am more vainly and nothing in Thy sight, an inconstant and weak man.

CHARITY.

We recently heard a preacher tell the following story. It carries its own moral: There were once two young ladies, both Catholic, both devout, but both given to scandal mongering and to criticizing their neighbors, though they would resent warmly any imputation of being unkind or uncharitable. Their stories usually began, "I am sure you must have heard," or "I wouldn't tell this to any one else," or "This is a great secret," or in a similar manner, and always ended by grievously wounding the good name of another. Well, one of them dreamed she died. Conscious of no grave defect, she presented herself before the great White Throne. Her admission to bliss was by no means as speedy as she expected. There was a long flight of steps, like Jacob's ladder, reaching from earth to heaven. For her penance she was told to begin at the bottom and write with chalk on each step one of her offenses against charity. The task was a long and difficult one, and she often thought of the friend of her heart who, no doubt was already sharing the joys above. "Well, well how did it all turn out?" asked impatient Miss Gossip. "When half way up," resumed the other, "I met you coming down and asking you the reason, you told me you were coming down for more chalk."

JOAN OF ARC AND A MODERN IRISH POET.

In connection with the recognition of the saintly character of Joan of Arc, says "The Way," the Dublin Freeman, it is well to bear in mind the fact that three of the great names in literature—those of Shakespeare, Voltaire, and Byron—stand amongst those of her detractors, and in face of the universal reverence which is paid to the maiden patriot and martyr, the infamy which these world-famous writers ascribed to her stainless virtue recoils upon themselves. It is also an extraordinary fact that Schiller, the great German dramatist, who intended to do her honor in his play, "The Maid of Orleans," showed a complete want of understanding of the pathos and beauty added to her character by its childlike innocence and of the sublimity of her martyrdom. In Schiller's play a romantic interest is supposed to be added: that she is in love with Lionel, a young Englishman, and torn between love and duty in her conflict with his country. In the trial scene, news is brought that the King of France is a prisoner, and, to the confusion of her judges, she bursts her fetters and rushes away to the scene of battle, rescues the King, but is fatally wounded and expires in his arms. It is the most extraordinary travesty of history ever committed.

Clarence Mangan's verses are of particular interest at the moment— "At thee the mocker sneers in cold derision; Through thee he seeks to degrade and dim Glory for whom he fatally wounded and expires in his arms. It is the most extraordinary travesty of history ever committed.

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A SPRING NEED. INDOOR CONFINEMENT IN WINTER HARDS ON THE HEALTH.

Ninety-nine people out of every hundred actually need a tonic during the spring months, and the hundredth person would make no mistake if he took a little extra vigor and power into his blood. The reason for this condition is quite apparent. In the desire to make Canadian houses warm during the winter months, ventilation is sacrificed, and the health is impaired. There may be nothing seriously wrong—nothing more than a variable appetite; little pimples or eruptions of the skin; a feeling of weariness and a desire to avoid exertion; perhaps an occasional headache. These may not seem serious; perhaps you may think that the trouble will pass away—but it won't unless you drive it out by putting the blood right with a health-giving tonic. And there is only one blood-renewing, health-giving, nerve-restoring tonic—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Over and over again it has been proved that these pills cure when other medicines fail, and thousands of grateful people testify that they are the best of all spring medicines. Miss D. Brown, Collins, N. B., says: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a run down system, and have found them better than any other medicine I have tried. In the early spring my blood was out of condition and I had such dizzy spells that if I turned quickly I would almost fall. I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a few weeks and the trouble entirely disappeared. I think these pills an ideal spring medicine."

If you want to be healthy in spring don't dose your system with harsh gripping purgatives, and don't experiment with other so-called tonics. Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once and see how quickly they will banish all spring ailments. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

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